

ACADEMIA ROMÂNĂ  
MEMORIILE SECȚIUNII LITERARE  
SERIA III TOMUL I MEM. 5

---

UNKNOWN  
CONGREVE

A SHEAF OF POETICAL SCRAPS

ONE OF WHICH HAS NOT HITHERTO BEEN PUBLISHED  
TOGETHER WITH MORE LINES IN  
HIS PRAISE AND A NEW LETTER

NOW EDITED BY  
DRAGOSH PROTOPOPESCO



---

CULTURA NAȚIONALĂ  
BUCUREȘTI

1923





\*493810P\*

## FOREWORD

Critics of all kinds agree that Congreve has probably been more hardly used by posterity than any other great English writer. And they are naturally right for the fault lies chiefly with them!...

High praise has ever proved a safer exercise than mere acquaintance with facts and it is easy enough to bestow platonic generousities upon an author when shaking hands with the man would do both the poet and the critic infinitely more credit.

To scholars and writers at large Congreve has been something of a ...rich relation — looked upon as already too happy to need further caring about; consequently, “Congreve the Great” has been known rather as the designed successor of Dryden or the collector of fat sinecures than as the author of his comedies.

Yet, it so happens that, as fellow-writers, Dryden and Congreve are poles assunder and the genius of the master in no way accounts for the achievements of the pupil.

As for Thackeray’s sneer, nobody since Mr. Gosse’s book disposed for that matter has any excuse for taking it seriously.

How is one, therefore, to account sufficiently for his personal merits, if not by a closer reference to his writings?

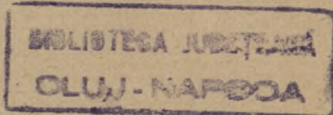
Now, with these, criticism has always been somewhat ill-at-ease.

To begin with, all Congreve’s work fills but one slim volume; and to “serious” criticism, used to grasp at great subjects and cope with impressive mass, a reputation borne only upon a very small bulk appears trifling and uninviting.

1 A. R. *Memoriile Secției Literare. Seria III. Tom. I. Mem. 5.*



h93.810



P/P95

On the other hand, there hovers a kind of "curiosa felicitas" about his writings. The poet, careless and debonair, is innocent of literary ambition; his world is a charmingly vacuous and gentle one, unperturbed by serious aspirations; his wit, consummate art and that art so quiet and unassuming.

Why then should one worry about such an ideal state of things or dilate on recognized qualities and interfere with a perfection of its own?... Lamb's "fairy-land" theory has — in spite of his ingenious sympathy with the poet — undoubtedly been most instrumental in forming the generally received opinion of Congreve as a harmless happy thing, too little of a riddle to require dealing with.

But a deeper reason can be sought for this almost complete neglect of Congreve.

His standard of art makes no violent appeal whatever. It neither tackles great problems, nor does it leap out from eternal backgrounds to set up human ideals; human character and not human destiny was the dearest object of his thoughts. Yet, he was not a "holiday-writer" — not even an easy writer; fond of something more than immediate jottings, he understood that art is *expression* above all.

The word is rather a new one, but let it be said, Congreve was at all times much too modern a writer for students accustomed to far-off things and dead-and-gone authors; while there was to be a lack of conviction about him with critics addicted to the overrating of so-called ideal principles which have long been made bankrupt everywhere but in art<sup>1</sup>).

Like the modern writer Congreve was responsive to the ephemeral in life and sensible to the external, without being the less given to introspection. His indifference to the pieties of the moral Muse was rewarded by a gift of perceiving "humours" and a keen sense of comic reality.

---

<sup>1</sup>) Dr. Blair, of old, is on that point the most piquant illustration: "...Congreve is a writer of genius... Farquhar is a light and gay writer... in general the tendency of both Congreve and Farquhar is immoral. If the comedies of Congreve did not rack him with remorse in his last moments, he must have been lost to all sense of virtue."

„Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres", II, 545—7.

Like Wycherley, than whom he was decidedly far more companionable, he had no active sympathy with humanity at large, but all the more sympathy with the limited world of his Coquettes and Beaux.

It was his task to understand them and raise the veil from this little world of social automata that is found at its best in this period of the most affected manners of any age in English history. To have given expression, on a higher level of perfection than any of his contemporaries, to this microcosm, is what secures him the position of the greatest master of pure comedy between Shakespeare and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

His comedy is one of man living "à fleur de peau", at the periphery of his being—of the "social animal" as man or woman of the world, the comedy of the hyper-marionette, and as such his art is the most compatible with the Bergsonian comic ideal.

But all that is again modernism... with which serious criticism seldom chooses to concern itself. It is not, therefore, by mere accident that one of the most modern of critics has been the only one to take pains with Congreve.

Mr. Edmund Gosse did his utmost to render the position of his author in English literature less difficult; so, fortunate in his first real biographer and critic, Congreve had only to wait for this bright example to be followed.

Yet, nearly two score years have passed since Mr. Edmund Gosse brought out his "Life (and Writings) of Congreve" and so far no improvement on his work has been suggested.

This pamphlet is by no means intended to fill the gap! It does not profess to be a... remedy, but a proof of the undeserved oblivion into which Congreve has long fallen.

Mr. Gosse recently<sup>1)</sup> called attention to Congreve and took the opportunity of correcting a few slips in his book.

It is the object of the following pages still further to add, though little enough, to what we know of Congreve.

No doubt, Mr. Montague-Summers, who has been for some time preparing a complete edition of Congreve, will not fail to unearth plenty of new material. He is far too good an authority

---

<sup>1)</sup> „A note on Congreve" — The London Mercury, April 1921.

on the Restoration and Post-Restoration drama for us not to feel sure that this time our author has been done full justice.

Till then the present writer, who happens to be engaged on a study of Congreve, may be permitted to bring out these poetical scraps. Admittedly, they do not show Congreve at his best; but neither do such pieces of verse as "The Ode on the taking of Namur" or "The tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas" etc. which strut in all of the collections.

Henry James once said: "out of Italy you do not know how prosaic a world it is" and in the same way it might well be said: out of Comedy you do not know how prosaic a writer Congreve is!

But this pamphlet was not meant to remind one of the lyrical deficiency of Congreve's mind and age which has already been so much insisted upon.

May it, on the contrary, be a prelude to a warmer sympathy with the "unreproachful bard" and more intimate acquaintance with the vivid cameos which are his immortal work.

I wish to take this opportunity of recording my gratitude to Monsieur Nicholas Titulesco — Roumanian Minister in London and also Professor in the University of Bucharest, for the generous manner in which, both as diplomat and scholar, he devotes time and attention to the promotion of Roumanian Studies in English Literature.

May 10<sup>th</sup>. 1923.

*D. P.*

## WILLIAM CONGREVE<sup>1)</sup>

„A gentleman now living, who derives himself from an Ancient family in Staffordshire of that Name. His politer knowledge he owes to *Dublin* Colledge, from whence being returned to *England*, his first Applications were to the Law. But M. *Congreve* was of too delicate a taste, had a wit of too fine a turn, to be long pleas'd with that crabbed, unpalatable Study;

---

<sup>1)</sup> We have thought it proper to give, by way of introduction to these literary items the first of the biographies of Congreve. Somewhere in his book Mr. Gosse states that the brief notes the poet gave Giles Jacob for his *Poetical Register* of 1719—20 „have formed the nucleus of all succeeding biographies of Congreve” and wishes that these notes had been fuller.

