



**Love and Business**

By

**George Farquhar**

First Published 1702  
Published by the Ex-classics Project 2021  
<http://www.exclassics.com>

Public Domain

George Farquhar

**Frontispiece – Portrait of George Fahrquhar**



**CONTENTS**

Frontispiece – Portrait of George Fahrquhar .....	2
Bibliographic note.....	4
Introduction by Edmund Gosse .....	5
Title Page .....	8
Dedication .....	9
To The Reader.....	11
Advertisement .....	13
On the death of general Schomberg killed at the Boyne. ....	14
Written on <i>Orinda's</i> poems, lent to a Lady, in imitation of Ovid.....	17
To the ingenious lady, author of the Fatal Friendship, designed for a recommendatory copy to her play.....	18
Epigram, on the riding-house in Dublin, made into a chapel. ....	19
To a lady, being detained from visiting her by a storm. ....	20
The Lover's Night. ....	21
A Journey to Holland. ....	23
An epilogue, spoken by Mr. Wilks at his First Appearance upon the English stage...31	
A Prologue on the Proposed Union of the Two Houses. ....	32
On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in imitation of Catullus, for his Lesbia's. ....	33
On the Death of the late Queen. ....	35
A Song .....	36
The Assignation, a Song. ....	37
An Epigram.....	38
To a Gentleman, that had his Pocket Picked of a Watch and some Gold by a Mistress. A Burlesque Letter. ....	39
A collection of Letters and other Miscellanies. ....	40
A Discourse upon Comedy, in reference to the English Stage, in a letter to a friend. ....	59
Notes .....	73

George Farquhar

## **Bibliographic note**

*Love and Business* was first published in 1702. The text of this Ex-Classics version is taken from an edition of the *Works of George Farquhar*, Volume 2, published by the Nonesuch Press in 1930. Spelling and capitalization have been standardized. The notes have been added by the Ex-Classics Project. The Introduction by Edmund Gosse is taken from [\*Gossip in a Library\*](#), 1892.

## Introduction by Edmund Gosse

There are some books, like some people, of whom we form an indulgent opinion without finding it easy to justify our liking. The young man who went to the life-insurance office and reported that his father had died of no particular disease, but just of "plain death," would sympathise with the feeling I mention. Sometimes we like a book, not for any special merit, but just because it is what it is. The rare, and yet not celebrated, miscellany of which I am about to write has this character. It is not instructive, or very high-toned, or exceptionally clever, but if it were a man, all people that are not prigs would say that it was a very good sort of fellow. If it be, as it certainly is, a literary advantage for a nondescript collection of trifles, to reproduce minutely the personality of its writer, then *Love and Business* has one definite merit. Wherever we dip into its pages we may use it as a telephone, and hear a young Englishman, of the year 1700, talking to himself and to his friends in the most unaffected accents.

Captain George Farquhar, in 1702, was four-and-twenty years of age. He was a smart, soldier-like Irishman, of "a splenetic and amorous complexion," half an actor, a quarter a poet, and altogether a very honest and gallant gentleman. He had taken to the stage kindly enough, and at twenty-one had written *Love and a Bottle*. Since then, two other plays, *The Constant Couple* and *Sir Harry Wildair*, had proved that he had wit and fancy, and knew how to knit them together into a rattling comedy. But he was poor, always in pursuit of that timid wild-fowl, the occasional guinea, and with no sort of disposition to settle down into a heavy citizen. In order to bring down a few brace of golden game, he shovels into Lintott's hands his stray verses of all kinds, a bundle of letters he wrote from Holland, a dignified essay or discourse upon Comedy, and, with questionable taste perhaps, a set of copies of the love-letters he had addressed to the lady who became his wife. All this is not very praiseworthy, and as a contribution to literature it is slight indeed; but, then, how genuine and sincere, how guileless and picturesque is the self-revelation of it! There is no attempt to make things better than they are, nor any pandering to a cynical taste by making them worse. Why should he conceal or falsify? The town knows what sort of a fellow George Farquhar is. Here are some letters and some verses; the beaux at White's may read them if they will, and then throw them away.

As we turn the desultory pages, the figure of the author rises before us, good-natured, easygoing, high-coloured, not bad-looking, with an air of a gentleman in spite of his misfortunes. We do not know the exact details of his military honours. We may think of him as swaggering in scarlet regimentals, but we have his own word for it that he was often in *mufti*. His mind is generally dressed, he says, like his body, in black; for though he is so brisk a spark in company, he suffers sadly from the spleen when he is alone. We can follow him pretty closely through his day. He is a queer mixture of profanity and piety, of coarseness and loyalty, of cleverness and density; we do not breed this kind of beau nowadays, and yet we might do worse, for this specimen is, with all his faults, a man. He dresses carefully in the morning, in his uniform or else in his black suit. When he wants to be specially smart, as, for instance, when he designs a conquest at a birthday-party, he has to ferret among the pawnbrokers for scraps of finery, or secure on loan a fair, full-bottom wig. But he is not so impoverished that he cannot on these occasions give his valet and his barber plenty of work to do preparing his face with razors, perfumes and washes. He would like to be Sir Fopling Flutter, if he could afford it, and gazes a little enviously at that

## George Farquhar

noble creature in his French clothes, as he lounges luxuriantly past him in his coach with six before and six behind.

Poor Captain Farquhar begins to expect that he himself will never be "a first-rate Beau." So, on common mornings, a little splenetic, he wanders down to the coffee-houses and reads the pamphlets, those which find King William glorious, and those that rail at the watery Dutch. He will even be a little Jacobitish for pure foppery, and have a fling at the Church, but in his heart he is with the Ministry. He meets a friend at White's, and they adjourn presently to the Fleece Tavern, where the drawer brings them a bottle of New French and a neat's tongue, over which they discuss the doctrine of predestination so hotly that two mackerel-vendors burst in, mistaking their lifted voices for a cry for fish. His friend has business in the city, and so our poet strolls off to the Park, and takes a turn in the Mall with his hat in his hand, prepared for an adventure or a chat with a friend. Then comes the play, the inevitable early play, still, even in 1700, apt to be so rank-lipped that respectable ladies could only appear at it in masks. It was the transition period, and poor Comedy, who was saying good-bye to literature, was just about to console herself with modesty.

However, a domino may slip aside, and Mr. George Farquhar notices a little lady in a deep mourning mantua, whose eyes are not to be forgotten. She goes, however; it is useless to pursue her; but the music raises his soul to such a pitch of passion that he is almost melancholy. He strolls out into Spring Garden, but there, "with envious eyes, I saw every Man pick up his Mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary Adam before the Creation of his Eve; but the place was no Paradise to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale." So that in those sweet summer evenings of 1700, over the laced and brocaded couples promenading in Spring Garden, as over good Sir Roger twelve years later, the indulgent nightingale still poured her notes. To-day you cannot hear the very bells of St. Martin's for the roar of the traffic. So lonely, and too easily enamoured, George has to betake himself to the tavern, and a passable Burgundy. There is no idealism about him. He is very fit for repentance next morning. "The searching Wine has sprung the Rheumatism in my Right Hand, my Head aches, my Stomach pukes." Our poor, good-humoured beau has no constitution for this mode of life, and we know, though happily he dreams not of it, that he is to die before he reaches thirty.

This picture of Farquhar's life is nowhere given in the form just related, but not one touch in the portrait but is to be found somewhere in the frank and easy pages of *Love and Business*. The poems are of their age and kind. There is a "Pindarick," of course; it was so easy to write one, and so reputable. There are compliments in verse to one of the female wits who were writing then for the stage, Mrs. Trotter, author of the *Fatal Friendship*; there are amatory explanations of all kinds. When he fails to keep an appointment with a lady on account of the rain—for there were no umbrellas in those days—he likens himself to Leander, wistful on the Sestian shore. He is not always very discreet; Damon's thoughts when "Night's black Curtain o'er the World was spread" were very innocent, but such as we have decided nowadays to say nothing about. It was the fashion of the time to be outspoken. There is no value, however, in the verse, except that it is graphic now and then. The letters are much more interesting. Those sent from Holland in the autumn of 1700 are very good reading. I make bold to quote one passage from the first, describing the storm he encountered in crossing. It depicts our hero to the life, with all his inconsistencies. He says: "By a kind of Poetical Philosophy I bore up pretty well under my

## Love and Business

Apprehensions; though never worse prepared for Death, I must confess, for I think I never had so much Money about me at a time. We had some Ladies aboard, that were so extremely sick, that they often wished for Death, but were damnably afraid of being drown'd. But, as the Scripture says, 'Sorrow may last for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning,'" and so on. The poor fellow means no harm by all this, as Hodgson once said of certain remarks of Byron's.

The love-letters are very curious. It is believed that the sequel of them was a very unhappy marriage. Captain Farquhar was of a loving disposition, and as inflammable as a hay-rick. He cannot have been much more than twenty-one when he described what he desired in a wife. "O could I find," he said—

O could I find (Grant, Heaven, that once I may!)  
Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay  
Whose Love should blaze, unsullied and divine.  
Lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine.  
Free as a Mistress, faithful as a wife.  
And one that lov'd a Fiddle as her Life,  
Free from all sordid Ends, from Interest free,  
For my own Sake affecting only me,  
What a blest Union should our Souls combine!  
I hers alone, and she be only mine!

It does not seem a very exacting ideal, but the poor poet missed it. Whether Mrs. Farquhar loved a fiddle as her life is not recorded, but she certainly was not free from all sordid ends and unworthy tricks. The little lady in the mourning mantua soon fell in love with our gallant spark, and when he made court to her, she represented herself as very wealthy. The deed accomplished, Mrs. Farquhar turned out to be penniless; and the poet, like a gentleman as he was, never reproached her, but sat down cheerfully to a double poverty. In *Love and Business* the story does not proceed so far. He receives Miss Penelope V—'s timid advances, describes himself to her, is soon as much in love with his little lady as she with him, and is making broad demands and rich-blooded confidences in fine style, no offence taken where no harm is meant. In one of the letters to Penelope we get a very interesting glance at a famous, and, as it happens, rather obscure, event—the funeral of the great Dryden, in May 1700. Farquhar says:

"I come now from Mr. Dryden's Funeral, where we had an Ode in Horace sung, instead of David's Psalms; whence you may find that we don't think a Poet worth Christian Burial; the Pomp of the Ceremony was a kind of Rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him; because the Cavalcade was mostly Burlesque; but he was an extraordinary Man, and bury'd after an extraordinary Fashion; for I believe there was never such another Burial seen; the Oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the Subject, and like the Author [Dr. Garth], whose Prescriptions can restore the Living, and his Pen embalm the Dead. And so much for Mr. Dryden, whose Burial was the same with his Life,—Variety, and not of a Piece. The Quality and Mob, Farce and Heroicks, the Sublime and Ridicule mixt in a Piece, great Cleopatra in a Hackney Coach."

From *Gossip in a Library*

George Farquhar

**Title Page**

LOVE  
&  
BUSINESS  
IN A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
Occasionary VERSE  
AND  
Epistolary PROSE  
Not hitherto Publish'd.

---

---

A Discourse likewise upon COMEDY in Reference  
to the *English* STAGE. In a Familiar Letter.

---

---

*En Orenges il n'y a point d'oranges.<1>*

---

---

## Dedication

To Edmond Chaloner, Esq;

SIR,

As it is the business of writing to transmit virtue to posterity, so 'tis the policy of the pen to make a party for its productions, by engaging in their cause some worthy person universally honoured and beloved, whose admired and established character may add a value to the work, and take off all imputation of flattery from the author.

These advantages I had designed myself before, in a piece of another nature, had not your modesty cautioned me the contrary; but I think it injustice that one part of your character should obscure the rest; and though I must despair of your consent for what they call a dedication, yet I must beg your excuse, if at present I consult what shall turn most to my own honour, and the interest of my book, before your approbation and allowance but I hope you will come to pardon the presumption, when I assure you, that my intention is not so much a panegyric upon you, as to compliment myself, and my own modesty, not yours, should take the offence.

The great and virtuous actions of progenitors look with a twofold aspect upon their posterity, for when the vices of the latter appear in the same degree of opposition with the merits of the first, the praise of the father becomes a satire upon the son, and that coat of arms which was the glory of one, turns to a severe libel upon the t'other. But when the blood runs in the same channel of virtue, as of consanguinity, when the course of the stream is as pure and lucid as the fountain-head, then may the memory of the past, and the practice of the present age come boldly face to face, where, by a just resemblance of features, the forefather may joyfully own his legitimate posterity.

This advantage, sir, is yours in perfection, being sprung from an ancient and honourable family, of which merit laid the foundation, and virtue has cemented the structure The known bravery of your famous ancestor Sir Thomas Chaloner added more value to the order, than he received by the knighthood, not meanly dubbed by a court-favourite, but on the field of battle, where the voice of war declared him noble, before the general made him a banneret. Add to this, the politic and prudent discharge of his honourable embassy from Queen Elizabeth to the King of Spain, and it will evidently appear how Minerva had an equal share with man in his education, and that his character left us by a great statesman, and his intimate friend, the illustrious Cecil, was just to his merit.

*--Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus*

*Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonerò juncta fuere.<2>*

This encomium, sir, is lineally descended to his posterity, but with all its circumstances appears most visibly entailed upon you. In vindication of which I shall only appeal to the judgment of mankind, and the actions of your life; and though your modesty may quarrel with the world for doing you justice, yet you cannot give your own behaviour the lie.—Sir, there is not a day of your life but will rise up against you, and produce in legible characters the constant actions of your piety, your generosity, your loyalty, honour and integrity, to convince you of your merit whether you will or not.

So that you must give me leave to apply the great Burghley's Versification to the present Opportunity, with the alteration only of a word.

George Farquhar

--*Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus*  
*Quæ divisa aliis, Chaloneri juncta supersunt.*<3>

Another part of your great ancestor's character I remember is thus described by Mr. Malim—*Nam quamvis πολυξως [polyixos] at variæ lectionis fuerat Chalonerus, utilitatem tamen potius veræ, quam ostentationem variæ eruditionis mihi quesivisse videtur.*<4> These colours, sir, present you with your own picture drawn to the life, your application to books is qualified by an universal knowledge in mankind, and your acquisitions by study are as far removed from pedantry, as your experience in the world from the foppery of a traveller, The qualifications of foreign countries are so naturalized in you, that they seem rather a genuine transmigration from your ancestors, than the effects of your own industry, and the temperance of your life, with the modesty of your conversation, makes not to inform us that you have seen so much, but may convince the world that you have chosen the best.

But we need not have recourse to France or Italy for your improvements, your alliance and daily conversation with so many of the most noble families in England is sufficient to authorise your merit, and finish your character, being equally related to their blood, and their virtues.

And now, sir, I come about to my first position, inferring from this a compliment upon myself, I have the honour sometimes of sharing some few hours of that conversation, which is so much courted by my superiors, and consequentially do plume my vanity in this occasion of acquainting the world with my happiness.

From the mentioning of the Honourable Sir Thomas Chaloner, I deduce this advantage, that I make the most courtly address imaginable, to poetry, by informing the world, in defence of that art so much vilified by some, that this great statesman and soldier, the trustiest minister to the greatest of queens, and the intimate friend to the wisest of politicians, was at the same time one of the greatest poets that ever England produced his ten books *De Republica Anglorum Instauranda*<5> are sufficient proofs that the qualifications of Virgil are consistent with those of Cato, and that a poetical genius has accompanied the greatest abilities both in court and camp.

Thus, sir, you see that I have avoided the current form of pieces in this nature, not loading the modesty of my patron, but heightening the vanity of the author, and by commending you, I have flattered myself

As the form is new, pray sir, let me entreat you to believe the design of it novel, it being only sent in the capacity and character of a familiar letter, and therefore refuses to be received with the usual formalities of a mercenary dedication. I am,

*SIR,*  
*Your most faithful, and*  
*Most humble servant,*  
G. Farquhar.

## To The Reader

SIR,

IN this collection of letters, 'tis but reasonable that you should have one among the rest; and though I may want the honour of your acquaintance, yet be assured, there is no person in the world more willing to oblige you at present than your humble servant. I have heard such a character of your honour, your wit, your judgment, your learning, and your candour, that I'm in a perfect rapture to think how happy I shall be in your hands.

It was a good ancient custom with our forefathers, to begin their prefaces with *Kind reader*. I would have revived that fashion with all my heart, and called you courteous or gentle reader, as you very well deserve; but I thought the style a little too obsolete for a book that I design should be a beau; for you must understand, sir, that this gentleman is span-new from top to toe, talks of everything but religion, admires himself very much, and his greatest ambition is, to please the ladies. But to finish his character, he is perfectly civil to everybody he meets, and with a more particular and profound respect does he run to kiss your hands. He's none of those bully-books that come bluff into the world, with *Damme, reader, you're a blockhead if you don't commend me*. No, no, sir—if you like him, why you have all the sense that he thought you had—if you dislike him, you have more sense than he was aware of, that's all.

Besides all this, he has more manners than to come among gentlemen with his tailor's bill in his hand, and to entertain the company with a long preface or inventory of his equipments, as, such a thing cost so much, and such a thing is worth so much, the work of such a part is excellent, the fashion from Paris, and the tailor a Frenchman, you must pardon him for that, Sir, if you like the suit, taking it all together, approve his fancy, and allow it becomes him, he's your very humble servant.

Moreover, sir, I would have you to know, that this gentleman is of some circumstance and condition, and has not been engaged in the shifts that some late sparks are put to for their habiliments, who ferret all the wit-brokers in town, taking up from several places, and strut in a second-hand finery, patched up of the scraps and remnants of the *eminent men of the age*. For I will tell you, sir, though his clothes be but plain, yet they are his own, taken up handsomely at one place, where he may have credit for as much more, when these are worn out.

And now, dear sir, let me entreat you to receive him with the usual forms of civility; if you be a courtier, you will show your breeding, receive him with a sincere smile, swear to do him all the service you can, and you will certainly keep your word—as you used to do. From the city he expects a more than ordinary reception, because he is become one of their honourable society, he is bound to Mr. Lintott, and ten to one may serve seven years in his shop, if the town don't club to purchase his freedom, he expects good quarter from the wits, and critics, because he sets up for neither, besides, he has scattered some little nonsense here and there, that they might not be disappointed of their prey. But his greatest concern is for his entertainment with the ladies, resolved however not to complain, thinking it a greater honour to fall a sacrifice to the resentment of the fair, than to live by the approbation of men. Though he has some grounds for a more moderate fate at their hands, because a great part of the work was first designed for one of that sex, without any farther consideration of pleasing the world, and the beauties of the book, if there be any, was

George Farquhar

brought from a lady's cabinet to the press, and if it can but from the press get back again into the ladies' closets, there may it rest, and peace be with it.

