

## v. The Text

The 1714 "edition" of the New Rehearsal is a duodecimo with signatures A-D<sup>12</sup>, E<sup>6</sup>, F<sup>2</sup>. The 1715 Remarks on Mr. Rowe's Tragedy is a reissue with the title page (A<sup>1</sup>) a cancel and two two-leaf gatherings added after it, containing the additional material, the criticism of Jane Gray. From page 1 of the Preface the text of the two issues is the same. The pagination is as follows: 1714 issue, title page, ten leaves, pages 1-88, page numbers 73 & 74 repeated; 1715 issue, title page, pages 5-12 ("Remarks on the Tragedy of the Lady Jane Gray"), ten leaves, pages 1-88, page numbers 73 and 74 repeated.

It is evident that from the first page of the Preface the sheets of these two "editions" are the same. A number of obvious errors have not been corrected:

"Remarks," p.11 (p.9, line 18, below) belong  
should read belongs.

"Preface," sig. A2v (p.13, line 13, below) Woods  
should read Words.

"Preface," sig. A6v (p.19, line 4, below) DIONYSIUS,  
MALICARNASSEUS should read DIONYSIUS MALICARNASSEUS.

"Preface," sig. A7r (p.20, lines 4-5 below)

afterwards should read afterwards.

P.22 (p.44, line 1, below) liying should read lying.

P.24 (p.45, line 8, below) Batsheba should read  
Bathsheba.

P.69 (p.80, line 20, below) and p.75 (p.86, line 12,  
below) Alce should read Alice.

P.77 (p.88, line 18, below) the word or is repeated.

The evidence from the type that the sheets are the  
same is even more conclusive:

"Preface," sig. A4v (p.16, line 9, below) the m  
in Cotemporary is dirty or worn.

P.74 repeated (sig. E1v) (p.86, line 10, below)  
the u has been turned in Cuckold.

P.80 (p.91, line 7, below) the apostrophe in  
wou'd has failed to print.

P.82 (p.91, line 18, below) the apostrophe in shou'd  
has failed to print.

Worn type is apparent in various places, as in the  
a in at and the d in door on p.87 (p.97, line 1, below); a  
cracked type has been used in the t in writ on p.39 (p.57,  
line 6, below).

The text below follows the 1715 issue. I have retained the title of the first issue because the later one is not a new edition or a new work in any real sense. I have attempted to give the text exactly except that I have not reproduced the spacing of the original (where words are run together in the original this is not indicated below), the difference between small and large capitals, and ligatures.

A NEW  
REHEARSAL,  
OR

SAYS the Younger.

Containing an Examen of

<u>The Ambitious Step-</u>	<u>Fair Penitent,</u>
<u>mother.</u>	<u>Royal Convert,</u>
<u>Tamerlane,</u>	<u>Ulysses, And</u>
<u>The Biter,</u>	<u>Jane Shore.</u>

All Written by N. Rowe Esq;.

ALSO

A Word or Two upon Mr. POPE's Rape of  
the Lock.

To which is prefix'd,

A PREFACE in Vindication of CRITICISM  
in General, by the late Earl of SHAFTSBURY.

---

Why is he Honour'd with a Poet's Name,  
Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule?  
ROSCOMMON.

---

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane,  
M DCC XIV. (Price 1 s.)

[The title page of the first edition.]

REMARKS  
ON  
Mr. ROWE'S Tragedy  
OF THE  
Lady Jane Gray,  
AND  
All his other PLAYS.  
VIZ.

The Ambitious Step-Mother, Tamerlane, The Biter,  
The Fair Penitent, The Royal Convert, Ulysses, Jane Shore.

With some Observations upon,

- I. Mr. SMITH'S Phaedra and Hippolytus.
- II. Mr. PHILIP'S Distress'd Mother.
- III. Mr. ADDISON'S Cato.
- IV. Mr. POPE'S Rape of the Lock, &c.

To which is prefix'd,

A Prefatory DISCOURSE in Defence of  
CRITICISM in general. Collected from the Works  
of the late Earl of SHAFTSBURY.

---

The SECOND EDITION.

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LONDON,

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the Oxford-Arms in  
Warwick-Lane, 1715. Price 1 s.

[The title page of the second edition.]

some REMARKS on the Tragedy of the Lady JANE GRAY.

I Am very sensible, that it is an invidious Task to find Fault with Performances of this Nature, especially if they have once met with the Applause of the Town; yet I can by no Means think, that an Error ought to influence any Man, tho' never so generally receiv'd; nay, on the contrary, the more the Error is spread, so much the greater I esteem the Duty of the Lovers of Truth, to endeavour to undeceive the Mistaken, and set Mens Judgments right, when the Fate and Merit of Arts and Sciences is concern'd in the Matter.

It is no difficult Thing to prove the Excellence of Tragedy, as we find it among the Ancients; whom, if we have not equall'd in this admirable Performance, it is because we have either ignorantly or obstinately refus'd to persue the same Roads to Perfection, which the Ancients took. We have Reason to believe, that this Nation has produc'd, and may yet produce Men capable of all the Beauties of the old Tragedy, if they would but study the Greek Poets, and the Greek Critick Aristotle, more than they have hitherto done. But while there is no competent Judge of this Sort of Poem in the Management of the Theatre, it will be very difficult to persuade the Writer to give himself a great deal of Pains and Study to arrive at Perfection, when he may please these Judges with so much more Ease.

That which has generally set People to work on Dramatic Pieces, has been the considerable Profit some Men have reap'd

by them, without Regard to the Reputation that they may produce to the Poet among the Knowing.

Horace indeed was content paucis Lectoribus; and yet his Labour to please the few good Judges of his own Time, has made him admir'd by all the good Judges of all Nations and Ages since.

There is another Check to Art in Things of this Kind, Profit, and Reputation; I mean the present Applause is dispens'd by those who know little of the Matter, I mean the general Audience; and if a plausible forward Person brings on a Play, and makes his Court to the leading Men of Figure, he seldom fails of Success; but this is a Method so mean and slavish, that a Man of real Genius can never submit to it. On the contrary, in Athens the Works of the Poets were judg'd by Men of Skill, and those sworn to do Justice to the Performance, without Regard to the Person.

Whilst the Art of the Stage labours under all these Disadvantages, it is no wonder that Poetasters too often run away with the unjudging Town; and this brings on a Necessity of our looking into the Performances, to discover whether they have really any Desert, or merit indeed our Contempt. This is the only Means of ever bringing our Stage to any Degree of Merit; and this has been the only Motive that has formerly engag'd me to look into the Plays Mr. Rowe has given the Town, which has ever shewn a great Indulgence to what he has done this Way; for they have always made it worth his while, tho' not always worth that of the Players.

I have been told, that on the first Edition of the following Criticism, he was pleas'd to say, I had knock'd him down like a Butcher, and not dissected him like a Surgeon. He therefore confesses, that I have knock'd him down; but as for dissecting him, he seems neither to know himself in what he writes, or the Aim and Business of a Surgeon in a Dissection. The Aim of this, is to discover the wonderful Texture of the inward human Frame, the Order, Harmony, and Use of the Parts, and their Correspondence to the whole, by which we arrive at a Discovery useful to the Subsistance of Man, and his Health, and to shew the admirable Oeconomy of that omnipotent Poet or Maker, who finish'd the Poem Man with such Beauty and Order; but sure no Body ever pretended to dissect a Heap of Rubish with any Thing but a Spade and Pickax. When Mr. Rowe will give us a Piece, in which there is Order and Harmony, I promise to dissect him as nicely as his Merit deserves, and allow him those Perfections I find in his Performance.

I was in Hopes, by the Words forming his Fable, and the like, in his Preface to the Lady Jane Gray, that this Opportunity was come of shewing my Commendation of his Performance; tho' I confess I had no Manner of Notion how he could turn and manage the Story of this unfortunate Lady, to make it a fit Subject for a Tragedy.

I must confess, (says he) before those Papers came to my Hand, (meaning those of Mr. Smith of Oxford) I had intirely form'd the Design or FABLE of my own Play. These Words gave



me Courage to peruse the first, second, and third Act of this Play, in Hopes to find some thing of a Fable; but was miserably disappointed, and found not the Shadow of any such Thing through the Whole.

Mr. Rowe is too good a Scholar not to be so conversant with all the Ancients, as to know what they meant by the Word Fable: Nay, those of Aesop alone would have given him a juster Notion of it; for they are all confin'd to some one Action of the Creatures introduc'd, and not of various Actions clapt together under one Title. Each of the Fables of Aesop is one Action, which naturally produces some one Moral; whereas this, which he calls a Fable, is a History of all that pass'd from the dying Moments of Edward the Sixth, to the Death of the Lady Jane.

I am sensible, that it would be to no Manner of Purpose to tell some Lien, that Aristotle expressly condemns those Poems, whether Epic or Dramatic, which cram all the Lives, or Actions of particular Heroes, into one Design, and mentions the Thesieds, &c. even before his Time, contrary to the Practice of Homer. The same was among the Romans; Virgil only kept to the Limits of Action, whilst Statius, Lucan, Silius Italicus, &c. gave us Histories in Verse, and not Epic Poems.

But omitting the Authority of Aristotle, tho' founded in Reason and Nature, let us examine the Rationale of the Matter.

In the writing upon one action, there is a visible Reason why the Poet should begin where he does, and no where

else, and why his Poem concludes at the finishing of the Action propos'd. But in these Historical Poems, there is no solid Cause why the Poet should begin or end it at one Place more than another. But Examples will make this clearer.

Shakespear has written a Play, to which he gives the Name of Julius Caesar. This he begins just on the forming the Conspiracy against him by Brutus, Cassius, and the rest. But there seems no Manner of Motive for his chusing that Beginning; for by the Title, he might as well have begun with his Birth, which was indeed more agreeable to the Name, and then indeed we should have expected he would have ended it with his Death. But as he has not done this in the Beginning, so does he not end it with his fall in the Capitol, but continues it to the Death of Brutus and Cassius, tho' there was no Manner of Reason why it should end there, and not proceed to Augustus's sole Possession of the Monarchy, or indeed down to the Time of Augustulus.

From hence it appears, that the Unity of Action is what make a Fable, and forces a certain, necessary, and rational Cause of the Poet's beginning and ending his Poem.

From what has been said, it is plain, that a Poem, which is a mere History, has no Fable; and I think it is as plain, that a Dramatic and Epic Poem cannot subsist without a Fable. But the Lady Jane Gray has no Fable; it cannot therefore be a Dramatic Poem. It has not its essential Fundamental.

But a Tragic Fable has yet another Quality, which is, that it naturally produces Fear, or Compassion, or both; for

it is not every Fable that is fit for a Tragedy.

Now, tho' this want of a Fable is sufficient to condemn this Play of my Lady Jane Gray, as a worthless Performance, yet, should we allow his History to be a Fable, (which we never can, for the Reasons aforesaid) yet is not this History calculated to move either Fear or Compassion, at least to touch none but Usurpers, and such as aim to be so. We are not touch'd with what we cannot think our selves liable to. Now, I cannot see how the Audience can be terrify'd with, seeing the Guilty of such a Crime as Usurpation, brought to condign Punishment. Either she was guilty of Usurpation, or she was not; if she was, then her Punishment was just, and no Body can regret the executing of Justice; if she was not guilty, then it would move our Horror and Indignation, that Innocence should be made unfortunate, and suffer without Cause.

But indeed he has made the Lady her self argue enough against the Usurpation, to make her guilty of so horrid a Crime; but it was to save her Country and Religion. If he brings this as a Christian Example, he should not have made her whom he designs a Saint, doing Evil that Good might come of it. Robbing on the Highway, and picking a Pocket, are far less Crimes, than usurping another's Right in a Throne. She had no Call; here was no Act of Parliament, no general Voice of the People, no publick Choice of her pretended, but only the Will of a Child, too weak to prevail with any truly religious to hearken to. It is not a great deal of Cant of

Religion, and the like, that is to be believ'd against Actions. There is nothing so easy, as to make Use of godly Words, if they would give Virtue and Religion.

The Fables for the Stage, should be founded on such Morals as may affect the general Audience; for then they afford a general Influence. Now, the giving Way to our Passions, is what every one is too much guilty of; to make us check them in their first Rise, is the Lesson taught by all the Tragedies of the Ancients, by shewing the Misery brought on illustrious Persons for want of that Caution.

Nor must the yielding to the Passions, be in things scandalously wicked, which produce Crimes that a Man or Woman of Honour cannot think themselves capable of incurring; for such can afford no Lesson; for we cannot but be touch'd with such Misfortunes, as we imagine we may fall into our selves. Thus Incontience in Women, and such Villainies in Men, as are too frequent on our Stage, have nothing to do there, their Punishment belong to the Old Baily and Bridewell.

Not to dwell too long on this Play, which in Reality has nothing in it worthy our Consideration, as a Dramatic Piece, since it is plain it wants the Essential, a Fable: I shall draw to a Conclusion on this Head; only I must do Mr. Banks the Justice to think that he has come nearer to Nature than Mr. Rowe; he has hit it here and there, the latter never.

The Lady Jane Gray knows not of the King's Death in Banks's, 'till after the Wedding-Night, and its Joys are over; but in Mr. Rowe, from the Depth of Despair and Guilt, she is oblig'd on a sudden to marry; but indeed discovers nothing to

have Possession of her, but Gloominess and Despondence. He seems to be afraid, that a connubial Love in a young Lady of 15, should lessen her Character, but certainly without the least Reason; for that is not a Blemish, but a Beauty. Mr. Rowe has made her do that out of a Care for her Country and Religion, which Mr. Banks has made her do for Love, and to save her Husband's and his Father's Life.

If Mr. Rowe has been the more favourable to the Lady Jane's Character, Mr. Banks has been so to the Priests. Both Plays begin much in the same Manner, that is, with the Death of Edward, and end with the Execution of the Criminals.

Guilford's Friendship transports him to the saving his Enemy and Rival, and one that, in what passes in the Play, has no just Claim to such a tender Consideration, especially when the Life and Crown of his Beloved depended in a great Measure on the securing of Pembroke.

But to descend to the Faults of the Manners and Sentiments, nay, and Diction, would swell these Remarks to a larger Size, than that of the Play it self; which in general can only be corrected with Ben Johnson's Sponge.

Yet, with all its Faults, it is not worse than Jane Shore; but the Whore found more Favour with the Town, than the Saint.

Tho' I have spar'd the constant Similes upon Surprizes, and in the greatest Gusts of Passion, (old Mr. Bays's Art) and the strange out-of-the-way Thoughts and Expressions of this Piece; yet I cannot pass wholly in Silence my Opinion

of this author's having an Eye to Mr. Young's Poem, call'd  
The Force of Religion; or, Vanquish'd Love, without improving  
what Hints he took thence. But if any one has a Mind to see  
this Story of my Lady Jane Gray, told in a much more Poetical  
and moving Manner, than in this that is call'd a Dramatic  
Piece, he will find it in Mr. Young's Performance, who justly  
deserves the Preference on this Subject.

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THE  
PREFACE.

I Know that it is the common Cry of the Poetasters of the Town and their Fautors, either through Ignorance, or in Complaisance to a present Vogue, That it is an envious, ill-natur'd thing to endeavour to expose the Pretenders to Wit and Poetry, who have, by Art, or better Luck than Men more meritorious, gain'd a transitory Applause with the Town. The Judges and Magistrates may, with full as strong Reason, be reproach'd with ill Nature in putting the Laws in Execution against a successful Thief, Cheat or Imposter; whereas there is nothing more just to Humane Society, nor more conducive to the fixing the Vigour and Health of the Public, than a rigorous Execution of the Laws; a Neglect of which is a certain Proof of a Luxurious Age, and of a People hastening to their utter Dissolution.

The same will hold in the Republic of Letters, if the Critics or Judges let every ignorant Pretender to Scribbling pass on the World for a Man of Genius, and Art, there would be an end of all Excellence, and Art wou'd be no more heard of in the Kingdom of the Muses, whilst Ignorance and Impudence assume the Seats of Learning, and Modest Merit.

But to give the Reader a better Idea of Criticism, I shall transcribe some Part of what that great Genius, the late Earl of Shaftsbury, has said in Defense of it.

A Legitimate and Just Taste can neither be gotten, made, conceiv'd, or produc'd, without the Antecedent Labour and Pains of CRITICISM.

