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T H E

HISTORICAL REGISTER,
For the YEAR 1736.

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE

In the *HAY-MARKET*.

To which is added a very Merry TRAGEDY, called

EURYDICE HISS'D,

O R,

A WORD to the WISE.

Both written by the Author of *Pasquin*.

To these are prefixed a long Dedication to the
Publick, and a Preface to that Dedication.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And sold by *J. Roberts* near the *Oxford-
Arms-Inn* in *Warwick-Lane*.

[Price 1 s. 6 d.]

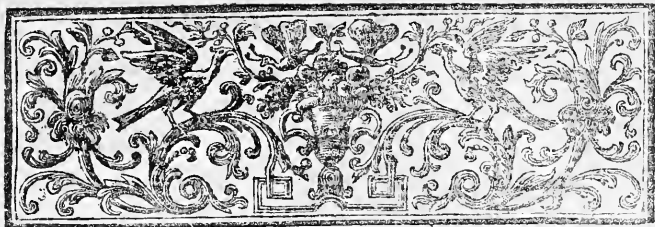
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P R E F A C E

T O T H E

D E D I C A T I O N .

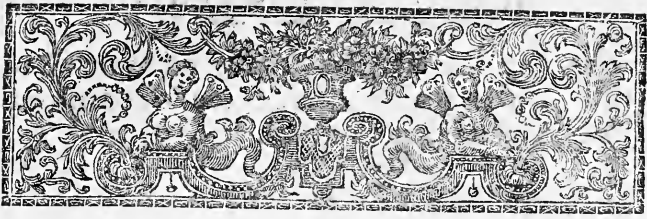


S no Man hath a more stern and inflexible Hatred to Flattery than my self, it hath been usual with me to send most of my Performances into the World without the Ornament of those Epistolary Prefaces, commonly called Dedications; a Custom however highly censured by my Bookseller, who affirms it a most unchristian Practice: A Patron is, says he, a kind of God-father to a Book, and a good Author ought as carefully to provide a Patron to his Works, as a good Parent should a God-father to his Children: He carries this very far and draws several Resemblances between those two Offices (for having, in the Course of his Trade with Dramatick Writers, purchased,

Preface to the Dedication.

at a moderate Computation, the Fee-simple of one hundred thousand Similes, he is perhaps the most expert in their Application, and most capable of shewing Likenesses, in things utterly unlike, of any Man living) What, says he, does more Service to a Book, or raises Curiosity in the Reader, equal with——dedicated to his Grace the Duke of—— or the Right Honourable the Earl of—— in an Advertisement? I think the Patron here may properly be said *to give a Name* to the Book—and if he gives a Present also; what doth he less than a Godfather? which Present if the Author applies to his own Use, what doth he other than the Parent? He proceeds to shew how a Bookseller is a kind of dry Nurse to our Works, with other Instances which I shall omit, having already said enough to prove the exact Analogy between Children and Books, and of the Method of providing for each; which I think affords a sufficient Precedent for throwing the following Piece on the Publick, it having been usual for several very prudent Parents to act by their Children in the same Manner.





DEDICATION

T O T H E

P U B L I C K .



Hope you will pardon the Presumption of this Dedication, since I really did not know in what manner to apply for your Leave; and since I expect no Present in return: (the Reason I conceive, which first introduc'd the Ceremony of asking Leave among Dedicators:) For surely it is somewhat absurd to ask a Man Leave to flatter him; and he must be a very impudent or simple Fellow, or both, who will give it. Asking Leave to dedicate, therefore,

Dedication to the Publick.

is asking whether you will pay for your Dedication, and in that Sense I believe it understood by both Authors and Patrons.

But farther, the very candid Reception which you have given these Pieces, pleads my Excuse. The least Civility to an Author or his Works, hath been held, Time immemorial, a just Title to a Dedication, which is perhaps no more than an honest Return of Flattery, and in this Light I am certain no one ever had so great (I may call it) an Obligation as my self, seeing that you have honour'd this my Performance with your Prefence every Night of its Exhibition, where you have never failed shewing the greatest Delight and Approbation; nor am I less oblig'd to you for those Elogiums which you have been heard in all Places to — but hold, I am afraid this is an ingenious way which Authors have discovered to convey inward Flattery to themselves, while outwardly they address it to their Patron: Wherefore I shall be silent on this Head, having more Reasons to give why I chose you to patronize these Pieces: And

First, The Design with which they are writ; for tho' all Dramatick Entertainments are properly calculated for the Publick, yet these, I may affirm, more particularly belong to you; as your Diversion is not merely intended by them, their Design being to convey some Hints, which may, if you please, be of infinite Service
in

Dedication to the Publick.

in the present State of that Theatrical World whereof they treat, and which is, I think, at present so far from flourishing as one cou'd wish, that I have with Concern observed some Steps lately taken, and others too justly apprehended, that may much endanger the Constitution of the *British* Theatre: For tho' Mr. — be a very worthy Man, and my very good Friend, I cannot help thinking his Manner of proceeding somewhat too arbitrary, and his Method of buying Actors at exorbitant Prices to be of very ill Consequence: For the Town must reimburse him these Expences, on which Account those advanced Prices so much complain'd of must be always continued; which tho' the People in their present flourishing State of Trade and Riches may very well pay, yet in worse Times (if such can be supposed) I am afraid they may fall too heavy, the Consequence of which I need not mention. Moreover, should any great Genius produce a Piece of most exquisite Contrivance, and which would be highly relished by the Publick, tho' perhaps not agreeable to his own Taste or private Interest; if he should buy off the chief Actors, such Play, however excellent, must be unavoidably sunk, and the Publick lose all the Benefit thereof. Not to trouble the Reader with more Inconveniences arising from this *Argumentum Argentarium*, many of which are obvious enough—I shall only observe, that Corruption hath the same Influence on all Societies, all Bodies, which it hath on Corporeal Bodies, where we see it always produce

Dedication to the Publick.

duce an entire Destruction and total Change: For which Reason, whoever attempteth to introduce Corruption into any Community, doth much the same thing, and ought to be treated in much the same manner with him who poisoneth a Fountain in order to disperse a Contagion, which he is sure every one will drink of.

The last Excuse I shall make for this Presumption, is the Necessity I have of so potent a Patron to defend me from the iniquitous Surmises of a certain anonymous dialogous Author, who in *The Gazeteer* of the 17th Instant has represented *The Historical Register* as aiming, in Conjunction with *The Miller of Mansfield*, the Overthrow of the M——y. If this Suggestion had been inserted in *The Craftsman* or *Common-Sense*, or any of those Papers which no Body reads, it might have past unanswered; but as it appears in a Paper of so general a Reception as *The Gazeteer*, which lies in the Window of almost every Posthouse in *England*, it behoves me, I think, in the most serious Manner, to vindicate myself from Aspersions of so evil a Tendency to my future Prospects. And here I must observe, that had not Mankind been either very blind or very dishonest, I need not have publickly informed them that *The Register* is a Ministerial Pamphlet, calculated to infuse into the Minds of the People a great Opinion of their Ministry, and thereby procure an Employment for the Author, who has been often promised
one,

Dedication to the Publick.

one, whenever he would write on that Side.
And first,

Can any thing be plainer than the first Stanza
of the Ode?

*This is a * Day, in Days of Yore,
Our Fathers never saw before ;
This is a Day, 'tis one to ten,
Our Sons will never see again.*

Plainly intimating that such Times as these never were seen before, nor will ever be seen again; for which the present Age are certainly obliged to their Ministry.

What can be meant by the Scene of Politicians, but to ridicule the absurd and inadequate Notions Persons among us, who have not the Honour to know 'em, have of the Ministry and their Measures: Nay I have put some Sentiments into the Mouths of these Characters, which I was a little apprehensive were too low even for a Conversation at an Alehouse——I hope *The Gazeteer* will not find any Resemblance here, as I hope he will not make such a Compliment to any M—y, as to suppose that such Persons have been ever capable of the Assurance of aiming at being at the Head of a great People, or to any Nation, as to suspect 'em

* For Day in the first and third Line, you may read Man, if you please.

Dedication to the Publick.

'em contentedly living under such an Administration.

The Eagerness which these Gentlemen express at applying all Manner of evil Characters to their Patrons, brings to my Mind a Story I have somewhere read; as two Gentlemen were walking the Street together, the one said to the other, upon spying the Figure of an Ass hung out——*Bob, Bob*, look yonder, some impudent Rascal has hung out your Picture on a Sign-post: The grave Companion, who had the Misfortune to be extremely short-sighted, fell into a violent Rage, and calling for the Master of the House threatened to prosecute him for exposing his Features in that publick manner: The poor Landlord, as you may well conceive, was extremely astonished, and denied the Fact; upon which the witty Spark, who had just mentioned the Resemblance, appeals to the Mob now assembled together, who soon smoked the Jest, and agreed with him that the Sign was the exact Picture of the Gentleman: At last a good-natur'd Man, taking Compassion of the poor Figure, whom he saw the Jest of the Multitude, whispered in his Ear; Sir, I see your Eyes are bad, and that your Friend is a Rascal and imposes on you; the Sign hung out is the Sign of an Ass, nor will your Picture be here unless you draw it yourself.

But I ask Pardon for troubling the Reader with an impertinent Story, which can be apply'd only in the above-mentioned Instance to my present Subject.

I pro-

Dedication to the Publick.

I proceed in my Defence to the Scene of the Patriots; a Scene which I thought would have made my Fortune, seeing that the favourite Scheme of turning Patriotism into a Jest is so industriously pursued, and I will challenge all the Ministerial Advocates to shew me, in the whole Bundle of their Writings, one Passage where false Patriotism (for I suppose they have not the Impudence to mean any other) is set in a more contemptible and odious Light than in the aforesaid Scene: I hope too it will be remarked that the Politicians are represented as a Set of blundering Blockheads rather deserving Pity than Abhorrence, whereas the others are represented as a Set of cunning self-interested Fellows, who for a little paltry Bribe would give up the Liberties and Properties of their Country. Here is the Danger, here is the Rock on which our Constitution must, if ever it does, split. The Liberties of a People have been subdued by the Conquest of Valour and Force, and have been betrayed by the subtle and dexterous Arts of refined Policy, but these are rare Instances; for Genius's of this kind are not the Growth of every Age, whereas, if a general Corruption be once introduced, and those, who should be the Guardians and Bulwarks of our Liberty, once find, or think they find an Interest in giving it up, no great Capacity will be required to destroy it: On the contrary the meanest, lowest, dirtiest Fellow, if such a one should have ever the Assurance in future Ages to mimic Power, and brow-beat his Betters, will be as able, as *Machiavel* himself could

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could have been, to root out the Liberties of the bravest People.