Fuller than Giles Jacob's account and affording a like nucleus to subsequent biographical work on Congreve there is a previous biography which seems to have escaped Mr. Gosse's net.

Giles Jacob himself quotes a „certain author” and if one takes pains to trace him one can easily find that the whole of the passage in inverted commas is excerpted out of „*The Lives and Characters of the English Dramatick Poets*, first begun by Mr. Langbain, improv'd and continued down to this Time, by a careful hand” (Mr. Gildon) 1699.

If we have a look at the preface we are told that „the following piece is not writ all by one hand, as will, I believe be perceiv'd in the reading”.

Moreover, the writer of the preface, „has lately read Mr. Congreve's *Love for Love* over and is of opinion, that the contrivance of the marriage of Tattle and Mrs. Frail is highly probable, tho, the reflections on that play do seem not to admit it as absolutely so”.

True or not, one of the „different hands” is responsible for the article on Congreve and that is, undoubtedly, Ch. Gildon the very editor of this second Langbain.

He was far too intimately concerned with the first part of Congreve's life while the style reveals enough of his usual sprightliness for us to detect in it the pen of the picturesque miscellaneous writer who drew — as Mr. Gosse, quoting him on a different occasion, states — „a venal quill long afterwards in the days of Pope, but who under Dryden was almost respectable”.

The biography reads at times as if also based on information supplied by Congreve himself.

in which the laborious dull plodding Fellow, generally excells the more sprightly and vivacious wit; for the Law is something like Preferment at Court, won by Assurance and Assiduity; this concurring with his Natural Inclinations to Poetry, diverted him from the Bar to the declining Stage; which then stood in need of such a Support, and from whence the town justly receiv'd him as *Rome's other Hope*.

*Rochfoucault* truly observes, that merit alone will never make a Heroe, without the friendly Assistance of Fortune; and therefore *M. Congreve* must be said to be as much oblig'd to her for his *success*, as to Nature for his *wit*, which truly deserv'd it, and of which all those that read his plays, must allow him a more than ordinary share. And *indeed* he took the most certain way to make sure of *fortune*, by the intimacy he contracted with the most active part of the *establish'd* and *receiv'd* Wits and Poets of the Age, before he ventur'd his reputation to the Publick. For as a celebrated French writer has observ'd, an Author should never expect to raise his fame in the world, from an unknown State, by the single Force of his own Genius, and without the help and concurrence of the Men of Wit, that have an influence over the opinion of the world in things of that Nature. But then on the other side, it must be confess'd that his merit was certainly of more than ordinary power, to oblige them to forget their habitual *Ill-Nature*; and criminal Emulation or Jealousy (to give it no worse name) of all those whom they have any Cause to fear, will once prove any considerable Rivals in their Fickle mistress, *Fame*. *Mr. Congreve* has already given us Four plays, of which in their Alphabetical Order,...

...(follows a very interesting account of *The Double Dealer*, *Love for Love*, *The Mourning Bride*, and *The Old Batchelor*, ending:)

„Some other characters are not entirely new, but that is very excusable in a young poet, especially in a play, which I have been assur'd was writ, when our author was but Nineteen Years Old, and in nothing alter'd but in the Length, which being consider'd I believe few men that have writ, can shew one half so good at so unripe an Age.“



TO MR. CONGREVE, AN EPISTOLARY ODE  
Occasion'd by his late Play. From Mr. Yalden.

The longest piece of verse in Congreve's praise, is the least known.

Thomas Yalden's "Epistolary Ode" is, of course, to be found in any of his collections, but one can hardly see it mentioned in connection with Congreve.

Nor is it given any place in any edition of Congreve's plays or collection of his poems.

The ode, occasioned by the fortunate "Old Bachelor" first appeared in Dryden's *Examen poeticum* (1693) together with such best work of Yalden's as "A Hymn to the Morning", "In praise of the Light", "A hymn to Darkness", "Against Enjoyment" etc. and is another proof of Congreve's early fame.

(It must be remembered that Yalden is the poet charged in "*The Oxford Laureate*", a humorous poem of that time, with having plagiarized Congreve, which is evident if one only compares the beginning of the "Ode on the taking of Namur" by either poet.

Yalden also shares with Congreve, and Rowe, the attribution to him of "Squire Bickerstaff detected, or the astrological Impostor convicted" a humorous paper of uncertain authorship.)

I

Fam'd *Wits* and *Beauties*, share this common fate,  
To stand expos'd to publick Love and Hate,  
In ev'ry *Breast* they diff'rent Passions raise,  
At once provoke our Envy, and our praise.  
For when, like you, some noble Youth appears,  
For Wit and Humour fam'd above his years,  
Each emulous Muse, that views the Laurel won  
Must praise the worth so much transcends their own  
And, while his Fame they envy, add to his renown.

But sure like you, no Youth, cou'd please

Nor at his first attempt boast such success:  
Where all Mankind have sail'd, you glories won:  
Triumphant are in this alone,  
In this have all the Bards of old outdone.

II

Then may'st thou rule our Stage in triumph long  
May'st Thou its injur'd fame revive  
And matchless proofs of Wit, and Humour, give,

Reforming with thy scenes, and charming with thy Song.  
 And tho' a curse ill fated Wit pursues  
 And waits the fatal Dowry of a Muse:  
 Yet may thy rising fortunes be  
 Secure from all the blasts of Poetry,  
 As thy own Laurels flourishing appear  
 Unsully'd still with Cares, nor clog'd with Hope and Tear,  
 As from its wants be from its vices free  
 From nauseous servil flattery;  
 Nor to a patron prostitute thy mind  
 Tho' like *Augustus* Great as Fam'd *Maecenas* kind.

## III

Tho' great in Fame! Believe me generous Youth.  
 Believe this oft experienc'd Truth  
 From him that knows thy Virtues, and admires their worth.  
 Tho' Thou'rt above what vulgar Poets fear  
 Trust not the ungrateful World too far;  
 Trust not the Smiles of the inconstant Town:  
 Trust not the Plaudits of a Theater  
 (Which *D-fy* shall, with *Thee*, and *Dryden* share)  
 Nor to a Stage's int'rest sacrifice thy own.  
 Thy *Genius*, that's for Nobler things design'd  
 May at loose Hours oblige Mankind.  
 Then great as is thy Fame, thy Fortune raise  
 Joyn thriving intr'est to thy barren *Bays*  
 And teach the world to envy, as thou do'st to praise.  
 The *World*, that does like *common whores* embrace  
 Injurious still to those it does caress  
 Injurious as the tainted breath of Fame  
 That *blasts* a Poet's Fortunes, while it *sounds* his *Name*.

