Don SANCHO: 
OR, THE 
STUDENTS WHIM,
A Ballad OPERA of Two ACTS,
WITH 
Minerva's Triumph, 
A 
MASQUE.

By ELIZ. BOYD.

To every erring Weakness a prompt Slave
All know to damn, but oh, how few to save; 
To those——
Th' impartial few our Cause we trust,
Th' unbiass'd Advocate is ever just.

LONDON,
Printed by G. Parker, at the Star in Salisbury-
Court, and sold by C. Corbet at Addison's Head
over-against St. Dunstan's Church Fleet-Street,
and the Booksellers of London and Westminster,
1739.
To the Right Honourable

Lord North and Guilford.

My Lord,

HE Learned Don T Sancho throws himself humbly at your Lordship's Feet, where you'll be pleas'd to observe the sacred Manes of the inimitable Shakespeare and Dryden, again revisiting our lower Sphere, charm'd from their blissful Ease by Magick Force, to solve the Scruples of our bright Collegians, whose humourous Curiosity will, its Author's flatters herself, possibly give Birth to Entertain-
DEDICATION.

ments more polite, on so copious a subject; and although at present reduc'd by an unskilful Hand to a meer rude ill-modell'd Farce, will, doubtless, find some few Friends among the Great and Worthy, to merit whose Smile, and in particular that of the judicious Lord North's, is the higheft Ambition of the well-meaning Authores,

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most obedient,

humble Servant,

Eliz. Boyd.
PROLOGUE

By the AUTHOR

Address'd to ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

BY Illness barr'd, a Theatre's Applause.
Where Toils of Love or State the Great unbend,
Loit to the babbling Croud, the social Friend;
Where by the letter'd Youth the Man of Taste
We hope to see, the Bard of Merit grac'd;
Shakespeare this once solicits to be heard,
Dryden by Sancho begs you won't be scar'd,
Or, at an Apparition, change a Beard.
Tho' small our Hopes, and smaller still our Merits
We've many Precedents of lucky Spirits.

But where, oh where shall we a Critick gain!
A Friend sincere of the all-hallow'd Strain,
Who frankly will his Sentiments declare,
Or make an untold Female Toy his Care;
Great Faults revise, and little Errors spare.

Of thee, great Pope, the Nation's darling Theme
We beg Perusal of this Medley-Whim;
Thee, Judge sublime, its Advocate we chuse,
For who can correct or to excuse;
Thee Homer, where all humane Virtues dwell,
To our brave Patron soj't each Failure tell,
Breath, oh Mecenas, 'twas intended well.

Tho' Chaos-born, the Mimick was design'd
As Fortune hum'rous, and as Fancy kind;
Where mingling sportive Ideas claim a Place,
And every jarring Atom apes a Grace;
Nor Shakespeare's Friend or Foe the Drama form'd
As a New Whim, it aim'd to be perform'd,
 PROLOGUE.

No Party Spleen compos'd the Windmill Farce, A meer Amusement, see the Comick Verse; Alike unprejudic'd by Fear or Favour, The Trifle trusted to its good Behaviour To gain, if it might be, a wav'ring Town That likes one Day, what it the next puts down, \\
Now oft the Meritorious meet her Brown.

So looth with Syren Tale the noble Youth, See how his Ear hangs on the well-fung Truth; How affable the God-like NORTH appears, How frank his Country, and his Prince indears; Like Heaven, when emulous to save his Smile, Speaks all that's Great and Good, Pride of our Isle, So modest Truth offends, cease this Address, The Muse he cries, and her vow'd Vot'ry blest; The grateful Muse-encaptur'd chants his Praise, The undervailing crown'd with lasting Bay's So the low shrub, altho' despis'd and mean, Ever'd by the Sun, is ever gay and green.
EPilogue

By the AuthOR

Design'd to be spoke by Joe Curious, who
going off the Stage, starts suddenly back.