But I am aware I shall be asked, who is this *Quidam*, that turns the Patriots into Ridiculè, and bribes them out of their Honesty? Who but the Devil could act such a Part? Is not this the Light wherein he is every where described in Scripture, and the Writings of our best Divines? Gold hath been always his favourite Bait wherewith he fisheth for Sinners; and his laughing at the poor Wretches he seduceth, is as diabolical an Attribute as any. Indeed it is so plain who is meant by this *Quidam*, that he who maketh any wrong Application thereof might as well mistake the Name of *Thomas* for *John*, or old *Nick* for old *Bob*.

I think I have said enough to assure every impartial Person of my Innocence, against all malicious Insinuations; and farther to convince them that I am a Ministerial Writer, (an Honour I am highly ambitious of attaining) I shall proceed now to obviate an Opinion entertain'd by too many, that a certain Person is sometimes the Author, often the Corrector of the Press, and always the Patron of the *Gazetteer*. To shew the Folly of this Supposition I shall only insist, that all Persons, tho' they should not afford him any extraordinary Genius, nor any (the least) Taste in polite Literature, will grant me this *Datum* that the said certain Person is a Man of an ordinary Capacity, and a moderate Share of Common-Sense:

Dedication to the Publick.

Sense: Which if allowed, I think it will follow that it is impossible he should either write or countenance a Paper written, not only without the least glimmering of Genius, the least Pretension to Taste, but in direct Opposition to all Common-Sense whatever. If any one should ask me, How then is it carried on? I shall only answer with my Politicians, I cannot tell, unless by the Assistance of the old Gentleman, just before mentioned, who would, I think, alone protect or patronize; as I think, indeed, he is the only Person who could invent some of the Schemes avowed in that Paper, which, if it does not immediately disappear, I do intend shortly to attempt conjuring it down, intending to publish a Paper in Defence of the M——y against the wicked, malicious, and sly Insinuations conveyed in the said Paper.

You will excuse a Digression so necessary to take off Surmises, which may prove so prejudicial to my Fortune; which, however, if I should not be able to accomplish, I hope you will make me some amends for what I suffer by endeavouring your Entertainment. The very great Indulgence you have shewn my Performances at the little Theatre, these two last Years, have encouraged me to the Proposal of a Subscription for carrying on that Theatre, for beautifying and enlarging it, and procuring a better Company of Actors. If you think proper to subscribe to these Proposals, I assure you no Labour shall be spared, on my Side, to entertain

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tain you in a cheaper and better Manner than seems to be the Intention of any other. If Nature hath given me any Talents at ridiculing Vice and Imposture, I shall not be indolent, nor afraid of exerting them, while the Liberty of the Press and Stage subsists, that is to say, while we have any Liberty left among us. I am, to the Publick,

a most sincere Friend,

and most devoted Servant.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Medley,
Sowrwit,
Lord Dapper,
Ground-Ivy,
Hen, the Auctioneer,
Apollo's Bastard Son,
Pistol,
Quidam,

Politicians,

Patriots,

Banter,
Dangle,

Mr. Roberts.
Mr. Lacey.
Mr. Ward.
Mr. Jones.
Mrs. Charke.
Mr. Blakes.
Mr. Davis.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Jones.
Mr. Topping.
Mr. Woodburn.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Machen.

Mr. Topping.
Mr. Machen.
Mr. Pullen.
Mr. Woodburn.
Mr. Smith.
Mr. Lowther.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Screen,
Mrs. Barter,

Ladies,

Mrs. Haywood.
Miss Karver.
Mrs. Charke.
Mrs. Haywood.
Mrs. Lacey.
Miss Jones.

Prompter, Actors, &c.

T H E



THE
HISTORICAL REGISTER,

For the YEAR 1736.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Play-House.*

Enter several Players.

1 *Player.*



R. *Emphasis,* good-morrow, you are early at the Rehearsal this Morning.

Emph. Why, faith, *Jack,* our Beer and Beer sat but ill on my Stomach, so I got up to try if I could not walk it off.

1 *Play.* I wish I had any thing in my Stomach to walk off; if Matters do not go better with us shortly, my Teeth will forget their Office.

2 *Play.* These are poor Times, indeed, not like the Days of *Pasquin.*

1 *Play.* Oh! name 'em not! those were glorious Days indeed, the Days of Beef and Punch; my Friends, when come there such again?

2 *Play.* Who knows what this new Author, may produce? Faith I like my Part very well.

B

1 *Play.*

The Historical Register.

1 *Play.* Nay, if Variety will please the Town, I am sure there is enough of it, but I could wish, methinks, the Satire had been a little stronger, a little plainer.

2 *Play.* Now I think it is plain enough.

1 *Play.* Hum! Ay, it is intelligible; but I wou'd have it downright; 'gad, I fancy I cou'd write a thing to succeed, my self.

2 *Play.* Ay, prithee, what Subject wou'dst thou write on?

1 *Play.* Why, no Subject at all, Sir, but I would have a humming deal of Satyr, and I would repeat in every Page, that Courtiers are Cheats and don't pay their Debts, that Lawyers are Rogues, Physicians Blockheads, Soldiers Cowards, and Ministers——

2 *Play.* What, what, Sir?

1 *Play.* Nay, I'll only name 'em, that's enough to set the Audience a hooting.

2 *Play.* Zounds, Sir, here is Wit enough for a whole Play in one Speech.

1 *Play.* For one Play, why, Sir, it's all I have extracted out of above a Dozen.

2 *Play.* Who have we here?

1 *Play.* Some Gentlemen, I suppose, come to hear the Rehearfal.

Enter Sowrwit and Lord Dapper.

L. *Dap.* Pray, Gentlemen, don't you rehearse the *Historical Register* this Morning?

1 *Play.* Sir, we expect the Author every Minute.

Sowr. What is this *Historical Register*, is it a Tragedy, or a Comedy?

1 *Play.* Upon my Word, Sir, I can't tell.

Sowr. Then I suppose you have no Part in it.

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir, I have several, but—— Oh, here is the Author himself, I suppose he can tell, Sir.

Sowr. Faith, Sir, that's more than I suppose.

Enter

Enter Medley.

Med. My Lord, your most obedient Servant; this is a very great, and unexpected Favour indeed, my Lord. Mr. *Sowr*wit, I kiss your Hands; I am very glad to see you here.

Sowr. That's more than you may be by-and-by, perhaps.

Dap. We are come to attend your Rehearsal, Sir; Pray when will it begin?

Med. This very Instant, my Lord: Gentlemen, I beg you would be all ready, and let the Prompter bring me some Copies for these Gentlemen.

Sowr. Mr. *Medley*, you know I am a plain Speaker, so you will excuse any Liberties I take.

Med. Dear Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sowr. Then I must tell you, Sir, I am a little stagger'd at the Name of your Piece; doubtless, Sir, you know the Rules of Writing, and I can't guess how you can bring the Actions of a whole Year into the Circumference of four and twenty Hours.

Med. Sir, I have several Answers to make to your Objection; in the first Place, my Piece is not of a Nature confin'd to any Rules, as being avowedly irregular, but if it was otherwise I think I could quote you Precedents of Plays that neglect them; besides, Sir, if I comprise the whole Actions of the Year in half an Hour, will you blame me, or those who have done so little in that time? My Register is not to be fill'd like those of vulgar News-Writers with Trash for want of News, and therefore if I say little or nothing, you may thank those who have done little or nothing.

Enter Prompter with Books.

Oh! here are my Books.

Sowr. In Print already, Mr. *Medley*?

Med. Yes, Sir, it is the safest way, for if a Man

stays till he is damn'd, it is possible he never may get into print at all; the Town is capricious, for which Reason always print as fast as you write, that if they damn your Play, they may not damn your Copy too.

Sowr. Well, Sir, and pray what is your Design, your Plot?

Med. Why, Sir, I have several Plots, some pretty deep, and some but shallow.

Sowr. I hope, Sir, they all conduce to the main Design.

Med. Yes, Sir, they do.

Sowr. Pray, Sir, what is that?

Med. To divert the Town, and bring full Houses.

Sowr. Pshaw! you misunderstand me, I mean what is your Moral, your, your, your——

Med. Oh! Sir, I comprehend you— Why, Sir, my Design is to ridicule the vicious and foolish Customs of the Age, and that in a fair manner, without Fear, Favour, or Ill-nature, and without Scurrility, ill Manners, or common Place; I hope to expose the reigning Follies in such a manner, that Men shall laugh themselves out of them before they feel that they are touch'd.

Sowr. But what Thread or Connexion can you have in this History? For instance, how is your Political connected with your Theatrical?

Med. O very easily— When my Politicks come to a Farce, they very naturally lead me to the Play-House, where, let me tell you, there are some Politicians too, where there is Lying, Flattering, Dissembling, Promising, Deceiving, and Undermining, as well as in any Court in Christendom.

Enter a Player.

Play. Won't you begin your Rehearsal, Sir?

Med. Ay, ay, with all my Heart, is the Musick ready for the Prologue?

Sowr.

Sowr. Musick for the Prologue!

Med. Ay, Sir, I intend to have every thing new, I had rather be the Author of my own Dulness than the Publisher of other Mens Wit, and really, Mr. *Sowr-wit*, the Subjects for Prologues are utterly exhausted: I think the general Method has been either to frighten the Audience with the Author's Reputation, or to flatter them to give their Applause, or to beseech them to it, and that in a manner that will serve for every Play alike: Now, Sir, my Prologue will serve for no Play but my own, and to that I think nothing can be better adapted, for as mine is the History of the Year, what can be a properer Prologue than an Ode to the New Year?

Sowr. An Ode to the New Year?

Med. Yes, Sir, an Ode to the New Year—Come, begin, begin.

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Sir, the Prologue is ready.

Sowr. Dear *Medley*, let me hear you read it, possibly it may be sung so fine I may not understand a Word of it.

Med. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

O D E to the New Year.

This is a Day in Days of Yore,

Our Fathers never saw before:

This is a Day, 'tis one to ten,

Our Sons will never see again.

Then sing the Day,

And sing the Song,

And thus be merry

All Day long.

This is the Day,

And that's the Night,

When the Sun shall be gay,

And the Moon shall be bright.

The Historical Register.

*The Sun shall rise,
All in the Skies;
The Moon shall go,
All down below.*

*Then sing the Day,
And sing the Song;
And thus be merry
All Day long.*

Ay, ay, come on, and sing it away.

Enter Singers, who sing the Ode.

Med. There, Sir, there's the very Quintessence and Cream of all the Odes I have seen for several Years last past.

