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*Bell's British Theatre, Consisting
of the Most Esteemed English Plays...*

John Bell

RAD 1457



IN MEMORY OF BESSIE HINCKS
BORN APRIL 11 1865 · DIED JULY 5 1885

Bell's
BRITISH THEATRE;
COMEDIES.



(L O N D O N)

*Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the
 Strand and C. Etherington at York Dec^r 1.st 1776.*

B E L L's

BRITISH THEATRE,

Consisting of the most esteemed

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

Being the Fourth VOLUME of COMEDIES.

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The FUNERAL, by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

Love for Love, by WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq.

The CARELESS HUSBAND, by COLLEY CIBBER,
Esq.

The TENDER HUSBAND, by Sir RICH. STEELE.

The BUSY BODY, by Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter Exchange*, in the
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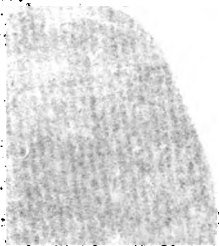
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Published for the British Theatre Nov 25 1776.

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he left you Sir this Shilling with which Estate you now
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LADY BRUMPTON.

*For this Shilling with which Estate you now
are Earl of Brumpton*

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
FUNERAL;
OR,
GRIEF A-LA-MODE.

A COMEDY,

As written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Ut qui conduhi plerant in funere dicunt,
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo; sic
Derisor vero plus ludatore movetur.*

HON.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exter-Exchange, in the Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCCLXXVI.

To the Right Honourable the

C O U N T E S S

O F

A L B E M A R L E.

MADAM,

AMONG the many novelties with which your Ladyship, a stranger in our nation, is daily entertained, you have not yet been made acquainted with the poetical English liberty, the right of dedication: which entitles us to a privilege of celebrating whatever for its native excellence is the just object of praise; and is an ancient charter, by which the muses have always a free access to the habitation of the graces,

Hence it is, that this comedy waits on your ladyship, and presumes to welcome you amongst us; though indeed, Madam, we are surprised to see you bring with you, what we thought was of our growth only, an agreeable beauty: nay, we must assure you, that we cannot give up so dear an article of our glory, but assert it by our right in you: for if it is a maxim founded on the noblest human law, that of hospitality, that every soil is a brave man's country, England has a very just pretence of claiming as a native, a daughter of Mr. Scravenmore.

But your Ladyship is not only endeared to us by the great services of your father, but also by the kind offices of your husband, whose frank carriage falls in with our genius, which is free, open, and unreserved. In this the generosity of your tempers makes you both excel in so peculiar a manner, that your good actions are their own reward; nor can they be returned with ingratitude, for none can forget the benefits you confer so soon as you do yourselves.

But ye have a more indisputable title to a dramatic performance, than all these advantages; for you are yourselves, in a degenerate low age, the noblest characters which that fine passion that supports the stage has inspired; and as you have practised as generous a fidelity as the fancies of poets have ever drawn in their expecting lovers, so may you enjoy as high a prosperity as ever they have bestowed on their rewarded: this you may possess in an happy security, for your fortunes cannot move so much envy, as your person's love. I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most devoted

Humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

P R E F A C E

THE rehearsal of this comedy was honored with the presence of the duke of Devonshire, who is as distinguished by his fine understanding as high quality; the innocence of it moved him to the humanity of expressing himself in its favour. 'Tis his manner to be pleased where he is not offended; a condescension which delicate spirits are obliged to for their own ease, for they would have but a very ill time of it, if they suffered themselves to be diverted with nothing but what could bear their judgment.

That elegant and illustrious person, will, I hope, pardon my gratitude to the town, which obliges me to report so substantial a reason for their approbation of this play, as that he permitted it: but I know not in what words to thank my fellow-soldiers for their warmth and zeal in my behalf, nor to what to attribute their undeserved favour, except it be, that 'tis habitual to them to run to the succour of those they see in danger.

The subject of the drama, 'tis hoped, will be acceptable to all lovers of mankind, since ridicule is partly levelled at a set of people who live in impatient hopes to see us out of the world, a flock of ravens that attend this numerous city for their carcases; but indeed, 'tis not in the power of any pen to speak them better than they do themselves: as for example, on a door, I just now past by, a great artist thus informs us of his cure upon the dead.

“ W. W. Known and approved for his art of embalming, having preserved the corps of a gentlewoman
A 3
sweet

sweet and entire thirteen years, without embowelling, and has reduced the bodies of several persons of quality to sweetness in Flanders and Ireland, after nine months putrefaction in the ground, and they were known by their friends in England. No man performeth the like."

He must needs be strangely in love with this life; who is not touched with this kind invitation to be pickled; and the noble operator must be allowed a very useful person for bringing old friends together; nor would it be unworthy his labour to give us an account at large of the sweet conversation that arose upon meeting such an entire friend as he mentions.

But to be serious; is there any thing, but its being downright fact, could make a rational creature believe 'twere possible to arrive at this fantastic posthumous folly? Not at the same time but that it were buffoonery rather than satire, to explode all funeral honours; but then it is certainly necessary to make them such, that the mourners should be in earnest, and the lamented worthy of our sorrow: but this purpose is so far from being served, that it is utterly destroyed by the manner of proceeding among us, where the obsequies, which are due only to the best and highest of human race (to admonish their short survivors, that neither wit nor valour, nor wisdom, nor glory, can suspend our fate) are prostituted, and bestowed upon such as have nothing in common with men, but their mortality.

But the dead man is not to pass off so easily, for his last thoughts are also to suffer dissection, and it seems there is no art to be learned to speak our own sense in other men's words, and a man in a gown, that never saw his face, shall tell you immediately the design of the deceased, better than all his old acquaintance; which is so perfect an Hocus Pocus, that without you can repeat such and such words, you cannot convey what is in your hands into another's; but far be it from any man's thought to say there are not men of strict integrity of the long robe, though it is not every body's good fortune to meet with them.

However the daily legal villainies we see committed, will also be esteemed things proper to be prosecuted by satire, nor could our ensuing legislatures do their country a more seasonable office, than to look into the distresses of an unhappy people, who groan perhaps in as much misery under entangled, as they could do under broken laws; nor could there be a reward high enough assigned for a great genius, if such may be found, who has capacity sufficient to glance through the false colours that are put upon us, and propose to the English world, a method of making justice flow in an uninterrupted stream; there is so clear a mind in being, whom we will name in words, that of all men breathing can be only said of him: 'tis he that is excellent.

*Sen linguam causis acuit, seu civica jura,
Responsare parat, seu condit amabile carmen.*

Other enemies that may rise against this poor play are indeed less terrible, but much more powerful than these, and they are the ladies; but if there is any thing that argues a sowered man, who lashes all for lady Brumpton; we may hope there will be seen also a devoted heart, that esteems all for lady Charlot.—

PRO-

P R O L O G U E.

*N*ature's deserted, and dramatic art,
 To dazzle now the eye, has left the heart;
 Gay lights and dresses, long extended scenes,
 Demons and Angels moving in machines;
 All that can now, or please, or fright the fair,
 May be perform'd without a writer's care,
 And is the skill of carpenter, not player.
 Old Shakespeare's days could not thus far advance;
 But what's his buskin to our ladder dance?
 In the mid region a silk youth to stand,
 With that unwieldy engine at command!
 Gorg'd with intemperate meals while here you sit,
 Well may you take activity for wit:
 Eye, let confusion on such dulness seize;
 Blush you're so pleas'd, as we that so we please.
 But we, still kind to your inverted sense,
 Do most unnatural things once more dispense.
 For since you're still prepossess'd in delight,
 Our author made, a full house to invite,
 A funeral comedy to-night.
 Nor does he fear that you will take the hint,
 And let the funeral his own be meant;
 No, in Old England nothing can be won
 Without a faction, good or ill be done;
 To own this our frank author does not fear;
 But hopes for a prevailing party here:
 He knows he has num'rous friends, nay, knows they'll shew it,
 And for the fellow-soldier save the pact.

DRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Lord <i>Brumpton</i> ,	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
Lord <i>Hardy</i> , son to	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Clarke.
Lord <i>Brumpton</i> ,	Mr. Cauthesley.	Mr. Wroughton.
Mr. <i>Campley</i> ,	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. <i>Trusty</i> , steward		
to Ld. <i>Brumpton</i> ,	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Hull.
<i>Cabinet</i> .		
Mr. <i>Sable</i> , an un-		
dertaker,	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Quick.
<i>Puzzle</i> , a lawyer,	Mr. Baddley.	Mr. Dunfall.
<i>Trim</i> , servant to		
Ld. <i>Hardy</i> ,	Mr. King.	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Tom</i> , the lawyer's		
clerk,	Mr. Waldron.	Mr. Jones.

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Brumpton</i> ,	Mrs. Hopkins.	Miss Barfant.
Ly. <i>Charlot</i> , an or-		
phan, left in ward		
to Ld. <i>Brumpton</i> ,	Miss Young.	Miss Macklin.
Lady <i>Harriot</i> , her		
sister,	Mrs. Abington.	Mrs. Bulkley.
Mademoiselle		
d'Epingle,	Mrs. Cross.	Miss Valois.
<i>Tattelaïd</i> ,	Mrs. Love.	Mrs. Pitt.
Mrs. <i>Fardingale</i> ,	Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. Green.
<i>Kate Matchlock</i> ,	Mr. Griffith.	

Visitant Ladies, *Sable's* Servants, Recruits, &c.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden*.

THE

THE FUNERAL.

* * The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I.

Enter Cabinet, Sable, and Campley.

CABINET.

I Burst into laughter, I can't bear to see writ over an undertaker's door, dresses for the dead, and necessities for funerals! ha! ha! ha!

Sab. Well, gentlemen, 'tis very well, I know you are of the laughers, the wits that take the liberty to deride all things that are magnificent and solemn.

Cam. Nay, but after all, I can't but admire Sable's nice discerning on the superfluous cares of mankind, that could lead them to the thought of raising an estate by providing horses, equipage, and furniture, for those that no longer need 'em.

Cab. But is it not strangely contradictory, that men can come to so open, so apparent an hypocrisy, as in the face of all the world, to hire professed mourners to grieve, lament, and follow in their stead, the nearest relations, and suborn others to do by art, what they themselves should be prompted to by nature?

Sab. That's reasonably enough said, but they regard themselves only in all they act; for the deceas'd, and the poor dead are deliver'd to my custody, to be embalm'd, flash'd, cut, and dragg'd about, not to do them honour, but to satisfy the vanity or interest of their survivors.

Cam.

Cam. This fellow's every way an undertaker! how well and luckily he talks! his prating so aptly, has, methinks, something more ridiculous in it, than if he were absurd! [*Aside to Cabinet.*]

Cab. But, 'as Mr. Campley says,' how could you dream of making a fortune from so chimerical a foundation, as the provision of things wholly needless and insignificant?

Sab. Alas, Sir, the value of all things under the sun is merely fantastic: we run, we strive, and purchase things with our blood and money, quite foreign to our intrinsic real happiness, and which have a being in imagination only, as you may see by the pother that is made about precedence, titles, court-favour, maidenheads and china-ware.

Cam. Ay, Mr. Sable, but all those are objects that promote our joy, are bright to the eye, or stamp upon our minds, pleasure and self-satisfaction.

Sab. You are extremely mistaken, Sir; for one would wonder, to consider that after all our outcries against self-interested men, there are few, very few in the whole world that live to themselves, but sacrifice their bosom-bliss to enjoy a vain show and appearance of prosperity in the eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly distress'd, than a young bride in her glittering retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young widow in her weeds and black train; of both which, the lady of this house may be an instance, for she has been the one, and is, I'll be sworn, the other.

Cab. You talk, Mr. Sable, most learnedly.

Sab. I have the deepest learning, Sir, experience: remember your widow-cousin, that married last month.

Cab. Ay, but how cou'd you imagine she was in all that grief an hypocrite! could all those shrieks, those swoonings, that rising falling bosom be constrain'd? You're uncharitable, Sable, to believe it; what colour, what reason had you for it?

Sab. First, Sir, her carriage in her concerns with me, for I never yet could meet with a sorrowful relict, but was herself enough to make a hard bargain with me. Yet I must confess they have frequent interruptions of grief and
sorrow

sorrow when they read my bill; but as for her, nothing, she resolv'd, that look'd bright or joyous should after her love's death approach her. All her servants that were not coal black must turn out; a fair complexion made her eyes and heart ake, she'd none but downright jet, and to exceed all example, she hir'd my mourning furniture by the year, and in case of my mortality ty'd my son to the same article; so in six weeks time ran away with a young fellow——Pry'thee, push on briskly, Mr. Cabinet, now is your time to have this widow, for Tattleaid tells me, she always said she'd never marry——

Cab. As you say, that's generally the most hopeful sign.

Sab. I tell you, Sir, 'tis an infallible one; you know those professions are only to introduce discourse of matrimony and young fellows.

Cab. But I swear I could not have confidence, 'ev'n 'after all our long acquaintance, and the mutual love 'which his lordship (who indeed has now been so kind as 'to leave us) has so long interrupted,' to mention a thing of such a nature so unseasonably——

Sab. Unseasonably! why I tell you 'tis the only season (granting her sorrow unfeign'd:) when would you speak of passion, but in the midst of passions? there's a what d'ye call, a crisis—the lucky minute, that's so talk'd of, is a moment between joy and grief, which you must take hold of, and push your fortune. But get you in, and you'll best read your fate in the reception Mrs. Tattleaid gives you: all she says, and all she does, nay, her very love and hatred are mere repetitions of her ladyship's passions: I'll say that for her, she's a true lady's woman, and is herself as much a second-hand thing, as her cloaths. But I must beg your pardon, Sir, my people are come, I see— [*Exit Cab.*]

Enter Sable's Men.

Where in the name of goodness have you all been! have you brought the saw-dust and tar for embalming? have you the hangings and the sixpenny nails, and my lord's coat of arms?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Yes, Sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the herald's for a coat for Alderman Gathergrease that died

B last

last night—he has promised to invent one against to-morrow.

Sab. Ah ! pox take some of our cits, the first thing after their death is to take care of their birth—pox, let him bear a pair of stockings, he is the first of his family that ever wore one ; well, come you that are to be mourners in this house put on your sad looks, and walk by me that I may sort you. Ha, you ! a little more upon the dismal ; [*forming their countenances—*] this fellow has a good mortal look—place him near the corps : that wainscot face must be o'top of the stairs ; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the entrance of the hall—So—but I'll fix you all myself—Let's have no laughing now on any provocation : [*makes faces.*] Look yonder, that hale well-looking puppy ! You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and shew you the pleasure of receiving wages ? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful ? and the more I give you, I think, the gladder you are.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the grave-digger of St. Timothy's in the fields would speak with you.

Sab. Let him come in.

Enter Grave-digger.

Grav. I carried home to your house the shroud the gentleman was buried in last night ; I could not get his ring off very easily, therefore I brought you the finger and all ; and, Sir, the sexton gives his service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any bodies removed or not : if not, he'll let them lie in their graves a week longer.

Sab. Give him my service ; I can't tell readily : but our friend, tell him, Dr. Passeport, with the powder, has promised me six or seven funerals this week. ' I'll send to our country-farm at Kensington Gravel-Pits, and our city-house in Warwick-lane for news, you shall know time enough. Hark'ee, be sure there is care taken to give my Lady Languish's woman a fee to keep out that young fellow who came last from Oxford ; he'll ruin us all.

Enter

‘ *Enter Goody Trash.*

‘ I wonder, Goody Trash, you could not be more punctual; when I told you I wanted you, and your two daughters, to be three virgins to-night to stand in white about my Lady Catherine Grissel’s body, and you know you were privately to bring her home from the man-midwife’s, where she died in child-birth, to be buried like a maid; but there is nothing minded: well, I have put off that till to-morrow; go, and get your bags of brick-dust and your whiting. Go, and sell to the cook-maids; know who is surfeited about town: bring me no bad news, none of your recoveries again.’ And you, Mr. blockhead, I warrant you have not call’d at Mr. Pestle’s the apothecary: will that fellow never pay me? I stand bound for all the poison in that starving murderer’s shop: he serves me just as Dr. Quibus did, who promised to write a treatise against water-gruel, a damn’d healthy slop that has done me more injury than all the faculty: look you now, you are all upon the sneer, let me have none but downright stupid countenances—I’ve a good mind to turn you all off, and take people out of the play-house; but hang them, they are as ignorant of their parts as you are of yours; they never act but when they speak; when the chief indication of the mind is in the gesture, or indeed in case of sorrow, in no gesture, except you were to act a widow, or so.—But yours, you dolts, is all in dumb show, dumb show. I mean expressive elegant show: as who can see such an horrid ugly phiz as that fellow’s, and not be shocked, offended and killed of all joy while he beholds it? But we must not loiter—Ye stupid rogues, whom I have picked out of the rubbish of mankind, and fed for your eminent worthlessness, attend, and know that I speak you this moment stiff and immutable to all sense of noise, mirth or laughter; [*Makes mouths at them as they pass by him to bring them to a constant countenance.*] So, they are pretty well—pretty well——

Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.

Tru. ’Twas fondness, Sir, and tender duty to you, who have been so worthy and so just a master to me, made me stay near you; they left me so, and there I found you wake from your lethargic slumber; on which I will assume an authority to beseech you, Sir, to make just use

B 2

of

of your revived life, in seeing who are your true friends, and knowing her who has so wrought upon your noble nature, as to make it act against itself in disinheriting your brave son.

Ld. B. Sure 'tis impossible she should be such a creature as you tell me—My mind reflects upon ten thousand endearments that plead unanswerably for her : her chaste reluctant love, her easy observance of all my wayward humours, to which she would accommodate herself with so much ease, I could scarce observe it was a virtue in her; she hid her very patience.

Tru. It was all art, Sir, or indifference to you ; for what I say is downright matter of fact.

Ld. B. Why didst thou ever tell me it ! or why not in my life-time, for I must call it so, nor can I date a minute mine, after her being false ; all past that moment is death and darkness : why didst thou not tell me then, I say ?

Tru. Because you were too much in love with her to be inform'd ; nor did I ever know a man that touched on conjugal affairs could ever reconcile the jarring humours, but in a common hatred of the intermeddler : but on this most extraordinary occasion, which seems pointed out by heaven itself to disengage you from your cruelty and banishment of an innocent child. I must, I will conjure you to be conceal'd, and but contain yourself in hearing one discourse with that cursed instrument of all her secrets, that Tattleaid, and you will see what I tell you ; you will call me then your guardian and good genius.

Ld. B. Well, you shall govern me, but would I had died in earnest ere I had known it ; my head swims, as it did when I fell into my fit, at the thoughts of it—' How ' dizzy a place is this world you live in ! ' All human life's a mere vertigo !

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, fine reflections, fine reflections, but that does no business. Thus, Sir, we'll stand concealed, and hear, I doubt not, a much sincerer dialogue than usual between vicious persons ; for a late accident has given a little jealousy, which makes them over-act their love and confidence in each other.

[*They retire.*

Enter

Enter Widow and Tattleaid meeting, and running to each other.

Wid. Oh, Tattleaid! his and our hour is come!

Tat. I always said by his church-yard cough, you'd bury him, but still you were impatient—

Wid. Nay, thou hast ever been my comfort, my confident, my friend, and my servant; and now I'll reward thy pains; for tho' I scorn the whole sex of fellows; I'll give them hopes for thy sake; every smile, every frown, every gesture, humour, caprice and whimsey of mine, shall be gold to thee, girl; thou shalt feel all the sweets and wealth of being a fine rich widow's woman. Oh! how my head runs my first year out, and jumps to all the joys of widowhood! if thirteen months hence a friend should haul one to a play one has a mind to see, what pleasure 'twill be, when my Lady Brumpton's footman's called (who kept a place for that very purpose) to make a sudden insurrection of fine wigs in the pit and side-boxes. Then, with a pretty sorrow in one's face, and a willing blush for being stared at, one ventures to look round, and bow to one of one's own quality. Thus [*very directly*] to a snug pretending fellow of no fortune. Thus [*as scarce seeing him*] to one that writes lampoons. Thus [*fearfully*] to one one really loves: Thus [*looking down*] to one woman-acquaintance; from box to box thus: [*with looks differently familiar*] and when one has done one's part, observe the actors do theirs, but with my mind fixed not on those I look at, but those that look at me—Then the serenades! the lovers!

Tat. Oh, Madam, you make my heart bound within me: I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage them all; and indeed, Madam, the men are really very silly creatures, 'tis no such hard matter—they rulers! they governors! I warrant you indeed!

Wid. Ay, Tattleaid, they imagine themselves mighty things, but government founded on force only, is a brutal power—We rule them by their affections, which blinds them into belief that they rule us, or at least are in the government with us—But in this nation our power is absolute; 'thus, thus, we ~~way~~—[*Playing her fan.*] A 'fan is both the standard and the flag of England.' I laugh to see men go on our errands, strut in great offices,

live in cares, hazards and scandals, to come home and be fools to us in brags of their dispatches, negotiations, and their wisdoms—as my good dear deceas'd used to entertain me; which, I to relieve myself from—would list some silly request, pat him on the face—He shakes his head at my pretty folly, calls me simpleton; gives me a jewel, then goes to bed so wise, so satisfied, and so deceiv'd!——

Tat. But I protest, Madam, I've always wonder'd how you could accomplish my young Lord's being disinherited.

Wid. Why, Tatty, you must know my late Lord—— how prettily that sounds, my late Lord! but I say, my late Lord Fribble was generosity—I press'd him there, and whenever you, by my order, had told him stories to my son-in-law's disadvantage, in his rage and resentment, I (whose interest lay otherwise) always fell on my knees to implore his pardon, and with tears, sighs and importunities for him prevail'd against him: besides this, you know I had, when I pleased, fits. Fits are a mighty help in the government of a good-natured man: but in an ill-natured fellow have a care of them—he'll hate you for natural infirmities; will remember your face in its distortion, and not value your return of beauty.

Tat. O rare Madam! your ladyship's a great head-piece; 'but now, dear Madam, is the hard task, if I may take the liberty to say it—to enjoy all freedoms, and seem to abstain; to manage the number of pretenders, and keep the disobligh'd from prating——

Wid. Never fear, Tattleaid; while you have riches, if you affront one to abuse, you can give hopes to another to defend you: these maxims I have been laying up all my husband's life-time; for we must provide against calamities.'

Tat. But now, Madam, a fine young gentleman with a red coat, that dances——

Wid. You may be sure the happy man (if it be in fate that there is a happy man to make me an unhappy woman) shall not be an old one again. Age and youth married, is the cruelty in Dryden's *Virgil*, where Mezentius ties the dead and living together; I'm sure I was tied to a dead man many a long day before I durst bury him——

But the day is now my own—Yet now I think on't, Tattleaid, be sure to keep an obstinate shyness to all our old acquaintance: 'let them talk of favours if they please; 'if we grant them still, they'll grow tyrants to us; if we 'discard them, the chaste and innocent will not believe 'we could have confidence to do it, were it so; and 'the wise, if they believe it, will applaud our prudence.'

Tat. Ay, Madam—I believe, Madam—I speak, Madam, but my humble sense—Mr. Cabinet would marry you.

Wid. Marry me! No, Tattleaid, he that is so mean as to marry a woman after an affair with her, will be so base as to upbraid that very weakness. 'He that marries his wench will use her like his wench'—Such a pair must sure live in a secret mutual scorn of each other—and wedlock is Hell, if at least one side does not love, as it would be Heaven, if both did; and I believe it so much Heaven, as to think it was never enjoyed in this world.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman to Mrs. Tattleaid— [Exit Tat.]

Wid. Go to him—Bless me, how careless and open have I been to this subtle creature in the case of Cabinet, she's certainly in his interests—We people of condition are never guarded enough against those about us. They watch when our minds boil over with joy or grief, to come in upon us. How miserable it is to have one one hates always about one, and when one can't endure one's own reflection upon some actions, who can bear the thoughts of another upon them? but she has me by deep secrets—'The Italians, they say, can readily remove 'the too much intrusted—Oh, their pretty scented 'gloves! this wench I know has play'd me false, and 'horned me in my gallants. Oh, Italy, I could resign all 'my female English liberty to thee, for thy much dearer 'female pleasure, revenge! Well, what's the matter, dear 'Tatty—

Enter Tattleaid.

Tat. The matter, Madam—why, Madam, Counsellor Puzzle is come to wait on your ladyship about the will and the conveyance of the estate—there must, it seems, be

be no time lost for fear of things; fye, fye, Madam, you a widow these three hours, and not look'd on a parchment yet—Oh, impious! to neglect the will of the dead!

Wid. As you say indeed, there is no will of a husband's so willingly obeyed as his last. But I must go in, and receive him in my formalities; leaning on a couch is as necessary a posture, as his going behind his desk when he speaks to a client—But do you bring him in hither till I am ready——

[*Exit.*

Tat. Mr. Counsellor, Mr. Counsellor——

[*Calling.*

Enter Puzzle and Clerk.

Puz. Servant, good Madam Tattleaid, my ancient friend is gone, but business must be minded——

Tat. I told my lady twice or thrice, as she lies in dumb grief on the couch within, that you were here, but she regarded me not; however, since you say it is of such moment, I'll venture to introduce you: please but to repose here a little, while I step in; for methinks I would a little prepare her.

[*Exit Tattleaid.*

Puz. Alas! alas! poor lady!

Damn'd hypocrites! well, this nobleman's death is a little sudden: therefore pray let me recollect: open the bag, good Tom. Now Tom thou art my nephew, my dear sister Kate's only son, and my heir, therefore I will conceal from thee on no occasion any thing; for I would enter thee into business as soon as possible. Know then, child, that the lord of this house was one of your men of honour, and sense, who lost the latter in the former, and are apt to take all men to be like themselves: now this gentleman intirely trusted me, and I made the only use a man of business can of a trust, I cheated him; for I imperceptibly, before his face, made his whole estate liable to an hundred per annum for myself, for good services, &c. As for legacies, they are good or not, as I please; for let me tell you, a man must take pen, ink, and paper, sit down by an old fellow, and pretend to take directions, but a true lawyer never makes any man's will but his own; and as the priest of old among us got near the dying man, and gave him the church, so now the lawyer gives all to the law.

Clerk.

THE FUNERAL. 21

Clerk. Ay, Sir, but priests then cheated the nation by doing their offices in an unknown language.

Puz. True—but ours is a way much surer; for we cheat in no language at all, but loll in our own coaches, eloquent in gibberish, and learned in jingle. Pull out the parchment; there's the deed; I made it as long as I could——Well, I hope to see the day, when the indenture shall be the exact measure of the land that passes by it; for 'tis a discouragement to the gown, that every ignorant rogue of an heir should in a word or two understand his father's meaning, and hold ten acres of land by half an acre of parchment——Nay, I hope to see the time 'when that there is indeed some progress made in, 'shall be wholly effected; and' by the improvement of the noble art of tautology, every inn in Holborn an inn of court. Let others think of logic, rhetoric, and I know not what impertinence, but mind thou tautology——What's the first excellence in a lawyer? Tautology. What's the second? Tautology. What's the third? Tautology: as an old pleader said of action. But to turn to the deed; [*Pulls out an immeasurable parchment.*] 'for the 'will is of no force if I please, for he was not capable 'of making-one after the former, as I managed it——'upon which account I now wait on my lady:' by the way, Tom, do you know the true meaning of the word a deed?

Clerk. Ay, Sir, as if a man should say the deed.

Puz. Right; 'tis emphatically so called, because after it all deeds and actions are of no effect, and you have nothing to do but hang yourself—the only obliging thing you can then do. But I was telling you the use of tautology——Read toward the middle of that instrument.

Clerk. [*Reads.*] I the said earl of Brumpton, do give, bestow, grant and bequeath, over and above the said premises, all the site and capital messuage called by the name of Oatham, and all outhouses, barns, stables, and other edifices and buildings, yards, orchards, gardens, fields, arbors, trees, lands, earths, meadows, greens, pastures, feedings, woods, underwoods, ways, waters, water-courses, fishing-ponds, pools, commons, common of pasture, paths, heath-thickets, profits, commodities, and emoluments, with their and every of their appurtenances whatsoever,

whatsoever, to the said capital messuage and site belonging, or in any wise appertaining, or with the same heretofore used, occupied or enjoyed, accepted, executed, known, or taken as part, parcel, or member of the same; containing in the whole, by estimation, four hundred acres

Puzzle nods and sneers as the synonymous words are repeating, whom Lord Brumpton scornfully mimics.

of the large measure, or thereabouts, be the same more or less; all and singular which the said site, capital messuage, and other the premises, with their and every of their appurtenances, are situate, lying and being—

Puz. Hold, hold, good Tom; you do come on indeed in business, but don't use your nose enough in reading—*[Reads in a ridiculous low tone till out of breath.]*—Why, you're quite out; you read to be understood—let me see it—I the said earl—Now again, suppose this were to be in Latin—*[Runs into Latin terminations.]* making Latin is only making it no English—*Ego prædict—Comes de Brumpton—totas meas barnos—outhousas & stabulas—yardos—*But there needs no further perusal. I now recollect the whole—my lord, by this instrument, ~~disinherits his son~~ utterly; gives all to my lady; and moreover, grants the wards of two fortune wards to her; *id est*, to be sold by her; which is the subject of my business to her ladyship, who, methinks, a little overdoes the affair of grief; in letting me wait thus long on such welcome articles—But here—

Enter Tattleaid, wiping her eyes.

Tat. I have, in vain, done all I can to make her regard me. Pray, Mr. Puzzle, you're a man of sense, come in yourself, and speak reason, to bring her to some consideration of herself, if possible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the hall to you; dear Madam, lead on.

[Exit Clerk one way, Puz. Tatt. another.]

Ld. Brumpton and Trusty advance from their concealment after a long pause, and staring at each other.

Ld. B. Trusty, on thy sincerity, on thy fidelity to me, thy friend, thy patron, and thy master, answer me directly to one question—Am I really alive? Am I that identical,

identical, that numerical, that very same Lord Brumpton, that——

Truf. That very Lord—that very Lord Brumpton, the very generous, honest, and good Lord Brumpton, who spent his strong and riper years with honour and reputation; but in his age of decay declined from virtue also: that very Lord Brumpton, who buried a fine lady, who brought him a fine son, who is a fine gentleman; but in his age, that very man, unseasonably captivated with youth and beauty, married a very fine young lady, who has dishonoured his bed, disinherited his brave son, and dances o'er his grave.

Ld. B. Oh, that damned tautologist too!——that Puzzle, and his irrevocable deed! [*Pausing.*] Well, I know I do not really live, but wander o'er the place where once I had a treasure—I'll haunt her, Trusty, gaze in that false beauteous face, till she tremble, till she looks pale, nay, till she blushes——

Truf. Ay, ay, my lord, you speak a ghost very much; there's flesh and blood in that expression—that false beauteous face!

Ld. B. Then, since you see my weakness, be a friend, and arm me with all your care, and all your reason——

Truf. If you'll condescend to let me direct you, you shall cut off this rotten limb, this false, disloyal wife, and save your noble parts, your son, your family, your honour.

Short is the date in which ill acts prevail,
But honesty's a rock can never fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Lord Hardy.

NOW, indeed, I am utterly undone—but to expect an evil softens the weight of it when it happens; and pain, no more than pleasure, is in reality so great as in expectation. But what will become of me? How shall I keep myself even above worldly want? Shall I live

live at home, a stiff, melancholy, poor man of quality; grow uneasy to my acquaintance as well as myself, by fancying I am slighted where I am not; with all the thousand particularities which attend those whom low fortune and high spirit make malecontents? No! we have a brave prince on the throne, whose commission I bear, and a glorious war in an honest cause approaching, [*clapping his hand on his sword.*] in which this shall cut out bread for me, and may, perhaps, equal that estate to which my birth entitled me——But what to do in present pressures——Ha, Trim!

[*Calling.*

Enter Trim.

Trim. My lord.

Ld. H. How do the poor rogues that are to recruit my company?

Trim. Do, Sir? They have eat you to your last guinea.

Ld. H. Were you at the agent's?

Trim. Yes.

Ld. H. Well, and how?

Trim. Why, Sir, for your arrears, you may have eleven shillings in the pound; but he'll not touch your growing subsistence under three shillings in the pound interest; besides which, you must let his clerk, Jonathan Item, swear the peace against you, to keep you from duelling; or insure your life, which you may do for eight *per cent.* On these terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do for any body else in the regiment; but he has a friendship for you.

Ld. H. Oh, I am his humble servant! but he must have his own terms; we can't starve, nor must the fellows want. But methinks this a calm midnight; I have heard no duns to-day.

Trim. Duns, my lord! Why, now your father's dead, and they can't arrest you, I shall grow a little less upon the smooth with them than I have been. Why, friend, says I, how often must I tell you my lord is not stirring? His lordship has nor slept well, you must come some other time; your lordship will send for him when you are at leisure to look upon money affairs; or if they are so faucy, so impertinent as to press a man of your quality for their own, there are canes, there's Bridewel, there's the stocks for your ordinary tradesmen; but to an haughty,

ty, thriving, Covent-Garden mercer, silk or laceman, your lordship gives your most humble service to him hopes his wife is well ; you have letters to write, or yr would see him yourself, but you desire he would be with you punctually on such a day, that is to say, the day after you are gone out of town.

Ld. H. Go, firrah ; you are scurrilous ; I won't believe there are such men of quality—d'ye hear, give my service, this afternoon, to Mr. Cutpurse, the agent, and tell him I am obliged to pay him for his readiness to serve me, for I am resolved to pay my debts forthwith— [*A voice without.*] I don't know whether he is within or not. Mr. Trim, is my lord within ?

Ld. H. Trim, see who it is ; I am not within, you know—— [*Exit Trim.*]

Trim. [*Without.*] Yes, Sir, my lord is above ; pray, walk up——

Ld. H. Who can it be ; He owns me too.

Enter Campley and Trim.

Dear Tom Campley, this is kind——You are an extraordinary man indeed, who, in the sudden accession of a noble fortune, can still be yourself, and visit your less happy friends.

Camp. No, you are, my lord, the extraordinary man, who, on the loss of an almost princely fortune, can be master of a temper that makes you the envy, rather than pity of your more fortunate, not more happy friends.

Ld. H. Oh, Sir, your servant !—But let me gaze on thee a little——I han't seen thee since we came home into England—most exactly, negligently, genteely dressed——I know there is more than ordinary in this. [*Beating Campley's breast.*] Come, confess who shares with me here—I must have her real and poetical name——Come, she is in sonnet, Cynthia ; in prose, mistress——

Camp. One you little dream of ; tho' she is in a manner of your placing there.

Ld. H. My placing there !——

Camp. Why, my lord, all the fine things you have said to me in the camp, of my Lady Charlot, your father's ward, ran in my head so very much, that I made it my business to become acquainted in that family, which I did

C

by

by Mr. Cabinet's means, and am now in love in the same place with your lordship.

Ld. H. How! in love in the same place with me, Mr. Campley?

Camp. Ay, my Lord, with t'other sifter, with t'other sifter.

Ld. H. What a dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her? Why, thou art the only man breathing fit to deal with her——But my Lady Charlot; there's a woman!——so easily virtuous; so agreeably severe; her motion so unaffected, yet so composed; her lips breathe nothing but truth, good sense, and flowing wit.

Camp. Lady Harriot; there's the woman! such life, such spirit, such warmth in her eyes; such a lively, commanding air in her glances; so sprightly a mien, that carries in it the triumph of conscious beauty. Her lips are made of gum and balm——There is something in that dear girl that fires my blood above——above——above——

Ld. H. Above what?

Camp. A grenadier's march.

Ld. H. A soft simile, I must confess——But, Oh, that Charlot! to recline this aching head, full of care, on that tender, snowy, faithful bosom——

Camp. Oh, that Harriot! to embrace that beautiful——

Ld. H. Ay, Tom; but methinks your head runs too much on the wedding-night only, to make your happiness lasting: mine is fixed on the married state; 'I expect my felicity from Lady Charlot, in her friendship, her constancy, her piety, her household cares, her maternal tenderness——You think not of any excellence of your mistress, that is more than skin deep.

