It was that memorable day, in the first Summer of the late War, when our Navy ingag'd the Dutch: a day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed Fleets which any age had ever seen, disputed the command of the greater half of the Globe, the commerce of Nations, and the riches of the Universe. While these vast floating bodies, on either side, mov'd against each other in parallel lines, and our Country men, under the happy conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the Enemies; the noise of the Cannon from both Navies reach'd our ears about the City: so that all men, being alarm'd with it, and in a dreadful suspense of the event, which we knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the Town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the River, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Amongst the rest, it was the fortune of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius and Neander, to be in company together: three of them persons whom their wit and Quality have made known to all the Town: and whom I have chose to hide under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a relation as I am going to make of their discourse.

Taking then a Barge which a servant of Lisideus had provided for them, they made haste to shoot the Bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindred them from hearing what they desired: after which, having disiingag'd themselves from many Vessels which rode at Anchor in the Thames, and almost blockt up the passage towards Greenwich, they order'd the Watermen to let fall their Oares more gently; and then every one favouring his own curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceiv'd the Air break about them like the noise of distant Thunder, or of Swallows in a Chimney: those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reach'd them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horrour which they had betwixt the Fleets: after they had attentively listned till such time as the sound by little and little went from them; Eugenius lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who congratulated to the rest that happy Omen of our Nations Victory: adding, we had but this to desire in confirmation of it, that we might hear no more
of that noise which was now leaving the English Coast. When the rest had concur'd in the same opinion, Crites, a person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat too delicate a taste in wit, which the world have mistaken in him for ill nature, said, smiling to us, that if the concernment of this battel had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wish'd the Victory at the price he knew must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill verses as he was sure would be made upon it; adding, that no Argument could scape some of those eternal Rhimers, who watch a Battel with more diligence then the Ravens and birds of Prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the quarry, while the better able, either out of modesty writ not at all, or set that due value upon their Poems, as to let them be often call'd for and long expected! there are some of those impertinent people you speak of, answer'd Lisideius, who to my knowledg, are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not onely a Panegirick upon the Victory, but, if need be, a funeral elegy upon the Duke: and after they have crown'd his valour with many Lawrels, at last deplore the odds under which he fell, concluding that his courage deserv'd a better destiny. All the company smil'd at the conceipt of Lisideius, but Crites, more eager then before, began to make particular exceptions against some Writers, and said the publick Magistrate ought to send betimes to forbid them; and that it concern'd the peace and quiet of all honest people, that ill Poets should be as well silenc'd as seditious Preachers. In my opinion, replyed Eugenius, you pursue your point too far; for as to my own particular, I am so great a lover of Poesie, that I could wish them all rewarded who attempt but to do well; at least I would not have them worse us'd then Sylla the Dictator did one of their brethren heretofore: Quem in concione vidimus (says Tully speaking of him) cum ei libellum malus poeta de populo subjecisset, quod epigramma in eum fecisset tantummodo alternis versibus longiuculis, statim ex iis rebus quae tunc vendebat jubere ei præmium tribui, sub ea conditione ne quid postea scriberet. I could wish with all my heart, replied Crites, that many whom we know were as bountifully thank'd upon the same condition, that they would never trouble us again. For amongst others, I have a mortal apprehension of two Poets, whom this victory with the help of both her wings will never be able to escape; 'tis easie to guess whom you intend, said Lisideius; and without naming them, I ask you if one of
them does not perpetually pay us with clenches upon words and a certain clownish kind of raillery? if now and then he does not offer at a Catecresis or Clevelandism, wrestling and torturing a word into another meaning: In fine, if he be not one of those whom the French would call un mauvais buffon; one that is so much a well-willer to the Satire, that he spares no man; and though he cannot strike a blow to hurt any, yet ought to be punish'd for the malice of the action, as our Witches are justly hang'd because they think themselves so; and suffer deservedly for believing they did mischief, because they meant it. You have described him, said Crites, so exactly, that I am afraid to come after you with my other extremity of Poetry: He is one of those who having had some advantage of education and converse, knows better then the other what a Poet should be, but puts it into practice more unluckily then any man; his stile and matter are every where alike; he is the most calm, peaceable Writer you ever read: he never disquiets your passions with the least concernment, but still leaves you in as even a temper as he found you; he is a very Leveller in Poetry, he creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his Numbers with For to, and Vn to, and all the pretty Expletives he can find, till he draggs them to the end of another line; while the Sense is left tir'd half way behind it; he doubly starves all his Verses, first for want of thought, and then of expression; his Poetry neither has wit in it, nor seems to have it; like him in Martial:

Pauper videri Cinna vult, & est pauper:

[4] He affects plainness, to cover his want of imagination: when he writes the serious way, the highest flight of his fancy is some miserable Antithesis, or seeming contradiction; and in the Comick he is still reaching at some thin conceit, the ghost of a Jest, and that too flies before him, never to be caught; these Swallows which we see before us on the Thames, are just resemblance of his wit: you may observe how near the water they stoop, how many proffers they make to dip, and yet how seldom they touch it: and when they do, 'tis but the surface: they skim over it but to catch a gnat, and then mount into the ayr and leave it. Well Gentlemen, said Eugenius, you may speak your pleasure of these Authors; but though I and some few more about the Town may give you a peaceable hearing, yet, assure your selves, there are multitudes who would think you malicious and them injur'd: especially him who you first described; he is the
very Withers of the City: they have bought more Editions of his Works then would serve to lay under all the Pies at the Lord Mayor's Christmass. When his famous Poem first came out in the year 1660, I have seen them reading it in the midst of Change-time; many so vehement they were at it, that they lost their bargain by the Candles ends: but what will you say, if he has been received amongst the great Ones? I can assure you he is, this day, the envy of a great person, who is Lord in the Art of Quibbling; and who does not take it well, that any man should intrude so far into his Province. All I would wish replied Crites, is, that they who love his Writings, may still admire him, and his fellow Poet: *qui Bavium non odit*, &c. is curse sufficient. And farther, added Lisideius, I believe there is no man who writes well, but would think himself very hardly dealt with, if their Admirers should praise any thing of his: *Nam quos contemnimus eorum quoque laudes contemnimus*. There are so few who write well in this Age, said Crites, that me-thinks any praises should be wellcome; then neither rise to the dignity of the last Age, nor to any of the Ancients; and we may cry out of the Writers of this time, with more reason than Petronius of his, *Pace vestra liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdistis*: you have debauched the true old Poetry so far, that Nature, which is the soul of it, is not in any of your Writings.

[5] If your quarrel (said Eugenius) to those who now write, be grounded onely upon your reverence to Antiquity, there is no man more ready to adore those great Greeks and Romans than I am: but on the other side, I cannot think so contemptibly of the Age I live in, or so dishonourably of my own Countrey, as not to judge we equal the Ancients in most kinds of Poesie, and in some surpass them; neither know I any reason why I may not be as zealous for the Reputation of our Age, as we find the Ancients themselves in reference to those who lived before them. For you hear your Horacesaying,

*Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassé Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper.*

And after,

*Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?*

[6] But I see I am ingaging in a wide dispute, where the arguments are not like to reach close on either side; for Poesie is of so large extent, and so many both of
the Ancients and Moderns have done well in all kinds of it, that, in citing one against the other, we shall take up more time this Evening, than each man's occasions will allow him: therefore I would ask Crites to what part of Poesie he would confine his Arguments, and whether he would defend the general cause of the Ancients against the Moderns, or oppose any Age of the Moderns against this of ours?

[7] Crites a little while considering upon this Demand, told Eugenius he approv'd his Propositions, and, if he pleased, he would limit their Dispute to Dramatique Poesie; in which he thought it not difficult to prove, either that the Antients were superiour to the Moderns, or the last Age to this of ours.

[8] Eugenius was somewhat surpriz'd, when he heard Crites make choice of that Subject; For ought I see, said he, I have undertaken a harder Province than I imagin'd; for though I never judg'd the Plays of the Greek or Roman Poets comparable to ours; yet on the other side those we now see acted, come short of many which were written in the last Age: but my comfort is if we are overcome, it will be onely by our own Countreymen: and if we yield to them in this one part of Poesie, we more surpass them in all the other; for in the Epique or Lyrique way it will be hard for them to show us one such amongst them, as we have many now living, or who lately were so. They can produce nothing so courtly writ, or which expresses so much the Conversation of a Gentleman, as Sir John Suckling; nothing so even, sweet, and flowing as Mr. Waller; nothing so Majestique, so correct as Sir John Denham; nothing so elevated, so copious, and full of spirit, as Mr Cowley; as for the Italian, French, and Spanish Plays, I can make it evident that those who now write, surpass them; and that the Drama is wholly ours.

[9] All of them were thus far of Eugenius his opinion, that the sweetness of English Verse was never understood or practis'd by our Fathers; even Crites himself did not much oppose it: and every one was willing to acknowledge how much our Poesie is improv'd, by the happiness of some Writers yet living; who first taught us to mould our thoughts into easie and significant words; to retrench the superfluities of expression, and to make our Rime so properly a part of the Verse, that it should never mis-lead the sence, but it self be led and govern'd by it. Eugenius was going to continue this Discourse, when Lisideius told him it was necessary, before they proceeded further, to take
a standing measure of their Controversie; for how was it possible to be decided who writ the best Plays, before we know what a Play should be? but, this once agreed on by both Parties, each might have recourse to it, either to prove his own advantages, or discover the failings of his Adversary.

[10] He had no sooner said this, but all desir'd the favour of him to give the definition of a Play; and they were the more importunate, because neither Aristotle, nor Horace, nor any other, who writ of that Subject, had ever done it.

[11] Lisideius, after some modest denials, at last confess'd he had a rude Notion of it; indeed rather a Description then a Definition: but which serv'd to guide him in his private thoughts, when he was to make a judgment of what others writ: that he conceiv'd a Play ought to be, A just and lively Image of Humane Nature, representing its Passions and Humours, and the Changes of Fortune to which it is subject; for the Delight and Instruction of Mankind.

[12] This Definition, though Crites rais'd a Logical Objection against it; that it was onely a genre & fine, and so not altogether perfect; was yet well received by the rest: and after they had given order to the Water-men to turn their Barge, and row softly, that they might take the cool of the Evening in their return; Crites, being desired by the Company to begin, spoke on behalf of the Ancients, in this manner:

[13] If Confidence presage a Victory, Eugenius, in his own opinion, has already triumphed over the Ancients; nothing seems more easie to him, than to overcome those whom it is our greatest praise to have imitated well: for we do not onely build upon their foundation; but by their modells. Dramatique Poesie had time enough, reckoning from Thespis (who first invented it) to Aristophanes, to be born, to grow up, and to flourish in Maturity. It has been observed of Arts and Sciences, that in one and the same Century they have arriv'd to a great perfection; and no wonder, since every Age has a kind of Universal Genius, which inclines those that live in it to some particular Studies: the Work then being push'd on by many hands, must of necessity go forward.

[14] Is it not evident, in these last hundred years (when the Study of Philosophy has been the business of all the Virtuosi in Christendome) that almost a new Nature has been revealed to us? that more errours of the School have been
detected, more useful Experiments in Philosophy have been made, more Noble
Secrets in Opticks, Medicine, Anatomy, Astronomy, discover'd, than in all those
credulous and doting Ages from Aristotle to us? so true it is that nothing spreads
more fast than Science, when rightly and generally cultivated.

[15] Add to this the more than common emulation that was in those times of
writing well; which though it be found in all Ages and all Persons that pretend to
the same Reputation; yet Poesie being then in more esteem than now it is, had
greater Honours decreed to the Professors of it; and consequently the Rivalship
was more high between them; they had Judges ordain'd to decide their Merit,
and Prizes to reward it: and Historians have been diligent to record of Eschylus,
Euripides, Sophocles, Lycophron, and the rest of them, both who they were that
vanquish'd in these Wars of the Theater, and how often they were crown'd: while
the Asian Kings, and Grecian Common-wealths scarce afforded them a Nobler
Subject then the unmanly Luxuries of a Debauch'd Court, or giddy Intrigues of a
Factious City. Alit æmulatio ingenia (says Paterculus) & nunc invidia, nunc
admiratio incitationem accendit: Emulation is the Spur of Wit, and sometimes
Envy, sometimes Admiration quickens our Endeavours.

[16] But now since the Rewards of Honour are taken away, that Vertuous
Emulation is turn'd into direct Malice; yet so slothful, that it contents it self to
condemn and cry down others, without attempting to do better: 'Tis a Reputation
too unprofitable, to take the necessary pains for it; yet wishing they had it, is
incitement enough to hinder others from it. And this, in short, Eugenius, is the
reason, why you have now so few good Poets; and so many severe Judges:
Certainly, to imitate the Antients well, much labour and long study is required:
which pains, I have already shown, our Poets would want encouragement to take,
if yet they had ability to go through with it. Those Ancients have been faithful
Imitators and wise Observers of that Nature, which is so torn and ill represented
in our Plays, they have handed down to us a perfect resemblance of her; which
we, like ill Copyers, neglecting to look on, have rendred monstrous and disfigur'd.
But, that you may know how much you are indebted to those your Masters, and
be ashamed to have so ill requited them: I must remember you that all the Rules
by which we practise the Drama at this day, either such as relate to the justness
and symmetry of the Plot; or the Episodical Ornaments, such as Descriptions,
Narrations, and other Beauties, which are not essential to the Play; were delivered to us from the Observations that Aristotle made, of those Poets, which either liv'd before him, or were his Contemporaries: we have added nothing of our own, except we have the confidence to say our wit is better; which none boast of in our Age, but such as understand not theirs. Of that Book which Aristotle has left us περὶ τῆς Ποιητικῆς, Horace his Art of Poetry is an excellent Comment, and, I believe, restores to us that Second Book of his concerning Comedy, which is wanting in him.

