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British theatre

John Bell

**Columbia University
in the City of New York**

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B E L L's
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

Bell's
BRITISH THEATRE:
COMEDIES.



L O N D O N

Page Se.

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BELL'S

BRITISH THEATRE,

Consisting of the most esteemed

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

Being the Third VOLUME of COMEDIES.

CONTAINING

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE, by Mrs. CENT-
LIVRE.

The MISER, by HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

The PROVOK'D HUSBAND, by Sir JOHN VAN-
BRUGH and COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

LOVE MAKES A MAN, by C. CIBBER, Esq.

SHE WOU'D, AND SHE WOU'D NOT, by COLLEY
CIBBER, Esq.

L O N D O N,

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library, Strand.

M DCC LXXX.

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Act II



M

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**A BOLD STROKE
FOR A WIFE.**

A

C O M E D Y,

WRITTEN BY

Louisa (Mrs. Centlivre) Fox
MRS. CENTLIVRE.

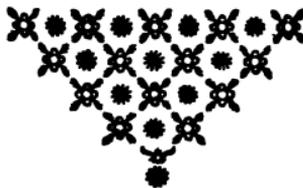
Marked with the Variations of the

P R O M P T O R ' S B O O K,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. LOWNDES, T. CASLON,
W. NICOLL, AND S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas; as in Line 16 to 27 in Page 11.

T O

His Grace P H I L I P,
Duke and Marquis of WHARTON, &c.

My Lord,

IT has ever been the custom of poets to shelter productions of this nature under the patronage of the brightest men of their time; and 'tis observed, that the Muses always met the kindest reception from persons of the greatest merit. The world will do me justice as to the choice of my patron; but will, I fear, blame my rash attempt, in daring to address your Grace, and offer at a work too difficult for our ablest pens, viz. an encomium on your Grace. I have no plea against such reflections, but the disadvantage of education, and the privilege of my sex.

If your Grace discovers a genius so surprising in this dawn of life, what must your riper years produce! your Grace has already been distinguished in a most peculiar manner, being the first young nobleman that ever was admitted into a House of Peers before he reached the age of one-and-twenty: But your Grace's judgment and eloquence soon convinced that August Assembly, that the excellent gifts of Nature ought not to be confined to time. We hope the example that Ireland has set, will shortly be followed by an English House of Lords, and your Grace made a member of that body, to which you will be so conspicuous an ornament.

Your good sense, and real love for your country, taught your Grace to persevere in the principles of your glorious ancestors, by adhering to the defender of our religion and laws; and the penetrating wisdom of your Royal Master saw you merited your honours ere he conferred them. It is one of the greatest glories of a Monarch to distinguish where to bestow his favours; and the world must do our's justice, by owning your Grace's titles most deservedly worn.

It is with the greatest pleasure imaginable, the friends of liberty see you pursuing the steps of your noble Father: Your courteous, affable temper, free from pride and ostentation, makes your name adored in the country,

A 2

and

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and enables your Grace to carry what point you please. The late Lord Wharton will be still remembered by every lover of his country, which never felt a greater shock than what his death occasioned. Their grief had been inconsolable, if Heaven, out of its wonted beneficence to this favourite Isle, had not transmitted all his shining qualities to you, and, Phoenix-like, raised up one patriot out of the ashes of another.

That your Grace has a high esteem for learning, particularly appears by the large progress you made therein: And your love for the Muses shews a sweetness of temper, and generous humanity, peculiar to the greatness of your soul; for such virtues reign not in the breast of every man of quality.

Defer no longer then, my Lord, to charm the world with the beauty of your numbers, and shew the Poet, as you have done the Orator: convince our unthinking Britons, by what vile arts France lost her liberty; and teach them to avoid their own misfortunes, as well as to weep over Henry IV. who (if it were possible for him to know) would forgive the bold assassin's hand, for the honour of having his fall celebrated by your Grace's pen.

To be distinguished by persons of your Grace's character is not only the highest ambition, but the greatest reputation to an author; and it is not the least of my vanities, to have it known to the Public, I had your Grace's leave to prefix your name to this Comedy.

I wish I were capable to cloath the following scenes in such a dress as might be worthy to appear before your Grace, and draw your attention as much as your Grace's admirable qualifications do that of all mankind; but the Muses, like most females, are least liberal to their own sex.

All I dare say in favour of this piece, is, that the plot is entirely new, and the incidents wholly owing to my own invention; not borrowed from our own, or translated from the works of any foreign poet; so that they have at least the charm of novelty to recommend them. If they are so lucky, in some leisure hour, to give your Grace the least diversion, they will answer the utmost ambition of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient, most devoted, and
most humble servant,

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

*T*O-night we come upon a bold design,
To try to please without one borrow'd line ;
Our plot is new and regularly clear,
And not one single tittle from Moliere.
O'er buried poets we with caution tread,
And parish sextons leave to rob the dead.
For you, bright British Fair, in hopes to charm ye,
We bring to-night a lover from the army ;
You know the soldiers have the strangest arts,
Such a proportion of prevailing parts, }
You'd think that they rid post to womens hearts.
I wonder whence they draw their bold pretence ;
We do not chuse them sure for our defence :
That plea is both impolitic and wrong,
And only suits such dames as want a tongue.
Is it their eloquence and fine address ?
The softness of their language ?—Nothing less.
Is it their courage, that they bravely dare
To storm the sex at once ?—Egad ! 'tis there :
They act by us as in the rough campaign,
Unmindful of repulses, charge again :
They mine and countermine, resolv'd to win,
And, if a breach is made,—they will come in.
You'll think, by what we have of soldiers said,
Our female wit was in the service bred :
But she is to the hardy toil a stranger,
She loves the cloth indeed, but hates the danger :
Yet to this circle of the brave and gay, }
She bid one, for her good intentions say,
She hopes you'll not reduce her to half-pay.
As for our play, 'tis English humour all :
Then will you let our manufacture fall ?
Would you the honour of our nation raise,
Keep English Credit up, and English Plays.

Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

M E N.

| | | |
|---|---|-----------------|
| <i>Colonel Fainwell, in love with Miss Lovely</i> | — | Covent Garden. |
| <i>Sir Philip Modelove, an old beau</i> | — | Mr. WOODWARD. |
| <i>Periwinkle, a kind of silly Virtuoso</i> | — | Mr. BOOTHE. |
| <i>Tradelove, a change-broker</i> | — | Mr. QUICK. |
| <i>Obadiah Prim, a quaker, hosier</i> | — | Mr. DUNSTALL. |
| <i>Freeman, the Colonel's friend, a merchant</i> | — | Mr. SHUTER. |
| <i>Simon Pure, a quaking preacher</i> | — | Mr. WHITEFIELD. |
| <i>Mr. Sackbut, a vintner</i> | — | Mr. WEWITZER. |
| | — | Mr. FEARON. |

At Drury Lane.
 Mr. KING.
 Mr. BADDELEY.
 Mr. PARSONS.
 Mr. HURST.
 Mr. MOODY.
 Mr. PACKER.
 Mr. BRANSBY.

W O M E N.

| | | |
|---|---|---------------|
| <i>Miss Lovely, a fortune of thirty thousand pounds</i> | — | Miss MACKLIN. |
| <i>Mrs. Prim, wife to Prim the hosier</i> | — | Mrs. PITT. |
| <i>Betty, servant to Miss Lovely</i> | — | Mrs. EVANS. |

Miss YOUNGE.
 Mrs. BRADSHAW.
 Mrs. LOVE.

A

BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE a Tavern.

Colonel Fainwell and Freeman, over a Bottle.

Freeman. COME, Colonel, his Majesty's health. — You are as melancholy as if you were in love! I wish some of the Beauties of Bath han't snapt your heart.

Col. Why faith, Freeman, there is something in't; I have seen a lady at Bath, who has kindled such a flame in me, that all the waters there can't quench.

Free. Women, like some poisonous animals, carry their antidote about 'em—Is she not to be had, Colonel?

Col. That's a difficult question to answer; however, I resolve to try: perhaps you may be able to serve me; you merchants know one another.—The lady told me herself she was under the charge of four persons.

Free. Odsso! 'tis Miss Anne Lovely.

Col. The same—Do you know her?

Free. Know her! ay,—Faith, Colonel, your condition is more desperate than you imagine: Why, she is the talk and pity of the whole town: and it is the opinion of the learned; that she must die a maid.

Col. Say you so? That's somewhat odd, in this charitable city.—She's a woman, I hope?

Free. For aught I know,—but it had been as well for her, had Nature made her any other part of the creation. The man who keeps this house serv'd her father: he is a very honest fellow, and may be of use to you: we'll send for him to take a

glass with us : he'll give you her whole history, and 'tis worth your hearing.

Col. But may one trust him ?

Free. With your life : I have obligations enough upon him, to make him do any thing : I serve him with wine.

[*Knocks.*

Col. Nay, I know him very well myself. I once used to frequent a club that was kept here.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Gentlemen, d'ye call ?

Free. Ay ; send up your master.

Drawer. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Col. Do you know any of this lady's guardians, Freeman ?

Free. I know two of them very well.

Enter Sackbut.

Free. Here comes one will give you an account of them all.—Mr. Sackbut, we sent for you to take a glass with us. 'Tis a maxim among the friends of the bottle, that as long as the master is in company, one may be sure of good wine.

Sack. Sir, you shall be sure to have as good wine as you send in.—Colonel, your most humble servant ; you are welcome to town.

Col. I thank you, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. I am as glad to see you, as I should a hundred tun of French claret custom-free.—My service to you, Sir, [*Drinks.*] You don't look so merry as you used to do ; ar'n't you well, Colonel ?

Free. He has got a woman in his head, landlord : can you help him ?

Sack. If 'tis in my power, I shan't scruple to serve my friend.

Col. 'Tis one perquisite of your calling.

Sack. Ay, at t'other end of the town, where you officers use, women are good forciers of trade : a well-customed house, a handsome bar-keeper, with clean obliging drawers, soon get the master an estate ; but our citizens seldom do any thing but cheat within the walls.—But as to the lady, Colonel, point you

you at particulars? or have you a good Champagne stomach? Are you in full pay, or reduc'd, Colonel?

Col. Reduc'd, reduc'd, landlord!

Free. To the miserable condition of a lover!

Sack. Pish! that's preferable to half-pay: a woman's resolution may break before the peace: push her home, Colonel, there's no parlying with the fair sex.

Col. Were the lady her own mistress, I have some reasons to believe I should soon command in chief.

Free. You know Miss Lovely, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. Know her! Ay, poor Nancy: I have carried her to school many a frosty morning. Alas! if she's the woman, I pity you, Colonel: her father, my old master, was the most whimsical, out-of-the-way temper'd man I ever heard of, as you will guess by his last will and testament.—This was his only child: and I have heard him wish her dead a thousand times.

Col. Why so?

Sack. He hated posterity, you must know, and wish'd the world were to expire with himself.—He used to swear, if she had been a boy, he would have qualified him for the opera.

Free. 'Twas a very unnatural resolution in a father.

Sack. He died worth thirty thousand pounds, which he left to his daughter, provided she married with the consent of her guardians; but that she might be sure never to do so, he left her in the care of four men, as opposite to each other as the four elements: each has his quarterly rule, and three months in a year she is oblig'd to be subject to each of their humours, and they are pretty different, I assure you.—She is just come from Bath.

Col. 'Twas there I saw her.

Sack. Ay, Sir, the last quarter was her Beau Guardian's.—She appears in all public places during his reign.

Col. She visited a lady who boarded in the same house with me: I liked her person, and found an

opportunity to tell her so. She replied, she had no objection to mine; but if I could not reconcile contradictions, I must not think of her, for that she was condemned to the caprice of four persons, who never yet agreed in any one thing, and she was obliged to please them all.

Sack. 'Tis most true, Sir: I'll give you a short description of the men, and leave you to judge of the poor lady's condition. One is a kind of virtuoso, a silly half-witted fellow, but positive and surly, fond of every thing antique and foreign, and wears his cloaths of the fashion of the last century; doats upon travellers, and believes more of Sir John Mandeville than he does of the Bible.

Col. That must be a rare odd fellow!

Sack. Another is a change-broker: a fellow that will out-lie the Devil for the advantage of stock, and cheat his father that got him in a bargain: he is a great stickler for trade, and hates every man that wears a sword.

Free. He is a great admirer of the Dutch management, and swears they understand trade better than any nation under the sun.

Sack. The third is an old beau, that has May in his fancy and dress, but December in his face and his heels: he admires all the new fashions, and those must be French; loves operas, balls, masquerades, and is always the most tawdry of the whole company on a birth-day.

Col. These are pretty opposite to one another, truly: and the fourth, what is he, landlord?

Sack. A very rigid Quaker, whose quarter began this day.—I saw Miss Lovely go in, not above two hours ago;—Sir Philip set her down. What think you now, Colonel, is not the poor lady to be pitied?

Col. Ay, and rescu'd too, landlord:

Free. In my opinion, that's impossible.

Col. There is nothing impossible to a lover. What would not a man attempt for a fine woman and thirty

thirty thousand pounds? Besides, my honour is at stake: I promised to deliver her, and she bid me win her and wear her.

Sack. That's fair, faith!

Free. If it depended upon knight-errantry, I should not doubt your setting free the damsel; but to have avarice, impertinence, hypocrisy, and pride, at once to deal with, requires more cunning than generally attends a man of honour.

Col. My fancy tells me, I shall come off with glory. I resolve to try, however.—Do you know all the guardians, Mr. Sackbut?

Sack. Very well, they all use my house.

Col. And will you assist me, if occasion requires?

Sack. In every thing I can, Colonel.

Free. I'll answer for him; and whatever I can serve you in, you may depend on. 'I know Mr. Periwinkle and Mr. Tradelove; the latter has a very great opinion of my interest abroad.—I happened to have a letter from a correspondent two hours before the news arrived of the French King's death: I communicated it to him: upon which he bought all the stock he could, and what with that, and some wagers he laid, he told me he had got to the tune of five hundred pounds; so that I am much in his good graces.'

Col. I don't know but you may be of service to me, Freeman.

Free. If I can, command me, Colonel.

Col. Isn't possible to find a suit of cloaths ready made at some of these sale-shops fit to rig out a beau, think you, Mr. Sackbut?

Sack. O hang 'em—No, Colonel, they keep nothing ready made that a gentleman would be seen in; but I can fit you with a suit of cloaths, if you'd make a figure.—Velvet and gold brocade—They were pawn'd to me by a French count, who had been stript at play, and wanted money to carry him home; he promised to send

‘ for them, but I have not heard any thing of
‘ him.

‘ *Free.* He has not fed upon frogs long enough
‘ yet to recover his loss: ha, ha!

‘ *Col.* Ha, ha! Well, the cloaths will do, Mr.
‘ Sackbut,—tho’ we must have three or four fellows
‘ in tawdry liveries: they can be procur’d, I
‘ hope.

‘ *Free.* Egad! I have a brother come from the
‘ West Indies that match you; and, for expedition-
‘ sake, you shall have his servants: there’s a Black,
‘ a Tawney-moor, and a Frenchman: they don’t
‘ speak one word of English, so can make no
‘ mistake.

‘ *Col.* Excellent!—Egad! I shall look like an
‘ Indian Prince.’

Col. First I’ll attack my Beau Guardian: where
lives he?

Sack. Faith somewhere about St. James’s; tho’
to say in what street, I cannot; but any chairman
will tell you where Sir Philip Modelove lives.

Free. Oh! you’ll find him in the Park at eleven
every day; at least I never pass through at that hour
without seeing him there.—But what do you in-
tend?

Col. To address him in his own way, and find
what he designs to do with the lady.

Free. And what then?

Col. Nay, that I can’t tell; but I shall take my
measures accordingly.

Sack. Well, ’tis a mad undertaking, in my mind;
but here’s to your success, Colonel. [*Drinks.*]

Col. ’Tis something out of the way, I confess;
but Fortune may chance to smile, and I succeed.
—Come, landlord, let me see those cloaths. Free-
man, I shall expect you’ll leave word with Mr.
Sackbut, where one may find you upon occasion;
and send me my Indian equipage immediately,
d’ye hear?

Free. Immediately.

Col.

*Col. Bold was the man who ventur'd first to sea,
But the first vent'ring lovers bolder were.
The path of love's a dark and dang'rous way,
Without a landmark, or one friendly star,
And he that runs the risque deserves the fair.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Prim's House.

Enter Miss Lovely, and her maid Betty.

Betty. Bless me, Madam! why do you fret and teaze yourself so? This is giving them the advantage with a witness.

Miss Lov. Must I be condemned all my life to the preposterous humours of other people, and pointed at by every boy in town?—Oh! I could tear my flesh, and curse the hour I was born—Isn't it monstrously ridiculous, that they should desire to impose their quaking dress upon me at these years? When I was a child, no matter what they made me wear, but now—

Betty. I would resolve against it, Madam: I'd see 'em hang'd before I'd put on the pinch'd cap again.

Miss Lov. Then I must never expect one moment's ease: she has rung such a peal in my ears already, that I shan't have the right use of them this month.—What can I do?

Betty. What can you *not* do, if you will but give your mind to it? Marry, Madam.

Miss Lov. What! and have my fortune go to build churches and hospitals?

Betty. Why, let it go.—If the Colonel loves you, as he pretends, he'll marry you without a fortune, Madam; and I assure you a Colonel's lady is no despicable thing: 'a Colonel's post will maintain you like a gentlewoman, Madam.'

Miss Lov. So you would advise me to give up my own fortune, and throw myself upon the Colonel's!

Betty. I would advise you to make yourself easy, Madam.

Miss Lov. That's not the way, I'm sure. No, no,

114. A BOLD STROKE

no, girl, there are certain ingredients to be mingled with matrimony, without which I may as well change for the worse as the better. When the woman has fortune enough to make the man happy, if he has either honour or good manners, he'll make her easy. Love makes but a slovenly figure in a house where Poverty keeps the door.

Betty. And so you resolve to die a maid, do you, Madam?

Miss Low. Or have it in my power to make the man I love master of my fortune.

Betty. Then you don't like the Colonel so well as I thought you did, Madam, or you would not take such a resolution.

Miss Low. It is because I do like him, Betty, that I do take such a resolution.

Betty. Why do you expect, Madam, the Colonel can work miracles? Is it possible for him to marry you with the consent of all your guardians?

Miss Low. Or he must not marry me at all: and so I told him; and he did not seem displeas'd with the news.—He promised to set me free; and I, on that condition, promised to make him master of that freedom.

Betty. Well! I have read of enchanted castles, ladies deliver'd from the chains of magic, giants kill'd, and monsters overcome; so that I shall be the less surpris'd if the Colonel should conjure you out of the power of your four guardians: if he does, I am sure he deserves your fortune.

Miss Low. And shall have it, girl, if it were ten times as much—For I'll ingenuously confess to thee, that I do like the Colonel above all the men I ever saw:—There's something so *jantée* in a soldier, a kind of *je ne sçai quoi* air, that makes them more agreeable than the rest of mankind.—They command regard, as who shall say, We are your defenders. We preserve your beauties from the insults of rude and unpolish'd foes, and ought to be preferr'd before those lazy indolent mortals, who, by dropping
into

into their fathers estates, set up their coaches, and think to rattle themselves into our affections.

Betty. Nay, Madam, I confess that the army has engrossed all the prettiest fellows—A laced coat and a feather have irresistible charms.

Miss Lov. But the Colonel has all the beauties of the mind as well as the body.—O all ye Powers that favour happy lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou God of Love, if thou be'st aught but name, assist my Fainwell!

*Point all thy darts to aid his just design,
And make his plots as prevalent as thine.* [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE the Park.

Enter Colonel finely drest, three footmen after him.

Col. SO, now if I can but meet this beau!—Egad! methinks, I cut a smart figure, and have as much of the tawdry air as any Italian Count or French Marquée of them all.—Sure I shall know this Knight again—Ah! yonder he sits, making love to a mask, i'faith, I'll walk up the Mall, and come down by him. [Exit.

Scene draws, and discovers Sir Philip upon a bench, with a woman mask'd.

Sir Phil. Well, but, my dear, are you really constant to your keeper?

Wom. Yes, really, Sir,—Hey day! Who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty figure.

Sir Phil. Ha! a stranger, by his equipage keeping so close at his heels.—He has the appearance of a man of quality—Positively French, by his dancing air.

Wom. He crosses, as if he meant to sit down here.—

Sir Phil. He has a mind to make love to thee, child.

Enter

Enter Colonel.

Wom. It will be to no purpose if he does.

Sir Phil. Are you resolved to be cruel then?

Col. You must be very cruel indeed, if you can deny any thing to so fine a gentleman, Madam.

[*Takes out his watch.*]

Wom. I never mind the outside of a man.

Col. And I'm afraid thou art no judge of the inside.

Sir Phil. I am positively of your mind, Sir; for creatures of her function seldom penetrate beyond the pocket.

Wom. Creatures of your composition have, indeed, generally more in their pockets than in their heads.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Phil. Pray what says your watch? mine is down.

[*Pulling out his watch.*]

Col. I want thirty-six minutes of twelve, Sir. —

[*Puts up his watch, and takes out his snuff-box.*]

Sir Phil. May I presume, Sir?

Col. Sir, you honour me.

[*Presenting the box.*]

Sir Phil. He speaks good English—tho' he must be a foreigner. [*Aside.*]—This snuff is extremely good—and the box prodigious fine: the work is French, I presume, Sir.

Col. I bought it in Paris, Sir. — I do think the workmanship pretty neat.

Sir Phil. Neat! 'tis exquisitely fine. Sir. Pray, Sir, if I may take the liberty of enquiring—what country is so happy to claim the birth of the finest gentleman in the universe? France, I presume.

Col. Then you don't think me an Englishman?

Sir Phil. No, upon my soul, don't I.

Col. I am sorry for't.

Sir Phil. Impossible you should wish to be an Englishman! Pardon me, Sir, this island could not produce a person of such alertness.

Col. As this mirror shews you, Sir.

[*Puts up a pocket-glass to Sir Philip's face.*]

Wom. Coxcombs! I'm sick to hear them praise
one

one another. One seldom gets any thing by such animals; not even a dinner, unless one can dine upon soup and celery.

Sir Phil. O gad, Sir!—Will you leave us, Madam? Ha, ha!

Col. She fears 'twill be only losing time to stay here, ha, ha!—I know not how to distinguish you, Sir; but your mien and address speak you right honourable.

Sir Phil. Thus great souls judge of others by themselves—I am only adorn'd with knighthood: that's all, I assure you, Sir: my name is Sir Philip Modelove.

Col. Of French extraction?

Sir Phil. My father was French.

Col. One may plainly perceive it—There is a certain gaiety peculiar to my nation (for I will own myself a Frenchman) which distinguishes us every where.—A person of your figure would be a vast addition to a coronet.

Sir Phil. I must own I had the offer of a barony about five years ago, but I abhor'd the fatigue which must have attended it.—I could never yet bring myself to join with either party.

Col. You are perfectly in the right, Sir Philip—a fine person should not embark himself in the slovenly concern of politics: Dacts and pleasure are objects proper for the soul of a fine gentleman.

Sir Phil. And love——

Col. Oh! that's included under the article of pleasure.

Sir Phil. *Parbleu! il est un Homme d'Esprit*, I must embrace you—[Rises and embraces.]—Your sentiments are so agreeable to mine, that we appear to have but one soul, for our ideas and conception are the same.

Col. I should be sorry for that. [Aside.]—You do me too much honour, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. Your vivacity and *jaunie* mien assured me at first sight there was nothing of this foggy

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‘foggy island in your composition.’ May I crave your name, Sir?

Col. My name is La Fainwell, Sir, at your service.

Sir Phil. The La Fainwells are French, I know; tho’ the name is become very numerous in Great Britain of late years—I was sure you was French the moment I laid my eyes upon you; I could not come into the supposition of your being an Englishman: This island produces few such ornaments.

Col. Pardon me, Sir Philip, this island has two things superior to all nations under the sun.

Sir Phil. Ah! what are they?

Col. The ladies, and the laws.

Sir Phil. The laws, indeed, do claim a preference of other nations—but, by my soul, there are fine women every where.—I must own I have felt their power in all countries.

Col. There are some finish’d beauties, I confess; in France, Italy, Germany, nay, even in Holland, *mais elles sont bien rare*: But *les Belles Angloises*.? Oh, Sir Philip, where find we such women! such symmetry of shape! such elegance of dress! such regularity of features! such sweetness of temper! such commanding eyes! and such bewitching smiles!

Sir Phil. Ah! *parbleu, vous êtes attrapé!*

Col. *Non, je vous assure, Chevalier*.—But I declare there is no amusement so agreeable to my goût, as the conversation of a fine woman.—I could never be prevailed upon to enter into what the vulgar calls the pleasure of the bottle.

Sir Phil. My own taste, *positivement!*—A ball, or a masquerade, is certainly preferable to all the productions of the vineyard.

Col. Infinitely! I hope the people of quality in England will support that branch of pleasure, which was imported with their peace, and since naturaliz’d by the ingenious Mr. Heidegger.

Sir Phil. The ladies assure me it will become part of the constitution—upon which I subscrib’d

‘ a.

‘ a hundred guineas.—It will be of great service to
 ‘ the public, at least to the company of surgeons;
 ‘ and the city in general.

‘ *Col.* Ha, ha! it may help to ennoble the blood
 ‘ of the city.’ Are you married, Sir Philip?

Sir Phil. No; nor do I believe I ever shall enter
 into that honourable state: I have an absolute
tendre for the whole sex.

Col. That’s more than they have for you, I dare
 swear. [*Aside.*]

‘ *Sir Phil.* And I have the honour to be very
 ‘ well with the ladies, I can assure you, Sir; and
 ‘ I won’t affront a million of fine women to make
 ‘ one happy.

‘ *Col.* Nay, marriage is reducing a man’s taste to
 ‘ a kind of half pleasure; but then it carries the
 ‘ blessings of peace along with it: one goes to sleep
 ‘ without fear, and wakes without pain.

‘ *Sir Phil.* There’s something of that in’t: a wife
 ‘ is a very good dish for an English stomach—but
 ‘ gross feeding, for nicer palates, ha, ha, ha!’

Col. I find I was very much mistaken—I ima-
 gined, you had been married to that young lady
 whom I saw in the chariot with you this morning
 in Gracechurch-street.

Sir Phil. Who, Nancy Lovely? I am a piece of a
 guardian to that lady: You must know, her father,
 I thank him, joined me with three of the most pre-
 posterous old fellows—that, upon my soul, I am in
 pain for the poor girl:—she must certainly lead
 apes, as the saying is: ha, ha!

Col. That’s pity, Sir Philip. If the lady would
 give me leave, I would endeavour to avert that curse.

‘ *Sir Phil.* As to the lady, she’d gladly be rid of
 ‘ us at any rate, I believe; but here’s the mischief:
 ‘ he who marries Miss Lovely, must have the con-
 ‘ sent of us all four—or not a penny of her por-
 ‘ tion.—For my part, I shall never approve of any
 ‘ but a man of figure—and the rest are not only
 ‘ averse to cleanliness, but have each a peculiar
 ‘ taste

'taste to gratify.'—For my part, I declare I would prefer you to all the men I ever saw.

Col. And I her to all women——

Sir Phil. I assure you, Mr. Fainwell, I am for marrying her, for I hate the trouble of a guardian, especially among such wretches; but resolve never to agree to the choice of any one of them—and I fancy they'll be even with me, for they never came into any proposal of mine yet.

Col. I wish I had your leave to try them, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. With all my soul, Sir: I can refuse a person of your appearance nothing.

Col. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sir Phil. But do you really like matrimony?

Col. I believe I could with that lady.

Sir Phil. The only point in which we differ.—But you are master of so many qualifications, that I can excuse one fault: for I must think it a fault in a fine gentleman; and that you are such, I'll give it under my hand.

Col. I wish you'd give me your consent to marry Miss Lovely under your hand, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. I'll do't, if you'll step into St. James's Coffee-House, where we may have pen and ink—tho' I can't foresee what advantage my consent will be to you, without you could find a way to get the rest of the guardians.—But I'll introduce you, however: She is now at a quaker's, where I carried her this morning, when you saw us in Gracechurch-street.—I assure you she has an odd *ragout* of guardians, as you will find when you hear the characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! Pierre, Jaque, Renno.—Where are you all, scoundrels?—Order the chariot to St. James's Coffee-House.

Col. *Le Noir, la Brun, la Blanc.*—*Morbleu, où sont ces coquins là? Allons, Monsieur le Chevalier!*

Sir Phil. Ah! *Pardonnez moi, Monsieur.*

Col. Not one step, upon my soul, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil.

Sir Phil. The best bred man in Europe, positively.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Obadiah Prim's House.*

Enter Miss Lovely, followed by Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. Then thou wilt not obey me: And thou dost really think those fallals become thee?

Miss Lov. I do, indeed.

Mrs. Prim. Now will I be judged by all sober people, if I don't look more like a modest woman than thou dost, Anne.

Miss Lov. More like a hypocrite you mean, Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. Ah! Anne, Anne, that wicked Philip Modelove will undo thee.—Satan so fills thy heart with pride, during the three months of his guardianship, that thou becomest a stumbling-block to the upright.

Miss Lov. Pray who are they? Are the pinch'd cap and formal hood the emblems of sanctity? Does your virtue consist in your dress, Mrs. Prim?

Mrs. Pr. It doth not consist in cut hair, spotted face, and a bare neck.—Oh the wickedness of the generation! the primitive women knew not the abomination of hoop'd petticoats.

Miss Lov. No; nor the abomination of cast netter. Don't tell me, Mrs. Prim, don't.—I know you have as much pride, vanity, self-conceit, and ambition among you, couched under that formal habit, and sanctified countenance, as the proudest of us all; but the world begins to see your prudery.

Mrs. Pr. Prudery! What! do they invent new words as well as new fashions? Ah! poor fantastic age, I pity thee.—Poor deluded Anne, which dost thou think most resemblest the saint, and which the sinner, thy dress or mine? Thy naked bosom allureth the eye of the bye-stander—encourageth the frailty of human nature—and corrupteth the soul with evil longings.

Miss Lov. And pray who corrupted your son Tobias

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bias with evil longings? Your maid Tabitha wore a handkerchief, and yet he made the saint a sinner.

Mrs. Pr. Well, well, spit thy malice. I confess Satan did buffet my son Tobias, and my servant Tabitha: the evil spirit was at that time too strong, and they both became subject to its workings—not from any outward provocation,—but from an inward call:—he was not tainted with the rottenness of the fashions, nor did his eyes take in the drunkenness of beauty.

Miss Lov. No! that's plainly to be seen.

Mrs. Pr. Tabitha is one of the faithful: he fell not with a stranger.

Miss Lov. So! Then you hold wenching no crime, provided it be within the pale of your own tribe.—You are an excellent casuist, truly!

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Pr. Not stripp'd of thy vanity yet, Anne! Why dost thou not make her put it off, Sarah?

Mrs. Pr. She will not do it.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thy naked breasts troubleth my outward man: I pray thee hide 'em, Anne: put on an handkerchief, Anne Lovely.

Miss Lovely. I hate handkerchiefs when 'tis not cold weather, Mr. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. I have seen thee wear a handkerchief, nay, and a mask to boot, in the middle of July.

Miss Lov. Ay, to keep the sun from scorching me.

Ob. Pr. If thou could'st not bear the sun-beams, how dost thou think man can bear thy beams? Those breasts inflame desire: let them be hid, I say.

Miss Lov. Let me be quiet, I say. — Must I be tormented thus for ever?— 'Sure no woman's condition ever equalled mine! Foppery, Folly, Avarice and Hypocrisy are, by turns, my constant companions—and I must vary shapes as often as a player'— I cannot think my father meant this tyranny! No, you usurp an authority which he never intended you should take.

Ob.

Ob. Pr. Hark thee, dost thou call good counsel tyranny? Do I, or my wife, tyrannize, when we desire thee in all love to put off thy tempting attire and veil thy provokers to sin?

Miss Lov. Deliver me, good Heaven! or I shall go distracted. [Walks about.]

Mrs. Pr. So! now thy pinnars are tost, and thy breasts pulled up!—verily they were seen enough before.—Fie upon the filthy taylor who made thy stays.

Miss Lov. I wish I were in my grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus.

Ob. Pr. Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkest thou art acting some lewd play sure:—Kill thee! Art thou prepared for death, Anne Lovely? No, no, thou would'st rather have a husband, Anne:—Thou wantest a gilt coach, with six lazy fellows behind, to flant it in the ring of vanity, among the princes and rulers of the land—who pamper themselves with the fatness thereof; but I will take care that none shall squander away thy father's estate: thou shalt marry none such, Anne.

Miss Lov. Would you marry me to one of your own canting sect?

Ob. Pr. Yea; verily, no one else shall ever get my consent, I do assure thee, Anne.

Miss Lov. And I do assure thee, Obadiah, that I will as soon turn Papist, and die in a convent.

Mrs. Pr. O wickedness!

Miss Lov. O stupidity!

Ob. Pr. O blindness of heart!

Miss Lov. Thou blinder of the world, don't provoke me—lest I betray your sanctity, and leave your wife to judge of your purity:—What were the emotions of your spirit—when you squeeze'd Mary by the hand last night in the pantry, —when she told you, you bus'd so filthily? Ah! you had no aversions to naked bosoms, when you begged her to shew you a little, little, little bit

bit of her delicious bosom : — Don't you remember those words, Mr. Prim ?

Mrs. Pr. What does she say, Obadiah ?

Ob. Pr. She talketh unintelligibly, Sarah. Which way did she hear this ? This should not have reach'd the ears of the wicked ones : — Verily it troubleth me. [*Afide.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Philip Modelove, whom they call Sir Philip, is below, and such another with him, shall I send them up ?

Ob. Pr. Yea.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Philip and Colonel.

Sir Phil. How dost thou do, Friend Prim ? Ods ! my She friend here too ! What are you documenting Miss Nancy ? reading her a lecture upon the pinch'd coif, I warrant ye !

Mrs. Pr. I am sure thou did'st never read her any lecture that was good. — My flesh riseth so at these wicked ones, that prudence adviseth me to withdraw from their sight. [*Exit.*

Col. Oh ! that I could find means to speak with her ! How charming she appears ! I wish I could get this letter into her hand. [*Afide.*

Sir Phil. Well, Miss Cockey, I hope thou hast got the better of them.

Miss Lov. The difficulties of my life are not to be surmounted, Sir Philip. — I hate the impertinence of him, as much as the stupidity of the other. [*Afide.*

Ob. Pr. Verily, Philip, thou wilt spoil this maiden.

Sir Phil. I find we still differ in opinion ; but that we may none of us spoil her, prithee, Prim, let us consent to marry her. — I have sent for our brother guardians to meet me here about this very thing. — Madam, will you give me leave to recommend a husband to you ? — Here's a gentleman, whom, in my mind, you can have no objection to.

[*Presents the Colonel to her, she looks another way.*

Miss

Miss Lov. Heaven deliver me from the formal, and the fantastical fool!

Col. A fine woman,——a fine horse, and fine equipage, are the finest things in the universe: And if I am so happy to possess you, Madam, I shall become the envy of mankind, as much as you outshine your whole sex.

[*As he takes her hand to kiss it, he endeavours to put a letter into it; she lets it drop—Prim takes it up.*]

Miss Lov. I have no ambition to appear conspicuously ridiculous, Sir. [Turning from him.]

Col. So fail the hopes of Fainwell.

Miss Lov. Ha! Fainwell! 'tis he! What have I done? Prim has the letter, and it will be discover'd. [Aside.]

Ob. Pr. Friend, I know not thy name, so cannot call thee by it; but thou see'st thy letter is unwelcome to the maiden, she will not read it.

Miss Lov. Nor shall you; [Snatches the letter.] I'll tear it in a thousand pieces, and scatter it, as I will the hopes of all those that any of you shall recommend to me. [Tears the letter.]

Sir Phil. Ha! Right woman, faith!

Col. Excellent woman! [Aside.]

Ob. Pr. Friend, thy garb favoureth too much of the vanity of the age for my approbation; nothing that resembleth Philip Modelove shall I love, mark that——therefore, friend Philip, bring no more of thy own apes under my roof.

Sir Phil. I am so entirely a stranger to the monsters of thy breed, that I shall bring none of them I am sure.

Col. I am likely to have a pretty talk by that time I have gone thro' them all; but she's a city worth taking, and 'egad I'll carry on the siege: if I can but blow up the out-works, I fancy I am pretty secure of the town. [Aside.]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Toby Periwinkle and Thomas Tradelove demand to see thee. [To Sir Philip.]

B

Sir Phil.

Sir Phil. Bid them come up.

Miss Lov. Deliver me from such an inundation of noise and nonsense. Oh Fainwell! whatever thy contrivance be, prosper it Heaven;—‘but oh! I fear thou never canst redeem me.’ [Exit.

Sir Phil. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Enter Mr. Periwinkle and Tradelove.

These are my brother guardians, Mr. Fainwell.—pr’ythee observe the creatures. [Aside to Col.

Trade. Well, Sir Philip, I obey your summons.

Per. Pray, what have you to offer for the good of Miss Lovely, Sir Philip?

Sir Phil. First I desire to know what you intend to do with that lady? Must she be sent to the Indies for a venture—or live an old maid, and then be enter’d amongst your curiosities, and shewn for a monster, Mr. Periwinkle?

Col. Humph, curiosities, that must be the virtuoso. [Aside.

Per. Why, what wou’d you do with her?

Sir Phil. I would recommend this gentleman to her for a husband, Sir—a person whom I have pick’d out from the whole race of mankind.

Ob. Pr. I would advise thee to shuffle him again with the rest of mankind, for I like him not.

Col. Pray, Sir, without offence to your formality, what may be your objections?

Ob. Pr. Thy person; thy manners; thy dress; thy acquaintance;—thy every thing, friend.

Sir Phil. You are most particularly obliging, friend, ha, ha!

Trade. What business do you follow, pray, Sir?

Col. Humph, by that question he must be the broker. [Aside.]—Business, Sir! the business of a gentleman.

Trad. That is as much as to say, you dress fine, feed high, lie with every woman you like, and pay your surgeon’s bills better than your taylor’s, or your butcher’s.

Col. The court is much obliged to you, Sir, for your character of a gentleman.

Trad.

Trad. The court, Sir! What would the court do without us citizens?

Sir Phil. Without your wives and daughters, you mean, Mr. Tradelove.

Per. Have you ever travell'd, Sir?

Col. That question must not be answer'd now — In books I have, Sir.

Per. In books! That's fine travelling indeed! — Sir Philip, when you present a person I like, he shall have my consent to marry Miss Lovely; 'till when, your servant. *[Exit.]*

Col. I'll make you like me before I have done with you, or I am mistaken. *[Aside.]*

Trad. And when you can convince me that a beau is more useful to my country than a merchant, you shall have mine; 'till then you must excuse me. *[Exit.]*

Col. So much for trade—I'll fit you too. *[Aside.]*

Sir Phil. In my opinion, this is very inhuman treatment, as to the Lady, Mr. Prim.

Ob. Pr. Thy opinion and mine happen to differ as much as our occupations, friend: business requireth my presence, and folly thine; and so I must bid thee farewell. *[Exit.]*

Sir Phil. Here's breeding for you, Mr. Fainwell! — Gad take me.

Half my estate I'd give to see 'em bit.

Col. *I hope to bite you all, if my plot bit.* *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III. SCENE *the Tavern.*

Sackbut and the Colonel in an Egyptian dress.

Sack. **A** Lucky beginning, Colonel—you have got the old beau's consent.

Col. Ay, he's a reasonable creature; but the other three will require some pains. — Shall I pass upon him, think you? 'Egad, in my mind, I look as antique as if I had been preserved in the Ark.

Sack. Pass upon him! ay, ay, as roundly as
B 2
white

white wine dash'd with sack does for mountain and sherry, if you have assurance enough—

Col. I have no apprehension from that quarter ; assurance is the cockade of a soldier.

Sack. Ay, but the assurance of a soldier differs much from that of a traveller.—Can you lye with a good grace ?

Col. As heartily, when my mistress is the prize, as I would meet the foe when my country call'd, and king commanded : so don't you fear that part : if he don't know me again, I am safe.—I hope he'll come.

Sack. I wish all my debts would come as sure : I told him you had been a great traveller, had many valuable curiosities, and was a person of a most singular taste : he seem'd transported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

Col. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away.—Let's have a bottle of sack, landlord, our ancestors drank sack.

Sack. You shall have it.

Col. And whereabouts is the trap-door you mentioned ?

Sack. There's the conveyance, Sir. [Exit.

Col. Now, if I should cheat all these roguish guardians, and carry off my mistress in triumph, it would be what the French call a *grand coup d'eclat*.—Odsso! here comes Periwinkle.—

Ah! duce take this beard ; pray Jupiter it does not give me the flip, and spoil all.

Enter Sackbut with wine, and Periwinkle following.

Sack. Sir, this gentleman hearing you have been a great traveller, and a person of fine speculation, begs leave to take a glass with you : he is a man of a curious taste himself.

Col. The gentleman has it in his face and garb ; Sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a traveller and men of your enquiring disposition ; the oddness of your habit pleases

pleases me extremely: 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. 'Tis very antique, Sir:—this habit once belonged to the famous Claudius Ptolemeus, who lived in the year one hundred and thirty-five.

Sack. If he keeps up to the sample, he shall lye with the devil for a bean-stack, and win it every straw. [*Aside.*

Per. A hundred and thirty-five! why, that's prodigious now!—Well, certainly 'tis the finest thing in the world to be a traveller.

Col. For my part I value none of the modern fashions a fig leaf.

Per. No more don't I, Sir: I had rather be the jest of a fool, than his favourite.—I am laugh'd at here for my singularity.—This coat, you must know, Sir, was formerly wore by that ingenious and very learned person, Mr. John Tradescant of Lambeth.

Col. John Tradescant! Let me embrace you, Sir—John Tradescant was my uncle, by my mother's-side; and I thank you for the honour you do his memory: he was a very curious man indeed.

Per. Your uncle, Sir—Nay, then 'tis no wonder that your taste is so refined; why you have it in your blood.—My humble service to you, Sir; to the immortal memory of John Tradescant, your never-to-be-forgotten uncle. [*Drinks.*

Col. Give me a glass, landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your wine: Canary was the drink of our wise forefathers; 'tis balsamic, and saves the charge of 'pothecaries cordials—Oh! that I had lived in your uncle's days! or rather, that he were now alive;—Oh! how proud he'd be of such a nephew!

Sack. Oh pox! that would have spoil'd the jest. [*Aside.*

Per. A person of your curiosity must have collected many rarities.

Col. I have some, Sir, which are not yet come ashore; as, an Egyptian idol.

Per. Pray what may that be?

Col. It is, Sir, a kind of an ape, which they formerly worshipp'd in that country: I took it from the breast of a female mummy.

Per. Ha, ha! our women retain part of their idolatry to this day, for many an ape lies on a lady's breast, ha, ha! —

Sack. A smart old thief.

[*Aside.*

Col. Two tusks of an Hippotamus, two pair of Chinese nut-crackers, and one Egyptian mummy.

Per. Pray, Sir, have you never a crocodile?

Col. Humph! the boatswain brought one with a design to shew it, but touching at Rotterdam, and hearing it was no rarity in England, he sold it to a Dutch poet.

Sack. The devil's in that nation, it rivals us in every thing.

Per. I should have been very glad to have seen a living crocodile.

Col. My genius led me to things more worthy of regard.— Sir, I have seen the utmost limits of this globular world; I have seen the sun rise and set; know in what degree of heat he is at noon, to the breadth of a hair, and what quantity of combustibles he burns in a day, and how much of it turns to ashes, and how much to cinders.

Per. To cinders! You amaze me, Sir: I never heard that the sun consum'd any thing.—Descartes tells us —

Col. Descartes, with the rest of his brethren, both ancient and modern, knew nothing of the matter.— I tell you, Sir, that Nature admits an annual decay, tho' imperceptible to vulgar eyes.— Sometimes his rays destroy below, sometimes above.— You have heard of blazing comets, I suppose.

Per. Yes, yes, I remember to have seen one, and our astrologers tell us of another which will happen very quickly.

Col. Those comets are little islands bordered on the sun, which at certain times are set on fire by that

‘ luminous body’s moving over them perpendicu-
 ‘ larly, which will one day occasion a general con-
 ‘ flagration.

‘ *Sack.* One need not scruple the Colonel’s ca-
 ‘ pacity, faith! [Aside.

‘ *Per.* This is marvellous strange! These cinders
 ‘ are what I never read of in any of our learned
 ‘ dissertations.

‘ *Col.* I don’t know how the Devil you should.
 [Aside.

‘ *Sack.* He has it at his fingers ends: one would
 ‘ swear he had learn’d to lye at school, he does it
 ‘ so cleverly. [Aside.

‘ *Per.* Well! you travellers see strange things!
 ‘ Pray, Sir, have you any of those cinders?

‘ *Col.* I have, among my other curiosities.

‘ *Per.* Oh, what have I lost for want of travel-
 ‘ ling! Pray, what have you else?

‘ *Col.* Several things worth your attention.—I
 ‘ have a muff made of the feathers of those geese
 ‘ that sav’d the Roman Capitol.

‘ *Per.* Is’t possible?

‘ *Sack.* Yes, if you are such a gander as to be-
 ‘ lieve him. [Aside.

‘ *Col.* I have an Indian leaf, which, open, will
 ‘ cover an acre of land, yet folds up in so little a
 ‘ compass, you may put it into your snuff-box.

‘ *Sack.* Humph! That’s a thunderer. [Aside.

‘ *Per.* Amazing!

‘ *Col.* Ah! mine is but a little one; I have seen
 ‘ some of them that would cover one of the Car-
 ‘ ribbee Islands.

‘ *Per.* Well, if I don’t travel before I die, I shan’t
 ‘ rest in my grave—Pray, what do the Indians
 ‘ with them?

‘ *Col.* Sir, they use them in their wars for tents,
 ‘ the old women for riding-hoods, the young for
 ‘ fans and umbrellas.

‘ *Sack.* He has a fruitful invention. [Aside.

‘ *Per.* I admire our East-India Company imports

' none of them; they would certainly find their account in them.

' *Col.* Right, if they could find the leaves. [*Aside.*']
 —— Look ye, Sir, do you see this little phial?

Per. Pray you what is it?

Col. This is call'd *Polustofboio*.

Per. *Polustofboio!* —— It has a rumbling found.

Col. Right, Sir; it proceeds from a rumbling nature. —— This water was part of those waves which bore Cleopatra's vessel when she sail'd to meet Anthony.

Per. Well, of all that ever travelled, none had a taste like you.

Col. But here's the wonder of the world. —— This, Sir, is called *Zona*, or *Moros Muspbonon*; the virtues of this are inestimable.

Per. *Moros Muspbonon!* What in the name of wisdom can that be? —— to me it seems a plain belt.

Col. This girdle has carried me all the world over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. I mean as I say, Sir. —— Whenever I am girded with this, I am invisible; and by turning this little screw, can be in the court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg.

Per. You must pardon me, Sir, I can't believe it.

Col. If my landlord pleases, he shall try the experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you kindly, Sir; but I have no inclination to ride post to the Devil.

Col. No, no, you shan't stir a foot, I'll only make you invisible.

Sack. But if you could not make me visible again.

Per. Come, try it upon me, Sir, I am not afraid of the Devil, nor all his tricks. —— 'Sbud, I'll stand 'em all.

Col. There, Sir, put it on. —— Come, landlord, you and I must face the east. [*They turn about.*]
 Is it on, Sir?

Per.

Per. 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*]

Sack. Heaven protect me! Where is he?

Per. Why here, just where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the name of virtue? Ah, poor Mr. Periwinkle!—Egad, look to't, you had best, Sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a wizard.

Col. Have patience, good landlord.

Per. But really don't you see me now?

Sack. No more than I see my grandmother, that died forty years ago.

Per. Are you sure you don't lie? Methinks I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

Sack. Ah! I wish I could see you once again.

Col. Take off the girdle, Sir. [*He takes it off.*]

Sack. Ah, Sir, I am glad to see you with all my heart. [*Embraces him.*]

Per. This is very odd; certainly there must be some trick in't.—Pray, Sir, will you do me the favour to put it on yourself?

Col. With all my heart.

Per. But first I'll secure the door.

Col. You know how to turn the screw, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. Yes, yes,—Come, Mr. Periwinkle, we must turn full east.

[*They turn, the Colonel sinks down a trap-door.*]

Col. 'Tis done, now turn. [*They turn.*]

Per. Ha! mercy upon me; my flesh creeps upon my bones.—This must be a conjurer, Mr. Sackbut.

Sack. He is the Devil, I think.

Per. Oh, Mr. Sackbut, why do you name the Devil, when perhaps he may be at your elbow?

Sack. At my elbow! Marry, heaven forbid!

Col. Are you satisfied? [*From under the stage.*]

Per. Yes, Sir, yes—How hollow his voice sounds!

Sack. Yours seem'd just the same—Faith, I wish this girdle were mine, I'd sell wine no more. Hark

ye, Mr. Periwinkle, [*Takes him aside till the Colonel rises again.*] if he would sell this girdle, you might travel with great expedition.

Col. But it is not to be parted with for money.

Per. I am sorry for't, Sir; because I think it the greatest curiosity I ever heard of.

Col. By the advice of a learned physiognomist in Grand Cairo, who consulted the lines in my face, I returned to England, where he told me I should find a rarity in the keeping of *four* men, which I was born to possess for the benefit of mankind; and the *first* of the *four* that gave me his consent, I should present him with this girdle—Till I have found this jewel, I shall not part with the girdle.

Per. What can that rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. Yes, Sir; he called it a chaste, beautiful, unaffected woman.

Per. Pish! women are no rarities — I never had any great taste that way. I married, indeed, to please my father, and I got a girl to please my wife; but she and the child (thank Heaven) died together—Women are the very geugaws of the creation; play-things for boys, who, when they write man, they ought to throw aside.

Sack. A fine lecture to be read to a circle of ladies!

[*Aside.*]

Per. What woman is there, drest in all the pride and foppery of the times, can boast of such a fore-top as the cockatoo?

Col. I must humour him — [*Aside.*] — Such a skin as the Lizzard?

Per. Such a shining breast as the Humming Bird?

Col. Such a shape as the Antelope?

Per. Or, in all the artful mixture of their various dresses, have they half the beauty of one box of butterflies?

Col. No, that must be allow'd—For my part, if it were not for the benefit of mankind, I'd have nothing

nothing to do with them, for they are as indifferent to me as a sparrow or a flesh-fly,

Per. Pray, Sir, what benefit is the world to reap from this lady?

Col. Why, Sir, she is to bear me a son, who shall revive the art of embalming, and the old Roman manner of burying the dead; and for the benefit of posterity, he is to discover the longitude, so long sought for in vain.

Per. Od! these are valuable things, Mr. Sackbut!

Sack. He hits it off admirably, and t'other swallows it like sack and sugar—[*Afide.*]—Certainly this lady must be your ward, Mr. Periwinkle, by her being under the care of *four* persons.

Per. By the description it should——'Egad, if I could get that girdle, I'd ride with the sun, and make the *tour* of the world in *four and twenty* hours. [*Afide.*] And are you to give that girdle to the *first* of the *four* guardians that shall give his consent to marry that lady, say you, Sir?

Col. I am so order'd, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy I know the very woman—her name is Anne Lovely?

Col. Excellent!—He said, indeed, that the first letter of her name was *L*.

Per. Did he really?—Well, that's prodigiously amazing, that a person in Grand Cairo should know any thing of my ward.

Col. Your ward!

Per. To be plain with you, Sir; I am one of those *four* guardians.

Col. Are you indeed, Sir? I am transported to find the man who is to possess this *Moras Mospbonon* is a person of so curious a taste—Here is a writing drawn up by that famous Egyptian, which if you will please to sign, you must turn your face full north, and the girdle is your's.

Per. If I live till this boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and sent to the Royal Society when I die.

Col. That you shall most certainly.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's Mr. Staytape, the taylor, enquires for you, Colonel.

Col. Who do you speak to, you son of a whore?

Per. Ha! Colonel. [*Aside.*]

Col. Confound the blundering dog! [*Aside.*]

Draw. Why, to Colonel —

Sack. Get you out, you rascal.

[*Kicks him out, and goes after him.*]

Draw. What the devil is the matter?

Col. This dog has ruin'd all my schemes, I see by Periwinkle's looks. [*Aside.*]

Per. How finely I should have been chous'd—Colonel, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your title before—it was pure ignorance, faith it was—Pray—hem, hem! Pray, Colonel, what post had this learned Egyptian in your regiment?

Col. A pox of your sneer. [*Aside*] I don't understand you, Sir.

Per. No, that's strange! I understand you, Colonel—An Egyptian of Grand Cairo! ha, ha, ha!—I am sorry such a well-invented tale should do you no more service—We old fellows can see as far into a millstone as them that pick it—I am not to be trick'd out of my trust—mark that.

Col. The Devil! I must carry it off, I wish I were fairly out. [*Aside.*] Look ye, Sir, you may make what jest you please—but the stars will be obey'd, Sir, and, depend upon't, I shall have the lady, and you none of the girdle.—'Now for Mr. Freeman's 'part of the plot.' [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Per. The stars! ha, ha!—No star has favoured you, it seems—The girdle! ha, ha, ha! none of your Legerdemain tricks can pass upon me—Why, what a pack of trumpery has this rogue picked up—His *Pagoda*, *Polustobio*, his *Zonos*, *Moros Musphonons*, and the Devil knows what—But I'll take care—Ha, gone!—Ay, 'twas time to sneak off.—Soho! the house! [*Enter Sackbut.*] Where is this trickster? Send for a constable, I'll have this rascal before the Lord Mayor;

Mayor ; I'll Grand Cairo him, with a pox to him—I believe you had a hand in putting this imposture upon me, Sackbut.

Sackbut. Who I, Mr. Periwinkle ? I scorn it ; I perceiv'd he was a cheat, and left the room on purpose to send for a constable to apprehend him, and endeavour to stop him when he went out—But the rogue made but one step from the stairs to the door, call'd a coach, leap'd into it, and drove away like the Devil, as Mr. Freeman can witness, who is at the bar, and desires to speak with you : he is this minute come to town.

Per. Send him in. [*Exit Sackbut.*] What a scheme this rogue has laid ! How I should have been laugh'd at, had it succeeded ! [*Enter Freeman booted and spurr'd.*] Mr. Freeman, ' your dress ' commands your welcome to town, what will you ' drink ? ' I had like to have been impos'd upon by the veriest rascal—

Free. I am sorry to hear it—The dog flew for't : he had not scap'd me, if I had been aware of him ; Sackbut struck at him, but mis'd his blow, or he had done his business for him.

Per. I believe you never heard of such a contrivance, Mr. Freeman, as this fellow had found out.

Free. Mr. Sackbut has told me the whole story, Mr. Periwinkle ; but now I have something to tell you of much more importance to yourself.—I happen'd to lie one night at Coventry, and knowing your uncle Sir Toby Periwinkle, I paid him a visit, and, to my great surprize, found him dying.

Per. Dying !

Free. Dying, in all appearance ; the servants weeping, the room in darkness ; the 'pothecary, shaking his head, told me the doctors had given him over ; and then there are small hopes, you know.

Per. I hope he has made his will—he always told me he would make me his heir.

Free. I have heard you say as much, and there-
fore

fore resolved to give you notice. I should think it would not be amiss if you went down to-morrow morning.

Per. It is a long journey, and the roads very bad.

Free. But he has a great estate, and the land very good — Think upon that.

Per. Why that's true, as you say; I'll think upon it: In the mean time, I give you many thanks for your civility, Mr. Freeman, and should be glad of your company to dine with me.

Free. I am oblig'd to be at Jonathan's Coffee-House at two, and now it is half an hour after one; if I dispatch my business, I'll wait on you; I know your hour.

Per. You shall be very welcome, Mr. Freeman, and so your humble servant. *Exit.*

Re-enter Colonel and Sackbut.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! I have done your business, Colonel, he has swallow'd the bait.

Col. I overheard all, though I am a little in the dark: I am to personate a highwayman, I suppose — that's a project I am not fond of; for though I may fright him out of his consent, he may fright me out of my life, when he discovers me, as he certainly must in the end.

Free. No, no, I have a plot for you without danger, but first we must manage Tradelove — Has the taylor brought your cloaths?

Sack. Yes, pox take the thief.

Free. Well, well, no matter, I warrant we have him yet — But now you must put on the Dutch merchant.

Col. The duce of this trading plot — I wish he had been an old soldier, that I might have attack'd him in my own way, heard him fight over all the battles of the late war — But for trade, by Jupiter, I shall never do it.

Sack. Never fear, Colonel: Mr. Freeman will instruct you.

Free. You'll see what others do: the Coffee-House will instruct you. *Col.*

Col. I must venture, however— ‘ But I have a farther plot in my head upon Tradelove, which you must assist me in, Freeman : you are in credit with him, I heard you say.

‘ *Free.* I am, and will scruple nothing to serve you, Colonel.

‘ *Col.* Come along then.’—Now for the Dutchman — Honest Ptolomy. By your leave.

Now must bob-wig and business come in play ;

A thirty-thousand pound girl leads the way.

ACT IV. SCENE *Jonathan's Coffee-house, in 'Change-alley.*

A crowd of people with rolls of paper and parchment in their hands ; a bar, and coffee boys waiting.

Enter Tradelove and Stock-Jobbers, with Rolls of Paper and Parchment.

1st Stock. South-sea at seven eights ; who buys ?

‘ *2d Stock.* South-Sea bonds due at Michaelmas, 1718. Clasp lottery-tickets.

‘ *3d Stock.* East-India bonds.

‘ *4th Stock.* What all sellers and no buyers ? gentlemen, I'll buy a thousand pound for Tuesday next, at three-fourths.

‘ *Coff. Boy.* Fresh coffee, gentlemen, fresh coffee.’

Trade. Hark ye, Gabriel, you'll pay the difference of that stock we transacted for t'other day ?

Gab. Ay, Mr. Tradelove, here's a note for the money ‘ upon the Sword-blade company.’

Gives him a Note.

‘ *Coff. Boy.* Bohea tea, gentlemen ?’

‘ *Enter a Man.*

‘ *Man.* Is Mr. Smuggle here ?

‘ *1st Coff. Boy.* Mr. Smuggle's not here, Sir : you'll find him at the books.

‘ *2d Stock.* Ho ! here comes two Sparks from t'other end of the town : what news bring they ?’

Enter

Enter two Gentlemen.

Trade. I would fain bite the spark in the browri coat: he comes very often into the alley, but never employs a broker.

Enter Colonel and Freeman.

' *2d Stock.* Who does any thing in the civil-list lottery, or Caco? Zounds, where are all the Jews this afternoon? Are you a bull or a bear to-day, Abraham?

' *3d Stock.* A bull, faith — but I have a good putt for next week.'

Trade. Mr. Freeman, your servant! Who is that Gentleman?

Free. A Dutch merchant just come to England; but hark ye, Mr. Tradelove—I have a piece of news will get you as much as the French King's death did, if you are expeditious.

Free. [*Shewing him a letter.*] Read there: I received it just now from one that belongs to the Emperor's Minister.

Trade. [*Reads.*] *Sir, as I have many obligations to you, I cannot miss any opportunity to shew my gratitude: this moment my Lord has receiv'd a private express, that the Spaniards have rais'd their siege from before Cagliari; if this proves any advantage to you, it will answer both the ends and wishes of, Sir, your most obliged humble Servant,*

Henricus Duffeldrop.

Postscript.

In two or three hours the news will be public.

May one depend upon this, Mr. Freeman?

[*Aside to Freeman.*]

Free. You may—I never knew this person send me a false piece of news in my life.

Trade. Sir, I am much obliged to you: 'egad 'tis rare news.—Who sells South-Sea for next week?

Stock-Job. [*All together.*] I fell; I, I, I, I, I fell.

1st Stock. I'll sell 5000l. for next week, at five-eighths.

2d Stock. — I'll sell ten thousand, at five-eighths, for the same time.

Trade.

Trade. Nay, nay, hold, hold, not all together, Gentlemen: I'll be no bull, I'll buy no more than I can take: Will you sell ten thousand pounds at a half, for any day next week, except Saturday?

1st Stock. I'll sell it you, Mr. Tradelove.

Free. [*Whispers to one of the Gentlemen.*]

Gent. [*Aside.*] The Spaniards rais'd the siege of Cagliari! I don't believe one word of it.

2d Gent. Rais'd the siege! as much as you have rais'd the monument.

Free. 'Tis rais'd, I assure you, Sir.

2d Gent. What will you lay on't?

Free. What you please.

1st Gent. Why, I have a Brother upon the spot, in the Emperor's service: I am certain if there were any such thing, I should have had a letter.

2d Stock. How's this? the siege of Cagliari rais'd? — I wish it may be true, 'twill make business stir, and stocks rise.

1st Stock. Tradelove's a cunning fat bear: if this news proves true, I shall repent I sold him the five thousand pounds.—Pray, Sir, what assurance have you that's the siege is rais'd?

Free. There is come an express to the Emperor's minister.

2d Stock. I'll know that presently.

1st Gent. Let it come where it will, I'll hold you fifty pounds 'tis false.

Free. 'Tis done.

2d Gent. I'll lay you a brace of hundreds upon the same.

Free. I'll take you.

4th Stock. 'Egad, I'll hold twenty pieces 'tis not rais'd, Sir.

Free. Done with you too.

Trade. I'll lay any man a brace of thousands the siege is rais'd.

Free. The Dutch merchant is your man to take in.

[*Aside to Tradelove.*]

Trade. Does he not know the news?

Free.

Free. Not a syllable; if he did, he would bet a hundred thousand pounds as soon as one penny — he's plaguy rich, and a mighty man at wagers.

[To Tradelove.

Trade. Say you so?—'Egad, I'll bite him, if possible:—Are you from Holland, Sir?

Col. Ya, Mynheer.

Trade. Had you the news before you came away?

Col. What believe you, Mynheer?

Trade. What do I believe? Why, I believe that the Spaniards have actually rais'd the siege of Cagliari.

Col. Wat Duyvel's news is dat? 'Tis niet waer, Mynheer——'tis no true, Sir!

Trade. 'Tis so true, Mynheer, that I'll lay you two thousand pounds upon it.—You are sure the letter may be depended upon, Mr. Freeman?

Free. Do you think I would venture my money if I were not sure of the truth of it?

[Aside to Tradelove.

Col. Two duysend pound, Mynheer, 'tis gadaen —dis gentleman sal hold de gelt.

[Gives Freeman money.

Trade. With all my heart—this binds the wager.

Free. You have certainly lost, Mynheer, the siege is rais'd indeed.

Col. 'Ik gelay't niet, Mynheer Freeman,' ik sal ye dubbeld honden, if you please.

Free. I am let into the secret, therefore won't win your money.

Trade. Ha, ha, ha! I have snapt the Dutchman, faith, ha, ha! this is no ill day's work.—Pray, may I crave your name, Mynheer?

Col. Myn Naem, Mynheer! myn naem is Jan van Timamtirelereletta Heer Fainwell.

Trade. Zounds, 'tis a dam'd long name, I shall never remember it—Myn Heer van, Tim, Tim, Tim,—What the Devil is it?

Free. Oh! never heed: I know the Gentleman, and will pass my word for twice the sum.

Trade.

Trade. That's enough.

Col. You'll hear of me sooner than you'll wish, old gentleman, I fancy. [*Aside.*] You'll come to Sackbut's, Freeman. [*Exit.*]

Free. Immediately. [*Aside to the Colonel.*]

'1st Man. Humphry Hump here?

'2d Boy. Mr. Humphry Hump is not here; you'll find him upon the Dutch walk.'

Trade. Mr. Freeman, I give you many thanks for your kindness——

Free. I fear you'll repent when you know all. [*Aside.*]

Trade. Will you dine with me?

Free. I'm engag'd at Sackbut's; adieu. [*Exit.*]

Trade. Sir, your humble servant. Now I'll see what I can do upon 'Change with my news. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *the Tavern.*

Enter Freeman and Colonel.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! The old fellow swallowed the bait as greedily as a gudgeon.

Col. I have him, faith, ha, ha, ha!—His two thousand pound's secure——If he would keep his money, he must part with the lady, ha, ha!——

'What came of your two friends? they perform'd their part very well: you should have brought 'em to take a glass with us.

'*Free.* No matter, we'll drink a bottle together another time.—I did not care to bring them hither: there's no necessity to trust them with the main secret, you know, Colonel.

'*Col.* Nay, that's right, Freeman.'

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Joy, joy, Colonel! the luckiest accident in the world.

Col. What say'st thou?

Sack. This letter does your business.

Col. [*Reads.*] To Obadiah Prim, hofier, near the building call'd the Monument, in London.

Free. A letter to Prim! How came you by it?

Sack. Looking over the letters our post-woman brought

brought, as I always do, to see what letters are directed to my house (for she can't read, you must know) I 'spy'd this directed to Prim, so paid for it among the rest. I have given the old jade a pint of wine on purpose to delay time, till you see if the letter be of any service; then I'll seal it up again, and tell her I took it by mistake.—I have read it, and fancy you'll like the project.—Read, read, Colonel.

Col. [Reads.] *Friend Prim, there is arrived from Pennsylvania one Simon Pure, a leader of the faithful, who hath sojourned with us eleven days, and hath been of great comfort to the brethren.—He intendeth for the quarterly meeting in London; I have recommended him to thy house. I pray thee treat him kindly, and let thy wife cherish him, for he's of weakly constitution—he will depart from us the third day; which is all from thy friend in the faith.* Aminadab Holdfast.

Ha, ha, excellent! I understand you, landlord: I am to perfonate this Simon Pure, am I not?

Sack. Don't you like the hint?

Col. Admirably well!

Free. 'Tis the best contrivance in the world, if the right Simon gets not there before you—

Col. No, no, the quakers never ride post: 'he can't be here before to-morrow at soonest: do you send and buy me a quaker's dress, Mr. Sack—but; and 'suppose, *Freeman*, you should wait at the Bristol coach, that if you see any such person, you might contrive to give me notice.—

Free. I will—the country dress and boots, are they ready?

Sack. Yes, yes, every thing, Sir.

Free. 'Bring 'em in then.—[*Exit Sack.*] 'Thou must dispatch Periwinkle first—remember his uncle, Sir Toby Periwinkle, is an old batchelor of seventy-five—that he has seven hundred a year, most in abbey land—that he was once in love with your mother, shrewdly suspected by some to be your father.—That you have been thirty years his steward,—

steward—and ten years his gentleman—remember to improve these hints.

Col. Never fear, let me alone for that—but what's the steward's name?

Free. His name is Pillage.

Col. Enough——— [Enter Sackbut with cloaths.]
Now for the country put —— [Dresses.]

Free. 'Egad, landlord, thou deservest to have the first night's lodging with the lady for thy fidelity:—what say you, Colonel, shall we settle a club here? you'll make one?

Col. Make one! I'll bring a set of honest officers, that will spend their money as freely to the King's health, as they would their blood in his service.

Sack. I thank you, Colonel: here! here! [Bell rings.] [Exit Sackbut.]

Col. 'So, now for my boots. [puts on boots.]' Shall I find you here, Freeman, when I come back?

Free. Yes,———or I'll leave word with Sackbut, where he may send for me.—Have you the writings, the will———and every thing?

Col. All, all!——— [Enter Sackbut.]

Sack. Zounds! Mr. Freeman! yonder is Trade-love in the damned'st passion in the world.—He swears you are in the house—he says you told him you were to dine here.

Free. I did so, ha, ha, ha! he has found himself bit already.———

Col. The devil! he must not see me 'in this dress' now.

Sack. I told him I expected you here, but you were not come yet ——

Free. Very well—make you haste out, Colonel, and let me alone to deal with him: Where is he?

Sack. In the King's Head.

'*Col.* You remember what I told you?'

Free. Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know I am come in———and now, Mr. Pillage, success attend you. [Exit Sack.]