For this Reason we presume not only to Defend the Cause of Criticks; but to declare open War against those indolent supine Authors, Readers, Auditors, Actors or Spectators, who making their HUMOUR alone the Rule of what is Beautiful and Agreeable, and having no Account to give of such their HUMOUR or odd FANCY, reject the Criticising or examining Art, by which alone they are able to discover the true BEAUTY and WORTH of every Object.

In another Place this incomparable Author has these Words: The WRITERS or AUTHORS in Possession, have an easier Time than any Ministry or Religious Party, that is uppermost. They have found a Way by decrying all CRITICISM in general, to get rid of their Dissenters, and prevent all Pretences to to farther Reformation in their State. The Critic is made appear distinct, and of another Species, wholly different from the Writer. None who have a GENIUS for Writing, and can perform with any Success, are presum'd so ill-natur'd and illiterate, as to endeavour to signalize themselves in CRITICISM.

'Tis not difficult however to imagine why this practical Difference between Writer and Critic has been so generally establish'd amongst us, as to make the Provinces seem wholly distinct and irreconcilable. The forward WITS, who, without waiting their due Time, or performing their requisite Studies, start up into the World as Authors, and by the strength of



Fancy meerly, acquir'd a Name with Mankind, can, on no Account afterwards submit to a Decrial, or Disparagement of those raw Works, to which they ow'd their early Character and Distinction. Ill wou'd it fare with them indeed, if on these precarious Terms, they shou'd venture upon Criticism; or offer to move that Spirit, which wou'd infallibly give such Disturbance to their estab- lish'd Title.

Now we may consider, that in our Nation, and especially in our present Age, while Wars, Debates, and publick Conver- sations turn our Minds so wholly upon Business, and affairs; the better Genius's being in a Manner necessarily involv'd in the Active Sphere, on which the general Eye of Mankind is so strongly fixt, there must remain in the Theatre of Wit a suf- ficient Vacancy of Places; and the Quality of Actor upon that Stage must of Consequence be very easily attainable, at a low price of Ingenuity, or Understanding.

The Persons, therefore, who are in Possession of the Prime Parts in this deserted Theatre, being suffer'd to maintain their Ranks and Stations in full Ease, have naturally a good Agree- ment and Understanding with their Fellow-Wits: Being indebted to the Times for this Happiness, that with so little Industry, and Capacity, they have been able to serve the Nation with Wit, and supply the Places of real Dispensers and Ministers of the of the MUSES Treasures; they must necessarily, as they have any Love for themselves, or fatherly affection for their Works, conspire with one another to preserve their common Interest of

Indolence, and justify their Remissness, Uncorrectness, Insipidness, and downright Ignorance of all literate Art, or just Poetic Beauty.

Magna inter Molles Concordia.

For this Reason you see them mutually Courteous and Benevolent; Gracious and Obliging beyond Measure; Complementing one another interchangeably at the Head of their Works in Recommendatory Verses, or in separate Panegyricks, Essays and Fragments of Poetry; such as in the Miscellaneous Collections (your yearly Relate of Wit) we see curiously compacted and accommodated to the Relish of the World. Here the Tyrocinium of Genius's is annually display'd. Here if you think fit, you may make Acquaintance with the young offspring of WITS, as they come up gradually under the Old, with due Courtship and Homage paid to those high Predecessours of Fame, in hopes of being one day admitted, by Turn, into the noble Order, and made WITS by Patent, and Authority.

This is the young Fry, which you may see busily surrounding the grave Poet, or chief PLAYHOUSE AUTHOR, at a Coffee-house. They are his Guards, ready to take up Arms for him, if by some presumptuous Critic he is at any Time attack'd. They are indeed the very shadows of their immediate Predecessour, and represent the same Features, with some small Alteration, perhaps for the Worse. They are sure to aim at nothing above or beyond their Master; and wou'd on no Account, give him the least Jealousie of their aspiring to any Degree or Order of acting above him. From hence that Harmony, and reciprocal

Esteem, which, on such a Bottom as this, cannot fail of being perfectly well establish'd among our Poets; The Age mean while, being after this Manner hopefully provided, and secure of a Constant and like Succession of meritorious Wits in every kind.

If by chance a Man of Sense, unappriz'd of the Authority of these high Powers, shou'd venture to accost the Gentlemen of this Fraternity, at some Coffee-house Committee, or while they were taken up in mutual Admiration, and usual Praise of their National and Cotemporary Wits, 'Tis possible, he might be treated with some Civility, whilst he enquir'd, for satisfaction sake, into the Beauties of those particular Works so unanimously extoll'd. But shou'd he presume to speak in general -----

"Why is our EPIC, or DRAMATIC, our ESSAYS, or COMMON PROSE, "no better executed? Or why, in particular, does such or "such a reputed Wit Write so incorrectly, and with so little "Regard to Justness of Thought or Language? The Answer wou'd "presently be given, that we Englishmen are not tied up to "such rigid Rules, as those of the Ancient Grecian, or Modern "French Criticks.

"Be it so (Gentlemen) 'tis your good Pleasure, nor ought "any one to dispute it with you. You are Masters no doubt, in "your own Country. But (Gentlemen) the Question here is not "what your Authority may be over your own Writers. You may "have them of what Fashion or Size of Wit you please; and "allow them to entertain you at the Rate, you think sufficient, "and satisfactory: But can you, by your good Pleasure, or the "Approbation of your highest Patrons, make that to be either

"Wit or Sense, which wou'd otherwise have been Bombast, and  
"Contradiction? If your Poets are still Mr. BAYS's, and your  
"Prose Authors Sir ROGERS, without offering a better Manner,  
"Must it follow, that the Manner it self is good, or the Wit  
"Genuine? ----- What say you (Gentlemen) to this new Piece?  
"----- Let us examine these Lines, which you call shining!  
"This string of Sentences, which you call Clever! This Pile  
"of Metaphors, which you call Sublime! ----- Are you willing  
"(Gentlemen) to stand the Test? Do you despise the Exami-  
"nation?

"Sir, since you are pleas'd to take the Liberty with us,  
"may we presume to ask you a Question? ----- Oh! Gentlemen,  
"---- as many as you please; I shall be highly Honour'd.----  
"Why then pray Sir inform us whether you have ever Writ?  
"----Very often, Gentlemen, especially on a Post Night.-----  
"But have you Writ (for Instance Sir) a Play, a Song, an Essay,  
"or a PAPER, as by way of Eminence the current Pieces of our  
"Weekly Wits are generally stil'd? -----Something of this kind  
"I may perhaps (Gentlemen) have attempted, tho' without pub-  
"lishing my Work. But pray (Gentlemen) what is my Writing or  
"not Writing to the Question in Hand? ----- Only this (Sir)  
"and you may fairly take our Words for it, that when ever you  
"Publish, you will find the Town against you; your Piece will  
"infallibly be condemn'd. ----So let it. But for what Reason,  
"(Gentlemen) for I am sure you never saw the Piece.----- No,  
"Sir, but you are a Critic; and we know by certain Experience,  
"that when a Critic according to Rule and Method writes, he

"is sure never to hit the English Taste. Did not Mr. R-----  
"who Criticiz'd upon our English Tragedy, Write a sorry one  
"of his own? ----- If he did (Gentlemen) 'twas his own fault  
"not to know his Genius better. But is his Criticism the less  
"just on this Account? If a Musician performs his Part well  
"in the hardest Symphonies, he must necessarily know the Notes,  
"and understand the Rules of Harmony, and Music. But must a  
"Man, therefore who has an Ear, and who has Studied the Rules  
"of Music, of necessity have a Voice or Hand? Can no one  
"possibly judge of a Fiddle, but who is himself a Fidler? Can  
"no one judge of a Picture, but who is himself a Layer on of  
"Colours. -----

Thus far our rational Gentleman perhaps might venture  
before our Coffee-house Audience. Had I been at his Elbow, to  
prompt him as a Friend, I shou'd hardly have thought fit to  
remind him of any thing further: On the contrary, I shou'd  
have rather taken him aside, to inform him of this Cabal, and  
establish'd Corporation of Wit; of their declar'd Aversion to  
Criticism, and their known Laws, and Statutes in that Case  
made and provided. I shou'd have told him in short, that  
Learned arguments wou'd be mispent on such as these; and that  
he wou'd find little success, tho' he shou'd ever so plainly  
demonstrate to the Gentlemen of this size of Wit and Under-  
standing.

That the greatest Masters of Art in every Kind of Writing,  
were eminent in the Critical Practice. But that they were  
really so, witness among the Antients: the greatest PHYLO-

SOPHERS, whose Critical Pieces are intermixt with their pro-  
found Philosophical Works, and other politer Tracts orna-  
mentally writ for public Use. Witness in History and Rheto-  
ric, ISOCRATES, DIONYSIUS, HALICARNASSEUS, PLUTARCH, and the  
corrupt LUCIAN himself; the only one perhaps of these Authors,  
whom our Gentlemen may, in some Modern Translations have  
look'd into with any Curiosity, or Delight. To these, among  
the Romans, we may add CICERO, VARRO, HORACE, QUINTILIAN,  
PLINY, and many more.

Among the Moderns a BOILEAU and a CORNEILLE are suffi-  
cient Precedents in the Case before us. They apply'd their  
Criticism with just severity ev'n to their own Works. This  
indeed is a manner hardly practicable with the Poets of our  
own Nation. It wou'd be unreasonable to expect of them, that  
they shou'd bring such Measures in Use, as being apply'd to  
their Works, wou'd discover them to be wholly deform'd, and  
disproportionable. 'Tis no wonder therefore, if we have so  
little of this Critical Genius extant to guide us in our  
Taste. 'Tis no Wonder if what is generally current in this  
Kind, lies in a manner buried, and in disguise under Burlesque,  
as particularly in that witty Comedy [THE REHEARSAL] of a noble  
Author of this last Age. To the shame however of our profess'd  
Wits and Enterprizers in the higher Sphere of Poetry, it may  
be observ'd, that they have not wanted good Advice, and In-  
struction of the graver Kind, from as high a Hand in Respect  
of Quality and Character,--since one of the justest of our  
Modern Poems, and so confess'd, even by our Poets themselves,  
is a short Criticism on ART OF POETRY, by which, if they them-

elves are to be judg'd, they must in general appear no better, than mere Bunglers, and void of all true Sense and Knowledge in their Art. But if in Reality, both CRITIC, and POET, confessing the Justice of those Rules of Art, can afterwards in Practice, condemn and approve, perform, and judge in a quite different Manner from what they acknowledge just and true, it plainly shews, that, tho' perhaps we are not indigent in Wit, yet we want what is of more Consequence, and can alone raise Wit to any Dignity and Worth, even plain HONESTY, MANNERS, and sense of that MORAL TRUTH, on which (as has been often express'd) Poetic TRUTH and BEAUTY must naturally depend.

Qui didicit Patriae quid debeat, & quid Amicis,  
quo sit amore Parens, quo Frater amandus &

(Hospes

Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis Officium

----- ille prefecto  
Reddere Personae scit Conventientia cuiq;

Hor. de Arte Poet.

Tho' this might be sufficient to justify Criticism in General, and to expose Latitudinarian Scriblers of usurp'd Fame and Favour with the Town; yet this Noble Lord having given us such valuable Thoughts on this Head, and the present Occasion requiring all we can say to justify this Undertaking, I shall venture to Transcribe the Rest.

Odi Prophanum vulgus & arceo, was in its Time, no doubt, a Generous Defiance. The Avant, was natural and proper in its Place; especially where Religion and Virtue were the Poet's Theme. but with our Moderns, the Case is generally the very Reverse: and accordingly the Defiance or Avant shou'd run much after this manner. ----- "As for you Vulgar Souls,

"mere Naturals, who know no Art, were never admitted into the  
"Temple of Wisdom, nor ever visited the Sanctuaries of Wit or  
"Learning, gather your selves together from all Parts, and  
"hearken to the Song, or Tale, I am about to utter; but for  
"you Men of Science and Understanding, who have Ears and Judg-  
"ment, and can weigh Sense, and scan Syllables, and measure  
"Sounds; you, who by a certain Art, distinguish False Thought  
"from True, Correctness from Rudeness, and Bombast and Chaos,  
"from Order and the Sublime, away hence! or stand aloof!  
"whilst I practice upon the easyness of those mean Capacities  
"and Apprehensions, who make the most numerous Audience, and  
"are the only Competent Judges of my Labours.

'Tis strange to see how differently the Vanity of Mankind  
runs in different Times and Seasons. 'Tis at present, the  
boast of almost every Enterprizer in the Muses Art, --- "That  
by his Genius alone, and a natural Rapidity of Stile and  
Thought, he is able to carry all before him; that he plays  
with his Business, does Things in passing, and at a venture,  
and in the quickest period of Time. In the Days of ATTIC  
Eloquence, as Works were then truly of another Form and Turn,  
so Workmen were of another Humour, and had their Vanity of a  
quite contrary kind: They became rather affected, in endeav-  
ouring to discover the Pains they had taken to Correct; they  
were glad to insinuate how laboriously, and with what Expen-  
of Time, they had brought the smallest Work of theirs (as  
perhaps a single Ode, Satire, Oration, or Panegyrick) to its  
Perfection. When they had so polish'd their Piece, and ren-



der'd it so natural and easy, that it seem'd only a lucky Flight, a bit of Thought, a flowing vein of Humour, they were then chiefly concern'd, lest it shou'd in Reallity pass for such, and their Artifice remain undiscover'd. They were willing it shou'd be know, how serious their Play was; and how Elaborate their Freedom and Facility, that they might, as the agreeable and polite Poet Glancing on himself,

Ludentis speciem dabit; & torquebitur.

Hor. Ep. 2. Lib. 2

AND

Speret idem; sudet multum frustra; laboret  
Ausus idem; tantum series, junctura; pollet.

Arte Poetica.

Such Accuracy of Workmanship, requires a CRITIC's Eye, 'tis lost upon a Vulgar Judgment. Nothing grieves a real Artist more, than that Indifference of the Public, which suffers his Work to pass Uncriticiz'd. Nothing, on the other side, rejoices him more, than the nice View and Inspection of the accurate Examiner and Judge of Work. 'Tis the Mean Genius, the Slovenly Performer, who knowing nothing of True Workmanship, endeavours by the best outward Gloss, and dazzling Show, to turn the Eye from a direct and steady Survey of his Piece.

What is there that an expert Musician more earnestly desires, than to perform his part in the presence of those who are knowing in his Art? 'Tis to the Ear alone that he applies himself, the Critical the nice Ear; let his Hearers be of what Character they please; be they naturally Austere, Morose, or Rigid, no matter, so they are but Critics, able to Censure, remark and found every Accord and Symphony. What is there

mortifies the good Painter more, than when amidst his ad-  
miring Spectators, there is not one present who has been  
us'd to compare the Hands of different Masters, or has an  
Eye to distinguish the Advantages and Defects of every Stile?  
Thro' all the Inferiour Orders of Mechanics, the Rule is  
form'd to hold the fame. In every Science, every Art, the  
real Masters or Proficients; rejoyce in nothing more, than  
in the thorow Search and Examination of their Performances  
by the Rules of Art, and nicest Criticism. Why therefore  
(in the Muses Name) is it not the same with our Pretenders  
to the Writing Art, our Poets, and Prose Authors in every  
kind? Why in this Profession are we found Critic Haters,  
and indulged in this Unlearned Aversion; unless it be taken  
for granted, that as Wit and Learning stand at present in  
our Nation, we are still upon the Foot of Empiricks and  
Mountebanks.

From these Considerations, I take upon me absolutely  
to condemn the Fashionable Custom of Inveighing against  
CRITICS, as the common Enemies, the Pests and Beaufeous of  
the Commonwealth of Wit and Letters. I assert, on the con-  
trary, that they are the Props and Pillars of this Building,  
and that without their Encouragement, and Propagation, we  
shall remain still as GOTHIC Architects as ever.

