J. V.dr Gucht inv. Sculp

THE REHEARSAL:

As it is now Acted at the

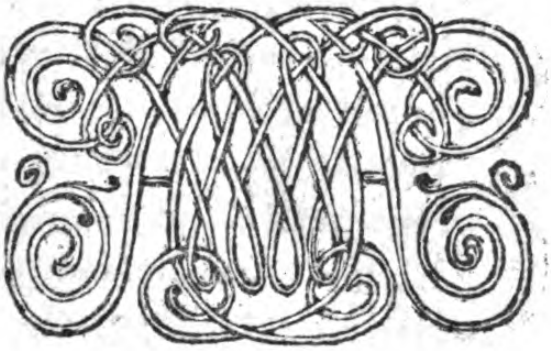
THEATRE-ROYAL.

By GEORGE, late Duke of *Buckingham*.

THE THIRTEENTH EDITION.

To which is added,

A KEY, or CRITICAL VIEW OF The *Authors*, and their *Writings*, expos'd in this PLAY.



LONDON:

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's Head*, against *St. Clement's* Church, in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin* and *Crown*, without *Temple-Bar*; J. WELLINGTON; A. BETTESWORTH, and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

M.DCC.XXXV.

PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this ſhort Mock-Play of ours,
A Poſy made of Weeds inſtead of Flowers;
Yet ſuch have been preſented to your Noſes,
And there are ſuch, I fear, who thought 'em Roſes.
Would ſome of 'em were here, to ſee, this night,
What Stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here briſk inſipid Rogues, for Wit, let fall
Sometimes dull Senſe; but oftner none at all:
There ſtrutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd Train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyſes' *Vein.*
For (changing Rules, of late, as if Men writ
In ſpite of Reaſon, Nature, Art and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now Criticks, do your worſt, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I ſhall aſſume the State
Of thoſe High-flyers, whom I imitate:
And juſtly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before;
I will not only ſhew the Feats they do,
But give you all their Reaſons for 'em too.
Some Honour may to me from hence ariſe:
But if by my Endeavours you grow wiſe,
And what you once ſo prais'd, ſhall now deſpiſe;
Then I'll cry out, ſwell'd with Poetick Rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, *have reform'd your Stage.*

The Actors Names.

B*Ayes.*
Johnson.
Smith.
Two Kings of *Brentford.*
Prince *Prettyman.*
Prince *Volscius.*
Gentleman-Usher.
Physician.
Drawcansir.
General.
Lieutenant-General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisher-man.
Sun.
Thunder.
Players.
Soldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals. } Mutes.
Mayor. } Mutes.
Judges. } Mutes.
Serjeant at Arms. } Mutes.

WOMEN.

Amaryllis.
Chloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning,
Moon.
Earth.

Attendance of Men and Women.

SCENE, *BRENTFORD.*

THE REHEARSAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

JOHNSON.

Oneſt *Frank*, I am glad to ſee thee with all my heart. How long haſt thou been in town?

Smith. Faith, not above an hour: And if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely of all the ſtrange new things we have heard in the Country.

Johnſ. And by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical things, we are tired out with here.

Smith. Dull and fantaſtical! that's an excellent Compoſition. Pray what are our Men of Buſineſs doing?

Johnſ. I ne'er inquire after 'em. Thou knoweſt my Humour lies another way. I love to pleaſe myſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can; and therefore do naturally avoid the Company of thoſe ſolemn Fops, who, being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought Men of Buſineſs.

Smith. Indeed I have ever obſerv'd, that your grave Lookers are the dulleſt of Men.

Johnſ. Ay, and of Birds and Beaſts too: Your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt is an Aſs.

Smith. Well, but how do'ſt thou paſs thy time?

Johnſ. Why, as I us'd to do: eat, drink as well as I can, have a She-friend to be private with in the Afternoon, and ſometimes ſee a Play; where there are ſuch things, *Frank*, ſuch hideous monſtrous things, that it has almoſt made me forſwear the Stage, and reſolve to apply myſelf to the ſolid Nonſenſe of your Men of Buſineſs, as the more ingenious Paſtime.

Smith. I have heard indeed you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country Wits commend 'em.

Johnſ. Ay, ſo do ſome of our City Wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

Johnſ. Why, your Virtuoſi, your civil Perſons, your Drolls; Fellows that ſcorn to imitate Nature, but are given altogether to elevate and ſurprize.

Smith. Elevate and ſurprize! prithee make me underſtand the meaning of that.

Johnſ. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't underſtand that my ſelf. 'Tis a Phraſe they have got amongſt them, to expreſs their no-meaning by. I'll tell you as near as I can what it is. Let me ſee; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing

cing, Singing, Crying, and every thing but Thinking and Senſe.

Mr. Bayes *paſſes over the Stage.*

Bayes. Your moſt obſequious, and moſt obſervant, very Servant, Sir.

Johnſ. God-ſo, this is an Author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, prithee let him alone.

Johnſ. Nay, by the lord, I'll have him.

[*Goes after him.*

Here he is, I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my ſake, will you do a favour to this Friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my ſmall Capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; eſpecially from a Perſon that does wear the honourable Title you are pleaſed to impoſe, Sir, upon this——Sweet Sir, your Servant.

Smith. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Johnſ. But wilt thou do me a favour now?

Bayes. Ay, Sir: What is't?

Johnſ. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy laſt Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the Meaning? Do you mean the Plot?

Johnſ. Ay, ay, any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head. But I have a new one in my Pocket, that I may ſay is a Virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I muſt tell you one thing, 'tis all new Wit, and tho' I ſay it, a better than my laſt; and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it ſhall read, and write, and act, and plot, and ſhew; ay, and Pit, Box, and Gallery, I'gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This Morning is its laſt Rehearſal, in their Habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your Friend will do it but the honour to ſee it in its Virgin Attire, tho' perhaps it may bluſh, I ſhall not be aſham'd to diſcover its

Nakedneſs unto you.——I think it is in this Pocket.
[*Puts his hand in his Pocket.*

Johnſ. Sir, I confeſs I am not able to anſwer you in this new way; but if you pleaſe to lead, I ſhall be glad to follow you, and I hope my Friend will do ſo too.

Smith. Sir, I have no Buſineſs ſo conſiderable as ſhould keep me from your Company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry your Mercy: this is my Book of *Drama Common-places*, the Mother of many other Plays.

Johnſ. Drama Common-places! pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, ſome certain Helps, that we Men of Art have found it convenient to make uſe of.

Smith. How, Sir, Helps for Wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my Poſition: and I do here aver, That no Man yet the Sun e'er ſhone upon, has Parts ſufficient to furniſh out a Stage, except it were by the help of theſe my Rules.

Johnſ. What are thoſe Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my firſt Rule is the Rule of Tranſverſion, or *Regula Duplex*; changing Verſe into Proſe, or Proſe into Verſe, *alternativè*, as you pleaſe.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by Rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing ſo eaſy, when underſtood: I take a Book in my hand, either at home or elſewhere, for that's all one; if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has ſome, I tranſverſe it; that is, if it be Proſe, put it into Verſe, (but that takes up ſome time;) and if it be Verſe, put it into Proſe.

Johnſ. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verſe into Proſe ſhould be call'd tranſproſing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis ſo chang'd, that no Man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table-Book. Pray obſerve.

Johnſ. We hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus, I come into a Coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where witty Men reſort; I make as if I minded nothing: (do you mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks, pop I flap it down, and make that too my own.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are you not ſometimes in danger of their making you reſtore, by Force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the World's unmindful; they never take notice of theſe things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third Rule that I have here in my Pocket.

Smith. What Rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other Men do; but preſently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perſius*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca*'s Tragedies, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch*'s Lives, and the reſt, have ever thought upon this Subject: and ſo, in a trice, by leaving out a few Words, or putting in others of my own, the buſineſs is done.

Johnſ. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as ſure and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the leaſt ſcruples of the Efficacy of theſe my Rules, do but come to the Play-houſe, and you ſhall judge of 'em by the Effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Players on the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your Part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without Book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what Humour I'm to be in; whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way: For look you, Sir, the grand Design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the Plot, and the Sense, tires them before the end of the first Act. Now here every Line surprises you, and brings in new Matter: And then, for Scenes, Clothes, and Dances, we put quite down all that ever went before us; and those are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but so it gets us Money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson, *and* Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in, Gentlemen. You're very welcome. Mr.——a——Ha' you your Part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true Humour of it?

1 *Play.* Ay, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amaryllis*, how does she do? Does not her Armour become her!

3 *Play.* O admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you now a pretty Conceit. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smith. What, I pray?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armaryllis*, becauſe of her Armour. Ha, ha, ha!

Johnſ. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little Rogue; I knew her Face would ſet off Armour extremely: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. You muſt know ſhe is my Miſtreſs.

Johnſ. Then I know another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou haſt had her, I'gad.

Bayes. No, I'gad, not yet, but I am ſure I ſhall; for I have talk'd Baudy to her already.

Johnſ. Haſt thou, faith? Prithee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the *French* Tongue, a certain Criticiſm, which, by the Variation of the Maſculine Adjective inſtead of the Feminine, makes a quite different Signification of the Word: as for example, *Ma vie* is my Life; but if before *vie* you put *Mon* inſtead of *Ma*, you make it Baudy.

Johnſ. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I having obſerv'd this, ſet a Trap for her the other day in the Tyring-Room; for this ſaid I, *Adieu bel Eſperanſa de ma vie* (which I'gad is very pretty:) to which ſhe anſwer'd, I vow, almoſt as prettily every jot; for ſaid ſhe, *Songes à ma vie Monſieur:* whereupon I preſently ſnapp'd this upon her, *Non, non, Madam——Songes vous à mon*, by gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smith. This is one of the richeſt Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. I, let me alone, I'gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em, I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you muſt know, at this time, I am kept by another Woman in the City.

Smith. How kept! for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *Beau Garçon:* I am, i'fackins.

Smith.

Smith. Nay, then we ſhall never have done.

Bayes. And the Rogue is ſo fond of me, Mr. *Johnſon*, that I vow to Gad, I know not what to do with my-ſelf.

Johnſ. Do with thy ſelf! No; I wonder how thou can'ſt make a ſhift to hold out, at this rate.

Bayes. O Devil, I can toil like a Horſe; only ſometimes, it makes me melancholy: And then I vow to Gad, for a whole Day together, I am not able to ſay you one good Thing if it were to ſave my Life.

Smith. That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I'gad, which mads me, in my Amours; for I'll tell you, as a Friend, Mr. *Johnſon*, my Acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull: Now I am the fartheſt from it in the whole World, I'gad; but only forſooth, they think I am ſo becauſe I can ſay nothing.

Johnſ. Phoo, Pox; that's ill-natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay, gad, there's no truſting o' theſe Rogues; but——a——Come, let's ſit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief Hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that cauſes the Variety of all the ſeveral Accidents, which you know are the Things in Nature that make up the grand Refinement of a Play, is, that I ſuppoſe two Kings of the ſame Place; as for example, at *Brentford*, for I love to write familiarly. Now the People having the ſame Relations to 'em both, the ſame Affections, the ſame Duty, the ſame Obedience, and all that; are divided amongſt themſelves in point of Devoir and Intereſt, how to behave themſelves equally between 'em: Theſe Kings differing ſometimes in particular; tho', in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my ſelf well underſtood.)

Johnſ. I did not obſerve you, Sir: Pray ſay that again.

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beſeech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or elſe you'll never underſtand my Notion of the Thing) the People being embaraſs'd by their equal Ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own Intereſt, as the Good of the People, they make a certain kind of a——you underſtand me—— Upon which there do ariſe ſeveral Diſputes, Turmoils, Heart-burnings, and all that——In fine, you'll underſtand it better when you ſee it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

Smith. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any Senſe out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain aſk your Opinion of one thing: I have made a Prologue, and an Epilogue, which may both ſerve for either; [that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue;] (do you mark?) nay, they may both ſerve too, I'gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Smith. Very well, that's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain aſk your Judgments, now, which of them would do beſt for the Prologue. For you muſt know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by Civility, by Inſinuation, good Language, and all that, to—— a——in a manner, ſteal your Plaudit from the Courteſy of the Auditors: The other, by making uſe of ſome certain perſonal things, which may keep a hank upon ſuch cenſuring Perſons, as cannot otherways, I'gad, in nature, be hinder'd from being too free with their Tongues. To which end, my firſt Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hangman behind me, with a Furr'd-Cap, and his

Sword

Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, That if out of Good-nature they will not like my Play, I'gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my Head off. Whereupon they all clapping——a——

Smith. Ay, but ſuppoſe they don't.

Bayes. Suppoſe! Sir, you may ſuppoſe what you pleaſe, I have nothing to do with your Suppoſe, Sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, Sir, I'gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppoſe quoth a!——ha, ha, ha! [*Walks away.*

Johnſ. Phoo! prithee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he ſays; he's a Fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the Reliſh, here, of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the Country, I ſhould have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for ſome Perſons of Quality, and peculiar Friends of mine, that underſtand what Flame and Power in writing is; and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johnſ. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm ſure the Deſign's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then for Language, I'gad, I defy 'em all in nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred Sheets of Paper, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and, withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my Friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm ſure, will clap, and ſo the reſt, you know, muſt follow; and then, pray Sir, what becomes of your Suppoſe? ha, ha, ha!

Johnſ. Nay, if the Buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

Bayes. I think ſo, Sir; and therefore would chuſe this to be the Prologue. For, if I could engage 'em to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know it would be ſo much the better, becauſe then they were engaged: for

for let a Man write ever ſo well, there are, now-a-days, a ſort of Perſons, they call Criticks, that, I'gad, have no more Wit in them than ſo many Hobby-Horſes; but they'll laugh at you, Sir, and find fault, and cenſure things, that, I'gad, I'm ſure, they are not able to do themſelves. A ſort of envious Perſons, that emulate the Glories of Perſons of Parts, and think to build their Fame, by calumniating of Perſons, that, I'gad, to my knowledge, of all Perſons in the World are, in nature, the Perſons that do as much deſpiſe all that as——a——In fine, I'll ſay no more of 'em.

Johnſ. Nay, you have ſaid enough of 'em, in all conſcience: I'm ſure more than they'll e'er be able to anſwer.

Bayes. Why I'll tell you, Sir, ſincerely, and *bona fide*, were it not for the ſake of ſome ingenious Perſons, and choice Female Spirits, that have a value for me, I would ſee 'em all hang'd, I'gad, before I would e'er ſet Pen to Paper; but let 'em live in Ignorance like Ingrates.