Col. Mr. Proteus rather———

*From changing shape, and imitating Jove,
I draw the happy omens of my love.*

I'm

*I'm not the first young brother of the blade,
Who made his fortune in a masquerade.* [Exit Col.

Enter Tradelove.

Free. Zounds! Mr. Tradelove, we're bit it seems.

Trade. Bit, do you call it, Mr. Freeman! I am ruin'd.—Pox on your news.

Free. Pox on the rascal that sent it me.—

Trade. Send it you! Why Gabriel Skinflint has been at the minister's, and spoke with him, and he has assur'd him 'tis every syllable false: he received no such express.

Free. I know it: I this minute parted with my friend, who protested he never sent me any such letter.—Some roguish stock-jobber has done it on purpose to make me lose my money, that's certain: I wish I knew who he was, I'd make him repent it—I have lost 300*l.* by it.

Trade. What signifies your three hundred pounds to what I have lost? There's two thousand pounds to that Dutchman with a cursed long name, besides the stock I bought? the devil! I could tear my flesh—I must never shew my face upon 'Change more;—for, by my soul, I can't pay it.

Free. I am heartily sorry for it! What can I serve you in? Shall I speak to the Dutch merchant, and try to get you time for the payment?

Trade. Time! Ads'heart! I shall never be able to look up again.

Free. I am very much concern'd that I was the occasion, and wish I could be an instrument of retrieving your misfortune; for my own, I value it not. Adso, a thought comes into my head, that, well improv'd, may be of service.

Trade. Ah! there's no thought can be of any service to me, without paying the money, or running away.

Free. How do we know? What do you think of my proposing Miss Lovely to him? He is a single man—and I heard him say he had a mind to marry an English woman—nay, more than that, he said somebody

body told him you had a pretty ward—he wish'd you had betted her instead of your money.

Trade. Ay, but he'd be hang'd before he'd take her instead of the money: the Dutch are too] covetous for that; besides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I suppose.

Free. So much the better; you may venture to give him your consent, if he'll forgive you the wager: It is not your business to tell him that your consent will signify nothing.

Trade. That's right, as you say; but will he do it, think you?

Free. I can't tell that; but I'll try what I can do with him.—'He has promis'd to meet me here an hour hence; I'll feel his pulse, and let you know: If I find it feasible, I'll stand for you; if not, you are at liberty to take what measures you please.'

Trade. You must extol her beauty, double her portion, and tell him I have the entire disposal of her, and that she can't marry without my consent—and that I am a covetous rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable consideration.

Free. Ay, ay, let me alone for a lye at a pinch.

Trade. 'Egad, if you can bring this to bear, Mr. Freeman, I'll make you whole again: I'll pay the three hundred pounds you lost, with all my soul.

Free. Well, I'll use my best endeavours.—
Where will you be?

Trade. At home: pray Heaven you prosper!—If I were but the sole trustee now, I should not fear it. Who the devil would be a guardian,

*If, when cash runs low, our coffers s'enlarge,
We can't, like other stocks, transfer our charge?*

[Exit.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—he has it.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *Changes to Periwinkle's House.*

Enter Periwinkle on one side, and Footmen on t'other.

Foot. A gentleman from Coventry enquires for you, Sir.

Per.

Per. From my uncle, I warrant you: bring him up.—This will save me the trouble, as well as the expence of a journey.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is your name Periwinkle, Sir?

Per. It is, Sir.

Col. I am sorry for the message I bring.—My old master, whom I served these forty years, claims the sorrow due from a faithful servant to an indulgent master.

[Weeps.]

Per. By this I understand, Sir, my uncle, Sir Toby Periwinkle, is dead.

Col. He is, Sir, and he has left you heir to seven hundred a year, in as good abbey land as ever paid Peter-Pence to Rome.—I wish you long to enjoy it, but my tears will flow when I think of my benefactor.—*[Weeps.]* Ah! he was a good man—he has not left many of his fellows—the poor lament him forely.

Per. I pray, Sir, what office bore you?

Col. I was his steward, Sir.

Per. I have heard him mention you with much respect; your name is——

Col. Pillage, Sir.

Per. Ay, Pillage, I do remember he called you Pillage.—Pray, Mr. Pillage, when did my uncle die?

Col. Monday last, at four in the morning. About two he sign'd his will, and gave it into my hands, and strictly charg'd me to leave Coventry the moment he expired; and deliver it to you with what speed I could: I have obey'd him, Sir, and there is the will.

[Gives it to Per.]

Per. 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the Commons.

Col. There are two things which he forgot to insert, but charg'd me to tell you, that he desir'd you'd perform them as readily as if you had found them written in the will, which is to remove his corpse, and bury him by his father at St. Paul's Covent Garden, and to give all his servants mourning.

Per.

Per. That will be a considerable charge; a pox of all modern fashions. [*Aside.*] Well! it shall be done. Mr. Pillage, I will agree with one of death's fashion-mongers, call'd an undertaker, to go down, and bring up the body.

Col. I hope, Sir, I shall have the honour to serve you in the same station I did your worthy uncle: I have not many years to stay behind him, and would gladly spend them in the family, where I was brought up.—[*Weeps.*] He was a kind and tender master to me.

Per. Pray don't grieve, Mr. Pillage, you shall hold your place, and every thing else which you held under my uncle—You make me weep to see you so concern'd. [*Weeps.*] He liv'd to a good old age, and we are all mortal.

Col. We are so, Sir, and therefore I must beg you to sign this lease: You'll find Sir Toby has taken particular notice of it in his will——I could not get it time enough from the lawyer, or he had sign'd it before he died. [*Gives him a paper.*]

Per. A lease! for what?

Col. I rented a hundred a year of Sir Toby upon lease, which lease expires at Lady-day next. I desire to renew for twenty years——that's all, Sir.

Per. Let me see. [*Looks over the lease.*]

Col. Matters go swimmingly, if nothing intervene. [*Aside.*]

Per. Very well—Let's see what he says in his will about it.

[*Lays the lease upon the table, and looks on the will.*]

Col. He's very wary, yet I fancy I shall be too cunning for him. [*Aside.*]

Per. Ho, here it is—*The farm lying—now in possession of Samuel Pillage—suffer him to renew his lease—at the same rent.*——Very well, Mr. Pillage. I see my uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his will. Give me the lease.—[*Col. gives it him, he looks upon it, and lays it upon the table.*] Pray you step to the door, and call for a pen and ink, Mr. Pillage.

C

Col.

Col. I have a pen and ink in my pocket, Sir, [*Pulls out an ink-horn.*] I never go without that.

Per. I think it belongs to your profession.—[*He looks upon the pen, while the Col. changes the leaf, and lays down the contract.*] I doubt this is but a sorry pen, tho' it may serve to write my name.

[*Writes.*

Col. Little does he think what he signs. [*Afide.*

Per. There is your leaf, Mr. Pillage [*Gives him the paper.*] Now I must desire you to make what haste you can down to Coventry, and take care of every thing, and I'll send down the undertaker for the body; do you attend it up, and whatever charge you are at, I'll repay you.

Col. You have paid me already, I thank you, Sir. [*Afide.*

Per. Will you dine with me?

Col. I would rather not: there are some of my neighbours which I met as I came along, who leave the town this afternoon, they told me, and I should be glad of their company down.

Per. Well, well, I won't detain you.

Col. I don't care how soon I am out. [*Afide.*

Per. I will give orders about mourning.

Col. You will have cause to mourn, when you know your estate imaginary only. [*Afide.*

'*You'll find your hopes and care alike are vain,*

'*In spite of all the caution you have ta'en:*

'*Fortune rewards the faithful lover's pain.*' [Exit.

Per. Seven hundred a year! I wish he had died seventeen years ago:—What a valuable collection of rarities might I have had by this time!—I might have travell'd over all the known parts of the globe, and made my own closet rival the Vatican at Rome——Odds, I have a good mind to begin my travels now——let me see—I am but sixty! My father, grandfather, and great grandfather, reach'd ninety odd;—I have almost forty years good:—Let me consider! what will seven hundred a year amount to in——ay! in thirty

years, I'll say but thirty—thirty times seven, is seven times thirty—that is—just twenty-one thousand pounds—'tis a great deal of money—I may very well reserve sixteen hundred of it for a collection of such rarities as will make my name famous to posterity—I would not die like other mortals, forgotten in a year or two, as my uncle will be——No,

*With Nature's curious works I'll raise my fame,
That men, till doom's-day, may repeat my name.*

[Exit.

SCENE changes to a Tavern: Freeman and Tradelove over a bottle.

Trade. Come, Mr. Freeman, here's Mynheer Jan Van Tim, Tam, Tam—I shall never think of that Dutchman's name—

Free. Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell.

Trade. Ay, Heer Van Fainwell: I never heard such a confounded name in my life—here's his health, I say.

Free. With all my heart.

Trade. Faith I never expected to have found so generous a thing in a Dutchman.

Free. Oh, he has nothing of the Hollander in his temper—except an antipathy to monarchy.—As soon as I told him your circumstances, he reply'd, he would not be the ruin of any man for the world—and immediately made this proposal himself.—Let him take what time he will for the payment, said he; or if he'll give me his word, I'll forgive him the debt.

Trade. Well, Mr. Freeman, I can but thank you.—'Egad you have made a man of me again! and if ever I lay a wager more, may I rot in a gaol.

Free. I assure you, Mr. Tradelove, I was very much concern'd; because I was the occasion—tho' very innocently, I protest.

Trade. I dare swear you was, Mr. Freeman.

C 2

Enter

Enter ²⁰ Fidler.

Fid. Please to have ²⁰ lesson of music, or a song, gentlemen?

Free. Song! ay, with all our hearts: have you a very merry one?

Fid. Yes, Sir, my wife and I can give you a merry dialogue. [*Here is the song.*]

Trade. 'Tis very pretty, faith!

Free. There's something for you to drink, friend: go; lose no time.

Fid. I thank you, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Enter Colonel, *dressed for the Dutch merchant.*

Col. Ha, Mynheer Tradelove, Ik been sorry voor your troubles—maer Ik sal you easie maken, Ik will de gelt nie hebben——

Trade. I shall for ever acknowledge the obligation, Sir.

Free. But you understand upon what condition, Mr. Tradelove; Miss Lovely.

Col. Ya, de frow sal al te regt setten, Mynheer.

Trade. With all my heart, Mynheer: you shall have my consent to marry her freely——

Free. Well, then, as I am a party concern'd between you, Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell shall give you a discharge of your wager under his own hand,——and you shall give him your consent to marry Miss Lovely under yours,——that is the way to avoid all manner of disputes hereafter.

Col. Ya, Weeragtig.

Trade. Ay, ay, so it is, Mr. Freeman: I'll give it under mine this minute. [*Sits down to write.*]

Col. And so Ik sal. [*Does the same.*]

Free. So ho, the house, ' [*Enter drawer.*] Bid your master come up——I'll see there be witnesses enough to the bargain. [*Afide.*]

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Do you call, gentlemen?

Free. Ay, Mr. Sackbut, we shall want your hand here——

Trade.

Trade. There, Mynheer, there's my consent as amply as you can desire; but you must insert your own name, for I know not how to spell it: I have left a blank for it. [*Gives the Colonel a Paper.*]

Col. Ya Ik sal dat well doen——

Free. Now, Mr. Sackbut, you and I will witness it. [*They write.*]

Col. Daer, Mynheer Tradelove, is your discharge. [*Gives him a paper.*]

Trade. Be pleased to witness this receipt too, gentlemen. [*Freemen and Sackbut put their hands.*]

Free. Ay, ay, that we will.

Col. Well, Mynheer, ye most meer doen, ye most Myn voorsprach to de Frow Syn.

Free. He means, you must recommend him to the lady.——

Trade. That I will, and to the rest of my brother guardians.

Col. Wat voor, de duyvel heb you meer guardians.

Trade. Only three, Mynheer.

Col. What donder heb ye Myn betrocken 'Mynheer? —— Had Ik dat gewoeten, Ik soude 'eaven met you geweest Syn.'

Sack. But Mr. Tradelove is the principal, and he can do a great deal with the rest, Sir.

Free. And he shall use his interest, I promise you, Mynheer.

Trade. I will say all that ever I can think on to recommend you, Mynheer; and if you please, I'll introduce you to the lady.

Col. Well, dat is waer—Maer ye must first sprekens of Myn to de Frow, and to oudere Gentlemen.

Free. Ay, that's the best way — and then I and the Heer Van Fainwell will meet you there.

Trade. I will go this moment, upon honour—— Your most obedient humble servant.——My speaking will do you little good, Mynheer: ha, ha! we have bit you, faith: ha, ha!

Well—my debt's discharged, and as for Nan,

He has my consent—to get her, if he can. [*Exit.*]

54. A BOLD STROKE

Col. Ha, ha, ha! this was a master-piece of contrivance, Freeman.

Free. He hugs himself with his supposed good fortune, and little thinks the luck's on our side! — But come, pursue the fickle Goddess while she's in the mood—Now for the quaker.

Col. That's the hardest task.

Of all the counterfeits perform'd by man,

A soldier makes the simplest Puritan.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE Prim's House.

Enter Mrs. Prim and Miss Lovely, in Quakers' Dresses, meeting.

Mrs. Pr. SO, now I like thee, Anne: art thou not better without thy monstrous hoop-coat and patches?—If Heaven should make thee so many black spots upon thy face, wou'd it not fright thee, Anne?

Miss Lov. If it should turn your inside outward, and show all the spots of your hypocrisy, 'twou'd fright me worse!

Mrs. Pr. My hypocrisy! I scorn thy words, Anne: I lay no baits.

Miss Lov. If you did, you'd catch no fish.

Mrs. Pr. Well, well, make thy jests — but I'd have thee to know, Anne, that I could have catch'd as many fish (as thou call'st them) in my time, as ever thou did'st with all thy fool-traps about thee—If admirers be thy aim, thou wilt have more of them in this dress than the other — The men, take my word for't, are most desirous to see what we are most careful to conceal.

Miss Lov. Is that the reason of your formality, Mrs. Prim? Truth will out: I ever thought, indeed, there was more design than godliness in the pinch'd cap.

Mrs. Pr. Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd plays, and filthy romances—good for nothing but

but to lead youth into the high road of fornication. — Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked ones.

Miss Lov. Too familiar with the wicked ones! Pray no more of those freedoms, Madam — I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself — How dare you thus talk to me! you, you, you, unworthy woman you. *[Bursts into tears.*

Enter Tradelove.

Trade. What in tears, Nancy? What have you done to her, Mrs. Prim, to make her weep?

Miss Lov. Done to me! I admire I keep my senses among you; — but I will rid myself of your tyranny, if there be either law or justice to be had: — I'll force you to give me up my liberty.

Mrs. Prim. Thou hast more need to weep for thy sins, Anne—Yea, for thy manifold sins.

Miss Lov. Don't think that I'll be still the fool which you have made me. — No, I'll wear what I please—go when and where I please—and keep what company I think fit, and not what you shall direct—I will.

Trade. For my part, I do think all this very reasonable, Miss Lovely—'tis fit you should have your liberty, and for that very purpose I am come.

Enter Mr. Periwinkle and Obadiah Prim, with a letter in his hand.

Per. I have bought some black stockings of your husband, Mrs. Prim, but he tells me the glover's trade belongs to you; therefore I pray you look me out five or six dozen of mourning gloves, such as are given at funerals, and send them to my house.

Ob. Pr. My friend Periwinkle has got a good wind-fall to-day—seven hundred a year.

Mrs. Pr. I wish thee joy of it, neighbour.

Trade. What, is Sir Toby dead then?

Per. He is! You'll take care, Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. Yea, I will, neighbour.

Ob. Pr. This letter recommendeth a speaker; 'tis from Aminadab Holdfast of Bristol: peradventure

he will be here this night; therefore, Sarah, do thou take care for his reception——

[Gives her the letter.

Mrs. Pr. I will obey thee. [Exit.

Ob. Pr. What art thou in the dumps for, Anne?

Trade. We must marry her, Mr. Prim.

Ob. Pr. Why truly, if we could find a husband worth having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou would'st, neighbour.

Per. Well said, there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a man now, that I think you can none of you have an objection to!

Enter Sir Philip Modelove.

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the husband——

Sir Phil. What must it be, a whale or a rhinoceros, Mr. Periwinkle? ha, ha, ha!—Mr. Tradelove, I have a bill upon you, [Gives him a paper] and have been seeking for you all over the town.

Trade. I'll accept it, Sir Philip, and pay it when due.——

Per. He shall be none of the fops at your end of the town, with full perukes and empty skulls, —nor yet any of your trading gentry, who puzzle the heralds to find arms for their coaches.—No, he shall be a man famous for travels, solidity, and curiosity — one who has searched into the profundity of nature! When Heaven shall direct such a one, he shall have my consent, because it may turn to the benefit of mankind.

Miss Lov. The benefit of mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

Sir Phil. Ay, ay, Madam, he would dissect you.

Trade. Or, pore over you through a microscope, to see how your blood circulates from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot— ha, ha! but I have a husband for you, a man that knows how to improve your fortune; one that trades to the four corners of the globe.

Miss

Miss Lov. And would send me for a venture perhaps.

Trade. One that will dress you in all the pride of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—a Dutch merchant, my girl.

Sir Phil. A Dutchman! ha, ha! there's a husband for a fine lady.—Ya Frow, will you meet myn Slapen—ha, ha! he'll learn you to talk the language of the hogs, Madam, ha, ha!

Trade. He'll learn you that one merchant is of more service to a nation than fifty coxcombs.—'The Dutch know the trading interest to be of more benefit to the state, than the landed.

Sir Phil. but what is either interest to a lady?

Trade. 'Tis the merchant makes the *belles*.—How would the ladies sparkle in the box without the merchant? The Italian diamond! The French brocade! The Italian fan! The Flanders lace! The fine Dutch holland! How would they vent their scandal over their tea-tables? And where would your beaux have Champagne to toast their mistresses, were it not for the merchant.

Ob. Pr. Verily, neighbour Tradelove, thou dost waste thy breath about nothing—All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch youth, and fill their heads with the pride and luxury of this world.—The merchant is a very great friend to Satan, and sendeth as many to his dominions as the Pope.

Per. Right, I say knowledge makes the man.

Ob. Pr. Yea, but not thy kind of knowledge—it is the knowledge of truth. — Search thou for the light within, and not for baubles, friend.

Miss Lov. Ah, study your country's good, Mr. Periwinkle, and not her insects.—Rid you of your home-bred monsters, before you fetch any from abroad.—I dare swear you have maggots enough in your own brain to stock all the Virtuoso's in Europe with butterflies.

Sir Phil. By my soul, Miss Nancy's a wit.

Ob. Pr. That is more than she can say by thee, friend.

friend.—Look ye, it is in vain to talk, when I meet a man worthy of her, she shall have my leave to marry him.

Miss Lov. Provided he be of the faithful.—
Was there ever such a swarm of caterpillars to blast the hopes of a woman! [*Aside.*] Know this, that you contend in vain: I'll have no husband of your chusing, nor shall you lord it over me long.—I'll try the power of an English senate—Orphans have been redress'd, and wills set aside—and none did ever deserve their pity more.—Oh Fainwell! where are thy promises to free me from these vermin? 'Alas! the task was more difficult than he imagin'd!

'A harder task than what the poets tell
'Of yore, the fair Andromeda besel;
'She but one monster fear'd, I've four to fear,
'And see no Perseus, no deliv'rer near.' [*Exit.*
Enter Servant, and whispers to Prim.

Pr. The woman is mad. [*Exit.*

Sir Phil. So you are all, in my opinion. [*Exit.*

Serv. One Simon Pure enquireth for thee.

Ob. Pr. Friend Tradelove, business requireth my presence.

Trade. Oh, I shan't trouble you.—Pox take him for an unmannerly dog—However, I have kept my word with my Dutchman, and will introduce him too for all you. [*Exit.*

Enter Colonel in a Quaker's habit.

Ob. Pr. Friend Pure, thou art welcome: how is it with friend Holdfast, and all friends in Bristol? Timothy Littleworth, John Slenderbrain, and Christopher Keepfaith?

Col. A goodly company! [*Aside.*] They are all in health, I thank thee for them.

Ob. Pr. Friend Holdfast writes me word, that thou camest lately from Pennsylvania: how do all friends there?

Col. What the devil shall I say? I know just as much of Pennsylvania as I do of Bristol. [*Aside.*
Ob. Pr.

Ob. Pr. Do they thrive?

Col. Yea, friend, the blessing of their good works fall upon them.

Enter Mrs. Prim and Miss Lovely.

Ob. Pr. Sarah, know our friend Pure.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art welcome. [*He salutes her.*]

Col. Here comes the sum of all my wishes.—
How charming she appears even in that disguise!
[*Afide.*]

Ob. Pr. Why dost thou consider the maiden so attentively, friend?

Col. I will tell thee: About four days ago I saw a vision—This very maiden, but in vain attire, standing on a precipice, and heard a voice, which called me by my name—and bid me put forth my hand and save her from the pit.—I did so, and methought the damsel grew unto my side.

Mrs. Pr. What can that portend?

Ob. Pr. The damsel's conversion—I am persuaded.

Miss Lov. That's false, I'm sure—— [*Afide.*]

Ob. Pr. Wilt thou use the means, friend Pure?

Col. Means! What means? Is she not thy daughter, already one of the faithful?

Mrs. Pr. No, alas! she's one of the ungodly.

Ob. Pr. Pray thee mind what this good man will say unto thee: he will teach thee the way that thou shouldest walk, Anne.

Miss Lov. I know my way without his instruction: I hop'd to have been quiet when once I had put on your odious formality here.

Col. Then thou wearest it out of compulsion, not choice, friend?

Miss Lov. Thou art in the right of it, friend.—

Mrs. Pr. Art thou not ashamed to mimick the good man? Ah! thou art a stubborn girl.

Col. Mind her not; she hurteth not me — If thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will discuss some few points with her, that may perchance

soften her stubbornness, and melt her into compliance.

Ob. Pr. Content: I pray thee *put it home to her*. —Come, Sarah, let us leave the good man with her.

Miss Lov. [*Catching hold of Prim, he breaks loose, and exit.*] What do you mean—to leave me with this old enthusiastical canter? Don't think, because I comply'd with your formality, to impose your ridiculous doctrine upon me.

Col. I pray thee, young woman, moderate thy passion.

Miss Lov. I pray thee walk after thy leader, you will but lose your labour upon me.—These wretches will certainly make me mad!

Col. I am of another opinion! the spirit telleth me I shall convert thee, Anne.

Miss Lov. 'Tis a lying spirit, don't believe it.

Col. Say'st thou so? Why then thou shalt convert me, my angel. [*Catching her in his arms.*]

Miss Lov. [*Scrieks.*] Ah! monster, hold off; or I'll tear thy eyes out.

Col. Hush! for Heaven's sake—dost thou not know me? I am Fainwell.

Miss Lov. Fainwell! [*Enter old Prim.*] Oh I'm undone! Prim here— I wish with all my soul I had been dumb.

Ob. Pr. What is the matter? Why didst thou shriek out, Anne?

Miss Lov. Shriek out! I'll shriek and shriek again, cry murder, thieves, or any thing, to drown the noise of that eternal babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

Ob. Pr. Was that all? Fie, fie, Anne.

Col. 'No matter,' I'll bring down her stomach. I'll warrant thee—Leave us, I pray thee.

Ob. Pr. Fare thee well. Verily I was afraid the flesh had got the better of the spirit. [*Exit.*]

Col. My charming lovely woman! [*Embraces her.*]
Miss

Miss Lov. What mean'st thou by this disguise, Fainwell?

Col. To set thee free, if thou wilt perform thy promise.

Miss Lov. Make me mistress of my fortune, and make thy own conditions.

Col. This night shall answer all my wishes—See here, I have the consent of *three* of thy guardians already, and doubt not but Prim will make the *fourth*. [Prim listening.]

Ob. Pr. I would gladly hear what arguments the good man useth to bend her. [*Aside.*]

Miss Lov. Thy words give me new life, methinks.

Ob. Pr. What do I hear?

Miss Lov. Thou best of men, Heaven meant to bless me sure, when I first saw thee.

Ob. Pr. He hath mollified her.—O wonderful conversion!

Col. Ha! Prim listening.—No more, my love, we are observed: seem to be edified, and give 'em hopes that thou wilt turn Quaker, and leave the rest to me. [*Aloud.*] I am glad to find that thou art touch'd with what I said unto thee, Anne; another time I will explain the other article unto thee: in the mean while, be thou dutiful to our friend Prim.

Miss Lov. I shall obey thee in every thing.

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Pr. Oh what a prodigious change is here! Thou hast wrought a miracle, friend! Anne, how dost thou like the doctrine he hath preached?

Miss Lov. So well, that I could talk to him for ever, methinks—I am ashamed of my former folly, and ask your pardon, 'Mr. Prim.'

Col. Enough, enough, that thou art sorry: he is no Pope, Anne.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thou dost rejoice me exceedingly, Friend: will it please thee to walk into the next room, and refresh thyself?—Come, take the maiden by the hand.

Col.

Col. We will follow thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is another Simon Pure enquireth for thee, Master.

Col. The Devil there is. [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Another Simon Pure! I do not know him, is he any relation of thine?

Col. No friend, I know him not—Pox take him: I wish he were in Pensilvania again, with all my foul. [*Aside.*

Miss Lov. What shall I do? [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Bring him up.

Col. Humph! then one of us must go down, that's certain—Now impudence assist me.

Enter Simon Pure.

Ob. Pr. What is thy will with me, friend?

S. Pu. Didst thou not receive a letter from Amiadab Holdfast of Bristol, concerning one Simon Pure?

Ob. Pr. Yea, and Simon Pure is already here, friend.

Col. And Simon Pure will stay here, friend, if it be possible. [*Aside.*

S. Pu. That's an untruth, for I am he.

Col. Take thou heed, friend, what thou dost say: I do affirm that I am Simon Pure.

S. P. Thy name may be Pure, friend, but not that Pure.

Col. Yea that Pure, which my good friend, Amiadab Holdfast, wrote to my friend Prim about: the same Simon Pure that came from Pensilvania, and sojourned in Bristol eleven days: thou would'st not take my name from me, would'st thou?—till I have done with it. [*Aside.*

S. Pu. Thy name! I am astonish'd!

Col. At what? at thy own assurance?

[Going up to him, S. Pure starts back.]

S. P. Avaunt, Satan, approach me not: I defy thee and all thy works.

Miss Lov. Oh, he'll outcant him—Undone, undone for ever. [*Aside.*

Col.

Col. Hark thee, friend, thy sham will not take—Don't exert thy voice, thou art too well acquainted with Satan to start at him, thou wicked reprobate—What can thy design be here?

Enter a servant and gives Prim a letter.

Ob. Pr. One of these must be a counterfeit, but which I cannot say.

Col. What can that letter be? [*Aside.*]

S. Pu. Thou must be the Devil, friend, that's certain; for no human power can stock so great a falsehood.

Ob. Pr. This letter sayeth that thou art better acquainted with that prince of darkness, than any here—Read that, I pray thee, Simon.

[*Gives it the Col.*]

Col. 'Tis Freeman's hand—[*Reads*] *There is a design formed to rob your house this night, and cut your throat; and for that purpose there is a man disguised like a quaker, who is to pass for one Simon Pure: the gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more, has been at Bristol: one of them came in the Coach with the quaker, whose name he hath taken; and from what he hath gathered from him, formed that design, and did not doubt but he should impose so far upon you, as to make you turn out the real Simon Pure, and keep him with you. Make the right use of this.* Adieu.—Excellent well!

[*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Dost thou hear this? [*To S. Pure.*]

S. Pu. Yea, but it moveth me not; that doubtless is the impostor. [*Pointing at the Col.*]

Col. Ah! thou wicked one—now I consider thy face, I remember thou didst come up in the leathern conveniency with me—thou hadst a black bob wig on, and a brown camblet coat with brass buttons—Can't thou deny it, ha?

S. Pu. Yea, I can, and with a safe conscience too, Friend.

Ob. Pr. Verily, friend, thou art the most impudent villain I ever saw.

Miss Lov. Nay, then I'll have a fling at him.

[*Aside.*]

[*Afide.*] I remember the face of this fellow at Bath—Ay this is he that pick'd my lady Raffle's pocket in the grove—Don't you remember that the mob pump'd you, friend?—This is the most notorious rogue—

S. Pu. What does provoke thee to seek my life? Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully?

Ob. Pr. She will do thee no hurt, nor thou shalt do me none; therefore get thee about thy business, friend, and leave thy wicked course of life, or thou may'st not come off so favourably every where. Simon, I pray thee put him forth.

Col. Go, friend, I would advise thee, and tempt thy fate no more.

S. Pu. Yes, I will go, but it shall be to thy confusion; for I shall clear myself: I will return with some proofs that shall convince thee, Obadiah, that thou art highly imposed on. [*Exit.*]

Col. Then there will be no staying for me, that's certain—What the Devil shall I do? [*Afide.*]

Ob. Pr. What monstrous works of iniquity are there in this world, Simon!

Col. Yea, the age is full of vice—S'death, I am so confounded, I know not what to say.

[*Afide.*]
Ob. Pr. Thou art disorder'd, friend—art thou not well?

Col. My Spirit is greatly troubled, and something telleth me, that tho' I have wrought a good work in converting this maiden, this tender maiden, yet my labour will be in vain: for the evil spirit fighteth against her; and I see, yea I see with the eye of my inward man, that Satan will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myself from her; and she will, yea, this very damsel will, return again to that abomination from whence I have retriev'd her, as if it were, yea, as if it were out, of the jaws of the fiend.—

Ob. Pr. Good lack, thinkest thou so?

Miss Low. I must second him. [*Afide.*] What meaneth

meaneth this struggling within me? I feel the spirit resisteth the vanities of this world, but the flesh is rebellious, yea the flesh—I greatly fear the flesh and the weakness thereof—hum——

Ob. Pr. The maid is inspir'd. [*Aside.*]

' *Col.* Behold, her light begins to shine forth.—
' Excellent woman.

' *Miss Lov.* This good man hath spoken comfort unto me, yea comfort, I say; because the words which he hath breathed into my outward ears are gone through and fix'd in my heart, yea verily in mine heart, I say;—and I feel the Spirit doth love him exceedingly, hum——

' *Col.* She acts it to the life. [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Prodigious! The Damsel is filled with the Spirit,—Sarah.

Enter Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. I am greatly rejoiced to see such a change in our beloved Anne. I came to tell thee that supper stayeth for thee.

Col. I am not disposed for thy food, my spirit longeth for more delicious meat!—fain would I redeem this maiden from the tribe of sinners, and break those cords asunder wherewith she is bound,—hum——

Miss Lov. Something whispers in my ears, methinks—that I must be subject to the will of this good man, and from him only must hope for consolation.—hum— It also telleth me, that I am a chosen vessel to raise up seed to the faithful, and that thou must consent that we two be one flesh according to the word—hum——

Ob. Pr. What a revelation is here! This is certainly part of thy vision, friend: this is the maiden's growing unto thy side; ah! with what willingness should I give thee my consent, could I give thee her fortune too,—but thou wilt never get the consent of the wicked ones.

Col. I wish I was sure of your's. [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. My soul rejoiceth; yea rejoiceth, I say,
to

to find the Spirit within thee; for lo, it moveth thee with natural agitation—yea, with natural agitation, towards this good man—yea, it stirreth, as one may say—yea, verily I say, it stirreth up thy inclination—yea, as one would stir a pudding. All—hum!

Miss Lov. I see, I see! the spirit guiding of thy hand, good Obadiah Prim, and now behold thou art signing thy consent;—and now I see myself within thy arms, my friend and brother, yea, I am become bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh. [*Embracing him.*] Hum——

Col. Admirably perform'd. [*Aside.*]— And I will take thee in all spiritual love for an helpmate, yea, for the wife of my bosom—and now methinks——I feel a longing—yea, a longing, I say, for the consummation of thy love——yea, I do long exceedingly.

Miss Lov. And verily, verily, my spirit feeleth the same longing. All. Hum!

Mrs. Pr. The Spirit hath greatly moved them both—friend Prim, thou must consent, there's no resisting of the Spirit!

Ob. Pr. Yea, the light within sheweth me, that I shall fight a good fight—and wrestle thro' those reprobate fiends, thy other guardians;—yea, I perceive the Spirit will hedge thee into the flock of the righteous.—Thou art a chosen lamb—yea a chosen lamb, and I will not push thee back—No, I will not, I say;—no, thou shalt leap-a, and frisk-a, and skip-a, and bound, and bound, I say,—yea, bound within the fold of the righteous,—yea, even within thy fold, my brother.—Fetch me the pen and ink, Sarah—and my hand shall confess its obedience to the spirit.

Col. I wish it were over.

Enter Mrs. Prim with Pen and Ink.

Miss Lov. I tremble lest this quaking rogue should return and spoil all. [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Here, friend, do thou write what the Spirit prompteth,

prompteth, and I will sign it. [Col. *sits down.*

Mrs. Pr. Verily, Anne, it greatly rejoiceth me, to see thee reformed from that original wickedness wherein I found thee.

Miss Lov. I do believe thou art, and I thank thee—

Col. [Reads.] *This is to certify all whom it may concern, that I do freely give all my right and title, in Anne Lovely, to Simon Pure, and my full consent that she shall become his wife, according to the form of marriage. Witness my hand.*

Ob. Pr. That's enough, give me the pen.

[Signs it.]

Enter Betty, running to Miss Lovely.

Betty. Oh! Madam, Madam, here's the quaking man again: he has brought a coachman and two or three more.

Miss Lov. Ruin'd past redemption!

[Aside to the Col.]

Col. No, no, one minute sooner had spoil'd all; but now—here's company coming, friend, give me the paper.

[Going up to *Prim* hastily.]

Ob. Pr. Here it is, Simon; and I wish thee happy with the maiden.

Miss Lov. 'Tis done, and now Devil do thy worst.

Enter Simon Pure, and Coachman, &c.

S. Pu. Look thee, friend, I have brought these people to satisfy thee that I am not that impostor which thou did'st take me for: this is the man that did drive the leather conveyency, and brought me from Bristol,—and this is—

Col. Look ye, friend, to save the court the trouble of examining witnesses—I plead guilty—ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. How's this? Is not thy name Pure, then?

Col. No, really, Sir, I only make bold with this gentleman's name—but I here give it up safe and sound: it has done the business which I had occasion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which shall be at his service upon the same occasion at any time.—Ha, ha, ha!

S. Pu.

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S. Pu. Oh! the wickedness of the age!

' *Coachman.* Then you have no further need of us. [*Exit Coachman, &c.*

' *Col.* No, honest man; you may go about your business.'

Ob. Pr. I am struck dumb with thy impudence, Anne; thou hast deceiv'd me—and perchance undone thyself.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art a dissembling baggage, and shame will overtake thee. [*Exit.*

S. Pu. I am grieved to see thy wife so much troubled: I will follow and console her. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Per. Thy brother guardians enquire for thee: here is another man with them.

Miss Low. Who can that other man be?

[*To the Colonel.*]

Col. 'Tis one Freeman, a friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the rest of the guardians here.

Enter Sir Philip, Tradelove, Periwinkle, and Freeman.

Free. [*To the Colonel.*] Is all safe? did my letter do you service?

Col. All, all's safe! ample service. [*Afide.*

Sir Phil. Miss Nancy, how do'st do, child?

Miss Low. Don't call me Miss, friend Philip, my name is Anne, thou knowest.—

Sir Phil. What, is the girl metamorphos'd?

Miss Low. I wish thou wert so metamorphos'd. Ah! Philip, throw off that gaudy attire, and wear the cloaths becoming thy age.

Ob. Pr. I am ashamed to see these men. [*Afide.*

Sir Phil. My age! the woman is possess'd.

Col. No, thou art possess'd rather, friend.

Trade. Hark ye, Miss Lovely, one word with you. [*Takes hold of her hand.*

Col. This maiden is my wife, thanks to friend Prim, and thou hast no business with her.

[*Takes her from him.*

Trade. His wife! hark ye, Mr. Freeman.

Per.

Per. Why, you have made a very fine piece of work of it, Mr. Prim.

Sir Phil. Married to a Quaker! thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan, truly—there's a husband for a young lady!

Col. When I have put on my beau cloaths, Sir Philip, you'll like me better——

Sir Phil. Thou wilt make a very scurvy beau—friend——

Col. I believe I can prove it under your hand that you thought me a very fine gentleman in the Park t'other day, about thirty-fix minutes after eleven: will you take a pinch, Sir Philip—One of the finest snuff-boxes you ever saw. [*Offers him snuff.*]

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! I am overjoyed, faith I am, if thou be'st the gentleman—I own I did give my consent to the gentleman I brought here to-day;—but whether this is he, I can't be positive.

Ob. Prim. Can'st thou not?—Now I think thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan.—Thou shallow-brain'd shuttlecock, he may be a pick-pocket for ought thou do'st know.

Per. You would have been two rare fellows to have been entrusted with the sole management of her fortune, would ye not, think ye? But Mr. Tradelove and myself shall take care of her portion.——

Trade. Ay, ay, so we will—Didn't you tell me the Dutch merchant desired me to meet him here, Mr. Freeman?

Free. I did so, and I am sure he will be here, if you'll have a little patience.

Col. What, is Mr. Tradelove impatient? Nay, then, ib ben gereet voor you, heb be, *Jan Van Tim-tamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell, vergeeten!*

Trade. Oh! pox of the name! what have you trick'd me too, Mr. Freeman?

Col. Trick'd, Mr. Tradelove! did not I give you two thousand pounds for your consent fairly? And now do you tell a gentleman he has trick'd you?

Per.

Per. So, so, you are a pretty guardian, faith, to sell your charge: what, did you look upon her as part of your stock?

Ob. Pr. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad thy knavery is found out, however—I confess the maiden over-reached me, and I had no sinister end at all.

Per. Ay, ay, one thing or other over-reached you all—but I'll take care he shall never finger a penny of her money, I warrant you;—over-reach'd quoth'a! Why I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had had no more wit: I don't know but this very fellow may be him that was directed to me from Grand Cairo t'other day. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. The very fame.

Per. Are you so, Sir? but your trick would not pass upon me.—

Col. No, as you say, at that time it did not, that was not my lucky hour:—but hark ye, Sir, I must let you into one secret—you may keep honest John Tradescant's coat on, for your uncle Sir Toby Periwinkle is not dead—so the charge of mourning will be saved, ha, ha, ha!—Don't you remember Mr. Pillage, your uncle's steward? Ha, ha, ha!

Per. Not dead! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

Col. Don't you remember the signing of a lease, Mr. Periwinkle?

Per. Well, and what signifies that lease, if my uncle is not dead?—Ha! I am sure it was a lease I signed.—

Col. Aye, but it was a lease for life, Sir, and of this beautiful tenement, I thank you.

[*Taking hold of Miss Lovely.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! Neighbours fare.

Free. So then, I find you are all trick'd, ha, ha!

Per. I am certain I read as plain a lease as ever I read in my life.

Col. You read a lease I grant you; but you sign'd this contract.

[*Shewing a paper.*]

Per. How durst you put this trick upon me, Mr. Freeman? Didn't you tell me my uncle was dying?

Free.

Free. And would tell you twice as much to serve my friend, ha, ha!

Sir Phil. What the learned and famous Mr. Periwinkle chous'd too!—Ha, ha, ha!—I shall die with laughing, ha, ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. It had been well if her father had left her to wiser heads than *thine* and *mine*, friends, ha, ha, ha!

Trade. Well, since you have outwitted us all, pray you what and who are you, Sir?

Sir Phil. Sir, the gentleman is a fine gentleman—I am glad you have got a person, Madam, who understands dress and good breeding.—I was resolved she should have a husband of my chusing.

Ob. Pr. I am sorry the maiden is fallen into such hands.

Trade. A beau! nay then she is finely help'd up.

Miss Lov. Why beaus are great encouragers of trade, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

Col. Look ye, gentlemen—I am the person who can give the best account of myself, and I must beg Sir Philip's pardon, when I tell him, that I have as much aversion to what he calls dress and breeding, as I have to the enemies of my religion. I have had the honour to serve his Majesty, and headed a regiment of the bravest fellows that ever push'd bayonet in the throat of a Frenchman; and notwithstanding the fortune this lady brings me, whenever my country wants my aid, this sword and arm are at her service.

And now, my fair, if thou'lt but deign to smile,

I meet a recompence for all my toil:

Love and religion ne'er admit restraint,

And force makes many sinners, not one saint;

Still free as air the active mind does rove,

And searches proper objects for its love;

But that once fix'd, 'tis past the power of art

To chase the dear idea from the heart:

'Tis liberty of choice that sweetens life,

Makes the glad husband and the happy wife.

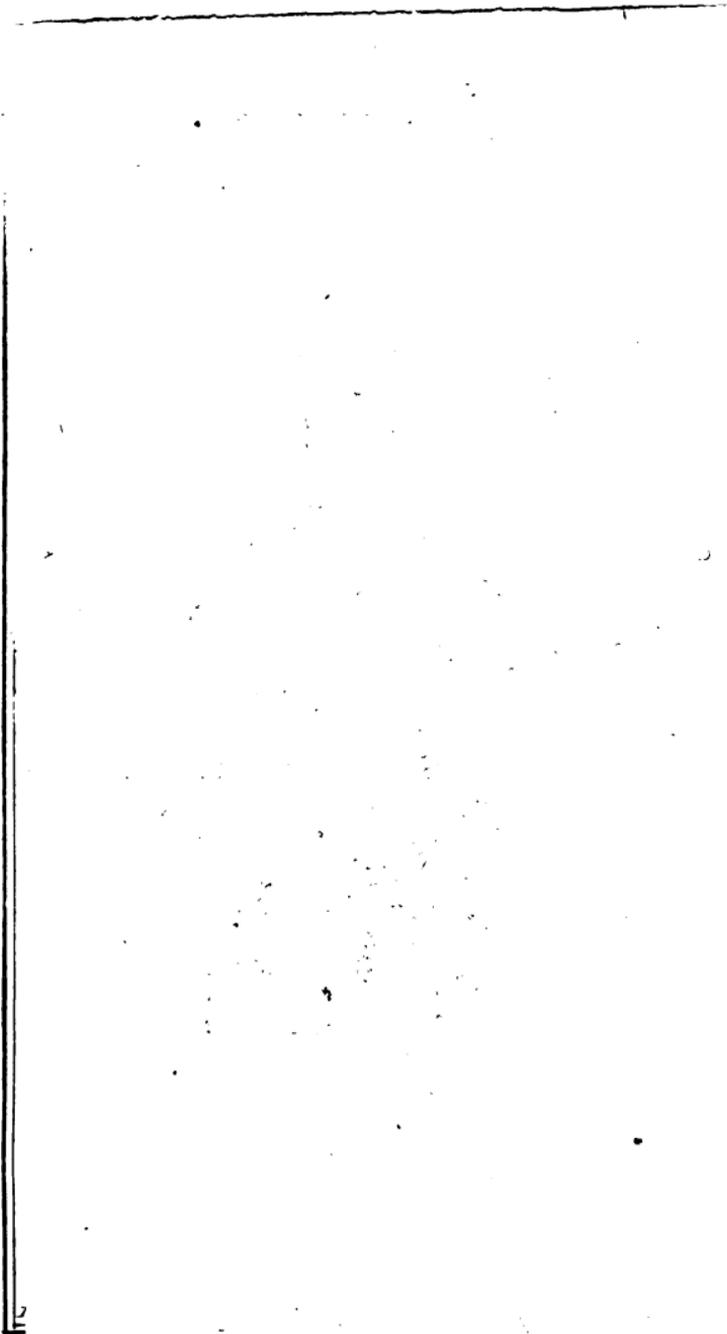
E P I.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. SEWEL:

Spoken by Mrs. BULLOCK.

WHAT new strange ways our modern beaux devise!
What trials of love-skill, to gain the prize!
The Heathen Gods, who never matter'd rapes,
Scarce wore such strange variety of shapes:
The Devil take their odious barren skulls,
To court in form of snakes and filthy bulls:
Old Jove once nick'd it too, as I am told,
In a whole lapsful of true standard gold;
How must his godship then fair Danae warm!
In trucking ware for ware there is no harm.
Well after all that, money has a charm.
But now, indeed, that stale invention's past;
Besides you know that guineas fall so fast,
Poor nymph must come to pocket-piece at last.
Old Harry's face, or good Queen Bess's ruff,
Not that I'd take 'em—may do well enough;
No—my ambitious spirit's far above
Those little tricks of mercenary love.
That man be mine, who like the Col'nel here,
Can top his character in ev'ry sphere;
Who can a thousand ways employ his wit,
Out-promise statesmen, and out-cheat a cit:
Beyond the colours of a trav'ler paint,
And cant, and ogle too—beyond a saint.
The last disguise most pleas'd me, I confess,
There's something tempting in the preaching dress;
And pleas'd me more than once a dame of note,
Who lov'd her husband in his footman's coat.
To see one eye in wanton motions play'd,
The other to the heav'nly regions stray'd,
As if, it for it's fellow's frailties pray'd:
But yet I hope, for all that I have said,
To find my spouse a man of war in bed.



2

M.

40

822.59
Bell's Characteristical Edition.

THE MISER.

A COMEDY. BY HENRY FIELDING.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,

BY MR. HOPKINS PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money.—Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket!—My dear money is safe.—In short Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.—What! has any robb'd me! Oh my poor gold! my poor plate! my dear lands and tenements! my poor India bonds!—All the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town, I will have them all executed: I will hang all the world, and if I do not find my money I will hang myself afterwards.—I will have my money again or never sleep more.—Why did I not die a year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago!—Why was I begotten! why was I born! why was I brought up! why was I not knock'd o' the head before I knew the value of money!—I will be starv'd, drown'd, shot, hang'd, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.—Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat. LOVEGOLD.
Fortune has mark'd me out for misery: but I will be no longer idle: since I am to be ruin'd I'll meet my destruction.—All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robb'd me of Mariana she made her utmost effort: I now despise all in her power. FREDERICK.

I shall show you the difference between us.—I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future.—I am a gentleman Sir.—By Heavens I'll die in defending my right. CLERIMONT.

For my part I have never had any inclinations towards hanging; and I thank Heaven I have lived to see whole fets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter. I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp.—Bring Patch over! a fig for her Sir! I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.—I warrant my lies keep even pace with her's.—I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act.—Conscience! conscience! the great guide of all my actions. RAMILIE.

Your Ladyship is very much in the right; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room now with tapestry.—Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that I know of. FURNISH.

I defy any Jeweller in Town to shew their equals. SPARKLE.
I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible.—Heyday Sir! I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. LIST.

That snuffbox! there is but one person in England Sir, can work in this manner—If he had an hundred thousand hands I could keep them all employ'd. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. BUBBLEBOY.

Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and jh'other. JA.
As for the censures of the world I despise them while I do not deserve them.—I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness because the world does not call it so. HARRIET.

Look 'e, Mariana, I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I have been all my life so strict an observer, but this is so prudent a match that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women—only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given, we say La! who suspected it! it was mighty privately carried on! MRS. WISELY.

I may turn off somebody to make room for him; but I believe I have liked him already.—You see, Sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family.—Dear Harriet! no apologies: all you said I deserved. MARIANA.

I never did any thing so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again: as for truth, I have neglected it so long that I often forget which side of the question it is of besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.—If they were half married already I would unmarry them again. LAPPET.

I have some secrets of our family which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to! WHEELDE.



EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Press, by THE MARTINS, for Bell, LONDON, 1782.

TO HIS GRACE

CHAR. DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

MY LORD,

AS there is scarce any vanity more general than that of desiring to be thought well received by the great, pardon me if I take the first opportunity of boasting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muses, my Lord, stand in need of such protectors; nor do I know under whose protection I can so properly introduce Moliere as that of your Grace, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleasure which I may be supposed to receive from an extraordinary success in so difficult an undertaking must be indeed complete by your approbation; the perfect knowledge which your Grace is known to have of the manners, habits, and taste, of that nation where this play was derived makes you the properest judge wherein I have judiciously kept up to or departed from the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of *The Miser*, and you, my Lord, are to decide what share the translator merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious by entering into the usual style of Dedications, for my pen cannot accompany my heart when I speak of your Grace; and I am now writing to the only person to whom such a panegyrick would be displeasing; therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest ambition to be thought,

My Lord,

your Grace's most obliged,

and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING,

A ij

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

*TOO long the slighted Comick Muse has mourn'd,
 Her face quite alter'd and her art o'erturn'd;
 That force of nature now no more she sees
 With which so well her Johnson knew to please:
 No characters from nature now we trace,
 All serve to empty books of common-place:
 Our modern bards who to assemblies stray
 Frequent the Park, the visit, or the play,
 Regard not what fools do but what wits say.
 Just they retail each quibble to the Town,
 That surely must admire what is its own.
 Thus without characters from nature got,
 Without a moral or without a plot,
 A dull collection of insipid jokes,
 Some stole from conversation some from books,
 Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
 We call High Comedy, and seem content.
 But to regale with other sort of fare
 To-night our Author treats you with Moliere;
 Moliere! who Nature's inmost secrets knew,
 Whose justest pen like Kneller's pencil drew;
 In whose strong scenes all characters are shewn,
 Not by low jests, but actions of their own.
 Happy our English bard if your applause
 Grant he 'as not injur'd the French author's cause;
 From that alone arises all his fear:
 He must be safe if he has sav'd Moliere.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| LOVEGOLD, the Miser, | <i>Drury-Lane.</i> | <i>Covent-Garden.</i> |
| FREDERICK, his son, | Mr. Yates. | Mr. Shuter. |
| CLERIMONT, | Mr. Palmer. | Mr. Wroughton. |
| RAMILIE, servant to Frederick, | Mr. Brereton. | Mr. Whitfield. |
| Mr. DECOY, a broker, | Mr. Dodd. | Mr. Lee Lewes. |
| Mr. FURNISH, an upholsterer, | Mr. Wrighten. | Mr. Fox. |
| Mr. SPARKLE, a jeweller, | Mr. Norris. | |
| Mr. SATTIN, a mercer, | Mr. Griffith. | |
| Mr. LIST, a tailor, | Mr. Everard. | |
| CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, | Mr. Waldron. | |
| A LAWYER, | | Mr. Bates. |
| JAMES, | | |

WOMEN.

| | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| HARRIET, Lovegold's daughter, | Miss Hopkins. | Mrs. Whitfield. |
| Mrs. WISLY, | Mrs. Cross. | |
| MARIANA, | Mrs. Greville. | Mrs. Bulkley. |
| LAPPET, maid to Mariana, | Miss Pope. | Mrs. Green. |
| WHEELLE, | | |

Servants, &c.
 SCENE LONDON.

THE MISER*.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lovegold's house.*

Enter LAPPET and RAMILIE..

LAPPET.

I'LL hear no more. Perfidious fellow! have I for thee slighted so many good matches? have I for thee turn'd off Sir Oliver's steward and my Lord Landy's butler, and several others thy betters, and all to be affronted in so publick a manner?

Ram. Do but hear me Madam.

Lap. If thou wouldst have neglected me was there nobody else to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Crossfitch, whom you know to be my utter aversion?

Ram. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lap. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company: what must they think of me when they see you, after I have countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ram. I'm sure the world must think worse of me did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lap. None of your wheedling Sir, that won't do. If ever you hope to speak to me more let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ram. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the first night he lies out of Town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lap. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again——

Ram. May I be banish'd for ever from those dear eyes, and be turn'd out of the family while you live in it.

Enter WHEEDLE..

Wheed. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lap. My dear! this is extremely kind.

Wheed. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit..

* The lines distinguished by inverted commas are omitted in the representation, and those printed in Italicks are the additions of the Theatres..

Lap. Nay, dear creature! now you are barbarous. My young lady has staid at home so much I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone out I am sure, Madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Wheed. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh, Mr Ramilie! are you confin'd too? Your master does not stay at home I am sure; he can find the way to our house tho' you can't.

Ram. That is the only happiness, Madam, I envy him: but faith I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the Court of Requests, and one's evenings at quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to Town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket, for I know he is engag'd to-morrow with some gentlemen who never leave their bottle for musick.

Lap. Ah, the savages!

Wheed. No one can say that of you Mr. Ramilie; you prefer musick to every thing——

Ram.——But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So there's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of quadrille more?

Wheed. Oh, do n't name it! I have work'd my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambrick pinnars and handkerchiefs: in short, my dear! no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Wheed. La, child! where can one better one's self? All the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides, there are some little things that make amends: my lady has a whole train of admirers.

Ram. That, Madam, is the only circumstance wherein she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, Madam, I am obliged to leave you—[*Bell rings.*] So, so, so: would the bell were in your guts! [*Exit Ram.*]

Lap. Oh Wheedle! I am quite sick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can scarce ask you to eat or drink.

Wheed. Thank you my dear! but I have drank half-a-dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well, but my dear! I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Wheed. Pray let us hear 'em. I have some secrets of our family too which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to!

Lap. You know, my dear! last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overfet in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, sav'd her life at the hazard of his own—Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so draggled! —Ha, ha, ha!

Wheed. Yes, my dear! I know how all your fine ladies look when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people: when the poor gentleman brought Miss home my master meets 'em at the door, and without asking any question very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Wheed. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman? her blushes soon discovered to me who he was: in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom, upon which her champion fell upon him, and did so maul him—My lady fainted away in my arms; but as soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she looked on him! Ah, Sir! says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure you were born for my deliverance! He handed her into a hackneycoach and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Wheed. And you took care to see the post paid I hope.

Lap. Never fear that—And now, what do you think we

have contrived amongst us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

Wheed. Soh! here's fine billing and cooing I warrant; Miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet; how long it will continue so I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can, for this house holds not me after the discovery.

Wheed. I think you have no great reason to lament the loss of a place where the master keeps his own keys.

Lap. The devil take the first inventor of locks say I. But come, my dear! there is one key which I keep, and that I believe will furnish us with some sweetmeats; so if you will walk in with me I'll tell you a secret which concerns your family. It is in your power perhaps to be serviceable to me. I hope, my dear! you will keep these secrets safe; for one would not have it known that one publishes all the affairs of a family while one stays in it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a garden.

Enter CLERIMONT and HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy my dear Harriet? do you repent that promise of yours which has made me the happiest of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happiness: if I am melancholy it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

Cler. "Thou art too bounteous; every tender word from those dear lips lays obligations on me I never can repay; but if to love, to dote on you more than life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wishes before you speak them, can discharge me from any part of that vast debt I owe you, I will be punctual in the payment."

Har. "It were ungenerous in me to doubt you; and when I think what you have done for me, believe me I must think the balance on your side."

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always blame the conduct of the person who sacrifices interest to any consideration?

Har. As for the censures of the world I despise them.

while I do not deserve them; Folly is forwarder to censure Wisdom than Wisdom Folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness because the world does not call it so.

Cler. But see, my dearest! your brother is come into the garden.

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

Cler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father in railing against the extravagance of young men I have brought him to look on me as his enemy; it will be first proper to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear, therefore I think it not adviseable to trust him, at least yet—he will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy! [*Exit.*]

Har. Honest creature! What happiness may I propose in a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to recompense the loss of him? Parents chuse as often ill for us as we for ourselves: they are too apt to forget how seldom true happiness lives in a palace or rides in a coach-and-six.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Dear Harriet! good morrow: I am glad to find you alone, for I have an affair to impart to you that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidant.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of such consequence——

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Or your telling again: in short, you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it; I am—it is impossible to tell you: in a word—I am in love.

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction; so much in love, that without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time: it hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could, but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have conceal'd it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by, there are so many of her sisters; you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars; I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this Town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shewn you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side you would see beauty, wit, genteelness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! Ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase indeed. But if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father; and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 't is difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. without.] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside into the next walk and talk more of our affairs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOVEGOLD and RAMILIE.

Love. Answer me not sirrah, but get you out of my house.

Ram. Sir, I am your son's servant, and not your's Sir; and I won't go out of the house, Sir, unless I am turn'd out by my proper master, Sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out after you, like an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no need of a servant while he is in my house; and here he dresses out a fellow at more expense than a prudent man might clothe a large

family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for ; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing indeed to steal from a man who locks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money. [*Afide.*] Hark'e rascal, come hither: I would advise you not to run about the Town and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid Sir?

Love. No firrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter firrah? get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, Sir, I am going.

Love. Come back: let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These bootfleaves were certainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hang'd who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out if you please; but you are too practis'd a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag Sir; I am in the most danger of being robb'd.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay Sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No really Sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

Ram. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curmudgeon.

[*Exit.*

Love. So there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay a visit to the dear casket.

Enter FREDERICK *and* HARRIET.

In short I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—Oh, Heavens! I have betray'd myself! my passion has transported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter Sir!

Love. Yes, the matter Sir? I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What Sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me Sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred. We enter not into your affairs Sir.

Love. Ah, would I had those three thousand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion——

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise 'em Sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise 'em! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expenses they run into, be the occasion that one of these days somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expense, Sir, do I run into?

Love. How have you the assurance to ask me that Sir, when if one was but to pick those fine feathers of your's off from head to foot one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them. A fellow here with a very good fortune upon his back wonders that he is call'd extravagant! In short, Sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How Sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me, or how cou'd you support this extravagance?

Fred. Alas Sir, there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagancies and no one knows how. Ah Sir, there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this Town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too I warrant you. If you will be fine is there not such a place as Monmouth-street in this Town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs when he may wear his own hair? "I dare swear a good periwig cann't cost less than fifteen or twenty shillings." Heyday! what, are they making signs to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, Sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray Sir, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana Sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her Sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

Fred. Oh, the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless Sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

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Fred. Oh Sir! consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana!

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who? you, you, you!

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me Sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire. [*Exit Fred.*]

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolved for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear! shall marry our good neighbour Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you my dear papa! but I had rather not marry if you please. [*Courtesying.*]

Love. *mimicking her courtesy.*] I thank you, my good daughter! but I had rather you should marry him if you please.

Har. Pardon me dear Sir!

Love. Pardon me dear Madam!

Har. Not all the fathers upon earth shall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father!

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after such a manner! In short, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not your's, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me ; I am resolv'd upon the match.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. Some people, Sir, upon justice-busines, desire to speak with your Worship.

Love. I can attend to no busines, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or—

Cler. Forgive my interposing : dear Sir ! what's the matter ? Madam, let me entreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clerimont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered both to her and to me : a man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion ?

Cler. Without a portion ! Consider, dear Madam ! can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion ?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Har. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true indeed ; you will think on that Sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all the affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right Sir, that decides the thing at once : and yet I know there are people who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah ! there's no answering that——“ Who can oppose such a reason as that ? ” And yet there are several parents who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing that would by no means sacrifice them to interest, “ and who esteem as the very first article of marriage that happy union of affections which “ is the foundation of every blessing attending on a married state——and who——”

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true ; that stops your mouth at once——“ Without a portion ! ” Where is the person who can find an argument against that ?

Love. Ha ! is not that the barking of a dog ? some villains are in search of my money.—Don't stir from hence ; I'll return in an instant.

[*Exit Love.*]

Cler. My dearest Harriet! how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of Fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest lovely creature!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Thank Heaven it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age, of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said indeed.

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it.

[To Lovegold.]

Love. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. "When a lover offers, Madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should inquire no farther; every thing is contained in that one article, and without a portion supplies the want of beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and honesty."

Love. "Gloriously said, spoke like an oracle!" *[Exit.]*

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me this is a most painful hypocrisy; "it tortures me to oppose your opinion though I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abused by vulgar souls who are incapable of tasting its delicacies!" When love is great as mine

None can its pleasures or its pains declare;

We can but feel how exquisite they are.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

WHAT is the reason, firrah, you have been out of the way when I gave you orders to stay here?

Ram. Yes Sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turn'd me out; and it is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well Sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ram. Ah Sir, it is a terrible thing to borrow money! a man must have dealt with the devil to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do I suppose.

Ram. Pardon me Sir, Mr. Decoy the broker is a most industrious person; he says he has done every thing in his power to serve you, for he has taken a particular fancy to your Honour.

Fred. So then I shall have the five hundred, shall I?

Ram. Yes Sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your Honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ram. Ah Sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine: why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name, and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family. I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ram. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me he took 'em from the mouth of the person himself. Your Honour will find them extremely reasonable — “the broker was forced to stickle hard to get such good ones.” In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities, and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all encumbrance; and that the lender may run as little risk as possible the borrower must ensure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which; that the lender may not burden his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than thirty *per cent*.

Fred. Oh the conscientious rascal!

Ram. But as the said lender has not by him at present the sum demanded, and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the rate of four *per cent.* he thinks it but reasonable that the first borrower, over and above the thirty *per cent.* aforefaid, shall also pay this four *per cent.* since it is for his service only that this sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! what a Jew is here?

Ram. You know Sir what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ram. Ay Sir; why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ram. Alas, Sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

Fred. Well, is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

Ram. Of the five hundred pounds required the lender can pay down in cash no more than four hundred, and for the rest the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What in the devil's name is the meaning of all this?

Ram. *Imprimis*, “one large yellow camblet bed, lined with sattin, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting only one curtain; six stuffed chairs of the same, a little torn, and the frames wormeaten, otherwise not in the least the worse for wearing; one large pierglass, with only one crack in the middle; one suit of tapestry hangings, in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, with many other amorous stories, which make the hangings very proper for a bedchamber.

Fred. “What the devil is here!

Ram. “*Item*, one suit of druggert with silver buttons, the buttons only the worse for wearing; *item*, two musquets, one of which only wants the lock;” one large silver watch, with Tompion's name to it; one snuffbox, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's, a proper present for a mistress; five pictures without frames, if not originals all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons ! what use have I for all this ?

Ram. Several valuable books, amongst which are all the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and lettered—the whole works in divinity of—

Fred. Read no more ! confound the curst extortioner ! I shall pay one hundred *per cent*.

Ram. Ah Sir ! I wish your Honour would consider of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduced by the curst avarice of fathers ! well may we wish them dead when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ram. Such a father as your's, Sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. " For my part, I have never had any inclinations towards hanging ; and I thank Heaven I have lived to see whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter." I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp ; but this rogue of a father of your's Sir———Sir, I ask your pardon———has so provoked me that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

Enter LOVEGOLD and DECOY.

Decoy. In short, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities that you may bring him to what terms you please.

Love. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger ? do you know the name, the family, and the estate, of the borrower ?

Decoy. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me ; but you will learn all these particulars from his own lips, and his man assured me you would make no difficulty the moment you knew the name of his father : all that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich ; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spendthrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest prudent men who know the world and the value of their money.

Decoy. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay! there's something in that; I believe then I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity, obliges us to serve our neighbours, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Decoy. Very true indeed.

Ram. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Decoy. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste: but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, Sir, I neither discovered your name nor your house; but, however, there is no great harm done; they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Decoy. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How, rascal! is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him. [*Aside.*] — And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions? [*Ramille and Decoy sneak off.*]

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself by taking up money at such interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself by lending at such interest?

Love. How dare you, after this, appear before my face?

Fred. How dare you, after this, appear before the face of the world?

Love. Get you out of my sight villain! get out of my sight.

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say——

Love. I'll not hear a word: I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future.——Get out of my sight villain!—I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a stricter eye over his actions.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an apartment in Lovegold's house.

Enter HARRIET and MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me, for of all people upon earth you are my greatest favourite: but I have

had such an intolerable cold child, that it is a miracle I have recovered ; for, my dear ! would you think I have had no less than three doctors ?

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered indeed.

Mar. Oh, child, doctors will never do me any harm ; I never take any thing they prescribe : I don't know how it is ; when one's ill one can't help sending for them ; and you know, my dear ! my mamma loves physick better than she does any thing but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh, child, you are quite a Tramontane ; I must bring you to like dear spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you would take my advice in some things you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear ! I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you ; and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that now one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear !

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest ! you will have such a lover within these four-and-twenty hours !

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him ; “ but I believe I have lifted him already.” Oh Harriet ! I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you, with that dear creature your brother—In short child, he has made arrant downright love to me ; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itself I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly, for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you.—

Mar. Your father !

Har. Ay, my dear ! what say you to a comely old gentleman of not much above threescore that loves you so violently ? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha ! I shall die. Ha, ha, ha ! you extra-

vagant creature! how could you throw away all this jest at once? it would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already: I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him. Oh, methinks I see you on your knees already—Pray, Mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh, I see my loving bridegroom “in his threefold nightcap, his flannel shirt; methinks” I see him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, “more instructive than all my grandmother e’er taught me.” Oh! I smell him sweeter, oh! sweeter than even hartshorn itself! Ha, ha, ha! See child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: “would not any one think now we had been a happy couple together Heaven knows how long?”

Har. Well, you dear mad creature! but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh, never fear it; one can’t indeed bring one’s self to be civil to a young lover; but as for these old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lapdogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh, I shall hate you if you are serious. Oh! see what your wicked words have occasioned: I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

Enter FREDERICK.

Har. Oh brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fred. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have very artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determined against us all art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly Sir in so terrible a situation I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, Madam, I am resolved to persevere; for when one's whole happiness is already at stake I see nothing more can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be perhaps a person's interest to give up a cause wherein part of his fortune was concern'd, but when the dispute is about the whole he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him Harriet? I fancy this brother of your's would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest when he is my son-in-law I'll send him to the Temple: tho' he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, Madam, diligence may succeed in love as well as law: sure Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Littleton!

Mar. Oh, the wretch! he has quite suffocated me with his comparison; I must have a little air: dear Harriet! let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar. My leave! no indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me I know no way to hinder you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Har. "Ah, brother! I wish you had no greater enemy
"in this affair than your mistresses."

SCENE, a garden.

Enter RAMILIE and LAPPET.

Lap. This was indeed a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ram. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get any thing out of him I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear! you have liv'd long enough in this house to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah, but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands. There is one trade,

which I thank Heaven I'm no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ram. Your humble servant Madam; I find you don't know our good master yet: "there is not a woman in the world who loves to hear her pretty self talk never so much but you may easier shut her mouth than open his hands; as for thanks, praises, and promises, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them; but for money, the devil a penny; there's nothing so dry as his caresses; and" there is no husband who hates the word Wife half so much as he does the word Give: instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah Sir! let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart and his purse too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange: "the very sight of a dun throws him into convulsions; 'tis touching him in the only sensible part; 'tis piercing his heart, tearing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing:" but here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him I'll marry you without any other fortune. [*Exit.*

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. All's well hitherto; my dear money is safe. Is it you Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you Sir? Why, you look so young and vigorous——

Love. Do I, do I!

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day Sir; you never look'd half so young in your life Sir as you do now. Why Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid could I take off twenty years it would do me no harm with the ladies Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for now-a-days nobody

marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year?

Lap. Yes Sir; there's, in the first place, the article of a table; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then as to the quality of what she eats you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account; as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them; so there is the article of deserts wiped off all at once—you'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half-a-dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal; this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item*, for clothes; she has been bred up in such a plainness in them that should we allow but for three birth-night suits a-year saved, which are the least a Town lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more; for jewels, (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year; now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred, to which if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thousand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things it must be confessed, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, Sir! is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expenses she won't put me to; I assure you, Madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received: in short Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have

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heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it: but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in Town.

Lap. Ah Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you above all things to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least: *why, she broke off a match t' other day because her lover was but fifty, and pretended to sign the marriage articles without spectacles.*

Love. This humour is a little strange methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther Sir than can be imagin'd: she has in her chamber several pictures, but what do you think they are? none of your smoke-fac'd young fellows, your Adoniss, your Cephaluss, your Pariss, and your Apollos: no Sir; you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! this is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! pretty masters indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers! Now, I should be glad to taste the savour that is in any of them.