Ha, where's my Paper-Skull, I'd clean forgot;
To speak the Epilogue must be my Lot.
Ladies be warn'd, never encourage Sprites,
They'll haunt your Wits of Days, your Dreams
(of Nights;
As for the Beaux, those very pretty Creatures,
Were they Ghoft-hagg'd, and, how 'twould spoil
their Features;
Look how I stare, you see they almost craiz'd me,
I would have slept, but some arch Devil rais'd me.
The Authoress too, the very worst of Spirits,
Cries Sawce, don't hum and ha, but praise my
(Merits;

But she may do't herself for honest Joe,
Lying's so base, I'll drop the Job and go.
Odfugs she's here! gad I must bid you clap,
Or I shall get a moft confounded Rap,
(Here Joe runs to the Door and screams out.

Oh Mercy! Oh my Ears you heard the Slap!
Make a Noise somewhere, good Somebody clap;
For though it's a meer Whim, and Nothing in't,
It will be curious when it's first in Print:
So was Eve's Apple, e'er it had been tasted,
But once grown common, all its Vittue wasted.
Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Lovewit, Jack Taste, Joe Curious, Oxford Students.

Don Sancho, A reduc'd Nobleman highly esteem'd by the University for his great Learning and Piety, supported by a voluntary Contribution of the Collegians.

Don Sancho's good and bad Genius.
Shakespeare and Dryden's Ghosts.
Aetherial Spirits, Lilliputians.

Actors in the Masque.

Minerva, Apollo, Mercury,

Priests and Priestesses of Minerva.
Attending Gods and Goddesses, Lilliputians.

Scene Oxford:
The University Garden, and Minerva's Temple.
A PROLOGUE

By the AUTHOR,

To be spoke by Two PLAYERS.

The first Player suppos'd to enter with the Copy of the Play.

1st Player The Manuscript return'd, Ha! where's the fault,
2nd Player Charges — the Season's late, and Hell knows what;
1st Player The Whim was late, but prithee say — Gorda, Pays'd it the Green Room, did it hit their Vein?
2nd Player Oh wondrously — but Benefits you know,
The Poets Ghosts too,
1st Player Clench'd the fatal blow.
That I foresaw — was there no other Clause,
2nd Player None I could learn; 'twas voted worth Applause;
1st Player The House had enter'd it, but for that Reason,
2nd Player They had; have patience till another Season.
When rich vein'd Earth rob'd of immortal stone.
Sees England's pride, beneath the Artist Groan,
Then, whiles half form'd the beauteous Embrio glows,
It would be just to say — thus Shakespeare rose.

1st Player Bet'f so — were I the Authors, I'd Print,
It may be Play'd — in faith I'll give the Hint
Or Ours by then, each jugling Pantomime,
Will fitch the Tale, and Muliacre the Rhime,
The House perus'd, and may indulge the Crime
PROLOGUE.

Say it's approv'd, it stands a fairer Chance
Then Covert Scenes, that dread the Days keen Glance.

2d Player Print an unstaid Opera, for what,
To damn the Copy, and expose the Plot:
Oblige some Pyrate, with a Virgin prize,
Poets, tho' rarely Rich, are sometimes Wise:

1st Player True genuine Births, are from Impostors known,
As rightful Heirs from those who stow a Throne;
Base, mingled Metals, but degrade the Mine,
Whilst purer Ore, strikes Lustre all Divine:
It shall be so, let Critics do their worst,
The Victor's he, that runs the Circuit first;
Are Cruizers bold: His Grace (without Black Art,
Swiftly make, Don Sancho's Murderers smart).

2d Player Well argued Jack; thou'rt a brave Friend, in sooth,
These are School Maxims Boy—but to the proof,
Suppose it Play'd and Damn'd, how say you then,
Fortunes a Jilt, and hath deceiv'd brave Men.

1st Player I'd say it were Prejudice, meer party
Spleen.—(Exit in a Heat)
Soh, Quixote mad, He's Scull'd behind the Scene
Looking after him.

Second Player Sola.

2d Player Say shall meer ballad Farce, assume a Forso,
To shake the Dome; and make the Actor Hoarse;
Whilest *letter'd Buskin, Laws severe Divorce
(Where truths Historic, see the Nero Blazo.)
The long Depress'd, his Suffering Country praise;
To Glory wak'd, the nobler stripling Fire,
And reute the bearded Boy, to shame his Sire;

Re-enter First Player hastily

1st Player Gods! are you mad, they'll practise strait the Masque,
What properties are ready —— to your Task;

2d Player 'S Death, I'd forget, bold, what is it to be,
Ob Mars and Venus; gad I'll in and see. (Exit
First Player alone.