Camp. When I know her further than skin deep, I'll tell you more of my mind.

Ld. H. 'Oh, fie, Tom! how can you talk so lightly of a woman you love with honour'——But tell me, I wonder how you make your approaches in besieging such a sort of creature; she that loves addresses, gallantry, fiddles; that reigns and delights in a croud of admirers. If I know her, she is one of those you may easily have a general acquaintance with, but hard to make particular.

Camp. You understand her very well——You must

know, I put her out of all her play, by carrying it in a humorous manner; I took care, in all my actions, before I discovered the lover, that she should, in general, have a good opinion of me; and have ever since behaved myself with all the good humour and ease I was able; so that she is now extremely at a loss how to throw me from the familiarity of an acquaintance, into the distance of a lover; but I laugh her out of it; when she begins to frown, and look grave at my mirth, I mimic her till she bursts out laughing——

Ld. H. That's ridiculous enough.

Camp. By Cabinet's interest over my Lady Brumpton, with gold and flattery to Mrs. Fardingle, an old maid her ladyship has placed about the young ladies, I have easy access at all times, and am this very day to be admitted by her into their apartment—I have found, you must know, that she is my relation.

Ld. H. Her ladyship has chose an odd companion for young ladies.

Camp. Oh, my Lady's a politician; 'she told Tattle-aid, one day, that an old maid was the best guard for young ones; for they, like eunuchs in a seraglio, are vigilant out of envy of enjoyment they cannot themselves arrive at.' But, as I was saying, I have sent my cousin Fardingle a song, which she and I are to practise to the spinner—The young ladies will be by, and I am to be left alone with Lady Harriot; then I design to make my grand attack, and to-day win or lose her. I know, Sir, this is an opportunity you want—If you'll meet me at Tom's, have a letter ready, I will, myself, deliver it to your mistress, conduct you into the house, and tell her you are there, and find means to place you together. You must march under my command to-day, as I have many a one under yours.

Ld. H. But, faith, Tom, I shall not behave myself with half the resolution you have under mine; for, to confess my weakness, though I know she loves me, though I know she is as steadfastly mine, as her heart can make her, I know not how, I have so sublime an idea of her high value, and such a melting tenderness dissolves my whole frame when I am near her, that my tongue falters, my nerves shake, and my heart so alternately sinks and rises,

B. 2.

that

that my premeditated resolves vanish into confusion, down-cast eyes, and broken utterance——

Cam. Ha, ha, ha! this in a campaigner too! Why, my lord, that's the condition Harriot would have me in, and then she thinks she could have me; but I, that know her better than she does herself, know she would insult me, and lead me a two years dance longer, and, perhaps, in the end, turn me into the herd of the many neglected men of better sense, who have been ridiculous for her sake——But I shall make her no such sacrifice. 'Tis well my Lady Charlot's a woman of so solid an understanding; I don't know another that would not use you ill for your high value.

Ld. H. But, Tom, I must see your song you have sent your cousin Fardingle, as you call her.

Camp. This is lucky enough—[*Afide.*]—No, hang it, my lord, a man makes so silly a figure when his verses are reading——Trim, thou hast not left off thy loving and thy rhyming; Trim's a critic; I remember him a servitor at Oxon: [*Gives a paper to Trim.*] I give myself into his hands, because you shan't see them till I am gone——My lord, your servant—you shan't stir,

Ld. H. Nor you neither, then.

[*Struggling.*]

Camp. You will be obeyed.

[*Exeunt; Lord Hardy waits on him down.*]

Trim. What is in this song;——Ha!—don't my eyes deceive me?—A bill of three hundred pounds! [*Reads.*]

“ Mr. Cash,

“ Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or bearer, the sum of three hundred pounds, and place it to the account of,
Sir,

Your humble servant,

THOMAS CAMPLEY.”

[*Pulling off his hat, and bowing.*] Your very humble servant, good Mr. Campley. Ay, this is poetry: this is a song indeed—Faith, I'll set it, and sing it myself——Pray pay to Mr. William Trim——So far in recitativo——Three hundred—[*Singing ridiculously.*]—hun—dred—hundred——Hundred trice repeated, because 'tis three hundred pounds: I love repetitions in music, when there is a good reason for it——Po——ds after the Italian manner.

manner. If they would bring me such sensible words as these, I would out-strip all your composers for the music prize. This was honestly done of Mr. Campley : tho' I have carried him many a purse from my master, when he was ensign to our company in Flanders.

Enter Lord Hardy.

My lord, I am your lordship's humble servant.

Ld. H. Sir, your humble servant. But, pray, my good familiar friend, how came you to be so very much my humble servant all of a sudden ?

Trim. I beg pardon, dear Sir ; my lord, I am not your humble servant.

Ld. H. No ?

Trim. Yes, my lord, I am ; but not as you mean——but I am—I am, my lord——In short, I am overjoyed.

Ld. H. Overjoyed ! thou art distracted——What ails the fellow ? Where is Campley's song ?

Trim. Oh, my lord, one would not think it was in him ! Mr. Campley is really a very great poet—As for the song, it is only as they all end in rhyme—owe, woe ; isses, kisses ; boy, joy—but, my lord, the other in long heroic blank verse : [*Reading it with a great tone.*] Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or order, the sum of——How sweetly it runs !—Pactolian guineas chink in every line.

Ld. H. How very handsomely this was done in Campley ! I wondered, indeed, he was so willing to shew his verses. In how careless a manner that fellow does the greatest actions !

Trim. My lord ; pray, my lord, shan't I go immediately to Cutpurse's ?

Ld. H. No, firrah ; now we have no occasion for it.

Trim. No, my lord, only to stare him full in the face after I have received this money, not say a word, but keep my hat on, and walk out : or, perhaps, not hear, if any I meet with speak to me ; but grow stiff, deaf, and short-sighted to all my old acquaintance, like a sudden rich man as I am ; or, perhaps, my lord, desire Cutpurse's clerk to let me leave fifty pounds at their house, payable to Mr. William Trim, or order—till I come that way—or a month or two hence, may have occasion for it—I don't know what bills may be drawn upon me——Then, when the clerk begins to stare at me, till he pulls the

great goose quill from behind his ear, [*Pulls a handful of farthings out.*] I fall a reckoning the pieces, as I do these farthings.

Ld. H. Well, sirrah, you may have your humour, but be sure you take fourscore pounds, and pay my debts immediately—if you meet any officer you ever see me in company with, that looks grave at Cutpurse's House, tell him I'd speak with him—We must help our friends—But learn moderation, you rogue, in your good fortune; be at home all the evening after, while I wait at Tom's to meet Campley, in order to see lady Charlot—

My good or ill in her alone is found,

And in that thought all other cares are drown'd. [*Exit.*

Trim. Oh dear, dear, three hundred pounds. [*Exit.*

Enter Sable, Lord Brumpton and Trusty.

Sab. Why, my lord, you can't in conscience put me off so; I must do according to my orders, cut you up, and embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you talk of; you don't consider the charges I have been at already.

Ld. B. Charges! for what?

Sab. First, twenty guineas to my lady's woman for notice of your death (a fee I've before now known the widow herself go halves in) but no matter for that—in the next place, ten pounds for watching you all your long fit of sickness last winter—

Ld. B. Watching me? Why I had none but my own servants by turns.

Sab. I mean attending to give notice of your death. I had all your long fit of sickness last winter at half a crown a day, a fellow waiting at your gate to bring me intelligence, but you unfortunately recovered, and I lost all my obliging pains for your service.

Ld. B. Ha! ha! ha! Sable, thou'rt a very impudent fellow. Half a crown a day to attend my decease, and dost thou reckon it to me?

Sab. Look you, gentlemen, don't stand staring at me—I have a book at home, which I call my doomsday book, where I have every man of quality's age and disposition in town, and know when you should drop—Nay, my lord, if you had reflected upon your mortality half so much as poor I have for you, you would not desire to
return

return to life thus—in short, I cannot keep this a secret, under the whole money I am to have for burying you.

Ld. B. Trusty, if you think it safe in you to obey my orders after the deed Puzzle told his clerk of, pay it him——

Tru. I should be glad to give it out of my own pocket, rather than be without the satisfaction of seeing you witness to it.

Ld. B. I heartily believe thee, dear Trusty——

Sab. Then, my lord, the secret of your being alive is now safe with me.

Tru. I'll warrant I'll be reveng'd of this unconscionable dog——[*Aside.*] My lord, you must to your closet——I fear somebody's coming——

[*Exeunt Sable one way, and Ld. B. and Trusty another.*]

SCENE *draws and discovers Lady Charlot reading at a Table——Lady Harriot playing at a glass to and fro, and viewing herself.*

L. Ha. Nay, good sage sister, you may as well talk to me, [*Looking at herself as she speaks.*] as sit staring at a book which I know you can't attend—Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis lord Hardy, now earl of Brunpton, out of your head, or making him absent from your eyes. Do but look at me now, and deny it if you can.

L. Ch. You are the maddest girl—— [*Smiling.*]

L. Ha. Look ye, I knew you could not say it, and forbear laughing—[*Looking over Charlot.*] Oh, I see his name as plain as you do—F—r—a—n Fran, c-i-s cis, Francis, 'tis in every line of the book.

L. Ch. [*Rising.*] 'Tis in vain, I see, to mind any thing in such impertinent company——but granting 'twere as you say, as to my lord Hardy, 'tis more excusable to admire another than one's self——

L. Ha. No, I think not——Yes, I grant you than really to be vain at one's person, but I don't admire myself——Pish! I don't believe my eyes have that softness—[*Looking in the glass.*] They an't so piercing: no, 'tis only stuff, the men will be talking—Some people are such admirers of teeth—Lord, what signifies teeth!

teeth! [*Shewing her teeth.*] A very black-a-moor has ~~as~~ white teeth as I—No, sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a spirit of contradiction in me: I don't know—I'm in love with myself, only to rival the men—

L. *Cb.* Ay, but Mr. Campley will gain ground ev'n of that rival of his, your dear self—

L. *Ha.* Oh, ~~what have~~ I done to you, that you should name that insolent intruder—~~A confident opinionative~~ ~~for~~—No indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sigh'd and sung, of both sexes

The public envy, and the public care,
I shan't be so easily caught—I thank him—I want but to be sure, I shou'd heartily torment him, by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life or not.

L. *Cb.* Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you.

L. *Ha.* Vanity! All the matter is, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks: all your life's an art—Speak your soul—Look you there—[*Haling her to the glass.*] Are you not struck with a secret pleasure, when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your shape; that promptitude of your mien!—

L. *Cb.* Well, simpleton, if I am at first so silly as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

L. *Ha.* Pshaw! Pshaw! talk this musty tale to old Mrs. Fardingale, 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate.

L. *Cb.* They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late—But tell me honestly, don't you like Campley?

L. *Ha.* The fellow is not to be abhorred, if the forward thing did not think of getting me so easily—Oh, I hate a heart I can't break when I please—~~What makes the value of dear china,~~ but that 'tis so brittle!—were it not for that, you might as well have stone mugs in your closet—

L. *Cb.* Hist, hist, here's Fardingale.

Enter Fardingale.

Far. Lady Harriot, lady Charlot—I'll entertain you now; I've a new song just come hot out of the poet's brain.

brain. Lady Charlot, my cousin Campley writ it, and it's set to a pretty air, I warrant you.

L. Ha. 'Tis like to be pretty indeed, of his writing.
[Flings away.]

Far. Come, come, this is not one of your tringham tringham, witty things, that your poor poets write; no, 'tis well known my cousin Campley has two thousand pounds a year—But this is all dissimulation in you.

L. Ch. 'Tis so indeed, for your cousin's song's very pretty, Mrs. Fardingale.
[Reads.]

Let not love on me bestow,
Soft distress, and tender woe;
I know none but substantial blisses,
Eager glances, solid kisses;
I know not what the lovers feign,
Of finer pleasure mix'd with pain;
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

But Harriot thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect one without enduring t'other.

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's your cousin Campley to wait on you without——

Far. Let him come in——we shall have the song now——

Enter Campley.

Cam. Ladies, your most obedient servant——Your servant, lady Charlot——Servant, lady Harriot——[Harriot looks grave upon him.] What's the matter, dear lady Harriot—Not well? I protest to you I'm mightily concerned——[Pulls out a bottle.] This is a most excellent spirit—snuff it up, Madam.

L. Ha. Pish—the familiar coxcomb frets me heartily——

Cam. 'Twill be over, I hope, immediately.

L. Ch. Your cousin Fardingale has shewn us some of your poetry; there's the spinnet, Mr. Campley, I know you're musical.

Cam. She should not have called it my poetry.

Far. No. Who waits there——Pray bring my lute out of the next room——

Enter servant with a lute.

You must know I cann'd this song before I came in, and find

find it will go to an excellent air of old Mr. Law's, who was my mother's intimate acquaintance: my mother's, what do I talk of? I mean, my grand-mother's—Oh, here's the lute—Cousin Campley, hold the song upon your hat. [*Afide to him.*] 'Tis a pretty gallantry to a relation.

Sings and squalls.

Let not love, &c.

Oh, I have left off these things many a day.

Cam. No; I profess, Madam, you do it admirably—but are not assured enough—Take it higher [*In her own squall.*] Thus—I know your voice will bear it.

L. Ha. Oh, hideous! Oh, the gross flatterer—I shall burst—Mrs. Fardingle, pray go on, the music fits the words most aptly—Take it higher, as your cousin advises.

Far. Oh, dear Madam, do you really like it—I do it purely to please you—for I can't sing, alas!

L. Ch. We know it, good Madam, we know it—But pray—

Far. Let not love, and substantial blisses, is lively enough, and ran accordingly in the tune. [*Curtsies to the company.*] Now I took it higher.

L. Ha. Incomparably done! nothing can equal it, except your cousin sang his own poetry.

Cam. Madam, from my lord Hardy—[*Delivers a letter to Lady Charlot.*] How do you say, my lady Harriot, except I sing it myself! then I assure you I will.

L. Ch. I han't patience, I must go read my letter.

[*Exit.*

Cam. [*Sings.*] Let not love, &c.

Far. Bless me, what's become of Lady Charlot?

[*Exit.*

L. Ha. Mrs. Fardingle, Mrs. Fardingle, what, must we lose you?

Campley runs to the door, takes the key out, and locks her in. What means this insolence? a plot upon me—Do you know who I am?

Cam. Yes, Madam, you're my lady Harriot Lovely, with ten thousand pounds in your pocket; and I am Mr. Campley with two thousand a year—of quality enough to pretend to you—And I do design, before I leave this room,

room, to hear you talk like a reasonable woman, as nature has made you. Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce, and discompose yourself and your dress.

L. Ha. If there are swords, if they are men of honour, and not all dastards, cowards, that pretend to this injured person——— [*Running round the room.*]

Cam. Ay, ay, Madam, let 'em come---That's putting me in my way, fighting's my trade---but you've used all mankind too ill to expect so much service---in short, madam, were you a fool, I should not desire to expostulate with you——— [*Seizing her hand.*]

L. Ha. Unhand me, ravisher---[*Pulls her hand from him, chafes round the room, Campley after her.*]

Cam. But, Madam, Madam, Madam, why Madam! Pr'ythee, Cynthia, look behind you, [*Sings.*]
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you.

L. Ha. Age, wrinkles, small-pox, nay, any thing that's most abhorrent to youth and bloom, were welcome in the place of so detested a creature.

Cam. No such matter, lady Harriot; I would not be a vain coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable, nay, know where you've said as much before you understood me for your servant. Was I immediately transformed because I became your lover?

L. Ha. My lover, Sir? did I ever give you reason to think I admitted you as such?

Cam. Yes, you did in your using me ill---for if you did not assume upon the score of my pretending to you, how do you answer yourself some parts of your behaviour to me as a gentleman - 'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good sense I know you mistress of. Do but consider, Madam, I have long loved you—bore with this fantastic humour through all its mazes—Nay, do not frown——for 'tis no better——I say, I have bore with this humour, but would you have me with an unmanly servitude feed it---No, I love with too sincere, too honest a devotion, and would you have your mind as faultless as your person, which 'twould be, if you'll lay aside this vanity of being pursued with sighs, with flatteries, with nonsense.——[*She walks about less violently, but more confused.*] Oh, my heart akes at the disturbance which I give her, but she must not see it—[*Aside.*] Had I not

I not better tell you of it now, that when you are in my power; I should be then too generous to thwart your inclination.

L. Ha. That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey reason as soon as see it—[*Aside.*] Since so, Mr. Campley, I can as ingenuously as I should then, acknowledge that I have been in an error.

[*Looking down on her fan.*]

Cam. Nay, that's too great a condescension. Oh, excellence! I repent! I see 'twas but justice in you to demand my knees, [*Kneeling.*] my sighs, my constant, tenderest regard and service---And you shall have 'em, since you are above 'em—

L. Ha. Nay, Mr. Campley, you won't recal me to a fault you have so lately shewn me—I will not suffer this—no more ecstasies! But pray, Sir, what was't you did to get my sister out of the room?

Cam. You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my lord Hardy there, who writ to her by me—For he is no ravisher, as you called me just now.—He is now in the house—And I would fain gain an interview—

L. Ha. That they may have—But they'll make little use of it: for the tongue is the instrument of speech to us of a lower form; they are of that high order of lovers, who know none but eloquent silence, and can utter themselves only by a gesture that speaks their passion inexpressible—and what not fine things.

Cam. But pray let's go into your sister's closet, while they are together.

L. Ha. I swear I don't know how to see my sister—she'll laugh me to death to see me out of my pantoufles, and you and I thus familiar—However, I know she'll approve it.

Cam. You may boast yourself an heroine to her, and the first woman that was ever vanquished by hearing truth, and had sincerity enough to receive so rough an obligation, as being made acquainted with her faults—Come, Madam, stand your ground bravely, we'll march in to her thus.

[*She leaning on Campley.*]

L. Ha. Who'll believe a woman's anger more? I've betrayed the whole sex to you, Mr. Campley. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter Lord Hardy and Campley.

Camp. My lord, her sister, who now is mine, will immediately send her hither---But be yourself---Charge her bravely---‘I wish she were a cannon---An eighteen pounder for your sake---Then I know, were there occasion, you’d be in the mouth of her---’

L. Ha. I long, yet fear to see her---I know I am unable to utter myself---

Camp. Come, retire here ’till she appears.

Enter Lady Charlot.

L. Ce. Now is the tender moment now approaching. [*Aside.*] There he is [*They approach and salute each other trembling.*] Your lordship will please to sit; [*After a very long pause, stolen glances, and irresolute gestures.*] your lordship, I think, has travelled those parts of Italy where the armies are---

L. H. Yes, Madam.

L. Cb. I think I have letters from you, dated Mantua.

L. Ha. I hope you have, Madam, and that their purpose---

L. Cb. My lord? [*Looking serious and confused.*

L. Ha. Was not your ladyship going to say something?

L. Cb. I only attended to what your lordship was going to say---That is, my lord---But you were, I believe, going to say something of that garden of the world, Italy---I am very sorry your misfortunes in England are such as make you justly regret your leaving that place.

L. Ha. There is a person in England may make those losses insensible to me.

L. Cb. Indeed, my lord, there have so very few of quality attended his majesty’s in the war, that your birth and merit may well hope for his favour.

Ld. Ha. I have, indeed, all the zeal in the world for his majesty’s service, and most grateful affection for his person, but did not then mean him.

Ld. Cb. But can you indeed impartially say that our island is really preferable to the rest of the world, or is it an arrogance only in us to think so?

Ld. Ha. I profess, Madam, that little I have seen has
D but

but more endeared England to me; for that medley of humours which perhaps distracts our public affairs, does, methinks improve our private lives, and makes conversation more various, and consequently more pleasing—Every where else both men and things have the same countenance—In France you meet much civility and little friendship; in Holland, deep attention, but little reflection; in Italy, all pleasure, but no mirth—But here with us, where you have every where pretenders, or masters in every thing, you can't fall into company, wherein you shall not be instructed or diverted.

L. Ch. I never had an account of any thing from you, my lord, but I mourned the loss of my brother, you would have been so happy a companion for him—With that right sense of yours—My lord, you need not bow so obsequiously, for I do you but justice—But you sent me word of your seeing a lady in Italy very like me—Did you visit her often?

L. Ha. Once or twice, but I observed her so loose a creature, that I could have killed her for having your person.

L. Ch. I thank you, Sir; but heaven that preserves me unlike her, will, I hope, make her more like me—But your fellow-traveller—His relations themselves know not a just account of him.

L. Ha. The original cause of his fever was a violent passion for a fine young woman he had not power to speak to—but I told her his regard for her as passionately as possible.

L. Ch. You were to him, what Mr. Campley has been to you—Whither am I running—Poor—your friend—Poor gentleman.

Ld. Ha. I hope then as Campley's eloquence is greater, so has been his success.

L. Ch. My lord?

Ld. Ha. Your ladyship's.

Enter Lady Harriot.

L. Ha. Undone! Undone! Tattelaid has found, by some means or other, that Campley brought my lord Hardy hither; we are utterly ruined, my lady's coming—

Ld. Ha. I'll stay and confront her.

L. Ch. It must not be—we are too much in her

“r.

Enter Campley.

Cam. Come, come, my lord, we're routed horse and foot—Down the back stairs, and so out. [*Exeunt.*]

Ladies. Ay, ay——

L. Ha. I tremble every joint of me——

L. Ch. I'm at a stand a little, but rage will recover me; she's coming in——

Enter Widow.

Wid. Ladies, your servant—I fear I interrupt you, have you company? Lady Harriot, your servant, lady Charlot, your servant? What, not a word—Oh, I beg your ladyship's pardon—Lady Charlot did I say? My young lady Brumpton, I wish you joy.

L. Ch. Oh, your servant, lady dowager Brumpton—That's an appellation of much more joy to you——

Wid. So smart, Madam; but you should, methinks, have made one acquainted—Yet, Madam, your conduct is seen through——

L. Ch. My conduct, lady Brumpton!

Wid. Your conduct, lady Charlot!

[*Coming up to each other.*]

L. Ch. Madam, 'tis you are seen through all your thin disguises——

Wid. I seen? By whom?

L. Ch. By an all-piercing eye; nay, by what you much more fear, the eye of the world---The world sees you, or shall see you: it shall know your secret intemperance, your public fasting---Loose poems in your closet, an homily on your toilette---Your easy skilful practised hypocrisy, by which you wrought on your husband basely to transfer the trust and ward of us, two helpless virgins, into the hands and care of—I cannot name it—You're a wicked woman.

L. Ha. [*Aside.*] Oh, rare sister! 'Tis a fine thing to keep one's anger in stock by one; we that are angry and pleased every half hour, having nothing at all of all this high-flown fury! Why, she rages like a princess in a tragedy! Blessings on her tongue——

Wid. Is this the effect of your morning lectures, your self-examination, all this fury.

L. Ch. Yes, it is, Madam, if I take pains to govern

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my

my passions, it shall not give licence to others to govern 'em for me——

Wid. Well, lady Charlot, however you ill deserve it of me, I shall take care, while there are locks and bars, to keep you from lord Hardy—From being a leiger lady, from carrying a knapsack.

L. Ch. Knapfack! Do you upbraid the poverty your own wicked arts have brought him to—Knapfack! Oh, grant me patience, can I hear this of the man I love? Knapfack! I have not words. [*Stamps about the room.*]

Wid. I leave you to cool upon it; love and anger are very warm passions—— [*Exit.*]

L. Ha. She has locked us in——

E. Ch. Knapfack? Well, I will break walls to go to him—‘I could sit down and cry my eyes out! Dear sister, what a rage have I been in?’ Knapfack! I’ll give vent to my just resentment—Oh, how shall I avoid this base woman, how meet that excellent man! ‘What an helpless condition are you and I in now? If we run into the world, that youth and innocence, which should demand assistance, does but attract invaders. Will Providence guard us? How do I see that our sex is naturally indigent of protection?’—I hope ’tis in fate to crown our loves; for it is only in the protection of men of honour, that we are naturally truly safe;

‘And woman’s happiness, for all her scorn,

‘Is only by that side whence she was born.’

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T. III.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, and Trim.

LORD HARDY.

THAT jade Tattelaid saw me upon the stairs, for I had not patience to keep my concealment, but must peep out to see what was become of you.

Cam. But we have advice, however, it seems from the garrison already—this mistress of Trim’s is a mighty lucky accident——

Trim. Ay, gentlemen, she has free egress and regress, and

and you know the French are the best bred people in the world—she'll be assistant—but, 'faith, I have one scruple that hangs about me—and that is—Look you, my lord, we servants have no masters in their absence—In a word, when I am with Mademoiselle, I talk of your lordship as only a particular acquaintance, that I do business indeed for you sometimes---I must needs say, cries I, that indeed my lord Hardy is really a person I have a great honour for.

Ld. Ha. Pish! is that all? I understand you---your mistress does not know that you do me the honour to clean my shoes or so, upon occasion---Pr'ythee, Will, make yourself as considerable as you please.

Trim. Well then, your lesson is this—She out of her respect to me, and understanding Mr. Campley was an intimate of my friend my lord Hardy, and condescending (though she is of a great house in France) to make mantua's for the improvement of the English—which gives her easy admittance---She, I say, moved by these promises, ~~has vouchsafed to bring a letter from my lady Harriot to Mr. Campley, and came to me to bring her to him.~~ You are to understand also, that she is dressed in the latest French cut; her dress is the model of her habit, and herself of their manners—for she is—But you shall see her— [Exit.

Ld. Ha. This gives me some life!—Cheer up, Tom—but behold the solemnity—Do you see Trim's gallantry? I shall laugh out.

Enter Trim leading in Mademoiselle.

Trim. My dear lord Hardy, this is Mademoiselle d'Epingle, whose name you've often heard me sigh— [Ld. Hardy salutes her.] Mr. Campley—Mademoiselle d'Epingle. [Campley salutes her.

Mad. Votre servante, gentlemen, votre servante—

Cam. I protest to you, I never saw any thing so becoming as your dress---shall I beg the favour you'd condescend to let Mr. Trim lead you once round the room, that I may admire the elegance of your habit—

[Trim leads her round.

Ld. Ha. How could you ask such a thing?

Cam. Pshaw, my lord, you're a bashful English fellow—You see she is not surprised at it, but thinks me gal-

lant in desiring it---Oh, Madam ! your air !---The negligence, the disengagement of your manner ! Oh, how delicate is your noble nation---‘ I swear, there’s none ‘ but the clumsy Dutch and English would oppose such ‘ polite conquerors’—When shall you see an English woman so dressed ?

Mad. De Englife ! poor barbarians, poor savages, dey know no more of de dress, but to cover dere nakedness [*Glides along the room.*] Dey be cloded, but no dressed—But, Monsieur Terim, which Monsieur Campley ?

Trim. That’s honest Tom Campley—

Cam. At your service, Mademoiselle—

Mad. I fear I incur de censure, [*Pulling out the letter, and recollecting as loth to deliver it.*] but Mr. Terim being your intimate friend, and I designing to honour him in de way of an husband---So, so, how do I run away in discourse—I never make promise to Mr. Terim before, and now do it par accident—

Cam. Dear, Will Trim is extremely obliging in having prevailed upon you to do a thing, that the severity of your virtue, and the greatness of your quality, ‘ (though ‘ a stranger in the country you now honour by your ‘ dwelling in it)’ would not let you otherwise condescend to—

Mad. Oh, Monsieur ! Oh, Monsieur ! you speak my very thoughts—Oh, I don’t know how ! Pardon me to give a billet—it so look ! Oh fy ! I cannot stay after it—[*Drops it, runs affectedly to the other end of the room, then quite out, re-enters.*] I beg ten thousand pardons for go so mala-propos. [*Curtsies as going.*]

Ld. Ha. Your servant, good Madam—Mr. Trim, you know you command here—pray, if Madame d’Epingle will honour our cottage with longer stay, wait on her in and entertain her—Pray, Sir, be free—

Trim. My lord, you know your power over me, I’m all complaisance— [*Leads her out.*]

Cam. Now to my dear epistle —

“ Sir,

“ There is one thing which you were too generous to touch upon in our last conversation—We have reason to fear the widow’s practices in relation to our fortune, if you

you are not too quick for her—I ask lady Charlot whether this is not her sense to Lord Hardy—She says nothing, but lets me write on—These people always have, and will have admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

HARRIOT LOVELY.

My obedient servant! Thy obedience shall ever be as voluntary as now—ten thousand thousand kisses on thee—Thou dear paper—Look you, my lord—What a pretty hand it is?

Ld. Ha. Why, Tom, thou dost not give me leave to see it—you snatch it to your mouth so—you'll stifle the poor lady—

Cam. Look you, my lord, all along the lines, here went the pen, and through the white intervals her snowy fingers. Do you see, this is her name—

Ld. Ha. Nay, there's lady Charlot's name too in the midst of the letter—Why, you'll not be so unconscionable—you're so greedy, you'll give me one kiss sure—

Cam. Well, you shall, but you're so eager—don't bite me—for you shan't have it in your own hands—there, there, there---Let go my hand—

Ld. Ha. What an exquisite pleasure there is in this foolery—But what shall we do?

Cam. I have a thought; pr'ythee, my lord, call Trim.

Ld. Ha. Ha, Trim—

Cam. Hold, Mr. Trim—You forget his mistress is there.

Ld. Ha. Cra'mercy---Dear Will Trim, step in hither.

Cam. Ay, that's something—

Enter Trim.

Trim, have not I seen a young woman sometimes carry Madame d'Epingle's trinkets for her, coming from my lady Brumpton's.

Trim. Yes, you might have seen such a one, she waits for her now.

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for me to be dressed in that wench's clothes, and attend your mistress

treff in her stead thither ; They'll not dream we should so soon attempt again.

Trim. Yes, I'll engage—

Cam. Then, we'll trust the rest to our good genius ; I'll about it instantly—Harriot Lovely—

[*Exit, kissing the letter.*]

Enter Widow and Tatleaid.

Wid. This was well done of you ; be sure you take care of their young ladyships ; you shall, I promise you, have a snip in the sale of them.

Tat. I thank your good ladyship.

Wid. Is that the porter's paper of how d'ye's ?

Tat. Yes, Madam, he just sent it up ; his general answer is, that you are as well as can be expected in your condition ; but that you see nobody.

Wid. That's right—[*Reading names.*] Lady Riggle. Lady Formal—Oh, that Riggle ! a pert ogler—an indifereet, silly thing, who is really known by no man, yet for her carriage justly thought common to all ; and as Formal has only the appearance of virtue, so she has only the appearance of vice——'What chance, I wonder, put these contradictions to each other into the same coach, as you say they called.'—Mrs. Frances and Mrs. Winnifred Glebe, who are they ?

Tat. They are the country great fortunes, have been out of town this whole year ; they are those whom your ladyship said upon being very well born, took upon them to be very ill bred.

Wid. Did I say so ? Really I think it was apt enough ; now I remember them——Lady Wrinkle : Oh, that smug old woman ! there is no enduring her affectation of youth ; but I plague her ; I always ask whether her daughter in Wiltshire has a grandchild yet or not——'Lady Worthy : I can't bear her company, she has so much of that virtue in her heart, which I have in my mouth only. [*Aside.*]'——Mrs. After-day : Oh, that's she that was the great beauty, the mighty toast about town, that's just come out of the small-pox ; she is horribly pitted, they say ; I long to see her, and plague her with my condolence. 'Tis a pure ill-natured satisfaction to see one that was a beauty unfortunately move with the same languor, and softness of behaviour, that once was charming.

charming in her ; to see, I say, her mortify, that used to kill ; ha, ha, ha ! — The rest are a catalogue of mere names or titles they were born to ; an insipid croud of neither good nor bad. But you are sure these other ladies suspect not in the least that I know of their coming ?

Tat. No, dear Madam ; they are to ask for me.

Wid. I hear a coach — [Exit *Tat.*

I have now an exquisite pleasure in the thought of surpassing my Lady Sly, who pretends to have out-grieved the whole town for her husband. They are certainly coming. Oh, no ! here let me — thus let me sit and think — [*Widow on her couch ; while she is raving, as to herself, Tattleaid softly introduces the ladies.*] Wretched, disconsolate as I am ! Oh, welcome, welcome, dear, killing anguish ! Oh, that I could lie down and die in my present heaviness ! But what — how ? Nay, my dear, dear lord, why do you look so pale, so ghastly at me ? Wottoo, Wottoo ! fright thy own trembling, shivering wife —

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou shalt not have me — [Passes *Tat.*

Tat. Nay, good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your ladyship's own woman. 'Tis I, Madam, that dress you, talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the house every day ; 'tis I —

Wid. Is it then possible ? Is it then possible that I am left ? Speak to me not, hold me not ; I'll break the listening walls with my complaints. [*Looks surprised at seeing the company, then severely at Tattleaid.*] Ah Tattleaid ! —

1 *La.* Nay, Madam, be not angry at her ; we would come in spite of her, we are your friends, and are as concerned as you are.

Wid. Ah, Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, I am an undone woman ! Oh, me ! alas, alas ! Oh, Oh ! [*All join in her notes.*] I swoon ! I expire ! [*Faints.*

2 *La.* Pray, Mrs. Tattleaid, bring something that is cordial to her. [*Exit Tattleaid.*

3 *La.* Indeed, Madam, you should have patience ; his lordship was old. To die is but going before in a journey we must all take.

Enter

Enter Tattleaid, loaded with bottles; 3d Lady takes a bottle from her and drinks.

4 *La.* Lord, how my Lady Fleer drinks! I have heard, indeed, but never could believe it of her. [*Drinks also.*]

1 *La.* But, Madam, don't you hear what the town says of the jilt, Flirt, the men liked so much in the Park? — Hark ye — was seen with him in a hackney coach — 'and silk stockings' — key hole — his wig — on the chair — [*Whispers by interruption.*]

2 *La.* Impudent flirt, to be found out!

3 *La.* But I speak it only to you.

4 *La.* Nor I, but to one more. [*Whispers next woman.*]

5 *La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it Madam. [*Whispers the widow.*]

Wid. Sure 'tis impossible! the demure, prim thing — Sure all the world is hypocrisy — Well, I thank my stars, whatsoever sufferings I have, I have none in reputation. I wonder at the men; I could never think her handsome. She has really a good shape and complexion, but no mien; and no woman has the use of her beauty without mien. Her charms are dumb, they want utterance. But whither does distraction lead me to talk of charms?

1 *La.* Charms! a chit's, a girl's charms! — Come, let us widows be true to ourselves, keep our countenances and our characters, and a fig for the maids, I mean the unmarried.

2 *La.* Ay, since they will set up for our knowledge, why should not we for their ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o' Sunday morning at church, I curtsied to you, and looked at a great fufs in a glaring light dress, next pew. That strong, masculine thing is a knight's wife, pretends to all the tenderness in the world, and would fain put the unwieldy upon us, for the soft, the languid. She has of a sudden left her dairy, and sets up for a fine town lady; calls her maid Cissy, her woman, speaks to her by her surname of Mrs. Cherryfist, and her great foot-boy of nineteen, big enough for a trooper, is stripped into a laced coat, now Mr. Page, forsooth.

4 *La.* Oh, I have seen her — Well, I heartily pity some people for their wealth; they might have been unknown else — You would die, Madam, to see her and her

her equipage: I thought the honest fat rits, her horses, were ashamed of their finery; they dragged on, as if they were all at plough, and a great bashful-look'd booby behind, grasp'd the coach, as if had held one.

5 *La.* Alas! some people think there is nothing but being fine to be genteel: but the high prance of the horses, and the brisk insolence of the servants in an equipage of quality, are inimitable: 'but to our own beasts and servants.'

1 *La.* Now you talk of an equipage, I envy this lady the beauty she will appear in in a mourning coach, it will so become her complexion; I confess I myself mourned for two years for no other reason. Take up that hood there. Oh, that fair face with a veil!