Now, sir, as we met good friends, pray let us part so; I hate quarrelling mortally, and especially with a person of your present character and condition, and as you like my epistolary clothes, we shall settle a farther correspondence.

## **Advertisement**

In the discourse upon comedy, I must beg the reader's excuse for omitting to mention a certain fragment of poetry, written by Aristotle. I thank *Scaliger* for his timely discovery, but should be much more obliged to anybody that could show me the piece.

## On the death of general Schomberg killed at the Boyne.

### A Pindaric.

(1)

What dismal damp has overspread the war?  
The victor grieves more than the conquered fears,  
The streams of blood are lost in floods of tears,  
And Victory with drooping wings comes flagging from afar.

(2)

The British lion roars  
Along the fatal shores,  
The Hibernian harp in mournful strains,  
Mixed with the echo of the flood, complains.  
Round whose reflecting banks the grieving voice,  
Shakes with a trembling noise,  
As if afraid to tell  
How the great, martial, godlike Schomberg fell.

(3)

Gods! How he stood,  
All terrible in blood  
Stopping the torrent of his foes, and current of the flood.  
He, Moses-like, with sword, instead of wand,  
This redder sea of gore could straight command,  
But not like Moses, to secure his flight,  
But spite of waves and tides to meet, and fight.

(4)

The labouring guns opposed his passage o'er  
With throws tormented on the shore,  
Of which delivered, they start back, and roar,  
As fringed at the monster which they bore.  
The furious offspring swathed in curling smoke,  
And wrapped in bands of fire,  
Hot with its parent's sulphurous ire,  
And winged with death, flies hissing to the stroke

(5)

Like some great rugged tower,  
The ancient seat of power,  
Bending with age its venerable halls,  
With old and craggy wrinkles on its walls,  
The neighbours' terror whilst it stands, and ruin when it falls.  
Thus mighty Schomberg fell—  
Spreading wide ruins o'er the ground,  
With desolation all around,  
Crushing with destructive weight  
The foes that undermined his seat,

## Love and Business

Whilst victory, that always sped,  
With towering pinions o'er his army's head,  
Making his banner still her lure,  
Like Marius's vultures, to make conquest sure,  
Seeing the spacious downfall so bemoaned,  
Perched on the ruins, clapped her wings, and groaned.

### (6)

Thus Israel's hero <6> 'twixt the pillars sat,  
The *ne plus ultra* of his fate  
These columns which upheld his name,  
    Much longer by their fall,  
Than those erected strong and tall,  
The standing limits of Alcides' fame  
    He sat deprived of sight,  
Like a black rolling cloud involved in night  
Conceiving thunder in its swelling womb  
Big with surprising fate, and rushing doom.  
No flash the sudden bolt must here disclose;  
The lightning of his eyes extinguished by his foes  
His foes, industrious in their juggling fate,  
    Him slavishly enchained we see,  
    To what must set him free,  
And them his cheated keepers captivate.  
He shook his chains with such a noise,  
    The trembling rout,  
    Amidst their joys,  
    Gazed all about,  
And heard the real Sampson in the voice:  
    They saw him too, 'twas Sampson all,  
    Who by his thundering fall  
    Gave the loud dread alarm,  
Dragging a train of vengeance by each giant arm.  
Their chilling fears did such amazement frame,  
They seemed all stiff and dead before the ruin came  
The ruin! Only such unto his foes,  
From thence his glorious monument arose,  
But Time's corroding teeth in spite of stone  
Has eat through all, and even the very ruin's gone  
But Schomberg's monument shall ne'er decay,  
    The gliding Boyne  
    Time never can disjoin,  
Nor on its floods impose his laws,  
They slide, untouched, from his devouring jaws,  
And always running, yet must ever stay.

### (7)

Hark! How the trumpets hollow clangours sound,  
The army has received an universal wound,  
    The death of Schomberg hung

George Farquhar

On every faltering tongue,  
While pallid grief did place  
A sympathizing death in every soldier's face.  
    But hold, ye mighty chiefs,  
    Suspend your needless griefs,  
And let victorious joy your arms adorn,  
    The mighty warrior's ghost  
    Upon the Stygian coast  
Your sorrows, more than his own fate, does mourn.  
    He scorns to be lamented so,  
Moving in stately triumph to the shades below.  
Behold the sprites that lately felt the blow  
    Of his commanding warlike arm,  
They shivering all start wide, and even more fleeting grow  
    As if the powerful hand  
That could their grossest shapes alive command,  
Had power to dissolve their airy form.

(8)

Then let not funeral complaints his trophies wrong;  
Let spoils and pageants march his hearse along,  
And shout his *conclamatum* in triumphal song.  
All baleful cypress must be here denied,  
But laurel wreaths fix in their blooming pride  
For as he conquered living, so he conquering died.

**Written on *Orinda's* poems, lent to a Lady, in imitation of  
Ovid.**

Me Damon sends his amorous cause to plead,  
Orinda must for Damon intercede.  
Me has he chose to move your angry mind,  
Me the soft favourite of the softer kind.  
Me has he chose your rigorous breast to move,  
He knows my force in poetry and love  
Me has he chose to tell his anxious pain,  
Read me, and read the passion of the swain.  
Whatever power of love my lines can show,  
It falls far short of what he feels for you.  
Where'er Orinda melts in moving strains,  
Think, Cælia, think, that Damon thus complains.  
Whene'er I grieve, think Damon grieves for you,  
Pity the swain that does so humbly sue:  
This Damon begs, Orinda begs it too.

**To the ingenious lady, author of the Fatal Friendship,  
designed for a recommendatory copy to her play.**

Let others call the sacred nine to aid,  
Their moving thoughts, in moving numbers laid,  
Invoke the fiery god with all the throng  
That ancient bards implore to guide their song,  
Whilst I for nobler inspiration sue,  
Scorning their weaker helps, invoking you  
You, who alone have power our thoughts to raise,  
And wing our fancy to attempt your praise  
Naught but your charming beauty can dispense  
A flame sufficient to describe your sense.  
While so much beauty in your form is shown,  
No pen on earth can reach it, but your own.  
Go on then Daphne, Phœbus will pursue,  
His chaster fires are all enjoyed by you;  
You are his fairer nymph, you bear his laurel too.  
Go on, thou champion for thy sex designed,  
And prove, the muses are of female kind,  
Let distant nations English beauties prize,  
As much for charms of wit, as power of eyes  
Your moving scenes the ravished audience drew,  
Raptures we felt, as when your eyes we view;  
Such arts were used to mix our hopes and fears,  
You made grief pleasing, and we smiled in tears.  
Thus lovers view a mistress's disdain,  
And love to look, though sure to look in pain  
Th' effects of laboured art your work reveals,  
Yet a superior art, that art conceals  
Here nature gains, though naked, thus displayed,  
Like beauty most adorned, when least arrayed.  
Go on then, doubly armed, to conquer men,  
Phœbus his harp and bow, you boast your eyes and pen  
All to the fire without reluctance yield  
But your victorious pen has forced the field.

**Epigram, on the riding-house in Dublin, made into a chapel.**

A chapel of the riding-house is made,  
We thus once more see Christ in manger laid,  
Where still we find the jockey trade supplied,  
The laymen bridled, and the clergy ride.

George Farquhar

**To a lady, being detained from visiting her by a storm.**

So poor *Leander* viewed the Sestian shore,  
While winds and waves opposed his passage o'er,  
More moist with tears, because by floods restrained,  
Than, in these floods had he his wish obtained,  
So drowned, yet burnt within, upon the banks he leaned,  
Leaned begging calms, and as he begging lay,  
Implored with sighs the winds, with tears the sea.  
One would have thought by all these mixtures sent,  
To raise a second greater storm he meant.  
Just so whilst kept from you by storms,  
I weep, the winds my sighs, my tears augment the deep;  
With flowing eyes I view the distant side,  
The space that parts us doth myself divide.  
Here's only left the poor external part,  
Whilst you, where'er you move, possess my heart  
Deprived of love, and your blessed sight, I die,  
Whilst you the first, and storms the last deny.

## The Lover's Night.

The night's black curtain o'er the world was spread,  
And all mankind lay emblems of the dead,  
A deep and awful silence void of light,  
With dusky wings sat brooding o'er the night,  
The rolling orbs moved slow from east to west,  
With harmony that lulled the world to rest  
The moon withdrawn, the oozy floods lay dead,  
The very influence of the moon was fled,  
Some twinkling stars, that through the clouds did peep,  
Seeming to wink as if they wanted sleep,  
All nature hushed, as when dissolved and laid  
In silent chaos e'er the world was made,  
Only the beating of the lover's breast  
Made noise enough to keep his eyes from rest;  
His little world, not like the greater, lay  
In loudest tumults of disordered day,  
His sun of beauty shone, to light his breast  
With all its various toils and labours pressed,  
The sea of passions in his working soul,  
Raised by the tempests of his sighs did roll  
In towering floods, to overwhelm the whole,  
Those tyrants of the mind, vain hope and fear,  
That still by turns usurp an empire there,  
Now raising man on high, then plunging in despair.  
Thus Damon lies, his grief no rest affords,  
Till swelling full, it thus burst out in words.  
Oh! I could curse all womankind, but one,  
And yet my griefs proceed from her alone.  
Was not our paradise by woman lost?  
But in this woman still we find it most:  
Hell's greatest curse a woman if unkind,  
Yet heaven's great blessing, if she loves, we find.  
Oh! If she loved, no god the bliss could tell,  
She would be heaven itself, were she not so much hell.  
Thus our chief joys with most allays are cursed,  
And our best things, when once corrupted, worst.  
But heaven is just, ourselves the idols framed,  
And are for such vain worship justly damned.  
Thus the poor lover argued with his fate,  
Emilia's charms now did his love create;  
That love repulsed, now prompted him to hate.  
Sometimes his arms would cross his bosom rest,  
Hugging her lovely image printed on his breast,  
Where flattering painter fancy showed his art,  
In charming drafts, his pencil Cupid's dart.  
The shadow drawn so lively did appear,  
As made him think the real substance there  
Then was he blest, all rapture, stunned with joy,

George Farquhar

Excess of pleasure did his bliss destroy;  
He thought her naked, soft, and yielding waist  
Within his pressing arms lay folded fast;  
Nay, by the gods, she really there was placed,  
Else how could pleasure to such raptures flow?  
Th'effect was real—then, the cause was so  
What more can most substantial pleasures boast  
Than joy when present, memory when past?  
Then, bliss is real which the fancy frames,  
Or these called real joys are only dreams.

## A Journey to Holland.

### I

*The Brill,  
August the 10th, 1700  
New style.*

Dear Sam,

To give you a short journal of my short voyage, on Wednesday I got to Harwich about four in the afternoon, and alighted at one of the cleanest, best-furnished inns in the kingdom. My warrant for the packet-boat cost me half a piece, and to the officers for not executing their duty half a crown. This place, like most sea-ports, we found extravagantly dear; but to ease that inconvenience, we were advised to get aboard by eleven at night, here I met a gentleman, whose company I was very happy in, though extremely concerned for the occasion of his voyage, which was an express to the King, of the Duke of Gloucester's death. This was the first news I had of this public loss, which I had not much time to reflect upon, being so nearly touched on the score of my private concern by a violent storm that immediately came upon us; you may guess at our circumstances, when I assure you, that our greatest comfort was the lightning that showed the seamen their business, which otherwise they must have groped for, all intercourse of speech being broken off by the loudness of the thunder: we had such warm work, that I sometimes allowed it a just thought, that Satan should be entitled Prince of the Air, and again, why the Devil should command the artillery of heaven, I could not so well comprehend. I supported myself with the thought, that providence had no design upon me, but that this tumult of the elements was their manner of expressing their grief for the loss of his Highness; or that they were angry at Mr. L——r for bringing such unwelcome news into their dominions, and for making a property of them to spread it abroad. By this kind of poetical philosophy I bore up pretty well under my apprehensions, though never worse prepared for death, I must confess, for I think I never had so much money about me at a time; we had some ladies aboard, that were so extremely sick, that they often wished for death, but were damnably afraid of being drowned, but, as the scripture says, *sorrow may last for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*<7> The weather cleared up with the day, the wind turned westerly, and in a few hours, I was going to say, we saw England out of sight, all Thursday we had a fresh gale, and cold chickens, our wine went about at a strange rate, for our stomachs ebbed and flowed like the element. On Friday morning we made the coast of Holland, a stiff gale, and the sea runs high. I was mightily pleased to view the continent, you may be sure, but as I stood upon the poop perusing its first appearance with my perspective, I had such a rebuke for my curiosity, by a great sea, that took us fore and aft, that I was seasoned for a Dutchman immediately. Whether this be a compliment of salutation usually paid to strangers, or that the Batavian out-guards took me for a spy upon their frontiers, I shall leave the skipper to determine. In short, by working of a staunch ship, and the influence of a staunch proverb in favour of the Old Bailey bar, we got over the bar at the Maas; and the Dutch wave has cleared my eyesight of an error that we Britons are very fond of, that the Thames is the finest river in the universe; for I can assure you, Sam, that the Rhine is as much beyond it, as a pair of oars before a sculler, let all the tritons between Chelsea and Richmond argue never so loud to the contrary, though in one sort of traffic upon that part of the Thames we exceed the whole world, both for the quantity

and cheapness of the commodity; and I believe the store-house for this kind of staple, including the Playhouse and the Rose, may contend with most marts in Europe.

This day at eleven we landed at the Brill, and here I have a small talk of this republic, that makes such a noise in the world—my fancy in respect of expectation has generally been so fruitful, that the dearest part of my hopes have frequently ended in disappointments, and I have seldom found things come up to answer the idea that I have usually framed of their excellence, but here I must confess the reality exceeds the shadow, and I am pleased once in my life to find a thing that can afford me substantial pleasure in the enjoyment. I have read much of this place, fancied more, yet all falls short of what I see.

At my first entrance into this town, I made one discovery, which I believe has hitherto escaped most travellers, viz. That the Dutch are the greatest beaux in the world, only with this difference from the gentlemen at White's, that their finery is much more noble, and substantial; I never knew the fairest, finest, full-bottom wig, most nicely fixed on the most beautiful block in the side-box, look half so genteel as a Dutch canal with a stately row of flourishing trees on each side, and some twenty beautiful bridges laid across it, within sixty or seventy paces one of another. I never knew a valet and a barber with razors, tweezers, perfumes, and washes, work half so hard upon a gentleman's face, that designed a conquest on a birth-night, as I have seen a lusty Dutch woman with a mop and warm water scrub the marbles and tiles before the door, till she has scoured them brighter than any fop's complexion in the universe. No first-rate beau with us, drawn by his six before and six behind, lolling incuriously in his coach, appears half so gallant, as a jolly skipper at the stern of his barge, with a furred cap like rays about his head, the helm in his hand, and his pipe in his mouth, with liberty seated in one whisker, and property on t'other, and in this splendour making the tour of half a dozen fine cities in a day, without either qualm of the spleen, or twinge of the gout. Such a person I take for a beau of the first magnitude, who scorning to be lugged by beasts as fellows are to Tyburn, can harness the winds and waves for his equipage, and improving on the works of providence, makes the universal elements, (air and water) submit to his private composition of advantage and diversion, to see the wind work in his sails, and play with his pendants, must certainly afford more substantial and pure satisfaction, than the whinny of a horse, or the crack of a coach-whip.

In short, dear Sam, I am not so bigoted to domestic customs, as not to approve what is admirable here, and you must pardon me that I have thrown up the prejudice of nativity with my beef and pudding as I came over; and 'tis no small part of my present wonder, why we should call the Dutch a slovenly sort of people, since to the eye, which must determine that circumstance, they are much more gaudy than that nation we so mimic and admire, and with this advantage that they are gay without levity, and fine beyond foppery. Why we should mention the Dutch with contempt, and the French with admiration, is a severe satire upon the English judgment, when the bravery of the former attract the admiration of men, and the pageantry of the latter draw only the eyes of women: but our English ladies are so very fine, that we are very willing to please them, and thus are drawn into this unreasonable prejudice; but we ought to take care, that by being thus particular slaves to our respective mistresses, we be not drawn at last into universal bondage to a master. The French have taken no small pains of late years to render themselves agreeable; they treat us like a mistress, do everything that they fancy will please us, till they bring us at last to act whatsoever

## Love and Business

shall please them, but this is no news, and I think it a little improper to tell you an English story from a place where you may expect some foreign entertainment. I have no more to say at present, but that I am just going for Rotterdam, and departing from a Scotch house here, where nothing of that country is to be found but the landlord, for the rooms are a paradise for cleanliness, but the host is a rogue for his reckoning. I have got such a heap of silver out of a pistol, as upon a handsome counter might give credit to a banker, and I can assure you that while I have a brother to that pistol left, you shall not see

*Your friend and servant.*

## II

*Leyden  
October the 15th 1700*

Dear Sam,

The usual excuse of gentlemen abroad for neglecting their friends at home, is, that new sets of different objects continually entertaining us with changes of admiration, the idea of our old acquaintance is by degrees worn out by the accession of the new. But this kind of forgetfulness were too severe a charge upon the merit of my friends and my own gratitude, both which I will choose to maintain, and leave it to your charity to make me an excuse for my silence: the truth is, I have had a very tedious fit of sickness, which had almost sent your friend a longer journey than he was willing to undertake at present, but now being pretty well recovered, I can only inform you in general, that every day surprises me with some agreeable object or other; and I find very much to my wonder, that the accounts I have had of this country are very different from the observations that may be made upon the place. Some general remarks there are indisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the Dutch industry but the luxury of England, and that the money laid out in the taverns in London, in purchasing diseases, would victual the whole United Provinces very plentifully at their wholesome course of diet, that the standing army maintained by the Dutch for their security against a foreign force, are not half so expensive, as the fifty thousand lawyers kept up by our civil factions in England, for no other use but to set us continually by the ears; people, like the Jews, that are tolerated in all governments for the interest of the public, while their main drift is to enrich themselves, and who by their gettings and cunning have brought their riches and practice into a proverb. The lawyers here put the question only, whether the thing be lawful, and, upon application to the statutes, the controversy is immediately determined. But our casuists at Westminster dispute not so much upon the legality of the cause, as upon the letter of the law, and make more cavils on the meaning of words that should determine justice, than upon the equity of the allegations contended for by the parties; and the bulk of our laws have loaded justice so heavily, that 'tis become a burthen to the people, who in regard of their sufferings in this kind should borrow an appellation from physic, and be called *patients* rather than *clients*.