Johnſ. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: And if I were in your place now, I wou'd do ſo.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain Ties upon me, that I cannot be diſengag'd from; otherwiſe I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my Hangman?

Smith. By my troth, Sir, I ſhould like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, Sir? (for I ſee you can judge;) Would you have it for a Prologue, or the Epilogue?

Johnſ. Faith, Sir, 'tis ſo good, let it e'en ſerve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Beſides, I have made another.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Johnſ. That's greater; I'd rather ſtick to that.

Bayes. Do you think ſo? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll ſay this is a *non pareillo*: I'm ſure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be a Dialogue: And as, in my firſt, you ſee, I ſtrive to oblige the Auditors by Civility, by good Nature, good Language, and all that; ſo, in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I chuſe for the Perſons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the Conceit?

Johnſ. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-ſure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the moſt delicate dainty *Similes* in the whole World, I'gad, if I know but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an Alluſion of Love.

So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and ſmell it gath'ring in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Cheſnut-Groves,
And there conſummate their unfiniſh'd Loves:
Penſive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And ſnore and gruntle to each other's Moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

Johnſ. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine; and very applicable to Thunder and Lightning, methinks, becauſe it ſpeaks of a Storm.

Bayes. I'gad, and ſo it does, now I think on't: Mr. *Johnſon*, I thank you; and I'll put it in *profecto*. Come out *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter

Enter Thunder *and* Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Bayes. Mr. *Cartwright*, prithee ſpeak that a little louder, and with a hoarſe Voice. I am the bold Thunder: Pſhaw! ſpeak it me in a Voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The briſk Lightning I.

Bayes. Nay, but you muſt be quick and nimble: The briſk Lightning I. That's my Meaning.

Thun. I am the braveſt *Hector* of the Sky.

Light. And I fair *Helen* that made *Hector* die.

Thun. I ſtrike Men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let Criticks take heed how they grumble,
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their Graces,
Or I'll blaſt all the Paint on their Faces,
And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Thun. Let the Criticks look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will ſhoot.

Thun. I'll give you daſh for daſh.

Light. I'll give you flaſh for flaſh.
Gallants, I'll ſinge your Feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't; Look to't, we'll do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a Flaſh of a Prologue: A Droll.

Smith. Yes, 'tis ſhort indeed; but very terrible.

Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, when the *Simile*'s in, it will do to a miracle, I'gad. Come, come, begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

1st Play. Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet, but he'll be here presently, he's but two doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a Pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Bayes, Johnſon, *and* Smith.

Bayes. NOW, Sir, becauſe I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, inſtead of beginning with a Scene that diſcovers ſomething of the Plot, I begin this Play with a Whiſper.

Smith. Umph! very new indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your Seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician.

Phyſ. Sir, by your Habit, I ſhould gueſs you to be the Gentleman-Uſher of this ſumptuous Place.

Uſh. And by your Gait and Faſhion, I ſhould almoſt ſuſpect you rule the Healths of both our noble Kings, under the Notion of Phyſician.

Phyſ. You hit my Function right.

Uſh. And you mine.

Phyſ. Then let's embrace.

Uſh. Come.

Phyſ. Come.

Johnſ. Pray, Sir, who are thoſe ſo very civil Perſons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

Johnſ. But, pray then, how comes it to paſs, that they know one another no better?

Bayes.

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot.

Johnſ. Very well.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude.

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir, you muſt know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where? in the Tyring-Room?

Bayes. Why, ay, Sir. He's ſo dull! Come, ſpeak again.

Phyſ. Sir, to conclude, the Place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot; and all theſe threatning Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our Heads, will (when they once are graſp'd but by the Eye of Reaſon) melt into fruitful Showers of Bleſſings on the People.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johnſ. Yes; that graſping of a Storm with the Eye is admirable.

Phyſ. But yet ſome Rumours great are ſtirring; and if *Lorenzo* ſhould prove falſe, (which none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that——

[*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now he whiſpers.

Uſh. Alone do you ſay?

Phyſ. No; attended with the Noble—— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Again.

Uſh. Who, he in grey?

Phyſ. Yes; and at the Head of—— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Pray mark.

Uſh. Then, Sir, moſt certain 'twill in time appear,
Theſe are the Reaſons that have mov'd him to't;
Firſt, he—— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now the other whiſpers.

Uſh. Secondly, they—— [*Whiſpers.*

Bayes.

Bayes. At it ſtill.

Uſh. Thirdly, and laſtly, both he, and they——

[*Whiſpers.*

Bayes. Now they both whiſper. [*Exeunt whiſpering.* Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without Flattery, is not this a very odd Beginning of a Play ?

Johnſ. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the ſame Place ?

Bayes. Why, becauſe it's new, and that's it I aim at. I deſpiſe your *Johnſon* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own Fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you of Sir *John Suckling ?*

Bayes. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smith. Well, Sir, but pray why all this Whiſpering ?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (beſides that it is new, as I told you before) becauſe they are ſuppoſed to be Politicians; and Matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smith. But then, Sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but reſpite your Curioſity till the end of the fifth Act, you'll find it a Piece of Patience not ill recompens'd. [*Goes to the Door.*

Johnſ. How doſt thou like this, *Frank?* Is it not juſt as I told thee ?

Smith. Why, I never did before this ſee any thing in Nature, and all that (as Mr. *Bayes* ſays) ſo fooliſh, but I could give ſome gueſs at what mov'd the Fop to do it: but this, I confeſs, does go beyond my reach.

Johnſ. It is all alike; Mr. *Winterſhull* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou ſhalt not ſee one Scene here worth one Farthing, or like any thing thou canſt imagine has ever been the Practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good Language, it is, as I told thee, very fantaſti-

cal,

cal, moſt abominably dull, and not one Word to the purpoſe.

Smith. It does ſurprize me, I'm ſure, very much.

Johnſ. Ay, but it won't do ſo long: by that time thou haſt ſeen a Play or two, that I'll ſhew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new Kind of Foppery.

Smith. Pox on't, but there's no Pleaſure in him: he's too groſs a Fool to be laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johnſ. I'll ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, you have done this Scene moſt admirably; tho' I muſt tell you, Sir, it is a very difficult matter to pen a Whiſper well.

Bayes. Ay, Gentlemen, when you come to write yourſelves, on my Word you'll find it ſo.

Johnſ. Have a care of what you ſay, Mr. *Bayes*; for Mr. *Smith* there, I aſſure you, has written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, i'fackins? Why then I pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the moſt part, I am in pretty good Health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and ſit down.

Bayes. Now I write ſtanding, that's one thing: and then another thing is, with what do you prepare your ſelf?

Smith. Prepare my ſelf! what the devil does the Fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you now what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make uſe of ſtew'd Prunes only; but when I have a grand Deſign in hand, I ever take Phyſick, and let

let Blood: for when you would have pure Swiftneſs of Thought, and fiery Flights of Fancy, you muſt have a care of the penſive Part. In fine, you muſt purge the Belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a moſt admirable Receipt for Writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my Secret; and in good earneſt, I think one of the beſt I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! i'gad I'm ſure on't: *Experto crede Roberto.* But I muſt give you this caution by the way, be ſure you never take Snuff when you write.

Smith. Why ſo, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it ſpoil'd me once, i'gad, one of the ſparkiſheſt Plays in all *England.* But a Friend of mine at *Greſham-College* has promis'd to help me to ſome Spirit of Brains; and i'gad, that ſhall do my buſineſs.

SCENE II.

Enter the two Kings hand in hand.

Bayes. OH, theſe are now the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their Style, 'twas never yet upon the Stage: but if you like it, I could make a ſhift perhaps to ſhew you a whole Play, writ all juſt ſo.

1 *King.* Did you obſerve their Whiſpers, Brother King?

2 *King.* I did, and heard, beſides, a grave Bird ſing, That they intend, Sweet-heart, to play us Pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar, becauſe they are both Perſons of the ſame Quality.

Smith. S'death, this would make a Man ſpew.

1 *King*. If that Deſign appears,
I'll lug them by the Ears,
Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King*. And ſo will I, i'fack.

1 *King*. You muſt begin, *Ma foy*.

2 *King*. Sweet Sir, *Pardonnez moy*.

Bayes. Mark that; I make 'em both ſpeak *French*, to ſhew their Breeding.

Johnſ. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 *King*. Then ſpite of Fate, we'll thus combined ſtand,
And, like two Brothers, walk ſtill hand in hand.
[*Exeunt Reges*.

Johnſ. This is a majeſtick Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a Cruſt, a laſting Cruſt for your Rogue-Criticks, i'gad: I would fain ſee the proudeſt of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; i'gad, if they do, this ſhall rub their Gums for 'em, I promiſe you. It was I, you muſt know, that have written a whole Play juſt in this very ſame Style; it was never acted yet.

Johnſ. How ſo?

Bayes. I'gad, I can hardly tell you for laughing (ha, ha, ha!) it is ſo pleaſant a Story: ha, ha, ha!

Smith. What is't?

Bayes. I'gad the Players refuſe to act it. Ha, ha, ha!

Smith. That's impoſſible!

Bayes. I'gad they did it, Sir; point-blank refus'd it, I'gad, ha, ha, ha!

Johnſ. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! ay, I'gad, they are the rudeſt, uncivileſt Perſons, and all that, in the whole World, I'gad: I'gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Johnſon*, I do verily believe, a whole Cart-load of things, every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to gad, theſe inſolent Raſcals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. Strange Fellows indeed!

Smith. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came theſe two Kings to know of this Whiſper? for, as I remember, they were not preſent at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the two Kings ſhould (a pox take 'em) have popp'd both their Heads in at the Door, juſt as the other went off.

Smith. That indeed would have done it.

Bayes. Done it! ay, I'gad, theſe Fellows are able to ſpoil the beſt things in *Chriſtendom*. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, I vow to gad, I have been ſo highly diſoblig'd by the Peremptorineſs of theſe Fellows, that I'm reſolv'd hereafter to bend my Thoughts wholly for the Service of the Nurſery, and mump your proud Players, I'gad. So, now Prince *Pretty-man* comes in, and falls aſleep, making love to his Miſtreſs; which you know was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honeſt Gentleman, a Knight.

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret. HOW ſtrange a Captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too divine:
And againſt Fate what Mortal dares repine?

Enter Chloris.

But here ſhe comes.
Sure 'tis ſome blazing Comet! Is it not? [*Lies down.*

Bayes. Blazing Comet! Mark that, I'gad, very fine!

Pret. But I am ſo ſurpriz'd with Sleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt. [*Sleeps*.

Bayes. Does not that, now, ſurprize you, to fall aſleep in the nick? His Spirits exhale with the heat of his Paſſion, and all that, and ſwop he falls aſleep, as you ſee. Now, here ſhe muſt make a *Simile*.

Smith. Where's the neceſſity of that, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpriz'd. That's a general Rule; you muſt ever make a *Simile* when you are ſurpriz'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

Cloris. As ſome tall Pine, which we on *Ætna* find
T'have ſtood the Rage of many a boiſt'rous Wind,
Feeling without that Flames within do play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his woorſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So ſhrouded up, your bright Eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my Tears. [*Exit*.

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, methinks this *Simile* wants a little Application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to Paſſion, to conſuming, to dying, and all that; which, you know, are the natural Effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid this Scene has made you ſad; for, I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

Smith. No truly, Sir, my Spirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall aſleep.

Prince Pretty-man *ſtarts up, and ſays*——

Pret. It is reſolv'd. [*Exit*.

Bayes. That's all.

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to aſk you one Queſtion, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes.

Bayes. O lord, Sir, you may aſk me any thing; what you pleaſe; I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you ſay that, Sir.

Smith. Then pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his Sleep?

Bayes. Why, I muſt confeſs, that Queſtion is well enough aſk'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you muſt know, Sir, that to out-do all my Fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* ſecret, 'till the very laſt Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir (do you mark me?)———a———

Smith. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

Bayes. I do ſo, that's the very plain truth on't; ha, ha, ha! I do, I'gad. If they cannot find it out themſelves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of Buſineſs: Pray obſerve it; for I dare ſay you'll think it no unwiſe Diſcourſe this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Diſcourſe I overheard once betwixt two grand, ſober, governing Perſons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman-Uſher and Phyſician.

Uſh. COme, Sir; let's ſtate the Matter of Fact, and lay our Heads together.

Phyſ. Right; lay our Heads together. I love to be merry ſometimes; but when a knotty Point comes, I lay my Head cloſe to it, with a Snuff-Box in my Hand; and then I fegue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do juſt ſo, I'gad, always.

Uſh. The grand Queſtion is, whether they heard us whiſper? which I divide thus.

Phyſ. Yes, it muſt be divided ſo indeed.

Smith. That's very complaiſant, I ſwear, Mr. *Bayes*, to be of another Man's Opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here but well-bred Perſons, I aſſure you.

Uſh. I divide the Queſtion into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

Johnſ. Moſt admirably divided, I ſwear!

Uſh. As to the when; you ſay, juſt now: ſo that is anſwer'd. Then, as for what; why, that anſwers itſelf; for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of neceſſity, we come to the laſt Queſtion, *videlicet*, whether they heard or no.

Smith. This is a very wiſe Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both Politicians.

Uſh. Pray then, to proceed in Method, let me aſk you that Queſtion.

Phyſ. No, you'll anſwer better; pray let me aſk it you.

Uſh. Your Will muſt be a Law.

Phyſ. Come then, what is't I muſt aſk?

Smith. This Politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has ſomewhat a ſhort Memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his Pupil.

Uſh. You muſt aſk me whether they heard us whiſper.

Phyſ. Well, I do ſo.

Uſh. Say it then.

Smith. Hey day! here's the braveſt Work that ever I ſaw.

Johnſ. This is mighty Methodical.

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way; 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I'gad, in buſineſs.

Phyſ. Did they hear us whiſper?

Uſh. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be ſaid upon the word Whiſper: to whiſper in Latin is *ſuſurrare*, which is as much as to ſay, to ſpeak ſoftly; now, if they heard us ſpeak ſoftly, they heard us whiſper; but then, comes in the *Quomodo*, the How; how did they hear us whiſper? Why as to that, there are two ways: the one, by chance or accident; the other, on purpoſe; that is, with deſign to hear us whiſper.

Phyſ. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give 'em Phyſick more.

Uſh. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this, for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smith. I ſuppoſe, that's the reaſon why you brought in this Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Partly, it was, Sir; but, I confeſs, I was not unwilling, beſides, to ſhew the World a Pattern, here, how Men ſhould talk of Buſineſs.