Sowr. Ay, Sir, I thought you wou'd not be the Publisher of another Man's Wit?

Med. No more I an't, Sir, for the Devil of any Wit did I ever see in any of them.

Sowr. Oh! your most humble Servant, Sir.

Med. Yours, Sir, yours; now for my Play, *Prompter*, are the Politicians all ready at the Table?

Prompt. I'll go and see, Sir. [Exit.

Med. My first Scene, *Mr. Sowr-wit*, lies in the Island of *Corfica*, being at present the chief Scene of Politicks of all *Europe*.

Enter Prompter.

Prompt. Sir, they are ready.

Med. Then draw the Scene, and discover them.

S C E N E *draws, and discovers Five Politicians sitting at a Table.*

Sowr. Here's a Mistake in the Print, *Mr. Medley*, I observe the second Politician is the first Person who speaks.

Med. Sir, my first and greatest Politician never speaks at all, he's a very deep Man, by which, you will

will observe I convey this Moral, that the chief Art of a Politician is to keep a Secret.

Sowr. To keep his Politicks a Secret, I suppose you mean.

Med. Come, Sir, begin.

2 *Polit.* Is King *Theodore* return'd yet?

3 *Polit.* No.

2 *Polit.* When will he return?

3 *Polit.* I cannot tell.

Sowr. This Politician seems to me to know very little of the matter.

Med. Zounds, Sir, would you have him a Prophet as well as a Politician? You see, Sir, he knows what's past, and that's all he ought to know; 'Sblood, Sir, would it be in the Character of a Politician to make him a Conjuror? Go on, Gentlemen: Pray, Sir, don't interrupt their Debates, for they are of great Consequence.

2 *Polit.* These mighty Preparations of the *Turks* are certainly design'd against some Place or other; now, the Question is, What Place they are design'd against? And that is a Question which I cannot answer.

3 *Polit.* But it behoves us to be upon our Guard.

4 *Polit.* It does, and the Reason is, because we know nothing of the matter.

2 *Polit.* You say right, it is easy for a Man to guard against Dangers which he knows of, but to guard against Dangers which no Body knows of, requires a very great *Politician*.

Med. Now, Sir, I suppose you think that no Body knows any thing.

Sowr. Faith, Sir, it appears so.

Med. Ay, Sir, but there is one who knows, that little Gentleman, yonder in the Chair, who says nothing, knows it all.

Sowr. But how do you intend to convey this Knowledge to the Audience?

Med. Sir, they can read it in his Looks; 'Sblood, Sir, must not a Politician be thought a wise Man without his giving Instances of his Wisdom?

5 *Polit.* Hang foreign Affairs, let us apply ourselves to Money.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

Med. Gentlemen, that over again—and be sure to snatch hastily at the Money; you're pretty Politicians truly.

5 *Polit.* Hang foreign Affairs, let us apply ourselves to Money.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

2 *Polit.* All we have to consider relating to Money is how we shall get it.

3 *Polit.* I think we ought first to consider whether there is any to be got, which if there be, I do readily agree that the next Question is how to come at it.

Omnes. Hum.

Sowr. Pray, Sir, what are these Gentlemen in *Corfica*?

Med. Why, Sir, they are the ablest Heads in the Kingdom, and consequently the greatest Men, for you may be sure all well-regulated Governments, as I represent this of *Corfica* to be, will employ in their greatest Posts Men of the greatest Capacity.

2 *Polit.* I have consider'd the Matter, and I find it must be by a Tax.

3 *Polit.* I thought of that, and was considering what was not tax'd already.

2 *Polit.* Learning; suppose we put a Tax upon Learning.

3 *Polit.* Learning, it is true, is a useles Commodity, but I think we had better lay it on Ignorance, for Learning being the Property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas Ignorance will take in most of the great Fortunes in the Kingdom.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

[*Exeunt* Politicians.

Sowr.

Sowr. Faith, it's very generous in these Gentlemen to tax themselves so readily.

Med. Ay and very wise too to prevent the People's grumbling, and they will have it all among themselves.

Sowr. But what is become of the Politicians?

Med. They are gone, Sir, they're gone; they have finish'd the Business they met about, which was to agree on a Tax, that being done——they are gone to raise it; and this, Sir, is the full Account of the whole History of *Europe*, as far as we know of it, compriz'd in one Scene.

Sowr. The Devil it is! Why, you have not mention'd one Word of *France*, or *Spain*, or the Emperor.

Med. No, Sir, I turn those over to the next Year, by which time we may possibly know something what they are about; at present our Advices are so very uncertain, I know not what to depend on; but come, Sir, now you shall have a Council of Ladies.

Sowr. Does this Scene lie in *Corfica* too?

Med. No, no, this lies in *London*—You know, Sir, it would not have been quite so proper to have brought *English* Politicians (of the male Kind I mean) on the Stage, because our Politicks are not quite so famous; but in Female Politicians, to the Honour of my Countrywomen I say it, I believe no Country can excel us; come, draw the Scene, and discover the Ladies.

Prompt. Sir, they are not here; one of them is practising above Stairs with a Dancing-master, and I can't get her down.

Med. I'll fetch 'em, I warrant you. [Exit.

Sowr. Well, my Lord, what does your Lordship think of what you have seen?

L. Dap. Faith, Sir, I did not observe it; but it's damn'd Stuff, I am sure.

Sowr.

Sowr. I think so, and I hope your Lordship will not encourage it. They are such Men as your Lordship, who must reform the Age; if Persons of your exquisite and refin'd Taste will give a Sanction to politer Entertainments, the Town will soon be asham'd of laughing at what they do now.

L. Dap. Really, this is a very bad House.

Sowr. It is not indeed so large as the others, but I think one hears better in it.

L. Dap. Pox of of hearing, one can't see—one's self I mean; here are no Looking-glasses, I love *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* for that Reason better than any House in Town.

Sowr. Very true, my Lord, but I wish your Lordship would think it worth your Consideration, as the Morals of a People depend, as has been so often and well prov'd, entirely on their publick Diversions, it would be of great Consequence that those of the sublimest Kind should meet with your Lordship's and the rest of the Nobility's Countenance.

L. Dap. Mr. *Sowrwit*, I am always ready to give my Countenance to any thing of that kind, which might bring the best Company together, for as one does not go to see the Play but the Company, I think that's chiefly to be consider'd, and therefore I am always ready to countenance good Plays.

Sowr. No one is a better Judge what is so than your Lordship.

L. Dap. Not I, indeed, Mr. *Sowrwit*—but as I am one half of the Play in the *Green-Room* talking to the Actresses, and the other half in the Boxes talking to the Women of Quality, I have an Opportunity of seeing something of the Play, and perhaps may be as good a Judge as another.

Enter Medley.

Med. My Lord, the Ladies cannot begin yet, if your Lordship will honour me in the *Green-Room*, where

where you will find it pleasanter than upon this cold Stage.

L. Dap. With all my Heart——Come, Mr. Sowr-wit.

Sowr. I attend your Lordship. [Exeunt.

Prompt. Thou art a sweet Judge of Plays, indeed, and yet it is in the Power of such Sparks as these to damn an honest Fellow, both in his Profit and Reputation. [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Medley, Lord Dapper, Sowrwit and Prompter.

Med. COME, draw the Scene, and discover the Ladies in Council; pray, my Lord, sit.

[The Scene draws and discovers four Ladies.

Sowr. What are these Ladies assembled about?

Med. Affairs of great Importance, as you will see—— Please to begin all of you.

[The Ladies all speak together.

All Ladies. Was you at the Opera, Madam, last Night?

2 Lady. Who can miss an Opera while Farinello stays?

3 Lady. Sure he is the charmingest Creature.

4 Lady. He's every thing in the World one could wish.

1 Lady. Almost every thing one could wish.

2 Lady. They say there's a Lady in the City has a Child by him.

All Ladies Ha, ha, ha!

1 Lady. Well it must be charming to have a Child by him.

3 Lady.

3 *Lady*. Madam, I met a Lady in a Visit the other Day with three.

All Ladies. All *Farinello's*.

3 *Lady*. All *Farinello's*, all in Wax.

1 *Lady*. Oh Gemini! Who makes them, I'll send and bespeak half a dozen to-morrow Morning.

2 *Lady*. I'll have as many as I can cram into a Coach with me.

Sowr. Mr. *Medley*, Sir, is this History? this must be Invention.

Med. Upon my Word, Sir, it's Fact, and I take it to be the most extraordinary Accident that has happen'd in the whole Year, and as well worth recording. Faith, Sir, let me tell you, I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in Luxury, Effeminacy and Debauchery, as we have done lately, the next Age, for ought I know, may be more like the Children of squeaking *Italians* than hardy *Britons*.

All Ladies. Don't interrupt us, dear Sir.

1 *Lady*. What mighty pretty Company they must be?

2 *Lady*. Oh, the prettiest Company in the World.

3 *Lady*. If one could but teach them to sing like their Father.

4 *Lady*. I am afraid my Husband won't let me keep them, for he hates I shou'd be fond of any thing but himself.

All Ladies. O the unreasonable Creature!

1 *Lady*. If my Husband was to make any Objection to my having 'em, I'd run away from him, and take the dear Babies with me.

Med. Come, enter Beau *Dangle*.

Enter Dangle.

Dang. Fy upon it, Ladies, what are you doing here? Why are not you at the Auction, Mr. *Hen* has been in the Pulpit this half Hour?

1 *Lady*. Oh, dear Mr. *Hen*, I ask his Pardon, I never miss him.

2 *Lady*.

2 *Lady*. What's to be sold to-day?

1 *Lady*. Oh, I never mind that; there will be all the World there.

Dang. You'll find it almost impossible to get in.

All Ladies. Oh! I shall be quite miserable if I don't get in.

Dang. Then you must not lose a Moment.

All Ladies. O! not a Moment for the World.

[*Exeunt Ladies*.]

Med. There they are gone.

Sowr. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

L. Dap. Upon my Word, Mr. *Medley*, that last is an exceeding good Scene, and full of a great deal of Politeness, good Sense, and Philosophy.

Med. It's Nature, my Lord, it's Nature.

Sowr. Faith, Sir, the Ladies are much oblig'd to you.

Med. Faith, Sir, it's more than I desire such Ladies, as I represent here, shou'd be; as for the nobler Part of the Sex for whom I have the greatest Honour, their Characters can be no better set off, than by ridiculing that light, trifling, giddy-headed Crew, who are a Scandal to their own Sex, and a Curse on ours.

Prompt. Gentlemen, you must make room, for the Curtain must be let down, to prepare the Auction-Room.