Another thing worth consideration in respect of the laws in Holland, is this, none but honest men make estates by their practice, for the siding with the wrong party brings the lawyer into contempt, and lays him under a severe reprehension, either of ignorance in his business, or knavery to the people. Hence it comes to pass, that injustice, not finding a patron to support its cause, is forced to remove to a neighbouring country, where the wrong side was never known to make its assertor

blush, where the eloquence of *S—re*, and the impudence of *S—n* are plausible pretences for patronising injustice, and abusing the client. But there are bravos in all parts of the world, that will take money for cutting of throats, whether there be grounds or not for the resentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel, Sam. I think Holland may contend for the Catholic church with any part in Europe, because 'tis more universal in its religion, than any country in the universe. 'Tis a pleasant thing to see Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians and Greeks, swarming together like a hive of bees, without one sting of devotion to hurt one another. They all agree about the business of this life, because a community in trade is the interest they drive at, and they never jostle in the way to the life to come, because everyone takes a different road. One great cause of this so amicable a correspondence and agreement, is, that only the laity of these professions compose the mixture, here are no ingredients of priest-craft to sour the composition; pulpits indeed they have, but not like Hudibras's ecclesiastic drums, that are continually beating up for volunteers to the alarming of the whole nation. Here is no interest of sects to be managed under the cloak of gaining proselytes to the truth, nor strengthening of parties, by pretence of reclaiming of souls; every shepherd is content with his own flock, and Mufti, Levite, Pope, and Presbyter, are all Christians in this, that they live in unity and concord.

'Tis a strange thing, Sam, that among us people can't agree the whole week, because they go different ways upon Sundays. This is to make the Lord's day a sower of dissension, and religion, (which is called the bond of peace) to be the brand of discord and combustion. But we have some preachers that think themselves inspired with the spirit, when they are really possessed by the Devil, the fervency of whose zeal dismisses congregations with heats and heart-burnings of spirit, and blows up the coals on the altar to set their neighbours houses on fire, the efficacy of the pulpit is sufficiently shown in the practice of the congregations. No people in the world are so full of national principles of faith, and to what purpose the following instance shall show you two gentlemen of my acquaintance, one a devout hearer at Common-Garden Church, and the t'other a violent zealot for Doctor Burgess's meeting, met one evening at Tom's Coffee-house, and would adjourn to the Fleece Tavern, to discourse upon some point of doctrine managed that Sunday by their respective ministers. The drawer brought in a bottle of new French, and the dissenter introduced predestination. After two or three hearty glasses, the dispute grew pretty warm, and the quotation of the fathers and the texts of scripture made such a noise, that two wenches that usually ply upon those stairs, overhearing the bustle, took them for a couple of Levites, and so made account to bolt in, and sell their mackerel. The fervency of the argument was presently abated upon the appearance of the ladies, and a topic of a more familiar nature assumed, till both being pretty well convinced of their opponent's fire and fancy, the whores were dismissed, and predestination reassumed, the argument grew warmer, as the disputants grew fuddled. In short they disputed themselves stark drunk, drew their swords to decide the controversy, and, had not Mr. Fern come in, 'twas great odds that predestination had sent one to the Devil, and t'other to the gallows. But they parted friends at last, and said one to t'other, *I'm sorry all my heart, dear friend, that you won't go to heaven my way.* And so away he reeled to a bawdy-house. Now the moral of the fable is this. If the divines, instead of their speculative theology, had preached that day a thundering sermon against drunkenness and fornication, 'tis probable that the faith of these gentlemen had been ne'er the less fortified, and their good works much more improved.

## Love and Business

But I beg your pardon for this digression, I was going to say that, excepting a few general remarks, some of which I have mentioned, the accounts we have of this people are very lame, and sometimes exactly opposite to the truth. I shall mention one or two particulars that I found very obvious.

We have a notion in England, that the Dutch are very great drunkards, whether this aspersion arise from some people's confounding the high Dutch with the low, or that there is a sottishness in their miens and complexions, I can't determine, but this I can assure you, that the report is as false, as should I aver, that the people in London are the most chaste and sober gentlemen in the world. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a toping glass of brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the moisture and coldness of their constitution, and used in such quantity by the meaner sort only, who living continually in the water, must require an allowance to fortify themselves against the chillness of their habitations, for you must know, that whole families, men, women, and children, live continually in boats, and have no more tenement on dry land than a Thames salmon, but notwithstanding this incumbent necessity of their taking a cup of the creature, I never have seen since I came into this country but one Dutchman drunk, and although his impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to anybody in his condition, yet the whole boatful of people, to the number of sixty persons, showed the great aversion imaginable to his circumstances, except two or three jolly English men that made very good sport with his humour; and had not we, with some French gentlemen, protected his carcass, his countrymen would have soused him in the canal very heartily for his debauch.

As the laborious life of the inferior sort requires an exhilarating glass, so the same necessity both as to time and charge secures them from excess. And for the gentry, they are indeed sociable in their own houses; but were it not for strangers, all places of public entertainment must consequently fall, which is the greatest argument imaginable for the sobriety and temperance of a people, whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very taverns in London, with seven or eight handsome churches, and one or two of our inns of court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomly seated on the banks of a river, they would make a figure with some of the most remarkable cities in Europe. This indeed is a noble argument of the riches of England, but whether our luxury sprang from plenty, or the temperance of Holland the effect of necessity, be the happier state, is a question that I want leisure now to determine.

Another account we have very current among us, that there are no beggars in Holland; that they are very careful in employing their poor, and that their manufactures require a great many hands is most certain, but ocular demonstration is too strong a proof against all their industry; and I'm apt to believe, that the order of mendicants is of a very late institution, else so visible a falsity could never have put this trick upon travellers. Whether their late expensive wars have ruined more people than their manufactures can employ, or that the poverty of the Spaniards in the neighbour Netherlands, have by degrees infected the meaner sort, I shan't be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-disposed Christian may find as many objects of charity here as in any part of England, if we may judge of their wants by the fervency of their cries.

I do believe that the charity of the Dutch is no great encouragement to beggars; which is the reason (I conceive) why the poor flock all to the highways and track-scouts, where the opportunity is good for application to strangers.

From these, and some other such-like particulars I found it matter of some speculation, how the generality of the English nation being so near neighbours to this state, should be so very short in their knowledge of the manners and constitution of this people, but this I may presume to proceed upon the following accounts.

Most of our English that visit this place, are either young gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or merchants that make a short trip upon their own private concerns.

'Tis the usual way with the first of these to take Holland *en passant*, either going or coming, and being youthful sparks, are so fond of the finery at Paris and delicacy of Rome, that they han't leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the solidity of this place. France and Italy are their provinces, and Holland is only their inn upon the road, they lie for a night, and away the next morning

They can tell you, perhaps, that the Dutch manner of travelling is very commodious, that the Hague is a pretty village, Amsterdam a fine city, and that the people are a parcel of heavy, dull, unconversable creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of old England than this peremptory declaration, I would understand how gentlemen can make a true estimate of the wit and ingenuity of a people, when they don't stay to make one acquaintance in the country, nor can speak one syllable of their language.

Most of our young nobility and gentry travel under the tuition of French governors, who however honest in their intentions of serving their pupils, are nevertheless full of their *moi-même*, and from the prejudice of birth and education, like all other people, are most inclinable to the manners, language, dress, and behaviour of their own nation; and though perfectly skilled perhaps in the accomplishments that compose what we call a fine gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall short in those qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an Englishman in respect of the interest of his country, and of these I take the Dutch language to be none of the most trivial for at the present juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the interest of Europe, that we should be well with these people, it were not unnecessary that our amity should be linked with private friendships and correspondence, as by public leagues and alliances. An instance of which is very visible to our prejudice in the habitudes and familiarity contracted by our young gentlemen at Paris, which, without all dispute, is one great reason for the influence retained by that court, not only over our fashions and behaviour, but which is extensive also to matters of more weighty consequence, including even our councils, laws and government.

The second sort of people that make a turn into this country, are our merchants, whose speculation is limited by a few particulars, their affairs not extending to the policies of state, nor the humours of the people, they are satisfied to mind their business only, and to understand the encouragement of trade, the prices and customs upon goods, the value of stock, and the rates of exchange. Their conversation lies chiefly between the store-house and the board-side, and that in one or two cities at most, where their correspondents are resident, so that all the account we must expect from these persons, must only relate to their trade in general, or to some particular branch of it, which is universally understood already through the intercourse of our dealing, and neither so improving to our polity, nor satisfactory to the curious. But even among their encouragement of trade so universally known and admired, as the advantageous situation of their country, their natural propensity to navigation, the

## Love and Business

lowness of their imposts, &c., yet by an odd accident I came to understand one policy in their trading constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written account whatsoever the matter was thus in all its circumstances.

One day upon the exchange at Rotterdam I casually met a gentleman who some time ago lived one of the most considerable merchants in Ireland, and about some four years since by great losses at sea was forced to fly his country in a very mean condition. I put him in mind of his misfortunes by a favour he once conferred upon me of a bottle of claret and a neat's tongue at launching of a new ship that he had built in Dublin, which vessel, (bottom and goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first voyage. The gentleman seemed very sensible of his misfortunes, but withal told me, that he still had a glass of wine and a tongue at my service, if I would come and see him at his house that evening. I made him a visit, and found, to my no small surprise, a handsome house, neatly furnished, excellent meat, and as good burgundy as ever joyed the heart of man. I took the freedom to ask my merchant how a bankrupt should come by all this, in answer to which he gave me the following account of his affairs.

The Dutch, sir, (said he) have a law, that whatever merchant in any part of Europe, who has had any considerable traffic with this country, whose honesty is apparent by his former accounts, and can prove by sufficient testimony, that his losses and misfortunes are not chargeable upon his ignorance nor extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate chance, above the reach of human prevention, that then such a merchant may repair to them, have the freedom of any sea-port in the state, have a supply of whatever money he's willing to take up out of the public revenue, upon the bare security of his industry and integrity; and all this upon the current interest, which is seldom above four percent.

Pursuant to this (continued the gentleman) my qualifications for this credit being sufficiently testified, I took up here two thousand pound sterling, and in two years have gained fifty percent. So that by God's assistance, and my own diligent endeavours, I question not but in a few years I shall be able to show my face to my creditors, return to my country, and there live *statu quo*.

Here are two points remarkable enough. A charitable action to relieve distressed strangers, and a policy of state for the interest of the republic, which you may soon discover by repeating the conditions. His honesty must be manifest from his former accounts, his sufficiency in business apparent from his precedent manner of dealing, his misfortunes such as were above human prevention, as by storms, pirates, or the like, but above all, he must have some considerable traffic with this country, there's the clincher, the *utile*, the greatest encouragement imaginable for all foreigners to traffic with this nation, and for the most ingenious traders, who are not always the most fortunate, to seek a residence among them, and what a life and vigour these two circumstances may add to the trade of a nation, the flourishing condition of this people is the most sufficient witness.

Now, Sam, I have tired you most certainly, for I am weary myself, and we are seldom the soonest tired with our own, the gravity of my style you must impute to the air of the country, and the length of my letter to a very rainy day that has kept me within, and to excuse the matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I send it by a gentleman, who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a truth, that I am,

George Farquhar

*Dear sir, yours, &c.*

**An epilogue, spoken by Mr. Wilks at his First Appearance  
upon the English stage.**

As a poor stranger wrecked upon the coast,  
With fear and wonder views the dangers past,  
So I with dreadful apprehensions stand,  
And thank those powers that brought me safe to land.  
With joy I view the smiling country o'er,  
And find, kind heavens! an hospitable shore.  
'Tis England—this your charities declare,  
But more the charms of British beauties there  
Beauties that celebrate this isle afar,  
They by their smiles, as much as you by war  
True love, true honour, here I can't fail to play,  
Such lively patterns you before me lay  
Void of offence, though not from censure free,  
I left a distant isle too kind to me.  
Loaded with favours I was forced away,  
'Cause I would not accept what I could never pay.  
There I could please, but there my fame must end,  
For hither none must come to boast, but mend.  
Improvement must be great, since here I find  
Precepts, examples, and my masters kind.

## A Prologue on the Proposed Union of the Two Houses.

Now all the world's taken up with state affairs,  
Some wishing peace, some calling out for wars  
'Tis likewise fit, we should inform the age,  
What are the present politics of the stage  
Two different states, ambitious both, and bold,  
All free-born souls, the new house and the old,  
Have long contended, and made stout essays,  
Which should be monarch, absolute in plays.  
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,  
Where many ranting heroes lost their life.  
Yet such their enmity, that even the slain  
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.

*Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit and all  
The audience looked, and shook its awful head,  
Wondering to see so many thousands fall,  
And then looked pale to see us look so red.*

By force of number, and poetic spell,  
We've raised the ancient heroes too from hell  
To lead our troops; and on this bloody field,  
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey yield.  
Vast sums of treasure too we did advance  
To draw some mercenary troops from France,  
Light-footed rogues, who when they got their pay,  
Took to their heels—*allons*—and run away  
Here have you seen great Philip's conquering son,<9>  
Who in twelve years did the whole world overrun,  
Here has he fought, and found a harder job  
To beat one playhouse, than subdue the globe  
All this from emulation for the bays,  
You liked the contest, and bestowed your praise.  
But now, (as busy heads love something new)  
They would propose an union—oh, *mort-dieu*.<10>  
If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,  
And fight no more for glory, but for bread  
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,  
Because no worlds are left to conquer more  
But if we may judge small from greater things,  
The present times may show what union brings,  
You feel the danger of vowed kings  
If we grow one, then slavery must ensue  
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you  
For to one house confined, you then must praise  
Both cursed actors, and confounded plays  
Then leave us as we are, and next advance  
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

**On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in Iimitation of Catullus,  
for his Lesbia's.**

Mourn all ye muses, mourn ye nymphs and loves,  
Mourn all ye woods, mourn all ye trees and groves.  
Weep all ye streams, ye forests fade and mourn,  
Your well-loved bird must ne'er again return.  
Let the dull air ne'er be serene again,  
Let all the winds with loudest sighs complain.  
The once blest winds, whilst they could bear away  
His charming notes, and with his feathers play.  
How shall I grieve, or how bewail his death?  
None fit to sing that wants his tuneful breath.  
Like the melodious swan prepared to die,  
He should himself have sung his elegy

*Ye winged choristers, come here, and sing,  
Lament his death, sweet flowers and blossoms bring,  
To strew his grave with beauties of the spring.*

Sweet was his voice, well were his notes beloved;  
His careful mistress with his tunes he moved;  
Oft has he sung upon the flowery plain,  
But ne'er, alas! Like wretched me, in vain.  
Round her alone the pretty bird would fly,  
Chirp to the fair, and in her bosom lie,  
Her bosom, fairer than the silver sky  
There did the wanton play, and there was blest,  
And there alone he made his downy nest,  
All her discourse to him he understood,  
And kindly answered with what voice he could.  
Upon her head oft would he fluttering move,  
And spread a living canopy above,  
Ten thousand pretty things showed his officious love.  
Oft as she walked, when she began to sing,  
With her own breath he fanned her from his wing;  
Then would he pluck the daisies here, and there,  
And to her hands the blushing presents bear.  
The woods he scorned, and chose with her to dwell,  
Her fingers did all boughs by far excel

*Ye winged choristers, come here, and sing,  
Lament his death, sweet flowers, and blossoms bring,  
To strew his grave with beauties of the spring.*

For ah! He's gone, his pleasing sports must cease,  
He's gone, alas! And now no more can please,  
Still in his voice, and still his stiffening wing,  
He ne'er again must to his mistress sing.  
See his deep grave by mournful cupid made,  
Himself close by in a sad posture laid,  
Breaking his golden arrow, late his spade.

George Farquhar

Around his grave let circling fairies play,  
Dance the whole night, and scarce depart by day,  
Let all things grieve, Selinda's sparrow's gone;  
Selinda's sparrow, so beloved alone,  
For him the tender virgin mourns and cries,  
For her dear sparrow she laments and sighs,  
Sworn to be buried there, where'er she dies.  
Then shall the winged choir flock here and sing,  
Lament her death, sweet flowers and blossoms bring,  
To strew her grave with beauties of the spring.

**On the Death of the late Queen.**

<11>Whilst heaven with envy on the earth looked down,  
Saw us unworthy of the royal pair,  
And justly claimed Maria as its own,  
Yet kindly left the glorious William here:  
The heaven and earth alike do in the blessing share.  
He makes the earth, she heaven our great allies,  
And though we mourn, she for our comfort dies,  
Nor need we fear the rash presumptuous foe,  
Whilst she's our saint above, and he our king below.

## A Song

(1)

Tell me Aurelia, tell me pray,  
How long must Damon sue,  
Prefix the time, and I'll obey,  
With patience wait the happy day,  
That makes me sure of you.

(2)

The sails of time my sighs shall blow,  
And make the minutes glide,  
My tears shall make the current flow,  
and swell the hastening tide.

(3)

The wings of love shall fly so fast,  
My hopes mount so sublime,  
The wings of love shall make more haste,  
Than the swift wings of time.

## **The Assignation, a Song.**

(1)

The minute's past appointed by my fair,  
The minute's fled  
And leaves me dead  
With anguish and despair

(2)

My flattered hopes their flight did make  
With the appointed hour,  
None can the minutes past o'ertake,  
And naught my hopes restore.

(3)

Cease your plaints, and make no moan,  
Thou sad repining swain;  
Although the fleeting hour be gone,  
The place does still remain.

(4)

The place remains, and she may make  
Amends for all your pain;  
Her presence can past time o'ertake,  
Her love your hopes regain.

George Farquhar

### **An Epigram.**

*Dans vitam panis, nobis dans gaudia vinum  
Omnia dans aurum, sunt pretiosa nimis  
Nil commune bonum est, at res est flebilis altera,  
Dans, est communis fœmina ubique, nihil.*

In English, thus:

Nature's chief gifts unequally are carved;  
It surfeits some, while many more are starved:  
Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before  
Was common good, is now made private store  
Nothing that's good we have among us common  
But all enjoy the common in—a woman.