[*Here Lappet introduces a song.*]

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! if your picture was drawn by a good hand Sir it would be invaluable! "Turn about a little if you please: there, what can be more charming!" Let me see you walk; there's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagee! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatick pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh fits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you—I have a lawsuit depending which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money; [*He looks gravely.*] and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleased.*]—Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you.—But indeed Sir, this lawsuit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety.*] how pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In short, to discover a secret to you which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance Sir; [*He looks serious.*] it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you Sir you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair—

Lap. I would not importune you Sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small favour: I shall be undone indeed Sir: if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds Sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds Sir; but three pounds Sir: nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side she intercepts him.*]

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you; indeed I am very much oblig'd to you. [*Exit.*]

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are! Ramlie is in the right: however, I shall not quit the affair; for tho' I get nothing out of him I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And if one fails they're feed on t'other side.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE continues.

Enter HARRIET, FREDERICK, and CLERIMONT.

FREDERICK.

I Think, Sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If any thing, Sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus obliged without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; "for there is something in a generous education which it is impossible for persons who want that happiness to counterfeit;" therefore henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments, for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

[*Enter* LOVEGOLD.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him: he will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty *per cent.* And you, Madam, I dare

say he will infuse good things into you too if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, Sir, we shall want no other instructor.

Love. Come hither Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expense of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe, that take what care one will there is always more victuals provided on these occasions than is eat; and an additional guest makes no additional expense.

Cler. Very true Sir; besides, tho' they were to rise hungry no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clerimont, and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation; you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you Sir.

Love. Go; that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I desire would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me Sir?

Love. I know, Sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, Sir, to be overjoy'd at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish: I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That I think is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

Enter JAMES.

James. Did you send for me Sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t' other.

Love. I want my cook Sir.

James. I thought indeed it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair:

of geldings were starved—But your cook, Sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

James. I am ready for your commands Sir.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year; I have indeed now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done Sir with a good deal of money.

Love. What, is the devil in you? always money. Can you say nothing else but Money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than Money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. "Here's a miracle for you indeed, to make a good supper with a good deal of money! Is there any thing so easy? is there any one who can't do it?" Would a man shew himself to be a good cook he must make a good supper out of a little money.

James. I wish you would be so good, Sir, as to shew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

Love. "Peace sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

James. "There's a gentleman, Sir, who can furnish you out a good supper with a little money.

Love. "Answer me yourself.

James. "Why Sir," how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dress'd but for eight; for if there be enough for eight there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted, and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which I believe may be bought for a guinea or thereabouts.

Love. What! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen!

James. Then, Sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half-a-dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen—

Love. *putting his hand before James's mouth.*] Ah villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

James. Then a ragout—

Love. *stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue firrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all? “has my
“master invited people to cram 'em to death? or do you
“think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one sup-
“per?” Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often
reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, We
must eat to live, not live to eat.

Love. Excellently well said indeed! it is the finest sen-
tence I ever heard in my life. We must live to eat, and not
eat to—No, that is not it: how did you say?

Cler. That we must eat to live, and not live to eat.

Love. Extremely fine! pray write them out for me, for
I'm resolv'd to have them done in letters of gold, or black
and white rather, over my hall chimney.

James. You have no need to do any more Sir, people
talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray Sir, what do people say of me?

James. Ah Sir! if I could but be assur'd that you would
not be angry with me—

Love. Not at all; so far from it you will very much ob-
lige me, for I am always very glad to hear what the world
says of me.

James. Well Sir, then, since you will have it, I will
tell you freely that they make a jest of you every where,
nay of your very servants upon your account. They make
ten thousand stories of you; one says that you have always a
quarrel ready with your servants at quarterday, or when they
leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing;
another says that you were taken one night stealing your
own oats from your own horses, for which your coachman
very handsomely belaboured your back: in a word, Sir, one
can go no where where you are not the by-word; you are
the laughingstock of all the world; and you are never men-
tioned but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy—

Love. Impertinent, impudent, rascal! beat him for me
Clerimont.

Cler. “Are you not ashamed, Mr. James, to give your
“master this language?”

James. "What's that to you Sir?—I fancy this fellow
" 's a coward; if he be I will handle him."

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language
to his master.

James. Who taught you, Sir, what becomes? If you
trouble your head with my business I shall thresh your
jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand I shall teach
you to hold your tongue for the future I believe. If you
offer to say another word to me I'll break your head for
you. [*Drives Clerimont to the farther end of the stage.*]

Cler. How, rascal! break my head!

James. I did not say I'd break your head.

[*Clerimont drives him back gain.*]

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break your's for
this impudence?

James. "I hope not Sir: I give you no offence Sir.

Cler. "That I shall show you the difference between us."

James. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the
future. [*Kicks him off the stage.*]

James. Nay Sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was
but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me
Sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so: see and provide something to cloy their sto-
machs: let there be two great dishes of soupmeagre, a good
large suet-pudding, some dainty fat pork pie or patty, a
fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a salad, and a dish
of artichokes, which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every
thing to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of
that—This is a most excellent young fellow!—But now
will I go pay a visit to my money. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the street.

RAMILIE and LAPPET meeting.

Ram. Well Madam, what success? "Have I been a false
" prophet, and have you come at the old hunks's purse? or
" have I spokelike an oracle, and he is as close-fisted as usual?"

Lap. Never was a person of my function so used: all my
rhetorick availed nothing. While I was talking to him.

about the lady he smil'd and was pleas'd, but the moment I mentioned money to him his countenance chang'd, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramlie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet Sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair prithee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one matrimony? In short your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy.

Ram. No, Madam, I am so much his friend that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case, for I am determined against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of opinion that it would be more your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune; and if she was once married to his son I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

Ram. And is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh profoundly! delightfully! oh that you had but seen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! his old trunk was shaken with a fit of love just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him than a wife that would shut it against him? Besides, it will be better for us all; for if the husband were as covetous as the devil he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife: she will always have it in her power to reward them who keep her secrets; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it; so faith I will e'en

set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

Ram. "But do you think you can prevail with her? will she not be apt to think she loses that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for?"

Lap. "Ah Ramilie! the difficulty is not so great to persuade a woman to follow her interest: we generally have that more at heart than you men imagine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one another; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin or preserve her from it, the surest way of doing either is by one of her own sex. We are generally decoyed into the net by birds of our own feather."

Ram. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking you will allow this I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first I am sure; I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for notwithstanding all I have said young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and should he get access to Mariana may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live. [Exit.]

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. "The jade has art, but it is quite overshadowed by her vanity. She will get the better of every one but the person who will condescend to praise her; for tho' she be a most mercenary devil, she will swallow no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same pride which warms her fancy serves to cool her appetites, and therefore though she have neither virtue nor beauty her vanity gives her both. And this is my mistress, with a pox to her! Pray, what am I in love with? but that is a question so few lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with thinking I am in love with *le je ne sçai quoi*." *Match her who can.* [Exit.]

SCENE, *Lovegold's house.*

Enter LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, *Mrs.* WISELY,
and MARIANA.

Love. You see, Madam, what it is to marry extremely young: here are a couple of tall branches for you almost the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mrs. Wife. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents: what

I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady : I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles : it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition ; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty, that is, the finest, brightest, and most glorious, of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst. Oh ! nauseous filthy fellow !

Love. What does she say to you Harriet ?

Har. She says, Sir, if she were a star you should be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me ?

Mar. Ah ! what an animal ! what a wretch !

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments !

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. *listening.*] I shall make them both keep their distance Madam. Hark 'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father ?

Fred. My father has indeed, Madam, much reason to be vain of his choice : you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family ; notwithstanding which I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of Son-in-law ; nor can I help saying, that if it were in my power I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it indeed : were they to ask the leave of their children few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you illbred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law ?

Fred. Well Sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, Madam, to put myself in the place of my father ; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming ; “that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you ;” that to be called your Husband would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. “The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of Fortune : that is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends ;

“there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking
“to attain so great a blessing; all difficulties, when you
“are the prize in pursuit——”

Love. Hold, hold, Sir! softly if you please!

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant Sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself: I have no need of such an interpreter as you are sweet Sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats Sir, and tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wife. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. to Mariana.] Did you ever see, Madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems indeed to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave Sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to Mariana.*] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wife. Mar.] It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. preventing Mariana, who is going to return it.] No, Madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a present to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your request to this lady that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. to his son.] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I shall run stark staring mad!

Mar. I must insist on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuse him; let me entreat you, Madam, not to shock my poor father to such a degree.

Mrs. Wife. It is illbreeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh, that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in lest you should return it—It is not my fault dear Sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate—For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

Love. to his son.] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cutthroat!

Mrs. Wife. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy—bid him come another time—bid him leave his business with you—

James. Must he leave the money he has brought with me Sir? [Exit James.]

Love. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately. [Exit.]

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have ate too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. Wife. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided I will taste one glass.

Har. I'll wait on you Madam.

[Exeunt Mrs. Wisely and Harriet.]

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door Harriet; is it a family-piece my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it; are not you generally thought very like it?—Heyday! where is my mamma and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, Madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount

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but those his mistress throws in his way she is in the right not to become too easy a conquest; but were you as kind as I could wish my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness, therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another pray, “when that of the “mother and son-in-law are usually so very opposite?”

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as your cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then I suppose you think both fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere I do. Without arrogance, I think I have nothing in me so detestable as should make you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to captivate a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken Sir; money, money, the most charming of all things; money, which will say more in one moment than the most eloquent lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer he is rich; he is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, goodhumoured; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich—that one word contradicts every thing you can say against him; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with, But he is poor, you overthrow all you have said; for it has long been an established maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments of Mariana’s heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill nature fits upon you, you’d never wear it. “There is not one so abandoned but “that she can affect what is amiable better than you can “what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion “of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but what is “lovely can suit you or appear your own.”

Enter HARRIET.

Har. I left your mamma, Mariana, with Mr. Clerimont, who is shewing her some pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you told me this afternoon, that you loved him.

Mar. I tell you I loved him—Oh, barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh, repeat it to my face, and make me blest'd to that degree!

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be so illnatured to conceal any thing from another which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lie would choke me were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear! you have said you hated him so often that you need not fear that. But if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing: she is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish, coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make him easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear! how prettily these airs become you—take my word for it you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy if it were fixed where you have insinuated it “to be placed.”

Har. If you have any reason, Madam, to be ashamed of your choice it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you Madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it you shall not render him as ridiculous to the Town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet! carry it no farther; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away! you do not know the sex: her vanity will make you play the fool till she despises you, and then contempt will destroy her affection for you—It is a part she has often played.

Mar. I am obliged to you however, Madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship: it will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

Har. My friendship, Madam, naturally cools when I

discover its objects less worthy than I imagined her.—I can never have any violent esteem for one who would make herself unhappy to make the person who dotes on her more so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse for such a behaviour; and in my opinion the coquette who sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able to an illnatur'd vanity, is a more odious, I am sure she is a more pernicious, creature than the wretch whom fondness betrays to make her lover happy at the expense of her own reputation.

Enter Mrs. WISELY and CLERIMONT.

Mrs. Wise. Upon my word, Sir, you have a most excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you had been base enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good-breeding should have restrained you from using me after this inhumane, cruel, barbarous, manner.

Mrs. Wise. Bless me child! what's the matter?

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expose yourself; you have nothing to complain of on his side, and therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no Madam: the whole world shall know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have it in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not revenged on you——

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? did I not tell you you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet: you must not be frightened at a few storms: these are only blasts that carry a lover to his harbour.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I ask your pardon; I have dispatched my business with all possible haste.

Mrs. Wise. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you Madam?

Mrs. Wise. Your children, Sir, have used my poor girl so ill that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can assure you we are not used to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family——

Love. Out of my sight audacious vile wretches! and let me never see you again.

Fred. Sir, I——

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence! to dare, after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother, perhaps I may give you some comfort.

Fred. I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

[*Exeunt Frederick and Harriet.*]

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor pretty creature! had they stolen my purse I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

Mrs. Wife. The age is come to a fine pass indeed if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match I would have been glad to see a child of mine oppose it.

Love. Let us be married immediately my dear! and if after that they ever dare to offend you they shall stay no longer under my roof.

Mrs. Wife. “Look'e, Mariana, I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I have been all my life so strict an observer, but this is so prudent a match that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women seem too forward to run away with idle young fellows the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; but when they only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given, we say La! who suspected it? it was mightily privately carried on!

Mar. “I resign myself entirely over to your will Madam, and am at your disposal.”

Mrs. Wife. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion: you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? Hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth! 'Od! Madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months—I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature she was described to be! No one sure ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet! if you will walk a few minutes in the

garden I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. Wise. We shall expect you with impatience.

[*Exeunt Mariana and Mrs. Wisely.*]

Love. Clerimont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is like to be in this evening. I must trust every thing to your care; see that matters be managed with as small expence as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the wine let that be sent back too; and put up what is left, if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come farther than the hall, for fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust every thing to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible Sir: but there is one thing in this entertainment of your's which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that prithee?

Cler. That is, the cause of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an action as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune Sir?

Love. Oh, yes, yes; I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances, and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune; "and a penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all over this Town and not have got one cheaper."

Cler. Sure you are in a dream Sir; she save a fortune!

Love. In the article of a table at least two hundred pounds a-year.

Cler. Sure, Sir, you do not know——

Love. In clothes two hundred more——

Cler. There is not, Sir, in the whole Town——

Love. In jewels one hundred; play five hundred: these have been all proved to me; besides all that her mother is worth. In short, I have made a very prudent choice.

Cler. Do but hear me Sir.

Love. Take a particular care of the family my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing wasted. [Exit *Love.*]

Chr. How vainly do we spend our breath while passion shuts the ears of those we talk to. "I thought it impossible for any thing to have surmounted his avarice; but I find there is one little passion which reigns triumphant in every mind it creeps into, and whether a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and brave." Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch she despises; but as she is a coquette there is no answering for any of her actions. "I will hasten to acquaint Frederick with what I have heard. Poor man! how little satisfaction he finds in his mistress compared to what I meet in Harriet! Love to him is misery, to me perfect happiness. Women are always one or the other; they are never indifferent.

"Whoever takes for better and for worse
"Meets with the greatest blessing or the greatest curse." [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE, a hall in *Lovegold's house.*

FREDERICK and RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour it is true: she told it me in the highest confidence; a trust, Sir, which nothing but the inviolable friendship I have for you could have prevailed with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infinitely obliged to your friendship.

Ram. Oh Sir! but really I did withstand pretty considerable offers: for, would you think it Sir? the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair. I believe, Sir, you would have been pleased to have heard the answer I gave her: Madam, says I, do you think if I had no more honour I should have no greater regard to my interest? It is my interest, Madam, says I, to be honest; for my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant

of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I, let him alone for rewarding a servant when he is but once assured of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now Ramlie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ram. That was what I told her Sir. Do you think, says I, that this old rascal, (I ask your pardon Sir) that this hunk, my master's father, will live for ever? And then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well; but, dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetorick—go and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her Sir! I have a plot worth fifty of your's. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it Sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with her's. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conscience you may return it him again: your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him; so about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, Sir, whilst Ramlie is your friend.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CLERIMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success I am sure thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh Frederick! I have been looking you all over the house. I have news for you which will give me pain to discover, tho' it is necessary you should know it. In short, Mariana has determined to marry your father this evening.

Fred. How! oh Clerimont! is it possible? cursed be the politicks of my sister! she is the innocent occasion of this. And can Mariana, from a pique to her, throw herself away? Dear Clerimont! give me some advice; think on some me-

thod by which I may prevent, at least defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Cler. Would I could advise you! But here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Fred. Ha! Lappet.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Fred. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occasion of my funeral; I am obliged to you for being instrumental to it.

Lap. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly I think you are: it will be much more to your interest to—

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of your's——

Lap. “For Heaven’s sake Sir! you do not intend to “kill me?”

Fred. “What could drive your villany to attempt to “rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? what “could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, “when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money “to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to “betray me?”

Lap. “As I hope to be fav’d Sir, whatever I have done “was intended for your service.

Fred. “It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast used “thy utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lap. “If I did Sir, it was all with a view towards your “interest; if I have done any thing to prevent your ha- “ving her, it was because I thought you would do better “without her.

Fred. “Wouldst thou to save my life tear out my heart? “and dost thou like an impudent inquisitor, whilst thou “art destroying me assert it is for my own sake?”

Lap. Be but appeas’d Sir, and let me recover out of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you easy yet.

Cler. Dear Frederick! adjourn your anger for a while at least: I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her heart; “and whatever she has done, if it has not been for

“ your sake, this I dare confidently affirm it has been for her “ own:” and I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you shew her it will be more her interest to serve you than to oppose you you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas Sir! I never did any thing yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long that I often forget which side of the question it is of: besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear Madam! to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be—but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But Sir, Mr. Clerimont was mentioning a certain little word called Interest just now. I should not repeat it to you Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got some little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough Sir; if they were half married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it.—Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman’s capacity! [Exit.

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith I think so. I have told you how dexterously she managed my affairs. I have seen such proofs of her capacity that I am much easier on your account than I was.

Fred. My own heart is something lighter too. Oh Clerimont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

Cler. “ A coquette’s lover generally pays very severely

“ indeed: his game is sure to lead him a long chase, and
 “ if he catches her at last she is hardly worth carrying
 “ home—You will excuse me.

Fred. “ It does not affect me, for what appears a co-
 “ quette in Mariana is rather the effect of sprightliness and
 “ youth than any fixed habit of mind; she has good sense
 “ and good-nature at the bottom.

Cler. “ If she has good-nature it is at the bottom in-
 “ deed, for I think she has never discovered any to you.

Fred. “ Women of her beauty and merit have such a
 “ variety of admirers that they are shocked to think of
 “ giving up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, so many
 “ pretty gentlemen are continually attending them, and
 “ whispering soft things in their ears, who think all their
 “ services well repaid by a courtesy or a smile, that they
 “ are startled, and think a lover a most unreasonable crea-
 “ ture who can imagine he merits their whole person.

Cler. “ They are of all people my aversion; they are a
 “ sort of spaniels, who tho’ they have no chance of running
 “ down the hare themselves often spoil the chase. I have
 “ known one of these fellows pursue half the fine women
 “ in Town without any other design than of enjoying them
 “ all in the arms of a strumpet. It is pleasant enough to
 “ see them watching the eyes of a woman of quality half
 “ an hour to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

Fred. “ Which she often returns with a smile, or some
 “ more extraordinary mark of affection, from a charitable
 “ design of giving pain to her real admirer, who tho’ he
 “ can’t be jealous of the animal is concern’d to see her
 “ condescend to take notice of him.

“ *Enter* HARRIET.

Har. “ I suppose, brother, you have heard of my good
 “ father’s economy, that he has resolv’d to join two en-
 “ tertainments in one—and prevent giving an extraordi-
 “ nary wedding-supper.

Fred. “ Yes, I have heard it, and I hope have taken
 “ measures to prevent it.

Har. “ Why, did you believe it then?

Fred. “ I think I had no longer room to doubt.

Har. “ I would not believe it if I were to see them in
 “ bed together.

Fred. “ Heaven forbid it!

Har. “ So say I too; Heaven forbid I should have such

“ a mother-in-law! but I think if she were wedded into
 “ any other family you would have no reason to lament
 “ the loss of so constant a mistress.

Fred. “ Dear Harriet! indulge my weakness.

Har. “ I will indulge your weakness with all my heart
 “ —but the men ought not; for they are such lovers as
 “ you who spoil the women.—Come, if you will bring
 “ Mr. Clerimont into my apartment I’ll give you a dish
 “ of tea, and you shall have some *sal volatile* in it, tho’ you
 “ have no real cause for any depression of your spirits, for
 “ I dare swear your mistress is very safe; and I am sure
 “ if she were to be lost in the manner you apprehend she
 “ would be the best loss you ever had in your life.

Cler. “ Oh Frederick! if your mistress were but equal
 “ to your sister you might well be called the happiest of
 “ mankind.” [*Exeunt.*

Enter MARIANA and LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old
 lady that you really intend to have him?

Mar. I tell you I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! for what do you intend to
 have him?

Mar. Have I not told you already that I will marry him?

Lap. Indeed you will not.

Mar. How, Mrs. Impertinence, has your mistress told
 you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against
 the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches,
 you might as well think of going hungry to a fine enter-
 tainment where you were sure of not being suffered to eat:
 the very income of your own fortune will be more than
 he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, affem-
 blies; adieu dear quadrille—And to what have you sacri-
 ficed all these?—not to a husband—for whatever you make
 of him you will never make a husband of him I’m sure.

Mar. This is a liberty, Madam, I shall not allow you;
 if you intend to stay in this house you must leave off these
 pretty airs you have lately given yourself.—Remember
 you are a servant here, and not the mistress, as you have
 been suffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay aside your airs too, good Madam!
 if you come to that, for I shall not desire to stay in this
 house when you are the mistress of it.

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me, for if you do your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you; the worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! laugh!

Mar. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand you may return and tell her her wit is shallower than I imagined it—and since she has no more experience I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. *[Exit.]*

Lap. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-temper'd creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, *the garden.*

Enter LOVEGOLD and Mrs. WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy; I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. Wise. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged. I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villanous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. Wise. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his ears. *[Aside.]*

Love. What are you considering?

Mrs. Wise. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence; therefore I must tell you this delay of the match does not at all please me: it seems to argue your inclination abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas, Madam! I love her better than any thing almost upon the face of the earth: this delay is to secure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

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Mrs. Wife. Well Sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction both of her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract, which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing Madam?

Mrs. Wife. I see, Sir, you don't care for it, so there is no harm done: and really this other is so very advantageous an offer that I don't know whether I shall not be blam'd for refusing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

Mrs. Wife. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look it over.

Mrs. Wife. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him and get it done instantly, and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you he is a very advantageous offer. [Exit.

Love. As I intend to marry this girl there can be no harm in signing the contract: her lawyer draws it up, so I shall be at no expense, for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed to have entitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth! I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match: I am more in love I find than I suspected.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Oh, unhappy miserable creature that I am! what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a master! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never outlive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—— [Runs against him.

Love. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

Lap. Oh Sir!—you are undone Sir! and I am undone!

Love. How! what! has any one robb'd me? have I lost any thing?

Lap. No Sir; but you have got something.

Love. What? what?

Lap. A wife Sir.

Love. No, I have not yet——but why——

Lap. How Sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes Sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh Sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, Sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat Sir; the devil of any estate has she!

Love. How! not any estate at all! how can she live then?

Lap. Nay Sir, Heaven knows how half the people in this Town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities Lappet——

Lap. All an imposition Sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, Sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. “Can it be possible after what you told me?”

Lap. “Alas, Sir! that was only a cloak thrown over her real inclinations.”

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, Sir! she would have deceived any one upon earth, even you yourself: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign tho’ Lappet, let me tell you that is a good sign; right habits as well as wrong are got by affecting them: and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she a lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way in the world she has of a living.

Love. She must win then Lappet; and play, when people

play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can be supported without it she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, Sir, she is dress'd out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases: and to say the truth she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the finest shape that ever was embraced. [*Catching Lap. in his arms.*]

Lap. Oh Sir! I am not the lady—Was ever such an old goat!—Well Sir, I see you are determin'd on the match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages. I cannot bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have lived so long that I have contracted as great a friendship for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, riot, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor honest industrious gentleman has been raising all his lifetime squandered away in a year or two in feasts, balls, musick, cards, clothes, jewels—It would break my heart to see my poor old master eat out by a set of fingers, fiddlers, milliners, mantuamakers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes—to see his guineas fly about like dust, all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradesman, his whole stock in the funds spent in one half year, all his land swallowed down in another, all his old gold, nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time out of mind, which has descended from father to son ever since the flood, “to see even that disposed of.” What will they have next I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any

thing to furnish his old age with the necessaries of life?—Will they be contented then? or will they tear out his bowels and eat them too! [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining old gold?

Love. Oh, my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half per cent!

Lap. A fine excuse indeed when a man is ruined by his wife to tell us he has married a beauty!

Enter Lawyer.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you with a pox!

Law. Heyday! sure you are *non compos mentis*.

Love. No firrah; I had like to have been *non compos mentis*, but I have had the good-luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: bid her take her advantageous offer, for I shall sign no contracts.

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, Sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, Sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey!

[*Appearing deaf.*
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Lap. You know, Sir, that in Westminster-hall money and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you; indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness!—I'm only losing time; there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll even to Frederick, and see what the report of my success will do there. Ah, would I were married to thee myself! [*Exit.*]

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter RAMILIE.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you firrah? how dare you enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, Sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to myself: I think after what has happened you have no great title to my friendship: but I don't know how it is Sir, there is something or other about you which strangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendship I have for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed upon; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and sole occasion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did firrah?

Ram. Has she not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why then, Sir, every single syllable she has told you has been neither more nor less than a most confounded lie, as is indeed every word she says; for I don't believe, upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths since she has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour: the first word she spoke was a lie, and so will be the last. I know she has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie, and every thing she has said of Mariana is another.

Love. How! how! are you sure of this?

Ram. Why, Sir, she and I laid the plot together; that one time indeed I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended to me that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all to his interest; but alas, Sir! I know her friendship begins and ends at home, "and that she has friendship for no person living but herself." Why, Sir, do but look at Mariana Sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of woman as she has described her to you.

Love. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been bribed by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee all that thou hast done for this one service. I will go and deny all that I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impossible she could be such a sort of a woman. [Exit.

Ram. And I will go find out my master, make him the happiest of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk for the honour of all partycoloured politicians.

SCENE, *the ball.*

Enter FREDERICK and LAPPET.

Fred. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

Lap. I have only done half the business yet: I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

Fred. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myself into guineas.

Lap. Keep yourself for your lady Sir; she will take all that sort of coin I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

Fred. But what hopes canst thou have? for I, alas! see none.

Lap. Oh Sir! it is more easy to make half-a-dozen matches than to break one, and to say the truth it is an office I myself like better. "There is something methinks so pretty in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I protest, Sir, you will be a mighty handsome couple. How fond you will be of a little girl the

“exact picture of her mother! and how fond will she be
“of a boy to put her in mind of his father!

Fred. “Death! you jade, you have fired my imagination.”

Lap. But methinks I want to have the hurricane begin
hugely; I am surpris'd they are not all together by the
ears already.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Oh, Madam, I little expected to have found you
and my master together after what has happened; I did
not think you had had the assurance——

Fred. Peace, Ramilie! all is well, and Lappet is the
best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes Sir, all is well indeed; no thanks to her:
“happy is the master that has a good servant; a good
“servant is certainly the greatest treasure in this world:
“I have done your business for you Sir; I have frustra-
“ted all she has been doing, deny'd all she has been tell-
“ing him:” in short, Sir, I observed her ladyship in a long
conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your inter-
est as you may imagine; no sooner was she gone than I
steps in and made the old gentleman believe every single
syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie, and
away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract: so now, Sir, you are ruined
without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ram. Heyday! what is the meaning of this? have I
done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my curst stars could have contrived
so damned an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I do n't blame you Sir, nor myself, nor any one.
Fortune has marked me out for misery: but I will be no
longer idle: since I am to be ruined I'll meet my destruc-
tion. [Exit.

[They stand some time in silence looking at each other.]

Lap. I give you joy Sir of the success of your negoti-
ation: you have approved yourself a most able person
truly; and I dare swear when your skill is once known you
will not want employment.

Ram. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet! a politician

may make a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that is employed with you, for you change sides so often that 't is impossible to tell at any time which side you are on.

Lap. And pray, Sir, what was the occasion of betraying me to your master, for he has told me all?

Ram. Conscience, conscience! Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions: I could not find in my heart to let him lose his mistress.

Lap. Your master is very much obliged to you indeed, to lose your own in order to preserve his. From henceforth I forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations, I revoke all promises; henceforth I would advise you never to open your lips to me, for if you do it will be in vain: I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, treacherous, base, insinuations. I would have you know Sir, a woman injured as I am never can, nor ought, to forgive. Never see my face again. [Exit.

Ram. Huh! now would some lovers think themselves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex, am never frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ravished with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one another; and a woman generally is as sure to perform what she threatens as she is what she promises. But now I'll to my lurking place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but discover it I shall handsomely quit all scores with the old gentleman, and make my master a sufficient return for the loss of his mistress. [Exit.

SCENE, another apartment.

FREDERICK, Mrs. WISELY, and MARIANA.

Fred. No, Madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor shall I attempt it.

Mrs. Wise. I think, Sir, a respect to your father should keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened I think she cannot expect it on any other account.

Mar. Dear Mamma! don't be serious, when I dare say Mr. Frederick is in jest.

Fred. This exceeds all you have done; to insult the person you have made miserable is more cruel than having made him so.

Mar. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you expect. I know the word Mother-in-law has a terrible

found; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robbed me of you she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. Wife. I must insist, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter: the world is apt to be censorious. Oh Heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto passed unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, Madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear, for from this night I never will behold those dear those fatal eyes again.

Mar. "Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection on me: what a person will the world think me to be when you could not live with me?"

Fred. "Live with you! oh Mariana! those words bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. Oh, had that been my blessed fortune!"

Mrs. Wife. "Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a greater distance. The young fellows of this age are so rampant that even degrees of kindred cannot restrain them."

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us—Oh Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. Wife. Come with me daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—A rude fellow!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Wisely and Mariana.*]

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Follow me Sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me Sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What done?

Ram. I have it under my arm Sir—here it is!

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul Sir, his money—Follow me Sir this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOVEGOLD in the utmost distraction.

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! who is the thief? where is

the villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money again villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh, my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain must have watched his time carefully; he must have done it while I was signing that damn'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my house put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my mistress, and myself too; all the people in the house, and in the street, and in the Town, I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the hall.*

“ *Several Servants.*

“ JAMES.

“ **T**HERE will be rare doings now; Madam's an excellent woman faith! things won't go as they have done; she has ordered something like a supper; here will be victuals enough for the whole Town.

Thomas. “ She's a sweet-humoured lady, I can tell you that; I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more use for locks and keys in this house now.

James. “ This is the luckiest day I ever saw: as soon as supper is over I will get drunk to her good health, I am resolved, and that's more than ever I could have done here before.

Thomas. “ You sha'n't want liquor, for here are ten hogsheds of strong beer coming in.

James. “ Bless her heart good lady! I wish she had a better bridegroom.

“ *Thomas.* Ah, never mind that, he has a good purse; and for other things let her alone Mr. James.

“ *Wheed.* Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve dozen of his best Champagne, twelve dozen of Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage; and you must call at the waxchandler's, and bid him send in a chest of candles; and at Lambert's the confectioner in Pallmall, and order the finest desert he can furnish: and you, Will, must go to Mr. Gray's

“ the horsejockey, and order him to buy my lady three of
 “ the finest geldings for her coach to-morrow morning;
 “ and here, you must take this roll, and invite all the peo-
 “ ple in it to supper; then you must go to the playhouse
 “ in Drury-Lane, and engage all the musick, for my lady
 “ intends to have a ball.

James. “ Oh, brave Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine times!

Wheed. “ My lady desires that supper may be kept back
 “ as much as possible; and if you can think of any thing
 “ to add to it she desires you would.

James. “ She is the best of ladies.

Wheed. “ So you will say when you know her better; she
 “ has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made
 “ up between her and your master but how to lay out as
 “ much money as she could—We shall have all rare places.

James. “ I thought to have given warning to-morrow
 “ morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

Wheed. “ See what it is to have a woman at the head of
 “ the house! but here she comes. Go you into the kitchen
 “ and see that all things be in the nicest order.

James. “ I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy.”

Enter MARIANA, FURNISH, and Mrs. WISELY.

Mar. “ Wheedle, have you dispatched the servants ac-
 “ cording to my orders?

Wheed. “ Yes Madam.”

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have
 those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Furnish. I shall take a particular care Madam; I shall
 put them both in hand to-morrow morning; “ I shall put
 “ off some work, Madam, on that account.

Mar. “ That tapestry in the diningroom does not at
 “ all please me.

Furnish. “ Your Ladyship is very much in the right Ma-
 “ dam; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room
 “ now with tapestry.

Mar. “ Oh I have the greatest fondness for tapestry in the
 “ world! you must positively get me some of a newer pattern.

Furnish. “ Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is one of
 “ the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that I know of.
 “ I believe I can shew you some that will please you.”

Mrs. Wife. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for
 this alteration.

Mar. Dear mamma! let me have my will. There is not

any one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, every thing has so much of antiquity about it, and I cannot endure the sight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

Furnish. Your Ladyship is in the right Madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new furnishing a house at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. Wife. That is an extravagance I would never submit to: I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Furnish. Ha! ha! Madam, I believe her Ladyship is of a different opinion—I have many a set of goods entirely whole that I would be very loath to put into your hands.

Enter SATTIN and SPARKLE.

Mar. Oh Mr. Sattin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes Madam, I have brought your Ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and earrings with you?

Sparkle. Yes Madam, and I defy any jeweller in Town to shew you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchefs of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire too Madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it Sir.

Sparkle. Has it Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one: I am sure, Madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and earrings?

Sparkle. If you were my sister, Madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas?

F

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas villain? have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wife. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas that I received but yesterday are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again!

Mar. Do n't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them, or if you should not the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. Wife. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you saying of them? have you seen them?

Sparkle. Really, Sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of earrings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as——

Love. How! what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, Sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immediately Sir. Well, Mr. Sartin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Sat. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a-yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price; let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand: you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you, Sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford;

and if I do stretch your purse a little it is for your honour Sir: the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this Madam?

Mrs. Wife. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance Sir; "but the honour of my family as well as your's is concerned in her appearing handfomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very sensible of your fondness for money; I think it a very great blessing to you that you have met with a woman of a different temper, one who will preserve your reputation in the world whether you will or no: not that I would insinuate to you that my daughter will ever"—*She will never run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.*

Mar. No, unless a birthnight suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to chuse whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. Wife. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, Madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain—In the mean-while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves—Get out of my doors you cutpurse!

Sparkle. Pay me for my jewels Sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not I assure you. You need be under no apprehension Sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Sparkle. I'll depend on your Ladyship Madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here.

Furnish. I am an upholsterer Sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfurnish your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. Wife. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh that I had never learnt to write my name!

“*Enter* CHARLÈS BUBBLEBOY.

Bub. “Your most obedient servant Madam.

Love. “Who are you Sir? what do you want here?”

Bub. “Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

Love. “What’s your business?”

Bub. “Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuffboxes and rings. Will you please, Sir, to look at that snuffbox? there is but one person in England, Sir, can work in this manner: if he was but as diligent as he is able he would get an immense estate Sir: if he had an hundred thousand hands I could keep them all employed. I have brought you a pair of the new-invented snuffers too Madam: be pleased to look at them; they are my own invention; the nicest lady in the world may make use of them.

Love. “Who the devil sent for you Sir?”

Mar. “I sent for him Sir.

Bub. “Yes Sir, I was told it was a lady sent for me. Will you please, Madam, to look at the snuffboxes or rings first?”

Love. “Will you please to go to the devil Sir first, or shall I send you?”

Bub. “Sir!

Love. “Get you out of my house this instant, or I’ll break your snuffboxes and your bones too.

Bub. “Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. Madam, your most obedient servant.” [Exit.

Mar. I suppose, Sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. Wife. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wife. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer once refused is not to be had again.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the tailor whom your Ladyship sent for is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in Town to make you a new suit of clothes that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, Madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Wisely and Mariana.*

Enter LIST.

Love. Oh Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your Honour's most humble servant. My name is List: I presume I am the person you sent for—The lace-man will be here immediately. Will your Honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please we will take measure first. I do not know, Sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible Sir. I always visit France twice a-year; and though I say it, that should not say it—Stand upright, if you please, Sir—

Love. I'll take measure of your back firrah—I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here—Out of my doors you villain.

List. Heyday Sir! did you send for me for this Sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. [*Exit.*

“ *Enter JAMES and PORTER.*

Love. “Where are you going? what have you there?

James. “Some fine wine Sir, that my lady sent for to Mr Mixture's—But, Sir, it will be impossible for me to get supper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unless I have more assistance. I want half-a-dozen kitchens too. “The very wildfowl that my lady has sent for will take up “a dozen spits.

Love. “Oh! oh! it is vain to oppose it: her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner stopped in “one place than it breaks out in another.—[*Drums beat “without.*] Ha! what's the meaning of this? is my house “besieged? would they would set it on fire and burn all in it!

F ij

Drum. without.] "Heavens blefs your Honour! 'Squire
 "Lovegold, Madam Lovegold, long life and happinefs,
 "and many children attend you——and fo God fave the
 "king. [*Drums beat.*]

" [*Lovegold goes out, and foon after the drums ceafe.*]

James. " So he has quieted the drums I find—This is
 "the roguery of fome wellwifhing neighbours of his. Well,
 "we fhall foon fee which will get the better, my mafter or
 "my miftrefs: if my mafter does away go I; if my miftrefs,
 "I'll ftay while there is any houfekeeping, which cann't
 "belong; for the riches of my Lord Mayor will never hold
 "it out at this rate.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. " James! I fhall be deftroyed; in one week I fhall
 "not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, fend all the pro-
 "vifions back to the tradefmen, put out all the fires, leave
 "not fo much as a candle burning.

James. " Sir, I don't know how to do it; Madam com-
 "manded me, and I dare not difobey her.

Love. " How! not when I command thee!

James. " I have loft feveral places, Sir, by obeying the
 "mafter againft the miftrefs, but never loft one by obey-
 "ing the miftrefs againft the mafter. Befides, Sir, fhe is
 "fo good and generous a lady that it would go againft my
 "very heart to offend her.

Love. " The devil take her generofity!

James. " And I don't believe fhe has provided one mor-
 "fel more than will be eat: why, Sir, fhe has invited above
 "five hundred people to fupper: within this hour your
 "houfe will be as full as Weftminfter-hall the laft day of
 "term——But I have no time to lofe.

Love. " Oh! oh! what fhall I do?"

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Where is my poor mafter? Oh, Sir, I cannot ex-
 "prefs the affliction I am in to fee you devoured in this man-
 "ner. How could you, Sir, when I told you what a woman
 "fhe was, how could you undo yourfelf with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had
 "been happy.

Lap. And I too Sir; for alack-a-day! I am as miser-
 "able as you are; I feel every thing for you Sir; indeed I
 "fhall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, Sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond, of ten thousand pounds to marry her!

Lap. You shall forfeit it.

Love. Forfeit what? my life, and soul, and blood, and heart!

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner: no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards to save my money.

Lap. I see, Sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

Lap. Oh, my poor master! my poor master! [*Crying.*]

Love. Why did I not die a-year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a-year ago! [*A noise without.*] Oh! oh! dear Lappet! see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour——Oh!

Enter CLERIMONT richly dressed.

Love. What is here?—some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me Sir?

Love. Know you! ha! what is the meaning of this?—Oh, it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah, base wretch! could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I am come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood?

Cler. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman Sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman—Tell me who tempted you to it.

Cler. Ah Sir! need I say——love.

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love Sir.

Love. Very pretty love indeed! the love of my guineas.

Cler. “ Ah Sir, think not so. Do but grant me the free possession of what I have, and by Heaven I'll never ask you more.”

Love. “ Oh, most unequalled impudence! was ever so modest a request!

Cler. “ All your efforts to separate us will be vain; we have sworn never to forsake each other, and nothing but death can part us.”

Love. I do not question, Sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

Cler. By Heavens I'll die in defending my right! and if that were the case, think not when I am gone you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

Love. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you, perhaps I may.

Cler. “ Then I am blest! Well may you say treasure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.”

Love. “ Yes, truly I think three thousand pounds may well be called a treasure.—Go, go, fetch it hither; perhaps I may give it you——fetch it hither.”

Cler. To shew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore. [*Exit.*]

Love. Sure never was so impudent a fellow! to confess his robbery before my face, and desire to keep what he has stolen as if he had a right to it.

Enter LAPPET.

Love. Oh Lappet! what's the matter?

Lap. Oh Sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the Town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think if you had married her——

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible Sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds—Well—and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison Sir—

Love. If I am I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

Lap. “Why Sir, you will lose twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourself; and if you have no value for liberty, yet consider, Sir, such is the great goodness of our laws that a prison is one of the dearest places you can live in.”

Love. “Ten thousand pounds!—No—I'll be hanged, I'll be hanged.”

Lap. Suppose, Sir, it were possible, (not that I believe it is) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand—

Love. Eight thousand devils take her—

Lap. But, dear Sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose you lose a sum—Let me beg you, entreat you, my dear good master! let me prevail on you, not to be ruined. Be resolute Sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin—

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts—

Love. Why was I begotten! why was I born! why was I brought up! why was I not knocked o' th' head before I knew the value of money!

Lap. *knocking without.*] So, so, more duns I suppose—Go but into the kitchen Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to! what shall I do! Part with eight thousand pounds! misery, destruction, beggary, prisons! But then on the other side are wife, ruin,

chains, slavery, torment! I shall run distracted either way!
[Exit.

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. Well, what success?

Lap. It is impossible to tell; he is just gone into the kitchen, where if he is not frightened into our design I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

Lap. Neither I assure you. Ah Madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret I had never brought about those affairs that I have: were I not secret, Lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this Town.

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret?

Lap. From every one but me I believe you have: I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals? did he make no offer?

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he must see me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush! I hear him coming again.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devoured! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear Madam! consider; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle; I know they are nothing; my master can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purse; and if you should stand out you will get more.

Love. [putting his hand before Lappet's mouth.] You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie: she never could get more, never should get more; it is more than I am worth; it is an immense sum; and I will be starved, drowned, shot, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, Sir, you will ruin all—Ma-

dam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends for the delay, and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why Sir, since she insists on it what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last: get rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? why, Sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

[*They whisper.*]

“*Enter THOMAS and JAMES. [Love. and Lap. talk apart.]*”

Tho. “Madam, the musick are come which your Ladyship ordered, and most of the company will be here immediately.”

James. “Where will your Ladyship be pleased the servants shall eat, for there is no room in the house that will be large enough to entertain 'em?”

Mar. “Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one.”

James. “There is no service in the house proper for the desert Madam.”

Mar. “Send immediately to the great china shop in the Strand for the finest that is there.”

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her?

Lap. Depend on it Sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so Sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and if you have the contract he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau Sir.

[*Aside.*]

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money: it is all I am worth in the world. [Exit.]

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine, for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villany?

Lap. Ay Madam; for half that sum he would hang half the Town. But truly I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah Madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! had I been born a great lady what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world—(I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody.) [Aside to Lappet.]

Lap. To Lovegold.] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Enter FREDERICK, CLERIMONT, and HARRIET.

Love. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, Sir, is all the treasure I am worth; a treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money Sir, give me the money; I say give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not.

Love. Did you not confess you robbed me of my treasure?

Cler. This, Sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day blest me by making me her husband.

Love. How! oh, wicked vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgraced Sir: I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large,

as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How firrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly Sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! so go fetch my gold——

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly your's Madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then if there was any robbery you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be a receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promised to swear she had stolen from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this.

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No Sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet; depend upon it within an hour you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. "I thought to have purchased a reprieve with them, but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that on me."

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then the ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to Frederick.*] You see, Sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family: nay,

I have proved the best friend you ever had; for I presume you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me Sir; I can part with nothing. I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady and you, and all of you; for I will have them again if law or justice, or injustice, will give them me:

Cler. Be pacified Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! if I am robbed I do n't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost; for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world—I will go and employ all the lawyers in 'Town; for I will have my money again or never sleep more. [Exit.]

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now: but oh Mariana! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it: I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have any thing to bestow.

Mar. Do you hear him——

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him——for your late behaviour has convinced me.

Mar. Dear girl! no more; “you have frightened me already so much to-day, that rather than venture a second lecture I would do whatever you wished: so, Sir,” if I do bestow all on you here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a goodnatured thing you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet! no apologies; all you said I deserved.

Enter LAPPET and RAMILIE.

Lap. “Treaties are going on on both sides while you and I seem forgotten.”

Ram. “Why, have we not done them all the service we can? what farther have they to do with us?—Sir, there are some people in masquerading-habits without.”

Mar. “Some I sent for to assist in my design on your

“ father: I think we will give them admittance, though we have done without ’em.

All. “ Oh! by all means.

Fred. “ Mrs. Lappet, be assured I have a just sense of your favours, and both you and Ramilie shall find my gratitude.”

[*Dance here.*]

Fred. Dear Clerimont! be satisfied I shall make no peace with the old gentleman in which you shall not be included. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your deserts.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I have seen lately I think riches are rather to be feared than wished; at least I am sure avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Misery is generally the end of all vice, but it is the very mark at which avarice seems to aim: the Miser endeavours to be wretched;

He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most proves most his curse.

EPILOGUE.

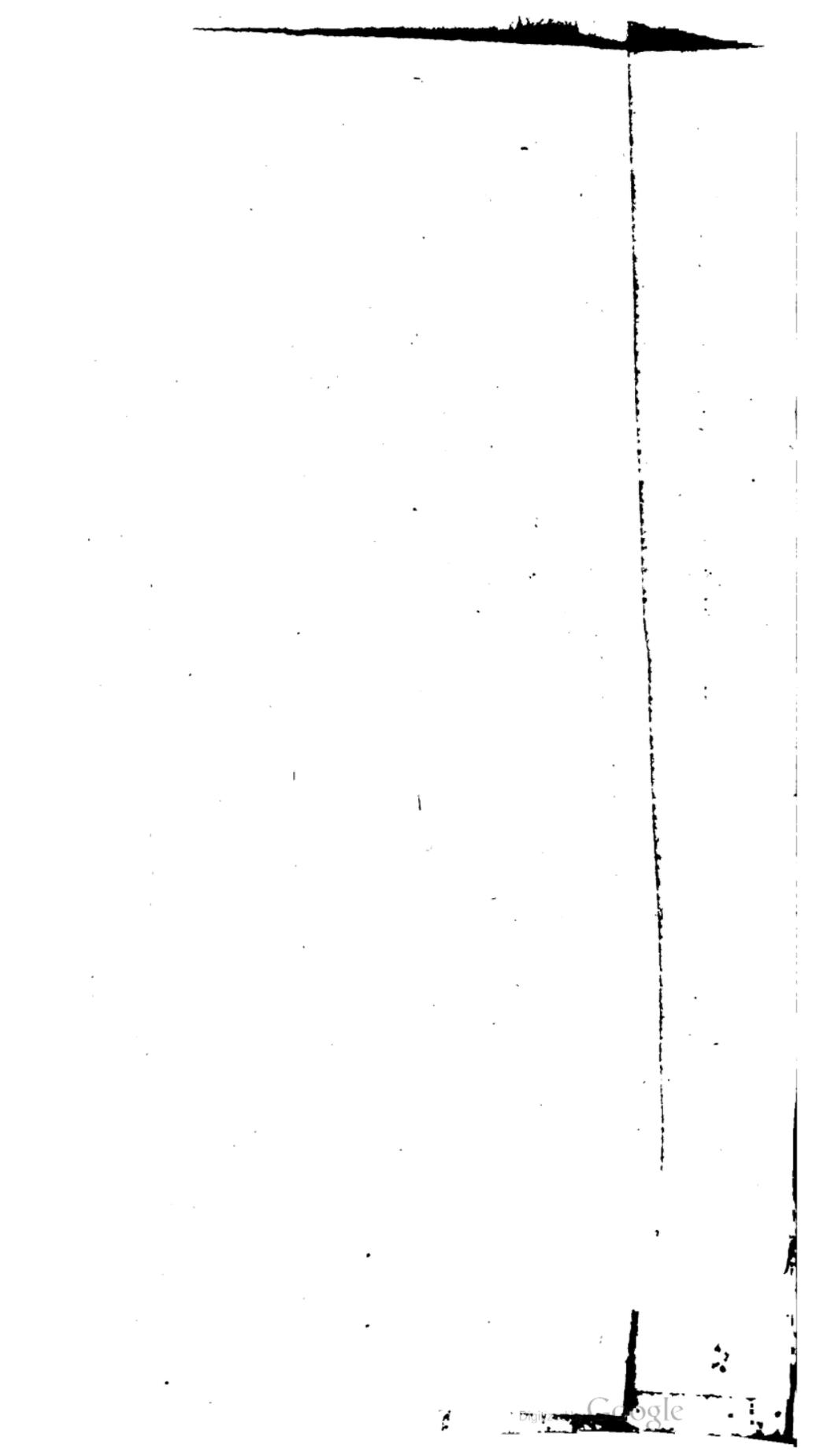
WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

*OUR Author's sure bewitch'd! the senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an Epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, What's that to this?
Is your's a good one?—No, but Moliere's is,
He cry'd, and zounds! no Epilogue was tack'd to his. }
Besides, your modern Epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry,
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few
There's scarce one double entendre left that's new;
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise:
Then for the threadbare joke of wit and wit,
Whose foreknown rhyme is echo'd from the pit }
Till of their laugh the galleries are bit,
Then to reproach the criticks with illnature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire,
And thence, appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies:
If these, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be,
For Epilogues they shall have none from me.
Lord, Sir! says I, the gall'ry will so bawl;
Let 'em, he cry'd; a bad one's worse than none at all.
Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in, }
Nor do I see no Epilogue much hurt in.
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain.*

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
April 1. 1782.

2

THE END.



BELL'S EDITION.

THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
OR, A
JOURNEY TO LONDON.

A COMEDY,

As written by
Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, and COL. CIBBER, Esq.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

—Vivit tanquam vicina mariti.

Juv. Sat. vi.



LONDON:

AT THE Shakespeare Press, BY THE ETHERINGTONS;
For J. BELL, at the BRITISH LIBRARY,
in the STRAND.

1780.

T O T H E

Q U E E N.

May it please your Majesty,

THE English theatre throws itself, with this play, at your Majesty's feet, for favour and support.

As their public diversions are a strong indication of the genius of a people, the following scenes are an attempt to establish such as are fit to entertain the minds of a sensible nation; and to wipe off that aspersions of barbarity, which the virtuosi among our neighbours have sometimes thrown upon our taste.

The Provok'd Husband is, at least, an instance that an English comedy may, to an unusual number of days, bring many thousands of his Majesty's good subjects together, to their emolument and delight, with innocence. And however little share of that merit my unequal pen may pretend to, yet I hope the just admirers of Sir John Vanbrugh will allow I have, at worst, been a careful guardian of his orphan muse, by leading it into your Majesty's royal protection.

The design of this play being chiefly to expose and reform the licentious irregularities that, too often, break in upon the peace and happiness of the married state; where could so hazardous and unpopular an undertaking be secure, but in the protection of a Princess, whose exemplary conjugal virtues have given such illustrious proof of what sublime felicity that holy state is capable?

And though a crown is no certain title to content; yet to the honour of that institution be it said, the royal harmony of hearts that now enchants us from the throne, is a reproach to the frequent disquiet of those many insensible subjects about it, who (from his Majesty's paternal care of his people) have more leisure to be happy: and 'tis our Queen's peculiar glory, that we often see her as eminent

A 2

nently

nently raised above her circle, in private happiness, as ~~in~~ dignity.

Yet Heaven, Madam, that has placed you on such height, to be the more conspicuous pattern of your sex, had still left your happiness imperfect, had it not given those inestimable treasures of your mind and person, to the only Prince on earth that could have deserved them. A crown, received from any but the happy Monarch's hand who invested you with that which you now adorn, had only seemed the work of fortune; but *thus* bestowed, the world acknowledges it the due reward of Providence, for one you once so gloriously refused.

But as the fame of such elevated virtue has lifted the plain addresses of a whole nation into eloquence, the best repeated eulogiums on that theme, are but intrusions on your Majesty's greater pleasure of secretly deserving them. I therefore beg leave to subscribe myself,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most devoted,

most obedient, and

most humble servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

TO

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

HAVING taken upon me, in the prologue to this play, to give the auditors some short account of that part of it which Sir John Vanbrugh left unfinished, and not thinking it advisable, in that place, to limit their judgment by so high a commendation as I thought it deserved; I have, therefore, for the satisfaction of the curious, printed the whole of what he wrote, separately, under the single title he gave it, of, *A Journey to London*, without presuming to alter a line.

Yet, when I own, that in my last conversation with him, (which chiefly turned upon what he had done towards a comedy) he excused his not shewing it me, till he had reviewed it, confessing the scenes were yet undigested, too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower characters, I have but one excuse for publishing what he never designed should come into the world as it then was, viz. I had no other way of taking those many faults to myself, which may be justly found in my presuming to finish it.

However, a judicious Reader will find in his original papers, that the characters are strongly drawn, new, spirited, and natural; taken from sensible observations on high and lower life, and from a just indignation at the follies in fashion. All I could gather from him of what he intended in the catastrophe, was, that the conduct of his imaginary fine lady had so provoked him, that he designed actually to have made her husband turn her out of his doors. But when his performance came, after his decease, to my hands, I thought such violent measures, however just they might be in real life, were too severe for comedy, and would want the proper surprize, which is

due to the end of a play. Therefore, with much ado, (and it was as much as I could do with probability) I preserved the lady's chastity, that the sense of her errors might make a reconciliation not impracticable; and I hope the mitigation of her sentence has been since justified by its success.

My inclination to preserve as much as possible of Sir John, I soon saw had drawn the whole into an unusual length; the Reader will therefore find here a scene or two of the lower humour, that were left out after the first day's presentation.

The favour the Town has shewn to the higher characters in this play, is a proof, that their taste is not wholly vitiated by the barbarous entertainments that have been so expensively set off to corrupt it: but, while the repetition of the best old plays is so apt to give satiety, and good new ones so scarce a commodity, we must not wonder that the poor actors are sometimes forced to trade in trash for a livelihood.

I cannot yet take leave of the Reader without endeavouring to do justice to those principal actors who have so evidently contributed to the support of this comedy: and I wish I could separate the praises due to them, from the secret vanity of an author; for all I can say will still insinuate, that they could not have so highly excelled, unless the skill of the writer had give them proper occasion. However, as I had rather appear vain than unthankful, I will venture to say of Mr. Wilkes*, that in the last act, I never saw any passion take so natural a possession of an actor, or any actor take so tender a possession of his auditors—Mr. Mills †, too, is confessed by every body to have surpris'd them, by so far excelling himself—But there is no doing right to Mrs. Oldfield ‡, without putting people in mind of what others, of great merit, have wanted to come near her—'Tis not enough to say, she here out-did her usual excellence. I might therefore justly leave her to the constant admiration of those spectators who have the pleasure of living while she is an actress. But as this is not the only time she has been the life of what I have given the Public, so, perhaps, my saying a little more of so memorable an ac-

* In Lord Townly. † Mr. Manly. ‡ Lady Grace.

tricks,

trefs, may give this play a chance to be read, when the people of this age shall be ancestors—May it therefore give emulation to our successors of the stage, to know, that to the ending of the year 1727, a cotemporary comedian relates, that Mrs. Oldfield was then in her highest excellence of action, happy in all the rarely found requisites that meet in one person, to complete them for the stage—She was in stature just rising to that height, where the graceful can only begin to shew itself; of a lively aspect, and a commanding in her mien, that like the principal figure in the finest painting, first seizes, and longest delights the eye of the spectators. Her voice was sweet, strong, piercing and melodious; her pronunciation voluble, distinct, and musical; and her emphasis always placed where the spirit of the sense, in her periods, only demanded it. If she delighted more in the higher comic than in the tragic strain, 'twas because the last is too often written in a lofty disregard of nature. But in characters of modern practised life, she found occasions to add the particular air and manner which distinguished the different humours she presented; whereas, in tragedy, the manner of speaking varies as little as the blank verse it is written in—She had one peculiar happiness from nature, she looked and maintained the agreeable, at a time when other fine women only raise admirers by their understanding—The spectator was always as much informed by her eyes as her elocution; for the look is the only proof that an actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being scarce an instance, where the eyes do their part, that the elocution is known to be faulty. The qualities she had acquired, were the genteel and the elegant; the one in her air, and the other in her dress, never had her equal on the stage; and the ornaments she herself provided (particularly in this play) seemed in all respects the *paraphernalia* of a woman of quality. And of that sort were the characters she chiefly excelled in; but her natural good sense, and lively turn of conversation, made her way so easy to ladies of the highest rank, that it is a less wonder if, on the stage, she sometimes was, what might have become the finest woman in real life to have supported.

Theatre-Royal,

Jan. 27,

1727.

C. CIBBER.

P R O L O G U E.

THIS play took birth from principles of truth,
 To make amends for errors past of youth.
 A bard, that's now no more, in riper days,
 Conscious review'd the license of his plays:
 And though applause his wanton muse had fir'd,
 Himself condemn'd what sensual minds admir'd.
 At length he own'd, that plays should let you see,
 Not only what you are, but ought to be;
 Though vice was natural, 'twas never meant
 The stage should shew it, but for punishment.
 Warm with that thought, his muse once more took flame,
 Resolv'd to bring licentious life to shame.
 Such was the piece his latest pen design'd,
 But left no traces of his plan behind.
 Luxuriant scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd;
 Yet, through the mass, his native fire surviv'd:
 Rough, as rich ore in mines, the treasure lay,
 Yet still 'twas rich, and forms, at length, a play;
 In which the bold compiler boasts no merit,
 But that his pains have sav'd your scenes of spirit.
 Not scenes that would a noisy joy impart,
 But such as hush the mind and warm the heart.
 From praise of hands no sure account he draws,
 But fix'd attention is sincere applause:
 If then (for hard you'll own the task) his art
 Can to those embryo-scenes new life impart,
 The living proudly would exclude his lays,
 And to the buried bard resigns the praise.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

MEN.

| | |
|---|---------------|
| LORD TOWNLY, <i>of a regular life,</i> | MR. SMITH. |
| MR. MANLY, <i>an admirer of Lady Grace,</i> | MR. PACKER. |
| SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, <i>a country gentleman,</i> | MR. YATES. |
| SQUIRE RICHARD, <i>his son, a mere whelp,</i> | MR. BRERETON. |
| COUNT BASSET, <i>a gambler,</i> | MR. DODD. |
| JOHN MOODY, <i>servant to Sir Francis, an honest clown,</i> | MR. MOODY. |

WOMEN.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| LADY TOWNLY, <i>immoderate in her pursuit of pleasures,</i> | MRS. YATES. |
| LADY GRACE, <i>sister to Lord Townly of exemplary virtue,</i> | MISS SHERRY. |
| LADY WRONGHEAD, <i>wife to Sir Francis, inclined to be a fine lady,</i> | MRS. HOPKINS. |
| MISS JENNY, <i>her daughter, pert and forward,</i> | MRS. DAVIES. |
| MRS. MOTHERLY, <i>one that lets lodgings,</i> | MRS. CROSS. |
| MYRTILLA, <i>her niece seduced by the Count,</i> | MISS PLATT. |
| MRS. TRUSTY, <i>Lady Townly's woman,</i> | MRS. JOHNSTON. |

COVENT-GARDEN.

| | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| LORD TOWNLY, | MR. BARRY. |
| MANLY, | MR. CLARKE. |
| SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, | MR. SHUTER, |
| SQUIRE RICHARD, | MR. QUICK. |
| JOHN MOODY, | MR. DUNSTALL. |
| COUNT BASSET, | MR. LEE LEWES. |
| LADY WRONGHEAD, | MRS. PITT. |
| MISS JENNY, | MRS. MATTOCKS. |
| LADY GRACE, | MRS. LESSINGHAM. |
| LADY TOWNLY, | MRS. BARRY. |
| MOTHERLY, | MRS. HULL. |
| MYRTILLA, | MRS. WHITEFIELD. |
| TRUSTY, | MRS. POUSSIN. |

THE

THE

PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

* * * *The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lord Townly's Apartment.*

Lord Townly, solus.

WHY did I marry?—Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable, with a woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one article of it that she has not broke in upon?—Yes—let me do her justice—her reputation—That—I have no reason to believe is in question—But then how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking question! and her presumption while she keeps it—insupportable! for on the pride of that single virtue she seems to lay it down as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice this fertile town affords, is the birth-right prerogative of a woman of quality—Amazing! that a creature so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness—Thus, while she admits no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch, is left at large, to take care of his own contentment—'Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be—Yet, let me not be rash—Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and some tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable—Here she comes—Let me be calm a while.

Enter

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out so soon after dinner, Madam?

Lady T. Lard, my Lord! what can I possibly do at home?

Lord T. What does my sifter, Lady Grace, do at home?

Lady T. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleasure at home?

Lord T. It might be in your power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady T. Comfortable! And so, my good Lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit stay at home to comfort her husband. Lord, what notions of life some men have!

Lord T. Don't you think, Madam, some ladies' notions are full as extravagant?

Lady T. Yes, my Lord, when the tame doves live coop'd within the pen of your precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed.

Lord T. And when they fly wild about this town, Madam, pray what must the world think of 'em then?

Lady T. Oh, this world is not so ill bred as to quarrel with any woman for liking it!

Lord T. Nor am I, Madam, a husband so well bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it; in short, the life you lead, Madam——

Lady T. Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

Lord T. I should not dispute your taste, Madam, if a woman had a right to please nobody but herself.

Lady T. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord T. Sometimes her husband.

Lady T. And don't you think a husband under the same obligation?

Lord T. Certainly.

Lady T. Why, then, we are agreed, my Lord——For if I never go abroad, till I am weary of being at home——which you know is the case——is it not equally reasonable, not to come home 'till one is weary of being abroad?

Lord T. If this be your rule of life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

Lady T. Don't let it be long a coming, then——for I am in haste.

Lord

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

13

Lord T. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

Lady T. Before I know the question?

Lord T. Psha!—Have I power, Madam, to make you serious by entreaty?

Lady T. You have.

Lord T. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady T. Sincerely.

Lord T. Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously why you married me?

Lady T. You insist upon truth, you say?

Lord T. I think I have a right to it.

Lady T. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that restraint that lay upon my pleasures while I was a single woman.

Lord T. How, Madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage than before it?

Lady T. Oh, my Lord, my Lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

Lord T. Name one.

Lady T. Fifty, if you please—To begin, then,—in the morning—A married woman may have men at her toilet; invite them to dinner; appoint them a party in the stage-box at the play; ingross the conversation there; call them by their christian names; talk louder than the players; from thence jaunt into the city; take a frolicsome supper at an India-house; perhaps, in her *gaieté de cœur*, toast a pretty fellow; then clatter again to this end of the town; break, with the morning, into an assembly; crowd to the hazard-table; throw a familiar *levant* upon some sharp, lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry—you'll owe it him, to vex him, ha, ha!

Lord T. Prodigious!

[*Aside.*

Lady T. These, now, my Lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife, from that of a single woman.

Lord T. Death, Madam! what law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife, than in an unmarried woman?

B

Lady

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND,

Lady T. Why, the strongest law in the world, custom—custom time out of mind, my Lord.

Lord T. Custom, Madam, is the law of fools; but it shall never govern me.

Lady T. Nay, then, my Lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

Lord T. I wish I could see an instance of it.

Lady T. You shall have one this moment, my Lord; for I think, when a man begins to lose his temper at home, if a woman has any prudence, why—she'll go abroad 'till he comes to himself again. [Going.]

Lord T. Hold, Madam—I am amaz'd you are not more uneasy at the life you lead. You don't want sense, and yet seem void of all humanity; for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

Lady T. Oh, don't say that, my Lord, if you suppose I have my senses.

Lord T. What is it I have done to you? What can you complain of?

Lady T. Oh, nothing in the least! 'Tis true, you have heard me say, I have owed my Lord Lurcher an hundred pounds these three weeks—but what then—a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know—and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money she can't be sued for, what's that to him? As long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord T. By Heaven, if my whole fortune thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the cheerful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase.

Lady T. That is, my Lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

Lord T. No, Madam; were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine; but, different as they are, I'll feed even your follies, to deserve it—Perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home—at least it shall not be my fault, if I have not more of your company—There, there's a bill of five hundred—and now, Madam—

Lady T. And now, my Lord, down to the ground I thank

thank you—Now am I convinced, were I weak enough to love this man, I should never get a single guinea from him.

[*Aside.*]

Lord T. If it be no offence, Madam—

Lady T. Say what you please, my Lord; I am in that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

Lord T. How long, in reason, then, do you think that sum ought to last you?

Lady T. Oh, my dear, dear Lord! now you have spoiled all again: how is it possible I should answer for an event that so utterly depends upon fortune? But to shew you that I am more inclined to get money than to throw it away—I have a strong possession, that with this five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

Lord T. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no satisfaction to me.

Lady T. Oh, the churl! ten thousand! what! not so much as wish I might win ten thousand!—Ten thousand! Oh, the charming sum! what infinite pretty things might a woman of spirit do with ten thousand guineas! O' my conscience, if she were a woman of true spirit—she—she might lose them all again.

Lord T. And I had rather it should be so, Madam, provided I could be sure that were the last you would lose.

Lady T. Well, my Lord, to let you see I design to play all the good house-wife I can; I am now going to a party at *quadrille*, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fish, with the duchess of Quiteright.

[*Exit.*]

Lord T. Insensible creature! neither reproaches or indulgence, kindness or severity, can wake her to the least reflection! Continual licence has lull'd her into such a lethargy of care, that she speaks of her excesses with the same easy confidence, as if they were so many virtues. What a turn has her head taken!—But how to cure it—I am afraid the phyfic must be strong that reaches her—Lenitives, I see, are to no purpose—take my friend's opinion—Manly will speak freely—my sister with tenderness to both sides. They know my case—*I'll talk with them.*

B 2

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord, has sent to know if your Lordship was at home.

Lord *T.* They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my Lord.

Lord *T.* Very well; step up to my sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady Grace is here, my Lord. *Exit Serv.*

Enter Lady Grace.

Lord *T.* So, lady fair; what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

Lady *G.* A huge folio, that has almost killed me—I think I have read half my eyes out.

Lord *T.* Oh! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

Lady *G.* That's true; but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord *T.* Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Leave word at the door, I am at home to nobody, but Mr. Manly. *[Exit Serv.]*

Lady *G.* And why is he excepted, pray, my Lord?

Lord *T.* I hope, Madam, you have no objection to his company?

Lady *G.* Your particular orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord *T.* And your ladyship's enquiry into the reason of those orders, shews, at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you.

Lady *G.* Lord, you make the oddest constructions, brother!

Lord *T.* Look you, my grave Lady Grace—in one serious word—I wish you had him.

Lady *G.* I can't help that.

Lord *T.* Ha! you can't help it; ha, ha! The flat simplicity of that reply was admirable!

Lady *G.* Pooh, you teize one, brother!

Lord *T.* Come, I beg pardon, child—this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore, I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

Lady *G.* If you desire it, brother; though, upon my word,

word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord T. Well—there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it—But, in short, I find, by his conversation of late, that he has been looking round the world for a wife; and if you were to look round the world for a husband, he is the first man I would give to you.

Lady G. Then, whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord T. Oh! that's the last thing he'll do: he'll never make you an offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refused.

Lady G. Now you make me curious. Pray, did he ever make any offer of that kind to you?

Lord T. Not directly; but that imports nothing: he is a man too well acquainted with the female world to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examined proof of her merit; yet I have reason to believe, that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me; which, as yet, (notwithstanding our friendship) I have neither declined nor encouraged him to.

Lady G. I am mighty glad we are so near in our way of thinking; for, to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me: you know he has a satirical turn; but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue: and upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord T. You are right, child: when a man of merit makes his addresses, good sense may give him an answer, without scorn, or coquetry.

Lady G. Hush! he's here——

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My Lord, your most obedient.

Lord T. Dear Manly, yours—I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my Lord—Lady Grace, I kiss your hands—What, only you two! How

many visits may a man make, before he falls into such unfashionable company? A brother and sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding! I question if there is so particular a *tête à tête* again, in the whole parish of St. James's.

Lady G. Fie, fie, Mr. Manly! how censorious you are!

Man. I had not made the reflection, Madam; but that I saw you an exception to it—Where's my Lady?

Lord T. That, I believe, is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my Lord—

Lord T. But, 'tis probable, I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

Man. Now, if that were my case—I believe I—
But I beg pardon, my Lord.

Lord T. Indeed, Sir, you shall not: you will oblige me if you speak out; for it was upon this head I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my Lord, since you oblige me to proceed—if that were my case—I believe I should certainly sleep in another house.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Man. Only a compliment, Madam.