[*They take up her hood.*]

Wid. Fie, fie, ladies?—But I have been told, indeed, black does become——

2 *La.* Well, I'll take the liberty to speak it, there is young Nutbrain has long had (I'll be sworn) a passion for this lady: but I'll tell you one thing I fear she'll dislike, that is, he is younger than she is.

3 *La.* No, that's no exception; but I'll tell you one, he is younger than his brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of such affairs. Who could love such an unhappy relict as I am? But, dear Madam, what grounds have you for that idle story?

4 *La.* Why, he toasts you, and trembles where you are spoke of. It must be a match.

Wid. Nay, nay, you rally, you rally; but I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I swear we do.

[*Tattleaid whispers the Widow.*]

Wid. But I must beseech you, ladies, since you have been so compassionate as to visit and accompany my sorrow, to give me the only comfort I can now know, to see my friends chearful, and to honour an entertainment Tattleaid has prepared within for you. If I can find strength enough, I'll attend you; but I wish you would excuse me, for I have no relish of food or joy, but will try to get a bit down in my own chamber.

1 *La.* There is no pleasure without you.

Wid. But, Madam, I must beg of your ladyship not to be

be so importune to my fresh calamity, as to mention Numb-
brain any more. I am sure there is nothing in it. In
love with me, quoth-a!

[Is led off.]

[Exit Ladies, &c.]

Enter Mademoiselle, and Campley in women's clothes,
carrying her things.

Mad. I am very glad to be in de ladies antichamber ;
I was shamed of you, you yon such impudent look : be-
sides, me wonder you were not seized by the constable,
when you pushed de man into de kennel.

Camp. Why, should I have let him kissed me ?

Mad. No ; but if you had hit him wit fan, and say,
why, sure, saucy-box, it been enough ; beside, what you
hitted de gentleman for offer kisse me ?

Camp. I beg pardon, I did not know you were pleased
with it.

Mad. Please ! no ; but me rader be kisse den you,
Mr. Terim's friend be found out. Could not you say,
when he kisse me, sure, saucy-box, dat's meat for your
maister. Besides, you take such strides when you walk—
Oh, fie ! dese little pette tiny bits a woman steps.

[Shewing her step.]

Camp. But, pr'ythee, Mademoiselle, why have you
lost your English tongue, all of a sudden ? Methought,
when the fellow called us French whores, as we came
along, and said we came to starve their own people, you
gave him pretty plain English ; he was a dog, a rascal,
you'd send to the stocks—

Mad. Ha, ha, ha ! I was in a passion, and betrayed my-
self ; but you are my lover's friend, and a man of honour,
therefore know you will do nothing to injure us. Why,
Mr. Campley, you must know I can speak as good Eng-
lish as you ; but I don't, for fear of losing my customers :
the English will never give a price for any thing they un-
derstand. Nay, I have known some of your fools pretend
to buy with good breeding, and give any rate, rather than
not be thought to have French enough to know what
they are doing ; ' strange and far-fetched things they on-
' ly like ; don't you see how they swallow gallons of the
' juice of tea, while their own dock-leaves are trod under
' foot.' Mum—my Lady Harriot.

Enter

Enter Lady Harriot.

Madame, votre servante, servante——

La. H. Well, Mademoiselle, did you deliver my letter?

Man. Oui ——

La. H. Well, and how? Is that it in your hand?

Mad. Oui ——

La. H. Well, then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. Oh, fie, lady! dat be so right Englife; de Englife mind only de words of de lovers, but de words of de lovers are often lie, but de action no lie.

La. Ha. What does the thing mean? Give me my letter.

Mad. Me did not deliver your letter.

La. Ha. No?

Mad. No, me tell you me did drop it to see Mr. Campley, how cavalier take it up. As dese me did drop it, so Monsieur run to take it up.

[They both run to take it up, Mad. takes it.]

Mad. Düs he do—dere de letter —— Very well, very well. Oh, l'amour! You act de manner Mr. Campley — take it up better than I; do you no see it?

[They both run, Harriot gets it.]

La. Ha. *[Reads.]*

“ Madam,

“ I am glad you have mentioned what indeed I did not at that time think of, nor if I had, should I have known how to have spoken of. But bleß me more than fortune can, by turning those fair eyes upon, Madam,

Your most faithful,

Most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS CAMPLEY.

What does he mean?—But bleß me more, by turning —— Oh, 'tis he himself! *[Looking about, observes Camp. smile.]* Oh, the hoyden! the romp!—I did not think any thing could add to your native confidence; but you look so very bold in that drefs, and your arms fall off, and your petticoats, how they hang ——

Camp. Mademoiselle voulez vous de falville l'eau de Hongrie, chez Monsieur Marchant de Montpellier—Dis for your teet. *[Shewing his trinkets.]* ‘ De essence, a little

E

‘ book

' book French for teach de elder broders make compliments. Will you, I say, have any thing that I have? Will you have all I have, Madam?

' La. Ha. Yes, and for the humour's sake, will never part with this box while I live. Ha, ha, ha!

Camp. But, Lady Harriot, we must not stand laughing; as you observe in your letter, delays are dangerous in this wicked woman's custody of you; therefore, I must, Madam, beseech you, and pray, stay not on niceties, but be advised.

La. Ha. Mr. Campley, I have no will but yours.

Camp. Thou dear creature!—But [*Kisses her hand.*] hark'e, then you must change dresses with Mademoiselle, and go with me instantly.

La. Ha. What you please.

Camp. Madame d'Epingle, I must desire you to comply with a humour of gallantry of ours; you may be sure I'll have an eye over the treatment you have upon my account, only to change habits with Lady Harriot, and let her go while you stay.

Mad. Wit all my heart. [*Offers to undress herself.*]

La. Ha. What, before Mr. Campley?

Mad. Oh, Oh, very Anglaise! Dat is so Englist; all women of quality in France are dress and undress by a valet de chambre, de man chamber-maid help complexion better den de woman. [*Apart to Har.*]

La. Ha. Nay, that's a secret in dress, Mademoiselle, I never knew before; and am so unpolished an Englishwoman, as to resolve never to learn even to dress before my husband. Oh, indecency! Mr. Campley, do you hear what Mademoiselle says?—

Mad. Oh, hift!—Bagatelle.

La. Ha. Well, we'll run in, and be ready in an instant. [*Exeunt La. Harriot and Mademoiselle.*]

Camp. Well, I like her every minute better and better. What a delicate chastity she has! ' There is something ' so gross in the carriage of some wives, (tho' they are ' honest too) that they lose their husband's hearts for ' faults, which, if they have either good nature or good ' breeding, they know not how to tell them of. But ' how happy am I in such a friend as Hardy, such a mistress as Harriot!

THE FUNERAL.

51

Continue, Heav'n, a grateful heart to bless
With faith in friendship, and in love success.

[Exit.

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Enter Widow and Trusty.

WIDOW.

MR. Trusty, you have, I do assure you, the same place and power in the management of my Lord Brumpton's estate, as in his life-time. I am reduced to a necessity of trusting him. [*Afide.*] However Tattleaid dissembles the matter, she must be privy to Lady Harriot's escape, and Fardingle is as deep as them both, and I fear will be their ruin, which it is my care and duty to prevent. Be vigilant, and you shall be rewarded. I shall employ you wholly in Lady Charlot's affairs, she is able to pay services done for her. You have sense, and understand me. [*Exit Widow.*

Trusty. Yes, I do indeed understand you, and could wish another could with as much detestation as I do; but my poor old lord is so strangely, so bewitchedly enamoured of her, that even after this discovery of her wickedness, I see he could be reconciled to her; and though he is ashamed to confess to me, I know he longs to speak with her. If I tell Lord Hardy all, to make his fortune, he would not let his father be dishonoured by a public way of separation. If things are acted privately, I know she will throw us all; there is no middle way; I must expose her, to make a re-union impracticable. Alas, how is honest truth banished the world, when we must watch the seasons and soft avenues to men's hearts, to gain it entrance, even for their own good and interest.

[Exit.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, and Trim.

Ld. H. I forget my own misfortunes, dear Campley, when I reflect on your success.

Camp. I assure you it moderates the swell of joy that I am in, to think of your difficulties. I hope my felicity

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ty.

ty is previous to yours: my Lady Harriot gives her service to you, and we both think it but decent to suspend our marriage, till your and Lady Charlot's affairs are in the same posture.

Ld. H. Where is my Lady?

Camp. She is at my aunt's, my lord. But, my lord, if you don't interpose, I don't know how I shall adjust matters with Mr. Trim, for leaving his mistress behind me; I fear he'll demand satisfaction of me.

Trim. No, Sir; alas, I can know no satisfaction while she is in jeopardy! therefore would rather be put in a way to recover her by storming the castle, or other feat of arms, like a true enchain'd swain as I am.

Camp. Since we are all three then expecting lovers, my lord, pr'ythee let us have that song of your's which suits our common purpose.

Ld. H. Call in the boy.

Boy sings.

Ye minutes, bring the happy hour,
And Chloe blushing to the bower;
Then shall all idle flames be o'er,
Nor eyes or heart e'er wander more:
Both, Chloe, fix'd for e'er on thee;
For thou art all thy sex to me.

A guilty is a false embrace;
Corinna's love's a fairy-chace;
Begone, thou meteor, fleeting fire,
And all that can't survive desire.
Chloe my reason moves and awe;
And Cupid shot me when he saw.

Trim. Look you, gentlemen, since, as you are pleas'd to say, we are all lovers, and consequently poets, pray do me the honour to hear a little air of mine. You must know, then, I once had the misfortune to fall in love below myself; but things went hard with us at that time, so that my passion, or, as I may poetically speak, my fire, was in the kitchen: it was towards a cook-maid; but before I ever saw Mrs. Deborah.

Ld. H. Come on then, Trim, let us have it.

Trim.

‘ *Trim.* I must run into next room for a lute. [*Exit.*]

‘ *Camp.* This must be diverting. Can the rogue play ?

‘ *Re-enter Trim, with a pair of tongs.*

‘ *Trim.* Dear Cynderaxa herself very well understood
‘ this instrument, I therefore always sung this song to it,
‘ as thus :

‘ Cynderaxa, kind and good,

‘ Has all my heart and stomach too ;

‘ She makes me love, not hate my food,

‘ As other peevish wenches do.

‘ When Venus leaves her Vulcan’s cell,

‘ Which all but I a coal-hole call,

‘ Fly, fly, ye that above stairs dwell,

‘ Her face is wash’d, ye vanish all.

‘ And as she’s fair, she can impart

‘ That beauty to make all things fine ;

‘ Brightens the floor with wond’rous art,

‘ And at her touch the dishes shine.

‘ *Ld. H.* I protest, Will, thou art a poet indeed. And
‘ at her touch the dishes shine——And you touch your
‘ lute as finely.’

Enter Boy.

Boy. ~~There is one Mr. Trusty below, would speak with~~
my lord.

Ld. H. Mr. Trusty, my father’s steward ! What can
he have to say to me ?

Camp. He is very honest, to my knowledge.

Ld. H. I remember, indeed, when I was turned out
of the house, he followed me to the gate, and wept over
me, for which I have heard he had like to have lost his
place. But, however, I must advise with you a little,
about my behaviour to him. Let us in. Boy, bring
him up hither ; tell him I’ll wait on him presently.

[*Exit Boy.*]

I shall want you, I believe, here, Trim.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boy and Trusty.

Boy. My lord will wait on you here immediately.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Trusty. ’Tis very well. These lodgings are but homely
for

for the Earl of Brumpton. Oh, that damned strumpet ! that I should ever know my master's wife for such. How many thousand things does my head run back to ? After my poor father's death, the good lord took me, because he was a captain in his regiment, and gave me education. I was, I think, three-and-twenty when this young lord was christened—What ado there was about calling him Francis ! [*Wipes his eyes.*] These are but poor lodgings for him. I cannot bear the joy, to think that I shall save the family from which I have had my bread.

Enter Trim.

Trim. Sir, my lord will wait on you immediately.

Truf. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait on him—[*As Trim is going.*] But, Sir, are not you the young man that attended him at Christ-church in Oxford, and have followed him ever since ?

Trim. Yes, Sir, I am.

Truf. Nay, Sir, no harm ; but you'll thrive the better for it.

Trim. I like this old fellow ; I smell more money.

[*Aside. Exit.*]

Truf. I think it is now eight years since I saw him ; he was not then nineteen, when I followed him to the gate, and gave him fifty guineas, which I pretended his father sent after him.

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. H. Mr. Trusty, I am very glad to see you ; you look very hale and jolly ; you wear well ; I am glad to see it—But your commands to me, Mr. Trusty ?

Truf. Why, my lord, I presume to wait upon your lordship—My lord, you are strangely grown ; you are your father's very picture ; you are he, my lord ; you are the very man that looked so pleased to see me look so fine in my laced livery, to go to court. I was his page, when he was just such another as you. He kissed me afore a great many lords, and said I was a brave man's son, that had taught him to exercise his arms. I remember he carried me to the great window, and bid me be sure to keep in your mother's sight in all my finery. She was the finest young creature ; ' the maids of honour hated ' to see her at court.' My lord then courted my good lady. She was as kind to me on her death-bed ; she said

to me, Mr. Trusty, take care of my Lord's second marriage for that child's sake: she pointed as well as she could to you; you fell a-crying, and said, she should not die; but she did, my Lord; she left the world, and no one like her in it. Forgive me, my honoured master, [*Weeps, runs to my Lord, and hugs him.*] I've often carried you in these arms that grasp you, they were stronger then, but if I die to-morrow you're worth five thousand pounds by my gift, 'tis what I've got in the family, and I return it to you with thanks—but alas, do I live to see you want it?

Ld. H. You confound me with all this tenderness and generosity.

Tru. I'll trouble you no longer, my Lord—but—

Ld. H. Call it not a trouble; for—

Tru. My good Lord, I will not, I say, indulge myself in talking fond tales that melt me, and interrupt my story: my business to your lordship in one word, is this; ~~I am in good confidence at present with my Lady Dowager, and I know she has some fears upon her, which depend upon the nature of the settlement to your disfavour; and under the rose—be yourself—I fear your father has not had fair play for his life; be composed my Lord. What is to be done in this? We'll not apply to publick justice in this case, till we see farther; 'twill make it noisy, which we must not do, if I might advise. You shall, with a detachment of your company, seize the corpse as it goes out of the house this evening to be interred in the country, 'twill only look like taking the administration upon yourself, and commencing a suit for the estate; she has put off the lying in state, and Lady Harriot's escape with Mr. Campley makes her fear he will prove a powerful friend, both to the young Ladies and your Lordship. 'She cannot with decency be so busy, 'as when the corpse is out of the house, therefore hastens 'it.'~~ I know your whole affair, leave the care of Lady Charlot to me, I'll pre-acquaint her, that she may'nt be frightened, and dispose of her safely to observe the issue.

Ld. H. I wholly understand you, it shall be done.

Tru. I'm sure I am wanted this moment for your interest at home. This ring shall be the passport of intelligence,

telligence, for whom you send to assault us, & and the remittance of it sealed with this, shall be authentic from within the house.

Ld. H. 'Tis very well.

Tru. Hope all you can wish, my Lord, from a certain secret relating to the estate, which I'll acquaint you with next time I see you. *[Exit.]*

Ld. H. Your servant—This fellow's strangely honest—Ha! Will.

Enter Trim.

Will, don't the recruits wait for me to see them at their parade before this house?

Trim. Yes, and have waited these three hours.

Ld. H. Go to them, I'll be there myself immediately, we must attack with them, if the rogues are sturdy, this very evening.

Trim. I guess where—I'm overjoyed at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in chief.

Ld. H. I design you shall *[Trim runs out jumping.]*

'Camp. You seem, my lord, to be in deep meditation.

'Ld. H. I am so, but not on any thing that you may not be acquainted with.'

Enter Trim, with a Company of ragged Fellows, with a Cane.

1 Sol. Why then I find, Mr. Trim, we shall come to blows before we see the French—

Trim. Harkee, friend, 'tis not your affair to guess or enquire what you are going to do, 'tis only for us commanders—

2 Sol. The French, pox, they are but a company of scratching civet-cats—They fight?

Trim. Harkee, don't bluster—were not you a little mistaken in your facings at Steenkirk?

2 Sol. I grant it; you know I have an antipathy to the French—I hate to see the dogs—Look you here, gentlemen, I was shot quite through the body—Look you.

Trim. Pry'thee, look, where it entered at your back.

2 Sol. Look you, Mr. Trim, you will have your joke, we know you are a wit—But what's that to a fighting man?

Enter

Enter Kate.

Kate. Mr. Trim,—Mr. Trim———

Trim. Things are not as they have been, Mrs. Kate, I now pay the company——and we that pay money expect a little more ceremony——

Kate. Will your honour please to taste some right French brandy?

Trim. Art thou sure, good woman, 'tis right? [*Drinks.*] How—French—pray—nay, if I find you deceive me, who pay the men—— [*Drinks.*]

Kate. Pray, good master, have you spoke to my lord about me?

Trim. I have, but you shall speak to him yourself—— thou hast been a true campaigner, Kate, and we must not neglect thee—— Do you sell grey pease yet of an evening——Mrs. Matchlock—— [*Drinks again.*]

Kate. Any thing to turn the penny, but I got more by crying pamphlets this year, than by any thing I have done a great while—— Now I am married into the company again, I design to cross the seas next year. But, master, my husband, a Temple porter, and a parliament man's footman, last night by their talk made me think there was danger of a peace; why, they said all the prime people were against a war.

Trim. No, no, Kate, never fear, you know I keep great company; all men are for war, but some would have it abroad, and some would have it at home in their own country.

Kate. Ay, say you so: drink about, gentlemen, not a farthing to pay; a war is a war, be it where it will;—— but pray, Mr. Trim, speak to my lord, that when these gentlemen have shirts I may wash for them.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to-night, you shall have a fortnight's pay each man as a reward; but there's none of you industrious, there's a thousand things you might do to help out about this town——as to cry——puff——puff pies. Have you any knives or scissars to grind——or late in an evening, whip from Grubstreet strange and bloody news from Flanders——votes from the House of Commons——buns, rare buns——old silver lace, cloaks, suits, or coats——old shoes, boots or hats. But here, here, here's my lord a coming——here's the captain

captain ; fall back into the rank — There move up in the centre.

Enter Lord Hardy and Campley.

Ld. H. Let me see whether my ragged friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Ensign Campley, ensign Campley, I am overjoyed to see your honour ; ha', the world's surely altered, ha'.

Cam. It is so, 'faith Kate ; why art thou true to the cause, with the company still, honest Amazon.

Kate. Dear soul, not a bit of pride in him ; but won't your honour help me in my business with my lord ? Speak for me, noble ensign, do.

Cam. Speak to him yourself, I'll second you.

Kate. Noble captain, my Lord, I suppose Mr. Trim has told your honour about my petition, I have been a great sufferer in the service ; 'tis hard for a poor woman to lose nine husbands in a war, and no notice taken ; nay, three of them, alas, in the same campaign, here the woman stands that says it, I never stripped a man 'till I first tried if he could stand on his legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair plunder, except our adjutant, and he was a puppy that made my eighth husband run the gauntlet for not turning his toes out.

Ld. H. Well, we'll consider thee, Kate ; but fall back into the rear. A roll of what ? gentlemen soldiers.

Trim. to *Humphkin.*] Do you hear that, my Lord himself can't deny but we are all gentlemen as much as his honour —

Ld. H. reading.] Gentlemen soldiers quartered in and about Guy-Court in Vinegar Yard, in Russel-Court in Drury-Lane ; belonging to the honourable Captain Hardy's company of foot — So, answer to your names, and march off from the left — Corporal Swagger, march easy that I may view you as you pass by me ; drums, Simon Ruffle, Darby Tatoo — there's a shilling for you — Tatoo, be always so tight : how does he keep himself so clean ?

Trim. Sir, he is a tragedy-drum to one of the play-houses.

Ld. H. Private gentlemen — Alexander Cowitch, Humphrey Mundungus, William Faggot, Nicholas Scab, Timothy

Timothy Megrim, Philip Scratch, Nehemiah Dust, Humphrey Garbage, Nathaniel Matchlock.

Cam. What, is Matchlock come back to the company ? that's the fellow that brought me off at Steenkirk.

Ld. H. No, Sir, 'tis I am obliged to him for that ; [*Offering to give him Money*] there, friend ; you shall want for nothing, I'll give thee a halbert too.

Kate. O brave me ! shall I be a serjeant's lady—i'faith I'll make the drums, and the corporals wives, and company-keepers know their distance.

Cam. How far out of the country did you come to list ? Don't you come from Cornwall ? How did you bear your charges ?

Match. I was whipt from constable to constable——

Trim. Ay, my Lord, that's due by the courtesy of England to all that want in red coats ; besides, there's an act that makes us free of all corporations, and that's the ceremony of it.

Cam. But what pretence had they for using you so ill, you did not pilfer ?

Match. I was found guilty of being poor.

Cam. Poor devil !

Ld. H. Timothy Ragg—Oh, Ragg ! I thought when I gave you your discharge, just before the peace, we should never have had you again ; how came you to list now ?

Rag. To pull down the French king.

Ld. H. Bravely resolved——‘ but pull your shirt ‘ into your breeches,’ in the mean time—Jeoffrey Tatter——what's become of the skirts and buttons of your coat ? -

Tatter. In our last cloathing, in the regiment I served in before, the colonel had one skirt before, the agent one behind, and every captain of the regiment a button.

Ld. H. Hush you rogue, you talk mutiny. [*Smiling.*

Trim. Ay, firrah, what have you to do with more knowledge than that of your right hand from your left ?

[*Hits him a Blow on the Head.*

Ld. H. Hugh Clump——Clump, thou growest a little too heavy for marching.

Trim.

Trim. Ay, my Lord, but if we don't allow him the pay, he'll starve, for he's too lame to get into the hospital.

Ld. H. Richard Bumpkin: Ha! a perfect country hick—how came you, friend, to be a soldier?

Bump. An't please your honour, I have been crossed in love, and am willing to seek my fortune.

Ld. H. Well I've seen enough of them, if you mind your affair, and act like a wise general, these fellows may do—come, take your orders. [*Trim puts his hat on his stick, while my Lord is giving him the ring, and whispers orders.*] Well, gentlemen, do your business manfully, and nothing shall be too good for you.

All. Bless your honour. [*Exe. Har. and Campley:*

Trim. Now, my brave friends and fellow-soldiers—
[*aside*] I must fellow-soldier them just before battle, like a true officer, though I cane them all the year round beside—[*Strutting about*] Major-General Trim, no, pox, Trim sounds so very short and priggish—that my name should be a monosyllable! But the foreign news will write me, I suppose, Monsieur or Chevalier Trimont. Seigneur Trimoni, or Count Trimuntz, in the German army, I shall perhaps be called; ay, that's all the plague and comfort of us great men, they do so toss our names about—But, gentlemen, you are now under my command—Huzza! thrice—faith, this is very pleasing, this grandeur! why, after all, it is upon the neck of such scoundrels as these gentlemen, that we great captains build our renown—A million or two of these fellows make an Alexander, and as that my predecessor said in the tragedy of him on the very same occasion, going to storm for his Statira, so do I for my dear sempitrefs, Madam d'Epingle.

When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;

'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way.

END of the FOURTH ACT.



★ C. T

ACT V.

Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.

TRUSTY.

SHE knows no moderation in her good fortune; ' she ' has, out of impatience to ' see herself in her weeds, ' ordered her mantua-woman to stitch up any thing immediately'—You may hear her and Tattleaid laugh aloud—she is so wantonly merry.

Ld. B. But this of Lady Charlot is the very utmost of all ill——' Pray read—but I must sit—my late fit ' of the gout makes me act with pain and constraint——' let me see——'

Tru. She writ it by the page, who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their passages.

Ld. B. [*reads.*]

" You must watch the occasion of the servants being gone out of the house with the corps; Tattleaid shall conduct you to my Lady Charlot's apartment—away with her ---and be sure you bed her——

Your affectionate filier, Mary Brumpton."

Brumpton, The creature—She called as Frank's mother was? Brumpton! the succeba! What a devil incarnate have I had in my bosom? Why, the common abandoned town-women would scruple such an action as this——' Tho' they have lost all regard to their own ' chastity, they would be tender of another's——why ' sure she had no infancy——She never had virginity, to ' have no compassion through memory of her own former ' innocence'——This is to forget her very humanity——her very sex——Where is my poor boy? where's Frank? does not he want! how has he lived all this time?—not a servant I warrant, to attend him——what company can he keep? what can he say of his father?

Tru. Though you made him not your heir, he is still your son—and has all the duty and tenderness in the world for your memory——

Ld. B. It is impossible, Trusty, it is impossible——I will not rack myself with the thought. That one I have injured can be so very good—keep me in countenance—tell me he hates my very name—wou'd not

F

assume

assume my title, because it descends from me ———
What's his company?

Tru. Young Tom Campley, they are never asunder.

Ld. B. I am glad he has my pretty tattler—the chearful innocent—Harriot—I hope he'll be good to her—he's good-natured and well-bred ———

Tru. But, my lord, she was very punctual in ordering the funeral——she bid Sable be sure to lay you deep enough——she had heard such stories of the wicked sextons taking up people—but I wish, my Lord, you would please to hear her and Tattleaid once more——

Ld. B. I know to what thy zeal tends—but I tell you, since you cannot be convinc'd but that I have still a softness for her—I say tho' I had so, it should never make me transgress that scrupulous honour that becomes a peer of England—if I could forget injuries done myself thus gross—I never will those done my friends—You knew Charlot's worthy father—no——there's no need of my seeing more of this woman—I behold her now with the same eyes that you do——there's a meanness in all she says or does——she has a great wit but a little mind—something ever wanting to make her appear my Lady Brumpton——she has nothing natively great you see I love her not—I talk with judgment of her——

Tru. I see it, my good Lord, with joy I see it—nor care how few things I see more in this world——my satisfaction is compleat——welcome old age——welcome decay—'tis not decay, but growth to a latter being.

[*Exit, leading Ld. B.*

Re-enter Trusty meeting Cabinet.

Tru. I have your letter, Mr. Cabinet.

Cab. I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my nature to be guilty of so much baseness; 'but being born a gentleman, and bred out of all road of industry in that idle manner too many are, I soon spent a small patrimony; and being debauched by luxury, I fell in to the narrow mind to dread no infamy like poverty—which made me guilty, as that paper tells you'—and had I not writ to you, I am sure I never could have told you of it.

Tru. It is an ingenious, pious penitence in you—my Lord Hardy——(to whom this secret is inestimable) is a noble natured man——and you shall find him such——
I give you my word——

Cab. I know, Sir, your integrity——

Tru. But pray be there—all that you have to do is to ask for the gentlewoman at the house at my Lord Hardy's——she'll take care of you——And pray have patience, where she places you, 'till you see me.—[*Ex. Cab.*] My Lord Hardy's being at an house where they receive lodgers, has allowed me convenience to place every body I think necessary to be by at her discovery——This prodigious welcome secret! I see, however impracticable honest actions may appear, we may go on with just hope.

All that is ours, is to be justly bent,
And heav'n in its own cause will bless th' event. [*Exit.*

Enter Trim and his Party.

Trim. March up, march up——Now we are near the citadel—and halt only to give the necessary orders for the engagement—Ha! Clump, Clump,—When we came to Lord Brumpton's door, and you see us conveniently disposed about the house——you are to wait till you see a corpse brought out of the house——then to go up to him you observe the director, and ask importunately for an alms to a poor soldier——for which you may be sure you shall have a good blow or two—but if you have not, be saucy 'till you have——Then when you see a file of men got between the house and the body—A file of men, Bumpkin, is six men—I say, when you see the file in such a posture, that half the file may face to the house, half to the body—you are to fall down, crying murder, that the half file faced to the body may throw it and themselves over you—I then march to your rescue——Then, Swagger, you and your party fall in to secure my rear, while I march off with the body——These are the orders——and this, with a little improvement of my own, is the same disposition Villeroy and Catinat made at Chiari.

[*Marches off with his party.*]

F 2

Enter

Enter Widow in deep mourning, with a dead squirrel on her arm, and Tattleaid.

Wid. It must be so—It must be your carelessness——
What had the page to do in my bed-chamber?

Tat. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell—But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his neck——

Wid. Tell the rascal from me—he shall romp with the footmen no more——No——I'll send the rogue in a frock to learn Latin among the dirty boys that come to good—I will—But it is ever so among these creatures that live on one's superfluous affections; a lady's woman, page, and squirrel, are always rivals.

Poor harmless animal——pretty ev'n in death.

Death might have over-look'd thy little life——

How could'st thou, Robin, leave thy nuts and me?

How was't, importunate dearest, thou should'st die?

• Thou never didst invade thy neighbour's foils:

• Never mad'st war with specious shews of peace:

• Thou never hast depopulated regions,

• But chearfully didst bear thy little chain,

• Content—So I but fed thee with this hand.'

Tat. Alas! alas! we are all mortal: consider, Madam, my Lord's dead too.

Wid. Ay, but our animal friends do wholly die; a husband or relation, after death, is rewarded or tormented——that's some consolation——I know her tears are false, for she hated Robin always——[*aside.*] But she's a well-bred dishonest servant, that never speaks a painful truth——But I'll resolve to conquer my affliction——Never speak more of Robin——Hide him there——But to my dress——How soberly magnificent is black—and the train—I wonder how widows came to wear such long tails!

Tat. Why, Madam, the stateliest of all creatures has the longest tail, the peacock, nay't has of all creatures the finest mien too——except your ladyship, who are a phoenix——

Wid. Ho! brave Tattleaid——But did not you observe what a whining my Lady Sly made, when she had drank a little? Did you believe her? Do you think there are really people sorry for their husbands?

Tat.

Tat. Really, Madam, some men do leave their fortunes in such distraction, that I believe it may be —

[*Speaks with pins in her mouth.*]

Wid. But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress us thus — I protest, when all my equipage is ready, and I move in full pageantry, I shall fancy myself an ambassadress from the commonwealth of women, the distressed state of Amazonia — to treat for men — But I protest I wonder how two of us thus clad can meet with a grave face — methinks they should laugh out like ‘two fortune tellers, or’ two opponent lawyers that know each other for cheats.

Tat. Ha! ha! ha! I swear to you, Madam, your Ladyship’s wit will choke me one time or other — I had like to have swallowed all the pins in my mouth —

‘*Wid.* But, Tatty, to keep house six weeks, that’s another barbarous custom; but the reason of it, I suppose, was that the base people should not see people of quality may be as afflicted as themselves —

‘*Tat.* No; ’tis because they should not see them as merry as themselves.

‘*Wid.* Ha! ha! ha! hussy, you never said that you spoke last — why ’tis just — ’tis satire — I’m sure you saw it in my face, that I was going to say it — ’twas too good for you — Come lay down that sentence and the pin-cushion, and pin up my shoulder — Hark’ye, hussy, if you shou’d, as I hope you won’t, out-live me, take care I an’t buried in flannel, ’twould never become me I’m sure — That they can be as merry: well, I’ll tell my new acquaintance — What’s her name? — she that reads so much, and writes verses — her husband was deaf the first quarter of a year — I forget her name — That expression she’ll like — Well, that woman does divert me strangely. — I’ll be very great with her — she talk’d very learnedly of the ridicule, ’till she was ridiculous — then she spoke of the decent — of the agreeable — of the insensible — she designs to print the discourse — but of all things I like her notion of the insensible.

‘*Tat.* Pray, Madam, how was that?

‘*Wid.* A most useful discourse to be inculcated in our teens — the purpose of it is to disguise our apprehension in this ill bred generation of men, who speak be-

fore women what they ought not to hear—As now
 suppose you were a spark in my company, and you
 spoke some double entendre—I look thus! but be a
 fellow, and you shall see how I'll use you—The in-
 sensible is useful upon any occasion, where we seemingly
 neglect, and secretly approve, which is our ordinary
 common case—Now suppose a coxcomb dancing,
 prating and playing his tricks before me to move me—
 without pleasure or distaste in my countenance I look
 at him—just thus—but—Ha! ha! ha! I have found
 out a supplement to this notion of the insensible, for
 my own use, which is infallible, and that is, to have
 always in my head all that they can say or do to me—
 so never be surpris'd with laughter, the occasion of
 which is always sudden——

Tat. Oh, my Lady Brumpton [*Tattleaid bows and cringes.*] My Lady—your most obedient servant——

Wid. Look you, wench, you see by the art of insensibility I put you out of countenance, though you were prepared for an ill reception——

Tat. Oh! Madam—how justly are you formed for what is now fallen to you, the empire of mankind——

Wid. O Sir, that puts me out of all my insensibility at once—that was so gallant—[*A noise within—Bring him along, bring him along.*] Ha! what noise is that—that noise of fighting—Run, I say—Whither are you going—What, are you mad—Will you leave me alone—Can't you stir—What, you can't take your message with you—Whatever 'tis, I suppose you are not in the plot; not you—Nor that now they're breaking open my house for Charlot—Not you—Go see what's the matter I say, I have nobody I can trust—One [*Exit Tattleaid.*] minute I think this wretch honest, and the next false—Whither shall I turn me?

Tat. Madam—Madam. [*Re-entring.*]

Wid. Madam, Madam, will you swallow me gaping—

Tat. Pray, good my Lady, be not so out of humour—But there is a company of rogues have set upon our servants and the burial man's, while others ran away with the corpse——

Wid. How, what can this mean? what can they do with

with it ! ' Well, 'twill save the charge of interment——
' But to what end ?

*Enter Trusty, and a servant bloody and dirty, baling in
Clump and Bumkin.*

Ser. I'll teach you better manners——I'll poor soldier you——You dog you, I will——Madam, here are two of the rascals that were in the gang of rogues that carried away the corpse——

Wid. We'll examine them apart——Well, firrah, what are you ? whence came you ? what's your name ? firrah. [*Clump makes signs as a dumb man.*]

Ser. O you dog, you could speak loud enough just now, firrah, when your brother rogues mauled Mr. Sable——we'll make you speak, firrah——

Wid. Bring the other fellow hither——I suppose you will own you knew that man before you saw him at my door ?

Clump. I think I have seen the gentleman's face.

[*Bowing to Bumkin.*]

Wid. The gentleman's ! the villain mocks me——But, friend, you look like an honest man, what are you ? whence come you ? What are you, friend ?

Bumb. I've at present but a private gentleman, but I was listed to be a serjeant in my Lord Hardy's company——I've not ashamed of my name, nor of my kop-tin——

Wid. Leave the room all.

[*Exeunt all but Trusty and Tattleaid.*]

Mr. Trusty——Lord Hardy ! O that impious young man——thus, with the sacrilegious hands of ruffians to divert his father's ashes from their urn, and rest——I suspect this fellow. [*aside.*] *Mr. Trusty*, I must desire you to be still near me——I'll know the bottom of this, and go to Lord Hardy's lodgings as I am, instantly——'Tis but the backside of this street, I think——Let a coach be called——Tattleaid, as soon as I am gone——conduct my brother and his friends to Lady Charlot, away with her——bring Madamoiselle away to me—that she may not be a witness——Come, good *Mr. Trusty*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ld. Hardy, leading Harriot; Campley and Trim.

Lady Har. Why then I find this *Mr. Trim* is a perfect general——' but I'll assure you, Sir, I'll never allow you

—an

‘ an hero, who could leave your mistress behind you;
 ‘ you should have broke the house down, but you should
 ‘ have brought Madamoiselle with you.——

Trim. No really, Madam, I have seen such strange
 ‘ fears come into the men’s heads, and such strange re-
 ‘ solutions into the women’s, upon the occasion of ladies
 ‘ following a camp, that I thought it more discreet to
 ‘ leave her behind me—my success will naturally touch
 ‘ her as much as if she were here ——

‘ *Lady H.* A good intelligent arch fellow this. [*aside.*]
 But were not you saying, my Lord, you believed Lady
 Brumpton would follow hither——if so, pray let me be
 gone——

Ld. H. No, Madam; I must beseech your Ladyship
 to stay, for there are things alledged against her which
 you, who have lived in the family, may perhaps, give
 light into, and which I can’t believe even she could be
 guilty of.