I shall give you but one Quotation more from this noble  
Lord, for shou'd I transcribe all that he has Written Ad-  
mirably on this Subject, it wou'd make my Preface much larger  
than my Book. After having given us a Notion of the An-  
tients, he proceeds in this manner:

Our Modern Authors, on the contrary, are turn'd and modell'd (as themselves confess) by the public Relish, and current Humour of the Times. They regulate themselves by the irregular fancy of the World, and frankly own, they are preposterous and absurd, in order to accommodate themselves to the Genius of the Age. In our Days, the Audience makes the Poet, and the Bookseller the Author; With what Profit to the Public, or what Prospect of lasting Fame and Honour to the Writer, let any one who has Judgment imagine.

but tho' our Writers, charge their Faults thus freely on the Public, it will, I doubt, appear from many Instances, that this practice is but a mere Imposture, since those Absurdities, which they are the aptest to commit, are far from being Delightful or Entertaining. We are glad to take up with what our language can afford us, and by a sort of Emulation with other Nations, are forc'd to cry up such Writers of our own, as may best serve us for Comparison. But when we are out of this Spirit, it must be own'd we are not apt to discover any great Fondness or Admiration of our Authors; nor have we any, whom by mutual Consent we make to be our Standard. We go to Plays, as to other Shows, and frequent the Theatre as the booths. We read Epics and Dramatics, as we do Satires and Lampoons; for we must of necessity know what Wit, as well as what Scandal is stirring: Read we must, let the Writers be ever so indifferent; and this perhaps, may be some Occasion of the Laziness and Negligence of our Authors, who observing this Need, which our Curiosity brings on us, and making an exact Calculation in the way of Trade, to know justly the

Quality and Quantity of the publick Demand, feed us from Hand to Mouth; resolving not to overstock the Market, or be at the Pains of more Correctness or Wit, than is absolutely necessary to carry on the Traffic.

This Noble Lord has said so much here, and so justly in the Behalf of Criticism, that I shall not presume to add any more. But I cannot conclude without a Word about the following Criticism. The Reader must not expect so merry and good Entertainment here, as in the first Rehearsal; that noble Author had Works to expose, in which there was a sprightly Dulness and Absurdities that run naturally into Ridicule. But the Works which are the Subject of our present Considerations, are so stor'd with a heavy Stupidity, that nothing has made them worth Notice, but the Success they have most of them met with from the Town, especially the last, which is yet the most Stupid, Absurd, and Abandon'd of them all. There is so constant a Lust of saying Nothing in a great many Words, that little Entertaining can be drawn from them.

I have therefore only taken this manner of Dialogue, to make the Remarks the more easily past thro', as being naturally more Amusing than the plain and regular Criticism. I do assure the Reader that I have not been prompted by either Ill-nature or Envy; I hope I am entirely free from both in my Temper; and indeed the Author, under our Consideration, has left no manner of room for the later; I cannot so easily clear my self of Disdain and Indignation.

Si Natura negat facit Indignatio Versus.

THE PERSONS NAMES.

Mr. Freeman.

A Gentleman of a good  
Taste and Learning.

Mr. Truewit.

A Man of Wit and good  
Taste.

Sir Indolent Easie.

A Man of Wit, but one  
who is, or seems to be  
pleas'd with every  
Thing and every  
Writer.

Sawny Dapper.

A young Poet of the  
Modern stamp, an easy  
Versifyer, Conceited  
and a Contemner se-  
cretly of all others.

Mr. Bays.

A Pedantic, Reciting Po-  
et, admir'd by the  
Mob and himself, but  
justly contemn'd by  
Men of Sense and  
Learning, and a despi-  
ser of Rules and Art.

Scene the Rose Tavern Covent-Garden.

---

A New  
REAHEARSAL,  
O R,  
BAYS the Younger.

---

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Rose Tavern Covent-  
Garden.

Freeman and True-Wit.

Free. WELL Dick, Here's your welcome to Town. Drinks.

True. Joseph I thank thee, there is nothing can make the Town more agreeable to me, after so long an Absence, than an Evenings Converse with thee now and then, disengag'd from all the Impertinence, which generally renders Conversation here so intolerable.

Free. Our Town Impertinence is at least so much more tolerable, than that of the Country, as it has more of Variety and Pertness.

True. I shou'd as soon believe Pain were to be render'd so by being of various kinds. 'Tis true your Coxcombs are more pert, than ours in the Country; but that renders them the more troublesom and talkative; whereas a Country Fool may pass, by his Silence, on us for a Man of Thought.

Free. Oh! Sir, if your grave Sot be to your Goust, you may be furnish'd with a Dish or two every Night within the

Precincts of Covent-Garden. There is no Resort of the Wits but are replenish'd with your solemn Listners, who with their Nods keep Time to the Talkers, and seem to Approve and Understand all that is said.

True. Just as it was I find when I us'd Will's; but pray Sir does that Ancient Rendezvous of the Beaux Esprits hold its Ground? And do Men now, as formerly, become WITS by sip-Coffee and Tea with Wycherly and the reigning Poets?

Free. No, no, there has been great Revolutions in this State of Affairs since you left us; Buttons is now the Establish'd Wits Coffee-house, and all the Young Scriblers of the Times pay their Attendance Nightly there, to keep up their Pretensions to Sense and Understanding.

True. And who and who honest Jo, are the Dispensers of Fame now? What bright Spirits entertain the Town with their Pens?

Free. Ah Dick! such a Race of Poets, as never were seen or heard of before. A tolerable knack at Versification sets any Man up for an Author; but as for force of Genius, Art, Imagery, and true Sense, they are still thought very needless Qualifications in a Poet. Nay they are so very averse to them, that whoever presumes to advance any thing in their favour, is sure to have all the Votes of the House against him; for they think Ignorance is the Mother of Wit, and <sup>P</sup>oetry, as the Papists believe it the Mother of Devotion.

True. by this I find the Town is not yet much chang'd in their detestable Taste; and I must confess, I always thought

that there was hardly any where to be found a more insipid Race of Mortals, than those whom we Moderns are pleased to Complement with the Name of Poets, meerly for having attain'd the Grining Faculty of a Language, with an Injudicious random use of Wit and Fancy.

Free. True; yet the Man who truly and in a just Sense deserves the Name of Poet, and who, is a real Master, can describe both Men and Manners, and give to an Action its just Body and Proportions; as he is a very different Creature, so he will find less Esteem and Popularity.

True. Such a Poet, indeed, is a second Maker, like that Sovereign Artist or Universal Plastic Nature, he forms a WHOLE, coherent and Proportion'd in it self, with the due Subjection of Subordinancy of constituent Parts; he Notes the Boundaries of the Passions, and knows their exactest Tones and Measures; by which he justly represents them, marks the Sublime of the Sentiments and Action, and distinguishes the beautiful from the Deform'd, the Amiable from the Odious.

Free. but our present Authors, for the most Part, at least the most Taking and Celebrated of them, are not of this Kind. For whatever is Capricious and Odd, is sure to create Diversion, to those who look no farther; and where there is nothing like Nature, there is no room for the Troublesome part of Thought and Contemplation. 'Tis the Perfection of our Grotesque Painters, to keep as far from Nature as is possible; to find a likeness in their Works, is to find the greatest Fault imaginable. A Natural Connexion is



a Stur, a Coherence, a Design, a Meaning, is against their purpose, and destroys the very Spirit and Genius of their Workmanship.

True. What things are these who wou'd be Poets Thought?  
By Nature not Inspir'd, nor Learning Taught.

But this still keeps up to the Character of the Wits, as they have been all my Time; Fustian and Rant have past for the Sublime, and -----

Free. but those were Men of Spirit to our Scriblers now, their Tragedies wou'd make you Laugh heartily; but those of our chief Hero are so plentifully stor'd with Opium, that they make you sleep.

Our King return'd, and Banish'd Peace restor'd,  
The Muse run mad to see her Exil'd Lord,  
On the rack'd Stage the bedlam Heroes roar'd,  
And scarce cou'd speak one Reasonable Word.

As a Noble Critic has observ'd; but the Almanzora and Maxims, had a sprightly flowing Verse, and often some good Topics, Reflections and Lines; but now you will be puzzled to find one good Line in many Plays of our most taking Authors. They are infinitely more Absurd in their Plots, their Manners, and Sentiments, and yet do not make amends with the least Proverbial Line or Sentence, that a Man can carry away to justify his having thrown away his Time and his Money in hearing and seeing them.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, there is Sir Indolent Easie below asks for Mr. Freeman.

Free. Oh! desire him to walk up.

[Exit Drawer.]

True. Pray who is this Noble Knight you have Invited up Stairs?

Free. Why, Sir, this same Sir INDOLENT EASIE, is a Man of Letters, and a Celebrated WIT; and tho' he has perform'd in Poetry with a great and just Applause, Judges, or Affects to Judge abominably: He is excessively Civil to all Authors; but whilst he raises the Vanity of a Man of Merit by his Complaisance to him, he mortifies him with the Praise of some Scoundrel Scribler of the Times, who has none. He is Friendly to the Unfortunate, and seems to take Pleasure in giving Assistance to the Unhappy; and his Affectation of being displeas'd with nothing, makes every thing agreeable; I know nothing that he expresses any Aversion to but a Critic, tho' he has the least Reason in the World to fear him himself. but paying a professed Deference to Success, he thinks that sufficient to determine the Goodness of any Performance: But here he is.

Enter Sir Indolent.

Sir Indolent your most Humble Servant.

Sir Ind. Joseph Freeman yours sincerely.

Free. Sir, Indolent, give me leave to recommend this Country Friend of mine to your Knowledge.

Sir Ind. Sir, I shall be proud to Rank you in the number of my Friends. Pray, Sir, what's your Friends Name? for I love to speak easily and familiarly.

Free. True-wit, Sir Indolent.

Sir Ind. Truewit! A very Ancient Family I profess; but

if I am not mistaken, not very numerous.

Free. They have succeeded Son and Father, without any brothers, Sir, for many Generations; but I fear the Family will be Extinct, if we prevail not with my Friend to Marry; he grows an Old Batchelor, and that is ill Policy in those who must keep up a Name, lest his Children fall into the Hands of Bad Tutors.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad I am no Enemy to Marriage; but for my self I remain single, because I wou'd avoid all Disquiet. But Jo. I left a Friend of yours below, who will be glad to see you, when he has dispatch'd some Booksellers who teize him for Copy.

Free. Some Author by that; and a Modern Author, as the Commodity now goes is not so agreeable a Dish to my Friend and me, as you imagine Sir Indolent. But which of this Fry is it I pray you?

Sir Ind. Why honest Sawny Dapper, 'foregad, a very pretty young Fellow; he writes very agreeably, and is much in Vogue with the Town.

Free. Oh Dick! one of the most Empty and most Conceited of the whole Tribe.

Sir Ind. Nay, prithee dear Jo. be not so Ill-natur'd.

Free. Nay, prithee Sir Indolent be not so Good-natur'd, as to like every Pretender; you know better, and do a Mischief to Merit by your Civility to; and Caressing of such as have none.

Sir Ind. Nay, 'foregad Sawny has a very pretty Genius,

is very Harmonious, and Writes a great many fine things, ask the Ladies else.

Free. The Ladies are wonderful Judges of Art, indeed, of which they know not one Syllable; and as for Nature, it has been so corrupted by a course of ill Diet in Poetics, that they can draw no assistance from thence.

True. Give me leave, Sir Indolent, to deliver my Country Notion of this matter; you say he has a pretty Genius: To say nothing of the deminitive Pretty, a Genius alone is not sufficient to set up an Author. The Horse alone can never make the Horseman, nor the Limbs the Wrestler or Dancer; no more can a Genius alone make a Poet, or good Parts a Writer, in any considerable Kind. The Skill and Grace of Writing is founded in Knowledge and Good Sense. Horace has decided this long ago.

Nature fieret laudabile Carmen an Arte  
Quaesitum est; Ego nec studium sine divite Vena  
nec Rude quid prosit Ingenium video, alterius (sic  
Altera poscit Opem Res, & conjurat amice.

Hor.

Some think that Poets may be form'd by Art,  
Others maintain that Nature makes them so.  
I neither see, what Art without a Vein,  
Or Wit without the help of Art can do:  
but mutually need each others Aid.

ROSCOMMON'S Version.

Sir Ind. I confess, Gentlemen, that were I to Write my self, I wou'd have a true and just Regard to both Art and Nature; but then I do it, because I find it very agreeable to my Humour; I can't please my self without Order, and the Harmony of Parts. But 'foregad if the obtaining these Perfections were troublesom to me, I wou'd not give my self any Con-

cern about it. Perhaps these poor Gentlemen find a difficulty in these Points, perhaps they cannot with all their Application attain them. 'Wou'd you be so unreasonable to require that of them which they cannot do?

Free. Let them Continue then courteous Readers, and not presume to Scribble, and assume an Air from a false success, to make them greater Coxcombs than they would be without it.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad you're too severe, must none but Ciet-Cats have leave to ----- Scribbling's the Diabetis of the Mind; and when a Man's infected with it, he can't help clapping Pen to Paper, and then what ensues you generally find. Besides, what need they take pains to arrive at Art, when they do their business without it. What Plays have taken more than those of Mr. BAYS, ev'n from his first Appearance to this day. If his Plays take, what wou'd you have more? And 'foregad I think the Ambitious Stepmother is an excellent Tragedy as Tragedies go now. Then here's his Tamerlane, Ulysses, Fair Penitent, and last and greatest of All, Jane Shore. Who can contend with him? the Ladies admire them, the Lords encourage them, and every one goes to them, what wou'd you have more?

True. One Man of Learning, Art and Understanding, faithfully and sincerely declare his Approbation of any one of them: For I confess we in the Country were wonderfully surpriz'd to find that they were so very well receiv'd, without any one Beauty through them all, that we cou'd find from the reading them.

Sir Ind. Nay, for the Reading them, I must own I never gave my self the Trouble to do that; I was satisfied with

seeing them, and was active to promote the Author's Benefit on their being Acted.

Free. Well faith, Sir Indolent, you ought to do some Penance for such a superogatory Transgression; especially since I know you have been slack enough in encouraging much better Performances, because they do not take so well. True-wit, Seat your self on the other side the Knight, whilst I secure him on this; I am resolv'd to mortify him with our Examination of them all, by which he shall see, what an Incubus he has hugg'd with so much Ardour, under the disguise of Success.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad, Gentlemen, I can't bear it, I must be gon, I have Business.

Free. You shall not stir one Foot, Sir Indolent, till we have perform'd the Operation ----- You are Master of so much good Sense, that it is an Act of Humanity to cure you of the only monstrous failing you have. Come, 'tis vain to struggle; submit patiently, and the Cure will be effected with the less trouble.

Sir Ind. Well, 'foregad if it must be so I will be patient; but handle my good Friend with as much tenderness as possible, I beg you.

True. Well, Sir Indolent, for your sake, we will not insist on Peccadillo's, we'll pass over his dull Insipidness, and a little heavy Nonsense or so, without any Notice, if that will satisfy you. We will begin with his first Play, from whence he deriv'd his Authority, only premising a few necessary

Preliminaries; as to the Nature of Tragedy, on which we shall build our Criticisms.

Sir Ind. Well, Gentlemen, what you please.

Free. The Antients -----

Sir Ind. Phoo, What signify the Antients, since they are unknown to our Wits of a Court and Town Education, who can go no farther back into Antiquity, 'foregad, than their Pedigree can shew them. Besides Wit now is something like our Paper Credit; the Men of Business agree to give that the force of Money, and the Men of Pleasure, This the force of Wit. They are both arbitrary; but I have done, I only offer this by the way.

Free. I am not now talking to one of those ignorant Scriblers, who are forc'd to fly to Anarchy in Writing, because the establishment of Order, Subordination and Harmony, wou'd put an end to their Pretences to Reputation as Authors. No, Sir Indolent, I am speaking to a Man of Reason, a Man of Letters, a Poet, who has shown himself worthy of that Name, by his Performance.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad Jo, you do me too much Honour; but I'll take the Bribe and be silent.

Free. I mean no Bribe nor Complement, because it is no more than Truth; but then I must tell you it aggravates your Fault in your Indulgence of every Scribler that appears.

Sir Ind. Alas! poor Men, they do their best. But Sir to your Point.

Free. I do persuade my self that you will allow, that the Perfection of whatever Art we derive from the Antients,

is to be judged by the Antients and their Practice, who were the Founders of that Art. I will not deny but there may be Improvements made in an old Art, as we find in the Mathematics; but then they must be real Improvements, and not Things destructive of the very Art it self. Euclid to this day is the Foundation of Geometry, and all the Learned Books that have been written on that Subject, have been but a sort of Notes and Explanations of that Author, I mean as far as the Elements of that Art, which are still the same. I am not enquiring into the Modern Improvements of Geometry, they are Great and Noble, affording the most solid Grounds of a most rational Philosophy. but then the Modern Authors have not inverted the Ancient Art, acts not Diametrically, contrary to the Rules establish'd by Euclid.