Lady G. A compliment!

Man. Yes, Madam, in rather turning myself out of doors than her.

Lady G. Don't you think that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, Madam; for, in strict justice, I think she ought rather to go than I.

Lady G. This is new doctrine, Mr. Manly.

Man. As old, Madam, as love, honour, and obey. When a woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a man balance any thing that's right?

Lady G. Bless me! but this is fomenting things—

Man. Fomentations, Madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel tumours: tho' I don't directly advise my Lord to do this—This is only what, upon the same provocation, I would do myself.

Lady G. Ay, ay, you would do! Batchelors wives, indeed, are finely governed.

Man. If the married mens' were as well—I am apt

to think we should not see so many mutual plagues taking the air in separate coaches.

Lady G. Well, but suppose it your own case; would you part with a wife, because she now and then stays out, in the best company?

Lord T. Well said, Lady Grace! Come, stand up for the privilege of your sex. This is like to be a warm debate. I shall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a wife, after midnight, has no occasion to be in better company than her husband's; and that frequent unreasonable hours make the best company—the worst company she can fall into.

Lady G. But if people of condition are to keep company with one another, how is it possible to be done, unless one conforms to their hours?

Man. I can't find that any woman's good breeding obliges her to conform to other people's vices.

Lord T. I doubt, child, here we are got a little on the wrong side of the question.

Lady G. Why so, my Lord? I can't think the case so bad as Mr. Manly states it—People of quality are not tied down to the rules of those who have their fortunes to make.

Man. No people, Madam, are above being tied down to some rules, that have fortunes to lose.

Lady G. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

Lord T. Well, what say you to that, Manly?

Man. Why, troth, my Lord, I have something to say.

Lady G. Ay! that I should be glad to hear, now.

Lord T. Out with it.

Man. Then, in one word, this, my Lord, I have often thought that the misconduct of my Lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your lordship's treatment of her.

Lady G. Bless me!

Lord T. My treatment!

Man. Ay, my Lord, you so idolized her before marriage, that you even indulged her like a mistress after it: in short, you continued the lover, when you should have taken up the husband.

Lady

Lady G. Oh, frightful! this is worse than t'other; can a husband love a wife too well?

Man. As easy, Madam, as a wife may love her husband too little.

Lord T. So; you two are never like to agree, I find.

Lady G. Don't be positive, brother—I am afraid we are both of a mind already. [*Afide.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly?

Man. Never, Madam, 'till I can meet with a woman that likes my doctrine.

Lady G. 'Tis pity but your mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when I marry the woman that won't hear it.

Lady G. I think, at least, he can't say that's me.

[*Afide.*]

Man. And so, my Lord, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it; having such intire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself. And, mercy on us! how many fine women's heads have been turned upon the same occasion!

Lord T. Oh, Manly, 'tis too true! there's the source of my disquiet; she knows, and has abused her power; nay, I am still so weak, (with shame I speak it) 'tis not an hour ago, that, in the midst of my impatience—I gave her another bill for five hundred to throw away.

Man. Well, my Lord, to let you see I am sometimes upon the side of good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you; for the greater your indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady G. Ay, Mr. Manly, here now, I begin to come in with you. Who knows, my Lord, but you may have a good account of your kindness?

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon. But since you have had so much patience, my Lord, even go on with it a day or two more; and upon her ladyship's next sally, be a little rounder in your expostulations; if that don't work—drop her some cool hints of a determined reformation, and leave her—to breakfast upon them.

Lord T. You are perfectly right. How valuable is a friend, in our anxiety!

Man.

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

41

Man. Therefore, to divert that, my Lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

Lady G. Ay, for goodness' sake, let us have done with this.

Lord T. With all my heart.

Lady G. Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly?

Man. *A propos*—I have some, Madam; and I believe, my Lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

Lord T. Pray, let us have it.

Man. Do you know that your country neighbour, and my wife kinsman, Sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family?

Lord T. The fool! What can be his business here?

Man. Oh! of the last importance, I'll assure you——
No less than the business of the nation.

Lord T. Explain.

Man. He has carried his election——against Sir John Worthland.

Lord T. The deuce! What! for——for——

Man. The famous borough of Guzzledown.

Lord T. A proper representative, indeed!

Lady G. Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

Man. You have dined with him, Madam, when I was last down with my Lord, at Bellmont.

Lady G. Was not that he that got a little merry before dinner, and overset the tea-table in making his compliments to my Lady?

Man. The same.

Lady G. Pray what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, Madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a year: though as it was left him, faddled with two jointures, and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is—But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young huffy, for love, without a penny of money. Thus, having, like his brave ancestors, provided heirs for the family (for his dove breeds like a tame pigeon) he now finds children and interest-money make such a bawling about his ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good Lord Danglecourt, to run his estate

estate two thousand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what is left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

Lord T. A most admirable scheme, indeed!

Man. And with this politic prospect, he is now upon his journey to London——

Lord T. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a journey into the country again.

Lord T. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his money is gone; or, at least, 'till the session is over?

Man. If my intelligence is right, my Lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

Lord T. How so?

Man. Oh, a bitter business; he had scarce a vote in the whole town, beside the returning officer. Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

Lord T. Then he has made a fine business of it, indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done in as few days as possible.

Lady G. But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

Man. No, Madam; I would only spoil his project, to save his fortune.

Lady G. How are you concerned enough to do either?

Man. Why——I have some obligations to the family, Madam: I enjoy, at this time, a pretty estate, which Sir Francis was heir at law to: but——by his being a booby, the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [*To Man.*] Sir, here is one of your servants from your house, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my Lord?

Lord T. Sir—the ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well James, what's the matter?

James. Sir, here is John Moody just come to town; he says Sir Francis, and all the family, will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you,

Man. Where is he?

James.

James. At our house, Sir; he has been gaping and stumping about the streets in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a Parliament-man, till he can hire a handsome house, fit for all his family for the winter.

Man. I am afraid, my Lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

Lord T. Pr'ythee let us have him here; he will divert us.

Man. Oh, my Lord, he's such a cub! Not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

Lady G. I beg, of all things, we may have him: I am in love with nature, let her dress be never so homely.

Man. Then desire him to come hither James.

[Exit James.]

Lady G. Pray, what may be Mr. Moody's post?

Man. Oh! his *maitre d'hotel*, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman, and sometimes——his companion.

Lord T. It runs in my head, that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get up, to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public, in his own country.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost importance stands valued at——sometimes being invited to dinner.

Lady G. And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure in her sphere, too.

Man. That you may depend upon: for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her, than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil, in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses; and run in debt to all the shopkeepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds, by his eloquence, at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and *quadrille*, in the parish of St. James's.

Lord T. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money; and his worship——will be ready for a gaol.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of

of this hopeful journey to London—But see, here comes the fore-horse of the team.

Enter John Moody

Oh, honest John!

J. Moody. Ad's waunds and heart, Measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd, lawd, give me a bus! Why, that's friendly naw. Flesh! I thought we would never ha' got hither. Well, and how d'ye do, Measter?—
Good lack! I beg pardon for my bawldness—I did not see 'at his honour was here.

Lord T. Mr. Moody, your servant; I am glad to see you in London: I hope all the good family is well.

J. Moody. Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Lady G. I hope my Lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody.

J. Moody. Noa, and please your ladyship, she was never in better humour: there's money enough stirring now.

Man. What has been the matter, John?

J. Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

J. Moody. Why, i'theawld coach, Measter; and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postilion.

Man. Very well! The journey sets out as it should do. [*Aside.*] What, do they bring all the children with them too?

J. Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk 'squire, and Miss Jenny. The other foive are all out at board, at half a crown a head, a week, with John Growse, at Smoke-dunghill farm.

Man. Good again! a right English academy for younger children!

J. Moody. Anon, Sir. [*Not understanding him.*]

Lady G. Poor souls! What will become of them?

J. Moody. Nay, nay, for that matter, Madam, they
are

“ are in very good hands: Joan loves 'um as thof' they
 “ were all her own: for she was wet-nurse to every mother's
 “ babe of 'um—Ay, Ay, they'll ne'er want for a belly-
 “ full there!

“ Lady G. What simplicity!

“ *Man.* The Lud'a mercy upon all good folks! What
 “ work will these people make! [*Holding up his hands.*]

Lord T. And when do you expect them here, John?

J. Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yester-
 day, an' it had no' been, that th' awld Weazlebelly horse
 tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two
 fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane,
 and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to
 rights again.

Man. So they bring all the baggage with the coach
 then?

J. Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on it there is—Why,
 my Lady's geer alone were as much as fill'd four portman-
 tel trunks, beside the great deal box that heavy Ralph and
 the monkey sit upon behind.

Lord T. Lady G. and *Man.* Ha, ha, ha!

Lady G. Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are
 they within the coach?

J. Moody. Why there's my Lady, and his Worship;
 and the younk 'Squire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lap-
 dog, and my Lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe,
 the cook, that's all—Only Doll puked a little with riding
 backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then
 her stomach was easy.

Lady G. Oh, I see them! I see them go by me. Ha,
 ha!

[*Laughing.*]

J. Moody. Then you mun think, Measter, there was
 some stowage for the belly, as well as the back too; chil-
 dren are apt to be famished upo' the road; so we had such
 cargoes of plumb-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits,
 and cheese, and cold boiled beef—And then, in case of
 sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague water, sack, tent,
 and strong beer so plenty as made th' awld coach crack
 again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to
 town, I say.

Man. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

J. Moody. Ods bud, Measter! you're a wise man; and
 C for

for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er fin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! Some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then, fowfe! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw, cries Miss! Scream, go the maids! and bawl, just as thof' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my Lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I told her it was Childermas day.

Man. These ladies, these ladies, John——

J. Moody. Ay, Measter! I ha' seen a little of them: and I find that the best——when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

Lord *T.* Well said, John. Ha, ha!

Man. I hope, at least, you and your good woman agree still:

J. Moody. Ay, ay; much of a muchness. Bridgeticks to me: tho' as for her goodness——why, she was willing to come to London too——But hauld a bit! Noa, noa, says I; there may be mischief enough done without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

J. Moody. Ah, weast heart! were Measter but hawf the mon that I am——Ods wookers! thof' he'll speak stoutly too, sometimes——But then he canno' hawld it——no, he canno' hawld it.

Lord *T.* Lady *G.* and *Man.* Ha, ha, ha!

J. Moody. Ods flesh! but I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw——but Measter charged me to find your Worship out; for he has hugey business with you: and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean neckcloth.

Man. Oh, John! I'll wait upon him.

J. Moody. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

J. Moody. Just i' the street next to where your Worship dwells, at the sign of the golden ball——It's gold all over; where they sell ribbons and flappits, and other sort of geer for gentlewomen.

Man.

Man. A milliner's?

J. Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly. Waunds, she has a couple of clever girls there, stitching i' th' fore-room.

Man. Yes, yès, she's a woman of good bufiness, no doubt on't—Who recommended that house to you, John?

J. Moody. The greatest good fortune in the world, sure; for as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the window there, but the fine gentleman that was always riding by our coach side, at York races—Count—Basset; ay, that's he.

Man. Basset! Oh, I remember! I know him by sight.

J. Moody. Well, to be sure, as civil a gentleman to see to—

Man. As any sharper in town. [Aside.]

J. Moody. At York, he used to breakfast with my Lady every morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her Ladyship will return his compliment here in town. [Aside.]

J. Moody. Well, Measter—

Lord T. My service to Sir Francis and my Lady, John.

Lady G. And mine, pray, Mr. Moody.

J. Moody. Ay, your honours; they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my compliments myself: so, honest John—

J. Moody. Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you. [Exit *J. Moody*]

Lord T. What a natural creature 'tis!

Lady G. Well, I can't but think, John, in a wet afternoon in the country, must be very good company.

Lord T. Oh, the tramontane! If this were known at half the *quadrille*-tables in town, they would lay down their cards to laugh at you.

Lady G. And the minute they took them up again, they would do the same at the losers—But to let you see, that I think good company may sometimes want cards to keep them together; what think you, if we three sat soberly down, to kill an hour at *ombre*?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, Madam.

Lady G. No matter; I shall have as much advantage of my Lord, as you have of me.

Lord T. Say you so, Madam; have at you then. Here! get the *ombre* table, and cards. *[Exit Lord Townly.]*

Lady G. Come, Mr. Manly—I know you don't forgive me now.

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, Madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably?

Lady G. I'm sorry my Lord is not here, to take his share of the compliment—but he'll wonder what's become of us.

Man. I'll follow in a moment, Madam—

[Exit Lady Grace.]

It must be so—She sees I love her—yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation? How amiable is every hour of her conduct? What a vile opinion have I had of the whole sex for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recovered in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointments that pride, folly, and falsehood ever gave me!

Could women regulate, like her, their lives,
What halcyon days were in the gift of wives!
Vain rovers, then, might envy what they hate;
And only fools would mock the married state.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Mrs. Motherby's House.*

Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherby.

COUNT BASSET.

I TELL you there is not such a family in England for you. Do you think I would have gone out of your lodgings for any body that was not sure to make you easy for the winter?

Moth. Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the gentleman's

tleman's being a parliament-man; and when people may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own——

Count *Baf.* Psha! Pr'ythee never trouble thy head; his pay is as good as the Bank—Why, he has above two thousand a-year.

Moth. Alas-a-day, that's nothing! your people of ten thousand a-year, have ten thousand things to do with it.

Count *Caf.* Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your money, what do you think of going a little with me Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. As how?

Count *Baf.* Why, I have a game in my hand, in which, if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?—Why then I go, Sir—and now, pray, let's see your game.

Count *Baf.* Look you, in one word, my cards lie thus—When I was down this summer at York, I happened to lodge in the same house with this knight's lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, Sir?

Count *Baf.* And sometimes had the honour to breakfast, and pass an idle hour with her——

Moth. Very good; and here, I suppose, you would have the impudence to sup and be busy with her.

Count *Baf.* Psha! pr'ythee hear me.

Moth. Is this your game! I would not give sixpence for it. What! you have a passion for her pin-money—No, no, country ladies are not so flush of it!

Count *Baf.* Nay, if you won't have patience——

Moth. One had need to have a good deal, I am sure, to hear you talk at this rate. Is this your way of making my poor niece Myrtilia, easy?

Count *Baf.* Death! I shall do it still, if the woman will but let me speak——

Moth. Had you not a letter from her this morning?

Count *Baf.* I have it here in my pocket——this is it.

[*Shows it and puts it up again.*]

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any answer to it.

Count *Baf.* How the devil can I, if you won't hear me?

Moth. What, hear you talk of another woman!

Count *Baf.* Oh, lud! Oh, lud! I tell you, I'll make her fortune—Ounds, I'll marry her!

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when she was a maid, your stomach is not so sharp set now, I presume.

Count *Baf.* Hey-day! why your head begins to turn, my dear! The devil! you did not think I propos'd to marry her myself?

Moth. If you don't, who the devil do you think will marry her?

Count *Baf.* Why, a fool—

Moth. Humph! there may be sence in that—

Count *Baf.* Very good—One for t'other, then; if I can help her to a husband, why should you not come i' to my scheme of helping me to a wife?

Moth. Your pardon, Sir; ay, ay, in an honourable affair, you know you may command me—But pray, where is this blessed wife and husband to be had?

Count *Baf.* Now, have a little patience—You must know then, this country knight and his lady bring up in the coach with them their eldest son and a daughter, to teach them—to wash their faces, and turn their toes out.

Moth. Good—

Count *Baf.* The son is an unlick'd whelp, about sixteen, just taken from school; and begins to hanker after every wench in the family: the daughter, much of the same age; a pert, forward huffy, who, having eight thousand pounds left her by an old doting grandmother, seems to have a devilish mind to be doing in her way too.

Moth. And your design is to put her into business for life?

Count *Baf.* Look you, in short, Mrs. Motherly, we gentlemen, whose occasional chariots roll only upon the four aces, are liable, sometimes, you know, to have a wheel out of order; which, I confess, is so much my case at present, that my dapple greys are reduced to a pair of ambling chairmen. Now, if, with your assistance, I can whip up this young jade into a hackney-coach,

coach, I may chance, in a day or two after, to carry her, in my own chariot, *en famille*, to an opera. Now, what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the family smoaking your design?

Count *Baf.* By renewing my addreses to the mother.

Moth. And how will the daughter like that, think you?

Count *Baf.* Very well——whilst it covers her own affair.

Moth. That's true——it must do——but, as you say, one for t'other, Sir; I stick to that——if you don't do my niece's business with the son, I'll blow you with the daughter, depend upon't.

Count *Baf.* It's a bet——pay as we go, I tell you; and the five hundred shall be staked in a third hand.

Moth. That's honest——But here comes my niece; shall we let her into the secret?

Count *Baf.* Time enough; may be I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilia.

Moth. So, niece, are all the rooms done out, and the beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes, Madam; but Mr. Moody tells us, the lady always burns wax in her own chamber, and we have none in the house.

Moth. Odsso! then I must beg your pardon, Count; that is a busy time, you know. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Count *Baf.* Myrtilia, how dost thou do, child?

Myr. As well as a losing gamester can.

Count *Baf.* Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and what's worse, you that have won it, don't seem to be much the better for it.

Count *Baf.* Why, child, dost thou ever see any body overjoyed for winning a deep stake, six months after 'tis over?

Myr. Would I had never played for it!

Count *Baf.* Psha! hang these melancholy thoughts! we may be friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count

Count *Baf.* Useful ones, perhaps—suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

Count *Baf.* What do you think of the young country 'quire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count *Baf.* Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while, at least to look about you—Hark! what bustle's that without?

Enter Mrs. Motherly in haste.

Moth. Sir, Sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door; they are all come.

Count *Baf.* What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out!—Won't you step and lead in my Lady? Do you be in the way, niece; I must run and receive them, [Exit *Mrs. Motherly.*

Count. *Baf.* And think of what I told you.

[Exit *Count.*

Myr. Ay, ay; you have left me enough to think of as long as I live—A faithless fellow! I am sure I have been true to him; and for that only reason he wants to be rid of me. But while women are weak, men will be rogues; 'and for a bane to both their joys and ours, 'when our vanity indulges them in such innocent favours, 'as make them adore us, we can never be well, till 'we grant them the very one that puts an end to their devotion—But here comes my aunt and the company.'

Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wronghead, led by Count Basset.

Moth. If your Ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour, Madam, only for the present, 'till your servants have got all your things in.

Lady Wrong. Well, dear Sir, this is so infinitely obliging—I protest it gives me pain, tho', to turn you out of your lodging thus.

Count *Baf.* No trouble in the least, Madam; we single fellows are soon moved; besides, Mrs. Motherly's iny old acquaintance, and I could not be her hinderance.

Moth. The Count is so well bred, Madam, I dare say he

He would do a great deal more to accommodate your Ladyship.

Lady *Wrong*. Oh, dear Madam!—A good, well-bred sort of a woman. [*Apart to the Count.*]

Count *Baf*. Oh, Madam! she is very much among people of quality; she is seldom without them in her house.

Lady *Wrong*. Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. Now your Ladyship is here, Madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

Lady *Wrong*. I am mighty glad of that; for, really, I think people of quality should always live among one another.

Count *Baf*. 'Tis what one would choose, indeed, Madam.

Lady *Wrong*. Bless me! but where are the children all this while?

Moth. Sir Francis, Madam, I believe, is taking care of them.

Sir *Fran*. [*Within.*] John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out—Come, children.

Moth. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Sir Francis, 'Squire Richard, and Miss Jenny.

Sir *Fran*. Well, Count, I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed.

Count *Baf*. Sir Francis, give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

Sir *Fran*. Psha! how dost do, mon?—Waunds, I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a house this.

Count *Baf*. Is not that Master Richard?

Sir *Fran*. Ey, ey, that's young Hopeful—Why dost not baw, Dick?

'Squ. *Rich*. So I do, feyther.

Count *Baf*. Sir I'm glad to see you—I protest Mrs. Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir *Fran*. Come forward, Jenny.

Jenny. Sure, papa! do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

Count *Baf*. If I have permission to approach her, Sir Francis.

Jenny. Lord Sir! I'm in such a frightful pickle—

[*Salute.*
Count

Count *Baf.* Every dress that's proper must become you, Madam—you have been a long journey.

Jenny, I hope you will see me in a better, to-morrow, Sir.

[*Lady Wrong*. whispers *Mrs. Motb.* pointing to *Myrtilia*.

Motb. Only a niece of mine, Madam, that lives with me: she will be proud to give your Ladyship any assistance in her power.

Lady Wrong. A pretty sort of a young woman——
Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. Oh, mamma, I am never strange in a strange place. [Salutes *Myrtilia*.

Myr. You do me a great deal of honour, Madam—
Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to London.

Jenny. Mamma, I like her prodigiously; she called me my Ladyship.

'*Squ. Rich.* Pray, mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too?

Lady Wrong. You, you clown; stay 'till you learn a little more breeding first.

Sir *Fran.* Od's heart, my Lady Wronghead! why do you baulk the lad? how should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himself forward!

'*Squ. Rich.* Why, ay, feyther, does mother think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much good humour, Madam, he would soon gain upon any body. [He kisses *Myr.*

'*Squ. Rich.* Lo' you there, mother: and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady Wrong. Why, how now, firrah! Boys must not be so familiar.

'*Squ. Rich.* Why, an' I know nobody, how the murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you and I, and sifter, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one and thirty bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, Sir; d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

'*Squ. Rich.* Why and you woant yo' ma' let it aloane; then she and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at all-fours, without you.

Sir *Fran.* Noa, Noa, Dick, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

Myr.

Myr. If Master pleases, I'll shew it him.

'*Squ. Rich.* What! the Humber! Hoy day! why does our river run to this tawn, feather?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you silly tony! ombre is a geam at cards, that the better fort of people play three together at.

'*Squ. Rich.* Nay the moare the merrier, I say; but sifter is always so cross-grain'd—

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people—and one has really been stuff'd up in a coach so long, that ————Pray, Madam———could not I get a little powder for my hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, Madam.

[*Exeunt Myr. and Jenny.*]

'*Squ. Rich.* What has sifter taken her away naw! mefs, I'll go and have a little game with 'em. [*Ex. after them.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes?

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh't naught to do.

Count Basf. Well, Sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why, ay now, that's hearty!

Moth. Will your Ladyship please to refresh yourself with a dish of tea, after your fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Wrong. If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs.

Moth. Very well, Madam: it shall be ready immediately. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Lady Wrong. Won't you walk up, Sir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

Count Basf. Shan't we stay for Sir Francis, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Lard! don't mind him: he will come if he likes it.

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! ne'er heed me—I have things to look after. [*Exeunt Lady Wrong. and Count Basf.*]

Enter John Moody.

J. Moody. Did your Worship want muh?

Sir

Sir Fran. Ay, is the coach cleared, and all our things in?

J. Moody. Aw but a few band-boxes, and the nook that's left o' the goose poy—But, a plague on him, th' monkey has gin us the slip, I think—I suppose he's goon to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of um in this tawn—but heavy Ralph is skawered after him.

Sir Fran. Why, let him go to the devil! no matter, and the hawnds had had him a month agoe.—but I wish the coach and horses were got safe to the inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John; therefore I would have you go along with Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the stable.

J. Moody. Alas a-day, Sir, I believe our awld cattle won't yeafly be run away with to-night—but howsomdever, we'll ta' the best care we can of um, poor sawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well! make haste then—

[Moody goes out, and returns.

J. Moody. Ods flesh! here's Maiter Monly come to wait upo' your Worship!

Sir Fran. Where is he?

J. Moody. Just coming in at threshold.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your businefs. [Ex. Moody.
Enter Manly.

Cousin Manly! Sir, I am your very humble servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir Francis—and—

Sir Fran. Odsheart! this was so kindly done of you now.

Man. I wish you may think it so, cousin! for, I confess, I should have been better pleased to have seen you in any other place.

Sir Fran. How soa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake; I'm not concerned.

Sir Fran, Look you, cousin; thof' I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, Sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

Man. I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe, you

you will find it the most expensive one — your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! That—that did lick a little; but if a man's wife, (and I han't fawn'd yet that I'm a fool) there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay, if you have that secret—

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, cousin—you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short, then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what, at Westminster—that's one thing.

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why, ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my days i'the country—what then—I'm o'the quorum—I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too—and mayhap they may find here,——that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

Man. If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any right to make use of it at all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean!

Man. That Sir John Worthland has lodged a petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why, ay! there let it lie——we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!——Why, you forget, cousin, Sir John's o'the wrung side, mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir Francis, that will do you but little service; for in cases very notorious, which I take yours to be, there is such a thing as a short day, and dispatching them immediately.

D

Sir

Sir Fran. With all my heart! the sooner I fend him home again, the better.

Man. And this is the scheme you have laid down, to repair your fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, cousin, I think it my duty! The Wrongheads have been a considerable family, ever since England was England: and since the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they shan't say its my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay, this project as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it: mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither——

Man. You astonish me! what? and is it full as practicable as what you have told me!

Sir Fran. Ay, thof' I say it——every whit, cousin, You'll find that I have more irons i'the fire than one; I doan't come of a fool's errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a word, my wife has got a friend at court, as well as myself, and her dowghter Jenny is naw pretty well grown up——

Man. [*Afide.*]——And what, in the devil's name, would he do with the dowdy?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap, i'this tawn, she may be looking out for herself——

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

Man. [*Afide.*]——Oh! he has taken my breath away? but I must hear him out——Pray, Sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court?

Sir Fran. Why, the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true; but she has tongue enough: she woan't be dash't! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well; but when she is thus accomplish'd, you must still wait for a vacancy.

Sir Fran. Why, I hope one has a good chance for that every

every day, cousin; for if I take it right, that's a post, that folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—It's like an orange-tree, upon that account—it will bear blossoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, Sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions! But, pray, where is my Lady, and my young cousin? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir Fran. She is but just taking a dish of tea with the Count, and my landlady—I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir Fran. Odsheart? but you mun see her naw, cousin; what! the best friend I have in the world!—Here, sweetheart! [*To a Servant without.*] pr'ythee, desire my lady and the gentleman to come dawn a bit; till her here's cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the gentleman be?

Sir Fran. You mun know him to be sure; why it's Count Basset.

Man. Oh! is it he?—Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth! I think so too: he's the civilest man that ever I knew in my life——Why! here he would go out of his own lodgings, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Was n't that kind, naw?

Man. Extremely civil—the family is in admirable hands already.

[*Afide.*]

Sir Fran. Then my lady likes him hugely—all the time of York races, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

Sir Fran. Why, ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

Man. Why, truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

Man. Oh, never fear! he'll mend that every day—Mercy on us! what a head he has!

[*Afide.*]

Sir Fran. So, here they come!

Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Basset, and Mrs. Motherly.

Lady Wrong. Cousin Manly, this is infinitely obliging; I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient servant, Madam; I am glad to see your Ladyship look so well, after your journey.

Lady Wrong. Why really, coming to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here, is very apt to deaden the complexion—and, give me leave to tell you, as a friend, Madam, you are come to the worst place in the world, for a good woman to grow better in.

Lady Wrong. Lord, cousin! how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moaped up in the country.

Count Basf. Your Ladyship certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, Madam. Mr. Manly, your humble servant—a hem.

Man. Familiar puppy. [*Aside.*] Sir, your most obedient—I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. [*Aside.*]

Count Basf. Was you at White's this morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir, I just called in.

Count Basf. Pray—what—was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, Sir; the same daily carcases, and the same crows about them.

Count Basf. The Demoivre - Baronet had a bloody tumble yesterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your share of him.

Count Basf. No, faith; I came in when it was all over—I think I just made a couple of bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's Arms.

Lady Wrong. What a genteel, easy manner he has.

[*Aside.*]

Man. A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here.

[*Aside.*]

Enter 'Squire Richard, with a wet brown paper on his face.

Sir Fran. How naw, Dick; what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

'Squ. Rich. I ha' gotten a knock upon't.

Lady

Lady Wrong. And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

'*Squ. Rich.* Why, I was but running after sifter, and t'other young woman, into a little room just naw: and so with that, they slapp'd the door full in my face, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my brains out; so I gut a dab of whet brown paper here, to swage it a while.

Lady Wrong. They served you right enough; will you never have done with your horse-play?

Sir Fran. Pooh, never heed it, lad; it will be well by to-morrow—the boy has a strong head.

Man. Yes, truly, his scull seems to be of a comfortable thickness. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly—Sir, this is your god-son.

'*Squ. Rich.* Honoured godfeyther; I crave leave to ask your blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, child——and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father.

Enter Miss Jenny.

Lady Wrong. Oh, here's my daughter too. Miss Jenny! don't you see your cousin, child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty dear——[*Salutes her.*] may'st thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother.

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsome, Sir.

Man. Hah, Miss Pert! Now that's a thought, that seems to have been hatcht in the girl on this side Highgate. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Her tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady Wrong. That's only from her country education, Sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there——so I brought her to London, Sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

Man. Oh, the best place in the world for it—every woman she meets will teach her something of it——There's the good gentlewoman of the house, looks like a knowing person; even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little London behaviour.

Moth. Alas, Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my instruction.

Man. That I dare say. What thou can't teach her, she will soon be mistress of. [*Aside.*]

Moth. If she does, Sir, they shall always be at her service.

Lady Wrong. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil truly—I think we are got into a mighty good house here.

Man. Oh, yes, and very friendly company.

Count Bas. Humph! I'gad I don't like his looks—he seems a little smoky—I believe I had as good brush off—If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions.

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family—

Count Bas. It's very true, Sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see: but it's no matter, we have time enough. [*Aside.*] And so, ladies, without ceremony your humble servant.

[*Exit Count Bassett, and drops a letter.*]

Lady Wrong. Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux, I'll lay my life, but this is no place to examine it.

[*Puts it in her pocket.*]

Sir Fran. Why in such haste, cousin?

Man. Oh, my Lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands, after such a journey.

Lady Wrong. I believe, Sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why truly, ladies seldom want employment here, Madam.

Jenny. And mamma did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young mistress.

Jenny. I hope not, Sir,

Man. Ha, Miss Mettle!——Where are you going, Sir?

Sir Fran. Only to see you to the door, Sir.

Man. Oh, Sir Francis, I love to come and go without ceremony.

Sir

Sir Fran. Nay, Sir, I must do as you will have me—
your humble servant. [Exit Manly.]

Jenny. This cousin Manly, papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour—I don't like him half so well as the Count.

Sir Fran. Pooh! that's another thing, child—Cousin is a little proud indeed; but however you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and nobody knows who he may give it to.

Lady Wrong. Psha! a fig for his money; you have so many projects of late about money, since you are a parliament man. What, we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs, and then he will be just old enough, to marry his maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, Madam, the town says he is going to be married already.

Sir Fran. Who! cousin Manly?

Lady Wrong. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it possible your Ladyship should know nothing of it!—to my Lord Townly's sister, Lady Grace.

Lady Wrong. Lady Grace!

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the news-papers!

Lady Wrong. I don't like that, neither.

Sir Fran. Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady Wrong. [Aside.] If it is not too far gone: at least it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

'Squ. Rich. Pray, feyther, haw lung will it be to supper?

Sir Fran. Odsfo! that's true; step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

'Moth. If you please, Sir, I'll order one of my maid's to shew her where she may have any thing you have a mind to.

'Sir Fran. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

'Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! what is not it i'the hawse yet—I shall be famish'd—but hawld! I'll go and ask Doll, an ther's none o'the goose poy left.

'Sir Fran. Do so, and do't hear, Dick—see if there's

' there's e'er a bottle o'the strong beer that came i'th'
 ' coach with us—if there be, clap a toast in it, and bring
 ' it up.

' 'Squ. *Rich.* With a little nutmeg and fugar, shawn'a I
 ' feyther.

' Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay, as thee and I always drink it for
 ' breakfast—Go thy ways!—and I'll fill a pipe i'th mean
 ' while.

[*Takes one from a pocket-case, and fills it.*
 [*Exit 'Squire Rich.*

' Lady *Wrong.* This boy is always thinking of his
 ' belly.

' Sir *Fran.* Why, my dear, you may allow him to be a
 ' little hungry after his journey.

' Lady *Wrong.* Nay, ev'n breed him your own way—
 ' He has been cramming in or out of the coach all this
 ' day, I am fure—I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter
 ' as much.

' *Jenny.* Oh, as for that I could eat a great deal more,
 ' mamma; but then mayhap, I should grow coarse, like
 ' him, and spoil my shape.

' Lady *Wrong.* Ay, so thou wouldst, my dear.

' [*Enter 'Squire Richard, with a full tankard.*

' 'Squ. *Rich.* Here, feyther, I ha' brougth it—it's well
 ' I went as I did; for our Doll had just baked a toast, and
 ' was going to drink it herself.

' Sir *Fran.* Why then, here's to thee, Dick! [*Drinks.*

' 'Squ. *Rich.* Thank you, feyther.

' Lady *Wrong.* Lord, Sir Francis, I wonder you can en-
 ' courage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor
 ' —it's enough to make him quite stupid.

' 'Squ. *Rich.* Why it never hurts me, mother; and I sleep
 ' like a hawnd after it. [*Drinks.*

' Sir *Fran.* I am fure I ha' drunk it these thirty years,
 ' and by your leave, Madam, I don't know that I want
 ' wit: ha! ha!

' *Jenny.* But you might have had a great deal more,
 ' papa, if you would have been governed by my mo-
 ' ther.

' Sir *Fran.* Daughter, he that is governed by his wife,
 ' has no wit at all.

' *Jenny.* Then I hope I shall marry a fool, Sir; for I
 ' love to govern dearly.

' Sir

' Sir *Fran.* You are too pert, child; it don't do well in a young woman.

' *Lady Wrong.* Pray, Sir Francis, don't snub her? she has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her brother there.

' *Squ. Rich.* [*After a long draught.*] Indeed mother, I think my sifter is too forward.

' *Jenny.* You! you think I'm too forward! sure, brother mud! your head's too heavy to think of any thing but your belly.

' *Lady Wrong.* Well said, Mifs, he's none of your master, though he is your elder brother.

' *Squ. Rich.* No, nor she shawnt be my mistress, while she's younger sifter.

' *Sir Fran.* Well said, Dick! shew 'em that stawt liquor makes a stawt heart, lad!

' *Squ. Rich.* So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for all her. [*Drinks.*]

Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So, John, how are the horses?

J. Moody. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this tawn, it's made up o' mischief, I think.

Sir Fran. What's the matter naw?

J. Moody. Why, I'll tell your Worship—before we were gotten to th' street end, with the coach, here, a great luggerheaded cart, with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits; crack, went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang says the glasses, all to shievers! Marcy upon us! and this be London! would we were aw weel in the country ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the country again Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the country again these seven years, mamma; let twenty coaches be pulled to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your tongue, Jenny!—Was Roger in no fault in all this?

J. Moody. Noa, Sir, nor I, noather. Are not yow a sham'd, says Roger, to the carter, to do such an unkind thing by strangers? Noa, says he, you bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very purpose! and so the folks said that itood by—Very well, says Roger, yow shall see what
our

our meyster will say to ye! Your meyster, says he; your meyster may kiss my—and so he clapped his hand just there, and like your Worship. Flesh! I thought they had better breeding in this town.

Sir Fran. I'll teach this rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him.

'Squ. Rich. Ay, do feyther; have him before the parliament.

Sir Fran. Odsbud! and so I will—I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

J. Moody. I believe in London, Sir.

Sir Fran. What's the rascal's name?

J. Moody. I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

'Squ. Rich. What, my name!

Sir Fran. Where did he go?

J. Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir Fran. Where's that?

J. Moody. By my troth, Sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he would pool us over and over again.

Sir Fran. Will he so? Odzooks! get me a constable.

Lady Wrong. Pooh! get you a good supper. Come, Sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat for what can't be help'd. Accidents will happen to people that travel abroad to see the world——For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not over-turned before we were all out on't.

Sir Fran. Why ay, that's true again, my dear.

Lady Wrong. Therefore see to-morrow, if we can buy one at second-hand, for present use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

J. Moody. Why, troth, Sir, I doan't think this could have held you above a day longer.

Sir Fran. D'ye think so, John?

J. Moody. Why you ha' had it, ever since your Worship were high sheriff.

Sir Fran. Why then go and see what Doll has got us for supper—and come and get off my boots.

[*Exit Sir Fran.*
Lady

Lady Wrong. In the mean time, Miss, do you step to Handy, and bid her get me some fresh night-clothes.

[*Exit Lady Wrong.*]

Jenny. Yes, mamma, and some for myself too.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

'*Squ. Rich.* Ods-flesh! and what mun I do all alone?
I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty miss is,
And she and I'll go play at cards for kiffes

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.

LORD TOWNLY.

WHO's there?

Serv. My Lord.

Lord *T.* Bid them get dinner—Lady Grace, your servant.

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady *G.* What, is the house up already? My Lady is not dress'd yet.

Lord *T.* No matter—it's three o'clock—she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours.

Lady *G.* Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord *T.* That, I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

Lady *G.* No, upon my word, she is engaged in company.

Lord *T.* Where, pray?

Lady *G.* At my Lady Revel's; and you know they never dine till supper-time.

Lord *T.* No, truly———she is one of those orderly ladies, who never let the sun shine upon any of their vices!——But, pr'ythee, sister, what humour is she in to-day.

Lady *G.* Oh, in tip-top spirits, I can assure you——she won a good deal last night.

Lord

Lord T. I know no difference between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

Lady G. However, she is better in good humour than bad.

Lord T. Much alike: when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it; when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my share of her.

Lady G. Well; we won't talk of that now—Does any body dine here?

Lord T. Manly promised me—By the way, Madam, what do you think of his last conversation?

Lady G. I am a little at a stand about it.

Lord T. How so?

Lady G. Why—I don't know how he can ever have any thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe rules upon wives in my hearing.

Lord T. Did you think his rules unreasonable?

Lady G. I can't say I did! but he might have had a little more complaisance before me, at least.

Lord T. Complaisance is only a proof of good breeding: but his plainness was a certain proof of his honesty; nay, of his good opinion of you: for he would never have opened himself so freely, but in confidence that your good sense could not be disobliged at it.

Lady G. My good opinion of him, brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: but I have received a letter this morning, that shews him a very different man from what I thought him.

Lord T. A letter! from whom?

Lady G. That I don't know; but there it is.

[Gives a letter.

Lord T. Pray, let's see. [Reads.] “The inclosed, Madam, fell accidentally into my hands; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend, and humble servant, Unknown, &c.”

Lady G. And this was the inclosed. [Giving another.

Lord T. [Reads.] “To Charles Manly, Esq.”

“Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me that I now grow as painful to you as to myself: but, however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will

will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest income for the vain hopes of being ever yours.

MYRTILLA DUPE."

P. S. "'Tis above four months since I received a shilling from you."

Lady G. What think you now?

Lord T. I am considering——

Lady G. you see it's directed to him——

Lord T. That's true; but the postscript seems to be a reproach that I think he is not capable of deserving.

Lady G. But who could have concern enough to send it to me?

Lord T. I have observed that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

Lady G. What would you have me do in it?

Lord T. What I think you ought to do—fairly shew it him, and say I advised you to it.

Lady G. Will not that have a very odd look from me?

Lord T. Not at all, if you use my name in it; if he is innocent, his impatience to appear so, will discover his regard to you. If he is guilty, it will be your best way of preventing his addresses.

Lady G. But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance?

Lord T. I can't think there's any fear of that.

Lady G. Pray, what is it you do think then?

Lord T. Why, certainly, that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concerned in it——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord.

Lord T. Do you receive him, while I step a minute in to my Lady. *[Exit Lord Townly.]*

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your most obedient; they told me my Lord was here.

Lady G. He will be here presently; he is but just gone in to my sister.

Man. So, then my Lady dines with us.

Lady G. No; she is engaged.

Man. I hope you are not of her party, Madam.

Lady G. Not till after dinner.

B

Man.

Man. And, pray, how may she have disposed of the rest of the day.

Lady G. Much as usual; she has visits till about eight; after that, till court-time, she is to be at *quadrille*, at Mrs. Idle's; after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my Lady Moonlight. And from thence they go together to my Lord Noble's assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, Madam?

Lady G. Only a few of the visits; I would, indeed, have drawn her to the play; but I doubt we have so much upon our hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady G. There's no great merit in forbearing what one is not charmed with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have passed a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleased when I was at quiet without them.

Lady G. What induced you then, to be with them?

Man. Idleness, and the fashion.

Lady G. No mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly—yes—Being often in the toy-shop, there was no forbearing the baubles.

Lady G. And of course, I suppose, sometimes you were tempted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Why, really, where fancy only makes the choice, Madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled in those sort of bargains; which, I confess, has been often my case: for I had constantly some coquette or other upon my hands, whom I could love, perhaps, just enough to put it in her power to plague me.

Lady G. And that's a power, I doubt, commonly made use of.

Man. The amours of a coquette, Madam, seldom have any other view; I look upon them and prudes to be nuisances just alike; though they seem very different: the first are always plaguing the men, and the others are always abusing the women.

Lady G. And yet both of them do it for the same
vain

‘ vain ends; to establish a false character of being virtuous.

‘ *Man.* Of being chaste, they mean; for they know no other virtue; and, upon the credit of that, they traffic in every thing else that's vicious. They (even against nature) keep their chastity, only because they find they have more power to do mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

‘ *Lady G.* Hold, Mr. Manly: I am afraid this severe opinion of the sex is owing to the ill choice you have made of your mistresses.

‘ *Man.* In a great measure it may be so; but, Madam, if both these characters are so odious, how vastly valuable is that woman, who has attained all they aim at, without the aid of the folly or vice of either?

‘ *Lady G.* I believe those sort of women to be as scarce, Sir, as the men that believe there are any such; or, that allowing such, have virtue enough to deserve them.

‘ *Man.* That could deserve them, then——had been a more favourable reflection.’

Lady G. Nay, I speak only from my little experience; for (I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly) I don't know a man in the world, that, in appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the first merit, than yourself: and yet I have a reason in my hand, here, to think you have your failings.

Man. I have infinite, Madam; but I am sure the want of an implicit respect for you, is not among the number—Pray, what is in your hand, Madam?

Lady G. Nay, Sir, I have no title to it, for the direction is to you. [Gives him a letter.]

Man. To me! I don't remember the hand.

[Reads to himself.]

Lady G. I can't perceive any change of guilt in him; and his surprise seems natural. [Aside.]—Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. Manly; that I should never have shewn you this, but that my brother enjoined me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good opinion of me, Madam.

Lady G. I hope, at least, it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, Madam, that wanted an excuse; and I hope you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

Lady G. I don't believe I shall refuse any that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, Madam, to indulge me so far as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

Lady G. Inclosed to me in this, without a name.

Man. If there be no secret in the contents, Madam,—

Lady G. Why—there is an impertinent insinuation in it: but as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me, Madam.

[He takes the other letter and reads.]

Lady G. *[Aside.]* Now am I in the oddest situation; methinks our conversation grows terribly critical. This must produce something—Oh, lud! would it were over!

Man. Now, Madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

Lady G. I have no notion of what could be proposed by it.

Man. A little patience, Madam—First, as to the insinuation you mention—

Lady G. Oh! what is he going to say now? *[Aside.]*

Man. Though my intimacy with my Lord may have allowed my visits to have been very frequent here of late; yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder if a great many of those visits are placed to your account: and this taken for granted, I suppose, has been told to my Lady Wronghead, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably with many more imaginary circumstances.

Lady G. My Lady Wronghead!

Man. Ay, Madam; for I am positive this is her hand.

Lady G. What view could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any treaty of marriage she may have heard I am engaged in; because, if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But I hope she is so far mistaken, that if this letter has given you the least un-

cassiness

earnest—I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

Lady G. That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly?

Man. Yes, Madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

Lady G. I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, Madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

Lady G. With what an artful gentleness he steals into my opinion! [*Afide.*] Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman in me, as to want curiosity—But pray, do you suppose, then, this Myrtilia is a real, or a fictitious name?

Man. Now I recollect, Madam, there is a young woman, in the house where my Lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard somebody call Myrtilia: this letter may be written by her—But how it came directed to me, I confess, is a mystery, that, before I ever presume to see your Ladyship again, I think myself obliged, in honour, to find out. [*Going.*]

Lady G. Mr. Manly—you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next street, Madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

Lady G. Nay, but dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat nor rest, till I see an end of this affair.

Lady G. But this is so odd! why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, Madam; then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity—

[*Exit Manly.*]

Lady G. Well—and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his life with me?—I hope not—for I am sure the case is terribly clear on my side; and why may not I, without vanity, suppose my—unaccountable somewhat—has done as much execution upon him?—Why—because he never told me so—nay, he has not so much as mentioned the word love, or ever said one civil thing to my

person—well—but he has said a thousand to my good opinion, and has certainly got it—had he spoke first to my person, he had paid a very ill compliment to my understanding—I should have thought him impertinent, and never have troubled my head about him; but as he has managed the matter, at least I am sure of one thing, that let his thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my head about any other man as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dressed yet?

Trusty. Yes, Madam; but my Lord has been courting her so, I think, till they are both out of humour.

Lady G. How so?

Trusty. Why, it began, Madam, with his Lordship's desiring her Ladyship to dine at home to-day—upon which my Lady said she could not be ready; upon that my Lord ordered them to stay the dinner; and then my Lady ordered the coach: then my Lord took her short, and said he had ordered the coachman to set up; then my Lady made him a great curtesy, and said she would wait till his Lordship's horses had dined, and was mighty pleasant: but, for fear of the worst, Madam, she whispered me—to get her chair ready. *[Exit Trusty.]*

Lady G. Oh, here they come! and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company. *[Exit Lady Grace.]*

Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly following.

Lady T. Well, look you, my Lord, I can bear it no longer; nothing still but about my faults, my faults: an agreeable subject, truly!

Lord T. Why, Madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady T. Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them—you know I have tried to do it a hundred times—and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it.

Lord T. And I, Madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

Lady T. Abuse! astonishing! when the universe knows, I am never better company than when I am doing what I have a mind to. But to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction—Why, but last Thursday, now,—there you wisely amended

amended one of my faults, as you call them—you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade—and pray, what was the consequence? Was not I as cross as the devil all the night after? Was not I forced to get company at home? And was it not almost three o'clock in the morning, before I was able to come to myself again? And then the fault is not mended neither—for next time, I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning an old ruffle, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord T. Well, the manner of womens' living of late, is insupportable; and one way or other—

Lady T. It's to be mended, I suppose: why, so it may: but then, my dear Lord, you must give one time—and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves, ha, ha!

Lord T. Madam, I am not in a humour now, to trifle.

Lady T. Why then, my Lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you in your own way, now—You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones—so far we are even, you'll allow—but pray, which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world; my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at night? Now, I think, one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his shop—Faugh!

Lord T. Fie, fie, Madam! is this your way of reasoning? 'tis time to wake you, then—'Tis not your ill hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion those ill hours.

Lady T. Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord; what ill company do I keep?

Lord T. Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it; or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another. Then, that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, concealed thieves, and sharpers in embroidery—or, what, to me, is still more shocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-eared coxcombs, who are so often like monkeys, there would be no knowing them
afunder,

asunder, but that their tails hang from their heads, and the monkey's grows where it should do.

Lady T. And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord T. Their being fools, Madam, is not always the husband's security; or, if it were, fortune sometimes gives them advantages might make a thinking woman tremble.

Lady T. What do you mean?

Lord T. That women sometimes lose more than they are able to pay: and if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be reduced to try, if, instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

Lord T. My Lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you, I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord T. So are the churches—now and then.

Lady T. My friends frequent them too, as well as the assemblies.

Lord T. Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers were there allowed to furnish cards to the company.

Lady T. I see what you drive at all this while: you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice. I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord T. Have a care, Madam; don't let me think you only value your chastity to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else that's vicious—I, Madam, have a reputation, too, to guard, that's dear to me as yours—The follies of an ungoverned wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but 'tis his own fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady T. My Lord—you would make a woman mad!

Lord T. You'd make a man a fool.

Lady T. If Heaven has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

Lord T. Whatever may be in your inclination, Madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar, at least.

Lady T. A beggar! Crossus! I'm out of patience!—I won't come home till four to-morrow morning.

Lord

Lord T. That may be Madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve.

Lady T. Then I won't come home till to-morrow night.

Lord T. Then, Madam—you shall never come home again. *[Exit Lord Townly.]*

Lady T. What does he mean! I never heard such a word from him in my life before! The man always used to have manners in his worst humours. There's something, that I don't see, at the bottom of all this—But his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other; so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. Manly, your servant.

Enter Manly.

Man. I ask pardon for intrusion, Madam; but I hope my business with my Lord will excuse it.

Lady T. I believe you'll find him in the next room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me leave, Madam?

Lady T. Sir—you have my leave, though you were a lady.

Man. *[Aside.]* What a well-bred age do we live in!

[Exit Manly.]

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady T. Oh, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady G. I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here—

Lady G. Bless me! for what?

Lord T. Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning—We have been charming company.

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it: sure it must be a vast happiness, when a man and a wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

Lady T. Oh, the prettiest thing in the world!

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that

that never enter into the imaginations of others.—
 Why, here's my Lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day, too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady T. Oh, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my Lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *à la table* meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room—At last, stretching himself, and yawning—My dear—says he—aw—you came home very late, last night—'Twas but just turned of two says I—I was in bed—aw—by eleven, says he—So you are every night, says I—Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late—How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often?—Upon which we entered into a conversation—and though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul, it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family dialogues, (though extremely well for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady T. Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay; if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady G. Well—certainly you have the most elegant taste—

Lady T. Though to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it, this bout? for it grew so sour at last, that—I think—I almost told him he was a fool—and he, again—talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady

Lady G. Oh, have a care of that!
 Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife
 father for that—

Lady G. How so?

Lady T. Why—when my good Lord first opened
 his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable
 papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at dis-
 cretion.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Lady T. He said, the wives of this age were come to
 that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter
 should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train
 of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a
 husband's odd humours.

Lady G. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a wo-
 man of spirit look about her.

Lady T. Nay, but to be serious, my dear; what would
 you really have a woman do, in my case?

Lady G. Why—if I had a sober husband, as you
 have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world,
 by being as sober as he.

Lady T. Oh, you wicked thing! how can you teize
 one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that
 (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the
 world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time,
 partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the
 best company, do, with my soul, love almost every thing
 he hates. I doat upon assemblies; my heart bounds at
 a ball; and at an opera—I expire. Then I love play to
 distraction; cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of
 my little wits—Dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of
 spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard,
 child?

Lady G. Oh, never! I don't think it fits well upon
 women; there's something so masculine, so much the air
 of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and
 curse; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion
 —why—

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it,
 sometimes, not to make use of the same words to ex-
 press it.

Lady

Lady G. Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising, just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp——and swallow it.

Lady G. Well——and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

Lady T. Oh, yes: I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady G. And how can you answer that?

Lady T. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature, and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit, (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable; for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady G. I can't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town?

Lady G. Half the year, I should like it very well.

Lady T. My stars! and you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

Lady G. Why not?

Lady T. Why can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

Lady G. So I would——t'other half year.

Lady T. And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady G. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady T. Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game of cards,

cards, soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements——soberly; and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself——

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! For sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life, have not been in any head these thousand years——Under a great tree! Oh, my soul!——But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme too——for I am charmed with the country one!——

Lady G. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady T. Well, though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady G. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it——but still it should be soberly: for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess. Though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Ay, now for it——

Lady G. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady T. Why the men say, that's a great step to be made one——Well, now you are dress——Pray let's see to what purpose?

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.——I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly, nay, play at Quadrille——soberly: I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then an opera——but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again: and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go——soberly.

Lady T. Well, if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping,
F fleeping,

sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four and twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable! Deplorable! Why, child, all you propose, is but to indure life, now I want to enjoy it——

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Madam, your Ladyship's chair is ready.

Lady T. Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? Forlast night I was poisoned.

Trusty. Yes, Madam; there were some come in this morning. *[Exit Trusty.]*

Lady T. My dear, you will excuse me; but you know my time is so precious——

Lady G. That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

Lady T. You will call on me at Lady Revel's?

Lady G. Certainly.

Lady T. But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear.

Lady G. When it does, I will——soberly break from you.

Lady T. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness *[Exit Lady T.]*

Lady G. There she goes—Dash! into her stream of pleasures! Poor woman, she is really a fine creature; and sometimes infinitely agreeable; nay, take her out of the madness of this town, rational in her notions, and easy to live with: but she is so borne down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, she thinks every hour of her life is lost that she does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine!——Ha, my brother, and Manly, with him! I guess what they have been talking of——I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive.

[Exit Lady Grace.]

Enter Lord Townly and Manly.

Lord T. I did not think my Lady Wronghead had such a notable brain: though I can't say she was so very wise, in trusting this filly girl you call Myrtilia, with the secret.

Man. No, my Lord, you mistake me; had the girl been

been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord T. Why I thought you said the girl writ this letter to you, and that my Lady Wronghead sent it inclosed to my sifter?

Man. If you please to give me leave, my Lord—the fact is thus—This inclosed letter to Lady Grace was a real original one, written by this girl, to the Count we have been talking of: the Count drops it, and my Lady Wronghead finds it: then only changing the cover, she seals it up as a letter of business, just written by herself, to me: and pretending to be in a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction for her.

Lord T. Oh, then the girl did not know she was superscribing a billet-doux of her own to you?

Man. No, my Lord; for when I first questioned her about the direction, she owned it immediately: but when I shewed her that her letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands, the poor creature was amazed, and thought herself betrayed both by the Count and my Lady—in short, upon this discovery, the girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some transactions, in my Lady Wronghead's family, which, with my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

Lord T. You are very generous, to be solicitous for a lady that has given you so much uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully revenged of her: for I will do her the greatest friendship in the world—against her will.

Lord T. What an uncommon philosophy art thou master of? to make even thy malice a virtue!

Man. Yet, my Lord, I assure you, there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure than your approbation of it.

Lord T. Dear Charles! my heart's impatient, 'till thou art nearer to me: and as a proof that I have long wished thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve than ask my sifter's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit: and since on this occasion you have opened your

whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure, I assure you, we have both succeeded——she is as firmly yours——

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord T. I'm glad you think it flattery: but she herself shall prove it none: she dines with us alone: when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together—Oh, Charles! had I, like thee been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided.

Man. No more of that, I beg, my Lord——

Lord T. But 'twill, at least be some relief to my anxiety, however barren of content the state has been to me, to see so near a friend and sister happy in it. Your harmony of life will be an instance how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in mutual kindness move,

You'll reach by virtue what I lost by love. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Mrs. Motherly's House.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtilla.

MOTHERLY.

SO, niece! where is it possible you can have been these six hours?

Myr. Oh, Madam, I have such a terrible story to tell you.

Moth. A story! Ods my life! What have you done with the Count's note of five hundred pounds, I sent you about? Is it safe? Is it good? Is it security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe: but for its goodness——Mercy on us! I have been in a fair way to hanged about it?

Moth. The dickens! has the rogue of a Count played us another trick then?

Myr. You shall hear, Madam; when I came to Mr. Cash, the banker's, and shewed him his note for five hundred pounds, payable to the Count, or order, in
two.

two months—he looked earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the inner room, while he examined his books—after I had staid about ten minutes, he came in to me—claps to the door, and charges me with a constable for forgery.

Moth. Ah, poor soul! and how didst thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this condition, I begged him to have a little patience, 'till I could send for Mr. Manly, whom he knew to be a gentleman of worth and honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever fraud might be in the note, that I was myself an innocent abused woman—and as good luck would have it, in less than half an hour, Mr. Manly came—so, without mincing the matter, I fairly told him upon what design the Count had lodged that note in your hands, and in short, laid open the whole scheme he had drawn us into, to make our fortune.

Moth. The devil you did!

Myr. Why, how do you think it was possible I could any otherwise make Mr. Manly my friend, to help me out of the scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. Cash easy, and sent away the constable: nay, farther he promised me, if I would trust the note in his hands, he would take care it should be fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample revenge upon the Count; so that all you have to consider now, Madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's hands, or Mr. Manly's.

Moth. Nay, nay, child; there is no choice in the matter! Mr. Manly may be a friend indeed, if any thing in our power can make him so.

Myr. Well, Madam, and now pray, how stand matters at home here? What has the Count done with the ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high favour with Miis, as he is with my Lady.

Myr. Pray, where are the ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own coach, and the well-bred Count along with them: they have been scouring all the shops in town over, buying fine things and

new cloathes from morning to night: they have made one voyage already, and have brought home such a cargo of bawbles and trumpery——Mercy on the poor man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young 'Squire go with them?

Morb. No, no: Miss said, truly he would but disgrace their party: so they even left him asleep by the kitchen fire.

Myr. Has not he asked after me all this while? For I had a sort of an assignation with him.

Morb. Oh, yes, he has been in a bitter taking about it. At last his disappointment grew so uneasy, that he fairly fell a crying; so to quiet him, I sent one of the maids and John Moody abroad with him to shew him—the lions, and the monument. Ods, me! there he is just come home again——You may have business with him——so I'll even turn you together. [Exit.

~~Enter~~ *'Squire Richard.*

'Squ. Rich. Seah, seah, Mrs Myrilla, where han yaw been aw this day, forsooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go that, 'Squire where have you been, pray?

'Squ. Rich. Why, when I fun' at yow were no loikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong my sel——so John Moody, and I, and one o' your lassies have been——Lord knows where——a seeing o' the foights.

Myr. Well, and pray what have you seen, Sir?

'Squ. Rich. Flesh! I cawnt tell, not I——seen every thing I think. First there we went o' top o' the what d'ye call it? there, the great huge stone post, up the rawnd and rawnd stairs, that twine and twine about just an as thof it was a cork scrue.

Myr. Oh, the monument, well and was it not a fine sight from the top of it?

'Squ. Rich. Sight, Miss! I know no'——I saw nought but smoak and brick housen, and steeple tops——then there was such a mortal ting-tang of bells, and rumbling of carts and coaches, and then the folks under one looked so small, and made such a hum, and a buz, it put me in mind of my mother's great glass beehive in our garden in the country.

Myr.

Myr. I think, Master, you give a very good account of it.

'*Squ. Rich.* Ay, but I did not like it: for my head—my head—began to turn—so I trundled me down stairs agen like a round trencher.

Myr. Well, but this was not all you saw, I suppose?

'*Squ. Rich.* Noa, noa, we went after that, and saw the lions, and I liked them better by hawlf; they are pure grim devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a stick, and gave one of them such a poke o' the noase—I believe he would ha' snapt my head off, an he could have got me. Hoh! hoh! hoh!

Myr. Well, Master, when you and I go abroad, I'll shew you prettier fights than these—there's a masquerade to-morrow.

'*Squ. Rich.* Oh, laud, ay! they say that's a pure thing for Merry Andrews, and those sort of comical mummings—and the Count tells me, that there lads and lasses may jig their tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging, all night long.

Myr. What would you say now, if I should get you a ticket, and go along with you?

'*Squ. Rich.* Ah, dear!

Myr. But have a care, 'Squire, the fine ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your heart, or 'ads me! they'll whip it up in the trip of a minute.

'*Squ. Rich.* Ay, but they cawnt thoa—soa let 'um look to themselves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me—mayhap they had as good be quiet.

Myr. Why sure you would not refuse a fine lady, would you?

'*Squ. Rich.* Ay, but I would though, unless it were—one as I know of.

Myr. Oh, Oh, then you have left your heart in the country, I find?

'*Squ. Rich.* Noa, noa, my heart—eh—my heart e'nt awt o' this room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, however.

'*Squ. Rich.* Nay, mayhap not soa noather, somebody else may have it, 'as you little think of.

Myr. I can't imagine what you mean!

'*Squ.*

'Squ. *Rich.* Noa! why doan't you know how many folks there is in this room, naw?

Myr. Very fine, Master, I see you have learnt the town gallantry already.

'Squ. *Rich.* Why doan't you believe 'at I have a kindness for you then?

Myr. Fy, fy, Master, how you talk; beside you are too young to think of a wife.

'Squ. *Rich.* Ay! but I caunt help thinking o' yow, for all that.

Myr. How! why sure, Sir, you doan't pretend to think of me in a dishonourable way?

'Squ. *Rich.* Nay, that's as you see good—I did no' think 'at you would ha' thought of me for a husband, mayhap; unless I had means, in my own hands; and feyther allows me but haulf a crown a week, as yet a while.

Myr. Oh, when I like any body, 'tis not want of money will make me refuse them.

'Squ. *Rich.* Well, that's just my mind now; for an I like a girl, Miss, I would take her in her smock.

Myr. Ay, Master, now you speak like a man of honour: this shews something of a true heart in you.

'Squ. *Rich.* Ay, and a true heart you'll find me; try when you will.

Myr. Hush, hush, here's your papa come home, and my aunt with him.

'Squ. *Rich.* A devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for?

Myr. When you and I get to the masquerade, you shall see what I'll say to you.

'Squ. *Rich.* Well, hands upon't, then——

Myr. There——

'Squ. *Rich.* One bufs, and a bargain. [*Kisses her.*] Adswauntlikins! as soft and plump as a marrow-pudding.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead and Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my wife and daughter abroad, say you?

Moth. Oh, dear Sir, they have been mighty busy all the day long; they just came home to snap up a short dinner, and so went out again.

Sir

Sir Fran. Well, well, I shan't stay supper for 'em, I can tell 'em that: for ods-heart, I have nothing in me, but a toast and tankard, since morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, these late parliament hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Why, truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us country gentlemen; to lose one meal out of three, is a hard tax upon a good stomach.

Moth. It is so indeed, Sir.

Sir Fran. But howsoever, Mrs. Motherly, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the good of our country——

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh, there's a great deal to be said for't—the good of one's country is above all things——A true hearted Englishman thinks nothing too much for it——I have heard of some honest gentlemen so very zealous, that for the good of their country——they would sometimes go to dinner at midnight.

Moth. Oh, that goodness of 'em! sure their country must have a vast esteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. Motherly; they are so respected when they come home to their boroughs after a session, and so beloved——that their country will come and dine with them every day in the week.

Moth. Dear me! What a fine thing 'tis to be so populous?

Sir Fran. It is a great comfort, indeed! and I can assure you, you are a good sensible woman, Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Oh, dear Sir, your Honour's pleased to compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value people of consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's company, Sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something 'till the ladies come home, Sir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I don't think it would be amiss.

Moth. It shall be done in a moment, Sir.

[Exit.
Enter.

Enter Manly.

Man. Sir Francis, your servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin Manly.

Man. I am come to see how the family goes on here.

Sir Fran. Troth! all as busy as bees; I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

Sir Fran. Why, faith! you have hit it, Sir—— I was advised to lose no time: so I e'en went straight forward, to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing business: but who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, nobody—— I remember I had heard a wife man say—My son, be bold—so troth! I introduced myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, thus—— Look ye—— Please your Lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead of Bumper-hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown—— Sir, your humble servant, says my Lord; thof I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so, says he, Sir Francis, have you any service to command me? Naw, cousin, those last words, you may be sure gave me no small encouragement. And thof I know, Sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

Sir Fran. So when I found him so courteous—— My Lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordship with business upon my first visit: but since your Lordship is pleased not to stand upon ceremony,—— why truly, says I, I think naw is is as good as another time.

Man. Right! there you pushed him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouthed ones.

Man. Very good.

Sir

Sir Fran. So, in short, my Lord, says I, I have a good estate—but—a—it's a little awt at elbows: and as I desire to serve my king, as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

Man. So, this was making short work on't.

Sir Fran. I'cod! I shot him flying, cousin: some of you hawf-witted ones naw, would ha' hummed and hawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place, and mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

Man. Oh, I'm glad you're so sure on't—

Sir Fran. You shall hear, cousin———*Sir Francis* says my Lord, pray what sort of a place may you ha' turned your thoughts upon? My Lord, says I, beggars must not be chusers; but ony place, says I, about a thousand a-year, will be well enough to be doing with, 'till something better falls in—for I thought it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ay, cousin, I see you know the world.

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day—— Well, but what said my Lord to all this.

Sir Fran. *Sir Francis*, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power; so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble———I'll do your business; with that he turned him abawt to somebody with a coloured ribbon a cross here, that looked, in my thoughts, as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! so, upon these hopes, you are to make your fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's any doubt of it, Sir?

Man. Oh, no, I have not the least doubt about it—for just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a place, cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune: for I suppose my

my Lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day—You have been since down at the house, I presume.

Sir *Fran.* Oh, yes! I would not neglect the house, for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir *Fran.* Why, troth! I can't well tell you what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir *Fran.* Why, they were all got there, into a sort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but in short, the arguments were so long-winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did not well understand 'um: howsoever, I was convinced, and so resolved to vote right, according to my conscience—so when they came to put the question, as they call it,—I don't know how 'twas—but I doubt I cryed ay! when I should ha' cryed no!

Man. How came that about?

Sir *Fran.* Why, by a mistake, as I tell you—— for there was a good-humoured sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherside, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cryed ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand! Sir, says he, you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you—and so, with that he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd into the lobby—so, I knew nowght—but Ods-flesh! I was got o'the wrung side the post—for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now!—Ah, thou head of the Wrongheads.

[*Afide.*

Sir *Fran.* Ods! here's my Lady come home at last——I hope, cousin, you will be so kind, as to take a family supper with us?

Man. Another time, Sir Francis; but to-night, I am engaged.

Enter.

Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count Basset.

Lady Wrong. Cousin, your servant; I hope you will pardon my rudeness; but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

Man. Oh, Madam, I am a man of no ceremony; you see that has not hindered my coming again.

Lady Wrong. You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my credit with you.

Man. At your own time, Madam.

Count Basf. I must say that for Mr. Manly, Madam; in making people easy is the rule of good-breeding, he is certainly the best-bred man in the world.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find — [*Aside.*] I am afraid, Sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

Count Basf. I don't know that, Sir; but I am sure, what you are pleased to say, makes me so.

Man. The most impudent modesty that ever I met with.

Lady Wrong. I ard! how ready his wit is.

Sir Fran. Don't you think, Sir, the Count's a very fine gentleman?

Man. Oh, among the ladies, certainly.

Sir Fran. And yet he's as stout as a lion. Waund, he'll storm any thing.

Man. Will he so? Why then, Sir, take care of your citadel.

Sir Fran. Ah, you are a wag, cousin.

Man. I hope, ladies, the town-air continues to agree with you?

Jenny. Oh, perfectly well, Sir! We have been abroad in our new coach all day long——and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade; and on Friday to the play; and on Saturday to the opera; and on Sunday, we are to be at the what-d'ye call it——assembly, and see the ladies play at quadrille, and picquet, and ombre, and hazard, and basset; and on Monday, we are to see the King; and so on Tuesday——

Lady Wrong. Hold, hold, Miss! you must not let your tongue

tongue run so fast, child—you forget; you know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

Man. Yes, yes! and she is improved with a vengeance—
[*Aside.*]

Jenny. Lawrd! mamma, I am sure I did not say any harm; and if one must not speak in one's turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for aught I see.

Lady Wrong. O' my conscience, this girl grows so headstrong—

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you! Now tack it dawn an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, papa, was only to entertain my cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty dear, I am mightily obliged to you.

Jenny. Look you there, now, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Hold your tongue, I say.

Jenny. [*Turning away and glowing.*] I declare it, I won't bear it: she is always snubbing me before you, Sir! —I know why she does it, well enough—

[*Aside to the Count.*]
Count Bas. Hush, hush, my dear! don't be uneasy at that; she'll suspect us. [*Aside.*]

Jenny. Let her suspect, what do I care—I don't know, but I have as much reason to suspect, as she—though perhaps I'm not so afraid of her.

Count Bas. [*Aside.*] I'gad, if I don't keep a tight hand on my tit, here, she'll run away with my project before I can bring it to bear.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so—and yet I can't bear it. Upon my life, Count, you'll spoil that forward girl—you should not encourage her so.