**To a Gentleman, that had his Pocket Picked of a Watch and  
some Gold by a Mistress. A Burlesque Letter.**

I'm sorry, Sam, thou'rt such a ninny  
To let a wench rob thee of guinea,  
And thus to spend and lose your cobb  
By lavish opening both your fobs  
You're fairly fobbed, to let her get all,  
Both one, and also t'other metal.  
Your work was on a pretty score,  
You dug the mine, she found the ore;  
The Devil take the cunning whore!  
You slyly laid her down to rest her,  
And on the bed she found a tester.  
Your watch too, Sam, (those men of power  
Must lie with doxies by the hour)  
A minute's time did that command,  
Then hers, it seems, was minute hand  
She wound you up to her own liking,  
Then stole the watch, while you were striking  
Then think not, sir, that you are undone  
What's wound so high, must next be run down.  
In revelling timeg you thought no sin,  
To play a game, at *in and in*  
I wonder though you did not win for't,  
Since that you were so fairly in for't  
But what destroyed you in a trice,  
She held the box, you shook the dice:  
The Devil was in the dice then surely,  
To lose when you played so securely,  
And three to one was laid so purely  
But what's the worst of all mishaps  
You dread, they say, some after-claps:  
If that be so, my dearest Sammy,  
You'll curse, and bid the Devil damn ye  
The fruit of wild oats which you scatter,  
Is nothing else but barley-water.  
The seed-time's good, you know my meaning,  
But faith, the harvest's only gleaning  
Take heart howe'er, 'tis my desire,  
You will revive, the p—x expire,  
Then rise like phoenix from the fire.  
The metal's stronger that's well soudered,  
And beef keeps sweeter once 'tis powdered.  
So farewell, Sam, and may you ne'er want  
Such a true faithful humble servant.  
*May the 4th, from Temple Inner,  
The post's going out, I in to dinner*

## A collection of Letters and other Miscellanies.

### I

*Gray's-inn, Wednesday.*

'Tis a presumption to imagine, that you have thought my letters worth the keeping, and yet a greater presumption to expect you should now return them if you have kept them so long, but I hope. The design will partly excuse my request. I have promised to equip a friend with a few letters to help out a collection for the press, and there are none I dare sooner expose to the world than those to you, because your merit may warrant their sincerity, and because your ladyship was pleased to commend them. This makes me imagine, Madam, that they have still secured a place in your cabinet, though the unworthy author could merit no room in your heart, whence I may infer that they may be as acceptable to you in print as in my manuscript, but if you have a mind to secure trophies of so poor a conquest, I shall be proud to return them as soon as ever they are transcribed, for which I now pawn my word and honour, as sincerely, as I once did the heart of,

*MADAM,*

*Your most humble servant.*

### II

*Tuesday morning, one stocking on,  
and t'other off*

I have had your letter, Madam, and all that I understand by it, is that your hand is as great a riddle as your face, and 'tis as difficult to find out your sense in your characters, as to know your beauty in your mask, but I have at last conquered the maidenhead of your writing, as I hope one day I shall that of your person, and I'm sure you han't lost your virginity, if the lines in your complexion be half so crooked as those in your letter. I return your compliment of advice in the same number of particulars that you were pleased to send me. First, if you are not handsome, never show a face that may frighten away that admirer, which your wit has engaged. Secondly, never believe what a gentleman speaks to you in a mask, for while the ladies were double faces, 'tis but justice that our words should bear a double meaning—lastly, you must never advise a man against wandering, if you design to be his guide. You tell me of swearing to a known lie, I don't remember, Madam, that I ever swore I loved you, though I must confess that a little lady in a half mourning mantua and a deep morning complexion, has run in my head so much since Monday night, that I'm afraid, she will soon get into my heart. But now Madam, hear my misfortune.

The angry fates and dire stage-coach  
Upon my liberty encroach,  
To bear me hence with many a jog  
From thee my charming dear *incog*  
Unhappy wretch! At once who feels  
O'eturns of hack, and fortune's wheels.

This is my epitaph, Madam, for now I'm a dead man, and the stage-coach may most properly be called my hearse, bearing the corpse only of deceased F—r; for his soul is left with you whom he loves above all womankind, by which you may judge of the

## Love and Business

height of his passion, for he cares not one farthing for your whole sex, as I hope to be saved.

### III

*Thursday, 11 o'clock.*

Bo-peep is child's play, and 'tis time for a man to be tired of it; I went yesterday to Bedlam upon your mad assignation, stayed till seven like a fool, to expect one, who, unless she were mad, would never come. I begin to believe that they are only wise that are there, and we possessed that put them in, they at least have this advantage over us lunatics at liberty, that they find pleasure in their frenzy, and we a torment in our reason. I was so tired with walking there so long, that I could not bear the fatigue of putting off my clothes, but sat up all night at the tavern, so that your letter is but just come to my hands, when, like Prince Prettyman,<sup><12></sup> I have one boot on and t'other off. Love and Honour have a strong battle, but here comes my friend to claim my engagement, so love is put to the rout, and away for Essex immediately. But a word of advice before we part. Pray consider, Madam, whether your good or ill stars have usually the most ascendant over your inclinations, and accordingly prosecute your intentions of corresponding with me or not, would you be advised by me, you would let it alone, for by the uneasiness that my small converse has already raised in me, I guess at the greater disturbance of being farther exposed to your charms, unless I may hope for something which my vanity is too weak to ensure. Fortune has always been my adversary, and I may conclude that woman, who is much of her nature, may use me the same way, but if you prove as blind as she, you may, perhaps, love me as much as she hates me. My humble service to your two sister fairies, and so the Devil take you all.

*If you will answer this—you may.*

### IV.

*Essex, Friday morning.*

I have been a-horseback, Madam, all this morning, which has so discomposed my hand and head, that I can hardly think or write sense. The posture of my affairs is a little extraordinary in some other parts about me, for my saddle was very uneasy, the hare we hunted put me in mind of a mistress, which we must gallop after with hazard of breaking our necks, and after all our pains, the puss may prove a witch at the long run. I have had no female in my company since I left the town, or anything of your sex to entertain me, for your Essex-women, like your Essex-calves, are only butcher's meat, and if I must cater for myself, commend me to a pit partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I have my choice of a whole covey. How well I love this kind of meat, you may guess, when I assure you, that I have purely fed upon your idea ever since, which has stuck as close to me, as my shirt, which by the way I han't shifted since I came to the country, for clean linen is not so modish here as a lover might require. I received just now an impertinent piece of banter from an angry fair, she says, I pawned my soul to the Devil for the great success of my play. But her ladyship is thus angry, because I would not pawn my body to the Devil for another sort of play, of which I presume the lady to be a very competent judge; I shall disappoint her now, as formerly, for I will set her raging mad with the calmness of my answer. Besides, Madam, there is nothing can put me out of humour, that comes by that post which brings me a line from you, though I must tell you in plain terms, that I begin to have but a mean opinion of your beauty, for were it, in the least, parallel to your wit, the

George Farquhar

number of your other conquests would raise your vanity above any correspondence with a person, whose chief merit, is his indifference

V

*Grays-inn, Wednesday morning.*

The arguments you made use of last night for still keeping on your mask I endeavoured to refute with reason, but that proving ineffectual, I'll try the force of rhyme, and send you the heads of our chat in a poetical dialogue between you and I.

*You.*

Thus images are veiled which you adore,  
Your ignorance does raise your zeal the more.

*I*

All image-worship for fake zeal is held,  
False idols ought indeed to be concealed

*You*

Thus oracles of old were still received,  
The more ambiguous, still the more believed.

*I*

But oracles of old were seldom true,  
The Devil was in 'em—sure he's not in you

*You*

Thus masque in mysteries does the godhead stand,  
The more obscure, the greater his command.

*I*

The godhead's hidden power would soon be past,  
Did we not hope to see his face at last.

*You*

You are my slave already, sir, you know,  
To show more charms would but increase your woe,  
I scorn to insult a conquered foe.

*I*

I am your slave, 'tis true, but still you see  
All slaves by nature struggle to be free  
But if you would secure the stubborn prize,  
Add to your wit the fetters of your eyes.  
Then pleased with thralldom would I kiss my chain,  
And ne'er think more of liberty again.

VI

*Sunday, after sermon.*

I came, I saw, and was conquered, never had man more to say, yet I can I say nothing, where others go to save their souls, there have I lost mine; but I hope that divinity which has the justest title to its service has received it, but I will endeavour to suspend these raptures for a moment, and talk calmly.

## Love and Business

Nothing upon earth, Madam, can charm beyond your wit, but your beauty, after this not to love you, would proclaim me a fool, and to say I did, when I thought otherwise, would pronounce me a knave: if anybody called me either I should resent it, and if you but think me either, I shall break my heart. You have already, Madam, seen enough of me to create a liking or an aversion; your sense is above your sex, then let your proceeding be so likewise, and tell me plainly what I have to hope for. Were I to consult my merit, my humility would chide any shadow of hope, but after a sight of such a face, whose whole composition is a smile of good nature, why should I be so unjust as to suspect you of cruelty? Let me either live in London and be happy, or retire again to my desert to check my vanity that drew me thence, but let me beg to receive my sentence from your own mouth, that I may hear you speak, and see you look at the same time, then let me be unfortunate if I can.

*If you are not the lady in mourning that sat upon my right hand at church, you may go to the Devil, for I'm sure you're a witch.*

### VII

*Madam,*

If I han't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my pen, I may I never take it up again, my head and my heart have been at cuffs about you these two long hours—says my head, you're a coxcomb for troubling your noddle with a lady, whose beauty is as much above your pretensions, as your merit is below her love. Then answers my heart, good Mr. Head, you're a blockhead, I know Mr. F—r's merit better than you, as for your part, I know you to be as whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every new notion that offers, but for my share, I am fixed, and can stick to my opinion of a lady's merit for ever, and if the fair she can secure an interest in me, Monsieur Head, you may go whistle. Come, come, (answered my head) you Mr. Heart, are always leading this gentleman into some inconvenience or other, was't not you that first enticed him to talk to this lady? Your damned confounded warmth made him like this lady, and your busy impertinence has made him write to her, your leaping and skipping disturbs his sleep by night, and his good humour by day. In short, sir, I will hear no more on't, I am head, and I will be obeyed—you lie, sir, replied my heart, (being very angry) I am head in matters of love, and if you don't give your consent, you shall be forced, for I'm sure that in this case all the members will be on my side. What say you, gentlemen hands? Oh! (says the hands) we would not forego the tickling pleasure of touching a delicious, white, soft skin for the world.—Well, what say you, Mr. Tongue? Zounds, says the linguist, there's more ecstasy in speaking three soft words of Mr. Heart's suggesting, than whole orations of Signor Head's, so I am for the lady, and here's my honest neighbour Lips will stick to't. By the sweet power of kisses, that we will, (replied the Lips) and presently some other worthy members standing up for the heart, they laid violent hands, (*nemine contradicente*<13>) upon poor Head, and knocked out his brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a lover as any in Christendom, my heart purely dictating every word I say, the little rebel throws itself into your power, and if yet I don't support it in the cause it has taken up for your sake, think what will be the condition of the headless and heartless

*Farquhar.*

### VIII

*Monday, twelve o'clock at night.*

George Farquhar

Give me leave to call you, dear Madam, and to tell you that I am now stepping into bed, and that I speak with as much sincerity as if I were stepping into my grave. Sleep is so great an emblem of death, that my words ought to be as real, as if I were sure never to waken, then may I never again be blest with the light of the sun, and the joys of Wednesday, if you are not as dear to me as my hopes of waking health tomorrow morning, your charms lead me, my inclinations prompt me, and my reason confirms me,

*Madam,*

*Your faithful and humble servant.*

*My humble service to the lady, who, next to my saviour, must be chief mediator for my happiness.*

IX

*Madam,*

In order to your ladyship's commands I have sent you my thoughts upon your two weighty maxims of amorous policy,—*if we fly, they pursue*, and, *enjoyment quenches love*. But I shall run a greater hazard of your displeasure by my obedience, than I should by the neglect of your commands, these subjects leading me into more gravity than is well consistent with my own inclinations, or the perusal of a fair lady. But to the business.

To examine rightly how far these female maxims are in force, we must dispose mankind into a division, which I think hitherto has escaped the logicians, to wit, the Men of Idleness, and Men of Business, under the first branch of which distinction is reducible a great share of the world, and especially that which composes the character of what we call the *beau monde*, for to make them all of a piece, we must give them a French name too.

The practice of these gentlemen, I must confess, has gone a great way to pass these maxims for authentic, and have sufficiently authorised the ladies to stick so firmly to their principles, but would they consider a little upon what a scurvy foundation these topics are grounded, they would damn the doctrine for sake of the adorers.

These idle gentlemen (begging their pardon for so familiar an epithet) should show the ladies what a difference there is between modish intriguing, and true love, for these sparks make intriguing their business, and love only their diversion. They visit their mistress as they go to the park, because it is the mode, and continue to solicit her favour, not through the impulse of passion, but because they have nothing else to do; some other motives there are to engage these sparks in the pursuit of a fair lady, as for instance, upon the survey of his rent-roll the lover finds two or three thousand a year still unmortgaged, sends down immediately to his steward to screw up his tenants to due payments, and concludes with *Money conquers all things*, a potent proverb, I must confess, to back his resolution. But here consider, Madam, what it is that pursue you, not the gentleman, but fiddlers, masquerades, jewellers, glovers, milliners, hired poets, with the confused equipage of all their respective trades, the devil a dart of love is in the whole bundle, no more than there is in the straw and oats that keeps a horse for Newmarket, here are only two beasts to be backed, one for pleasure and t'other for profit, I will feed one for the plate, and pamper the t'other for my own riding

## Love and Business

A second life to his pursuit is his vanity, the beau having received a repulse overnight, steps to his glass in the morning, and surveying his charming shape, *'Sdeath, (says he,) why should I despair of success? Blood, I'm as pretty fellow as another, but I think my calves are a little of the largest. Ay, that's it, she did not like my dress yesterday—here boy, reach my blue coat, I'll tie my cravat with a double knot today, and wear the buckles of my garters behind.* Thus while his foppish fancy can invent any particular change or whimsy in his dress, his hopes are nourished by an abusive presumption, that the ladies are smitten by such bagatelle impertinence. Here indeed, Madam the first maxim, *If we fly, they pursue*, is in force; but upon scurvy terms, for the continuation of such a coxcomb's address is the greatest satire upon the sex, and a woman of true sense rather than be plagued with such a follower, if there were no other way, should give him her person to be quit of his company, for here I dare be sworn your second maxim will hold, that *Enjoyment quenches love*. For these gentlemen love as they hunt, for diversion, as I said before, and no sooner is one hare snapped up, but they beat about for another. Besides, Madam, 'tis but a modest presumption that these men of pleasure and idleness must have an ingredient of the fool in their composition, which cannot relish the true and lasting beauties of a fine woman, they cannot make a true estimate of her sense, her constancy, her several little kind and endearing offices, which can only engage the affections of a man that truly understands their value.

This brings into my consideration how far these maxims may be applicable to your corresponding with the latter part of the distinction, which I called the men of business, by which understand men of sense, learning, and experience, and call them men of business, because I would exclude a parcel of flashy, noisy, rhyming, atheistical gentlemen, who arrogate to themselves the title of wit and sense, for no other cause but the abuse of it. Such must be ranked with the first sort of lovers, for they are the idlest of mankind; neither do I confine the character of a man of business to the law, the church, the court, trade, or any particular employment, I intend it a farther latitude and inclusive of all those, who deriding the fop, and detesting the debauchee, have laid down to themselves some certain scheme of study, in any lawful art or science, for the benefit of the public, or their own private improvement.

Upon this foundation we may rationally conclude the actions of such men to flow directly from the operations of their reason but here, Madam, without doubt the ladies will interrupt me—*Hold, Sir, (say they) we absolutely deny that love and reason are consistent.* From which it follows, that your men of business have no business here.

I am very sorry, Madam, in the first place, that the qualification which must recommend a man to a fair lady, must debase him so near the level of a brute, and deprive him of that divine stamp by which he is distinguished from the beasts of the field, what an affront is this to your sex, that one must no sooner begin to admire a woman, but he must cease to be a man, and that the glory which a lady receives by the plurality of her adorers, should depend only upon the esteem of so many irrational creatures! No, no, Madam, I am too much a courtier to let this vulgar calumny and severe reflection upon your sex pass unexamined.

I shall therefore make bold to say, that this very opinion touching the inconsistency of love with reason has cost the fair sex more tears, and have subjected men to more curses, than the worst circumstances of falsehood and perjury, for depending upon this principle of the ladies, the greatest rascals have appeared the

most passionate lovers because the greatest knaves make the best fools; and the most usual cloak for natural villainy is an artificial simplicity.

But granting such follies and absurdities to be the results of a real passion, such love ought not to gain one grain the more weight in the balance of true sense; for if the lover be a fool, this extravagance is but what's natural to his temper, and exposes itself as wildly in the effects of his other ordinary passions, as in anger, fear, joy, grief, and the like, and must not properly be called the strength of his love, but the weakness of his reason, and the same pitch of passion that may make a Wittol<sup><14></sup> appear lunatic, would scarcely be discernible in a Dorimant,<sup><15></sup> but if the force of love raise a man of true sense to the pitch of playing the fool, 'tis then, if not more ridiculous, at least much more dangerous in the consequence, for be assured, Madam that the bout of his desire must be too violent to last long, and once it begins to decline 'twill prove as violent in the fall as in the rise, and the constant result of a sober reflection, is the hatred and detestation of anything that had made him guilty of extravagance, and debased him below the dignity of his reason, and there is no medium in this case between the extravagant lover and the inveterate enemy.

But begging your ladyship's pardon for this digression, I shall return to my man of business, and see how far your principle, *If we fly they pursue*, is applicable to a person of this character.

To the examination of this point, 'twill not be amiss to consider, the several paces and proceedings of such a lover in his amour. A man of business and study has his thoughts too round and compact within himself to have his fancy sallying out upon the appearance of every beauty that his daily conversation may throw in his way, but if once it lights upon that fair, which can rouse him from his indifference, raising a pleasure in his eyes when she's present, and an uneasiness in his heart in her absence, 'tis no imprudence to indulge the thought, love (he considers) is a blessing, and since it depends so much upon a sympathy of natures, why mayn't I expect that the fair creature, who has raised such emotions in me, may in time perhaps be brought to have a mutual concern upon her? The happiness that I may expect from her love, if her other qualities be proportionable to her beauty, will infinitely reward the pains of my inquiring into her life and conversation. Here is the foundation of love fairly laid, and now my gentleman goes to work upon the structure; he first enquires into the lady's character, but that as a man of sense ought to do, without trusting the malice of some that may be her enemies, nor yet consulting the partiality of her friends; his reason may make a tolerable good balance between both, and if perhaps some slip in her conduct has made the scale of her accusation the heaviest, he has some grains of love to throw into the other to counterpoise it. His next business is to gain admittance to her company, here he may find a thousand beauties to augment, or as many failings perhaps to destroy his passion; and to his examination he must refer his judgment upon the different characters he might have heard of her before, for no reasonable man will peremptorily conclude from the mouth of common fame, 'tis a notorious liar, and generally in extremes. If he believes it to the lady's prejudice, he may wrong her innocence past redress, and if he trusts flying report in her favour, he may be imposed upon himself, for the vulgar (by which I mean the laid coat as well as the hobnail) cannot enter into the nice secrets of female behaviour, they sometimes mistake levity for freedom, ill humour for gravity, noise and tattle for wit and sense, sometimes they change hands, and call an air of good breeding, coquetry, they brand affability and good nature with the name of looseness, and, in short, there can be no such thing as a

## Love and Business

woman in their estimate, all must be angels, or all devils. Now my lover shall find out all these distinctions, he shall, in spite of female dissimulation, smell to the very bottom, and discover the least paint upon the mind, as he does that upon the face. Having found the lady's temper conformable to his own, or being at least assured that he can frame his own humour to square with hers, having known her sense and understanding sufficient for a prudent conduct, at least pliable to good advice, he stands fixed in his resolution, and resolved upon his affection.

