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## NEO-CLASSICAL CRITICISM

### STRUCTURE

- Learning Objectives
- Introduction
- John Dryden: Essay on Dramatic Poesy
- Dr. Johnson: Lives of Poets
- Summary
- Key Words
- Review Questions
- Suggested Reading

### • LEARNING OBJECTIVES

*After reading this lesson, you will be able to :*

- describe the John Dryden: Essay on Dramatic Poesy
- discuss the Dr. Johnson: Lives of Poets.

### • INTRODUCTION

Samuel Johnson (18 September 1709 [O.S. 7 September]—13 December 1784), often referred to as Dr Johnson, was an English author who made lasting benefactions to English literature as a poet, essayist, moralist, literary critic, biographer, editor and lexicographer. Johnson was a devout Anglican and committed Tory, and has been described as "plausibly the most distinguished man of letters in English history". He is also the subject of "the most famous single work of biographical art in the whole of literature": James Boswells Life of Samuel Johnson.

Johnson was born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, and attended Pembroke College, Oxford for just over a year, before his dearth of funds enforced him to leave. After working as a teacher he moved to London, where he began to write miscellaneous pieces for The Gentleman's Magazine. His early works include the biography The Life of Richard Savage, the poems London and The Vanity of Human Wishes, and the play Irene.

After nine years of work, Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language was ventilated in 1755; it had a far-reaching effect on Modern English and has been described as "one of the greatest single achievements of scholarship". The Dictionary brought Johnson fame and success. Until

the accomplishment of the Oxford English Dictionary 150 years later, Johnson's was perceived as the pre-eminent British dictionary. His later works included essays, an influential annotated edition of William Shakespeare's plays, and the widely read tale *Rasselas*. In 1763, he befriended James Boswell, with whom he later travelled to Scotland; Johnson described their travels in *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*. Towards the end of his life, he produced the massive and influential *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, a assemblage of biographies and appraisals of 17th and 18th century poets.

Johnson had a tall and robust figure, but his odd indications and tics were confusing to some on their first encounter with him. Boswell's *Life*, along with other biographies, documented Johnson's behaviour and traits in such detail that they have informed the posthumous diagnosis of Tourette syndrome (TS), a condition not defined or diagnosed in the 18th century. After a series of illnesses he died on the evening of 13 December 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In the years following his death, Johnson began to be perceived as having had a lasting effect on literary condemnation and even as the only great critic of English literature.

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- **JOHN DRYDEN : ESSAY ON DRAMATIC POETRY**

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**TEXT**

[1] It was that memorable day, in the first Summer of the late War, when our Navy engag'd the Dutch: a day wherein the two most robust and best appointed Squadrons which any age had ever seen, refuted the command of the greater half of the Orb, the commerce of Nations, and the riches of the Universe. While these vast buoyant 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 suspence 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 probing the noise in the depth of silence.

[2] Amongst the rest, it was the serendipity of Eugenius, Crites, Lisideius and Neander, to be in company together: three of the persons whom their wit intelligence and Calibre 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 expatiate.

[3] Taking then a Flatboat which a servant of Lisideus had provided for them, they made sifters to shoot the Bridge, and left behind them that great fall of waters which hindered them from hearing what they desired: after which, having disengaged themselves from many Darks which rode at Harbour in the Thames, and almost block up the passage towards Greenwich, they ordered the Watermen to let fall their Oars more gently; and then every one favouring his own idiosyncrasy with a stern 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 fluctuate of sound, though almost fading before they reach'd them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horror which they had betwixt the Squadrons after they had attentively listened 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 felicitated to the rest that happy Omen of our Nations Victory: adding, we had but this to desire in corroboration of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English Coast. When the rest had accord 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 appositeness of this battle 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 Squabble could scope some of those eternal Rhimers, who watch a Battle with more conscientiousness than the Ravens and birds of Prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the prey, 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 Lisideus, who to my knowledge, are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not only a Panegirick upon the Victory, but, if need be, a funeral dirge 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 Lisideus, 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 concerned the peace and quiet of all honest people, that ill Poets should be as well silenced as inditing Preachers. In my opinion, replied Eugenius, you chase 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 endeavor but to do well; at least I would not have them worse us'd then Sylla the Dictator did one of their brethren heretofore: Quern 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 praemium tribui, sub ea conditione ne quid postea scriberet. I could wish with all my heart, replied Crites, that many whom we know were as munificently thank'd upon the same condition, that they would never trouble us again. For amongst others, I have a mortal angst 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 unceasingly pay us with claspers upon words and a certain clownish kind of raillery? if now and then he does not offer at a maltreatment or Clevelandism, wresting 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-wilier 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 malevolence 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 affraid to come after you with my other terminus of Poetry: He is one of those who having had some advantage of education and antipode, 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 perturbs your passions with the least appositeness, 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 Vnto, and all the pretty Obscenitlys he can find, till he drags them to the end of another line; while the Sense is left tir'd half way behind it; he doubly craves all his Verses, first for want of thought, and then of countenance; his Poetry neither has wit in it, nor seems to have it; like him in Martiall:

### **Pauper videri Cinna vult, & est pauper**

[4] He affects plainness, to cover his want of imagination: when he writes the serious way, the highest aviation of his fancy is some miserable Antithesis, or seeming conflict; and in the Comick he is still reaching at some thin narcissism, 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 kneed, how many tenders they make to dip, and yet how infrequently they touch it: and when they do, 'tis but the surface: they skim over it but to catch a gnat, and then ascend 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 throngs who would think you malevolent 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 impassioned 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 encroach 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 abundant. 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 decorum 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 perdidistis: you have dissipated the true old Poetry so far, that Nature, which is the soul of it, is not in any of your Writings.

[5] If your argument (said Eugenius) to those who now write, be grounded onely upon your acclaim to Relic, 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 abominably of the Age I live in, or so scandalously of my own Countrey, as not to judge we equal the Ancients in most kinds of Poesie, and in some excel them; neither know I any reason why I may not be as fervent for the Prominence of our Age, as we find the Ancients themselves in reference to those who lived before them. For you hear your Horace saying,

Indignor quidquara reprehendi, non quia crasse Compositum,  
illepideve 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 repugnant in a wide quarrel, 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 mans occasions will allow him: therefore I would ask Crites to what part of Poesie he would impound his Squabbles, 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 Postulations, and, if he pleased, he would limit their Dispute to Poignant 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 Cont an 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 orecome, it will be onely by our own Countreymen: and if we Capitulate 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 replevin, 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, excel them; and that the Drama is wholly ours.

[9] All of them were thus far of Eugenius his opinion, that the sweetness of English Jingle 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 curtail the amenities 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 governed by it. Eugenius was going to continue this Expatiate, 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 Combatant.

[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 tenacious, 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 only 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 Credence port and a Victory, Eugenius, in his own opinion, has already prevailed over the Ancients; nothing seems more easie to him, than to overcome those whom it is our greatest praise to have plagiarized well: for we do not only build upon their foundation; but by their models. Dramatique Poesie had time enough, computation from Thespis (who first invented it) to Aristophanes, to be born, to grow up, and to thrive in Manhood. It has been observed of Arts and Sciences, that in one and the same Century they have arrived 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 apparent, 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 divulged to us? that more blunder 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 gullible 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 Prominence; yet Poesie being then in more deem than now it is, had greater Honours proclaim to the Professors of it; and ergo the Rivalry was more high between them; they had Judges ordered to decide their Merit, and Prizes to reward it: and Historians have been conscientious to record of Eschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Lycophron, and the rest of them, both who they were that surmounted 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 Schismatic City. Alit semulatio ingenia (says Paterculus) & nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit: Emulation is the Spur of Wit, and sometimes Envy, sometimes Admiration quickens our Venture.