True. This I take to be very plain, and therefore it needs not any further Proof. I farther think it pretty evident, that Tragedy was the Invention and Product of Athens, and that the Rules which Aristotle has given us, were Receiv'd and Establish'd in that City, they being indeed drawn from the Practice of the best of the Athenian Poets before his Time, and exactly agreeable to Reason and Nature.

Sir Ind. I can't deny the Fact.

Free. It is pretty Remarkable, that as all the Politer Arts had their Rise from this little Commonwealth, so they all Arriv'd to such a Perfection there, that no other Nation has yet been able to improve them. Their Status is one Proof, which notwithstanding the Injury of Time, afford yet



the highest Praise to that Master who comes nearest to their Excellence; and this was the utmost Aim of Angelo, Bernini, &c.

True. I know not whether I am in the right or not, yet I am of Opinion, that the Addition made to the Greek Orders in Architecture, has added no Beauty to that Art.

Free. Architecture is perhaps founded on more Arbitrary Principles, than Poetry, Painting, and Oratory; in which I believe it wou'd be no difficult matter to prove the Romans never equal'd the Greeks; for indeed it is with great difficulty (if possible) that a Copier can reach the Original.

Sir Ind. The sum of what you aim at Gentlemen, by what you have said, seems to me to imply, that as Tragedy was a Poem invented and made perfect, and adorn'd with all its Rules of arriving at Perfection and Nature by the Greeks; if we will call ours by the same Name, and pretend it to be the same Poem, it must be judg'd by the same Rules?

Free. You take us, Sir Indolent, perfectly well, for that is what we design by all we have urg'd; and that I believe, Sir Indolent, you will grant us, without any farther Proof, as being a very reasonable Postulatum.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad, Gentlemen, I won't differ with you for Trifles ----- I must own what you say to be true.

True. From thence we shall only infer, that the Principal Care of the Poet ought to be employ'd in the principal part of the Poem, the Fable; and that any Play that is defective grosly in that, must be a detestable Tragedy; that next

to that, the Manners are to be taken care of, as that they be Good, that is, Well-mark'd, Convenient, Like, Equal and Necessary, and that the Sentiments be the genuine and natural Result of the Manners, that is, such Thoughts as a Person endow'd with such Manners, under such Passions and such Circumstances, wou'd think; for the Temper of the Person gives different Sentiments of the same Things, and the same Circumstances. It is therefore the Poet's Business to enter into the Nature of the Character he draws, and give such Sentiments, as the Manners of the Dramatic Person require.

Free. The last thing, and of the least Consequence, is the Diction. But tho' it be of the least Consequence of any of the Essential parts of Tragedy, yet it must be allow'd of very great Moment; and the more, because we have no Example of any Man, who has been eminent for the other parts of this Poem, who has not likewise excell'd in the Diction, as Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, &c. tho' Aristotle seems to have had some old Play, in his View, when he suppos'd a good Tragedy might be without the force of Diction or Numbers.

True. In this Age, the Poet is oblig'd to take a more than ordinary Care of the Language, because that is only capable of recommending his Play to the Town; tho', I must confess, it is no easy task to give them what they call fine Language, and at the same time, have the Beauty of Fable, Manners, and Sentiments; for the Perfection of the Drama being ACTION, (it being, indeed, the Imitation of an Action) those Plays, that are most calculated for fine Speeches, have the least, nay, little or no Action at all; or if at any time they have, the

Poets are oblig'd to stretch their Entertainment to an unmeasurable Length.

Free. I shall only add to what has been said, that the End and Aim of Tragedy, is to move Fear or Compassion, or both; and therefore what ever Fable of a Tragedy is not Calculated for this End, is Faulty and not Tragical.

Sir Ind. Well, allowing all you have said, for in Reason it appears to me but just; pray proceed to your Business, that I may pass thro' my Torture the sooner.

Free. To that we now come; the Ambitious Stepmother, the very Name of the Play is wrong; for Ambition is not properly a Dramatic Passion, it has too much of Sedateness, 'tis too particular, it extends not to the general Life, as Anger, Curiosity, Rashness, Obstinacy, and the like, which render, by Indulgence, the Common or General Life of Man uneasy, and often very Unhappy. But not to stand upon Trifles, where there are more Substantial Errors, let us go to the Plot or Fable. The Action imitated by the Fable, if there be any, is the Establishing Artaban on the Throne of Arsaces; this, in it self, can have nothing Tragical, unless it can be made to move, or does move Terror or Compassion, or both.

True. But I think it will be pretty plain, that this Fable, or Action, is not calculated for either of those Views. The Story as well as I can reduce it to any form, is thus:

Arsaces King of Persia, being on his Death Bed, his Wife Artimisa (Widow to a great Lord of Persia, who was murder'd in Battle to make way for the King) in Conjunction with Mirza,

the first Minister of State, and Magas Priest of the Sun, contrive to advance Artaban the Son of Artemisa by the King, to the Throne, tho' the Eldest Son Artaxerxes, a brave and virtuous Prince, was Alive, and Meritorious of the Crown. This Prince and his Father-in-Law Memnon, and his Mistress or Wife Amestris, return this Day from Banishment to Persepolis, under the Advantage of a Sacred Holiday, on which every Body was safe by the Fundamentals of Religion. The Priest, the Queen, and the first Minister contrive to seize them in the Temple, to shock all the People with the Sacrilege, tho' they might have seiz'd them by the King's Authority (for all that we can see to the contrary) and so without any hazard or bustle, might have been either sent into banishment again, or more decently dispatch'd.

Well, they are seiz'd in the Temple, the Prince's Bride is forc'd from him by Mirza's Order; the Old Fellow at that odd Time, having a mighty mind to a young bit of Flesh, addresses to her the Minute after he was thought by her to have Murder'd her Father and Husband, and struggl'd with by Mirza, who proving every way too weak, yet troublesome, she by good luck finds a Dagger by his side (but how it came there no body can gness) and stabs the prime Minister, who getting the Dagger again, she having taken care to throw it down pretty near him, he makes Orchanes drag her to him that he may stab her, which the Ruffian, Captain of the Queen's Guard, does without any scruple. She is no sooner stabb'd but reels out that Artaxerxes and Memnon might come in; Cleone, Mirza's

Daughter, perfectly Virtuous, &c. falls in Love with Artaxerxes, and comes to set him at Liberty, killing herself to convince him of her Truth. So Artaxerxes and Memnon, coming into Mirza's House by Cleone's Key, found Mirza dead to their Satisfaction; but soon Amestris returns to the same place, ready to drop down dead, having Bled all this while without any help; well, she comes in, tells her Fate and Dies; and Memnon, that he might not be stab'd too, runs his Head against a Wall and knocks out his Brains. Thus all the Rivals of Artaban's Power were remov'd; but her, on hearing of the Captivity of his Enemies, takes a streak to set them at Liberty, and revolts from his Mother, but comes too late; however he is very angry with Artemisa, and sets a Guard on her, assuring the Audience, That the Horrors of this Night shall guide his future Sway; he will not be Guilty of Sacrilege or Bloody Treachery, will keep all his Promises even to his Enemies, and the like; so that he is sure the Gods will walk Hand in Hand with him, and guard that Power they trusted in his Hand.

This is what we must call the Plot or Fable, which is indeed a strange kind of Medley, and has nothing either Rational or Dramatic in it; it has no Moral, or none of any use; and is indeed directed by Artaban himself only to his own public Conduct, in which the Audience have not the least Interest or Concern; it moves neither Terror nor Compassion, nor are the Manners any way necessary to the end propos'd. Nay, Mirza's Lust had nothing to do with the bringing Artaban to the Throne, but must have totally disappointed it, had not Orchanes, con-

trary to the Honour of a Soldier and a Man, villainously forc'd Amestris to the dying, prime Minister to be stabb'd; which was highly improbable, if not impossible, that Orchanes shou'd do, even for his own Interest, since he might have made better Terms for himself (which cou'd be the only motive of an Action to a Man of his Character) with Artaxerxes, than with a dying Villain, who by Consequence cou'd do him no manner of Service.

Free. Mirza is represented as a Cunning Man, but his Conduct with Amestris, is the most silly, that an unruly Boy cou'd be guilty of. As his falling in Love at that Juncture, and his design'd Rape, were without any manner of Use to the Catastrophe or the Design of the Play, so was it manag'd like a Fool; his Age and Weakness in the Attempt, discover that he might have delay'd the Execution till all was safe, and nothing cou'd contradict his Will. He tells us it is but Lust mingled with Revenge; and then it was natural for him to defer his salacious Entertainment for a few Hours, when he might take a securer way to his Satisfaction, ev'n by the Rules of Common Sense, than by a Struggle with Youth prepossess'd against him by Love and Hatred, the detestation of his Murder of her Lord and her Father. Since the Author was resolv'd to make him a Villain, He shou'd not have made him a Fool, too, because he had call'd him a cunning Politic Person. Orchanes, or many of his Domestics, who are always diligent in promoting their Lord's Vices for their own Benefit, wou'd have held her, whilst the Impotent Master might have nothing to do but to

take his beastly satisfaction of her. From this and a lying Prime Minister, the Capt. of the Guards might have assur'd himself of some Reward, which he cou'd not expect from dying Lirza. Humane Nature is not so very depraved as to do Villanies only for Villany's sake; so that Orchanes had not the least Reason to obey his cruelty in his last Agonies of Life without any Respect, since he did not know but Artaxerxes and Memnon had made their Escape, and so he might be punish'd for a Deed, from which he cou'd expect no manner of Benefit. But indeed Orchanes is not punish'd at all, but goes off triumphant in the possession of his Place, for all that we can find to the Contrary.

True. 'Tis plain that the Story of this Play was taken from the Establishing Solomon on the Throne of David, by Bathsheba, Nathan the Prophet, Zadok the Priest, &c. And if the Poet had follow'd the Holy History more closely, there wou'd have been no need of those monstrous Characters of Mirza, Magas &c.

The plain History is thus in the first Book of Kings, Chap. I. 5, 6. "Then Adonijah the Son of Haggith exalted himself, saying, I will be King, and he prepar'd himself Chariots and Horsemen, and fifty Men to run before him. And his Father had not displeas'd him at any Time in saying, Why hast thou done so? And he also was a very goodly Man, and his Mother bore him after Absolom. And he conferr'd with Joab the Son of Zeruiah, and with Abiather the Priest, and they following Adonijah helped him. but Zadok the Priest, and Benaiah the

"son of Jehoiada, and Nathan the Prophet, and Shimei, and  
"Rei, and the mighty Men that belong'd to David, were not  
"with Adonijah. And Adonijah slew Sheep and Oxen, and fat  
"Cattel by the Stone of Zohemoth which is by En-Rogel, and  
"called all his Brethren the Kings Sons, and all the Men of  
"Judah the Kings Servants. But Nathan the Prophet, and Benai-  
"ah, and the Mighty Men, and Solomon his Brother he called  
"not. Wherefore Nathan spake unto Bathsheba the Mother of  
"Solomon, saying, Hast thou not heard that Adonijah the Son  
"of Haggith doth Reign, and David our Lord knoweth it not?  
"Now therefore come, let me, I pray thee, give thee Counsel,  
"that thou mayst save thine own Life, and and the Life of  
"thy Son Solomon. Go, and get thee in unto King David, and  
"say unto him, Didst not thou my Lord, O King, swear unto  
"thine Handmaid, saying, assuredly Solomon thy Son shall  
"reign after me, and he shall sit upon my Throne? Why then  
"doth Adonijah reign? behold, while thou yet talkest there  
"with the King, I also will come in after thee and confirm  
"thy Words. And bathsheba went in unto the King, into the  
"Chamber; and the King was very Old, and Abishag the Shuna-  
"mite Ministred unto the King. And bathsheba bowed and did  
"obeysance unto the King; and the King said, What wouldst  
"thou? And she said unto him, my Lord, thou swarest by the  
"Lord thy God unto thine Handmaid saying, Assuredly Solomon  
"thy Son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my  
"Throne: And now behold, Adonijah reigneth; and my Lord the  
"King thou knowest it not. And he hath slain Oxen, and fat



"Cattel, and Sheep in abundance, and hath called all the  
"Sons of the King, and Abiathar the Priest, and Joab the  
"Captain of the Host: but Solomon thy Servant hath he not  
"called. And thou, my Lord, O King, the Eyes of all Israel  
"are upon thee, that thou shouldst tell them who shall sit  
"on the Throne of my Lord the King after him. Otherwise it  
"shall come to pass, when my Lord the King shall sleep with  
"his Fathers, that I and my Son Solomon shall be counted Of-  
"fenders. And lo, while she yet talked with the King, Nathan  
"the Prophet also came in. And they told the King, saying,  
"behold Nathan the Prophet. And when he was come in before  
"the King, he bowed himself before the King with his Face to  
"the Ground. And Nathan said, My Lord O King, hast thou said,  
"Adonijah shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my  
"Throne? For he is gone down this day, and hath slain Oxen  
"and fat Cattel, and Sheep in abundance, and hath called all  
"the Kings Sons, and the Captains of the Host, and Abiathar  
"the Priest, and behold, they Eat and Drink before him, and  
"say, God save King Adonijah. but me, even me thy Servant,  
"and Zadock the Priest, and Benaiah the Son of Jehoida, and  
"thy servant Solomon hath he not called. Is this thing done  
"by my Lord the King, and thou hast not shewed it unto thy  
"Servant, who shall sit upon the Throne of my Lord the King  
"after him? Then David answer'd, and said, Call me Bathsheba;  
"and she came into the Kings presence, and stood before the  
"King. And the King sware, and said, as the Lord liveth that  
"redeemed my Soul out of all distress, even as I sware unto

"thee by the Lord God of Israel, saying, Assuredly Solomon  
"thy Son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my Throne  
"in my stead; even so will I certainly do this day. Then Bath-  
"sheba bowed with her Face to the Earth, and did Reverence to  
"the King, and said, Let my Lord King David said, Call me Zadok  
"the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, and Benaiah the Son of  
"Jehoida. And they came before the King. And the King also  
"said unto them, Take with you the Servants of your Lord, and  
"cause Solomon my Son to ride upon mine own Mule, and bring  
"him down to Gihon. And let Zadok the Priest, and Nathan the  
"Prophet anoint him there King over Israel: And blow ye with  
"the Trumpet, and say, God save King Solomon. Then ye shall  
"come up after him, that he may come and sit upon my Throne;  
"for he shall be King in my stead: And I have appointed him to  
"be Ruler over Israel and over Judah. And Benaiah the Son of  
"Jehoida, answered the King, and said, Amen: The Lord God of  
"my Lord the King say so to. As the Lord hath been with my  
"Lord the King, even so be he with Solomon, and make his Throne  
"greater than the Throne of my Lord King David. So Zadok the  
"Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, and Benaiah the Son of Jehoiada,  
"and the Cherethites, and the Pelethites went down, and caused  
"Solomon to ride upon King David's Mule, and brought him to  
"Gihon. And Zadok the Priest took an Horn of Oyl out of the  
"Tabernacle, and anointed Solomon, and they blew the "rumpet,  
"and all the People said, God save King Solomon. And all the  
"People came up after him, and the People Piped with Pipes, and  
"rejoyced with exceeding great Joy, so that the Earth rent with  
"the sound of them. And Adonijah and all the Guests that were

"with him, heard it as they had made an end of Eating: And  
"when Joab heard the Sound of the Trumpet, he said, Wherefore  
"is this noise of the City, being in an uproar? And while he  
"yet spake, behold, Jonathan the Son of Abiathar the Priest  
"came, and Adonijah said unto him, Come in, for thou art a  
"Valiant Man, and bringest good Tidings. And Jonathan answer-  
"ed, and said to Adonijah, Verily our Lord King David hath  
"made Solomon King. And the King hath sent with him, Zadok  
"the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, and Benaiah the Son of  
"Jehoiada, and the Cherethites, and the Pelethites, and they  
"have caused him to ride upon the King's Mule. And Zadok the  
"Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, have anointed him King in  
"Gihon; and they have come up from thence rejoicing, so that  
"the City rang again: This is the noise that ye have heard:  
"And also Solomon sitteth on the Throne of the Kingdom. And  
"moreover, the King's Servants came to bless our Lord King  
"David, saying, God make the Name of Solomon greater than thy  
"Name, and his Throne greater than thy Throne. And the King  
"bowed himself upon the Bed. And also thus said the King,  
"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which hath given one to  
"sit on my Throne this Day, mine Eyes even seeing it. And  
"all the Guest that were with Adonijah, were afraid, and rose  
"up, and went every Man his way. And Adonijah feared because  
"of Solomon, and arose, and went, and caught hold of the Horns  
"of the Altar, saying, Let King Solomon swear unto me to day,  
"that he will not slay his Servant with the Sword. And Sol-  
"omon said, if he will shew himself a worthy Man, there shall

"not an Hair of him fall to the Earth; But if Wickedness shall  
"be found in him, he shall Die. So King Solomon sent, and  
"they brought him down from the Altar, and he came and bowed  
"himself to King Solomon; and Solomon said unto him, Go to  
"thine House.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad I was almost asleep with your long  
Scripture Story. But pray now to what purpose is it? What  
Use do you make of it?