Johnſ. You have done it exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phyſ. Well, if they heard us whiſper, they'll turn us out, and no body elſe will take us.

Smith. Not for Politicians, I dare anſwer for it.

Phyſ. Let's then no more our ſelves in vain bemoan:
We are not ſafe until we them unthrone.

Uſh. 'Tis right:
And, ſince Occaſion now ſeems debonair,
I'll ſeize on this, and you ſhall take that Chair.
[*They draw their Swords, and ſit in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.*]

Bayes. There's now an odd Surprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topſy-turvy, without any pother or ſtir in the whole World, I'gad.

Johnſ.

Johnſ. A very ſilent Change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is ſo: And yet you ſhall ſee me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Uſurpers march out, flouriſhing their Swords.*

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho! hey ho! what a Change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay! [*Exit.*

Johnſ. Mr. *Bayes*, in my opinion, now, that Gentleman might have ſaid a little more upon this occaſion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I underwrit his Part on purpoſe to ſet off the reſt.

Johnſ. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smith. But pray, Sir, how came they to depoſe the Kings ſo eaſily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you muſt know, they long had a Deſign to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and to tell you true, that's one reaſon why I made 'em whiſper ſo at firſt.

Smith. O very well, now I'm fully ſatisfy'd.

Bayes. And then to ſhew you, Sir, it was not done ſo very eaſily neither; in the next Scene you ſhall ſee ſome fighting.

Smith. O, oh, ſo then you make the Struggle to be after the Buſineſs is done?

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. O I conceive you: that, I ſwear, is very natural.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter four Men at one Door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 *Soldier.* STand. Who goes there?

2 *Sold.* A Friend.

1 *Sold.* What Friend?

2 *Sold.* A Friend to the Houſe.

1 *Sold.* Fall on. [*They all kill one another.*

[*Muſick ſtrikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold. [*To the Muſick. It ceaſes.* Now here's an odd Surprize: all theſe dead Men you ſhall ſee riſe up preſently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead Men? Remember your Note in *Effaut flat*.

Play on. [*To the Muſick.*

Now, now, now! [*The Muſick plays his Note, and the dead*

O lord! O lord! (*Men riſe; but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out! did ever Men ſpoil a good Thing ſo! no Figure, no Ear, no Time, no Thing? Udzookers, you dance worſe than the Angels in *Harry* the Eighth, or the fat Spirits in the *Tempeſt*, I'gad.

1 *Sold.* Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

Bayes. O lord, O lord! impoſſible! Why, Gentlemen, if there be any Faith in a Perſon that's a Chriſtian, I ſat up two whole Nights in compoſing this Air, and apting it for the Buſineſs: for, if you obſerve, there are two ſeveral Deſigns in this Tune; it begins ſwift, and ends ſlow. You talk of Time; and Time; you ſhall ſee me

do't. Look you now: here I am dead.

[*Lies down flat on his Face.*

Now mark my Note *Effaut flat*. Strike up Musick. Now. [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.* Ah gadzookers, I have broke my Nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your Nails, and your Tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he must break his Nose, and his Face, and the Devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet Piece of brown Paper?

Smith. No indeed, Sir, I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sold.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a Moment. Remember you dance like Horse-men. [*Exit Bayes.*

Smith. Like Horse-men! what a plague can that be?

They dance the Dance; but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sold.* A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with so.

[*Dance, and Exeunt.*

Smith. What can this Fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

Johns. Prithee let's go see. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bayes, *with a Paper on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW, Sirs, this I do, becauſe my Fancy, in this Play, is, to end every Act with a Dance.

Smith. Faith, that Fancy is very good; but I ſhould hardly have broke my Noſe for it, tho'.

Johnſ. That Fancy I ſuppoſe is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my Fancies are ſo. I tread upon no Man's heels; but make my Flight upon my own Wings, I aſſure you. Now, here comes in a Scene of ſheer Wit, without any mixture in the whole World, I'gad! between Prince *Pretty-man* and his Taylor: It might properly enough be call'd a Prize of Wit; for you ſhall ſee 'em come in upon one another ſnip-ſnap, hit for hit, as faſt as can be. Firſt one ſpeaks, then preſently t'other's upon him, ſlap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, daſh with a New Conceit; and ſo eternally, eternally, I'gad, till they go quite off the Stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*

Smith. What a plague does this Fop mean, by his ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, and daſh?

Johnſ. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's Life; What doſt talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty-man *and* Tom Thimble.

This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted, for 'tis as full of Drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an Orange ſtuff'd with Cloves, as for Conceit.

Pret. But prithee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one Man; and one Woman cannot be ſatisfy'd with nine Men: What work art thou cutting out here for thy ſelf, trow?

Bayes. Good.

Thim. Why, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, if I can't make up all the Work I cut out, I ſhan't want Journeymen enow to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho', *Tom*, won't work by the Day, but by the Night.

Bayes. Good ſtill.

Thim. However, if my Wife ſits but croſs-legg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: Not half ſo much as when I truſted you, Sir, for your Coronation-Suit.

Bayes. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why the times then liv'd upon truſt; it was the faſhion. You would not be out of time, at ſuch a time as that, ſure: A Taylor, you know, muſt never be out of faſhion.

Bayes. Right.

Thim. I'm ſure, Sir, I made your Clothes in the Court-faſhion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a bob for the Court.

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a ſharp Rogue when thou art angry, I ſee: Thou pay'ſt me now, methinks.

Bayes.

Bayes. There's pay upon pay! as good as ever was written, I'gad?

Thim. Ay, Sir, in your own Coin: you give me nothing but Words.

Bayes. Admirable, before Gad!

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope ſhortly I ſhall have another Coin, for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I ſhall grow to be a Man of Metal.

Bayes. O, you did not do that half enough.

Johnſ. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Ay, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: He does not top his part.

Thim. That's the way to be ſtamp'd your ſelf, Sir. I ſhall ſee you come home, like an Angel for the King's Evil, with a Hole bor'd thro' you. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I'gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

Smith. 'Tis ſnip ſnap, Sir, as you ſay; but methinks not pleaſant, nor to the purpoſe; for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on! I don't know what you mean: Why, is not this part of the Play?

Smith. Yes; but the Plot ſtands ſtill.

Bayes. Plot ſtand ſtill! Why, what a devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smith. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not, nor many things more, that I am maſter of. Now, Sir, I'gad, this is the Bane of all us Writers; let us ſoar but never ſo little above the common pitch, I'gad, all's ſpoil'd; for the Vulgar never underſtand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the Excellency of theſe Things.

Johnſ. 'Tis a ſad fate, I muſt confeſs: But you write on ſtill for all that!

Bayes.

Bayes. Write on? Ay, I'gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their Talk ſhall ſtop me; if they catch me at that lock, I'll give them leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they ſay? What, are they gone, without ſinging my laſt new Song? 'Sbud would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, if I have any Skill in theſe matters I vow to gad, this Song is peremptorily the very beſt that ever yet was written: you muſt know it was made by *Tom Thimble*'s firſt Wife after ſhe was dead.

Smith. How, Sir, after ſhe was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after ſhe was dead. Why, what have you to ſay to that?

Johnſ. Say? why nothing: he were a Devil that had any thing to ſay to that.

Bayes. Right.

Smith. How did ſhe come to die, pray, Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a Fall: But here's the Conceit, that upon his knowing ſhe was kill'd by an Accident, he ſuppoſes, with a Sigh, that ſhe dy'd for Love of him.

Johnſ. Ay, ay, that's well enough; let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of, *Farewel, fair* Armida; on Seas, and in Battles, in Bullets, and all that.

SONG.

In Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis ſafer to be,
Than in a ſtrong Caſtle, remoted from thee:
My Death's Bruiſe pray think you gave me, tho' a Fall
Did give it me more from the Top of a Wall;
For then if the Moat on her Mud would firſt lay,
And after before you my Body convey:
The blue on my Breaſt when you happen to ſee,
You'll ſay with a Sigh, there's a True blue for me.

Ha,

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write theſe things as faſt as Hops, I'gad; for, you muſt know, I am as pleaſant a Debauchee as ever you ſaw: I am, i'faith.

Smith. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this Song in here? for methinks there is no great occaſion for it.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing; you muſt ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghoſts, and Dances, if you mean to—a——

Johnſ. Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I'gad, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. *Johnſon*, you know I don't flatter, I'gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

Johnſ. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnſon*, i'faith this muſt not be ſaid amongſt us that have it. I know you have Wit, by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the Meaſure we go by: my Play is my Touchſtone. When a Man tells me ſuch a one is a Perſon of Parts: is he ſo? ſay I; what do I do, but bring him preſently to ſee this Play: if he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your moſt humble Servant, Sir; I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I'gad. Now here we go on to our Buſineſs.

SCENE II.

Enter the two Uſurpers hand in hand.

Uſh. BUT what's become of *Volſcius* the Great?
His Preſence has not grac'd our Court of late.

Phyſ. I fear ſome ill, from Emulation ſprung,
Has from us that illuſtrious Hero wrung.

Bayes.

Bayes. Is not that majeſtical?

Smith. Yes, but who a devil is that *Volſcius!*

Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope.*

Smith. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My Lieges, News from *Volſcius* the Prince.

Uſh. His news is welcome, whatſoe'er it be.

Smith. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: gadzookers, you'll ſpoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to anſwer every impertinent Queſtion you ask.

Smith. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Cor. His Highneſs, Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the fair Perſon whom you both do know,
Deſpairing of Forgiveneſs for her Fault,
In a deep Sorrow, twice ſhe did attempt
Upon her precious Life; but, by the Care
Of Standers-by, prevented was.

Smith. 'Sheart, what ſtuff's here?

Cor. At laſt,
Volſcius the Great this dire Reſolve embrac'd:
His Servants he into the Country ſent,
And he himſelf to *Piccadilly* went;
Where he's inform'd by Letters that ſhe's dead.

Uſh. Dead! is that poſſible? Dead!

Phyſ. O ye Gods! [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. There's a ſmart Expreſſion of a Paſſion: O ye Gods! That's one of my bold Strokes, I'gad.

Smith. Yes; but who's the fair Perſon that's dead?

Bayes. That you ſhall know anon, Sir.

Smith. Nay, if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that ſhe's not dead neither.

Smith. Marry, that's good News indeed: I am glad of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the Man brought in, that is ſuppos'd to have kill'd her. [*A great Shout within.*

SCENE III.

Enter Amarillis, *with a Book in her Hand, and Attendants.*

Ama. WHat Shout triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Shy Maid, upon the River-brink, near *Twic'nam* Town, the falſe Aſſaſſinate is ta'en.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above for this Deliverance. I hope,

Its ſlow Beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future End.

Bayes. Piſh, there you are out; to all future End! No, no; to all future End! You muſt lay the Accent upon End, or elſe you loſe the Conceit.

Smith. I ſee you are very perfect in theſe Matters.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know ſomething.

Enter Soldiers dragging in an old Fiſherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monſter did corrupt thy Mind
T' attack the nobleſt Soul of Human Kind?
Tell me who ſet thee on.

Fiſh.

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. What! did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince *Pretty-man?*

Fish. No, Prince *Volscius.*

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Volscius.*

Ama. What! did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius?*

Fish. No, Prince *Pretty-man.*

Ama. So drag him hence,
Till Torture of the Rack produce his Sense.
[*Exeunt.*

Bayes. Mark how I make the Horror of his Guilt confound his Intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the Design of this Scene.

Smith. I see, Sir, you have a several Design for every Scene.

Bayes. Ay, that's my way of Writing; and so, Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before another Man, I'gad, can make an end of his Plot.

SCENE IV.

SO now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a Rage. Where the Devil is he? Why, *Pretty-man?* Why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad, Mr.

Mr. —a— I would not give a Button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

Bayes. What, Sir! 'ſlife, Sir, you ſhould have come out in choler, rouze upon the Stage, juſt as the other went off. Muſt a Man be eternally telling you of theſe things?

Johnſ. Sure this muſt be ſome very notable Matter that he's ſo angry at.

Smith. I am not of your Opinion.

Bayes. Piſh! Come let's hear your Part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father: why d'ye keep him from me?

Altho' a Fiſherman, he is my Father:
Was ever Son yet brought to this Diſtreſs,
To be, for being a Son, made fatherleſs?
Ah! you juſt Gods, rob me not of a Father:
The Being of a Son take from me rather. [*Exit.*

Smith. Well, *Ned,* what think you now?

Johnſ. A Devil, this is worſt of all: Mr. *Bayes,* pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O cry you mercy, Sir: I proteſt I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that long before the Beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fiſherman.

Smith. How, Sir, taken Priſoner?

Bayes. Taken Priſoner! O Lord, what a Queſtion's there! Did ever any Man ask ſuch a Queſtion? Gadzookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my Head with this damn'd Queſtion! What was I going to ſay?

Johnſ. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me ſee: taken! O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to ſay, his Highneſs here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fiſherman, and brought up as his Child?

Smith.

Smith. Indeed!

Bayes. Nay, prithee hold thy peace. And ſo, Sir, this Murder being committed by the River-ſide, the Fiſherman, upon Suſpicion, was ſeiz'd, and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smith. So, ſo; now 'tis very plain.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this ſome Diſparagement to a Prince, to paſs for a Fiſherman's Son? Have a care of that, I pray.

Bayes. No, no, not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I ſhall fetch him off again preſently, you ſhall ſee.

Enter Pretty-man *and* Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'll ſet the World on fire,
Rather than let 'em raviſh hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

Bayes. Lo' you now; there he's off again.

Johnſ. Admirably done, i'faith!

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this Darkneſs can evince!
Sometimes a Fiſher's Son, ſometimes a Prince.
It is a Secret, great as is the World;
In which I, like the Soul, am toſs'd and hurl'd.
The blackeſt Ink of Fate ſure was my Lot,
And when ſhe writ my Name, ſhe made a Blot.
[*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a bluſtering Verſe for you now.

Smith. Yes, Sir: but why is he ſo mightily troubled to find he is not a Fiſherman's Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not becauſe he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he ſhould be thought to be no body's Son at all.

Smith. Nay, that wou'd trouble a Man, indeed.

Bayes. So, let me ſee.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Prince Volſcius, *going out of Town.*

Smith. I Thought he had been gone to *Piccadilly.*

Bayes. Yes, he gave it out ſo; but that was only to cover his Deſign?