[16] But now since the Rewards of Honour are taken away, that Impersonation Emulation is Malevolence into direct Malice; yet so indolent, that it contents it self

to denounce and cry down others, without attempting to do better: 'Tis a Prominence too unprofitable, to take the necessary pains for it; yet wishing they had it, is groading enough to impede 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 emulate 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 Impersonator and wise Observers of that Nature, which is so torn and ill represented in our Plays, they have handed down to us a perfect congruence of her; which we, like ill Copyers, neglecting to look on, have accomplished monstrous and disfigur'd. But, that you may know how much you are obligated 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 equilibrium 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 *dafie oco Die?6ee96*, Horace his *Art of Poetry* is an excellent Comment, and, I believe, restores to us that Second Book of his concerning *Farce*, 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 observed in every Regular Play; namely, of Time, Place, and Action.

[18] The unity of Time they apprehend in 24 hours, the compass .of a Natural Day; or as near it as can be strained and the reason of it is obvious to every one, that the time of the counterfeit 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 replica of Nature, whose Plot or Action is constricted 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 supposed 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 ths rest, should be suppos'd longer by the Spectators; '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 discrimination 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 Calamities (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 dispatched by Portrayal: so that they set the Audience, as it were, at the Post where the Race is to be concluded: and, saving them the exhausting 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 freakish to devise 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 expectation; 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 appreciated under the larger Persuasion 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 applauded. They tie themselves so strictly to the unity of place, that you never see in any of their Plays a Scene changed 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 endowed 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 evacuates the Stage, a third appears who has business with him.

[21] This Corneil calls *La Liaison des Scenes*, the cohesion or joining of the Scenes; and 'tis a good mark of a well elaborated 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 Dwellers 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 Intent, and last in Execution: now the Poet is to aim at one great and complete action, to the carrying on of which all things in his Play, even the very hurdles, are to be submissive; and the reason of this is as evident as any of the former.

[23] For two Actions equally arduous 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, as Ben. Johnson has observ'd in his discoveries; but they must be all submissive to the great one, which our language happily expresses in the name of underplots: such as in Terences Eunuch is the difference and accord of Thais and Phasdria, which is not the chief business of the Play, but promotes; the marriage of Chaerea and Chreme's Sister, principally deliberate by the Poet. There ought to be one action, sayes Corneile, that is one complete action which leaves the mind of the Audience in a full repose: But this cannot be brought to pas but by many other flawed ones which conduce to it, and hold the Audience in a delightful suspence of what will be.

[24] If by these Rules (to omit many other drawn from the Axioms and Practice of the Ancients) we should judge our modern Playes; 'tis apparent, that few of them would abide 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 Embodiments 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 Dwellers to have strained well, we must acknowledge them to have replevin better; questionless we are impoverished of a great stock of wit in the loss of Menander among the Greek Poets, and of Cfflcilius, 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. Cassar the Half-Menander, and of Varius, by the Testimonies of Horace Martial, and Velleus Paterculus: Tis probable that these, could they be recuperated, would decide the dissension; but so long as Aristophanes in the old Farce, and Plautus in the new are extant; while the Calamities 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 Dwellers; and yet I must accept 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 custom 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 tenancy and tawdriness of many words in Virgil, which I had before pass'd over without remuneration, 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 applause, 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 ostensible Imitator of Horace, but a learned Stealer of all the others; you track him every where in their Snow: If Horace, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Juvenal, had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him; you will clemency me therefore if I venture he lov'd their fashion when he wore their cloaths. But since I have otherwise a great exaltation for him, and you, Eugenius, prefer him above all other Poets, I will use no farther squabble to you then his example: I will produce Father Ben. to you, dress'd in all the ornaments and colours of the Dwellers, 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 inferior of the Modern Poets will equally enjoin you to deem the Dwellers.

[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 cogent as to what the Moderns have availed by the rules of the Dwellers, but in the latter you are careful to secrete how much they have excell'd them: we own all the helps we have from them, and want neither exaltation nor appreciation while we accept that to overcome them we must make use of the advantages we have receiv'd from them; but to these assistances we have joined our own industry; for (had we sate down with a dull replica of them) we might then have lost somewhat of the old precision, but never accomplished 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 bloomed in some ages more then others; but your cibe in Ideology 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 elaborated 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 Expatiate you have avoided to make good, it shall now be my task to show you some part of their defects, and some few Superbness of the Moderns; and I think there is none among us can imagine I do it bitterly, or with purpose to diminish from them; for what interest of Fame or Profit can the living lose by the prestige of the dead? on the other side, it is a great truth which Velleius Paterculus

asserts, *Audita visis libentius laudemus; & praesentia invidia, praeeterita admiratione prosequimur*; & his nos obrui, illis instrui credimus: That glorify or condemn is certainly the most sincere which unbrib'd brood shall give us,

[28] Be pleased then in the first place to take notice, that the Greek Poesie, which Crites has confirmed to have arriv'd to precision in the Sovereignty of the old Farce, was so far from it, that the divergence of it into Acts (which Tully so much valued that he ever carried his works about him) there is yet left in him great room for applause, 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 alleged Impersonator of Horace, but a learned Stealer of all the others; you track him every where in their Snow: If Horace, Lucan, Petronius Arbiter, Seneca, and Juvenal, had their own from him, there are few serious thoughts which are new in him; you will clemency me therefore if I assume he lov'd their fashion when he wore their cloaths. But since I have otherwise a great exaltation for him, and you, Eugenius, tender him above all other Poets, I will use no remoter squabble to you then his example: I will produce Father Ben. to you, dress'd in all the ornaments and colours of the Dwellers, you will need no other chaperone 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 enjoin you to esteem the Ancients.

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

[27] I have discovered in your Speech that the erstwhile part of it is cogent as to what the Moderns have availed by the rules of the Dwellers, but in the latter you are careful to stash how much they have excell'd them: we own all the helps we have from them, and want neither exaltation nor appreciation while we accept that to overcome them we must make use of the fringe benefit we have receiv'd from them; but to these abeltances we have joined our own industry; for (had we sate down with a dull replica of them) we might then have lost somewhat of the old precision, but never accomplished 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 yearning of Arts and Sciences, that they have blossomed in some ages more then others; but your instance in Ideology 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 nearer to precision, and, that granted, it will rest for you to prove that they molden more perfect images of humane life than we; which, seeing in your expatiate you have avoided to make good, it shall now be my task to show you some part of their glitches, and some few Superbness of the Moderns; and I think there is none among us can imagine I do it resent fully, or with purpose to diminish from them; for what interest of Fame or Profit can the living lose by the prestige of the dead? on the other side, it is a great truth which Velleius Paterculus assents, *Audita visis libentius laudemus; & praesentia invidia, praeterita admiratione prosequimur; & his nos obrui, illis instrui credimus*: That praise or condemnation is certainly the most sincere which unbrib'd brood shall give us,

[28] Be pleased then in the first place to take notice, that the Greek Poesie, which Crites has asserted to have arriv'd to perfection in the Sovereignty of the old Farce, 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 Plays we have reason to surmise they sung more than five times: Aristotle indeed divides the intrinsic parts of a Play into four: First, The Antecedent or entrance, which gives light onely to the Characters of the persons, and revenues very little into any part of the action: 2<sup>d</sup>y, 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 Attorn, 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 vicious stream confronted by a narrow passage; it runs round to an whirl, and carries back the waters with more celerity than it brought them on: Lastly, the Holocaust, which the Grecians call'd lysis, the French le epilogue and we the discovery or deciphering of the Plot: there you see all things settling again upon their first substructures, and the hindrances which impediment the design or action of the Play once remov'd, it ends with that congruence 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 divulge 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 established in the time of Horace,

that he gives it for a rule in Comedy; *Neu brevior quinto, neu sit production actu*: So that you see the Grecians cannot be said to have accomplish this Art; writing rattier 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 deplore 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 abandoned to Fortune, not to the Muses.