1st Player I've clean mislaid, young Cupids Bow and Dart,
Lad's your Aid, or we shant win a Heart;
Be just, be Kind, there's Mercy in those Eyes,
Minerass Triumph, be the Fair Ones Prize;
Whose Magick Charms, controul the learned Sage,
(Forget the Errors of the Female Page)
And once again, bid Shakespear bless the Stage;
PROCLOGUE.

Soul-Soothing Shade, rouz'd by a Woman's Pen,
To Check the impious Rage of lawless Men:
Whose curious, clamours, bold Enquiries ceas'd,
The happy Genii's see, are swift releas'd.

* Letter'd Bushkin; Laws severe divorce) alluding
to the late proscribed Tragedies of Edward and Eleanor
and Gustavus Vasa

(Female Page); the Title of a Novel of the Author,
some part of which being very Erroneous; we promise to
revise carefully, with the first Opportunity.
ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Chetwood, the ingenious Prompter of Drury-Lane Theatre, being spoke to by a Friend of the Authors, having been so very good, as to introduce Don Sancho, to a hearing in the Green Room, where doubtless it was owing to the good will of so fine and impartial a judge, that it was so kindly approved of, as to be acknowledged worthy the Town's applause, the Farce being allowed (even by the Players) to be just enough to countervail the Charges of the Theatre, had the Seal on been earlier, and Benefits not so thick, a failing, that was purely owing to the Authors want of Health. But I am running my Advertisement to an undesigned length, which was only intended to thank the Prompter, and hereby to assure him of the heartiest good wishes of the Author.

E. Boyd.

ERRATA,

Don SANCHO:
OR, THE
STUDENTS WHIM.

ACT I. A Night SCENE.
The University Garden.

Enter Lord Lovewit singing, followed by Jack Taste, with Books.

AIR I.

Lovewit. FOR Liberty the Soldier fights,
For Liberty the Poet writes,
But he that's in Search of true Knowledge,
Must hum like a Drone,
Few pity his Mian,

Chorus. Confin'd to the Walls of a College,
Confin'd to the Walls of a College.

Love. We've made a lucky Scape this Bout, but the Books Jack, hug them close, closer yet, your Cow's largest, or they'd ne'er troubled you; how I dread being pured.
Don SANCHE: Or, fued after for this unfeasonable Elopement, and drove back unsatisfied; you know what a stern Son of a Dog our Tutor is, how didn’t deceive him Subility?

Taffe. Oh bravely, my Lord. I sent him a sham Message to meet an old Usurer about his Sons Education at College-Arms.

Love. Ha, Widow Welathy’s, well done my Boy, the old Usurer and his Son may e’en go to Hell, for our sanctified Domine, so long as he plays at Back-Gammon there.

Taffe. It’s a pleasant Scene to see how zealously he worships the Widow’s Patrimony, but where’s this Loaferer Joe? The Folio he’s to secure us, contains Lucifer’s choice!’t Secrets, and I’m impatient to see these venerable Shades

Love. Shakespeare methinks, must cut a very odd Figure after upwards of a hundred and thirty Years Repose; Dryden’s Aspic will doubtless be more moderniz’d; damn this Idle Cur Joe, where is he?

Here Enter to them, Joe Curious, inging in a large Book in a Bag as tired, speaks over-bearing Taffe’s last Words.

Joe. At Hand, quothe Sauny, and kick’d Squire’s Elbow. Joe’s as impatient as your-selves Gentlemen, to get acquainted with the Devil’s of Wit, but I’ve had an intolerable Job yonder, to accomplish my Booty, and a damn’d heavy Luggage it is; I was
The Students Whim. was in Hopes Lord Lovewit would have been so good as to've met me and ca'd me, if Jack Taste had been too lazy.

Here Joe throws down the Book and seis out, Lovewit and Taste laughing aloud.