Johnſ. What Deſign?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him at *Knights-bridge.*

Johnſ. I ſee here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break: but we ſhall have a world of more buſineſs anon.

Enter Prince Volſcius, Cloris, Amaryllis, *and* Harry, *with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

Ama. Sir, you are cruel thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country Solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we ſhould at leaſt
Have held the Honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the Honour of your Company: prettily expreſs'd: Held the Honour of your Company! Gadzookers, theſe Fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johnſ. I aſſure you, Sir, I admire it extremely; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this ſingle Boon obtain!
That you will here, with poor us, ſtill remain!
Before your Horſes come, pronounce our Fate,
For then, alas! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes.

Bayes. Sad!

Volſ. *Harry*, my Boots; for I'll go range among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* Throng.

Smith. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were ſaying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge?*

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge?* Stay.

Johnſ. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his Friends.

Bayes. His Friends! ay, Sir, his intimate Acquaintance; or elſe indeed I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes faith, ſo it might be very eaſy.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things eaſy, I'gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he's going out of Town; but you ſhall ſee how prettily I have contriv'd to ſtop him preſently.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, you have ſo amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Volſ. Bleſs me! how frail are all my beſt Reſolves!
How, in a moment, is my Purpoſe chang'd!
Too ſoon I thought my ſelf ſecure from Love.
Fair Madam, give me leave to aſk her Name,
Who does ſo gently rob me of my Fame:
For I ſhould meet the Army out of Town,
And if I fail, muſt hazard my Renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, ſells Ale by the Town-Walls;
And me her dear *Parthenope* ſhe calls.

Bayes. Now that's the *Parthenope* I told you of.

Johnſ. Ay, ay, I'gad, you are very right.

Volſ. Can vulgar Veſtments high-born Beauty ſhroud?
Thou bring'ſt the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! Ah gadzookers, what a Conceit is there!

Par. Give you good Even, Sir. [*Exit.*

Volſ.

Volſ. O inauſpicious Stars! that I was born
To ſudden Love, and to more ſudden Scorn!

Ama. } How! Prince *Volſcius* in love? Ha, ha, ha!
Clo. } [*Exeunt laughing.*

Smith. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have loſt ſome Jeſt here, that they laugh at ſo.

Bayes. Why, did you not obſerve? He firſt reſolves to go out of Town, and then as he's pulling on his Boots, falls in love with her; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. Well, and where lies the Jeſt of that?

Bayes. Ha? [*Turns to* Johnſ.

Johnſ. Why in the Boots? where ſhould the Jeſt lie?

Bayes. I'gad, you are in the right: it does lie in the Boots——— [*Turns to* Smith. Your Friend and I know where a good Jeſt lies, tho' you don't, Sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr *Johnſon*, you ſhall ſee a Combat betwixt Love and Honour. An antient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have diſpatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volſcius *ſits down to pull on his Boots:* Bayes *ſtands by, and over-acts the Part as he ſpeaks it.*

Volſ. How has my Paſſion made me *Cupid*'s Scoff!
This haſty Boot is on, the other off,
And ſullen lies, with amorous Deſign,
To quit loud Fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smith. Prithee mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to act this Speech himſelf!

Johnſ. Yes, the Fool, I ſee, is mightily tranſported with it.

Volſ. My Legs the Emblem of my various Thought
Shew to what ſad Diſtraction I am brought.

Some-

Sometimes with ſtubborn Honour, like this Boot,
My Mind is guarded, and reſolv'd to do't:
Sometimes again, that very Mind, by Love
Diſarmed, like this other Leg does prove.
Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love ſays, Nay:
Honour aloud commands, Pluck both Boots on;
But ſofter Love does whiſper, Put on none.
What ſhall I do? what Conduct ſhall I find,
To lead me thro' this Twilight of my Mind?
For as bright Day, with black Approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling Light;
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me ſo, I can reſolve for neither.

[*Goes out hopping, with one Boot on, and t'other off.*

Johnſ. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I ſaw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither ſide.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now, I'gad, ha? for to go off hip-hop, hip-hop, upon this occaſion, is a thouſand times better than any Concluſion in the world, I'gad.

Johnſ. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip-hop, in this place, as you ſay, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all, Sir? they are theſe little things that mar, or ſet you off a Play; as I remember once in a Play of mine, I ſet off a Scene, I'gad, beyond expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly-ake.

Smith. Pray how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whoſe Father was not to ſee it, that came in by chance.

Johnſ. God's-my-Life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

Smith.

Smith. Ay, but Mr. *Bayes*, how could you contrive the Belly-ake?

Bayes. The eaſieſt i'th' World, I'gad: I'll tell you how, I made the Prince ſit down upon the Petticoat, no more than ſo, and pretended to his Father that he had juſt then got the Belly-ake; whereupon his Father went out to call a Phyſician, and his Man run away with the Petticoat.

Smith. Well, and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no earthly thing, I vow to gad.

Johnſ. On my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes, it gave a world of Content. And then I paid 'em away beſides; for it made them all talk Bawdry: ha, ha, ha, beaſtly, downright Bawdry upon the Stage, I'gad, ha, ha, ha; but with an infinite deal of Wit, that I muſt ſay.

Johnſ. That, ay, that, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, I'gad, can't it. Come bring in the Dance.

[*Exit to call the Players.*

Smith. Now, the Devil take thee for a ſilly, confident, unnatural, fulſome Rogue.

Enter Bayes *and Players.*

Bayes. Pray dance well before theſe Gentlemen; you are commonly ſo lazy, but you ſhould be light and eaſy, tah, tah, tah.

[*All the while they dance,* Bayes *puts 'em out with teaching them.*

Well, Gentlemen, you'll ſee this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their Motions, and all that.

Smith. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am ſure you ſweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smith. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves; for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day: but, I'gad, these Players are such dull Persons, that if a Man be not by 'em upon every point, and at every turn, I'gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it my self.

Smith. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But Mr. *Johnson*, I'gad, I am not like other Persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get Money for 'em: now, I'gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every Circumstance, to every Particular, I'gad; I am no more able to endure it, I am not my self, I'm out of my Wits, and all that; I'm the strangest Person in the whole World: For what care I for Money? I write for Reputation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. GEntlemen, becauſe I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smith. And is that all your reaſon for it, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. No, Sir, I have a Precedent for it beſides. A Perſon of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral juſt ſo: And he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any Man in *England*, I'gad.

Johnſ. Nay, if that be ſo, you are ſafe.

Bayes. I'gad, but I have another Device, a Frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters (for in my heroick Plays, I make no difference as to thoſe matters) but for another Contrivance.

Smith. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have deſign'd a Conqueſt, that cannot poſſibly, I'gad, be acted in leſs than a whole Week: And I'll ſpeak a bold World, it ſhall drum, trumpet, ſhout, and battle, I'gad, with any the moſt warlike Tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

Johnſ. Ay, marry, Sir, there you ſay ſomething.

Smith. And, pray Sir, how have you order'd this ſame Frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance; for example, they divide their things into three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, or as many tomes as they pleaſe: Now I would very fain know what ſhould hinder me from doing the ſame with my things, if I pleaſe?

Johnſ. Nay, if you ſhould not be Maſter of your own Works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my Senſe. And then, Sir, this Contrivance of mine has ſomething of the Reaſon of a Play in it too; for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

Johnſ. Moſt admirably good, i'faith! and muſt certainly take, becauſe it is not tedious.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I know that, there's the main Point. And then upon *Saturday* to make a cloſe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a ſixth Play, that ſums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they ſhould have forgot it.

Johnſ. That Conſideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed I think will be very neceſſary.

Smith. And when comes in your ſhare, pray, Sir?

Bayes. The third Week.

Johnſ. I'll vow you'll get a world of Money.

Bayes. Why faith a Man muſt live; and if you don't thus pitch upon ſome new Device, I'gad, you'll never do't; for this Age (take it o' my word) is ſomewhat hard to pleaſe. But there is one pretty odd paſſage in the laſt of theſe Plays, which may be executed two ſeveral ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

Johnſ. What is't, Sir.

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male Perſon to be in love with a Female.

Smith.

Smith. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You ſhall hear: He having paſſionately lov'd her thro' my five whole Plays, finding at laſt that ſhe conſents to his Love, juſt after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghoſt, he kills himſelf: That's one way. The other is, that ſhe coming at laſt to love him, with as violent a Paſſion as he lov'd her, ſhe kills herſelf. Now my Queſtion is, Which of theſe two Perſons ſhould ſuffer upon this occaſion?

Johnſ. By my troth, it is a very hard Caſe to decide.

Bayes. The hardeſt in the world, I'gad, and has puzzled this Pate very much. What ſay you, Mr. *Smith?*

Smith. Why truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might ſtand with your Juſtice now, I would ſpare them both.

Bayes. I'gad, and I think——ha——why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing herſelf. Ay, it ſhall be ſo. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Uſurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there; no, no, here, Sir. So now ſpeak.

K. *Uſh.* Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our Grief
Receive from its Embraces ſome Relief.

K. *Phyſ.* Was't not unjuſt to raviſh hence her Breath,
And, in Life's ſtead, to leave us nought but Death?
The World diſcovers now its Emptineſs,
And by her Loſs demonſtrates we have leſs.

Bayes. Is not this good Language now? is not that elevate? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I'gad, you muſt know they were both in love with her.

Smith. With her! with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella*'s Funeral.

Smith. *Lardella!* Ay, who is ſhe?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcansir:* a Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a Wave for her Winding-sheet.

K. *Ush.* *Lardella, O Lardella,* from above
Behold the tragick Issues of our Love:
Pity us, sinking under Grief and Pain,
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smith. Ay, Sir, and I thank you for it very kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr.——a——you will not have patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. *Bayes,* who is that *Drawcansir?*

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce Hero, that frights his Mistress, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to Numbers, good Manners, or Justice.

Johns. A very pretty Character!

Smith. But, Mr. *Bayes,* I thought your Heroes had ever been Men of great Humanity and Justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but for my part, I prefer that one Quality of singly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral Virtues put together, I'gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the Paper? [*To the Players.*

K. *Phys.* O, cry you mercy. [*Goes to take the Paper.*

Bayes. Pish! nay, you are such a Fumbler. Come, I'll read it my self. [*Takes a Paper from off the Coffin.*

Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This now is a Copy of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose just as she is dying, with design to have it pinn'd upon her Coffin, and so read by one of the Usurpers, who is her Cousin.

Smith. A very shreud Design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes.*

Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think now, I fancy her to make Love like, here, in this Paper?

Smith. Like a Woman: what ſhould ſhe make Love like?

Bayes. O' my word you are out tho', Sir; I'gad you are.

Smith. What then, like a Man?

Bayes. No, Sir; like a Humble-Bee.

Smith. I confeſs, that I ſhould not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be ſo, Sir; but it is tho', in order to the Opinion of ſome of your antient Philoſophers, who held the Tranſmigration of the Soul.

Smith. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King* Phyſ.

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho', Sir, by your favour, for a Humble-Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your Knowledge may be above me; but as for Poetry, give me leave to ſay, I underſtand that better: it has been longer my Practice; it has indeed, Sir.

Smith. Your Servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it. [*Reads*.

Since Death my earthly Part will thus remove,
I'll come a Humble-Bee to your chaſte Love:
With ſilent Wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or elſe, before you, in the Sun-beams, buz.
And when to melancholy Groves you come,
An airy Ghoſt, you'll know me by my Hum;
For Sound, being Air, a Ghoſt does well become.

Smith. (*After a Pauſe*.) Admirable!

Bayes. At night, into your Boſom I will creep,
And buz but ſoftly, if you chance to ſleep:
Yet in your Dreams I will paſs ſweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your Eye.

Johnſ. By my troth that's a very great Promiſe.

Smith. Yes, and a moſt extraordinary Comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your Bed of Love from Dangers I will free;
But moſt from Love of any future Bee.
And when with Pity your Heart-Strings ſhall crack,
With empty Arms I'll bear you on my Back.

Smith. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? Is it not *tuant?* Here's the end.

Then at your Birth of Immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,
And teach you your firſt flutt'ring in the Sky.

Johnſ. O rare! This is the moſt natural, refin'd Fancy, that ever I heard, I'll ſwear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead Perſon, it is a good way enough of making love: for being diveſted of her terreſtrial Part, and all that, ſhe is only capable of theſe little, pretty, amorous Deſigns that are innocent, and yet paſſionate. Come, draw your Swords.

K. *Phyſ.* Come, Sword, come ſheath thy ſelf within this Breaſt,
Which only in *Lardella*'s Tomb can reſt.

K. *Uſh.* Come, Dagger, come, and penetrate this Heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella*'s Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, ſtop your murd'ring Hands
At *Pallas*'s Commands:
For the ſuppoſed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act ſuch deadly things.
Lardella lives; I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could die.
Such celeſtial Conſtancy
Shall by the Gods rewarded be:

And

And from these Fun'ral Obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.*

Bayes. So, take away the Coffin: now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair Person which *Volscius* sent word was dead; and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this Banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a Dance, for joy that *Lardella* is not dead. Pray, Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly at least.

Smith. That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye so, Sir? I am glad you will confess your self once in an Error, Mr. *Smith*.

DANCE.

K. *Ush.* Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer Mind:
And since to thee *Lardella*'s Life we owe,
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. *Phys.* Well, since alive *Lardella*'s found,
Let in full Bowls her Health go round.

[*The two Usurpers take each of them a Bowl in their Hands.*

K. *Ush.* But where's the Wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance
Does flow the purest Wine of *France*:
And to appease your Hunger, I
Have in my Helmet brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a Part with these,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheese. [*Vanish* Pallas.

Fills the Bowls out of her Lance.

Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you satisfy'd now, Sir?

Johnſ. By my troth now, that is new, and more than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would pleaſe you: for the chief Art in Poetry, is to elevate your Expectation, and then bring you off ſome extraordinary way.

Enter Drawcanſir.

K. *Phyſ.* What Man is this that dares diſturb our Feaſt?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that Drink dares [die;
And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

Johnſ. That is, Mr. *Bayes*, as much as to ſay, that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet he wou'd fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the Conceit on't.

Johnſ. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I ſwear.

Bayes. Now there are ſome Criticks that have advis'd me to put out the ſecond *Dare*, and print *Muſt* in the place on't; but, I'gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.

Johnſ. Whoo! a thouſand times.

Bayes. Go on then.

K. *Uſh.* Sir, if you pleaſe, we ſhould be glad to know,
How long you here will ſtay, how ſoon you'll go?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred Perſon, I'gad? So modeſt, ſo gent!