Thus the beautiful edifice of love is gradually and firmly raised, whereof reason is still the corner-stone, not like the trifling pomp of a fop's preparation, which like a lord-mayor's pageant, is built in a night, glitters, and is gazed at for a day, and the next dwindles into nothing. The building thus finished, the next business is to invite the fair guest, 'tis impossible to confine the rules of his address to any particular observation, because they may be so diversified by the circumstances of the lover, the accidents of time, place, or according to some humours and inclinations in the lady's temper, which last have always proved the most effectual means of gaining a heart. If the lady's disposition be inclinable to gaiety, he makes the muses speak a good word for him, he can dispense in an evening with a very dull play, to have the pleasure of acting the lover himself, nay, he can comply so far, as to commend a very dull thing, if his mistress is pleased to approve it, he can take a turn in the Mall with his hat off, though the weather be very cold, and join with her in railing at my lord such-a-one, or mistress such-a-one, though perhaps he understands the quarrel to be no more than a pique, or a piece of malice. If the lady's temper be more grave and sedate, he can sit an hour or two condemning the vices of the town, and extolling the pleasures of a country life; nay, sometimes perhaps he may have a fling at the government, and be a little Jacobitish to please her, he can wait on her to church, and hear a Levite thump dust and nonsense out of a pulpit cushion for an hour, and call it an excellent sermon, to humour her approbation; with a thousand other little foolish fancies, which because they are not very hurtful in themselves, and that custom has brought them into play, must be born with upon this occasion, and when all is done, ceremony looks as decently in love, as in religion and a clown in an intrigue makes as awkward a figure as a Quaker in church. Our lover therefore writes, visits, sighs, declares his passion with all demonstrations of submission and sincerity, all which is often repeated, to save the lady's modesty, and to soothe a little pleasing vanity, incident to the female sex of seeing themselves admired. He is satisfied also that the world should know it, and submits to the censure of a whining coxcomb, to favour the lady's yielding by the plausible excuse of a hard siege, but if after all this he finds his pretensions to no purpose, your maxim, Madam, *If we fly, &c.* will not be of force to detain him longer, he has the same thread of reason to guide him out of the labyrinth that led him in, he has not perhaps the same supports to his hope, that every glittering spark, with a coach and six, can pretend, but were his fortune ever so considerable, he would not affront the lady's honour, nor his own judgment so far as to suppose her of a mercenary temper, neither can he imagine that the charming fair, whose sense he has so much admired, should be captivated with the tying of his cravat, or the fancy of his snuffbox. No, no, he is rather convinced, that there is something disagreeable to the lady in his person, behaviour, or conversation, which being a defect of nature, or education, he must patiently submit to, without cutting his throat, and he's the more willing to take up with his failings, because time may perhaps produce some other lady that may value him upon these very circumstances, that made the first disdain him, so that in spite of your celebrated maxim, he betakes himself to his business, has

the good manners to free the lady from his impertinence, and the prudence to disengage himself of the trouble, neither is he much distressed to withdraw his affections, for as the prospect of happiness was the first foundation of his love, so the progress of his passion must have been nourished with favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this fuel will the fire go out of itself.

I have already, Madam, so far transgressed the bounds of a billet-doux, that I'm afraid to meddle with your second maxim. But give me a moment's patience, Madam, and I'll make quick work with *Enjoyment quenches love*: one simile, Madam, and I take my leave. What a strange and unaccountable madness would it appear in a subject of England, a gentleman that enjoys peace and plenty, ease and luxury, if he, discontented with his happy state, should raise a combustion in his country, turn ambitious rebel, make a party against his prince, and by force and treachery lay hold upon the government, and all this for the bare pleasure of being called King. I can assure you, Madam, did the pleasures of a monarch consist in nothing more than being placed in a throne, with a crown upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, we should have the upstart prince use his government as a fool does a fair lady after enjoyment, he would soon be cloyed with his desire, and uneasy till he got quit of it. But if our Noll<sup>16</sup> understood the policy of government, the many glories that attend a crown, the pomp of dependencies, the sweets of absolute power, with the many delights and joys that attend his royalty, he would maintain his station to the last drop of blood. This is easily applicable to a man of sense gaining the crown of beauty, he can judge the charms of his possession, and values enjoyment only as the title to his greater pleasures, there are a thousand Cupids attending the throne of love, all which have their several pretty offices and serviceable duties to exhilarate their master's joy, and contribute to his constant diversion, if he but understands how to employ them.

How far, Madam, I have recommended to you the addresses of an ingenious man I dare not determine, but I'm afraid I have said so much against the passion of fools, that I have ruined my own interest, though you can't reckon me among the idle part of men, being so happily employed this morning by the commands of so fair a lady.

*Your ladyship's most humble servant.*

X

*Friday night, 11 o'clock.*

If you find no more rest from your thoughts in bed than I do, I could wish you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am most in love. I went to the play this evening, and the music raised my soul to such a pitch of passion, that I was almost mad with melancholy. I flew thence to Spring Garden, where with envious eyes I saw every man pick up his mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary Adam before the creation of his Eve; but the place was no paradise to me, nothing I found entertaining but the nightingale, which methought in sweet notes like your own pronounced the name of my dear Penelope—as *the fool thinketh, the bell chinketh*. From hence I retired to the tavern, where methought the shining glass represented your fair person, and the sparkling wine within it, looked like your lively wit and spirit: I met my dear mistress in everything, and I propose presently to see her in a lively dream, since the last thing I do, is to kiss her dear letter, clasp her charming idea in my arms, and so fall fast asleep.

## Love and Business

My morning songs, my evening prayers,  
My daily musings, nightly cares.

*Adieu.*

### XI.

Here am I drinking, Madam, at the sign of the Globe, and it shall go hard but I make the voyage of old Sir Drake<sup><17></sup> by tomorrow morning. We have a fresh gale and a round sea, for here is very good company and excellent wine; from the orb in the sign I will step to the globe of the moon, thence make the tour of all the planets, and fix in the constellation of Venus. You see, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a gentleman though who swears, he loves his mistress better than I do mine, but if I don't make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his opinion, may I never drink your health again, the generous wine scorns to lie upon a traitor's stomach, 'tis poison to him that profanes society by being a rogue in his cups. I wish dear Madam, with all my heart that you saw me in my present circumstances, you would certainly fall in love with me, for I am not myself, I am now the pleasantest foolish fellow that ever gained a lady's heart, and a glass or two more will fill me with such variety of impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable. *You, drawer,*<sup><18></sup> *bring me a plate of ice*—Ha! How the wine whizzes upon my heart, Cupid is forging his love-darts in my belly—*Ice, you dog, ice*—the son of a whore has brought me anchovies. Well! This is a vexatious world, I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in heaven, I mean your dear arms, which is the constant prayer of your humble servant, drunk or sober.

*I design tomorrow in the afternoon to beg your pardon for all the ill manners of my debauch, and make myself as great as an emperor by inviting your ladyship to the entertainment of Diocletian.*

### XII

In pursuance to your order, Madam, I have sent you here enclosed, my picture, and I challenge Vandyke or Kneller to draw more to the life. You are the first person that ever had it, and if I had not some thoughts that the substance would fall to your share, I would not part with my likeness. I hope the colours will never fade, though you may give me some hints where to mend the features, having so much power to correct the life.

*The picture.*

My outside is neither better nor worse than my creator made it, and the piece being drawn by so great an artist, 'twere presumption to say there were many strokes amiss. I have a body qualified to answer all the ends of its creation, and that's sufficient

As to the mind, which in most men wears as many changes as their body, so in me 'tis generally dressed like my person, in black. Melancholy is its every day apparel, and it has hitherto found few holydays to make it change its clothes. In short, my constitution is very splenetic, and yet very amorous, both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former should offend others, and the latter might incommode myself, and my reason is so vigilant in restraining these two failings that I am taken for an easy-natured man with my own sex, and an ill-natured clown by yours.

## George Farquhar

'Tis true, I am very sparing in my praises and compliments to a lady, out of a fear that they may affect myself more than her, for the idols that we worship are generally of our own making, and though at first men may not speak what they think, yet truth may catch them on t'other hand, and make them think what they speak. But most of all am I cautious of promising, especially upon that weighty article of constancy, because in the first place, I have never tried the strength of it in my own experience, and, secondly, I suppose a man can no more engage for his constancy than for his health, since I believe they both equally depend upon a certain constitution of body, and how far, and how frequently that may be liable to alteration, especially in affairs of love, let the more judicious determine.

But so far a man may promise, that if he find not his passion grounded on a false foundation, and that he have a continuance of the same sincerity, truth, and love to engage him, that then his reason, his honour, and his gratitude may prove too strong for all changes of temper and inclination.

I am a very great epicure, for which reason I hate all pleasure that's purchased by excess of pain, I am quite different from the opinion of men that value what's dearly bought, long expectation makes the blessing always less to me, for by often thinking of the future joy I make the idea of it familiar to me, and so I lose the great transport of surprise, 'tis keeping the springs of desire so long upon the rack, till at last they grow loose and enervate, besides, any one of a creative fancy by a duration of thought, will be apt to frame too great an idea of the object, and so make the greater part of his hopes end in a disappointment.

I am seldom troubled with what the world calls airs and caprices, and I think it an idiot's excuse for a foolish action, to say, it was my humour. I hate all little malicious tricks of vexing people for trifles, or teasing them with frightful stories, malicious lies, stealing lapdogs, tearing fans, breaking china, or the like. I can't relish the jest that vexes another in earnest, in short, if ever I do a wilful injury, it must be a very great one.

I am often melancholy, but seldom angry, for which reason I can be severe in my resentment, without injuring myself. I think it the worst office to my nature to make myself uneasy, for what another should be punished.

I am easily deceived, but then I never fail at last to find out the cheat; my love of pleasure and sedateness makes me very secure, and the same reason makes me very diligent when I'm alarmed.

I have so natural a propensity to ease, that I cannot cheerfully fix to any study, which bears not a pleasure in the application, which makes me inclineable to poetry above anything else.

I have very little estate, but what lies under the circumference of my hat, and should I by any mischance come to lose my head, I should not be worth a groat, but I ought to thank providence that I can by three hours' study live one and twenty with satisfaction myself, and contribute to the maintenance of more families than some who have thousands a year.

I have something in my outward behaviour, which gives strangers a worse opinion of me, than I deserve, but I am more recompensed by the opinion of my acquaintance, which is as much above my desert.

## Love and Business

I have many acquaintance, very few intimates, but no friend, I mean in the old romantic way. I have no secrets so weighty, but what I can bear in my own breast, nor any duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a second, nor can I love after the old romantic discipline. I would have my passion, if not led, yet at least, waited on by my reason; and the greatest proof of my affection, that a lady must expect, is this: I would run any hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any transitory pleasure make either of us miserable.

*If ever, Madam, you come to know the life of this piece, as well as he that drew it, you will conclude, that I need not subscribe the name to the picture.*

### XIII

Well! Mrs. V— and my charming Penelope are to lie together tonight, what would I give now, to be a mouse, (god bless us) behind the hangings, to hear the chat. You don't know, Madam, but my genius which always attends you; may overhear your discourse, therefore not one word of George, I'm resolved to have a friend to lie with me tonight, that I may quit scores with you, and it shall go hard but I prove as kind to my companion, as you are to yours; though I must confess, that I had rather be in Mrs V—'s place, with all the little pillows about me, or in that of Monsieur Adam's upon the chair.

My rival is a dog of parts,  
That captivates the ladies' hearts;  
And yet by *Jove*, (I scorn to forge)  
*Adonis*' self must yield to *George*  
I am a dog as well as he,  
Can fawn upon a lady's knee;  
My ears as long, and I can bark,  
To guard my mistress in the dark  
I han't four legs, that's no hard sentence,  
For I can paw, and scrape acquaintance  
I am a dog that admires you,  
And I'm a dog, if this ben't true.  
And if *Adonis* does outrival me,  
Then I'm a greater son of a bitch than he  
Reach my waistcoat—but ne'er trouble it,  
I am already a dog in a doublet.

Was ever such a poetical puppy seen? But when my mistress is sick, 'tis then dog days with me, though 'tis but a cur's trick, I must confess, but I would be content to bark at this rate all my life, so I might hunt away all rats and mice from my fair angel, whose fearful temper is the only mark of mortality about her. The remembrance of the water-rat last night has inspired me with the following lines.

Fair *Rosamond* did little think  
Her crystal pond should turn a sink,  
To harbour vermin that might swim,  
And frighten beauties from the brim  
Henceforth, detested pond, no more  
Shall beauties crown your verdant shore,  
Your waves so famed for amorous league,  
Are now turned ratsbane to intrigue.

George Farquhar

*Now good morrow, my fair creature, and let me know how you are recovered from your fright*

XIV

Why should I write to my dearest Penelope, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe, I have told my passion, my eyes have spoke it, my tongue pronounced it, and my pen declared it; I have sighed it, swore it, and subscribed it; now my heart is full of you, my head raves of you, and my hand writes to you, but all in vain; if you think me a dissembler, use me generously like a villain, and discard me for ever, but if you will be so just to my passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy, 'tis but justice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your indisposition last night when I left you, put me into such disorder, that not finding a coach, I missed my way, and never minded whither I wandered, till I found myself close by Tyburn. When blind love guides, who can forbear going astray? Instead of laughing at myself, I fell to pitying poor Mr. F—r, who, whilst he roved abroad among your whole sex, was never out of his way, and now by a single she was led to the gallows. From the thoughts of hanging, I naturally entered upon those of matrimony. I considered how many gentlemen have taken a handsome swing to avoid some inward disquiets, then why should not I hazard the noose, to ease me of my torment? Then I considered, whether I should send for the ordinary of Newgate, or the parson of St. Ann's, but considering myself better prepared for dying in a fair lady's arms, than on the three-legged tree, I was the most inclinable to the parish priest, besides, if I died in a fair lady's arms, I should be sure of Christian burial at least, and should have the most beautiful tomb in the universe. You may imagine, Madam, that these thoughts of mortality were very melancholy, but who could avoid the thoughts of death, when you were sick? and if your health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next news I hear be your death, which would be as great a hell as your life and welfare is a heaven to the most amorous of his sex.

*Pray let me know in a line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am honest or a knave, and whether I shall live or die.*

XV

I can no more let a day pass without seeing, or writing to my dear Penelope, than I can slip a minute without thinking of her. I know nobody can lay a juster claim to the account of my hours than she, who has so indisputable a title to my service, and I can no more keep the discovery of my faults from you, than from my own conscience, because you compose so great a part of my devotion. Let me therefore confess to my dearest angel, how last night I sauntered to the Fountain, where some friends waited for me. One of 'em was a parson, who preaches over anything but his glass. Had not his company and Sunday night sanctified the debauch, I should be very fit for repentance this morning, the searching wine has sprung the rheumatism in my right hand, my head aches, my stomach pukes. I dreamed all this morning of fire, and waken in a flame. To complete my misery I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I design though this afternoon to repair to St. Ann's prayers, to beg absolution of my creator and my mistress, if both prove merciful, I'll put on the resolution of amending my life, to fit me for the joys of heaven and you.

XVI

Dear Madam,

## Love and Business

Now I write with my aching hand the dictates of my aching heart, my body, and my soul are of a piece, both uneasy for want of my dear Penelope. Excuse me, Madam, for troubling you with my distemper, but my hand is so ill, that it can write nothing else, because it can go no farther.

### XVII

Misfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forsake my love, or fall short of my duty. Your coach was full, and Mr. C—r was vanished, so I had no pretence left to avoid some sober friends, that would haul me into a cellar to drink cider, a dark, chilly, confounded hole, fit only for treason and tobacco. Being warm with the throng of the play-house, I unadvisedly threw off my wig, the rawness of this cursed place, with the coldness of our tipple, has seized upon me so violently, that I'm afraid I shan't recover it in a trice. I have got such a pain in my jaws, that I shan't be able to eat a bit, so now, Madam, I must either live upon love, or starve, for heaven's sake then, dear Madam, send me a little subsistence, let not a hungry wretch perish for want of an alms. Your charity, for the lord's sake. Kind words is all I crave, and the most uncharitable prelate will afford a beggar his blessing—Pity my condition, fair charmer, I have got a cold without, and a fire within, love and cider do not agree, so I'll have no more cellars. If you don't send me some comfort in my afflictions, expect to have a note to this purpose—Be pleased to accompany the corpse of an unfortunate lover, who died of an aching chops, and a broken heart.

### XVIII

Your verses, Madam, I have read, scanned, and considered over and over. I must still complain of the difficulty of your characters, but your sense is like a rich mine, hard to come at, but when found, an infinite treasure. I would answer you in verse, but for the reason that follows:

Of all the specious wiles and formal arts  
Used by our young intriguing men of parts,  
None can their ignorance in love express  
So much, as whining words on fawning verse.  
The nymph, whose softer breast soft numbers gain,  
Must have a soul celestially serene,  
Seraphically bright, and sparkling as her mien.  
But women now that character disown,  
They are all mortal, very mortal grown.  
By verse was beauty's empire first ordained,  
And stubborn man to love, by verse, was chained  
Verse gave to love his quiver and his bow,  
Nay even from verse he had his godhead too.  
And now ungrateful beauty scorns that aid,  
By which its greatest triumphs first were made.  
A sordid blockhead with an empty skull  
Shall have access, because his pocket's full.  
Curse on thee, gold—why charmer, tell me why  
Should that which buys a horse, bright beauty buy?  
O could I find (grant heaven that once I may)  
A nymph fair, kind, poetical, and gay,  
Whose love should blaze, unsullied, and divine,

George Farquhar

At first by the bright lamp of mine  
Free as a mistress, faithful as a wife,  
And one that loved a fiddle as her life,  
Free from all sordid ends, from interest free,  
For my own sake affecting only me.  
What a blest union should our souls combine!  
I hers alone, and she be only mine  
Free generous favours should our flames express,  
I'd write for love, and she should love for verse  
In deathless numbers should my fair one shine,  
Her love, her charms should blazon every line,  
And the whole page be, like herself, divine  
Not *Sacharissa's* self, great *Waller's* fair,<19>  
Should for an endless name with mine compare  
My lines should run so high, the world should see  
I sung of her, and she inspired me.  
Vain are thy wishes, wretched *Damon*, vain,  
Thy verse can only serve thee to complain  
Wealth makes the bargain, love's become a trade,  
Blind love is now by blinder fortune led.  
Who then would sing, or sacred numbers boast,  
Since love, the just reward of verse, is lost?  
Of the soft sex why were the muses made,  
If on soft love they can't afford us aid?  
No, Cupid, no, you have deceived too long,  
My muse and love have ever done me wrong,  
Farewell, ungrateful love, farewell ungrateful song.