Lady Ha. Nay, my Lord, that’s generous to a folly,
 for even for her usage of you (without regard to myself)
 I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can
 come into the head of a close, malicious, cruel, designing
 woman.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady Brumpton’s below——

Lady Ha. I’ll run then——

Cam. No, no, stand your ground; you are a soldier’s
 wife. Come, we’ll rally her to death——

L. Ha. Pr’ythee entertain her a little, while I go in
 for a moment’s thought on this occasion, [*Exit.*

Lady Har. She has more wit than us both——

Cam. Pshaw, no matter for that——Be sure, as soon
 as the sentence is out of my mouth to clap in with some-
 thing else——and laugh at all I say; I’ll be grateful,
 and burst myself at my pretty witty wife——We’ll fall in
 slap upon her,——she shan’t have time to say a word of
 the running away.

Enter Lady Brumpton and Trusty.

O, my Lady Brumpton, your Ladyship’s most obedient
 servant. This is my Lady Harriot Campley——Why,
 Madam, your Ladyship is immediately in your mourning
 ——Nay, as you have more wit than any body, (so
 what.

what seldom wits have) you have more prudence too— Other widows have nothing in readiness but a second husband—but you, I see, had your very weeds and dress lying by you——

L. Ha. Ay, Madam; I see your Ladyship is of the order of widowhood, for you have put on the habit——

Wid. I see your Ladyship is not of the profession of virginity, for you have lost the look on't——

Cam. You're in the habit——That was so pretty, nay, without flattery, Lady Harriot, you have a great deal of wit, ha! ha! ha!

L. Ha. No, my Lady Brumpton here is the woman of wit; but indeed she has got but little enough, considering how much her Ladyship has to defend. Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. I am sorry, Madam, your Ladyship has not what's sufficient for your occasions, or that this pretty gentleman can't supply them——

[*Campley dancing about and trolling.*
Hey-day! I find, Sir, your heels are a great help to your head——They relieve your wit, I see; and I don't question but ere now they have been as kind to your valour; Ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Pox, I can say nothing, 'tis always thus with your endeavours to be witty [*aside.*] I saw, Madam, your mouth go, but there could be nothing offered in answer to what my Lady Harriot said——'Twas home——'Twas cutting satire——

L. Ha. Oh, Mr. Campley! But pray, Madam, has Mr. Cabinet visited your Ladyship since this calamity—How stands that affair now?

Wid. Nay, Madam, if you already want instructions——I'll acquaint you how the world stands, if you are in distress——but I fear Mr. Campley overhears us.

Cam. And all the tune the pipers played, was toll-toll-doroll——I swear, Lady Harriot, were I not already yours, I could have a tendre for this Lady.

Wid. Come, good folks, I find we are very free with each other—What makes you two here? Do you board my Lord, or he you? Come, come, ten shillings a head will

will go a great way in a family—What do you say, Mrs. Campley, is it so? Does your ladyship go to market yourself?—Nay, you're in the right of it—Come—can you imagine what makes my lord stay?—He is not now with his land steward—not signing leases I hope; ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Hang her, to have more tongue than a man and his wife too——

[*Aside.*

Enter Lord Hardy.

Lord Ha. Because your ladyship is, I know, in very much pain in company you have injured——I'll be short---Open those doors---there lies your husband's, my father's body, and by you stands the man accuses you of poisoning him!

Wid. Of poisoning him!

Tru. The symptoms will appear upon the corps.

Lord Ha. But I am seized by nature--How shall I view a breathless lump of clay—Him whose high veins conveyed to me this vital force and motion.

I cannot bear this sight——

I am as fix'd and motionless as he——

[*They open the coffin, out of which jumps Lady Charlotte.*
Art thou the ghastly shape my mind had form'd!

Art thou the cold inanimate—Bright maid!

Thou giv'st new higher life to all around.

Whither does fancy, fir'd with love convey me!

' Whither transported by my pleasing fury!

' The season vanishes at thy approach;

' 'Tis morn, 'tis spring——

' Daisies and lilies strow thy flow'ry way.'

Why is my fair unmov'd—My heav'nly fair;

Does she but smile at my exalted rapture?

L. Cha. Oh, sense of praise to me unfelt before,

Speak on, speak on, and charm my attentive ear:

How sweet applause is from an honest tongue.

' Thou lov'st my mind—Hast well affection plac'd;

' In what, nor time, nor age, nor care, nor want can

Oh, how I joy in thee—' My eternal lover; [alter.]

' Immutable as the object of thy flame!

' I love, I'm proud, I triumph that I love,

' Pure I approach thee---Nor did I with empty shows,

' Gorgeous attire, or studied negligence,

' Or

‘ Or song, or dance, or ball, allure thy soul ;
 ‘ Nor want, or fear, such arts to keep, or lose it :’
 Nor now with fond reluctance doubt to enter
 My spacious, bright abode, this gallant heart.

[*Reclines on Hardy.*]

Lady *Ha.* Ay marry — these are high doings indeed, the greatness of the occasion has burst their passion into speech — Why, Mr. Campley, when we are near these fine folks, you and I are but mere sweet-hearts--- I protest — I’ll never be won so ; you shall begin again with me.

Cam. Pr’ythee, why dost name us poor animals ! They have forgot there are any such creatures as their old acquaintance Tom and Harriot.

Lord *Ha.* So we did indeed, but you’ll pardon us.

Cam. My lord, I never thought to see the minute wherein I should rejoice at your forgetting me, but now I do heartily.

[*Embracing.*]

L. *Cb.* Harriot. }
 L. *Ha.* Charlot. } *Embracing.*

Wid. Sir, you’re at the bottom of all this — I see you’re skill at close conveyances — I’ll know the meaning instantly of these intricacies ; ’tis not your seeming honesty and gravity shall save you from your deserts — My husband’s death was sudden — You and the burial fellow were observ’d very familiar — Produce my husband’s body, or I’ll try you for his murder ; which I find you’d put on me, thou hellish engine !

Tru. Look you, Madam, I could answer you, but I scorn to reproach people in misery — you’re undone — Madam —

Wid. What does the dotard mean ? Produce the body, villain, or the law shall have thine for it — [Trusty, *Exit hastily.*] Do you design to let the villain escape ? How justly did your father judge, that made you a beggar with that spirit — You mention’d just now you could not bear the company of those you’d injured.

Lord *H.* You are a woman, Madam, and my father’s widow — But sure you think you’ve highly injured me.

[*Here my Lord and Trusty half enter and observe.*]

Wid. No, Sir, I have not, will not injure you — I must obey the will of my deceased lord to a tittle — I must

must justly pay legacies.—Your father, in consideration that you were his blood, would not wholly alienate you—He left you, Sir, this shilling, with which estate you now are earl of Brumpton.

Lord *H.* Insolent woman—It was not me my good father disinherited, 'twas him you represented. The guilt was thine, he did an act of justice.

Lord Brumpton entering with Trusty.

Ld. *B.* Oh, unparalleled goodness!

Tattelaid and Mademoiselle at the other door entering.

Tru. Oh, Tattelaid—His and our hour is come.

Wid. What do I see, my lord, my master, husband living!

Ld. *B.* [*Turning from her, running to his son.*] Oh, my boy, my son—Mr. Campley—Charlot—Harriot. [*All kneeling to him.*] Oh, my children—‘Oh, Oh, these passions are too strong for my old frame—Oh, the sweet torture, my son, my son!’ I shall expire in the too mighty pleasure! my boy!

Ld. *H.* A son, an heir! a bridegroom in one hour! Oh, grant me heaven, grant me moderation!

Wid. A son, an heir! Am I neglected then?

What! can my lord revive, yet dead to me?

Only to me deceased—to me alone.

Deaf to my sighs, and senseless to my moan?

Ld. *B.* 'Tis so long since I have seen plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou dost repeat, nor can I answer.

Wid. You can remember though a certain settlement, in which I am thy son and heir—great Noble, that I suppose not taken from a play, that's as irrevocable as law can make it, ‘that if you scorn me—your death and life are equal—Or I'll still wear my mourning, 'cause you're living.’

Tru. Value her not, my lord, a prior obligation made you incapable of settling on her, your wife.

Ld. *B.* Thy kindness, Trusty, does distract thee—I would indeed disengage myself by any honest means, but, alas, I know no prior gift that avoids this to her—‘Oh, my child!’

Tru. Look you, Madam, I'll come again immediately—Be not troubled, my dear lords——

[*Exit.*
Campe.]

Camp. Trusty looks very confident, there is some good in that.

Re-enter Trusty with Cabinet.

Cab. What my lord Brumpton living? nay then——

Tru. Hold, Sir, you must not stir, nor can you, Sir, retract this for your hand-writing——My lord, this gentleman, since your supposed death, has lurked about the house to speak with my lady, or Tattleaid, who upon your decease have shunned him, in hopes, I suppose, to buy him off for ever——Now as he was prying about, he peeped into your closet——where he saw your lordship reading——struck with horror, and believing himself (as well he might) the disturber of your ghost for alienation of your fortune from your family——he writ me this letter, wherein he acknowledges a private marriage with this lady, half a year before you ever saw her.

All. How!

[*All turn upon her disdainfully.*]

Wid. No more a widow then, but still a wife.

[*Recovering from her confusion.*]

I am thy wife——thou author of my evil.

‘Thou must partake with me an homely board,

‘An homely board that never shall be chearful;

‘But ev’ry meal embitter’d with upbraidings,’

Thou that could’st tell me, good and ill were words,

When thou could’st basely let me to another,

Yet could’st see sprights, great unbeliever!

Coward! bugg-bear’d penitent——

‘Stranger henceforth to all my joys, my joys.

‘To thy dishonour; despicable thing,

‘Dishonour thee!’ Thou voluntary cuckold!

Thou disgrace to thy own sex, and the whole human race!

May scorn and beggary pursue thy name,

And dark despair close up a life of shame.

[*Cabinet sneaks off.* *Widow flings after him, Tattleaid following.*]

Ld. B. I see you’re all confused as well as I——Ye are my children——I hold you all so. And for your own use will speak plainly to you, I cannot hate that woman: nor shall she ever want. Though I scorn to bear her injuries——yet had I ne’er been roused ‘from that low passion to a worthless creature——but by disdain of
G her

' her attempt on my friend's child.' I am glad that scorn's confirmed by her being that fellow's ——— whom for my own sake I only will contemn. Thee, Trusty, how shall we prosecute with equal praise and thanks for this great revolution in our house.

Tru. Never to speak on't more, my lord.

' *Ld. B.* You are now, gentleman, going into cares at a crisis in your country.

' And on this great occasion, Tom——I'll mount

' Old Campley which thy father gave me,

' And attend thee a chearful gay old man,

' Into the field to represent our country.

' My rough Plebeian Britons, not ye slaves

' To France, shall mount thy father's son

' Upon their shoulders. Echo loud their joy——

' While I and Trusty follow weeping after ;

' But be thou honest, firm, impartial,

' Let neither love, nor hate, nor faction move thee,

' Distinguish words from things, and men from crimes ;

' Punctual be thou in payments, not basely

' Screen thy faults 'gainst law, behind the

' Law thou makest——

' But thou against my death, must learn a supererogatory morality. [To Lord Hardy.]

' As he is to be just, be generous thou :

' Nor let thy reasonable soul be struck

' With sounds and appellations ; title is

' No more, if not significant

' Of something that's superior in thyself

' To other men, of which thou may'st be

' Conscious, yet not proud——But if you swerve

' From higher virtue than the crowd possess,

' Know they that call thee honourable mock thee.

' You are to be a peer, by birth, to judge

' Upon your honour, others lives and fortunes ;

' Because that honour's dearer than your own.

' Be good, my son, and be a worthy lord :

' For when our shining virtues bless mankind,

' We disappoint the livid malecontents,

' Who long to call our noble order useless,

' Our all's in danger, Sir, nor shall you dally

' Your youth away with your fine wives.

' No,

‘ No, in your country’s cause you shall meet death,
 ‘ While feeble we with minds resigned do wait it,
 ‘ Not but I intend your nuptials as soon as possible, to
 ‘ draw intails and settlements. How necessary such
 ‘ things are, I had like to have been a fatal instance.

‘ *Camp.* But, my lord, here are a couple that need not
 ‘ wait such ceremonies. Please but to sit; you have
 ‘ been extremely moved, and must be tired. You say we
 ‘ must not spend our time in dalliance: you will see, my
 ‘ lord, the entertainment reminds us also of nobler
 ‘ things; and what I designed for my own wedding, I’ll
 ‘ compliment the general with. The bride dances finely—
 ‘ Trim, will you dance with her?

‘ *Trim.* I would, but I can’t—There is a country-
 ‘ man of hers without by accident.

‘ *Camp.* Ay, but is he a dancer?

‘ *Trim.* Is a Frenchman a dancer? Is a Welshman a
 ‘ gentleman? I’ll bring him in——

‘ [*Here a dance, and the following songs.*]

S O N G I.

‘ On yonder bed supinely laid,
 ‘ Behold thy lov’d expecting maid;
 ‘ In tremor, blushes, half in tears,
 ‘ Much, much she wishes, more she fears.
 ‘ Take, take her to thy faithful arms,
 ‘ Hymen bestows thee all her charms.

‘ Heav’n to thee bequeaths the fair,
 ‘ To raise thy joy, and lull thy care;
 ‘ Heav’n made grief, if mutual, cease,
 ‘ But joy divided, to increase:
 ‘ To mourn with her exceeds delight,
 ‘ Darknes with her, the joys of light.

S O N G II.

‘ Arise, arise, great dead, for arms renown’d,
 ‘ Rise from your urns, and save your dying story,
 ‘ Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown’d,
 ‘ For mighty William seizes all your glory.

G 2

‘ Again

THE FUNERAL.

- ‘ Again the British trumpets sounds;
- ‘ Again Britannia bleeds;
- ‘ To glorious death, or comely wounds,
- ‘ Her godlike monarch leads.
- ‘ Pay us, kind fate, the debt you owe;
- ‘ Celestial minds from clay untie.
- ‘ Let coward spirits dwell below,
- ‘ And only give the brave to die.’

Ld. B. Now, gentlemen, let the miseries which I have but miraculously escaped, admonish you to have always inclinations proper for the stage of life you are in.

- ‘ Don’t follow love, when nature seeks but ease, other-
- ‘ wise you will fall into a lethargy of your dishonour,
- ‘ when warm pursuits of glory are over with you; for
- ‘ Fame and rest are utter opposites.’

You who the path of honour make your guide,

Must let your passion with your blood subside.

And no untim’d ambition, love, or rage,

Employ the moments of declining age;

Else boys will in your presence lose their fear,

And laugh at the grey head they should revere.

E P I.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lord HARDY.

LOVE, hope, and fear, desire, aversion, rage,
 All that can move the soul, or can assuage,
 Are drawn in miniature of life, the stage.
 Here you can view yourselves, and here is shown,
 To what you're born, in sufferings not your own.
 The stage to wisdom's no fantastic way,
 Athens herself learn'd virtue at a play.
 Our author me to-night a soldier drew;
 But faintly writ, what warmly you pursue:
 To his great purpose, had he equal fire,
 He'd not aim to please only, but inspire;
 He'd sing what hovering fate attends our isle,
 And from base pleasure rouse to glorious toil.
 Full time the earth's a new decision brings,
 While William gives the Roman eagle wings:
 With arts and arms shall Britain tamely end,
 Which naked Picts so bravely could defend;
 The painted heroes on th' invaders press,
 And think their wounds addition to their dress:
 In younger years we've been with conquest blest,
 And Paris has the British yoke confess'd;
 Is't then in England, in blest'd England, known,
 Her kings are nam'd from a revolted throne?
 But we offend—You no examples need;
 In imitation of yourselves proceed;
 'Tis you your country's honour must secure;
 Be all your actions worthy of Namure:
 With gentle fires your gallantry improve;
 Courage is brutal, if untouch'd with love.
 If soon our utmost bravery's not display'd,
 Think that bright circle must be captives made;
 Let thoughts of saving them our toils beguile,
 And they reward our labours with a smile.





Delineated by

J. G. Smith & Co. 1777.

Thames Street.

MR. ARINGTON in the Character of MISS PRUE.
Look you here, Cousin, here's a Snuff Box;
nay there's Snuff in't; here will you have any.

BELL'S EDITION.



LOVE for LOVE,

A COMEDY,

Written by Mr. CONGREVE.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

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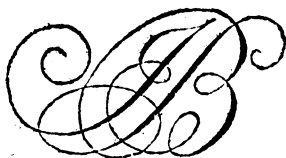
Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Nudus agris, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certâ ratione modoque.*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near Exeter-Exchange, in the Strand,
and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXVI.

To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX.

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, and Knight
of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

MY LORD,

A Young poet is liable to the same vanity and indiscretion with a young lover: and the great man who smiles upon one, and the fine woman who looks kindly upon the other, are both of them in danger of having the favour published with the first opportunity.

But there may be a different motive, which will a little distinguish the offenders. For, though one should have a vanity in ruining another's reputation, yet the other may only have an ambition to advance his own. And I beg leave, my lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the cause and excuse of this dedication. Whoever is king, is also the father of his country; and as nobody can dispute your lordship's monarchy in poetry; so all that are concerned ought to acknowledge your universal patronage: and it is only presuming on the privilege of a loyal subject that I have ventured to make this my address of thanks to your lordship; which at the same time includes a prayer for your protection.

I am not ignorant of the common form of poetical dedications, which are generally made up of panegyric, where the authors endeavour to distinguish their patrons, by the shining characters they give them, above other men. But that, my lord, is not my business at this time; nor is your lordship now to be distinguished. I am contented with the honour I do myself in this epistle; without the vanity to add to, or explain, your lordship's character.

I con-

I confess, it is not without some struggling, that I behav'd myself in this case, as I ought: for it is very hard to be pleased with a subject, and yet forbear it. But I chuse rather to follow Pliny's precept, than his example, when in his panegyric to the emperor Trajan, he says, *Nec minus considerabo quid aures ejus pati possint, quam quid virtutibus debeatur.*

I hope I may be excused the pedantry of a quotation, when it is so justly applied. Here are some lines in the print (and which your lordship read before this play was acted) that were omitted on the stage; and particularly one whole scene in the third act, which not only helps the design forward with less precipitation, but also heightens the ridiculous character of Foresight, which indeed seems to be maimed without it. But I found myself in great danger of a long play, and was glad to help it were I could. Though, notwithstanding my care, and the kind reception it had from the town; I could heartily wish it yet shorter: but the number of different characters represented in it would have been too much crowded in less room.

This reflection on prolixity (a fault for which scarce any one beauty will atone) warns me not to be tedious now, and detain your lordship any longer with the trifles of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken at opening the New House.

THE husbandman in vain renews his toil,
 To cultivate each year a hungry soil;
 And fondly hopes for rich and generous fruit,
 When what should feed the tree devours the root:
 Th' unladen boughs, he sees, bode certain death,
 Unless transplanted to more kindly earth.
 So, the poor husbands of the stage, who found
 Their labours lost upon ungrateful ground,
 This last and only remedy have prov'd;
 And hope new fruit from ancient stocks remov'd.
 Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
 Well plant a soil which you so rich have made.
 As nature gave the world to man's first age,
 So from your bounty we receive this stage;
 The freedom man was born to, you've restor'd,
 And to our world such plenty you afford,
 It seems like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.
 But since in Paradise frail flesh gave way,
 And when but two were made both went astray;
 Forbear your wonder, and the fault forgive,
 If in our larger family we grieve
 One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.
 We who remain, would gratefully repay
 What our endeavours can, and bring, this day,
 The first-fruit offering, of a virgin play.
 We hope there's something that may please each taste,
 And tho' of homely fare we make the feast,
 Yet you will find variety at least.
 There's humour, which for chearful friends we got,
 And for the thinking party there's a plot.
 We've something too to gratify ill-nature,
 (If there be any here) and that is satire.
 Tho' satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
 Or only shews its teeth, as if it smil'd.
 As asses thistles, poets mumble wit.
 And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
 They hold their pens, as fwords are held by fools,
 And are afraid to use their own edge-tools.
 Since the Plain-Dealer's scenes of manly rage,
 Not one has dar'd to lash this crying age,

Th

*This time, the poet owns the bold essay,
 Yet hopes there's no ill-manners in his play;
 And he declares by me, he has design'd
 Affront to none, but frankly speaks his mind.
 And should th' ensuing scenes not chance to hit,
 He offers but this one excuse, 'twas writ
 Before your late encouragement of wit.*

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Drury-Lane. Covent-Garden.

Sir Sampson Legend, father to Valentine and Ben	Mr. Love.	Mr. Dunstall.
Valentine in love with Angelica	Mr. Reddish.	Mr. Lewis.
Scandal, his friend	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Hull.
Tattle, a half-witted beau	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Woodward.
Ben, Sir Sampson's younger son, design'd to marry Miss Prue	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Wilson.
Forefight, uncle to Angelica	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
Jeremy, servant to Valentine	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Lee Lewes.
Trapland, a scrivener	Mr. Weston.	Mr. Fox.
Buckram, a lawyer	Mr. Keen.	

W O M E N.

Angelica, niece to Forefight	Miss Younge.	Miss Sherman.
Mrs. Forefight, second wife to Forefight	Mrs. Reddish.	Miss Ambrose.
Mrs. Frail, Sister to Mrs. Forefight, a woman of the town	Mrs. Jefferies.	Miss Barsanti.
Miss Prue, daughter to Forefight by a former wife	Mrs. Abington.	Mrs. Mattocks.
Nurse to Miss Jenny	Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. Pitt.
	Mrs. Simpson.	

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several Servants.

The SCENE in L O N D O N.

LOVE for LOVE.

The scenes between Scandal, and Mr. and Mrs. Foresight, in all the third, with many other lines in this comedy, marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are very judiciously omitted in the representation, and the lines printed in italics, are added to connect the scenes.

A C T I.

SCENE, Valentine in his chamber reading, Jeremy waiting. Several books upon the table.

VALENTINE.

JEREMY.

Jer. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read——

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet.

[Aside, and taking away the books.]

Val. And, d'ye hear, go you to breakfast—There's a page doubled down in Epictetus, that is a feast for an emperor.

Jer. Was Epictetus a real cook, or did he only write receipts?

Val. Read, read, firrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So Epictetus advises.

Jer. Oh, lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge. Pray, what was that Epictetus?

Val. A very rich man.—Not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph, and so he has made a very fine feast where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jer.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: but, if you please, I had rather be at board wages. Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will Plato be bail for you? Or Diogenes, because he understands confinement, and lived in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty!

Val. Why, firrah, I have no money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest men in all ages;—these poets and philosophers whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason; because they abound in sense, and you are a fool.

Jer. Ay, Sir, I am a fool, I know it: and yet, heaven help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit—But I was always a fool, when I told you what your expences would bring you to; your coaches and your liveries; your treats and your balls; your being in love with a lady, that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity; and keeping company with wits, that cared for nothing but your prosperity, and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be revenged on them all; I'll pursue Angelica with more love than ever; and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rivalled the rich fops, that made court to her; so shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps, make her compassionate the love which has principally reduced me to this lowness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them—

Jer. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jer. Now heaven of mercy continue the tax upon paper; you don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

Jer. Hem!—Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it

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may concern ; that the bearer hereof, Jeremy Fetch by name, has for the space of seven years truly and faithfully served Valentine Legend, esq. and that he is not now turned away for any misdemeanor ; but does voluntarily discontinue his master from any future authority over him—

Val. No, firrah, you shall live with me still.

Jer. Sir, 'tis impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damned with your works : but to live, even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canonized for a muse, after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help ;—I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts. D'ye hear, get the maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhiming, you may arrive at the height of a song, sent by an unknown hand, or a chocolate house lampoon.

Jer. But, Sir, is this the way to recover your father's favour ? Why Sir Sampson will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, Sir ; you're ruined ; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet—Ah, pox confound that Will's coffee-house ! it has ruined more young men than the Royal Oak lottery—Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The man of the house would have been an alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city—For my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a horse-race. The air upon Banstead Downs is nothing to it for a whetter ; yet I never see it, but the spirit of famine appears to me, sometimes like a decayed porter, worn out with pimping, and carrying billet-doux and songs ; not like other porters for hire, but for the jest's sake. Now like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great fortune ; and his fare to be paid like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

Val. Very well, Sir, can you proceed ?

Jer. Sometimes like a bilked bookseller with a meagre terrified countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolved to turn author, and bring
the

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‘ the rest of his brethren into the same condition : and,
 ‘ lastly, in the form of a worn-out punk, with verses in
 ‘ her hand, which her vanity had preferred to settle-
 ‘ ments, without a whole tatter to her tail, but as ragged
 ‘ as one of the muses ; or as if she were carrying her
 ‘ dinner to the paper-mill to be converted into folio
 ‘ books of warning to all young maids, not to prefer
 ‘ poetry to good sense ; or lying in the arms of a needy
 ‘ wit, before the embraces of a wealthy fool.’

Enter Scandal.

Scan. What, Jeremy holding forth ?

Val. The rogue has, with all the wit he could muster up, been declaiming against wit.

Scan. Ay ! Why then I’m afraid Jeremy has wit : for where ever it is, it’s always contriving its own ruin.

Jer. Why so I have been telling my master, Sir. Mr. Scandal, for heaven’s sake, Sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet.

Scan. Poet ! He shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the outside of his head than the lining. Why, what the devil has not your poverty made you enemies enough ? Must you needs shew your wit to get more ?

Jer. Ay, more indeed : for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself ?

Scan. Jeremy speaks like an oracle. Don’t you see how worthless great men, and dull rich rogues, avoid a witty man of small fortune ? Why, he looks like a writ of enquiry into their titles and estates ; and seems commissioned by heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be revenged.

Scan. Rail ! At whom ? the whole world ? Impotent and vain ! Who would die a martyr to sense in a country where the religion is folly ? You may stand at bay for a while ; but when the full cry is against you, you shan’t have fair play for your life. If you can’t be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsmen.—No, turn pimp, flatterer, quack, lawyer, any thing but poet ; a modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have named ; without you could retrieve the ancient honours of the name.

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name, recall the stage of Athens, and be allowed the force of open and honest satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our poets, as if your character had been lately exposed upon the stage—Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade—[*One knocks.*] Jeremy, see who's there. [*Jeremy goes to the door.*] But tell me what you would have me do?—What do the world say of me, and my forced confinement?

Scan. The world behaves itself, as it uses to do on such occasions; some pity you, and condemn your father; others excuse him, and blame you; only the ladies are merciful, and wish you well; since love and pleasurable expence, have been your greatest faults.

Enter Jeremy.

Val. How now?

Jer. Nothing new, Sir: I have dispatched some half a dozen duns, with as much dexterity as a hungry judge does causes at dinner time.

Val. What answer have you given 'em?

Scan. Patience, I suppose, the old receipt.

Jer. No, faith, Sir; I have put 'em off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words; that I was forced now to tell 'em in plain downright English—

Val. What?

Jer. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jer. To-morrow.

Val. And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jer. Keep it? Not at all; it has been so very much stretched, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and no body be surprized at the matter.—[*Knocking.*]—Again! Sir, if you don't like my negotiation, will you be pleased to answer these yourself.

Val. See who they are. [*Exit Jer.*] By this, Scandal, you may see what it is to be great; secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an army lead just such a life as I do; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises; which are but a civiler sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great man, having engaged their

their attendance, and promised more than ever you intended to perform, are more perplexed to find evasions than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your creditors.

Val. Scandal, learn to spare your friends, and do not provoke your enemies; this liberty of your tongue, will one day bring a confinement on your body, my friend.

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. Oh, Sir, there's Trapland the Scrivener, with two suspicious fellows like lawful pads, that would knock a man down with pocket tipstaves.—And there's your father's steward, and the nurse with one of your children from Twickenam.

Val. Pox on her, could she find no other time to fling my sins in my face. Here, give her this, [*Gives money.*] and bid her trouble me no more: 'a thoughtless two-handed whore, she knows my condition well enough, and might have overlaid the child a fortnight ago, if she had any fotecast in her.

'*Scan.* What, is it bouncing Margery, with my godson?

'*Jer.* Yes, Sir.

'*Scan.* My blessing to the boy, with this token [*Gives money.*] of my love. And, d'ye hear, bid Margery put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously.—I shall take the air shortly.

'*Val.* Scandal, don't spoil my boy's milk.'—Bid Trapland come in. If I can give that Cerberus a fop, I shall be at rest for one day.

Enter Trapland and Jeremy.

Oh, Mr. Trapland! my old friend! welcome—Jeremy, a chair quickly. A bottle of sack and a toast—fly—a chair first.

Trap. A good morning to you, Mr. Valentine, and to you, Mr. Scandal.

Scan. The morning's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come, sit you down, you know his way.

Trap. [*Sits.*] There is a debt, Mr. Valentine, of 1500*l.* of pretty long standing—

Val.

Val. I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate.
—Sirrah, the sack.

Trap. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment?

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you,—my service to you,—fill, fill, to honest Mr. Trapland, fuller.

Trap. Hold—This is not to our business—My service to you, Mr. Scandal.—[*Drinks.*]—I have forborne as long—

Val. T'other glass, and then we'll talk. Fill, Jeremy.

Trap. No more, in truth,—I have forborne, I say—

Val. Sirrah, fill when I bid you.—And how does your handsome daughter?—Come, a good husband to her. [*Drinks.*]

Trap. Thank you—I have been out of this money—

Val. Drink first. Scandal, why do you not drink?
[*They drink.*]

Trap. And in short I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much obliged to you for your supply: it did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good.—Scandal, drink to me, my friend Trapland's health. An honest man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress: though I say it to his face. Come, fill each man his glass.

Scan. What, I know Trapland has been a whoremaster, and loves a wench still. You never knew a whoremaster, that was not an honest fellow.

Trap. Fy, Mr. Scandal, you never knew—

Scan. What, don't I know?—I know the buxom black widow in the Poultry—800l. a year jointure, and 20,000l. in money. Ahah! Old Trap.

Val. Say you so, i'faith. Come, we'll remember the widow: I know whereabouts you are. Come, to the widow—

Trap. No more, indeed.

Val. What, the widow's health; give it him—off with it. [*They drink.*] A lovely girl, i'faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby-lips? Better sealing there, than a bond for a million, hah!

Trap. No, no, there's no such thing, we'd better mind our business—You're a wag.

B

Val.

Val. No, faith, we'll mind the widow's business; fill again—Pretty round heaving breasts,—a Barbary shape, and a jut with her bum, would stir an anchorite: and the prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats, ah, Mr. Trapland!

Trap. Verily, give me a glass—you're a wag,—and here's to the widow. [Drinks.]

Scan. He begins to chuckle;—ply him close, or he'll relapse into a dun.

Enter Officer.

Off. By your leave, gentlemen.—Mr. Trapland, if we must do our office, tell us.—We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in Pall-Mall and Covent-Garden; and if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate-houses, and then our labour's lost.

Trap. Udslo, that's true, Mr. Valentine, I love mirth, but business must be done, are you ready to—

Jer. Sir, your father's steward says he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

Val. Bid him come in. Mr. Trapland, send away your officer, you shall have an answer presently.

Trap. Mr. Snap, stay within call. [Exit Officer.]

Enter Jeremy, and Steward, who whispers Valentine.

Scan. Here's a dog now, a traitor in his wine; firrah, refund the sack. Jeremy, fetch him some warm water, or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

Trap. Mr. Scandal, you are uncivil; I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it.

Val. You need say no more, I understand the conditions; they are very hard, and my necessity is very pressing; I agree to 'em. Take Mr. Trapland with you, and let him draw the writing.—Mr. Trapland, you know this man, he shall satisfy you.

Trap. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing, but my necessity—

Val. No apology, good Mr. Scrivener, you shall be paid.

Trap.

Trap. I hope you forgive me, my business requires—

[*Exeunt Jeremy and Steward.*]

Scan. He begs pardon like a hangman at an execution.

Val. But I have got a reprieve.

Scan. I am surprized; what does your father relent?

Val. No; he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world. You have heard of a booby-brother of mine, that was sent to sea three years ago: this brother, my father hears, is landed; whereupon he very affectionately sends me word, if I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate after his death, to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pounds to pay my debts, and make my fortune. This was once proposed before, and I refused it; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from Angelica, force me to consent.

Scan. A very desperate demonstration of your love to Angelica: and, I think, she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

Scan. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean: but you have little reason to believe that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune; besides, Angelica has a great fortune of her own; and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool.

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. More misfortunes, Sir.

Val. What another dun?

Jer. No, Sir, but Mr. Tattle is come to wait upon you.

Val. Well, I can't help it—you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad. [Exit Jeremy.]

Scan. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, pr'ythee stay: Tattle and you should never be asunder; you are light and shadow, and shew one another; he is perfectly thy reverse both in humour and

understanding; and as you set up for defamation, he is a mender of reputations.

Scan. A mender of reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper; and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person: he will forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time shew you her hand in the superscription: and yet perhaps he has counterfeited the hand too, and sworn to a truth; 'but he hopes not to be believed; and refuses the reputation of a lady's favour, as a doctor says, no, to a bishoprick, only that it may be granted him.'—In short, he is a public professor of secrecy, and makes a proclamation that he holds private intelligence.—He's here.

Enter Tattle.

Tat. Valentine, good-morrow; Scandal, I am yours—that is when you speak well of me.

Scan. That is, when I am yours; for while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

Tat. How inhuman.

Val. Why, Tattle, you need not be much concerned at any thing that he says: for to converse with Scandal, is to play at Losing Loadum; you must lose a good name to him; before you can win it for yourself.

Tat. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world shall think the better of any person for his calumnation!—I thank heaven, it has always been a part of my character, to handle the reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scan. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tat. Nay, but why rotten? Why should you say, rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is?

Scan. Not know 'em? Why, thou never had'st to do with any body that did not stink to all the town.

Tat. Ha, ha, ha; nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that nobody knows any thing of that nature of me. As I hope
to

to be saved, Valentine, I never exposed a woman, since I knew what woman was.

Val. And yet you have conversed with several.

Tat. To be free with you, I have—I don't care if I own that—Nay, more, (I'm going to say a bold word now) I never could meddle with a woman, that had to do with any body else.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay, faith, I'm apt to believe him.—Except her husband, Tattle.

Tat. Oh, that——

Scan. What think you of that noble commoner, Mrs. Drab?

Tat. Pooh, I know Madam Drab has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—But, upon my reputation, she did me wrong—Well, well, that was malice—But I know the bottom of it. She was bribed to that by one we all know—A man too. Only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality——

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tat. No matter for that—Yes, yes, every body knows—no doubt on't, every body knows my secrets—But I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence, for I told her—Madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the world; and, says I, if your grace——

Scan. Grace!

Tat. Oh, lord, what have I said? My unlucky tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha.

Scan. Why, Tattle, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee; well, and, ha, ha, ha; well, go on, and what did you say to her grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tat. Not a word, as I hope to be saved; an arrant *lapsus linguae*—Come, let's talk of something else.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

Tat. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rallied with you—a woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of

me, and I told her something or other, faith—I know not what—Come, let's talk of something else.

[Hums a song.]

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we should enquire.

Tat. Valentine, I supped last night with your mistress, and her uncle, old Foresight. I think your father lies at Foresight's.

Val. Yes.

Tat. Upon my soul Angelica's a fine woman—And so is Mrs. Foresight, and her sister Mrs. Frail.

Scan. Yes, Mrs. Frail is a very fine woman, we all know her.

Tat. Oh, that is not fair.

Scan. What?

Tat. To tell.

Scan. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. Frail?

Tat. Who, I? Upon honour I don't know whether she be man or woman; but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

Scan. No!

Tat. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tat. Impossible!

Scan. Yes, faith. Ask Valentine else.

Tat. Why then, as I hope to be saved, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha!

Tat. Though I have more honour than to tell first; I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declared.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tat. I am strangely surprised! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if she taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by, she sees Valentine every morning.