Smith. O very like.

Draw. You ſhall not know how long I here will ſtay;
But you ſhall know I'll take your Bowls away.
[*Snatches the Bowls out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.*

Smith. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that, too, modeſt and gent?

Bayes. No, I'gad, Sir, but 'tis great.

K. *Uſh.* Tho', Brother, this grum Stranger be a Clown,
He'll leave us ſure a little to gulp down.

Draw.

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll ſtare away his very Pow'r to drink.

[*The two Kings ſneak off the Stage with their Attendants.*

I drink, I huff, I ſtrut, look big and ſtare;
And all this I can do, becauſe I dare. [*Exit.*

Smith. I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce Hero you ſpoke of?

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you ſhall ſee him in the laſt Act win above a dozen Battles, one after another, I'gad, as faſt as they can poſſibly come upon the Stage.

Johnſ. That will be a Sight worth the ſeeing, indeed.

Smith. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him uſe 'em ſo ſcurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that's to raiſe the Character of *Drawcanſir*.

Johnſ. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs, I'll ſhew you a Scene indeed; or rather indeed the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

Smith. And pray, Sir, what's your Deſign in this Scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my Deſign is gilded Truncheons, forc'd Conceit, ſmooth Verſe and a Rant: in fine, if this Scene don't take, I'gad I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.——a——nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you to remove a little, for I muſt fill the Stage.

Smith. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, becauſe your Heroick Verſe never ſounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Prettyman *and Prince* Volſcius.

NAY, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the Drift of this Scene is ſomewhat more than ordinary; for I make 'em both fall out, becauſe they are not in love with the ſame Woman.

Smith. Not in love? you mean, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they are in love, Mr. *Bayes?*

Bayes. No, Sir; I ſay not in love; there's a new Conceit for you. Now ſpeak.

Pret. Since Fate, Prince *Volſcius*, now has found the way
For our ſo long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy Attention to my grand Concern.

Volſ. I gladly would that Story from thee learn;
But thou to Love doſt, *Prettyman*, incline;
Yet Love in thy Breaſt is not Love in mine.

Bayes. *Antitheſis!* thine and mine.

Pret. Since Love itſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reaſoning! I'gad, I love reaſoning in Verſe.

Volſ. Love takes, Camelion like, a various Dye
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lie.

Bayes. *Simile!*

Pret. Let not thy Love the Courſe of Nature fright:
Nature does moſt in Harmony delight.

Volſ. How weak a Deity would Nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love!

Bayes. There's a great Verſe!

Volſ.

Volf. If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her roſy Lips eternal Sweets exhale; (pale.
And her bright Flames make all Flames elſe look
Bayes. I'gad that is right.
Pret. Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy Love ſuffice?
But mine muſt be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All Hearts turn Aſhes, which her Eyes controul:
The Body they conſume, as well as Soul.
Volf. My Love has yet a Power more divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine;
Amidſt the Flames they ne'er give up the Ghoſt;
But, with her Looks, revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of Pain and Death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery Eyes make 'em in fire ſurvive.
Bayes. That is as well, I'gad, as I can do.
Volf. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.
Bayes. Civil, I'gad.
Pret. I'll ſooner have a Paſſion for a Whale;
In whoſe vaſt Bulk, tho' ſtore of Oil doth lie,
We find more Shape, more Beauty in a Fly.
Smith. That's uncivil, I'gad.
Bayes. Yes; but as far fetch'd a Fancy, tho', I'gad, as e'er you ſaw.
Volf. Soft, *Prettyman*, let not thy vain Pretence
Of perfect Love, defame Love's Excellence:
Parthenope is, ſure, as far above
All other Loves, as above all is Love.
Bayes. Ah! I'gad, that ſtrikes me.
Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.
Bayes. Now mark. (mend
Volf. Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope to
My better Choice: for fair *Parthenope*
Gods would themſelves un-god themſelves to ſee.
Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.

Pret.

Pret. Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,
I'd make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.

Bayes. Ay, gadzookers, that's well writ!
[*Scratching his Head, his Peruke falls off.*

Volſ. Could'ſt thou that God from Heaven to Earth tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a heav'nly State;
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n itſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the Joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold Flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have loſt my Peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet ſaw any one could write, but myſelf. Here's true Spirit and Flame all through, I'gad. So, ſo, pray clear the Stage. [*He puts 'em off the Stage.*

Johnſ. I wonder how the Coxcomb has got the Knack of writing ſmooth Verſe thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of Brain for this: 'tis but ſcanning the Labours on the Finger; but where's the Senſe of it?

Johnſ. O! for that he deſires to be excus'd: he is too proud a Man, to creep ſervilely after Senſe, I aſſure you. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why is this Scene all in Verſe?

Bayes. O, Sir, the Subject is too great for Proſe.

Smith. Well ſaid, i'faith; I'll give thee a Pot of Ale for that Anſwer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.
I'll make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil;
That ſingle Line, I'gad, is worth all that my Brother Poets ever writ.
Let down the Curtain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Bayes, *and the two Gentlemen.*

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to ſay, I'll ſhew you the greateſt Scene that ever *England* ſaw: I mean not for Words, for thoſe I don't value; but for State, Shew, and Magnificence. In fine, I'll juſtify it to be as grand to the Eye every whit, I'gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eighth, and grander too, I'gad; for inſtead of two Biſhops, I bring in here four Cardinals.

[*The Curtain is drawn up, the two uſurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince* Prettyman, *Prince* Volſcius, Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them, Heralds, and Serjeants at Arms, with Maces.*]

Smith. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the reaſon that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, becauſe——By gad I won't tell you. Your Country-Friend, Sir, grows ſo troubleſome——

K. *Uſh.* Now, Sir, to the Buſineſs of the Day.

K. *Phyſ.* Speak, *Volſcius*.

Volſ. Dread Sovereign Lords, my Zeal to you muſt not invade my Duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Prettyman* firſt to ſpeak: whoſe high Pre-

eminence

eminence in all things, that do bear the Name of good, may justly claim that Privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

Johns. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that Discovery.

Pret. Royal Father, upon my Knees I beg,
That the illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

Volsc. That Preference is only due to *Amaryllis*, Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns——— [*Soft Musick.*

K. *Ush*. But stay, what Sound is this invades our Ears?

K. *Phys*. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God-like Cloud, and a triumphant Car;
In which our two right Kings sit one by one,
With Virgins Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. *Ush*. Then, Brother *Phys*. 'tis time we should be gone.

[*The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.*

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you, that this would be as easy a Change as the other?

Smith. Yes, faith, you did so; tho' I confess I could not believe you: but you have brought it about, I see.

[*The two right Kings of* Brentford *descend in the Clouds, singing, in white Garments; and three Fidlers sitting before them, in Green.*

Bayes. Now, because the two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Style of our modern Spirits.

1 *King*. Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.

2 *King*. Let us move, let us move;
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentford*'s long united State.

1 *King*. Tarra, ran, tarra, full East and by South.

2 *King*. We ſail with Thunder in our Mouth,
In ſcorching Noon-day, whilſt the Traveller ſtays;
Buſy, buſy, buſy, buſy, we buſtle along,
Mounted upon warm *Phœbus*'s Rays,
Through the Heavenly Throng,
Haſting to thoſe
Who will feaſt us at night with a Pig's Petty-Toes.

1 *King*. And we'll fall with our Plate
In an *Ollio* of hate.

2 *King*. But now Supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Soldiers, to ſtorm a whole half-moon Pye.

1 *King*. They gather, they gather hot Cuſtards in Spoons:
But alas, I muſt leave theſe Half-Moons,
And repair to my truſty Dragoons.

2 *King*. O ſtay, for you need not as yet go aſtray;
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought Ships in our way,
And on their high Ropes we will play:
Like Maggots in Filbirds we'll ſnug in our Shell,
We'll friſk in our Shell,
We'll friſk in our Shell,
And farewel.

1 *King*. But the Ladies have all Inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France*.

Bayes. Is not that pretty now? the Fidlers are all in [green.

Smith. Ay, but they play no Coranto.

Johnſ. No, but they play a Tune that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto, quoth-a! That's a good one, with all my heart. Come, ſing on.

2 *King*. Now Mortals that hear
How we tilt and career,
With wonder will fear
The Event of ſuch things as ſhall never appear.

1 *King*.

1 *King*. Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King*. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King*. So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* King,
To save the Distress'd, and Help to 'em to bring,
That e'er a Full-Pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a Whoop, and gone with a Holla.

[Bayes *fillips his Finger, and sings after 'em.*

Bayes. He's here with a Whoop, and gone with a Holla. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

Johns. Ay, that would have been better.

Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smith. Thing! what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smith. Well; but methinks the Sense of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain! Why, did you ever hear any People in Clouds speak plain? they must be all for Flight of Fancy at its full Range, without the least Check or Controul upon it. When once you tye up Spirits and People in Clouds, to speak plain, you spoil all.

Smith. Bless me, what a Monster's this!

[*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and step into the Throne.*

1 *King*. Come, now to serious Counsel we'll advance.

2 *King*. I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright*. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the Effect of Thought and Premeditation.

ditation. But first, let's have a Dance: pray remember that.

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this Rogue, there's no enduring of him.

Johns. No, prithee make use of thy Patience a little longer, let's see the End of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; but since derived, with a little Alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

1 *King.* What saucy Groom molests our Privacies?

1 *Her.* The Army's at the Door, and in disguise,
Desires a Word with both your Majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from *Knights-bridge* hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

Smith. How, Mr. *Bayes*, the Army in disguise!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them, that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the Design.

1 *King.* Here take five Guineas for those warlike Men.

2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the Sum just ten.

1 *Her.* We have not seen so much, the Lord knows when. [*Exeunt Heralds.*

1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amaryllis.*

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my Modesty, if at this grand Conjuncture———

[*Drum beats behind the Stage.*

1 *King.*

1 *King*. What dreadful Noiſe is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

Sold. Haſte hence, great Sirs, your Royal Perſons ſave,
For the Event of War no Mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the Gold you gave,
Firſt fell to Words, and then to Handy-blows.
[*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stanza, and a handſome Come-off?

2 *King*. O dangerous Eſtate of Sovereign Power!
Obnoxious to the Change of every Hour.

1 *King*. Let us for ſhelter in our Cabinet ſtay:
Perhaps theſe threatning Storms may paſs away. [*Exeunt.*

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promiſe us juſt now, to make *Amaryllis* ſpeak very well?

Bayes. Ay, and ſo ſhe would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smith. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay ſo, that I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

Johnſ. But pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes. Why, the Battle, Sir, that's juſt coming in at the door: and I'll tell you now a ſtrange thing; tho' I don't pretend to do more than other Men, I'gad, I'll give you both a whole Week to gueſs how I'll repreſent this Battle.

Smith. I had rather be bound to fight your Battle, I aſſure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battle! there's the common Error. I knew preſently where I ſhould have

have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing: Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battle before Ladies, to have Men run their Swords thro' one another, and all that?

Johnſ. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right; on the other ſide, to have a long Relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it, but dull Prolixity?

Johnſ. Excellently reaſon'd, by my troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both thoſe Indecorums, I ſum up the whole Battle in the Repreſentation of two Perſons only, no more: and yet ſo lively, that, I vow to gad, you would ſwear ten thouſand Men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smith. Yes, Sir: but I think I ſhould hardly ſwear tho', for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, but you would tho', when you ſee it: for I make 'em both come out in Armour *Cap-a-pie*, with their Swords drawn, and hung with a Scarlet Ribbon at their Wriſt; which, you know, repreſents fighting enough.

Johnſ. Ay, ay; ſo much, that if I were in your place, I would make 'em go out again, without ever ſpeaking one word.

Bayes. No, there you are out; for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his Hand.

Smith. How, Sir, inſtead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! inſtead of a Buckler! Pray, Sir, do you aſk no more Queſtions. I make 'em, Sirs, play the Battle *in Recitativo*. And here's the Conceit. Juſt at the very ſame inſtant that one ſings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himſelf into a warlike Poſture: ſo that you have at once your Ear entertain'd with Muſick and good Language, and your

Eye

Eye ſatisfy'd with the Garb and Accoutrements of War.

Smith. I confeſs, Sir, you ſtupify me.

Bayes. You ſhall ſee.

Johnſ. But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting? for I love thoſe Plays where they cut and ſlaſh one another upon the Stage for a whole Hour together.

Bayes. Why, then to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways: but you ſhall have my *Recitativo* firſt.

Johnſ. Ay, now you are right: there is nothing then can be objected againſt it.

Bayes. True: and ſo I'gad, I'll make it too a Tragedy in a trice.

Enter at ſeveral Doors the General, and Lieutenant-General, arm'd Cap-a-pie, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and a Sword drawn, and hung with a ſcarlet Ribbon at his Wriſt.*

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou lyeſt!

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonſalvo*, arm; what, ho!
The Lye no Fleſh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance from *Acton* with the Muſqueteers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chelſea* Cuiraſſiers.

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boaſt of *Chelſea* Cuiraſſiers,
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen. *Chiſwickians*, aged and renown'd in Fight,
Join with the *Hammerſmith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'll find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unleſs by *Fulham* Numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the Left-Wing of *Twick'nam* Foot advance,
And line that Eaſtern Hedge.

Lieut.

Lieut. Gen. The Horſe I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their Chance,
And ſcour the Meadows, over-grown with Sedge.
Gen. Stand: give the word.
Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.
Gen. That may be thine,
But 'tis not mine.
Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let thoſe recreant Troops perceive mine Ire.
Gen. Purſue, purſue; they fly
That firſt did give the Lye. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes. This now is not improper, I think; becauſe the Spectators know all theſe Towns, and may eaſily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

Johnſ. Moſt exceeding well deſign'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a ſtop to this Battle?

Smith. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipſe; which, let me tell you, is a kind of Fancy that was yet never ſo much as thought of, but by myſelf, and one Perſon more, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Enter Lieutenant-General.

Lieut. Gen. What midnight Darkneſs does invade the Day,
And ſnatch the Victor from his conquer'd Prey?
Is the Sun weary of this bloody Fight,
And winks upon us with the Eye of Light!
'Tis an Eclipſe! This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me and the Sun ſo ſoon.
Fooliſh Eclipſe! thou this in vain haſt done;
My brighter Honour had eclips'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipſes two in one. [*Exit.*

Johnſ.

Johnſ. This is an admirable Repreſentation of a Battle, as ever I ſaw.