## IV

When first a *Muse* inflames some Youthful *Breast*  
 Like an unpractis'd Virgin, still she's kind  
 Adorn'd with Graces then, and *Beauties* blest  
 She *charms* the *Ear* with *Fame*, with *Raptures* fills the *Mind*

Then from all *Cares* the *happy Youth* is free  
 But those of Love and Poetry,  
*Cares*, still allay'd with pleasing Charms,  
 That *Crown* the head with *Bays*, with *Beauty* fill the *Arms*.  
 But all a Woman's Frailties soon she shows  
 To soon a stale domestick Creature grows:  
 Then wedded to a Muse, that's nauseous grown  
 We loath what we enjoy, druge when the Pleasure's gone.  
 For tempted with imaginary *Bays*  
 Fed with immortal Hopes, and empty praise  
 He fame pursues, that fair, but treacherous, bait  
 Grows wise, when he's undone, repents when 't is too.

## V

Small are the trophies of his boasted *Bays*  
 The Great Man's promise, for his flattering Toyl  
 Fame in reversion, and the publick smile  
 All, vainer than his Hopes, uncertain as his Praise.  
 Twas thus in Mournful Numbers heretofore  
 Neglected *Spencer* did his Fate deplore.

Long did his imjur'd Muse complain,  
 Admir'd in midst of *Wants*, and *Charming* still in vain.

Long did the generous *Cowley* Mourn  
 And long oblig'd the *Age* without return  
 Deny'd what every wretch obtains of Fate,  
 An humble *Roof*, and an obscure retreat  
 Condemn'd to *needy Fame*, and to be *miserably* great.

Thus did the World thy great Fore-Fathers use,  
 Thus all the inspir'd *Bards* before  
 Did their hereditary ills deplore  
 From tuneful *Chaucer's*, down to thy own *Dryden's* muse.

## VI

Yet pleas'd with gaudy ruin Youth will on,  
 As proud by publick Fame to be undone  
 Please'd tho' he does the worst of Labours chuse  
 To serve a *Barb'rous Age* and an ungrateful *Muse*.

Since *Dryden's* self, to Wit's great Empire born  
Whose Genius and exalted Name  
Triumph with all the *Spoils* of *Wit* and *Fame*  
Must midst the *loud Applause* his barren *Laurels* mourn,  
Even that Fam'd *Man* whom all the *World* admires  
Whom every Grace adorns, and Muse inspires:  
*Like* the great injur'd *Tassò* shows  
Triumphant in the midst of Woes  
In all his Wants Majestick still appears  
Charming the *Age* to which he owes his Cares  
And cherishing that *Muse* whose *fatal Curse* he bears.

*From Mag. Col. Oxon.*

## A SATYR AGAINST LOVE

There exists at the British Museum an unknown additional manuscript (Add 3996 — Bibliotheca Sloaneiana) styled: *A Satyr Against Love, by Mr. Congreve*<sup>1</sup>.

Congreve had a kind of Wordsworthian handwriting and the manuscript is obviously a copy. But there can be no doubt about the poem being Congreve's. The verse is his and bears on a favourite theme of the poet; in reading it one comes across couplets one would think picked out of his Epistles or Prologues.

As to the original manuscript it may not have existed at all; the afflictions of Congreve's eyesight had probably long put him in need of a copyist.

If in February 1710—11 he was able to give Swift<sup>2</sup>) a Tatler "written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison "later on — perhaps in the summer of 1719, the earl of Shannon, when writing to Pope, thought it fit to say. "By candle light Mr. Congreve wants a scribe; he has not been well indeed" etc....

Unquestionably, the lines afford no opportunity for tasting Heaven's dew! and to the casual reader they may appear rather dull. Yet, they often hit it off and monotonous thought it may be, the whole thing is none the less eloquent of the man himself.

There is a frosty touch about it which points out to its being written at late period of Congreve's life.

The scrap in its extant form appears somewhat unfinished — a few more lines seem wanting — but as far as it goes it is consistent allthrough, and allowance being made for casual awkwardness, which a revision would in no case have failed to avoid — the poem may count for one of the finest Congreve ever wrote.

(In transcribing the manuscript we have preserved the spelling and the peculiarities of the original).

After the Rebel Lucifer was driven  
With his Appostate Angels down from Heav'n

---

<sup>1</sup>) Ayscough's Catalogue.

<sup>2</sup>) Journal to Stella. Feb. 13/1710—11.

The Great Jehovah with unbounded might  
Out of a Chaos Rude and void of light  
The stately Fabrick to compose began  
And then to form that Godlike creature man:  
Free from all vice in Paradise he lay  
Till Eve's Temptation forc'd him to obey,  
And for an Apple give that Heav'n away.  
No faint persuasions cou'd the curse remove,  
And sure the Devil that tempted her was Love  
How well her Daughter have pursu'd her crimes  
Wittness the Antient and our Modern times;  
No beaten Track they of her Foot steps leave.  
Alike they Ruin and alike deceive.  
With Eve they are consenting to the Cheat  
Impose on man and smile at the deceit;  
So our first Parent was of Heav'n bereft  
And Love the only comfort he had left.  
Sure Nature first in anger did intend  
A Plague, nay, ev'n the worst of Plagues to send  
'Mongst the destructive Race of human kind  
When Love she constituted in the mind;  
A Peevish Passion which disturbs the Soul  
And makes one's selfe a madman or a Fool;  
The best (at most) but on success depends  
And where the pleasure shou'd begin it ends.  
The Child of fancy by Desire nurs'd  
Cherish'd by hopes, and by enjoyments curs'd  
Whose chiefest bliss is an uncertain Joy  
When that which shou'd preserve it does destroy.  
Then why is man its wretched captive made,  
And by such fading worthless joys betray'd?  
Driv'n like a wreck by the empetuou's Tide  
Lost to himselfe and all the World beside?  
No sooner has he left his infant Plyes  
The harmless pastime of his happyer days  
But past a child is still in judgment so,  
And studies first what he is not to know;  
On some vain girl he casts his wanton eyes

And only fears she'll disaprove his choice;  
Doubting success he dares not speak but write  
To show her that way too, his want of will.  
The nymph is answer having Lov'd before,  
(A reckon'd virgin but a reall whore)  
Advises him to give his Passion o're  
Yet says, in pity of his pain she'll write

B

## A BALAD ON THE VICTORY AT OUDENARDE IDEM CANTICUM LATINE REDDITUM

The reader of the "DIARY OF LADY COWPER"<sup>1)</sup> can meet, under the date Nov. 27/28 1714 with the following passage:

"I went to Court to enquire of my Mistress's Health, who had been out of order, and I found her gone a walking. I stayed till she came back. She had walked to *Kensington* and the coaches brought them back again. She thanked me for drinking her Health with Mrs. Clayton at Supper the night before. I told her I never failed at my meals drinking hers and my Master's; upon which the *Prince* said he did not wonder he had such good Health since he came in *England*, since I took so much Part in it. I told him that before his coming hither, I and my children had constantly drunk his Health by the name of *Young Hanover Brave*, which was the title Mr. Congreve had given him in a Ballad. This made him ask who *Mr. Congreve* was and so gave me an Opportunity of saying all the Good of *Mr. Congreve* which I think he truly deserves".