Med. My Lord, I believe you will be best before the Curtain, for we have but little Room behind, and a great deal to do.

Sowr. Upon my Word, Mr. *Medley*, I must ask you the same Question which one of your Ladies did just now; what do you intend to sell at this Auction, the whole Stock in Trade of some Milliner or Mercer who has left off Business?

Med. Sir, I intend to sell such things as was never sold in any Auction before, nor ever will again; I can assure you, Mr. *Sowr*, this Scene, which I
look

look on as the best in the whole Performance, will require a very deep Attention; Sir, if you should take one Pinch of Snuff during the whole Scene, you will lose a Joke by it, and yet they lie pretty deep too, and may escape Observation from a moderate Understanding, unless very closely attended to.

Sowr. I hope, however, they don't lie as deep as the dumb Gentleman's Politicks did in the first Act; if so, nothing but an inspir'd Understanding can come at 'em.

Med. Sir, this Scene is writ in Allegory, and tho' I have endeavour'd to make it as plain as possible; yet all Allegory will require a strict Attention to be understood, Sir.

Prompt. Sir, every thing is ready.

Med. Then draw up the Curtain——Come, enter Mrs. Screen, and Mrs. Barter.

The AUCTION.

SCENE an Auction-Room, a Pulpit and Forms plac'd, and several People walking about, some seated near the Pulpit.

Enter Mrs. Screen and Mrs. Barter.

Mrs. Screen. Dear Mrs. Barter.

Mrs. Bart. Dear Madam, you are early to-day?

Mrs. Screen. Oh, if one does not get near the Pulpit, one does nothing, and I intend to buy a great deal to-day; I believe I shall buy the whole Auction, at least if things go cheap; you won't bid against me?

Mrs. Bart. You know I never bid for any thing?

Enter Banter and Dangle.

Bant. That's true, Mrs. Barter, I'll be your Evidence.

Mrs. Screen.

Mrs. *Screen*. Are you come? now I suppose we shall have fine Bidding; I don't expect to buy cheaper than at a Shop.

Bant. That's unkind, Mrs. *Screen*, you know I never bid against you; it would be cruel to bid against a Lady who frequents Auctions, only with a Design one Day or other to make one great Auction of her own: No, no, I will not prevent the filling your Warehouse; I assure you, I bid against no Haberdashers of all Wares.

Mrs. *Bart*. You are a mighty civil Person, truly.

Bant. You need not take up the Cudgels, Madam, who are of no more Consequence at an Auction, than a Mayor at a Sessions; you only come here where you have nothing to do, to shew People you have nothing to do any where else.

Mrs. *Bart*. I don't come to say rude things to all the World as you do.

Bant. No, the World may thank Heaven, that did not give you Wit enough to do that.

Mrs. *Screen*. Let him alone, he will have his Jest?

Mrs. *Bart*. You don't think I mind him, I hope; but pray, Sir, of what great Use is your Friend, Mr. *Dangle*, here?

Bant. Oh, he is of very great Use to all Women of Understanding.

Dang. Ay! of what Use am I, pray?

Bant. To keep 'em at home, that they may not hear the silly things you say to 'em.

Mrs. *Screen*. I hope, Mr. *Banter*, you will not banish all People from Places where they are of no Consequence; you will allow 'em to go to an Assembly, or a Masquerade, without either Playing, Dancing or Intriguing; you will let People go to an Opera without any Ear, to a Play without any Taste, and to a Church without any Religion?

Enter Mr. Hen Auctioneer (bowing.)

Mrs. Screen. Oh! dear Mr. *Hen*, I am glad you are come, you are horrible late to-day.

Hen. Madam, I am just mounting the Pulpit; I hope you like the Catalogue, Ladies?

Mrs. Screen. There are some good things here, if you are not too dilatory with your Hammer.

Bant. Boy, give me a Catalogue?

Hen. [*in the Pulpit.*] I dare swear, Gentlemen and Ladies, this Auction will give general Satisfaction; it is the first of its kind which I ever had the Honour to exhibit, and I believe I may challenge the World to produce some of the Curiosities which this choice Cabinet contains: A Catalogue of Curiosities which were collected by the indefatigable Pains of that celebrated Virtuoso, *Peter Humdrum*, Esq; which will be sold by Auction, by *Christopher Hen* on Monday the 21st Day of *March*, beginning at Lot 1. Gentlemen and Ladies, this is Lot 1. A most curious Remnant of Political Honesty. Who puts it up, Gentlemen? It will make you a very good Cloke, you see its both Sides alike, so you may turn it as often as you will—Come, five Pounds for this curious Remnant; I assure you, several great Men have made their Birth-day Suits out of the same Piece—It will wear for ever, and never be the worse for wearing—Five Pounds is bid—no Body more than five Pounds for this curious Piece of Political Honesty, five Pound, no more—[*knocks.*] Lord *Both-Sides*. Lot 2, a most delicate Piece of Patriotism, Gentlemen, who bids? ten Pounds for this Piece of Patriotism?

1 Court. I would not wear it for a thousand Pound.

Hen. Sir, I assure you, several Gentlemen at Court have worn the same; it's a quite different thing within to what it is without.

1 Court.

Court. Sir, it is prohibited Goods, I sha'nt run the risque of being brought into *Westminster-hall* for wearing it.

Hen. You take it for the old Patrotism, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the Cut, but alas! Sir, there is a great Difference in the Stuff: But, Sir, I don't propose this for a Town-Suit, this is only proper for the Country; Consider, Gentlemen, what a Figure this will make at an Election—Come, five Pound—One Guinea—Put Patriotism by.

Bant. Ay, put it by, one Day or other it may be in Fashion.

Hen. Lot 3. Three Grains of Modesty: Come, Ladies, consider how scarce this valuable Commodity is.

Mrs. Screen. Yes, and out of Fashion too, Mr. *Hen.*

Hen. I ask your Pardon, Madam, it is true *French* I assure you, and never changes Colour on any Account——Half a Crown for all this Modesty—Is there not one Lady in the Room who wants any Modesty?

Lady. Pray Sir, what is it, for I can't see it at this Distance?

Hen. It cannot be seen at any Distance, Madam, but it is a beautiful Powder, which makes a fine Wash for the Complexion.

Mrs. Screen. I thought you said it was true *French*, and wou'd not change the Colour of the Skin?

Hen. No, it will not, Madam; but it serves mighty well to blush behind a Fan with, or to wear under a Lady's Mask at a Masquerade——What, no Body bid—Well, lay Modesty aside—Lot 4. One Bottle of Courage, formerly in the Possession of Lieutenant Colonel *Ezekiel Pipkin*, Citizen, Alderman and Tallowchandler——What, is there no Officer of the Train'd-Bands here? Or it will serve an Officer of the Army as well in Time of Peace, nay even

in War, Gentlemen; it will serve all of you who fell out?

I Offi. Is the Bottle whole? is there no Crack in it?

Hen. None, Sir, I assure you; tho' it has been in many Engagements in *Totbill-Fields*; nay it has serv'd a Campaign or two in *Hide-Park*, since the Alderman's Death—it will never waste while you stay at home, but it evaporates immediately if carried abroad.

I Offi. Damn me, I don't want it; but a Man can't have too much Courage——Three Shillings for it.

Hen. Three Shillings are bid for this Bottle of Courage.

I Beau. Four.

Bant. What do you bid for Courage for?

I Beau. Not for my self, but I have a Commission to buy it for a Lady.

I Offi. Five.

Hen. Five Shillings, five Shillings for all this Courage; no Body more than five Shillings? [*knocks.*] your Name, Sir?

I Offi. *Macdonald O Thunder.*

Hen. Lot 5, and Lot 6. All the Wit lately belonging to Mr. *Hugh Pantomime*, Composer of Entertainments for the Play-houses, and Mr. *William Goosequil*, Composer of political Papers in Defence of a Ministry; shall I put up these together?

Bant. Ay, it is a pity to part them, where are they?

Hen. Sir, in the next Room, where any Gentleman may see them, but they are too heavy to bring in; there are near three hundred Volumes in Folio.

Ban. Put them by, who the Devil would bid for them unless he was the Manager of some House or other? The Town has paid enough for their Works already.

Hen.

Hen. Lot 7. A very neat clear Conscience which has been worn by a Judge, and a Bishop.

Mrs. Screen. It is as clean as if it was new.

Hen. Yes, no Dirt will stick to it, and pray observe how capacious it is; it has one particular Quality, put as much as you will into it, it is never full: Come, Gentlemen, don't be afraid to bid for this, for whoever has it will never be poor.

Beau. One Shilling for it.

Hen. O fy, Sir, I am sure you want it, for if you had any Conscience, you would put it up at more than that: Come, fifty Pound for this Conscience.

Bant. I'll give fifty Pound to get rid of my Conscience with all my Heart.

Hen. Well, Gentlemen, I see you are resolv'd not to bid for it, so I'll lay it by: Come, Lot 8, a very considerable Quantity of Interest at Court; Come, a Hundred Pound for this Interest at Court.

Omnes. For me, Mr. *Hen*?

Hen. A Hundred Pound is bid in a Hundred Places, Gentlemen.

Beau. Two Hundred Pound.

Hen. Two Hundred Pound, two Hundred and Fifty, three Hundred Pound, three Hundred and Fifty, four Hundred, five Hundred, six Hundred, a Thousand; a Thousand Pound is bid, Gentlemen, no Body more than a Thousand Pounds for this Interest at Court; no Body more than one Thousand? [*Knocks.*]

Mr. Littlewit.

Ban. Damn me, I know a Shop where I can buy it for less.

L. Dap. Egad, you took me in, Mr. *Medley*, I could not help bidding for it.

Med. It's a sure Sign it's Nature, my Lord, and I should not be surpriz'd to see the whole Audience stand up and bid for it too.

Hen. All the Cardinal Virtues, Lot 9. Come, Gentlemen, put in these Cardinal Virtues?

Gent. Eighteen Pence.

Hen. Eighteen Pence is bid for these Cardinal Virtues; no body more than Eighteen Pence? Eighteen Pence for all these Cardinal Virtues, no body more? All these Virtues, Gentlemen, are going for Eighteen Pence; perhaps there is not so much more Virtue in the World, as here is, and all going for Eighteen Pence [*Knocks.*] Your Name, Sir?

Gent. Sir, here's a Mistake; I thought you had said a Cardinal's Virtues, 'Sblood Sir, I thought to have bought a Pennyworth; here's Temperance and Chastity, and a Pack of Stuff that I would not give three Farthings for?

Hen. Well, lay 'em by, Lot 10, and Lot 11, A great deal of Wit, and a little common Sense.