Bayes. Ay, Sir: but how would you fancy now to repreſent an Eclipſe?

Smith. Why, that's to be ſuppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your Suppoſe: ha, ha, ha! Why, you may as well ſuppoſe the whole Play. No, it muſt come in upon the Stage, that's certain: but in ſome odd way, that may delight, amuſe, and all that. I have a Conceit for't, that I am ſure is new, and I believe to the purpoſe.

Johnſ. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the firſt Hint of this out of a Dialogue between *Phœbus* and *Aurora*, in the *Slighted Maid*; which, by my troth, was very pretty: but I think you'd confeſs this is a little better.

Johnſ. No doubt on't, Mr. *Bayes*, a great deal better. [Bayes *hugs* Johnſon, *then turns to* Smith.

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue! But——a——Sir, you have heard, I ſuppoſe, that your Eclipſe of the Moon, is nothing elſe but an Interpoſition of the Earth between the Sun and Moon; as likewiſe your Eclipſe of the Sun is caus'd by an Interlocation of the Moon betwixt the Earth and the Sun.

Smith. I have heard ſome ſuch thing indeed.

Bayes. Well, Sir, then what do I, but make the Earth, Sun and Moon come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey. Hum! and of neceſſity, by the very Nature of this Dance, the Earth muſt be ſometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun: and there you have both Eclipſes by Demonſtration.

Johnſ. That muſt needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has Fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be ſomething in't too of a Joke, I bring 'em in

in all ſinging, and make the Moon ſell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out, Eclipſe, to the Tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. *Orbis, O Orbis!*
Come to me, thou little Rogue, *Orbis*.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?
Luna. *Luna*, that ne'er ſhines by day.
Orb. What means *Luna* in a Veil?
Luna. *Luna* means to ſhew her Tail.
Bayes. There's the Bargain.

Enter Sol, *to the Tune of* Robin Hood.

Sol. Fy, Siſter, fy! thou makeſt me muſe,
Derry down, derry down.
To ſee thee *Orb* abuſe.
Luna. I hope his Anger 'twill not move;
Since I ſhew'd it out of Love.
Hey down, derry down.
Orb. Where ſhall I thy true Love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
Luna. To-morrow ſoon, e'er it be noon,
On Mount *Veſuvio*. [*Bis*.
Sol. Then I will ſhine. [*To the Tune of* Trenchmore.
Orb. And I will be fine.
Luna. And I will drink nothing but *Lippara* Wine.
Omnes. And we, *&c*.

[*As they dance the Hey*, Bayes *ſpeaks*.

Bayes. Now the Earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipſe again.
Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I ſee.
Johnſ. Ay, 'tis ſo extraordinary, how can he chuſe?

Bayes. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

[*A Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobby-Horses. At last* Drawcansir *comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides. All the while the Battle is fighting,* Bayes *is telling them when to shout, and shouts with them.*]

Draw. Others may boast a single Man to kill;
But I the Blood of Thousands daily spill.
Let petty Kings the Names of Parties know:
Where'er I come, I slay both Friend and Foe.
The swiftest Horsemen my swift Rage controuls;
And from their Bodies drives their trembling Souls.
If they had Wings, and to the Gods could fly,
I would pursue, and beat them thro' the Sky;
And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, see
This single Arm more dreadful is than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave Fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hectors* and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defy all your Histories, and your Romances too, to shew me one such Conqueror as this *Drawcansir*.

Johns. I swear, I think you may.

Smith. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead Men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their Legs: How should they go off! why, do you think the People here don't know they are not dead? He's mighty ignorant, poor Man! Your Friend here is very silly, Mr. *Johnson*, I'gad he is. Ha, ha, ha! Come, Sir, I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Ivory*, a Word. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit.*

Johns.

Johnſ. Will you ſo? Then we'll be gone.

Smith. Ay, prithee let's go, that we may preſerve our Hearing. One Battle more will take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes *and Players.*

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sdeath, this Act is beſt of all! I'll go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

1 *Play.* What ſhall we do, now he's gone away?

2 *Play.* Why, ſo much the better; then let's go to Dinner.

3 *Play.* Stay, here's a foul Piece of Paper. Let's ſee what 'tis.

3 *or* 4 *Play.* Ay, ay, come, let's hear it.

[*Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

3 *Play. Cloris* at length, being ſenſible of Prince *Prettyman*'s Paſſion, conſents to marry him; but juſt as they are going to Church, Prince *Prettyman* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandler's Widow, and remembring it was ſhe that firſt brought him acquainted with *Cloris*; out of a high Point of Honour, breaks off his Match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which *Cloris*, in deſpair, drowns herſelf; and Prince *Prettyman*, diſcontentedly, walks by the Riverſide. This will never do: 'tis juſt like the reſt. Come, let's be gone.

Moſt of the Players. Ay, pox on't, let's go away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me ſweat to run after 'em. A couple of ſenſeleſs Raſcals, that had rather go to dinner, than ſee this

Play out, with a pox to 'em. What Comfort has a Man to write for ſuch dull Rogues? Come, Mr.—— a—— where are you, Sir? come away, quick, quick.

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage-k. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I aſk for the Players.

Stage-k. Why, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the Players gone to dinner? 'tis impoſſible: the Players gone to dinner! I'gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a Perſon that does them the Honour to write for 'em, and all that. A Company of proud, conceited, humourous, croſs-grain'd Perſons, and all that. I'gad I'll make 'em the moſt contemptible, deſpicable, inconſiderable Perſons, and all that, in the whole World, for this Trick. I'gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll ſell this Play to the other Houſe.

Stage-k. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book: you'll diſappoint the Company that comes to ſee it acted here this Afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one, I muſt reſerve this Comfort to myſelf, my Play and I ſhall go together; we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stage-k. But what will the Town ſay, Sir?

Bayes. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I'gad the Town has us'd me as ſcurvily as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll lampoon 'em all. And ſince they will not admit of my Plays, they ſhall know what a Satiriſt I am. And ſo farewel to this Stage, I'gad, for ever. [*Exit* Bayes.

Enter

Enter Players.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's ſet up Bills for another Play.

2 *Play.* Ay, ay; we ſhall loſe nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your Opinion. But, before we go, let's ſee *Haynes* and *Shirley* practiſe the laſt Dance; for that may ſerve us another time.

2 *Play.* I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tiring-Room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

THE Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That Circumſtance our Poet Bayes *forgot.*
And we can boaſt, tho' 'tis a plotting Age,
No Place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Antients plotted, tho', and ſtrove to pleaſe
With Senſe that might be underſtood with eaſe;
They every Scene with ſo much Wit did ſtore,
That who brought any in, went out with more.
But this new Way of Wit does ſo ſurprize,
Men loſe their Wits in wond'ring where it lies.
If it be true, that monſtrous Births preſage
The following Miſchiefs that afflict the Age,
And ſad Diſaſters to the State proclaim;
Plays without Head or Tail may do the ſame.
Wherefore for ours, and for the Kingdom's Peace,
May this prodigious Way of Writing ceaſe.
Let's have at leaſt, once in our lives, a Time
When we may hear ſome Reaſon, not all Rhyme.
We have this ten Years felt its Influence;
Pray let this prove a Year of Proſe and Senſe.

A KEY TO THE REHEARSAL:

OR,

A CRITICAL VIEW of the AUTHORS, and *their Writings*, that are expos'd in that Celebrated PLAY.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THOU canſt not be ignorant, that the Town has had an eager Expectation of a Key to the *Rehearſal* ever ſince it firſt appeared in Print; and none has more earneſtly deſir'd it than myſelf, tho' in vain; 'till lately, a Gentleman of my Acquaintance recommended me to a Perſon, who he believed could give me a further light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a ſhort time I trac'd him out; and when I had found him, he appear'd ſuch a poſitive dogmatical Spark, that I began to repent of my Trouble, in ſearching after him.

It was my Misfortune over a Pot of Beer to begin a ſhort Diſcourſe of the modern Poets and Actors; and immediately he fell into a great Paſſion, and ſwore, that there were very few Perſons now living, who deſerv'd the Name of a good dramatick Poet, or natural *Actor*; and declaim'd againſt the preſent Practice of the *Engliſh* Stage, with much Violence; ſaying, he believed the

two Companies were join'd in a Confederacy against *Smithfield*, and resolv'd to ruin their Fair, by out-doing them in their bombastick Bills, and ridiculous representing their Plays: adding, that he hoped e'er long Mr. *Collier* and others would write them down to the Devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent Decorum and Action of former Years; and magnify'd the Poets of the last Age, especially *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, and *Beaumont*.

I bore all this with tolerable Patience, knowing it to be too common with old Men to commend the past Age, and rail at the present; and so took my leave of him for that time, with an Intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my Business.

When next I saw the Gentleman, my Friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertain'd by his *Cynical* Acquaintance. He laugh'd, but bid me not be discourag'd, saying, that Fit of railing would soon have been over; and when his just Indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your Business to him, and receiv'd a more satisfactory Account. However (said he) go to him again from me, take him to the Tavern, and mollify his Asperity with a Bottle; thwart not his Discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you, he'll open his Budget, and satisfy your Expectation.

I follow'd my Friend's Directions, and found the Event answerable to his Prediction.

Not long after I met him in *Fleet-street*, and carry'd him to the *Old Devil*; and e'er we had empty'd one Bottle I found him of a quite different Humour from what I left him in the time before: he appear'd in his Discourse to be a very honest true *Englishman*, a hearty Lover of his Country, and the Government thereof, both in Church and State, a loyal Subject to his Sovereign,

reign, an Enemy to Popery and Tyranny, Idolatry and Superstition, antimonarchical Government and Confusion, Irreligion and Enthusiasm. In short, I found him a Person of a competent Knowledge in the Affair I went to him about, and one who understood the *English* Stage very well; and tho' somewhat positive, as I said before, yet I observ'd he always took care to have Truth on his side, before he affirm'd or deny'd any thing with more than ordinary Heat; and when he was so guarded, he was immoveable.

When I had discover'd thus much, and call'd for the second Bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the Cause of my addressing to him. He desired my Patience till he stept to his Lodgings, which were near the Tavern; and after a short space he return'd, and brought with him the Papers, which contain the following Notes.

When he had read them to me, I lik'd them so well, that I desir'd the printing of them, provided they were genuine; he assured me they were, and told me farther,

That while this Farce was composing and altering, he had frequent Occasions of being with the Author, of perusing his Papers, and hearing him discourse of the several Plays he expos'd, and their Authors; insomuch that few Persons had the like Opportunities of knowing his true Meaning as he himself had.

If any other Persons had known the Author's Mind so exactly, in all the several Particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made publick before now: but nothing of this nature having appear'd these two and thirty Years, (for so long has this Farce flourish'd in Print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like Copy in being; and that these Remarks are genuine, and taken from the great Person's own Mouth and Papers.

I was very well satisfy'd with this Account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the Sale of these Annotations, to have a Preface to them, under the Name of him, who was so well acquainted with the Author; but could not, by all the Arguments I was master of, obtain his Consent, tho' we debated the Point a pretty while.

He alledg'd for his Excuse, that such an Undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several Persons, and some of great Families, to whom he had been oblig'd; and he was very unwilling to offend any Person of Quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his Friends, become his Enemies; tho' he should only act the part of an Historian, barely reciting the Words he heard from our Author.

However, said he, if you think a Preface of such absolute Necessity, you may easily recollect Matter enough from the Discourse which hath pass'd between us on this Subject, to enable your self, or any other for you, to write one; especially if you consider there are but two Topicks to be insisted on.

1. To give the Reader an Account of the Writer of this Farce.

2. The Motives which induc'd him to compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire any further Direction in this Matter, meet me here tomorrow night, and I will discourse more particularly on these two Heads, and then take my leave of you; wishing you good Success with your Preface, and that your Key may prove a *Golden One*.

Now, kind Reader, having received all the Instructions I could gain from my resolute Spark at our several

ral Meetings, I must stand on my own Legs, and turn Prefacer, tho' against my Will. And thus I set out.

1. To tell thee what all Persons, who are any thing acquainted with the Stage, know already; *viz.* That this Farce was wrote by the most noble *George Villiers*, late Duke of *Buckingham*, &c. a Person of a great deal of natural Wit and Ingenuity, and of excellent Judgment, particularly in Matters of this nature: his forward Genius was improv'd by a liberal Education, and the Conversation of the greatest Persons in his time; and all these cultivated and improv'd by Study and Travel.

By the former, he became well acquainted with the Writings of the most celebrated Poets of the late Age; *viz.* *Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, and *Johnson*, (the last of whom, he knew personally, being thirteen Years old when he died) as also with the famous Company of Actors at *Black-Fryars*, whom he always admir'd.

He was likewise very intimate with the Poets of his Time; as Sir *John Denham*, Sir *John Suckling*, the Lord *Falkland*, Mr. *Sidney Godolphin*, (a near Relation to the late Lord High Treasurer of *England*, the Glory of that ancient Family) Mr. *Waller*, and Mr. *Cowley*; on the last of whom, he bestow'd a genteel Annuity during his Life, and a noble Monument in *Westminster-Abbey* after his Decease.

By Travel he had the Opportunity of observing the Decorum of foreign Theatres; especially the *French*, under the Regulation of Monsieur *Corneille*, before it was so far *Italianated*, and over-run with *Opera* and *Farce*, as now it is; and before the Venom thereof had cross'd the narrow Seas, and poison'd the *English* Stage, we being naturally prone to imitate the *French* in their Fashions, Manners, and Customs, let them be ever so vitious, fantastick, or ridiculous.

By

By what has been said on this Head, I hope thou art fully satisfy'd who was the Author of this Piece, which the learned and judicious Dr. *Burnet* (late Bishop of *Sarum*) calls a *Correction*, and an *unmerciful Exposing*; and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great Person been endued with Constancy and Steddiness of Mind, equal to his other Abilities, both natural and acquir'd, he had been the most complete Gentleman in his Time.

I shall proceed to shew,

2. The Motives which induc'd him to undertake it.

The Civil War silenc'd the Stage for almost twenty Years, tho' not near so leud then, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for *England*, if this had been the worst Effect of that War. The many Changes of Government, that succeeded the Dissolution of the ancient Constitution, made the People very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its Restitution; which was effected by a free Parliament, in the Year 1660.

This sudden *Revolution*, which is best known by the Name of the *Restoration*, brought with it many ill Customs, from the several Countries, to which the King and the Cavaliers were retir'd, during their Exile; which prov'd very pernicious to our *English* Constitution, by corrupting our Morals; and to which the reviving the Stage, and bringing Women on't, and encouraging and applauding the many leud, senseless, and unnatural Plays, that ensued upon this great Change, did very much contribute.