Love. Ha, ha, ha, ah poor Joe Curries, how fatigued he looks.

So Caesar in a Stormy Night Lying, and quite forgot to fight.

But your Troubles By your Troubles.

Joe. Ah, my Lord, they were cruel Ben-abas, perfect Giant, I had n'other made the under Library-keeper drunk to say Will, and secured him and the Keys (So I looked him in the inner Library safe as a storing Pig) but in comes his Master and our head Proctor to search the Library for some Moth-eaten Fragment of a super-annuated Chronicle relating to King John; I wish'd King John at King Belzebub's.

Taste. But how?

Joe. Patience, good Squire Taste. Why, as Luck would have it, Lord Beautiful, Shake-speare's head Benefactor and your good Father, my dear Lord Lovewit, sent a Lacquey just in the Interim, to desire their Company at the University Tavern.

Love. Ha, my Father in Town, we shall be caught a non in our Mid-night Roguery; 'twas a lucky Messenger Joe.
4. Don SANCHO: Or,

Joe. They lost not a Moment you may judge to obey the kind Summons, and your humble Servant as little to improve the Opportunity, I being concealed the while by Lord Careless's Good nature (though Tuck chec'd to be absent in his Study) but oh, how welcome was the kind Reprieve!

Joe  Sings.

AIR II.
The General in alying Siege,
While every Death affright,
At the first small Plague reliev'd,
Feels such extreme Delight.

II.
Ravish'd with Conqu'ry's glorious Charms,
His Sorrows are no more,
Victorious, tho' he fell in Arms,
And wait him to the shore.

Joe. But this same Shakespeare, my Lord, what was he?

Love. Why a Scribler, you Dog, a Writer for the Stage, a Rarify you Rogue, a Rarity, the Wonder of the Age he liv'd in; half been at School thus long Novice, to know nothing?

Joe. Your Pardon, Sirs, your Pardon; we poor Boys on the Charity-Lift you know are but meer Ignoramiotes, but here's Somebody they call Dryden, a Poet of later Days, it seems, to be immortaliz'd with him.

Table. Aye, poor Jack Dryden, after being starv'd to Death and buried by the Parish, is grown a famous Fellow, brave Encourage-
ment for modern Poets, can take up the Trade for.

Joe. Nay, I'm quite as rich, and almost as naked as the rest of them; but pray Squire Taste, who's this reduc'd Baron, thus from Sachlo, who's to be our Deluge to these I fear'd?

Taste. Not so, Squire, Sachlo's a Noblman of real Merit, and only weas that Name for a Duquile since Tomes's Brown reduc'd him to our Passion, you've doubtl't heard of generous Baron Stortby.

Joe. He, worthy, the reduc'd Baron, it hold by Patty Spoke and Countless County, I've heard much of his Study and Learning, and daily have observed the kite on it gains him.

Love, O, he's a Man to loved and to d love to hear him talk to hear an Angel preach: when first we begg'd him to alarm the Spirits, how awful, yet how mild was he Retold he told us it was impious and profane to wake the sleeping Dead, and urge Heaven's Rake.

Taste. Yet over-power'd by hungry preffing Went (how sad it is when Poverty chumps Meat) the tempting Gold prevail'd, and he at all unwilling gave Assent, and trembling bid us bring the fatal Books.

Joe. Joe's truly glad on't, for though we can't say much in its Defence, all Flesh is curious, and would gladly know how after

Beings
6 Don Sancho: Or,

Being relish modern Worlds, how wears the Night, my Lord, we meet at Twelve.

Love. My Watch (looking on his Watch) wants just ten Minutes of the Time, and see, the Moon’s eclips’d as though she fear’d us, where are the Lanthorns Joe?

Joe. At hand, my Lord, all Things are ready for the solemn Moment.

Table. Methought I saw Don Sancho pass but now from the far Side of yonder thick gloom’d Grove.

Love. Let’s lodge our little Library strait and follow. [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II.


Don Sancho discover’d alone in a Night-gown, after some Time he comes forward slowly, and speaks.