[17] Out of these two has been extracted the Famous Rules which the French call, Des Trois Vnitez, or, The Three Unities, which ought to be observ'd in every Regular Play; namely, of Time, Place, and Action.

[18] The unity of Time they comprehend in 24 hours, the compass of a Natural Day; or as near it as can be contriv'd: and the reason of it is obvious to every one, that the time of the feigned action, or fable of the Play, should be proportion'd as near as can be to the duration of that time in which it is represented; since therefore all Playes are acted on the Theater in a space of time much within the compass of 24 hours, that Play is to be thought the nearest imitation of Nature, whose Plot or Action is confin'd within that time; and, by the same Rule which concludes this general proportion of time, it follows, that all the parts of it are to be equally subdivided; as namely, that one act take not up the suppos'd time of half a day; which is out of proportion to the rest: since the other four are then to be straightned within the compas of the remaining half; for it is unnatural that one Act, which being spoke or written, is not longer than the rest, should be suppos'd longer by the Audience; 'tis therefore the Poets duty, to take care that no Act should be imagin'd to exceed the time in which it is represented on the Stage, and that the intervalls and inequalities of time be suppos'd to fall out between the Acts.

[19] This Rule of Time how well it has been observ'd by the Antients, most of their Playes will witness; you see them in their Tragedies (wherein to follow this Rule, is certainly most difficult) from the very beginning of their Playes, falling close into that part of the Story which they intend for the action or principal object of it; leaving the former part to be delivered by Narration: so that they set the Audience, as it were, at the Post where the Race is to be concluded: and, saving
them the tedious expectation of seeing the Poet set out and ride the beginning of the Course, you behold him not, till he is in sight of the Goal, and just upon you.

[20] For the Second Unity, which is that of place, the Antients meant by it, That the Scene ought to be continu'd through the Play, in the same place where it was laid in the beginning: for the Stage, on which it is represented, being but one and the same place, it is unnatural to conceive it many; and those far distant from one another. I will not deny but by the variation of painted Scenes, the Fancy (which in these cases will contribute to its own deceit) may sometimes imagine it several places, with some appearance of probability; yet it still carries the greater likelihood of truth, if those places be suppos'd so near each other, as in the same Town or City; which may all be comprehended under the larger Denomination of one place: for a greater distance will bear no proportion to the shortness of time, which is allotted in the acting, to pass from one of them to another; for the Observation of this, next to the Antients, the French are to be most commended. They tie themselves so strictly to the unity of place, that you never see in any of their Plays a Scene chang'd in the middle of the Act: if the Act begins in a Garden, a Street, or Chamber, 'tis ended in the same place; and that you may know it to be the same, the Stage is so supplied with persons that it is never empty all the time: he that enters the second has business with him who was on before; and before the second quits the Stage, a third appears who has business with him.

[21] This Corneil calls La Liaison des Scenes, the continuity or joyning of the Scenes; and 'tis a good mark of a well contriv'd Play when all the Persons are known to each other, and every one of them has some affairs with all the rest.

[22] As for the third Unity which is that of Action, the Ancients meant no other by it then what the Logicians do by their Finis, the end or scope of an action: that which is the first in Intention, and last in Execution: now the Poet is to aim at one great and compleat action, to the carrying on of which all things in his Play, even the very obstacles, are to be subservient; and the reason of this is as evident as any of the former.

[23] For two Actions equally labour'd and driven on by the Writer, would destroy the unity of the Poem; it would be no longer one Play, but two: not but that there may be many actions in a Play, asBen. Johnson has observ'd in his discoveries;
but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our language happily expresses in the name of under-plots: such as in Terences Eunuch is the difference and reconcilement of Thais and Phaedria, which is not the chief business of the Play, but promotes; the marriage of Chærea and Chreme's Sister, principally intended by the Poet. There ought to be one action, sayes Corneile, that is one compleat action which leaves the mind of the Audience in a full repose: But this cannot be brought to pas but by many other imperfect ones which conduce to it, and hold the Audience in a delightful suspense of what will be.

[24] If by these Rules (to omit many other drawn from the Precepts and Practice of the Ancients) we should judge our modern Playes; 'tis probable, that few of them would endure the tryal: that which should be the business of a day, takes up in some of them an age; instead of one action they are the Epitomes of a mans life; and for one spot of ground (which the Stage should represent) we are sometimes in more Countries then the Map can show us.

[25] But if we will allow the Ancients to have contriv'd well, we must acknowledge them to have writ better; questionless we are depriv'd of a great stock of wit in the loss of Menander among the Greek Poets, and of Caælius, Affranius and Varius, among the Romans: we may guess of Menanders Excellency by the Plays of Terence, who translated some of his, and yet wanted so much of him that he was call'd C. Cæsar the Half-Menander, and of Varius, by the Testimonies of Horace Martial, and Velleus Paterculus: 'Tis probable that these, could they be recover'd, would decide the controversie; but so long as Aristophanes in the old Comedy, and Plautus in the new are extant; while the Tragedies of Eurypides, Sophocles, and Seneca are to be had, I can never see one of those Plays which are now written, but it encreases my admiration of the Ancients; and yet I must acknowledge further, that to admire them as we ought, we should understand them better than we do. Doubtless many things appear flat to us, whose wit depended upon some custome or story which never came to our knowledge, or perhaps upon some Criticism in their language, which being so long dead, and onely remaining in their Books, 'tis not possible they should make us know it perfectly. To read Macrobius, explaining the propriety and elegance of many words in Virgil, which I had before pass'd.
over without consideration, as common things, is enough to assure me that I ought to think the same of Terence; and that in the purity of his style (which Tully so much valued that he ever carried his works about him) there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it. In the mean time I must desire you to take notice, that the greatest man of the last age (Ben. Johnson) was willing to give place to them in all things: He was not onely a professed Imitator of Horace, but a learned Plagiary of all the others; you track him every where in their Snow: IfHorace, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Juvenal, had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him; you will pardon me therefore if I presume he lov'd their fashion when he wore their cloaths. But since I have otherwise a great veneration for him, and you, Eugenius, prefer him above all other Poets, I will use no farther argument to you then his example: I will produce Father Ben. to you, dress'd in all the ornaments and colours of the Ancients, you will need no other guide to our Party if you follow him; and whether you consider the bad Plays of our Age, or regard the good ones of the last, both the best and worst of the Modern Poets will equally instruct you to esteem the Ancients.

[26] Crites had no sooner left speaking, but Eugenius who waited with some impatience for it, thus began:

[27] I have observ'd in your Speech that the former part of it is convincing as to what the Moderns have profitted by the rules of the Ancients, but in the latter you are careful to conceal how much they have excell'd them: we own all the helps we have from them, and want neither veneration nor gratitude while we acknowledge that to overcome them we must make use of the advantages we have receiv'd from them; but to these assistances we have joyned our own industry; for (had we sate down with a dull imitation of them) we might then have lost somewhat of the old perfection, but never acquir'd any that was new. We draw not therefore after their lines, but those of Nature; and having the life before us, besides the experience of all they knew, it is no wonder if we hit some airs and features which they have miss'd: I deny not what you urge of Arts and Sciences, that they have flourish'd in some ages more then others; but your instance in Philosophy makes for me: for if Natural Causes be more known now then in the time of Aristotle, because more studied, it follows that Poesie and
other Arts may with the same pains arrive still neerer to perfection, and, that granted, it will rest for you to prove that they wrought more perfect images of humane life then we; which, seeing in your Discourse you have avoided to make good, it shall now be my task to show you some part of their defects, and some few Excellencies of the Moderns; and I think there is none among us can imagine I do it enviously, or with purpose to detract from them; for what interest of Fame or Profit can the living lose by the reputation of the dead? on the other side, it is a great truth which Velleius Paterculus affirms, Audita visis libentius laudemus; & præsentia invidia, præterita admiratione prosequimur; & his nos obrui, illis instrui credimus: That praise or censure is certainly the most sincere which unbrrib'd posterity shall give us.

[28] Be pleased then in the first place to take notice, that the Greek Poesie, which Crites has affirm'd to have arriv'd to perfection in the Reign of the old Comedy, was so far from it, that the distinction of it into Acts was not known to them; or if it were, it is yet so darkly deliver'd to us that we can not make it out. [29] All we know of it is from the singing of their Chorus, and that too is so uncertain that in some of their Playes we have reason to conjecture they sung more then five times: Aristotle indeed divides the integral parts of a Play into four: First, The Protasis or entrance, which gives light onely to the Characters of the persons, and proceeds very little into any part of the action: 2ly, The Epitasis, or working up of the Plot where the Play grows warmer: the design or action of it is drawing on, and you see something promising that it will come to pass: Thirdly, the Catastasis, or Counterturn, which destroys that expectation, imbroyles the action in new difficulties, and leaves you far distant from that hope in which it found you, as you may have observ'd in a violent stream resisted by a narrow passage; it runs round to an eddy, and carries back the waters with more swiftness then it brought them on: Lastly, the Catastrophe, which the Grecians call'd lysis, the French le denouement, and we the discovery or unravelling of the Plot: there you see all things settling again upon their first foundations, and the obstacles which hindred the design or action of the Play once remov'd, it ends with that resemblance of truth and nature, that the audience are satisfied with the conduct of it. Thus this great man deliver'd to us the image of a Play, and I must confess it is so lively that from thence much light has been deriv'd to the forming
it more perfectly into Acts and Scenes; but what Poet first limited to five the number of the Acts I know not; onely we see it so firmly establish'd in the time of Horace, that he gives it for a rule in Comedy; Neu brevior quinto, neu sit productior actu: So that you see the Grecians cannot be said to have consummated this Art; writing rather by Entrances then by Acts, and having rather a general indigested notion of a Play, then knowing how and where to bestow the particular graces of it. [30]

But since the Spaniards at this day allow but three Acts, which they call Tornadas, to a Play; and the Italians in many of theirs follow them, when I condemn the Antients, I declare it is not altogether because they have not five Acts to every Play, but because they have not confin'd themselves to one certain number; 'tis building an House without a Modell: and when the succeeded in such undertakings, they ought to have sacrific'd to Fortune, not to the Muses. [31]

Next, for the Plot, which Aristotle call'd τὸ μυθὸς and often Τῶν πραγμάτων συνθεσις, and from him the Romans Fabula, it has already been judiciously observ'd by a late Writer, that in their Tragedies it was onely some Tale deriv'd from Thebes or Troy, or at lest some thing that happen'd in those two Ages; which was worn so thred bare by the Pens of all the Epiq ue Poets, and even by Tradition it self of the Talkative Greeklings (as Ben Johnson calls them) that before it came upon the Stage, it was already known to all the Audience: and the people so soon as ever they heard the Name of Oedipus, knew as well as the Poet, that he had kill'd his Father by mistake, and committed Incest with his Mother, before the Play; that they were now to hear of a great Plague, an Oracle, and the Ghost of Laius: so that they sate with a yawning kind of expectation, till he was to come with his eyes pull'd out, and speak a hundred or two of Verses in a Tragick tone, in complaint of his misfortunes. But one Oedipus, Hercules, or Medea, had been tolerable; poor people they scap'd not so good cheap: they had still the Chapon Bouillé set before them, till their appetites were cloy'd with the same dish, and the Novelty being gone, the pleasure vanish'd: so that one main end of Dramatique Poesie in its Definition, which was to cause Delight, as of consequence destroy'd. [32]

In their Comedies, the Romans generally borrow'd their Plots from the Greek Poets; and theirs was commonly a little Girle stolen or wandred from her

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Parents, brought back unknown to the same City, there got with child by some lewd young fellow; who, by the help of his servant, cheats his father, and when her time comes, to cry Juno Lucina fer opem; one or other sees a little Box or Cabinet which was carried away with her, and so discovers her to her friends, if some God do not prevent it, by coming down in a Machine, and take the thanks of it to himself.

[33] By the Plot you may gues much of the Characters of the Persons. An Old Father that would willingly before he dies, see his Son well married; his Debauch’d Son, kind in his Nature to his Wench, but miserably in want of Money; a Servant or Slave, who has so much wit to strike in with him, and help to dupe his Father, a Braggadocio Captain, a Parasite, and a Lady of Pleasure.

[34] As for the poor honest Maid, whom all the Story is built upon, and who ought to be one of the principal Actors in the Play, she is commonly a Mute in it: She has the breeding of the Old Elizabethway, for Maids to be seen and not to be heard; and it is enough you know she is willing to be married, when the Fifth Act requires it.

[35] These are Plots built after the Italian Mode of Houses, you see thorow them all at once; the Characters are indeed the Imitations of Nature, but so narrow as if they had imitated onely an Eye or an Hand, and did not dare to venture on the lines of a Face, or the Proportion of a Body.

[36] But in how straight a compass soever they have bounded their Plots and Characters, we will pass it by, if they have regularly pursued them, and perfectly observ’d those three Unities of Time, Place, and Action: the knowledge of which you say is deriv’d to us from them. But in the first place give me leave to tell you, that the Unity of Place, how ever it might be practised by them, was never any of their Rules: We neither find it in Aristotle, Horace, of any who have written of it, till in our age the French Poets first made it a Precept of the Stage. The unity of time, even Terencehimself (who was the best and the most regular of them) has neglected: His Heautontimoroumenos or Self-Punisher takes up visibly two dayes; therefore sayes Scaliger, the two first Acts concluding the first day, were acted over-night; the three last on the ensuing day: and Eurypides, in trying himself to one day, has committed an absurdity never to be forgiven him: for in one of his Tragedies he has made Theseus go from Athens to Thebes, which
was about 40 English miles, under the walls of it to give battel, and appear
victorious in the next Act; and yet from the time of his departure to the return of
the Nuntius, who gives the relation of his Victory, Æthra and the Chorus have but
36 Verses; that is not for every Mile a Verse.