[31] Next, for the Plot, which Aristotle call'd and often *Tcov TtpayuetTcov auvGai^*, and from him the Romans *Fabula*, it has already been aptly observ'd by a late Writer, that in their calamities 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 Epique Poets, and even by Folklore 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 devoted Oedipal love 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 yawping 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 tollerable; poor people they scap'd not so good cheap: they had still the Chapon Bouille 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 Poignant Poesie in its Definition, which was to cause Delight, as of consequence destroy'd.

[32] In their Satires, the Romans generally borrow'd their Plots from the Greek Poets; and theirs was commonly a little Girle stollen or gallivanted from her Parents, brought back unknown to the same City, there got with child by some obscene 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 avert it, by coming down in a Machine, and take the thanks of it to himself.

[33] By the Plot you may guess 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 wretched in want of Money; a Servant or Slave, who has so much wit to bash in with him, and help to dupe his Father, a Braggadochio Captain, a Barnacle, 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 Dumb in it: She has the Procreation of the Old Elizabeth way, 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 throw them all at once; the Characters are indeed the replicas of Nature, but so narrow as if they had plagiarized onely an Eye or an Hand, and did not double the fist at to proffer on the lines of a Face, or the Portion 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, or any who have written of it, till in our age the French Poets first made it a Axiom of the Stage. The unity of time, even Terence himself (who was the best and the most regular of them) has deserted: His Heautontimoroumenos or Self-Punisher takes up visibly two days; therefore says Scaliger, the two first Acts concluding the first day, were acted over-night; the three lest on the ensuing day: and Eurypides, in trying himself to one day, has devoted an ridiculousness never to be forgiven him: for in one of his Calamities 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 vanquishing in the next Act; and yet from the time of his evacuation to the return of the Nuntius, who gives the relation of his Victory, A Ethra and the Chorjus have but 36 Verses; that is not for every Mile a Verse,

[37] The like err our is as apparent in Terence his Eunuch, when Laches, the old man, enters in a mistake the house of Thais, where amidst his Exit and the ingress of Pythias, who comes to give an adequate 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 employe un temps si court, sayes the French Poet, who furnish'd me with one of the scrutinices : And almost all their Calamities will afford us examples of the like nature.

[38] Tis true, they have kept the cohesion, or as you call'd it Liaison des Scenes somewhat better: two do not ceaseless 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 infrequently 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 molded Scenes, and yet they are often insufficient even in this: To go no further then Terence, you find in the Eunuch Antipho entering single in the nub of the third Act, after Chremes and Pythias were gone off: In the same Play you have likewise Dorias 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 inarticulate to do, because she was assumed to speak directly to the Audience, and to apprise them with what was necessary to be known, but yet should have been so strained 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 Phzedria 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 divergence of Sostrata, Geta and Cathara; and indeed you can scanty look into any of his Satires, where you will not presently discover the same intervention.

[39] But as they have fail'd both in laying of their Plots, and managing of them, sheering from the Rules of their own Art, by mis-representing Nature to us, in which they have ill satisfied one intent of a Play, which was delight, so in the instructive part they have err'd not so good instead of punishing Vice and rewarding Virtue, they have often shown a Booming Wickedness, and Unhappy Devotion: 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 earnestness and murder ending in the victory of him that acted them: In short, there is no indignity in any of



our modern Playes, which if I would excuse, I could not silhouette with some Authority from the Dwellers.

[40] And one farther note of them let me leave you: Calamities and Satires were not writ then as they are now, indiscrimately, by the same person; but he who found his genius curving to the one, never attempted the other way. This is so plain, that I need not occurrence to you. that Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, never any of them writ a Devaluation; Eschylus, Eurypides, Sophocles and Seneca, never meddled with Farce; the Sock and Buskin were not worn by the same Poet: having then so much care to outdo in one kind, very little is to be acquitted them if they miscarried in it; and this would lead me to the consideration of their cleverness, had not Crites given me ample 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 proficient 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 Conversion, yet, to him who reads it in the Original, 'tis still the same; He has an Idea of its excellence, though it cannot pass from his mind into any other guise or words then those in which he finds it. When Phasdria — in the Eunuch had a command from his Mistress to be absent two days; and supportive himself to go through with it, said; Tandem self-esteem non ilia caream, si opus sit, vel totum triduum? Parmeno to mock the softness of his Master, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out as it were in admiration; Hui! universum triduum! the elegance of which universum, though it cannot be accomplished in our language, yet leaves an impression of the wit upon our souls: but this happens seldom in him, in Plautus rendered over and over again; who is fathomless too bold in his Metaphors and coning 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 and numeros, and Laudavere sales,  
nimium patienter utrumque

Ne dicam stolidi.

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

Multa renascentur quae nunc cecidere, cadentque Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, Quern penes, arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

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

Mistake ridenti Colocasia fundet Acantho.

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

— Miratur & undae, Miratur nemus, insuetum fulgentia longe, Scuta virum fluuiio, pictasque innare carinas.

And Ovid once so modestly, that he asks 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 says, 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 apprehending, 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 amidst his Fawn and Doctor Dorms, That the one gives us deep thought in common language, though rough accent; 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 restricted 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 whited sepulcher demolishes.

[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 deviated, to the consideration of the Dwellers 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 significances, which are the objects of a Devastation, and to show the various movements of a Soul combating amidst 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 sanguine the Medea is none of his: for, though I deem it for the gravity and voluptuousness of it, which he himself concludes to be suitable to a Devastation, *Omne 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 significances where he most strived 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 fondness 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 Calamities 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, Vengeance, 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 recurrent of all the passions, and which being the private significances of every person, is sooth'd by viewing its own image in a communal entertainment.

[48] Among their Comedies, we find a Scene or two of fondness, and that where you would least expect it, in Plautus; but to speak generally, their Lovers say little, when they see each other, but *anima mea, vita mea; seu eae* 06=-c., 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 felony. Any sudden gust of passion (as an rapture 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 envies, complaints, man oeuvre 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 concluding 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 amidst us; for he maintains the Moderns have acquir'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 broild 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 aethera 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 futility of telling his own Story, which the trusty steward is ever to perform for him. So in their Love Scenes, of which Eugenius spoke last, the Dwellers 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 lodge himself to the Age he liv'd in: yet in the mean time we are not to deduce any thing rashly against those great men; but preserve to them the grandeur of Masters, and give that honour to their memories, (Quos libitina sacra vit;) 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'forborn, till his Expatiate 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 precision of our next Neighbours?

[51] Though, said Eugenius, I am at all times ready to contend the honour of my Count against the French, and to maintain, we are as well able to trounce 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 relaxation 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 Expatiate for the Dwellers, 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 observed them? In the unity of time you find them so conscientious, that it yet remains argument 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 accordingly/inevitably whether all Plays ought not to be reduc'd into that compass? This I can afford evidence, that in all their Drama's indictment 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 conscientious, for many of their detractor 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 discernible, 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 network in a Play; like those in ill molded stuffs; and two actions, that is, two Plays carried on together, to the astounding of the Audience; who, before they are warm in their significances for one part, are averted to another; and by that means embrace 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 associate 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-coniedie, '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 burlesque together; and our Stages still retain somewhat of the Original court say of the Red-Bull;

Atque ursum & pugiles media inter carmina poscunt.