San. Now fared Shakes, revisit loathly Launces, Ad to the longing Ear of curious Min Unseeom’d buck’d up Truths, and Mysteries choice, Imoient we mind the Thine attend, H what the Ideis of the Blest agree With our fore-knowledge of a future State—Ha, (flams,—What are we doing? Where does Interest drive? Will fathom’d dead ska ef ear make us just, Or yam’s Thought a salved add to Blis? Can a fin Fenas be lawful? Horrid Thought!—Away It shan’t be—What War with Heaven.---

Sancho
Sancho repeats the two last Lines in a visible Disorder, and pausing, stands fix'd in a melancholy posture, when suddenly a Voice in the Air sings the following Stanza to a soft Symphony, which rouses Sancho from his Muse, who seems surpriz'd and attentive.

AIR III.

Tim'rous Mortal, fear no ill,
With its Thirst is Heaven's Will;
So the Learned's Scruple's ease'd,
Nought's unlawful that is just:
Churn the shades, and be at Rest.

Tim'rous Mortal, &c. (Musick ceases.

Sancho. What Voice was that? It seem'd our better Genii;
Twas friendly Counsel, by we follow it,
What we esteem a Fault is only such;
The solemn Hour draws on our Vow is past,
1. Curiosity's a Sin unpardon'd,
Or, to enlarge, our Faculties a Crime,
Forgive us high Supreme, then are we guilty,
So Saints have err'd, and heaven-born Seraphs sing.

[Exit Sancho, Scene continued.]

Here Sancho's Evil Genii rises to harsh Musick, his Good Genii meets it half-way descended to a softer Sound, the two Genii's sing the following Dialogue to a mixed Symphony.

AIR IV.

Evil Genii. He's gone to consummate the Deed,
Say, oh say, shall Sancho bleed.

Good
Don SANCHO: Or,

Good Genii. Pity 'twere his Blood to spill,
    The Sage Mortal meant no Ill.
Evil Genii. For Example he shou'd smart,
    Purrit encourage the Black Art;
    Or our Youth will all be tainted,
    And the very Devil Sainted.
Good Genii. We this once plead his Excuse,
    Punish for the next Abuse.

Here the Good Genii flies up, and the Evil
Genii sinks, Scene shuts.

End of the First ACT.
ACT II.

SCENE, A dark close Arbor.

Don Sancho discover'd kneeling by a Bank of Turf, a Book in his Hand which he seems earnestly perusing; behind Sancho, Joe's discover'd as attending him, with a lighted Torch in his Hand; Lovewit and Taste at a little Distance with Dark Lanthorns in their Hands; several Books open before Sancho, who ever and anon wipes his Face with a Hankerchief he holds, as tho' he sweat with inward Agony.

Taste. If the Devil loves Darkness, I think we've fitted him Georgy, when Joe's Torch goes out, as I presume it will at his cloven-footed Majesty's Appearance, let's even smother our Lanthorns and fee, as subtile as Lucifer is, if we can't deceive him for once.

Love. Soft, Jack, observe how the good Sancho toils, what agonizing Sweats bedew his Brow.

[Here Sancho rises and comes forward. San. See, noble Sirs, what Sancho bears to serve you, we could have wished your Wills
Don: SANCHO: Or,

Wilt had been more pious; this, Curiosity's an idle Sin, Snares of the Wife, and Ruin of the Good: the empty Phantoms that bewilder Sense; shout at the Fraud, and check our vain Presumings.

[to Lovewit apart.

Taste. Sure he won't disappoint us at last, speak to him Georgie.

Love. Soft. Nay, good Father, don't be so godly as to repent just in the Nick, and fend us away empty.

Joe. Well done, Lord Georgy.

[claps Lovewit.

San. Never doubt old Sancho. Lads, our Vow is past, and now we have begun we must proceed; be stout, my Boys, nor tremble at a Shadow.

Joe. I defy a thousand such Shadows to daunt valiant Joe; methinks I could eat, drink, and sleep with a Ghost in the Room, and be as unconcern'd as now.

San. Are you sure of that? I've seen as valiant a Faulker.

Taste. Now will I be branded for an arrant Coxcomb, if that Puppy c'ent as white as an Embrocationball at the Ghost's first Echo.