[37] The like errour is as evident in Terence his Eunuch, when Laches, the old
man, enters in a mistake the house of Thais, where betwixt his Exit and the
entrance of Pythias, who comes to give an ample relation of the Garboyles he
has rais’d within, Parmeno who was left upon the Stage, has not above five lines
to speak: C’est bien employé un temps si court, says the French Poet, who
furnish’d me with one of the observations; And almost all their Tragedies will
afford us examples of the like nature.

[38] ’Tis true, they have kept the continuity, or as you call’d it Liaison des
Scenes somewhat better: two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go
out together; and other two succeed them, and do the same throughout the Act,
which the English call by the name of single Scenes; but the reason is, because
they have seldom above two or three Scenes, properly so call’d, in every act; for
it is to be accounted a new Scene, not every time the Stage is empty, but every
person who enters, though to others, makes it so: because he introduces a new
business: Now the Plots of their Plays being narrow, and the persons few, one of
their Acts was written in a less compass then one of our well wrought Scenes,
and yet they are often deficient even in this: To go no further then Terence, you
find in the Eunuch Antipho entring single in the midst of the third Act,
after Chremes and Pythias were gone off: In the same Play you have
likewise Doria beginning the fourth Act alone; and after she has made a relation
of what was done at the Souldiers entertainment (which by the way was very
inartificial to do, because she was presum’d to speak directly to the Audience,
and to acquaint them with what was necessary to be known, but yet should have
been so contriv’d by the Poet as to have been told by persons of the Drama to
one another, and so by them to have come to the knowledge of the people) she
quits the Stage, and Phædria enters next, alone likewise: He also gives you an
account of himself, and of his returning from the Country in Monologue,
his Adelphi or Brothers, Syrus and Demea enter; after the Scene was broken by
the departure of Sostrata, Geta and Cathara; and indeed you can scarce look
into any of his Comedies, where you will not presently discover the same interruption.

[39] But as they have fail'd both in laying of their Plots, and managing of them, swerving from the Rules of their own Art, by mis-representing Nature to us, in which they have ill satified one intention of a Play, which was delight, so in the instructive part they have err'd worse: instead of punishing Vice and rewarding Virtue, they have often shown a Prosperous Wickedness, and Unhappy Piety: They have set before us a bloody image of revenge in Medea, and given her Dragons to convey her safe from punishment. A Priam and Astyanax murder'd, and Cassandra ravish'd, and the lust and murder ending in the victory of him that acted them: In short, there is no indecorum in any of our modern Playes, which if I would excuse, I could not shaddow with some Authority from the Ancients.

[40] And one farther note of them let me leave you: Tragedies and Comedies were not writ then as they are now, promiscuously, by the same person; but he who found his genius bending to the one, never attempted the other way. This is so plain, that I need not instance to you, that Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, never any of them writ a Tragedy; Æschylus, Eurypides, Sophocles and Seneca, never medled with Comedy; the Sock and Buskin were not worn by the same Poet: having then so much care to excel in one kind, very little is to be pardon'd them if they miscarried in it; and this would lead me to the consideration of their wit, had not Crites given me sufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; because the languages being dead, and many of the Customes and little accidents on which it depended, lost to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant that here and there we may miss the application of a Proverb or a Custom, yet a thing well said will be wit in all Languages; and though it may lose something in the Translation, yet, to him who reads it in the Original, 'tis still the same; He has an Idea of its excellency, though it cannot pass from his mind into any other expression or words then those in which he finds it. When Phædria — in the Eunuch had a command from his Mistress to be absent two dayes; and encouraging himself to go through with it, said; Tandem ego non illa caream, si opus sit, vel totum triduum? Parmeno to mock the softness of his Master, lifting up his hands and eyes, cryes out as it were in admiration; Hui! universum triduum! the elegance of which universum, though it cannot be rendred in our
language, yet leaves an impression of the wit upon our souls: but this happens seldom in him, in Plautusoftner; who is infinitely too bold in his Metaphors and coyning words; out of which many times his wit is nothing, which questionless was one reason why Horace falls upon him so severely in those Verses: 

*Sed Proavi nostri Plautinos & numeros, &
Laudavere sales, nium patienter utrumque
Ne dicam stolidè.

[41] For Horace himself was cautious to obtrude a new word upon his Readers, and makes custom and common use the best measure of receiving it into our writings.

*Multa renascentur quæ nunc cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus,
Quem penes, arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

[42] The not observing this Rule is that which the world has blam’d in our Satyr list Cleveland; to express a thing hard and unnaturally, is his new way of Eloction: 'Tis true, no Poet but may sometimes use a *Catachresis*; Virgil does it;

*Mistaque ridenti Colocasia fundet Acantho.

[43] In his Eclogue of Pollio, and in his 7th *Æneid.*

— Miratur & undæ,

*Miratur nemus, insuetum fulgentia longe,
Scuta virum fiuvio, pictasque innare carinas.

And Ovid once so modestly, that he askes leave to do it:

*Si verbo audacia detur Haud metuam summi dixisse Palatia coeli.*

[44] Calling the Court of Jupiter by the name of Augustus his Pallace, though in another place he is more bold, where he sayes, *Et longas visent Capitolia pompas.* But to do this always, and never be able to write a line without it, though it may be admir’d by some few Pedants, will not pass upon those who know that wit is best convey’d to us in the most easie language; and is most to be admir’d when a great thought comes drest in words so commonly receiv’d that it is understood by the meanest apprehensiions, as the best meat is the most easily digested: but we cannot read a verse of Cleveland's without making a face at it, as if every word were a Pill to swallow: he gives us many times a hard Nut to break our Teeth, without a Kernel for our pains. So that there is this difference
betwixt his Satyres and Doctor Donns, That the one gives us deep thought in common language, though rough cadence; the other gives us common thoughts in abstruse words: 'tis true, in some places his wit is independent of his words, as in that of the Rebel Scot:

*Had Cain been Scot God would have chang'd his doom;
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.*

[45] *Si sic, omnia dixisset!* This is wit in all languages: 'tis like Mercury, never to be lost or kill'd; and so that other;

*For Beauty like White-powder makes no noise,*

*And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.*

[46] You see the last line is highly Metaphorical, but it is so soft and gentle, that it does not shock us as we read it.

[47] But, to return from whence I have digress'd, to the consideration of the Ancients Writing and their Wit, (of which by this time you will grant us in some measure to be fit judges,) Though I see many excellent thoughts in Seneca, yet he, of them who had a Genius most proper for the Stage, was Ovid; he had a way of writing so fit to stir up a pleasing admiration and concernment, which are the objects of a Tragedy, and to show the various movements of a Soul combating betwixt two different Passions, that, had he live'd in our age, or in his own could have writ with our advantages, no man but must have yielded to him; and therefore I am confident the Medea is none of his: for, though I esteem it for the gravity and sentiousness of it, which he himself concludes to be suitable to a Tragedy, *Ommne genus scripti gravitate Tragoedia vincit,* yet it moves not my soul enough to judge that he, who in the Epique way wrote things so near the Drama, as the Story of Myrrha, of Caunus and Biblis, and the rest, should stir up no more concernment where he most endeavour'd it. The Master piece of Seneca I hold to be that Scene in the Troades, where Vlysses is seeking for Astyanax to kill him; There you see the tenderness of a Mother, so represented in Andromache, that it raises compassion to a high degree in the Reader, and bears the nearest resemblance of any thing in their Tragedies to the excellent Scenes of Passion in Shakespeare, or in Fletcher: for Love-Scenes you will find few among them, their Tragique Poets dealt not with that soft passion, but with Lust, Cruelty, Revenge, Ambition, and those bloody actions they produc'd; which were more
capable of raising horror then compassion in an audience: leaving love untoucht, whose gentleness would have temper'd them, which is the most frequent of all the passions, and which being the private concernment of every person, is soothe'd by viewing its own image in a publick entertainment.

[48] Among their Comedies, we find a Scene or two of tenderness, and that where you would least expect it, in Plautus; but to speak generally, their Lovers say little, when they see each other, butanima mea, vita mea; και ψυχη, as the women in Juvenal's time us'd to cry out in the fury of their kindness: then indeed to speak sense were an offence. Any sudden gust of passion (as an extasie of love in an unexpected meeting) cannot better be express'd than in a word and a sigh, breaking one another. Nature is dumb on such occasions, and to make her speak, would be to represent her unlike her self. But there are a thousand other concernments of Lovers, as jealousies, complaints, contrivances and the like, where not to open their minds at large to each other, were to be wanting to their own love, and to the expectation of the Audience, who watch the movements of their minds, as much as the changes of their fortunes. For the imaging of the first is properly the work of a Poet, the latter he borrows of the Historian.

[49] Eugenius was proceeding in that part of his Discourse, when Crites interrupted him. I see, said he, Eugenius and I are never like to have this Question decided betwixt us; for he maintains the Moderns have acquire'd a new perfection in writing, I can onely grant they have alter'd the mode of it. Homer describ'd his Heroes men of great appetites, lovers of beef broil'd upon the coals, and good fellows; contrary to the practice of the French Romances, whose Heroes neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, for love. Virgil makes Æneas a bold Avower of his own virtues,

Sum pius Æneas fama super æthera notus;

which in the civility of our Poets is the Character of a Fanfaron or Hector: for with us the Knight takes occasion to walk out, or sleep, to avoid the vanity of telling his own Story, which the trusty Squire is ever to perform for him. So in their Love Scenes, of which Eugenius spoke last, the Ancients were more hearty; we more talkative: they writ love as it was then the mode to make it, and I will grant thus much to Eugenius, that perhaps one of their Poets, had he liv'd in our Age,
Si foret hoc nostrum fato delapsus in avum (as Horace says of Lucilius)
he had alter'd many things; not that they were not as natural before, but that he
might accommodate himself to the Age he liv'd in: yet in the mean time we are
not to conclude any thing rashly against those great men; but preserve to them
the dignity of Masters, and give that honour to their memories, (Quos libitina
sacrvat;) part of which we expect may be paid to us in future times.

[50] This moderation of Crites, as it was pleasing to all the company, so it put an
end to that dispute; which, Eugenius, who seem'd to have the better of the
Argument, would urge no farther: but Lisideius after he had acknowledg'd himself
of Eugenius his opinion concerning the Ancients; yet told him he had forbore, till
his Discourse were ended, to ask him why he prefer'd the English Plays above
those of other Nations? and whether we ought not to submit our Stage to the
exactness of our next Neighbours?

[51] Though, said Eugenius, I am at all times ready to defend the honour of my
Countrey against the French, and to maintain, we are as well able to vanquish
them with our Pens as our Ancestors have been with their swords; yet, if you
please, added he, looking upon Neander, I will commit this cause to my friend's
management; his opinion of our Plays is the same with mine: and besides, there
is no reason, that Crites and I, who have now left the Stage, should re-enter so
suddenly upon it; which is against the Laws of Comedie.

[52] If the Question had been stated, replied Lysideius, who had writ best, the
French or English forty years ago, I should have been of your opinion, and
adjudg'd the honour to our own Nation; but since that time, (said he, turning
towards Neander) we have been so long together bad Englishmen, that we had
not leisure to be good Poets; Beaumont, Fletcher, and Johnson (who were onely
capable of bringing us to that degree of perfection which we have) were just then
leaving the world; as if in an Age of so much horror, wit and those milder studies
of humanity, had no farther business among us. But the Muses, who ever follow
Peace, went to plant in another Countrey; it was then that the great Cardinal
of Richlieu began to take them into his protection; and that, by his
encouragement, Corneil and some other Frenchmen reform'd their Theatre,
(which before was as much below ours as it now surpasses it and the rest
of Europe;) but because Crites, in his Discourse for the Ancients, has prevented
me, by touching upon many Rules of the Stage, which the Moderns have borrow'd from them; I shall onely, in short, demand of you, whether you are not convinc'd that of all Nations the French have best observ'd them? In the unity of time you find them so scrupulous, that it yet remains a dispute among their Poets, whether the artificial day of twelve hours more or less, be not meant by Aristotle, rather than the natural one of twenty four; and consequently whether all Plays ought not to be reduc'd into that compass? This I can testifie, that in all their Drama's writ within these last 20 years and upwards, I have not observ'd any that have extended the time to thirty hours: in the unity of place they are full as scrupulous, for many of their Criticks limit it to that very spot of ground where the Play is suppos'd to begin; none of them exceed the compass of the same Town or City.

[53] The unity of Action in all their Plays is yet more conspicuous, for they do not burden them with under-plots, as the English do; which is the reason why many Scenes of our Tragi-comedies carry on a design that is nothing of kinne to the main Plot; and that we see two distinct webbs in a Play; like those in ill wrought stuffs; and two actions, that is, two Plays carried on together, to the confounding of the Audience; who, before they are warm in their concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and by that means espouse the interest of neither. From hence likewise it arises that the one half of our Actors are not known to the other. They keep their distances as if they were Mountagues and Capulets, and seldom begin an acquaintance till the last Scene of the Fifth Act, when they are all to meet upon the Stage. There is no Theatre in the world has any thing so absurd as the English Tragi-comedie, 'tis a Drama of our own invention, and the fashion of it is enough to proclaim it so; here a course of mirth, there another of sadness and passion; a third of honour, and fourth a Duel: Thus in two hours and a half we run through all the fits of Bedlam. The French affords you as much variety on the same day, but they do it not so unseasonably, or mal a propos as we: Our Poets present you the Play and the farce together; and our Stages still retain somewhat of the Original civility of the Red-Bull;

Atque ursum & pugiles media inter carmina poscunt.