Count Bas. Pardon me, Madam, I was only advising her to observe what your Ladyship said to her.

Man. Yes, truly, her observations have been something particular. [*Aside.*]

Count Bas. In one word, Madam, she has a jealousy of your Ladyship, and I am forced to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me. } *Apart.*

Lady

Lady *Wrong*. You are right, I will be more cautious.

Count *Baf*. To-morrow, at the masquerade, we may lose her.

Lady *Wrong*. We shall be observed, I'll send you a note, and settle that affair—go on with the girl, and don't mind me.

Apart.

Count *Baf*. I have been taking your part, my little angel.

Lady *Wrong*. Jenny! come hither, child—you must not be so haughty, my dear—I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, mamma; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair sex; Miss, and her mamma have only quarrelled because they are both of a mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel step into the family.

[*Aside.*

Enter Myrtilia.

[*Manly talks apart with her.*

Lady *Wrong*. Well, Sir Francis, and what news have you brought us from Westminster to-day.

Sir *Fran*. News, Madam? I cod! I have some—and such as does not come every day, I can tell you—a word in your ear—I have got a promise of a place at court of a thousand pawnd a-year already.

Lady *Wrong*. Have you so, Sir? And pray who may you thank for't? Now! who is in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away, after a stinking pack of fox-hounds in the country? Now your family may be the better for it.

Sir *Fran*. Nay, that's what persuaded me to come up, my dove.

Lady *Wrong*. Mighty well—come—let me have another hundred pound then.

Sir *Fran*. Another! Child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this morning, pray what's become of that, my dear?

Lady *Wrong*. What's become of it? Why I'll shew you, my love! Jenny, have you the bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, mamma.

Lady *Wrong*. What's become of it? Why, laid out, my dear,

dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forced to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither—There's the account.

Sir Fran. [*Turning over the bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have founded your aunt you say, and she readily comes into all I proposed to you.

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article. She mightily desires to see you, Sir.

Man. I am going home, directly; bring her to my house in half an hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Ods-life! Madam, here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans, and clock stockings, by wholesale.

Lady Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, Sir Francis—Nay, you see I am so good a housewife, that in necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a shilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o'one thing's here that I can see you have any occasion for.

Lady Wrong. My dear, do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion! why, the greatest distinction of a fine lady in this town is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

Jenny. Sure, papa, could you imagine, that women of quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

Lady Wrong. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So the family comes on finely.

[*Afide.*

Lady Wrong. Lard, if men were always to govern, what dowdies they would reduce their wives to!

Sir Fran. An hundred pound in the morning, and want another afore night! Waunds and fire! the lord mayor of London could not hold it at this rate!

Man. Oh, do you feel it, Sir?

[*Afide.*

Lady

Lady Wrong. My dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred pound, and compose yourself.

Sir Fran. Compose the devil, Madam! why do you consider what a hundred pound a-day comes to in a year?

Lady Wrong. My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all my head is able to bear at a time——But I'll tell you what I consider——I consider that my advice has got you a thousand pound a-year this morning——That, now methinks, you might consider, Sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a-year? Waunds, Madam, but I have not touched a penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll answer for him. [Aside.

Enter Squire Richard.

'*Squ. Rich.* Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the meat will be coaled: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady Wrong. Bless me, Sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself.

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Had not you as good stay a little, my dear. We shall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir Francis. I am going upon a little business.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir, I know you don't love compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, Madam——

Lady Wrong. Since you have business, Sir——

[Exit Manly.

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Oh, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying this morning you had some very fine lace to shew me——can't I see it now?

[Sir Francis stares.

Moth. Why really, Madam, I had made a sort of a promise to let the Countess of Nicely have the first sight of it for the birth day: but your Ladyship——

Lady Wrong. Oh, I die if I don't see it before her.

'*Squ. Rich.* Woan't you goa, feyther?

Sir Fran. Waunds, lad! I shall ha' noa sto- } *Apart.*
mach at this rate.

Moth. Well, Madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest pattern that ever came over—and for fineness——no cobweb comes up to it.

Sir Fran. Ods guts and gizzard, Madam! Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, if Sir Francis does not like of it, Madam——

Lady Wrong. He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Flesh, Madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it.

Lady Wrong. No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a-year, and who got it you; go! eat your dinner, and be thankful, go. [*Driving him to the door.*] Come, Mrs. Motherly.

[*Exit Lady Wronghead with Mrs. Motherly.*]

Sir Fran. Very fine! so here I mun fast, till I am almost famished for the good of my country, while Madam is laying me out an hundred pound a-day in lace as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family? Ods-flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

'*Squ. Rich.* Nay, nay——come, feyther.

[*Exit Sir Fran.*]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my Lady desires you and the Count will please to come and assist her fancy in some of the new laces.

Count Basf. We'll wait upon her——

[*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Jenny. So, I told you how it was! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count Basf. No matter, my dear: you know she has ask'd me to stay supper: so when your papa and she are a bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the house again; then you may steal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty sneaker of punch together.

Myr-

Myr. Ay, ay, Madam, you may command me in any thing.

Fenny. Well, that will be pure!

Count Bas. But you had best go to her alone, my life: it will look better if I come after you.

Fenny. Ay, so it will: and to-morrow you know at the masquerade. And then!——

S O N G.

- ' Oh, I'll have a husband! ay, marry;
 ' For why should I longer tarry,
 ' For why should I longer tarry,
 ' Than other brisk girls have done?
 ' For if I stay, 'till I grow grey,
 ' They'll call me old maid, and fusty old jade;
 ' So I'll no longer tarry;
 ' But I'll have a husband, ay, marry,
 ' If money can buy me one.
 ' My mother, she says, I'm too coming;
 ' And still in my ears she is drumming,
 ' And still in my ears she is drumming,
 ' That I such vain thoughts shou'd shun.
 ' My sisters they cry, Oh, fy! and, Oh, fy!
 ' But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;
 ' So let me have husbands in plenty:
 ' I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
 ' Than die an old maid undone.'

[Exit.

Myr. So, Sir, am not I very commode to you?

Count Bas. Well, child, and don't you find your account in it? Did I not tell you we might still be of use to one another?

Myr. Well, but how stands your affair with Miss in the main?

Count Bas. Oh, she's mad for the masquerade! It drives like a nail; we want nothing now but a parson to clinch it. Did not your aunt say she could get one at a short warning?

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord Townly's chaplain is her cousin, you know; he'll do your business and mine, at the same time.

Count

Count *Baf.* Oh, it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Why you know my Lady Townly's house is always open to the masks upon a ball-night, before they go to the Hay-market.

Count *Baf.* Good.

Myr. Now the doctor purposes, we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there—crack—he'll give us all canonical commission to go to-bed together.

Count *Baf.* Admirable! Well, the devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

Myr. And may the black gentleman tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself obliged to you, as long as I live.

Count *Baf.* One kiss for old acquaintance sake—I'gad I shall want to be busy again.

Myr. Oh, you'll have one shortly will find you employment: but I must run to my 'Squire.

Count *Baf.* And I to the ladies—so your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wronghead.

Myr. Yours, as in duty bound, most noble Count Basset.

[*Exit Myr.*]

Count *Baf.* Why, ay! Count! That title has been of some use to me indeed; not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it. I have loll'd in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, dined with ambassadors, and made one at quadrille, with the first women of quality—But—*tempora mutantur*—since that damn'd squadron at White's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own stock of industry, and make my last push upon a wife. If my card comes up right (which, I think, cannot fail) I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them: for since our modern men of fortune are grown wise enough to be sharpers, I think sharpers are tools that don't take up the airs of men of quality.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T. V.

S C E N E, *Lord Townly's House.**Enter Manly and Lady Grace.*

MANLY.

THERE's something, Madam, hangs upon your mind, to-day : is it unfit to trust me with it ?

Lady G. Since you will know—my sister, then—unhappy woman !

Man. What of her ?

Lady G. I fear is on the brink of ruin.

Man. I am sorry for it—What has happened ?

Lady G. Nothing so very new ; but the continual repetition of it, at last has raised my brother to an intemperance that I tremble at.

Man. Have they had any words upon it ?

Lady G. He has not seen her since yesterday.

Man. What ! not at home all night ?

Lady G. About five this morning, in the cage ; but with such looks, and such an equipage of misfortune at her heels—What can become of her ?

Man. Has not my Lord seen her, say you ?

Lady G. No ; he changed his bed last night—I sat with him alone till twelve, in expectation of her : but when the clock struck, he started from his chair, and grew incensed to that degree, that had I not, almost on my knees, dissuaded him, he had ordered the doors, that instant, to have been locked against her.

Man. How terrible is his situation ! when the most justifiable severities he can use against her, are liable to be the mirth of all the dissolute card-tables in town.

Lady G. 'Tis that, I know, has made him bear so long : but you, that feel for him, Mr. Manly, will assist him to support his honour, and, if possible, preserve his quiet ; therefore I beg you don't leave the house, till one or both of them can be wrought to better temper.

Man. How amiable is this concern in you !

Lady G. For Heaven's sake, don't mind me ; but think on something to preserve us all.

Man. I shall not take the merit of obeying your commands,

mands, Madam, to serve my Lord—But, pray, Madam, let me into all that has pass since yesternight.

Lady G. When my intreaties had prevailed upon my Lord, not to make a story for the town, by so public a violence, as shutting her at once out of his doors, he ordered an apartment next to my Lady's to be made ready for him—While that was doing, I tried, by all the little arts I was mistress of, to amuse him into temper; in short, a silent grief was all I could reduce him to—On this, we took our leaves, and parted to our repose: what his was, I imagine by my own; for I ne'er closed my eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my Lady at the door; so I slipped on a gown, and sat almost an hour with her in her own chamber.

Man. What said she, when she did not find my Lord there?

Lady G. Oh! so far from being shock'd or alarmed at it, that she blessed the occasion; and said, that in her condition, the chat of a female friend was far preferable to the best husband's company in the world.

Mun. Where has she spirits to support so much insensibility?

Lady G. Nay, 'tis incredible; for though she had lost every shilling she had in the world, and stretched her credit even to breaking, she rallied her own follies with such vivacity, and painted the penance she knows she must undergo for them, in such ridiculous lights, that had not my concern for a brother been too strong for her wit, she had almost disarmed my anger.

Man. Her mind may have another cast by this time: the most flagrant dispositions have their hours of anguish, which their pride conceals from company. But pray, Madam, how could she avoid coming down to dine?

Lady G. Oh! she took care of that before she went to bed, by ordering her woman, whenever she was asked for, to say she was not well.

Man. You have seen her since she was up, I presume?

Lady G. Up! I question whether she be awake yet.

Man. Terrible! what a figure does she make now!

That

‘ That nature should throw away so much beauty upon a creature, to make such a flatteral use of it!

‘ Lady G. Oh, fie! there is not a more elegant beauty in town, when she is dressed.

‘ *Man.* In my eye, Madam, she that’s early dressed, has ten times her elegance.

‘ Lady G. But she won’t be long now, I believe; for I think I see her chocolate going up—Mrs. Trusty
‘ —a-hem!

‘ *Mrs. Trusty comes to the door.*

‘ *Man.* [*Aside.*] Five o’clock in the afternoon for a lady of quality’s breakfast, is an elegant hour indeed! which, to shew her more polite way of living too, I presume she eats in her bed.

‘ Lady G. [*To Mrs. Trusty.*] And when she is up, I would be glad she would let me come to her toilet—

‘ That’s all, Mrs. Trusty.

‘ *Trusty.* I will be sure to let her Ladyship know, Madam. [*Exit.*]

‘ *Enter a Servant.*

‘ *Serv.* Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir, desires to speak with you.

‘ *Man.* He comes unseasonably—What shall I do with him?

‘ Lady G., Oh, see him, by all means! we shall have time enough; in the mean while I’ll step in, and have an eye upon my brother. Nay, don’t mind me—you have business—

Man. You must be obeyed—

‘ [*Retreating, while Lady Grace goes out.*]

‘ Desire Sir Francis to walk in—[*Exit Servant.*] I suppose, by this time, his wife worship begins to find that the balance of his journey to London is on the wrong side.’

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Francis, your servant. How came I by the favour of this extraordinary visit?

Sir Fran. Ah, cousin!

Man. Why that sorrowful face, man?

Sir Fran. I have no friend alive but you—

Man. I am sorry for that—But what’s the matter?

Sir

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

Sir Fran. I have played the fool by this journey, I see now——for my bitter wife——

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the devil.

Man. Why, truly, that's a part that most of your fine Ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

Sir Fran. If I'm a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning.

Man. Ha! I see a good housewife will do a great deal of work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work, do they call it? Fine work, indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be——but I suppose you have an account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the account, indeed; but I mun needs say, it's a very sorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, first I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsome about her, to let the world see that I was somebody; and I thought that sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and in the country, might have served her a twelvemonth.

Sir Fran. Why, so it might——but here, in this fine town, forsooth, it could not get through four-and-twenty hours——for in half that time it was all squandered away in bawbles, and new fashioned trumpery.

Man. Oh! for ladies in London, Sir Francis, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa, there's the plague on't; the devil o' one useful thing do I see for it, but two pair of laced shoes, and those stond me in three pounds three shillings a pair, too.

Man. Dear Sir, this is nothing! Why we have city wives here, that while their good man is selling three pennyworth of fugar, will give you twenty pounds for a short apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us, what a mortal poor devil is a husband!

Man. Well, but I hope you have nothing else to complain of.

Sir Fran. Ah, would I could say so too!——but there's another

another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my heart than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be disposed of?

Sir Fran. Troth I am almost ashamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why, she has been at an assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all supped at home last night.

Sir Fran. Why, so we did—and all as merry as grigs—I'cod, my heart was so open, that I tossed another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with—But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady Townly here, (who, between you and I—mum—has had the devil to pay yonder) with another rantipole dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady Noble's assembly, forsooth—A few words, you may be sure, made the bargain—so, bawnce! and away they drive, as if the devil had got into the coach-box—so, about four or five in the morning—home comes Madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head—and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the hazard-table.

Man. All lost at dice!

Sir Fran. Every shilling—among a parcel of pig-tail puppies, and pale-faced women of quality.

Man. But pray, Sir Francis, how came you, after you found her so ill an housewife of one sum, so soon to trust her with another?

Sir Fran. Why, truly, I mun say that was partly my own fault; for if I had not been a blab of my tongue, I believe that last hundred might have been saved.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an owl as I was, out of good-will, forsooth, partly to keep her in humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand pounds a-year, I had just got the promise of—I'cod, she lays her claws upon it that moment—said it was all owing to her advice, and truly she would have her share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourself?

Sir Fran. Why, ay, that's what I told her—My dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year,

H

Man.

Man. Sir Francis, I have heard you with a great deal of patience; and I really feel compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, cousin; for I don't see that my wife's goodness is a bit the better for bringing to London.

Man. If you remember, I gave you a hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why, ay, it's true, you did so: but the devil himself could not have believed she would have rid post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah, this London is a base place indeed!—Waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a jail?

Man. Why, truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah, would you could tell me that, cousin!

Man. The way lies plain before you, Sir; the same road that brought you hither, will carry you safe home again.

Sir Fran. Odsflesh, cousin! what! and leave a thousand pounds a-year behind me?

Man. Pooh, pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your family, and you are a savor by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, cousin, what a scurvy figure shall I make in the country, if I come dawn without it.

Man. You will make a much more lamentable figure in a jail without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great opinion of it then, cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: you don't yet see half the ruin that's before you.

Sir Fran. Good-lack! how may you mean, cousin?

Man. In one word, your whole affairs stand thus—In a week you'll lose your seat at Westminster: in a fortnight my Lady will run you into jail, by keeping the best company—In four-and-twenty hours, your daughter will run away with a sharper, because she han't been used

used to better company: and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

Sir Fran. I' th' name o' goodness, why should you think all this?

Man. Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! you frighten me—Well, Sir, I will be governed by you: but what am I to do in this case?

Man. I have not time here to give you proper instructions; but about eight this evening, I'll call at your lodgings, and there you shall have full conviction, how much I have it at heart to serve you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir Fran. Well, then, I'll go strait home, naw.

Man. At eight depend upon me.

Sir Fran. Ah, dear cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us, what a terrible journey have I made on't!

[Exeunt severally.]

The SCENE opens to a dressing-room; Lady Townly, as just up, walks to her toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.

Trust. Dear Madam, what should make your Ladyship so out of order?

Lady T. How is it possible to be well, where one is killed for want of sleep?

Trust. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, Madam, I was in hopes your Ladyship had been finely compos'd.

Lady T. Compos'd! why I have lain in an inn here; this house is worse than an inn with ten stage coaches: what between my Lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

Trust. Indeed, Madam, it's a great pity my Lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality—though

H 2

I must

I must say that, Madam, your Ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

Lady T. Oh, you are quite mistaken, Trusty! I manage very ill; for notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over fond of my Lord—yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty. Ah! if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, Madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

Lady T. Oh, don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, Trusty?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, Madam!

Lady T. Broke, ruined, plundered!—stripped, even to a confiscation of my last guinea!

Trusty. You don't tell me so, Madam?

Lady T. And where to raise ten pound in the world—What is to be done, Trusty?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam: but may be your Ladyship may have a run of better fortune, upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

Lady T. But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

Trusty. Ha! that's a bad business indeed, Madam—Adad, I have a thought in my head, Madam, if it is not too late—

Lady T. Out with it quickly, then, I beseech thee.

Trusty. Has not the steward something of fifty pounds, Madam, that you left in his hands, to pay somebody about this time?

Lady T. Oh, ay; I had forgot—'twas to—a—what's his filthy name?

Trusty. Now I remember, Madam, 'twas to Mr. Lute-string, your old mercer, that your Ladyship turned off about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

Lady T. The very wretch! If he has not paid it, run quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately—[Exit Trusty.] Well, sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five, five and nine, against poor seven for ever—No, after that horrid bar of my chance, that Lady Wronghead's fatal red fist upon the table, I saw it was impossible ever to win another stake—Sit up,
all

all night; lose all one's money; dream of winning thousands; wake without a shilling; and then——How like a hag I look!—In short—the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame, now, I could almost think Lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous——If my wife Lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds but I should hate the town in a fortnight——But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

Trusty returns.

Trusty. Oh, Madam, there's no bearing of it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

Lady T. Run to the stair-case head again—and scream to him, that I must speak with him this instant.

[*Trusty runs out, and speaks.*

Trusty. Mr. Poundage——a-hem! Mr. Poundage, a word with you, quickly.

Pound. [*Within.*] I'll come to you presently.

Trusty. Presently won't do, man, you must come this minute.

Pound. I am but just paying a little money here.

Trusty. Cods my life, paying money! Is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my Lady this moment, quick!

} *Without.*

Trusty returns.

Lady T. Will the monster come or no?——

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, Madam; he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

Lady T. Don't let him come in—for he will keep such a babbling about his accounts—my brain is not able to bear him.

[*Poundage comes to the door, with a money-bag in his hand.*

Trusty. Oh, it's well you are come, Sir! where's the fifty pounds?

Pound. Why, here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time—the man's now writing a receipt, below, for it.

Trusty. No matter; my Lady says, you must not pay him

him with that money! there's not enough, it seems; there's a pistole, and a guinea, that is not good, in it—besides, there is a mistake in the account too—
[Twitching the bag from him.] But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

Lady T. What is all that noise there?

Pound. Why, and it please your Ladyship—

Lady T. Pr'ythee, don't plague me now; but do as you were ordered.

Pound. Nay, what your Ladyship pleases, Madam—

[Exit Poundage.]

Trusty. There they are, Madam—*[Pours the money out of the bag.]*—The pretty things—were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands. I protest it made me tremble for them— I fancy your Ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake—thank you, Madam.

[Takes a guinea.]

Lady T. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No; but your Ladyship looked as if you were just going to bid me; and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, Madam.

Lady T. Well, thou hast deserved it; and so, for once—but hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder? Though, I think, now, we may compound for a little of his ill humour—

Trusty. I'll listen.

Lady T. Pr'ythee do.

[Trusty goes to the door.]

Trusty. Ay, they are at it, Madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage—Bless me! I believe he'll beat him—Mercy on us, how the wretch swears!

Lady T. And a sober citizen too! that's a shame.

Trusty. Ha! I think all's silent of a sudden—may be the porter has knocked him down—I'll step and see—

[Exit Trusty.]

Lady T. These trades-people are the troublefomest creatures! No words will satisfy them

[Trusty returns.]

Trusty. Oh, Madam! undone, undone! My Lord has just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over—If your Ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

Lady

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

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Lady T. No matter; it will come round presently: I shall have it from my Lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

Truffy. Oh, lud, Madam! here's my Lord just coming in.

Lady T. Do you get out of the way, then. [*Exit Truffy.*] I am afraid I want spirits; but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

Lord T. How comes it, Madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you?

Lady T. You don't expect, my Lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence.

Lord T. I expect, Madam, you should answer for your own extravagancies, that are the occasion of it—I thought I had given you money three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

Lady T. Yes; but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord T. Nor am I, Madam, longer to be abused thus; what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady T. Gone.

Lord T. Gone! what way, Madam?

Lady T. Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord T. 'Tis well; I see ruin will make no impression, till it falls upon you.

Lady T. In short, my Lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

Lord T. Madam, Madam, I will be heard, and make you answer.

Lady T. Make me! Then I must tell you, my Lord, this is a language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

Lord T. Come, come, Madam; you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady T. My Lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear, on your side, I can assure you.

Lord T. Pooh! your spirit grows ridiculous—— you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to support it

Lady

Lady T. You'll find, at least, I have resentment; and do you look well to the provocation.

Lord T. After those you have given me, Madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

Lady T. I scorn your imputation, and your menaces. The narrowness of your heart's your monitor; 'tis there, there, my Lord; you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many husband's of an equal rank to you.

Lord T. Death, Madam! do you presume upon your corporal merit, that your person's less tainted than your mind? Is it there, there alone; an honest husband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family, disclaimed, for nights consumed in riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more; if she conceals her shame, does less: and sure the dissolute avowed, as sorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

Lady T. I see, my Lord, what sort of wife might please you.

Lord T. Ungrateful woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her—I am amazed our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce, for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in; what is it to me, whether a black ace, or a powdered coxcomb has possession of it.

Lady T. If you have not found it yet, my Lord, this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord T. That, Madam, I have long despaired of; and since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit that with our hearts, our persons too should separate.—This house you sleep no more in: though your content might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband: yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

Lady T. Your style, my Lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour.

Lord T. Madam, Madam, this is no time for compliments—I have done with you.

Lady

Lady T. If we had never met, my Lord, I had not broke my heart for it : but have a care ; I may not, perhaps, be so easily recalled as you may imagine.

Lord T. Recalled !—Who's there ?

Enter Servant.

Desire my sifter and Mr. Manly to walk up. [*Exit Serv.*]

Lady T. My Lord, you may proceed as you please ; but pray, what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practised by a hundred other women of quality ?

Lord T. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, Madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible : and though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

Lady T. I don't know what figure you may make, my Lord ; but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

Lord T. Be sparing of your spirit, Madam ; you'll need it to support you.

Enter Lady Grace and Manly.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my Lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

Lord T. Sister, I have the same excuse to entreat of you, too.

Lady G. To your request, I beg, my Lord.

Lord T. Thus then—As you both were present at my ill-considered marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determined separation——I know, Sir, your good-nature, and my sifter's must be shocked at the office I impose on you ; but as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so I hope you are conscions——that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are silent, on her side.

Man. My Lord, I never thought, till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady G. [*Aside.*] Heavens, how I tremble !

Lord T. For you, my Lady Townly, I need not here repeat

repeat the provocations of my parting with you——the world, I fear, is too well informed of them——For the good Lord, your dead father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter——As the Lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and (to our mutual shame I speak it) more than happy wives desire——But those indulgences must end; stare, equipage, and splendor, but ill become the vices that misuse them——The decent necessaries of life shall be supplied——but not one article to luxury; not even the coach that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again. Your tender aunt, my Lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where, if time, and your condition, brings you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increased——but if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less: nor will I call that foul my friend, that names you in my hearing.

Lady G. My heart bleeds for her.

[*Aside.*]

Lord T. Oh, Manly, look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love. There was a time, when I believed that form incapable of vice or of decay; there I proposed the partner of an easy home; there I, for ever, hoped to find a cheerful companion, an agreeable, intimate, a faithful friend, a useful help-mate, and a tender mother——but, Oh, how bitter now the disappointment!

Man. The world is different in its sense of happiness; offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

Lord T. Fear me not.

Man. This last reproach, I see, has struck her.

[*Aside.*]

Lord T. No, let me not (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever) let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes——I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of scandal: and as I am conscious, severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion raised against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

Lady T. Oh, sister!

[*Turns to Lady Grace weeping.*]

Lord.

Lord T. When I am spoken of, where without favour this action may be canvassed, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure. *[Going.]*

Lady T. Support me! save me! hide me from the world! *[Falling on Lady Grace's neck.]*

Lord T. *[Returning]*—I had forgot me——You have no share in my resentment, therefore, as you have lived in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than suit the honour of an injured husband.

[Offers to go out.]

Man. *[Interposing.]* My Lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong! If looks can speak the anguish of her heart, I'll answer with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord T. Consider! since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

Lady T. Yet stay, my Lord—the little I would say, will not deserve an insult; and, undeserved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've called in friends, to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

Lord T. I shan't refuse you that, Madam——be it so.

Lady T. My Lord, you ever have complained I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another; so when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my coldness.

Lady G. This promises a reverse of temper. *[Apart.]*

Man. This, my Lord, you are concerned to hear.

Lord T. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady T. Before I was your bride, my Lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves, I triumphed over hearts while all my pleasure was their pain: yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that when a father's firm commands enjoined me to make choice of one; I even there declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth——his tender care my Lord,
directed

directed him to you———Our hands were joined! But still my heart was wedded to its folly! My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures! The husband's right to rule, I thought a vulgar law, which only the deformed or meanly-spirited obeyed! I knew no directors, but my passions; no master, but my will! Even you, my Lord, some time o'ercome by love, was pleased with my delights; nor, then, foresaw this mad misuse of your indulgence———And, though I call myself ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a truth it cannot be denied———that kind indulgence has undone me; it added strength to my habitual failings, and in a heart thus warm, in wild unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love was lost.

Lord T. Oh, Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable———How vast the treasure? } *Apart.*

Lady T. What I have said, my Lord, is not my excuse, but my confession; my errors (give 'em, if you please, a harder name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate, no plea can alter! What then remains in my condition, but resignation to your pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore, 'till I have lived an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon———The penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the innocent; but to have deserved this separation, will strow perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

Lady G. Oh, happy, heavenly hearing!

Lady T. Sister, farewell! [*Kissing her.*] Your virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls on me: but when you think I have attoned my follies past—persuade your injured brother to forgive them.

Lord T. No, Madam! Your errors thus renounced, this instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a sense of them, has made you, what my utmost wishes formed, and all my heart has sighed for.

Lady T. [*Turning to Lady Grace.*] How odious does this goodness make me!

Lady G. How amiable your thinking so?

Lord

Lord T. Long parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in their meeting: but from a shipwreck saved, we mingle tears with our embraces! *[Embracing Lady Townly.]*

Lady T. What words! what love! what duty can repay such obligations?

Lord T. Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless.

Lady T. Oh!—'till this moment, never did I know, my Lord, I had a heart to give you.

Lord T. By Heaven! this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable! Oh, Manly! Sister! as you have often shared in my disquiet, partake of my felicity! my new-born joy! see here the bride of my desires! This may be called my wedding-day.

Lady G. Sister, (for now, methinks, that name is dearer to my heart than ever) let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow—

Lord T. To make our happiness complete, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

Lady T. Sister, a day like this—

Lady G. Admits of no excuse against the general joy.

[Gives her hand to Manly.]

Man. A joy like mine—despairs of words to speak it.

Lord T. Oh, Manly, how the name of friend endears the brother!

[Embracing him.]

Man. Your words, my Lord, will warm me, to deserve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the apartments are full of masqueraders—And some people of quality there desire to see your Lordship and my Lady.

Lady T. I thought, my Lord, your orders had forbid their revelling?

Lord T. No, my dear, Manly has desired their admittance to-night, it seems, upon a particular occasion—Say we will wait upon them instantly.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady

I

Lady T. I shall be but ill company to them.

Lord T. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. Lady Grace will assist you to entertain them.

Lady T. With her, my Lord, I shall be always easy
—Sister, to your unerring virtue, I now commit the
guidance of my future days——

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded innocence shall lead;
For in the marriage-state the world must own
Divided happiness was never known.

To make it mutual nature points the way:

Let husbands govern: gentle wives obey. [Exeunt.

‘ *The SCENE opening to another apartment discovers a
‘ great number of people in masquerade, talking all together,
‘ and playing upon one another. Lady Wronghead as a
‘ shepherdess; Jenny as a nun; the Squire as a running
‘ footman; and the Count in a domino. After some time,
‘ Lord and Lady Townly, with Lady Grace, enter to
‘ them unmasked.*

‘ Lord T. So! here’s a great deal of company.

‘ Lady T. A great many people, my Lord, but no com-
‘ pany—as you’ll find—for here’s one now, that
‘ seems to have a mind to entertain us.

[‘ *A Mask, after some affected gesture, makes up to
‘ Lady Townly.*

‘ *Mask.* Well, dear Lady Townly, shan’t we see you,
‘ by-and-by?

‘ Lady T. I don’t know you, Madam.

‘ *Mask.* Don’t you seriously? [In a squeaking tone.

‘ Lady T. Not I, indeed.

‘ *Mask.* Well, that’s charming; but can’t you guess?

‘ Lady T. Yes, I could guess wrong, I believe.

‘ *Mask.* That’s what I’d have you do.

‘ Lady T. But, Madam, if I don’t know you at all, is
‘ not that as well.

‘ *Mask.* Ay, but you do know me.

‘ Lady T. Dear sister, take her off o’ my hands; there’s
‘ no bearing this. [Apart.

‘ Lady G. I fancy I know you, Madam.

‘ *Mask.*

‘ *Mask.* I fancy you don’t; what makes you think you do?

‘ *Lady G.* Because I have heard you talk.

‘ *Mask.* Ay, but you don’t know my voice, I’m sure.

‘ *Lady G.* There is something in your wit and humour, Madam, so very much your own, it is impossible you can be any body but my Lady Trifle.

‘ *Mask.* [*Unmasking.*] Dear Lady Grace! thou art a charming creature.

‘ *Lady G.* Is there nobody else we know here?

‘ *Mask.* Oh dear, yes! I have found out fifty already.

‘ *Lady G.* Pray who are they?

‘ *Mask.* Oh, charming company! there’s Lady Ramble
‘ —Lady Riot—Lady Kill-Care—Lady Squander
‘ —Lady Strip—Lady Pawn—and the Duchefs of
‘ Single Guinea.

‘ *Lord T.* Is it not hard, my dear, that
‘ people of sense and probity are sometimes
‘ forced to seem fond of such company?

‘ *Lady T.* My Lord, it will always give me
‘ pain to remember their acquaintance, but
‘ none to drop it immediately.

} *Apart.*

‘ *Lady G.* But you have given us no account of the men, Madam. Are they good for any thing?

‘ *Mask.* Oh, yes, you must know, I always find out them by their endeavours to find out me.

‘ *Lady G.* Pray, who are they?

‘ *Mask.* Why, for your men of tip-top wit and pleasure, about town, there’s my Lord—Bite—Lord Arch-wag—Young Brazen-wit—Lord Timberdown—Lord Joint-life—and—Lord Mortgage. Then for your pretty fellows only—there’s Sir Powder-Peacock—Lord Lapwing—Billy Magpie—Beau Frightful—Sir Paul Plaster-crown, and the Marquis of Monkey-man.

‘ *Lady G.* Right! and these are the fine gentlemen that never want elbow-room at an assembly.

‘ *Mask.* The rest, I suppose, by their tawdry hired habits, are tradesmen’s wives, inns-of-court beaux, Jews, and kept mistresses.

‘ *Lord T.* An admirable collection!

‘ *Lady G.* Well, of all our public diversions, I am

' amazed how this, that is so very expensive, and has so little to shew for it, can draw so much company together.

' Lord T. Oh, if it were not expensive, the better sort would not come into it: and because money can purchase a ticket, the common people scorn to be kept out of it.

' *Mask.* Right, my Lord. Poor Lady Grace! I suppose you are under the same astonishment, that an opera should draw so much good company.

' Lady G. Not at all, Madam: its an easier matter sure to gratify the ear, than the understanding. But have you no notion, Madam, of receiving pleasure and profit at the same time?

' *Mask.* Oh, quite none! unless it be sometimes winning a great stake; laying down a *vole, sans prendre*, may come up, to the profitable pleasure you were speaking of.

' Lord T. You seem attentive, my dear?

' Lady T. I am, my Lord; and amazed at my own follies, so strongly painted in another woman. } *Apart.*

' Lady G. But see, my Lord, we had best adjourn our debate, I believe, for here are some masks that seem to have a mind to divert other people as well as themselves.

' Lord T. The least we can do is to give them a clear stage then.

' [*A dance of masks here in various characters.*]
' This was a favour extraordinary.

' *Enter Manly.*

' Oh, Manly, I thought we had lost you.

' *Man.* I ask pardon, my Lord; but I have been obliged to look a little after my country family.

' Lord T. Well, pray, what have you done with them?

' *Man.* They are all in the house here, among the masks, my Lord; if your Lordship has curiosity enough to step into a lower apartment, in three minutes I'll give you an ample account of them.

' Lord T. Oh, by all means: we will wait upon you.

' [*The scene shuts upon the masks to a smaller apartment.*]

Manly

Manly re-enters with Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Fran. Well, cousin, you have made my very hair stond on end! Waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all. In the mean time, place yourself behind this screen, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: but be sure you keep close till I give you the signal.

Sir Fran. Sir, I'll warrant you—Ah, my Lady! my Lady Wronghead! What a bitter business have you drawn me into.

Man. Hush! to your post; here comes one couple already.

[Sir Francis retires behind the Screen. [Exit Manly.

Enter Myrtilla with 'Squire Richard.

'*Squ. Rich.* What, is this the doctor's chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes, speak softly.

'*Squ. Rich.* Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good turn without witnesses: so, when the Count and your Sister come, you know he and you may be fathers for one another.

'*Squ. Rich.* Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see, here they come.

Enter Count Basset and Miss Jenny.

Count Bas. So, so, here's your brother and his bride, before us, my dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow, my heart's at my mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of mamma; but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd, do but feel how it beats it here.

Count Bas. Oh, the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation!

Jenny. Ay, you say so—but let's see now——Oh, lud! I vow it thumps purely—well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the parson?

Count Bas. Mrs. Myrtilla, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us.

Myr. He only staid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately.

[*Exit.*

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take place of mamma, when I'm a Countess?

Count. Bas. No doubt on't, my dear.

Jenny. Oh, lud! how her back will be up then, when she meets me at an assembly? or you and I in our coach-and-fix at Hyde-Park together.

Count Bas. Ay, or when she hears the box-keepers at an opera, call out—The Countess of Basset's servants!

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine gentleman with a star and what-d'ye-call-um ribbon, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way! Hold up, says the chairman; and so, says I, my Lord, your humble servant. I suppose, Madam, says he, we shall see you at my Lady Quadrille's? Ay, ay, to be sure, my Lord, says I—So in swops me, with my hoop stuffed up to my forehead; and away they trot, swing! swing! with my tassels dangling, and my flambeaux blazing, and—Oh, it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality.

Count Bas. Well! I see that plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a duchess of 'em all will become an equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you.

' S O N G.

' I.

- ' What though they call me country lass,
- ' I read it plainly in my glass,
- ' That for a duchess I might pass;
- ' Oh, could I see the day!
- ' Would fortune but attend my call,
- ' At park, at play, at ring and ball,
- ' I'd brave the proudest of them all,
- ' With a Stand by—Clear the Way.

' II.

- ' Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
- ' With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes,
- ' At rivals I'd turn up my nose;
- ' Oh, could I see the day!

' I'd

' I'd dart such glances from these eyes,
 ' Should make some lord or duke my prize :
 ' And then, Oh, how I'd tyrannize,
 ' With a Stand by——Clear the Way.

III.

' Oh, then for ev'ry new delight,
 ' For equipage and diamonds bright,
 ' Quadrille, and plays, and balls all night ;
 Oh, could I see the day
 ' Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
 ' The tedious hours of life to kill,
 ' In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,
 ' With a Stand by——Clear the Way.

'Squ. *Rich.* Troth ! I think this masquerading's the merriest game that ever I saw in my life ! Thof' in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-ropé makes the parson stay so ?

Count *Baf.* Oh, here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrilla, with a constable.

Const. Well, Madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here ?

Myr. That's the gentleman. [*Pointing to the Count.*]

Count *Baf.* Hey-day ! what in masquerade, doctor ?

Const. Doctor ! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your man : but if you are called Count Basset, I have a billet-doux in my hand for you, that will set you right presently.

Count *Baf.* What the devil's the meaning of all this ?

Const. Only my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against you for forgery, Sir.

Count *Baf.* Blood and thunder !

Const. And so, Sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of peace immediately.

Jenny. Oh, dear me, what's the matter ? [*Trembling.*]

Count *Baf.* Oh, nothing, only a masquerading frolic, my dear.

'Squ. *Rich.* Oh, ho, is that all ?

Sir *Fran.* No, firrah ! that is not all ?

[*Sir Francis coming softly behind the 'Squire, knocks him down with his cane.* *Enter*

Enter Manly.

'Squ. *Rich.* Oh, lawd! Oh, law'd! he has beaten my brains out.

Man. Hold; hold, Sir Francis, have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Wounds, cousin, I han't patience.

Count *Baf.* Manly! nay then I'm blown to the devil. [*Afide.*]

'Squ. *Rich.* Oh, my head! my head!

Enter Lady Wronghead.

Lady *Wrong.* What's the matter here, gentlemen? For Heaven's sake! What are you murdering my children?

Const. No, no, Madam! no murder! only a little suspicion of felony, that's all.

Sir *Fran.* [*To Jenny.*] And for you, Mrs. Hot-upon't I could find in my heart to make you wear that habit; as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, huffy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pickpocket.

Count *Baf.* So, so, all's out I find. [*Afide.*]

Jenny. Oh, the mercy! why, pray, papa, is not the Count a man of quality then?

Sir *Fran.* Oh, yes, one of the unhang'd ones, it seems.

Lady *Wrong.* [*Afide.*] Married! Oh, the confident thing! There was his urgent business then—sighted for her! I han't patience!—and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highwayman.

Man. Mr. Constable, secure there.

Sir *Fran.* Ah, my Lady! my Lady! this comes of your journey to London: but now I'll have a frolic of my own, Madam; therefore pack up your trumpery this very night, for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.

Lady *Wrong.* Indeed, you are mistaken, Sir Francis—I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

Sir *Fran.* Not stir? Wounds, Madam—

Man. Hold, Sir!—if you'll give me leave a little—Ifancy I shall prevail with my Lady to think better on't.

Sir *Fran.* Ah, cousin, you are a friend indeed!

Man. [*Apart to my Lady.*] Look you Madam, as to the

the favour you designed me, in sending this spurious letter inclosed to my Lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have saved your son and daughter from ruin. — Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your Ladyship from ruin.

Lady Wrong. What do you mean, Sir?

Man. Why, Sir Francis——shall never know what is in this letter; look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure.

Lady Wrong. Ha! my billet-doux to the Count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion!

Man. What shall I say to Sir Francis, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Dear Sir, I am in such a trembling! preserve my honour, and I am all obedience.

[*Apart to Manly.*]

Man. Sir Francis——my Lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

Sir Fran. Ah, cousin, I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir Francis, take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful!——And now, Sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this gentleman.

Count Basf. Mr. Manly; Sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds, Sir?

Count Basf. Sir——I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate——But it has hurt nobody yet, Sir; I beg you will not stigmatize me; since you have spoiled my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young fellow, as to put it out of my power, Sir, to make it in another, Sir.

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much time to waste with you: but if you expect mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

Count Basf. Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have you not ruined this young woman?

Count Basf. I, Sir!

Man. I know you have——therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charged with, she is
a prin-

a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and only one chance to get off with. Marry her this instant—and you take off her evidence.

Count *Baf.* Dear Sir!

Man. No words, Sir; a wife or a mittimus.

Count *Baf.* Lord, Sir! this is the most unmerciful mercy!

Man. A private penance, or a public one——
Constable.

Count *Baf.* Hold, Sir, since you are pleased to give me my choice; I will not make so ill a compliment to the lady, as not to give her the preference.

Man. It must be done this minute, Sir: the chaplain you expected is still within call.

Count *Baf.* Well, Sir,——since it must be so——Come, spouse——I am not the first of the fraternity, that has run his head into one noose, to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, Sir; don't repine: marriage is at worst, but playing upon the square.

Count *Baf.* Ay, but the worst of the match too, is the devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your practices, instead of the forged bill you would have put upon her, there's a real one of five hundred pounds, to begin a new honey-moon with. [*Gives it to Myrtilla.*]

Count *Baf.* Sir, this is so generous an act——

Man. No compliments, dear Sir——I am not at leisure now to receive them. Mr. Constable, will you be so good as to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him?

Const. Sir I'll do it faithfully.

Count *Baf.* Well, five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however.

[*Excunt Count, Myr. and Constable.*]

Sir Fran. And that I may be sure my family's rid of him for ever——come, my Lady let's even take our children along with us, and be all witnesses of the ceremony. [*Excunt Sir Fran. Lady Wrong. Miss, and Squire.*]

Man. Now my Lord, you may enter.

Enter

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Grace.

Lord T. So, Sir, I give you joy of your negotiation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

Lady G. From first to last, Sir.

Lord T. Never were knaves and fools better disposed of.

Man. A sort of poetical justice, my Lord, not much above the judgment of a modern comedy.

Lord T. To heighten that resemblance, I think sister, there only wants your rewarding the hero of the fable, by naming the day of his happiness.

Lady G. This day, to-morrow, every hour I hope, of life to come, will shew I want not inclination to complete it.

Man. Whatever I may want, Madam, you will always find endeavours to deserve you.

Lord T. Then all are happy.

Lady T. Sister, I give you joy consummate as the happiest pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a glass, I see,

The happiness, that once advanc'd to me.

So visible the bliss, so plain the way,

How was it possible my sense could stray?

But now, a convert to this truth I come,

That married happiness is never found from home.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ORIGINALLY PERFORMED LADY TOWNLY.

METHINKS I hear some powder'd critics say;
"Damn it, this wife reform'd has spoil'd the play!
"The coxcomb should have drawn her more in fashion,
"Have gratified her softer inclination,
*"Have tip'd her a gallant, and clinch'd the provocation." }
But there our bard stopp'd short: for 'twere uncivil
T' have a modern belle, all o'er a devil!
He hop'd, in honour of the Sex; the age
*Would bear one mended woman——on the stage.**

From

From whence, you see, by common sense's rules,
 Wives might be govern'd, were not husband's fools.
 What'er by nature dames are prone to do,
 They seldom stray but when they govern you.
 When the wild wife perceives her deary tame,
 No wonder then she plays him all the game.
 But men of sense meet rarely that disaster;
 Women take pride where merit is their master:
 Nay she that with a weak man wisely lives,
 Will seem t' obey the due commands he gives!
 Happy obedience is no more a wonder,
 When men are men, and keep them kindly under.
 But modern consorts are such high-bred creatures,
 They think a husband's power degrades their features:
 That nothing more proclaims a reigning beauty,
 Than that she never was reproach'd with duty:
 And that the greatest blessing Heav'n e'er sent,
 Is in a spouse, incurious and content.

To give such dames a diff'rent cast of thought,
 By calling home the mind, these scenes were wrought.
 If with a hand too rude, the task is done,
 We hope the scheme, by Lady Grace laid down,
 Will all such freedom with the Sex atone,
 That virtue there unsoil'd, by modish art,
 Throws out attractions for a Manly's heart.

You, you, then, ladies, whose unquestion'd lives
 Give you the foremost fame of happy wives,
 Protect, for its attempt, this helpless play;
 Nor leave it to the vulgar taste a prey;
 Appear the frequent champions of its cause,
 Direct the crowd, and give yourselves applause.

T H E E N D.

Act II.



J. Roberts del.

M^{rs}.

822.571

LOVE makes a MAN:

OR, THE

FOP's FORTUNE.

A

C O M E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

Olley
C. CIBBER, Esq.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Interdum tollit & Comædia Vocem.

HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. LOWNDES; C. CORBETT;
T. CASLON; W. NICOLL; and S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Line 11 to Line 5, from the Bottom of Page 19.

P R O L O G U E.

SINCE plays are but a kind of publick feasts,
 Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
 Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare,
 Your tastes in Prologue, with your bill of fare.
 When you foreknow each course, tho' this may teaze you,
 'Tis five to one, but one o' th' five may please you.
 First, for you criticks, we've your darling chear,
 Faults without number, more than sense can bear. }
 You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
 From your displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe;
 You never frown, but where your neighbours laugh.
 Now, you that never know what spleen or hate is,
 Who for an act or two, are welcome gratis, }
 That tip the wink, and so sneak out with *nunquam fatis*;
 For your smart tastes we've tofs'd you up a sop,
 We hope the newest that's of late come up;
 The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mixt he carries,
 He seems a ragou, piping hot from Paris,
 But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
 We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for, love.
 An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
 And nearest happy, when it most despairs. }
 For masks, we've scandal, and for beaus, French airs.
 To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
 For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Penkethman.
 Now, sirs, you're welcomt, and you know your fare;
 But pray, in charity, the founder spare, }
 Lest you destroy at once, the poet and the player.

Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

| M E N. | AT DRURY-LANE. | AT COVENT GARDEN. |
|--|---------------------|--|
| Antonio <i>and</i> Charino | { Old Gentlemen ——— | Mr. THOMPSON. Mr. CUSHING. |
| Don Lewis, <i>uncle, and dear friend to Carlos</i> | ————— | Mr. WROUGHTON. Mr. WOODWARD. Mr. QUICK. |
| Carlos, <i>a Student,</i> | { Sons to Antonio, | Mr. DUNSTALL. Mr. BOOTH. Mr. YOUNG. |
| Clodio, <i>a pert coxcomb,</i> | ————— | Mrs. BULKLEY. Miss AMÉROSSE. Miss MACKLIN. |
| Sancho, <i>servant to Carlos;</i> | ————— | |
| Monsieur, <i>valet to Clodio;</i> | ————— | |
| Governor of Lisbon, | ————— | |
| Don Duart, <i>his nephew,</i> | ————— | |
| Don Manuel, <i>a sea officer, in love with Louisa;</i> | ————— | |
| W O M E N. | | |
| Angelina, <i>daughter to Charino,</i> | ————— | |
| Louisa, <i>a lady of quality and pleasure,</i> | ————— | |
| Eivira, <i>sister to Don Duart,</i> | ————— | |
| Honorina, <i>cousin to Louisa;</i> | ————— | |

Priest, Officers, and Servants,

L O V E makes a M A N :

O R, T H E

F O P ' s F O R T U N E .

A C T I. S C E N E, *an Hall.*

Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant. W I T H O U T compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honour'd in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to support 'em; and, I think, the sooner we set 'em to work, the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same line of honour; and, I hope, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the bye, for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cha. Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My daughter *Angelina!*

Ant. *Angelina.*

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said *Angelina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband, which of 'em she pleases?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promise, that the person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be

6 LOVE MAKES A MAN; OR,

your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession, of at least three parts of your estate. You know the conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a match?

Ant. A match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cha. And done!——that's enough.——*Carlos*, the elder, you say is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study.

Ant. Nothing more, sir.

Cha. But *Clodio*, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the court of *France*; a sprightly fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the back, sir.

Cha. Well! how far either of 'em may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleas'd where I am——I have given her some documents already. Hark! what noise without?

Ant. Odsó! 'tis they——they're come——I have expected 'em these two hours. Well, firrah, who's without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis *Sancho*, sir, with a waggon-load of my master's books.

Cha. What, does he always travel with his whole study?

Ant. Never without them, sir, 'tis his humour.

Enter Sancho, laden with books.

San. *Pedro*, unload part of the library; bid the porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen of carts; I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Ha! *Sancho*! where's my *Carlos*! speak, boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

San. Jogging on, sir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employ'd, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, sir.

Ant. What have we here, *potbooks* and *auditions*?

San.

THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

7

San. *Putbooks!* O! dear fir!——I beg your pardon——No, fir, this is *Arabick*, 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the translation, fir, of human bodies——a new way of getting out of the world. There's a terrible wise man * has written a very smart book of it.

Cba. Pray, friend, what will that same book teach a man?

San. Teach you, fir! why, to play a trump upon death, and shew yourself a match for the devil.

Cba. Strange!

San. Here, fir, this is your letter. [To *Ant.*]

Cba. Pray, fir, what sort of life may your master lead?

San. Life fir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, sups with *Seneca*; then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and after six hours conference with the stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

Cba. Wonderful!

Ant. So, *Carlos* will be here presently——Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, fir,——and pray see your master's chamber ready. [Knocking again.]

Well, fir, who's at the gate?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Monsieur*, fir, from my young master *Clodio*.

Enter Monsieur.

Ant. Well. *Monsieur*, what says your master? When will he be here?

Monsf. Sire, he will be here in de less time dan von quarter of de hour; he is not quite tirty mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Monsf. Sire, me come to provide de pulvile, and de essence for his peruque, dat he may approche to your vorshipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

Ant. What! is he unprovided then?

Monsf. Sire, he vas enrage, and did break his bottel d'orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for *Monseigneur le Dauphin*.

Ant. Well, fir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll——help you to some oil for his periwig.

* Mr. *Asgil*.

A 4

Monsf.

8 LOVE MAKES A MAN; OR,

Mons. Sir, me tank you. [Exit Monsieur.]

Cha. A very notable spark this *Clodio*. Ha! what trampling of horses is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young masters are both come.

Ant. That's well! now, fir, now! now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My father! Sir, your blessing.

Ant. Thou hast it, *Carlos*; and now pray know this gentleman; *Charino*, fir, my old friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his love, fir.

Cha. Sir, as for that matter, you need not study at all. [They salute.]

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *La Valiere*! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and out-fript the wind.

Cha. Ay, marry fir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

Cla. Where's my father?

Ant. Ha, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome! 'let me kiss thee.'

Clo. 'Sir,——you kifs pleasingly——I love to kifs a man; in *Paris* we kifs nothing else.' Sir, being my father's friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble servant. [To Cha.]

Cha. Sir,——I—I—I like you. [Eagerly.]

Clo. Thy hand——kifs——I'm your friend.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pretty humour'd fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray, fir, who's that?

Ant. Your brother, *Clody*.

Clo. Odsó! I beg his pardon with all my heart——Ha, ha, ha! did ever mortal see such a book-worm?——Brother, how is't? [Carelessly.]

Car. I'm glad you are well, brother. [Reads.]

Clo. What, does he draw his book upon me? then F will draw my wit upon him——Gad, I'll puzzle him——Hark you, brother, pray what's---*Latin* for a sword-knot?

Car. The *Romans* wore none, brother.

Clo.

Clo. No ornament upon their swords, fir?

Car. O yes, several, conquest, peace, and honour—— an old unfashionable wear.

Clo. Sir, no man in *France* (I may as well say breathing, for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifteen lous-d'or's in *Paris*——There, fir,——feel him,——try him, fir.

Car. I have no skill, fir.

Clo. No skill, fir! why, this sword would make a coward fight——aha! fa! fa! ha! rip——ha! there I had him. [Fencing.]

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my cloaths, brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha, ha,——no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the *grammar-rules* exactly: Psha; prithee man-leave off this college-air.

Car. No, brother, I think it wholesome, the foil and situation pleasant.

Clo. A put, by *Jupiter*! he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country:——Sir, I mean the air of your cloaths; I would have you change your taylor, and dress a little more *en cavalier*: lay by your book, and take out your snuff-box; cock, and look smart, hah!

Cha. Faith, a pretty fellow!

Car. I read no use in this brother; and for my cloaths, the half of what I wear already, seems to me superfluous: what need I outward ornaments, when I can deck myself with understanding? Why should we care for any thing, but knowledge? or look upon the follies of mankind, but to condemn or pity those that seek 'em?

[Reads again.]

Clo. Stark mad! split me.

Cha. Psha, this fellow will never do——he's as no soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, brother, what do you think of a pretty plump wench now?

Car. I seldom think that way; women are book I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad, I could set you a sweet lesson, brother.

Car. I am as well here, fir. [Reads.]

Cha. Good for no earthly thing; a stock; ah, that
Clody! A 5 Enter

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Sire, here be de several sorte of de jassimine d'orangerie vidout, if you please to mak your schoice.

Cl. Mum, fir! I must beg pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, fir, your most oblig'd and faithful humble servant. [*Exit Clody bowing.*]

Cha. Faith, he's a pretty fellow.

Ant. Now, fir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little purpose, I am afraid: but use your pleasure, fir.

Car. Plato differs from *Socrates* in this. [*To himself:*]

Ant. Come, come, prithee *Carlos*, lay 'em by, let 'em agree at leisure. What, no hour of interruption?

Car. Man's life, fir, being so short, and then the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious, each minute should be precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this world, *Carlos*, you must part a little with this bookish contemplation, and prepare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advantage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown with labour. This now wou'd turn to some account.

Car. This, fir, may be done from what I've read: for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it than *Virgil* in his *Georgics*? And, for the cure of herds, his *Bucolics* are a matter-piece; but when his art describes the common-wealth of bees, their industry, there more than human knowledge of the herbs from which they gather honey, their laws, their government among themselves, their order in going forth, and coming laden home; their strict obedience to their king, his just rewards to such as labour, his punishment inflicted only on the slothful drone; I'm ravish'd with it, then reap indeed my harvest, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and there find wax and honey.

Ant. Hey day! *Georges!* and *Blue-sticks*, and *Bees-wax!* What, art thou mad!

Cha.

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, sir, the knowledge of this guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shap'd, healthy bride? answer me that, ha, sir!

Car. 'Tis frequent, sir, in story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient *Spartan* dames, the *Roman* ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and tasted of their lawful envy'd love: but when I meet a *Messalina*, tir'd and unsated in her soul desires; a *Clytemnestra*, bath'd in her husband's blood; an impious *Tullia* whirling her chariot o'er her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties; comparing then the numerous guilty, with the easy count of those that die in innocence, I detest and loath'em as ignorance, or atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve then not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

Car. What debt, good sir?

Ant. Why, the debt I paid my father, when I got you, sir, and made him a grandfire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

Car. Nor would I; my labour'd studies, sir, may prove in time a living issue.

Ant. Very well, sir; and so I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* 'till this time, to be my grand-child!

Car. I'll take my best care, sir, that what I leave may not shame the family.

Cha. A sad fellow this! This is a very sad fellow. [*Aside.*]

Ant. Nor you won't take care of my estate?

Car. But in my wishes, sir: for know the wings on which my soul is mounted, have long since borne her pride too high to stoop to any prey that soars not upwards; sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth, fix in that gross element their happiness; but great and pure spirits, shaking that clog of human frailty off, become refin'd, and free as the æthereal air.

Ant.

Ant. So in short you wou'd not marry an empress!

Car. Give me leave to enjoy myself; the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; my venerable companions there, the old sages and philosophers, sometimes the greatest kings and heroes, whose counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their victories, if unjustly got, unto a strict account, and in my fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir, be it your care to swell your heap of wealth, marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather wou'd inform it with a foul.—I tire you, sir—your pardon, and your leave.—Lights there for my study. [*Exit Carlos.*]

Ant. Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness? A stupid wise rogue, I cou'd beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young *Clody*, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

Cha. Ay, ay, he's the match for my money, and my girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, sir, shall we tell 'em a piece of our mind, and turn 'em together instantly?

Ant. This minute, sir, and here comes my young rogue in the very nick of his fortune.

Enter Clodio.

Ant. *Clody*, a word!

Clo. To the wife is enough: your pleasure, sir?

Ant. In the mean time, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit. [*To Cha.*]

Cha. I'll do't—hark you friend. [*Whispers a servant.*]

Enter Sancho behind.

San. I doubt my master has found but rough welcome! He's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason——It may be some body has borrow'd one of his books, or so——I must find it out.

[*Stands aside.*]

Clo. Sir, you could not have started any thing more agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's sir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me whip into hers, in the cutting of a caper.

Cha. Well! pursue, and conquer; tho' let me tell you, sir, my girl has wit, and will give you as good as you bring; she has a smart way, sir.

Clo.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, sir, having always found, that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions, as a beau and a snuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-stopper.

Cha. Faith thou art a pleasant rogue; I'gad she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the ladies, sir—In *Paris* I had constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

Cha. Ah, silly envious rogues! Prithee, what do you do to their ladies?

San. Positively, nothing.

[*Aside.*

Clo. Why, the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor dogs the *princes* cou'd not endure me.

Cha. Why, hast thou really convers'd with the *royal family*?

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, ay! ay!—you must know some of 'em came with me half a day's journey, to see me a little on my way hither: but I'gad I sent young *Louis* back again to *Marli* as drunk as a tinker, by *Jove*! Ha! ha! ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next morning.

Cha. Gad-a-mercy, boy! well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their ladies too!

San. Just alike, I dare answer for him.

[*Aside.*

Clo. Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge—Let me see! there was, I and *Monsieur*—no! no! no! *Monsieur* did not sup with us.—There was I and *Prince Grandmont*, *Duke de Bongrace*, *Duke de Bellegrade*—(*Bellegrade*—yes—yes, *Jack* was there!). *Count de l'Esprit*, *Mareschal Bombaré*, and that pleasant dog the *Prince de Hautenbas*. We six now were all at supper, all in good humour, *Champaign* was the word, and wit flew about the room, like a pack of losing cards—Now, sir, in *Madam's* adjacent lodgings, there happen'd to be the self-same number of ladies, after the fatigue of a ballat, diverting themselves with *Ratiffia*, and the spleen; so dull, they were not able to talk,

talk, tho' it were scandalously even of their best friends; so, fir, after a profound silence at last one of 'em gap'd——O gad! says she, would that pleasant dog *Clody* were here to *badiner* a little.—Hey, says a second, and stretch'd. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* says a third—and wak'd.—Cou'd not one find him, says a fourth?—and leer'd.—O! burn him, says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the *Blood* again——in a pet.—Did you so, says a sixth——*Pardie!* we'll spoil that gang presently—in a passion. Whereupon, fir, in two minutes, I receiv'd a billet in four words——*Cbien vous vous demandons: suscrib'd, Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, l'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.*

Cha. Why, these are the very names of the princes you supp'd with.

Clo. Every soul of 'em the individual wife or sister of every man in the company! split me! *Ha! ha!*

Cha. And *Ant.* *Ha! ha! ha!*

San. Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily?

[*Afide.*

Ant. Well! and didst thou make a night on't, boy?

Clo. Yes, I'gad, and morning too, fir; for about eight o'clock the next day, slap they all fous'd upon their knees, kifs'd round, burnt their commodes, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy *Clody!* nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue:

Cha. I like him the better for't——he's a pleasant one, I'm sure.

Ant. Well, the rogue gives a rare account of his travels.

Clo. I'gad, fir, I have a cure for the spleen; a ha! I know how to riggle myself into a lady's favour——give me leave when you please, fir.

Cha. Sir, you shall have it this moment——faith, I like him—you remember the conditions, fir; three parts of your estate to him and his heirs!

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part 'em: you see *Carlos* has given over the world; I'll undertake to buy his birth right for a shelf of new books.

Cha.

Cha. Ay! ay! get you the writings ready with your other son's hand to 'em; for unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

Ant. I know it, fir,—they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

Cha. Why then come along, my lad, and now I'll shew thee to my daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, fir,—*Allons!* Hey, *Suivons P'Amour.* [Sings.] [Exeunt.

San. How! my poor master to be disinherited, for *Monsieur!* Sa! fa! there; and I a looker-on too! If we have study'd our *majors* and our *minors*, *antecedents*, and *consequents*, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand on't; I am glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old Don *Lewis*, shall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old rough testy blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a rubbers with 'em first—Here he comes, *profecto.*

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lew. *Sancho!* Where's my boy *Carlos?* what, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—*Sancho!* a little peep now—one peep at him thro' the key-hole—I must have a peep.

San. Have a care, fir, he's upon a magical point.

D. Lew. What, has he lost any thing?

San. Yes, fir, he has lost with a vengeance.

D. Lew. But what, what, what, what, firrah! What is't?

San. Why, his birth-right, fir, he is di—di—dis—
disinherited. [Sobbing.

D. Lew. Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what dost thou mean?

San. His brother, fir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great heiress, to enjoy three parts of his father's estate; and my master is to have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

D. Lew. This must be a lye, firrah, I will have it a lye.

San. With all my heart, fir; but here comes my old master, and the pick-pocket the lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter Antonio and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, fir, this paper has your full instructions, pray be speedy, fir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his hand, fir, I defy the law to give him his title again. [Exit.

San. What think you now, fir?

D. Lew. Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd—this is right— I'm pleas'd— must cut that Lawyer's throat tho'— must bone him— ay! I'll have him bon'd— and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. Lew. O mighty well— mighty well— let's feel your pulse— feverish.

[Looks earnestly in Antonio's face, and after some pause, whistles a piece of a tune.]

Ant. You are merry, brother.

D. Lew. It's a lye.

Ant. How, brother?

D. Lew. A damn'd lye—I am not merry. [Smiling.]

Ant. What are you then?

D. Lew. Very angry.

[Laughing.]

Ant. Hi! hi! hi! at what, brother? [Mimicking him.]

D. Lew. Why, at a very wise settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What settlement, good brother: I find he has heard of it. [Aside.]

D. Lew. What do you think I have done?— I have— this deep head of mine has— disinherited my elder son, because his understanding's an honour to my family; and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy! a puppy!

Ant. Come, I guess at your meaning, brother.

D. Lew. Do you so, fir? Why then I must tell you flat and plain, my boy *Carlos* must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say no, unless *Carlos* had a soul to value his fortune: what! he should manage eight thousand crowns a year out of the *Metaphysics*! *Astronomy* should look to my vineyards! *Horace* should buy off my wines! *Tragedy* should kill my mutton! *History* should cut down my hay! *Homer* should get in my corn! *Tityre tu Patula*

Ant. look to my sheep! and *Geometry* bring my harvest home! Hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

D. Lew. What if I don't, sir, I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough—Tho' I can speak no *Greek*, I love and honour the found of it, and *Carlos* speaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, sir; and let me tell you, sir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of *Hesiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*. or any of the *Greek* poets, ods heart! it would have made your hair stand an end; sir, he has read such things in my hearing——

Ant. But did you understand 'em, brother?

D. Lew. I tell you, no. What does that signify? the very found's a sufficient comfort to an honest man.

Ant. Fy! fy! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

D. Lew. Shouldt, sir! Yes, and do, sir: sir, I'd have you to know, I have study'd, I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

Ant. Yes, like a cat over a harpsichord, rare musick— You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

D. Lew. A sad dog——I'll buy a prettier fellow in a pennyworth of ginger-bread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, sir, say you your pleasure——Here comes one I must talk with——Well, brother, what news?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! to our wishes, sir; *Clody's* a right bait for a girl, sir; a budding sprightly fellow: she's a little shy at first; but I gave him his cue, and the rogue does so whisk, and frisk, and sing, and dance her about: odsbud! he plays like a greyhound. Noble Don *Lewis*, I am your humble servant: come, what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some part of your estate upon young *Clody*?

D. Lew. *Clody*!

Cha. Ay, your nephew, *Clody*.

D. Lew. Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

D. Lew. Why, look you, I han't much land to spare; but I have an admirable horse-pond——I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

Ant.

Ant. Come, let him have his way, fir, he's old and hasty; my estate's sufficient. How does your daughter, fir?

Cha. Ripe, and ready, fir, like a blushing rose, she only waits for the pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to-morrow be the day.

Cha. With all my heart; get you the writings ready, my girl shall be here in the morning.

D. Lew. Hark you, fir, do you suppose my *Carlos* shall——

Cha. Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, fir, and so good-morrow to your patience, brother. [Exit.

D. Lew. Sancho!

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Fetch me some gun-powder—quick—quick.

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Some gun-powder, I say,——a barrel——quickly—and, d'ye hear, three penny-worth of ratsbane!——Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

San. Come, fir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, fir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, fir.

D. Lew. Psha! impossible, he never spoke six words to any woman in his life, but his bed-maker.

San. So much the better, fir; therefore, if he speaks at all, its the more likely to be out of the road—Hark, he rings——I must wait upon him. [Exit.

D. Lew. These damn'd old rogues!—I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, *Carlos*, let 'em go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet——That old fool thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between 'em! Nay, to plague 'em, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury. [Exit.

ACT

A C T II.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. SIR, he shall have what's fit for him.

San. No inheritance, fir?

Ant. Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for; you talk like a fool, a coxcomb; trouble him with land——

San. Must master *Clodio* have all, fir?

Ant. All, all; he knows how to use it; he's a man bred in this world; t'other in the skies, his business is altogether above stairs; [*Bell rings*] go, see what he wants.

San. A father, I am sure. [*Exit Sancho.*]

Ant. What, will none of my rogues come near me now? O! here they are.

Enter several Servants.

Well, fir, in the first place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young master is to be marry'd this morning; will that spur you, fir?

Cook. Young master, fir! I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do——Hey! *Pedro!* *Gusman!* Come, fir, ho! [*Exit Cook.*]

Ant. Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down! 'Is the musick come?

'*But.* They are within, at breakfast, fir.

'*Ant.* That's well: here, let this room be clean'd. —You, hussy, see the bride-bed made; take care no young jade cuts the cords asunder; and look the sheets be fine, and well-scented—and d'ye hear,——lay on three pillows!——away! [*Exeunt.*]

[*A noise of chopping behind. Carlos alone in his study.*]

Car. What a perpetual noise these people make! my head is broken with several noises; and in every corner; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; all my
facul-

faculties turn into study: what a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind! How unprofitable a pleasure is eating!—*Sancho.*

Enter Sancho.

San. Did you call, sir? [*Chopping again.*]

Car. Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

San. The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

Car. And is thus at every dinner?

San. No, sir; but we have high doings to-day.

Car. Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone— Does my younger brother speak any *Greek* yet, *Sancho*?

San. No, sir; but he spits *French* like a magpye, and that's more in fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue. [*Chopping again.*]— Again that noise! pr'ythee tell me, *Sancho*, are there any princes to dine here?

San. Some there are as happy as princes, sir,—your brother's marry'd to-day.

Car. What of that! might not six dishes serve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but sparingly.

San. Sir, all the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the house, but comes too: all open, sir.

Car. Pr'ythee, who is it my brother marries?

San. Old *Charino's* daughter, sir, the great heiress; a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry—and they say, modest too.

Car. That's strange; pr'ythee how does these modest women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my own mother; to me they ever were but shadows, seen and unregarded.

San. Ah! wou'd you saw this lady, sir, she'd draw you farther than your *Archimedes*; she has a better secret than any's in *Aristotle*, if you study'd for it: I'gad you'd find her the prettiest natural philosopher to play with!

Car. Is she so fine a creature?

San. Such eyes; such looks! such a pair of pretty plump, pouting lips! such softness in her voice! such musick

musick too! and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks! such a clear skin! white neck, and a little lower, such a pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums——ah!

Car. Why, thou art in love, *Sancho*.

San. Ay! so would you be, if you saw her, fir.

Car. I don't think so. What settlement does my father make 'em?

San. Only all his dirty land, fir, and makes your brother his sole heir.

Car. Must I have nothing?

San. Books in abundance; leave to study your eyes out, fir.

Car. I am the elder born, and have a title too.

San. No matter for that, fir, he'll have possession——of the lady too.

Car. I wish him happy——he'll not inherit my little understanding too!

San. O, fir, he's more a gentleman than to do that——Ods me! fir, fir, here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

Enter Charino and Angelina.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, fir.