You see, Madam, that my rhyme has argued me out of love, but I'm violently suspicious that my reason will convince me, that I am still as much your captive, as ever; for I have the greatest inclination in the world to entreat the favour of meeting your ladyship in the park tomorrow by six, if you tarry till seven, you may find me at the end of the lover's walk, hanging upon one of the trees, which will be the readiest way, for aught I see, to bring our amour to a conclusion. I am an impudent fellow, that's to prevent your reflection upon my presuming to appoint you a place of assignation.

XIX

If anything should come to your hands, Madam, that I writ last I night, I humbly beg that you would pardon its impertinence, for I was so fuddled, that I hardly remember whether I writ or not, you'll think perhaps that my excuse needs as much an apology as my fault, but you ought to forgive me, when I assure you, that I shall never forgive myself. I have vowed this morning never to taste wine till I can recover that opportunity of seeing you, that wine made me lose. I went to the Royal Exchange at two, and stayed in the city till twelve at night, I dined with Mr. B—x, who (by the way) is a pretty gentleman, but has a confounded wife, such stories have I heard of her persecution, and his long suffering, that he deserves to go to heaven, and she to hell for sending him, and so much for a citizen's wife. I come now from Mr. Dryden's funeral, where we had an ode in Horace sung, instead of David's psalms, whence you may find, that we don't think a poet worth Christian burial, the pomp of the ceremony

## Love and Business

was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for Hudibras than him, because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque, but he was an extraordinary man, and buried after an extraordinary fashion, for I do believe there was never such another burial seen, the oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the subject, and like the author, whose prescriptions can restore the living, and his pen embalm the dead. And so much for Mr. Dryden, whose burial was the same with his life, variety, and not of a piece. The quality and mob, farce and heroics, the sublime and ridicule mixed in a piece, great Cleopatra in a hackney coach.

And now, Madam, for the application; let us consider, that we are all mortal, that neither wit can protect a man, nor beauty a woman from the impertinence of a burial: there is but one way, let us join our forces to disappoint it, as thus, beauty causes love, love inspires poetry, and poetry makes wit immortal: so in return, wit is fired with gratitude, that extols your charms, and so makes beauty immortal. Now, Madam, if your beauty can make as mad work in my head as it has in my heart, I will show the world such a copy of your countenance, that you shall be as fair a hundred years hence as you are at this instant, all the worms in the churchyard shall not have power to touch one feature in your face, and, for my part, if I am not more a poet a hundred years hence, than I am now, I'll be damned. And I can assure you that Mr. Dryden had never died, had he not grown too old to please the ladies; and if that be my case already, the lord have mercy upon me.

### XX

Your strange and unexpected declaration of your unkind thoughts of me, has cast a damp upon my spirits that will break out either in melancholy or rage, I wish it prove the latter, for then I shall destroy myself the shorter way, in the fervency of my passion, and diligence of courtship, which has alarmed part of the world. To be accused of coldness and neglect, is—but I'll say no more upon that subject, 'tis too warm; and if I touch it, will set me in a blaze. I remember the cause of my uneasiness t'other day, and I remember that cause was repeated last night, and in short, I remember a thousand things that make me mad; and since you have taken so opportune a time of telling me of the coldness of my love, give me leave to tell you, that my passion is so violent, that 'twill give me cause to curse your whole sex, nay, even you, though at the same time I could stab myself for the expression, now, Madam, I'll endeavour to sleep, for I han't closed my eyes since I saw you.

### XXI

*Hague,  
October the 23d. New style.*

This is the second post, dear Madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the person, whose health and welfare so entirely depends upon yours. I am proud to say, that all my words, my letters, and endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the strain of the most real passion that ever possessed the breast of man, and if, after all this, they should all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an opinion I should have of my understanding, which must be a very mortifying thought for a person who is very unwilling to pass for a fool. 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little sense I had in your service, and if it should be cast away, I should turn bankrupt in my understanding, and run stark mad upon the loss. For god's sake, Madam, let me know what I have to trust to, that I may once more set up for a man of some parts, or else run away from my

George Farquhar

senses as fast as I can, my thoughts begin to be very severe creditors, and I am perfectly tired of their company. The King came hither last night about eleven from Loo, and if the weather prove fair, designs for England next Wednesday. Providence has designed my staying so long, out of his great mercy to secure me from the violence of a terrible storm, which has lasted here this fortnight past, to that degree, that Holland is no more at present than a great leaky man of war, tossing on the ocean, and the mariners are forced to pump night and day to keep the vessel above water. I can assure you, without a jest, that the cellars and canals have frequent communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a garret. There are fellows planted on all the steeples, with a considerable reward to him that can make the first land, though they had more need to look out for a rainbow, for about that I shall believe that God almighty, in his articles with Noah after the flood, has excluded the Dutch out of the treaty.<20> I have transcribed your letter to my lord A—le, and will consult with captain L—oe about your affairs, whether it be proper to mention matters now, or defer it till we come over. My Lord West—nd treated us yesterday with a pot of English venison sent him by his mother. But never was poor buck so devoured by hungry hounds, we hunted him down with excellent burgundy—could this place afford as good toasts as it does wine, 'twere a paradise. But we made a shift to call you all over, every beauty in London, from the D—ss of G—n to Mrs. B—le, and when we got drunk, we toasted the Dutch ladies, and by the time we got through the whole assembly, we were grown as dull and sottish as if we had lain with them. You must pardon my breeding, Madam, and consider where I am, but I do blush a little, and can't say a word more, but that I am,

Madam,

Your faithful and humble servant.

XXII

I received your letter, Madam, with the strange relation of your being robbed. I can't tell whether my grief or amazement was greatest, it suspended the pain of the rheumatism for some hours, though I gained little by that; for it only gave place to a greater. All the consolation I can afford in your sorrow, is, that you have a companion in your afflictions that sympathizes in every particular of your grief. I consider myself a lady robbed of my fine things, striped of my best clothes, and what is worse, of all my pretty trinkets that have cost me some years in purchasing, though this be the greatest misfortune a fine lady can sustain, yet am I still more troubled at the manner of the action, than at the greatness of my loss, that in a house so well peopled as mine, in an hour so early, when all the world was awake, that all my good stars should then be asleep, is very provoking.

By this, Madam, you may judge, whether my heart be not tuned to the very same notes of sorrow with yours, and as I have the same reasons of my grief, so perhaps I shall agree with your ladyship as to the thoughts which may afford you most consolation.

Religion teaches me, that nothing in this world is properly our own, but borrowed; and since I am obliged to resign even my very life without murmuring, when he that lent is pleased to recall it, why should I repine at parting with things of so much less importance; but to comfort myself after a more worldly manner, I consider that my clothes had been worn out in a year or two, that my fine things had been out of fashion in a year or two more, so that I have only lost the use of those

## Love and Business

things which four or five years would have robbed me of without breaking a lock, or opening a window. Besides, another thing which gives me no small comfort is, a reflection on the mercies of providence in matters of greater moment, as in relation to my life, my honour, &c., one instance of which is pretty fresh in my memory I recollect that some few months ago, I was in a foreign country, far from my relations to comfort me, or friends to assist me, a stranger to the place, more to the language, like a child among savage beasts, I had no companion but a brute more savage than they, who betrayed me into the hands of a villain, that would have ruined me past redemption, had not providence sent a gentleman to my rescue, who is now at Richmond dying for love of me. This deliverance, I think, may make sufficient amends for the present loss.

Now, Madam, that I have guessed at your thoughts upon the matter, give me leave to present you with my own sentiments upon this affair, and in the first place I think that if the rogues had stripped you of all that you enjoy in the world, even the white covering to your fair nakedness, I would catch you in my arms before any Duchess in Christendom set out in brocade and jewels.

I think, secondly, that a lady without a husband lies very much exposed to all abuses from the rude world, that the weakness of their constitution is a sufficient proof, that their maker designed man for their guard. Now if a lady will neglect the protection which providence has designed her, when there is one that begs so very earnestly, and has so long solicited for the honour of the place, 'tis but just, I think, that she meet with some small rubs to mind her of her insufficiency. I know, Madam, that your ladyship has a very good and worthy gentleman very near you; one, who is both a friend and a father to you, but yet a husband is still the best *garde-du-corps*,<sup><21></sup> and there are some privileges annexed to his place, which would make rogues more cautious how they invaded your bed-chamber. In the third place, Madam, give me leave to ask you one question. Don't you think this thief that robbed you to be a very barbarous fellow? And would you not be very severe upon him, if he were taken? Most certainly you would. Then what must I think of a person that has robbed me of a jewel, much more precious than any they have taken from you, I mean, my ease and quiet? A little thief has stole my heart out of my very breast, the loss of which has cost me more sighs and uneasiness than all the wealth in the world could have done. I have pursued this charming bandit from place to place, from town to country, from kingdom to kingdom, yet all in vain—I beg you now, Madam, to consider this, and be not too severe upon the poor rogues, though they should be taken.

This is the first service, my hand has done me since I left London, and were not the air too piercing for me to venture abroad after so much bleeding, I would move told you all this personally, but happen what will, three or four days shall be the utmost confinement I can lay upon my desire of waiting on you, and that you have been so long released from my company, you are more beholden to the force of my illness, than the strength of my resolution, which is always too weak to encounter the passion of,

*Madam*

*Your most sincere, and humble servant*

**XXIII**

*Madam,*

George Farquhar

'Tis a sad misfortune to begin a letter with an adieu, but when my love is crossed, 'tis no wonder that my writing should be reversed.

I would beg your pardon for the other offences of this nature, which I have committed, but that I have so little reason to judge favourably of your mercy, though I can assure you, Madam, that I shall never excuse myself my own share of the trouble, no more than I can pardon myself the vanity of attempting your charms, so much above the reach of my pretensions, and which are reserved for some more worthy admirers. If there be that man upon earth that can merit your esteem, I pity him, for an obligation too great for a return, must to any generous soul be very uneasy, though still I envy his misery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the enjoyment of your desires, as I am miserable in the disappointment of mine, and as the greatest blessing of your life, may the person you admire love you as sincerely, and as passionately, as he whom you scorn.

## **A Discourse upon Comedy, in reference to the English Stage, in a letter to a friend.**

With submission, sir, my performance in the practical part of poetry is no sufficient warrant for your pressing me in the speculative. I have no foundation for a legislator, and the two or three little plays I have written, are cast carelessly into the world, without any bulk of preface, because I was not so learned in the laws, as to move in defence of a bad case. Why then should a compliment go farther with me, than my own interest? Don't mistake me, sir, here is nothing that could make for my advantage in either preface or dedication, no speculative curiosities, nor critical remarks, only some present sentiments which hazard, not study, brings into my head, without any preliminary method or cogitation.

Among the many disadvantages attending poetry, none seems to bear a greater weight, than that so many set up for judges, when so very few understand a tittle of the matter. Most of our other arts and sciences bear an awful distance in their prospect, or with a bold and glittering varnish dazzle the eyes of the weak-sighted vulgar. The divine stands wrapped up in his cloud of mysteries, and the amused laity must pay tithes and veneration to be kept in obscurity, grounding their hopes of future knowledge on a competent stock of present ignorance (in the greater part of the Christian world this is plain.) With what deference and resignation does the bubbled client commit his fees and cause into the clutches of the law, where assurance beards justice by prescription, and the wrong side is never known to make its patron blush. Physic and logic are so strongly fortified by their impregnable terms of art, and the mathematician lies so cunningly entrenched within his lines and circles, that none but those of their party dare peep into their puzzling designs.

Thus the generality of mankind is held at a gazing distance, whose ignorance not presuming perhaps to an open applause, is yet satisfied to pay a blind veneration to the very faults of what they don't understand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the drama, lies open to the insults of all pretenders. She was one of nature's eldest offsprings, whence by her birthright and plain simplicity she pleads a genuine likeness to her mother, born in the innocence of time, she provided not against the assaults of succeeding ages, and, depending altogether on the generous end of her invention, neglected those secret supports and serpentine devices used by other arts that wind themselves into practice for more subtle and politic designs. Naked she came into the world, and 'tis to be feared, like its professors, will go naked out.

'Tis a wonderful thing, that most men seem to have a great veneration for poetry, yet will hardly allow a favourable word to any piece of it that they meet, like your virtuosos in friendship, that are so ravished with the nicety of the virtue, that they can find no person worth their intimate acquaintance. The favour of being whipped at school for Martial's *Epigrams*, or Ovid's *Epistles*, is sufficient privilege for turning pedagogue, and lashing all their successors, and it would seem by the fury of their correction, that the ends of the rod were still in their buttocks. The scholar calls upon us for decorums and economy, the courtier cries out for wit and purity of style, the citizen for humour and ridicule, the divines threaten us for immodesty, and the ladies will have an intrigue. Now here are a multitude of critics, whereof the twentieth person only has read *quæ genus*,<sup><22></sup> and yet everyone is a critic after his own way, that is, such a play is best, because I like it. A very familiar argument, methinks, to

prove the excellence of a play, and to which an author would be very unwilling to appeal for his success. Yet such is the unfortunate state of dramatic poetry, that it must submit to such judgments, and by the censure or approbation of such variety it must either stand or fall. But what salvo, what redress for this inconvenience? Why, without all dispute, an author must endeavour to please that part of the audience, who can lay the best claim to a judicious and impartial reflection. But before he begins, let him well consider to what division that claim does most properly belong. The scholar will be very angry at me for making that the subject of a question, which is self-evident without any dispute: for, says he, who can pretend to understand poetry better than we, who have read Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c. at the university? What knowledge can outstrip ours, that is founded upon the criticisms of Aristotle, Scaliger, Vossius, and the like? We are the better sort, and therefore may claim this as a due compliment to our learning, and if a poet can please us, who are the nice and severe critics, he cannot fail to bring in the rest of an inferior rank.

I should be very proud to own my veneration for learning, and to acknowledge any compliment due to the better sort upon that foundation, but I'm afraid the learning of the better sort is not confined to college studies, for there is such a thing as reason without syllogism, knowledge without Aristotle, and languages besides Greek and Latin. We shall likewise find in the court and city several degrees, superior to those at commencements. From all which I must beg the scholar's pardon, for not paying him the compliment of the better sort, (as he calls it) and in the next place, inquire into the validity of his title from his knowledge of criticism, and the course of his studies.

I must first beg one favour of the graduate—"Sir, here is a pit full of Covent-Garden gentlemen, a gallery full of cits,<23> a hundred ladies of court education, and about two hundred footmen of nice morality, who, having been unmercifully teased with a parcel of foolish, impertinent, irregular plays all this last winter, make it their humble request, that you would oblige them with a comedy of your own making, which they don't question will give them entertainment." "O, sir," replies the square cap,<24> "I have long commiserated the condition of the English audience, that has been forced to take up with such wretched stuff, as lately has crowded the stage, your jubilees and your foppingtons, and such irregular impertinence, that no man of sense could bear the perusal of 'em. I have long intended, out of pure pity to the stage, to write a perfect piece of this nature, and now, since I am honoured by the commands of so many, my intentions shall immediately be put in practice.

So to work he goes, old Aristotle, Scaliger, with their commentators, are lugged down from the high shelf, and the moths are dislodged from their tenement of years. Horace, Vossius, Heinsius, Hedelin, Rapin,<25> with some half a dozen more, are thumbed and tossed about, to teach the gentleman, forsooth, to write a comedy, and here is he furnished with unity of action, continuity of action, extent of time, preparation of incidents, episodes, narrations, deliberations, didactics, pathetics, monologues, figures, intervals, catastrophes, choruses, scenes, machines, decorations, &c.: a stock sufficient to set up any mountebank in Christendom, and if our new author would take an opportunity reading a lecture upon his play in these terms, by the help of a zany, and a joint-stool, his scenes might go off as well as the doctors' packets,<26> but the misfortune of it is, he scorns all application to the vulgar, and will please the better sort, as he calls his own sort. Pursuant therefore to his philosophical dictates, he first chooses a single plot, because must agreeable to the regularity of criticism, no matter whether it affords business enough for diversion or

## Love and Business

surprise. He would not for the world introduce a song or dance, because his play must be one entire action. We must expect no variety of incidents, because the exactness of his three hours won't give him time for their preparation. The unity of place admits no variety of painting and prospect, by which mischance perhaps, we shall lose the only good scenes in the play. But no matter for that, this play is a regular play, this play has been examined and approved by such and such gentlemen, who are staunch critics and masters of art, and this play I will have acted, look'ee, Mr. Rich,<27> you may venture to lay out a hundred and fifty pound for dressing this play, for it was written by a great scholar, and fellow of a college.

Then a grave dogmatical prologue is spoken, to instruct the audience what should please them, that this play has a new and different cut from the farce they see every day, that this author writes after the manner of the ancients, and here is a piece according to the model of the Athenian drama. Very well! This goes off humdrum, so, so. Then the players go to work on a piece of hard knotty stuff, where they can no more show their art, than a carpenter can upon a piece of steel. Here is the lamp and the scholar in every line, but not a syllable of the poet. Here is elaborate language, sounding epithets, flights of words that strike the clouds, whilst the poor sense lags after like the lanthorn in the tail of the kite, which appears only like a star, while the breath of the players' lungs has strength to bear it up in the air.

But the audience, willing perhaps to discover his ancient model, and the Athenian drama, are attentive to the first act or two, but not finding a true genius of poetry, nor the natural air of free conversation, without any regard to his regularity, they betake themselves to other work, not meeting the diversion they expected on the stage, they shift for themselves in the pit, everyone turns about to his neighbour in a mask, and for default of entertainment now, they strike up for more diverting scenes. When the play is done, and though the play be regular as Aristotle, and modest as Mr. Collier could wish, yet it promotes more lewdness in the consequence, and procures more effectually for intrigue than any rover, libertine, or old bachelor whatsoever. At last comes the epilogue, which pleases the audience very well, because it sends them away, and terminates the fate of the poet, the patentees rail at him, the players curse him, the town damns him, and he may bury his copy in Paul's, for not a bookseller about it will put it in print.

This familiar account, sir, I would not have you charge to my invention, for there are precedents sufficient in the world to warrant it in every particular; the town has been often disappointed in those critical plays, and some gentlemen that have been admired in their speculative remarks have been ridiculed in the practice. All the authorities, all the rules of antiquity have proved too weak to support the theatre, whilst others who have dispensed with the critics, and taken a latitude in the economy of their plays, have been the chief supporters of the stage, and the ornament of the drama, this is so visibly true, that I need bring in no instances to enforce it; but you say, sir, 'tis a paradox that has often puzzled your understanding, and you lay your commands upon me to solve it, if I can.