[54] The end of Tragedies or serious Playes, sayes Aristotle, is to beget admiration, compassion, or concerneement; but are not mirth and compassion
things incompatible? and is it not evident that the Poet must of necessity destroy the former by intermingling of the latter? that is, he must ruine the sole end and object of his Tragedy to introduce somewhat that is forced in, and is not of the body of it: Would you not think that Physician mad, who having prescribed a Purge, should immediatly order you to take restringents upon it?

[55] But to leave our Playes, and return to theirs, I have noted one great advantage they have had in the Plotting of their Tragedies; that is, they are always grounded upon some known History: according to that of Horace, Ex noto factum carmen sequar; and in that they have so imitated the Ancients that they have supass'd them. For the Ancients, as was observ'd before, took for the foundation of their Playes some Poetical Fiction, such as under that consideration could move but little concernment in the Audience, because they already knew the event of it. But the French goes farther;

Atque ita mentitur; sic veris falsæ remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum:

[56] He so interweaves Truth with probable Fiction, that he puts a pleasing Fallacy upon us; mends the intrigues of Fate, and dispenses with the severity of History, to reward that vertue which has been rendred to us there unfortunate. Sometimes the story has left the sucess so doubtful, that the Writer is free, by the priviledge of a Poet, to take that which of two or more relations will best sute with his design: As for example, the death of Cyrus, whom Justin and some others report to have perish'd in the Scythian war, but Xenophon affirms to have died in his bed of extream old age. Nay more, when the event is past dispute, even then we are willing to be deceiv'd, and the Poet, if he contrives it with appearance of truth; has all the audience of his Party; at least during the time his Play is acting: so naturally we are kind to vertue, when our own interest is not in question, that we take it up as the general concernment of Mankind. On the other side, if you consider the Historical Playes of Shakespeare, they are rather so many Chronicles of Kings, or the business many times of thirty or forty years, crampt into a representation of two hours and a half, which is not to imitate or paint Nature, but rather to draw her in miniature, to take her in little; to look upon her through the wrong end of a Perspective, and receive her Images not onely much
less, but infinitely more imperfect then the life: this instead of making a Play
delightful, renders it ridiculous.

*Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

[57] For the Spirit of man cannot be satisfied but with truth, or at least verisimility;
and a Poem is to contain, if not τα ετυµα, yet ετυµοισιν οµοια, as one of the
Greek Poets has expres'd it.

[58] Another thing in which the French differ from us and from the Spaniards, is,
that they do not embaras, or cumber themselves with too much Plot: they onely
represent so much of a Story as will constitute one whole and great action
sufficient for a Play; we, who undertake more, do but multiply adventures; which,
not being produc'd from one another, as effects from causes, but barely
following, constitute many actions in the Drama, and consequently make it many
Playes.

[59] But by pursuing close one argument, which is not cloy'd with many turns, the
French have gain'd more liberty for verse, in which they write: they have leisure
to dwell upon a subject which deserves it; and to represent the passions (which
we have acknowledg'd to be the Poets work) without being hurried from one thing
to another, as we are in the Playes of *Calderon*, which we have seen lately upon
our Theaters, under the name of Spanish Plotts. I have taken notice but of one
Tragedy of ours, whose Plot has that uniformity and unity of design in it which I
have commended in the French; and that is *Rollo*, or rather, under the name
of *Rollo*, *The Story of Bassianus and Geta* in *Herodian*, there indeed the Plot is
neither large nor intricate, but just enough to fill the minds of the Audience, not to
cloy them. Besides, you see it founded upon the truth of History, onely the time of
the action is not reducetable to the strictness of the Rules; and you see in some
places a little farce mingled, which is below the dignity of the other parts; and in
this all our Poets are extreamly peccant, even Ben Johnson himself
in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* has given us this Oleo of a Play; this unnatural mixture of
Comedy and Tragedy, which to me sounds just as ridiculously as the History
of David with the merry humours of Golias. In *Sejanus* you may take notice of the
Scene betwixt Livia and the Physician, which is a pleasant Satyre upon the
artificial helps of beauty: In *Catiline* you may see the Parliament of Women; the
little envies of them to one another; and all that passes betwixt Curio and Fulvia: Scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest.

[60] But I return again to French Writers; who, as I have said, do not burden themselves too much with Plot, which has been reproach'd to them by an ingenious person of our Nation as a fault, for he says they commonly make but one person considerable in a Play; they dwell upon him, and his concerns, while the rest of the persons are onely subservient to set him off. If he intends this by it, that there is one person in the Play who is of greater dignity then the rest, he must tax, not onely theirs, but those of the Ancients, and which he would be loth to do, the best of ours; for 'tis impossible but that one person must be more conspicuous in it then any other, and consequently the greatest share in the action must devolve on him. We see it so in the management of all affairs; even in the most equal Aristocracy, the ballance cannot be so justly poys'd, but some one will be superiour to the rest; either in parts, fortune, interest, or the consideration of some glorious exploit; which will reduce the greatest part of business into his hands.

[61] But, if he would have us to imagine that in exalting of one character the rest of them are neglected, and that all of them have not some share or other in the action of the Play, I desire him to produce any of Corneilles Tragedies, wherein every person (like so many servants in a well govern'd Family) has not some employment, and who is not necessary to the carrying on of the Plot, or at least to your understanding it.

[62] There are indeed some protatrick persons in the Ancients, whom they make use of in their Playes, either to hear, or give the Relation: but the French avoid this with great address, making their narrations onely to, or by such who are some way interested in the main design. And now I am speaking of Relations, I cannot take a fitter opportunity to add this in favour of the French, that they often use them with better judgment and more a propos then the English do. Not that I commend narrations in general, but there are two sorts of them; one of those things which are antecedent to the Play, and are related to make the conduct of it more clear to us, but, 'tis a fault to choose such subjects for the Stage which will inforce us upon that Rock; because we see they are seldome listned to by the Audience, and that is many times the ruin of the Play: for, being once let pass
without attention, the Audience can never recover themselves to understand the Plot; and indeed it is somewhat unreasonable that they should be put to so much trouble, as, that to comprehend what passes in their sight, they must have recourse to what was done, perhaps, ten or twenty years ago.

[63] But there is another sort of Relations, that is, of things hapning in the Action of the Play, and suppos'd to be done behind the Scenes: and this is many times both convenient and beautiful: for, by it, the French avoid the tumult, which we are subject to in England, by representing Duells, Battells, and the like; which renders our Stage too like the Theaters, where they fight Prizes. For what is more ridiculous then to represent an Army with a Drum and five men behind it; all which, the Heroe of the other side is to drive in before him, or to see a Duel fought, and one slain with two or three thrusts of the foyles, which we know are so blunted, that we might give a man an hour to kill another in good earnest with them.

[64] I have observ'd that in all our Tragedies, the Audience cannot forbear laughing when the Actors are to die; 'tis the most Comick part of the whole Play. All passions may be lively represented on the Stage, if to the well-writing of them the Actor supplies a good commended voice, and limbs that move easily, and without stifness; but there are many actions which can never be imitated to a just height: dying especially is a thing which none but a Roman Gladiator could naturally perform upon the Stage when he did not imitate or represent, but naturally do it; and therefore it is better to omit the representation of it.

[65] The words of a good Writer which describe it lively, will make a deeper impression of belief in us then all the Actor can perswade us to, when he seems to fall dead before us; as a Poet in the description of a beautiful Garden, or a Meadow, will please our imagination more then the place it self can please our sight. When we see death represented we are convinc'd it is but Fiction; but when we hear it related, our eyes (the strongest witnesses) are wanting, which might have undeceiv'd us; and we are all willing to favour the sleight when the Poet does not too grosly impose upon us. They therefore who imagine these relations would make no concernment in the Audience, are deceiv'd, by confounding them with the other, which are of things antecedent to the Play; those are made often in cold blood (as I may say) to the audience; but these are
warm'd with our concerns, which are before awaken'd in the Play. What the Philosophers say of motion, that when it is once begun it continues of it self, and will do so to Eternity without some stop put to it, is clearly true on this occasion; the soul being already mov'd with the Characters and Fortunes of those imaginary persons, continues going of its own accord, and we are no more weary to hear what becomes of them when they are not on the Stage, then we are to listen to the news of an absent Mistress. But it is objected, That if one part of the Play may be related, then why not all? I answer, Some parts of the action are more fit to be represented, some to be related. *Corneille* sayes judiciously, that the Poet is not oblig'd to expose to view all particular actions which conduce to the principal: he ought to select such of them to be seen which will appear with the greatest beauty; either by the magnificence of the show, or the vehemence of passions which they produce, or some other charm which they have in them, and let the rest arrive to the audience by narration. 'Tis a great mistake in us to believe the French present no part of the action upon the Stage: every alteration or crossing of a design, every new sprung passion, and turn of it, is a part of the action, and much the noblest, except we conceive nothing to be action till they come to blows; as if the painting of the Heroes mind were not more properly the Poets work then the strength of his body. Nor does this any thing contradict the opinion of *Horace*, where he tells us,

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem*

*Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.* —

[66] For he sayes immediately after,

——— *Non tamen intus*

*Digna geri promes in scenam, multaq; tolles*

*Ex oculis, quae mox narret facundia præsens.*

[67] Among which many he recounts some.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,*

*Aut in avem Progne mutetur, Cadmus in anguem, &c.*

[68] That is, those actions which by reason of their cruelty will cause aversion in us, or by reason of their impossibility unbelief, ought either wholly to be avoided by a Poet, or onely deliver'd by narration. To which, we may have leave to add such as to avoid tumult, (as was before hinted) or to reduce the Plot into a more
reasonable compass of time, or for defect of Beauty in them, are rather to be related then presented to the eye. Examples of all these kinds are frequent, not onely among all the Ancients, but in the best receiv'd of our English Poets. We find Ben. Johnson using them in his Magnetick Lady, where one comes out from Dinner, and relates the quarrels and disorders of it to save the undecent appearing of them on the Stage, and to abreviate the Story: and this in express imitation of Terence, who had done the same before him in his Eunuch, where Pythias makes the like relation of what had happen'd within at the Souldiers entertainment. The relations likewise of Sejanus's death, and the prodigies before it are remakable, the one of which was hid from sight to avoid the horrour and tumult of the representation; the other to shun the introducing of things impossible to be believ'd. In that excellent Play the King and no King, Fletcher goes yet farther; for the whole unravelling of the Plot is done by narration in the fifth Act, after the manner of the Ancients; and it moves great concernment in the Audience, though it be onely a relation of what was done many years before the Play. I could multiply other instances, but these are sufficient to prove that there is no errour in choosing a subject which requires this sort of narrations; in the ill managing of them, there may.

[69] But I find I have been too long in this discourse since the French have many other excellencies not common to use, as that you never see any of their Playes end with a conversion, or simple change of will, which is the ordinary way our Poets use to end theirs. It shows little art in the conclusion of a Dramatick Poem, when they who have hinder'd the felicity during the four Acts, desist from it in the fifth without some powerful cause to take them off; and though I deny not but such reasons may be found, yet it is a path that is cautiously to be trod, and the Poet is to be sure he convinces the Audience that the motive is strong enough. As for example, the conversion of the Usurer in the Scornful Lady, seems to me a little forc'd; for being an Usurer, which implies a lover of Money to the highest degree of covetousness, (and such the Poet has represented him) the account he gives for the sudden change is, that he has been dup'd by the wilde young fellow, which in reason might render him more wary another time, and make him punish himself with harder fare and courser cloaths to get it up again: but that he
should look upon it as a judgment, and so repent, we may expect to hear of in a Sermon, but I should never indure it in a Play.

[70] I pass by this; neither will I insist upon the care they take, that no person after his first entrance shall ever appear, but the business which brings him upon the Stage shall be evident: which, if observ'd, must needs render all the events in the Play more natural; for there you see the probability of every accident, in the cause that produc'd it; and that which appears chance in the Play, will seem so reasonable to you, that you will there find it almost necessary; so that in the exits of their Actors you have a clear account of their purpose and design in the next entrance: (though, if the Scene be well wrought, the event will commonly deceive you) for there is nothing so absurd, says Corneille, as for an Actor to leave the Stage, onely because he has no more to say.

[71] I should now speak of the beauty of their Rhime, and the just reason I have to prefer that way of writing in the Tragedies before ours in Blanck verse; but because it is partly receiv'd by us, and therefore not altogether peculiar to them, I will say no more of it in relation to their Playes. For our own I doubt not but it will exceedingly beautifie them, and I can see but one reason why it should not generally obtain, that is, because our Poets write so ill in it. This indeed may prove a more prevailing argument then all others which are us'd to destroy it, and therefore I am onely troubled when great and judicious Poets, and those who acknowledg'd such, have writ or spoke against it; as for others they are to be answer'd by that one sentence of an ancient Author,

[72] Sed ut primo ad consequendos eos quos priores ducimus accendimur, ita ubi aut præteriri, aut æquiri eos posse desperavimus, studium cum spe senescit: quod, scilicet, assequi non potest, sequi desinit; præteritoque, eo in quo eminere no possumus, aliquid in quo nitamur conquerimus.

[73] Lisideius concluded in this manner; and Neander after a little pause thus answer'd him.

[74] I shall grant Lisideius, without much dispute, a great part of what he has urg'd against us, for I acknowledg the French contrive their Plots more regularly, observe the Laws of Comedy, and decorum of the Stage (to speak generally) with more exactness then the English. Farther I deny not but he has tax'd us justly in some irregularities of ours which he has mention'd; yet, after all, I am of...
opinion that neither our faults nor their virtues are considerable enough to place them above us.