[54] The end of Calamities or serious Playes, sayes Aristotle, is to engender admiration, compassion, or significances; but are not mirth and compassion things incompatible? and is it not apparent that the Poet must of necessity destroy the former by intermix of the concluding? that is, he must ruine the sole end and object of his Devastation 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 Catharsis, 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 Calamities; that is, they are always grounded upon some known History: according to that of Horace, *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar*; and in that they have so plagiarized the Dwellers that they have eclipsed them. For the Dwellers, as was observ'd before, took for the foundation of their Playes some Poetical Fiction, such as under that consideration could move but little significances in the Audience, because they already knew the event of it. But the French goes farther;

Atque ita mentitur; sic veris falsas remiscet,

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum:

[56] He so intertwine Truth with probable Fiction, that he puts a pleasing Delusion upon us; mends the conspires of Fate, and dispenses with the gravity 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 prerogative 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 asserts to have died in his bed of extreme old age. Denial more, when the event is past argument, even then we are willing to be deceiv'd, and the Poet, if he manipulates 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 significances 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 emulate 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 Viewpoint, and receive her Images not only much less, but infinitely more imperfect then the life: this instead of making a Play delightful, renders it hilarious.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

[57] For the Spirit of man cannot be satisfied but with truth, or at least plausibility; and a Poem is to contain, if not *ôá áõõìá*, yet *ãõõïíéóéí ïïíéá*, 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 ample 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 nauseate with many turns, the French have gain'd more liberty for verse, in which they write: they have relaxation 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 Devastation 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 convoluted 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, only the time of the action is not reduceable 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 extreemly sinful, even Ben Johnson himself in Sejanus and Catiline has given us this Oleo of a Play; this unnatural mixture of Farce and Devastation, 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 innovation 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 significances, 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 only 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 apparent 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 balance 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 acclaimed exploit; which will reduce the greatest part of business into his hands.

[61] But, if he would have us to imagine that in extol 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 prostatic persons in the Dwellers, 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 apt 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 progenitor 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 infrequently 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 appropriate 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 absurd 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 assassinated with two or three thrusts of the foyles, which we know are so cripple, 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 Calamities, the Audience cannot forbear laughing when the Actors are to die; 'tis the most amusing 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 commanded voice, and limbs that move easily, and without gaucherie; 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 emulate 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 perscoaxde 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 indoctrinated 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 dexterity when the Poet does not too foist impose upon us. They therefore who imagine these relations would make no significances in the Audience, are deceiv'd, by bewildering them with the other, which are of things predecessor to the Play; those are made often in cold blood (as I may say) to the audience; but these are warm'd with our significances, 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 Perpetually 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 accordance, 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 splendor 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 refute 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, multa;q; tolles

Ex oculis, quae mox narret facundia preesens.

[67] Among which many he recounts some.

Nee pueros coram populo Medea trucidet, Aut in avem Progne mutetur, Cadmus in anguem, &c. -

[68] That is, those actions which by reason of their inhumanity 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 agitation, (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 recurring, not onely among all the Dwellers, 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 reduce the Story: and this in express replica 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 portents before it are remakable, the one of which was hid from sight to avoid the horreur 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 unraveling of the Plot is done by narration in the fifth Act, after the manner of the Ancients; and it moves great significances in the Audience, though it be onely a relation of what was done many years before the Play. I could multiply other cites, but these are ample to prove that

there is no error 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 expatiate since the French have many other excellencies not common to use, as that you never see any of their Playes end with a transformation, 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 elation 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 Contemptuous/Derisive Lady, seems to me a little forc'd; for being an Usurer, which implies a lover of Money to the highest degree of avariciousness, (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 lament, 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 apparent: 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 swindle you) for there is nothing so absurd, sayes 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 calamities 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 predominant 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 Authour.

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

[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 Farce, and decency 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 replica 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 replica 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 Satires, 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 Satires 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 concluding 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 gratuity, 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 justifie. As for their new way of blending merriment 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 significances 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 Devastation 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 merriment 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 Lisideius 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 maip. 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 contradictory 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 Lisiideius 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 significances 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 acquiesce with the gravity of a Churchman. Look upon the Cinna and the Pompey, they are not so properly to be called Playes, as long expatiates 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 elegance 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 refuse 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 dream of to be one reason why Comedy is more pleasing to us, and Calamities 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 significances 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 significances be powr'd unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: But a long sober shower gives them relaxation 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 Expatiate, 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 concealment 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 concluding part of Lisideius his discourse, which perturbs relations, I must acknowledge with him, that the French have reason when they hide that part of the action which would occasion too much agitation 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 magnificent actions were remov'd; but, whither custome has so Duded it self into our Countrymen, or nature has so form'd them to furiousness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats and other objects of horror to be taken from them. And indeed, the Pomography of agitations is all which can be objected against fighting: For why may not our imagination as well suffer it self to be betrayed with the probability of it, as with any other thing in the Play? For my part, I can with as great ease convinces 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 magnificent I would be satisfied 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 forborn it in his Calamities; 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 declare 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 discern what is either



spectacular or Indecent decent. I hope I have already prov'd in this expatiate, that though we are not altogether so punctual as the French, in observing the lawes of Farce; yet our errorours 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 Expatiate of the three Unities; *Il est effortless aux speculatifs d'estre severes, &c.* "Tis easie for conjecture persons to judge severely; but if they would produce to publick view ten or twelve pieces of this nature, they would perhaps give more parallel to the Rules then I have done, when by experience they had known how much we are bound up and awkward 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 Probity 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 sagacious 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 ridiculousness: 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 Devastation 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 petrified 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, drooling and breaking many a miserable conceit upon his sad condition. In this absurd 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 end venture to rise up to any quick turns and counterturns of Plot, as some of them have attempted, since Corneilles Playes have been less in trend, you see they write as irregularly as we, though they cover it more speciously. Hence the reason is unambiguous, 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 damn the way of writing Playes in Verse, as if the English therein plagiarized the French. We have borrow'd nothing from them; our Plots are weav'd in English Loonies: we end venture therein to follow the variety and greatness of characters which are deriv'd to us from Shakespeare and Fletcher: the bounty 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 Satires 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 Calamities: 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 replace of the French.

[84] But to return from whence I have deviated, 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 indictment 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 a'nd learned observer of the Dramatique Lawes, and from all his Satires I shall select The Silent Woman; of which I will make a short Exaiflen, according to those Rules which the French observe. [85] 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?

[86] 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.

[87] To begin then with Shakespeare; he was the man who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largest and most thorough 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 encouragement: he was naturally learn'd; he needed not the blinker 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 clamps; his serious swelling into Bombast. But he is alwayes 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.

[88] 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 equalled 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.

[89] Beaumont and Fletcher of whom I am next to speak, had with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their exemplar, 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 Condemnation, and 'tis thought, us'd his judgement in correcting, if not improvising 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 than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they\* understood and plagiarized 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, I 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 than necessary. Their Playes are now the most pleasant and recurring 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 prudent 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 managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldome find him making Love in any of his Scenes, or venturing to move the Passions; his

genius was too sullen and somber 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 toilsome 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 acquiesce 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 intricate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him, as he has given us the most correct Playes, so in the commandments 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 Authour, I proceed to the examination of his Farce, The Silent Woman.