Tat. How!

Val. She does me the favour—I mean of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I faith—But Tattle does not use to belie a lady;

lady ; it is contrary to his character—How one may be deceived in a woman, Valentine !

Tat. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen ?

Scan. I'm resolved I'll ask her.

Tat. Oh, barbarous ! Why did you not tell me —

Scan. No, you told us.

Tat. And bid me ask Valentine ?

Val. What did I say ? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never ask'd me the question ?

Tat. But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding.

Val. Nay, if you have known Scandal thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was, the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. Sir, Mrs. Frail has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes. [*Exit Jer.*]

Tat. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tat. Is there not a back way ?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion than to give Scandal such an advantage ; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tat. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous—Oh, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever !—I shall never be received but upon public days ; and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room : I shall never see a bed-chamber again ; never be lock'd in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table ; never be distinguish'd among the waiting-women by the name of trusty Mr. Tattle more—You will not be so cruel.

Val. Scandal, have pity on him : he'll yield to any conditions.

Tat. Any, any terms.

Scan. Come then, sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation to me presently—Come, where are you familiar ?—And see that they are women of quality too, the first quality—

Tat. 'Tis very hard—Won't a baronet's lady pass ?

Scan.

Scan. No, nothing under a right honourable.

Tat. Oh, inhuman! You don't expect their names.

Scan. No, their titles shall serve.

Tat. Alas, that's the same thing. Pray spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

Scan. Well, begin then: but take notice, if you are so ill a painter, that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemned, like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

Tat. Well, first then—the countess of—Oh, unfortunate! she's come already. Will you have patience till another time?—I'll double the number.

Scan. Well, on that condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

Enter Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. Fra. I shall get a fine reputation, by coming to see fellows in a morning. Scandal, you devil, are you here too?—Oh, Mr. Tattle, every thing is safe with you, we know.

Scan. Tattle.

Tat. Mum—Oh, Madam, you do me too much honour.

Val. Well, lady galloper, how does Angelica?

Mrs. Fra. Angelica! manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent lover—

Mrs. Fra. No, I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular: but otherwise I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

Val. But what if he has more passion than manners?

Mrs. Fra. Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage, indeed, may qualify the fury of his passion, but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

Mrs. Fra. You are the most mistaken in the world: there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband; for in a little time he grows only rude to his wife, and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news; but I suppose you hear your brother Benjamin is landed; and my brother Foresight's daughter is come out of the country—I assure you there's a match talk'd of by the old people—Well, if he be but as a great sea-beast, as she is a land-monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed—The pro-

progeny will be all otters : he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

Val. Pox take 'em, their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs. Fra. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother Foresight has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral and an eminent justice of the peace to be the issue-male of their two bodies. 'Tis the most superstitious old fool ! He would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad : but I invented a dream, and sent him to Artemedorus for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now ? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next room—and I'll give you something.

Scan. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs. Fra. Well, what will you all give me ?

Val. Mine's a secret.

Mrs. Fra. I thought you would give me something that would be a trouble to you to keep.

Val. And Scandal shall give you a good name.

Mrs. Fra. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. Tattle ?

Tat. I ? My soul, Madam.

Mrs. Fra. Pooh, no, I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well ; but I'll come and see you one of these mornings : I hear you have a great many pictures.

Tat. I have a pretty good collection at your service ; some originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the Seasons and the twelve Cæsars, paltry copies ; and the Five Senses, as ill represented as they are in himself ; and he himself is the only original you will see there.

Mrs. Fra. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs. Fra. Ay, let me see those, Mr. Tattle.

Tat. Oh, Madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and myself was ever blest with the sight.

Mrs. Fra. Well, but a woman——

Tat.

Tat. Nor woman, till she consented to have her picture there too—for then she's obliged to keep the secret.

Scan. No, no, come to me if you'd see pictures.

Mrs. Fra. You!

Scan. Yes, faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance to the life, and as like as at Kneller's.

Mrs. Fra. Oh, lying creature——Valentine, does not he lie?——I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No, indeed, he speaks truth now: for as Tattle has pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that have refused him; if satires, descriptions, characters, and lampoons are pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white——And yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women. I can shew you pride, folly, affection, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you, lying, foppery, vanity, cowardise, bragging, impotence and ugliness in another piece; yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a profest beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Mrs. Fra. Come, let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

Mrs. Fra. So.

Scan. Then I have a lady burning brandy in a cellar with a hackney coachman.

Mrs. Fra. Oh, devil! Well but that story is not true.

Scan. I have some hieroglyphicks too. I have a lawyer with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face; a divine with two faces, and one head; and I have a soldier with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

Mrs. Fra. And no head.

Scan. No head.

Mrs. Fra. Pooh, that is all invention. 'Have you ne'er a poet?

'*Scan.* Yes, I have a poet weighing words and selling
'praise for praise, and a critick picking his pocket. I
'have another large piece too, representing a school,
'where there are huge proportion'd criticks, with long
'wigs,

' wigs, lac'd coats, Steinkirk cravats, and terrible faces ;
' with cat-calls in their hands, and horn-books about
' their necks. I have many more of this kind, very
' well painted, as you shall see.'

Mrs. Fra. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him—Will you give me leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. Fra. No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to the Exchange? I must call on my sister Foresight there.

Scan. I will. I have a mind to your sister.

Mrs. Fra. Civil!

Tat. I will, because I have a tendre for your ladyship.

Mrs. Fra. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion. [*Exeunt Tattle, &c.*]

Scan. Well, if Mr. Tattle entertains you, I have the better opportunity to entertain your sister.

Val. Tell Angelica, I am about making hard conditions to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an account of you, and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most a lover of any body that I know: you fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress—In my mind he is a thoughtless adventurer,

Who hopes to purchase wealth by selling land;

Or win a mistress with a losing hand. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, a Room in Foresight's House.

Enter Foresight and Servant.

FORESIGHT.

HEY day! What, are all the women of my family abroad? Is not my wife come home? Nor my sister, nor my daughter?

Serv. No, Sir.

Fors. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure

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Sure the moon is in all her fortitudes. Is my niece Angelica at home?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Fore. I believe you lie, Sir.

Serv. Sir.

Fore. I say you lie, Sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it; for I was born, Sir, when the crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell, indeed, Sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, Sir: but I can tell, and foretell, Sir.

Enter Nurse.

Fore. Nurse, where's your young mistress?

Nurse. Wee'ft heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come home yet. Poor child, I warrant she's fond o' seeing the town——Marry, pray Heav'n they ha' given her any dinner——Good lack-a-day; ha, ha, ha! Oh, strange, I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha, marry, and did you ever see the like!

Fore. Why, how now, what's the matter?

Nurse. Pray Heav'n send your worship good luck, marry and amen, with all my heart, for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it; and so I have, that may be good-luck in troth, in troth it may, very good luck: nay, I have had some omens; I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation; pretty good that too: but then I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel; bad omens those: some bad, some good, our lives are chequer'd; mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day, make up our time——But in troth I am pleas'd at my stocking; very well pleas'd at my stocking——Oh, here's my niece!——Sirrah, go tell Sir Sampson Legend I'll wait on him if he is at leisure. [*Exit Servant.*] 'Tis now three a clock; a very good hour for business: Mercury governs this hour.

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Is it not a good hour for pleasure too, uncle? Pray lend me your coach, mine's out of order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too? Sure all females are mad to-day——It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief.

mischief to the master of a family. I remember an old prophecy, written by Messabala the Arabian, and thus translated by a reverend Buckinghamshire bard :

When housewives all the house forsake,
And leave good men to brew and bake,
Withouten guile, then, be it said,
That house doth stond upon its head ;
And when the head is set in ground,
Ne marl, if it be fruitful found.

Fruitful, the head fruitful, that bodes horns ; the fruit of the head is horns. Dear niece, stay at home ; for by the head of the house is meant the husband ; the prophecy needs no explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a cuckold, uncle, by going abroad ; nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

Fore. Yes, yes, while there is one woman left, the prophecy is not in full force.

Ang. But my inclinations are in force ; I have a mind to go abroad, and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair, ' and leave you to erect a ' scheme, and find who is in conjunction with your wife.' Why don't you keep your wife at home, if you are jealous of her when she is abroad ? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature ; uncle, I am afraid you are not lord of the ascendant, ha, ha, ha !

Fore. Well, jill-flirt, you are very pert, and always ridiculing that celestial science.

Ang. Nay, uncle, don't be angry ; if you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood. What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provision as 'twere for a siege ? What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinder-boxes did you purchase ? One would have thought we were ever after to live under ground, or at least making a voyage to Greenland, to inhabit there all the dark season.

Fore. Why, you malapert slut——

Ang. Will you lend me your coach, or I'll go on ?
' Nay, I'll declare how you prophesied popery was coming, only because the butler had mislaid some of the
C
' apostle

* apostle spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went
 * religion and spoon-meat together.' Indeed, uncle, I'll
 indite you for a wizard.

Fore. How, huffy! Was there ever such a provoking
 minx?

Nurse. Oh, merciful father, how she talks!

Ang. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight
 practices; you and the old nurse there.

Nurse. Marry, Heaven defend! I at midnight practi-
 ces! Oh, lord! what's here to do? I in unlawful doings
 with my master's worship! Why, did you ever hear the
 like now?—Sir, did I ever do any thing 'of your mid-
 'night concerns,' but warm your bed, and tuck you-up,
 and set the candle, and your tobacco-box, 'and your
 'urinal' by you, and now and then rub the soles of your
 feet?—Oh, lord, I! —

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole of
 the closet, one night, like Saul and the witch of Endor,
 turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs,
 to write poor innocent servants names in blood, about a
 little nutmeg grater, which she had forgot in the caudle-
 cup——'Nay, I know something worse, if I would
 'speak of it.

Fore. 'I defy you, huffy'——But I'll remember this,
 huffy; I'll be revenged on you, cockatrice; I'll hamper
 you. You have your fortune in your own hands; but
 I'll find a way to make your lover, your prodigal, spend-
 thrift gallant, Valentine, pay for all; I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not; but all shall out then—
 * Look to it, nurse; I can bring witness that you have a
 * great unnatural teat under your left arm, and he ano-
 * ther; and that you suckle a young devil, in the shape
 * of a tabby-cat, by turns; so I can.

* *Nurse.* A teat, a teat! I an unnatural teat! Oh, the
 * false, slanderous thing! Feel here, if I have any thing,
 * but like another christian.'

Fore. I will have patience, since it is the will of the
 stars I shall be thus tormented. This is the effect of the
 malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house
 of my nativity: there the curse of kindred was foretold.
 But I will have my doors locked up; I'll punish you;
 not a man shall enter my house.

Ang.

Ang. Do, uncle, lock them up quickly, before my aunt comes home : you'll have a letter for alimony tomorrow morning ; but let me be gone first, and then let no mankind come near the house : but converse with spirits and celestial signs, the bull, the ram, and the goat. Bless me ! there are a great many horned beasts among the twelve signs uncle. But cuckolds go to Heaven.

Fore. But there is but one virgin among the signs, spit-fire ; but one virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with any thing but astrologers, uncle. That makes my aunt go abroad.

Fore. How, how ! Is that the reason ? Come, you know something ; tell me, and I'll forgive you ; do, good niece—Come, you shall have my coach and horses—fair and troth you shall—‘ Does my wife complain ? Come, I know women tell one another—She is young and sanguine, has a wanton hazle eye, and was born under Gemini, which may incline her to society ; she has a mole upon her lip, with a moist palm, and an open liberality on the mount of Venus.’

Ang. Ha, ha, ha !

Fore. Do you laugh ? Well, gentlewoman, I'll—But come ; be a good girl ; don't perplex your poor uncle ; tell me. Won't you speak ? Od I'll——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Sampson is coming down to wait upon you.

Ang. Good bye, uncle——Call me a chair——I'll find out my aunt, and tell her she must not come home.

[Exit Servant and Angelica.]

Fore. I am so perplexed and vexed, I am not fit to receive him ; I shall scarce recover myself before the hour be past. Go, nurse, tell Sir Sampson I am ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

Fore. Well——Why, if I was born to be a cuckold, there is no more to be said. He is here already.

Enter Sir Sampson Legend with a paper.

Sir Samp. Nor no more to be done, old boy ; that's plain. Here it is ; I have it in my hand, old Ptolomy ; I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begat him ; I will, old Nostradamus. What, I warrant my son thought

nothing belonged to a father, but forgiveness and affection : no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power ; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danced till doomsday, he thought I was to pay the piper. Well, but here it is, under black and white, *signatum*, *figillatum*, and *deliberatum*, that as soon as my son Benjamin is arrived, he is to make over to him his right of inheritance. Where is my daughter that is to be ?——Ha, old Merlin ! Body o'me, I'm so glad I'm revenged on this undutiful rogue——

Fore. Odso, let me see ; let me see the paper. Ay, faith and troth, here it is, if it will but hold. I wish things were done, and the conveyance made. When was this signed ; what hour ? Odso, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste——

Sir Samp. Haste ! ay, ay, haste enough ; my son Ben will be in town to-night ; I have ordered my lawyer to draw up writings of settlement and jointure : all shall be done to-night : no matter for the time ; pr'ythee, brother Foresight, leave superstition. ' Pox o'the time ! ' there is no time but the time present ; there is no more to be said of what is past ; and all that is to come will happen. If the sun shine by day, and the stars by night, why, we shall know one another's faces without the help of a candle ; and that's all the stars are good for.

Fore. How, how, Sir Sampson, that all ? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir Samp. I tell you I am wise : and *sapiens dominabitur astris*, there's latin for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your Ephemeris. Ignorant ? I tell you I have travelled, old Fircu, and know the globe. I have seen the Antipodes, where the sun rises at midnight, and sets at noon-day.

Fore. But I tell you I have travelled and travelled in the celestial spheres ; know the signs and the planets, and their houses ; can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of sextiles, quadrates, trines and oppositions, fiery trigons, and aquatical trigons ; know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy, whether diseases are curable or incurable ; if journeys shall be prosperous, undertakings

undertakings successful, or goods stolen recovered; I know——

Sir Samp. I know the length of the emperor of China's foot; have kissed the Great Mogul's slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the cham of Tartary—— Body o'me! I have made a cuckold of a king, and the present majesty of Bantam is the issue of these loins.

Fore. I know when travellers lie or speak truth, when they don't know themselves.

Sir Samp. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star; 'and seen a conjurer, that 'could not keep the devil out of his wife's circle.'

Fore. What, does he twit me with my wife too? I must be better informed of this—[*Aside.*]—Do you mean my wife, Sir Sampson? Tho' you made a cuckold of the king of Bantam, yet by the body of the sun——

Sir Samp. By the horns of the moon, you would say, brother Capricorn.

Fore. Capricorn in your teeth, thou modern Mandevil; 'Ferdinand Mondez Pinto was but a type of thee, 'thou liar of the first magnitude.' Take back your paper of inheritance; send your son to sea again. I'll wed my daughter to an Egyptian mummy, ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of sciences, and a defamer of virtue.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, I have gone too far; I must not provoke honest Albumazar. [*Aside.*] An Egyptian mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphic, and may have significations of futurity about him—— Odsbud, I would my son were an Egyptian mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a jest, my good Haly——I reverence the sun, moon, and stars with all my heart. What, I'll make thee a present of a mummy: now I think on't, body o'me, I have a shoulder of an Egyptian king, that I purloined from one of the pyramids, powdered with hieroglyphics; thou shalt have it brought home to thy house, and make an entertainment for all the philomaths and students in physick and astrology in and about London.

Fore. But what do you know of my wife, Sir Sampson?

Sir. Samp. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she is the moon, and thou art the man in the moon: nay, she

she is more illustrious than the moon ; for she has her chastity without her inconstancy. 'Sbud, I was but in jest.

Enter Jeremy.

How now ? Who sent for you ? Ha ! What would you have ?

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest——Who is that fellow ? I don't like his physiognomy.

Sir Samp. My son, Sir ? What son, Sir ? My son Benjamin, hoh ?

Jer. No, Sir, Mr. Valentine, my master ; 'tis the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir Samp. Well, Sir.

Enter Valentine.

Jer. He is here, Sir.

Val. Your blessing, Sir.

Sir Samp. You have had it already, Sir ; I think I sent it you to-day, in a bill of four thousand pound : a great deal of money, brother Foresight.

Fore. Ay, indeed, Sir Sampson, a great deal of money for a young man ; I wonder what he can do with it.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, so do I——Hark ye, Valentine, if there be too much, refund the superfluity ; dost hear, boy ?

Val. Superfluity, Sir ! it will scarce pay my debts. I hope you will have more indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard conditions, which my necessity signed to.

Sir Samp. Sir, how, I beseech you, what were you pleased to intimate concerning indulgence ?

Val. Why, Sir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me, at least, from some part.

Sir Samp. Oh, Sir, I understand you——That's all, ha ?

Val. Yes, Sir, all that I presume to ask : but what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleased to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir Samp. 'No doubt of it, sweet Sir ; but your filial piety, and my fatherly fondness, would fit like two tal-
'lies.' Here's a rogue, brother Foresight, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and would be released from it in the afternoon ; here's a rogue, dog ;
here's

here's conscience and honesty ; this is your wit, now ; this is the morality of your wits. You are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a——Why, firrah, is it not here, under hand and seal ? Can you deny it ?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it.

Sir Samp. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd ; I shall live to see you go up Holborn-hill. Has he not a rogue's face ? Speak, brother ; you understand physiognomy ; a hanging look to me—of all my boys, the most unlike me : he has a damned Tyburn-face, without the benefit o'the clergy.

Fore. Hum——Truly, I don't care to discourage a young man—he has a violent death in his face ; but hope no danger of hanging.

Val. Sir, is this usage for your son ? For that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him ; but you, Sir——

Sir Samp. You, Sir, and you, Sir——Why, who are you, Sir ?

Val. Your son, Sir.

Sir Samp. That's more than I know, Sir ; and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir Samp. What, would you have your mother a whore ? Did you ever hear the like ? Did you ever hear the like ? Body o'me !

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir Samp. Excuse ! Impudence ! Why, firrah, may'nt I do what I please ? ' Are not you my slave ? Did not I ' beget you ? And might not I have chosen whether I ' would have begot you or no ? ' Oons, who are you ? Whence came you ? What brought you into the world ? How came you here, Sir ; here, to stand here, upon those two legs, and look erect with that audacious face, ha ? Answer me that. Did you come a volunteer into the world ? Or did I, with the lawful authority of a parent, press you to the service ?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you called me. But here I am ; and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir

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Sir Samp. With all my heart : come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world, as you came into it.

Val. My cloaths are soon put off; — but you must also divest me of reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir Samp. Body o'me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

Val. I am of myself a plain easy simple creature; and to be kept at small expence; but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many devils that you have raised, and will have employment.

Sir Samp. 'Oons, what had I to do to get children, — can't a private man be born without all these followers? — Why nothing under an emperor should be born with appetites, — Why, at this rate a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket, may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

Jer. Nay that's as clear as the sun; I'll make oath of it before any Justice in Middlesex.

Sir Samp. Here's a cormorant too — 'S'heart this fellow was not born with you? — I did not beget him, did I? —

Jer. By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too: — Nay, and to tell your worship another truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same whorson appetites too, that my master speaks of.

Sir Samp. Why look you there now, — I'll maintain it, that by the rule of right reason this fellow ought to have been born without a palate. — 'S'heart, what should he do with a distinguishing taste? — I warrant you he'd rather eat a pheasant than a piece of poor John: and smell, now, why I warrant he can smell, and loves perfume: — above a stink — Why there's it; and muck, don't you 'love muck,' scoundrel?

Jer. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jiggs and country dances; and the like; I don't much matter your solo's or sonato's; they give me the spleen.

Sir Samp. The spleen, ha, ha, ha, a plague confound you — solo's or sonato's? 'Oons whose son are you? 'how were you engendered,' muckworm?

Jer.

Jer. I am by father the son of a chairman : my mother fold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer, and I came up stairs into the world ; for I was born in a cellar.

Fore. By your looks, you shou'd go up stairs out of the world too, friend.

Sir Samp. And if this rogue were anatomiz'd now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a cardinal, this son of a cucumber — These things are unaccountable and unreasonable — Body o' me, why was not I a bear ? that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws ; nature has been provident only to bears and spiders ; the one has its nutriment in his own hands ; and t'other spins his habitations out of his own entrails

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature, if I had my right of inheritance.

Sir Samp. Again ! 'Oons han't you four thousand pound — if I had it again, I wou'd not give thee a groat, — What, would'st thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals ? — 'S'heart, live by your wits, — You were always fond of the wits — Now let's see, if you have wit enough to keep yourself — Your brother will be in town to-night, or to-morrow morning, and then look you perform covenants, and so your friend and servant — Come, brother Foresight.

[*Exeunt Sir Simon and Foresight.*]

Jer. I told you what your visit would come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected — I did not come to see him : I came to Angelica : but since she was gone abroad, it was easily turned another way ; and at least looked well on my side ; what's here ? Mrs! Foresight and Mrs. Frail, they are earnest — I'll avoid them — Come this way, and go and enquire when Angelica will return. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. Frail. What have you to do to watch me ? 'S'life I'll do what I please.

Mrs. Fore. You will ?

Mrs. Frail. Yes, marry will I — A great piece of business to go to Covent-Garden Square in a hackney-coach, and take a turn with one's friend.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fore. Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Mrs. Frail. Well, what if I took twenty—I warrant if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation,—Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. Fore. But can't you converse at home?—I own it, I think there is no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent; but the place is publick, and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous; what if any body else should have seen you alight, as I did?—How can any body be happy, while they're in perpetual fear of being seen and censured?—Besides it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but me.

Mrs. Frail. Pooh, here's a clutter—Why shou'd it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now—if I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring-Garden, or Barn-Elms with a man alone—something might have been said.

Mrs. Fore. Why, was I ever in any of those places? What do you mean, sister?

Mrs. Frail. Was I? What do you mean?

Mrs. Fore. You have been at a worse place.

Mrs. Frail. I at a worse place, and with a man!

Mrs. Fore. I suppose you wou'd not go alone to the World's-End.

Mrs. Frail. The World's-End! What! Do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. Fore. Poor innocent! You don't know that there's a place called the World's End! I'll swear you can keep your countenance purely, you'd make an admirable player.

Mrs. Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs. Fore. Very well, that will appear who has most! You never were at the World's-End?

Mrs. Frail. No.

Mrs. Fore. You deny it positively to my face.

Mrs. Frail. Your face, what's your face?

Mrs.

Mrs. Fore. No matter for that, it's as good a face as yours.

Mrs. Frail. Not by a dozen years wearing. — But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs. Fore. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face: — for I'll swear your impudence has put me out of countenance: — But look you here now, — where did you lose this gold bodkin? — Oh sister, sister!

Mrs. Frail. My bodkin!

Mrs. Fore. Nay, 'tis yours, look at it.

Mrs. Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin? — Oh, sister, sister! — sister every way.

Mrs. Fore. O devil on't, that I could not discover her, without betraying myself. [Aside,

Mrs. Frail. I have heard gentlemen say, sister; that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lay open one's self.

Mrs. Fore. It's very true, sister: well, since all's out, and as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Mrs. Frail. With all my heart; 'our's are but slight 'flesh wounds; and if we keep them from air, not at all 'dangerous.' Well, give me your hand in token of sisterly secrecy and affection.

Mrs. Fore. Here 'tis with all my heart.

Mrs. Frail. Well; 'as an earnest of friendship and 'confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have: '—to tell truth, and speak openly to one another; I'm afraid the world have observed us more than we have observed one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for; I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation, and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son that is expected to-night, by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjurer: the estate you know is to be made over to him: — now if I could wheedle him, sister, ha? you understand me?

Mrs. Fore. I do; and will help you to the utmost of my power — And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward daughter-in-law, who you know

know is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle; now if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave them together.

Enter Tattle and Miss Prue.

Miss P. Mother, mother, mother, look you here.

Mrs. Fore. Fy, fy, Miss, how you bawl—Besides, I have told you, you must not call me mother.

Miss P. What must I call you then, are you not my father's wife?

Mrs. Fore. Madam; you must say Madam——By my soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great girl call me mother——Well, but Miss, what are you so overjoyed at?

Miss P. Look you here, Madam then, what Mr. Tattle has given me—Look you here, cousin, here's a snuff-box; nay, there's snuff in't; —— here, will you have any?—Oh, good! how sweet it is——Mr. Tattle is all over sweet, his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet,—and his handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than roses—Smell him mother, Madam, I mean——He gave me this ring for a kifs.

Tat. O fy, Miss; you must not kifs and tell.

Miss P. Yes; I may tell my mother—And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so—Oh, pray lend me your handkerchief—Smell, cousin; ' he says, ' he'll give me something that will make my smock smell ' this way'—Is not it pure?—It's better than lavender, mun—I'm resolved I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my smocks—ha, cousin?

Mrs. Frail. Fy, Miss; amongst your linen you must say—you must never say smock.

Miss P. Why, it is not bawdy, is it cousin?

Tat. Oh, Madam; you are too severe upon Miss; you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity; it becomes her strangely—pretty Miss, don't let them persuade you out of your innocency.

Mrs. Fore. ' Oh, demm you, toad'—I wish you don't persuade her out of her innocency.

Tat. Who I, Madam?——Oh lord, how can your
Ladyship

Ladyship have such a thought——sure you don't know me?

Mrs. Frail. Ah, devil, fly devil——He's as close, sister, as a confessor——He thinks we don't observe him.

' *Mrs. Fore.* A cunning cur; how soon he cou'd find out a fresh harmless creature; and left us, sister, presently.'

Tat. Upon reputation——

Mrs. Fore. They're all so, sister,—— I warrant it would break Mr. Tattle's heart, to think that any body else should be beforehand with him.

Tat. Oh, lord, I swear I would not for the world——

Mrs. Frail. O hang you; who'll believe you?—You'd be hang'd before you'd confess—we know you—She's very pretty!—' Lord, what pure red and white! she ' looks so wholesome'——ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a man——

Miss P. How you love to jeer one, cousin.

Mrs. Fore. Hark'ee, sister,—By my soul the girl is spoiled already—d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly tarpawlin—Gad I warrant you, she won't let him come near her, after Mr. Tattle.

Mrs. Frail. O' my soul, I'm afraid not—eh!—filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar——devil take you, you confounded toad——' why did you see her, before she was married? You will supplant the sailor.'

Mrs. Fore. 'Nay, why did we let him'——Well, perhaps the match may be better; but my husband will hang us—He'll think we brought them acquainted.

Mrs. Frail. Come, faith, let us be gone—if my brother Foresight shou'd find us with them;——he'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. Fore. So he wou'd—but then leaving them together is as bad—And he's such a fly devil; he'll never miss an opportunity.

Mrs. Frail. I don't care; I won't be seen in't. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fore. Well, ' if you should,' Mr. Tattle, 'you'll have a world to answer for, remember I wash my hands of it, I'm thoroughly innocent;' we trust to your discretion.

[*Exit.*
Miss

D

Miss P. What makes them go away, Mr. Tattle
What do they mean, do you know?

Tat. Yes, my dear—I think I can guess—But
hang me if I know the reason of it.

Miss P. Come, must not we go too?

Tat. No, no, they don't mean that.

Miss P. No! what then? what shall you and I do together.

Tat. I must make love to you, pretty Miss; will you
let me make love to you?

Miss P. Yes, if you please.

Tat. Frank, I gad, at least. What a plague does Mrs.
Foresight mean by this civility? Is it to make a fool of me?
or does she leave us together out of good morality, and
do as she wou'd be done by?—Gad I'll understand it
so— [Aside.]

Miss P. Well; and how will you make love to me—
Come, I long to have you begin—must I make love
too? You must tell me how.

Tat. You must let me speak, Miss, you must not speak
first; I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss P. 'What, is it like the catechism?'—Come
then, ask me.

Tat. D'ye think you can love me?

Miss P. Yes.

Tat. Pooh, plague, you must not say yes already; I
shan't care a farthing for you then in a twinkling.

Miss P. What must I say then?

Tat. Why you must say no, or you believe not, or
you can't tell—

Miss P. Why must I tell a lie then?

Tat. Yes, if you'll be well-bred. All well-bred per-
sons lie—Besides, you are a woman, you must never
speak what you think: your words must contradict your
thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words.
So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no,
but you must love me too—If I tell you you are hand-
some, you must deny it, and say I flatter you—But you
must think yourself more charming than I speak you:
—and like me for the beauty which I say you have, as
much as if I had it myself—If I ask you to kiss me, you
must be angry, but you must not refuse me. If I ask you
for

for more, you must be more angry,—but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss P. O lord, I swear this is pure,—I like it better than our old fashion'd country way of speaking one's mind; and must not you lie too?

Tat. Hum—Yes—But you must believe I speak truth.

Miss P. O Gemini! Well, I always had a great mind to tell lies—but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tat. Well, my pretty creature; will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss P. No, indeed; I'm angry at you.—

[Runs and kisses him.

Tat. Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you should not have given it me, but have suffered me to have taken it.

Miss P. Well, we'll do't again.

Tat. With all my heart—Now then my little angel.

[Kisses her.

Miss P. Pish.

Tat. That's right,—Again my charmer. [Kisses again.

Miss P. O fy, nay, now I can't abide you.

Tat. Admirable! that was as well as if you had been born and bred in St. James's—And won't you shew me, pretty Miss, where your dressing-room is.

Miss P. No, indeed won't I; but I'll run there, and hide myself from you behind the curtains.

Tat. I'll follow you.

Miss P. Ah, but I'll hold the door with both hands, and be angry;—and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tat. No, I'll come in first, 'and push you down afterwards.'

Miss P. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tat. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss P. O but you shan't, for I'll hold my tongue.—

Tat. Oh, my dear apt scholar.

Miss P. Well, now I'll run and make more haste than you.

D. 2

Tat.

Tat. You shall not fly so fast, as I'll pursue.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mifs, Mifs, Mifs Prue—Mercy on me, marry and amen. Why, what's become of the child?—Why Mifs, Mifs Foresight—Sure she has locked herself up in her chamber, and gone to sleep, or to prayers: Mifs, Mifs, I hear her—Come to your father, child: open the door—Open the door, Mifs.—I hear you cry husht—O lord, who's there? [*Peeps.*] What's here to do?—O the father! a man with her!—Why, Mifs, I say; God's my life, here's fine doing towards—O lord, we're all undone—O you young harlotry. [*Knocks*] Od's my life, won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Enter Tattle and Mifs Prue.

Mifs P. O lord, she's coming—and she'll tell my father; what shall I do now?

Tat. Plague take her; if she had staid two minutes longer, I should have wished for her coming.

Mifs P. O dear, what shall I say? tell me, Mr. Tattle, tell me a lie.

Tat. There's no occasion for a lie; I could never tell a lie to no purpose—But since we have done nothing, we must say nothing. 'I think, I hear her.'—I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Valentine, Scandal, and Angelica.

ANGELICA.

YOU can't accuse me of inconstancy; I never told you that I loved you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

Ang. You mistake indifference for uncertainty! I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

Scan.

Scan. Nor good-nature enough to answer him that did ask you : I'll say that for you, Madam.

Ang. What are you setting up for good-nature ?

Scan. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill-nature.

Ang. Persuade your friend, that it is all affectation.

Scan. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion : for I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

Enter Tattle.

Tat. ' Scandal, are you in private discourse ? any thing of secrecy ? *[Aside to Scandal.]*

' *Scan.* Yes, but I dare trust you. We were talking of Angelica's love to Valentine ; you won't speak of it,

Tat. No, no, not a syllable—I know that's a secret, for it is whispered every where.

' *Scan.* Ha, ha, ha !

' *Ang.* What is, Mr. Tattle ? I heard you say something was whispered every where.

' *Scan.* Your love of Valentine.

' *Ang.* How !

' *Tat.* No, Madam ; his love for your Ladyship—Gad take me, I beg your pardon—for I never heard a word of your Ladyship's passion till this instant.

' *Ang.* My passion !—And who told you of my passion, pray, Sir ?

' *Scan.* Why, is the devil in you ? Did not I tell it you for a secret ?

' *Tat.* Gadso ; but I thought she might have been trusted with her own affairs.

' *Scan.* Is that your discretion ? trust a woman with herself ?

' *Tat.* You say true ; I beg your pardon—I'll bring all off.—It was impossible, Madam, for me to imagine, that a person of your Ladyship's wit and gallantry could have so long received the passionate addresses of the accomplished Valentine, and yet remain insensible : therefore you will pardon me, if, from a just weight of his merit, with your Ladyship's good judgment, I formed the balance of a reciprocal affection.

' *Val.* O the devil ! what damned coſtly poet has given thee this lesson of fustian to get by rote ?

D 3

Ang.

' *Ang.* I dare swear, you wrong him ; it is his own—
' and Mr. Tattle only judges of the success of others, from
' the effects of his own merit ; for, certainly, Mr. Tattle
' was never denied any thing in his life.

' *Tat.* O lord ! yes indeed, Madam, several times.

' *Ang.* I swear, I don't think it is possible.

' *Tat.* Yes, I vow and swear, I have. Lord, Madam
' I'm the most unfortunate man in the world, and the
' most cruelly used by the ladies.

' *Ang.* Nay, now you're ungrateful.

' *Tat.* No, I hope not.—It is as much ingratitude to
' own some favours, as to conceal others.

' *Val.* There, now it is out.

' *Ang.* I don't understand you now. I thought you
' had never asked any thing, but what a Lady might mo-
' destly grant, and you confess.

' *Scan.* So, faith, your business is done here ; now you
' may go brag somewhere else.

' *Tat.* Brag ! O Heavens ! Why, did I name any-
' body ?

' *Ang.* No ; I suppose that is not in your power ; but
' you would if you could, no doubt on't.

' *Tat.* Not in my power, Madam ?—What ! does your
' Ladyship mean, that I have no woman's reputation in
' my power ?

' *Scan.* Oons, why you won't own it, will you ?

[*Aside.*

' *Tat.* Faith, Madam, you are in the right ; no more
' I have, as I hope to be saved ; I never had it in my
' power to say any thing to a Lady's prejudice in my
' life.—For, as I was telling you, Madam, I have been
' the most unsuccessful creature living in things of that
' nature ; and never had the good fortune to be trusted
' once with a Lady's secret ; not once.

' *Ang.* No !

' *Val.* Not once, I dare answer for him.

' *Scan.* And I'll answer for him ; for, I'm sure if he
' had, he would have told me. I find, Madam, you don't
' know Mr. Tattle.

' *Tat.* No indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all,
' I find ; for sure, my intimate friends would have
' known—

' *Ang.*

‘ *Ang.* Then it seems you would have told, if you had been trusted.

‘ *Tat.* O pox, Scandal, that was too far put !—Never have told particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talked as of a third person—or have introduced an amour of my own, in conversation, by way of novel ; but never have explained particulars.

‘ *Ang.* But whence comes the reputation of Mr. Tatle’s secrecy, if he was never trusted ?

‘ *Scan.* Why thence it arises.—The thing is proverbially spoken ; but may be applied to him.—As if we should say in general terms, He only is secret, who never was trusted ; a satirical proverb upon our sex.—There is another upon yours—as, She is chaste, who was never asked the question. That’s all.

‘ *Val.* A couple of very civil proverbs, truly. It is hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr. Tattle be the more obliged to you. For you found her virtue upon the backwardness of the men ; and his secrecy upon the mistrust of the women.

‘ *Tat.* Gad, ’tis very true, Madam ; I think we are obliged to acquit ourselves.—And for my part—but your Ladyship is to speak first.

‘ *Ang.* Am I ? Well, I freely confess, I have resisted a great deal of temptation.

‘ *Tat.* And, egad, I have given some temptation that has not been resisted.

‘ *Val.* Good.

‘ *Ang.* I cite Valentine here, to declare to the court, how fruitless he has found his endeavours, and to confess all his sollicitations and my denials.