Bant. Why do you put up these together? they have no Relation to each other.

Hen. Well, the Sense by itself; then Lot 10, A little common Sense—I assure you, Gentlemen, this is a very valuable Commodity; Come, who puts it in?

Med. You observe as valuable as it is, no body bids; I take this, if I may speak in the Stile of a great Writer, to be a most emphatical Silence; you see, Mr. *Sowr-wit*, no one speaks against this Lot, and the reason no body bids for it, is because every one thinks he has it.

Hen. Lay it by, I'll keep it my self; Lot 12.

Sowr. Hey-day! What's to be done, now, Mr. *Medley*? [*Drum beats.*]

Med. Now, Sir, the Sport begins.

Enter a Gentleman laughing.

[*Huzza within.*]

Bant. What's the Matter?

Gent. There's a Sight without would kill all Mankind with laughing; *Pistol* is run mad, and thinks himself

himself a great Man, and he's marching thro' the Streets with a Drum and Fiddles.

Bant. Please Heaven, I'll go and see this Sight.

[Exit.

Omnes. And so will I.

[Excunt.

Hen. Nay, if every one else goes, I don't know why I shou'd stay behind.

[Exit.

L. Dap. Mr. *Sowr-wit*, we'll go too.

Med. If your Lordship will have but a little Patience 'till the Scene be chang'd, you shall see him on the Stage.

Sowr. Is not this Jest a little over-acted?

Med. I warrant, we don't over-act him half so much as he does his Parts; tho' 'tis not so much his acting Capacity which I intend to exhibit as his ministerial.

Sowr. His ministerial!

Med. Yes, Sir, you may remember I told you before my Rehearsal, that there was a strict Resemblance between the States Political and Theatrical; there is a Ministry in the latter as well as the former, and I believe as weak a Ministry as any poor Kingdom cou'd ever boast of; Parts are given in the latter to Actors, with much the same Regard to Capacity as Places in the former have sometimes been, in former Ages I mean; and tho' the Publick damn both, yet while they both receive their Pay, they laugh at the Publick behind the Scenes; and if one considers the Plays that come from one Part, and the Writings from the other, one would be apt to think the same Authors were retain'd in both: But, come, change the Scene into the Street, and then enter *Pistol cum suis*—Hitherto, Mr. *Sowr-wit*, as we have had only to do with inferior Characters, such as Beaux and Tailors, and so forth, we have dealt in the Prosaick; now we are going to introduce a more considerable Person, our Muse will rise in her Stile:

Now, Sir, for a Taste of the sublime; come, enter,
Pistol. [Drum beats and Fiddles play.]

Enter Pistol and Mob.

Pist Associates, Brethren, Countrymen and Friends,
 Partakers with us in this glorious Enterprize,
 Which for our Consort we have undertaken;
 It grieves us much, yes by the Gods it does!
 That we whose great Ability and Parts
 Have rais'd us to this Pinnacle of Power,
 Entitling us Prime Minister Theatrical;
 That we shou'd with an Upstart of the Stage
 Contend succesless on our Consort's Side;
 But tho', by just hereditary Right
 We claim a lawless Power, yet for some Reasons,
 Which to our self we keep as yet conceal'd:
 Thus to the Publick, deign we to appeal;
 Behold how humbly the Great *Pistol* kneels.
 Say then, Oh Town, is it your Royal Will,
 That my Great Consort represent the Part
 Of *Polly Peachum* in the *Beggar's Opera*?

[*Mob hiss.*]

Pist. Thanks to the Town, that *Hiss* speaks their
 Assent;

Such was the *Hiss* that spoke the great Applause,
 Our mighty Father met with, when he brought
 His *Riddle* on the Stage; such was the *Hiss*,
 Welcom'd his *Cæsar* to the *Ægyptian* Shore;
 Such was the *Hiss*, in which Great *John* shou'd have
 expir'd:

But, wherefore do I try in vain to number
 Those glorious *Hisses*, which from Age to Age
 Our Family has born triumphant from the Stage?

Med. Get thee gone for the prettiest Hero that ever
 was shown on any Stage. [Exit *Pistol.*]

Sowr. Short and sweet, faith, what, are we to have
 no more of him?

Med.

Med. Ay, ay, Sir; he's only gone to take a little Breath.

L. Dap. If you please, Sir, in the mean time, we'll go take a little Fire, for 'tis confounded cold upon the Stage.

Med. I wait upon your Lordship: Stop the Re-hearsal a few Moments, we'll be back again instantly. [Exit.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Medley, Sowrwit and Lord Dapper.

Med. **N**OW, my Lord, for my modern *Apollo*: Come, make all things ready, and draw the Scene as soon as you can.

Sowr. Modern, why modern? You Common-Place Satirists are always endeavouring to persuade us, that the Age we live in, is worse than any other has been, whereas Mankind have differ'd very little since the World began; for one Age has been as bad as another.

Med. Mr. *Sowrwit*, I do not deny that Men have been always bad enough; Vice and Folly are not the Invention of our Age; but I will maintain, that what I intend to ridicule in the following Scene, is the whole and sole Production and Invention of some People now living; and faith, let me tell you, tho' perhaps the Publick may not be the better for it, it is an Invention exceeding all the Discoveries of every Philosopher or Mathematician, from the Beginning of the World to this Day.

Sowr. Ay, pray what is it?

Med. Why, Sir, it is a Discovery lately found out, that a Man of great Parts, Learning and Virtue, is fit for no Employment whatever; that an Estate renders a Man unfit to be trusted, that being a Block-head is a Qualification for Business; that Honesty is the only Sort of Folly for which a Man ought to be utterly neglected and contemn'd. And——But here is the Inventor himself.

S C E N E *draws, and discovers Apollo in a great Chair, surrounded by Attendants.*

Come, bring him forward, that the Audience may see and hear him: You must know, Sir, this is a Bastard of *Apollo*, begotten on that beautiful Nymph *Moria*, who sold Oranges to *Theſpis's* Company, or rather Cart-load of Comedians; and being a great Favourite of his Father's, the old Gentleman settled upon him the entire Direction of all our Play-houses and poetical Performances whatever.

Apol. Prompter.

Prompt. Sir.

Apol. Is there any thing to be done?

Prompt. Yes, Sir, this Play to be cast.

Apol. Give it me. The Life and Death of King *John*, written by *Shakespear*: Who can act the King?

Prompt. *Pistol*, Sir, he loves to act it behind the Scenes.

Apol. Here are a parcel of *English* Lords.

Prompt. Their Parts are but of little Consequence, I will take care to cast them.

Apol. Do but be sure you give them to Actors who will mind their Cues——*Faulconbridge*——What sort of a Character is he?

Prompt. Sir, he is a Warrior, my Cousin here will do him very well.

1 Play. I do a Warrior! I never learnt to fence.

Apol.

Apol. No Matter, you will have no Occasion to fight; can you look fierce, and speak well?

Play. Boh!

Apol. I would not desire a better Warrior in the House than your self—*Robert Faulconbridge*—What, is this *Robert*?

Prompt. Really, Sir, I don't well know what he is, his chief Desire seems to be for Land, I think; he is no very considerable Character, any body may do him well enough; or if you leave him quite out, the Play will be little the worse for it.

Apol. Well, I'll leave it to you——*Peter of Pomfret*, a Prophet——Have you any Body that looks like a Prophet?

Prompt. I have one that looks like a Fool.

Apol. He'll do——*Philip of France*.

Prompt. I have cast all the *French Parts*, except the Ambassador.

Apol. Who shall do it? His Part is but short, have you never a good genteel Figure, and one that can dance? for as the *English* are the politest People in *Europe*, it will be mighty proper that the Ambassador should be able at his Arrival to entertain them with a Jig or two.

Prompt. Truly, Sir, here are Abundance of Dancing-masters in the House, who do little or nothing for their Money.

Apol. Give it to one of them; see that he has a little Drollery tho' in him, for *Shakespear* seems to have intended him as a ridiculous Character, and only to make the Audience laugh.

Sowr. What's that, Sir? Do you affirm that *Shakespear* intended the Ambassador *Chatilion* a ridiculous Character?

Med. No, Sir, I don't.

Sowr. Oh, Sir, your humble Servant, then I misunderstood you; I thought I had heard him say so.

Med.

Med. Yes, Sir, but I shall not stand to all he says.

Sowr. But, Sir, you shou'd not put a wrong Sentiment into the Mouth of the God of Wit.

Med. I tell you, he is the God only of modern Wit, and he has a very just Right to be God of most of the modern Wits that I know; of some who are lik'd for their Wit; of some who are prefer'd for their Wit; of some who live by their Wit; of those ingenious Gentlemen who damn Plays, and those who write them too perhaps. Here comes one of his Votaries; come, enter, enter—— Enter *Mr. Ground-Ivy.*

Enter Ground-Ivy.

Ground. What are you doing here?

Apol. I am casting the Parts in the Tragedy of King *John.*

Ground. Then you are casting the Parts in a Tragedy that won't do.

Apol. How, Sir! Was it not written by *Shakespear*, and was not *Shakespear* one of the greatest Genius's that ever lived?

Ground. No, Sir, *Shakespear* was a pretty Fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough; King *John*, as now writ, will not do—But a Word in your Ear, I will make him do.

Apol. How?

Ground. By Alteration, Sir, it was a Maxim of mine, when I was at the Head of Theatrical Affairs, that no Play, tho' ever so good, would do without Alteration— For instance, in the Play before us, the Bastard *Faulconbridge* is a most effeminate Character, for which Reason I would cut him out, and put all his Sentiments in the Mouth of *Constance*, who is so much properer to speak them—— Let me tell you, Mr. *Apollo*, Propriety of Character, Dignity of Dic-
tion,

tion, and Emphasis of Sentiment are the things I chiefly consider on these Occasions.

Prompt. I am only afraid as *Shakespeare* is so popular an Author, and you, asking your Pardon, so unpopular.

Ground. Damn me, I'll write to the Town and desire them to be civil, and that in so modest a manner, that an Army of *Cossacks* shall be melted: I'll tell them that no Actors are equal to me, and no Authors ever were superior: And how do you think I can insinuate that in a modest manner?

Prompt. Nay, faith, I can't tell.

Ground. Why, I'll tell them that the former only tread on my Heels, and that the greatest among the latter have been damn'd as well as my self; and after that, what do you think of your Popularity? I can tell you, Mr. *Prompter*, I have seen things carried in the House against the Voice of the People before to Day.

Apol. Let them hiss, let them hiss, and grumble as much as they please as long as we get their Money.

Med. There, Sir, is the Sentiment of a great Man, and worthy to come from the great *Apollo* himself.