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### • Examen of the Silent Woman

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[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 Farce, 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 settling of Morose's Estate on Dauphine. The Fascinate of it is the greatest

and most noble of any pure unmix'd Farce 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 petulance 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 confound 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 aayes, praeter expectatum, unexpected by the Audience; his quick evasions when you imagine him surpriz'd, which as they are extreemly 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 Satires; for the to geloion, of the Old Farce, 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 disgusting in it. Thus when you see Socrates brought upon the Stage, you are not to imagine him made ridiculous by the replica 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 Force which succeeded, the Poets fought indeed to express the c.eio, as in their Calamities the 6aoio of Mankind. But this ?ei6 contain'd onely the general Characters of men and manners; as old men, Lovers, Servingmen, Courtizans, Parasites, and such other persons as we see in their Satires; 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 nomine 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 replicas 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 inordinate habit, passion, or affection; particular (as I said before) to some one person: by the eccentricity of which, he is immediately distinguish<sup>^</sup> 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 acuity 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 Satires. For the contrivance of the Plot 'tis extream 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 camouflaged 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 Force where the persons are onely of common rank, and their business private, not elevated, by passions or high significances 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 exarsable. 'Tis this which Horace has aptly observed:

Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit habere Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comedia tanto Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus —

[94] But our Poet, who was not ignorant of these difficulties, had abound himself of all advantages; as he who designs 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 strains to marry him: that the marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand is made apparent 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 exclude, because by the frequent practice of it in his Satires, 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 presumption of them, which prepares you to receive them approvingly; and when they are there, even from their first appearance you are so far conversant 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 interfere 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 acquiescent to it. Thus, like a skilful Chest-



player, by little and little he draws out his men, and makes his collateral of use to his greater persons.

[97] If this Force, 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 disagreement would soon be decided amidst 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, stranded to a atrocious race of men, Enemies of all good Learning, had buried the Muses under the ruines of Monarchy; yet with the reinstatement 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 Laurel but the English. I will set aside Flattery and Envy: it cannot be deny'd but we have had some little blotch 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 frankness 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 Dweller Writer gives me; Vivorum, ut magna admiration ita censura difficilis: amidst the extreams of admiration and malevolence, '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 capitulate to some Playes, and those not many of our own Nation in the last Age, so can it be no addition to enunciate of our present Poets that they have far surpass'd all the Dwellers, 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 Lysideus that he will defer his answer till another time: for I divulge 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 solici regardful to provide against it, as to know whether we had it from the cattiness of our own air, or by transportation from Holland. I have therefore onely to assert, that it is not allowable in serious Playes; for Satires I find you already winding up, 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 propensity; 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 Csesar (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 replica 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 than 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 constraint. 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 lambique, 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 wrangling 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 and cantare pares and 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 Fortunetellers, 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 hoaxed, and we desire to be so; but no man ever was deceiv'd but with a probability of truth, for who will suffer a grose 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 designment of them; Denial rather ought they not to be laboured with so much the more alertness and accuracy 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.

[100] Thus, you see, your Rhyme is incapable of expressing the greatest thoughts naturally, and the lowest it cannot with any grace: for what is more unbecoming the Majesty of Verse, then to call a Servant, or bid a door be shut in Rhyme? And yet this miserable necessity you are forc'd upon. But Verse, you say, circumscribes a quick and sumptuous 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 wh& wants judgment to incarcerate his fancy in blank Verse, may want it as much in Rhyme; and he who has it will avoid errors 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.

[101] 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.

[102] In our own language we see Ben. Johnson enclosing himself to what ought to be said, even in the liberty of blank Verse; and yet Corneille, the most prudent of the French Poets, is still varying\*the same sence an hundred wayes, and dwelling eternally upon the same subject, though restricted by Rhyme. Some other exceptions I have to Verse, but being these I have nam'd are for the most part already publick; 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 esteem both to that person from whom you have borrow'd your strongesst Squabbles, 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 Farce from my defence; and next that I repudiate not but blank verse may be also us'd, and content myself 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 Significances 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 rhyme, 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 rhyme, but all kind of verse in any language unnatural;) Shall I, for their vicious affection censure those excellent lines of Fletcher, which are written in that kind? Is there any thing in rhyme more constraint 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, contradictory 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 tenacious of blank Verse for this, and not rather the gaucherie 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 befitting words, and a right disposing of them? For the due choice of your words expresses your sence naturally, and the due placing them acclimates 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 sence amidst 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 off, 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 sence 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 muttering 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 inappropriate to a Play? You say the Stage is the representation of Nature, and no man in ordinary conversation speaks in rhyme. 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 rhinue 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 sayes 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 deluge of the Goths and Vandals into Italy new Languages were brought in, and barbarously meld 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 dissyllables; whether Spondees, Trochee, or lambique, it matters not; onely he is obliged to rhyme: Neither do the Spanish, French, Italian or Germans accept 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 pedestfis, and as such most fit for Satires, where I accept Rhyme to be inappropriate. 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 Predispose 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 incarcerate riot themselves alwayes to lambiques, 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 substantiate it: All the French, Italian and Spanish Calamities are generally writ in it, and sure the Universal consent of the most ciyiliz'd parts of the world, ought in this, as it doth in other customs, include the rest.

[106] But perhaps you may tell me I have propos'd such a way to make rhyme natural, and consequently proper to Playes, as is impracticable able, and that I shall scanty find six or eight lines together in any Play, where the words are so plac'd and chosen as is required 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 dereliction of duty of Prose, it is sufficient to entitle 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.

[107] And this, Sir, calls to my reminiscence the beginning of your expatiate, 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 raise begrudge 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 pretentions 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 accept them our Fathers in wit, but they have ruuYd 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 smudge or wasted to us; and were they to amuse this Age, they could not make so abundant 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 quae me quoque possum tollere humo,

[108] 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 appreciation then to write in verse exactly. As for what you have added, that the people are not generally disposed 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 Psalmes, 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 recte putat, est ubi peccat. Horace sayes it of the vulgar, judging Poesie. But if you mean the mix'd audience of the inhabitants, and the Noblesse, I dare assuredly 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 supposition 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 inferr'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 erstwhile 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 Farce, 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 verisimilitude. Devastation we know is wont to image to us the minds and fortunes of noble persons, and to interpret these exactly, Heroick Rhime is nearest Nature, as being the noblest kind of modern verse.

Indignatur enim privatis, & prope socco.



Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestas. (Sayes Horace.)

*Neo-Classical Criticism*

[111] And in another place,

Essutire leveis indigna tragoedia versus.

[112] Blank Verse is accepted 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 argument amidst 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 interweave with Dialogue, or discursive Scenes; and therefore you must either grant Rhyme to be unacceptable there, which is clashing 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 bisects 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. Devastation 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 amidst 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 prolongation 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 decline 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 retorts, or short replies: 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 incomplete and supplies both the sound and measure of it. This you say looks rather like the alliance 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 entreat you, the retort 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 retorts (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 alighted him from his Pegasus. But you tell us this requisite 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 alliance 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 rejoyne 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 accept the hand of Art appears in retort, as of necessity it must in all kind of verse. But there is also the quick and poynant terseness of it.(which is an high replica of Nature in those sudden gusts of passion) to mingle with it: and this joyn'd with the cadence 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 retort, 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, yet he finds himself at a little agitation 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 upraised 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 rhyme. He may place them in the beginning of a Verse, and break it off, as unhealthy, when so debas'd for any other use: or granting the worst, that they require more room than 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 should 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 earnest in his choice of words.

Delectus verborum Origo est Eloquential.

[117] It was the saying of Julius Caesar, one so curious in his, that none of them can be chang'd but for a bad. One would think unlock the door was a thing as ostentatious as could be spoken; and yet Seneca could make it sound high and lowering 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 of writing) may excuse them. Besides that the great eagerness and precipitation with which they are spoken makes us rather mind the substance than the dress; that for which they are spoken, rather than what is spoke. For they are always the effect of some hasty significances, and- something of consequence depends upon them.

[119] Thus, Crites, I have at last ventured to answer your objections; it remains solely 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 lush; 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 errors, 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 impeccable a judgment, that he needs no helps to keep it alwayes self-possessed and upright, will commit no faults either in rhyme or out of it. And on the other extream, 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<sup>^</sup>be loth to say, that he who was indued 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 loosly. 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 assured kind of working. Ovid whom you blame 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, copies exactly without the help of Rhyme; you are to remember 'tis onely an aid to a lush Fancy, which his was

not: As he did not want imagination, so none ever said he had much to supplementary. 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 laboured verse, it may well be inferr'd, that verse is a great help to a lush Fancy, and this is what that Argument which you oppos'd was to evince.