San. Be silent all, whilst we prepare the Circle; fall back there, behind Sancho, Gentlemen.

Here the Students get behind Sancho, who makes a Circle, which he walks round
The Students Whim.

round several Times, repeating the two first Lines of the Charm, following, tying a Girdle the while in several Knots.

The CHARM.

San. Three times three, we pace this Spot,
Three times three, we weave this Knot,
Thrice with Magick Girdle bound,
Hallow this unholy Ground,
Thrice we hail dark Pluto's Shrine,
Thrice invoke the All divine;
Guarded by whose sacred Aid,
May no horrid Forms invade;
May the long-hears'd Shakespeare rise,
Bright as orb'd in upper Skies;
Dryden's Manes we thrice invoke,
By this Wand's mysterious Stroke;
Glorious as their darling Saint,
Vestal Votaries depaint;
With the Laurel'd Fillet bound,
With ten thousand Graces crown'd.

Soft, Lo, they come——

Here the Earth trembles, and the Ghosts of Shakespeare and Dryden rise as in Glory to a soft sweet Symphony. At the Ghost's Appearance Joe lets fall his Torch which instantly extinguishes, and drops down as dead in a Swoon, - Lovewit and Tate throw away their Lanthorns,
Don SANCHO: Or,
Lanthorns, and stand behind Sancho
trembling, gazing stedfastly on the
Ghosts whom a bright Cloud seems
to encircle, the Ghosts look fix'd on
Sancho, who bowing low, speaks.

Sau. Pardon us, reverend Shades, and ease our Doubts
Urg'd by some ruling Genii's strong Impulse
Our weary'd by your eager curious Youth,
Arduous to solve close Fate, we thus have err'd.

1st Ghost. Where'er thou art unkind to our Repose,
Who charm'd the Happy from their blest Abode,
To sitiate a fond never sated itch past humane Depth,
Give Breath to thy Demand, we wait no Prologue.

Sau. Then to our Purpose thus, concise as Thought,
S't we not Uranus uprear'd widespread Fame
Elate the Soul enlarg'd, maugre Heaven's Bliss,
And to the bright beam'd Seraph give new Joy.

The following Speech sung to an Air of
Ridicule.

AIR V.

4th Ghost. Foolish Mortal why thus blind,
Was our Angel-state design'd
Vain and light as humane-kind,
Toys and Trifles to pursue,
Plead'd with nought like one of you;
To behold a pageant Rife,
For the Wretch who starving dies;
What provokes a Seraph's Spleen,
But to view so sad a Scene;
Who long Ages quiet sleep,
Worlds thus frail enforce to weep.
The Students Whim

Sam. Be't so? Yet with Submission, sacred Sprites,
Our God like Acts eterniz'd, fire new Worlds;
Example only influences Merit,
To cover Honour's a heroick Frailty,
And it's a Nation's Glory to reward.

[Here Joe wakes, and starts up trembling.
Taste. He tongues it well Georgy.
]apart to Lovewit, the Students seemingly recover'd from their first Surprize.
Love. Soft, soft, the Ghost. [to Taste.

AIR VI.

Sung to a more serious Air.

1st Ghost. Erring sage such pompous Pride,
After Being but deride;
To the Shade inorb'd in Bliss,
All's not worth a passing Wish;
Spread our Fame from Shore to Shore,
Far as Lybian Lyons roar;
All's old Folly practis'd o'er,
Nimrod's Babel was no more.
Would you merit lauting Bays,
Goodness practise more than Praise;
The happy Bard no more disturb,
Least thy Follies Thunder curb.

Here a bright Cloud descends half-way,
in which little Boys like Angels are seen to hover, who swiftly waft the Ghosts upward, singing the following Chorus to soft Musick, at the Close of which the Cloud and Spirits disappear.

[AIR]
Chorus. So the Bless'd are hail'd above,
Whereall's Exstasy, all Love.
So the Bless'd, &c.