Sowr. He's worthy his Sire, indeed, to think of this Gentleman for altering *Shakespeare*.

Med. Sir, I will maintain this Gentleman as proper as any Man in the Kingdom for the Business.

Sowr. Indeed!

Med. Ay, Sir, for as *Shakespeare* is already good enough for People of Taste, he must be alter'd to the Palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse? But if you are so zealous in old *Shakespeare's* Cause, perhaps you may find by-and-by all this come to nothing— Now for *Pistol*.

Pistol enters, and overturns his Father.

Ground. Pox on't, the Boy treads close on my Heels in a literal Sense.

Pist. Your Pardon, Sir, why will you not obey Your Son's Advice, and give him still his way; For you, and all who will oppose his Force, Must be o'erthrown in his triumphant Course.

Sowr. I hope, Sir, your *Pistol* is not intended to burlesque *Shakespear*.

Med. No, Sir, I have too great an Honour for *Shakespear* to think of burlesquing him, and to be sure of not burlesquing him I will never attempt to alter him, for fear of burlesquing him by Accident, as perhaps some others have done.

Dap. *Pistol* is the young Captain.

Med. My Lord, *Pistol* is every insignificant Fellow in Town, who fancies himself of great Consequence, and is of none; he is my Lord *Pistol*, Captain *Pistol*, Counsellor *Pistol*, Alderman *Pistol*, Beau *Pistol*, and— and— Odio, what was I going to say? Come, go on.

Apol. Prompter, take care that all things well go on; We will retire, my Friend, and read King *John*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sowr. To what purpose, Sir, was Mr. *Pistol* introduced?

Med. To no purpose at all, Sir; it's all in Character, Sir, and plainly shews of what mighty Consequence he is— And there ends my Article from the Theatre.

Sowr. Hey-day! What's become of your two *Pollys*?

Med. Damn'd, Sir, damn'd; they were damn'd at my first Rehearsal, for which Reason I have cut them out; and to tell you the Truth, I think the Town has honour'd 'em enough with talking of 'em for a whole Month; tho', fath, I believe it was owing to their having nothing else to talk of. Well, now for my

my Patriots— You will observe, Mr. *Sowrwit*, that I place my Politicians and my Patriots at opposite Ends of my Piece, which I do, Sir, to shew the wide Difference between them; I begin with my Politicians to signify that they will always have the Preference in the World to Patriots, and I end with Patriots to leave a good Relish in the Mouths of my Audience.

Sowr. Ay? by your Dance of Patriots, one would think you intended to turn Patriotism into a Jest.

Med. So I do— But don't you observe I conclude the whole with a Dance of Patriots? which plainly intimates that when Patriotism is turn'd into a Jest, there is an End of the whole Play: Come, enter four Patriots— You observe I have not so many Patriots as Politicians; you will collect from thence that they are not so plenty.

Sowr. Where does the Scene lie now, Sir?

Med. In *Corfica*, Sir, all in *Corfica*.

Enter four Patriots from different Doors, who meet in the Center and shake Hands.

Sowr. These Patriots seem to equal your greatest Politicians in their Silence.

Med. Sir, what they think now cannot well be spoke, but you may conjecture a great deal from their shaking their Heads; they will speak by-and-by— as soon as they are a little heated with Wine: You cannot, however, expect any great Speaking in this Scene, for tho' I do not make my Patriots Politicians, I don't make them Fools.

Sowr. But, methinks, your Patriots are a Set of shabby Fellows.

Med. They are the cheaper dress'd; besides, no Man can be too low for a Patriot, tho' perhaps it is possible he may be too high.

1 *Patr.* Prosperity to *Corfica*.

2 *Patr.*

2 *Patr.* Liberty and Property.

3 *Patr.* Success to Trade.

4 *Patr.* Ay, to Trade— to Trade— particularly to my Shop.

Sowr. Why do you suffer that Actor to stand laughing behind the Scenes, and interrupt your Rehearsal?

Med. O, Sir, he ought to be there, he's a laughing in his Sleeve at the Patriots; he's a very considerable Character—— and has much to do by-and-by.

Sowr. Methinks the Audience shou'd know that, or perhaps they may mistake him as I did, and hiss him.

Med. If they shou'd, he's a pure impudent Fellow, and can stand the Hisses of them all; I chose him particularly for the Part— Go on, Patriots.

1 *Patr.* Gentlemen, I think this our Island of *Corfica* is an ill State, I do not say we are actually in War, for that we are not; but however we are threaten'd with it daily, and why may not the Apprehension of a War, like other Evils, be worse than the Evil itself; for my part, this I will say, this I will venture to say, That let what will happen I will drink a Health to Peace.

Med. This Gentleman is the Noisy-Patriot, who drinks and roars for his Country, and never does either Good or Harm in it— The next is the Cautious-Patriot.

2 *Patr.* Sir, give me your Hand; there's Truth in what you say, and I will pledge you with all my Soul, but remember it is all under the Rose.

3 *Patr.* Look'ee, Gentlemen, my Shop is my Country, I always measure the Prosperity of the latter by that of the former. My Country is either richer or poorer, in my Opinion, as my Trade rises or falls; therefore, Sir, I cannot agree with you that a War wou'd

wou'd be differviceable: On the contrary I think it the only way to make my Country flourish; for as I am a Sword-Cutler, it would make my Shop flourish, so here's to War.

Med. This is the Self-interested-Patriot, and now you shall hear the fourth and last kind, which is the Indolent-Patriot, one who acts as I have seen a prudent Man in Company fall asleep at the beginning of a Fray, and never wake till the end on't.

4 *Patr.* [*Waking.*] Here's to Peace or War, I do not care which.

Sowr. So this Gentleman being neutral, Peace has it two to one.

Med. Perhaps neither shall have it, perhaps I have found a way to reconcile both Parties: But go on.

1 *Patr.* Can any one, who is a Friend to *Corfica*, wish for War, in our present Circumstances?— I desire to ask you all one Question, Are we not a Set of miserable poor Dogs?

Omnes. Ay, ay.

3 *Patr.* That we are sure enough, that no body will deny.

Enter Quidam.

Quid. Yes, Sir, I deny it. [*All start.*] Nay, Gentlemen, let me not disturb you, I beg you will all sit down, I am come to drink a Glass with you— Can *Corfica* be poor while there is this in it? [*Lays a Purse on the Table.*] Nay, be not afraid of it, Gentlemen, it is honest Gold I assure you; you are a set of poor Dogs, you agree, I say you are not, for this is all yours, there, [*Pours it on the Table.*] take it among you.

1 *Patr.* And what are we to do for it?

Quid. Only say you are rich, that's all.

Omnes. Oh, if that be all! [*They snatch up the Money.*
Quid.

Quid. Well, Sir, what is your Opinion now? tell me freely.

1 Patr. I will, a Man may be in the wrong through Ignorance, but he's a Rascal who speaks with open Eyes against his Conscience— I own I thought we were poor, but, Sir, you have convinc'd me that we are rich.

Omnes. We are all convinc'd.

Quid. Then you are all honest Fellows, and here is to your Healths, and since the Bottle is out, hang Sorrow, cast away Care, e'en take a Dance, and I will play you a Tune on the Fiddle.

Omnes. Agreed.

1 Patr. Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your Motions.

[*Dance here; Quidam dances out, and they all dance after him.*]

Med. Perhaps there may be something intended by this Dance which you don't take.

Sowr. Ay, what prithee?

Med. Sir, every one of these Patriots have a Hole in their Pockets, as Mr. *Quidam* the Fiddler there knows, so that he intends to make them dance till all the Money is fall'n through, which he will pick up again, and so not lose one Half-penny by his Generosity; so far from it, that he will get his Wine for nothing, and the poor People, alas! out of their own Pockets, pay the whole Reckoning. This, Sir, I think is a very pretty Pantomine Trick, and an ingenious Burlesque on all the Fourberies which the great *Lun* has exhibited in all his Entertainments: And so ends my Play, my Farce, or what you please to call it; may I hope it has your Lordship's Approbation?

L. Dap. Very pretty, indeed, it's very pretty.

Med. Then, my Lord, I hope I shall have your Encouragement; for things in this Town do not always succeed according to their Merit; there is a Vogue,
my

my Lord, which if you will bring me into, you will lay a lasting Obligation on me : And you, Mr. *Sowr-wit*, I hope, will serve me among the Criticks, that I may have no elaborate Treatise writ to prove that a Farce of three Acts is not a regular Play of Five. *Lastly*, to you Gentlemen, whom I have not the Honour to know, who have pleas'd to grace my Rehearsal ; and you Ladies, whether you be *Shakespear's* Ladies, or *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* Ladies, I hope you will make Allowances for a Rehearsal ;

And kindly all report us to the Town ;
No borrow'd, nor no stol'n Goods we've shown, }
If witty, or if dull, our Play's our own. }





E U R Y D I C E H I S S ' D ,

O R ,

A W O R D t o t h e W I S E .

D e



Dramatis Personæ.

Spatter,
Sowrwit,
Lord Dapper,
Pillage,
Honestus,
Muse,

Mrs. *Charke*.
Mr. *Lacy*.
Mr. *Ward*.
Mr. *Roberts*.
Mr. *Davis*.
Mrs. *Haywood*.

Actors,



Mr. *Blakes*.
Mr. *Louther*.
Mr. *Pullen*.
Mr. *Topping*.
Mr. *Woodburn*.
Mr. *Machen*.

Gentlemen,



Mr. *Jones*.
Mr. *Machen*.
Mr. *Woodburn*.



EURYDICE HISS'D,

O R,

A WORD to the WISE.

Enter Spatter, Sowrwit and Lord Dapper.

S P A T T E R.



Y Lord, I am extremely obliged to you for the Honour you shew me in staying to the Rehearsal of my Tragedy: I hope it will please your Lordship, as well as Mr. *Medley's* Comedy has, for I assure you it's ten times as ridiculous.

Sowr. Is it the Merit of a Tragedy, Mr. *Spatter*, to be ridiculous?

Spat. Yes, Sir, of such Tragedies as mine; and I think you, Mr. *Sowrwit*, will grant me this, that a Tragedy had better be ridiculous than dull; and that there is more Merit in making the Audience laugh, than in setting them asleep.

L. Dap. I beg, Sir, you would begin, or I sha'nt get my Hair powder'd before Dinner; for I am always four Hours about it.

Sowr. Why, pr'ythee, what is this Tragedy of thine?

Spat. Sir, it is the Damnation of *Eurydice*; I fancy, Mr. *Sowrwit*, you will allow I have chose this Subject very cunningly, for as the Town have damn'd

my Play for their own Sakes, they will not damn the Damnation of it.