True. 'Tis true, I might have given you the Story in fewer  
Words; but I thought that the noble simplicity of the Narration  
wou'd please you, without any Consideration of its being  
Scripture. The Reason of my telling it was to show, that here  
is the same Revolution effected, without any Villainous Char-  
acters, of which the Stepmother is full; and it wou'd surprize  
one, that a Gentleman shou'd take this Fable from it, and Clog  
it with so many Absurdities, from which the Original Fact is  
entirely free.

Free. Nay, the Original Story wou'd have furnish'd nob-  
ler Occasions, for the Passions, Descriptions, Topics, Re-  
flections, and Sentences; tho' I am by no means of Opinion,  
that the Story, as it lies in the first of Kings, is at all  
Dramatic; yet, since he has Translated the Scene from Jeru-  
salem to Persopolis, he was so far Master of his Fable, as  
to make it truly Tragical; but if that cou'd not be effected,  
it was not his Business to have meddl'd with it at all.

True. He has one (among many) very odd Expressions, When  
Heroes knock their knotty Heads together; I can't imagine why

a Hero's Head shou'd be essentially Knotty; the Heroes of Antiquity were not so, neither the Achilles of Homer, nor the Aeneas of Virgil, nor any of the Dramatic Heroes of Sophocles or Euripides, had any such Characters in those great and admirable Poets. Those open and unsuspecting Fools, Mirza says of Memnon, tho' the Poet afterwards shews him so suspicious of the Priest Magas, nay even of Cleone, that he cou'd give no Cause for this Imputation.

Free. Mirza is indeed a Person of peculiar Taste; for a Cunning Man to own himself a Rogue to the Man he shou'd keep in Ignorance, and whom he was to work to his ends, argues little pretence to that Name; but he laughs at Honesty, and professes himself a Knave to one he wou'd have Honest to him.

True. Rochfacaut was a Man profoundly Skill'd in Human Nature, and he says, a Knave has not Matter enough to make an Honest Man of. but Mr. Bays supposes Nature more put to it to make a Rogue, or what is all one, will have it, That Greater Parts and Understanding are necessary to compose a Villain than an Honest Man, and that he that thinks must be a Knave.

Free. Nay, he seems very fond of Rogues, since he has, without any Occasion, made his Priest so too, Sanctifying his Dissembling with his Function. but the Statesmen, Priests, and Courtiers, are sure of his Good Word, they are all of a batch, The Devil a Barrel the better Herring.

True. The Queen's first Speech is Monstrous, out of Nature, out of Character, fond of her Adultery in a long calm soliloquy; nor do we know why she comes in, or why she goes out;

But that is a common Fault of our Modern Playwrights, especially of Mr. Bays the Younger.

Free. The concluding Lines of the first Act are extremely Boyish, when he tells his Mistress, That the Sun shou'd think her Eyes shou'd light the World in his Absence.

True. In the second Act, he talks of Memnon's having recourse to Arms, of which Power we have not the least Word in the first: All that we know is, that he returns from Banishment on a day of Jubilee, when all was Safe and Free. The Queen and Artaxerxes call Names very handsomly in the second Act, which is extremely agreeable to their high Station.

Free. Artaxerxes in the third Act, gives a very merry Solution to the Fears of Amestris, and tells her, that if she fears Parting, why let them take a Touch together presently; but she is indeed very whimsical to fear the future Falshood of Artaxerxes, when he shall be cloy'd with Fruition. But he swares he will Feague her off for it, and that, when a Bed she shall give him Satisfaction.

True. Right---- and she is touch'd with this to the quick; for she tells him, asking Pardon of her Modesty, that she is ready, ay marry is the Buxom jade, ready to dissolve, where she stands, with Pleasure. Oh the Luscious Rogue Bays.

Free. A noble Author to be encourag'd by the Ladies of Honour and Chastity. I can't yet have done with Mirza's Amour, he is a pleasant old Wag to attack a young Lady, who thinks that he has just Murder'd her Father and Husband as we have already observ'd; but he is but a silly scurvy Politician, to think to win her by Words under this Prejudice, and not say, Madam, I have not kill'd your Father nor Husband,

they are both Alive and Well, and so may continue if you will save their Lives by yielding to me; if you will not, I will force you by the help of my Slaves, and then kill both you and one of them, and swear Artaxerxes did it, on finding you Naught with him; this Stratagem won Lucretia to suffer Tarquin. If she had withstood this Trial, the Statesman had not appear'd so great a Coxcomb, as the Poet has now made him.

True. The very Scene of his struggling with her is Comedy, 'tis like Volpone in the Fox, with the Wife of Corvino; it has nothing Tragical, but he seems fond of these Fantastic Scenes, he has repeated this in his Jane Shore betwixt her and Hastings, tho' at best it gives an ugly Image, not fit for the sight of Women of any tolerable Virtue.

Free. The Death of Cleone, is the only Scene that moves any thing but Laughter in the whole Play; and yet there is no manner of Reason, why she shou'd be so Unhappy; it is contrary to Poetic Justice, and the Rules of Providence, nor of any manner of Use to the Plot or Catastrophe. But Cleone, indeed, might have been left entirely out, without any Injury to the Fable, I mean what we must here call the Fable.

True. There is as little Reason, that Amestris or Artaxerxes, shou'd Die, both Sovereignly Virtuous, and yet Miserable.

Free. There is indeed nothing Tragical in this Play. The Punishments of Mirza and Magas give Satisfaction; The Deaths of Cleone, Amestris and Artaxerxes, provoke our Indignation, as having done nothing at all to deserve those Incredible Mis-

fortunes; so that instead of Fear and Pity, the true aim of all Tragical Action, it moves only Horror and Satisfaction; and indeed every where endeavours to abolish the Notion of a particular Providence, and so is Impious. As for Memnon, I know not what he has to do in the Play at all; and as for his Death, it might have seem'd a little qualified by the Murder of Cleander, had he not clear'd himself, and prov'd, that he kill'd him in his own Defence: Besides, this Fact was not in the Play, nor had any Relation to the Action. The Queen, the Cause of all the Mischief, is safe in the Guardianship of a Dutiful Son.

True. All the Unfortunate Characters are good, and the most Fortunate the worst of the bad, as for Artaban, he is for having the Crown that is not his due; but he is for Fighting for it, he wou'd take it by Force, not Fraud. He differs from his Mother, Mirza, &c. as a Highwayman does from a Pickpocket, both are Felons; Artaban is the Highwayman, and Artemisa the Pickpocket.

Free. In short, this Murdering so many, shows the Weakness of the Poet's Genius; the Dagger being at hand to help out every Bungler. And it farther justifies the Reproach thrown on our Country by Rapin and some others, That we Insularies are delighted with Blood in our Sports, and to our Shame, our Tragic Poets every day confirm it; but none more, than your worthy friend Mr. Bays.

Sir Ind. Well, I hope we may have a little Cessation now, and send a Glass about to Good Nature, for you have been suffi-



ciently severe on this Piece of Honest Bays.

Free. I hope with Truth and Justice ----- for where we have said one thing, the Play, under Consideration, afforded Matter for Twenty; but to avoid Tediousness, we have but touch'd upon it. We have said nothing of his Language -----

Sir Ind. Nay, sure you'll allow him that for that quality alone supports his Credit with the Town.

Free. I must needs say that I do not like his Language --- he is every where Loguax, but no where Facundus.

Sir Ind. Well, Jo. Freeman, here's Mr. Bays's Health.

Free. With all my Heart, may his better Stars provide for him so well, that he may not be under any necessity of exposing his own want of Understanding in the Art he pretends to; nor the Town for being so often bit with his Commodities. I have no Hatred to the Man, I only am an Enemy to his Poetic Capacity, and I may say to him, what Martial said to Cerdo:

Irasci nostro non debes Cerdo Libello  
Ars tua non Vita est Carmine laesa meo. Mart.

True. Well, Sir Indolent, we will not be so long on any of his other Plays; but this being his first, and that, on which he built all his after Authority, we cou'd not say less than we have, in Justice to the Art. Come, Sir Indolent, here is Mr. Bays's Health and Prosperity.

Sawny Dapper opens the Door and comes in without any Ceremony.

Dap. Ha! my dear Sir Indolent, yours; ha! my good Friend Jo. Freeman yours; and you, Sir, I am your most Humble Obse-

quious Servant: What Wine are you Drinking? French I hope,  
or I can't Taste one Drop; I hope the Bill of Commerce will  
pass, that we may have it Cheaper ---- I am indeed an Enemy  
to the Portugal Trade, merely because I don't like their Wines.

The End of the first Act.

ACT. II.

SCENE the Same Room.

Sir Indolent Easy, Joseph Freeman, Dick  
True-wit, and Sawny Dapper.

Dap. WELL, I protest, I think 'tis a Glass of excellent Wine. Well, and how and how, and what were you upon my dear Knight? on Wit, Politics, or Religion?

Sir Ind. Oh! for Politics and Religion, I leave them to the Statesmen and the Clergy; for they thrive so ill in their Hands, that I am affraid they wou'd be quite lost in ours.

Dap. I protest Pithy and Satiric enough Sir Indolent; well, then I find you have been upon Wit, as indeed what cou'd you have been upon within the Air of Covent-Garden, besides Wit?

Free. But Mr. Dapper we were upon Poetry.

Dap. Better still, I love Poetry with all my Heart. Why, Sir, I am a small Dabler in Helicon my self. [To True-wit.

True. Doubtless, Sir, a great Proficient in the Art.

Dap. Why faith I think so; yet I believe I may say, thanks to my own Industry, and my good Friends Applause, that I am got into the Front part of the Sons of Parnassus, and therefore I am sorry I mist your Discourse of Poetry.

Free. but dear Sawny, it was Criticizing upon Poetry, which you, Gentlemen, that now entertain the Town in that way, are mortal Enemies to.

Dap. I must needs say that, if I had not written on Crit-

icism my self I shou'd not say much in its Praise; but I thought to do in my Progress to Poetry, as Mr. Bays the Elder did with his Prologues. I appear'd first in the Character of a Critic in Terrorum to the Reigning Wits of the Time, that they shou'd the more easily admit me into their Number: But then for their Encouragement, I writ in Rhime, and faith, to say Truth, as to Matter, not so far above them, as to make them fear that I shou'd not fall down to their Level.

True. I find, Sir, then, that there is a great deal of Art, as well as good Fortune, in attaining to the Honour of a Wit, or Poetic Author.

Dap. Oh! Sir, the greatest Art in the World; for, Sir, if you trust to mere Merit, you'll never be taken Notice of by the Town.

True. I find then, Sir, that Merit is no more the way to Preferment in the Present State of Parnassus, than at Court; Interest with the Powerful, in both, supplies all manner of Defects.

Dap. True, Sir, pray to confirm this, give me leave to tell you how I came to this Authority which I now profess.

True. Strangely Ridiculous [Aside]----- By all means, Sir, pray proceed, you will infinitely oblige me, and I believe, Freeman, and Sir Indolent; I am a Country Gentleman, and it will be all Novelty to me.

Dap. Novelty, Sir; when then, Sir, it is Wit, and therefore must please every polite Person. Novelty, Sir, is Wit; for Wit at best without Novelty, will signify nothing in this Town.

Sir Ind. Prithee Sawny how does Ned Doggrel and Dr. Scandal do? 'Foregad they are very Facetious, Pretty Fellows; nay, the Doctor is a good Scholar. Prithee Sawny bring them to dine with me some day.

Dap. Ned Doggrel and Dr. Scandal! Why Sir Indolent, I wou'd have you to know I keep no such Company; the mere Canaille of Writers, who never were at Button's or Will's, or kept Company with a Gentleman of the Covent-Garden Air.

Free. Aside  
to True-Wit.

Sir Indolent has ingeniously  
diverted the Fool from ex-  
posing himself, and he is not  
sensible of the Design.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad Sawny, I think they write very pretty Verses, as good as any of our present Authors, I mean in their way Sawny.

Dap. Ay, they may write, and write their Eyes out, before they arrive to my Reputation or my Conversation; they have not the Address of raising themselves by Art.

Free. Faith Sawny, I wou'd have thee set up to teach the Art of raising a Name by Poetry, without any.

Dap. As much a Jest as you mean that now Jo, it is in Fact, and I know not but it might be a good Project, and what I wou'd undertake, did not the Greek Poets lie on my hands now for a Translation.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad Sawny, I did not know that you understood Greek; nay, I must needs say, thou art a pretty Industrious Young Fellow.

Dap. Why, Sir Indolent, if I did not understand Greek, what of that; I hope a Man may Translate a Greek Author without understanding Greek; What d'ye think of Josephus, Polybius, and many more, whose Translators never cou'd read Greek? Ah! Sir Indolent, you don't know half the Arts of getting a Reputation in this Town for Learning and Poetry.

Free. I find you are an Experienc'd Man this way Mr. Dapper, pray proceed in your Account, it must be surprizing.

Dap. Why, Sir, you must know for getting a Reputation for Poetry, there are some Qualifications absolutely necessary, as a happy knack at Rhime, and a flowing Versification; but that is so common now that very few do want it; then you must chuse some odd out of the way Subject, some Trifle or other that wou'd surprize the Common Reader that any thing cou'd be written upon it, as a Fan, a Lock of Hair, or the like.

True. As the Lutrin of Boileau, or the Dispensary of Dr. Garth I suppose.

Dap. Ah, Sir, that won't do; Boileau and Garth have treated of little things with Magnificence of Verse, as Homer did of the Frogs; but that is now Old; we must have something New; Heroic Doggrel is but lately found out, where the Verse and the Subject agree, as,

----- My Lord, why what the Devil?  
Zounds, Damn the Lock, 'foregad you must be Civil;  
Plague on't 'tis past a Jest; nay prithee, Fox  
Give her the Hair -----

If a Man wou'd distinguish himself, it must be by some-

thing New and Particular. Boileau and Garth had arriv'd to so much Fame and Reputation in the former way, that there was no coming after them in the same Track; we therefore found out the Heroic-Comical way of Writing, that no Man ever thought of before.

True. That I dare swear. True, we have heard of Tragi-Comical, a very preposterous and unnatural Mixture, and now I think pretty well exploded; but for this Heroic-Comical, I confess it is new and more odd than the other.

Dap. Ay, Sir, and that makes it do. But, Sir, that is not enough, besides the newness of the Verse, you must have a new manner of Address; you must make the Ladies speak Bawdy, no matter whether they are Women of Honour or not; and then you must dedicate your Poem to the Ladies themselves. Thus a Friend of mine has lately, with admirable Address, made Arabella F--m--r prefer the Locks of her Poll, to her Locks of another more sacred and secret Part.

Oh! hadst thou Cruel! been content to seize  
Hairs less in Sight --- or any Hairs but these.

but this is likewise a Complement to those Parts of the Lady, to let the World know that the Lady had Hairs elsewhere, which she valu'd less.

Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal Fight to try,  
Who sought no more than on his Foe to Die.

Admirable Good again, you know what Dying is on a fair Lady Sir Indolent, prettily express'd, I vow, than on his Foe to Die. But then, Sir, the Machinery of this Poem is admirably contriv'd to convey a luscious Hint to the Ladies, by letting

them know, that their Nocturnal Pollutions are a Reward of their Chastity, and that when they Dream of the Raptures of Love, they are immortalizing a Silph as that Ingenious and Facetious Author sweetly intimates in his Epistle Dedicatory, as the Book of the Count de Gabalis recommended explains it.