[75] For the lively imitation of Nature being in the definition of a Play, those which best fulfil that law ought to be esteem'd superiour to the others. 'Tis true, those beauties of the French-poesie are such as will raise perfection higher where it is, but are not sufficient to give it where it is not: they are indeed the Beauties of a Statue, but not of a Man, because not animated with the Soul of Poesie, which is imitation of humour and passions: and this Lisideius himself, or any other, however byassed to their Party, cannot but acknowledg, if he will either compare the humours of our Comedies, or the Characters of our serious Playes with theirs. He that will look upon theirs which have been written till these last ten years or thereabouts, will find it an hard matter to pick out two or three passable humours amongst them. Corneille himself, their Arch-Poet, what has he produc'd except the Lier, and you know how it was cry'd up in France; but when it came upon the English Stage, though well translated, and that part of Dorant acted to so much advantage by Mr. Hart, as I am confident it never receiv'd in its own Country, the most favourable to it would not put in competition with many of Fletchers or Ben. Johnsons. In the rest of Corneilles Comedies you have little humour; he tells you himself his way is first to show two Lovers in good intelligence with each other; in the working up of the Play to embroyle them by some mistake, and in the latter end to clear it up.

[76] But of late years de Moliere, the younger Corneille, Quinault, and some others, have been imitating of afar off the quick turns and graces of the English Stage. They have mix'd their serious Playes with mirth, like our Tragicomedies since the death of Cardinal Richlieu, which Lisideius and many others not observing, have commended that in them for a virtue which they themselves no longer practice. Most of their new Playes are like some of ours, deriv'd from the Spanish Novells. There is scarce one of them without a vail, and a trusty Diego, who drolls much after the rate of the Adventures. But their humours, if I may grace them with that name, are so thin sown that never above one of them come up in any Play: I dare take upon me to find more variety of them in some one Play of Ben. Johnsons then in all theirs together: as he who has seen the
Alchymist, the silent Woman, or Bertholmew-Fair, cannot but acknowledge with me.

[77] I grant the French have performed what was possible on the groundwork of the Spanish Playes; what was pleasant before they have made regular; but there is not above one good Play to be writ upon all those Plots; they are too much alike to please often, which we need not the experience of our own Stage to justify. As for their new way of mingling mirth with serious Plot I do not with Lysideius condemn the thing, though I cannot approve their manner of doing it: He tells us we cannot so speedily recollect our selves after a Scene of great passion and concernment as to pass to another of mirth and humour, and to enjoy it with any relish: but why should he imagine the soul of man more heavy than his Sences? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object to a pleasant in a much shorter time then is requir'd to this? and does not the unpleasantness of the first commend the beauty of the latter? The old Rule of Logick might have convinc'd him, that contraries when plac'd near, set off each other. A continued gravity keeps the spirit too much bent; we must refresh it sometimes, as we bait upon a journey, that we may go on with greater ease. A Scene of mirth mix'd with Tragedy has the same effect upon us which our musick has betwixt the Acts, and that we find a relief to us from the best Plots and language of the Stage, if the discourses have been long. I must therefore have stronger arguments ere I am convinc'd, that compassion and mirth in the same subject destroy each other; and in the mean time cannot but conclude, to the honour of our Nation, that we have invented, increas'd and perfected a more pleasant way of writing for the Stage then was ever known to the Ancients or Moderns of any Nation, which is Tragicomedie.

[78] And this leads me to wonder why Lysideius and many others should cry up the barrenness of the French Plots above the variety and copiousness of the English. Their Plots are single, they carry on one design which is push'd forward by all the Actors, every Scene in the Play contributing and moving towards it: Ours, besides the main design, have under plots or by-concernments, of less considerable Persons, and Intrigues, which are carried on with the motion of the main Plot: just as they say the Orb of the fix'd Stars, and those of the Planets, though they have motions of their own, are whirl'd about by the motion of
the *primum mobile*, in which they are contain'd: that similitude expresses much of
the English Stage: for if contrary motions may be found in Nature to agree; if a
Planet can go East and West at the same time; one way by virtue of his own
motion, the other by the force of the first mover; it will not be difficult to imagine
how the under Plot, which is onely different, not contrary to the great design, may
naturally be conducted along with it.

[79] *Eugenius* has already shown us, from the confession of the French Poets,
that the Unity of Action is sufficiently preserv'd if all the imperfect actions of the
Play are conducing to the main design: but when those petty intrigues of a Play
are so ill order'd that they have no coherence with the other, I must
grant *Lisideius* has reason to tax that want of due connexion; for Coordination in
a Play is as dangerous and unnatural as in a State. In the mean time he must
acknowledge our variety, if well order'd, will afford a greater pleasure to the
audience.

[80] As for his other argument, that by pursuing one single Theme they gain an
advantage to express and work up the passions, I wish any example he could
bring from them would make it good: for I confess their verses are to me the
coldest I have ever read: Neither indeed is it possible for them, in the way they
take, so to express passion, as that the effects of it should appear in the
concernment of an Audience: their Speeches being so many declamations,
which tire us with length; so that instead of perswading us to grieve for their
imaginary Heroes, we are concern'd for our own trouble, as we are in the tedious
visits of bad company; we are in pain till they are gone. When the French Stage
came to be reform'd by Cardinal *Richelieu*, those long Harangues were
introduc'd, to comply with the gravity of a Churchman. Look upon the *Cinna* and
the *Pompey*, they are not so properly to be called Playes, as long discourses of
reason of State: and *Polieucte* in matters in Religion is as solemn as the long
stops upon our Organs. Since that time it is grown into a custome, and their
Actors speak by the Hour-glass, as our Parsons do; nay, they account it the
grace of their parts: and think themselves disparag'd by the Poet, if they may not
twice or thrice in a Play entertain the Audience with a Speech of an hundred or
two hundred lines. I deny not but this may sute well enough with the French; for
as we, who are a more sullen people, come to be diverted at our Playes; they
who are of an ayery and gay temper come thither to make themselves more serious: And this I conceive to be one reason why Comedy is more pleasing to us, and Tragedies to them. But to speak generally, it cannot be deny'd that short Speeches and Replies are more apt to move the passions, and beget concernment in us then the other: for it is unnatural for any one in a gust of passion to speak long together, or for another in the same condition, to suffer him, without interruption. Grief and Passion are like floods rais'd in little Brooks by a sudden rain; they are quickly up, and if the concernment be powr'd unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: But a long sober shower gives them leisure to run out as they came in, without troubling the ordinary current. As for Comedy, Repartee is one of its chiefest graces; they greatest pleasure of the Audience is a chase of wit kept up on both sides, and swiftly manag'd. And this our forefathers, if not we, have had in Fletchers Playes, to a much higher degree of perfection then the French Poets can arrive at.

[81] There is another part of Lisideius his Discourse, in which he has rather excus'd our neighbours then commended them; that is, for aiming onely to make one person considerable in their Playes. 'Tis very true what he has urged, that one character in all Playes, even without the Poets care, will have advantage of all the others; and that the design of the whole Drama will chiefly depend on it. But this hinders not that there may be more shining characters in the Play: many persons of a second magnitude, nay, some so very near, so almost equal to the first, that greatness may be oppos'd to greatness, and all the persons be made considerable, not onely by their quality, but their action. 'Tis evident that the more the persons are, the greater will be the variety, of the Plot. If then the parts are manag'd so regularly that the beauty of the whole be kept intire, and that the variety become not a perplex'd and confus'd mass of accidents, you will find it infinitely pleasing to be led in a labyrinth of design, where you see some of your way before you, yet discern not the end till you arrive at it. And that all this is practicable, I can produce for examples many of our English Playes: as the Maids Tragedy, the Alchymist, the Silent Woman; I was going to have named the Fox, but that the unity of design seems not exactly observ'd in it; for there appears two actions in the Play; the first naturally ending with the fourth Act; the second forc'd from it in the fifth: which yet is the less to be condemn'd in him,
because the disguise of Volpone, though it suited not with his character as a
crafty or covetous person, agreed well enough with that of a voluptuary: and by it
the Poet gain'd the end he aym'd at, the punishment of Vice, and the reward of
Virtue, which that disguise produc'd. So that to judge equally of it, it was an
excellent fifth Act, but not so naturally proceeding from the former.

[82] But to leave this, and pass to the latter part of Lisideius his discourse, which
concerns relations, I must acknowledge with him, that the French have reason
when they hide that part of the action which would occasion too much tumult
upon the Stage, and choose rather to have it made known by the narration to the
Audience. Farther I think it very convenient, for the reasons he has given, that all
incredible actions were remov'd; but, whither custome has so insinuated it self
into our Country-men, or nature has so form'd them to fierceness, I know not; but
they will scarcely suffer combats & other objects of horrour to be taken from
them. And indeed, the indecency of tumults is all which can be objected against
fighting: For why may not our imagination as well suffer it self to be deluded with
the probability of it, as with any other thing in the Play? For my part, I can with as
great ease perswade my self that the blowes which are struck are given in good
earnest, as I can, that they who strike them are Kings or Princes, or those
persons which they represent. For objects of incredibility I would be satisfi-
ded from Lisideius, whether we have any so remov'd from all appearance of truth as
are those of Corneilles Andromede? A Play which has been frequented the most
of any he has writ? If the Perseus, or the Son of an Heathen God,
the Pegasus and the Monster were not capable to choak a strong belief, let him
blame any representation of ours hereafter. Those indeed were objects of
delight; yet the reason is the same as to the probability: for he makes it not a
Ballette or Masque, but a Play, which is to resemble truth. But for death, that it
ought not to be represented, I have besides the Arguments alledg'd by Lisideius,
the authority of Ben. Johnson, who has forbore it in his Tragedies; for both the
death of Sejanus and Catiline are related: though in the latter I cannot but
observe one irregularity of that great Poet: he has remov'd the Scene in the same
Act, from Rome to Catiline's Army, and from thence again to Rome; and besides
has allow'd a very inconsiderable time, after Catilines Speech, for the striking of
the battle, and the return of Petreius, who is to relate the event of it to the
Senate: which I should not animadvert upon him, who was otherwise a painful
observer of to prepon, or the decorum of the Stage, if he had not us'd extream
severity in his judgment upon the incomparable Shakespeare for the same fault.
To conclude on this subject of Relations, if we are to be blam'd for showing too
much of the action, the French are as faulty for discovering too little of it: a mean
betwixt both should be observed by every judicious Writer, so as the audience
may neither be left unsatisfied by not seeing what is beautiful, or shock'd by
beholding what is either incredible or undecent. I hope I have already prov'd in
this discourse, that though we are not altogether so punctual as the French, in
observing the lawes of Comedy; yet our errours are so few, and little, and those
things wherein we excel them so considerable, that we ought of right to be
prefer'd before them. But what will Lisideius say if they themselves acknowledge
they are too strictly ti'd up by those lawes, for breaking which he has blam'd
the English? I will alledge Corneille's words, as I find them in the end of his
Discourse of the three Unities; Il est facile aux speculatifs d'estre severes,
&c. "'Tis easie for speculative persons to judge severely; but if they would
produce to publick view ten or twelve pieces of this nature, they would perhaps
give more latitude to the Rules then I have done, when by experience they had
known how much we are bound up and constrain'd by them, and how many
beauties of the Stage they banish'd from it." To illustrate a little what he has said,
by their servile observations of the unities of time and place, and integrity of
Scenes, they have brought upon themselves that dearth of Plot, and narrowness
of Imagination, which may be observ'd in all their Playes. How many beautifull
accidents might naturally happen in two or three dayes, which cannot arrive with
any probability in the compass of 24 hours? There is time to be allowed also for
maturity of design, which amongst great and prudent persons, such as are often
represented in Tragedy, cannot, with any likelihood of truth, be brought to pass at
so short a warning. Farther, by tying themselves strictly to the unity of place, and
unbroken Scenes, they are forc'd many times to omit some beauties which
cannot be shown where the Act began; but might, if the Scene were interrupted,
and the Stage clear'd for the persons to enter in another place; and therefore the
French Poets are often forc'd upon absurdities: for if the Act begins in a chamber
all the persons in the Play must have some business or other to come thither, or
else they are not to be shown that Act, and sometimes their characters are very
unfitting to appear there; As, suppose it were the Kings Bed-chamber, yet the
meanest man in the Tragedy must come and dispatch his busines rather then in
the Lobby or Court-yard (which is fitter for him) for fear the Stage should be
clear'd, and the Scenes broken. Many times they fall by it into a greater
inconvenience; for they keep their Scenes unbroken, and yet change the place;
as in one of their newest Playes, where the Act begins in the Street. There a
Gentleman is to meet his Friend; he sees him with his man, coming out from his
Fathers house; they talk together, and the first goes out: the second, who is a
Lover, has made an appointment with his Mistress; she appears at the window,
and then we are to imagine the Scene lies under it. This Gentleman is call'd
away, and leaves his servant with his Mistress: presently her Father is heard
from within; the young Lady is afraid the Servingman should be discover'd, and
thrusts him in through a door which is suppos'd to be her Closet. After this, the
Father enters to the Daughter, and now the Scene is in a House: for he is
seeking from one room to another for this poor Philipin, or French Diego, who is
heard from within, drolling and breaking many a miserable conceit upon his sad
condition. In this ridiculous manner the Play goes on, the Stage being never
empty all the while: so that the Street, the Window, the two Houses, and the
Closet, are made to walk about, and the Persons to stand still. Now what I
beseech you is more easie than to write a regular French Play, or more difficult
then to write an irregular English one, like those of Fletcher, or of Shakespeare.