Sowr. Faith, I must confess, there is something of singular Modesty in the Instance.

Spat. And of singular Prudence too; what signifies denying the Fact after Sentence, and dying with a Lye in your Mouth? No, no, rather, like a good pious Criminal, rejoice, that in being put to shame, you make some Atonement for your Sins; and I hope to do so in the following Play, for it is, Mr. *Sowr*wit, of a most instructive Kind, and conveys to us a beautiful Image of the Instability of human Greatness, and the Uncertainty of Friends. You see here the Author of a mighty Farce at the very Top and Pinnacle of Poetical or rather Farcical Greatness, follow'd, flatter'd and ador'd by a Croud of Dependants: On a sudden Fortune changing the Scene, and his Farce being damn'd, you see him become the Scorn of his Admirers, and deserted and abandon'd by all those who courted his Favour, and appear'd the foremost to uphold and protect him. Draw the Scene, and discover Mr. *Pillage*. [Scene draws.

Sowr. Who is he?

Spat. The Author of the Farce.

Sowr. A very odd Name for an Author.

Spat. Perhaps you will not remain long in that Opinion: But Silence.

Pil. Who'd wish to be the Author of a Farce, Surrounded daily by a Croud of Actors, Gaping for Parts, and never to be satisfied; Yet, say the Wife, in loftier Seats of Life, Solicitation is the chief Reward; And *Wolfey's* self, that mighty Minister, In the full Height and Zenith of his Power, Amid a Croud of Sycophants and Slaves, Was but perhaps the Author of a Farce, Perhaps a damn'd one too. 'Tis all a Cheat, Some Men play little Farces, and some great.

[Exit.

Spat. Now for the Levée.

Sowr.

Sowr. Whose Levèe, Sir?

Spat. My Poet's, Sir.

Sowr. 'Sdeath, Sir, did ever any Mortal hear of a Poet's Levèe?

Spat. Sir, my Poet is a very great Man.

Sowr. And pray, Sir, of what Sort of People do you compose your great Man's Levèe?

Spat. Of his Dependants, Sir: Pray of what Sort of People are all great Mens Levèe compos'd? I have been forc'd, Sir, to do a small Violence to History, and make my great Man not only a Poet, but a Master of a Playhouse, and so, Sir, his Levèe is compos'd of Actors soliciting for Parts, Printers for Copies, Boxkeepers, Scenemen, Fiddlers and Candle-snuffers. And now, Mr. *Sowr-wit*, do you think I could have compos'd his Levèe of properer Company? Come, enter, enter, Gentlemen.

[*The Levèe enters, and range themselves to a ridiculous Tune.*]

Enter Pillage.

1 *Act.* Sir, you have promis'd me a Part a long time: If you had not intended to employ me, it would have been kind in you to let me know it, that I might have turn'd my self to some Trade or other.

Pil. Sir, one Farce cannot find Parts for all; but you shall be provided for in time. You must have Patience; I intend to exhibit several Farces, depend on me you shall have a Part.

1 *Act.* I humbly thank you.

2 *Act.* Sir, I was to have had a principal Part long ago.

Pil. Speak to me before the Parts are cast, and I will remember you in my next Farce; I shall exhibit several. I am very glad to see you, you remember my Farce is to [*To 3^d Actor.*] come on to-day, and will lend me your Hands.

3 *Act.* Depend on me.

Pil. And you, Sir, I hope, will clap heartily.

4 *Act.* De'el o' my Sal, but I will.

Pil. Be sure, and get into the House as soon as the Doors are open.

4 *Act.* Fear me not, I will but get a Bet of Denner, and I will be the first in the Huse—but——

Pil. What, Sir?

4 *Act.* I want Money to buy a Pair of Gloves.

Pil. I will order it you out of the Office.

4 *Act.* De'el o' my Sal, but I will clap every gud thing, till I bring the Huse down.

Pil. That won't do: The Town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you must stand by me, when they dislike—I don't desire any of you to clap unless when you hear a Hifs——let that be your Cue for Clapping.

All. We'll observe.

5 *Act.* But, Sir, I have not Money enough to get into the House.

Pil. I cannot disburse it.

5 *Act.* But I hope you will remember your Promises, Sir.

Pil. Some other Time, you see I am busy——What are your Commands, Sir?

1 *Print.* I am a Printer, and desire to print your Play.

2 *Print.* Sir, I'll give you the most Money.

Pil. [*To 2d Printer, whispering.*] You shall have it——Oh! I am heartily glad to see you. [*Takes him aside.*] You know my Farce comes on to-day, and I have many Enemies; I hope you will stand by me.

Poet. Depend on me, never fear your Enemies, I'll warrant we make more Noise than they.

Pil. Thou art a very honest Fellow.

[*Shaking him by the Hand.*]

Poet. I am always proud to serve you.

Pil. I wish you would let me serve you, I wish you would turn Actor, and accept of a Part in some of my Farces.

Poet.

Poet. No, I thank you, I don't intend to come upon the Stage, my self; but I desire you would let me recommend this handsom, genteel young Fellow to act the Part of a fine Gentleman.

Pil. Depend on it, he shall do the very first I bring on the Stage: I dare swear, Sir, his Abilities are such that the Town will be obliged to us both for producing them.

Poet. I hope so, but I must take my leave of you, for I am to meet a strong Party that I have engaged for your Service.

Pil. Do, do, be sure, do clap heartily.

Poet. Fear not, I warrant we bring you off triumphant. [*Exeunt.*

Pil. Then I defy the Town, if by my Friends, Against their Liking, I support my Farce, And fill my loaded Pockets with their Pence; Let After-ages damn me if they please.

Sowr. Well, Sir, and pray what do you principally intend by this Levèe Scene?

Spat. Sir, I intend first to warn all future Authors from depending solely on a Party to support them against the Judgment of the Town. Secondly, Shewing that even the Author of a Farce may have his Attendants and Dependants; I hope greater Persons may learn to despise them, which may be a more useful Moral than you may apprehend; for perhaps the mean Ambition of being worshipp'd, flatter'd and attended by such Fellows as these, may have led Men into the worst of Schemes from which they could promise themselves little more.

Enter Honestus.

Hon. You sent me word that you desir'd to see me.

Pil. I did, *Honestus*, for my Farce appears This Day upon the Stage—and I intreat Your Presence in the Pit, to help applaud it.

Hon. Faith, Sir, my Voice shall never be corrupt. If I approve your Farce, I will applaud it; If not, I'll hiss it, tho' I hiss alone.

Pil. Now, by my Soul, I hope to see the Time,
When

When none shall dare to hiss within the House.

Hon. I rather hope to see the Time, when none
Shall come prepar'd to censure or applaud,
But Merit always bear away the Prize.

If you have Merit, take your Merit's Due;
If not, why should a Bungler in his Art,
Keep off some better Genius from the Stage?
I tell you, Sir, the Farce you act to-night,
I don't approve, nor will the House, unless
Your Friends by Partiality prevail.

Besides, you are most impolitick to affront
The Army in the Beginning of your Piece;
Your Satire is unjust, I know no Ghost
Of Army-Beaus, unless of your own making.

Sowr. What do you mean by that?

Spat. Sir, in the Farce of *Eurydice*, a Ghost of an
Army-Beau was brought on the Stage.

Sowr. Oh! ay, I remember him.

Pil. I fear them not, I have so many Friends,
That the Majority will sure be mine.

Hon. Curse on this way of carrying things by Friends.
This Bar to Merit, by such unjust Means,
A Play's Success, or ill Success is known,
And fix'd before it has been try'd i'th' House;
Yet grant it shou'd succeed, grant that by Chance,
Or by the Whim and Madnes of the Town,
A Farce without Contrivance, without Sense
Should run to the Astonishment of Mankind;
Think how you will be read in After-times,
When Friends are not, and the impartial Judge
Shall with the meanest Scribbler rank your Name;
Who would not rather wish a *Butler's* Fame,
Distress'd, and poor in every thing but Merit,
Than be the blundering Laureat to a Court?

Pil. Not I— On me, ye Gods, bestow the Pence,
And give your Fame to any Fools you please.

Hon. Your Love of Pence sufficiently you shew,
By raising still your Prices on the Town.

Pil. The Town for their own Sakes those Prices pay,
Which the additional Expence demands.

Hon.

Hon. Then give us a good Tragedy for our Money,
And let not *Harlequin* still pick our Pockets,
With his low paltry Tricks, and juggling Cheats,
Which any School-Boy, was he on the Stage,
Could do as well as he— In former Times,
When better Actors acted better Plays,
The Town paid less.

Pil. We have more Actors now.

Hon. Ay, many more, I'm certain, than you need.
Make your additional Expence apparent,
Let it appear quite necessary too,
And then, perhaps, they'll grumble not to pay.

Pil. What is a Manager whom the Publick rule?

Hon. The Servant of the Publick, and no more:
For tho' indeed you see the Actors paid,
Yet from the Peoples Pockets come the Pence,
They therefore shou'd decide what they will pay for.

Pil. If you assist me on this Trial Day,
You may assure yourself a Dedication.

Hon. No Bribe— I go impartial to your Cause,
Like a just Critick, to give Worth Applause,
But damn you if you write against our Laws. *Exit.*

Pil. I wish I cou'd have gain'd one honest Man
Sure to my side— But since the Attempt is vain,
Numbers must serve for Worth; the Vessel sails
With equal rapid Fury and Success,
Born by the foulest Tide, as clearest Stream.

Enter Valet de Chambre.

Val. Your Honour's Muse
Is come to wait upon you.

Pil. Shew her in.

I guess she comes to chide me for Neglect,
Since twice two Days have past since I invok'd her.

Enter Muse.

Sowr. The Devil there, have! This is a mighty
pretty way the Gentleman has found out to insinuate
his Acquaintance with the Muses; tho', like other
Ladies, I believe they are often wrong'd by Fellows
who brag of Favours they never receiv'd.

Pil. Why wears my gentle Muse so stern a Brow?
Why awful thus affects she to appear,
Where she delighted to be so serene?

Muse. And dost thou ask, thou Traytor, dost thou
ask?

Art thou not conscious of the Wrongs I bear,
Neglected, slighted for a fresher Muse?
I, whose fond Heart too easily did yield
My Virgin Joys and Honour to thy Arms,
And bore thee *Pasquin*.

Pil. Where will this Fury end?

Muse. Ask thy base Heart, whose is *Eurydice*?

Pil. By all that's great, begotten on no Muse,
The trifling Offspring of an idle Hour,
When you were absent, far below your Care.

Muse. Can I believe you had her by no Muse?