True. I have seen that most Ingenious Piece, in which I find somewhat extraordinary in the Contrivance of the Author. He Publish'd his Poem first without his Machinary, and afterwards with it, this is an extraordinary Method indeed. Now the Poets of Antiquity, founded their Poems on their Machinary; but I find it is the new way of Writing to invent the Machinary, after the Poem is not only Written but Publish'd.

Dap. Alack a day, Sir, I find you are a perfect Country Gentleman indeed, to think that we new Authors care one Farthing for what the old Authors did; no, no, Sir, we know better things, we know how to purchase Fame cheaper.

Free. Why prithee Dick, every Age improves, why else does the World grow Older?

Dap. Improve, ay marry does it, nor ever were the Arts of getting a Name arriv'd to greater Perfection; why, Sir, I was fain to write a Copy of Verses in my own Praise, for none knew my Merit better than my self; then I put the Name of a Celebrated Old Author to it, but the Devil of it was, tho' that Author was of an Establish'd Reputation for Wit, yet he was remarkable for an ill Versification, so that my Stile discover'd me; and indeed, when I heard them prais'd,



I cou'd not help owing to my Friends, that I writ them my self.

True. Why, faith Mr. Dapper, that's a new way indeed, and not very difficult; a Man might soon get Fame, if writing a Copy of Verses in his own Praise wou'd do it.

Dap. Phoo, Sir, that was but one step in my Advancement. You must know that there are two Parties of WITS, and two or three Men at the Head of them. Now I first fixt my self on the good Nature and easy Temper (by my Application) of the Men of real Merit, they cry'd me up, recommended me to the Town, and the Town took their Words, and so I set up for my self; for you must know, they can't so easily destroy a Man's Reputation, as make it; then I gave my Approbation of the Works of the Heads of the other Party, that is of those who have Vogue and no Merit; by this means I gain'd all their Friends, and bring those I approve, to a sort of Dependance upon me.

True. I protest, Sir, you are a great Politician, I know not but you may make a Minister of State in time, if ever the Pretender shou'd come, by your Candour and Penetration.

Dap. Whoo! Pox you don't know me yet. Why t'other day I was desir'd to read over Jane Shore, and what do you think I writ upon it when I had done?

True. Faith I can't tell ----- unless that it was the most Stupid Piece that ever was Written.

Dap. Oh! gad, Sir, directly the contrary ----- I writ down on the Copy, This is the best Play that has been Written

since Euripides.

Free. Did you believe what you writ?

Dap. Egad, I can't say that in strict Truth I did, tho' Consideratis Considerandis, I don't know but there might be something in it; but be that as it will I had my end in it, I complemented the Author, and his Vanity receiv'd it as Sterling Praise, without the least Allay of Flattery; besides, if it had been exactly true, I had not done it, for then it had been my Business to have cry'd it down; but the less real Merit it had, the more service I did him, and so the better maintain'd my Authority in the Disposal of Fame.

True. Is this one of our Modern Methods too?

Dap. Oh yes, Sir, ever while you live, the less Merit an Author has that applies for our Commendation, the more we think our selves oblig'd to cry him up; for that multiplies the Votes against the Critics, who wou'd tear us all to Pieces if they cou'd. but telling Noses is now the Standard of Wit, and the most Voices carry it, as in the Members of Parliament. Not but that we have sometimes our Committees of Election too, that can make Three a greater number than Thirteen; that is when our Occasions require it.

True. But Sawny, thou cou'dst never have pick'd out such another Poet as Euripides, to mention with the Author of Jane Shore; the first is a Master of the Fable, Manners, Sentiments and Diction; we see Nature and Art go Hand in Hand thro' all he Writes; neither of which were ever the least known to the latter.

Dap. Whoo! a mere Baggatelle with us, Sir. But Sir

Indolent is fast asleep ----- Sir Indolent, Sir Indolent,  
come, here's a Health to the Lock least in sight.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad Sawny thou hast talk'd me asleep -----  
But come the 'foresaid Health, and the bright Poets that  
sung it.

Dap. Egad, he is a bright young Fellow; you shall see  
a Play of his next Winter, that will Pit, Box, and Gallery  
it with a Witness. You must know, Sir, that the Name of  
Jane is now grown very Dramatic, and he's Writing a Play of  
the Lady Jane Grey. The Protestant Poet writes a Play on a  
Popish Whore, and the Popish Poet is to write one on the  
Protestant Queen.

Sir Ind. Of the Protestant Pretender you mean Sawny;  
but I suppose he concludes in Sacrificing her to the Popish  
Queen.

Dap. May, I heard a bird sing, that Mr. Bays himself,  
wou'd give him a lifting hand, or at least a Commendatory  
Copy of Verses.

True. I wou'd have you advise your Friend to consider,  
the Writing of a Play is not like Writing a Pastoral, or a  
loose Copy of Verses.

But to write Plays; why 'tis a bold Pretence,  
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit and Eloquence.

And as for Mr. Bays, he does not know so much as what a  
Tragedy is.

Dap. Oh Lord! Sir, not Mr. Bays know what a Tragedy is,  
why, Sir, he has written five or six.

True. He has indeed written so many Things that he calls

Tragedies, but not one true Poem of that sort. You remember, Sir Indolent, that we have shown the Stepmother to have no one Quality of a Tragedy, give us leave to run over the rest, and prove our Assertion.

Sir Ind. 'Foregad, Gentlemen, I had rather talk of Politics or Religion, than hear an Honest Gentleman's Successful Works thus taken to Pieces.

Free. Nay, Sir Indolent, you are in now, and must go thro' with the Operation, interrupted by the coming in of your Friend Mr. Dapper.

Sir Ind. Well, Gentlemen, you have me in your Power; but I beg you wou'd use me mercifully. Sawny, 'foregad give me some Snuff.

Free. The Ambitious Stepmother first got Mr. Bays a Name, and Tamerlane fixt his Reputation; we have seen what the former was, let us now consider the latter. I remember that his Prologue takes care to inform us, that as Virgil sung Aeneas, so he designs to sing Tamerlane, tho' of much unequal Fame.

True. That is, he writing a Dramatic Poem, imitates Virgil who writ an Epic one, extremely Judicious I profess. Now I have been such a Sot to imagine, that there was a very material difference between the Epic and Dramatic Poems. Aristotle and all the Critics had misled me, but Mr. bays has rectified my Judgment.

Free. In this indeed, Mr. bays, has a great Fumber of our Moderns, who have sinn'd with him. For it is but an Error too common in our Modern Tragic Poets, to propose some

one great Character or Hero of the Poem, to Celebrate and Aggrandize above Humanity. On the contrary, the Antients propos'd a Moral, and regarded the chief Character or Hero, no farther than the giving such Qualities and Fraillties to him, as were necessary to produce that Moral. This Conduct was of some Use and Instruction. Our Poets only raise a great and accomplish'd Character beyond Imitation, and to a degree more than Romantic; quite out of the way of practice of the World. But the Ancient Dramatic Poets exhibited this useful Lesson, --- That by a too criminal and weak Compliance with the Impulse of violent Passions, we become unhappy, and that therefore we ought to have a watchful guard over our Passions in their Rise, that they may not by their Power in their full growth, make us their Slaves and Miserable. This is an End an Aim that reaches all Mankind; but the Modern Practice of little or no Use, or Concern at all. And indeed, this makes Tragedy the Imitation of a Man, which is establish'd by the Founders of the Art, as an Imitation of an Action that is Great and Grave, and so loses the most Important Consideration in a Trifle.

Sir Ind. I do allow your Reason just Jo. Freeman, and I do likewise allow that Tamerlane is of this number; yet 'foregad it was written with an Honest and True English Design, I mean, to pay a grateful Complement to K. William, who, I must still think, deserv'd the Gratitude of every Englishman, Poet, Divine, Tradesman, Gentleman and Vulgar; for every Degree receiv'd a Benefit from his coming into

England; tho' 'foregad, I think the Divines, who were the most immediately oblig'd to him, are the most averse to his Memory, I mean for the Generality, who ridicule the Revolution; tho' had it not been for the Revolution, they had had no Livings at all before this Time, unless they had qualified themselves by quitting their Wives, and taking the Mark of the Scarlet Whore on their Foreheads.

Free. Why, Sir Indolent, you are warm, I thought nothing cou'd have ruffled your even Temper; I am glad to find you a Man, and that you have Passions, but they can never be more justifiable than on such an Occasion.

True. Sir Indolent, I am sensible that the Notion that this Play was a Complement to the King, did the Poet's Business; but I am as sure, that King William deserv'd a much more Noble and Heroic Character than is given here to Tamerlane; he appears like a General and a King, but acts like a Country School-master, or at most as an Epictetus, a mere Speculative Philosopher.

Dap. 'Egad, what Company am I falln into? Critics, mere Critics, that are for Rules, and Reasons, and Art, and the Lord knows what, which we have nothing to do with; at this rate, I shall not be allow'd a Poet my self. 'Egad I'll steal off, and fetch Mr. Days from the House, to plead his own Cause.

Aside.

Dapper steals away.

Free. Nay, 'tis very Observable, that the Part of Tamerlane may be taken out, and the Play remain as good as with.

it. He is indeed, as one has said, a sauntering talking Hero, that does nothing, and is nothing.

True. As for that, you may take away Koneses and Arpasia too, and never make the Play worse than it is, but better; for here are two very Unfortunate Characters, that do by no means deserve to be so, as being entirely Innocent, perfectly Virtuous.

Free. Bajazet is all along a sort of a Mad Man, and seems to have been brought up at Billingsgate, for the Dogs, and the like Names which he calls all about him. There is a Play written on this Subject by one Mr. Saunders, a young Gentleman about Nineteen, before which is a Prologue by Mr. Dryden, which is infinitely more in Nature, and more Pathetic; there the Scene between Bajazet and Tamerlane comes more within the compass of Humane Nature. but as this is the worst of all those which have been written on this Tartar Conqueror, so has it been the most Successful.

True. but Sir Indolent, the Complements paid by Tragedy have been in another manner among the Antients, not in the Character of the Hero, as in the Oedipus Celoneus of Sophocles, and the Ion of Euripides, without destroying the Nature of the Drama.

True. Then what an impossible Incident is that Conspiracy of Omar and the Deroise in the midst of a Camp, and in the Prisoners Apartment, where even the General of Tamerlane's army is sav'd from Death, only by escaping in a Disguise.

Free. I appeal to you Sir Indolent, is there any one

Scene, any one Speech, any one Line, that moves you thro' the whole Play? and here, as well as in the former of the Stepmother, neither Pity nor Fear are touch'd. We are satisfied with the Punishment of the Offenders, and angry at the Sufferings of Moneses and Arpasia, that is, supposing that we are at all invested in any of the Events; for I confess I am not, for what is out of Nature, never touches me at all.

Sir Ind. Nay, for my part, I am no Judge of these Affairs, I go no further than the Diction, and that I think the Poet has perform'd to a Miracle.

Free. I am sorry, Sir Indolent, that I cannot go so far as you, ev'n in that; the Author has endeavour'd to imitate Milton's stile in his Paradise Lost, which is admirable in the Epic, but not at all agreeable to the Dramatic Poem: And therefore Milton himself Writes quite in another Manner in his Sampson Agonistes.

Sir Ind. Well, 'foregad Gentlemen, I wish you had done this ill-natur'd Work; for I'm quite tir'd with it, 'tis quite out of my way: I am not Supervisor of the Stage, and therefore the convincing me will be of no manner of Benefit to the Drama. If I can serve any Gentleman, that is so unfortunate to Write, I will.

True. But, Sir, it is to bring you to Justice to those very few that have or may Write well; that you may not favour Pretenders, who gather Assurance from your Smiles, because they know you to be a Man of establish'd Merit.

Free. Well, Sir Indolent, to please you we will say no



more of Tamerlane, even for the lame Complement intended by it to our glorious Monarch; Tho' it wou'd be a very easy matter to prove, that there scarce ever was a worse Play, except the Royal Convert of the same Author.

True. Nay, now I must joyn with Sir Indolent, to desire you to pass that over, with the biter; for I do not remember so much as one Scene through the whole.

Free. I do confess these Plays are below Criticism, they are fenc'd round with Stupidity, and dispencc such a Dullness all around, that it wou'd be impossible to go through with them and keep awake.

True. The only Criticism they deserve, is a Sponge dipt in Ink.

Free. Well, Sir Indolent, giving but a Word or two on Ulysses, and the Fair Penitent, we will, with as few on Jane Shore, dismiss you in Peace.

True. I shall be the more tender of Ulysses, because it is by much the best of his, and has a sort of a Face of Tragedy. The Poet indeed has left it without any Moral; he has made Semanthe unfortunate without any demerit. He has taken all Ithaca for his Scene, which, by as good a Reason, might have been extended to all Greece, and so to all Europe, nay, indeed, to the whole Earth. He has introduc'd I know not how many Kings with the Manners of Scoundrels or Porters; he has been fond, admiring Penelope's Beauty at Forty odd. He has made Ulysses put Penelope to an unnecessary and unjust Tryal, not at all conducive to the Plot, nor agreeable to the

Wisdom, or Gratitude of his Hero. But these, and a great many more Absurdities of the Design, Conduct, and indeed of the Sentiments and Diction, I will sacrifice to your good Nature; and to the weak Appearance of a Tragedy, which he has in no other of his Performances.

Sir Ind. They say 'tis an easie thing to find fault; 'foregad I think it is the hardest thing in Nature; I am sure I should have read and seen Ulysses, an hundred Times, before I cou'd have discover'd the third part of the Faults you have produc'd; and yet you wou'd persuade me that you are silent as to the Rest, in Complaisance to me, and the uncommon Merit of the Play.

True. Why, Sir Indolent, to satisfy you that I had made a Considerable Sacrifice to you in this, I will give you the Faults of Ulysses more at length; nor abridge you of their Number.

Sir Ind. Nay, Sir, 'foregad I'd rather thank you for your Complement, than stand the Tryal of the Reality. I pray proceed.

Free. The FAIR PENITENT was built on a much better Play of Massinger's, call'd the Fatal Dowry. The Poets are equally guilty of making their Heroine a Whore; but the latter Poet has made her more unpardonable and obstinate, and still less worthy of Pity. Charolois in Massinger resents the Incontinence and Injury to his bed like a Man of Honour; yet will not punish her till her Father had heard the Cause, and decided it against her; and when the Father's Justice had Condemn'd her, the Husband strikes the Dagger into her

Eosome: This makes Nature return to her Father, and his Grief for the untimely loss of his only Child, produces a very noole, and natural Scene. But in Mr. Bays, the Husband is a true tame Cuckold, tho' an Italian, and is for forgetting all that's past. But the Father is implacable, and will admit of no Compensation; in spite of all the Pleas of Nature, and even the Husband's Indolence in desiring to sit down contented with her as she is: If she had been a Maid it had been better; but since it was, as 'twas, why good Lian he wou'd take up with her as he had, for better or for worse.

True. To say no more of this Italian NIKY, we will only read you a Prologue design'd for this Play, by a Gentleman, who by writing it only on an hearsay Account of the Tragedy, was mistaken in two or three things, but such as common sense wou'd excuse him in. As that the Husband stab'd her, as who cou'd have expected less from an Italian Cornudo?

A Prologue sent to Mr. Bays, to his new Play call'd the Fair Penitent; design'd to be spoken by Mr. Betterton, but refus'd.

Est & in obscenos deflexa Tragedia Risus.

Quacks set out Bills, Jack-Pudding makes Harangues,  
And Thief at Tiburn speaks before he hangs.  
I pray you then give Ear to what I say,  
For this to me is Execution Day.  
The Stage is Tiburn; boxes, Gallery, Pit,  
where you our Judges, and our Hangmen sit,  
Of Nonsense tender, but severe to Wit.  
To Day we fear you not, we've hit your Taste,  
And when that's pleas'd we cannot sure be Cast.