Car. I ne'er saw any yet so fair! such sweetness in her look! such modesty! if we may think the eye the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasur'd virtues there.

San. So! the book's gone. [*Aside.*]

Cha. Come, pr'ythee put on a brisker look; odsheart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

Ang. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought perhaps had made it easier to me: to change for ever, is no trifle, fir.

Car. A wonder!

Cha. Look you, his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exception to. What, in the name of *Venus*, would the girl have?

Ang. I never said, of all the world I made him, fir, my choice: nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him, than disobedience.

Cha.

Cba. O! if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

Ang. I have done with my objections, sir.

Car. Such understanding, in so soft a form!——
Happy——Happy brother!—may he be happy, while I sit down in patience, and alone!—I have gaz'd too much——Reach me an *Ovid*. [*Exeunt Car. and San.*]

Cba. I say, put on your best looks, huffey——for here he comes, faith.

Enter Clodio.

Ah! my dear *Clody*.

Clo. My dear; dear dad. [*Embracing.*] Ha; *Ma Princeffe! etes vous là donc!* A ha! *Non, non. Je ne me connois guerre, &c.* [*Sings.*] Look, look,—o'sly-boots; what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will, child.—I'gad, I shall count the clock extremely to-night: Let me see——what time shall I rise to-morrow?—Not till after nine,——Ten,——Eleven, for a pistole.
' Ah——*C'est à dire votre coeur insensible est en fin vaincu. Non, non, &c.* [*Sings a second verse.*]

Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, and Lawyer.

Ant. Well said, *Clody*; my noble brother, welcome: my fair daughter, I give you joy.

Clo. And so will I too, sir. '*Alons! Vivons! Chançons! Dansons! Hey! L'autre jour, &c.*

[*Sings and dances, &c.*]

Ant. Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome. What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor no-body's welcome, and you are all a parcel of——

Cba. What, sir?

D. Lew.——Miserable wretches———sad dogs.

Ant. Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and hafty; but he'll dine and be good company for all this.

D. Lew. A strange lye, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! poor Testy, ha, ha!

D. Lew. Don't laugh, my dear rogue, pr'ythee don't laugh now; faith, I shall break thy head, if thou dost.

Clo. Gad so! why, then I find you are angry at me, dear uncle?

D. Lew.

D. Lew. Angry at thee, hey puppy! Why, what! —what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my sight, or——

Ant. Nay, brother, this is too far——

D. Lew. Angry at him! a son of a——son's son of a whore!

Cha. Ha, ha, poor peevish——

D. Lew. I'd fain have somebody poison him. [*To himself.*] Ah, that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropp'd to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen ware? I must speak to her——Puppy, stand out of my way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D. Lew. [*To Angelina.*] Ah!——ah!——ah! Madam——I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome man yok'd to you, one of understanding too:——I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's scull's extremely thick——he can never get any thing upon that fair body, but muffs and snuff-boxes; or, say, he should have a thing shap'd like a child, you can make nothing of it but a taylor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.

D. Lew. Will no-body take that troublesome dog out of my sight——I can't stay where he is——I'll go see my poor boy *Carlos*——I've disturb'd you, madam; your humble servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

D. Lew. That lady's health I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at table too.

Clo. Ha, ha; bye nuncle.

D. Lew. Puppy, good bye—— [*Exit D. Lewis.*]

Ang. An odd-humour'd gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, child; I suppose in pure spite, he'll make my son *Carlos* his heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says this *Carlos* is; sure there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, brother? the priest stays for us; when *Carlos* has sign'd the conveyance, as
he

he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

Car. With all my heart, sir.

Clo. *Allons! ma chere Princeesse.* [Exeunt.

Enter Carlos Don Lewis and Sancho.

D. Lew. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then—I must study, sir, to bear my fortune.

D. Lew. Have you no greater feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my books too?

D. Lew. No, no, he has a book, a fine one too, call'd *The gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters*: Such a creature! a beauty in folio! would thou hadst her in thy study, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new-clasp her.

San. He has seen her, sir.

D. Lew. Well, and ——— and ———

San. He flung away his book, sir.

D. Lew. Did he faith! would he had flung away his humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my brother then have all?

D. Lew. All, all.

San. All that your father has, sir.

Car. And that fair creature too?

San. Ay, sir.

D. Lew. Hey!

Car. He has enough, then. [Sighing.

D. Lew. He have her, *Carlos*! why wou'd, wou'd, that is ——— hey!

Car. May I not see her, sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

D. Lew. I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for madness! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

Car. I cannot, sir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her joy. — O were I born to give it too!

D. Lew. Why, thou shalt wish her joy, boy; faith she is a good-humour'd creature, she'll take it kindly.

Car.

Car. Do you think so, uncle ?

D. Lew. I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, fir. — Stay, uncle — will she not think me rude ? I would not for the world offend her.

D. Lew. 'Fend a fiddle-stick — let me alone — I'll — I'll.

Car. Nay, but, fir ! dear uncle !

D. Lew. A hum ! a hum ! [Exit D. Lewis.

Enter Antonio and the Lawyer with a writing.

Ant. Where's my son ?

San. There, fir, casting a figure : what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall.

Carlos, how dost thou do ? Come hither, boy.

Car. Your pleasure, fir ?

Ant. Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment ; I think you write a reasonable good hand, *Carlos*.

Car. Pray, fir, to what use may it be ?

Ant. Only to pass your title in the land I have, to your brother *Cledio*.

Car. Is it no more, fir ?

Law. That's all, fir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else ; look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you shall always have a servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you ; but if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below ; it being, fir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have it done before the lady too : there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune.

Ant. With all my heart, child ; it's the same thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, fir, if I make no great stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a mind to. [Exit Antonio, Carlos, and lawyer.

San. Now has he undone himself for ever ; odineart, I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger.

[Exit.

The

The SCENE changes to a dining room.

Enter Charino with Angelina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Ladies, Priest, and a Lawyer.

Law. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done: are you ready, fir!

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately! for in truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I'gad, I warrant you, the priest and I cou'd both fall to without saying grace—Ha! you little rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no fault, fir; better things were well done, than done too hastily—Sir, you look melancholy.

[*To D. Lewis.*

D. Lew. Sweet swelling blossom! ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow—Ah! thou hast mis'd a man (but that he is so bewitch'd to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-headed puppy—

Ang. Can he talk, fir?

D. Lew. Like an angel—to himself—the devil a word to a woman: his language is all upon the high business: to Heaven, and heavenly wonders, to nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. Does he speak so well there, fir?

D. Lew. To admiration! such curiosities! but he can't look a woman in the face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little conversation, methinks—

D. Lew. Why, so I think too; but the boy's bewitch'd, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his sister, fir.

Clo. Look, look, old testy will fall in love by and by; he's hard at it, split me.

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my father comes! now, priest! hey! my brother too! that's a wonder! broke like a spirit from his cell.

Enter Antonio and Carlos.

D. Lew. Odsso! here he is! that's he! a little inclining to

the lean, or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, *Carlos*, 'twere your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before 'em all, and give your brother joy.

Cba. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the lady, sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your sister, *Carlos*.

Car. Forbid it, love! [*Aside.*] Do you not think she'll grace our family?

Ant. No doubt on't sir.

Car. Shou'd I not thank her for so unmerited a grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, *Carlos*.

D. Lew. Now, my boy! give her a gentle twist by the fingers! lay your lips softly, softly, close and plum to her.

[*Apart to Carlos.*

Car. Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady—[*Salutes Angelina*] Dissolving softness! O the drowning joy!—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down, that unconfined may lave and wanton there in fateless draughts of ever springing beauty.—But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

Ang. How near his thoughts agree with mine! This the mere scholar I was told of! [*Aside.*]——I find, sir, you have experienc'd love, you seem acquainted with the passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw th' enlivening light before.

Ang. Ha! before!

[*Aside.*

Ant. Well, these are very fine compliments, *Carlos*; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

Car. O yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty (if possible) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha!——what do you say, brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

Cba. Nor I.

D. Lew. Stand clear, I do——and that sweet creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear.

Ant. Come, come, to the writing, *Carlos*; prithee leave thy studying, man. [*Afide.*

Car. I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, *what man was*, was but my *argument*;——I am now on the *proof*! I find, I feel myself a man——
nay, I fear it too.

D. Lew. He has it! he has it! my boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you——

D. Lew. Stand out of the way, puppy.

[*Interposing with his back to Clody.*

Car. Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown, as would a frighted child the dreadful lightning? Yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, O! I should turn and tear him like an offended lion——
Is this, can it, must it be in a sister's power?

Clo. Come, come, will you sign brother?

D. Lew. Time enough, puppy.

Car. O! if you knew with what precipitated haste you hurry on a deed that makes you blest'd, or miserable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to happiness, you'd find no danger in a moment's pause.

Clo. I say, will you sign, brother?

Car. Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother

D. Lew. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the way now?

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, *Carlos*! come, come, your hand, man.

Car. Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only shew'd me land, I had resign'd it free, and proud to have bestow'd it to your pleasure: 'tis care, 'tis dirt, and trouble: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, such unimagined mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, ev'n to a churlish avarice of love——
Heaven direct my fortune.

Ant. And so you won't part with your title, sir?

Car. Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast,
a fish,

a fish, a fly, ' and only make the number of things up,'
than yield one foot of land——if she be ty'd to't.

Cha. I don't like this; he talks oddly, methinks.

Ang. Yet with a bravery of soul might warm the coldest heart.

[*Afide.*

Clo. Pshaw, pox, prithee, brother, you had better think of those things in your study, man!

Car. Go you and study, for 'tis time, young brother: turn o'er the tedious volumes I have read; think, and digest them well! the wholesomest food for green consumptive minds; ' wear out whole fasted days, and by ' the pale weak lamp, pore away the freezing nights; rather make dim thy sight, than leave thy mind in doubt ' and darkness: confine thy useless travels to thy closet, ' traverse the wise and civil lives of good and great men ' dead; compare'em with the living: tell me why *Cæsar* ' perish'd by the hand that lov'd him most? and why his ' enemies deplor'd him? Distil the sweetness from the ' poet's spring, and learn to soften thy desires; ' nor dare to dream of marriage-vows, 'till thou has taught thy soul, like mine, to love——Is it for thee to wear a jewel of this inestimable worth?

D. Lew. Ah! *Carlos!* [*Kisses him.*] What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

Ang. A wonder!——Is this gentleman your brother, fir!

[*To Clody.*

Clo. Hey! no, my——Madam, not quite——that is he is a little a-kin by the——Pox on him, would he were bury'd——I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, ha?

Car. Neither——I should not blindly say I will not seal——Let me intreat a moment's pause——for, even yet, perhaps, I may.

[*Sighing.*

Ang. Forbid it, fortune!

Ant. O, may you so, fir!

Clo. Ay! fir, hey! What, you are come to yourself I find, 'sheart!

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together;

but I conjure you, think my life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an act as parting 'em: 'What! to lay waste
'at once for ever, all the gay blossoms of your forward
'fortune, the promis'd wishes of your young desire,
'your fruitful beauty, and your springing joy; your
'thriving softness, and your cluster'd kisses, growing on
'the lips of love, devour'd with an unthirsty infant's ap-
'petite! O forbid it, love! forbid it, nature and hu-
'manity!' I have no land, no fortune, life, or being,
while your necessity of peace requires 'em: say! or give
me need to think your smallest hope depends on my ob-
jected ruin; my ruin is my safety there; my fortune, or
my life resign'd with joy, so your account of happy hours
were thence but rais'd to any added number.

Cha. Why ay! there's some civility in this.

Clo. The fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare compliance to a father's will, you
now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an
extorted bond, impos'd on the simplicity of your youth,
and dare confess you with some honest friend would
save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again
have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon
your happier fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha! pert enough, that! I'gad; I long to see
what this will come to!

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is marry'd presently,
the dinner will be spoil'd, and then——no body will be
able to eat it.

Ant. Brother, I say, let's remove the lady.

Cha. Force her from him!

Car. 'Tis too late! I have a figure here! sooner shall
bodies leave their shade; 'as well you might attempt to
'shut old Time into a den, and from his downy wings wash
'the swift hours away, or steal Eternity to stop his glass;'
so fix'd, so rooted here, is every growing thought of her.

Clo. Gads me; what, now its troublesome again, is it?

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate:
you cannot have it sure, to ask if honour be the parent of
my love: if you can love or live, and think your heart,
rewarded there, 'like two young vines we'll curl together,
'circling our souls in never-ending joy; we'll spring to-
'gether,

'gether, and we'll bear one fruit?' one joy shall make us smile, one sorrow mourn; one age go with us, one hour of death shall close our eyes, and one cold grave shall hold us happy———Say but you hate me not! O speak! give but the softest breath to that transporting thought.

Ang. Need I then speak; to say, I am far from hating you——I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer——

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How shall my soul requite this goodness?

Cha. Beyond patience! This is downright insolence! roguery! rape!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clod. Ay, ay, part 'em, part 'em.

D. Lew. Doll! dum! dum!——

[Sings and draws in their defence.]

Cha. Call an officer, I'll have 'em forc'd asunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduc'd to take protection here.

[Goes to Carlos.]

Car. O ecstasy of heart! transporting joy!

D. Lew. Lorra! dorrol! lol! [Sings and dances.]

Cha. A plot! a plot against my honour! murder! treason! gun-powder! Ill be reveng'd!

[Exit.]

Ant. Sir, you shall have satisfaction.

Cha. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

Car. Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

Clod. You won't? Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this business? *Allons!* the lady, sir!

D. Lew. Lorra! dorrol! lol!

[Presenting his point to Clodio.]

Cha. I'll have his blood!

Car. Hold uncle! Come brother! sheath your anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would intreat a blessing here.

Ant. Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine.

[Exit Ant.]

Car.

Car. I am sorry I have lost a father, sir——For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birth-right.

Cl. No halves! no halves, sir! the whole lady!

Car. Why, then the whole, if you can like the terms.

Cl. What terms? what terms? Come, quick, quick.

Car. The first is this———[*Snatches Don Lewis's sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

D. Lew. Gramercy, *Carlos!* to him, boy! I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

Car. This is the first good sword I ever pois'd in anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence!——I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me: wer't thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

Cl. Look you, brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business.

Car. Away, trisler! I would be loth to prove thee a coward too.

Cl. Coward! why then, really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a whore——*Allons!* [*They fight and Clodio is disarm'd.*

Cha. His blood! I say his blood! I'll have it, by all the fears and wounds of honour in my family. [*Exit.*]

Car. There, sir, take your life——and mend it——
' be gone without reply.'

Ang. Are you wounded, sir?

Car. Only in my fears for you: how shall we bestow us, uncle?

D. Lew. Positively, we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good angels guard us. [*Exeunt with Ang.*

Cl. Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my life——never in my life, split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Monf. Sire, her be de trompette, de haute-boy, de musique, de maitre danser, dat descer to know if you sal be please to 'ave de masque begin,

Cl.

Clo. Hey! what does this puppy say now?

Monf. Sire, de musique.

Clo. Why ay—that's true—but—tell 'em—
plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

Monf. Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why, then, tell 'em that my brother's wife a-
gain, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and so I shan't
be marry'd till next time: but I have fought with him,
and he has disfarm'd me; and so he wont't release the
land, nor give me my mistress again; and I—I am
undone, that's all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Charino, Antonio, officers, and servants.

Cha. Officer, do your duty: I say, seize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this minute before a—How now!
what, all fled?

Cha. Ha! my girl! my child! my heirs! I am
abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am ravish'd!
murder'd; and flung in a ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? Which way went they,
villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they
went out at that door, not six minutes ago.

Cha. I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions,
writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, fir; they shall find I
understand ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, fir; run you to the
port, firrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring
us notice immediately.

Enter Sancho drunk.

San. Ban, ban, cac-caliban!

[*Sings.*

Ant. Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the
bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

San. Son, fir!

Cha. Where's my daughter, firrah?

San. Daughter, fir!

Cha. Ay, my daughter, rascal!

San. Why, fir, they told me, just now, fir—that
she's—she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your master?

San. My master! why, they say he is—

Ant. Where, firrah?

San. Why, he is——he is——gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you dog, discover him, or——

San. Sir, I will——I will.

Ant. Where is he, villain?

San. Where, sir? Why, to be sure he is——he is——upon my foul, I don't know, sir.

Ant. No more trifling, rascal.

San. If I do, sir, I wish this may be my poison. [*Drinks.*]

Ant. Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll——So fir, have you found him?

Re-enter the servant hastily, and Clodio.

Clo. Ay, fir, have you found 'em?

Serv. Yes, fir, I had fight of 'em; but they were just got on board a small vessel, before I could overtake 'em?

Cha. Death and furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, firrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not discover that; but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

Ant. What shall we do, brother?

Clo. Be as smart as they, fir; follow 'em; follow 'em.

Cha. Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue 'em thro' all the elements.

Clo. I'll follow you, by the northern star.

Ant. Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and tell 'em they must hoist sail immediately.

Clo. And you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my snuff-box——Cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither.

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, boy?

Clo. Nothing, fir, but snuff and opportunity——we're in haste. *Adions! hey; je vole.* [*Exeunt.*]

A C T. III. The SCENE Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, Don Duart, and Governor.

Elv. **D**EAR brother, let me intreat you, stay; why will you provoke your danger?

D. Du. Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

Elv.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, niece, what is it has incens'd him?

Elv. Nothing but a needful quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him——To whom is all this fury, nephew?

D. Du. To you, sir, or any man that dares oppose me.

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunn'd by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

D. Du. Yes, so I might be general——Sir, no man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every hour follow'd with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punish'd with as much severity, as his that is a stranger to my blood.

D. Du. Punish me! you, nor your office, dare not do't.

Gov. Away! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal temper must be cast off: when you can master that, you shall gladly command my fortune. But if you still persist, expect my prayers and vows for your conversion only; but never means, or favour.

D. Du. Fire! and furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere school-boy! women shall judge of injuries in honour!——For you, sir——I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [Exit.

Gov. I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my brother.

Enter Don Manuel, with Angelina.

D. Man. Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

Gov.

Gov. Ha! some prize brought in.

'*Sail.* Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her.'

Gov. Noble Don *Manuel*! welcome on shore! I see you are fortunate; for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

D. Man. She is indeed—These ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended, with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't possible!

D. Man. Nay, and their contempt of death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their freedom.

Gov. Pray, tell us, sir.

D. Man. When they were brought aboard us, both disarm'd and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the bread of bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their swords, (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leapt into the sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

D. Man. It wrought so much upon me, had not our own safety hinder'd, (at that time a great ship pursuing us) I wou'd in charity have ta'en 'em up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're lost! (Heart-wounding thought! for ever lost!—I now am friendless, miserable, and a slave.

D. Man. Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet again may see 'em: they were not quite a league from shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they cou'd not fail of life and safety.

Ang. In that last hope, I brok a wretched being: but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Elv. Alas! poor lady! come, sir, misery but weeps the more, when she is gaz'd on—we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you: your servant, sir.—

[*Exeunt Elv. and Gov.*

D. Man. Now, my fair captive, tho' I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

Ang.

Ang. This has engag'd me, fir, to hear.

D. Man. These three years have I honourably lov'd a noble lady, her name *Louisa*, the beauteous niece of great *Ferrara's* duke: her person and fortune uncontrol'd, sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languish'd in an hopeless constancy. Now I perceive, in all your language, and your looks, a soft'ning power, nor can a suit by you promoted be deny'd: therefore I wou'd awhile intreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour: and (as I am sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shewn your modesty, and in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour me, or my unwearied love, 'twould be a generous act wou'd fix me ever grateful to its memory.

Ang. Such poor assistance, fir, as one distress'd like me, can give, shall willingly be paid: 'if I can steal but any thoughts from my own misfortunes, rest assur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.'

D. Man. I'll study to deserve this goodness; for the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait on you to the lady, 'till when I am your guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your service——

[*Exeunt D. Manuel and Angelina.*]

The SCENE changes to a church, the vespers suppos'd to be just ended, several walking out. Carlos and Don Lewis rising near Louisa and Honoria. Louisa observing Carlos.

Hon. Come, madam, shall we walk out? The croud's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy softness in his look!

[*To herself.*]

Hon. Cousin! *Donna Louisa!*

Lou. Ev'n in his devotions too, such graceful adoration——so sweet a——

Hon. Cousin, will you go?

Lou. Pshaw, time enough——Prithee let's walk a little this way.

Hon. What's the matter with her?

[*They walk from D. Lewis and Carlos.*]

Car.

Car. To what are we reserv'd!

D. Lew. For no good, I am afraid ——— My ill luck don't use to give over, when her hand's in; she's always in haste ——— One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another ——— Drowning we have escap'd miraculously; wou'd 'the fear' of hanging were over too; our being so strangely fav'd from one, smells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Carlos*, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set foot upon my estate again: faith, I was just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackrel ——— but it's pretty well as it is; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning ——— all in good time ——— we are poor enough in conscience, and I don't know but two days more fasting, might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are strangers then, and seem in some necessity.

[*Afide.*

Car. These are light wants to me, I find 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina's* loss; when I reflect on her distress, the hardships and the cries of helpless bondage; the insolent, the deaf desires of men in power; O! I cou'd wish the fate that sav'd us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had bury'd us in one wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! this were indeed a lover!

[*Afide.*

D. Lew. A most unhappy loss indeed! but come, don't despair, boy; the ship that took us was a *Portuguese*, of *Lisbon* too, I believe; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet? Come don't be melancholy.

' *Car.* In that poor hope I live ——— O thou dread
' power! stupendous Author of universal being, and of thy
' wondrous works, that virgin wife, the master-piece, look
' down upon her; let the bright virtues of her untainted
' mind, sue for, and protect her: O let her youth, her
' spotless innocence, to which all passages in Heaven stand
' open, appear before thy throne distress'd, and meet some
' miracle to save her.

' *Lou.* Who would not die, to be so pray'd for? [*Afide.*

' *D. Lew.*

'D. Lew. Faith, *Carlos*, thou hast pray'd heartily,
'I'll say that for thee; so that if any good fortune will
'pay us a visit, we are ready to receive her now, as soon
'as she pleases, Come don't be melancholy.'

Car. Have I not cause? were not my force of faith
superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the
insults of my fortune; but I have rais'd myself, by
elevated faith, as far above despair, as reason lifts me
from the brute.

D. Lew. Why now, would not this make any one
weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is
almost famish'd?

Lou. What are you saying, cousin?

Hon. I wou'd have said, madam, but you wou'd not
hear me.

Lou. Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddest thought:
let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. [*Aside.*] *Jaques!*
[*Whispers.*] 'What was't you ask'd me, cousin?

'*Hon.* The reason of your aversion to *Don Manuel*?
'you know he loves you.

'*Lou.* I hate his love.

'*Hon.* But why, pray? you know 'tis honourable, and
'so is his family; nor is his fortune less: I should think;
'the more desirable, because his courage and his conduct
'on the seas have rais'd it; nay, with all this, he's ex-
'tremely modest too.

'*Lou.* Therefore, I might hate him.

'*Hon.* For his modesty?

'*Lou.* Is any thing so sleepy, so flat, and insupporta-
'ble, as a modest lover?

'*Hon.* Wou'd you bear impudence in a lover?

'*Lou.* I don't know; it's more tolerable in a man, than
'the woman; and there must be impudence on the one
'side, before they can both come to a right understanding.

'*Hon.* Why, what will you have him do?

'*Lou.* That's a very home question, cousin; but, if
'I lik'd him, I could tell you.

'*Hon.* Suppose you did like him?

'*Lou.* Then I would not tell you.

'*Hon.* Why?

'*Lou.* 'Cause I should have more discretion.

‘ *Hon.* Bless me! sure you would not do any thing
‘ you would be ashamed to tell?

‘ *Lou.* That’s true; but if one shou’d, you know,
‘ twou’d be silly to tell. No woman would be fond of
‘ shame, sure

‘ *Hon.* But there’s no avoiding it in a shameful action.

‘ *Lou.* Don’t be positive.

‘ *Hon.* All your friends would shun you, point at you.

‘ *Lou.* And yet you see there’s a world of friendship
‘ and good breeding among all the women of quality.

‘ *Hon.* Suppose there be?

‘ *Lou.* Why then, I suppose, that a great many of them
‘ are mightily hurry’d in the care of their reputation.

‘ *Hon.* So you conclude, that a woman doing an ill thing,
‘ does herself no harm, while her reputation’s safe.

‘ *Lou.* It does not do her so much harm; and, of two
‘ evils, I’m always for chusing the least.

‘ *Hon.* What need you chuse either?

‘ *Lou.* Because I have a vast fortune in my own hands,
‘ and love dearly to do what I have a mind to.

‘ *Hon.* Why won’t you marry then?

‘ *Lou.* Because then I must only do as my husband has
‘ a mind to; and I hate to be govern’d: on my soul, I
‘ would not marry, to be an *English* wife; not but the dear
‘ jolting of a Hackney coach, and an easy husband, are
‘ strange temptations; but from the cold comfort of a fine
‘ coach with springs, and a dull husband with none, good
‘ Lord deliver me: but then, the insolence of ours is in-
‘ supportable, because the nasty law gives ’em a power
‘ over us, which nature never design’d ’em. For my part,
‘ I had rather be in love all days of my life, than marry.

‘ *Hon.* That is, you had rather bear the disease, than
‘ have the cure.

‘ *Lou.* Marriage is indeed a cure for love; but love’s a
‘ disease I wou’d never be cur’d of; therefore, no more
‘ physick dear cousin; no more husbands—I hate your
‘ bitter draughts—not but I’m afraid I am a little
‘ feverish—you’ll think me mad

‘ *Hon.* What’s the matter?’

Lou. Did you observe those strangers that have walk’d
by us.

Hon.

Hon. Not much ; but what of them ?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their talk ?

Hon. I think I did ; one of 'em, the younger, seem'd concern'd for a lost mistress.

Lou. Ay, but so near, so tenderly concern'd, his looks, as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion : I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean ?

Lou. ——— Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity ; and since they seem not born to beg relief, to offer it unask'd, would add some merit to the charity.

Hon. Consider.

Lou. I hate it — fir — fir —

D. Lew. Would you speak with me, madam ?

Lou. If you please, with your friend — not to interrupt you, fir.

Car. Your pleasure, lady ?

Lou. You seem a stranger, fir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in want : pardon my freedom — if I have err'd, as freely tell me so ; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance.

D. Lew. Take it, boy.

Car. A bounty so unmerited, and from an hand unknown, fills me with surprise and wonder : but give me leave, in honesty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedless purchase ; for if you mean it as the bribe to any evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. How assably he talks ! how chaste ! how innocent his thought ! he must be won ! — — — [*Aside.*] — ' You are too scrupulous ; I have no hard designs upon your honesty — only this — be wise and cautious, if you should follow me ; I am observ'd, farewell. *Jaques!* — Will you walk, cousin ? — — — [*Whispers Jaques!*] — and bring me word immediately — I am going home.

[*Exit Lou. and Hon.*
D. Lew.

D. *Lew.* Let's see, od'sheart! follow her, man—— why, 'tis all gold!

Car. Dispose it as you please.

D. *Lew.* I'll first have a better title to't.—— No, 'tis all thine, boy—— I hold an hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you—— I say, follow her—— since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has dispossefs'd her of my person; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

D. *Lew.* Prithee follow her now! methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with some body before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, sir, with mine, in search of *Angelina's* fortune.

D. *Lew.* Well, dear *Carlos*, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *the Street.* Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant. You heard what the sailor said, brother, such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government to search and take 'em up wherever we can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be chous'd of my daughter; I shall expect her, sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law. [Walks about.]

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and——how now, where's *Clody*,?——oh, here he comes——

Enter Clodio, searching his pockets.

How now! what's the matter, boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, split me.

Ant. What's the matter?

[Louder.]

Clo. The best joint in christendom.

Ant. *Clody*!

Clo. Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

Ant. Pshaw, a trifle; get thee another, man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had—— besides, I dare not shew my

my face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

Clo. I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in *Paris*——I'll go to *Paris*, split me. [*Aside.*]

Cha. To *Paris*! why you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in *Europe* there.

Cha. Joints!——my son-in-law that shou'd have been, seems strangely alter'd for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

Clo. I'll have it cry'd, faith; or, if that won't do, I'll have a lucky thought; I'll offer thirty pistoles to the finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in pure compliment to the favours of *Madam la Duchesse de——Mum.* I'll do't, faith.

Ant. Come along, *Clody.* [*Exeunt Ant. and Charino.*]

Clo. Sir, I must look a little, I'll follow you presently; my poor pretty box! ah, plague o' my sea-voyage.

Enter a servant hastily with a flambeaux.

Serv. By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray, sir, clear the way.

Clo. Ha! why thou art pert, my love; prithee, who is thy master, child!

Serv. The valiant *Don Duart*, sir; nephew to the governor of *Lisbon.*

Clo. Well, child, and what? does he eat every man he meets!

Serv. No, sir, but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

Clo. Ha! a pretty harmless humour that? Is this he, child!——you may look as terrible as you please, I must banter you, split me, [*Aside.*]

Enter Don Duart, stalking up to Clodio.

D. Du. Do you know me, sir!

Clo. Hey! ho! [*Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.*]

D. Du. Do you know me, sir?

Clo.

Clo. You did not see my snuff-box, fir, did you?

D. Du. Sir, in *Lisbon* no man asks me a question cover'd. [*Strikes off Clodio's hat.*] Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, fir.—Hi! hi! I like you mightily—you are not a bully, fir?

D. Du. You are faucy, friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted.—Thou art really the most extraordinary---umph—that ever I met with! now, fir, do you know me, split me?

D. Du. Know thee! take that, peasant!

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*]

Clo. I can't, upon my soul, fir; *allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding. [*They fight.*]

Serv. Help! murder! help!

Clo. *Allons!* to our better acquaintance, fir; ahah! [*D. Du. falls.*] he has it! never push'd better in my life, never in my life, split me.

Serv. O! my master's kill'd! help ho! murder help!

Clo. Hey! why faith, child, that's very true as thou say'st, and so the devil take the hindmost. [*Exit Clodio.*]

Enter Officers.

1st Off. How now! who's that cries murder?

Serv. O, my master's murder'd; some of you follow me, this way he took! let's after him——help! murder! help! [*Exit.*]

2d Off. 'Tis Don *Duart.*

1st Off. So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, faith, fir. Come, let's carry the body to the good lady his sister *Donna Elvira*; you pursue the murderer, I'll warrant him some civil gentleman; ye need not make too much haste, for if he does 'scape, 'tis no great matter——Come along.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

Enter Carlos and Don Lewis.

D. Lew. Come along, *Carlos*, I'm sure 'tis she by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain, has plaid her no foul play, she shan't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

Car. Now fortune guide us.

Enter Jaques and Bravoes, with a chair.

Jaques. That's he, the tallest——besure you spare his

his person—only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1st *Bra.* What must be done with the old fellow?

Jaques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how.—Follow softly, we shall snap 'em as they turn the corner.

A noise of follow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the other side.

Clo. Ah! Pox of their noses! the dogs have smelt me out! what shall I do? if they take me, I shall be hang'd, split me!—ha! a door open! faith i'll in at a venture

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Bravoes with Carlos in a chair, some haling in Don Lewis.

D. Lew. O my poor boy *Carlos!*—*Carlos!*—help! murder!

1st *Bra.* Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. Lew. Sir, I will not hold my peace; dogs! rogues! villains! help! murder!

1st *Bra.* Nay, then by your leave, old gentleman.—So, bring him along.

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw! [*They gag him, and carry him head and heels. Exeunt.*

SCENE a chamber, *Elvira and her servant with lights.*

Elv. Is not my brother come home yet?

Serv. I have not seen him, madam.

Elv. Go and seek him; every where—I'll not rest till you return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read 'em without a taper. [*Exeunt servants.*

Enter Clodio stealing in.

Clo. Ah! poor *Clody!* what will become of thee? thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—follow'd behind! stopt before! and beset on both sides! ah! pox o' my wit! I must be bantering, must I? but let me see! where am I! an odd sort of an house this—all the doors open, and no body in't! no noise! no whisper! no dog stirring.

Elv.

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a woman's voice.

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano! Julia!*

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house; she can't see my unfortunate face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to presf thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither wou'd you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distrefs has made me rudely presf for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone! Twas coming, faith! [*Afide.*

Elv. Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't purfues you, fir?

Clo. An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, tho' justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other?

Clo. Being provok'd, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me—Gad, I have a rare tongue, I have a rare tongue, faith! [*Afide.*

Elv. Poor wretch, I pity him!

Clo. Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

Elv. Are you a *Castilian*?

Clo. No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what d'ye call'um---in—

Elv. Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, the nation we *Portuguese* most hate, in such distrefs, I yet would give you my protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, madam? am I safe?

Elv. Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you:

you: enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites 'em.

Clod. D'ye think, madam, you can persuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

Clod. The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you! [Exit.

Elv. Alas? who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of. How he trembles! I hear his breath come, short, hither. Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

Enter servant and officers, with Don Duart's body.

Serv. Here, bring in the body—O! madam, my master's kill'd.

Elv. What say'st thou?

Serv. Your brother, madam, my master, young *Don Duart's* dead; he just now quarrell'd with a gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the street.

Elv. Ah me!

1st Off. We are inform'd, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh!

Serv. Help, ho, my lady faints. [Enter two maids.

1st Off. Give her air, she'll recover. [Clodio peeps in.

Clod. Hey! — why, what the devil! am I safer than I would be now?—Exactly — I have nick'd the house to an hair — Just so I did at *Paris* too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's that had three writs against me — This damn'd closet too has ne'er a chimney to creep out at — Ah! poor *Clody!* wou'd thou wert fairly in a stern at sea again, for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. [Retires.

Elv. Stand off, my sorrows will have way; O my unhappy brother! such an end as this thy haughty mind did long since prophesy! and to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd. 'Revenge and 'justice both stand knocking at my heart, but hospitable
'faith

'faith has barr'd their entrance: if I shou'd give 'em way, I am forsworn; if not, am impious to a brother's memory. Is there no means? no middle path of safety left? must I protect my brother's murderer? or break a solemn vow, on which another's life depends?'

Enter Governor.

Gov. Where's this unhappy fight?---Alas! he's gone past all recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

Elw. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the two, and keep the solemn vow to which just Heaven was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cur'd, but justice may again overtake the murderer, when no rash vows protect him.

Gov. Take comfort, niece.

Elw. O forbear; search for the murderer, and remove the body at your discretion, sir, to be interr'd, while I shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my sorrow; therefore I beg my nearest friends, and you, my lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

Gov. I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our leaves; farewell---Bring forth the body.

[Exeunt Governor and Servants with the body.]

Clo. Hey! what, are they gone away without me? and by her contrivance too---Gadso!

Elw. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not love, the devil's in't. *[Aside.]*

Elw. Fly with thy utmost speed, where I may never see the more.

Clo. Ay, that's her modesty. *[Aside.]*

Elw. And let that charitable faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

Clo. Poor soul! I may find a better way to thank thee for't.

Elw. You are at the door now, farewell for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what wou'd I give to see you again?---All in good time, child---

[Exeunt.]

A C T

A C T. IV.

Enter Don Duart in his night gown, surgeon, and servants.

D. Du. MAY I venture yet abroad, sir?
Surg. With safety, sir, your wound was never dangerous; tho' from your great loss of blood, you seem'd awhile without signs of life.

D. Du. Sir, do you know if the gentleman that wounded me be in custody?

Surg. He was never taken, sir, nor known that I could hear of.

D. Du. I am sorry for't; for could I find him, which now shall be my earnest care, I would with real services acknowledge him my best of friends, in having proved so fortunate an enemy; he has bestowed on me a second life, which, from a clearer insight of myself, will teach me how to use it better too. How does my sister seem to bear my fortune?

Surg. I never knew the loss of any friend lamented with more sorrow; she suffers none to visit her, nor is she acquainted with your recovery.

D. Du. I would not have her yet, nor any of my friends; no moisture sooner dries, than women's tears; and tho' I am apt to think my sister honest in her sorrow, yet knowing her a woman, still I am resolv'd to make a further trial of her virtue.

Surg. Sir, you may command my secrecy.

D. Du. I thank you, sir, 'twill oblige me---boy!

Serv. Sir.

D. Du. Do you think you know again the gentleman that fought me?

Serv. I believe I may, sir.

D. Du. I'd have you suddenly inquire him out; he seem'd, by his report, of *France*, or *England*; if so, you'll probably find him in some lewd house or other.

Serv. Rather at church, sir; for no body will suspect him there.

C

D. Du.

LOVE MAKES A MAN; OR,

' D. Du. Seek him every where ; come, fir, I wait
 for you. [Exeunt.]

The SCENE changes to Louisa's house.

' Enter Don Manuel and Angelina.

' D. Man. Now, madam, let my hard fortune teach
 you a little to endure your own. You see with what
 severe neglect she still receives my humble love ; no-
 thing I say, or do, has any weight or motion in her
 thoughts for me.

' Ang. You are too diffident of your fortune ; I wou'd
 not have an honest mind despair ; she seem'd, indeed, a
 little careless of you--you gave her no offence, I'm
 confident. See, here she comes ; take heed how you
 displease her by an impatient stay—Pray go, in the
 mean time I'll think of you—indeed I will.

' D. Man. I am yours for ever— [Exeunt severally.]

Enter Louisa and Jaques, servants waiting.

Lou. Were they both seiz'd ?

Jaq. Both, madam, and will be here immediately.
 I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my orders ; when they are enter'd,
 bar all the doors, and on your lives let every one be
 mute, as I directed--I must retire awhile. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Bravoes, who let Carlos out of the chair, while
 others throw down Don Lewis gagg'd and bound.*

Car. So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you---
 but now pray let me know my crime ? Why have you
 brought me hither ? where am I ? if in prison, look in
 my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another.

[Jaques holds up his lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.
 You seem to know me, fir---All dumb, and vanish'd ;
 my fortune's humourous, she sports with me.

D. Lew. Aw ! aw !

Car. What's here ! a fellow prisoner ! who are you !

D. Lew. Aw ! aw !

Car. Do you speak no other language ?

D. Lew. Aw ! aw ! aw ! [Louder.]

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. Lew. Oh ! [Sighing.]

Car. Poor wretch ! I am afraid he would speak if he
 cou'd.

Re-

[*Re-enter Jaques and servants with lights, who release Don Lewis.*]

Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

D. Lew. Sir, your most humble servant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again?

What a pox, are you all dumb? ——— [*Exeunt mutes.*
Well, sir, and pray what are ——— *Carlos!* ah! my dear boy! [*Kisses him.*

Car. My uncle! nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me! how came you hither, sir!

D. Lew. Faith, like a corpse into church, boy, with my heels foremost; but prithee how didst thou come?

Car. You saw the men that seiz'd us; they forc'd me into a chair, and brought me.

D. Lew. Well, but a pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

Car. That we must wait their pleasure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my reason, not my conscience; that's still at rest, fearless of any danger.

D. Lew. The sons of whores won't speak neither. Hey day! what's to be done now?

Enter Jaques, and servants, with a banquet, wine, and lights.

Car. More riddles yet! I dream sure.

[*Jaques compliments D. Lewis to take his chair.*

D. Lew. For me? Sir, your most humble servant; [*Sits.*] *Carlos!* sit down, boy.

Ha! ha! ha! a parcel of silly dumb dogs! is this all the business? puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't?

Car. Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. Lew. Never trouble thy head, prithee; pox of questions; fall to, man-----delicate food truly ----- Here-----Dumb! prithee give's a glass of wine, to wet the way a little: come, *Carlos*, here's, here's-----honest dumb's health to thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honest fellow, faith. [*A Flourish.*] [*Claps Jaques on the head.*

Car. What harmony's this?

D. Lew. Rare musick indeed! let's eat and hear it.

C 2

[*Musick here.*

Mighty

Mighty fine, truly—I have not made an heartier meal a great while.

[*Here Jaques offers a night-gown and cap to Don Lewis.* Well, and what s to do now, lad? for me, boy? Odsfo! we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging:) nay, I always said honest dumb knew how to make his friends welcome—Well, but it's time enough yet, shan't we crack a bottle first? *Carlos* is melancholy. [*Jaques shakes his head.*] What! that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carry'd—Sir, your humble servant: [*Puts on the gown,*] Well, *Carlos*, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer! I'd give a pistole tho', to know what this will come to!-----Dumb, come along.

Car. I'm bury'd in amazement---' Why am I busy'd ' thus in trifles, having so many nearer thoughts that ' wound my peace?--[*Musick plays again.*] Ha! more musick? I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[*A song here; which ended, D. Lewis appears above.* *D. Lew.* So! at last I have grop'd out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out murder to the watch—But mum! the door opens!

Enter Louisa.

Hey! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before!—Dumb's a sly dog; 'tis she, faith—tum, dum, dum—here will be fine work presently, toll, dum, di, dum—Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amaz'd, sir.

Car. Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy; for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, sir.

Car. Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you cou'd not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I cou'd not trust you to my fortune; I knew not

not but some other might have seen you—beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor thanks were offer'd in too plain a dress, (as I confess, I'm little p^ractis'd in the rules of grac'd behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. Fy! you are too modest———how cou'd you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude——at least to our sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon; seasons, when even modesty were ignorance——Pray be seated, sir——nay, I'll have it so——'say, sometimes 'too much respect (pray be nearer, sir,) were most offensive:' suppose a woman were reduc'd to offer love, 'her pains of shame are insupportable: and shou'd she call that lover rude, who, kindly conscious of her wishes, bravely resolves to take, and saves her modesty the guilt 'of giving?' Suppose yourself the man so lov'd, where cou'd you find, at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

Car. If I cou'd love again, my eyes wou'd tell her; if not, I shou'd not easily believe; at least, in manners, wou'd not seem to understand her.

Lou. Alas! you have too poor a sense of woman's love.. 'Think you we have no invention? You wou'd not understand her! how wou'd you avoid it? when ev'n her slightest look would speak too plain for that excuse; if not, she'd still proceed---Thus gently steal your hand, and sigh, and press it to her heart, and then look wishing in your eyes 'till love himself shot forth, and wak'd you to compassion.

Car. Amazing! can she be the creature she describes?

Lou. O! they have such subtle ways to steal into a lover's heart; 'nay, if she's resolved,' not all your strength of modesty can guard you; she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune shou'd be yours: for, where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles; thus, like the lazy minutes, wou'd she steal 'em on, which once but past, are quite forgotten.

[Gives him jewels.]

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

Lou. Fy! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd not sure be thought so slow of apprehension!

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there cou'd be such a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain—I cannot speak it——yet you must know—But tell me, must I needs blush to own a passion that's so tender of you? I am this creature so reduc'd for you, and all you've seen supposed was natural, all but the soft result of growing love——'Why are you still thus fix'd, and silent? what is't you fear?'

Car. Monstrous!

[*Aside, and rising.*]

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your beauty; tho' I confess you fair to a perfection, compleat in all that may engage the eye: but when that beauty fades (as time leaves none unvisited) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches? no—an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for tho' distress'd, a stranger, and in want, I thus return 'em thankless: be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name rever'd to ages: 'but while you thus enslave your generous reason to so intemperate a folly, your very nature seems inverted: cou'd you but one moment calmly lay it by, you'd find such a vile indignity to your sex, as modesty could never pardon.'

Lou. If I appear too free a lover, and talk beyond the usual courage of my sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, soft'ning wretch, that you would have me: my wishes shall be dumb, unless my eyes may speak 'em; 'or if I dare to touch your hand, it shall be gently trembling, and unperceiv'd as air; nay, fix'd, and silent, as your shade, I'll watch whole winter nights content, and listening to your slumbers: is this intemperance? for pity speak, for I confess your hard reproofs have struck upon my heart!' O! say you will be mine, and make your own conditions. 'If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tye,' and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car.

Car. Take heed! consider yet, even this humility be not the offspring of your first unruly passion: but since at least it carries something of a better claim to my concern, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

Lou. Impossible! O! why?

Car. Because my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with you.

Car. You must! I cannot with my reason——' Pray let me pass! why do you thus hang upon my arm, and strain your eyes, as if they had power to hold me?'

Lou. Ungrateful! will you go? take heed! for you have prov'd I am not mistress of my temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away.

[Exit Carlos.]

Lou. O torture! left! refus'd! despis'd! Have I thrown off my pride for this? O! insupportable!——If I am not reveng'd, may all the——well. [Walks disorder'd.]

D. Lew. What a pox, are all these fine things come to nothing then?——Poor soul! she's in great heat truly——Ah! silly rogue!——now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again—I have a great mind, faith——Odd! she's a hummer!——A strange mind, I ha'nt had such a mind a great while—Hey!——ay! I'll do't, faith——if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! [As he was getting from the balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.]

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

Lou. Are all the doors fast?

Jaq. All barr'd madam.

Lou. Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him.

[Exit Jaques.]

Ah!

[Don Lewis drops down.]

C 4

D. Lew.

D. Lew. Odfø! my back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. Lew. Not above fifty, madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your business?

D. Lew. Finishing.

Lou. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D. Lew. Dumb, honest dumb.

Lou. Will you begone, sir? I have no time to fool away.

D. Lew. Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, sir, who? what is't you take me for?

D. Lew. A delicate piece of work truly, but not finish'd; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, sir.

D. Lew. I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance, (pray be seated, madam——nay, I'll have it so) ah!

[Sits down and mimicks her behaviour to Carlos.

Lou. Confusion! have I expos'd myself to this wretch too!——had witnessess to my folly!——nay, I deserve it.

[Stands mute.

D. Lew. So! so! I shall bring her to terms presently——you have a world of pretty jewels here, madam——ay, these now——these are a couple of fine large stones truly; but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles.

[Mimicks again.

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter servants and bravoos.

D. Lew. Hey!

[Rising.

Serv. Did your ladyship call, madam?

D. Lew. I don't like her looks, faith.

[Aside.

Lou. Here, take this fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd neck and heels, and lock'd in a garret; away with him.

D. Lew. Dumb! dumb! help, dumb! dumb! stand by me dumb! a pox of my finishing, aw! aw!

[They gag him, and carry him off.

Lou. The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find ways to measure my revenge.

[Exit Louisa.

Re-enter Carlos in the dark.

Car. What can this evil woman mean me? the doors all barr'd! the lights put out! the servants mute, and she with

with fury in her eyes now shot regardless by me: I wou'd the worst wou'd shew itself. Ha! yonder's a light, I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [Exit.

The SCENE changes to another room.

Angelina, with a light.

Ang. I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were 'larm'd with the cries of one that call'd for help: I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that plac'd me here, appear'd of honest thoughts—What can this mean! no matter what, since nothing, but the loss of him I love, can worse befall me!—Hark, what noise! is the door fast? ah! [Going to shut it.

Re-enter Carlos; and Jaques listening.

Car. Ha! another lady! and alone!

Ang. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her surprise, she is not of the other's counsel—Pardon this intrusion, lady, I am a stranger, and distress'd, be not dismay'd: I have no ill designs, unless to beg your charitable assistance be offensive.

Ang. Ha! that voice! [Amaz'd.

Car. Save me, ye powers! and give me strength to bear this insupportable surprise of rushing joy.

Ang. My Carlos——oh!

Car. 'Tis she! my long lost love, my living *Angelina*. [Embraces her.

Jaq. Say you so, sir! this shall to my lady.

[Exit Jaques:

Ang. O! let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us.

Car. 'Twas death indeed to part, but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restor'd; 'it draws whole years to hours, and we grow old with joy in moments.'

Ang. O! I were happy, bless'd above my sex, cou'd but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

Car. Is't possible! thou miracle of goodness, that thou canst thus forget the misery, the want, the ruin my unhappy love has brought thee to? Trust me, that stormy thought has clouded ev'n the very joy I had to see thee.'

Enter Jaques and Louisa at a distance.

Jaq. They are there; from hence your ladyship may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me. [*Exit Jaques, and Lou. listens.*]

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake don't despond; for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be cheerful.

Car. O! thou engaging softness! thy courage has reviv'd me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has sav'd us, may now, with less expence of Providence, protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! so near acquainted ——— [*Behind.*]

Car. And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The officer that made me captive, prov'd a worthy man, and plac'd me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what end?

Ang. He said, to be the advocate of his successless love; for he confess'd he woo'd her honourably.

Car. Is't possible? Is there a wretch so curs'd among mankind, to be her honourable lover!

Lou. So!

[*In anger.*]

Car. Take heed, my love, avoid her as a disease to modesty.

Lou. Very well.

Car. Oh! I have a shameful tale to tell thee of her intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy loathing.

Lou. Insolent! ——— well!

Ang. You amaze me; pray what is it?

Car. This is no time to tell; 'I had forgot my danger:' let it suffice, the doors are barr'd against me; now, this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lower end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you: but can't you say when I may hope again to see you?

Car. About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape; for if I live, I'll come provided with

with the means to make it sure——‘ Now I dare thank thee, Fortune.’

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me; ’till when, may Heav’n support thy innocence.

Ang. Follow me——

[*Exeunt hastily*]

Lou. Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there? [*Enter Jaques.*] Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden; fly. [*Exit Jaques*] Love and revenge; like vipers, gnaw upon my quiet, and I must change their food, or leave my being; ‘ though I cou’d bear ev’n the low contempt he has thrown on me, cou’d it but woo him to the least return of love; but I would bear again ten thousand racks, rather than confess this dotage.’ No, if I forego a second time that dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch that destin’d fool he doats on. [*Enter Angelica, and exit on the other side.*] Ha! she is return’d! yonder she passes; with what assur’d contentment in her looks!——how pleas’d the thing is——strangely impudent——sure! the ugly creature thinks I won’t strangle her. [*Enter Jaques.*] Now have you brought him?

Jaq. Madam, we made what haste we cou’d, but the gentleman reach’d the mount before us, and escap’d over the garden wall.

Lou. Escap’d, villain! durst thou tell me so?

Jaq. If your ladyship had call’d me a little sooner, we had taken him. Who the devil is this stranger? [*Aside.*]

Lou. Fool that I am; I betray myself to my own servants,——well, ’tis no matter, bid the bravoës stay, I have directions for ’em: go. [*Exit Jaques.*]

He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he has promis’d to be here again; and if he keeps his word, (as I’ve an odious cause to fear he will) he yet, at least in my revenge, shall prove me woman. [*Exit Lou.*]

S C E N E *the Street.*

Enter D. Duart *disguis’d, with a servant.*

D. Du. Where did you find him?

Serv. Hard by, sir, at an house of civil recreation; he’s now coming forth; that’s he.

Enter

Enter Clodio.

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I would not willingly mistake——I'll observe him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honest fellow, to crack one healing bottle, I think I shall finish the day as smartly as the *Grand Signior*——hold, let me see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me here;——umb——umb——umb [*Counts his money*] seven pistoles by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy income this jade must have in a week, if she's thus paid by the hour?

D. Du. 'Tis the same; leave me. [*Exit servant.*]
Your servant, sir.

Clo. . . . Sir—— your humble servant.

D. Du. Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when you know my business——

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present an incapable of sitting to it.

Clo. Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand; we'll have a bottle here, sir.——Hey, *Madonna?* [*Calls at the door.*]

D. Du. A very frank humour'd gentleman; I'll know him farther——I presume, sir, you are not of *Portugal*?

Clo. No, sir,—— I am a kind of a—— what d'ye call 'um—— a sort of a here—— and—— therian; I am a stranger no where.

D. Du. Have you travell'd far, sir?

Clo. My tour of *Europe*, or so, sir;—— 'dangled about a little; I came this summer from the jubilee.

' *D. Du.* Did you make any stay there, sir?

' *Clo.* No, sir, I only call'd in there at the salvation-office, just bought an annuity of indulgences for life; got an assurance for my soul; lay with a nun, flux'd; and so came home again.'

Enter servant with wine.

So! so! here's the wine! come! sir, to our better acquaintance—— Faith, I like you mightily——

Allons! 'baises donc!

[*Kisses, drinks.*]

Morbleu!

Morbleu! ce n'est pas mauvais! allons encore hey! Vive l'amour! quand iris, &c. [Sings.

D. Du. I find, fir, you have taken a taste of all the countries you have travell'd through; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies: you far'd well in *France*, I hope.

Clo. Yes faith, as far as my pocket wou'd go: the devil a stroke without it: no money, no mademoiselle; no ducat, no dutchefs; no pistole, no princesses—— By the way, let me tell you, fir, your *Lisbonites* are held up at a pretty smart rate too——I was forc'd to come down to the tune of seven pistoles here——a man may keep a pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride post, splitme.—‘but, a pox on 'em, it's no wonder the jades are so saucy in a country where there are so many swarms of unmarry'd friars, monks, and brawny jesuits: the game may well be scarce, faith, where there are so many canonical poachers.’ Now, fir, in little *England*, where your gowns and cassocks are honestly marry'd, your right women are as cheap as *mackrel*—Gad, fir, I have taken you a fasting velvet scarf out of the side-box there, and the jade has jump'd at a beef-stake and a bottle; nay, sometimes at coach-hire, and a single glass of cinnamon—Seven pistoles! unconscionable! Odsheart, in *London*, now for half the sum a man might have pick'd up the first rows of the middle gallery.'

D. Du. I find, fir, you know *England* then.

Clo. Ay, fir, and every woman there that's worth knowing. 'from honest *Betty Sands*, to the countess of *Ogletown*. Yes, fir, I do know *London* pretty well, and the side-box, fir, and behind the scenes; ay, and the green-room, and all the girls and women-actresses there, fir——fir, I was a whole winter there the particular favourite of the giggling party——Come, fir, if you please, here's miss *Riggle*'s health to you.

D. Du. Pray, fir, how came you so well acquainted there?

Clo. Why, fir, I first introduc'd myself with a single pinch of *Bergamot*; the next night I presented 'em a box full; next day came to rehearsal: in a week I de-
fir'd

‘fir’d ’em to use my name whenever they pleas’d, for what the chocolate house afforded—upon this, I was chosen *Valentine*, if I don’t mistake, to about eleven of ’em; and in three days more, I think, it cost me fifty guineas in gloves, knots, heads, fans, muffs, coffee, tea, snuff-boxes, orangerie, and chocolate.

‘*D. Du.* But pray, sir, were you as intimate at both play-houses?’

‘*Clo.* No, stretch ’em! at the new-house they are so us’d to be queens and princesses, and are so often in the rairs-royal, forsooth, that I’gad! there’s no reaching one of their copper-tails there, without a long pole, or a settlement, split me.’

D. Du. But I wonder, sir, that in a country so fam’d for handsome women, the men are so generally blam’d for their scandalous usage of ’em.

Clo. O damn’d scandalous, sir,—they use their mistresses as bad as their wives, faith: I tell you what, sir, I knew a citizen’s daughter there, that ran away with a lord, who in the first six months of her preferment, never stirr’d out, but she made the ladies cry at her equipage; and about eight months after, I think, one morning reeling pretty early into a certain house in the *Sawoy*, I found the self-same, cast-off, solitary lady, in a room with bare walls, dressing her dear, pretty head there, in the corner bit of a looking-glass, prudently supported by a quartern brandy-pot, upon the head of an oyster-barrel.

D. Du. I find few mistresses make their fortunes there; but, pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no particular lady’s merit encourag’d you to advance your own marriage!

Clo. Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet; split me,

D. Du. How so, sir?

Clo. Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dress’d, faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes in with a damn’d long stride, and a sharp stomach—says a short grace, and—whip’d her up like an oyster.

D. Du. You had ill fortune, sir.

Clo. Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you must know.

know, fir, tho' I lost my wife, I have escaped hanging since here in *Lisbon*.

D. Du. That I know you have; be not amaz'd, fir.

Clo. Hey! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer, that has a warrant against me— Pray, fir, if it be no offence—may I beg the favour to know who you are?

D. Du. Let it suffice, I own myself your friend--I am your debtor, fir; you fought a gentleman they call *Don Duart*—I knew him well; he was a proud insulting fellow, and my mortal foe: but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

Clo. Pray, fir—is there no joke in all this?

D. Du. 'There, fir, the little all I'm master of, may serve at present to convince you of my sincerity: ' *I am sincere:* ' I ask for no return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther service. [*Gives him a purse.*]

Clo. Sir, your health—I'll give you information presently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, fir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? that is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

D. Du. I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unfully'd: but pray, fir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, fir—twelve thousand pistoles, you say!

D. Du. I speak the least, fir.

Clo. Why, this very lady, after I had kill'd her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers that brought in the dead body came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turn'd, poor soul! hurry'd me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, faith! Now, fir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

D. Du. Confusion!

Clo. Look you, fir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

D. Du. Let me consider, fir—Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then? A prostitute, ev'n

to

to the man suppos'd my murderer! If it be true, the consequence is soon resolv'd — but this requires my farther search — May I depend on this for truth, sir?

Clo. Why sir you don't suppose I'd banter a lady of her quality?

D. Du. Damnation! Well, sir! I'll take your letter! but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please, we'll step into the house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

D. Du. With all my heart.

Clo. Allons! Entrez.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE *Elvira's house.*

Elvira is discover'd alone in mourning, a lamp by her.

Don Duart enters behind disguis'd.

D. Du. **T**HUS far I am pass'd unknown to any of the servants — now for the proof of what I fear — Ha! yonder she is — This close retirement, those sable colours, the solemn silence that attends her, no friends admitted, nor ev'n the day to visit her: these seem to speak a real sorrow; if not, the counterfeit is deep indeed — I'll fathom it — Madam —

Elv. Who's there? another murderer; where are my servants? will nothing but my sorrows wait upon me?

D. Du. Your pardon, lady; I have no evil meaning; this letter will inform you of my business, and excuse this rude intrusion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, sir?

D. Du. The contents, madam, will explain to you — She seems amaz'd! looks almost thro' the letter — I should suspect the stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me such convincing circumstances — Ha! she pauses! 'Sdeath! a smile too — I fear her now!

Elv. My prayers are heard; justice at length has overtaken the murderer: 'his vow'd protection having been ' strictly paid I now unperjur'd may revenge my brother's ' blood.

' blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair occasion: but 'twere not safe to shew my thought; therefore to be just, I must dissemble. [*Aside.*] I ask your pardon for my rudeness, sir: upon your friend's account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better welcome.

D. *Du.* So! then she's damn'd, I find. But I'll have more, and bring'em face to face. [*Aside.*] My friend, madam, thought his visits should be unseasonable, before the sad solemnity of your brother's funeral.

Elv. A needless fear! my brother, sir! Alas, I owe your friend my thanks, for having eas'd our family of so scandalous a burthen! A riotous, unmanner'd fellow; I blush to speak of him.

D. *Du.* O! patience! patience! [*Aside.*

Elv. Pray, let him know, his absence was the real cause of this mistaken mourning: 'tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my brother's death; but womens hearts and tongues, you know, must not always hold alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D. *Du.* How shall I forbear her? [*Aside.*

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine—— to-morrow! 'tis an age! I'll make him mine to-night— I'll write to him this minute—— Can you have patience, sir, 'till I prepare a letter for you?

D. *Du.* You may command me, madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately—— will you walk this way, sir?

D. *Du.* Madam, I wait on you—— Revenge and daggers!
[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *Louisa's house.*

Louisa and Jaques.

Lou. Is the lady seiz'd?

Jaq. Yes, madam, and half-dead with the fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed: When the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice: 'tis near his time, away. [*Exit Jaques.*] Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have born this usage, 'sat me down alone content, and found a secret pleasure in complaining; but to be slighted for a girl, a sickly, poor, unthinking wretch, incapable of love! that! stabs home!
' 'Tis

' 'Tis poison to my thoughts, and swell's 'em to revenge!
 ' My rival! no! he shall never triumph! Hark! what
 ' noise! they have him sure! How now!'

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, the gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in—Revenge, I thank thee now.

Enter Bravoes with Carlos disarm'd.

So, sir! you are return'd it seems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier mistress here; 'twould be uncharitable to disappoint your love—I'll help your search: if she be here, before she's safe!—*Opens that door there.*

S C E N E draws and discovers Angelina with Bravoes ready to strangle her.

Now, sir, is this the lady?

Car. My *Angelina!* Oh!

' *Ang.* O miserable meeting!'

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms! now scorn my love, my person, and my fortune! now let your squeamish virtue fly me as a disease to modesty! and tell her now your shameful tale of my intemperance!

Car. O! cruelty of fate! that could betray such innocence!

Lou. What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aversion! thou wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin—
 End her. [*To the Bravoes.*]

Car. O! hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learn'd from you to use my pity—'Sdeath! I could laugh to see thy strange stupidity of love'—On one condition yet she lives an hour, but if refus'd—

Car. Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, any thing that life can do to save her.

' *Lou.* Nay, if you are so over willing.

' *Car.* Speak, and I obey you.'

' *Lou.* Now then, this moment kneel and curse her.

Car. Preserve her, Heav'n, and snatch her from the jaws of gaping danger [*Kneeling.*] O! may the watchful eye of Providence, that never sleeps o'er innocence distressed, look nearly to her; or if some miracle alone can save her, the ever waking sun, in his eternal progress, never saw so fair an object to employ it on.

Lou.

Lou. Presuming fool! were I inclin'd to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my rashness, I was to blame indeed; but passion has transported both of us; 'love made me as heedless of her safety, as wild revenge has you, ev'n of your neglected soul.

'*Lou.* What, dost thou think to preach me from my purpose?

'*Car.* That were too vain an hope; tho' I've a piteous cause that might bespeak, without a tongue, the mercy of a human heart:' but if revenge alone can sate your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment; 'but spare the innocent, the gentle maid; she ne'er intended yet a thought against your peace; I have deserv'd you anger, nay, and justly too; for I confess I ought to have given you a milder treatment; but to atone the crime, rip up my breast, and in my heart you'll read the unhappy cause of my neglect and rudeness.'

Lou. How he disarms my anger! but must my rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with abhorr'd ingratitude: be witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver!

Car. For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause: 'Do not debase your generous revenge with cruelty; that every common wretch can take; the savage brutes can suck their fellow-creatures blood, and tear their bodies down; but greater human souls have more pride to curb, and bow the stubborn mind of what they hate; and such revenge, the nobler far, I offer now to you;' see at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy:

Lou. He buries my revenge in blushes.

'*Ang.* O! generous proof of the most faithful love!

'*Car.* Think what a glorious triumph it would be, that when your swoln resentment, wild revenge, and indignation, all stood ready, waiting for the word, you call'd your
'forceful

‘ forceful reason to your aid, resolv’d, and took that tyrant passion captive to your gentle pity; O! ’twere such a god-like instance of your virtue, as might atone, if possible, ev’n crimes to come: revenge, like this, can never give you that continu’d peace of mind, which mercy may: compassion has a thousand secret charms: think you ’twere no delight of thought, to heal the wounds of bleeding lovers, to make two poor afflicted wretches happy, whose highest crime is loving well and faithfully? Were it no soothing joy, no secret pride, to raise ’em from the last despair to hope? to life and love restor’d? Now, on my heart, I read a struggling pity in your eye! O cherish it, and spare our innocence! Perhaps, the story of our chaste affections, once compleat, may live a fair example to succeeding times, for which posterity shall stand indebted to your virtue.

‘ *Lou.* Release the lady—go, [*Exeunt Braves.*
And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love; ‘ for I confess, the fair example of your mutual faith, your tenderness, humility, and tears, have quite subdu’d my soul; at once have conquer’d and reform’d me: O! you have given me such an image of the contentful peace, th’ unshaken quiet of an honest mind, that now I taste more solid joy, being but the instrument of your united virtuous love, than all my late false hopes propos’d even in the last indulgence of my blind desires:’ Now love long and happily; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their hands.*

‘ *Car.* O! providential care of innocence distress’d!

‘ *Ang.* O! miracle of rewarded love!

Car. ‘ What shall I say? I scarce have yet the power of thought amidst this hurry of transporting joy!’ My *Angelina!* do I then live to hold thee thus? O! I have a thousand things to say, to ask, to weep, and hear of thee—But first let’s kneel and pay our thanks to Heaven, and this our kind preserver; ‘ to whose most happy change, we owe even all our lives to come, which cheerful gratitude can pay.’

Lou. Nay, now you give me a confusion. [*Raises ’em.*
But if you dare trust me with the story of your love’s distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely to supply

supply your present wants, or any future means propos'd to give you lasting happiness.

Car. Eternal rounds of never-ending peace reward your wond'rous bounty; 'and when you know the story of 'our fortune, as we shall soon find due occasion to relate 'it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deserve your pity and 'assistance.' But I have been too busy in my joy, I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you dispos'd of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe—who waits there? [*Enter Jaques.*] Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him. [*Exit Jaques.*] You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incens'd me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques bowing to him.

D. Lew. Pr'ythee, honest dumb, don't be so ceremonious! A pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my jaws ake a little :) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter—My dear *Carlos!* I must buss thee, faith!—Madam, your humble servant—I beg your pardon, d'ye see—you understand me.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Lou. I hope we are all friends, sir.

D. Lew. I hope we are, madam—I am an honest old fellow, faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

Car. Here's a stranger, uncle.

D. Lew. What! my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! Faith, I must smell thee. [*Salutes Angelina.*] Od! she's a delicate nosegay! I must have her touz'd a little—*Carlos!* you must gather to-night; I can stay no longer—Well, faith! I am heartily joy'd to see thee, child.

Ang. I thank you, sir, and wish I may deserve your love! Our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about—

D. Lew. Does not signify three pence; when Fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came—I tell you, I am glad to see you.

I

Enter.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

Lou. At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, madam, this unseasonable visit.

Lou. Your lordship does me honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my business will excuse it: some strangers here below, upon their offer'd oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himself the father: but the respect I owe your ladyship made me refuse their search, 'till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they—Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concern'd! wou'd you avoid 'em!

Car. No, we must be found; let 'em have entrance: we have an honest cause, and would provoke it's trial.

Lou. Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit. Jaques.* My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist 'em.

Gov. You may command me, madam; tho' there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they cou'd urge against 'em, I found in their complaints, more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, and Clodio.

Cha. I'll have justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand justice.

D. Man. That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ah! that's she, my lord, I am witness.

Car. My father! Sir, your pardon, and your blessing.

Ant. Why truly, *Carlos*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the matter; I wish you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction: but however, Heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

Cha. This is all contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I say, deliver my daughter—she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her, is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all
hang'd;

hang'd; therefore no more delays, fir; for I tell you before hand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

Cba. I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I'm quite of another opinion: and so once more, my lord, I demand justice against that ravisher.

Gov. Does your daughter, fir, complain of any violence?

Cba. Your lordship knows young girls never complain when the violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. [*To Charino kneeling.*] Sir, you are my father, bred me, cherish'd me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the bounds of honour, and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she prefer'd, to her mistaken parents choice, her being yours without a dower, not to bestow my person, where those affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought; but here my heart's subdu'd, ev'n to the last compliance with my fortune: he, fir, has nobly woo'd and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

Cba. Get up again.

Gov. Come, fir, be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

Cba. My lord, I don't want advice; I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My lord, here's a stranger without enquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself *Clodio*.

Clo. Hey! *Ab, mon cher Ami!*

Enter Don Duarte disguis'd.

Well, what news, my dear, has she answer'd my letter?

D. Du. There, fir—This to your lordship.

[*Gives him a letter, and whispers.*

Gov. Marry'd to-night, and to this gentleman, say'st thou? I'm amaz'd.

D. Du. He is her choice, my lord.

Clo. [*Reading the letter.*]—Um—um—Charms—irresistible—excuse so soon—Passion—Blushes—Consent—Provision—Children—Settlement—Marriage—If this is not plain the devil's in't.—Hold, here's more, faith—[*Reads to himself.*]

' *D. Man.* How shall I requite this goodness? [*To Lou.*]

' *Lou.* I owe you more than I have leisure now to pay: press me not too far, lest I should offer more than you are willing to receive. Favours when long withheld, sometimes grow tasteless; over-fasting often palls the appetite.

' *D. Man.* The appetite of love, like mine, can never die: it would be ever tasting and unsated.'