A foot-note in the same book states: "From the song by Mr. Congreve on the battle of Oudenarde beginning—*Ye Commons and Peers*" and quotes in its entirety the 6th. verse where the words "Hanover Brave" occur.

Sir Walter Scott was not likely to have known of this clue when he attributed<sup>2)</sup> the Jack Frenchman's ballad to Swift, since this ballad is none but that mentioned in the Diary.

"That he was wrong cannot now be questioned", says Mr. Erlington Ball, who was the only one to draw attention to it<sup>3)</sup>.

<sup>1)</sup> „Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales”.

<sup>2)</sup> Cf. *Jack Frenchman's Lamentation, an excellent song to the tune of „I'll tell thee Dick”*:

This ballad, upon the battle of Oudenarde, is given from a hawkers copy, bound up with various other broadside songs and poems known to be written by Swift. It is printed for Morphew in 1708. As Swift was then in London, and intimate with several of the ministers he seems likely to have celebrated the great public success in one of the popular ditties which the composer with such facility. This song was very popular and the tune is often referred to as that of „Ye Commons and Peers” (Scott's Swift, Vol. XII.)

<sup>3)</sup> Notes and Queries, 12 S VIII, April 16 1921.



But neither Mr. Erlington Ball himself does seem aware of the fact that the ballad was published — only under another title — in Tonson's *Poetical Miscellanies, The Sixth Part* (1709)<sup>1</sup>, which is a further proof in favour of Congreve's authorship, as the collection was a very familiar one with the poet and brought out — most certainly for the first time — almost all of his minor poetical work.

Moreover, Tonson's Sixth Miscellany includes a Latin translation facing and very closely following the English text. Its...pidgin Latin does not show much trace of Congreve's hand! A hint of another kind comes out of one of his letters to Joseph Keally, written on the 9th of November 1708, that is to say about the time the ballad must have been jotted down: "I am very well after my short fit, which I hope has prevented any farther visitations for this winter. *I thank you for the Latin Ballad.* I think it is as well as the thing will bear, and so does Main, who continues of all men the hardest to be pleased with any modern essays".

The battle of Oudenarde was fought on the 11th of July 1708 and as early as the 10th of the same month the *DAILY COURANT* was able to advertise the ballad.

The British Museum has preserved (C. 40 m. 10 [103]) a fine copy of the broadside, headed:

*Jack French-Man's Defeat  
Being an Excellent New Song to a Pleasant Tune  
called There was a Fair Maid on the North Country  
Came Tripping over the Plain, etc.*

Its publication in the Miscellany came therefore not long after. About ten years later D'Urfey inserted it, set to music by Mr. Dick Leveridge, in the sixth und last volume of his *Wit and Mirth or Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1729)<sup>2</sup>.

The ballad had originally fourteen stanzas which, with the course of time dwindled down to twelve.

Here is the text both English and Latin as given in the above mentioned Miscellany.

(Swift's Ballad "A Wonderful age is now on the stage" is written to the tune and very much in the manner of "Ye Commons and Peers").

I

I

Ye Commons and Peers  
Pray lend me your Ears

O plebes et Magnates  
Vos aures praebeatis

<sup>1</sup> Cfr. *ibid*: Rowe's *Epilogue* spoken by Mrs. Barry; at her Playing in *Love for Love* with Mrs. Bracegirdle, for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.

<sup>2</sup> Which also contains *Juno in the Prize*, set by Mr. John Weldon. (A Song from, *The Judgment of Paris*).

I'll sing you a song if I can  
 How Louis le Grand  
 Was put to a Stand  
 By the Arms of our Gracious  
                   Queen Anne

## II

How his Army so great  
 Had a total Defeat  
 Not far from the River of  
                   *Dender*  
 Where his Grand-Children  
                   twain  
 For fear of being Slain  
 Gallop's off with the Popish  
                   Pretender

## III

To a steeple on High  
 The Battel to Spy  
 Up Mounted these clever  
                   Young men;  
 And when from the Spire  
 They saw so much Fire  
 They cleverly came down  
                   again.

## IV

Then a Horse-Back they got  
 All upon the same Spot  
 By advice of their Cousin  
                   *Vendôme*;  
 O Lord! cry'd out He  
 Unto Young *Burgundy*  
 Wou'd your Brother and you  
                   were at home.

Cantabo Carmen haud inane;  
 Veteris ut amici  
 Milites Ludovici,  
 Turbavit exercitus Annae.

## II

Dicam ejus ut fortes  
 Vastaeque Cohortes,  
 Prope Tenerum victae fuerunt.  
 Ubi gallico more  
 Cum Competitore  
 Nepotes se fugae dederunt.

## III

Pyramidem tamen  
 Ut cernant certamen  
 Cito scandunt tres adoles-  
                   centes;  
 At citius descendunt  
 Oculos fit offendunt  
 Tot flammae per aethra ful-  
                   gentes.

## IV

Tum Cursores repente  
 Vindicino suadente,  
 Conscendunt, miserum, ait,  
                   oh, me  
 Burgundi quid statur?  
 Utinam tu et frater  
 Essetis una cum avo domi.

## V

Just so did he say  
 When without more delay  
 Away the Young Gentry Fled;  
 Whose Heels for that work  
 Were much lighter than Cork  
 But their Hearts were more  
                   heavy than Lead

## VI

Not so did behave  
 The Young *Hanover* Brave  
 In this Bloody Field I assure  
                   you;  
 When his War-Horse was shot  
 Yet He matter'd it not  
 But Charg'd still on Foot like  
                   a Fury.

## VII

While Death flew about  
 Aloud He call'd out  
 Hoh! You Chevalier of  
                   St.-George  
 If you'll neither stand  
 By sea nor by Land  
 Pretender, that Title you Forge.

## VIII

Thus Boldly he stood  
 As became that High Blood  
 Which runs in his Veins so Blue;  
 This Gallant Young Man  
 Being Kin to Queen *Anne*,  
 Fought, as were she a Man,  
                   she woud' do.

## V

Haec illo dicente,  
 Generosae juventae  
 Alae additae sunt a timore;  
 Nam avolat pedibus  
 Sicut Cortex levibus  
 Licet Corde plumbo graviore.

## VI

Sed non instar horum  
 Medio tot periclorum  
 Hannoverus audax sese gessit;  
 Transfixo bellatore  
 Omni expers timore  
 Pulsos pedes acriter pressit.

## VII

Dum Mors circumvolavit  
 Altâ voce clamavit  
 Heus! tu miles Sti. Georgi  
 Si non audes stare  
 Nec terrâ nec mari  
 Jus fictum ne amplius urge.

## VIII

Instabat cum terrore  
 Sanguinis pro splendore  
 Qui in Coeruleis venis turgescit  
 Nam Annae agnatus  
 Ita est proeliatu  
 Ut haec foret modo vir esset.

## IX

What a Racket was here,  
 (I think 'twas last year)  
 For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*  
 When by letting 'em Win,  
 We have drawn the Puts in  
 To lose all they are Worth  
 this campaign.