‘ *Val.* I am ready to plead, not guilty, for you ; and guilty, for myself.

‘ *Scan.* So, why this is fair ! here’s demonstration, with a witness.

‘ *Tat.* Well, my witnesses are not present.—Yet, I confess, I have had favours from persons ; but, as the favours are numberless, so the persons are nameless.

‘ *Scan.* Pooh, this proves nothing.

‘ *Tat.* No ? I can shew letters, lockets, pictures, and rings ; and if there be occasion for witnesses, I can summon the maids at the chocolate-houses, all the porters at

‘ Pall-

‘ Pall-Mall and Covent-Garden, the door-keepers at the play-house, the drawers at Locket’s, Pontack, the Rummer, Spring-garden, my own landlady and valet de chambre; all who shall make oath, that I receive more letters than the secretary’s office; and that I have more vizor-masks to enquire for me, than ever went to see the hermaphrodite, or the naked prince. And it is notorious, that, in a country-church, once, an inquiry being made who I was, it was answered, “ I was the famous Tattle, who had ruined so many women.”

Val. ‘ It was there, I suppose, you got the nickname of the Great Turk.

‘ *Tat.* True; I was called Turk Tattle all over the parish.—The next Sunday, all the old women kept their daughters at home, and the parson had not half his congregation. He would have brought me into the spiritual court: but I was revenged upon him, for he had a handsome daughter whom I initiated into the science. But I repented it afterwards; for it was talked of in town.—And a lady of quality, that shall be nameless, in a raging fit of jealousy, came down in her coach and six horses, and exposed herself upon my account; ‘gad, I was sorry for it with all my heart.—You know whom I mean—You know where we raffled—

‘ *Scan.* Mum, Tattle!

‘ *Val.* ‘Sdeath, are not you ashamed?

‘ *Ang.* O barbarous! I never heard so insolent a piece of vanity!—Fie, Mr. Tattle!—I’ll swear I could not have believed it.—Is this your secrecy!

‘ *Tat.* Gad so, the heat of my story carried me beyond my discretion, as the heat of the Lady’s passion hurried her beyond her reputation.—But I hope you don’t know whom I mean; for there were a great many Ladies raffled.—Pox on’t, now could I bite off my tongue.

‘ *Scan.* No, don’t; for then you’ll tell us no more. Come, I’ll recommend a song to you, upon the hint of my two proverbs; and I see one in the next room that will sing it.

[Goes to the door.

Tat.

- ‘ *Tat.* For Heaven’s sake, if you do guess, say nothing.
 ‘ *Gad*, I’m very unfortunate !
 ‘ *Scan.* Pray sing the first song in the last new play.

S O N G.

- ‘ A nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray’d,
 ‘ The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray’d :
 ‘ Their intent was, to try if his oracle knew
 ‘ E’er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.
 ‘ Apollo was mute, and had like t’have been pos’d,
 ‘ But sagely at length he this secret disclos’d :
 ‘ He alone won’t betray, in whom none will confide :
 ‘ And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been
 ‘ try’d.

Enter Sir Sampson, Mrs. Frail, Miss Prue, and Servant.

Sir Samp. Is Ben come ? Odsso, my son Ben come ? odd, I’m glad on’t : Where is he ? I long to see him. Now, Mrs. Frail, you shall see my son Ben—Body o’ me, he’s the hopes of my family—I han’t seen him these three years—I warrant he’s grown—Call him in ; bid him make haste—I’m ready to cry for joy.

Mrs. Frail. Now, Miss, you shall see your husband.

Miss P. Pish, he shall be none of my husband.

[*Aside to Frail.*

Mrs. Frail. Hush : well he shan’t ; leave that to me—I’ll beckon Mr. Tattle to us.

Ang. Won’t you stay and see your brother ?

Val. We are the twin-stars, and cannot shine in one sphere ; when he rises, I must set—Besides, if I should stay, I don’t know but my father in good nature may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate ; and I’ll defer it as long as I can—Well, you’ll come to a resolution.

Ang. I can’t. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scan. Come, Valentine, I’ll go with you ; I’ve something in my head to communicate to you.

[*Exeunt Val. and Scan.*

Sir Samp. What ! Is my son Valentine gone ? What ! Is he sneaked off, and would not see his brother ? There’s
 an

an unnatural whelp! there's an ill-natur'd dog? What! Were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him! Cou'd neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection oblige him. Odsbud, Madam, have no more to say to him: he is not worth your consideration. The rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him; all interest, all interest; he's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate; body o'me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, Sir Sampson; for if ever I cou'd have liked any thing in him, it should have been his estate too: 'but since that's gone, the bait's off, 'and the naked hook appears.'

Sir Sam. Odsbud, well spoken; and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were: 'for most young women 'now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked hook.'

Ang. If I marry, Sir Sampson, I'm for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate: therefore if I were obliged to make a choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir Samp. Faith and troth, you're a wise woman, and I'm glad to hear you say so; I was afraid you were in love with the reprobate; odd, I was sorry for you with all my heart: hang him, mungrel; cast him off; you shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding Cadua of fourscore for sustenance. Odd, I love to see a young spendthrift forced to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak; faith I do; I love to see them hug and cotton together, like down upon a thistle.

Enter Ben, Legend, and Servant.

Ben. Where's father?

Serv. There, Sir, his back's toward you.

Sir Samp. My-son Ben! bless thee my dear boy; body o'me, thou are heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, father, and I'm glad to see you.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee; kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [*Kisses him.*]

Ben. So, so, enough father—Meffs, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen,

Sir Samp. And so thou shalt——Mts. Angelica, my son Ben.

Ben. Forsooth if you please—[*Salutes her*] Nay mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship i'taith —[*Kisses*]

—[*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat—so—
[*Kisses Miss.*]

Fat. Sir, you're welcome a-shore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, friend.

Sir Samp. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! been far enough, an that be all—Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick and brother Val?

Sir Samp. Dick, body o'me, Dick has been dead these two years; I writ you word, when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mefs, that's true: marry I had forgot. Dick's dead as you say—Well, and how? I have many questions to ask you; well, you ben't married again, father, be you?

Sir Samp. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben; I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify?—an you marry again—why then, I'll go to sea again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all—Pray don't let me be your hindrance; e'en marry, a god's name, an the wind fit that way. As for my part, may-hap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs. Frail. That would be pity, such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome? he, he, he, nay forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we say at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it: now a man that is married, has as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and may-hap mayn't get 'em out again when he would.

Sir Samp. Ben's a wag.

Ben. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors, he is chained to an bar all his life; and may-hap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir Samp. A very wag, Ben's a very wag; on'y a little rough, he want's a little polishing.

Mrs. Frail. Not at all; I like his humour mightily,
it's

it's plain and honest, I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so forsooth? marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman for a crib-mate hugely; how say you, mistress, would you like going to sea? Mefs, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged, and you were but as well manned.

Mrs. Frail. I should not doubt that, if you were master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady—You mayn't carry so much sail o'your head—Top and top gallant, by the mefs.

Mrs. Frail. No, why so?

Ben. Why an you do, you may run the risk to be overfet, and then you'll carry your keels above water, he, he, he.

Ang. I swear Mr. Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature; an absolute sea-wit.

Sir Samp. Nay, Ben has parts, but as I told you before they want a little polishing: you must not take any thing ill, Madam.

Ben. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part; for if I give a jest, I'll take a jest: and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended;—but, methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tat. Well, Miss, I have your promise.

[*Aside to Miss.* *Exeunt Tattle and Angelica.*

Sir Samp. Body o'me, Madam, you say true:—Look you, Ben, this is your mistress—Come, Miss, you must not be shame faced, we'll leave you together.

Miss. I can't abide to be left alone, mayn't my cousin stay with me?

Sir Samp. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you; father, mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.—

Sir Samp. I warrant thee, boy! Come, come, we'll begone; I'll venture that. [*Exit Sir Samp.*

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an'you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together.

together.—Come, I'll haul a chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss. You need not sit so near one, if you have any thing to say, I can hear you farther off, I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb, I can be heard as far as another—I'll heave off to please you. [*Sits further off.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you forsooth, I am as it were, bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking, I was commanded by father, 'and if you like ' of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour.' How say you, mistress? the short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No, I'm sorry for that.——But pray, why are you so scornful.

Miss. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter?

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but folly to lie: for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is as it were, to look one way, and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board, I'm not for keeping any thing under hatches, —so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a god's name, there's no harm done; may-hap you may be shame-faced, some maidens thof' they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face: if that's the case, why silence gives consent.

Miss. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you shall believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more: so, there's your answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and

E

civil.

civil.—As for your love or your liking, I don't value i of a rope's end ;—and mayhap I like you as little as you do me : —What I said was in obedience to father ; 'gad, I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o'nine-tails laid cross your shoulders. Flesh ! who are you ? you heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord : what-ever you think of yourself, 'gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a kan of small-beer to a bowl of bunch.

Miss. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here that loves me, and I love him ; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will, you great sea-calf.

Ben. What, do you mean that fair weather spark that was here just now ? will he thrash my jacket ?—Let'n—let'n.—But an he comes near me, may-hap I may have giv'n a salt eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean to leave me alone as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy—Sea-calf ! I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd you,—marry thee ! Oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds, and wrecked vessels.

Miss. I won't be called names, nor I won't be abused thus, so I won't—If I were a man—[*Cries.*—]you durst not talk at this rate—No, you durst not, you stinking tar-barrel.

Enter Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. Fore. They have quarrelled just as we could wish.

Ben. Tar barrel ! let your sweet-heart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your Tom Essence, and I'll say something to him ; 'gad, I'll lace his musk-doublet for him, ' I'll make him stink ;' he shall smell more like a weasel than a civet-cat, afore I ha' done with 'en.

Mrs. Fore. Bless me, what's the matter, Miss ? What does she cry ?—Mr. Benjamin, what have you done to her ?

Ben. Let her cry : ' the more she cries the less she'll'—she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs. Fore. Come, Miss, come along with me, and tell me, poor child.

Mrs. Frail. Lord, what shall we do, there's my brother Foresight, and Sir Sampson coming. Sister, do you take Miss down into the parlour, and I'll carry Mr. Benjamin into my chamber, for they must not know that they are fallen out.—Come, Sir, will you venture yourself with me? [Looking kindly on him.]

Ben. Venture, mess, and that I will, though 'twere to sea in a storm. [Exit Ben. and Mrs. Frail.]

Enter Sir Sampson and Foresight.

Sir Samp. I left 'em together here? what are they gone? Ben's a brisk boy: he has got her into a corner, father's own son, faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her: the rogue's sharp set, coming from sea; if he should not stay for saying grace, old Foresight, but fall to without the help of a parson, ha? odd if he should, I could not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, A chip of the old block. Ha! thou'rt melancholic, odd prognostication; as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or pared thy nails on a Sunday:—Come, cheer up, look about thee: look up, old star-gazer. Now is he poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-nail, with the head towards him.

Fore. Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir Samp. With all my heart.

Fore. At ten o'clock, punctually at ten.

Sir Samp. To a minute, to a second; thou shalt set thy watch, and the bridegroom shall observe its motions; 'they shall be married to a minute, go to bed to a minute; and, when the alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the figures of St. Dunstan's clock, and *con-*
summatus est all over the parish.'

Enter Scandal.

'*Scand.* Sir Sampson, sad news.

'*Fore.* Bless us!

'*Sir Samp.* Why, what's the matter?

'*Scand.* Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else?

'*Sir Samp.* Body o'me, I don't know any universal grievance, but a new tax, or the loss of the Canary

‘ fleet—unless popery should be landed in the West, or the French fleet were at anchor at Blackwall.

‘ *Scand.* No? Undoubtedly, Mr. Foresight knew all this, and might have prevented it.

‘ *Fore.* ’Tis no earthquake?

‘ *Scand.* No, not yet; nor whirlwind. But we don’t know what it may come to—but it has had a consequence already that touches us all.

‘ *Sir Samp.* Why, body o’me, out with it.

‘ *Scand.* Something has appeared to your son Valentine—he’s gone to bed upon’t, and very ill.—He speaks little, yet he says he has a world to say. Asks for his father and the wife Foresight; talks of Raymond Lully, and the ghost of Lilly. He has secrets to impart, I suppose, to you two. I can get nothing out of him but sighs. He desires he may see you in the morning; but would not be disturbed to-night, because he has some business to do in a dream.

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Sir, Sir.*

Fore. *What’s the matter?*

Serv. *Mr. Scandal, Sir, desires to speak to you, upon earnest business, which must be told you, he says within this hour, or ’twill be too late.*

Fore. *I’ll wait on him.—Sir Sampson, your servant.*

[Exit.]

Sir Samp. *What is this business, friend?*

Serv. *Sir, ’tis about your son, Valentine, something has appeared to him in a dream, that makes him prophesy.*

[Exit Servant:]

Sir Samp. Hoity toity, what have I to do with his dreams or his divination—Body o’me, this is a trick to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant the devil will tell him in a dream, that he must not part with his estate, but I’ll bring him a parson, to tell him, that the devil’s a liar—Or if that won’t do, I’ll bring a lawyer that shall out-lie the devil. And so I’ll try whether my black-guard or his shall get the better of the day. *[Exit.]*

‘ *Scand.* Alas, Mr. Foresight, I am afraid all is not right —You are a wise man, and a conscientious man; a searcher into obscurity and futurity; and, if you
‘ com

‘ commit an error, it is with a great deal of consideration, and discretion, and caution.

‘ *Fore.* Ah, good Mr. Scandal!

‘ *Scand.* Nay, nay, ’tis manifest; I do not flatter you.—But Sir Sampson is hasty, very hasty.—I’m afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. Foresight.—He has been wicked; and heaven grant he may mean well in his affair with you!—But my mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and should not be over-reached; methinks you should not.

‘ *Fore.* Alas, Mr. Scandal—*Humanum est errare!*

‘ *Scand.* You say true, man will err; meer man will err—but you are something more.—There have been wise men; but they were such as you—Men who consulted the stars, and were observers of omens.—Solomon was wise: but how? by his judgement in astrology.—So says Pineda, in his third book and eighth chapter.

‘ *Fore.* You are learned, Mr. Scandal.

‘ *Scand.* A trifler—but a lover of art.—And the wise men of the East owed their instruction to a star; which is rightly observed by Gregory the Great, in favour of astrology! And Albertus Magnus makes it the most valuable science—because, says he, it teaches us to consider the causation of causes, in the causes of things.

‘ *Fore.* I protest, I honour you, Mr. Scandal.—I did not think you had been read in these matters.—Few young men are inclined——

‘ *Scand.* I thank my stars that have inclined me.—But I fear this marriage and making over this estate, this transferring of a rightful inheritance, will bring judgments upon us. I prophesy it; and I would not have the fate of Cassandra, not to be believed. Valentine is disturbed; What can be the cause of that? and Sir Sampson is hurried by an unusual violence—I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks he does not look as he used to do.

‘ *Fore.* He was always of an impetuous nature.—But as to this marriage, I have consulted the stars; and all appearances are prosperous.

54 LOVE FOR LOVE.

‘ *Scand.* Come, come, Mr. Foresight; let not the prospect of worldly lucre carry you beyond your judgment, nor against your conscience.—You are not satisfied that you act justly.

‘ *Fore.* How!

‘ *Scand.* You are not satisfied, I say.—I am loth to discourage you—but it is palpable you are not satisfied.

‘ *Fore.* How does it appear, Mr. Scandal? I think I am very well satisfied.

‘ *Scand.* Either you suffer yourself to deceive yourself; or you do not know yourself.

‘ *Fore.* Pray explain yourself.

‘ *Scand.* Do you sleep well o’ nights?

‘ *Fore.* Very well.

‘ *Scand.* Are you certain? You do not look so.

‘ *Fore.* I am in health, I think.

‘ *Scand.* So was Valentine this morning; and looked just so.

‘ *Fore.* How! Am I altered any way? I don’t perceive it.

‘ *Scand.* That may be; but your beard is longer than it was two hours ago.

‘ *Fore.* Indeed! bless me!

‘ *Enter Mrs. Foresight.*

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* Husband, will you go to bed? It’s ten o’clock. Mr. Scandal, your servant.

‘ *Scand.* Pox on her, she has interrupted my design—but I must work her into the project.—You keep early hours, Madam.

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* Mr. Foresight is punctual; we sit up after him.

‘ *Fore.* My dear, pray lend me your glass, your little looking-glass.

‘ *Scand.* Pray lend it, Madam—I’ll tell you the reason.—[*She gives him the glass: Scandal and she whisper.*]

‘ —My passion for you is grown so violent—that I am no longer master of myself—I was interrupted in the morning, when you had charity enough to give me your attention; and I had hopes of finding another opportunity of explaining myself to you—but was disappointed all this day; and the uneasiness that has at-

‘ tended’

' tended me ever since, brings me now hither at this un-
' seasonable hour.

' *Mrs. Fore.* Was there ever such impudence, to
' make love to me before my husband's face? I'll swear,
' I'll tell him.

' *Scand.* Do. I'll die a martyr, rather than disclaim
' my passion. But come a little farther this way; and
' I'll tell you what project I had to get him out of the
' way, that I might have an opportunity of waiting
' upon you. [*Whisper. Foresight looking in the glass.*

' *Fore.* I do not see any revolution here. Methinks
' I look with a serene and benign aspect—pale, a little
' pale—but the roses of these cheeks have been gathered
' many years.—Ha! I do not like that sudden flushing
' —Gone already!—Hem, hem, hem! faintish. My
' heart is pretty good; yet it beats: and my pulses, ha!
' —I have none—Mercy on me!—hum!—Yes, here
' they are.—Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop,
' gallop! hey! whither will they hurry me?—Now
' they're gone again—and now I'm faint again; and
' pale again, and, hem; and my, hem!—Breath, and,
' hem!—grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

' *Scand.* It takes: pursue it, in the name of love and
' pleasure.

' *Mrs. Fore.* How do you do, Mr. Foresight?

' *Fore.* Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend
' me your hand.

' *Scand.* Look you there now.—Your lady says your
' sleep has been unquiet of late.

' *Fore.* Very likely!

' *Mrs. Fore.* Oh, mighty restless! but I was afraid to
' tell him so.—He has been subject to talking and start-
' ing.

' *Scand.* And did he not use to be so?

' *Mrs. Fore.* Never, never; till within these three
' nights, I cannot say that he has once broken my rest
' since we have been married.

' *Fore.* I will go to bed.

' *Scand.* Do so, Mr. Foresight; and say your prayers.
' —He looks better than he did.

' *Mrs. Fore.* Nurse, nurse!

' *Fore.* Do you think so, Mr. Scandal?

' *Scand.*

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' *Scand.* Yes, yes; I hope this will be gone by morning: take it in time.

' *Fore.* I hope so.

' *Enter Nurse.*

' *Mrs. Fore.* Nurse, your master is not well; put him to bed.

' *Scand.* I hope you will be able to see Valentine in the morning.—You had best take a little diacodian and cowslip-water, and lie upon your back; may be you may dream.

' *Fore.* I thank you, Mr. Scandal; I will.—Nurse, let me have a watch-light, and lay The Crumbs of Comfort by me.

' *Nurse.* Yes, Sir.

' *Fore.* And—hem, hem! I am very faint.

' *Scand.* No, no, you look much better.

' *Fore.* Do I? And, d'ye hear—bring me, let me see—within a quarter of twelve—hem—he, hem!—just upon the turning of the tide, bring me the urinal.—And I hope, neither the lord of my ascendant, nor the moon will be combust; and then I may do well.

' *Scand.* I hope so.—Leave that to me; I will erect a scheme; and, I hope, I shall find both Sol and Venus in the sixth house.

' *Fore.* I thank you, Mr. Scandal; indeed that would be a great comfort to me. Hem, hem! good night.

' [*Exit.*

' *Scand.* Good night, good Mr. Foresight. And I hope Mars and Venus will be in conjunction—while your wife and I are together.

' *Mrs. Fore.* Well; and what use do you hope to make of this project? You don't think that you are ever like to succeed in your design upon me?

' *Scand.* Yes, faith, I do; I have a better opinion both of you and myself, than to despair.

' *Mrs. Fore.* Did you ever hear such a toad?—Hark'ye, devil; do you think any woman honest?

' *Scand.* Yes, several, very honest—they'll cheat a little at cards, sometimes; but that's nothing.

' *Mrs. Fore.* Pshaw! but virtuous, I mean?

' *Scand.* Yes, faith, I believe some women are virtuous too; but 'tis, as I believe some men are valiant, through

‘ through fear—For why should a man court danger, or a woman shun pleasure?

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* Oh, monstrous! What are conscience and honour?

‘ *Scand.* Why, honour is a public enemy; and conscience a domestic thief: and he that would secure his pleasure, must pay a tribute to one, and go halves with t’other! As for honour, that you have secured; for you have purchased a perpetual opportunity for pleasure.

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* An opportunity for pleasure?

‘ *Scand.* Ay, your husband; a husband is an opportunity for pleasure. So you have taken care of honour, and ’tis the least I can do to take care of conscience.

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* And so you think we are free for one another?

‘ *Scand.* Yes, faith, I think so; I love to speak my mind.

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* Why then I’ll speak my mind. Now, as to this affair between you and me. Here you make love to me; why, I’ll confess it does not displease me. Your person is well enough, and your understanding is not amiss.

‘ *Scand.* I have no great opinion of myself; but, I think, I’m neither deformed, nor a fool.

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* But you have a villainous character; you are a libertine in speech, as well as practice.

‘ *Scand.* Come, I know what you would say—you think it more dangerous to be seen in conversation with me, than to allow some other men the last favour. You mistake; the liberty I take in talking is purely affected, for the service of your sex. He that first cries out stop thief, is often he that has stolen the treasure. I am a juggler, that act by confederacy; and, if you please, we’ll put a trick upon the world.

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* Ay; but you are such an universal juggler—that I’m afraid you have a great many confederates.

‘ *Scand.* Faith, I’m found.

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* Oh, fie!—I’ll swear, you’re impudent.

‘ *Scand.*

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' *Scand.* I'll swear, you're handsome.

' *Mrs. Fore.* Pish, you'd tell me so, though you did not think so.

' *Scand.* And you'd think so, though I should not tell you so: and now I think we know one another pretty well.

' *Mrs. Fore.* Oh, lord! who's here?

' *Enter Mrs. Frail and Ben.*

' *Ben.* Mefs, I love to speak my mind—Father has nothing to do with me—Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me. But what does that signify? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steered by him; 'tis as tho'f he should strive against wind and tide.

' *Mrs. Frail.* Ay, but my dear, we must keep it secret 'till the estate be settled; for you know marrying without an estate, is like sailing in a ship without ballast.

' *Ben.* He, he, he; why that's true; just so for all the world it is indeed, as like as two cable ropes.

' *Mrs. Frail.* And though I have a good portion; you know one would not venture all in one bottom.

' *Ben.* Why that's true again, for may-hap one bottom may spring a leak. You have hit it indeed, mefs, you've nicked the channel.

' *Mrs. Frail.* Well, but if you should forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

' *Ben.* Break your heart? I'd rather the Marygold should break her cable in a storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a land man. A sailor will be honest, tho'f may-hap he has never a penny of money in his pocket—May-hap I may not have so fair a face as a citizen or a courtier; but for all that, I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as sound as a bisket.

' *Mrs. Frail.* And will you love me always?

' *Ben.* Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a song of a sailor.

' *Mrs. Frail.* Hold, there's my sister, I'll call her to hear it.

' *Mrs. Fore.* Well, I won't go to bed to my husband
' to-

‘ to-night, because I’ll retire to my own chamber, and
‘ think of what you have said.

‘ *Scan.* Well, you’ll give me leave to wait upon you
‘ to your chamber-door; and leave you my last instruc-
‘ tions?

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* Hold, here’s my sister coming towards us.

‘ *Mrs. Frail.* If it won’t interrupt you, I’ll entertain
‘ you with a song.

‘ *Ben.* The song was made upon one of our ships
‘ crew’s wife; our boat-swain made the song, may-hap
‘ you may know her, Sir. Before she married, she
‘ was called buxom Joan of Deptford.

‘ *Scan.* I have heard of her. [*Ben sings.*

‘ B A L L A D.

‘ A foldier and a failor,
‘ A tinker, and a taylor,
‘ Had once a doubtful strife, Sir,
‘ To make a maid a wife, Sir,
‘ Whose name was buxom Joan.
‘ For now the time was ended,
‘ When she no more intended,
‘ To lick her lips at men, Sir,
‘ And gnaw the sheets in vain, Sir,
‘ And lie o’nights alone.

‘ The foldier swore like thunder,
‘ He lov’d her more than plunder;
‘ And shew’d her many a scar, Sir,
‘ That he had brought from far, Sir,
‘ With fighting for her sake.
‘ The taylor thought to please her,
‘ With off’ring her his measure.
‘ The tinker too with mettle,
‘ Said he could mend her kettle,
‘ And stop up ev’ry leak.

‘ But while these three were prating,
‘ The failor slyly waiting,
‘ Thought if it came about, Sir,
‘ That they should all fall out, Sir,
‘ He then might play his part.

‘ And

‘ And just e’en as he meant, Sir,
 ‘ To loggerheads they went, Sir,
 ‘ And then he let fly at her,
 ‘ A shot ’twixt wind and water,
 ‘ That won this fair maid’s heart.

‘ *Ben.* If some of our crew that came to see me, are
 ‘ not gone, you shall see that we sailors can dance some-
 ‘ times as well as other folks. [*Whistles.*] I warrant that
 ‘ brings them, if they be within hearing.

‘ *Enter Seamen.*

‘ Oh, here they be!—and fiddles along with them——
 ‘ Come, my lads, let’s have a round, and I’ll make one.

[*Dance.*]

‘ We’re merry folks, we sailors; we han’t much to care
 ‘ for. Thus we live at sea; eat biscuit, and drink flip;
 ‘ put on a clean shirt once a quarter—come home, and
 ‘ lie with our landladies once a year, get rid of a little
 ‘ money; and then put off with the next fair wind. How
 ‘ d’ye like us.

‘ *Mrs. Frail.* Oh, you are the happiest, merriest men
 ‘ alive!

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* We’re beholden to Mr. Benjamin for this
 ‘ entertainment.—I believe it is late.

‘ *Ben.* Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had
 ‘ best go to-bed. For my part, I mean to tofs a can,
 ‘ and remember my sweet-heart, afore I turn in; may-
 ‘ hap I may dream of her!

‘ *Mrs. Fore.* Mr. Scandal, you had best go to bed, and
 ‘ dream too.

‘ *Scand.* Why, faith, I have a good lively imagina-
 ‘ tion; and can dream as much to the purpose as another,
 ‘ if I set about it. But dreaming is the poor retreat of
 ‘ a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect lover; ’tis the last
 ‘ glimpse of love to worn-out sinners, and the faint
 ‘ dawning of a bliss to wishing girls and growing boys.

‘ There’s nought but willing waking love that can
 ‘ Make blest the ripen’d maid and finish’d man.’

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE, Valentine's Lodgings.

Enter Scandal and Jeremy.

SCANDAL.

WELL, is your master ready? does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jere. Yes sir; you need make no great doubt of that; he that was so near turning poet yesterday morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to-day.

Scan. Would he have Angelica acquainted with the reason of his design?

Jere. No, sir; not yet.——He has a mind to try, whether his playing the madman, won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him; or at least own, that she has lov'd him all this while, and conceal'd it.

Scan. I saw her take coach just now with her maid; and think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

Jere. Like enough, sir, for I told her maid this morning, my master was run stark mad only for love of her mistress; I hear a coach stop; if it should be she, sir, I believe he would not see her, 'till he hears how she takes it.

Scan. Well, I'll try her——'Tis she, here she comes.

Enter Angelica with Jenny.

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I suppose you don't think it a novelty, to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings in a morning?

Scan. Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But when a lady comes tyrannically to insult a ruin'd lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty; the barbarity of it something surprises me.

Ang. I don't like raillery from a serious face.——Pray tell me what is the matter?

Jere. No strange matter, madam; my master's mad, that's all: I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jere. Why faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of money; his head is e'en as light as his pockets; and any body that has a

F

mind

mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

Ang. If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is very unseasonable——

Scan. She's concerned, and loves him. [*Aside.*

Ang. Mr. Scandal, you cannot think me guilty of so much inhumanity as not to be concerned for a man I must own myself obliged to——pray tell me the truth.

Scan. Faith, Madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

Ang. [*Aside*] I know not what to think—yet I should be vexed to have a trick put upon me——may I not see him?

Scan. I'm afraid the physician is not willing you should see him yet—Jeremy, go in and enquire. [*Exit* Jeremy.

Ang. Ha! I saw him wink and smile——I fancy 'tis a trick—I'll try——I would disguise to all the world a failing, which I must own to you—I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of Valentine. 'Therefore I
' conjure you as you are his friend, and as you have com-
' passion upon one fearful of affliction, to tell me what
' I am to hope for—I cannot speak.—But you may tell
' me, for you know what I would ask.'

Scan. So; this is pretty plain.—Be not too much concerned, Madam; I hope his condition is not desperate: an acknowledgment of love from you, perhaps, may work a cure; as the fear of your aversion occasioned his distemper.

Ang. [*Aside.*] Say you so; nay then I am convinced. And if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge——Acknowledgment of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger to. 'But I have too much
' sincerity to deceive you, and too much charity to suf-
' fer him to be deluded with vain hopes.' Good nature and humanity oblige me to be concerned for him; but to love is neither in my power nor inclination; 'and if he
' cannot be cured without I suck the poison from his
' wounds, I am afraid he won't recover his senses till I
' lose mine.'

Scan.

Scan. Hey, brave woman, I'faith—— Won't you see him then, if he desire it?

Ang. What signify a madman's desires? Besides, 'twould make me uneasy——If I don't see him, perhaps my concern for him may lessen——If I forget him 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the surprise is over, methinks I am not half so sorry as I was.——

Scan. So, faith good nature works apace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

Ang. But I have considered that passions are unreasonable and involuntary; if he loves he cannot help it; and if I don't love, I cannot help it; no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman; or no more than I can help the want of inclination to stay longer here——Come, Jenny. [*Exeunt Ang. and Jenny.*]

Enter Jeremy.

Scan. Humph!——An admirable composition, faith, this same womankind.

Jere. What, is she gone, Sir?

Scan. Gone; why she was never here, nor any where else; nor I don't know her if I see her; nor you neither.

Jere. Good lack! what's the matter now? are any more of us to be mad? why, Sir, my master longs to see her; and is almost mad in good earnest, with the joyful news of her being here.

Scan. We are all under a mistake——Ask no questions, for I cannot resolve you; but I'll inform your master. In the mean time, if our project succeed no better with his father than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear Sir Sampson. You know your cue; I'll to your master. [*Exit Scandal.*]

Enter Sir Sampson Legend, with a Lawyer.

Sir Samp. D'ye see, Mr. Buckram, here's the paper signed with his own hand.

Buck. Good, Sir. And the conveyance is ready drawn in this box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir Samp. Ready! body o'me, he must be ready: His sham sickness shan't excuse him——O, here's his scoundrel. Sirrah, where's your master?

Jere. Ah, Sir, he's quite gone.

Sir Samp. Gone! what, he is not dead?

Jere. No, Sir, not dead.

Sir Samp. What, is he gone out of town, run away, ha! has he trick'd me? Speak, varlet.

Jere. No, no, Sir, he's safe enough, Sir, an he were but as found, poor gentleman. He is indeed here, Sir, and not here, Sir.

Sir Samp. Hey day, rascal, do you banter me, firrah, d'ye banter me?—Speak, firrah, where is he? for I will find him.

Jere. Would you could, Sir; for he has lost himself. Indeed, Sir, I have almost broke my heart about him—I can't refrain tears when I think of him, Sir; I am as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, fir; or a horse in a pound.

Sir Samp. A pox confound your similitudes, Sir—Speak to be understood, and tell me in plain terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crak your fool's skull.

Jere. Ah, you've hit it, Sir; that's the matter with him, Sir; his skull's crak'd, poor gentleman; he is stark mad, Sir.

Sir Samp. Mad!

Buck. What, is he *Non Compos*?

Jere. Quite *Non Compos*, Sir.

Buck. Why then all is obliterated, Sir Sampson, if he be *Non Compos Mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect, it is not good in law.

Sir Samp. Oons, I won't believe it; let me see him, Sir——Mad, I'll make him find his senses.

Jere. Mr. Scandal is with him, Sir; I'll knock at the door.

[*Goes to the scene, which opens and discovers Valentine (upon a Couch disorderly dressed,) and Scandal.*]

Sir Samp. How now, what's here to do?

Val. Ha! Who's that?

[*Starting.*]

Scan. For heaven's fake, softly, Sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val. Answer me; Who is that? and that?

Sir Samp. Gads bobs, does he not know me? Is he mischievous? I'll speak gently——Val, Val, dost thou not know me, boy? not know thy own father, Val! I am

am thy own father, and this is honest Brief Buckram the lawyer.

Val. It may be so——I did not know you——the world is full——There are people that we do know, and people that we do not know; and yet the sun shines upon all alike——There are fathers that have many children; and there are children that have many fathers——'tis strange! but I am honest, and come to give the world the lie.

Sir Samp. Body o' me, I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why does that lawyer wear black?——Does he carry his conscience without side?——lawyer, what art thou? dost thou know me?

Buck. O Lord, what must I say?——Yes, Sir.

Val. Thou liest, for I am honest. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood amongst you. I have been sworn out of Westminster-Hall the first day of every term——Let me see——No matter how long——But I'll tell you 'one thing, it is a question that would puzzle an arithmetician, if you would ask him, whether the Bible 'saves more souls in Westminster-Abbey, or damns more 'in Westminster-hall;' for my part, I am honest, and cannot tell; I have very few acquaintance.

Sir Samp. Body o' me, he talks sensibly in his madness——Has he no intervals?

Jere. Very short, Sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do you no service while he is in this condition: here is your paper, Sir——He may do me a mischief if I stay——The conveyance is ready, Sir, if he recover his senses. [Exit Buckram.]

Sir Samp. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Scan. You'd better let him go, Sir; and send for him if there be occasion; for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the lawyer gone? 'tis well, then we may drink about without going together by the ears——heigh ho! what a clock is it? my father here! your blessing, Sir?

Sir Samp. He recovers——bless thee, Val,——How dost thou do, boy?

Val. Thank you, Sir, pretty well——I have been a little out of order; won't you please to sit, Sir?

Sir Samp. Ay boy, ——— Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.

Sir Samp. No, no, come, come, sit thee down, honest Val: How dost thou do? Let me feel thy pulse——
Oh, pretty well now, Val: body o'me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed; but I am glad thou art better, honest Val.

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Scan. Miracle! the monster grows loving. [*Aside.*]

Sir Samp. Let me feel thy hand again, Val: It does not shake—I believe thou canst write, Val: ha, boy, thou canst write thy name, Val?——Jeremy, step and overtake Mr. Buckram; bid him make haste back with the conveyance; quick; quick. [*In whisper to Jeremy.*]

[*Exit Jeremy.*]

Scan. That ever I should suspect such a heathen of any remorse! [*Aside.*]

Sir Samp. Dost thou know this paper, Val? I know thou art honest, and wilt perform articles.

[*Shews him the paper, but holds it out of his reach.*]

Val. Pray let me see it, Sir. You hold it so far off, that I cannot tell whether I know it or no.

Sir Samp. See it, boy? ay, ay, why thou dost see it——'tis thy own hand, Vally. Why let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: Look you here [*Reads*] *The Conditions of this Obligation*——Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins——And then at the bottom——*As witness my hand,* V A L E N T I N E L E G E N D, in great letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the nose on one's face: what, are my eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet——let me see.

[*Stretches his arm as far as he can.*]

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, Sir?

Sir Samp. Let thee hold it, sayst thou——Ay, with all my heart——What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?——I'll put it in my pocket Val. and then no body need hold it [*Puts the paper in his pocket.*] There, Val, it's safe enough, boy——But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little Val.