[83] If they content themselves as Corneille did, with some flat design, which, like
an ill Riddle, is found out e're if be half propos'd; such Plots we can make every
way regular as easily as they: but when e're they endeavour to rise up to any
quick turns and counterturns of Plot, as some of them have attempted,
since Corneilles Playes have been less in vogue, you see they write as
irregularly as we, though they cover it more speciously. Hence the reason is
perspicuous, why no French Playes, when translated, have, or ever can succeed
upon the English Stage. For, if you consider the Plots, our own are fuller of
variety, if the writing ours are more quick and fuller of spirit: and therefore 'tis a
strange mistake in those who decry the way of writing Playes in Verse, as if the
English therein imitated the French. We have borrow'd nothing from them; our
Plots are weav'd in English Loomes: we endeavour therein to follow the variety and greatness of characters which are deriv'd to us from Shakespeare and Fletcher: the copiousness and well-knitting of the intrigues we have from Johnson, and for the Verse it self we have English Presidents of elder date then any of Corneilles's Playes: (not to name our old Comedies before Shakespeare, which were all writ in verse of six feet, or Alexandrin's, such as the French now use) I can show in Shakespeare, many Scenes of rhyme together, and the like in Ben. Johnsons Tragedies:

In Catiline and Sejanus sometimes thirty or forty lines; I mean besides the Chorus, or the Monologues, which by the way, show'd Ben. no enemy to this way of writing, especially if you look upon his sad Shepherd which goes sometimes upon rhyme, sometimes upon blanck Verse, like an Horse who eases himself upon Trot and Amble. You find him likewise commending Fletcher's Pastoral of the Faithful Shepherdess; which is for the most part Rhyme, though not refin'd to that purity to which it hath since been brought: And these examples are enough to clear us from a servile imitation of the French.

But to return from whence I have digress'd, I dare boldly affirm these two things of the English Drama: First, That we have many Playes of ours as regular as any of theirs; and which, besides, have more variety of Plot and Characters: And secondly, that in most of the irregular Playes of Shakespeare or Fletcher (for Ben. Johnson's are for the most part regular) there is a more masculine fancy and greater spirit in all the writing, then there is in any of the French. I could produce even in Shakespeare's and Fletcher's Works, some Playes which are almost exactly form'd; as the Merry Wives of Windsor, and the Scornful Lady: but because (generally speaking) Shakespeare, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the Laws of Comedy, and Fletcher, who came nearer to perfection, yet through carelessness made many faults; I will take the pattern of a perfect Play from Ben. Johnson, who was a careful and learned observer of the Dramatique Lawes, and from all his Comedies I shall select The Silent Woman; of which I will make a short Examen, according to those Rules which the French observe.

As Neander was beginning to examine the Silent Woman, Eugenius, looking earnestly upon him; I beseech you Neander, said he, gratifie the company and
me in particular so far, as before you speak of the Play, to give us a Character of the Authour; and tell us franckly your opinion, whether you do not think all Writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him?

I fear, replied Neander, That in obeying your commands I shall draw a little envy upon my self. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his Rivalls in Poesie; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superiour.

To begin then with Shakespeare; he was the man who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the Images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learn'd; he needed not the spectacles of Books to read Nature; he look'd inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of Mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his Comick wit degenerating into clenches; his serious swelling into Bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of the Poets, Quantum lent a solent, inter viberna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, That there was no subject of which any Poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated of in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally prefer'd before him, yet the Age wherein he liv'd, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Johnson never equall'd them to him in their esteem: And in the last Kings Court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the Courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher of whom I am next to speak, had with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improv'd by study. Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of Playes, that Ben. Johnson while he liv'd, submitted all his Writings to his Censure, and 'tis thought, us'd his judgement in correcting, if not contriving all his Plots. What value he had for him, appears by the Verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no
farther of it. The first Play which brought **Fletcher** and him in esteem was their *Philaster*: for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of **Ben. Johnson**, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their Plots were generally more regular then *Shakespeare’s*, especially those which were made before *Beaumont’s* death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of Gentlemen much better; whose wilde debaucheries, and quickness of wit in reparties, no Poet can ever paint as they have done. This Humour of which **Ben. Johnson** deriv'd from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, Love. I am apt to believe the English Language in them arriv'd to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous then necessary. Their Playes are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the Stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of *Shakespeare’s* or *Johnsons*: the reason is, because there is a certain gayety in their Comedies, and Pathos in their more serious Playes, which suits generally with all mens humours. *Shakespeares* language is likewise a little obsolete, and *Ben. Johnson’s* wit comes short of theirs.

[90] As for **Johnson**, to whose Character I am now arriv'd, if we look upon him while he was himself, (for his last Playes were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious Writer which any Theater ever had. He was a most severe Judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and Language, and Humour also in some measure we had before him; but something of Art was wanting to the *Drama* till he came. He manag'd his strength to more advantage then any who preceded him. You seldom find him making Love in any of his Scenes, or endeavouring to move the Passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper Sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent Mechanick people. He was deeply conversant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latine, and he borrow'd boldly from them: there is scarce a Poet or Historian among the Roman Authours of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his Robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any
Law. He invades Authours like a Monarch, and what would be theft in other Poets, is onely victory in him. With the spoils of these Writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its Rites, Ceremonies and Customs, that if one of their Poets had written either of his Tragedies, we had seen less of it then in him. If there was any fault in his Language, 'twas that he weav'd it too closely and laboriously in his serious Playes; perhaps too, he did a little to much Romanize our Tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latine as he found them: wherein though he learnedly followed the Idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct Poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or Father of our Dramatick Poets; Johnson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him, as he has given us the most correct Playes, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his Discoveries, we have as many and profitable Rules for perfecting the Stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

[91] Having thus spoken of the Author, I proceed to the examination of his Comedy, The Silent Woman.

Examen of the Silent Woman.

[92] To begin first with the length of the Action, it is so far from exceeding the compass of a Natural day, that it takes not up an Artificial one. 'Tis all included in the limits of three hours and an half, which is not more than is requir'd for the presentment on the Stage. A beauty perhaps not much observ'd; if it had, we should not have look'd upon the Spanish Translation of five hours with so much wonder. The Scene of it is laid in London; the latitude of place is almost as little as you can imagine: for it lies all within the compass of two Houses, and after the first Act, in one. The continuity of Scenes is observ'd more than in any of our Playes, excepting his own Fox and Alchymist. They are not broken above twice or thrice at most in the whole Comedy, and in the two best of Corneille's Playes, the Cid and Cinna, they are interrupted once apiece. The action of the Play is intirely one; the end or aim of which is the setting of Morose's Estate on Dauphine. The Intrigue of it is the greatest and most noble of any pure unmix'd Comedy in any Language: you see it in many persons of various
characters and humours, and all delightful: As first, Morose, or an old Man, to whom all noise but his own talking is offensive. Some who would be thought Criticks, say this humour of his is forc'd: but to remove that objection, we may consider him first to be naturally of a delicate hearing, as many are to whom all sharp sounds are unpleasant; and secondly, we may attribute much of it to the peevishness of his Age, or the wayward authority of an old man in his own house, where he may make himself obeyed; and this the Poet seems to allude to in his name Morose. Besides this, I am assur'd from diverse persons, that Ben. Johnson was actually acquainted with such a man, one altogether as ridiculous as he is here represented. Others say it is not enough to find one man of such an humour; it must be common to more, and the more common the more natural. To prove this, they instance in the best of Comical Characters, Falstaff: There are many men resembling him; Old, Fat, Merry, Cowardly, Drunken, Amorous, Vain, and Lying: But to convince these people, I need but tell them, that humour is the ridiculous extravagance of conversation, wherein one man differs from all others. If then it be common, or communicated to many, how differs it from other mens? or what indeed causes it to be ridiculous so much as the singularity of it? As for Falstaffe, he is not properly one humour, but a Miscellany of Humours or Images, drawn from so many several men; that wherein he is singular in his wit, or those things he sayes, praeter expectatum, unexpected by the Audience; his quick evasions when you imagine him surpriz'd, which as they are extremly diverting of themselves, so receive a great addition from his person; for the very sight of such an unwieldy old debauch'd fellow is a Comedy alone. And here having a place so proper for it I cannot but enlarge somewhat upon this subject of humour into which I am fallen. The Ancients had little of it in their Comedies; for the to geloion, of the Old Comedy, of which Aristophanes was chief, was not so much to imitate a man, as to make the people laugh at some odd conceit, which had commonly somewhat of unnatural or obscene in it. Thus when you see Socrates brought upon the Stage, you are not to imagine him made ridiculous by the imitation of his actions, but rather by making him perform something very unlike himself: something so childish and absurd, as by comparing it with the gravity of the true Socrates, makes a ridiculous object for the Spectators. In their new Comedy which succeeded, the Poets fought indeed
to express the ηθος, as in their Tragedies the πασος of Mankind. But this ηθος
contain'd only the general Characters of men and manners; as old men, Lovers,
Servingmen, Courtizans, Parasites, and such other persons as we see in their
Comedies; all which they made alike: that is, one old man or Father; one Lover,
one Courtizan so like another, as if the first of them had begot the rest of every
sort: *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.* The same custome they observ'd likewise in
their Tragedies. As for the *French,* though they have the word *humeur* among
them, yet they have small use of it in their Comedies, or Farces; they being but ill
imitations of the *ridiculum,* or that which stirr'd up laughter in the old Comedy. But
among the *English* 'tis otherwise: where by humour is meant some extravagant
habit, passion, or affection; particular (as I said before) to some one person: by
the oddness of which, he is immediately distinguish'd from the rest of men; which
being lively and naturally represented, most frequently begets that malicious
pleasure in the Audience which is testified by laughter: as all things which are
deviations from common customes are ever the aptest to produce it: though by
the way this laughter is onely accidental, as the person represented is Fantastick
or Bizarre; but pleasure is essential to it, as the imitation of what is natural. The
description of these humours, drawn from the knowledge and observation of
particular persons, was the peculiar genius and talent of *Ben. Johnson*; To
whose Play I now return.

[93] Besides *Morose,* there are at least 9 or 10 different Characters and humours
in the *Silent Woman,* all which persons have several concernments of their own,
yet are all us'd by the Poet, to the conducting of the main design to perfection. I
shall not waste time in commending the writing of this Play, but I will give you my
opinion, that there is more wit and acuteness of Fancy in it then in any of *Ben.
Johnson’s.* Besides, that he has here describ'd the conversation of Gentlemen in
the persons of *True-Wit,* and his Friends, with more gayety, ayre and freedom,
then in the rest of his Comedies. For the contrivance of the Plot 'tis extrem
elaborate, and yet withal easie; for the *lysis,* or untying of it, 'tis so admirable, that
when it is done, no one of the Audience would think the Poet could have miss'd
it; and yet it was conceal'd so much before the last Scene, that any other way
would sooner have enter'd into your thoughts. But I dare not take upon me to
commend the Fabrick of it, because it is altogether so full of Art, that I must
unravel every Scene in it to commend it as I ought. And this excellent contrivance is still the more to be admir'd, because 'tis Comedy where the persons are onely of common rank, and their business private, not elevated by passions or high concernsments as in serious Playes. Here every one is a proper Judge of all he sees; nothing is represented but that with which he daily converses: so that by consequence all faults lie open to discovery, and few are pardonable. 'Tis this which Horace has judiciously observed:

\[
Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit habere \\
Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comedia tanto \\
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.
\]

[94] But our Poet, who was not ignorant of these difficulties, had prevail'd himself of all advantages; as he who designes a large leap takes his rise from the highest ground. One of these advantages is that which Corneille has laid down as the greatest which can arrive to any Poem, and which he himself could never compass above thrice in all his Playes, viz. the making choice of some signal and long expected day, whereon the action of the Play is to depend. This day was that design'd by Dauphine for the settling of his Uncles Estate upon him; which to compass he contrives to marry him: that the marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand is made evident by what he tells Truwit in the second Act, that in one moment he had destroy'd what he had been raising many months.

[95] There is another artifice of the Poet, which I cannot here omit, because by the frequent practice of it in his Comedies, he has left it to us almost as a Rule, that is, when he has any Character or humour wherein he would show a Coup de Maistre, or his highest skill; he recommends it to your observation by a pleasant description of it before the person first appears. Thus, in Bartholomew Fair he gives you the Pictures of Numps and Cokes, and in this those of Daw, Lasocle, Morose, and the Collegiate Ladies; all which you hear describ'd before you see them. So that before they come upon the Stage you have a longing expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favourably; and when they are there, even from their first appearance you are so far acquainted with them, that nothing of their humour is lost to you.

[96] I will observe yet one thing further of this admirable Plot; the business of it rises in every Act. The second is greater then the first; the third then the second,
and so forward to the fifth. There too you see, till the very last Scene, new
difficulties arising to obstruct the action of the Play; and when the Audience is
brought into despair that the business can naturally be effected, then, and not
before, the discovery is made. But that the Poet might entertain you with more
variety all this while, he reserves some new Characters to show you, which he
opens not till the second and third Act. In the second, Morose, Daw,
the Barber and Otter; in the third the Collegiat Ladies: All which he moves
afterwards in by-walks, or under-Plots, as diversions to the main design, least it
should grow tedious, though they are still naturally joyn'd with it, and somewhere
or other subservient to it. Thus, like a skilful Chest-player, by little and little he
draws out his men, and makes his pawns of use to his greater persons.

[97] If this Comedy, and some others of his, were translated into French Prose
(which would now be no wonder to them, since Moliere has lately given them
Playes out of Verse which have not displeas'd them) I believe the controversie
would soon be decided betwixt the two Nations, even making them the Judges.
But we need not call our Hero's to our ayde; Be it spoken to the honour of the
English, our Nation can never want in any Age such who are able to dispute the
Empire of Wit with any people in the Universe. And though the fury of a Civil War,
and Power, for twenty years together, abandon'd to a barbarous race of men,
Enemies of all good Learning, had buried the Muses under the ruines of
Monarchy; yet with the restoration of our happiness, we see reviv'd Poesie lifting
up its head, & already shaking off the rubbish which lay so heavy on it. We have
seen since His Majesties return, many Dramatick Poems which yield not to those
of any forreign Nation, and which deserve all Lawrels but the English. I will set
aside Flattery and Envy: it cannot be deny'd but we have had some little blemish
either in the Plot or writing of all those Playes which have been made within
these seven years: (and perhaps there is no Nation in the world so quick to
discern them, or so difficult to pardon them, as ours:) yet if we can perswade our
selves to use the candour of that Poet, who (though the most severe of Criticks)
has left us this caution by which to moderate our censures;

——— Vbi plura nitent in carmine non ego paucis offendar maculis.