## X

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*  
 To *Monsieur* we lent  
 With Int'rest he soon shall  
 Repay 'em,  
 While *Paris* may sing  
 With her sorrowful King  
*De Profundis* instead of *Te Deum*.

## XI

From their dream of success,  
 They'll waken, we guess,  
 At the sound of Great Marl-  
 borough's drums;  
 They may think if they will  
 Of Almanza still,  
 But 'tis Blenheim where-ever  
 he comes.

## XII

O Louis Perplex'd,  
 What General's next  
 Thou hast hitherto chang'd  
 'em in Vain:  
 He has Beat 'em all round,  
 If no New ones are found  
 He shall Beat the Old over  
 again.

## IX

Quas hic turbas excivit  
 (Quis credere quivit)  
 Nuperum in Hispaniâ malum  
 Ex hoc lucro suffultos  
 Induxinus stultos  
 Post omnia perdere naulum.

## X

Quas jam commodavimus  
 Cum faenore rogabimus,  
 Iterum Brugus et Clarinoeum  
 Canet et Rex moerente  
 Paritiâ cum gente  
*De Profundis* in loco *Te Deum*.

## XI

Ex hoc somno Victoriae  
 Eos tandem Marlboriae,  
 Excitaverit sonitus tubae;  
 De Almanza licebit  
 Cogitent, si lubebit  
 Venit is cum Blenheimii pube.

## XII

Quem ducem Ludovice,  
 Mittes proxima vice?  
 Quos hactenus frustra misisti;  
 Omnes semel superavit  
 Iterumque profligabit  
 Si novos nusquam reperisti.

## XIII

We'll let *Tallard* out  
 If he 'll take t'other Bout;  
 And much he's improv'd, let  
                   me tell ye,  
 With *Nottingham* Ale,  
 At ev'ry meal,  
 And good Pudding and Beaf  
                   in his Belly.

## XIV

As Losers at play  
 Their Dice throw away,  
 While the winner he still  
                   Wins on:  
 Let who will command  
 Thou hadst better disband  
 For, Old Bully, thy Doctors  
                   are gone.

## XIII

Si iterum proeliabitur  
*Tallardus* cite dabitur  
 Auxit et vires Nottingha-  
                   mensis  
 Zythus, bubulaque,  
 Salubris massulaque  
 Apposita singulis mensis.

## XIV

Sed ut victos ludendo  
 Cubos abjicendo  
 Parum videas promovere:  
 Quemcunque praefeceris  
 Consultis destiteris  
 Pseudocubi, Vafer, periere.

## PROLOGUE TO THE PRINCESS

### Spoken by Mrs Bracegirdle

It is stated in the preface to Congreve's works (1710): "The Miscellaneous Verses which conclude this work are of several Kinds and written occasionally at distant times; the early Date of some no doubt will plainly appear, and it is hoped will also plead their Excuse. Part of them has heretofore been printed singly or dispersed in Miscellanies".

Among these Miscellanies those of Dryden—Tonson were naturally the likeliest to contain such minor work of Congreve's. Mr. Gosse has, for instance, pointed out<sup>1)</sup> that the ode On Mrs. Arabella Hunt Singing did not appear in 1705 as he first asserted<sup>2)</sup> but in the *Examen Poeticum, being the Third part of Poetical Miscellanies* (1693).

We may be permitted to add that the same collection comprises almost all of his translations from Latin, the first publication of which we do not remember to have seen mentioned anywhere.

Of more importance, from this point of view, is the Fifth Part of Tonson's Miscellanies (1704). It contains most of Congreve's lyrical work — no fewer than twelve pieces in all:

1. *A Hue and Cry after Fair Amoret*; 2. *Song* (I look'd and I sigh'd and I wish'd I could speak); 3. *Song* (Ah! What Pains, what racking thoughts he proves); 4. *Song in dialogue for two Women* 5. *A song* (Grant me gentle Love said I); 6. *Song* (Cruel Aminta, can you see); 7. *Song* (See, she wakes, Sabina wakes!); 8. *Song* (Pious Selinda goes to Pray'rs); 9. *Lesbia*; 10. *Prologue to the Princess*, spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle; 11. *Verses sacred to the Memory of grace Lady Gethin*, occasioned by reading her book, Intituled: *Reliquiae Gethinianae*; 12. *Epitaph upon Robert Huntington* of Stanton Harcourt Esq. and Robert His Son).

One of them, the prologue to the Princess (spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle) calls for special attention as it appears among none of Congreve's prologues to his own or others' plays which exist in all the collective or single editions

---

<sup>1)</sup> „London Mercury“, april 1921.

<sup>2)</sup> „Life of Congreve“.

of his plays; nor are the date and occasion on which it was written easy to account for.

There are two or three of his Prologues seemingly lost. On the 1st of June 1704, when "Love for love" was acted for the benefit of Mrs. Bowman the play "had the attraction of a new prologue, and a song by Bowman called The Misses' lamentation for want of their Vizard-masks at the play-house".

Likewise on the 7th of April 1709, when Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle who had both renounced the stage returned to it for the benefit of Betterton, in the same play, "Congreve is said to have furnished a prologue, though withdrawn and never submitted to print, which was delivered by the latter lady, the former reciting an epilogue from the Pen of Rowe, which remains in lasting testimony of his affectionate regard"<sup>1</sup>).

On the other hand when as early as 1693 *The DOUBLE DEALER* was given by Royal Command, according to Cibber "Queen Mary was received with a new Prologue from the Author spoken by Mrs. Barry, humbly acknowledging the great Honour done to the stage, and to his play in particular".

True, Cibber's memory — as Mr. Gosse has noticed — plays him a trick when it makes him quote as belonging to this Prologue two lines taken obviously from the Prologue to Queen Mary upon her Majesty's coming to "see the Old Batchelour after having seen *The Double Dealer*".

Nevertheless something of a like Prologue may have existed and we incline to identify it with the present one. It bears a strong resemblance to the Prologue to Queen Mary and it is most likely that after the visit of the Queen, *The Double Dealer* would have enjoyed the visit of Princess Anne.

There is no record in Genest of such a visit, but neither is there any of that of the Queen.

As to the naming of the Queen and of Mrs. Barry in connection with it, that may only be another of Cibber's inaccuracies.

If what we feel of joy could be express'd  
 It were unworthy of our Royal Guest:  
 Great Blessings when bestow'd above Desert  
 Suppress the Speech, tho' they inspire the Heart.  
 Thus tho' the Muse her grateful Homage pays  
 She dares not strive her Trembling Voice to raise  
 And pay unequal thanks, or disproportion'd Praise.  
 Such Awe there is in all sublime Delight  
 And so severe is joy when Exquisite.

Our sickly Clime, which has for ten Years past  
 With one continu'd Winter been o'er-cast

<sup>1</sup>) „Memoirs of the Actors and Actresses mentioned by Cibber taken from Edmund Bellchambers's edition of the Apology“.