A back Scene instantly opens and discovers Minerva's Temple, the Altar-piece richly adorned with the Statues of the most celebrated ancient and modern Poets, several Priests and Priestesses attending the Altar, who are employed in burning Incense to each different Statue, still paying a profound Obeisance as they pass them:

Joe. Ha, a Company of Country-Strollers, we are all fallen it seems, directly from Heaven to Purgatory, a new Touch of Sancho's Art I guess, interpret Jack what is't.

Taste. Minerva's Temple Thickskull, can't read, the Poets in Effigy, yonder are the Priests humble Servants, d'ye see.

Love. Soft there, the Goddess with Apollo.

Here Minerva and Apollo descend in a Triumphant Car to an Air of Exultation, the Statues are seen to nod, whilst the Priest and Priestesses kneeling, hail the Deities as in Chorus.

AIR VIII.

Chorus. Hail, sage Minerva, great Apollo hail;
All hail great Queen of upper Skies.

Min. No more of this, arise Apollo, arise.

Min. To your Task, pursue the Tale.

Apol. The deserving Poet Hail.
Here the Priests returns to the Altar, offering Incense as before Minerva and Apollo get out of the Car which instantly flies up, and joins the Priests in offering Incense to the Statues, paying them the like Adoration; several Liliputian Gods and Goddesses enter, who present beautiful Flowers at the Altar, which all sriew in their Turn at the Statues Feet, when all join in the following Dialogue, soft Musick playing the while.

AIR IX.

1st Priest. Pallas thus deals Merits Prize,
2d Priest. Thus enbalms the Good the Wise.
Min. Profuse on Bards of brighter Taste;
Apol. See we holy Incense waste.
Min. All are in their Rank respected,
Apol. Nor is Worth for Want rejected,
Min. The sacred Fume makes Shakespeare nod,
Apol. And Dryden's Oracle a God.
1st Priest. Nerves, bright Gay, with Life beguiling,
Calmly died, at Error smiling,
2d Priest. Congrave who with creas Art,
Charm'd the Brain and warm'd the Heart,
3d Priest. Addison whom Cato fired,
4th Priest. Waller soft by Love inspired.
Min. Sheffield sung by noble Boyle,
Apol. Lansdowne, Glory of his Soil.
Min. Thus we bless, thus we applaud,
Apol. The Sublimer still reward.
Chorus. Which the modest Hind enjoy'd,
Is ever sure to gain by loving,
Which the modest, &c.

At the Close of the Chorus, Mercury enters hastily very gay, who doing Homage to the Deities, sings the following Stanzas all move forward seemingly
Seanly pleas'd, Sancho's this while stretch'd out in the Arbor as asleep, gay Musick plays, Mercury sings.

AIR X.

Mv. See with Pride and Pleasure see;
Glorious Queen thy Elegy;
Hither haste Minerva's Car;
Sounds divine, sweet and true.

Chorus. Hither hark, &c.

An Air of Triumph's heard as from the Air, a Triumphal Car descends, in which Minerva and Apollo seat themselves, suddenly as Mercury proceeds the Scene of two beautiful Monuments rise, with the Names of Shakespeare and Dryden inscrib'd.

AIR XI.

To an Air of Triumph.

Mv. See, oh see the rising Bust,
Shakespeare's Tomb, the Good, the Just, &c.
To his Country's endless Praise,
See the Bard from Lethe raise;
Joining worthy Dryden's Urn,
Social Pair see they return.

Chorus. Once again, Britannia's Fame,
Letter'd Gold their Worth proclaim.
Once again, &c.

Taste. A pleasant Amusement this, as good as a modern Masque Georgy. I observe too, the Gods employ Lilliputians in their Mysteries.

Love. See, but how careless Don Sancho flumbers yonder as tho' he'd no Hand in't.
Joe. Soft, another Song Jack.
The Students Whim. 17

In the following Stanza, begun by Mercury all join in a general Chorus, gay Musick

AIR XII.

Chorus. Happy Albion, grateful Isle,
Where the Muses ever Smile;
Happy in thy Hero's Arms,
Happy in thy Students Charms;
By Love Secur'd, by Honour blest,
May Unharm'd thy Princes Rest;
Thy fair Ones Sleep in downy quiet,
Undisturb'd, by Care or Riot:
Blest Britannia pleasant Realm,
Peace and plenty, guide thy Helm,
Blest Britannia, &c.