[98] If in consideration of their many and great beauties, we can wink at some
slight, and little imperfections; if we, I say, can be thus equal to our selves, I ask
no favour from the French. And if I do not venture upon any particular judgment of our late Playes, 'tis out of the consideration which an Ancient Writer gives me; Vivorum, ut magna admiratio ita censura difficilis: betwixt the extreams of admiration and malice, 'tis hard to judge uprightly of the living. Onely I think it may be permitted me to say, that as it is no less'ning to us to yield to some Playes, and those not many of our own Nation in the last Age, so can it be no addition to pronounce of our present Poets that they have far surpass'd all the Ancients, and the Modern Writers of other Countreys.

[99] This, my Lord, was the substance of what was then spoke on that occasion; and Lisideius, I think was going to reply, when he was prevented thus by Crites: I am confident, said he, the most material things that can be said, have been already urg'd on either side; if they have not, I must beg of Lisideius that he will defer his answer till another time: for I confess I have a joynt quarrel to you both, because you have concluded, without any reason given for it, that Rhyme is proper for the Stage. I will not dispute how ancient it hath been among us to write this way; perhaps our Ancestours knew no better till Shakespeare's time. I will grant it was not altogether left by him, and that Fletcher and Ben. Johnson us'd it frequently in their Pastorals, and sometimes in other Playes. Farther, I will not argue whether we receiv'd it originally from our own Countrymen, or from the French; for that is an inquiry of as little benefit, as theirs who in the midst of the great Plague were not so sollicitous to provide against it, as to know whether we had it from the malignity of our own air, or by transportation from Holland. I have therefore onely to affirm, that it is not allowable in serious Playes; for Comedies I find you already concluding with me. To prove this, I might satisfie my self to tell you, how much in vain it is for you to strive against the stream of the peoples inclination; the greatest part of which are prepossess'd so much with those excellent Playes of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Ben. Johnson, (which have been written out of Rhyme) that except you could bring them such as were written better in it, and those too by persons of equal reputation with them, it will be impossible for you to gain your cause with them, who will still be judges. This it is to which in fine all your reasons must submit. The unanimous consent of an Audience is so powerful, That even Julius Caesar (as Macrobius reports of him) when he was perpetual Dictator, was not able to ballance it on the other side. But
when Laberius, a Roman Knight, at his request contended in the Mime with another Poet, he was forc'd to cry out, Etiam favente me victus es Liberi. But I will not on this occasion, take the advantage of the greater number, but onely urge such reasons against Rhyme, as I find in the Writings of those who have argu'd for the other way. First then I am of opinion, that Rhyme is unnatural in a Play, because Dialogue there is presented as the effect of sudden thought. For a Play is the imitation of Nature; and since no man, without premeditation speaks in Rhyme, neither ought he to do it on the Stage; this hinders not but the Fancy may be there elevated to a higher pitch of thought then it is in ordinary discourse: for there is a probability that men of excellent and quick parts may speak noble things ex tempore: but those thoughts are never fetter'd with the numbers or sound of Verse without study, and therefore it cannot be but unnatural to present the most free way of speaking, in that which is the most constrain'd. For this Reason, sayes Aristotle, 'Tis best to write Tragedy in that kind of Verse which is the least such, or which is nearest Prose: and this amongst the Ancients was the Iambique, and with us is blank verse, or the measure of verse, kept exactly without rhyme. These numbers therefore are fittest for a Play; the others for a paper of Verses, or a Poem. Blank verse being as much below them as rhyme is improper for the Drama. And if it be objected that neither are blank verses made ex tempore, yet as nearest Nature, they are still to be preferr'd. But there are two particular exceptions which many besides my self have had to verse; by which it will appear yet more plainly, how improper it is in Playes. And the first of them is grounded upon that very reason for which some have commended Rhyme: they say the quickness of repartees in argumentative Scenes receives an ornament from verse. Now what is more unreasonable then to imagine that a man should not onely light upon the Wit, but the Rhyme too upon the sudden? This nicking of him who spoke before both in sound and measure, is so great an happiness, that you must at least suppose the persons of your Play to be born Poets, Arcades omnes & cantare pares & respondere parati: they must have arriv'd to the degree of quicquid conabar dicere: to make Verses almost whether they will or no: if they are any thing below this, it will look rather like the design of two then the answer of one: it will appear that your Actors hold intelligence together, that they perform their tricks like Fortune-tellers, by confederacy. The
hand of Art will be too visible in it against that maxime of all Professions; *Ars est celare artem*. That it is the greatest perfection of Art to keep it self undiscover'd. Nor will it serve you to object, that however you manage it, 'tis still known to be a Play; and consequently the Dialogue of two persons understood to be the labour of one Poet. For a Play is still an imitation of Nature; we know we are to be deceiv'd, and we desire to be so; but no man ever was deceiv'd but with a probability of truth, for who will suffer a grosse lie to be fasten'd on him? Thus we sufficiently understand that the Scenes which represent Cities and Countries to us, are not really such, but onely painted on boards and Canvass: But shall that excuse the ill Painture or designtion of them; Nay rather ought they not to be labour'd with so much the more diligence and exactness to help the imagination? since the mind of man does naturally tend to, and seek after Truth; and therefore the nearer any thing comes to the imitation of it, the more it pleases.

Thus, you see, your Rhyme is uncapable of expressing the greatest thoughts naturally, and the lowest it cannot with any grace: for what is more unbefitting the Majesty of Verse, then to call a Servant, or bid a door be shut in Rhime? And yet this miserable necessity you are forc'd upon. But Verse, you say, circumscribes a quick and luxuriant fancy, which would extend it self too far on every subject, did not the labour which is requir'd to well turn'd and polish'd Rhyme, set bounds to it. Yet this Argument, if granted, would onely prove that we may write better in Verse, but not more naturally. Neither is it able to evince that; for he who wants judgment to confine his fancy in blank Verse, may want it as much in Rhyme; and he who has it will avoid errours in both kinds. Latine verse was as great a confinement to the imagination of those Poets, as Rhime to ours: and yet you find *Ovid* saying too much on every subject. *Nescivit* (sayes *Seneca*) *quod bene cessit relinquere*: of which he gives you one famous instance in his Discription of the Deluge.

*Omnia pontus erat, deerant quoque Litora Ponto.*

Now all was Sea, Nor had that Sea a shore. Thus *Ovid*’s fancy was not limited by verse, and *Virgil* needed not verse to have bounded his.

In our own language we see *Ben. Johnson* confining himself to what ought to be said, even in the liberty of blank Verse; and yet *Corneille*, the most judicious of the *French* Poets, is still varying the same sence an hundred wayes,
and dwelling eternally upon the same subject, though confin'd by Rhyme. Some
other exceptions I have to Verse, but being these I have nam'd are for the most
part already publiick; I conceive it reasonable they should first be answer'd.

[103] It concerns me less then any, said Neander, (seeing he had ended) to reply
to this Discourse; because when I should have prov'd that Verse may be natural
in Playes, yet I should alwayes be ready to confess, that those which I have
written in this kind come short of that perfection which is requir'd. Yet since you
are pleas'd I should undertake this Province, I will do it, though with all
imaginable respect and deference both to that person from whom you have
borrow'd your strongesst Arguments, and to whose judgment when I have said
all, I finally submit. But before I proceed to answer your objections, I must first
remember you, that I exclude all Comedy from my defence; and next that I deny
not but blank verse may be also us'd, and content my self onely to assert, that in
serious Playes where the subject and characters are great, and the Plot unmix'd
with mirth, which might allay or divert these concernments which are produc'd,
Rhyme is there as natural, and more effectual then blank Verse.

[104] And now having laid down this as a foundation, to begin with Crites, I must
crave leave to tell him, that some of his Arguments against rhyme reach no
farther then from the faults or defects of ill rhime, to conclude against the use of it
in general. May not I conclude against blank verse by the same reason? If the
words of some Poets who write in it, are either ill chosen, or ill placed (which
makes not onely rhime, but all kind of verse in any language unnatural;) Shall I,
for their vitious affection condemn those excellent lines of Fletcher, which are
written in that kind? Is there any thing in rhyme more constrain'd than this line in
blank verse? I Heav'n invoke, and strong resistance make, where you see both
the clauses are plac'd unnaturally; that is, contrary to the common way of
speaking, and that without the excuse of a rhyme to cause it: yet you would think
me very ridiculous, if I should accuse the stubbornness of blank Verse for this,
and not rather the stiffness of the Poet. Therefore, Crites, you must either prove
that words, though well chosen, and duly plac'd, yet render not Rhyme natural in
it self; or, that however natural and easie the rhyme may be, yet it is not proper
for a Play. If you insist upon the former part, I would ask you what other
conditions are requir'd to make Rhyme natural in it self, besides an election of apt
words, and a right disposing of them? For the due choice of your words expresses your sense naturally, and the due placing them adapts the rhyme to it. If you object that one verse may be made for the sake of another, though both the words and rhyme be apt; I answer it cannot possibly so fall out; for either there is a dependance of sense betwixt the first line and the second, or there is none: if there be that connection, then in the natural position of the words, the latter line must of necessity flow from the former: if there be no dependance, yet still the due ordering of words makes the last line as natural in itself as the other: so that the necessity of a rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy Writers to say what they would not otherwise. 'Tis true, there is both care and Art requir'd to write in Verse; A good Poet never concludes upon the first line, till he has sought out such a rhyme as may fit the sense, already prepar'd to heighten the second: many times the close of the sense falls into the middle of the next verse, or farther of, and he may often prevail himself of the same advantages in English which Virgil had in Latine. He may break off in the Hemystich, and begin another line: indeed, the not observing these two last things, makes Playes which are writ in verse so tedious: for though, most commonly, the sense is to be confin'd to the Couplet, yet nothing that does perpetuo tenore fluere, run in the same channel, can please alwayes. 'Tis like the murmuring of a stream, which not varying in the fall, causes at first attention, at last drowsiness. Variety of cadences is the best rule, the greatest help to the Actors, and refreshment to the Audience. [105] If then Verse may be made natural in it self, how becomes it improper to a Play? You say the Stage is the representation of Nature, and no man in ordinary conversation speaks in rhime. But you foresaw when you said this, that it might be answer'd; neither does any man speak in blank verse, or in measure without rhyme. Therefore you concluded, that which is nearest Nature is still to be preferr'd. But you took no notice that rhime might be made as natural as blank verse, by the well placing of the words, &c. all the difference between them when they are both correct, is the sound in one, which the other wants; and if so, the sweetness of it, and all the advantage resulting from it, which are handled in the Preface to the Rival Ladies, will yet stand good. As for that place of Aristotle, where he says Playes should be writ in that kind of Verse which is nearest Prose; it makes little for you, blank verse being properly but measur'd Prose.
Now measure alone in any modern Language, does not constitute verse; those of the Ancients in Greek and Latine, consisted in quantity of words, and a determinate number of feet. But when, by the inundation of the Goths and Vandals into Italy new Languages were brought in, and barbarously mingled with the Latine (of which the Italian, Spanish, French, and ours, (made out of them and the Teutonick) are Dialects:) a new way of Poesie was practis'd; new, I say in those Countries, for in all probability it was that of the Conquerours in their own Nations. This new way consisted in measure or number of feet and rhyme. The sweetness of Rhyme, and observation of Accent, supplying the place of quantity in words, which could neither exactly be observ'd by those Barbarians who knew not the Rules of it, neither was it suitable to their tongues as it had been to the Greek and Latine. No man is tied in modern Poesie to observe any farther rule in the feet of his verse, but that they be dissylables; whether Spondee, Trochee, or Iambique, it matters not; onely he is obliged to rhyme: Neither do the Spanish, French, Italian or Germans acknowledge at all, or very rarely any such kind of Poesie as blank verse amongst them. Therefore at most 'tis but a Poetick Prose, a Sermo pedestris, and as such most fit for Comedies, where I acknowledge Rhyme to be improper. Farther, as to that quotation of Aristotle, our Couplet Verses may be rendred as near Prose as blank verse it self, by using those advantages I lately nam'd, as breaks in a Hemistick, or running the sence into another line, thereby making Art and Order appear as loose and free as Nature: or not tying our selves to Couplets strictly, we may use the benefit of the Pindarique way, practis'd in the Siege of Rhodes; where the numbers vary and the rhyme is dispos'd carelesly, and far from often chymeing. Neither is that other advantage of the Ancients to be despis'd, of changing the kind of verse when they please with the change of the Scene, or some new entrance: for they confine not themselves always to iambiques, but extend their liberty to all Lyrique numbers, and sometimes, even to Hexameter. But I need not go so far to prove that Rhyme, as it succeeds to all other offices of Greek and Latine Verse, so especially to this of Playes, since the custome of all Nations at this day confirms it: All the French, Italian and Spanish Tragedies are generally writ in it, and sure the Universal consent of the most civiliz'd parts of the world, ought in this, as it doth in other customs, include the rest.
But perhaps you may tell me I have propos'd such a way to make rhyme natural, and consequently proper to Playes, as is unpracticable, and that I shall scarce find six or eight lines together in any Play, where the words are so plac'd and chosen as is requir'd to make it natural. I answer, no Poet need constrain himself at all times to it. It is enough he makes it his general Rule; for I deny not but sometimes there may be a greatness in placing the words otherwise; and sometimes they may sound better, sometimes also the variety it self is excuse enough. But if, for the most part, the words be plac'd as they are in the negligence of Prose, it is sufficient to denominate the way practicable; for we esteem that to be such, which in the Tryal oftner succeeds then misses. And thus far you may find the practice made good in many Playes; where you do not, remember still, that if you cannot find six natural Rhymes together, it will be as hard for you to produce as many lines in blank Verse, even among the greatest of our Poets, against which I cannot make some reasonable exception.