Then appear'd such Plays as these; *The Siege of* Rhodes, Part I. acted at the *Cock-pit*, before the Restoration; *The Play-house to be lett*; *The Slighted Maid*; *The United Kingdoms*; *The Wild Gallant*; *The English Monsieur*; *The Villain*; and the like.

You

You will meet with several Passages out of all these; except the *United Kingdoms*, (which was never printed) in the following Notes; as you will find out of several other Plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble Author, to manifest his just Indignation and Hatred of this fulsome new way of Writing, us'd his utmost Interest and Endeavours to stifle it at its first appearing on the Stage, by engaging all his Friends to explode and run down these Plays, especially the *United Kingdoms*; which had like to have brought his Life into danger.

The Author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous Family, had many of his Relations and Friends in the *Cock-pit*, during the acting it; some of them perceiving His Grace to head a Party, who were very active in damning the Play, by hissing and laughing immoderately, at the strange Conduct thereof, there were Persons laid wait for him, as he came out: but there being a great Tumult and Uproar in the House, and the Passages near it, he escap'd; but he was threaten'd hard: however, the Business was compos'd in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been inform'd.

After this, our Author endeavour'd, by Writing, to expose the Follies of these new-fashion'd Plays, in their proper Colours, and to set them in so clear a Light, that the People might be able to discover what Trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the Prologue: and so set himself to the composing of this Farce.

When His Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the Editions of the Plays reflected on in it, that it was before the End of 1663, and finished before the End of 1664; because

because it had been several times rehears'd, the Players were perfect in their Parts, and all things in readiness for its acting, before the great Plague 1665, which prevented it.

But what was so ready for the Stage, and so near being acted, at the breaking out of that terrible Sickness, was very different from what you have since seen in Print: in that he call'd his Poet *Bilboa*; by which Name, the Town generally understood Sir *Robert Howard* to be the Person pointed at. Besides, there were very few of this new sort of Plays then extant, except these before-mention'd, at that time; and more than were in being, could not be ridicul'd.

The acting of this Farce being thus hinder'd, it was laid by for several Years, and came not on the publick Theatre till the Year 1671.

During this Interval, many great Plays came forth, writ in Heroick Rhyme; and, on the Death of Sir *William D'Avenant*, 1669, Mr. *Dryden*, a new *Laureat*, appear'd on the Stage, much admir'd, and highly applauded, which mov'd the Duke to change the Name of his Poet from *Bilboa* to *Bayes*, whose Works you will find often mention'd in the following *Key*.

Thus far, kind Reader, I have follow'd the Direction of my new Acquaintance, to the utmost Extent of my Memory, without transgressing the Bounds he assign'd me, and I am free from any Fear of having displeas'd him: I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the Offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious Persons who shall peruse this poor Address.

I have nothing to say in my own Defence; I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy; and not without hope, since what I have here

writ

writ did not proceed from the least Malice in me, to any Person or Family in the World, but from an honest Design to enable the meanest Readers to understand all the Passages of this Farce, that it may sell the better. I am, with all Submission,

Your most Obliged

Humble Servant.

PLAYS

PLAYS named in this KEY.

1. THE *Loſt Lady*. By Sir *William Barcley*.
2. *Love and Honour*. By Sir *W. D'Avenant*.
3. *Love and Friendſhip*.
4. *Pandora*. Both by Sir *William Killigrew*.
5. *Siege of* Rhodes, Part I. By Sir *W. D'Avenant*.
6. *Play-houſe to be lett*. By Col. *Henry Howard*.
7. *United Kingdoms*.
8. *Slighted Maid*. By Sir *Robert Stapleton*.
9. *Wild Gallant*. By Mr. *Dryden*.
10. *Engliſh Monſieur*. By Mr. *James Howard*.
11. *The Villain*. By Major *Tho. Porter*.
12. *The Prologue to the Maiden-Queen*. By Mr. *Dryden*.
13. *The Amorous Prince*. By Mrs. *Behn*.
14. *Tyrannick Love, and Prologue*. By Mr. *Dryden*.
15. *Granada*, Two Parts. By Mr. *Dryden*.
16. *Marriage A-la-mode*. By Mr. *Dryden*.
17. *Love in a Nunnery*. By Mr. *Dryden*.

THE KEY TO THE REHEARSAL.

ACT I.

Note 1. page 9. line 29.

Bayes. *IN fine, it ſhall read, and write, and act, and plot, and ſhew; ay, and Pit, Box, and Gallery it, I'gad, with any Play in* Europe.

The uſual Language of the Honourable *Edward Howard,* Eſq; at the Rehearſal of his Plays.

Note 2. p. 10. l. 18.

Bayes. *Theſe my Rules.*

He who writ this, not without Pain and Thought,
From *French* and *Engliſh* Theatres has brought
Th' exacteſt Rules, by which a Play is wrought.

The

The Unity of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken, and a mingled Chime
Of *Johnson*'s Humour, with *Corneille*'s Rhyme.

Prologue to the Maiden-Queen.

Note 3. p. 13. l. 6.

Bayes. *I writ that Part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.*

The Part of *Amaryllis* was acted by Mrs. *Anne Reeves*, who, at that time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*.

Note 4. p. 14. l. 25.

Two Kings of *Brentford*, supposed to be the two Brothers, the King and the Duke.

See Note 1st on the fourth Act.

Note 5. p. 15. l. 16.

See the two Prologues to the Maiden-Queen.

Note 6. p. 16. l. 23.

I have printed above a hundred Sheets of Paper, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes.

There were printed Papers given the Audience, before the acting the *Indian Emperor*, telling them, that it was the Sequel of the *Indian Queen*; part of which Play was written by Mr. *Bayes*, &c.

Note 7. p. 17. l. 2.

Persons, Pgad, I vow to gad, and all that, is the constant Style of *Failer* in the *Wild Gallant*; for which, take this short Speech, instead of many.

Failer. *Really, Madam, I look upon you as a Person of such worth, and all that, that I vow to gad, I honour you of all Persons in the World; and tho' I am a Person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that,*

Madam,

Madam, yet, for a Person of your Worth and Excellency, I would. Wild Gallant, p. 8.

Note 8. p. 17. l. 24.

Bayes. *No, Sir, there are certain Ties upon me, that I cannot be disengag'd from.*

He contracted with the King's Company of Actors, in the Year 1668, for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year.

Note 9. p. 18. l. 22.

So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chesnut Groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves:
Pensive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's Moan.

In Ridicule of this.

So two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the Sky;
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in Murmurs, their unfinish'd Loves:
Perch'd on some dropping Branch, they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's Moan.

Conquest of Granada, Part II. p. 48.

Note 10. p. 19. l. 7.

Thun. *I am the bold Thunder.*
Light. *The brisk Lightning I.*
I am the Evening dark as Night.

Slighted Maid, p. 48.

Note

Note 11. p. 19. l. 20, 21.

Let the Men 'ware the Ditches;
Maids look to their Breeches;
We'll ſcratch them with Briars and Thiſtles.

Ibid. p. 49.

Note 12. p. 20. l. 4.

Abraham Ivory had formerly been a conſiderable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards ſtupify'd himſelf ſo far, with drinking ſtrong Waters, that before the firſt acting of this Farce, he was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands: for which, and mere Charity, the Company allow'd him a weekly Salary.

ACT II.

Note 1. page 21. line 7.

I *Begin this Play with a Whiſper.*
Drake Sen. Draw up your Men;
And in low Whiſpers give our Orders out.

Play-houſe to be lett, p. 100.

See the *Amorous Prince*, p. 20, 22, 39, 69; where you will find all the chief Commands and Directions are given in Whiſpers.

Note 2. p. 23. l. 29.

Mr. *William Winterſhull* was a moſt excellent judicious Actor, and the beſt Inſtructor of others. He died in *July* 1679.

Note

Note 3. p. 24. l. 32.

Bayes. *If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets.* See Note 6. on Act III.

Note 4. p. 25. l. 12.

Take Snuff. He was a great Taker of Snuff, and made moſt of it himſelf.

Note 5. p. 27. l. 18.

Intrigue in a late Play.

The Loſt Lady, by Sir *Robert Stapleton.*

Note 6. p. 28. l. 12.

As ſome tall Pine, which we on *Ætna* find
T' have ſtood the Rage of many a boiſt'rous Wind,
Feeling without, that Flames within do play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his worſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines, and dies:
So, ſhrouded up, your bright Eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my Tears.

In Imitation of this Paſſage.

As ſome fair Tulip, by a Storm oppreſt,
Shrinks up, and folds its ſilken Arms to reſt;
And bending to the Blaſt, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the Wind ſing round its Head:
So ſhrouded up your Beauty diſappears;
Unveil, my Love, and lay aſide your Fears;
The Storm that caus'd your Fright, is paſt and gone.

Conqueſt of Granada, Part I. p. 55.

Note 7. p. 31. l. 34.

Bayes. *The whole State's turn'd,* &c.

Such

Such easy Turns of State are frequent in our modern Plays; where we see Princes dethron'd, and Governments chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on slight Occasions: particularly in *Marriage A-la-mode*, a Play writ since the first Publication of this Farce. Where (to pass by the Dulness of the State-part, the Obscurity of the Comick, the near Resemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Prettyman*, being sometimes a King's Son, sometimes a Shepherd's; and not to question how *Amalthea* comes to be a Princess, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being but a Lord) 'tis worth our while to observe how easily the fierce and jealous Usurper is depos'd, and the right Heir plac'd on the Throne; and it is thus related by the said imaginary Princess.

Amalth. Oh! Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, show it now: *Leonidas*,
Broke on a sudden from his Guards, and snatching
A Sword from one, his Back against the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud,
He is our long-lost King, found for this moment;
But, if your Valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the Sense of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him; and there they stand at bay,
Against a Host of Foes.

Marriage A-la-mode, p. 69.

This shews Mr. *Bayes* to be a Man of Constancy, and firm to his Resolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own Method; agreeable to what he says in the next Act:

As long as I know my Things are good, what care I what they say?

Note

Note 8. p. 32. l. 7.

Hey day! hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay.

I know not what to ſay, or what to think!
I know not when I ſleep, or when I wake!

Love and Friendſhip, p. 46.

My Doubts and Fears my Reaſon do diſmay;
I know not what to do, or what to ſay.

Pandora, p. 46.

ACT III.

Note 1. page 36. line 3.

PRINCE *Prettyman*, and *Tom Thimble*; *Failer*, and *Bibber* his Taylor, in the *Wild Gallant*, p. 5, 6.

Note 2. p. 36. l. 31.

Bayes. *There's a Bob for the Court.*

Nay, if that be all, there's no ſuch Haſte. The Courtiers are not ſo forward to pay their Debts.

Wild Gallant, p. 9.

Note 3. p. 37. l. 3.

Tom Thim. *Ay, Sir, in your own Coin: you give me nothing but Words.*

Take a little *Bibber*,
And throw him in the River;
And if he will truſt never,
Then there let him lie ever.

Bibber. Then ſay I,
Take a little *Failer*,
And throw him to the *Jaylor*,
And there let him lie
Till he has paid his Taylor.

Wild Gallant, p. 12.

Note 4. p. 37. l. 12.

Bayes. *Ay, pretty well; but he does not top his Part.* A great Word with Mr. *Edward Howard*.

Note 5. p. 38. l. 3.

Bayes. *As long as I know my Things are good, what care I?*

See the 7th Note on the Second Act.

Note 6. p. 38.

Song. In Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis ſafer to be,
Than in a ſtrong Caſtle remoted from thee;
My Death's Bruiſe pray think you gave me, tho' a Fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a Wall:
For then if the Mote on her Mud wou'd firſt lay,
And after, before you my Body convey,
The Blue on my Breaſt, when you happen to ſee,
You'll ſay, with a Sigh, there's a True-blue for me.

In Imitation of this:

On Seas, and in Battles, through Bullets, and Fire,
The Danger is leſs, than in hopeleſs Deſire;
My Death's Wound you gave me, tho' far off I bear
My Fall from your Sight, not to coſt you a Tear;
But if the kind Flood on a Wave wou'd convey,
And under your Window my Body wou'd lay;

When

When the Wound on my Breast you happen to see,
You'll say, with a Sigh, it was given by me.

This is the latter part of a Song made by Mr. *Bayes*, on the Death of Captain *Digby*, Son of *George* Earl of *Bristol*, who was a passionate Admirer of the Dutchess Dowager of *Richmond*, call'd by the Author, *Armida*. He lost his Life in a Sea-Fight against the *Dutch*, the 28th of *May*, 1672.

Note 7. p. 39. l. 9.

Johns. *Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr.* Bayes!
Mr. *Edward Howard*'s Words.

Note 8. p. 40. l. 7.

Cordel. *My Lieges, News from* Volscius *the Prince.*
Ush. *His News is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.*
Albert. Curtius, I've something to deliver to your Ear.
Cur. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcome.
Amorous Prince, p. 39.

Note 9. p. 46. l. 2.

Volsc. Harry, my Boots; for I'll go range among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* Throng.

Let my Horses be brought ready to the Door, for I'll go out of town this Evening.

Into the Country I'll with speed;
With Hounds and Hawks my Fancy feed, *&c.*
Now I'll away, a Country Life
Shall be my Mistress, and my Wife.
English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

Note 10. p. 46. l. 22.

Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her Name.
And what's this Maid's Name? *Ibid.* p. 40.

Note 11. p. 46. l. 31.

Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.
I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.
Siege of Rhodes, Part I. p. 10.

Note 12. p. 47. l. 3.

Ama. *How! Prince* Volscius *in love! Ha, ha, ha!*
Mr. *Comely* in love! *English Monsieur*, p. 49.

Note 13. p. 47. l. 18.

Bayes. *You shall see a Combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has writ a whole Play on't.*
Sir *William D'Avenant*'s Play of *Love and Honour.*

Note 14. p. 48. l. 6.

Volsc. *Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, Nay.*
But Honour says not so.
Siege of Rhodes, Part I. p. 19.

Note 15. p. 48. l. 25.

Bayes. *I remember once in a Play of mine, I set off a Scene beyond Expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly-Ache.*
Love in a Nunnery, p. 34.

ACT

ACT IV.

Note 1. page 51. line 3.