[122] Neander was pursuing this Discourse so eagerly, that Eugemus had call'd to him twice or thrice ere he took notice that the Scours 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 spant; 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 Piazza they parted there; Eugenius and Lysideius to some pleasant appointment they had made, and Crites and Neander to their several Lodgings.

### Summary

Essay of Dramatic Poesy by John Dryden was published in 1668. It was probably written during the plague year of 1666. Dryden takes up the subject that Philip Sidney had set forth in his Defence of Poesy (1580) and attempts to justify drama as a legalized form of "poetry" comparable to the epic.

The treatise is a dialogue between four speakers: Eugenius, Crites, Lysideius, and Neander. The four speakers represented Sir William Davenant [Dryden's "innovative" associate on their revision of *The Tempest*], Sir Robert Howard [playwright and Dryden's brother-in-law], the earl of Orrery [Roger Boyle, author of the first heroic play in rhymed couplets], and Dryden himself (neander means "new man" and implies that Dryden, as a respected member of the gentry class, is designated to join in this dialogue on an equal footing with the three older men who are his social superiors). On the day that the English fleet encounters the Dutch at sea near the mouth of the Thames, the four friends take a scow downriver towards the noise from the battle. Rightly concluding, as the noise subsides, that the English have triumphed, they order the bargeman to row them back upriver as they

begin a dialogue on the advances made by modern civilization. They agree to measure progress by comparing dweller arts with modern, focusing specifically on the art of drama (or "dramatic poesy"). The four men debate a series of three topics: (1) the relative merit of classical drama (upheld by Crites) vs. modern drama (championed by Eugenius); (2) whether French drama, as Lisideius maintains, is better than English drama (supported by Neander, who famously calls Shakespeare "the greatest soul, ancient or modern"); and (3) whether plays in rhyme are an improvement upon blank verse drama—a proposition that Neander, despite having guarded the Elizabethans, now advances against the skeptical Crites (who also switches from his original position and defends the blank verse tradition of Elizabethan drama). Invoking the so-called unities from Aristotle's *Poetics* (as interpreted by Italian and refined by French scholars over the last century), the four speakers discuss what makes a play "a just and lively imitation" of human nature in action. This definition of a play, supplied by Lisideius/Orrery (whose rhymed plays had dazzled the court and were a model for the new drama), gives the debaters a multifaceted and richly ambiguous touchstone. To Crites' argument that the plots of classical drama are more "just," Eugenius can quip that modern plots are more "lively" thanks to their variety. Lisideius shows that the French plots carefully preserve Aristotle's unities of action, place, and time; Neander replies that English dramatists like Ben Jonson also kept the unities when they wanted to, but that they preferred to develop character and motive. Even Neander's final argument with Crites over whether rhyme is suitable in drama depends on Aristotle's *Poetics*: Neander says that Aristotle demands a verbally artful ("lively") replica of nature, while Crites thinks that dramatic replica ceases to be "just" when it departs from ordinary speech—i.e., prose or blank verse. A year later, the two brothers-in-law quarreled publicly over this third topic. See Dryden's "Defense of An Essay of Dramatic Poesy" (1669), where Dryden tries to coax the rather literal-minded Howard that audiences expect a play to be an replica of nature, not a substitute for nature itself

### **Purpose of Thinking**

Primarily focusing on drama, the poetry of plays, Dryden ultimately wants to make a case for the achievements of the British in that respect. In somewhat "Platonic" method, he creates a dialogue between poet/critics of the day who have different viewpoints about the strengths and weaknesses of, and influences on, British poesy. The benefit of this is to mount an argument which takes a variety of positions into consideration. Rather than attempting to create a new set of "rules" for drama, comedy, or verse, he chooses instead to review the

existing, generally accepted conventions and decide in what respects they are being followed, or whether they should be followed by English writers. Further, through the use of the four-way dialogue, he is able to provide some insight on the prevailing notions of the day. It may be worth noting that the "characters" in this dialogue are associated for the purpose of argument with specific points of view: Crites praises the Greeks and Romans suggesting that they cannot be excelled; Eugenius recognizes their worth but suggests that they have indeed been exceeded and in many instances are not consistent in their Kabbalism to Aristotle's conventions; Lisiideus suggests that the French are superior to the English; and Neander (ostensibly Dryden) counters that, based on their agreed definition of what "a play ought to be," the English are superior.

### **Question at Issue (problem)**

What are the merits and demerits of English writing of the time? What are the influences for English writing? Can the English writing during that time be compared favourably or not to the writers of relic? Are French drama and verse superior to English? What is the value of the three unities? Are they consistently applied by the ancients? By the French? By the English? If not, why not? Should these conventions be an overriding consideration? What is, or is not, the value of rhyme in verrrfte and drama? What is its place if any? What about the place of verse in drama?

### **Information/Interpretations/Concepts/Crucial Assumptions**

The dialogue begins with Crites complaining about two types of "bad" English poets: the first are the poets who "ceaseless pay us with constricting upon words and a certain clownish kind of raillery;" (bad metaphysicals?) and the second is he who "affects plainness to cover his want of imagination" (bad Puritans?) He goes on to suggest that no one writing can surpass the ancients or even the previous generation of English writers, to which Eugenius responds that he might be rejecting everything recent just because it is recent. The debate begins in earnest when the four decide that they will "limit their disputation" to a discussion of dramatic poesy and whether the "ancients were superior to the moderns," Additionally, they must decide on a definition of what a play should be. Lisiideus offers the agreed upon terms:

**Just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions and humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the enchant and instruction of mankind**

Crites develops the main points in defending the dwellers and the objections to modern plays. The moderns are still imitating the ancients and using their forms and subjects, confide on Aristotle and Horace, adding nothing new and yet not following their good advice closely enough, especially with respect to the unities of time, place and action. While the unity of time suggests that all the action should be portrayed within a single day, English plays attempt to use long periods of time, sometimes years. In terms of place, the setting should be the same from beginning to end with the scenes marked by the ingresses and exits of the persons having business within each. The English, on the other hand, try to have all kinds of places, even far off countries, shown within a single play. The third unity that of action requires that the play "aim at one great and complete action", but the English have all kinds of sub-plots which destroy the unity of the action. In foresee the objection that the dwellers language is not as vital as the moderns, Crites says that we have to remember that we are probably missing a lot of innuendo because the languages are dead and the customs far removed from this time. Crites uses Ben Jonson (Father Ben) as the example of the best in English drama, saying that he followed the ancients "in all things" and offered nothing really new in terms of "serious thoughts".

Eugenius responds that though "the moderns have profited by the rules of the dwellers" they have "excelled them." He points first to some disparity in the applications of the unities, mentioning that there seem to be four parts in Aristotle's method: the entrance, the accentuating of the plot, the counter-turn, and the holocaust. But he points out that somewhere along the line, and by way of Horace, plays developed five acts (the Spanish only 3). As far as the action. Eugenius contends that they are transparent, everybody already knows what will happen; that the Romans borrowed from the Greeks; and that the gimmick convention is a weak escape. As far as the unity of place, he suggests that the ancients weren't the ones to insist on it so much as the French, and that that dictate has caused some artificial entrances and exits of characters. The unity of time is often ignored in both. As to the liveliness of language, Eugenius counters Crites by suggesting that even if we don't know all the contexts, good writing is always good, wit is always perceptible, if done well. He goes on to say also that while the ancients portrayed many emotions and action, they neglected love, "which is the most frequent of all passions" and known to everyone. He mentions Shakespeare and Fletcher as offering "excellent scenes of passion."