And this, Sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your discourse, where you told us we should never find the Audience favourable to this kind of writing, till we could produce as good Playes in Rhyme, as Ben. Johnson, Fletcher, and Shakespeare, had writ out of it. But it is to rais envy to the living, to compare them with the dead. They are honour'd, and almost ador'd by us, as they deserve; neither do I know any so presumptuous of themselves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to say thus much without injury to their Ashes, that not onely we shall never equal them, but they could never equal themselves, were they to rise and write again. We acknowledge them our Fathers in wit, but they have ruin'd their Estates themselves before they came to their childrens hands. There is scarce an Humour, a Character, or any kind of Plot, which they have not blown upon: all comes sullied or wasted to us: and were they to entertain this Age, they could not make so plenteous treatments out of such decay'd Fortunes. This therefore will be a good Argument to us either not to write at all, or to attempt some other way. There is no bayes to be expected in their Walks; Tentanda via est quà me quoque possum tollere humano.

This way of writing in Verse, they have onely left free to us; our age is arriv'd to a perfection in it, which they never knew; and which (if we may guess by what of theirs we have seen in Verse (as in the Faithful Shepherdess, and Sad
Shepherd:) 'tis probable they never could have reach'd. For the Genius of every Age is different; and though ours excel in this, I deny not but that to imitate Nature in that perfection which they did in Prose, is a greater commendation then to write in verse exactly. As for what you have added, that the people are not generally inclin'd to like this way; if it were true, it would be no wonder, that betwixt the shaking off an old habit, and the introducing of a new, there should be difficulty. Do we not see them stick to Hopkins and Sternholds Psalms, and forsake those of David, I mean Sandys his Translation of them? If by the people you understand the multitude, the hoi polloi. 'Tis no matter what they think; they are sometimes in the right, sometimes in the wrong; their judgment is a meer Lottery. Est ubi plebs rectè putat, est ubi peccat. Horace sayes it of the vulgar, judging Poesie. But if you mean the mix'd audience of the populace, and the Noblesse, I dare confidently affirm that a great part of the latter sort are already favourable to verse; and that no serious Playes written since the Kings return have been more kindly receiv'd by them, then the Seige of Rhodes, the Mustapha, the Indian Queen, and Indian Emperour.

[109] But I come now to the inference of your first Argument. You said the Dialogue of Playes is presented as the effect of sudden thought, but no man speaks suddenly, or ex tempore in Rhyme: And you infer'd from thence, that Rhyme, which you acknowledge to be proper to Epique Poesie cannot equally be proper to Dramatick, unless we could suppose all men born so much more then Poets, that verses should be made in them, not by them.

[110] It has been formerly urg'd by you, and confess'd by me, that since no man spoke any kind of verse ex tempore, that which was nearest Nature was to be preferr'd. I answer you therefore, by distinguishing betwixt what is nearest to the nature of Comedy, which is the imitation of common persons and ordinary speaking, and what is nearest the nature of a serious Play: this last is indeed the representation of Nature, but 'tis Nature wrought up to an higher pitch. The Plot, the Characters, the Wit, the Passions, the Descriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converse, as high as the imagination of the Poet can carry them, with proportion to verisimiliy. Tragedy we know is wont to image to us the minds and fortunes of noble persons, and to portray these exactly, Heroick Rhime is nearest Nature, as being the noblest kind of modern verse.
Indignatur enim privatis, & prope socco.
Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestæ. (Sayes Horace.)

[111] And in another place,
Essutire leveis indigna tragoedia versus.

[112] Blank Verse is acknowledg'd to be too low for a Poem, nay more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary Sonnet, how much more for Tragedy, which is by Aristotle in the dispute betwixt the Epique Poesie and the Dramatick; for many reasons he there alledges ranck'd above it.

[113] But setting this defence aside, your Argument is almost as strong against the use of Rhyme in Poems as in Playes; for the Epique way is every where interlac'd with Dialogue, or discoursive Scenes; and therefore you must either grant Rhyme to be improper there, which is contrary to your assertion, or admit it into Playes by the same title which you have given it to Poems. For though Tragedy be justly preferr'd above the other, yet there is a great affinity between them as may easily be discover'd in that definition of a Play which Lisideius gave us. The Genus of them is the same, a just and lively Image of human nature, in its Actions, Passions, and traverses of Fortune: so is the end, namely for the delight and benefit of Mankind. The Characters and Persons are still the same, viz. the greatest of both sorts, onely the manner of acquainting us with those Actions, Passions and Fortunes is different. Tragedy performs it viva voce, or by action, in Dialogue, wherein it excels the Epique Poem which does it chiefly by narration, and therefore is not so lively an Image of Humane Nature. However, the agreement betwixt them is such, that if Rhyme be proper for one, it must be for the other. Verse 'tis true is not the effect of sudden thought; but this hinders not that sudden thought may be represented in verse, since those thoughts are such as must be higher then Nature can raise them without premeditation, especially to a continuance of them even out of verse, and consequently you cannot imagine them to have been sudden either in the Poet, or the Actors. A Play, as I had said to be like Nature, is to be set above it; as Statues which are plac'd on high are made greater then the life, that they may descend to the sight in their just proportion.

[114] Perhaps I have insisted too long upon this objection; but the clearing of it will make my stay shorter on the rest. You tell us Crites, that rhyme appears most
unnatural in repartees, or short replyes: when he who answers, (it being presum'd he knew not what the other would say, yet) makes up that part of the verse which was left incompleat, and supplies both the sound and measure of it. This you say looks rather like the confederacy of two, then the answer of one. [115] This, I confess, is an objection which is in every ones mouth who loves not rhyme: but suppose, I beseech you, the repartee were made onely in blank verse, might not part of the same argument be turn'd against you? for the measure is as often supply'd there as it is in Rhyme. The latter half of the Hemystich as commonly made up, or a second line subjoyn'd as a reply to the former; which any one leaf in Johnson’s Playes will sufficiently clear to you. You will often find in the Greek Tragedians, and in Seneca, that when a Scene grows up in the warmth of repartees (which is the close sighting of it) the latter part of the Trimeter is supply'd by him who answers; and yet it was never observ'd as a fault in them by any of the Ancient or Modern Criticks. The case is the same in our verse as it was in theirs; Rhyme to us being in lieu of quantity to them. But if no latitude is to be allow'd a Poet, you take from him not onely his license of *quidlibet audendi*, but you tie him up in a straighter compass then you would a Philosopher. This is indeed *Musas colere severiores*: You would have him follow Nature, but he must follow her on foot: you have dismounted him from his *Pegasus*. But you tell us this supplying the last half of a verse, or adjoyning a whole second to the former, looks more like the design of two then the answer of one. Suppose we acknowledge it: how comes this confederacy to be more displeasing to you then in a Dance which is well contriv'd? You see there the united design of many persons to make up one Figure: after they have seperated themselves in many petty divisions, they rejouyn one by one into a gross: the confederacy is plain amongst them; for chance could never produce any thing so beautiful, and yet there is nothing in it that shocks your sight. I acknowledg the hand of Art appears in repartee, as of necessity it must in all kind of verse. But there is also the quick and poynant brevity of it (which is an high imitation of Nature in those sudden gusts of passion) to mingle with it: and this joyn'd with the cadency and sweetness of the Rhyme, leaves nothing in the soul of the hearer to desire. 'Tis an Art which appears; but it appears onely like the shadowings of Painture, which being to cause the rounding of it, cannot be absent; but while
that is consider'd they are lost: so while we attend to the other beauties of the matter, the care and labour of the Rhyme is carry'd from us, or at least drown'd in its own sweetness, as Bees are sometimes bury'd in their Honey. When a Poet has found the repartee, the last perfection he can add to it, is to put it into verse. However good the thought may be; however apt the words in which 'tis couch'd, yet he finds himself at a little unrest while Rhyme is wanting: he cannot leave it till that comes naturally, and then is at ease, and sits down contented.

[116] From Replies, which are the most elevated thoughts of Verse, you pass to the most mean ones; those which are common with the lowest of household conversation. In these, you say, the Majesty of Verse suffers. You instance in the calling of a servant, or commanding a door to be shut in rhyme. This, Crites, is a good observation of yours, but no argument: for it proves no more but that such thoughts should be wav'd, as often as may be, by the address of the Poet. But suppose they are necessary in the places where he uses them, yet there is no need to put them into rhime. He may place them in the beginning of a Verse, and break it off, as unfit, when so debas’d for any other use: or granting the worst, that they require more room then the Hemystich will allow; yet still there is a choice to be made of the best words, and least vulgar (provided they be apt) to express such thoughts. Many have blam’d Rhyme in general, for this fault, when the Poet, with a little care, might have redress’d it. But they do it with no more justice, then if English Poesie shou’d be made ridiculous for the sake of the Water Poet's Rhymes. Our language is noble, full and significant; and I know not why he who is Master of it may not cloath ordinary things in it as decently as the Latine; if he use the same diligence in his choice of words.

Delectus verborum Origo est Eloquentiæ.

[117] It was the saying of Julius Cæsar, one so curious in his, that none of them can be chang’d but for a worse. One would think unlock the door was a thing as vulgar as could be spoken; and yetSeneca could make it sound high and lofty in his Latine. ——

Reserate clusos Regii postes Laris.

[118] But I turn from this exception, both because it happens not above twice or thrice in any Play that those vulgar thoughts are us’d; and then too (were there no other Apology to be made, yet) the necessity of them (which is alike in all kind

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of writing) may excuse them. Besides that the great eagerness and præcipitation with which they are spoken makes us rather mind the substance then the dress; that for which they are spoken, rather then what is spoke. For they are always the effect of some hasty concernment, and something of consequence depends upon them.

[119] Thus, Crites, I have endeavoured to answer your objections; it remains onely that I should vindicate an Argument for Verse, which you have gone about to overthrow. It had formerly been said, that the easiness of blank verse, renders the Poet too luxuriant; but that the labour of Rhyme bounds and circumscribes an over-fruitful fancy, The sence there being commonly confin'd to the couplet, and the words so order'd that the Rhyme naturally follows them, not they the Rhyme. To this you answer'd, that it was no Argument to the question in hand, for the dispute was not which way a man may write best: but which is most proper for the subject on which he writes.

[120] First, give me leave, Sir, to remember you that the Argument against which you rais'd this objection, was onely secondary: it was built upon this Hypothesis, that to write in verse was proper for serious Playes. Which supposition being granted (as it was briefly made out in that discourse, by showing how verse might be made natural) it asserted, that this way of writing was an help to the Poets judgment, by putting bounds to a wilde overflowing Fancy. I think therefore it will not be hard for me to make good what it was to prove: But you add, that were this let pass, yet he who wants judgment in the liberty of his fancy, may as well show the defect of it when he is confin'd to verse: for he who has judgment will avoid errours, and he who has it not, will commit them in all kinds of writing.

[121] This Argument, as you have taken it from a most acute person, so I confess it carries much weight in it. But by using the word Judgment here indefinitely, you seem to have put a fallacy upon us: I grant he who has Judgment, that is, so profound, so strong, so infallible a judgment, that he needs no helps to keep it alwayes pois'd and upright, will commit no faults either in rhyme or out of it. And on the other extrem, he who has a judgment so weak and craz'd that no helps can correct or amend it, shall write scurvily out of Rhyme, and worse in it. But the first of these judgments is no where to be found, and the latter is not fit to write at all. To speak therefore of judgment as it is in the
best Poets; they who have the greatest proportion of it, want other helps than from it within. As for example, you would be loth to say, that he who was indue with a sound judgment had no need of History, Geography, or Moral Philosophy, to write correctly. Judgment is indeed the Master-workman in a Play: but he requires many subordinate hands, many tools to his assistance. And Verse I affirm to be one of these: 'Tis a Rule and line by which he keeps his building compact and even, which otherwise lawless imagination would raise either irregularly or loosely. At least if the Poet commits errors with this help, he would make greater and more without it: 'tis (in short) a slow and painfull, but the surest kind of working. Ovid whom you accuse for luxuriancy in Verse, had perhaps been farther guilty of it had he writ in Prose. And for your instance of Ben. Johnson, who you say, writ exactly without the help of Rhyme; you are to remember 'tis onely an aid to a luxuriant Fancy, which his was not: As he did not want imagination, so none ever said he had much to spare. Neither was verse then refin'd so much to be an help to that Age as it is to ours. Thus then the second thoughts being usually the best, as receiving the maturest digestion from judgment, and the last and most mature product of those thoughts being artful and labour'd verse, it may well be inferr'd, that verse is a great help to a luxuriant Fancy, and this is what that Argument which you oppos'd was to evince. [122] Neander was pursuing this Discourse so eagerly, that Eugenius had call'd to him twice or thrice ere he took notice that the Barge stood still, and that they were at the foot of Somerset-Stairs, where they had appointed it to land. The company were all sorry to separate so soon, though a great part of the evening was already spent; and stood a while looking back upon the water, which the Moon-beams play'd upon, and made it appear like floating quick-silver: at last they went up through a crowd of French people who were merrily dancing in the open air, and nothing concern'd for the noise of Guns which had allarm'd the Town that afternoon. Walking thence together to th Piazzë they parted there; Eugenius and Lysideius to some pleasant appointment they had made, and Critesand Neander to their several Lodgings.

FINIS.