Has this new Age with wonted Health begun  
Reviv'd and chear'd by the relenting Sun.  
Again, the Spring does early Blossoms yield  
And Nature laughs in ev'ry living Field;  
The Stage alone remains a frozen Soil  
And fruitless mocks the weary Lab'ers Toil;  
But this bright Presence darts enliv'ning Fires  
And ev'ry Muse with Genial Warmth inspires  
Health to the World the Sun's kind Heat assures;  
That lives by his, but we survive by yours.



## ALLEGORY ON THE GAME OF QUADRILLE

“There has been a comical paper about quadrille” — wrote Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Swift, with news from the Court, on the 18th of Nov. 1716—, describing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy and two of a swarthy complexion, talking of their... etc. The riddle is carried on in pretty strong terms. It was not found out for a long time. The ladies imagining it to be a real thing, began to guess who were of the party. A great Minister was for hanging the author. In short it has made good sport”.

Now, John ALMON in the VIth volume of his 1784 edition of *The New Foundling of Wit* gives a fugitive piece in prose entitled: *Allegory on the Game of Quadrille Written by Mr. Congreve*.

On the other hand, among the Miscellanies in verse collected by Dr. SWIFT, there exists a „ballad on Quadrille written by Mr. CONGREVE”. As in Almon, a foot-note due to John NICHOLS refers the reader to Dr. ARBUTHNOT's letter.

Nothing appears to contradict the attribution being in both cases right. Yet there is mention of neither piece, in none of CONGREVE's critics or biographers.

The prose version strictly corresponds with the description which Dr. ARBUTHNOT gives. The poetical version falls rather short of it, and may be looked upon as a paraphrase to which the first version served as a mere sketch.

It must not be overlooked that about 1721, CONGREVE was labouring more than ever “under the same afflictions as to his sight and gout”. But as GAY wrote to SWIFT “in his intervals of health he has not lost anything of his cheerful temper”.

It may be that in one of these intervals, or on one of his visits to BATH, he scribbled down these jokes — just to amuse himself and Henriette!

As to the licence of certain turns of speech, age and illness are circumstances which atone for such blemishes.

## ALLEGORY ON THE GAME OF QUADRILLE

“The following is an allegory on the Game of Quadrille.

It was written by Mr. CONGREVE. See SWIFT's letters, Vol. 2, Page 198"(Foundlingrof Wit).

Substance of an information taken before one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace.

That four ladies of quality, whom the deponent does not care to name, repair mightily to a certain convenient house, to meet four gallants, of the highest rank, whom the deponent would not name, but so far described, that two of them were of a swarthy and two of a ruddy complexion (but he believes they were abonimably painted); the gallants are called, by these ladies, by the fond names of Hercules, Cupid, Pitts and The Gardener.

After a plentyful service of the most costly fish, they begin to play their tricks like the tumblers in Bartholomew Fair, upon a carpet; strip is the word, and it has been known, that they have lately stripp'd a Gentleman who lately came into the house.

At first they begin very civilly, as, Madam, by your leave or so, which the lady is so good as seldom to refuse. By a certain established rule of precedency, every lady has, in her turn, the choice of her gallant and some have been known so unreasonable, that after they have had three, they have called for a fourth.

Afterwards, it is shameful to relate the tricks that are played by the lewd pack, etc., etc.

## A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE<sup>1)</sup>

Written by Mr. CONGREVE

### I

When as corruption hence did go  
And left the nation free

<sup>1)</sup> On the subject of this ballad, see a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot to Dean Swift, dated Nov. 8. 1728 — N.

When Ay and Ay, and No and No,  
Without a place or fee:  
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,  
Sent for his spirit called Quadrille,  
Quadrille, Quadrille, etc.

## II

Kings, Queens and knaves made up his pack,  
And four fair suits they wove;  
His troops they are with red and black  
All blotch'd and spotted o'er;  
And every house, go where you will  
Is haunted by the imp Quadrille, etc.

## III

Sure cards he has for everything,  
Wich well court cards they name;  
And statesman-like, calls in the king,  
To help out a bad game;  
But, if the parties manage ill,  
The king is forced to loose Codille, etc.

## IV

When two and two were met of old,  
Though they ne'er meant to marry,  
They were in Cupid's book enroll'd  
And call'd a party *quarree*:  
But now, meet when and where you will,  
A party *quarree* is Quadrille, etc.

## V

The commoner, and knight, the peer,  
Men of all ranks and fame,  
Leave to their wives the only care,  
To propagate their name;

And well that duty they fulfill  
When the good husband's at Quadrille, etc.

## VI

When patients lie in piteous case,  
In comes th' apothicary;  
And to the doctor cries alas!  
*Non debes quadrillare;*  
The patient dies without a pill  
For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, etc.

## VII

Should France and Spain again grow loud,  
The Muscovite grow louder, <sup>1)</sup>  
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,  
Would want both ball and powder;  
For why? The gen'ral's at Quadrille, etc.

## VIII

The king of late drew forth his sword,  
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),  
And made of many a' squire and lord  
An unwash'd knight of Bath:  
What are their feats of arms and skill?  
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, etc.

## IX

A party late at Cambray<sup>2)</sup> met,  
Which drew all Europe's eyes;

<sup>1)</sup> Russia was at this time, 1725, using very high language concerning the restoration of Sleswick (Scott).

<sup>2)</sup> The convention at Cambray was adopted for the purpose of adjusting the disputes between the emperor and king of Spain, under the mediation of Great-Britain and France. But in the course of the treaty the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, died, and the Infanta of Spain Maria-Theresa, who had been betrothed to the King of France, was sent back to her own country to make way for Lewis XV th's being affianced to the daughter of the Duke of Lorraine. The Spanish Court received this affront with a natural sensation of deep resentment and finding it in vain to attempt engaging Great Britain in their quarrel, they suddenly patched up a peace with the Emperor, and thus saved the quadruple Allies the trouble of interference. (Scott.)

'Twas call'd in Post-Boy and Gazette  
The Quadruple Allies;  
But somebody took something ill

So broke this party at Qu adrille, etc.

And now, God save this noble realm  
And God save those who held the helm  
When as the king goes over:  
But let the king go where he will,  
His subjects must play at Quadrille,  
Quadrille, Quadrille, etc.

## APPENDIX A.

1. I need not say any thing of Mr. *Congreve's Double Dealer* (the only new play since my last), after the character which Mr. *Dryden* has given of it: Yet me Respect for its Author will not suffer me to omit the following lines.  
*The Gentlemen's Journal* or the Monthly Miscellany,  
November 1693

To Mr Congevve: By Mr William DOVE<sup>1)</sup>

Since inspiration's ceas'd, I fain would know  
To whom thy wond'rous store of Wit we owe?  
'Tis more than e're Philosophy could teach  
How Imperfection should Perfection reach;  
Yet while thy Works with native — Glory shine  
And sprightly Phrases render them divine.  
We think thou'rt sprung from the Prophetic Line.  
How smooth the Current of thy Fancy glides!  
It never ebbs, and knows no boist'rous Tides;  
No lofty nonsense in thy Play appears,  
With shew of Wit to please unskillfull Ears.  
Thus we with pleasure, and with wonder view  
That charming Land'skip wick thy Fancy drew.  
There, there, thy Genius revels in each Part,  
And lavish Nature is improv'd by Art.  
There's in thy Satire, as in Music, found  
Something that 's pleasing in the sharpest Sound.  
Sure thy Soul acts in a divided State,  
Free from the body, and exempt from Fate!