[*They seem to talk apart.*]

Gov. 'Tis very sudden—but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha! ha! ha! Poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and, faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'n patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad that shou'd ha' been—this business is all at an end—for, look you, I find your daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you the truth, so am I faith! If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me—And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the lady *Elvira's* wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D. Lew. Thy house! ha! ha! well said, puppy!

Clo. Ha! old *Testy!*

Cha. What dost thou mean, man? [*To Clodio.*]

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surpriz'd at it.

Ang. Bless'd news! This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

Cha. If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turn'd tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with *Carlos's* name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

Cha.

Cha. Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

Clo. Come, ladies, if you please, my friend will shew you.

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This wedding's an odd thing!

D. Lew. Ha! ha! if it should be a lie now. [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to Elvira's Apartment.

Elvira alone, with Clodio's Letter in her Hand.

'*Elv.* At how severe a price do women purchase an unspotted fame! when ev'n the justest title can't assure possession: when we reflect upon the insolent and daily wrongs, which men and scandal throw upon our actions, 'twere enough to make a modest mind despair: if we are fair and chaste, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forsaken: nothing we do or think on, be the motive e'er so just, or generous, but still the malice or the guilt of men, interprets to our shame: why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger, whose forfeit life I rashly sav'd, presume from that mistaken charity, to tempt me with his love.' [*Enter a Servant.*] Hark! what musick's that? [*Flourish.*]

Serv. Madam, the gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well; are the officers ready?

Serv. Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's orders,

Elv. Conduct the company. Now justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death reveng'd.

[*Music plays.*]

Enter Clodio, D. Duart, Governor, D. Manuel, Louisa,

Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, and D. Lewis.

Clo. Well, madam, you see I'm punctual—you've nick'd your man, faith; I'm always critical—to a minute; you'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here——My lord——

Gov. Give you joy, madam.

Clo. Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own too—This Don *Antonio*, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

Ant. The young rogue has made a pretty choice, faith.

D

Clo.

Clo. This Don *Charino*, who was very near having the honour of calling me son. This my elder brother—and this my noble uncle, Don *Cboerick—Snapborto de Testy*.

D. Lew. Puppy.

Clo. Peevith.

D. Lew. Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart; but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman, because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking; those that know him, generally give him the title of Don *Dismallo Thicksullo de Halfwitto*.

Clo. Well said, nuncle, ha, ha!

D. Du. Are you provided of a priest, fir?

Clo. Ay, ay, pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

D. Du. So wou'd I, I want the cue to act this justice on my honour; yet I cannot read the folly in her looks.

[*Afide.*

Gov. You have surpriz'd us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

Elw. I may yet surprize you more, my lord.

D. Du. Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Ay, poor fool! she's modest——but I have a cure for that——Well, my princefs, why that demure look now?

Elw. I was thinking, fir——

Clo. I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste——You han't the right use of one of your senses——In short, you have it. Now, my princefs, have not I nick'd it?

Elw. I am sorry, fir, you know so little of yourself, or me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the priest is come.

Elw. Let him wait, we've no occasion yet——Within there——seize him. [*Several Officers rush in, who seize*

D. Du. Ha! Clodio, and bind him.

Gov. What can this mean?

Clo. Gad me! what, is my dear in her frolicks already?

Elw. And now, my lord, your justice on that murderer.

Gov. How! madam!

Clo. That bitch, my fortune!

D. Lew. Madam, upon my knees, I beg you, don't carry the jest too far, but if there be any real hopes of his having an halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing, but a reprieve, can save him. [*Apart to Elvira.*

Ant. Pray, madam, who accuses him?

Elv. His own confession, sir.

Car. Of murder, say you, madam!

Elv. The murder of my brother.

Gov. Where was that confession made?

Elv. After the fact was done, my lord, this man, pursu'd by justice, took shelter here, and trembling, begg'd of me for my protection; he seem'd indeed a stranger, and his complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of my brother's death, promis'd, by a rash and solemn vow, I wou'd conceal him: which vow Heav'n can witness with what distraction in my thoughts I strictly kept, and paid; but he alas! mistaken this my hospitable charity, for the effects of a most vile preposterous love, proceeds upon his error, and in his letter here addresses me for marriage; which, I once having paid my vow, answer'd in such prevailing terms, upon his folly, as now have unprotected, drawn him into the hands of justice.

D. Du. She is innocent, and well has disappointed my revenge. [*Aside.*

D. Lew. So, now I am a little easy—The puppy will be hang'd.

Gov. Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some farther questions.

Clo. Av—I shall be hang'd, I believe.

Cha. Nay then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter; for I am now convinc'd, that my friend *Clody* is dispos'd of—and so, without compliment, do ye see, children—Heav'n blefs you together [*Joins Car. and Ang. hands.*

Car. This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we ought.

Ant. Well, brother, I thank you however; *Carlos* is an honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor *Clody's* ill fortune I cou'd never have suspected.

D. *Lew.* Why, you wou'd be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you, *Dismal* wou'd be hang'd; I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me—*Clody!* how dost thou do? Ha! why, you are ty'd!

Clo. I hate this old fellow, split me.

D. *Lew.* Thou hast really made a damn'd blunder here, child, to invite so many people to a marriage-knot, and instead of that, it's like to be one under the left ear.

Clo. I'd fain have him die.

D. *Lew.* Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see! you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin: look you, take you no care about the surgeons, you shall not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the body off with a wet finger—tho' methinks I'd fain see the inside of the puppy too.

Clo. O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. *Lew.* Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engag'd, I don't know, but I may come to the tree, and sing a stave or two with thee—Nay, I'll rise on purpose,—tho' you will hardly suffer before twelve o'clock neither—ay, just about twelve—about twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Clo. O! curse consume him.

Gov. I am convinc'd, madam, the fact appears too plain.

D. *Lew.* Yes, yes, he'll suffer.

[*Aside.*

Gov. What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir?

Clo. Will it do me any good, my lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

Clo. Why then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me.

Elv. Now, my lord, your justice.

D. *Du.* Hold, madam, that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of such a sister's virtue.

[*Discovers himself.*

Elv.

Elv. My brother! O! let my wonder speak my joy!

Clo. Hey! [*Clodio and his friends seem surpriz'd.*]

Gov. Don *Duart*! living and well! how came this strange recovery?

D. Du. My body's health the surgeon has restor'd: but here's the true physician of my mind: the hot distemper'd blood, which lately render'd me offensive to mankind, his just resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past, and, by reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed a happy change.

Gov. Release the gentleman.

Clo. Here, *Testy*, prithee do so much as untie this a little.

D. Lew. Why, so I will, sirrah; I find thou hast done a mettled thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shock'd at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, sir, and blush to think how much I owe you for a brother thus restor'd.

Clo. Madam, your very humble servant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. Du. We are indeed his debtors both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful: for my sake, give him such returns of love, as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

Clo. Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

D. Du. This modesty commends you, sir.

Ant. Sir, you have propos'd like a man of honour, and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my birthright, I'm ready still to put my words into performance.

D. Lew. Nay then, since I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to *Carlos*, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

D. Du. sister!

Elv. This is no trifle, brother; allow me a convenient

nient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain I am his enemy.

D. *Lew.* 'So! now it will be a wedding again, faith.

' D. *Man.* And if this kind example could prevail on
' you——

' *Lou.* If it could not, your merit has sufficient power :
' from this moment, I am yours for ever.

' D. *Man.* Which way shall I be grateful?

' *Clo.* Nay then, strike up again, boys---and, with the
' lady's leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a dance
' à la mode d' Angleterre. [*They dance.*]

' D. *Lew.* So! so! bravely done of all sides; and now

' *Carlos,* we'll e'en toast our noses over a chirping bottle
' and laugh at our past fortune.'

Car. Come, my *Angelina!*

Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,
And the distressful voyage of our loves,
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.

Now we unlade our freight of happiness,
Of which, from thee alone, my share's deriv'd :

For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life :

But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
Than all the volumes of the learn'd cou'd teach ;
Gave me the proof when nature's birth began.

To what great End th' ETERNAL form'd a MAN.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

*AN Epilogue's a tax on authors laid,
And full as much un-willingly is paid.
Good lines, I grant, are little worth, but yet,
Coin has been al-ways easier rais'd, than wit.
(I fear we'd made but very poor campaigns,
Had funds been levy'd from the grumbling brains.)
Beside, to what poor purpose should we plead,
When you have once resolv'd a play shall bleed?
But then again, a wretch, in any case,
Has leave to say why sentence should not pass.
First, let your censure from pure judgment flow,
And mix with that, some grains of mercy too;
On some your praise like wanton lovers you bestow. }
Thus have you known a woman plainly fair,
At first scarce worth your two days pains or care;
Without a charm, but being young and new:
(I cu thought five guineas far beyond her due.)
But when pursu'd by some gay leading lover,
Then every day her eyes new charms discover;
'Till at the last, by crowds of beaux admir'd, }
Sh' has rais'd her price, to what her heart desir'd,
New gowns and petticoats, which her airs requir'd.
So miss, and poet too, when once cry'd up,
Believe their reputation at the top;
And know, that while the liking fit has seiz'd you,
She cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.
How can you bear a sense of love so gross,
To let mere fashion on your taste impose?
Your taste refin'd, might add to your delight; }
Poets from you are taught to raise their flight;
For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.*

F I N I S.

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Act II.

I. Robert

Don Ma.

that to

Old! But d'see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

822.54

Bell's Characteristical Edition.

**SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT;
OR, THE KIND IMPOSTOR.**

A COMEDY. BY COLLEY CIBBER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,

BY MR. DOPHINS PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

Slylooks, the bamboozler!—I'll try if the old put can bamboozle or no—Pray, give my humble service to the politician, and tell him that to your knowledge the old fellow, the old put, d' ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself. **DON MANUEL.**

A man of honour can never speak like a rascal—The villainy I will detect tho' I lose my life—Be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain—Thy mistress! if it were, my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desert. **DON PHILIP.**

You are the father of my mistress, and something too old to answer as you ought this wrong; therefore I'll look for reputation where I can with honour take it.—The man that offers at Rosara's love shall have one virtue, courage, at least; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me force him to deserve her. **OCTAVIO.**

Indeed, my friend Trappanti, thou art in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money—Fasting is the devil!—I had rather have no stomach to my meat than no meat to my stomach—Psha! I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging neither—that is, I have a—Sometimes I am here, sometimes I am there, and so here and there one makes shift you know—I seldom eat at home indeed—things are generally so out of order there that—Profession Sir!—I, I—Ods me! Profession! really Sir I do not use to profess much; I am a plain dealing sort of a man: if I say I'll serve a gentleman he may depend upon me—if I had been bred to the gown I dare venture to say I become a lie as well as any man that wears it. **TRAPPANTI.**

Portmanteau—Sir, as I hope to breathe I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road going and coming, and ask'd about it; so at last as I was coming within a mile of the town here I found then—that it must certainly be lost—if I know any thing about it I wish I may be burnt. **SOTO.**

Why, I engag'd him—To my whole sex rather than own I lov'd him.—I could not bear the thought of parting with my power. Don Philip came to take leave of me, in hopes, I suppose, I would have staid him—and though I could have given my soul to have deferred it—yet I, from the pure spirit of contradiction, I swore to myself I would not bid him do it—I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love—These men—I do not know—one does not care to be rid of 'em neither. **HYPOLITA.**

I'll have no man but an husband, and no husband but Octavio—The man that I marry will be sure of my love; but for the man that marries me mercy on him!—You ought to scorn me, since you are assured I must be false before I can be your's—Call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmov'd and justice to the man I love.—I have told you my humour; if you like it you have a good stomach. **ROSARA.**

For my part I can push no more than I can swim—I can scold when my blood is up—Then Don look to yourself; if I do not give you as good as you bring I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live, though I lose the end of my sex by it—Egad methinks these breeches give me such a mettled air I can't help fancying but that I left my sex at home in my petticoats—Damn me! Very civil egad!—You little son of a whore! **FLORA.**

Come, come, if Octavio must be the man, I say let Don Philip be the husband—If your father surpris us I have a lie ready to back him—His! Octavio, enter—So Octavio's pushing his fortune; he'll have a wife or a halter, that is positive—My advice begins to work with her, to give the post of husband to Octavio's rival, and put Octavio in for a deputy. **VILETTA.**



EDINBURG:

At the Apollo-Press, by THE MARTINS, for Bell, LONDON, 1782.

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

JAMES DUKE OF ORMOND.

May it please your Grace,

OUR late happy news from Vigo had so general an influence on the minds of the people that it's no wonder this play had a favourable reception, when the cheerfulness and good humour of the Town inclined 'em to encourage every thing that carried the least pretence to divert 'em: but the best part of its fortune is, that its appearing first this season has given it a sort of a title to your Grace's protection, by being at the same time (among many other acknowledgments) the instrument of the stage's general thanks for the prosperous days we promise ourselves from the consequence of so glorious an action; an action which, considered with the native greatness of your mind, will easily persuade us that the only reason to suppose the ancient heroes greater than the modern is, that they had better poets to record 'em: but from your Grace's happy conduct this summer we are convinced that their poetry may now outlive their greatness; and if Modesty would suffer Truth to speak, she'd plainly say what they did fell as short of you as what you did exceeds what they have greatly said; that they wrote as boldly as the English fight, and you lead 'em with the same spirit that the Ancients wrote.

The nation's publick and solemn praise to Heaven, and that under their represented thanks in parliament to you, the universal joy, and the deafening acclamations that echoed your return, were strong confessions of a benefit received beyond their power to repay; and to oblige beyond that power is truly great and glorious. But Providence has fixed you in so eminent a degree of honour and of fortune that nothing but the glory of the action can reward it. The unfeigned and growing wishes you have planted in the people's hearts are a sincere acknowledgment that's never paid but when great actions like your own deserve it, which have been so frequent in the dangerous and delightful service of your country that you at last have warmed their gratitude into a cordial love; for 't is hard to say that we were more pleased with our vic-

A ij

tory than that the Duke of Ormond brought it us. But I forget myself; the pleasure of the subject had almost made me insensible of the danger of offending. If I were speaking to the world only I have said too little; but while your Grace is my reader I know the severity of your virtue won't easily forgive me unless I let the subject fall, and immediately conclude myself,

May it please your Grace,
your Grace's most devoted,
most obliged, and
• most obedient servant,

C. CIBBER.

PROLOGUE.

CRITICKS! tho' plays without your smiles subsist,
 Yet this was writ to reach your gen'rous taste,
 And not in stern contempt of any other guest.
 Our humble Author thinks a play should be,
 Tho' ty'd to rules, like a good sermon, free
 From pride, and sloop to each capacity,
 Tho' he dares not, like some, depend alone
 Upon a single character new shewn,
 Or only things well said, to draw the Town.
 Such plays, like looser beauties, may have pow'r
 To please, and sport away a wanton hour,
 But wit and humour with a just design
 Charm, as when beauty, sense, and virtue, join.
 Such was his just attempt, tho' 't is confess'd
 He's only vain enough t' have done his best;
 For rules are but the posts that mark the course
 Which way the rider should direct his horse:
 He that mistakes his ground is eas'ly beat,
 Tho' he that runs it true may n't do the feat.
 For 't is the straining genius that must win the heat.
 O'er chokejade to the ditch a jade may lead,
 But the true proof of Pegasus's breed
 Is when the last act turns the lands with Dimple's speed.
 View then, in short, the method that he takes:
 His plot and persons he from nature makes,
 Who for no bribe of jest he willingly forsakes:
 His wit, if any, mingles with his plot,
 Which should on no temptation be forgot:
 His action's in the time of acting done,
 No more than from the curtain, up and down:
 While the first musick plays he moves his scene
 A little space, but never shifts again.
 From his design no person can be spar'd,
 Or speeches lopt, unless the whole be marr'd.
 No scenes of talk for talking's sake are shewn,
 Where most abruptly, when their chat is done,
 Actors go off because the poet———can't go on.
 His first act offers something to be done,
 And all the rest but lead that action on,
 Which when pursuing scenes i' th' end discover
 The game's run down, of course the play is over.

*Thus much be thought 't was requisite to say,
(For all here are not criticks born) that they
Who only us'd to like might learn to taste a play.*

*But now he flies for refuge to the fair,
Whom he must own the ablest judges here,
Since all the springs of his design but move
From beauty's cruelty subdu'd by love;
E'en they whose hearts are yet untouch'd must know
In the same case sure what their own wou'd do:
You best should judge of love since Love is born of you.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

| | <i>Drury-Lane.</i> | <i>Covent-Garden.</i> |
|--|--------------------|-----------------------|
| DON MANUEL, father to Rosara, | Mr. Yates. | Mr. Shuter. |
| DON PHILIP, slighted by Hypolita, | Mr. Bensley. | Mr. Bensley. |
| DON LOUIS, nephew to Don Manuel, | Mr. Whitfield. | Mr. Booth. |
| OCTAVIO, in love with Rosara, | Mr. Brereton. | Mr. Wroughton. |
| TRAPPANTI, a cast servant of Don Philip's, | Mr. King. | Mr. Woodward. |
| SOTO, servant to Don Philip, | Mr. Baddeley. | Mr. Dunstall. |

Hof, Alguazil, and Servants.

WOMEN.

| | | |
|---|----------------|------------------|
| HYPOLITA, secretly in love with Don Philip, | Mrs. King. | Miss Macklin. |
| ROSARA; in love with Octavio, | Miss Hopkins. | Mrs. Mattocks. |
| FLORA, confidant to Hypolita, | Mrs. Greville. | Mrs. Lessingham. |
| VILETTA, woman to Rosara, | Mrs. Davics. | Mrs. Pitt. |

SCENE MADRID.

SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT*.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an inn in Madrid.*

Enter TRAPPANTI alone, talking to himself.

INDEED, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither master, meat, nor money: not but, could'st thou part with that unappeasable itch of eating too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher: contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endured with the best of 'em; but—when Fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach and no more philosophy than a hound upon horseflesh—Fasting's the devil!—Let me see—this I take it is the most frequented inn about Madrid, and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

Host within.] Take care of the gentlemen's horses there; see 'em well rubbed and littered.

Trap. Just alighted! if they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me. Hah! a couple of pretty young sparks faith!

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA in mens' habits, a Servant with a portmanteau.

Trap. Welcome to Madrid Sir; welcome Sir.

Flo. Sir, your servant.

Serv. Have the horses pleased your Honour?

Hyp. Very well indeed friend. Prithee set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that Sir. Here, hostler.

[Exeunt Trap. and Servant.]

Flo. And pray, Madam, what do I deserve that have lost the use of limbs to keep pace with you? 'Dsheart! you whipt and spurred like a foxhunter: it's a sign you had a lover in view: I'm sure my shoulders ake as if I had carried my horse on 'em.

* The lines marked with inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

Hyp. Poor Flora! thou art fatigued indeed; but I shall find a way to thank thee for 't.

Flo. Thank me quotha! egad I sha' n't be able to fit this fortnight. Well, I'm glad our journey's at an end however: and now, Madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. Why, now, I hope the end of my wishes—Don Philip, I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

Flo. No, your sweet usage of him told me that long enough ago; but now it seems you think fit to confess it: and what is 't you love him for pray?

Hyp. His manner of bearing that usage.

Flo. Ah, dear pride! how we love to have it tickled! But he does not bear it you see, for he's coming post to Madrid to marry another woman; nay, one he never saw.

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far engaged him.

Flo. How came he to be engaged to her at all?

Hyp. Why, I engaged him.

Flo. To another!

Hyp. To my whole sex rather than own I loved him.

Flo. Ah, done like a woman of courage!

Hyp. I could not bear the thought of parting with my power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and pressed me so home to a surrender, I could have tore him piecemeal.

Flo. Ay, I warrant you, an insolent—agreeable, puppy—
“ Well, but to leave impertinence Madam, pray how came
“ you to squabble with him?

Hyp. “ I'll tell thee Flora: you know Don Philip wants
“ no charms that can recommend a lover; in birth and
“ quality I confess him my superiour; and 't is the thought
“ of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes. I ne-
“ ver saw him in the humblest posture but still I fancied
“ he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might de-
“ serve me: this always stung my pride, and made me over-
“ act it: nay, sometimes when his sufferings have almost
“ drawn tears into my eyes I've turned the subject with
“ some trivial talk, or hummed a spiteful tune, though I
“ believe his heart was breaking.

Flo. “ A very tender principle truly.

Hyp. “ Well, I don't know, 't was in my nature. But to
“ proceed—this and worse usage continued a long time;

“ at last, despairing of my heart, he then resolved to do a
 “ violence on his own, by consenting to his father’s com-
 “ mands of marrying a lady of considerable fortune here
 “ in Madrid. The match is concluded, articles are sealed,
 “ and the day is fixed for his journey. Now the night be-
 “ fore he set out he came to take his leave of me, in hopes,
 “ I suppose, I would have staid him. I need not tell you
 “ my confusion at the news; and though I could have given
 “ my soul to have deferred it, yet finding him, unless I
 “ had him stay, resolved upon the marriage, I (from the
 “ pure spirit of contradiction) swore to myself I would
 “ not bid him do it, so called for my veil, and told him
 “ I was in haste, begged his pardon, your servant, and so
 “ whipped to prayers.

Flo. “ Well said again; that was a clincher. Ah, had
 “ not you better been at confession?

Hyp. “ Why, really, I might have saved a long journey
 “ by it. To be short, when I came from church Don Philip
 “ had left this letter at home for me, without requiring
 “ an answer—read it—

Flo. reads.] “ Your usage has made me justly despair
 “ of you, and now any change must better my condition;
 “ at least it has reduced me to the necessity of trying the
 “ last remedy, marriage with another; if it prove ineffec-
 “ tual I only wish you may at some hours remember how
 “ little cause I have given you to have made me for ever
 “ miserable. PHILIP.”

“ Poor gentleman! very hard, by my conscience! Indeed,
 “ Madam, this was carrying the jest a little too far.

Hyp. “ Ah, by many a long mile Flora; but what would
 “ you have a woman do when her hand’s in?

Flo. “ Nay, the truth on’t is, we never know the dif-
 “ ference between enough and a surfeit;” but love be
 “ praised your proud stomach’s come down for’t.

Hyp. Indeed ’tis not altogether so high as ’t was. In a
 word, his last letter set me at my wit’s end, and when I
 came to myself you may remember you thought me be-
 witch’d, for I immediately called for my boots and breech-
 es, a straddle we got, and so rode after him.

Flo. Why truly, Madam, as to your wits, I’ve not
 much altered my opinion of ’em, for I can’t see what you
 propose by it.

Hyp. My whole design, Flora, lies in this portmanteau and these breeches.

Flo. A notable design no doubt; but pray let's hear it.

Hyp. Why, I do propose to be twice married between 'em.

Flo. How! twice?

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau I intend to marry myself to Don Philip's new mistress, and then—I'll put off my breeches and marry him.

Flo. Now I begin to take ye: but pray, what's in the portmanteau, and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to steal it from his servant at the last inn we lay at in Toledo. In it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, gold good store, settlements, and credential letters, to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don Philip, only son and heir of Don Fernando "de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

Flo. A very smart undertaking by my troth! And pray, Madam, what part am I to act?

Hyp. My woman still; when I can't lie for myself you are to do it for me in the person of a coufingerman.

Flo. And my name is to be——

Hyp. Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please: be your own godfather.

Flo. Egad I begin to like it mightily; this may prove a very pleasant adventure, if we can but come off without fighting, which by the way I do n't easily perceive we shall; for to be sure Don Philip will make the devil to do with us when he finds himself here before he comes hither.

Hyp. Oh, let me alone to give him satisfaction.

Flo. I'm afraid it must be alone if you do give him satisfaction; for my part I can push no more than I can swim.

Hyp. But can you bully upon occasion.

Flo. I can scold when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing: bullying would be scolding in petticoats.

Flo. Say ye so? why then, Don, look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live, though I lose the end of my sex by it. Well, Madam, now you have opened the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in less than four hours: we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords,

comb out our wigs, and wait upon my father-in-law—
How now! what would this fellow have?—

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are by my troth! right and sound I warrant 'em; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it if they stay in this house—I always stand by, Sir, see 'em rubbed down with my own eyes—Catch me trusting an hostler I'll give you leave to fill for me and drink for me too.

Flo. I have seen this fellow somewhere.

Trap. Heyday! what, no cloth laid! was ever such attendance! Hey, house! tapster! landlord! hey! [*Knocks.*] What was it you bespoke gentlemen?

Hyp. Really, Sir, I ask your pardon, I have almost forgot you.

Trap. Pshah! dear Sir, never talk of it; I live here hard by—I have a lodging—I can't call it a lodging neither—that is, I have a—Sometimes I am here, and sometimes I am there; and so here and there one makes shift you know.—Hey! will these people never come? [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. You give a very good account of yourself Sir.

Trap. Oh, nothing at all Sir. Lord Sir—was it fish or flesh Sir?

Flo. Really, Sir, we have bespoke nothing yet.

Trap. Nothing! for shame! it's a sign you are young travellers. You don't know this house Sir; why, they'll let you starve if you don't stir and call, and that like thunder too—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Hyp. Ha! you eat here sometimes I presume Sir.

Trap. Umph!—Ay Sir, that's as it happens—I seldom eat at home indeed—things are generally, you know, so out of order there that—Did you hear any fresh news upon the road Sir?

Hyp. Only, Sir, that the King of France lost a great horse-match upon the Alps t'other day.

Trap. Hah! a very odd place for a horse-race—but the King of France may do any thing—Did you come that way gentlemen, or—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Enter Host.

Host. Did you call gentlemen?

Trap. Yes, and bawl too Sir. Here the gentlemen are

almost famished, and nobody comes near 'em. What have you in the house now that will be ready presently.

Host. You may have what you please Sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we'll get you what you please in a moment. We have a very good neck of mutton Sir; if you please it shall be clapped down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, Sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hyp. Then prithee get us some young rabbits.

Host. Upon my word, Sir, rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flo. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish Sir! I drest yesterday the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left Sir; but if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Trap. Pox on thee! hast thou nothing but any thing else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton Sir.

Hyp. Prithee get us a breast then.

Host. Breast! do n't you love the neck Sir?

Hyp. Ha' ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Really, Sir, we do n't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left.

Trap. Faith Sir! I do n't know but a nothing else may be very good meat when Any Thing Else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then, prithee friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I'll see it done. Gentlemen, I'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means Sir.

Trap. No ceremony dear Sir! indeed I'll do it.

[*Exeunt Host and Trap.*]

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flo. With much ado I have recollected his face. Do n't you remember, Madam, about two or three years ago Don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used now and then to slip a note into your hand as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that Philip turned away for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good humoured?

Flo. The very fame I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has altered his air a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concerned for him. What makes him so far from Seville?

Flo. I am afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service; his assurance may be useful as my case stands.

Flo. You would not tell him who you are?

Hyp. There's no occasion for it—I'll talk with him.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the spit gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room—Are you not for a whet Sir? What wine? what wine? hey!

Flo. We give you trouble Sir.

Trap. Not in the least Sir—Hey!

[*Knocks.*

Enter Host.

Host. D'ye call gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Host. What fort you please Sir.

Flo. Sir, will you please to name it?

[*To Trap.*

Trap. Nay, pray Sir.

Hyp. No ceremony dear Sir! upon my word you shall.

Trap. Upon my soul you'll make me leave ye gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words. Prithee you shall.

Trap. Psha! but why this among friends now? Here—have ye any right Galicia?

Host. The best in Spain I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taste it; if it be good set us out half-a-dozen bottles for dinner.

Host. Yes Sir.

[*Exit Host.*

Flo. Who says this fellow's a-starving now? On my conscience the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight.

Hyp. Hang him, 't is inoffensive, I'll humour him—Pray, Sir, (for I find we are like to be better acquainted, therefore I hope you won't take my question ill)——

Trap. Oh, dear Sir!

Hyp. What profession may you be of?

Trap. Profession Sir--I--I--'Ods me? here's the wine.

B

Enter Host.

Come, fill out—hold—let me taste it first—Ye blockhead, would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks.*]—Yes, 't will do—Give me the bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, Sir, is not that a glass of right wine?

Hyp. Extremely good indeed—But, Sir, as to my question.

Trap. I'm afraid, Sir, that mutton won't be enough for us all.

Hyp. Oh, pray Sir, bespeak what you please.

Trap. Sir, your most humble servant—Here, master! prithee get us a—ha! ay, get us a dozen of poached eggs, a dozen, d' ye hear—just to—pop down a little.

Host. Yes Sir.

[*Going.*]

Trap. Friend—let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of them.

Hyp. But Sir—

Trap. 'Odsfo! I had like to have forgot—here a—Sancho, Sancho! Ay, is not your name Sancho?

Host. Diego Sir.

Trap. Oh ay, Diego; that's true indeed, Diego. Umph!

Hyp. I must e'en let him alone; there's no putting in a word till his mouth's full.

Trap. Come, here's to thee Diego—[*Drinks and fills again.*] That I should forget thy name though.

Host. No great harm Sir.

Trap. Diego, ha! a very pretty name faith—I think you are married, are you not Diego?

Host. Ay, ay, Sir.

Trap. Ha! how many children?

Host. Nine girls and a boy Sir.

Trap. Ha! nine girls—Come, here's to thee again Diego—Nine girls! a stirring woman I dare say; a good housewife, ha Diego!

Host. Pretty well Sir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herself I warrant ye—Does she do olives well?

Host. Will you be pleased to taste 'em Sir?

Trap. Taste 'em! hum! prithee let's have a plate Diego.

Host. Yes Sir.

Hyp. And our dinner as soon as you please Sir; when it's ready call us.

Hofl. Yes Sir.

[*Exit Hofl.*]

Hyp. But, Sir, I was asking you of your profession.

Trap. Profession! really, Sir, I do n't use to profess much: I am a plain dealing sort of a man; if I say I'll serve a gentleman he may depend upon me.

Flo. Have you ever serv'd Sir?

Trap. Not these two last campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Trap. Some words with my superiour officer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

Hyp. Don't you think of serving again Sir?

Trap. If a good post falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I could help you—Pray, Sir, when you serv'd last did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay Sir!—Yes Sir, I was paid, cleared subsistence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And our late commander's name was——

Trap. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Trap. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. You need not be curious, for I am sure you do n't know me, though I do you and your condition, which I dare promise you I'll mend upon our better acquaintance: and your first step to deserve it is to answer me honestly to a few questions. Keep your assurance still; it may do me service; I shall like you better for it. Come, here's to encourage you.

[*Gives him money.*]

Trap. Sir, my humble service to you.

Hyp. Well said.

Flo. Nay, I'll pass my word he sha'n't dwindle into modesty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such sort of a face before; but where—I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass Sir.

Hyp. "Gramercy! here cousin. [*Drinks to Flora.*]" Come now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his service? why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time I think; his wits had left him—the man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, stark mad—in love.

Hyp. In love? how pray?

Trap. Very deep--up to the ears--over head--drowned by this time—he would in—I would have had him stopped when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in love with?

Trap. The devil.

Hyp. So, now for a very ugly likeness of my own face.

[*Aside.*] What sort of a devil?

Trap. The damning sort—a woman.

Hyp. Had she no name?

Trap. Her Christian name was Donna Hypolita, but her proper name was Shittlecock.

Flo. How d'ye like that?

[*Aside to Hyp.*

Hyp. Pretty well. [*Aside to Flo.*] Was she handsome?

Trap. Umph—so, so.

Flo. How d'ye like that?

[*To Hyp.*

Hyp. Umph—so, so. [*To Flo.*] Had she wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good humour?

Trap. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was she honest?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What, had she no good qualities?

Trap. Faith I don't remember 'em.

Hyp. Ha! d'ye think she loved him?

Trap. If she did 't was as the cobbler loved his wife.

Hyp. How's that?

Trap. Why, he beat her thrice a-day, and told his neighbours he loved her ne'er the worse, but he was resolved she should never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flo. How d'ye do now?

[*To Hyp.*

Hyp. I don't know—methinks I—But sure; what, was she not handsome say ye?

Trap. A devilish tongue.

Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flo. Ay, say that at your peril.

[*Aside.*

Hyp. What was she? how did she look?

Trap. Look! why faith the woman looked very well when she had a blush in her face.

Hyp. Did she often blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Hyp. Never saw her! had she no charm? what made him love her?

Trap. Really I can't tell.

Flo. How d'ye like the picture Madam? [*Aside.*]

Hyp. Oh, oh, extremely well! the rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

Enter Host.

Host. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table.

[*Exit Host.*]

Hyp. That's well. Come Sir; at dinner I'll give you farther instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come Sir. [*To Flora.*]

Flo. Nay, dear Sir! no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble servant.

[*As they are going Hyp. stops them.*]

Hyp. Come back; here's one I don't care should see me.

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

Hyp. Do you eat it hot then; we are not hungry.

Trap. Sir, your humble servant again. [*Exit Trap.*]

Flo. You seem concern'd; who is it?

Hyp. My brother Octavio, as I live!—Come this way.

[*They retire.*]

Enter OCTAVIO and a Servant.

Os. Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman; tell her I am just come to Town; slip that note into her hand and stay for an answer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

Reenter Host conducting DON PHILIP.

Host. Here, Sir, please to walk this way.

Flo. And Don Philip, by Jupiter!

D. Ph. When my servant comes send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes Sir.

Hyp. Nay, then it is time for us to make ready—*Alons!*

[*Exeunt Hyp. and Flo.*]

Os. Don Philip!

D. Ph. Dear Octavio!

Os. What lucky point of the compass could blow us one another so?

D. Ph. Faith a wind very contrary to my inclination; but the worst I see blows some good. I am overjoyed to see you—But what makes you so far from the army?

B ij

Os. "Who thought to have found you so far from Seville?"

D. Ph. "What do you do at Madrid?"

Os. Oh, friend, such an unfortunate occasion, and yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

D. Ph. Unriddle pray.

Os. Don't you remember about six months ago I wrote you word of a dear, delicious, sprightly creature that I had bombarded for a whole summer to no purpose?

D. Ph. I remember.

Os. That same silly, stubborn, charming, angel now capitulates.

D. Ph. Then she's taken.

Os. I can't tell that; for you must know her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to——

D. Ph. Marry her to another.

Os. Of a better estate than mine it seems. She tells me here he is within a day's march of her, begs me to come upon the spur to her relief, and if I do not arrive too late confesses she loves me well enough to open the gates and let me enter the Town before him. There's her express, read it——

HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI, appear in the balcony.

Hyp. Hark! they are talking of a mistress—let us observe.

Flo. Trappanti, there's your old master.

Trap. Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to tell him he did not know a good servant when he had him.

D. Ph. reads.] "My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends in two days to perfect it; the gentleman is expected every hour: in the mean-time if you know any friend that has a better title to me advise him forthwith to put in his claim. I am almost out of my senses, which you'll easily believe when I tell you if such a one should make haste I sha' n't have time to refuse him any thing."

Hyp. How's this?

D. Ph. No name.

Os. She never would trust it in a letter.

Flo. If this should be Don Philip's mistress?

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is; I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her.

Hyp. This was a lucky discovery—but hush.

D. Pb. What will you do in this case?

Os. That I do n't yet know; “ I am half distracted; ” I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to Town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her; I long to see her; I warrant the poor fool will be so soft and so humble, now she 's in a fright.

D. Pb. What will you propose at your meeting her?

Os. I do n't know, may be another meeting; at least it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good bye, and a sigh— Ah, if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

D. Pb. Consider—

Os. Ah, so I do! What pleasure 't would be to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet moonshiny night; to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers, with nothing but a thin silk nightgown loose about her, and in this tempting dress to have her jump into my arms breathless with fear, “ her panting bosom close to mine, then to stifle “ her with kisses, and curl myself about her smooth warm “ limbs that breathe an healing odour from their pores, “ enough to make the senses ake or fancy mad.”

D. Pb. Octavio, I envy thee; thou art the happiest man in thy temper—

Os. And thou art the most altered I ever knew. Prithee what makes thee so much upon the hum drum? Well, are my sister and you come to right understanding yet? when do you marry?

Hyp. So, now I shall have my picture by another hand.

D. Pb. My condition, Octavio, is very much like your mistress's; she is going to marry the man she never saw, and I the woman.

Os. 'Sdeath! you make me tremble! I hope 't is not my mistress.

D. Pb. Thy mistress! that were an idle fear; Madrid's a wide place—or if it were, (she loving you) my friendship and my honour would oblige me to desist.

Os. That's generous indeed: but still you amaze me! Are you quite broke off with my sister? I hope she has given you no reason to forget her.

Hyp. Now I tremble.

D. Pb. The most severe that ever beauty printed in the heart of man; a coldness unaccountable to sense.

Os. Psha! dissembled.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Ph. I can't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent to so nice a point that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

Flo. Well, men are fools.

Os. And by this time she's in fits for your leaving her; 't is her nature; I know her from her bib and baby; I remember at five years old the vixen has fasted three days together in pure spite to her governess.

Hyp. So!

Os. Nothing could ever, in appearance, make her pleased or angry; always too proud to be obliged, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing so low as to seem fond of revenge: she had a stomach that could digest every thing but humility.

Hyp. Goodluck Mr. Wit!

Os. Yet with all this I've sometimes seen her good-natured, generous, and tender.

Hyp. There the rogue was civil again.

D. Ph. I have thought so too.

[Sighing.]

Hyp. How can he speak of me with so much generosity?

Os. For all her usage of you I'll be racked if she did not love you.

D. Ph. I rather think she hated me: however, now 't is past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

Hyp. Now I begin to hate myself.

Os. Then you are determined to marry this other lady?

D. Ph. That's my business to Madrid.

Trap. Which shall be done to your hand.

D. Ph. Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

Os. Then, (though she be my sister) may some jealous old ill-natured dog revenge your quarrel to her.

Hyp. Thank you Sir.

D. Ph. Come, forget it.

Hyp. Come, we have seen enough of the enemy's motions to know 't is time for us to decamp.

[Exeunt *Hyp.* *Flo.* and *Trap.*]

Os. With all my heart; let's go in and drink your new mistress's health. When do you visit her?

D. Ph. I intended it immediately, but an unlucky accident has hindered me; one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent sottish rogue in nature, has left

my portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the last Town we lay, so that I can't properly visit the lady or her father till I am able to assure them who I am.

Os. Why don't you go back yourself to see for 'em?

D. Pb. I have sent my servant, for I am really tired: I was loath to appear too much concerned for 'em, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with them.

Enter Servant to Osavio.

Os. How now?

Serv. Here's an answer Sir.

[*Gives a letter.*

Os. to D. Pb.] My dear friend! I beg a thousand pardons; I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me. I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obeyed; when I come off o' duty I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. Pb. You'll find me here, or hear of me. Adieu. Here, house!

[*Exit Os.*

Enter Hofst.

Prithee see if my servant be come yet.

Hofst. I believe he is Sir; is he not in blue?

D. Pb. Ay, where is the sot?

Hofst. Just refreshing himself with a glass at the gate.

D. Pb. Pray tell the gentleman I'd speak with him—

[*Exit Hofst.*

In all the necessaries of life there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey, Soto!

Enter Soto drunk.

Sot.—Did you please to—fuch!—call, Sir?

D. Pb. What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

Sot. Sir, I did not know any thing of it. I—I—came as soon as you se—se—se—sent for me.

D. Pb. And why not without sending Sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

Sot. Yes Sir—I did think you would be willing—that is—to have an account—so I staid to take a glass at the door, because I would not be out of the way—huh!

D. Pb. You are drunk rascal!—Where's the portmanteau?

Sot. Sir I am here—if you please I'll give you the whole account how the matter is, huh!

D. Ph. My mind misgives me—speak villain!—

[*Strikes him.*]

Sot. I will Sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order: I an't running away Sir.

D. Ph. To the point firrah

Sot. Not of your sword dear Sir!

D. Ph. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: where's the portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, as I hope to breathe I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road going and coming, and asked about it; and so at last as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

D. Ph. What?

Sot. That it must certainly be lost.

D. Ph. Dog! d'ye think this must satisfy me?

[*Beats him.*]

Sot. Lord, Sir, you wont hear reason—Are you sure you ha'n't it about you?—If I know any thing of it I wish I may be burnt!

D. Ph. Villain! your life cann't make me satisfaction.

Sot. No Sir, that's hard—a man's life cann't—for my part—I—I——

D. Ph. Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth? I should accuse myself for trusting him.

Sot. Sir—I had rather—bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket than have had such a life about it.

D. Ph. Be dumb!

Sot. Ahuh! Yes.

D. Ph. If this rascal had stole it sure he would not have ventur'd to come back again—I am confounded! Neither Don Manuel nor his daughter know me, nor any of his family. If I should not visit him till I can receive fresh letters from my father he'll in the mean-time think himself affronted by my neglect.—What shall I do?—Suppose I go and tell him my misfortune, and beg his patience till we can hear again from Seville. I must think. Hey, Sot!

[*Exeunt.*]

Reenter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Hold Sir, let me touch up your foretop a little.

Hyp. “So! my gloves”—Well, Trappanti, you know your business, and if I marry the lady you know my promise too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember 'em both—'Odso! I had

like to have forgot—Here, house! a basin and washball—
I've a razor about me, hey!

[Knocks.]

Hyp. What's the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shav'd.

Hyp. Shav'd!

Trap. Ever while you live, Sir, go with a smooth chin
to your mistress. Hey!

[Knocks.]

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence
I shall laugh out and discover myself.

Trap. Why, Diego!

Hyp. Pshaw! prithee do n't stand fooling, we're in haste.

Flo. Ay, ay, shave another time.

Trap. Nay, what you please Sir, your beard is not
much, you may wear it to-day. [Taking her by the chin.]

Flo. Ay, and to-morrow too: pray, Sir, will you see
the coach ready and put in the things?

Trap. Sir, I'll see the coach ready and put in the things.

[Exit Trap.]

Flo. Come, Madam, courage! Now let's do something
for the honour of our sex, give a proof of our parts, and
tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring
about as well as the best of 'em.

Hyp. Well said Flora: for the honour of our sex be it
then, and let the grave Dons think themselves as wise as
they please; but Nature knows there goes more wit to the
management of some amours than the hardest point in poli-
ticks;

Therefore to men th' affair of state's confin'd,
Witely to us the state of love's assign'd,
As love's the weightier bus'ness of mankind.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE, *Don Manuel's house.*

Enter ROSARA and VILETTA.

VILETTA.

HEAR reason.

Ros. Talk of Octavio then.

Vil. How do you know but the gentleman your father
designs you for may prove as pretty a fellow as he? If you
should happen to like him as well would not that do your
business as well?

Ros. Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

Vil. The gentleman is no fool.

Rof. He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

Vil. Hang 'em say I: but cann't one quench the thirft without jumping into the river? is there no difference between cooling and drowning? Octavio's now in a very good poft——keep him there——I know the man; he understands the bufinefs he is in to a hair; but faith you'll fpoil him; he's too pretty a fellow, and too poor a one, for an husband.

Rof. Poor! he has enough.

Vil. That's the moft he has.

Rof. 'Twill do our bufinefs.

Vil. But when you have no portion (which I'm afraid you won't have with him) he'll foon have enough of you, and how will your bufinefs be done then pray?

Rof. Pshaw! you talk like a fool.

Vil. Come, come, if Octavio muft be the man, I fay let Don Philip be the husband.

Rof. I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody elfe.

Vil. In vain, I fee——I ha' done Madam——one muft have time to be wife: but in the mean-while what do ye refolve? pofitively not to marry Don Philip?

Rof. I don't know what I fhall do till I fee Octavio. When did he fay he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you Madam.

Rof. Why?

Vil. I am bribed to the contrary.

Rof. By whom?

Vil. Octavio; he juft now fent me this lovely piece of gold not to tell you what time he would be here.

Rof. Nay then, Viletta, here are two pieces that are twice as lovely; tell me when I fhall fee him.

Vil. Umph! thefe are lovely pieces indeed. [*Smiling.*]

Rof. When Viletta?

Vil. Have you no more of 'em Madam?

Rof. Pshaw! there, take purfe and all; will that content thee?

Vil. Oh, dear Madam! I fhould be unconfcionable to defire more; but really I was willing to have 'em all firft.

[*Courtefying.*]

Rof. When will he come?

Vil. Why the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, Madam, you were willing to see him till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

Rof. Where's my father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great chair.

Rof. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Rof. His habit?

Vil. Ay, Madam, he's turned friar to come at you: if your father surprises us I have a lie ready to back him—
Hist, Octavio! you may enter.

Enter OCTAVIO in a friar's habit.

Os. After a thousand frights and fears do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

Rof. What shall we do Octavio? [*Looking kindly on him.*]

Os. Kind creature! Do! why as lovers should do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church-knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Rof. And fortunes too?

Os. Pshaw! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind them.

Rof. Suppose you first try my father's good-nature? You know he once encouraged your address.

Os. First let's be fast married: perhaps he may be good-natured when he can't help it: "If we should try him now 't will but set him more upon his guard against us: "since we are listed under Love" don't let us serve in a separate garrison. Come, come, stand to your arms, whip a suit of nightclothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

Rof. Ah! my father.

Os. Dead!

Vil. To your function.

Enter DON MANUEL.

D. Ma. Viletta.

Vil. Sir.

D. Ma. Where's my daughter?

Vil. Hist! don't disturb her.

D. Ma. Disturb her! why, what's the matter?

Vil. She's at confession Sir.

C

D. Ma. Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

Vil. Ah! dear Sir, there's no living without 'em.

D. Ma. She's now at years of discretion.

Vil. There's the danger Sir; she's just of the tasting age: one has really no relish of a sin till fifteen.

D. Ma. Ah! then the jades have swinging stomachs. I find her aversion to the marriage I have proposed her has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, Sir, without confession.

D. Ma. Fiddle faddle! I won't have her seem wicked. Huffy, you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her sins by you; you know 'em, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her—Save you? father.

Os. Bless you! son.

D. Ma. How now, what's become of Father Benedict? why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he is not well, and so desired this gentleman, his brother here, to officiate for him.

D. Ma. He seems very young for a confessor.

Vil. Ay Sir; he has not been long at it.

Os. Nor don't desire to be long in it: I wish I understand it well enough to make a fool of my old Don here.

[*Aside.*

D. Ma. Well Sir, how do you find the pulse of Iniquity beat there? what sort of sin has she most stomach to?

Os. Why truly, Sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

D. Ma. Nay, the devil has been very busy with her these two days.

Os. She has told me a most lamentable story.

D. Ma. Ten to one but this lamentable story proves a most damnable lie.

Os. Indeed, son, I find by her confession that you are much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

D. Ma. Heyday! what, has the jade been inventing sins for me, and confessing 'em instead of her own? Let me come—she shall be locked up till she repents 'em too.

Os. Son, forbear; this is now a corroboration of your guilt: this is inhuman.

D. Ma. Sir, I have done; but pray, if you please, let's

come to the point: what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

Oa. Nay, Sir, mistake her not: she did not with any malicious design expose your faults, but as her own depended on 'em; her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty.

D. Ma. Let's have 'em both antecedent and consequent.

Oa. Why, she confess her first maiden innocent affection had long been settled upon a young gentleman whose love to her you once encouraged, and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes, and to the utter ruin of her peace contracted her to a man she never saw.

D. Ma. Very good! I see no harm in all this.

Oa. Methinks the welfare of a daughter, Sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

D. Ma. Serious! so I am Sir. What a devil! must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good husband?

Oa. Her melancholy may tell you, Sir, she cann't think him a good one.

D. Ma. Sir, I understand thinking better than she, and I'll make her take my word.

Oa. What have you to object against the man she likes?

D. Ma. The man I like.

Oa. Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity.

D. Ma. Ay! that if he can.

Oa. You would not, Sir, refuse to hear him.

D. Ma. Sir, I shall not refuse him any thing that I am sure will signify nothing.

Oa. Were you one moment to reflect upon the pangs which separated lovers feel, were Nature dead in you that thought might wake her.

D. Ma. Sir, when I am asked to do a thing I have not a mind to do my nature sleeps like a top.

Oa. Then I must tell you, Sir, this obstinacy obliges me, as a churchman, to put you in mind of your duty, and to let you know too you ought to pay more reverence to our order.

D. Ma. Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage; and so if you please, Father, you may walk home again—when any thing lies upon my conscience I'll send for you.

Oa. Nay then, 't is time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, Sir, the man that dares to ask Rosara from me is a villain

[*Throws off his disguise.*

Vil. So! here will be fine work! [Aside.

D. Ma. Octavio! the devil!

Oa. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor submissive reason, can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter, way, and force you to be just. I leave you, Sir, to think on't.

[*Walks about angrily.*

D. Ma. Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine!—and that other jade of my jade's!—Here has been rare doings!—Well! it sha'n't hold long; Madam shall be noosed to-morrow morning—Ha! Sir's in a great passion here, but it won't do—those long strides, Don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress.—Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off o' the table there. Tum! tum!

[*Sings.*

Vil. I do n't like the old gentleman's looks. [Aside.

Ros. This obstinacy of your's, my dear father, you shall find runs in the family.

[*Exit Rosara, and D. Ma. locks her in.*

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum! [Sings.

Oa. Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend, to defer this marriage for three days.

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. Sir, you have locked my mistress in. [Pertly.

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. If you please to lend me the key, Sir, I'll let her out.

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Oa. You might afford me at least, as I am a gentleman, a civil answer Sir.

D. Ma. Why then, in one word, Sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house when I submissively beg of you to walk out.

Oa. You are the father of my mistress, and something, Sir, too old to answer as you ought this wrong, therefore

I'll look for reputation where I can with honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your house I'll watch it carefully; I'll know who dares enter it. This, Sir, be sure of, the man that offers at Rosara's love shall have one virtue, courage at least; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he steps before me force him to deserve her.

[Exit Octavio.]

D. Ma. Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at——But however 't will be no harm to provide against him.——Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Run you for an Alguazil, and bid your fellows arm themselves; I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance knock him down, and bring him before me.

[Exit Servant.]

Vil. Hift! do n't I hear my mistress's voice?

Rof. within.] Viletta!

Vil. Here, here, Madam——Bless me! what's this?

[*Viletta listens at the closet-door, and Rosara thrusts a billet to her through the key-hole.*

Ha! a billet——to Octavio——a——hem.

[*Puts it into her bosom.*

D. Ma. How now, huffy? what are you fumbling about that door for?

Vil. Nothing Sir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

D. Ma. Oh! she had as good let 'em alone, for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my babe of grace there?

Vil. Yes Sir, I let him in.

[*Pertly.*

D. Ma. Did you so!——Ha! then if you please Madam.——I'll let you go out——go——go——get a sheet of brown paper, pack up your things, and let me never see that damn'd ugly face of thine as long as I live.

Vil. Bless me! Sir, you are in a strange humour, that you won't know when a servant does as she should do.

D. Ma. Thou art strangely impudent.

Vil. Only the farthest from it in the world Sir.

D. Ma. Then I am strangely mistaken; didst not thou own just now thou lett'st him in?

Vil. Yes—but 't was in disguise—for I did not design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. And I knew, at the same time, she had a mind to see him.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. And you know, Sir, that the sin of loving him had laid upon her conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. So upon this, Sir, as you see—I—I—I let him in, that's all.

D. Ma. Nay, if it be so as thou sayest he was a proper confessor indeed.

Vil. Ay Sir, for you know this was not a spiritual father's business.

D. Ma. No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

Vil. Well Sir, and judge you now if my mistress is not beholden to me?

D. Ma. Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear, for all this, tho' perhaps you'll chuse that place: I think you never much cared for your husband's company; and if I do not mistake you sent him to heaven in the old road. Hark! what noise is that? [Noise without.]

Vil. "So, Octavio's pushing his fortune—he'll have a wife or a halter, that's positive—I'll go see."

[Exit Viletta.]

Enter a Servant hastily.

D. Ma. How now?

Serv. O Sir, Octavio has set upon a couple of gentlemen just as they were lighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress; I heard 'em name her name; I'm afraid there will be mischief Sir: there they are all at it helter skelter.

D. Ma. Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and headpiece; call an officer; raise the neighbours; give me my great gun; I'll shoot him out of the garret window.

[Exit Don Manuel.]

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA putting up their swords, OCTAVIO in the Alguazil's hands, and TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Bring him along—This is such an insolence! damn it! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

Flo. I suppose, Sir, your business was more with our pockets than our persons. Are our things safe?

Trap. Ay Sir, I secured them as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guessed his design, and scowred off with the portmanteau.

Hyp. I'll know now who set you on Sir.

Oñ. Prithee, young man, do n't be troublesome, but thank the rascal that knocked me down for your escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you know if you had not been knocked down I should have owed my escape to the same arm you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, Sir, what are you? who knows you?

Oñ. I'm glad, at least, to find 't is not Don Philip that's my rival. [*Aside.*

Serv. Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, Sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman I desire your meaning of those familiar questions you asked me at the coach side.

Oñ. Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very short: I love the lady you are to marry, and if you do n't quit your pretences in two hours it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please the danger's equal—for rot me if I am not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Oñ. If I were out of these gentlemen's hands on my word, Sir, you should not want an opportunity.

Hyp. O Sir! these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

Flo. Ay Sir, we'll bail you; and if you please, Sir, bring your friend, I'm his. Damn me! what, d'ye think you have boys to deal with?

Oñ. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands about an hour hence at—— [*Whispers.*

Flo. Very well Sir, we'll meet you.

Hyp. Release the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not without my master's order: here he is Sir.

Enter DON MANUEL.

D. Ma. How now, bully confessor? what! in limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don Ferdinando de las Torres, whom I am proud to call my father, commanded me to deliver this in-

to the hands of his most dear and worthy friend Don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time gave me assurance of a kind reception.

D. Ma. Sir, you are thrice welcome; let me embrace ye. I'm overjoy'd to see you—Your friend Sir?

Hyp. Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Seville Sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness.

D. Ma. Sir, you are welcome; I shall be proud to know you.

Flo. You do me honour Sir.

D. Ma. I hope you are not hurt gentlemen.

Hyp. Not at all Sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

D. Ma. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offered you this insolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon Sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

D. Ma. A pretty mettled fellow faith—I must not let him fight tho'. [*Afide.*] But, Sir, you don't know perhaps how deeply this man is your enemy?

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which if you please to discharge him I'll acquaint you with.

D. Ma. Discharge him! Pray consider Sir—

[*They seem to talk.*]

Enter VILETTA, and slips a note into OCTAVIO's hand.

Vil. Send your answer to me. [*Exit Vil.*]

Oa. afide.] Now for a beam of hope in a tempest. [*Reads.*] "I charge you don't hazard my ruin and your own by the madness of a quarrel: the closet window where I am is but a step to the ground: be at the back-door of the garden exactly at the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival." Dear kind creature! Now if my little Don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me I am the happiest dog in the universe.

D. Ma. Well Sir, since I find your honour is dipt so deep in the matter—here—release the gentleman.

Flo. So, Sir, you have your freedom; you may depend upon us.

Hyp. You will find us punctual——Sir, your servant.

Os. So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed; and I confess your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour that I think myself obliged, from the same principle, to assure ye that tho' I love Rosara equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy even to my rival. I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant. [Exit Os.]

Hyp. Your servant Sir——I think we released my brother very handsomely; but I ha'n't done with him.

[Aside to Flora.]

D. Ma. What can this sudden turn of civility mean? I'm afraid 'tis but a cloak to some new roguery he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my servant here has discovered a piece of villany of his that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

D. Ma. Is it possible? why would you let him go then?

Hyp. Because I'm sure it can do me no harm Sir.

D. Ma. Pray be plain Sir; what is it?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you——for to say truth he's much better at a lie. [Aside.]

D. Ma. Come hither friend; pray what is this business?

Hyp. Ay, what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman at the inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why Sir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau in the yard there I observed Octavio and another spark very familiar with your Honour's name; upon which, Sir, I pricked up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

D. Ma. Pray, who was that other spark friend?

Trap. A brother-rake Sir; a damn'd sly-looking fellow.

D. Ma. So.

Flo. How familiarly the rogue treats his old master! [Aside.]

Hyp. Poor Don Philip! [Aside.]

Trap. Says one of 'em, says he, No, damn him, the old rogue (meaning you Sir) will never let you have her by fair means; however, says Octavio, I'll try soft words; but if those won't do bully him, says t' other.

D. Ma. Ah, poor dog! but that would not do neither Sir, he has tried 'em both to-day to no purpose.

Trap. Say you so Sir! then you'll find what I say is all of a piece. Well, and if neither of these will do, says he, you must e'en tilt the young prig your rival, (meaning you then Sir.) [*To Hyp.*]

D. Ma. Ha, ha! that, I perceive, my spark did not greatly care for.

Trap. No Sir; that he found was catching a Tartar. 'Sbud! my master fought like a lion Sir.

Hyp. Truly I did not spare him.

Flo. No faith—after he was knocked down. [*Aside.*]

Trap. But now, Sir, comes the cream of the roguery.

Hyp. Pray observe Sir.

Trap. Well, says Slylooks, and if all these fail I have a rare trick in my head that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least, and in that time the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. Ma. Would you so Mr. Dog; but he'll be hang'd.

Hyp. O Sir, you'll find we were mighty fortunate in this discovery.

D. Ma. Pray, Sir, let's hear: what was this trick to be friend?

Trap. Why, Sir, to alarm you that my master was an impostor, and that Slylooks was the true Don Philip, sent by his father from Seville to marry your daughter; upon which (says he) the old put (meaning you again Sir) will be so bamboozled, that——

D. Ma. But, pray Sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude that the old put was to believe all this? Had they no sham proofs that they propos'd to bamboozle me with as you call it?

Trap. You shall hear Sir; (the plot was pretty well laid too) I'll pretend, says he, that the rascal your rival (meaning you then Sir) has robbed me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father: we are neither of us known in Madrid, says he, so that a little impudence and a grave face will certainly set those two dogs a-snarling while you run away with the bone. That's all Sir.

D. Ma. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye Sir? was not this business pretty handiome laid?

Flo. Faith it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

D. Ma. Why, truly, if we had not been forearmed by this discovery, for ought I know Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone indeed; but, if you please Sir, since these ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let 'em see that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging—But will your daughter think ye be prevailed with?

D. Ma. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute——It's pity methinks we released that bully tho'——

Hyp. “Not at all Sir; I do n't suppose he can have the impudence to pursue his design, or if he should Sir—now we know him beforehand.”

D. Ma. “Nay, that's true as you say—but therefore, methinks I'd have him come: I love mightily to laugh in my sleeve at an impudent rogue when I'm sure he can do me no harm; Udsflesh! if he comes, the dog sha'n't know whether I believe him or not—I'll try if the old put can bamboozle him or no.”

Hyp. “Egad Sir you're in the right on't; knock him down with his own weapon.”

Trap. “And when he's down I have a trick to keep him so.”

Flo. “The devil's in it if we don't maul this rascal among us.”

D. Ma. “A son of a whore—I am sorry we let him go so soon faith.”

Flo. We might as well have held him a little.

Hyp. Really, Sir, upon second thoughts I wish we had—His excusing his challenge so abruptly makes me fancy he is in hopes of carrying his point some other way—Did not you observe your daughter's woman whisper him?

D. Ma. Humh!

Flo. They seemed very busy, that's certain.

Hyp. I can't say about what—but it will be worth our while to be upon our guard.

D. Ma. I am alarmed.

Hyp. Where is your daughter at this time?

D. Ma. I think she's pretty safe—but I'll go make her sure.

Flo. " 'Twill be no harm to look about ye Sir." Where's her woman?

D. Ma. I'll be upon her presently—she shall be searched for intelligence—You'll excuse me gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occasion presses you.

D. Ma. If I find all safe I'll return immediately, and then if you please we'll run over some old stories of my good friend Fernando—Your servant. [*Exit Don Ma.*]

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant—Trappanti, thou'rt a rare fellow, thou has an admirable face, and when thou diest I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal.

Flo. 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the law.

Trap. So 'tis indeed Sir—A man should not praise himself; but if I had been bred to the gown I dare venture to say I become a lie as well as any man that wears it.

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest—But, firrah, we have more work for ye: you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman: there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him money.*] Now try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

Trap. Ah Sir, I warrant you—I could never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof—I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gunpowder: the French charge all their cannon with 'em; the only weapon in the world Sir. I remember my old master's father used to say the best thing in the Greek grammar was—*Arguriois lonchasy machou, kai panta cratefeis.*

[*Exit Trap.*]

Hyp. Well, dear Flora! let me kiss thee: thou hast done thy part to a miracle.

Flo. Egad I think so; didn't I bear up briskly? Now if Don Philip should come while my blood's up let him look to himself.

Hyp. We shall find him a little tough, I believe; for, poor gentleman! he is like to meet with a very odd reception from his father-in-law.

Flo. Nay, we've done his business there I believe.

Hyp. How glibly the old gentleman swallowed Trappanti's lie!

Flo. And how rarely the rogue told it!

Hyp. And how soon it worked with him! for if you please, says he, we'll let him see that we have wit enough

to do our business, and clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Flo. Ah, we have it all the way—Well, what must we do next?

Hyp. Why, now for the lady—I'll be a little brisk upon her, and then——

Flo. Victoria! [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

The SCENE continues.

Enter VILETTA hastily, DON MANUEL and TRAPPANTI behind observing her.

VILETTA.

So, with much ado I have given the old Don the slip; he has dangled with me through every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well—now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says.

[Takes a letter from her bosom.]

Trap. Hift! there she is, and alone. When the devil has any thing to do with a woman, Sir, that's his time to take her. Stand close.

D. Ma. Ah, he's at work already—There's a letter.

Trap. Leave her to me Sir, I'll read it.

Vil. Hah, two pistoles!—Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business; his letters always come post-paid.

[While she is reading Trappanti steals behind, and looks over her shoulder.]

“Dear Viletta, convey the enclosed immediately to your mistress, and as you prize my life use all possible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet till you are sure she is safe out of the window. Your real friend.”

Trap. Octavio! [Reading.]

Vil. Ah! [Sbrieking.]

Trap. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble servant.

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

D

Trap. Why—I never read a letter in my life without looking it over.

Vil. I do n't know any business you had to look upon this.

Trap. There's the thing—your not knowing that has put you into this passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broke Mr. Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet Honeycomb! do n't be so waspish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I do n't know why my bones may n't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ha! the fool says true; I had better wheedle him.

[*Aside.*]

Trap. My dear Queen! do n't be frighted—I come as a friend; now be serious.

Vil. Well, what would you have?

Trap. Don't you love money above any thing in the world—except one.

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good—and pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for when Octavio has married your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? Look you, child, though you are of counsel for him, use him like a true lawyer, make difficulties where there are none, that he may see you where he needs not. Dispatch is out of practice; delay makes long bills: stick to it; once get him his cause there's no more advice to be paid for.

Vil. What do you mean?

Trap. Why, that for the same reason I have no mind to put an end to my own fees by marrying my master: while they are lovers they will always have occasion for a confidant and a pimp, but when they marry—*serviteur*—good night vails; our harvest is over. What d'ye think of me now?

Vil. Why—I like what you say very well: but I do n't know, my friend; to me—that same face of your's looks like the titlepage to a whole volume of roguery—What is't you drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money. Don't you let your mistress marry Octavio: I'll do my best to hinder my master. Let you and I lay our heads together to keep them afunder, and so make a penny of 'em all three.

Vil. Look you, Seignior, I'll meet you half way, and

confess to you I had made a rough draught of this project myself: but say I should agree with you to go on upon't, what security can you give me for performance of articles?

Trap. More than bond or judgment——my person in custody.

Vil. Ah, that won't do.

Trap. No my love! why, there's many a sweet bit in't —taste it. [*Offering to kiss her she puts him away.*]

Vil. No.

Trap. Faith you must give me one.

Vil. Indeed, my friend, you are too ugly for me; tho' I am not handsome myself I love to play with those that are.

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money.

[*Tosses a purse, she catches it, and he kisses her.*]

Vil. Pfhah! Well, if I must, come then—to see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

Trap. Nay then, take a second thought of me child.

[*Again.*]

D. Ma. Hah!—this is laying their heads together indeed.

[*Behind.*]

Vil. Well, now get you gone; I have a letter to give to my mistress. Slip into the garden—I'll come t' ye presently.

Trap. Is't from Octavio?

Vil. Pfhah! begone I say. [*Snatches the letter.*]

Trap. Hi! [*Trappanti beckons Don Manuel, who goes softly behind.*]

Vil. Madam! Madam! ah.

D. Ma. Now, strumpet, give me the other letter or I'll murder you.

[*Draws.*]

Vil. Ah lud! oh lud! there!

[*Squeaking.*]

D. Ma. Now we shall see what my gentleman would be at—[*Reads.*]*—*“My dear angel!”—Hah! soft and impudent. “Depend upon me at the garden-door by seven o'clock this evening: pity my impatience, and believe you can never come too soon to the arms of your OCTAVIO.” Ah! now would this rampant rogue make no more of debauching my gentlewoman than the gentlewoman would

of him if he were to debauch her—Hold—let's see; what does he say here—um! um! [*Reads to himself.*]

Vil. What a sot was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil—would I had my letters again—though 't is no great matter: for as my friend Trappanti says, delaying Oétavio's business is doing my own.

D. Ma. reading.] ——— Um, um! sure she is safe out of the window. Oh, there the mine is to be sprung then—the gentleman makes a warm siege on't in troth, and one would think was in a fair way of carrying the place while he has such an admirable spy in the middle of the Town—Now were I to act like a true Spaniard I ought to rip up this jade for more intelligence; but I'll be wise; a bribe and a lie will do my business a great deal better. Now, gentlewoman, what d'ye think in your conscience I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conscience you'll not do to me, make a friend of me—You see, Sir, I dare be an enemy.

D. Ma. Nay, thou dost not want courage, I'll say that for thee: but is it possible any thing can make thee honest?

Vil. What do you suppose would make me otherwise?

D. Ma. Money.

Vil. You have nick'd it.

D. Ma. And would the same sum make thee surely one as t' other?

Vil. That I can't say neither; one must be heavier than t' other, or else the scale can't turn.

D. Ma. Say it be so, would that turn thee into my interest?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine Sir: judge yourself—here stands Oétavio with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress—there stand you with a hem! and four pieces—where would the letter go d'ye think?

D. Ma. There needs no more—I'm convinced, and will trust thee—there's to encourage thee beforehand, and when thou bringest me a letter of Oétavio's I'll double the sum.

Vil. Sir I'll do 't—and will take care he shall write presently. [*Aside.*]

D. Ma. Now, as you expect I should believe you be gone, and take no notice of what I have discovered.

Vil. I am dumb Sir— [*Exit Viletta.*]

D. Ma. So, this was done like a wise general: and now I have taken the counterescarp there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate—Rosara! [*Unlocks the closet.*

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Did you call me Sir?

D. Ma. Ay child. Come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you I'm sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some discovery; Viletta did not cry out for nothing--What shall I do--dissemble? [*Aside.*

D. Ma. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don Philip this very evening.

Ros. That's but short warning for the gentleman as well as myself, for I don't know that we ever saw one another. How are you sure he will like me?

D. Ma. Oh, as for that matter he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you—but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes and go to him.

Ros. My clothes Sir!

D. Ma. Ay, for the gentleman sha'n't have a rag with you.

Ros. I am not in haste to be starved Sir.

D. Ma. Then let me see you put on your best airs, and receive Don Philip as you should do.

Ros. When do you expect him Sir?

D. Ma. Expect him Sir! he has been here this hour—I only staid to get you out of the sullens—He's none of your humdrums; all life and mettle! 'Odzooks! he has the courage of a cock: a duel's but a dance to him: he has been at fa! fa!—Sa, for you already.

Ros. Well Sir, I sha'n't be afraid of his courage, since I see you are resolved he shall be the man—He shall find me a woman Sir; let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

D. Ma. Ah, now thou art my own girl; hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour and I'll toss the t'other bushel of doubloons into thy portion—Here, bid-a—Come, I'll fetch him myself—She's in a rare cue faith! ah, if he does but nick her now. [*Exit Don Manuel.*

Ros. Now I have but one card to play——if that do'n't hit my hopes are crushed indeed: if this young spark be'n't a downright coxcomb I may have a trick to turn all

yet—Dear Fortune! give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me—Here they come—

[Walks carelessly, and sings.