Meanly contented with the vulgar Way,  
Some make the Heroine Virtuous in a Play;  
But the bold Tragic Genius of our Stage,  
With Novelty resolves t'oblige the Age,  
And with an Heroine PUNK, the Ladies will engage.  
He from the SOC the Prostitute transplants,  
And swells the humble WHORE with buskin'd Rants;  
His Whore indeed repents the slippery Fault,  
but, like the Rest, it is not till she is caught.  
She is not sorry that she has play'd the Whore,  
but that, discover'd, she can do't no more.  
Thus while his PUNK in Buskins boldly ramps,  
Like \*Bajazet, his HERO CUCKOLD stares and stamps.  
He with no Laurel Wreaths his Brow adorns,  
But while those vulgar Ornaments he scorns,  
above his brethren he exalts his Horns,  
Confederate Cuckolds then come Clap this Play,  
Our Lucky Bard to you devotes this Day.  
No Doodle, Dashwood, Wiseacre is here;  
Nor any of the puny Race, that us'd to appear;  
The CUCKOLD now assumes an haughtier Air,  
\*\*with brandish'd Dagger stabs the yielding Fair,  
So little Womans Frailty is his Care.  
Ye horned Herd from Wapping to White-Hall,  
Approach in Tryumph, he invites you all;  
So strong a Party made, he need not fear his Fall.  
Some envious Critic here perhaps exclaims,  
If you shou'd punish thus the City Dames;  
You'd make a Desolation in the Land,  
And Barrs, and Counters wou'd unfurnish'd stand.  
but, Ladies, you with Ease, that Fear remove,  
If you use Caution in the Thefts of Love;  
Since only she, that's caught, this Punishment will prove.  
Danger adds Fewel to the amorous Fire,  
And Difficulties only raise Desire.  
Besides -- past Merits you shou'd not despise,  
When †Solomon, and †William in Disguise,  
From his lov'd Pen regal'd your Ears, and Eyes.  
What tho' nor Art, nor Nature there were found;  
He scorns by Art or Nature to be bound.  
Let others toil beneath the Load of Thought,  
Of what is just, what natural, what not;  
They're dull mechanick Things below Regard,  
From such a bold, and such a lucky Bard.

\* This was a mistake, for the Hero Cuckold is very tame.

\*\* Another mistake from the nature of an Italian Husband, who was very likely to do so.

† Artaban.

‡ Tamerlane.

Uncumber'd with those Fetters, still he'll write,  
Whilst Ignorance assures his hoodwink'd Flight.  
He fears no Danger, for he none foresees;  
In happy Ignorance secure to please,  
Without those forreign Aids, th' indulgent Town,  
With Heroes and with Language, All his own.  
The Hooded Falcon so, in haste let fly,  
Tours swift aloft undaunted to the Sky  
With upright Wing, till lost to human Eye,  
From Thrones he sauntering, talking HEROES chose,  
but for an active HEROINE now rakes the Stews;  
And whence he'll fetch the next ----- he only knows,  
Yet \*CRESSWEL sure of infamous Renown,  
Or some more Antique Matron of this Town,  
May reasonably next invoke his Pen  
To do her Justice in his LOFTY SCENE.  
Nor can she sure his LOFTY SCENE disgrace  
Since BAWD, in breeding, still of WHORE takes Place.  
For BAWD's arriv'd to the grave Doctors state,  
While WHORE is out an Undergraduate.  
BAWDS maudlin Tone from penitential Cart  
(Like Thespia founder of the Tragick Art)  
Must have the Force to move each amorous Heart,  
but what is it that Poets cannot do?  
Caress'd by US, and so extoll'd by YOU?  
T'encourage Merit nobly you disdain,  
It is pedantic, and below your Vein,  
and faith to tell the Truth, we love our Gain,  
As with the Saints, so 'tis, we find, with you;  
For here alas! th' ELECT are very Few,  
and those without your Reason, by your Will sav'd too,  
The less of proper Merit they can boast,  
The more secure they are from being lost.  
While Farce and bombast best can please the Age,  
we'll Cook no other Dishes for the Stage.  
When to your Smiles just Poets you admit,  
and flock in shoals to Nature and to Wit,  
All Poetasters then we will discard,  
And here encourage only the true bard.  
For sure in us it must seem Impudence  
To cherish Merit, and to play good Sense,  
When from your Taste we hope for all our Pence

Sir Ind. Malicious enough 'foregad ----- but what signifies all this, you find the Play pleas'd, and the Satire is forgotten.

---

\* An Eminent vulgar Bawd, of about Thirty years ago.

Free. The Play was forgot till its second Part of Jane Shore reviv'd it with a second Edition. But I will say no more of this Play, but what may justly be said of all those with which this Author has yet visited the Town ----- That Nature, Character, and Design, are wholly unknown to him; that a sort of sonorous numerous Verse, very empty of Sense and Poetry, is what has rais'd him a Name, and that the justest Criticism on this and others, wou'd be once more, a Spunge dip'd in Ink.

Re-enter Dapper.

Dap. Well, Gentlemen, have you yet got over Criticism? I protest 'tis the most ungenteel thing in the World, Men of Polite Parts never mind it, or indeed know any thing of it, only Poets who have written without Success, and those who never durst write at all, make a Pother with it against the Taste of the Town, and the Favours it bestows on us its brighter Spirits, who know how to please it.

Sir Ind. Dear Sawny here's a bumper, (which I do not use to drink) here's Honest Mr. bays's Health, I wish he were here to plead his own Cause.

Dap. I'll pledge you Sir Indolent, he's only giving the Players an Account of a new Play that he's about, and he'll kiss your Hands; I told him you were here, and he longs to repeat some Lines of his to you, you are a Candid Judge.

True. I shou'd be glad to see the Man; is he made like other Men? For I am sure he thinks like no Man alive but

himself.

Dap. Ah! Sir, you talk like a Country Gentleman, Sir, the whole Town thinks like him Sir, and all the Wits of the Town Sir that have any Name think like him, Sir, -----

True. Why faith Mr. Dapper, if all the Town thinks like him, it is a very Senseless Town; and your Wits ought to be sent to improve and learn Nature in Lapland, for their Songs to their Rein-deer, have much more of Poetry and Nature, than any thing I have seen of this great Author's; but here's his Health, Sir.

Enter Drawer

Draw. Sir Indolent Easy, Mr. Bays is in a Box below, and desires to speak a Word or two with you.

Sir Ind. Desire him to walk up.

Draw. Sir, he desires you wou'd step down to him.

Sir Ind. Well, I'll wait on him.

[Exeunt Drawer and Sir Indolent.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT. III.

Sawny Dapper, Freeman, and True-wit.

Dap. MR. Freeman, I protest I have a great esteem for you, and I wish you wou'd abate of that Ill-nature you have shown against Mr. Bays, and the taking Poets; for you must know that we all take it for Envy.

Free. I am not at all concern'd, what the Gentlemen Writers think of my Good or Ill Nature; but Truth and Art, are what I value before all Men, when they are the Subject of my Discourse, and I shall never sacrifice them to the Success of any Coxcomb in Vogue.

Dap. Why, Sir, you may be a Critic still, and not disoblige the Town by condemning what it likes.

Free. As how, Mr. Dapper?

Dap. Why I am a Critic my self ----- but then I write always in Praise of what is cry'd up by the Town; by that I oblige the Authors, and get the Reputation of a well natur'd Fellow, free from Envy, Malice, and the like. Have you not seen a Review of Jane Shore?

Free. Yes marry have I, Sir; but what of that, honest well-natur'd Sawny?

Dap. Why, I my self writ that gentle Piece of Criticism; and I think I have there shown, that I understand Art as well as the severest of you all.

Free. Did you write that wonderful Piece Mr. Dapper? I protest I thought that the bookseller had written it himself.



Dap. Oh! no, Sir, the Bookseller, ha! ha! ha! not but Mr. Lintot is a very Ingenious Person, and I hope by his Printing Mine and Mr. Bays's Works, to make him a formidable Rival to Jacob Tonson; 'tis true Mr. Lintot did give me some Hints, but as to the Writing it was all my own.

Free. But Sawny, how came you, a Scholar, not to know the difference between a Tragedian and a Tragic Poet, for you call Mr. Bays very often a Tragedian.

Dap. Hum! 'Egad a Tragedian! why a Tragedian or Tragic Poet? it is all one in the Greek.

True. No faith, Sir, neither in Greek or Latin, nor any other Language that I know of.

Dap. Phoo! that's but a Trifle, a lapsus Calami, a little oversight that we Authors don't much regard; but, Sir, as to the Reasons, the Arguments, and the Discoveries of such Beauties of the Poet, these show the Genius of a true Critic, and I hope I have discharg'd that part like a Man of Taste.

Free. Why faith Sawny, if thou can'st hear Truth, I cannot discover even that; I mean, I cannot find that thou hast either defended thy Author like a Man of Art, or discover'd one Beauty in him.

True. Nay, don't blame Mr. Dapper, for the last, for he must be more than a Critic, that can discover Beauties where there are none; and if he has defended him ill, it was because the Author was not capable of a good Defence; it has not been Mr. Dapper's Fault in my Opinion.

Dap. 'Egad, Sir, you are a very Civil Person, and I am

your very Humble Servant ---Faith I said all I cou'd for him, and I hope some things that will bear the Test.

Free. I shou'd be glad to hear them honest Sawny for thy sake, As how?

Dep. Why first, I show that the Characters are Tragical, and then that the Play carries a Moral Instruction; nay, I do pretend to assert, that the Poet's Conduct is of a piece thro' the whole Drama.

True. In that you are certainly in the Right, for the Poet's Conduct thro' the whole, must by all Men, that have seen or read the Play, be own'd to be of a piece, that is, every where Faulty; the chief Character, which is Jane Shore, is no Tragical Character.

Dep. How, Sir, not Tragical! Why, Sir, the Foundation of many Ancient Tragedies, is plac'd upon Rapes, Murders, Parricides, and such Crimes, which give a shocking Idea to the Soul; and their Punishment cannot be said to have so proper an Influence on the Audience, because the Vices are in themselves so Enormous and Remote from common Practice, that the Moral cannot reach home to the Conscience of the Hearer.

Free. Honest Sawny, thou art out in every Particular; for there is not one Play of the Antients that is extant, and mention'd in Authors of those ages, which is built on any such Foundation.

True. A Whore profess'd, is no Tragic Character, Incontinency in Woman being on the same Level with Cowardice in Man; and Mr. Bays might as well have brought a Coward for his Hero,

as a Whore for his Heroine.

Dap. What do you think of the Phaedra of the Antients, if she was not an Incestuous Whore it was none of her Fault, she was willing tho' Hyppolitus was not.

Free. That indeed is the most questionable Character that way among the Antients. Yet is this perfectly clear from being a Whore, and Adultrous by choice. Phaedra has all the Reluctance of a Woman of Honour to the Crime, and struggles with it to the utmost, even almost to Death; this Criminal Passion was a Punishment inflicted on her by the Gods. But honest Sawny, you must not take your Notion of Phaedra from that on our Stage by a late Author, where she is Abandon'd enough indeed, to become almost a Parallel to Jane Shore; but you must look into Euripides, and then see if there be any thing like it; you will find the Modesty of the Character nicely preserv'd, which Seneca and Mr. Smith have both abominably debas'd.

True. Jane Shore, on the contrary is an habitual Whore and Adultrous, and even in her suppos'd Reformation, keeps up her Intimacy with Hastings's Whore Mrs. Alce.

Free. Helen, is indeed the Heroine of one of the Tragedies of Euripides; but this is not the Adultrous Helen that was seemingly at Troy; but the Virtuous and Chast Helen, who had been all the Trojan War in Pharos, Mourning the Absence of her dear Lord and Husband Menalaus, and maintaining her Virtue, against the Power of King Theoclymenes.

Dap. But, Gentlemen, may not Circumstances make a Vicious

Character the Object of Pity? As from the Strength of the Temptation, the natural weakness of the Offender, or the Power and Influence of some other Person in the Commission of the Crime.

Free. No bright Quality can balance a Vice that is Scandalous, as Incontinence in a Woman, and Cowardice in a Man.

True. But Jane Shore, had she been Innocent of this Crime, had been no Tragic Character, for her Station of Life was too low; a Shop-keepers Wife of the City never can rise above the Soc; and her having lain with the King and two or three Lords, will never be thought ennobling enough to fit her for the Buskin, since that very Crime renders her entirely incapable of it.

Dap. But then she is Penitent for this Crime, has a due sense of her Guilt, and shows a suitable Compunction for her Offence, which makes her the Object of Mercy, that is, Pity.

True. Penitence may move our Joy, but can never touch our Compassion; and the price of lost Reputation can never be paid, unless that cou'd be restor'd, which never was, nor ever can be.

Dap. But then she wou'd not yield to Gloster's Wicked Design of putting aside the Young King.

Free. It is not sufficient to move our Compassion, that one that has been Guilty of a Scandalous Vice, will not be Guilty of a more Enormous Wickedness.

Dap. 'Tis true she is an Adulteress, but then her fellow offender was a Monarch.

True. As for her fellow offender being a Monarch, that takes not away the Scandal of the Fault, but adds the guilt of Ambition to that of Lust; and here I must observe, that Mr. Bays makes Jane Shore's Virtue produce her Misery, and not her Vice. Whereas the ancient Tragic Poets made the Hero's Vices produce their Misfortunes. It was the Obstinacy, Rashness and Curiosity of Oedipus that made that discovery which render'd him entirely miserable; but Jane is so, because she will not add another Wickedness to her former.

Dep. Well, I do not know what fault you may find with the Character, it is plain the Ladies like poor Jane never the worse for being a Whore, which I think is Defence enough of Mr. bays, against all the Malice of his Critics.

Free. But honest Sawny, the Ladies have been us'd of late to such Food, that they have not that Niceness it were to be wish'd.

True. I can't find by the Play that Jane is really a Convert, till the Minute that Gloster orders her to be turn'd out to Starve. She is intimate with none but her old Companion in Wickedness, who is still Whore to Hastings, who are Casuists wou'd think a very odd Companion for a Penitent; for it is with them a certain sign that the Repentance is not sincere and true, when the Penitent is fond of, and does not entirely relinquish his Companions in habitual sins. And indeed Jane herself remembers her Paramour with a very unpenitential Imagery.

'Tis true the Royal Edward was a Wonder,

The goodly Pride of all our English Youth;  
He was the very Joy of all that saw him,  
Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade.  
Impassive Spirits, and angelic Natures  
ught have been Charm'd like yielding humane Weakness,  
Stoop'd from their Heav'n, and listen'd to his talking---

What cou'd she have said more warmly and more wantonly, had she been just yielding to his Lust? To lessen her own Frailty, she tells her sister Whore, that Edward's Tongue was enough to corrupt the Angels themselves to be Carnaliter'd by him. A rare Penitent indeed, and much deserves our Pity.

Free. Nay, she seems under some Concern that her Form is no so bright as it was formerly.

My Form alas! has long forgot to please:  
The Scene of Beauty and Delight is past.

So that poor Jane still thinks it Delight to be Wicked ----

No Roses bloom upon my fading Cheeks,  
Nor laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;  
but haggard Grief, lean-looking sallow Care,  
And piercing Discontent, a rueful Train  
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.

Is this the Language of a Penitent? As such she shou'd rather have describ'd the beauty of the Mind, the satisfaction of a Converted state, and the Charms of a heavenly Spouse: Whereas all that she says, seems to place her Pain in that her Pleasures are past Recall.

True. Jane's last Speech in the first Act is another proof that she repents not her Adultery; for she complains of the hard Fate of Womankind, that they can't Whore with the same safety to their Reputations, as Mankind can.

Mark by what partial Justice we are judg'd:

partial Justice, by the way, is an extraordinary Epithet, he might as well have said, Mark by what unjust Justice we are Judg'd; but this is a Peadillo.

Such is the Fate unhappy Women find;  
And such the Curse entail'd on Womankind.

Here poor Jane thinks it unhappy, nay, a Curse, that Women have not the Liberty of roving -----

That Man the lawless Libertine may rove,  
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of Love,  
While Woman, Sense, and Natures easie Fool,

the last line I take to be absolutely unintelligible.

If poor weak Woman swerve from Virtue's Rule,  
If strongly Charm'd she leave the Thorny Way,

The poor penitent Jane, still thinks the Paths of Virtue a thorny Way.

And in the softer Paths of Pleasure stray,  
Ruin ensues, Reproach and endless Shame,  
And one false step entirely damns her Fame.  
In vain with Tears the Loss she may deplore,  
In vain look back to what she was before,  
She sets like Stars that fall, to rise no more.

Dap. That's wonderfully fine, She sets like Stars that fall to rise no more.