Look'ee, sir, to add a value to my complaisance to you, I must tell you in the first place, that I run as great a hazard in nibbling at this paradox of poetry, as Luther did by touching transubstantiation, 'tis a mystery that the world has sweetly slept in so long, that they take it very ill to be wakened, especially being disturbed of their rest, when there is no business to be done but I think that Bellarmine<28> was once as

orthodox as Aristotle, and since the German doctor has made a shift to hew down the cardinal, I will have a tug with *ipse dixit*,<sup><29></sup> though I die for't.

But in the first place, I must beg you, sir, to lay aside your superstitious veneration for antiquity, and the usual expressions on that score, that the present age is illiterate, or their taste is vitiated, that we live in the decay of time, and the dotage of the world is fallen to our share. 'Tis a mistake, sir, the world was never more active or youthful, and true downright sense was never more universal than at this very day. 'Tis neither confined to one nation in the world, nor to one part of a city, 'tis remarkable in England as well as France, and good genuine reason is nourished by the cold of Swedeland as by the warmth of Italy, 'tis neither abdicated the court with the late reigns, nor expelled the city with the play-house bills, you may find it in the grand jury at Hicks Hall,<sup><30></sup> and upon the bench sometimes among the justices; then why should we be hampered so in our opinions, as if all the ruins of antiquity lay so heavily on the bones of us, that we could not stir hand nor foot no, no, sir, *ipse dixit* is removed long ago, and all the rubbish of old philosophy, that in a manner buried the judgment of mankind for many centuries, is now carried off, the vast tomes of Aristotle and his commentators are all taken to pieces, and their infallibility is lost with all persons of a free and unprejudiced reason.

Then above all men living, why should the poets be hoodwinked at this rate, and by what authority should Aristotle's rules of poetry stand so fixed and immutable? Why, by the authority of two thousand years standing, because through this long revolution of time the world has still continued the same—by the authority of their being received at Athens, a city, the very same with London in every particular, their habits the same, their humours alike, their public transactions and private societies *à la mode France*; in short, so very much the same in every circumstance, that Aristotle's criticisms may give rules to Drury Lane, the Areopagus<sup><31></sup> give judgment upon a case in the King's Bench, and old Solon<sup><32></sup> shall give laws to the House of Commons.

But to examine this matter a little farther, all arts and professions are compounded of these two parts, a speculative knowledge, and a practical use, and from an excellency in both these any person is raised to eminence and authority in his calling. The lawyer has his years of student in the speculative part of his business, and, when promoted to bar, he falls upon the practice, which is the trial of his ability. Without all dispute the great Coke<sup><33></sup> has had many a tug at the bar, before he could raise himself to the bench, and had made sufficiently evident his knowledge of the laws in his pleadings before he was admitted to the authority of giving judgment upon the case.

The physician, to gain credit to his prescriptions, must labour for a reputation in the cure of such and such distempers, and before he sets up for a Galen or Hippocrates, must make many experiments upon his patients. Philosophy itself, which is a science the most abstract from practice, has its public acts and disputations, it is raised gradually, and its professor commences doctor by degrees, he has the labour of maintaining theses, methodising his arguments, and clearing objections, his memory and understanding is often puzzled by oppositions couched in fallacies and sophisms, in solving all which he must make himself remarkable, before he pretends to impose his own systems upon the world. Now if the case be thus in philosophy, or in any branch thereof, as in ethics and physic, which are called sciences, what must be done

in poetry, that is denominated an art, and consequently implies a practice in its perfection?

Is it reasonable that any person that has never writ a distich of verses in his life, should set up for a dictator in poetry, and without the least practice in his own performance, must give laws and rules to that of others? Upon what foundation is poetry made so very cheap, and so easy a task, by these gentlemen? An excellent poet is the single production of an age, when we have crowds of philosophers, physicians, lawyers, divines, every day, and all of them competently famous in their callings in the two learned commonwealths of Rome and Athens, there was but one Virgil, and one Homer, yet have we above a hundred philosophers in each, and most part of 'em, forsooth, must have a touch at poetry, drawing it into divisions, sub-divisions, &c., when the wit of 'em all set together, would not amount to one of Martial's epigrams

Of all these I shall mention only Aristotle, the first and great law-giver, in this respect, and upon whom all that followed him are only commentators among all the vast traits of this voluminous author, we don't find any fragment of an epic poem, or the least scene of a play, to authorise his skill and excellence in that art. Let it not be alleged, that for aught we know he was an excellent poet, but his more serious studies would not let him enter upon affairs of this nature, for everybody knows, that Aristotle was no Cynic,<32> but lived in the splendour and air of the court, that he loved riches as much as others of that station; and being sufficiently acquainted with his pupil's affection to poetry, and his complaint that he wanted an Homer to aggrandize his actions, he would never have slipped such an opportunity of farther ingratiating himself in the king's favour, had he been conscious of any abilities in himself, for such an undertaking, and having a more noble and copious theme in the exploits of Alexander, than what inspired the blind bard in his hero Achilles. If his epistles to Alexander were always answered with a considerable present, what might he have expected, from a work like Homer's upon so great a subject, dedicated to so mighty a prince, whose greatest fault was his vainglory, and that took such pains to be deified among men.

It may be objected, that all the works of Aristotle are not recovered; and among those that are lost, some essays of this kind might have perished. This supposition is too weakly founded, for although the works themselves might have escaped us, 'tis more than probable that some hint or other, either in the life of the conqueror, or philosopher, might appear, to convince us of such a production: besides, as 'tis believed, he writ philosophy, because we have his books; so, I dare swear, he writ no poetry, because none is extant, nor any mention made thereof that ever I could hear of.

But stay—without any farther enquiry into the poetry of Aristotle, his ability that way is sufficiently apparent by that excellent piece he has left behind him upon that subject—by your favour, sir, this is *petitio principii*,<35> or, in plain English, give me the sword in my own hand, and I'll fight with you—have but a little patience till I make a flourish or two, and then, if you are pleased to demand it, I'll grant you that and everything else.

How easy were it for me to take one of Doctor Tillotson's sermons, and out of the economy of one of these discourses, trump you up a pamphlet, and call it, the *Art of Preaching*. In the first place I must take a text, and here I must be very learned upon the etymology of this word text, then this text must be divided into such and

such partitions, which partitions must have their hard names and derivations, then these must be spun into sub-divisions, and these backed by proofs of scripture, *Ratiocinati Oratoris, Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum, and Autoritas Patrum Ecclesiae*,<sup><36></sup> with some rules and directions how these ought to be managed and applied; and closing up this difficult pedantry with the dimensions of time for such an occasion, you will pay me the compliment of an excellent preacher, and affirm, that any sermon whatsoever, either by a presbyter at Geneva, or Jesuit in Spain, that deviates from these rules, deserves to be hissed, and the priest kicked out of his pulpit. I must doubt your complaisance in this point, Sir, for you know the forms of eloquence are divers, and ought to be suited to the different humour and capacities of an audience. You are sensible, sir, that the fiery choleric humour of one nation must be entertained and moved by other means than the heavy phlegmatic complexion of another; and I have observed in my little travels, that a sermon of three quarters of an hour, that might please the congregation at St. James's, would never satisfy the meeting-house in the City, where people expect more for their money, and having more temptations of roguery, must have a larger portion of instruction.

Be pleased to hear another instance of a different kind, though to the same purpose. I go down to Woolwich, and there, upon a piece of paper I take the dimensions of the *Royal Sovereign*,<sup><37></sup> and from hence I frame a model of a man of war, I divide the ship into three principal parts, the keel, the hull, and the rigging; I subdivide these into their proper denominations, and by the help of a sailor, give you all the terms belonging to every rope, and every office in the whole ship. Will you from hence infer, that I am an excellent shipwright, and that this model is proper for a trading junk upon the Volga, or a Venetian galley in the Adriatic sea?

But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel case, because that Aristotle's *Ars Poetica* was never drawn from such slight observations, but was the pure effect of his immense reason, through a nice inspection into the very bottom and foundation of nature.

To this I answer, that verity is eternal, as that the truth of two and two making four was as certain in the days of Adam as it is now, and that, according to his own position, nature is the same *apud omnes gentes*.<sup><38></sup> Now if his rules of poetry were drawn from certain and immutable principles, and fixed on the basis of nature, why should not his *Ars Poetica* be as efficacious now, as it was two thousand years ago? And why should not a single plot, with perfect unity of time and place, do as well at Lincoln's Inn Fields, as at the play-house in Athens? No, no, sir, I am apt to believe that the philosopher took no such pains in poetry as you imagine. The Greek was his mother tongue, and Homer was read with as much veneration among the school-boys, as we learn our catechism. Then where was the great business for a person so expert in mood and figure, as Aristotle was, to range into some order a parcel of terms of art, drawn from his observation upon the *Iliad*, and these to call the model of an epic poem. Here, sir, you may imagine, that I am caught, and have all this while been spinning a thread to strangle myself, one of my main objections against Aristotle's criticisms, is drawn from his non-performance in poetry. And now I affirm, that his rules are extracted from the greatest poet that ever lived, which gives the utmost validity to the precept, and that is all we contend for.

Look ye, sir, I lay it down only for a supposition, that Aristotle's rules for an epic poem were extracted from Homer's *Iliad*, and if a supposition has weighed me down, I have two or three more of an equal balance to turn the scale.

The great esteem of Alexander the Great for the works of old Homer, is sufficiently testified by antiquity, insomuch that he always slept with the *Iliad* under his pillow. Of this the Stagirite<sup><39></sup> to be sure was not ignorant, and what more proper way of making his court could a man of letters devise, than by saying something in commendation of the king's favourite? A copy of commendatory verses was too mean, and perhaps out of his element. Then something he would do in his own way, a book must be made of the art of poetry, wherein Homer is proved a poet by mood and figure, and his perfection transmitted to posterity, and if Prince Arthur had been in the place of the *Iliad*, we should have had other rules for epic poetry, and Doctor B—re had carried the bays from Homer, in spite of all the critics in Christendom, but whether Aristotle writ those rules to compliment his pupil, or whether he would make a stoop at poetry, to show that there was no knowledge beyond the flight of his genius, there is no reason to allow that Homer compiled his heroic poem by those very rules which Aristotle has laid down.

For granting that Aristotle might pick such and such observations from this piece, they might be mere accidents resulting casually from the composition of the work, and not any of the essential principles of the poem. How usual is it for critics to find out faults, and create beauties, which the authors never intended for such, and how frequently do we find authors run down in those very parts, which they designed for the great ornament how natural is it for aspiring ambitious schoolmen to attempt matters of the highest reach, the wonderful creation of the world, (which nothing but the almighty power that ordered it, can describe) is brought into mood and figure by the arrogance of philosophy but till I can believe that the vertigos of Cartesius,<sup><41></sup> or the atoms of Epicurus can determine the almighty fiat, they must give me leave to question the infallibility of their rules in respect of poetry.

Had Homer himself by the same inspiration that he writ his poem, left us any rules for such a performance, all the world must have owned it for authentic. But he was too much a poet to give rules to that, whose excellence he knew consisted in a free and unlimited flight of imagination, and to describe the spirit of poetry, which alone is the true art of poetry, he knew to be as impossible, as for human reason to teach the gift of prophecy by a definition.

Neither is Aristotle to be allowed any farther knowledge in dramatic than in epic poetry. Euripides, whom he seems to compliment by rules adapted to the model of his plays, was either his contemporary, or lived but a little before him. He was not insensible how much this author was the darling of the city, as appeared by the prodigious expense disbursed by the public for the ornament of his plays, and 'tis probable, he might take this opportunity of improving his interest with the people, indulging their inclination by refining upon the beauty of what they admired and besides all this, the severity of dramatic rage was so fresh in his memory in the hard usage that his brother *soph*<sup><42></sup> not long before met with upon the stage, that it was convenient to humour the reigning wit, lest a second Aristophanes should take him to task with as little mercy as poor Socrates found at the hands of the first.

I have talked so long to lay a foundation for these following conclusions, Aristotle was no poet, and consequently not capable of giving instructions in the art of poetry, his *Ars Poetica* are only some observations drawn from the works of Homer and Euripides, which may be mere accidents resulting casually from the composition of the works, and not any of the essential principles on which they are compiled. That without giving himself the trouble of searching into the nature of poetry, he has only

complimented the heroes of wit and valour of his age, by joining with them in their approbation, with this difference, that their applause was plain, and his more scholastic.

But to leave these only as suppositions to be relished by every man at his pleasure, I shall without complimenting any author, either ancient or modern, inquire into the first invention of comedy, what were the true designs and honest intentions of that art, and from a knowledge of the end, seek out the means, without one quotation of Aristotle, or authority of Euripides.

In all productions either divine or humane, the final cause is the first mover, because the end or intention of any rational action must first be considered, before the material or efficient causes are put in execution. Now to determine the final cause of comedy we must run back beyond the material and formal agents, and take it in its very infancy, or rather in the very first act of its generation, when its primary parent, by proposing such or such an end of his labour, laid down the first sketches or shadows of the piece. Now as all arts and sciences have their first rise from a final cause, so 'tis certain that they have grown from very small beginnings, and that the current of time has swelled 'em to such a bulk, that nobody, can find the fountain, by any proportion between the head and the body, this, with the corruption of time, which has debauched things from their primitive innocence, to selfish designs and purposes, renders it difficult to find the origin of any offspring so very unlike its parent.

This is not only the case of comedy, as it stands at present, but the condition also of the ancient theatres, when great men made shows of this nature a rising step to their ambition, mixing many lewd and lascivious representations to gain the favour of the populace, to whose taste and entertainment the plays were chiefly adopted. We must therefore go higher than either Aristophanes, or Menander, to discover comedy in its primitive institution, if we would draw any moral design of its invention to warrant and authorise its continuance.

I have already mentioned the difficulty of discovering the invention of any art in the different figure it makes by succession of improvements; but there is something in the nature of comedy, even in its present circumstances, that bears so great a resemblance to the philosophical mythology of the ancients, that old Æsop must wear the bays as the first and original author, and whatever alterations or improvements farther application may have subjoined, his fables gave the first rise and occasion.

Comedy is no more at present than a well-framed tale handsomely told, as an agreeable vehicle for counsel or reproof. This is all we can say for the credit of its institution; and is the stress of its charter for liberty and toleration. Then where should we seek for a foundation, but in Æsop's symbolical way of moralizing upon tales and fables, with this difference, that his stories were shorter than ours: he had his tyrant Lion, his statesman Fox, his beau Magpie, his coward Hare, his bravo Ass, and his buffoon Ape, with all the characters that crowd our stages every day, with this distinction nevertheless, that Æsop made his beasts speak good Greek, and our heroes sometimes can't talk English.

But whatever difference time has produced in the form, we must in our own defence stick to the end, and intention of his fables. *Utile dulci*<43> was his motto, and must be our business, we have no other defence against the presentment of the grand jury, and for aught I know it might prove a good means to mollify the rigour of

that persecution, to inform the inquisitors, that the great Æsop was the first inventor of these poor comedies that they are prosecuting with so much eagerness and fury, that the first laureate was as just, as prudent, as pious, as reforming, and as ugly as any of themselves. And that the beasts which are lugged upon the stage by the horns are not caught in the city, as they suppose, but brought out of Æsop's own forest. We should inform them besides, that those very tales and fables which they apprehend as obstacles to reformation, were the main instruments and machines used by the wise Æsop for its propagation, and as he would improve men by the policy of beasts, so we endeavour to reform brutes with the examples of men. Fondlewife<sup><44></sup> and his young spouse are no more than the eagle and cockle, he wanted teeth to break the shell himself, so somebody else run away with the meat,—the Fox in the play, is the same with the Fox in the fable, who stuffed his guts so full, that he could not get out at the same hole he came in; so both Reynards being delinquents alike, come to be trussed up together. Here are precepts, admonitions, and salutary innuendos for the ordering of our lives and conversations couched in these allegories and allusions. The wisdom of the ancients was wrapped up in veils and figures, the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the history of the heathen gods are nothing else; but if these pagan authorities give offence to their scrupulous consciences; let them but consult the tales and parables of our Saviour in holy writ, and they may find this way of instruction to be much more Christian than they imagine. Nathan's fable of the poor man's lamb had more influence on the conscience of David,<sup><45></sup> than any force of downright admonition. So that by ancient practice, and modern example, by the authority of pagans, Jews, and Christians, the world is furnished with this so sure, so pleasant, and expedient an art, of schooling mankind into better manners. Now here is the primary design of comedy, illustrated from its first institution, and the same end is equally alleged for its daily practice and continuance—then without all dispute, whatever means are most proper and expedient for compassing this end and intention, they must be the just rules of comedy, and the true art of the stage.

We must consider then, in the first place, that our business lies not with a French or a Spanish audience, that our design is not to hold forth to ancient Greece, nor to moralize upon the vices and defaults of the Roman commonwealth. No, no—an English play is intended for the use and instruction of an English audience, a people not only separated from the rest of the world by situation, but different also from other nations as well in the complexion and temperament of the natural body, as in the constitution of our body politic. As we are a mixture of many nations, so we have the most unaccountable medley of humours among us of any people upon earth, these humours produce variety of follies, some of 'em unknown to former ages, these new distempers must have new remedies, which are nothing but new counsels and instructions.

Now, sir, if our *utile*, which is the end, be different from the ancients, pray let our *dulce*, which is the means, be so too, for you know that to different towns there are different ways, or if you would have it more scholastically, *ad diversos fines non idem conducet medium*, or mathematically, one and the same line cannot terminate in two centres. But waiving this manner of concluding by induction, I shall gain my point a nearer way, and draw it immediately from the first principle I set down. *That we have the most unaccountable medley of humours among us of any nation upon earth*; and this is demonstrable from common experience: we shall find a Wildair<sup><46></sup> in one corner, and a Morose<sup><47></sup> in another, nay, the space of an hour or two shall create such vicissitudes of temper in the same person, that he can hardly

be taken for the same man. We shall have a fellow bestir his stumps from chocolate to coffee-house with all the joy and gaiety imaginable, though he want a shilling to pay for a hack; whilst another, drawn about in a coach and six, is eaten up with the spleen, and shall loll in state, with as much melancholy, vexation, and discontent, as if he were making the tour of Tyburn. Then what sort of a *dulce*, (which I take for the pleasantry of the tale, or the plot of the play) must a man make use of to engage the attention of so many different humours and inclinations. Will a single plot satisfy everybody? Will the turns and surprises that may result naturally from the ancient limits of time, be sufficient to rip open the spleen of some, and physic the melancholy of others, screw up the attention of a rover, and fix him to the stage, in spite of his volatile temper, and the temptation of a mask? To make the moral instructive, you must make the story diverting, the splenetic wit, the beau courtier, the heavy citizen, the fine lady, and her fine footman, come all to be instructed, and therefore must all be diverted; and he that can do this best, and with most applause, writes the best comedy, let him do it by what rules he pleases, so they be not offensive to religion, and good manners.