Bayes. *GEntlemen, becauſe I wou'd not have any two Things alike in this Play; the laſt Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I begin this with a Funeral.*

Col. *Henry Howard*, Son of *Thomas* Earl of *Berkſhire* made a Play, call'd the *United Kingdoms*, which began with a Funeral; and had alſo two Kings in it. This gave the Duke a juſt occaſion to ſet up two Kings in *Brentford*, as 'tis generally believ'd, tho' others are of opinion, that his Grace had our two Brothers in his Thoughts. It was acted at the *Cock-pit* in *Drury-Lane*, ſoon after the Reſtoration; but miſcarrying on the Stage, the Author had the Modeſty not to print it: and therefore, the Reader cannot reaſonably expect any particular Paſſages of it. Others ſay, that they are *Boabdelin* and *Abdalla*, the two contending Kings of *Granada*; and Mr. *Dryden* has, in moſt of his ſerious Plays, two contending Kings of the ſame Place.

Note 2. p. 51. l. 23.

I'll ſpeak a bold Word; it ſhall Drum, Trumpet, Shout, and Battle, Fgad, with any of the moſt warlike Tragedies, either ancient or modern.

Conqueſt of Granada, in two Parts.

Note 3. p. 53. l. ult.

Smith. *Who is ſhe?*

Bayes. *The Siſter of* Drawcanſir, *a Lady that was drowned at Sea, and had a Wave to her Winding-Sheet.*

On Seas I bore thee, and on Seas I dy'd,
I dy'd: and for a Winding-Sheet, a Wave
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

Conquest of Granada, Part II. p. 113.

Note 4. p. 55. l. 24.

Bayes. *Since Death my earthly Part will thus remove,*
I'll come a humble Bee to your chaste Love:
With silent Wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or else before you in the Sun-beams buz:
And when to melancholy Groves you come,
An airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;
For Sound being Air, a Ghost does well become.
At Night into your Bosom I will creep,
And buz, but softly, if you chance to sleep;
Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your Eye.

In Ridicule of this:

——————————My earthly Part,
Which is my Tyrant's Right, Death will remove;
I'll come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With silent Steps I'll follow you all day;
Or else before you in the Sun-beams play.
I'll lead you hence to melancholy Groves,
And there repeat the Scenes of our past Loves.
At Night I will within your Curtains peep;
With empty Arms embrace you, while you sleep:
In gentle Dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing Eye;
All Dangers from your Bed I will remove,
But guard it most from any future Love.
And when at last in pity you will die,
I'll watch your Birth of Immortality:

Then

Then Turtle-like, I'll to my Mate repair,
And teach you your first Flight in open Air.
Tyrannick Love, p. 25.

Note 5. p. 57. l. 27.

Pal. *Lo! from this conquering Lance*
Does flow the purest Wine of France:
And, to appease your Hunger, I
Have in my Helmet brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold my Buckler made of Cheese.
See the Scene in the *Villain*, p. 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53.

Where the Host furnishes his Guests with a Collation out of his Clothes; a Capon from his Helmet, a Tansey out of the Lining of his Cap, Cream out of his Scabbard, *&c.*

Note 6. p. 58. l. 7.

K. Phys. *What Man is this that dares disturb our Feast?*
Draw. *He that dares drink, and for that Drink dares die:*
And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

In Ridicule of this:

Almah. Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?
Alman. He who dares love, and for that Love must (die.
And knowing this, dares yet live on, am I.
Granada, Part II. p. 114, 115.

Note 7. p. 58. l. 16.

Bayes. *Now there are some Criticks that have advis'd me to put out the second* Dare, *and print* Must *in the place on't: but, I'gad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal.*
It was at first, *Dares die.* Ibid.

Note

Note 8. p. 58. l. 27.

Draw. *You shall not know how long I here will stay;*
But you shall know I'll take your Bowls away.

Alman. I wou'd not now, if thou wou'dst beg me,
But I will take my *Almahide* away. (stay;

Conquest of Granada, p. 32.

Note 9. p. 58. l. 33.

K. Ush. *Tho', Brother, this grum Stranger be a Clown,*
He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down.

Draw. *Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,*
I'll stare away his very Pow'r to drink.

In Ridicule of this:

Alman. Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in sight;
With a bent Brow, thy Priest, and thee I'll fright:
And, in that Scene, which all thy Hopes and Wishes shou'd content,
The Thoughts of me shall make thee impotent.

Ibid. p. 5.

Note 10. p. 59. l. 5.

Draw. *I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare;*
And all this I can do, because I dare.
Spite of myself, I'll stay, fight, love, despair;
And all this I can do, because I dare.

Granada, Part II. p. 89.

Note 11. p. 61. l. 27.

Gods would themselves ungod, themselves to see.

In Ridicule of this:

Max. Thou ly'st: there's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Christian, wou'd all Heav'n forswear:

Ev'n

Ev'n *Jove* would try new Shapes her Love to win,
And in new Birds, and unknown Beasts wou'd sin;
At least, if *Jove* cou'd love like *Maximin*.

Tyrannick Love, p. 17.

Note 12. p. 62. l. 1.

Pret. *Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,*
I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.
Some God now, if he dare relate what pass'd;
Say but he's dead, that God shall mortal be.

Ibid. p. 7.

Provoke my Rage no farther; lest I be
Reveng'd, at once, upon the Gods and thee. p. 8.
What had the Gods to do with me or mine? p. 57.

Note 13. p. 62. l. 21.

He is too proud a Man, to creep servilely after Sense, I assure you.

Poets, like Lovers, should be bold, and dare;
They spoil their Business with an Over-care;
And he who servilely creeps after Sense,
Is safe, but ne'er can reach to Excellence.

Prologue to Tyrannick Love.

ACT V.

Note 1. page 64. line 13.

K. Ush. *BUT stay, what Sound is this invades our Ears?*
What various Noises do my Ears invade,
And have a Concert of Confusion made?

Siege of Rhodes, p. 4.

Note

Note 2. p. 64. l. 32. to p. 66. l. 8.

1 King. *Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.*
2 King. *Let us move, let us move;*
Move to remove the Fate
Of Brentford's *long united State.*
1 King. *Tarra, tan-tarra, full East and by South.*
2 King. *We sail with Thunder in our Mouth,*
In scorching Noon-day, whilst the Traveller stays,
Busy, busy, busy, busy, we bustle along,
Mounted upon warm Phœbus *his Rays,*
Through the heavenly Throng,
Hasting to those
Who will feast us at night with a Pig's Petty-Toes.
1 King. *And we'll fall with our Plate*
In an Ollio *of Hate.*
2 King. *But now Supper's done, the Servitors try,*
Like Soldiers, to storm a whole Half-moon Pye.
1 King. *They gather, they gather hot Custards in Spoons:*
But, alas! I must leave these Half-moons,
And repair to my trusty Dragoons.
2 King. *O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;*
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought Ships in our way,
And on their high Ropes we will play:
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our Shell;
We'll frisk in our Shell,
We'll firk in our Shell.
And fare well.
1 King. *But the Ladies have all Inclination to dance,*
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of France.
2 King. *Now Mortals that hear*
How we tilt and career,
With wonder will fear,
The Event of such things as shall never appear.

1 King

1 King. *Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.*
2 King. *Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.*
1 King. *So firmly resolv'd is a true* Brentford *King,*
To save the Distress'd, and Help to 'em bring,
That e'er a Full-Pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a Whoop, and gone with a Holla.

In Ridicule of this:

Naker. Hark! my *Damilcar*, we are call'd below.
Dam. Let us go, let us go;
Go to relieve the Care
Of longing Lovers in despair.
Naker. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East,
Half tipled at a Rainbow Feast. (loud,
Dam. In the bright Moon-shine, while Winds whistle
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white Cloud;
And lest our Leap from the Sky should prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling Star.
Naker. And drop from above,
In a Jelly of Love.
Dam. But now the Sun's down, and the Element's
The Spirits of Fire against us make head. (red,
Naker. They muster, they muster, like Gnats in the
Alas! I must leave thee, my Fair; (Air:
And to my Light-Horsemen repair.
Dam. O stay! for you need not to fear 'em to-night;
The Wind is for us, and blows full in their sight:
And o'er the wide Ocean we fight.
Like Leaves in the Autumn, our Foes will fall down,
And hiss in the Water———
Both. And hiss in the Water, and drown.
Naker. But their Men lie securely intrench'd in a Cloud,
And a Trumpeter-Hornet to Battle sounds loud.

Dam.

Dam. Now Mortals that ſpy
How we tilt in the Sky,
With wonder will gaze;
And fear ſuch Events as will ne'er come to paſs.
Naker. Stay you to perform what the Man will have done.
Dam. Then call me again when the Battle is won.
Both. So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air,
To pity the Lover, and ſuccour the Fair,
That ſilent and ſwift, that little ſoft God,
Is here with a Wiſh, and is gone with a Nod.

Tyrannick Love, p. 24, 25.

Note 3. p. 66. l. 11.

Bayes. *This, Sir, you muſt know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.*

See *Tyrannick Love*, Act 4. Scene 1.

Note 4. p. 68. l. 1.

What dreadful Noiſe is this that comes and goes!
Sold. *Haſte hence, great Sirs, your royal Perſons ſave,*
For the Event of War no Mortal knows:
The Army wrangling for the Gold you gave,
Firſt fell to Words, and then to Handy-Blows.

In Ridicule of this:

What new Misfortune do theſe Cries preſage?
1 *Meſſ.* Haſte all you can, their Fury to aſſuage,
You are not ſafe from their rebellious Rage.
2 *Meſſ.* This Minute, if you grant not their Deſire,
They'll ſeize your Perſon, and your Palace fire.

Granada, Part II. p. 71.

Note

Note 5. p. 70. l. 14.

Bayes. *True; and so, I'gad, I'll make it too a Tragedy in a trice.*

Algaura, and the *Vestal Virgin*, are so contriv'd, by a little Alteration towards the latter end of them, that they have been acted both ways, either as Tragedies or Comedies.

Note 6. p. 70. l. 16.

The Description of the Scene of Generals, &c.

There needs nothing more to explain the Meaning of this Battle, than the Perusal of the first Part of the *Siege of Rhodes*, which was perform'd in *Recitative Musick*, by seven Persons only; and the Passage out of the *Play-house to be lett*.

Note 7. p. 70. l. 21.

Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, *arm*.

The Siege of Rhodes *begins thus:*

Admiral. Arm, arm, *Valerius*, arm.

Note 8. p. 70. l. 25.

Gen. *Draw down the* Chelsea *Cuirassiers*.

The Third Entry thus:

Solym. *Pyrrhus*, draw down our Army wide;
Then, from the Gross, two strong Reserves divide,
And spread the Wings,
As if we were to fight,
In the lost *Rhodians* sight,
With all the Western Kings.
Each with Janizaries line;
The Right and Left to *Haly*'s Sons assign:

The Groſs to *Zangiban*;
The main Artillery
To *Muſtapha* ſhall be:
Bring thou the Rear, we lead the Van.

Note 9. p. 70. l. 26.

Lieut. *The Band you boaſt of* Chelſea *Cuiraſſiers,*
Shall, in my Putney *Pikes, now meet their Peers.*

More Pikes! more Pikes! to reinforce
That Squadron, and repulſe the Horſe.
Play-houſe to be lett, p. 72.

Note 10. p. 71. l. 8.

Lieut. Gen. *Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,*
And let thoſe recreant Troops perceive mine Ire.

Point all the Cannon, and play faſt;
Their Fury is too hot to laſt.
That Rampire ſhakes, they fly into the Town.
Pyr. March up with thoſe Reſerves to that Redoubt,
Faint Slaves the Janizaries reel!
They bend! they bend! and ſeem to feel
The Terrors of a Rout.
Muſt. Old *Zanger* halts, and Reinforcement lacks.
Pyr. March on!
Muſt. Advance thoſe Pikes, and charge their Backs.

Note 11. p. 73. l. 8.

Orb. *Who calls* Terra firma, *pray?*
Luna. Luna, *that ne'er ſhines by day.*
Orb. *What means* Luna *in a Veil?*
Luna. Luna *means to ſhew her Tail.*

In

In Ridicule of this:

Phœb. Who calls the World's great Light?
Aur. *Aurora*, that abhors the Night.
Phœb. Why does *Aurora*, from her Cloud,
To drousy *Phœbus* cry so loud?

Slighted Maid, p. 80.

Note 12. p. 73. l. 22.

Luna. *To-morrow soon, e'er it be Noon,*
On Mount Vesuvio.
The burning Mount *Vesuvio.* *Ibid.* p. 81.

Note 13. p. 73. l. 26.

Luna. *And I will drink nothing but* Lippara *Wine.*
Drink, drink Wine, *Lippara* Wine.

Ibid. p. 81.

Note 14. p. 74. l. 32.

Come, I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your Business. There's go off for you now.

Valeria, Daughter to *Maximin*, having killed herself for the love of *Porphyrius*, when she was to be carried off by the Bearers, strikes one of them a Box on the Ear, and speaks to him thus:

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

Tyrannick Love.

The END *of the* KEY.

Oxford, Nov. 10. Laſt Tueſday Morning, about a Quarter paſt Four o'Cloch, a ſlight but very alarming Shock of an Earthquake was felt here; which, however, providentially did very little, if any Damage, to either the publick or private Buildings; nothing of that Kind having come to our Knowledge, except that at a Brewhouſe in Brewer's Lane, where a Part of the Building had before given Way a little, the Breach was ſomewhat enlarged. And as this Shock happened ſo early in the Morning, many who enjoyed ſound Sleep did not Experience its Effects; thoſe neverthelefs who happened to be awake, or were diſturbed from their Sleep by the Concuſſion, (many of whom quitted their Beds) give the following Accounts:—Some were alarmed by a ſudden Shock which toſſed them upwards in their Beds; others found rather a reverberating Agitation, attended with a rumbling Noiſe, as if ſomething had fallen upon the Floors; and in the Bedchambers of Colleges, as well as in other Stone-built Structures, the Doors bounded by the Preſſure of the Buildings as if they had been ruſhed againſt, ſome of which are ſaid to have ſprung open; and likewiſe that there were Dwelling Houſes ſo much agitated that the Bells rang in them.

It is remarkable, that even in the Extent of this City and its Suburbs, though the Phenomenon was univerſal, all Parts were not alike affected; and that near the River the Agitation was rather the moſt violent. Thoſe who were up at their Buſineſs were equally alarmed by the Shock, and ſurprized at the ſudden Motion of the Pewter and other Furniture; and it is agreed, that though the Wind ſoon after became tempeſtuous, the Morning was at this Time perfectly calm and ſerene,