Lisideius' discussion of the French follows. He declares them the best of all Europe because of their adherence to the unities, and the most important point here is that they maintain the unity of action by not



adding confusing sub-plots. Here he begins the discussion of the English tragi-comedy, which he calls "absurd". He commends the French as well for basing their tragedies on "some known history," that in this way fiction is combined with reality so that some truth can be divulged. He compares Shakespeare's history plays, saying that "they are rather so many annals of kings", years of history packed into a 2 1/2 hour play so that the point is lost. He reports that the French do several things much better than the English. First, they keep the plot to one action which they then develop fully where the English add all kinds of actions that don't always follow from the main one. The French also focus on one main character and all the characters have some connection with him and have a purpose that advances the plot. Additionally, the French use narration (reporting by the characters) to describe things that happen, like battles and deaths, that Lisideius says are hilarious when shown on stage. "The representation" of incidents that cannot be portrayed as realistic, possible, or believable anyway, are better excluded. This goes, I think, to the issue of decency since he says "some parts of the action are more fit to be represented, some to be related." Further, he says the French never end their plays with "conversions" or "changes of will" without setting up the proper justification for it. The English, by contrast, show their characters having changes of heart that are over-reactions to circumstances and therefore not believable. Also, in the French plays, the characters never come in or leave a scene without the proper justifications being supplied. Finally, he accompaniments the "beauty of their rhyme" suggesting that it would help English poetry, though he doesn't think there's anyone capable of doing it properly.

Neander has the last word, suggesting that based on the definition of a play, the English are best at "the lively replica of nature" (human nature), conceding that while French poesy is beautiful, it is beautiful like a "statue". He even says that the newer French writers are emulating the English. One fault he finds in their plots is that the regularity, which has been complimented as uncluttered, also makes the plays too much alike. He defends the English invention of tragi-farce by suggesting that the use of mirth with devastation provides "contraries" that "set each other off and give the audience relief from the heaviness of straight devastation. He suggests that the use of sub-plots, if they are well-ordered, make the plays interesting and help the main action. Further, he suggests that English plays are more entertaining and instructive because they offer an element of surprise that the ancients and the French do not. As far as decency, things the French choose not to portray on-stage, he brings up the idea of the suspension of disbelief. The audience knows that none of it is real, why should they think scenes of death or battles

any less "real" than the rest? I think here he credits the English audience with a certain strength in suggesting that they want their battles and "other objects of horror". Ultimately, in discussing the English habit of breaking the rules, he suggests that it maybe there are simply too many rules and often that following them creates more ridiculousness than they prevent.

In the last of the essay, a discussion of the proper use of rhyme and verse emanates, mostly between Crites, who wants to abolish the use of rhyme, which he sees as sounding artificial, and Neander, who says if you want to abolish rhyme on that basis, why not verse on the same grounds. Neander suggests that comedy should not be rhymed but that the heroic devastation should be. To Crites<sup>1</sup> charge that it is too much invention, Neander says that if a writer must choose every word, that is artificial. If properly done, the additional artifices of verse and rhyme are no less contrived, but can add to the effect of the play.

### **Implications/Consequences/Points of View**

That Dryden concerns himself with the influence of the French is no surprise. Charles II, installed as King after the fall of the commonwealth under Cromwell, returned from exile in France, and court society during his reign adopted much of French fashion and taste. Corneille, especially in his heroic tragedies, was a favorite, and in this genre, Dryden would never surpass him. His concerns expressed in the essay about the Roman and Greek influences naturally follow because of Corneille's adherence, and that of the French writers in general, to the conventions of unity and considerations of decorum. Dryden's strength in writing for the stage would be in the satires which reflected the changing social milieu. As far as discussion of the influences in English plays, he focuses on Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, the Homer and Virgil of English play-writing, respectively. Shakespeare he admits can be inconsistent, sometimes flat and bombastic, yet Dryden says he had "the largest and most comprehensive soul." Jonson, on the other hand, he calls the "most learned and prudent writer which any theatre ever had." Jonson could use all the conventions as well as the ancients of the French. Dryden, commenting on the two together notes that he "admires" Jonson but he "loves" Shakespeare.

But for the British loyal to the king, and Dryden was, the refurbishment was also time of renewed nationalism, and Dryden seems, at least in this essay, to be interested in defending British sensibilities. Dryden was also very concerned in his art with the events of the day. Even this piece of criticism begins at the moment of the second British victory over the Dutch. Some of Dryden's best works are

his later ones, particularly *Absalom and Achitophel* prompted by the Popish plot, and are inspired by specific political and social issues of the day. In that respect, as well as stylistically in the use of heroic couplet, they contrast works of broader scope such as *Paradise Lost* published in 1666 by John Milton, who Dryden would compare to Homer and Virgil in his 1688 "Epigram on Milton." (By contrast to Dryden, Milton seems clearly from a different era). Dryden's real strengths were translations, the later satires, and the stiffen of a base for continuing British criticism.

Although Dryden was Poet Laureate during the reigns of Charles II and James, he was relieved of the honour with the ascension of William and Mary, remained loyal to James, and converted to Catholicism. His (1700) "Secular Masque", written for the turn of the century, registers a disenchantment with the entire age. It is interesting, in light of what he

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## • DR. JOHNSON: LIVES OF POETS

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Johnson's Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, to the Works of the English Poets (familiarily known as the *Lives of the Poets*, but pay attention to the actual title), originally appeared between 1779 and 1781 in the format their title suggests: as preliminary material to a large collection of the works of around fifty poets. They were first collected together in 1781.

Most of the *Lives* can be divided into three sections: a biography (usually collected from other sources; Johnson did little original research); a brief "character"; and a critical section, in which Johnson considers all of the major works of the author in question. These critical sections provide some of Johnson's most extended literary criticism.

Although most of the *Lives* were written especially for the collection, Johnson's *Life of Savage* had originally been published in 1744. Johnson knew Savage well in the years after he arrived in London, and that intimacy contributes to the great difference in tone between *Savage* and the other *lives* (to say nothing, of course, of the decades that separate their writing).

With over fifty poets (all men, incidentally) drawn from the years between the Restoration and the 1770s (no living poets were included), some of the figures are pretty minor: Yalden and Pomfret, for instance. Note, though, that Johnson chose only a few of the poets to be included; most of the editorial decisions were made by the booksellers who organized the edition.

Apart from Savage, the Lives that have received the most attention tend to be those of the most important poets: Cowley (Johnson's Life of Cowley helped to popularize the term "metaphysical poetry"), Milton (Johnson attacked his politics as those of "a surly and acrimonious republican" and had scathing things to say about Lycidas — "easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting" — but he recognized the greatness of *Paradise Lost*), Dryden, Addison, and Pope. The Life of Swift, one of the weaker Lives, gets comparatively little commentary in spite of its famous subject.

### Summary

*Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets* (1779-81) was a work by Samuel Johnson, comprising short biographies and critical evaluations of 52 poets, most of whom lived during the eighteenth century. It is arranged, approximately, by date of death.

Six of the Lives have been singled out as the most "important": John Milton, John Dryden, Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison, Jonathan Swift, and Thomas Gray. One of the lives, Richard Savage, was previously printed as *Life of Mr Richard Savage* in 1744.

### Background

Johnson began writing his "lives", or individual biographical pieces, in 1740. His first "lives" were of Jean-Philippe Barker, Robert Blake, and Francis Drake. In 1744, he wrote his first serious "life", the *Life of Mr Richard Savage*, in honour of his friend, Richard Savage. Between 1737 and 1739, Johnson became close to Savage. In 1743, Savage found himself in debtors' prison and stayed there until his death shortly after. A year later, Johnson wrote *Life of Savage* (1744), a "moving" work that, according to Walter Jackson Bate, "remains one of the inventive works in the history of biography".