Pil. Ay, by your Love, and more, by mine you shall;
My raptur'd Fancy shall again enjoy thee;
Cure all thy Jealousies, and ease thy Fears.

Muse. Wilt thou? make ready then thy Pen and Ink.

Pil. Oh, they are ever ready; when they fail,
Mayst thou forsake me, mayst thou then inspire
The blundering Brain of Scribblers, who for Hire
Would write away their Country's Liberties.

Muse. Oh name not Wretches so below the Muse:
No, my dear *Pillage*, sooner will I whet
The Ordinary of *Newgate's* leaden Quill;
Sooner will I indite the annual Verse,
Which City Bellmen, or Court Laureats sing;
Sooner with thee in humble Garret dwell,
And thou, or else thy Muse disclaims thy Pen,
Would't sooner starve, ay, even in Prison starve,
Than vindicate Oppression for thy Bread,
Or write down Liberty to gain thy own.

Sowr. Hey-day! methinks this merry Tragedy is
growing sublime.

Spat. That last is, indeed, a little out of my pre-
sent Stile; it dropt from me before I was aware;
talking of Liberty made me serious in spite of my
Teeth, for between you and me, Mr. *Sowr-wit*, I think
that

that Affair is past a Jest : But I ask your Pardon, you shall have no more on't.

Pil. Come to my Arms, inspire me with sweet Thoughts,

And now thy Inspiration fires my Brain :
Not more I felt thy Power, nor fiercer burnt,
My vig'rous Fancy, when thy blushing Charms
First yielded trembling, and inspir'd my Pen
To write nine Scenes with Spirit in one Day.

Muse. That was a Day indeed !

Sowr. Ay, faith ! so it was.

Muse. And do's my *Pillage* write with Joy as then ?
Would not a fresher Subject charm his Pen ?

Pil. Let the dull fated Appetite require
Variety to whet its blunted Edge ;
The Subject which has once delighted me,
Shall still delight, shall ever be my Choice ;
Come to my Arms, thou Master-Piece of Nature.
The fairest Rose, first op'ning to the Sun,
Bears not thy Beauty, nor sends forth thy Sweets ;
But that once gather'd loses all its Pride,
Fades to the Sight, and sickens to the Smell ;
Thou, gather'd, charmest every Sense the more,
Canst flourish, and be gather'd o'er and o'er.

Spat. There, they are gone to write [*Exeunt.*
A Scene, and the Town may expect the Fruit of it.

Sowr. Yes, I think the Town may expect an Offspring indeed.

Spat. But now my Catastrophe is approaching ;
change the Scene to the out-side of the Play-House,
and enter two Gentlemen.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Came you from the House ?

2 *Gent.* I did.

1 *Gent.* How wears the Farce ?

2 *Gent.* The Pit is cram'd, I could not get Admission,
But at the Door I heard a mighty Noise,
It seem'd of Approbation, and of Laughter.

1 *Gent.* If Laughter, it was surely Approbation,
For I've long studied the Dramatick Art,

Read

Read many Volumes, seen a thousand Plays,
Whence I've at length found out this certain Truth,
That Laughs applaud a Farce, and Tears a Tragedy.

Sowr. A very great Discovery indeed, and very pompously introduced!

Spat. You sneer, Mr. *Sowr-wit*; but I have seen Discoveries in Life of the same Nature, introduced with much greater Pomp.

Sowr. But don't you intend to lay the Scene in the Theatre; and let us see the Farce fairly damn'd before us?

Spat. No, Sir, it is a thing of too horrible a Nature; for which Reason I shall follow *Horace's* Rule, and only introduce a Description of it. Come, enter, Description; I assure you I have thrown myself out greatly in this next Scene.

Enter third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Oh, Friends, all's lost; *Eurydice* is damn'd.

2 *Gent.* Ha! damn'd! A few short Moments past I came

From the Pit-door, and heard a loud Applause.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis true, at first the Pit seem'd greatly pleas'd,

And loud Applauses thro' the Benches rung,

But as the Plot began to open more,

(A shallow Plot) the Claps less frequent grew,

Till by degrees a gentle Hiss arose;

This by a Cat-call from the Gallery

Was quickly seconded: Then follow'd Claps,

And long 'twixt Claps and Hisses did succeed,

A stern Contention: Victory hung dubious.

So hangs the Conscience, doubtful to determine,

When Honesty pleads here and there a Bribe;

At length, from some ill-fated Actor's Mouth,

Sudden there issued forth a horrid Dram,

And from another rush'd two Gallons forth:

The Audience, as it were contagious Air,

All caught it, hollow'd, cat-call'd, hiss'd, and groan'd.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* I always thought, indeed, that Joke would damn him; and told him that the People wou'd not take it.

3 *Gent.* But it was mighty pleasant to behold,
When the Damnation of the Farce was sure,
How all those Friends who had begun the Claps,
With greatest Vigour strove who first shou'd hiss,
And shew Disapprobation. And *John Watts*,
Who was this Morning eager for the Copy,
Slunk hasty from the Pit, and shook his Head.

2 *Gent.* And so 'tis certain that his Farce is gone?

3 *Gent.* Most certain.

2 *Gent.* Let us then retire with Speed,
For see he comes this way.

3 *Gent.* By all means,
Let us avoid him with what Haste we can. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Pillage.

Pil. Then I am damn'd— Curst henceforth be the
Bard,
Who e'er depends on Fortune, or on Friends.

Sowr. So, the Play is over; for I reckon you will not find it possible to get any one to come near this honest Gentleman.

Spat. Yes, Sir, there is one, and you may easily guess who it is: The Man who will not flatter his Friend in Prosperity, will hardly leave him in Adversity— Come, enter, *Honestus*.

Pil. *Honestus* here! will he not shun me too?

Hon. When *Pasquin* run, and the Town lik'd you most,
And every Scribbler loaded you with Praise,
I did not court you, nor will shun you now.

Pil. Oh! had I taken your Advice, my Friend!
I had not now been damn'd— Then had I trusted
To the impartial Judgment of the Town,
And by the Goodness of my Piece had try'd
To merit Favour, nor with vain Reliance
On the frail Promise of uncertain Friends,
Produc'd a Farce like this— Friends who forsook me
And left me nought to comfort me, but this. [*Drinks.*

Hon.

Hon. Forbear to drink.

Pil. Oh ! it is now too late.

Already I have drank two Bottles off,
Of this fell Potion, and it now begins
To work its deadly Purpose on my Brain ;
I'm giddy, ha, my Head begins to swim,
And see *Eurydice* all pale before me ;
Why dost thou haunt me thus ? I did not damn thee.
By *Jove* there never was a better Farce :
She beckons me— Say— whether— blame the Town,
And not thy *Pillage*— Now my Brain's on fire !
My staggering Senses dance— and I am—

Hon. Drunk.

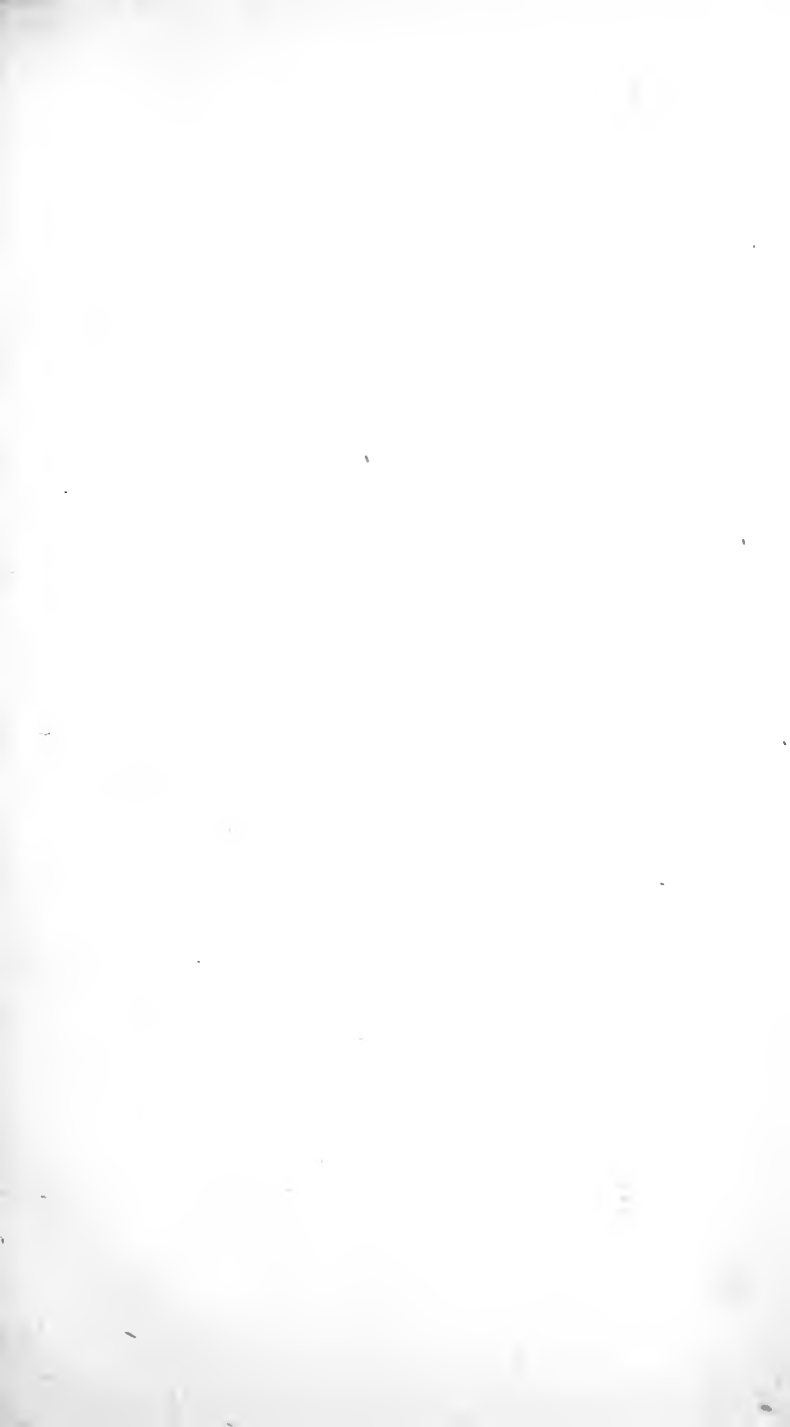
That Word he should have said, that ends the Verse ;
Farewell, a twelve Hours Nap compose thy Senses.
May Mankind profit by thy sad Example,
May Men grow wiser, Writers grow more scarce,
And no Man dare to make a simple Farce.

F I N I S.















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