I'll rove and I'll range—

Enter DON MANUEL and HYPOLITA.

Hyp. “I'll love and I'll change—” [Sings with her.

D. Ma. “Ah, he has her! he has her!”

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your Ladyship's hands: I find by your gayety you are no stranger to my business. Perhaps you expected I should have come in with a grave bow and a long speech, but my affairs are in a little more haste; therefore if you please, Madam, we'll cut the work short; be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour as well as if we had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

D. Ma. Ah!

Rof. Troth, Sir, I think you are very much in the right: the sooner I see you the sooner I shall know whether I like you or not.

Hyp. Pshah! as for that matter you'll find me a very fashionable husband; I sha'n't expect my wife to be over fond of me.

Rof. But I love to be in the fashion too, Sir, in taking the man I have a mind too.

Hyp. Say you so? why, then, take me as soon as you please.

Rof. I only stay for my mind Sir: as soon as ever that comes to me upon my word I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, Madam, a quarter of an hour shall break no squares—Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us alone I see we shall come to a right understanding presently.

D. Ma. I'll do't Sir. Well, child, speak in thy conscience, is not he a pretty fellow?

Rof. The gentleman's very well Sir, but methinks he's a little too young for a husband.

D. Ma. Young! a fiddle! you'll find him old enough for a wife I warrant ye. Sir, I must beg your pardon for a moment: but if you please, in the mean-time I'll leave you my daughter, and so pray make your best of her.

[Exit Don Manuel.

Hyp. I thank ye Sir. [*Hyp. stands sometimes mute, looks carelessly at Rosara, and she smiles as in contempt of him.*] Why now, methinks, Madam, you had as good put on a real smile, for I am doomed to be the happy man you see.

Rof. So my father says Sir.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Rof. A bold man—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Rof. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Rof. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so pray?

Rof. Because he has promised you you shall marry me, and he has always promised me I should marry the man I could love.

Hyp. Ay—that is, he would oblige you to love the man you should marry.

Rof. The man that I marry will be sure of my love; but for the man that marries me—mercy on him.

Hyp. No matter for that, I'll marry you.

Rof. Come, I do n't believe you are so illnature'd.

Hyp. Why, dost thou not like me child?

Rof. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Rof. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Rof. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Rof. No.

Hyp. That's hard—the rest.

Rof. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it—try me.

Rof. Why then, in short, I like another: another man, Sir, has got into my head, and has made such work there you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live.—What d'ye think of me now Sir? Won't this serve for a reason why you should not marry me?

Hyp. Um—the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason truly, but it won't do—To be short with ye Madam, I have reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I do n't marry you.

Rof. And what have you reason to believe you shall be if you do marry me?

Hyp. In the Spanish fashion, I suppose, jealousy to a degree.

Rof. You may be in the English fashion, and something else to a degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not courage enough to prevent that

Madam, let the world think me in the English city fashion, content to a degree. Now here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.

Rof. Ay Sir, and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders, keys, confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Hey! a very complete regiment indeed: what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour with a woman's courage at the head of 'em! Really, Madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest loose French air, something so quality, that let me die, Madam, I believe in a month I should be apt to poison ye.

Rof. So! it takes! [*Aside.*] And let me die Sir, I believe I should be apt to deserve it of ye.

Hyp. I shall certainly do it.

Rof. It must be in my breakfast then—for I should certainly run away before the wedding-dinner came up.

Hyp. "That 's overacted, but I'll startle her. [*Aside.*]"
"Then I must tell you, Madam, a Spanish husband may
"be provoked as well as a wife.

Rof. "My life on 't his revenge is not half so sweet; and
"if she 's provoked 't is a thousand to one but she licks her
"lips before she 's nailed in her coffin.

Hyp. "You are very gay Madam.

Rof. "I see nothing to fright me Sir, for I cannot be-
"lieve you 'll marry me now—I have told you my humour;
"if you like it you have a good stomach.

Hyp. "Why, truly, you may probably lie a little heavy
"upon it, but I can better digest you than poverty: as
"for your inclination, I 'll keep your body honest how-
"ever; that shall be locked up; and if you do n't love me
"then—I 'll stab you.

Rof. "With what? your words? it must be those you say
"after the priest then—You 'll be able to do very little that
"will reach my heart I assure ye.

Hyp. "Well, well Madam, you need not give yourself
"half this trouble; I am heartily convinced you will make
"the damnedst wife that ever poor dog of a husband wished
"at the devil: but really, Madam, you are very unfortu-
"nate, for notwithstanding all the mighty pains you have
"taken you have met with a positive coxcomb, that 's still
"just fool and stout enough to marry you.

Rof. " 'Twill be a proof of your courage indeed.

Hyp. " Madam, you rally very well, 't is confessed; but
" now, if you please, we 'll be a little serious.

Rof. " I think I am—What does he mean?" [*Aside.*

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bear the qualities you say you have than I know you are guilty of 'em: your pretty arts in striving to avoid have charmed me. " Had you been " precisely coy, or over modest, your virtue then might " have been suspected: your shewing me what a man of sense " should hate convinces me you know too what he ought " to love; and she that's once so well acquainted with the " charms of virtue never can forsake it. I both admire and " love you now; you 'ave made what only was my interest " my happiness." At my first view I woo'd ye only to secure a sordid fortune, which now I overjoyed could part with, nay with life, with any thing, to purchase your unrivalled heart.

Rof. Now I am plunged indeed. [*Aside*] Well Sir, I own you have discovered me; and since you have obliged me to be serious, I now from my sincerity protest my heart's already given, from whence no power nor interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Rof. If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know too there's a charm in constancy. You ought to scorn me should I flatter you with hope, since now you are assured I must be false before I can be your's. If what I've said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved and justice to the man I love.

Hyp. " Death! I have fooled away my hopes; she must " consent, and soon, or yet I'm lost. [*Aside.*

Rof. " He seems a little thoughtful; if he has honour " there may yet be hopes."

Hyp. " It must—it can be only so; that way I make her " sure, and serve my brother too." [*Aside.*] Well Madam, to let you see I'm a friend to love, though love's an enemy to me, give me but a seeming proof that Octavio is the undisputed master of your heart and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Rof. Sir, you confound me with this goodnefs. A proof! is it poffible! will that content ye? Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll truft to my fincerity let thefe tears of joy convince you. Here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace I swear—

Hyp. Hold! swear never to make a husband but Octavio.

Rof. I swear, and Heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Rife Madam, and now receive a fecret which I need not charge you to be careful of, fince as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our feparate wifhes.

Rof. What mean you Sir? fure you are fome angel fent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, Madam, I have been often told fo; but like moft angels of my kind there is a mortal man in the world who I have a great mind fhould know that I am—but a woman.

Rof. A woman! are not you Don Philip?

Hyp. His fhadow Madam, no more; I juft run before him—nay, and after him too.

Rof. “I am confounded—a woman!

Hyp. “As arrant a woman from top to toe as ever man
“run mad for.

Rof. “Nay, then you are an angel.

Hyp. “Perhaps you'll think me a little akin to one at
“leaft.” Octavio, Madam, your lover, is my brother; my name Hypolita; my ftory you fhall know at leifure.

Rof. Hypolita! nay, then, from what you've faid, and what I have heard Octavio fay of ye, I guefs your ftory: but this was fo extravagant a thought!

Hyp. That's true Madam, it—it—it was a little round about indeed; I might have found a nearer way to Don Philip; but thefe men are fuch techy things, they can never ftay one's time; always in hafte, juft as they please; now we are to look kind, then grave; now foft, then fincere—
“Fiddleftick! when may be a woman has a new fuit of
“knots on her head—fo if we happen not to be in their
“humour, forfooth then we coquette, and are proud and
“vain, and then they are to turn fools, and tell us fo;
“then one pouts and t' other huffs;” and fo you fee there

is such a plague that—I do n't know—one does not care to be rid of 'em neither.

Rof. A very generous confession!

Hyp. Well Madam, now you know me thoroughly; I hope you 'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.

Rof. Then I must marry ye?

Hyp. Ay, and speedily too, for I expect Don Philip every moment, and if we don't look about us he will be apt to forbid the bans.

Rof. If he comes what shall we do?

Hyp. I am provided for him—Here comes your father—“he's secure.” Come, put on a dumb consenting air, and leave the rest to me.

Rof. Well, this getting the better of my wife papa won't be the least part of my satisfaction.

Enter DON MANUEL.

D. Ma. So, son, how does the battle go now? ha' ye cannonaded stoutly? does she cry quarter?

Hyp. My dear father! let me embrace your knees; my life 's too poor to make you a return—you have given me an empire Sir; I would not change to be Grand Seigneur.

D. Ma. Ah rogue! he has done it, he has done it; he has her! ha! is 't not so my little champion?

Hyp. Victoria Sir! the town's my own. Look here! and here Sir! thus have I been plundering this halfhour, and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ake again.

[*Kisses her.*]

D. Ma. Ah, give me the great chair—I can't bear my joy—You rampant rogue! could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer!

[*Embracing Rosara.*]

D. Ma. Ah, my cares are over!

Hyp. Oh, I told you Sir—hearts and towns are never too strong for a surprife.

D. Ma. Prithee be quiet, I hate the sight of ye—Rosara! come hither you wicked thing, come hither I say.

Rof. I am glad to see you so well pleased Sir.

D. Ma. Oh, I cannot live—I can't live it; it pours upon me like a torrent; I am as full as a bumper—it runs over at my eyes; I shall choke—Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

Rof. Any thing that will make you more pleased Sir.

D. Ma. Are you positively resolved to marry this gentleman?

Rof. Sir, I am convinced 't is the first match that can make me happy.

D. Ma. I am the miserablest dog alive—and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning if I should ask you.

Rof. Sooner, Sir, if you think it necessary.

D. Ma. Oh, this malicious jade has a mind to destroy me all at once—Ye curfed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [*To Hyp.*

Rof. Come, Sir, take heart, your joy won't be always so troublesome.

D. Ma. You lie huffy, I shall be plagued with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two hours then. [*Aside.*

D. Ma. I warrant this raking rogue will get her with child too—I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap that will so grandpapa me!—Well, what want you gloomy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a gentleman desires to speak with you; he says he comes from Seville.

D. Ma. From Seville! ha, prithee let him go thither again—tell him I am a little busy about being overjoyed.

Hyp. My life on't Sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of employed by Octavio.

D. Ma. Very likely.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Sir, Sir—News, news!

D. Ma. Ay, this fellow has a good merry face now—I like him. Well, what dost thou say lad?—But hold firrah! has any body told thee how it is with me?

Trap. Sir.

D. Ma. Do you know, Puppy! that I am ready to cry?

Trap. Cry Sir! for what?

D. Ma. Joy! joy! you whelp; my cares are over; Madam's to marry your master firrah, and I am as wet with joy as if I had been thrown into a sea full of goodluck—Why don't you cry dog?

Trap. Uh! Well Sir, I do—But now if you please let me tell you my business.

D. Ma. Well, what's the matter firrah?

Trap. Nay, no great matter Sir, only——Slylooks is come, that's all.

D. Ma. Slylooks! what, the bamboozler! ha, ha!

Trap. He Sir, he.

D. Ma. I'm glad of it faith——now I shall have a little diversion to moderate my joy—I'll wait on the gentleman myself——don't you be out of the way son; I'll be with ye presently——Oh my jaws! this fit will carry me off. Ye dear toad! goodbye. [Exit.

Hyp. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a fiddle; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle of his tune!

Rof. At least we shall make him change it I believe.

Hyp. That we shall: and here comes one that's to play upon him.

Enter FLORA hastily.

Flo. Don Philip, where are ye? I must needs speak with ye. Begging your Ladyship's pardon Madam. [Whispers.
Hyp.] Stand to your arms; the enemy's at the gate faith: but I've just thought of a sure card to win the lady into our party.

Rof. Who can this youth be she is so familiar with? he must certainly know her business here, and she is reduced to trust him. What odd things we women are! never to know our own minds. How very humble now has her pride made her!

Hyp. to Flo.] I like your advice so well, that to tell ye the truth I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

Flo. Is it possible?

Hyp. Come, I'll introduce ye.

Flo. Then the business is done.

Hyp. Madam, if your Ladyship pleases. [To Rof.

Rof. Is this gentleman your friend Sir?

Hyp. This friend, Madam, is my gentlewoman, at your service.

Rof. Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches then?

Flo. That us'd to be my post, Madam, when I wore a needle; but now I have got a sword by my side I shall be proud to be your Ladyship's humble servant.

Rof. Troth I think it's a pity you should either of you ever part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple of adroit cavaliers in my life.

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Flo. Egad I don't know how it is, Madam; but methinks these breeches give me such a mettled air, I can't help fancying but that I left my sex at home in my petticoats.

Hyp. Why, faith, for ought I know hadst thou been born to breeches instead of a *fille de chambre* Fortune might have made thee a *beau garcon* at the head of a regiment—But hush! there's Don Philip and the old gentleman: we must not be seen yet. If you please to retire, Madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with them.

Rof. With all my heart—Come ladies—Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

The SCENE continues.

Enter DON MANUEL and DON PHILIP.

DON MANUEL.

WELL Sir; and so you were robbed of your portman-teau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without them.

D. Ph. “I thought, Sir, you might reasonably take it “ill I should have lain a week or two in Town without paying you my duty:” I was not robbed of the regard I owe my father's friend; that, Sir, I have brought with me, and 't would have been ill manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

D. Ma. Ah, how smooth the spark is! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you; but I hope you'll excuse me if in a matter of this consequence I seem a little cautious.

D. Ph. Sir, I sha'n't propose any immediate progress in my affair till you receive fresh advice from my father; in the mean-time I shall think myself obliged by the bare freedom of your house, and such entertainment as you'd at least afford a common stranger.

D. Ma. Impudent rogue! the freedom of my house! yes, that he may be always at hand to secure the main chance for my friend Octavio—But now I'll have a touch of the bamboozle with him. [*Aside.*]—Look ye Sir, while

I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d' ye see, you shall find me a gentleman.

D. Pb. So my father told me Sir.

D. Ma. But then, on the other hand, d' ye see, a man's honesty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon) if you should prove a damn'd rogue now, d' ye see.

D. Pb. Sir, I cann't in reason take any thing ill that proceeds only from your caution.

D. Ma. Civil rascal! [*Afide.*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill neither; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again Sir) may be all a lie!

D. Pb. Another man, indeed, might say the same to you; but I shall take it kindly, Sir, if you suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

D. Ma. Sir, you speak like a man of honour 't is confessed; but (begging your pardon again Sir) so may a rascal too sometimes.

D. Pb. But a man of honour, Sir, can never speak like a rascal.

D. Ma. Why, then, with your Honour's leave, Sir, is there nobody here in Madrid that knows you?

D. Pb. Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two hours, tho' there is a gentleman in Town that knew me intimately at Seville; I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted; he's known here; if it will give you any present satisfaction I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

D. Ma. At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name pray?

D. Pb. Octavio Cruzado.

D. Ma. Ha, my bully confessor! this agrees word for word with honest Trappanti's intelligence—[*Afide.*] Well, Sir, and pray what does he give you for this job?

D. Pb. Job Sir!

D. Ma. Ay, that is, do you undertake it out of good fellowship, or are you to have a sort of fellow-feeling in the matter?

D. Pb. Sir, if you believe me to be the son of Don Fernando, I must tell ye your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank

you for; if you think me an impostor I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house till I can bring better proofs who I am.

D. Ma. Do so friend; and in the mean-time, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him that to your certain knowledge the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

D. Ph. Politician! and bamboozle! Pray, Sir, let me understand you, that I may know how to answer you.

D. Ma. Come, come, don't be discouraged friend—sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail. You have an admirable head, 't is confessed, with as able a face to it as ever stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it won't do.

D. Ph. Won't do Sir!

D. Ma. Nay, if you won't understand me now, here comes an honest fellow that will speak you point blank to the matter.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Come hither friend; dost thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bless me Sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

D. Ph. I remember thee; thy name's Trappanti; thou wert my servant when I first went to travel.

Trap. Ay Sir, and about twenty months after you came home too.

D. Ph. You see, Sir, this fellow knows me.

D. Ma. Oh, I never questioned it in the least Sir! Prithee, what's this worthy gentleman's name friend?

Trap. Sir, your Honour has heard me talk of him a thousand times; his name, Sir, his name is Guzman: his father, Sir, old Don Guzman, is the most eminent lawyer in Seville, was the very person that drew up the settlement and articles of my master's marriage with your Honour's daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as well as if he had drawn them up himself: but, Sir, I hope there's no mistake in them that may defer the marriage.

D. Ph. Confusion!

D. Ma. Now Sir, what sort of answer d'ye think fit to make me?

D. Ph. Now Sir, that I'm obliged in honour not to

leave your house till I at least have seen the villain that calls himself Don Philip, that has robbed me of my portmanteau, and would you, Sir, of your honour and your daughter——As for this rascal——

Trap. Sir, I demand protection. [*Runs behind D. Ma.*]

D. Ma. Hold Sir; since you are so brisk, and in my own house too, call your master friend: you'll find we have swords within can match you.

Trap. Ay Sir, I may chance to send you one will take down your courage. [*Exit Trappanti.*]

D. Ph. I ask your pardon Sir; I must confess the villainy I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners; but be assured, Sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it tho' I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now till I have proved myself your friend indeed and Don Fernando's son.

D. Ma. Nay, look ye Sir, I will be very civil too—I won't say a word—you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves; not but at the same time thou art to me the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

Enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Who's this that dares usurp my name, and calls himself Don Philip de las Torres?

D. Ph. Ha! this is a young competitor indeed! [*Aside.*]

Fla. Is this the gentleman Sir?

D. Ma. Yes, yes, that's he: ha, ha!

D. Ph. Yes Sir, I'm the man who but this morning lost that name upon the road; I'm informed an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robbed me of, and has brought it hither before me. D'ye know any such Sir.

Fla. the fellow really does it very well Sir.

D. Ma. Oh, to a miracle!

[*Aside.*]

Hyp. Prithee, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this inform thee too that this gentleman was a magistrate?

D. Ma. Well said my little champion.

D. Ph. Now, in my opinion child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed as to let thee ruin this gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter,

thou canst not but know 't is impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee: in the mean-time, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confests thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence, for I'm bound in honour as well as law to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flo. Very civil egad!

Hyp. But may not I presume, my dear friend! this wheedle was offered as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ma. Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe that if he knew 't were in thy power to hang him he would not have run away at the first sight of thee?

Trap. Ay Sir, he must be a dull rogue indeed that would not run away from a halter. Ha, ha, ha! [*All laugh.*]

D. Ph. Sir, I ask your pardon; I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly—I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually: however, Sir, the duty I owe my father obliges me not to leave your cause, tho' I'll leave your house immediately: when you see me next you'll know Don Philip from a rascal.

D. Ma. Ah, 't will be the same thing if I know a rascal from Don Philip! But if you please, Sir, never give yourself any further trouble in this business; for what you have done, d'ye see, is so far from interrupting my daughter's marriage, that with this gentleman's leave I'm resolv'd to finish it this very hour; so that when you see your friend the politician you must tell him you had curst luck; that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ph. Very well Sir, I may have better when I see you next.

Hyp. Look ye Sir, since your undertaking (tho' you designed it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, thus far I pass it by, tho' I question if a man that stoops to do such base injuries dares defend them with his sword: however, now at least you're warned; but be assured your next attempt—

D. Ph. Will startle you my spark. I'm afraid you'll be a little humbler when you are handcuffed. Tho' you won't

take my word against him Sir, perhaps another magistrate may my oath, which because I see his marriage is in haste I am obliged to make immediately. If he can outface the law too I shall be content to be the coxcomb then you think me.

[Exit D. Philip.]

D. Ma. Ah, poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off with a good face however. Ha, ha!

Trap. Ay Sir, that's all he has for't indeed.

Hyp. Trappanti, follow him, and do as I directed.

[Aside to Trap.]

Trap. I warrant ye Sir.

[Exit Trap.]

D. Ma. Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou hast carried the day like a hero. Man nor woman, nothing can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daughter immediately.

Hyp. That's the Indies Sir.

D. Ma. Well said my lad—Ah, my heart's going to dance again!—Prithee let's in before it gets the better of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory.

Hyp. Sir, if you please to prepare the way I'll march after you in form, and lay my laurels at her feet like a conqueror.

D. Ma. Sayest thou so my little soldier? Why then I'll send for the priest, and thou shalt be married in triumph.

[Exit D. Ma.]

Hyp. Now Flora.

Flo. Ay, now Madam, who says we are not politicians? I'd fain see any turn of state managed with half this dexterity. But pray, what is Trappanti detached for?

Hyp. Only to interrupt the motions of the enemy, girl, till we are safe in our trenches; for should Don Philip chance to rally upon us with an Alguazil and a warrant before I am fast tied to the lady we may be routed for all this.

Flo. Trappanti knows his business I hope.

Hyp. You'll see presently—But hush! here comes my brother: poor gentleman! he's upon thorns too; I've made Rosara write him a most provoking letter.

Flo. Nay, you have an admirable genius to mischief. But what has poor Octavio done to you that he must be plagued too?

Hyp. Well, dear Flora! don't chide; indeed this shall be the last day of my reign. Come, now let's in, keep up the old Don's humour, and laugh at him.

Flo. Ay, there, with all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter OCTAVIO with a letter, and VILETTA.

Oth. Rofara false! difraction!

Vil. Nay, don't be in fuch a paffion.

Oth. Confess it too! fo changed within an hour!

Vil. Ah, dear Sir, if you had but feen how the young gentleman laid about him you'd ha' wondered how she held out fo long.

Oth. Death! 't is impoffible!

Vil. Common, Sir, common. I have known a prouder lady as nimble as she—What will you lay that before the moon changes she is not false to your rival?

Oth. Don't torture me Viletta.

Vil. Come Sir, take heart; my life on 't you'll be the happy man at laft.

Oth. Thou art mad. Does she not tell me here, in her letter, she has herself consented to marry another? nay, does not she insult me too with a—yet loves me better than the person she's to marry.

Vil. Insult! is that the beft you can make on 't? Ah, you men have fuch heads!

Oth. What doft thou mean?

Vil. Sir, to be free with you, my miftrefs is grown wife at laft; my advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your bufinefs is done.

Oth. What was thy advice?

Vil. Why, to give the poft of husband to your rival, and put you in for a deputy. You know the bufinefs of the place, Sir, if you mind it: by the help of a few good ftars and a little moonshine there's many a fair perquisite may fall in your way.

Oth. Thou raveft Viletta; 't is impoffible she can fall fo low.

Vil. Ah Sir! you cann't think how love will humble a body.

Oth. I'll believe nothing ill of her till her own mouth confesses it: she can never own this letter: she cann't but know I should stab her with reproaches; therefore dear Viletta! ease me of my torments; go this minute and tell her I'm upon the rack till I speak with her.

Vil. Sir, I dare not for the world; the old gentleman's with her; he'll knock my brains out.

OÆ. I'll protect thee with my life.

Vil. Sir, I would not venture to do it for—for—for—yes, I would for a pistole.

OÆ. Confound her—There, there 't is: dear Viletta! be my friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

Vil. Now Sir, you deserve a friend. [Exit *Vil.*]

OÆ. Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour to try how far my love can bear——and yet methinks she cann't but know the impudence of my young rival and her father's importunity are too pressing to allow her any time to fool away; and if she were really false she could not take a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think; the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our brains to expound 'em.

Recenter VILETTA.

Now, dear Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she begs your pardon; they have just sent for the priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence, as soon as the wedding's over.

OÆ. Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she says, in short, she cann't possibly speak with you now, for she is just going to be marry'd.

OÆ. Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thousand Furies!

Vil. Heyday! what's all this for?

OÆ. My brains are turned Viletta.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could but believe you had any at all: if you have three grains I'm sure you cann't but know her compliance with this match must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd desire to see you an hour hence if she did not design to make use of it?

OÆ. Use of it! death! when the wedding's over?

Vil. Dear Sir! but the bedding won't be over, and I presume that's the ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

OÆ. Do n't flatter me Viletta.

Vil. Faith, Sir, I'll be very plain; you are to me the dullest person I ever saw in my life; but if you have a mind I'll tell her ye won't come.

OÆ. No, do n't say so Viletta.

Vil. Then pray Sir, do as she bids you; do n't stay here to spoil your own sport; you'll have the old gentleman come thundering down upon ye by and by, and then we shall have

ye at your ten thousand Furies again—Hift! here 's company; goodbye t' ye. [Exit Vilella.

Oa. “How now? what 's the meaning of this?”

Enter DON PHILIP, his sword drawn, and TRARPANTI.

D. Ph. Come Sir, there's no retreating now; this you must justify.

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more; but pray Sir, give me leave to recover my courage—I protest the keen looks of that instrument have quite frightened it away. Pray put it up Sir.

D. Ph. Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend than enemy I'll bribe thee to be honest. Discharge thy conscience like a man and I'll engage to make' these five ten pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Trap. Sir, your business will be done effectually.

D. Ph. Here, friend, will ye tell your master I desire to speak with him?

Oa. Don Philip!

D. Ph. Octavio! this is fortunate indeed—the only place in the world I would have wished to have found you in.

Oa. What 's the matter?

D. Ph. You'll see presently—but prithee how stands your affair with your mistress?

Oa. The devil take me if I can tell ye—I don't know what to make of her; about an hour ago she was for scaling walls to come at me, and this minute—whip, she's going to marry the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses too it is with her own consent, and yet begs by all means to see me as soon as her wedding 's over—Is not it very pretty?

Reenter a Servant.

D. Ph. Something gay indeed.

Serv. Sir, my master will wait on you presently.

Oa. But the plague on't is my love cannot bear this jesting—Well now, how stands your affair? have you seen your mistress yet?

D. Ph. No, I can't get admittance to her.

Oa. How so?

D. Ph. When I came to pay my duty here to the old gentleman—

Oa. Here!

D. Ph. Ay, I found an impudent young rascal here before me that had taken my name upon him, robbed me

of my portmanteau, and by virtue of some papers there knew all my concerns to a tittle: he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him is going to marry the lady.

Os. Death and hell!

[*Aside.*

What sort of fellow was this rascal?

D. Ph. A little pert coxcomb: by his impudence and dress I guess him to be some French page.

Os. "A white wig, red coat——"

D. Ph. "Right, the very picture of the little English-man we knew at Paris."

Os. Confusion! my friend at last my rival too——Yet hold! my rival is my friend; he owns he has not seen her yet——

[*Aside.*

D. Ph. You seem concerned.

Os. Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend.

D. Ph. What's the matter?

Os. "Be generous, and tell me, have I ever yet deserved your friendship?"

D. Ph. I hope my actions have confessed it."

Os. Forgive my fears, and since 't is impossible you can feel the pain of loving her you are engaged to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever seen her, let me conjure you by all the ties of honour, friendship, and pity, never to attempt her more

D. Ph. You amaze me!

Os. 'Tis the famed creature I so passionately dote on.

D. Ph. Is it possible? Nay then, be easy in thy thoughts Octavio; and now I dare confess the folly of my own: I'm not sorry thou art my rival here. In spite of all my weak philosophy I must own the secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's——I know not why, but "yet me—" thinks the unaccountable repulses I have met with here "look like an omen of some new though far distant hope of her."——I can't help thinking that my fortune still resolves, spite of her cruelty, to make me one day happy.

Os. Quit but Rosara I'll engage she shall be your's.

D. Ph. Not only that, but will assist you with my life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my father for not marrying the mistress of my dearest friend.

Os. Dear Philip, let me embrace you——But how shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose you run immediately and swear the robbery against him?

D. Ph. I was just going about it, but accidentally meeting with this fellow has luckily prevented me, who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me, but between threats, bribes, and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear it against him: so because I understand the spark is very near his marriage I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

Os. That's right; the least delay might have lost all: besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true Don Philip.

D. Ph. Right.

Trap. Sir, with humble submission that will be quite wrong.

Os. Why so?

Trap. Because, Sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced that 't is you who have put Don Philip upon laying this pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean-time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, Sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

D. Ph. Ha! there's reason in that—All your endeavours will but confirm his jealousy of me.

Os. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial Sir.

D. Ph. By no means; rather wait a little in the street: be within call, and leave the management to me.

Os. Be careful dear Philip!

D. Ph. I always used to be more fortunate in serving my friend than myself.

Os. But hark ye, here lives an Alguazil at the next house; suppose I should send him to you to secure the spark in the mean-time?

D. Ph. Do so: we must not lose a moment.

Os. I won't stir from the door.

D. Ph. You'll soon hear of me: away. [*Exit Os.*]

Trap. So, now I have divided the enemy there can be no great danger if it should come to a battle—Basta! here comes our party.

D. Ph. Stand aside till I call for you. [*Trap. retires.*]

Enter DON MANUEL.

D. Ma. Well Sir, what service have you to command me now pray?

D. Ph. Now, Sir, I hope my credit will stand a little fairer with you: all I beg is but your patient hearing.

D. Ma. Well, Sir, you shall have it——“ But then I must beg one favour of you too, which is, to make the business as short as you can; for to tell you the truth I am not very willing to have any farther trouble about it.

D. Ph. “ Sir, if I do not now convince you of your error believe and use me like a villain; in the mean-time, Sir, I hope you'll think of a proper punishment for the merry gentleman that hath imposed upon you.

D. Ma. “ With all my heart; I'll leave him to thy mercy”——Here he comes; bring him to a trial as soon you please.

Enter FLORA and HYPOLITA.

Flo. So! Trappanti has succeeded; he's come without the officers. [*To Hyp.*

Hyp. Hearing, Sir, you were below, I did not care to disturb the family by putting the officers to the trouble of a needless search: let me see your warrant; I'm ready to obey it.

D. Ma. Ay, where's your officer?

Flo. I thought to have seen him march in state with an Alguazil before him.

D. Ph. I was afraid, Sir, upon second thoughts, your business would not stay for a warrant, tho' 't is possible I may provide for you, for I think this gentleman's a magistrate: in the mean-time——O! here, I have prevailed with an Alguazil to wait upon ye.

Enter Alguazil.

Alg. Did you send for me Sir?

D. Ph. Ay, secure that gentleman.

D. Ma. Hold, hold, Sir; all things in order: this gentleman is yet my guest; let me be first acquainted with his crime, and then I shall better know how he deserves to be treated; and that we may have no hard words upon one another, if you please, Sir, let me first talk with you in private. [*They whisper.*

Hyp. Upon me! that fool Trappanti, or that villain, I know not which, has at least mistaken or betrayed me! Ruined past redemption!

Flo. “ Our affairs, methinks, begin to look with a very indifferent face——Ha! the old Don seems surpris'd! “ I don't like that——What shall we do?

F

Hyp. "I am at my wit's end. [*Aside.*

Flo. "Then we must either confess or to gaol, that's
"positive.

Hyp. "I'll rather starve there than be discovered. Should
"he at last marry with Rosara the very shame of this at-
"tempt would kill me."

Flo. Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging look were
enough to confirm a suspicion: bear up, for shame.

Hyp. Impossible! I am dash'd, confounded: if thou hast
any courage left shew it quickly. Go, speak before my
fears betray me. [*Aside.*

D. Ma. If you can make this appear by any witness,
Sir, I confess 't will surprize me indeed.

Flo. Ay Sir, if you have any witnesses we desire you'd
produce 'em.

D. Ph. Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a sub-
stantial one. Hey! Trappanti!

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Now, Sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks——then there's life again.
[*Aside.*] Is this your witness Sir?

D. Ph. Yes Sir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, hap-
pens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and
your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

D. Ph. Ha, ha! you are very merry Sir.

D. Ma. Nay, there's a jest between ye, that's certain
—But come friend, what say you to the business? have
ye any proof to offer upon oath that this gentleman is the
true Don Philip, and consequently this other an impostor?

D. Ph. Speak boldly.

Trap. Ay Sir; but shall I come to no harm if I do speak?

D. Ma. Let it be the truth and I'll protect thee.

Trap. Are you sure I shall be safe Sir?

D. Ma. I'll give thee my word of honour: speak bold-
ly to the question.

Trap. Well Sir, since I must speak, then, in the first
place, I desire your Honour would be pleased to command
the officer to secure that gentleman.

D. Ma. How friend!

D. Ph. Secure me, rascal!

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected I shall never be able
to speak.

D. Ma. I warrant thee—What is it you say friend?

Trap. Sir, as I was just now crossing the street this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hands, claps five pistoles in my palm, (here they are) shuts my fist close upon 'em, My dear friend, says he, you must do me a piece of service; upon which, Sir, I bows me him to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

D. Ph. What means the rascal?

D. Ma. Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, Sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a flam he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

D. Ph. Confusion!

Flo. Nay, pray Sir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter Sir, I found at last, by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my master.

Hyp. Oh, ho!

Trap. Upon this, Sir, I began to demur: Sir, says I, this business will never hold water; don't let me undertake it; I must beg your pardon; gave him the negative shrug, and was for sneaking off with the fees in my pocket.

D. Ma. Very well!

D. Ph. Villain!

Flo. and Hyp.] Ha, ha, ha!

Trap. Upon this, Sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar, whips out his poker, claps it within half an inch of my guts; Now, dog! says he, you shall do it, or within two hours stink upon the dunghill you came from.

D. Ph. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

D. Ma. Nay, nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently. Go on friend.

Trap. Having me at this advantage, Sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage, so prudently pretended out of fear to comply with his threats, and swallow the perjury; but now, Sir, being under protection, and at liberty of conscience, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

D. Ma. Ay, this is evidence indeed!

[*Omn.* Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ph. Dog! villain! did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up not three hours ago at the

same inn where I alighted? that he had owned his stealing my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded to marry the lady you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between 'em?

Trap. O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope to die in my bed these are the very words, he threatened to stab me if I would not swear against my master—I told him at first, Sir, I was not fit for his business; I was never good at a lie in my life.

Alg. Nay, Sir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast out of my window.

Trap. Look ye there Sir!

D. Ph. Damnation!

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ma. Really, my friend, thou art almost turned fool in this business: if thou hadst prevailed upon this wretch to perjure himself couldst thou think I should not have detected him? But, poor man! you were a little hard put to it indeed; any shift was better than none it seems: you knew 't would not be long to the wedding. You may go friend.

[*Exit Alguazil.*]

Flo. Ha, ha!

D. Ph. Sir, by my eternal hopes of peace and happiness you're imposed on. "If you proceed thus rashly your daughter is inevitably ruined. If what I have said be not true in fact, as hell or he is false, may Heaven brand me with the severest marks of perjury." Defer the marriage but an hour.

D. Ma. Ay, and in half that time I suppose you are in hopes to defer it for altogether.

D. Ph. Perdition seize me if I have any hope or thought but that of serving you.

D. Ma. Nay, now thou art a downright distracted man—Dost thou expect I should take thy bare word, when here were two honest fellows that have just proved thee in a lie to thy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the priest is come.

D. Ma. Is he so? then Sir, if you please, since you see you can do me no farther service, I believe it may be time for you to go.—Come, son, now let's wait upon the bride,

and put an end to this gentleman's trouble for altogether.

[Exit Don Manuel.]

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

D. Ph. Confusion! I've undone my friend.

[Walks about.]

Flo. aside.] Trappanti! rogue, this was a masterpiece.

Trap. aside.] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste.

[Exeunt *Flo.* and *Trap.*]

Hyp. Sir.

D. Ph. Ha! alone! If I were not prevented now—
Well Sir.

Hyp. I suppose you don't think the favours you have designed me are to be put up without satisfaction, therefore I shall expect to see you early to-morrow near the Prado, with your sword in your hand; in the mean-time, Sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the lady's humble servant than your's.

[Going.]

D. Ph. Hold Sir!—you and I can't part upon such easy terms.

Hyp. Sir!

D. Ph. You are not so near the lady, Sir, perhaps as you imagine.

[*D. Ph.* locks the door.]

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

D. Ph. Speak softly.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Ph. Come Sir—draw.

Hyp. My ruin has now caught me: “my plots are yet unripe for execution; I must not, dare not, let him know me till I am sure at least he cannot be another's”—
This was the very spite of Fortune.

[*Aside.*]

D. Ph. Come Sir, my time's but short.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing but love; besides, this is no proper place.

D. Ph. O! we'll make shift with it.

Hyp. To-morrow, Sir, I shall find a better.

D. Ph. No, now Sir, if you please—Draw, villain! or expect such usage as I'm sure Don Philip would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, Sir, may bear any thing to make sure of his mistress—You know it is not fear that—

D. Ph. No evasions Sir; either this moment confess your villany, your name and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay, then—within there!

D. Ph. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice beyond a whisper, this minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his sword to her breast.*

Hyp. Sir!

[*Trembling.*

D. Ph. Villain! be quick, confess or——

Hyp. Hold Sir——I own I dare not fight with you.

D. Ph. No, I see thou art too poor a villain——therefore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy life.

Hyp. "Give me but a moment's respite Sir.

D. Ph. "Dog! do ye trifle?"

Hyp. Nay then, Sir——Mercy, mercy!

[*Throws herself at his feet.*

And since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity on my love!

D. Ph. Thy love! what art thou, spark?

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me sure the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and torments of a successful passion.

D. Ph. "Art thou indeed a lover then?—tell me thy condition.

Hyp. "Sir, I confess my fortune's much inferior to my pretences in this lady, though indeed I'm born a gentleman, and bating this attempt against you, which even the last extremities of a ruined love have forced me to, ne'er yet was guilty of a deed or thought that could debase my birth: but if you knew the torments I have borne from her disdainful pride, the anxious days, the long-watched winter nights I have endured, to gain of her perhaps at last a cold relentless look, indeed you'd pity me: my heart was so entirely subdued the more she slighted me the more I loved, and as my pains increased grew farther from cure. Her beauty struck me with that submissive awe, that when I dared to speak my words and looks were softer than an infant's blushes; yet all these pangs of my persisting passion still were vain; nor showers of tears, nor storms of sighs, could melt or move the frozen hardness of her dead compassion!

D. Ph. "How very near my condition! [*Aside.*

Hyp. "But yet so subtle is the flame of love, spite of her cruelty, I nourished still a secret living hope, till hearing, Sir, at last she was designed your bride, despair compelled me to this bold attempt of personating you. Her father knew not me or my unhappy love; I knew too

“ you ne'er had seen her face, and therefore hoped, when
 “ I should offer to repair with twice the worth the value,
 “ Sir, I robbed you of, begging thus low for your for-
 “ giveness; I say, I hoped at least your generous heart, if
 “ ever it was touched like mine, would pity my distress,
 “ and pardon the necessitated wrong.

D. Ph. “ Is't possible? hast thou then loved to this un-
 “ fortunate degree?

Hyp. “ Unfortunate indeed if you are still my rival Sir;
 “ but were you not I'm sure you'd pity me.”

D. Ph. Nay, then I must forgive thee. [*Raising her.*]
 for I have known too well the misery not to pity—any
 thing in love.

Hyp. “ Have you, Sir, been unhappy there?

D. Ph. “ Oh! thou hast probed a wound that time or
 “ art can never heal.

Hyp. “ O joyful sound!—[*Aside.*] Cherish that gene-
 “ rous thought, and hope from my success your mistress
 “ or your fate may make you blest like me.”

D. Ph. Yet hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too far;
 for though I pity and forgive thee, yet I am bound in hon-
 our to assist thy love no farther than the justice of thy
 cause permits.

Hyp. What mean you Sir?

D. Ph. You must defer your marriage with this lady.

Hyp. “ Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love!

D. Ph. “ I have a nearest friend that is beloved and
 “ loves her with an equal flame to your's; to him my
 “ friendship will oblige me to be just, and yet in pity of
 “ thy fortune thus far I'll be a friend to thee; give up thy
 “ title to the lady's breath, and if her choice pronounces
 “ thee the man, I here assure thee on my honour to resign
 “ my claim, and not more partial to my friend than thee
 “ promote thy happiness.

Hyp. “ Alas, Sir! this is no relief, but certain ruin. I
 “ am too well assured she loves your friend.

D. Ph. “ Then you confess his claim the fairer: her
 “ loving him is a proof that he deserves her; if so you are
 “ bound in honour to resign her.

Hyp. “ Alas, Sir! women have fantastick tastes, that love
 “ they know not what, and hate they know not why; else,
 “ Sir, why are you unfortunate?

D. Pb. "I am unfortunate, but would rather die so than owe my happiness to any help but an enduring love.

Hyp. "But, Sir, I have endured, you see, in vain——

D. Pb. "If thou 'dst not have me think thy story false, thy soft pretence of love a cheat to melt me into pity, and invade my justice, yield; submit thy passion to its merit, and own I have proposed thee like a friend."

Hyp. Sir, on my knees——

D. Pb. Expect no more from me; either comply this moment, or my sword shall force thee.

Hyp. Consider Sir——

D. Pb. Nay, then discover quick; tell me thy name and family.

Hyp. Hold Sir.

D. Pb. Speak, or thou diest. [*A noise at the door.*]

Hyp. Sir, I will—Ha! they are entering—O! for a moment's courage! Come on Sir!

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till Don Manuel, Flora, Trappanti, with Servants, rush in, and part 'em.*]

D. Ma. Knock him down!

Flo. "Part 'em.

Hyp. "Away, rascal! [*To Trap. who holds her.*]

Trap. "Hold Sir, dear Sir! hold; you have given him enough.

Hyp. "Dog! let me go, or I'll cut away thy hold.

D. Ma. "Nay, dear son! hold; we'll find a better way to punish him.

Hyp. "Pray Sir, give me way—a villain, to assault me in the very moment of my happiness! [*Struggling.*]

D. Pb. "By Heaven, Sir, he this moment has confessed his villainy, and begged my pardon upon his knees.

Hyp. "D'ye hear him Sir; I beg you let me go; this is beyond bearing.

D. Pb. "Thou liest, villain! 't is thy fear that holds thee."

Hyp. Ah! let me go I say.

Trap. "Help, ho! I'm not able to hold him."

D. Ma. Force him out of the room there; call an officer; in the mean-time secure him in the cellar.

D. Pb. Hear me but one word Sir.

D. Ma. Stop his mouth——Out with him.

[*They hurry him off.*]

——Come, dear son! be pacified.

Hyp. A villain!

[*Walking in a beat.*]

Flo. Why should he be concerned, now he's secure? such a rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

D. Ma. "Ay son, leave him to me and the law."

Hyp. I am sorry, Sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me—But—

Enter ROSARA.

D. Ma. Look! here's my daughter in a fright to see for you.

Hyp. Then I'm composed again— [Runs to Rosara.]

Ros. I heard fighting here; I hope you are not wounded Sir?

Hyp. I have no wound but what the priest can heal.

D. Ma. Ay! well said my little champion!

Hyp. Oh Madam, I have such a terrible escape to tell you!

Ros. Truly I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband.

Hyp. Husband quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear 'em again—

D. Ma. Come, come, children, the priest stays for us.

Hyp. Sir, we wait on you. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

The SCENE continues.

Enter TRAPPANTI alone.

TRAPPANTI.

WHAT in the name of roguery can this new master of mine be? he's either a fool or bewitched, that's positive—First he gives me fifty pieces for helping him to marry the lady, and as soon as the wedding is over claps me twenty more into the other hand to help him to get rid of her—Nay, not only that, but gives me a strict charge to observe his directions in being evidence against him as an impostor, to refund all the lies I have told in his service, to sweep him clear out of my conscience, and now to swear the robbery against him. What the bottom of this can be I must confess does a little puzzle my wit—There's but one way in the world I can solve it—He must certainly have some reason to hang himself that he's ashamed to own, and so was resolved first to be married,

that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes with his noose in his hand.

Enter HYPOLITA and ROSARA.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to Don Pedro; he has business with you.

Trap. Yes Sir.

[Exit Trap.]

Ros. Who's Don Pedro pray?

Hyp. Flora, Madam; he knows her yet by no other name.

Ros. Well, if Don Philip does not think you deserve him I am afraid he won't find another woman that will have him in haste—But this last escape of your's was such a masterpiece!

Hyp. Nay, I confess between fear and shame I would have given my life for a ducat.

Ros. "Though I wonder when you perceived him so sensibly touched with his old passion how you had patience to conceal yourself any longer.

Hyp. "Indeed I could not easily have resisted it, but that I knew if I had been discovered before my marriage with you your father, be sure, would have insisted then upon his contract with him, which I did not know how far Don Philip might be carried in point of honour to keep; I knew too his refusing it would but the more incense the old gentleman against my brother's happiness with you; and I found myself obliged, in gratitude, not to build my own upon the ruin of your's.

Ros. "This is an obligation I never could deserve.

Hyp. "Your assistance, Madam, in my affair has overpaid it."

Ros. What's become of Don Philip? I hope you have not kept him prisoner all this while?

Hyp. Oh, he'll be released presently; Flora has her orders—Where's your father Madam?

Ros. I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune—he seemed in mighty good humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can, that he may be the more stunned when he falls.

Ros. With all my heart: methinks I am possessed with the very spirit of disobedience—Now could I in the humour I am in consent to any mischief that would but

heartily plague my old gentleman "for daring to be better than his word to Octavio."

Hyp. And if we do n't plague him—But here he comes.

Enter DON MANUEL.

D. Ma. Ah, my little conqueror! let me embrace thee—That ever I should live to see this day! this most triumphant day! this day of all days in my life!

Hyp. Ay, and of my life too Sir. [*Embracing him.*]

D. Ma. Ay, my cares are over—now I've nothing to do but to think of the other world, for I've done all my business in this, got as many children as I could, and now I'm grown old have set a young couple to work that will do it better.

Hyp. I warrant ye, Sir, you'll soon see whether your daughter has married a man or no.

D. Ma. Ah, well said! and that you may never be out of humour with your business, look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of them; and the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, Sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

D. Ma. Much good may do thy heart and soul with them—and Heaven bless you together!—I've had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about children, but thank my stars 'tis over—'tis over now—now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Ros. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him. [*To Hyp.*]

D. Ma. But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die when we have done our best sooner or later; old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and—common whores, must die! nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I've married my child I've lost my companion—I've parted with my girl—her heart's gone another way now—She'll forget her old father—I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning—I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a godly book and read me to sleep in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now. [*Weeps.*]

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one passion is to another! Now he is tired with joy till he is downright melancholy.

Rof. What's the matter Sir?

D. Ma. Ah, my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Rof. Oh Sir! we shall be better friends than ever.

D. Ma. Uh, uh! shall we? wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, Heaven blefs thee! give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting: be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die Sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live—Hang these melancholy thoughts! they are the worst company in the world at a wedding—Consider, Sir, we are young; if you would oblige us let us have a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day at least: stir your servants; call in your neighbours; let me see your whole family mad for joy Sir.

D. Ma. Ha! shall we! shall we be merry then?

Hyp. Merry Sir! ay, as beggars at a feast. What! shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I sha'n't be as mad as I have a mind to? Let me see the face of nothing to-day but revels, friends, feasts, and musick, Sir.

D. Ma. Ah! thou shalt have thy humour—thou shalt have thy humour! Hey, within there! rogues! dogs! slaves! where are my rascals? Ah, my joy flows again—I can't bear it.

Enter several Servants.

Serv. Did you call Sir?

D. Ma. Call Sir! ay Sir. What's the reason you are not all out of your wits Sir! do n't you know that your young mistress is married scoundrels?

First Serv. Yes Sir, and we are all ready to be mad as soon as your Honour will please to give any distracted orders.

Hyp. You see, Sir, they only want a little encouragement.

D. Ma. Ah, there shall be nothing wanting this day, if I were sure to beg for it all my life after—Here, firrah, cook! look into the Roman history, see what Mark Antony had for supper when Cleopatra first treated him *cher*

entire: rogue, let me have a repast that will be six times as expensive and provoking—Go.

Second Serv. It shall be done Sir.

D. Ma. And d'ye hear? one of you step to Monsieur Vendevin, the king's butler, for the same wine that his majesty reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall have his price for't.

First Serv. How much will you please to have Sir?

D. Ma. Too much Sir; I'll have every thing on the outside of enough to-day. Go you, firrah, run to the theatre, and detach me a regiment of fiddlers, and fingers, and danciers; and you, Sir, to my nephew Don Louis, give my service, and bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay Sir, this is as it should be; now it begins to look like a wedding.

D. Ma. Ah, we'll make all the hair in the world stand an end at our joy.

Hyp. Here comes Flora—Now, Madam, observe your cue.

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Your servant gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—You have it I see—Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Pshaw! Prithee do n't plague me with business at such a time as this.

Flo. My business won't be deferred Sir.

Hyp. Sir?

Flo. I suppose you guess it Sir; and I must tell you I take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flo. Your ear Sir.

[*They whisper.*]

D. Ma. What's the matter now trow?

Rof. The gentleman seems very free methinks.

D. Ma. Troth I do n't like it.

Rof. Do n't disturb them Sir—We shall know all presently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don Philip?

Flo. I drew the servants out of the way while he made his escape; I saw him very busy in the street with Octavio and another gentleman; Trappanti dogged them, and brings me word they just now went into the Corrigidore's in the next street—therefore what we do we must do quickly. Come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with them presently.

[*Afide*]

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Hyp. aloud.] Sir, I have offered you very fair; if you don't think so I have married the lady, and take your course.

Flo. Sir, our contract was a full third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it Sir.

D. Ma. Hey!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, Sir, since you are pleased to call it your right you shall not have it.

Flo. Not Sir?

Hyp. No Sir—Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me—Gad I shall use you very scurvily.

Flo. Use me!—You little son of a whore draw.

Hyp. Oh Sir! I am for you.

[They fight, and D. Ma. interposes.]

Rof. Ah, help! murder! *[Runs out.]*

D. Ma. Within there! help! murder! Why gentlemen, are ye mad? pray put up.

Hyp. A rascal!

D. Ma. Friends and quarrel! for shame!

Flo. Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman I'll do a publick piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

Hyp. Let me go!

D. Ma. Better words Sir.

[To Flo.]

Flo. Why, Sir, d'ye take this fellow for Don Philip?

D. Ma. What d'ye mean Sir?

Flo. That he has cheated me as well as you—but I'll have my revenge immediately.

[Exit Flora.]

[Hyp. walks about, and D. Ma. stares.]

D. Ma. Hey! what's all this? what is it—my heart misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? Here you! *[To a Servant.]* bid my servant run, and hire me a coach and four horses immediately.

Serv. Yes Sir.

[Exit Serv.]

D. Ma. A coach!

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. Sir, Sir!—blefs me! what's the matter Sir? are you not well?

D. Ma. Yes, yes—I am—that is—ha!

Vil. I have brought you a letter Sir.

D. Ma. What business can he have for a coach?

Vil. I have brought you a letter Sir from Octavio.

D. Ma. To me?

Vil. No Sir, to my mistress—he charged me to deliver it immediately, for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

D. Ma. How! let's see it—There's what I promised thee—begone. What can this be now! [*Reads.*] “The person whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received, if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.”

OCTAVIO.”

“Oh my heart! this letter was not designed to fall into my hands—I am affrighted—I dare not think on't.”

Reenter the Servant.

Serv. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careless rascal! to be out of the way when my life's at stake—Prithee, do thou go and see if thou canst get me any posthorses.

D. Ma. Posthorses!

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Oh, dear Sir! what was the matter?

D. Ma. Hey!—

Ros. What made them quarrel Sir?

D. Ma. Child!

Ros. What was it about Sir? You look concerned.

D. Ma. Concerned!

Ros. I hope you are not hurt Sir. [*To Hyp. who minds her not.*]—What's the matter with him Sir? he won't speak to me.

[*To D. Ma.*

D. Ma.—A—speak!—a—go to him again—try what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Ros. Dear Sir! what's the matter? [*To Hyp.*

D. Ma. Ay Sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vexed at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal.

D. Ma. But what occasion have you for posthorses Sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little cross Sir.

D. Ma. Pray what is it?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time Sir.

D. Ma. Another time Sir!—pray satisfy me now.

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Hyp. Lord Sir! when you see a man out of humour.

D. Ma. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you; and I must tell ye I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolv'd to be satisfied.

Hyp. Sir, what is it you'd have? [*Peevishly.*]

D. Ma. Look ye Sir—in short—I—I have received a letter.

Hyp. Well Sir.

D. Ma. I wish it may be well Sir.

Hyp. Bless me Sir! what's the matter with you?

D. Ma. Matter Sir!—in troth I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye—but if you must needs know—there's the matter Sir. [*Gives the letter.*]

Enter DON LOUIS.

D. Lou. Uncle, I am your humble servant.

D. Ma. I am glad to see you nephew.

D. Lou. I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty: but here I met with the most surprizing news.

D. Ma. Pray what is it?

D. Lou. Why, first your servant told me my young cousin was to be married to-day to Don Philip de las Torres; and just as I was entering your doors who should I meet but Don Philip, with the Corrigidore and several witnesses, to prove, it seems, that the person whom you were just going to marry my cousin to has usurped his name, betrayed you, robbed him, and is in short a rank impostor!

Hyp. So, now it's come home to him.

D. Ma. Dear nephew! don't torture me. Are ye sure you know Don Philip when you see him?

D. Lou. Know him Sir! were we not schoolfellows, fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers?

D. Ma. But are you sure you may not have forgot him neither?

D. Lou. You might as well ask me if I had not forgot you Sir.

D. Ma. But one question more, and I am dumb for ever—is that he?

D. Lou. That Sir! no, nor in the least like him—But pray, why this concern? I hope we are not come too late to prevent the marriage?

D. Ma. Oh, oh, oh, oh! my poor child!

Rof. Oh!

[*Seems to faint.*]

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. What's the matter Sir?

D. Ma. Ah! look to my child.

D. Lou. Is this the villain then that has imposed on you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this lady's husband, and while I'm sure that name can't be taken from me I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party dare give me.

D. Ma. Oh!

D. Lou. Nay then, within there!—such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter Corrigidore and Officers, with DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Oh gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's married the impostor!

D. Pb. How!

OÆ. Confusion!

D. Ma. Oh, oh!

D. Pb. That's the person Sir, and I demand your justice.

OÆ. And I.

Flo. And all of us.

D. Ma. Will my cares never be over?

Cor. Well; gentlemen, let me rightly understand what 'tis you charge him with and I'll commit him immediately—First, Sir, you say these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

D. Lou. That, Sir, I presume my oath will prove.

OÆ. Or mine.

Flo. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine too Sir.

D. Ma. Where shall I hide this shameful head?

Flo. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him; he confessed to me at Toledo he stole this gentleman's port-manteau there to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my assistance, which he refusing to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged in honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or have not the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst; I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

D. Ma. Ingenuity, abandoned villain!—But Sir, be-

fore you send him to gaol I desire he may return the jewels I gave him as part of my daughter's portion.

Cor. That can't be Sir—since he has married the lady her fortune's lawfully his. All we can do is to prosecute him for robbing this gentleman.

D. Ma. Oh that ever I was born!

Hyp. Return the jewels Sir! If you don't pay me the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning you may chance to go to gaol before me.

D. Ma. Oh that I were buried! will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near it Sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come Sir, if you please, I must desire to take your affidavit in writing. [Goes to the table with Flora.

D. Ph. Now Sir, you see what your own rashness has brought ye to. "How shall I be stared at when I give an account of this to my father or your friends in Seville; you'll be the publick jest; your understanding or your folly will be the mirth of every table."

D. Ma. Pray forbear Sir.

Hyp. Keep it up Madam. [Aside to *Rof.*

Rof. Oh Sir! how wretched have you made me! Is this the care you have taken of me for my blind obedience to your commands? this my reward for filial duty?

D. Ma. Ah, my poor child!

Rof. But I deserve it all for ever listening to your barbarous proposal, when my conscience might have told me my vows and person in justice and honour were the wronged Octavio's.

D. Ma. Oh, oh!

OE. Can she repent her falsehood then at last? Is't possible? then I'm wounded too! Oh, my poor undone Rofara! [Goes to her.] Ungrateful! cruel! perjured man! "how canst thou bear to see the light after this heap of ruin thou hast raised, by tearing thus asunder the most solemn vows of plighted love?"

D. Ma. Oh, do n't insult me; I deserve the worst you can say—I'm a miserable wretch, and I repent me.

OE. "Repent! canst thou believe whole years of sorrow will atone thy crime? no; groan on, sigh and weep away thy life to come, and when the stings and horrors of thy conscience have laid thy tortured body in the

“grave—then, then—as thou dost me, when ’t is too late,
“I’ll pity thee.”

Vil. So! here’s the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the old gentleman out of his senses, most of the company distracted, and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged—the merriest wedding that ever I saw in my life.

[*To Hyp.*]

Cor. Well Sir, have you any thing to say before I make your warrant?

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye Sir.—Gentlemen, I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the disquiets I am like to undergo in being this lady’s husband; therefore as I own myself the author of all this seeming ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the officers may withdraw) to offer something to the general quiet.

Os. What can this mean?

D. Ph. Pshaw! some new contrivance—Let’s begone.

D. Lou. Stay a moment; it can be no harm to hear him—Sir, will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without—

[*Exeunt Officers.*]

Vil. What’s to be done now trow?

Trap. Some smart thing I warrant ye: the little gentleman hath a notable head faith!

Flo. Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that if you can but persuade him to be honest ’t is still in his power to make you all amends, and in my opinion ’t is high time he should propose it.

D. Ma. Ay, ’t is time he were hanged indeed, for I know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you, Sir, I owe you no reparation; the injuries which you complain of your sordid avarice and breach of promise here have justly brought upon you—“Had you, as you were obliged in conscience and
“in nature, first given your daughter with your heart,
“she had now been honourably happy, and if any I the
“only miserable person here.

D. Lou. “He talks reason.

D. Ph. “I don’t think him in the wrong there indeed.”

Hyp. Therefore, Sir, if you are injured you may thank yourself for it.

D. Ma. Nay, dear Sir—I do confess my blindness, and could heartily wish your eyes or mine had dropped out of our heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well Sir, (however little you have deserved it) yet for your daughter's sake if you'll oblige yourself by signing this paper to keep your first promise, and give her with her full fortune to this gentleman, I'm still content on that condition to disannul my own pretences and resign her.

Os. "Ha! what says he?"

D. Lou. "This is strange!"

D. Ma. Sir, I don't know how to answer you, for I can never believe you'll have goodnature enough to hang yourself out of the way to make room for him.

Hyp. Then, Sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning but an immediate power to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune; these jewels which I received from you I give him free possession of; and now Sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him with her person.

Os. "I am all amazement!"

D. Lou. "What can this end in?"

D. Pb. "I am surpris'd indeed!"

D. Ma. This is unaccountable I must confess—But still Sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman, to whom I am obliged to contract, to part with his——

D. Pb. That, Sir, shall be no let; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my friend's title to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

Hyp. "Then my fears are over." [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, it only stops at you.

D. Ma. Well Sir, I see the paper is only conditional, and since the general welfare is concerned I won't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good Sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you?

D. Pb. And Sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissembled penitence has deceived me once already, which makes me, I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore take heed, expect no second mercy; for be assured of this, I never can forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am proved one spare me not—I ask but this—Use me as you find me.

D. Pb. That you may depend on.

D. Ma. There Sir. [*Gives Hyp. the writing signed.*]

Ros. Now I tremble for her.

[*Aside.*

Hyp. And now, Don Philip, I confess you are the only injured person here.

D. Ph. I know not that—do my friend right and I shall easily forgive thee.

Hyp. His pardon, with his thanks, I am sure I shall deserve; but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets, you have known from love?

D. Ph. Let me understand thee.

Hyp. Examine well your heart, and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguished quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark in pity of my woman's weakness.

D. Ma. "How! a woman!"

D. Ph. "Whither wouldst thou carry me?"

Hyp. "Not but I know you generous as the heart of Love, yet let me doubt if even this low submission can deserve your pardon—Do n't look on me; I cannot bear that you should know me yet"—The extravagant attempt I have this day run through to meet you thus justly may subject me to your contempt and scorn, unless the same forgiving goodness that used to overlook the failings of Hypolita prove still my friend, and soften all with the excuse of love.

Os. "My sister! Oh Rosara! Philip!"

[*All seem amazed.*

D. Ph. Oh, stop this vast effusion of my transported thoughts! "ere my offending wishes break their prison through my eyes, and surfeit on forbidden hopes again; or if my tears are false, if your relenting heart is touched at last in pity of my enduring love, be kind at once, speak on, and awake me to the joy while I have sense to hear you.

Hyp. "Nay, then I am subdued indeed! Is't possible, spite of my follies, still your generous heart can love? 'Tis so! your eyes confess it, and my fears are dead—Why then should I blush to let at once the honest fullness of my heart gush forth?"

Hyp. Oh Philip! Hypolita is—your's for ever.

[*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's arms.*

D. Ph. "Oh ecstasy! distracting joy—Do I then live to call you mine? Is there an end at last of my repeated

“pangs, my sighs, my torments, and my rejected vows?
 “is it possible—is it she?—Oh, let me view thee thus
 “with aking eyes, and feed my eager sense upon the trans-
 “port of thy love confessed! What, kind! and yet” *it is,*
it is Hypolita! and yet 'tis she! I know her by the busy
 pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can feel, and
 she alone can give. [Eagerly embracing her.]

Hyp. “Now, Philip, you may insult our sex's pride,
 “for I confess you have subdued it all in me; I plead no
 “merit but my knowing your's: I own the weakness of my
 “boasted power, and now am only proud of my humility.

D. Ph. Oh, never! never shall thy empire cease! 'Tis
 “not in thy power to give thy power away: this last sur-
 “prise of generous love has bound me to thy heart a poor
 “indebted wretch for ever.

Hyp. “No more; the rest the priest should say—But now
 “our joys grow rude—Here are our friends that must be
 “happy too.

D. Ph. “Louis! Octavio! my brother now! oh, for-
 “give the hurry of a transported heart.

D. Ma. A woman! and Octavio's sister!

Os. “That heart that does not feel, as 't were its own,
 “a joy like this ne'er yet confessed the power of friend-
 “ship nor of love.” [Embracing him.]

D. Ma. Have I then been pleased, and plagued, and
 frightened, out of my wits by a woman all this while? 'Ods-
 bud! she is a notable contriver! Stand clear, ho! for if I
 have not a fair brush at her lips, nay, if she does not give
 me the hearty smack too, 'Ods winds and thunder! she is not
 the good humoured girl I took her for.

Hyp. Come Sir, I won't balk your good humour.
 [He kisses her.] And now I have a favour to beg of you:
 you remember your promise; only your blessing here Sir.

[Octavio and Rosara kneel.]

D. Ma. Ah, I can deny thee nothing; and since I find
 thou art not fit for my girl's business thyself, 'Ods looks!
 it shall never be done out of the family—and so, children,
 Heaven bless ye together!—Come, I'll give thee her
 hand myself, you know the way to her heart, and as soon
 as the priest has said grace he shall toss you the rest of her
 body into the bargain--And now my cares are over again.

Os. We'll study to deserve your love Sir--Oh, Rosara!

Ros. Now, Octavio, d' ye believe I loved you better than the person I was to marry?

Os. Kind creature! you were in her secret then?

Ros. I was, and she in mine.

Os. Sister! what words can thank you?

Hyp. Any that tell me of Octavio's happiness.

D. Ph. My friend successful too! then my joys are double—But how this generous attempt was started first, how it has been pursued, and carried with this kind surprise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

Hyp. Here's one that at more leisure shall inform you all: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

D. Ph. How! she!

Flo. Trusty Flora Sir, at your service. I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

D. Ma. Another metamorphosis! Brave girls faith! 'Odzooks! we shall have 'em make campaigns shortly!

D. Ph. "Take this as earnest of my thanks;" in Seville I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, here's another accomplice too, confederate I can't say, for honest Trappanti did not know but that I was as great a rogue as himself.

Trap. It's a folly to lie; I did not indeed Madam—But the world cannot say I have been a rogue to your Ladyship—and if you had not parted with your money—

Hyp. Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty.

Trap. Right, Madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist when he had so many pistoles held against him.

[*Shews money.*]

D. Ma. Ay, ay, well said lad.

Vil. La! a tempting bait indeed! Let him offer to marry me again if he dares.

[*Aside.*]

D. Ph. Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable however, and I'll think of thee.

Os. Nay, I am his debtor too.

Trap. Ah, there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

Os. As how pray?

Trap. Why, Sir, I find by my constitution that it is as natural to be in love as an hungry, and that I ha'n't a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and tho' I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the same dish, yet methinks it's better than no dinner at all: and for my part I had rather have no stomach to my meat than no meat to my stomach: upon which considerations, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here—to let me dine at her ordinary.

D. Ma. A pleasant rogue faith! 'Odzooks! the jade shall have him. Come huffy, he's an ingenious person.

Vil. Sir, I do n't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain I know what to say to him.

Trap. Why then, in plain terms, let me a lease of your tenement—marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you say something—I was afraid by what you said in the garden you had only amind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child, I have no mind to be turned out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand—and now meet me as soon as you will with a canonical lawyer, and I'll give you possession of the rest of the premisses.

D. Ma. 'Odzooks! and well thought of; I'll send for one presently. Hear you, sirrah, run to Father Benedict again, tell him his work do n't hold here, his last marriage is dropped to pieces, but now we have got better tackle, he must come and stitch two or three fresh couple together as fast as he can.

“ Enter Servant.

Serv. “ Sir, the musick's come.

D. Ma. “ Ah, they could never take us in a better time—let 'em enter—Ladies, and sons, and daughters, “ for I think you are all akin to me now, will you be “ pleased to sit? [*After the entertainment.*

D. Ma. “ Come, gentlemen, now our collation waits.

“ Enter Servant.

Serv. “ Sir, the priest's come.

D. Ma. “ That's well, we'll dispatch him presently.”

D. Ph. Now, my Hypolita,
Let our example teach mankind to love,
From thine the fair their favours may improve;
'To the quick pains you give our joys we owe,
'Till those we feel these we can never know :
But warn'd with honest hope from my success
Ev'n in the height of all its miseries,
Oh, never let a virtuous mind despair,
For constant hearts are Love's peculiar care.

H

EPILOGUE.

*'MONGST all the rules the Ancients had in vogue
 We find no mention of an Epilogue,
 Which plainly shows they're innovations, brought
 Since rules, design, and nature, were forgot;
 The custom therefore our next play shall break,
 But now a joyful motive bids us speak;
 For while our arms return with conquest home,
 While children prattle Vigo and the boom,
 Is't fit the mouth of all mankind, the stage, be dumb?
 While the proud Spaniards read old annals o'er,
 And on the leaves in lazy safety pore,
 Essex and Raleigh thunder on their shores;
 Again their Donships start and mend their speed,
 With the same fear of their forefathers dead.
 While Amadis de Gaul laments in vain,
 And wishes his young Quixote out of Spain,
 While foreign forts are but beheld and seiz'd,
 While English hearts tumultuously are pleas'd,
 Shall we, whose souls subsistence purely flows
 From minds in joy or undisturb'd repose,
 Shall we behold each face with pleasure glow,
 Unthankful to the arms that made them so?
 Shall we not say———
 Old English honour now revives again
 Mem'rably fatal to the pride of Spain,
 But hold———
 While Anne repeats the vengeance of Eliza's reign?
 For to the glorious conduct sure that drew
 A senate's grateful vote our adoration's due;
 From that alone all other thanks are poor,
 The old triumphing Romans ask'd no more,
 And Rome indeed gave all within its pow'r.
 But your superiour stars, that know too well
 You English heroes should old Rome's excel,
 To crown your arms beyond the bribes of spoil
 Rais'd English beauty to reward your toil:*

*Tho' seiz'd of all the rifled world had lost
So fair a circle * Rome could never boast.
Proceed, auspicious Chiefs! inflame the war,
Pursue your conquest, and possess the fair,
That ages may record of them and you
They only could inspire what you alone cou'd do.*

* To the boxes.

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THE END.

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