In 1773, publishers in Edinburgh started producing editions of the collected works of various English poets. In order to compete with this project, Johnson was asked by Tom Davies, William Strahan and Thomas Cadell to create this final major work, the *Lives of the English Poets*. He began this project and, on 3 May 1777, he wrote to James Boswell that he was busy preparing a "little Lives" and "little Prefaces, to a little edition of the English Poets". Johnson asked for 200 guineas, an amount significantly lower than the price he could have demanded. Johnson wrote many biographies over the next few years and reproduced his *Life of Savage* for the collection.

The original work was, however, supposed to comprise the first ten volumes of a sixty-volume work. Johnson's volumes were originally titled Prefaces, Biographical and Critical to the Works of the English Poets. After volumes I-IV were published in 1779 and V-X in 1781, the publishers decided to reprint them as *The Lives of the English Poets*, or *Lives of the Poets*, and sell them as an independent work. These were finished in March 1781 and the new collection was published in six volumes.

The *Lives*, which were critical as well as biographical studies, appeared as prefaces to selections of each poet's work, and they were quite larger than originally expected. As Johnson justified in the advertisement for the work, "my purpose was only to have allotted to every Poet an Advertisement, like those which we find in the French Miscellanies, containing a few dates and a general character." However, he did not limit himself to a dry series of dates and biography, but created a series of *Lives* with, according to his 1783 edition Preface, "the honest intention of giving pleasure".

## Introduction

Samuel Johnson, born at Lichfield in the year 1709, on the 7th of September Old Style, 18th New Style, was sixty-eight years old when he agreed with the booksellers to write his "*Lives of the English Poets*". "I am engaged", he said, "to write little *Lives*, and little Prefaces, to a little edition of the English Poets." His compunction was also a little hurt by the fact that the haggle was made on Easter Eve. In 1777 his missive, set down among prayers and meditations, was "29 March, Easter Eve, I treated with booksellers on a bargain, but the time was not long."

The history of the book as told to Boswell by Edward Dilly, one of the contracting booksellers, was this. An edition of Poets printed by the Martins in Edinburgh, and sold by Bell in London, was regarded by the London publishers as an intrusion with the honorary copyright which booksellers then respected among themselves. They said also that it was clumsily printed and its type was small. A few booksellers agreed, therefore, among themselves to call a meeting of possessor of honorary or actual copyright in the various Poets. In Poets who had died before 1660 they had no trade interest at all. About forty of the most respectable booksellers in London accepted the invitation to this meeting. They determined to proceed immediately with an graceful and uniform edition of Poets in whose works they were interested, and they deputed three of their number, William Strahan, Thomas Davies, and

Cadell, to wait on Johnson, asking him to write the series of preliminary Lives, and name his own terms. Johnson agreed at once, and suggested as his price two hundred guineas, when, as Malone says, the booksellers would readily have given him a thousand. He then envisage only "little Lives". His energetic pleasure in the work expanded his Preface beyond the limits of the first design; but when it was observed to Johnson that he was underpaid by the booksellers, his reply was, "No, sir; it was not that they gave me too little, but that I gave them too much." He gave them, in fact, his masterpiece. His keen interest in Literature as the soul of life, his sympathetic insight into human nature, enabled him to put all that was best in himself into these studies of the lives of men for whom he cared, and of the books that he was glad to speak his mind about in his own astute independent way. Boswell was somewhat disappointed at finding that the selection of the Poets in this series would not be Johnson's, but that he was to furnish a Preface and Life to any Poet the booksellers pleased. "I asked him", writes Boswell, "if he would do this to any dunce's works, if they should ask him. JOHNSON. "Yes, sir; and say he was a dunce."

The meeting of booksellers, happy in the support of Johnson's intellectual power, appointed also a committee to engage the best engravers, and another committee to give directions about paper and printing. They made out at once a list of the Poets they meant to give, "many of which", said Dilly, "are within the time of the Act of Queen Anne, which Martin and Bell cannot give, as they have no property in them. The proprietors are almost all the booksellers in London, of consequence".

In 1780 the booksellers published, in separate form, four volumes of Johnson's "Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, to the most Renowned of the English Poets." The completion followed in 1781. "Sometime in March", Johnson writes in that year, "I finished the Lives of the Poets". The series of books to which they actually served as preambles extended to sixty volumes. When his work was done, Johnson then being in his seventy-second year, the booksellers added £100 to the price first asked. Johnson's own life was then near its close. He died on the 13th of December, 1784, aged seventy-five.

Of the Lives in this collection, Johnson himself liked best his Life of Cowley, for the thoroughness with which he had examined in it the style of what he called the metaphysical Poets. In his Life of Milton, the sense of Milton's genius is not less evident than the difference in point of view which made it difficult for Johnson to know Milton

thoroughly. They know each other now. For Johnson sought as steadily as Milton to do all as "in his great Taskmaster's eye".

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## • SUMMARY

Dryden achieved in his poetry was not the emotional excitement we find in the Romantic poets of the early nineteenth century, nor the intellectual convolution of the metaphysical poets. His subject-matter was often factual, and he aimed at expressing his thoughts in the most precise and concentrated way possible. Although he uses formal poetic structures such as heroic stanzas and heroic couplets, he tried to achieve the rhythms of speech. However, he knew that different subjects need different kinds of verse, and in his preface to *Religio Laid* he wrote: "...the expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction ought to be plain and natural, yet majestic...The rudders, elevated and allegorical way is for the passions; for (these) are begotten in the soul by showing the objects out of their true proportion....A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth."

Johnson's works, especially his *Lives of the Poets* series, describe various features of excellent writing. He believed that the best poetry relied on compeer language, and he disliked the use of decorative or purposefully archaic language. In particular, he was suspicious of the poetic language used by Milton, whose blank verse he believed would inspire many bad replicas. Also, Johnson opposed the poetic language of his contemporary Thomas Gray. His greatest complaint was that abstruse clues found in works like Milton's *Lycidas* were overused; he preferred poetry that could be easily read and understood. In addition to his views on language, Johnson believed that a good poem incorporated new and unique imagery.

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## • KEY WORDS

1. Drama : Drama is the specific mode of fiction represented in performance.
2. Essay : An essay is a short piece of writing which is often written from an author's personal point of view.
3. Poet : A poet is a person who writes poetry whereas poetess is a woman.
4. Dr. Johnson : Dr Johnson was an English author who made lasting contributions to English literature as a poet, essayist, moralist, literary critic, biographer, editor and lexicographer.
5. John .Dryden : John Dryden was an influential English poet, literary critic, translator, and playwright who dominated the literary life of Restoration England.

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## • REVIEW QUESTIONS

1. Write an essay on Dryden's, "Essay on Dramatic Poesy".
2. Describe the merits and demerits of English writing, according to Dryden in his essay.
3. State the consequences, implications handled by Dryden in his essay.
4. Examine the "Lives of Poets" by Dr. Johnson.
5. Explain the lives of important six poets in "Lives of Poets".
6. Write a note on Essay on Dramatic Poesy.
7. Mention the characters involved in the essay of Dryden.
8. Write a note on Johnson's "Lives of Poets".
9. Who are six authors considered as important in the "Lives of Poets"?
10. Write a biographical note on Dr. Johnson.

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• **SUGGESTED READINGS**

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1. Lives of Poet: A Selection—Samuel Johnson
2. The Lives of Poets: Johnson's Essay on Man—William Paul McCarthy
3. An Essay on Dramatic Poesy—John Dryden
4. Of Dramatic Poesy: An Essay—John Dryden