But *hic labor, hoc opus*,<sup><48></sup> how must this secret of pleasing so many different tastes be discovered? Not by tumbling over volumes of the ancients, but by studying the humour of the moderns. The rules of English Comedy don't lie in the compass of Aristotle, or his followers, but in the pit, box, and galleries. And to examine into the humour of an English audience, let us see by what means our own English poets have succeeded in this point. To determine a suit at law we don't look into the archives of Greece or Rome, but inspect the reports of our own lawyers, and the acts and statutes of our parliaments, and by the same rule we have nothing to do with the models of Menander or Plautus, but must consult Shakespeare, Johnson, Fletcher, and others, who by methods much different from the ancients, have supported the English stage, and made themselves famous to posterity. We shall find that these gentlemen have fairly dispensed with the greatest part of critical formalities, the decorums of time and place, so much cried up of late, had no force of decorum with them, the economy of their plays was *ad libitum*, and the extent of their plots only limited by the convenience of action. I would willingly understand the regularities of Hamlet, Macbeth, Harry the Fourth, and of Fletcher's plays, and yet these have long been the darlings of the English audience, and are like to continue with the same applause, in defiance of all the criticisms that ever were published in Greek and Latin.

But are here no rules, no decorums to be observed in comedy? Must we make the condition of the English stage a state of anarchy? No, sir—For there are extremes in irregularity, as dangerous to an author, as too scrupulous a deference to criticism, and as I have given you an instance of one; so I shall present you an example of the other.

There are a sort of gentlemen that have had the jaunty education of dancing, French, and a fiddle, who coming to age before they arrive at years of discretion, make a shift to spend a handsome patrimony of two or three thousand pound, by soaking in the tavern all night, lolling a-bed all the morning, and sauntering away all the evening between the two play-houses with their hands in their pockets. You shall have a gentleman of this size upon his knowledge of Covent Garden, and a knack of witticising in his cups, set up immediately for a playwright. But besides the gentleman's wit and experience, here is another motive: there are a parcel of saucy

impudent fellows about the playhouse, called doorkeepers, that can't let a gentleman see a play in peace, without jogging, and nudging him every minute sir, will you please to pay—Sir, the act's done, will you please to pay, sir. I have broke their heads all round two or three times, yet the puppies will be troublesome. Before gad, I'll be plagued with 'em no longer, I'll e'en write a play myself, by which means, my character of wit shall be established, I shall enjoy the freedom of the house, and to pin up the basket, pretty Miss — shall have the profits of my third night for her maidenhead. Thus we see, what a great blessing is a coming girl to a play-house. Here is a poet sprung from the tail of an actress, like Minerva from Jupiter's head. But my spark proceeds—my own intrigues are sufficient to found the plot, and the Devil's in't, if I can't make my character talk as wittily as those in *The Trip to the Jubilee*<49>—but stay—what shall I call it first? Let me see—*The Rival Theatres*<50>—very good, by gad, because I reckon the two houses will have a contest about this very play—thus having found a name for his play, in the next place he makes a play to his name, and thus he begins.

**Act I. Scene: Covent Garden.**

*Enter Portico, Piazza and Turnstile.*

Here you must note, that Portico being a compound of practical rake, and speculative gentleman, is ten to one, the author's own character, and the leading card in the pack. Piazza is his mistress, who lives in the square, and is daughter to old Pillariso, an odd out-o'the-way gentleman, something between the character of Alexander the Great, and Solon, which must please, because it is new.

Turnstile is maid and confidant to Piazza, who for a bribe of ten pieces, lets Portico in at the back door; so the first act concludes.

In the second enter Spigotoso, who was butler perhaps to the Czar of Muscovy, and Fossetana his wife; after these characters are run dry, he brings you in at the third act, Whinewell, and Charmarillis for a scene of love to please the ladies; and so he goes on without fear or wit, till he comes to a marriage or two, and then he writes—Finis.

'Tis then whispered among his friends at Will's and Hippolito's, that Mr. Such a one has writ a very pretty comedy, and some of 'em to encourage the young author, equip him presently with prologue and epilogue, then the play is sent to Mr. Rich<27> or Mr. Betterton<51> in a fair legible hand, with the recommendation of some gentleman that passes for a man of parts, and a critic, in short, the gentleman's interest has the play acted, and the gentleman's interest makes a present to pretty Miss — she's made his whore, and the stage his cully, that for the loss of a month in rehearsing, and a hundred pound in dressing a confounded play, must give the liberty of the house to him and his friends for ever after.

Now such a play may be written with all the exactness imaginable in respect of unity in time and place, but if you inquire its character of any person, though of the meanest understanding of the whole audience, he will tell you 'tis intolerable stuff, and upon your demanding his reasons, his answer is, *I don't like it*. His humour is the only rule that he can judge a comedy by, but you find that mere nature is offended with some irregularities; and though he be not so learned in the drama, to give you an inventory of the faults, yet I can tell you, that one part of the plot had no dependence upon another, which made this simple man drop his attention and concern for the event, and so disengaging his thoughts from the business of the action, he sat there

very uneasy, thought the time very tedious, because he had nothing to do. The characters were so uncoherent in themselves, and composed of such variety of absurdities, that in his knowledge of nature he could find no original for such a copy, and being therefore unacquainted with any folly they reprov'd, or any virtue that they recommended, their business was as flat and tiresome to him, as if the actors had talked Arabic.

Now these are the material irregularities of a play, and these are the faults, which downright mother-sense can censure and be offended at, as much as the most learned critic in the pit. And although the one cannot give me the reasons of his approbation or dislike, yet I will take his word for the credit or disrepute of a comedy, sooner perhaps than the opinion, of some virtuosos, for there are some gentlemen that have fortified their spleen so impregnably with criticism, and hold out so stiffly against all attacks of pleasantry, that the most powerful efforts of wit and humour cannot make the least impression. What a misfortune is it to these gentlemen to be natives of such an ignorant, self-willed, impertinent island, where let a critic and a scholar find never so many irregularities in a play, yet five hundred saucy people will give him the lie to his face, and come to see this wicked play forty or fifty times in a year. But this *vox populi* is the devil, though in a place of more authority than Aristotle, it is called *vox dei*.<52> here is a play with a vengeance, (says a critic) to bring the transaction of a year's time into the compass of three hours, to carry the whole audience with him from one kingdom to another, by the changing of a scene: where's the probability, nay, the possibility of all this, the Devil's in the poet sure, he don't think to put contradictions upon us.

Look'ee, sir, don't be in a passion, the poet does not impose contradictions upon you, because he has told you no lie, for that only is a lie which is related with some fallacious intention that you should believe it for a truth, now the poet expects no more that you should believe the plot of his play, than old Æsop designed the world should think his Eagle and Lion talked like you and I; which I think was every jot as improbable, as what you quarrel with, and yet the fables took, and I'll be hanged if you yourself don't like 'em. But besides, sir, if you are so inveterate against improbabilities, you must never come near the play-house at all, for there are several improbabilities, nay, impossibilities, that all the criticisms in nature cannot correct, as for instance, in the part of Alexander the Great, to be affected with the transactions of the play, we must suppose that we see that great conqueror, after all his triumphs, shunned by the woman he loves, and importuned by her he hates, crossed in his cups and jollity by his own subjects, and at last miserably ending his life in a raging madness, we must suppose that we see the very Alexander, the son of Philip, in all these unhappy circumstances, else we are not touched by the moral, which represents to us the uneasiness of humane life in the greatest state, and the instability of fortune in respect of worldly pomp. Yet the whole audience at the same time knows that this is Mr. Betterton, who is strutting upon the stage, and tearing his lungs for a livelihood. And that the same person should be Mr. Betterton, and Alexander the Great, at the same time, is somewhat like an impossibility, in my mind yet you must grant this impossibility in spite of your teeth, if you han't power to raise the old hero from the grave to act his own part.

Now for another impossibility, the less rigid critics allow to a comedy the space of an artificial day, or twenty-four hours, but those of the thorough reformation, will confine it to the natural or solar day, which is but half the time. Now admitting

## Love and Business

this for a decorum absolutely requisite: this play begins when it is exactly six by your watch, and ends precisely at nine, which is the usual time of the representation. Now is it feasible in *rerum natura*,<sup><53></sup> that the same space or extent of time can be three hours, by your watch, and twelve hours upon the stage, admitting the same number of minutes, or the same measure of sand to both. I'm afraid, sir, you must allow this for an impossibility too; and you may with as much reason allow the play the extent of a whole year, and if you grant me a year, you may give me seven, and so to a thousand. For that a thousand years should come within the compass of three hours is no more an impossibility, than that two minutes should be contained in one. *Nullum minus continet in se maius*,<sup><54></sup> is equally applicable to both.

So much for the decorum of time, now for the regularity of place. I might make the one a consequence of t'other, and allege, that by allowing me any extent of time, you must grant me any change of place; for the one depends upon t'other, and having five or six years for the action of a play, I may travel from Constantinople to Denmark, so to France, and home to England, and rest long enough in each country besides: but you'll say, how can you carry us with you? Very easily, sir, if you be willing to go. As for example. Here is a new play, the house is thronged, the prologue's spoken, and the curtain drawn represents you the scene of Grand Cairo. Whereabouts are you now, sir? Were not you the very minute before in the pit in the English play-house talking to a wench, and now *Presto*, you are spirited away to the banks of the River Nile. Surely, sir, this is a most intolerable improbability, yet this you must allow me, or else you destroy the very constitution of representation. Then in the second act, with a flourish of the fiddles, I change the scene to Astrakhan. *O this is intolerable!* Look'ee sir, 'tis not a jot more intolerable than the other, for you'll find that 'tis much about the same distance between Egypt and Astrakhan, as it is between Drury Lane and Grand Cairo; and if you please to let your fancy take post, it will perform the journey in the same moment of time, without any disturbance in the world to your person. You can follow Quintus Curtius all over Asia in the train of Alexander, and trudge after Hannibal like a cadet through all Italy, Spain, and Africa, in the space of four or five hours, yet the devil a one of you will stir a step over the threshold for the best poet in Christendom, though he make it his business to make heroes more amiable, and to surprise you with more wonderful accidents and events.

I am as little a friend to those rambling plays as anybody, nor have I ever espoused their party by my own practice, yet I could not forbear saying something in vindication of the great Shakespeare, whom every little fellow that can form an *Aristus primus* will presume to condemn for indecorums and absurdities; sparks that are so spruce upon their Greek and Latin, that, like our fops in travel, they can relish nothing but what is foreign, to let the world know, they have been abroad forsooth: but it must be so, because Aristotle said it, now I say it must be otherwise because Shakespeare said it, and I'm sure that Shakespeare was the greater poet of the two. But you'll say that Aristotle was the greater critic—that's a mistake, sir, for criticism in poetry, is no more than judgment in poetry; which you will find in your lexicon. Now if Shakespeare was the better poet, he must have the most judgment in his art; for everybody knows, that judgment is an essential part of poetry, and without it no writer is worth a farthing. But to stoop to the authority of either, without consulting the reason of the consequence, is an abuse to a man's understanding, and neither the precept of the philosopher, nor example of the poet, should go down with me, without examining the weight of their assertions. We can expect no more decorum or regularity in any business, than the nature of the thing will bear, now if the stage

George Farquhar

cannot subsist without the strength of supposition, and force of fancy in the audience, why should a poet fetter the business of his plot, and starve his action, for the nicety of an hour, or the change of a scene, since the thought of man can fly over a thousand years with the same ease, and in the same instant of time, that your eye glances from the figure of six, to seven, on the dial-plate, and can glide from the Cape of Good Hope to the Bay of St Nicholas, which is quite across the world, with the same quickness and activity, as between Covent Garden church, and Will's coffee-house. Then I must beg of these gentlemen to let our old English authors alone—if they have left vice unpunished, virtue unrewarded, folly unexposed, or prudence unsuccessful, the contrary of which is the *utile* of comedy, let them be lashed to some purpose. If any part of their plots have been independent of the rest, or any of their characters forced or unnatural, which destroys the *Dulce* of plays, let them be hissed off the stage. But if by a true decorum in these material points, they have writ successfully, and answered the end of dramatic poetry in every respect, let them rest in peace, and their memories enjoy the encomiums due to their merit, without any reflection for waiving those niceties, which are neither instructive to the world, nor diverting to mankind; but are like all the rest of critical learning, fit only to set people together by the ears in ridiculous controversies, that are not one jot material to the good of the public, whether they be true or false.

And thus you see, sir, I have concluded a very unnecessary piece of work, which is much too long, if you don't like it, but let it happen anyway, be assured, that I intended to please you, which should partly excuse,

Sir,  
Your most humble servant.

**Finis**

## Notes

1. *En Orenge il n'y a point d'oranges*: "In Orange (a city in France) there are no oranges."
2. *Pietas, prudentia, &c.*: "Piety, prudence, virtue, divided among others, they were joined in Chaloner." William Cecil, 1st Baron Burghley, *In memoriam Thomas Chaloner*, l. 31-2. Sir Thomas Chaloner (1521–1565) was an English statesman and poet, ancestor of the Edmond Chaloner to whom this book is dedicated.
3. As in previous note, except ". . . they *remain* joined in Chaloner."
4. *Nam quamvis, &c.*: "For although he read very much and widely, he did so for the love of truth and learning and not to show off his erudition."
5. *De Republica Anglorum instauranda*: "*Of the institution of the English Realm*," a posthumously published work in Latin verse by Thomas Chaloner.
6. *Israel's hero*: Sampson. See *Judges* Ch. 13-16.
7. *Sorrow may last for a night, but joy cometh in the morning*: *Psalms*, 30:5.
8. *Track-scout*: A kind of canal boat drawn by horses.
9. *Philip's conquering son*: Alexander the Great.
10. *Mort-dieu*: "God's death."
11. *The late queen*: Mary II, d. 1692. Survived by her husband, William of Orange.
12. *Prince Prettyman*: A character in *The Rehearsal*, a satirical play by George Villiers, first staged on December 7, 1671.
13. *Nemine contradicente*: "No-one disagreeing."
14. *Wittol*: A husband who knows and tolerates his wife's adulteries, also the name of a character in *The Old Bachelor* by Joseph Congreve, 1693.
15. *Dorimant*: The name of a notorious libertine and man-about-town in *The Man of Mode*, a play by George Etherege, 1676.
16. *Noll*: Nickname of Oliver Cromwell, who deposed and beheaded King Charles I, and ruled Britain for a decade after.
17. Sir Francis Drake sailed around the world in 1577-80.
18. *Drawer*: A tavern waiter.
19. *Sacharissa . . . Waller*: Edmund Waller, (1606 – 1687) wrote a number of poems addressed to "Sacharissa", his name for Dorothy Sidney, with whom he was in love, but who rejected him and married another man.
20. *The treaty*: See *Genesis* 9:11-17.
21. *Garde-du-corps*: Bodyguard.
22. *Quæ genus*: Literally "of what kind." A tag used to classify the declension of Latin nouns, encountered at the very beginning of learning the language.
23. *Cits*: Tradesmen, shop-keepers, and similar townspeople of a social rank between the common masses, and the landed gentry and professionals.
24. *Square cap*: A university graduate.

25. *Vossius*: Name of a large family of Dutch scholars; probably Isaac (1618-1689) author of *De poematum cantu et viribus rhythmi* ("On the Music of Poetry and Power of Rhythm"). *Heinsius*: Dutch scholar (1580-1655), author of *De tragica constitutione* ("How to make a tragedy"). *Hedelin*: François Hédelin (1604-1676,) French priest and playwright, author of several plays and *Pratique du theatre*, a theoretical examination of the drama. *Rapin*: René Rapin (1621–1687) French Jesuit, author of several works of criticism of classical writers.
26. The analogy here is to a mountebank's show, at the end of which packets of quack medicine are sold.
27. *Mr. Rich*: Christopher Rich, owner and manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre, and father of John Rich, producer of *The Beggar's Opera*.
28. *Bellarmino*: Cardinal Robert Bellarmine (1542–1621), leading theologian of the counter-reformation.
29. *Ipse dixit*: The fallacy of defending a proposition by baldly asserting that it is "just how it is", without any other evidence or argument.
30. *Hicks Hall*: The magistrate's court for Middlesex and Westminster.
31. *Areopagus*: A place in Athens, and the court which sat there to try serious crimes.
32. *Solon*: 7th/6th Century BC Athenian orator and lawmaker, credited with codifying the laws and constitution of Athens.
33. *Coke*: Sir Edward Coke (1552 – 1634) English barrister, judge, and politician, author of *Coke upon Littleton* and other legal textbooks long regarded as an authoritative interpretation of English common law.
34. *Cynic*: A follower of the philosopher Diogenes, who rejected striving for power, wealth and comfort, living a simple natural life instead.
35. *Petitio principii*: The logical fallacy of assuming what is to be proved.
36. *Ratiocinatio Oratoris*: The reasoning or logic of oratory. *Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum*, "Rhetorical ornaments and figures of speech." *Autoritas Patrum Ecclesiae*: "The authority of the fathers of the Church."
37. *Royal Sovereign*: The name of several ships of the British Navy. The one referred to was a line-of-battle ship of 100 guns, being built at Woolwich dockyard when this was written, and launched in 1701.
38. *Apud omnes gentes*: "Among all peoples."
39. *Stagirite*: A person from Stagira, a Greek city: Aristotle was the most famous of these.
40. *Prince Arthur: An Heroic Poem in Ten Books* by Sir Richard Blackmore, 1695. See <http://spenserians.cath.vt.edu/TextRecord.php?action=GET&textsid=33708>
41. *Cartesius*: René Descartes.
42. *His brother soph*: (*soph* = sophist, a philosopher) This refers to Socrates, who was lampooned by Aristophanes in his play *The Clouds*.
43. *Utile dulci*: "Useful and sweet things"

## Love and Business

44. *Fondlewife*: A character in *The Old Bachelor* by Joseph Congreve, first performed 1693.
45. *Nathan's fable*: See 2 Samuel 12:1-4.
46. *Wildair*: a character in the plays *The Constant Couple* and *Sir Harry Wildair* by George Farquhar himself.
47. *Morose*: a character in the play *Epicene, or The Silent Woman*, by Ben Jonson.
48. *Hic labor, hoc opus*: "This is the work, this is the task" i.e this is the job before us.
49. *The Trip to the Jubilee*: or *The Constant Couple*, a play by Farquhar himself.
50. *The Rival Theatres*: A play by George Stalley, a farce about the antagonism of the two main Dublin theatres, Smock Alley and Crow St.
51. *Betterton*: Thomas Patrick Betterton (1635 – 1710), manager of the Drury Lane Theatre and the leading London actor of the first decade of the 18<sup>th</sup> Century.
52. *Vox populi, vox dei*: "The voice of the people is the voice of God."
53. *Rerum natura*: "The nature of things."
54. *Nullum minus continet in se magus*: "The smaller thing cannot contain the greater."

**THE END**