---

<sup>1)</sup> Like J. W. Marsh, a contributor to „The Gentleman's Journal”.

Go on, great Youth, but as thou hast begun,  
 The Prize thou'lt merit e're the Race is run.  
 Thus fledg'd with honour, let thy Muse expand  
 Her infant Wings, and her swift Flight extend  
 So far, till at the Last she may come nigh'  
 Wycherly's Fame, and with his Gloery vye.

2. More important than these hitherto unknown lines in Congreve's praise is the fact that this journal gives — besides the first mention of Congreve's name in connection with Dryden's *Persius*, with *The Old Bachelor* and *The Double dealer* — the first literary production which appeared under Congreve's name.

"Malone suggested that the song which Congreve contributed to Southerne's comedy of *The Maid's last Prayer* was probably the first acknowledged essay presented by Congreve to the public. The *Persius*, *The old Bachelor* and Southerne's play appeared with the same date, 1693, on the title page and Malone did not know which came first. But from the *London Gazette* we learn that *The Maid's last Prayer* was published on the 9 th of March, 1693, and therefore followed *The Old Bachelor* by at least six weeks" (Gosse).

Mr. Gosse would be right had the song contributed to Southerne's play not been published in Motteux's Magazine long before both the Comedies were brought out.

The issue of January 1692/3 advertises Southerne's Comedy in the following note:

„You have here two of the Songs in it. Mr. Congreve who made the words of the first, hath written a Comedy which will be acted in a little time, and is to be called *The old Bachelour*”.

The next two pages are taken up with:

A SONG SET By Mr HENRY PURCELL the  
 WORDS by Mr CONGREVE

The song — two fluid little stanzas of seven lines each — beginning *Tell me no more I am deceived* is one of Congreve's best. But the idea of the last two lines, the most exquisite of all:

I'll take her body, you her mind  
 Who has the better bargain,

is evidently borrowed from the dull "Og";

*Though that rogue Selfish has her mind, I do no doubt but to get her body  
 which is worth two of it...* ("A true Widow" IV, I.)

## APPENDIX B.

*The Muses Mercury* or *the Monthly Miscellany* contains a good deal about Congreve, in which students of his work ought to be interested.

Here is a very curious translation of the famous ballad Ben sings, at the end of the 4th act of *Love for Love*. It appeared in the March issue, 1707.

I.           A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR, etc.

By Mr. Congreve,

Put into Latin by R... I... Esq.

To the same tune.

Miles, Navigator,  
Sutor et Aerator  
Jamdudum litigabant  
De Pulcrâ quam amabant;  
Cui nomen Joanna,  
Cui... etc.  
Jam Tempus consummatum  
Ex quo determinatum  
Non vexatam iri  
Prae desiderio Viri;  
Nec pernoctare solam,  
Nec... etc.

Miles dejeravit  
Hanc praeda plus amavit,  
Ostendit Cicatrices  
Quas aestimat foelices  
Dum vendicavit eam  
Dum... etc.

Sutor ait ne sit dura



.....  
 Instat Aeris fabricator  
 Ut Olla farciatur,  
 Rimaque obstipetur,  
 Rimaque... etc.

Quum hi tres altercantur,  
 Nauta vigilanter,  
 Ac calide moratur,  
 Dum proelium ordiatur,  
 Ut agat suam Rem,  
 Ut... etc.

Perinde ac speratur  
 Deinceps compugnatur  
 Et saeviente bello,  
 Transfixit eam tele  
 Quod vulneravit cor,  
 Quod... etc.

2. The same issue contains Rowe's "Reconcilement" between Congreve and Tonson, the well-known parody of Horace Lib. 3 Ode 9. — probably its first publication — with the following introductory note which throws some light on the character of the incident between the poet and the editor.

We have hitherto kept to our first Resolution, to print no publick nor private scandal; and shall keep it always, out of Detestation to such base Practices; which we have seen succeed so ill with others, who, while they attempted to injure the Reputation of others, have lost their own, and been reduc'd to that Contempt into which they endeavour'd to bring those they injur'd. True Satyr is of another Character, which as long as it maintains it can never do an Injury. And, as we declar'd in our first Mercury, we shall be always ready to Print anything of that Nature that's general and discreet. The following Paper of Verses is far from being satyrical; and we respect the persons of all the Gentlemen mention'd in it too much, to have publish'd it, had it been of that kind. 'Tis

burlesque Imitation of an Ode' of *Horace*, very humorous, and very inoffensive, and what has not at all lessen'd the good correspondence among the Parties concern'd.

3. The January issue contributes a new if small chapter to the Collier controversy, revealing the stage of the conflict, and the position which the adversaries of the drama held in public opinion.

Many facts show that the success of the so-called "Stage Reformation" has been highly overrated.

### *The Dispute about the Stage Reviv'd*

...Indeed, who could imagine it (the Drama) needed any Vindication, when Her Majesty has vouchsaf'd to favour it, and a New Theatre has been since built under Her Auspices, and honour'd with Her Royal Name. When she has since commanded some of *those* Plays to be acted at St. James's, which were Insolently treated in the *Short Views*: and the Reverend Judges have order'd the same *comedies* or *plays* of the same character, to be represented before them at the *Temple*. This, one wou'd think was enough to have silenc'd the Clamour against the most Pleasant and the most useful Diversion that ever was invented for the minds of men. But Mr. Bedford, a Minister of Bristol, has faln upon it anew, and found leisure from his graver studies to pick out 2.000 passages... etc.

4. *THE MUSES MERCURY* For the month of September 1707:

As for comedies, there's no great expectation of any thing of that kind since Mr. Farquhar's Death. The two Gentlemen who would probably always succeed in the Comick vein, Mr. Congreve and Capt. Steele, having affairs of much greater importance to take up their time and thoughts. And unless the players write themselves, the Town must wait for Comedy till another Genius appears.

5. A more important fragment is the following little poem which appeared in the November issue. We do not know of its having been attributed to anybody. But the author's initials the name of the lady, as well as the epigram-

matic style of the verse, lead us to believe that we have here one of the last, perhaps, love-poems of Congreve's. His love intrigue with "Bracilla" was by that time coming to an end. That is why he probably was more than ever desirous of beguiling her with deceptive fancies!...

## TO MARIA.

By W. C.

Tho' all the boist'rous waves of Fortune rowl  
 And in united Torrents drench my soul  
 Yet when my bright meridian Star appears,  
 She'll scatter all my doubts, and dissipate my Fears.  
 Tho' the foundation of the world should shake,  
 And all the wondrous Frame of nature break:  
 Nay, tho' the Heavens should fall, or Earth shou'd rise  
 With strange convulsions, far above the skies;  
 Impossibles may come to pass, yet I  
 Would with Maria live, or with her die.