True. Very fine Nonsense! that is, She sets, like that which does not set at all.

Dap. Mr. Bays had made it she sets like falling Stars that rise no more; but he did me the Favour to take my Correction in that Line.

True. I never heard of Stars, that fell, except in the Revelations. But is it not strange that Mr. Bays shou'd think a Whores Fame irretrievable, and yet imagine she cou'd be a fit Heroine for a Tragedy.

Dap. Can there be any thing finer than Dumont's description of the lovely solitude he had found out for her.

Free. 'Tis very pretty; nay, so pretty, that I wonder Jane did not immediately take Post to it, and leave the Court with Dumont; for being so well provided for, she had no Motive at all to petition Gloster. Besides, she had Reason to believe that Hastings wou'd soon show his Resentment against Dumont; so that every thing in Nature bid her fly, and nothing cou'd persuade her to stay but her being loath to leave her old Haunts; so that all the Mischief came upon her, because she wou'd not be happy when she might: But indeed poor Jane is a very whimsical, foolish, maudlin Character from the Beginning of the Play to the End.

True. Mr. Bays has sinn'd against the Likeness in this Character, and given her a Virtue, which His tory does not warrant. She is a Whore to three upon Record; and how many more Gallants she might have had in private and of lower Degree we can't tell.

Dap. But as she is represented by the Poet in his Play, she had but one, and that a Monarch. --- She resists Hastings a Man of great Quality and Power.

Free. She resists one unprepar'd and unexpected attempt, at least till Dumont sends him away with a Flea in his Ear:



But what wou'd have happen'd if her Husband in disguise had not been near, we can't tell. Hastings is a very ungenerous Lover, to press for the last Favour at first dash; for speaking one good Word for her to Gloster. And indeed it is no great Argument of her Virtue that she deny'd him; for a Woman must be a very abandon'd Whore indeed that wou'd let a Man get up and ride at the first offer.

True. It is really a very merry Tragedy, there are but six Men and two Women in it; the two Women are Whores, and three of the Men Villains, one a Cuckold, and another a Debocher of young Ladies, only Bellmour is nothing at all.

Free. Mrs. Alce is a false dissembling Baggage, to wheedle poor Jenny out of her Trinkets and not to give her a bit of Bread for them.

True. So that she's a Cheat as well as a Whore, and so much the more unfit for a Tragic Character.

Free. The Scene between Hastings and Alice, is a lame Copy of that between Dorimant and Loveit in Sir Fopling, and only fit for Comedy.

True. and the Scene between Hastings and Jenny at Midnight, seems taken from that in the Chances, where Don John is for taking a Touch with Constantia in the Streets, he's so hot and eager he can't stay till he gets to a House; these give filthy Idea's and are only fit to be acted in a Brothel, and not before Ladies of Honour and Virtue.

Free. Alice begins the Third Act with a Sililoquy of Eighteen Lines, to tell the audience what she is going to do.

with the Paper and its Contents, but this is a Trifle.

True. The change of the Paper is indeed a notable Contrivance, and worthy Mr. Bays's great Genius.

Free. I thought, by what Jenny said when she came in, in this Act, that she had been going to beg for Dumont, but she is begging a piece of Bread.

A poor, undone, forsaken helpless Woman  
Intreats a little Bread for Charity,  
To feed her Wants, and save her Life from perishing.

True. To feed her Wants; that is, to keep them still Alive, whereas I suppose she wou'd be understood to remove her Wants.

Dap. Why, look'e Gentlemen, I made the Objection to Mr. Bays, that I thought he shou'd have made Jane Petition for Dumont; but he told me, that wou'd have spoil'd the Plot, by letting Gloster know, that Hastings and she were not on so good Terms as he imagin'd.

True. I find that Mr. Bays the Younger, has two Qualities like Mr. Bays the Elder, his Admiration of some odd Books, as Reynard the Fox, and the Old Ballads of Jane Shore, and the making Simile's in the midst of a Passion, and after a Surprise.

Let no nice Sir despise our hapless Dame,  
Because recording Ballads chant her Name;  
Those venerable Antient Song Inditers,  
Soar'd many a pitch above our Modern Writers.

I hope Mr. Bays speaks for himself, and then he does those ancient Song Inditers but Justice, for poor Jenny has lost by the Change of Hands very sensibly.

Thus for his Simile's: Dumont is surpriz'd that Jenny will go to her Retirement and being heartily rejoyc'd at it, he makes a long Simile of Ten Lines, as much to the purpose as if he had said nothing.

Dap. 'Gad you are the strangest Critic ever met with, I warrant you don't admire the Stile.

Free. I speak for my part that I do not, 'tis a sort of Motley, Linsey Woolsey Stile, Gloster has, by his Holy-dame, and St. Paul, and many of Shakespear's Words, but the rest speak generally in the Stile of the Moderns.

Dap. Why, I believe the Poet design'd that, for he has directed the Dress of Gloster and Jane to be of those Days; but those of all the other Players to be Modern.

True. I think it so far from a Recommendation, that it is written in the Stile of Shakespear, that it ought to damn it; Ennius and Lucretius were very much admir'd by the Romans, but it never came into the Head of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, or or the rest, to write in imitation of the Stile of either of these Poets; the best Stile, is that which arrives to the Perfection of the Language then in being, such as is that of Cato, which is the best Standard of Dramatic Diction which we have in our Tongue.

Enter Sir Indolent and Mr. Bays.

Sir Ind. Entering, to Mr. Bays.] No, no, two very Honest, Worthy, Ingenious Gentlemen as live you may depend on't, and much your humble Servants.

Bays. That Coxcomb Dapper told me they were Critics,

and that they damn'd all my Plays.

Sir Ind. Dapper is an honest Fellow but he is mistaken indeed Mr. Bays. Jo. Freeman, let me bring you acquainted with Mr. Bays, the Laurel hangs over his Brow, and there it will fix e'er it be long.

Free. Sir your most Humble Servant.

Bays. Sir, I am yours.

True. Mr. Bays, I am glad to see the Man whom Fame has talk'd so loud of.

Bays. Sir, my Service to you. Confusion to Critics.

Drinks.

I met her as returning

In solemn Penance from the Public Cross;  
Before her certain Rascal Officers,  
Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice  
Proclaim'd the Tyrant Gloster's Cruel Orders.  
On ether side her march'd an ill-look'd Priest,

A bob for the Clergy and Court too, 'egad.

Who with severe and horrid haggard Eyes,  
Did ever and anon by turn upbraid her,  
And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation.  
Around her numberless the Rabble flow'd  
Should'ring each other, crowding for a View,  
Going and Gazing, Taunting and Reviling;  
Some Pitying, but those alas! how few!  
The most, such Iron Hearts we are, and such  
The base baronry of Humane Kind;  
Footing and Hailing, and with Villainous Hands  
Gathering the Filth from out the Common ways,  
To hurl upon her Head.

I vow this moves me so that I can't go on ----- Gentlemen, have you never observ'd our barbarous Mob, how they use a poor Carted bawd, or a Man in the Pillory, and the like?

Free. Oh! very inhumanely, Sir.

Bays. You must know, Sir, that there is about this Town,

a poor unfortunate Creature call'd Granny, this poor Creature has been expos'd to the blows and Buffets of outrageous Fortune these many Years.

True. Very good Mr. bays ----- What the Devil does he drive at Jo?

[Aside to Free.

Free. May I succeed him in his Title if I can imagine.

[Aside to True.

Bays. I have seen the Mob after her, heard her make a deplorable Moan, but the Mob threw Dirt at her; I thought it so pityful a sight, that I took the Hint of this Scene of Jane Shore from it; for thought I, if Granny with those plump Chops wou'd touch me, how much more must Jane Shore who had not eat a bit of Bread in three Days.

True. But Mr. bays, I never found any thing but Laughter mov'd by all Granny's Sufferings.

Bays. True, Sir, among the very Canaille; but I have often observ'd the finer Spirits of the Mob touch'd with Concern; nay, I have seen some Venerable Matrons check the Million (to use one of Shakespear's Words) for their Rudeness, Incivility, and all that; now, thought I, if Granny, who has had three or four Bastards, can engage the Concern of these Venerable Matrons, how much more must Jane Shore, for we do not find it on Record, that she ever had so much as one Bastard.

Free. I protest Mr. bays, I fancy that Granny, manag'd by so able a Pen as yours, wou'd make a celebrated Tragic Character; besides, tho' she has had some Bastards, yet her Innocence is not chargeable with the Folly, she not having

any Notion that playing the Whore is any Crime, much less a Scandalous one.

Bays. Why truly, I have had thoughts of making Granny a Tragic Heroine;

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa Potestas.

because we never had an Ideot profess'd for a Heroine; so that it woud be entirely New, and therefore cannot fail of succeeding, for as no Body before me establish'd Whores for Heroines, so I dare believe, that no Body besides my self ever thought of an Ideot for one. Besides, I have made some Steps and Advances, or rather Descents towards this Character; my Fair Penitent was a Woman of Quality by Birth; Next I descended to Jane Shore a mere Cit, and only distinguish'd from the Mob by her Adultery with Edward. Next I intend to make Betty Sands my Heroine, and so by degrees to come down to Granny, who shou'd be my non plus ultra in that Way.

True. Well but, Mr. Bays, what has made you alter your Mind? or do you resolve it still?

bays. No ----- The very Reason you recommend her for, is the Reason of my rejecting her, her Innocence; Whoring in her can scarce be call'd a Crime: but that is no Heroine for me, who does not play the whore knowingly, wittingly, and of choice. The Critics may talk of Art and Rules, and I know not what, but I am for Nature; I hate Art and Rule ---

True. but, Mr. Bays, what do you mean by Nature?

bays. Why, I call that Nature, when a Poet writes what

he naturally thinks.

True. That is, Mr. bays, whatever comes into your Head.

Bays. Right, Sir, you know my meaning. I shou'd have made fine work indeed with Jane Shore if I had written according to Art. The Critics wou'd not allow her to be a Character to move Pity, a Character fit for Tragedy, and I know not how many good Morrows: But I find to my Comfort, that it is a very good Tragical Character, my Pocket knows it, and my Reputation too; for it has made my Booksellers reprint all my Plays; except the Biter, on the Revival of my Fame, which had for some time lain dormant. I'll show you the force of Nature in me, which a Critic wou'd never have follow'd; for, Gentlemen, to raise Pity for poor Jane Shore, I bring in her Husband in the last Act, exclaiming against her Perfidy and her Ingratitude for his kind tender usage of her, for whom he thought nothing too good or too dear.

True. How! Mr. bays, methinks that shoud raise the Indignation of the Audience, not their Pity; because it aggravates her Guilt.

Bays. Oh! Sir, by no means; for I presently make him relent and pity her, nay, resolve to venture his Life to relieve her; and if he pity her so far, certainly others whom her Incontinence has not injur'd ought to pity her too. but to tell you the Truth, I had another Reason for this, and that was to bring in the Description of her getting away from her Husband's House in the King's Chariot.

True. Why, Mr. Bays, I thought Chariots had been a more

Modern Invention.

Bays. Phoo, what signifies that, it made my Description more beautiful than it cou'd have been without a Chariot. For you must know, Gentlemen, that I think of some fine Scenes from the Beginning of the Play to the End, and several fine Descriptions, and then at last I make some tacking Scenes, which finish my Play.

Sir Ind. Besides, Mr. Bays, I believe you brought in that Description to lessen Jane's Guilt, by making her go with the King with Reluctance.

Bays. No, hang it, that was too late, when I had given her so much pleasure in describing her past Loves, and Regret that playing the Whore shou'd be so infamous. I never trouble my Head much about a Plot, for to tell you the Truth, the more I think of that, the worse I make it; and therefore I resolve to write my next without any Plot at all.

Free. I think you have made pretty good Advances that way, Mr. Bays.

Bays. Tolerable I think.

True. Did you ever read the Rehearsal Mr. bays? Le-thinks all Dramatic Poets shou'd be Master of that Farce.

Bays. I have made my Advantage of it I assure you, Sir, for I have consider'd what is there ridicul'd pleas'd at that time, and by Consequence will please again.

True. So instead of being taught by Smith and Johnson, you are instructed by Bays.

Bays. Right, Sir, and I have Copied my most taking things from this Brentford Tragedy: I write to please the



Town, Sir, and if I do that, 'tis more than any of the Critics can do. You find that the Town at the same Time they went to the Rehearsal, went to see those very Plays that were ridicul'd in it, and applauded their Rants and Rhime, and all that.

Free. But, Mr. bays, 'tis as certain, that upon this Dramatic Criticism the Poets alter'd their Method, and left off their Rants and their Rhimes, and endeavour'd to come more into Nature.

bays. Every one to his Taste, you may talk of Art as long as you will, but I am sure I have a better Art of getting Applause than can be learn'd from all the Rules of Aristotle, Horace, or any other of the Demagogues of Parnassus.

True. Is it a Secret, Mr. bays? If it may be communicated, you may do a young Man a Kindness who may perhaps venture to Write.

bays. To show you, Sir, that I am Communicative, I will tell you how I do secure Success; On one side, I pick out some of the smoothest and most sonorous Lines in my Play, some of the best Simile's and Descriptions, and these I repeat about to all I meet, thus applying to their Judgment, I impose a liking on them, and these shining Parts give a great Idea of the Whole; so that coming with this Prepossession, they must be pleas'd, and they engage the Rest; this is but one of my Rules of Expectation.

True. So you call these the Rules of Expectation.

bays. True, Sir; Again ----- you must know the Players

have me in great Admiration, and I must needs say do me Justice; so they not only dress my Play well, which is a considerable Advantage, but cry it up about two Months before it comes on; and this has great influence on many of the Audience. But in Jane Shore I had some accidental Helps to Expectation, my Bookseller, and some others of that Trade, in hopes to get by my Name, publish five or six sorts of Lives of Jane Shore: This brought all who had bought the Lives, and secur'd all who use to come to Plays; so if every one of those come but once, it must give my Play a considerable Run. And then 'tis not one Farthing matter whether it pleas'd or not; I did my business by it, and that's enough I think.

Sir Ind. You have forgot one thing Mr. Bays, the Favour of Men of Quality; for a Man may Write till Doomsday if they don't favour him, he'll scarce make much of the matter.

Bays. Ah! Sir Indolent, I am the happiest Man alive in that, for I have not only the Favour of the Men of Quality, but of the Ladies too ----- 'egad I believe I can't disoblige them; I told them formerly that they were all like my Fair Penitent, and Jane Shore tells them they are all now like her, and therefore ought to pity her Case; yet you see how they flock to my Play.

Prez. You are a happy Man Mr. Bays; Here's to your Health Sir.

Bays. By no means Sir, pray to the Ladies who advance  
Jane Shore.

Free. What Dapper asleep! Come you must go with me, I am to meet some Players to Night about finishing a Play left imperfect by a Man of great Genius. Let me see ----- 'tis much about the Hour ----- Gentlemen, your most faithful humble Servant; Sir Indolent yours. [Exit Bays and Dapper.

Sir Ind. Nay I must be going this Minute Jo, and Dick your faithful Servant. [Exit Sir Indolent.

Free. Faith Bays is something in the right on't, Fame is dispens'd by the Ignorant; And to what purpose then shou'd a Man of Judgment spend his time to expose himself to the World, when if he meets with Success, he is but on the Level with such a Writer as this, whose Plays have no one quality of the Drama, but are a strange Medley of Grotesque Figures that cannot be brought to any Form or Regularity.

True. The Truth on't is, to write Plays now, when the Fate depends on the Players and the Common Audience, can only be excus'd by Necessity. If ever the English Court can produce a Richelieu, this noble Province of Poetry may thrive and be reform'd.

Free. We are more likely to find his Cunning than his Wisdom in our Statesmen; who have never yet thought the Polititer Letters worthy their Favour.

True. If any such bright Genius shou'd arise, we shou'd have no more Dappers nor Bays's to expose the Folly of the Nation to Forraigners who have a juster Taste. Here Drawer call a Coach.

Draw. There is one at the Door Sir.

True. Come I'll set you down, I go by your Door. What my Lord Rochester said of Report or common Fame, will hold of the Poetic Fame:

There's not a thing on Earth that you can Name,  
So fickle and so false as vulgar Fame.

Come you're next the Door, no Ceremony.

Exeunt Omnes.

Draw. You're welcome Gentlemen.

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FINIS.