At the Close of the Chorus all mingle in a regular Dance, which the Students mimic, but Minerva and Apollo, who are the while wafted gently upward in their Chariot, when suddenly Minerva's Temple and all her Adherents disappear, when Sancho stretches himself out as just awake from his suppos'd Slumber, and moves forward leisurely, unobserv'd by the Students, who are gather'd round the Monument Scenes which yet remain.

Love. Jack, Jack, see the Monuments remain, lets e'en examine them. Here you Dog (to Joe) minute the Epitaphs as we translate, there are no Ghosts Rogue (gives Joe a Pocket-book).
Don SANCHO: Or,

Joe. But they may prove Rocks Georgy, and crush us to Atoms. Taste. Peace, Softhead, what says Shakespeare, observe Joe, lets see, mine's Greek, and damnably blind engraved, (reads the first Inscription.)

Six Score Years, after Death upreard I stand, The Wonder, as the Glory of the Land.

William Shakespeare.

(Joe writes the while.)

Joe. Very good, I've done that Squire, now for Lord Georgy. Love. Silence; mine's Latin, and fairly Inscrib'd, thank Pluto, (reads the Second Epitaph.)

As Shakespeare's Friend, I here erect my Throne, The grateful Burden, of Unfeeling Stone.

John Dryden.

(as they Read, Joe Writes still.)

As Lovewit reads the last Line, the Ground gives a Shake which startles and moves the Students, and the Monument Scenes instantly sink.

Love. Sot! gone in a Trice; if my Foot had slip'd, I had stood a fair chance of seeing Pluto's
Philo's Territories without a Passport.

Joe. I told you so my Lord, by Juno I tremble every Joint of me; but see Sancho.

San. Well my Lord, how say you, are you Curiosity sated? no more raising of Ghosts, ha, how fits Minerva's Triumph? was the Farce agreeable.

Love. Oh wonderfully, good Sancho, we're all your Debtors, but for that Masque, we'd all been Church-Yard Deities by this Time.

Taste. For my part, I'm as spiritless as a Night hagg'd Wench, and I dare answer for my Comrade; here Joe, Swoons away, do but observe how he Quakes still like a Travelling Healer: How are You my Lord?

Love. A meer Coward, faith Jack, Heart-Sick, upon Honour.

San. Ha, ha, ha, Sprite Cur'd, by the University, I knew your Complaints, allow's my Hearts, I've a Flask of rare Burgundy in my Study, ripe for the trip, along Boys, along.

Love. I hope Lucifer hath no claw upon't Father, if he should jilt us out of revenge, and play Art-Magick with our Grape juice, it would be a blank disappointment,

Joe. Faith like enough, I shant care to Drink with you I can tell you but that Gentlemen; for now I think on't, when Minerva's Imps caper'd but now, I could not hold a Nerve of me. Still, I long'd so
Don SANCHE: Or, plaguily to join the Devils, who knows what new Vagary may charm next, at best, Drinking's a Snare.

Taste. Well moraliz'd Joe, thou art an excellent Soldier.

Joe. You are at your own Liberty Gentlemen, they Laugh that Win.

I'll e'en lay hold of the dumb Oracles, and take my leave genteely, at worst, I have a Master Key, to the Library Keepers Chamber, should my own Bar access. [Aside, the Books Don Sancho, where are they?

Love. Ha! well thought on, the Books good Father.

San. They're in the Library safe, your Chambers all lockt, and Guardians inoring.

Taste. Say you so Don, that Devil of yours is a kind Familiar, we may chance to find him Employment.

Love, I'm heartily glad Father, your Lacquey was so diligent, for I was just thinking, we must all pig together, and like the fam'd Don Quixote, be heartily drub'd on the Morrow, for our Midnight, Foolhardy Frolick.

But since all's safe, and we no scourging dread,
Let's e'en, tho' Supperless, go pleas'd to Bed;
No more attempt, to Raise, the sleeping just,
But leave our Scruples, to the ever Blest;
Who best declines, what's fit for us to Know,
Or Blasts our School disputes, with one big Blow.

FINIS.