Enter

Enter Jeremy with Buckram.

Val. What, is my bad genius here again ! Oh no, 'tis the lawyer with an itching palm : and he is come to be scratched——My nails are not long enough——Let me have a pair of red-hot tongs quickly, quickly, and you shall see me act St. Dunstan, and lead the devil by the nose.

Buck. O Lord, let me be gone ; I'll not venture myself with a madman. [Exit Buckram.]

Val. Ha, ha, ha ; you need not run so fast, honesty will not overtake you——Ha, ha, ha, the rogue found me out to be in *forma pauperis* presently.

Sir Samp. Oons ! What a vexation is here ! I know not what to do, or say, nor which way to go.

Val. Who's that, that's out of his way ? I am honest, and can set him right---Harkee, friend, the straight road is the worst way you can go——' He that follows his nose always, will very often be led into a stink. *Probatum est.* But what are you for, religion or politics ? ' There's a couple of topicks for you, no more like one another than oil and vinegar ; and yet those two beaten together by a state cook, make sauce for the whole nation.

' *Sir Samp.* What the devil had I to do, ever to beget sons ! Why did I ever marry ?

' *Val.* Because thou wert a monster ; old boy ? The two greatest monsters in the world, are a man and a woman ? What's thy opinion ?

' *Sir Samp.* Why, my opinion is, that those two monsters joined together, make yet a greater, that is a man and his wife.

Val. A ha ! Old Turnpenny, sayest thou so : thou hast nicked it——but it is wonderful strange, Jeremy.

Jere. What is, Sir ?

Val. That grey hairs should cover a green head——and I make a fool of my father. What's here ! *Erra pater*, or a bearded sibyl ? If prophecy comes, truth must give place.

Enter Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, and Mrs. Frail.

Fore. What says he ? What, did he prophecy ? Ha, Sir Sampson, bless us ! How are we ?

Sir Samp.

Sir Samp. Are we? a plague o' your prognostications --- Why, we are fools as we used to be --- Oone, that you could not foresee, that the moon would predominate, and my son be mad --- Where is your oppositions, your trines, and your quadrates --- What did your 'Cordan and your Ptolomy tell you? Your Messahalal and your Longomontanus, your harmony of chiromancy with astrology.' Ah! plague on it, that I that know the world, and men and manners, that don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun and almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omen-hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour, when, body o'me, there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity. *[Exit Sir Sampson.]*

Fore. Ah, Sir Sampson, heaven help your head --- This is none of your lucky hour; *nemo omnibus horis sapit*. What is he gone, and in contempt of science! Ill stars, and unconvertable ignorance attend him.

Scan. You must excuse his passion, Mr. Foresight; for he has been heartily vexed --- His son is *non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in law; so that all his measures are disappointed.

Fore. Ha! say you so?

Mrs. Frail. What, has my sea-lover lost his anchor of hope then? *[Aside to Mrs. Foresight.]*

Mrs. Fore. Oh, sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. Frail. Do with him, send him to sea again in the next foul weather --- He is used to an inconstant element, and won't be surpris'd to see the tide turned.

Fore. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

[Considers.]

Scan. Madam, you and I can tell him something else that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own fortune! *[Aside to Mrs. Foresight.]*

Mrs. Fore. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Scan. Hush, softly --- the pleasures of last night, my dear; too considerable to be forgot so soon.

Mrs. Fore. Last night? and what would your impudence inter from last night? Last night was like the night before, I think.

Scan. 'Sdeath, do you make no difference between me and your husband?

Mrs.

Mrs. Fore. Not much---he's superstitious; and you are mad, in my opinion.

Scan. You make me mad.---You are not serious?

---Pray recollect yourself.

Mrs. Fore. O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent---and would have come to bed to me.

Scan. And did not?

Mrs. Fore. Did not! With what face can you ask the question?

Scand. This I have heard of before, but never believed. I have been told she had that admirable quality of forgetting to a man's face in the morning, that she had lain with him all night; and denying that she had done favours with more impudence than she could grant them.---Madam, I'm your humble servant, and honour you.---You look pretty well, Mr. Foresight.---How did you rest last night?

Fore. Truly, Mr. Scandal, I was so taken up with broken dreams and distracted visions, that I remember little.

Scan. But would you not talk with Valentine, perhaps you may understand him; I am apt to believe there is something mysterious in his discourses, and sometimes rather think him inspired than mad.

Fore. You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. Scandal, truly---I am inclining to your Turkish opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

[*Exeunt Foresight and Scandal.*]

Mrs. Frail. Sister, do you go with them; I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you. O my conscience here he comes. [Exit Mrs. Foresight]

Enter Ben.

Ben. All mad, I think---Flesh, I believe all the calentures of the sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. Frail. Mr. Benjamin in choler!

Ben. No, I am pleased well enough, now I have found you---Mefs, I have had such a hurricane upon your account yonder.---

Mrs. Frail. My account, pray, what's the matter?

Ben. Why; father came and found me squabbling with you

yon chitty-faced thing, as he would have me marry,---so he asked what was the matter --He asked in a furly sort of a way--- (It seems brother Val is gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion ; but what did I know of that, what's that to me ?) ----- So he asked in a furly sort of a manner,---and gad I answered 'en as furlily, what tho'f he be my father, I an't bound prentice to 'en :---so faith, I told'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry I'd marry to please myself, not him : and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and to make dirt pies, than to look after a husband; for my part I was none of her man. ---I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. Frail. So then you intend to go to sea again ?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you,---but I wou'd not tell him so much---So he said he'd make my heart ake ; and if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the fool and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aking than my heart.---He was woundy angry when I gav'n that wipe---He had'nt a word to say, and so I left'n, and the green girl together ; may hap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself, with all my heart.

Mrs. Frail. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father ?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first.----- ' If I am ' undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so ? I did ' not get myself.'

Mrs. Frail. O impiety ! how have I been mistaken ! What an inhuman merciless creature have I set my heart upon ? O I am happy to have discovered the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling face.

Ben. Hey tofs ! What's the matter now ? why you ben't angry, be you ?

Mrs. Frail. O see me no more,---for thou wert born amongst rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds ; and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey.

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, she's mad, poor young woman, love has turned her senses, her brain is quite overset. Well a-day, how shall I do to set her to rights ?

Mrs.

Mrs. Frail. No, no, I am not mad, monster, I am wise enough to find you out.—Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband with that stubborn and disobedient temper? You that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife? I should have been finely fobbed indeed, very finely fobb'd.

Ben. Harkee forsooth; if so be that you 'are in your right senses, d'ye see; for ought as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobb'd---if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tacked about already.——What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroaking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what would you sheer off so? Would you, and leave me a-ground?

Mrs. Frail. No, I'll leave you a-drift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Mrs. Frail. Only the wind's chang'd?

Ben. More shame for you,---the wind's chang'd?——It's an ill wind blows nobody good,——may-hap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks---what did you mean all this while, to make a fool of me?

Mrs. Frail. Any fool but a husband,

Ben. Husband! Gad I would not be your husband, if you would have me; now I know your mind, tho'f you had your weight in gold and jewels, and tho'f I loved you never so well.

Mrs. Frail. Why, can'st thou love, porpus?

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call names.---I don't love you so well, as to bear that, whatever I did,---I am glad you shew yourself, mistress:—Let them marry you, as don't know you:—Gad, I know you too well, by sad experience; I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a hen-peck'd frigate.——I believe that, young woman——and may-hap may come to an anchor at Cuckold's Point; so there's a dash for you, take it as you will, may-hap you may holla after me when I won't come too.

Exit Ben.

Mrs. Frail. Ha, ha, ha, no doubt on't,---“My true love is gone to sea”——

[Sings.

Enter Mrs. Foresight.

Mrs. Frail. Oh, sister! had you come a minute sooner,
you

you would have seen the resolution of a lover. Honest tar and I are parted, and with the same indifference that we met. O'my life, I am half vexed at the insensibility of a brute that I despised.

Mrs. Fore. What then, he bore it most heroically ?

Mrs. Frail. Most tyrannically ; for you see he has got the start of me, and I, the poor forsaken maid, am left complaining on the shore. But I'll tell you a hint that he has given me ; Sir Sampson is enraged, and talks desperately of committing matrimony himself. If he has a mind to throw himself away, he can't do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. Fore. Oh, hang him, old fox, he's too cunning ! besides he hates both you and me. But I have a project in my head for you ; and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with Jeremy, Valentine's man, to sell his master to us.

Mrs. Frail. Sell him ! how ?

Mrs. Fore. Valentine raves upon Angelica, and took me for her, and, Jeremy says, will take any body for her that he imposes on him. Now I have promised him mountains, if, in one of his mad fits, he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you married together, ' and put ' to bed together ; and after consummation, girl, there's ' no revoking : and if he should recover his senses, he'll ' be glad, at least, to make you a good settlement.' Here they come ; stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the design.

Enter Valentine, Scandal, Foresight, and Jeremy.

Scan. And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him ? [To Jeremy.]

Jer. Yes, Sir ; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for Angelica.

Scan. It may make us sport.

Fore. Mercy on us !

Val. Hush!—interrupt me not—I'll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophesy ; ' I am honest, ' and can teach thy tongue a new trick.' I have told thee what's past ; now I'll tell thee what's to come. Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow ? Answer me not ; for I will tell thee : to-morrow, knaves will thrive thro' craft, and fools thro' fortune, and honesty will go

as

as it did, frost-nipt in a summer-suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

Scan. Ask him, Mr. Foresight.

Fore. Pray, what will be done at court ?

Val. Scandal will tell you : I am Honest ; I never come there.

Fore. In the city ?

Val. Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches at the usual hours : yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh, things will go methodically in the city ; the clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horned herd buz in the Exchange at two. ' Wives and husbands will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stratagem ; and the cropped 'prentice, that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may, ten to one, dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things that you will see very strange ; which are, wanton wives, with legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds, with chains about their necks.' But hold, I must examine you before I go further ; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband ?

Fore. I am married.

Val. Poor creature ! Is your wife of Covent-garden parish ?

Fore. No ; St. Martin's in the Fields.

Val. Alas, poor man ! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled ; his legs dwindled, and his back bowed : pray, pray for a metamorphosis : change thy shape, and shake off age : get thee Medea's kettle, and be boiled anew ; come forth with labouring, callous hands, a chine of steel, and Atlas' shoulders. Let Taliacotius trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha ! that a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet ; ha, ha, ha !

Fore. His frenzy is very high now, Mr. Scandal.

Scan. I believe it is a spring tide.

Fore. Very likely truly ; you understand these matters. Mr. Scandal, I shall be very glad to confer with

G

you

you about these things which he has uttered. His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why should Angelica be absent from my eyes so long?

Jer. She's here, Sir.

Mrs. Fore. Now, sister.

Mrs. Frail. Oh, lord! what must I say?

Scan. Humour him, madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh, I see her!—She comes, like riches, health and liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch. Oh, welcome, welcome!

Mrs. Frail. How d'ye do, Sir? Can I serve you?

Val. Hark'e—I have a secret to tell you—Endymion and the moon shall meet us upon Mount Latmos, and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not a word. Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lanthorn, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail, and Argus's hundred eyes be shut, ha! nobody shall know but Jeremy.

Mrs. Frail. No, no, we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

Val. The sooner the better—Jeremy, come hither—closer, that none may over-hear us—Jeremy, I can tell you news; Angelica is turned nun, and I am turning friar; and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the pope—Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part; for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project; and we won't see one another's faces, till we have done something to be ashamed of; and then we'll blush once for all.

Enter Tattle and Angelica.

Jer. I'll take care, and ———

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. Tattle, if you make love to me, you spoil my design; for I intended to make you my confident.

Tat. But, Madam, to throw away your person; such a person, and such a fortune, on a madman!

Ang. I never loved him till he was mad—but don't tell any body so.

Scan. How's this? Tattle making love to Angelica!

Tat. Tell, Madam! Alas, you don't know me!—I have

have much ado to tell your ladyship how long I have been in love with you : but, encouraged by the impossibility of Valentine's making any more addresses to you, I have ventured to declare the very inmost passion of my heart. Oh, Madam! look upon us both. There you see the ruins of a poor decayed creature—Here a complete and lively figure, with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, Madam ; and to all this, the most passionate lover——

Ang. Oh, fie for shame, hold your tongue! a passionate lover, and five senses in perfection! When you are as mad as Valentine, I'll believe you love me ; and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha! who's here?

Mrs. Frail. Oh, lord! her coming will spoil all.

[To Jeremy.]

Jer. No, no, Madam, he won't know her; if he should, I can persuade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think——Get away all the company but Angelica, that I may discover my design to her.

[Whisper.]

Scan. I will——I have discovered something of Tattle, that is of a piece with Mrs. Frail. He courts Angelica ; if we could contrive to couple them together—Hark'e——

[Whisper.]

Mrs. Fore. He won't know you, cousin ; he knows nobody.

Fore. But he knows more than any body. Oh, niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

Tat. Look you, Mr. Foresight, it is not my way to make many words of matters ; so I shan't say much. But, in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pounds now, that I know more secrets than he.

Fore. How! I cannot read that knowledge in your face, Mr. Tattle. Pray, what do you know?

Tat. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, Sir? Read it in my face! no, Sir, 'tis written in my heart ; and safer there, Sir, than letters writ in juice of lemon ; for no fire can fetch it out. I am no blab, Sir.

Val. Acquaint Jeremy with it ; he may easily bring it

G. 2

about:

about—They are welcome, and I'll tell them so myself. [*To Scandal.*] What, do you look strange upon me? Then I must be plain. [*Coming up to them*] I am Honest, and hate an old acquaintance with a new face.

[*Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.*]

Tat. Do you know me, Valentine?

Val. You? Who are you? No, I hope not.

Tat. I am Jack Tattle, your friend.

Val. My friend! what to do? I am no married man, and thou canst not lie with my wife: I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then what employment have I for a friend?

Tat. Ha! a good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

Ang. Do you know me, Valentine?

Val. Oh, very well!

Ang. Who am I?

Val. You are a woman; one to whom Heaven gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflexion of heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you first are born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long, that I found out a strange thing—I found out what a woman was good for.

Tat. Ay; pr'ythee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a secret.

Tat. Oh, lord!

Val. Oh, exceeding good to keep a secret; for tho' she should tell, yet she is not to be believed.

Tat. Ha! good again, faith.

Val. I would have music—Sing me the song that I like——

'S O N G.

- I tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,
- And could again begin to love and live,
- To you I should my earliest offering give;
- I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
- And I should all my vows and oaths renew;
- But, to be plain, I never would be true.

For

- “ For, by our weak and weary truth, I find.
- “ Love hates to center in a point assign’d,
- “ But runs with joy the circle of the mind.
- “ Then never let us chain what should be free.
- “ But for relief of either sex agree :
- “ Since women love to change, and so do we.

“ No more for I am melancholy.” *[Walks musing.]*

Jer. I’ll do it, Sir.

Scan. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him ; he may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

Fore. I will be directed by you.

[Exeunt Scandal and Foresight.]

Jer. *[To Mrs. Frail.]* You’ll meet, Madam ; I’ll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. Frail. Thou shalt do what thou wilt ; in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tat. Madam, shall I wait upon you ? *[To Angelica.]*

Ang. No, I’ll stay with him ; Mr. Scandal will protect me. Aunt, Mr. Tattle desires you would give him leave to wait on you.

Mrs. Fore. Mr. Tattle might have us’d less ceremony.

[Exeunt Tattle and Mrs. Foresight.]

Scan. Jeremy, follow Tattle. *[Exit Jeremy.]*

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. Tattle.

Scan. Madam, I am very glad that I over-heard a better reason, which you gave to Mr. Tattle ; for his impertinence forced you to acknowledge a kindness for Valentine, which you denied to all his sufferings, and my solicitations. So I’ll leave him to make use of the discovery ; and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

Ang. Oh, heavens ! you won’t leave me alone with a madman ?

Scan. No, Madam ; I only leave a madman to his remedy. *[Exit Scan.]*

Val. Madam, you need not be much afraid ; for I fancy I begin to come to myself.

Ang. Ay, but if I don’t fit you, I’ll be hang’d. *[Aside.]*

Val. You see what disguises love makes us put on ; gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason ;

G.

son ;

78 LOVE FOR LOVE.

son ; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this masque of madness, and this motly livery, only as the slave of love, and the menial creature of your beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks ! Poor Valentine !

Val. Nay, faith, now, let us understand one another, hypocrisy apart : the comedy draws towards an end, and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves ; and since you have loved me, you must own, I have at length deserved you should confess it.

Ang. [*Sighs.*] I would I had loved you ; for, Heaven knows, I pity you : and could I have foreseen the bad effects, I would have striven—but that's too late. [*Sighs.*

Val. What sad effects ? What's too late ? My seeming madness has deceived my father, and procured me time to think of means to reconcile me to him, and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate, which, otherwise, by articles, I must, this morning, have resigned ; and this I had informed you of to-day, but you were gone, before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How ! I thought your love of me had caused this transport in your soul, which ; it seems, you only counterfeited, for mercenary ends, and sordid interest.

Val. Nay, now you do me wrong ; for if any interest was considered, it was yours ; since I thought I wanted more than love to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary—But how am I deluded by this interval of sense, to reason with a madman ?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer !

Enter Jeremy.

Ang. Oh, here is a reasonable creature ! Sure he will not have the impudence to persevere—Come, Jeremy, acknowledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeited.

Jer. Counterfeit, Madam ! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any freeholder in Bedlam ; nay, he's as mad as any projector, fanatic, chymist, lover, or poet in Europe.

Val. Sirrah, you lie ; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha ! you see he denies it.

Jer. Oh, lord, Madam ! did you ever know any madman mad enough to own it ?

Val.

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend?

Ang. Why, he talked very sensibly just now.

Jer. Yes, Madam, he has intervals; but you see he begins to look wild again, now.

Val. Why, you thick-skulled rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I will be mad no longer. [*Beats him.*]

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! is he mad or no, Jeremy?

Jer. Partly, I think; for he does not know his own mind two hours. I'm sure I left him just now, in the humour to be mad; and I think I have not found him very quiet at this present. Who's there? [*One knocks.*]

Val. Go see, you sot. [*Exit Jer.*] I am very glad that I can move your mirth, tho' not your compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had apprehension enough to be exceptionous: 'but madmen shew themselves most, by 'over-pretending to a sound understanding; as drunken 'men do, by over-acting sobriety. I was half inclining 'to believe you, till I accidentally touched upon your 'tender part;' but now you have restored me to my former opinion and compassion.

Re-enter Jeremy.

Jer. Sir, your father has sent to know if you are any better yet. Will you please to be mad, Sir, or how?

Val. Stupidity! You know the penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the confession of my senses. I am mad, and will be mad to every body but this lady.

Jer. So, just the very reverse of truth——But lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation——Madam, your ladyship's woman.

[*Exit Jeremy.*]

Enter Jenny.

Ang. Well, have you been there?——Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, Madam, Sir Sampson will wait upon you presently

[*Aside to Angelica.*]

Val. You are not leaving me in this uncertainty?

Ang. Would any thing but a madman complain of uncertainty? Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing; and the overtaking and possessing of a wish, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better; for the pleasure of a masquerade is done, when we come to shew our faces. But I'll tell you two things before I leave you;

I

I am

LOVE FOR LOVE.

I am not the fool you take me for : and you are mad, and don't know it. [Exeunt Ang. and Jenny..

Enter Jeremy.

Val. From a riddle you can expect nothing but a riddle—There is my instruction, and the moral of my lesson.

Jer. What, is the lady gone again, Sir? I hope you understood one another before she went.

Val. Understood! She is harder to be understood than a piece of Egyptian antiquity, or an Irish manuscript; you may pore till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

Jer. I have heard them say, Sir, they read hard Hebrew books backwards; may be you begin to read at the wrong end.

Val. They say so of witches' prayers; and dreams and Dutch almanacks are to be understood by contraries. 'But there is regularity and method in that; she is a medal without a reverse or inscription; for indifference has both sides alike.' Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her, if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satirical friend, Scandal, who says,

That women are like tricks by flight of hand,
Which, to admire, we should not understand.

[Exeunt.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, a room in Foresight's house.

Enter Angelica and Jenny.

ANGELICA.

WHERE is Sir Sampson? Did you not tell me he would be here before me.

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining-room, Madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't. If he has a mind I should like him, it is a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jenny.

Jenny. I hear him, Madam.

Ang. Leave me ; and, d'ye hear ? If Valentine should come, or send, I am not to be spoken with.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

Enter Sir Sampson.

Sir Samp. I have not been honoured with the commands of a fair lady a great while—Odd, Madam, you have revived me—Not since I was five-and-thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great reason to complain, Sir Sampson ; that is not long ago.

Sir Samp. Zooks, but it is, Madam, a very great while, to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

Ang. You are an absolute courtier, Sir Sampson.

Sir Samp. Not at all, Madam. Odsbud, you wrong me ; I am not so old neither, to be a bare courtier, only a man of words. ' Odd, I have warm blood about me ' yet ; and can serve a lady any way.' Come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon ; faith and troth you do. Come, don't despise fifty ; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age.

Ang. Fifty a contemptible age ! Not at all ; a very fashionable age, I think—I assure you, I know very considerable beaus, that set a good face upon fifty ; fifty ! I have seen fifty in a side-box, by candle-light, out-blossom five-and-twenty.

Sir Samp. Outfides, outfides ! a pize take them, mere outfides : hang your side-box beaus ; no, I'm none of those ; none of your forc'd trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall, and bud when they should bring forth fruit : I am of a long-liv'd race, and inherit vigour ; none of my ancestors married till fifty, yet they begot sons and daughters till fourscore : I am of your patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away. Well, Madam, what are your commands ? Has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat ? Or——

Ang. No, Sir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands—I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I am weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, and 'tis pity you should—Odd, would she would like me, then I should hamper my young

young rogues : odd, wou'd she wou'd : faith and troth she's devilish handsome. [*Aside.*] Madam, you deserve a good husband, and 'twere a pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging,—— that is, a very young fellow.

Ang. She that marries a fool, Sir Sampson, forfeits the reputation of her honesty or her understanding : and she that marries a very witty man, is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover, because I would have such a one in my power : but I would no more be his wife, than his enemy ; for his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion than his jealousy is of his love.

Sir Samp. None of old Foresight's sibyls ever uttered such a truth. Odsoud you have won my heart. I hate a wit :—Pize on them, they never think before-hand of any thing ;—and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder ; out of a frolic : and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hanged by the law, the next morning : Odsou, have a care, Madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your advice, Sir Sampson : I have fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like ; if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense——For I would neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir Samp. Odd, you are hard to please, Madam ; to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly ; for I hate both a wit and a fool. I hate a wit ; I had a son that was spoiled among them ; a good hopeful lad till he learned to be a wit——And might have risen in the state——But, a pox on't, his wit run him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Ang. Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter ; he's no more mad than you are.

Sir Samp. How, Madam ! wou'd I cou'd prove it.

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done——But it

is :

is a thing that wou'd make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

Sir Samp. Odsbud, I believe she likes me—[*Aside.*]—
 Ah, Madam, ' all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid
 ' at you feet: and I wish, Madam, they were in a better
 ' posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a
 ' lady of your incomparable beauty and merit——
 If I had Peru in one hand, and Mexico in t'other, and the
 Eastern empire under my feet, it would make me only a
 more glorious victim to be offered at the shrine of your
 beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter?

Sir Samp. Odd, Madam, I love——And if you would
 take my advice in a husband——

Ang. Hold, hold, Sir Sampson. I asked your advice
 for a husband, and you are giving me your consent——I
 was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest,
 to satisfy you about Valentine: for if a match were seem-
 ingly carried on between you and me, it would oblige him
 to throw off his disguise of madness, in apprehension of
 losing me: for you know he has long pretended a passion
 for me.

Sir Samp. Gadzooks, a most ingenious contrivance,—if
 we were to go through with it. But why must the match
 only be seemingly carried on?——Odd, let it be a real
 contract.

Ang. O fy. Sir Sampson, what would the world say?

Sir Samp. Say, they would say, you are a wise woman,
 and I a happy man. Odd, Madam, I'll love you as
 long as I live, and leave you a good jointure when I
 die.

Ang. Ay; but that is not in your power, Sir Sampson;
 for when Valentine confesses himself in his senses, he
 must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir Samp. Odd, you're a cunning, a wary baggage?
 Faith and troth I like you the better——But, I warrant
 you, I have a proviso in the obligation in favour of my-
 self——Body o'me, I have a trick to turn the settlement
 upon the issue male of our two bodies begotten; odsbud,
 let us find children, and I'll find an estate.

Ang. Will you? Well, do you find the estate, and leave
 the t'other to me——

Sir

Sir Samp. O rogue! But I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match then?

Ang. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation: and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir Samp. With all my heart;—come in with me, and I'll lend you the bond——' You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson. Odzooks, I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear——Odd, you're devilish handsome; faith and troth, you're very handsome, and I'm very young, and very lusty——Odsbud, huffy, you know how to choose, and so do I;——Odd, I think we are very well met;—Give me your hand, odd, let me kiss it; 'tis as warm and as soft—as what?——Odd, as t'other hand——Give me t'other hand, and I'll mumble them, and kiss them 'till they melt in my mouth.

Ang. Hold, Sir Sampson——You're profuse of your vigour before your time: you'll spend your estate before you come to it.

Sir Samp. No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my possessions——Ah! baggage—I warrant you for little Sampson. Odd, Sampson's a very good name for an able fellow; your Sampsons were strong dogs from the beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your part——If you remember, Sampson, the strongest of the name, pulled an old house over his head at last.

Sir Samp. Say you so, huffy?——Come, let's go then; odd, I long to be pulling too; ' come away——Odsso, here's somebody coming.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tattle and Jeremy.

Tat. Is not that she, gone out just now?

Jer. ' Ay, Sir, she is just going to the place of appointment.' If you are not very faithful and close in this business, you'll certainly be the death of a person that has a most extraordinary passion for your honour's service.

Tat. Ay, who's that?

Jer. Even my unworthy self, Sir——Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while;——And now, Sir, my former master having much troubled

bled the fountain of his understanding; it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty—I thought I could not recommend myself better to you, Sir, than by the delivery of a great beauty and fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tat. I'll make thy fortune; say no more——Thou art a pretty fellow, and canst carry a message to a lady, in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

Jer. Sir, I have the seeds of rhetoric and oratory in my head——I have been at Cambridge.

Tat. Ay; 'tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an university: but the education is a little too pedantic for a gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha?

Jer. O Sir, for that Sir, 'tis my chief talent; I'm as secret as the head of Nilus.

Tat. Ay! who's he, tho'? a privy counsellor?

Jer. O ignorance! [*Aside.*] A cunning Egyptian, Sir, that with his arms would over-run the country; yet nobody could ever find out his head-quarters.

Tat. Close dog! A good whoremaster, I warrant him——The time draws nigh, Jeremy. Angelica will be veiled like a nun; and I must be hooded like a friar; ha, Jeremy?

Jer. Ay, Sir, hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my master's madness to be so dressed; and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor lady, I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy exchange she has made, between a madman and so accomplished a gentleman.

Tat. Ay faith, so she will, Jeremy. You're a good friend to her, poor creature——I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself as compassion to her.

Jer. 'Tis an act of charity, Sir, to save a fine woman with thirty thousand pounds, from throwing herself away.

Tat. So 'tis, faith——I might have saved several others in my time; but I, gad I could never find in my heart to marry any body before.

Jer. Well, Sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour, with your disguise,

H

disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little wadness, she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

[Exit Jeremy.]

Tat. No, no, let me alone for a counterfeit ;—I'll be ready for you.

Enter Miss Prue.

Miss P. O Mr. Tattle, are you here ! I'm glad I have found you ; I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, 'till I'm as tired as any thing in the world.

Tat. O pox, how shall I get rid of this foolish girl ?

Miss P. O, I have pure news, I can tell you, pure news—I must not marry the seaman now—my father says so. Why won't you be my husband ? you say you love me, and you won't be my husband. And I know you may be my husband now, if you please.

Tat. O fy, Miss ; Who told you so, child ?

Miss P. Why, my father—I told him that you loved me.

Tat. O fy, Miss, why did you do so ? and who told you so, child ?

Miss P. Who ? why you did ; did not you ?

Tat. O pox, that was yesterday, Miss, that was a great while ago, child. I have been asleep since ; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss P. Pshaw ! O but I dreamt that it was so tho'.

Tat. Ay, but your father will tell you that dreams come by contraries, child——O fy ; what, we must not love one another now——Pshaw, that would be a foolish thing indeed——Fy, fy, you're a woman now, and must think of a new man every morning, and forget him every night——No, no, to marry is to be a child again, and play with the same rattle always : O fy, marrying is a paw thing.

Miss P. Well, but, don't you love me as well as you did last night then ?

Tat. No, no, child, you would not have me.

Miss P. No ? yes but I would tho'.

Tat. Pshaw, but I tell you, you should not——You forget you're a woman, and don't know your own mind ?

Miss P. But here's my father, and he knows my mind.

Enter Foresight.

Fore. O, Mr. Tattle, your servant, you are a close man ;
but.

but methinks your love to my daughter was a secret I might have been trusted with,—Or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art—Hum, ha ! I think there is something in your physiognomy, that has a resemblance of her ; and the girl is like me.

Tat. And so you wou'd infer that you and I are alike—what does the old prig mean ? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside.*] I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

Fore. How ? what, a wrong notion ! how so ?

Tat. In the way of art : I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes ; that are indications of a sudden turn of good fortune, in the lottery of wives ; and promise a great beauty and great fortune reserved alone for me, by a private intrigue of destiny, kept secret from the piercing eye of perspicuity ; from all astrologers, and the stars themselves.

Fore. How ! I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

Tat. Sir, I beg your pardon, I'm in haste—

Fore. For what ?

Tat. To be marry'd, Sir, marry'd.

Fore. Ay, but pray take me along with you, Sir—

Tat. No, Sir ; 'tis to be done privately—I never make confidants.

Fore. Well ; but my consent I mean—You won't marry my daughter without my consent ?

Tat. Who I, Sir ? I'm an absolute stranger to you and your daughter, Sir.

Fore. Hey day ! what time of the moon is this ?

Tat. Very true, Sir, and desire to continue so. I have no more love for your daughter, than I have likeness of you, ' and I have a secret in my heart, which you would ' be glad to know, and shan't know ; and yet you shall ' know it too, and be sorry for it afterwards. I'd have ' you to know, Sir, that I am as knowing as the stars, and ' as secret as the night.' And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago ; and the lady stays for me, and does not know of it yet—There's a mystery for you—I know you love to untie difficulties—Or if you can't solve this ; stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you. [*Ex. Tat.*]

Miss P. O father, why will you let him go ? Won't you make him to be my husband ?

Fore. Mercy on us, what does these lunacies portend !
 alas ! he's mad, child, stark wild.

Miss P. What, and must not I have e'er a husband then ?
 what must I go to bed to nurse again, and be a child as
 long as she's an old woman ? Indeed but I won't. For
 now my mind is set upon a man, I will have a man
 some way or other. ' Oh ! methinks I'm sick when I
 ' think of a man ; and if I can't have one, I would go to
 ' sleep all my life : for when I'm awake it makes me wish
 ' and long, and I don't know for what——and I'd rather
 ' be always asleep than sick with thinking.'

Fore. O fearful ! I thinkest the girl's influenc'd too,——
 hussy, you shall have a rod.

Miss P. A fiddle of a rod, I'll have a husband ; and if
 you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself : I'll marry
 our Robin the butler, he says he loves me, and he's a
 handsome man, and shall be my husband ; I'll warrant
 he'll be my husband, and thank me too, for he told me
 so.

Enter Scandal, Mrs. Foresight, and Nurse.

Fore. Did he so——I'll dispatch him for't presently,
 rogue ! Oh, nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What is your worship's pleasure ?

Fore. Here take your young mistress, and lock her up
 presently, 'till farther orders from me——not a word
 hussy——Do what I bid you, no reply, away. And bid
 Robin make ready to give an account of his plate and
 linen, d'ye hear, begone when I bid you.

[Exeunt Nurse and Miss Prue.]

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter, husband ?

Fore. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now——Mr.
 Scandal, heav'n keep us all in our senses—I fear there is
 a contagious frenzy abroad. How does Valentine ?

Scan. O I hope he will do well again——I have a mes-
 sage from him to your niece Angelica.

Fore. I think she has not returned since she went abroad
 with Sir Sampson.

Enter Ben.

Mrs. Fore. Here's Mr. Benjamin, he can tell us if his
 father be come home.

Ben. Who, father ? ay, he's come home with a ven-
 geance.

Mrs. Fore. Why, what's the matter ?

Ben. Matter ! why he's mad.

Fore.

Fore. Mercy on us, I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's the handsome young woman, she, as they say, brother Val went mad for, she's mad too, I think.

Fore. O my poor niece, my poor niece, is she gone too? well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs. Fore. Well, but how mad? how d'ye mean?

Ben. Nay, I'll give you leave to guess — I'll undertake to make a voyage to Antigua — No, hold, I mayn't say so neither — But I'll sail as far as Leghorn, and back again, before you shall guess at the matter, and do nothing else; mels, you may take in all the points of the compass, and not hit right.

Mrs. Fore. Your experiment will take up a little too much time.

Ben. Why then I'll tell you; there's a new wedding, upon the stocks, and they two are going to be married to-night.

Scan. Who?

Ben. Why father, and — the young woman. I can't hit of her name.

Scan. Angelica?

Ben. Ay, the same.

Mrs. Fore. Sir Sampson and Angelica, impossible!

Ben. That may be — but I'm sure it is as I tell you.

Scan. 'Sdeath, it's a jest, I can't believe it.

Ben. Look you, friend, it's nothing to me, whether you believe it or no. What I say is true; d'ye see, they are married, or just going to be married, I know not which.

Fore. Well, but they are not mad, that is, not lunatick?

Ben. I don't know what you may call madness — But she's mad for a husband, and he's horn mad, I think, or they'd ne'er make a match together — Here they come.

Enter Sir Sampson, Angelica, and Buckram.

Sir Samp. Where is this old soothsayer? this uncle of mine elect? Aha, old Foresight, uncle Foresight, wish me joy, uncle Foresight, double joy, both as uncle and astrologer; here's a conjunction that was not foretold in all your Ephemeris — The brightest star in the blue firmament — is shot from above, 'in a jelly of love, and so forth;' and I'm lord of the ascendant. Odd, you are an old fellow, Foresight; uncle I mean; a very old fellow,

uncle Foresight, and yet you shall live to dance at my wedding; faith and troth you shall. Odd, we'll have the musick of the spheres for thee, old Lilly, that we will, and thou shalt lead up a dance *in via lactea*.

Fore. I'm thunder-struck! you are not married to my niece?

Sir Samp. Not absolutely married, uncle; but very near it, within a kiss of the matter, as you see.

[*Kisses Angelica.*]

Ang. 'Tis very true indeed, uncle; I hope you'll be my father, and give me.

Sir Samp. That he shall, or I'll burn his globes—— body o'me, he shall be thy father, I'll make him thy father, and thou shalt make me a father, 'and I'll make 'thee a mother, and we'll beget sons and daughters enow 'to put the weekly bills out of countenance.

Scan. Death and hell! where's Valentine?

[*Exit Scandal.*]

Mrs Fore. This is so surprising——

Sir Samp. How! what does my aunt say? surprising, aunt! not at all, for a young couple to make a match in winter? not at all—— It's a plot to undermine cold winter weather; and destroy that usurper of a bed called a warming-pan.

Mrs. Fore. I'm glad to hear you have so much fire in you, Sir Sampson.

Ben. Mels, I fear his fire's little better than tinder; 'mayhap it will only serve to light up a match for some 'body else. The young woman's a handsome young woman, I can't deny it: but, father, if I might be your 'pilot in this case, you should not marry her. It's just the 'same thing, as if so be you shou'd sail so faras the Straits 'without provision.