6. *Of Books relating to poetry* (The M. M. for the Month of January, 1707).

— We are inform'd that Mr. Congreve is preparing an Edition of his Miscellany Poems, in one volume, for the Press, with an Addition of several New Pieces.

— Ibid: "Mr. Congreve, Mr. Pr—r, Mr. Dennis and Mr. Row have sung the Battel of Ramillies, etc."

7. The M. M. for the Month of July 1707:

## THE STAGE VINDICATED

*A Satyr*

by I. H. Esq.

What madness has possest the snarling Age  
 To rail at Wit, and damn th' instructing Stage,  
 Who are these rude Reformers... etc. etc.

(An attack on Collier, Bedford and other reformers ejusdem farinae, in a satire of about 550 lines).

## APPENDIX C.

*Love for Love* is of Congreve's plays, the only one which is not known to have aroused congratulatory verse. Yet there are such lines as the following, interesting enough though they might not seem very laudatory.

They are to be found prefixed only to the editions of 1693 and 1720 of the play (v. *A Collection of the Best English Plays* vol. II 1720) and the Dublin Edition of the „*Dramatic Works of Mr. William Congreve*“ [1729—31]).

### PROLOGUE

for

The opening of the New Play-House, proposed  
to be spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle in Man's Cloths.

Sent from a unknown hand.

Custom which every where bears mighty Sway,  
Brings me to act the Orator to Day:  
But women, you will say, are ill at speeches,  
'Tis true, and therefore I appear in Breeches:  
Not for Example to you City wives,  
That, by Prescription's settled for your Lives.  
Was it for gain the Husband first consented?  
O yes, their gains are mightily augmented:  
(Making horns with her hands over her head)  
And yet, methinks it must have cost some Strife:  
A Passive husband, and an active Wife;  
'Tis aukward, very aukward, by my life.  
But to my speech; Assemblies of all nations  
Still are suppos'd to open with Orations:  
Mine shall begin, to shew our obligations  
To you, our Benefactors, lowly bowing,  
Whose favours have prevented our Undoing;

A long Egyptian Bondage we endur'd:  
 'Till Freedom, by your justice, we procur'd:  
 Our task-masters were grown such very Jews,  
 We must at length have play'd in Wooden shoes,  
 Had not your Bounty taught us to refuse.  
 Freedom's of English Growth, I think alone  
 What for lost English Freedom can atone?  
 A Free Born player, loaths to be compell'd.  
 Our rulers Tyranniz'd and We Rebell'd.  
 Freedom! the Wise Man's wish, the Poor Man's Wealth;  
 Which you, and I, and most of us enjoy by Stealth,  
 The Soul of Pleasure, and the Sweet of Life,  
 The Woman's Charter, Widow, Maid or Wife,  
 This they'd have cancell'd and thence grew the Strife.  
 But you, perhaps, wou'd have me here confess  
 How we obtain'd the Favour; — can't you guess?  
 Why then: I'll tell you (for I hate a lie)  
 By Brib'ry errant Brib'ry, let me die:  
 I was their Agent, but by Jove I swear  
 No honourable Member had a share,  
 Tho' young and able Members bid me Fair  
 I chose a wiser way to make you willing  
 Which has not cost the House a single Shilling.  
 Now you suspect at least I went a Billing  
 You see I'm Young and to that Air of Youth  
 Some will add beauty, and a little Truth;  
 These Pow'rful Charms, improv'd by Pow'rful Arts  
 Prevail'd to captivate your op'ning hearts.  
 Thus furnish'd, I preferr'd my Poor Petition,  
 And brib'd ye, to commiserate our Condition:  
 I Laugh'd, and Sigh'd, and Sung, and leer'd upon ye,  
 With roguish loving Looks, and that may won ye,  
 The Young Men kiss'd me, and the Old I kiss'd,  
 And luringly I led them as I list.  
 The Ladies in meer Pity took our parts,  
 Pity's the Darling Passion of their Hearts.  
 Thus Bribing, or thus Brib'd, fear no Disgraces;  
 For thus you may take Bribes, and keep your places.

## APPENDIX D.

Many a letter of Congreve's must still exist here and there.

"You must, I believe, have seen a book of letters stitched together by the Dean — wherein there are a number of them from the greatest men in England, both for Genius learning and power such as Lord Bolingbroke, Oxford, Ormond, Bath, Gay, Prior, *Congreve*, and Mr Lewis, with several bundles large enough to make a volume" — wrote Mrs Whiteway to the Earl of Orrery, on Dec. 30/1740.

From Pope's Correspondence one hears of letters sent by Congreve to Lady Montagu. They are said to have been included in the *Journal* which Lady Bute destroyed.

Saved from such a fate, letters addressed to Mrs Trotter-Cockburn, to Dennis, Joseph Keally, the Porters remain in well — known publications.

Here is a letter addressed to Edward Porter, husband of the famous actress, which escaped Leigh Hunt's attention.

It bears no date, but from its contents one would be inclined to fix it somewhere about the first half of June 1706, since on the 26th of this month Congreve wrote to Keally:

"I am removed to Mr Porter in Surrey-Street where I shall be glad to hear of you."

Ashley. Thursday.

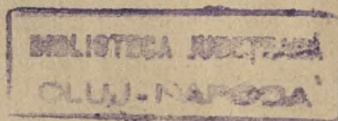
I am glad Mr Porter and you are better in health. I was two days (as usual) in hopes that I had been so too, but on Monday was as ill as ever. I am again in hopes, but I can say little more till two or three days more shall be past. 'Tis a subject I am weary of.

I am sorry the house is not done because if either health or business shall call me to town I must be sadly inconvenienced. I make no doubt but you will know as soon as you can what resolution Mrs Draper or the executors will come to, for it is equally uneasy to us all to be at an uncertainty; in the

mean time I hope you will let me know when so much of the house is don that if any accident incline or oblige me to come to town I may have the satisfaction of knowing where I maybe, as to the rest we must look forward as well as we can. I am with constant inclination and sincerity to Mrs Porter and your self a very  
faithfull and humble servant

Wm. Congreve.

[— Endorsed: To Mr Porter at his house in Surrey Street]  
(Br. M. Add. MSS 4293)



1 <sup>o</sup> . FOREWORD.....	1
2 <sup>o</sup> . WILLIAM CONGREVE .....	5
3 <sup>o</sup> . TO Mr. CONGREVE, AN EPISTOLARY ODE. FROM. Mr. YALDEN.....	7
4 <sup>o</sup> . A SATYR AGAINST LOVE by Mr. Con- greve .....	11
5 <sup>o</sup> . A BALLAD ON THE VICTORY AT OUDENARDE IDEM CANTICUM LATINE REDDITUM .....	14
6 <sup>o</sup> . PROLOGUE TO THE PRINCESS.....	20
7 <sup>o</sup> . ALLEGORY ON THE GAME OF QU- ADRILLE .....	23
8 <sup>o</sup> . A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.....	24
9 <sup>o</sup> . APPENDICES.....	28

W

ICARIAT  
CLUJ  
lei 25,—

S