'*Sir Samp.* Who gave you authority to speak, firrah? 'to your element, fish, be mute, fish, and to sea; rule 'your helm, firrah, don't direct me.

'*Ben.* Well, well, take you care of your own helm, or 'you mayn't keep your new vessel steady.'

Sir Samp. Why, you impudent tarpaulin! firrah, do you break your forecassle jests upon your father? But I shall be even with you, I won't give you a groat. Mr. Buckram, is the conveyance so worded that nothing can possibly descend to this scoundrel? I wou'd not so much as have him have the prospect of an estate; though there were

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were no way to come to it, but by the North-East passage.

Buckr. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions ; there is not the least cranny of the law unstopt.

Ben. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak unstopt in your conscience——If so be that one had a pump to your bosom, I believe we shou'd discover a foul hold. They say a witch will sail in a sieve——But I believe the devil wou'd not venture aboard of your conscience. And that's for you.

Sir Samp. Hold your tongue, sirrah. How now, who's here ?

Enter Tattle and Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. Frail. O sister, the most unlucky accident.

Mrs. Fore. What's the matter ?

Tat. O, the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are.

Fore. Bless us ! how so ?

Mrs. Frail. Ah ! Mr. Tattle and I, poor Mr. Tattle and I are—I can't speak it out.

Tat. Nor I —— But poor Mrs. Frail and I are——

Mrs. Frail. Married.

Mrs. Fore. Married ! how ?

Tat. Suddenly——before we knew where we were—— That villain Jeremy, by the help of disguises, trickt us into one another.

Fore. Why you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married.

Ang. But I believe Mr. Tattle meant the favour to me, I thank him.

Tat. I did, as I hope to be saved, Madam ; my intentions were good——but this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore——the devil take me, if ever I was so much concerned at any thing in my life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tat. The least in the world——that is for my part, I speak for myself. Gad, I never had the least thought of serious kindness——I never liked any body less in my life. Poor woman ! gad, I'm sorry for her too ; for I have no reason to hate her neither ; but I believe I shall lead her a damn'd sort of a life.

Mrs.

92 LOVE FOR LOVE.

Mrs. Fore. He's better than no husband at all——tho' he's a coxcomb. [To Frail.]

Mrs. Frail. [To her.] Ay, ay, it's well it's no worse—nay, for my part I always despised Mr. Tattle of all things; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less.

Tat. Look you there, I thought as much——pox on't, I wish we cou'd keep it secret, why I don't believe any of this company wou'd speak of it.

Ben. Hark'ee, friend, if you suspect me, I'll leave the room.

Mrs. Frail. But, my dear, that's impossible; the parson and that rogue Jeremy will publish it.

Tat. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. O, you'll agree very well in a little time; custom will make it easy to you.

Tat. Easy! pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to-night.

Sir Samp. Sleep, quotha: no, why you would not sleep o' your wedding night? I'm an older fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why there's another match now, as tho' a couple of privateers were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young man with all my heart. Look you, friend, if I may advise you, when she's going, for that you must expect, I have experience of her; when she's going, let her go; for no matrimony is tough enough to hold her; and if she can't drag her anchor along with her, she'll break her cable, I can tell you that. Who's here? the madman!

Enter Valentine and Scandal.

Val. No; here's the fool; and if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir Samp. How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir Samp. What, have you found your senses at last then? in goodtime, Sir.

Val. You were abused, Sir, I never was distracted.

Fore. How! not mad! Mr. Scandal.

Scan. No really, Sir; I'm his witness, it was all counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had reasons——but it was a poor contrivance; the effect has shewn it such.

Sir Samp. Contrivance, what to cheat me? to cheat your father! *Sarah*, could you hope to prosper?

Val. Indeed, I thought, Sir, when the father endeavoured to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature.

Sir Samp. Very good, Sir—Mr. Buckram, are you ready?—come, Sir; will you sign and seal?

Val. If you please, Sir; but first I would ask this lady one question.

Sir Samp. Sir, you must ask me leave first; that lady? No, Sir; you shall ask that lady no questions, 'till you have asked her blessing, Sir; that lady is to be my wife.

Val. I have heard as much, Sir; but I wou'd have it from her own mouth.

Sir Samp. That's as much as to say, I lie, Sir, and you don't believe what I say.

Val. Pardon me, Sir, but I reflect that I very lately counterfeited madness; I don't know but the frolick may go round.

Sir Samp. Come, chuck, satisfy him, answer him;—come, come, Mr. Buckram, the pen and ink.

Buckr. Here it is, Sir, with the deed, all is ready.

[*Valentine goes to Angelica.*]

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love to me; nay, what if you were sincere? Still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person, than yours.

Sir Samp. Are you answer'd now, Sir?

Val. Yes, Sir.

Sir Samp. Where's your plot, Sir, and your contrivance now, Sir? Will you sign, Sir? Come, will you sign and seal?

Val. With all my heart, Sir.

Scan. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed, to ruin yourself?

Val. I have been disappointed of my only hope; and he that loses hope may part with any thing. I never valued fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure; and my only pleasure was to please this lady: I have made many vain attempts, and find at last that nothing but my ruin can effect it; which, for that reason, I will sign to—Give me the paper.

Ang. Generous Valentine.

[*Aside.*
Buckr.]

Buckr. Here is the deed, Sir.

Val. But where is the bond, by which I am obliged to sign this?

Buckr. Sir Sampson, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I wou'd every thing that is an enemy to Valentine. [*Tears the paper.*]

Sir Samp. How now!

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the world to give you, it cou'd not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion: here's my hand, my heart was always yours, and struggled very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue.

[*To Valentine.*]

Val. Between pleasure and amazement, I am lost—But on my knees I take the blessing.

Sir Samp. Oons, what's the meaning of this?

Ben. Mefs here's the wind changed again. Father, you and I may make a voyage together now.

Ang. Well, Sir Sampson, since I have played you a trick, I'll advise you how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always loved your son, and hated your unforgiving nature. 'I was resolved to try him to the utmost; 'I have tried you too, and know you both. You have 'not more faults than he has virtues;' and it is hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

Val. 'If my happiness cou'd receive addition, this kind 'surprize wou'd make it double.'

Sir Samp. Oon's, you're a crocodile.

Fore. Really, Sir Sampson, this is a sudden eclipse.

Sir. Samp. You're an illiterate old fool, and I'm another, *the stars are liars, and if I had breath, I'd curse them and you, myself and all the world: zounds, to be thus cull'd, woman bob'd, I ban't patience.*

Tat. If the gentleman is in disorder for want of a wife, I can spare him mine.

Sir Samp. Confound you and your wife together! [*Exit.*]

Tat. Oh, are you there, Sir? I'm indebted to you for my happiness. [*To Jeremy.*]

Jer. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons, 'twas an ar-rant mistake—You see, Sir, my master was never mad, nor any thing like it—Then how could it be otherwise?

Val.

Val. Tattle, - I thank you, you would have interposed between me and heaven ; but providence laid purgatory in your way — You have but justice.

Scan. I hear the fiddles that Sir Sampson provided for his own wedding ; methinks it is a pity they should not be employed, when the match is so much mended. *Val.*, though it be morning we may have a dance.

Val. Any thing, my friend, every thing that looks like joy and transport.

Scan. Call them, Jeremy.

Ang. I have done dissembling now, Valentine ; and if that coldness, which I have always worn before you, should turn to an extreme fondness, you must not suspect it.

Val. I'll prevent that suspicion — for I intend to love to that immoderate degree, that your fondness shall never distinguish itself enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

Ang. Have a care of promises : you know you are apt to run more in debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my body as your prisoner, and make your best on't.

Scan. The musick stays for you. [Dance.

Scan. Well, Madam, you have done exemplary justice, in punishing an inhuman father, and rewarding a faithful lover : but there is a third good work, which I, in particular, must thank you for ; I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me — For now I am convinced that all women are not like fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want them.

Ang. 'Tis an unreasonable accusation, that you lay upon our sex : you tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. ' You would all have the reward of love ; but few have the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. Men are generally hypocrites and infidels ; they pretend to worship, but have neither zeal nor faith :' how few, like Valentine, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy ! In admiring me, you misplace the novelty.

The miracle to-day is, that we find

A lover true : not that a woman's kind.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken at the Opening of the New House.

By Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

SURE providence at first design'd this place
 To be the player's refuge in distress;
 For still in every storm, they all run hither,
 As to a shed, that shields them from the weather.
 But thinking of this change which last befel us,
 It's like what I have heard our poets tell us:
 For when behind our scenes, their suits are pleading,
 To help their love, sometimes they show their reading;
 And wanting ready cash to pay for hearts,
 They top their learning on us, and their parts.
 Once of philosophers they told us stories,
 Whom, as I think, they call'd—Py—Pythagorics,
 I'm sure 'tis some such Latin name they give 'em,
 And we, who know no better, must believe 'em.
 Now to these men (say they) such souls were giv'n,
 That after death ne'er went to hell, nor heav'n,
 But liv'd, I know not how, in beasts; and then
 When many years were past, in men again.
 Metbinks, we play'rs resemble such a soul,
 That does from bodies, we from houses stroll,
 Thus Aristotle's soul, of old that was,
 May now be damn'd to animate an ass;
 Or in this very house, for ought we know,
 It doing painful penance in some beau:
 And thus, our audience, which did once resort
 To shining theatres to see our sport,
 Now find us toss'd into a Tennis-Court,
 These walls but t'other day were fill'd with noise
 Of roaring gamesters, and your dammee boys;
 Then bounding balls and rackets they encompass,
 And now they're fill'd with jests and flights, and bombast!
 I vow, I don't much like this transmigration,
 Strolling from place to place, by circulation,
 Grant, heav'n, we don't return to our first station.
 I know not what these think, but for my part,
 I can't reflect without an aking heart,
 How we shou'd end in our original, a cart.
 But we can't fear, since you're so good to save us,
 That you have only set us up, to leave us.
 Thus from the past, we hope for future grace,
 I beg it——
 And some here know I have a begging face.
 Then pray continue this your kind behaviour,
 For a clear stage won't do, without your favours



Adams del.

Published for Bell's British Theatre Jan^y 1776.

Thornthwaite Sculp.

M'DODD in the Character of LORD FOPPINGTON.
"Why two hours, and Six of the best Nags in
"Christendom, or the Devil drive me."

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MDCCLXXVII.



M. DODD in the Character of LORD FOPPINGTON.
"Why two hours, and Six of the best Nags in
"Christendom, or the Devil drive me."

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
CARELESS HUSBAND;

A COMEDY,

As written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

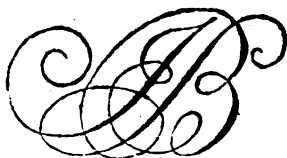
By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Yet none Sir Fopling, Him or Him can call :
He's Knight o'tb' Shire, and represents you all.*

PROL. to Sir FOPLING.

Qui capit, ille facit.



L O N D O N ;

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the Strand
and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

MDCCCLXXVII.

[illegible]

1. *Chrysomelids* (1000 spp.)

1. The first group of people who are likely to be affected by the proposed project are the local residents who live in the vicinity of the project site. These residents may be affected by the project in a number of ways, including increased traffic, noise, and air pollution. It is important to identify these potential impacts and develop measures to mitigate them.

[illegible]

Journal of Management Studies, 19(1), 67-80.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 277: 1033-1038, 1997.

60

• 1971-1972

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To the most Illustrious

J O H N

D U K E of A R G Y L L.

THIS play, at last, through many difficulties, has made way to throw itself at your Grace's feet : and considering what well-meant attempts were made to intercept it in its course to so great an honour, I have had reason not to think it intirely successful, till (where my ambition always designed it) I found it safe in your protection : which when several means had failed of making it less worthy of, the spleen ended with the old good-nature that was offered to my first play, viz. that it was none of my own : but that's a praise I have indeed some reason to be proud of, since your Grace, from evincing circumstances, is able to divide the malice from the compliment.

The best critics have long and justly complained, that the coarseness of most characters in our late comedies, have been unfit entertainments for people of quality, especially the ladies : and therefore I was long in hopes that some able pen (whose expectations did not hang upon the profits of success) would generously attempt to reform the town into a better taste than the world generally allows them : but nothing of that kind having lately appeared, that would give me an opportunity of being wise at another's expence, I found it impossible any longer to resist the secret temptation of my vanity, and so even struck the first blow myself : and the event has now convinced me, that whoever sticks closely to nature, can't easily write above the understanding of the galleries, though at the same time he may possibly deserve applause of the boxes.

This play, before its trial on the stage, was examined by several people of quality, that came into your Grace's opi-

nion of its being a just, a proper and diverting attempt in comedy; but few of them carried the compliment beyond their private approbation: for when I was wishing for a little farther hope, they stopp'd short of your Grace's penetration, and only kindly wished me what they seemed to fear, and you assured me of, a general success.

But your Grace has been pleased, not only to encourage me with your judgment; but have likewise, by your favourable influence in the bounties that were raised for me the third and sixth day, defended me against any hazards of an entire disappointment from so bold an undertaking: and therefore, whatever the world may think of me, as one they call a poet, yet I am confident, as your Grace understands me, I shall not want your belief, when I assure you, that this dedication is the result of a profound acknowledgment, an artless inclination, proudly glad and grateful.

And if the dialogue of the following scenes flows with more easy turn of thought and spirit, than what I have usually produced; I shall not yet blame some people for saying 'tis not my own, unless they knew at the same time I owe most of it to the many stolen observations I have made from your Grace's manner of conversing.

And if ever the influence of your Grace's more shining qualities should persuade me to attempt a tragedy, I shall then, with the same freedom, borrow all the ornamental virtues of my hero, where now I only am indebted for part of the fine gentleman. Greatness of birth and mind, sweetness of temper, flowing from the fixt and native principles of courage and of honour, are beauties that I reserve for a farther opportunity of expressing the zeal and gratitude of,

My Lord,

Dec. 15. Your Grace's most obedient,
1704.

Most obliged and humble servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

OF all the various vices of the age,
 And shoals of fools expos'd upon the stage,
 How few are left that call for satire's rage!
 What can you think to see our plays so full
 Of madmen, coxcombs, and the driveling fool?
 Of cits, of sharpers, rakes, and roaring bullies,
 Of cheats, of cuckolds, aldermen and cullies?
 Wou'd not one swear, 'twere taken for a rule,
 That satire's rod in the dramatick school,
 Was only meant for the incorrigible fool?
 As if too vice and folly were confin'd
 To the vile scum alone of human kind,
 Creatures a muse shou'd scorn; such abject trash
 Deserves not satire's, but the hangman's lash.
 Wretches so far shut out from sense of shame,
 Newgate or Bedlam only shou'd reclaim;
 For satire ne'er was meant to make wild monsters tame.
 No, Sirs.

We rather think the persons fit for plays,
 Are they whose birth and education says
 They've every help that should improve mankind,
 Yet still live slaves to a vile tainted mind;
 Such as in wit are often seen t'abound,
 And yet have some weak part, where folly's found:
 For follies sprout like weeds, highest in fruitful ground.
 And 'tis observ'd, the garden of the mind
 To no infestive weed's so much inclin'd,
 As the rank pride that some from affectation find.
 A folly too well known to make its court
 With most success among the better sort.
 Such are the persons we to-day provide,
 And nature's fools for once are laid aside.
 This is the ground on which our play we build;
 But in the structure must to judgment yield:
 And where the poet fails in art, or care,
 We beg your wonted mercy to the player.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
Lord <i>Morelove</i> ,	Mr. Jefferson.	Mr. Mattocks.
Lord <i>Foppington</i> ,	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Woodward.
Sir <i>Charles Easy</i> ,	Mr. Reddish.	Mr. Ross.

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Betty Modish</i> ,	Mrs. Abington.	Miss Macklin.
Lady <i>Easy</i> ,	Miss Younge.	Mrs. Ward.
Lady <i>Graveairs</i> ,	Mrs. Reddish.	Mrs. Vincent.
Mrs. <i>Edging</i> , Wo-		
man to Lady		
<i>Easy</i> ,	Miss Pope.	Mrs. Green.

SCENE, *Windser*.

THE

THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

* * * *The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

A C T I.

SCENE, *Sir Charles Easy's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Easy alone.

LADY EASY..

WAS ever woman's spirit, by an injurious husband, broke like mine? A vile, licentious man! must he bring home his follies too? Wrong me with my very servant! O! how tedious a relief is patience! and yet in my condition 'tis the only remedy: for to reproach him with my wrongs, is taking on myself the means of a redress, bidding defiance to his falsehood, and naturally but provokes him to undo me. The uneasy thought of my continual jealousy may teize him to a fixt aversion; and hitherto, though he neglects, I cannot think he hates me. — It must be so: since I want power to please him, he never shall upbraid me with an attempt of making him uneasy—My eyes and tongue shall yet be blind and silent to my wrongs; nor would I have him think my virtue could suspect him, till by some gross, apparent proof of his misdoing, he forces me to see—and to forgive it.

Enter Edging hastily.

Edg. O madam!

L. Easy. What's the matter?

Edg. I have the strangest thing to shew your Ladyship—
—such a discovery—

I

L. Easy.

8 THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

L. Easy. You are resolved to make it without much ceremony, I find. What's the business, pray?

Edg. The business, Madam, I have not patience to tell you; I am out of breath at the very thoughts on't; I shall not be able to speak this half hour.

L. Easy. Not to the purpose, I believe! but methinks you talk impertinently with a great deal of ease.

Edg. Nay, Madam, perhaps not so impertinent as your Ladyship thinks; there is that will speak to the purpose, I am sure—A base man— [*Gives a Letter.*]

L. Easy. What is this? An open letter! Whence comes it?

Edg. Nay, read it, Madam, you will soon guess—If these are the tricks of husbands, keep me a maid still, say I.

L. Easy. [*Looking on the superscription*] To Sir Charles Easy! Ha! Too well I know this hateful hand.—O my heart; but I must veil my jealousy, which 'tis not fit this creature should suppose I am acquainted with. [*Aside.*] This direction is to your master, how came you by it?

Edg. Why, Madam, as my master was lying down, after he came in from hunting, he sent me into his dressing-room to fetch his snuff-box out of his waistcoat-pocket, and so as I was searching for the box, madam, there I found this wicked letter from a mistress; which I had no sooner read, but, I declare it, my very blood rose at him again; methought I could have torn him and her to pieces.

L. Easy. Intolerable! This odious thing's jealous of him herself, and wants me to join with her in a revenge upon him—Sure I am fallen, indeed! But 'twere to make me lower yet, to let her think I understand her. [*Aside.*]

Edg. Nay, pray, Madam, read it, you will be out of patience at it.

L. Easy. You are bold, mistress; has my indulgence, or your master's good humour, flattered you into the assurance of reading his letters? a liberty I never gave myself—Here—lay it where you had it immediately—should he know of your sauciness, 'twould not be my favour could protect you. [*Exit L. Easy.*]

Edg. Your favour! marry come up! Sure I don't depend upon your favour!—It's not come to that, I hope.
—Poor

THE CARELESS HUSBAND. 9

—Poor creature—don't you think I am my master's mistress for nothing—You shall find, Madam, I won't be snapt up as I have been—Not but it vexes me to think she should not be as uneasy as I. I am sure he is a base man to me, and I could cry my eyes out that she should not think him as bad to her every jot. If I am wronged, sure she may very well expect it, that is but his wife—A conceited thing—she need not be so easy, neither—I am as handsome as she, I hope—Here's my master—I'll try whether I am to be huff'd by her or no. [*Walks behind.*]

Enter Sir Charles Easy.

Sir Cha. So ! The day is come again !—Life but rises to another stage, and the same dull journey is before us.—How like children do we judge of happiness ! When I was stinted in my fortune, almost every thing was a pleasure to me, because most things then being out of my reach, I had always the pleasure of hoping for them ; now fortune's in my hand, she is as insipid as an old acquaintance—It is mighty silly faith,—Just the same thing by my wife, too ; I am told she is extremely handsome—nay, and have heard a great many people say she is certainly the best woman in the world—Why, I don't know but she may, yet I could never find that her person or good qualities gave me any concern—In my eye the woman has no more charms than my mother.

Edg. Hum !—he takes no notice of me yet—I'll let him see, I can take as little notice of him. [*She walks by him gravely, he turns her about and holds her, she struggles.*] Pray, Sir !

Sir Cha. A pretty pert air, that---I'll humour it---What's the matter, child ? Are not you well ? Kiss me, huffy.

Edg. No, the deuce fetch me if I do.

Sir Cha. Has any thing put thee out of humour, love ?

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis not worth my being out of humour at---tho' if ever you have any thing to say to me again, I'll be burned.

Sir Cha. Somebody has belied me to thee.

Edg. No, Sir, 'tis you have belied yourself to me---Did not I ask you when you first made a fool of me, if you would be always constant to me ; and did not you say,
I might

10 THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

I might be sure you would ? And here, instead of that, you are going on in your old intrigue with my Lady Graveairs.---

Sir Cha. So ———

Edg. Beside, don't you suffer my lady to huff me every day as if I were her dog, or had no more concern with you---I declare I won't bear it, and she shan't think to huff me---for aught I know I am as agreeable as she : and tho' she dares not take any notice of your baseness to her, you shan't think to use me so---and so pray take your nasty letter---I know the hand well enough---for my part I won't stay in the family to be abused at this rate : I that have refused lords and dukes for your sake ; I'd have you to know, Sir, I have had as many blue and green ribbons after me, for aught I know, as would have made me a falbala apron.

Sir Cha. My Lady Graveairs ! my nasty letter ! and I won't stay in the family ! Death !---I'm in a pretty condition !---What an unlimited privilege has this jade got from being a whore ?

Edg. I suppose, Sir, you think to use every body as you do your wife.

Sir Cha. My wife, hah ! Come hither, Mrs. Edging ; hark you, drab. *[Seizing her by the shoulder.]*

Edg. Oh !

Sir Cha. When you speak of my wife, you are to say your Lady, and you are never to speak of your lady to me in any regard of her being my wife---for look you, child, you are not her strumpet, but mine, therefore I only give you leave to be saucy with me.---In the next place, you are never to suppose there is any such person as my Lady Graveairs ; and lastly, my pretty one, how came you by this letter ?

Edg. It's no matter, perhaps.

Sir Cha. Aye, but if you should not tell me quickly, how are you sure I won't take a great piece of flesh out of your shoulder ?---My dear. *[Shakes her.]*

Edg. O lud ! O lud ! I will tell you, Sir.

Sir Cha. Quickly then ———

Edg. Oh ! I took it out of your pocket, Sir.

Sir Cha. When ?

Edg.

THE CARELESS HUSBAND. 11

Edg. Oh ! this morning, when you sent me for your snuff-box.

Sir Cha. And your Ladyship's pretty curiosity has looked it over, I presume---ha--- [Again.

Edg. O lud ! dear Sir, don't be angry---indeed I'll never touch one again.

Sir Cha. I don't believe you will, and I'll tell you how you shall be sure you never will.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Cha. By stedfastly believing that the next time you offer it, you will have your pretty white neck twisted behind you.

Edg. Yes, Sir.

[Curt'fying.

Sir Cha. And you will be sure to remember every thing I have said to you ?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Cha. And now, child, I was not angry with your person, but your follies ; which, since I find you are a little sensible of---don't be wholly discouraged---for I believe I--- I shall have occasion for you again---

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Sir Cha. In the mean time let me hear no more of your lady, child.

Edg. No, Sir.

Sir Cha. Here she comes : begone.

Edg. Yes, Sir---Oh ! I was never so frightened in my life. [Exit.

Sir Cha. So ! good discipline makes good soldiers---It often puzzles me to think, from my own carelessness, and my wife's continual good humour, whether she really knows any thing of the strength of my forces---I'll fust her a little.

Enter Lady Easy.

My dear, how do you do ? You are dressed very early to-day : are you going out ?

L. Easy. Only to church, my dear.

Sir Cha. Is it so late then ?

L. Easy. The bell has just rung.

Sir Cha. Well, child, how does Windsor air agree with you ? Do you find yourself any better yet ? or have you a mind to go to London again ?

L. Easy.

12 THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

L. Easy. No, indeed, my dear; the air is so very pleasant, that if it were a place of less company, I could be content to end my days here.

Sir Cha. Pr'ythee, my dear, what sort of company would most please you?

L. Easy. When business would permit it, yours; and in your absence a sincere friend, that were truly happy in an honest husband, to sit a cheerful hour, and talk in mutual praise of our condition.

Sir Cha. Are you then really very happy, my dear?

L. Easy. Why should you question it? [*Smiling on him.*]

Sir Cha. Because I fancy I am not so good to you as I should be.

L. Easy. Pshaw.

Sir Cha. Nay, the deuce take me if I don't really confess myself so bad, that I have often wondered how any woman of your sense, rank, and person, could think it worth her while to have so many useless good qualities.

L. Easy. Fie, my dear.

Sir Cha. By my soul, I am serious.

L. Easy. I cannot boast of my good qualities, nor if I could, do I believe you think them useless.

Sir Cha. Nay, I submit to you---Don't you find them so? Do you perceive that I am one tittle the better husband for your being so good a wife?

L. Easy. Pshaw! you jest with me.

Sir Cha. Upon my life I don't---Tell me truly, was you never jealous of me?

L. Easy. Did I ever give you any sign of it?

Sir Cha. Um---that's true---but do you really think I never gave you occasion?

L. Easy. That's an odd question---but suppose you had?

Sir Cha. Why then, what good has your virtue done you, since all the good qualities of it could not keep me to yourself?

L. Easy. What occasion have you given me to suppose I have not kept you to myself?

Sir Cha. I given you occasion---Fie! my dear---you may be sure---I---look you, that is not the thing, but still a---(death what a blunder have I made)---a---still, I say, Madam, you shan't make me believe you have never been

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been jealous of me; not that you ever had any real cause, but I know women of your principles have more pride than those that have no principles at all; and where there is pride, there must be some jealousy—so that if you are jealous, my dear, you know you wrong me, and—

L. Easy. Why then, upon my word, my dear, I don't know that ever I wronged you that way in my life.

Sir Cha. But suppose I had given a real cause to be jealous, how would you do then?

L. Easy. It must be a very substantial one that makes me jealous.

Sir Cha. Say it were a substantial one; suppose now I were well with a woman of your own acquaintance, that, under pretence of frequent visits to you, should only come to carry on an affair with me—suppose now my Lady Grævairs and I were great?

L. Easy. Would I could not suppose it. *[Aside.]*

Sir Cha. If I come off here I believe I am pretty safe. *[Aside.]*—Suppose, I say, my Lady and I were so very familiar, that not only yourself, but half the town should see it?

L. Easy. Then I should cry myself sick in some dark closet, and forget my tears when you spoke kindly to me.

Sir Cha. The most convenient piece of virtue sure that ever wife was mistress of. *[Aside.]*

L. Easy. But pray, my dear, did you ever think that I had any ill thoughts of my Lady Grævairs?

Sir Cha. O fie! child; only you know she and I used to be a little free sometimes, so I had a mind to see if you thought there was any harm in it; but since I find you very easy, I think myself obliged to tell you, that upon my soul, my dear, I have so little regard to her person, that the deuce take me, if I would not as soon have an affair with thy woman.

L. Easy. Indeed, my dear, I should as soon suspect you with one as t'other.

Sir Cha. Poor dear—shouldst thou—give me a kiss.

L. Easy. Pshaw! you don't care to kiss me.

Sir Cha. By my soul, I do——I wish I may die, if I don't think you a very fine woman.

L. Easy. I only wish you would think me a good wife.

B

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wife. [*Kisses her.*] But pray, my dear, what has made you so strangely inquisitive?

Sir Cha. Inquisitive—Why—a—I don't know, one is always saying one foolish thing or another—Toll le roll. [*Sings and talks.*] My dear, what! are we never to have any ball here! Toll le roll. I fancy I could recover my dancing again, if I would but practise. Toll loll loll!

L. Easy. This excess of carelessness to me excuses half his vices. If I can make him once think seriously—Time yet may be my friend.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord Morelove gives his service—

Sir Cha. Lord Morelove? where is he?

Serv. At the Chocolate-house; he called me to him as I went by, and bid me tell your honour he'll wait upon you presently.

L. Easy. I thought you had not expected him here again this season, my dear.

Sir Cha. I thought so too, but you see there's no depending upon the resolution of a man that's in love.

L. Easy. Is there a chair?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit Servant.*]

L. Easy. I suppose Lady Betty Modish has drawn him hither.

Sir Cha. Aye, poor soul, for all his bravery, I am afraid so.

L. Easy. Well, my dear, I han't time to ask my Lord how he does now; you'll excuse me to him, but I hope you'll make him dine with us.

Sir Cha. I'll ask him. If you see Lady Betty at prayers, make her dine too, but don't take any notice of my Lord's being in town.

L. Easy. Very well! if I should not meet her there, I'll call at her lodgings.

Sir Cha. Do so.

L. Easy. My dear, your servant. [*Exit L. Easy.*]

Sir Cha. My dear, I'm yours.—— Well! one way or other this woman will certainly bring about her business with me at last; for though she cannot make me happy in her own person, she lets me be so intolerably easy with the women that can, that she has at least brought me into a fair way of being as weary of them too.

2

Enter

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Enter Servant and Lord Morelove.

Serv. Sir, my Lord's come.

L. Mor. Dear Charles!

Sir Cha. My dear Lord! this is an happiness undreamt of; I little thought to have seen you at Windsor again this season! I concluded, of course, that books and solitude had secured you 'till winter.

L. Mor. Nay, I did not think of coming myself, but I found myself not very well in London, so I thought—a—little hunting, and this air——

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! ha!

L. Mor. What do you laugh at?

Sir Cha. Only because you should not go on with your story: If you did but see how silly a man fumbles for an excuse, when he is a little ashamed of being in love, you would not wonder what I laugh at; ha! ha! ha!

L. Mor. Thou art a very happy fellow——nothing touches thee——always easy——Then you conclude I follow Lady Betty again.

Sir Cha. Yes, faith do I: and, to make you easy, my Lord, I cannot see why a man that can ride fifty miles after a poor stag, should be ashamed of running twenty in chase of a fine woman, that, in all probability, will show him so much the better sport too. *[Embracing.]*

L. Mor. Dear Charles, don't flatter my distemper, I own I still follow her: do you think her charms have power to excuse me to the world?

Sir Cha. Aye! aye! a fine woman's an excuse for any thing, 'and the scandal of our being in jest, is a jest itself; we are all forced to be their fools, before we can be their favourites.

L. Mor. You are willing to give me hope; but I can't believe she has the least degree of inclination for me.

Sir Cha. I don't know that—I am sure her pride likes you, and that's generally your fine ladies darling passion.

L. Mor. Do you suppose if I could grow indifferent, it would touch her?

Sir Cha. Sting her to the heart——Will you take my advice?

L. Mor. I have no relief but that. Had I not thee now and then to talk an hour, my life were insupportable.

Sir Cha. I am sorry for that, my Lord;—but mind what.

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what I say to you—But hold, first let me know the particulars of your late quarrel with her.

L. Mor. Why,—about three weeks ago, when I was last here at Windsor, she had for some days treated me with a little more reserve, and another with more freedom than I found myself easy at.

Sir Cha. Who was that other !

L. Mor. One of my Lord Foppington's gang.—‘ the pert coxcomb that's just come to a small estate and a great periwig.’—he that sings himself among the women—What do you call him—He won't speak to a commoner when a lord is in company—‘ you always see him with a cane dangling at his button, his breast open, no gloves, one eye tucked under his hat, and a tooth-pick’
——Startup, that's his name.

Sir Cha. O ! I have met him in a visit—but pray go on.

L. Mor. So, disputing with her about the conduct of women, I took the liberty to tell her how far I thought she erred in hers ; she told me I was rude, and that she would never believe any man could love a woman that thought her in the wrong in any thing she had a mind to, at least if he dared to tell her so—This provoked me into her whole character, with so much spirit and civil malice, as I have seen her bestow upon a woman of true beauty, when the men first toasted her ; so in the middle of my wisdom, she told me, she desired to be alone, that I would take my odious proud heart along with me, and trouble her no more—I—bowed very low, and as I left the room, vowed I never would, and that my proud heart should never be humbled by the outside of a fine woman—About an hour after, I whipped into my chaise for London, and have never seen her since.

Sir Cha. Very well, and how did you find your proud heart by that time you got to Hounslow ?

L. Mor. I am almost ashamed to tell you—I found her so much in the right, that I cursed my pride for contradicting her at all, and began to think, according to her maxim, that no woman could be in the wrong to a man that she had in her power.

Sir Cha. Ha ! ha ! Well, I'll tell you what you shall do, You can see her without trembling, I hope.

L. Mor.

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L. Mor. Not if she receives me well.

Sir Cha. If she receives you well, you will have no occasion for what I am going to say to you—first you shall dine with her.

L. Mor. How! where! when!

Sir Cha. Here! here! at two o'clock.

L. Mor. Dear Charles!

Sir Cha. My wife is gone to invite her; when you see her first, be neither too humble nor too stubborn; let her see, by the ease in your behaviour, you are still pleased in being near her, while she is upon reasonable terms with you. This will either open the door of an *éclaircissement*, or quite shut it against you—and if she is still resolved to keep you out—

L. Mor. Nay, if she insults me, then, perhaps, I may recover pride enough to rally her by an over-acted submission.

Sir Cha. Why, you improve, my Lord; this is the very thing I was going to propose to you.

L. Mor. Was it, faith! hark you, dare you stand by me?

Sir Cha. Dare I! aye, to my last drop of assurance, against all the insolent airs of the proudest beauty in Christendom.

L. Mor. Nay, then defiance to her—We two—Thou hast inspired me—I find myself as valiant as a flattered coward.

Sir Cha. Courage, my Lord—I'll warrant we beat her.

L. Mor. My blood stirs at the very thought on't: I long to be engaged.

Sir Cha. She will certainly give ground, when she once sees you are thoroughly provoked.

L. Mor. Dear Charles, thou art a friend indeed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Foppington gives his service, and if your Honour's at leisure, he'll wait on you as soon as he is dressed.

L. Mor. Lord Foppington! Is he in town?

Sir Cha. Yes—I heard last night he was come. Give my service to his Lordship, and tell him I should be glad he will do me the honour of his company here at dinner.

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ner. [*Exit Serv.*] We may have occasion for him in our design upon Lady Betty.

L. Mor. What use can we make of him?

Sir Cha. We'll see when he comes; at least there is no danger in him; but I suppose you know he is your rival.

L. Mor. Pshaw! a coxcomb.

Sir Cha. Nay, don't despise him neither—he is able to give you advice; for though he is in love with the same woman, yet to him she has not charms enough to give a minute's pain.

L. Mor. Pr'ythee, what sense has he of love?

Sir Cha. Faith very near as much as a man of sense ought to have; I grant you he knows not how to value a woman truly deserving, but he has a pretty just esteem for most ladies about town.

L. Mor. That he follows, I grant you—for he seldom visits any of extraordinary reputation.

Sir Cha. Have a care, I have seen him at Lady Betty Modish's.

L. Mor. To be laughed at.

Sir Cha. Don't be too confident of that; the women now begin to laugh with him, not at him: for he really sometimes rallies his own humour with so much ease and pleasantry, that a great many women begin to think he has no follies at all, and those he has, have been as much owing to his youth, and a great estate, as want of natural wit: 'tis true, he often is a bubble to his pleasures, but he has always been wisely vain enough to keep himself from being too much the ladies humble servant in love.

L. Mor. There, indeed, I almost envy him.

Sir Cha. The easiness of his opinion upon the sex, will go near to pique you—We must have him.

L. Mor. As you please—but what shall we do with ourselves till dinner?

Sir Cha. What think you of a party at picquet?

L. Mor. O! you are too hard for me.

Sir Cha. Fie! fie! when you play with his Grace?

L. Mor. Upon my honour, he gives me three points.

Sir Cha. Does he? Why then you shall give me but two—Here, fellow, get cards. *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*]

A C T

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A C T II.

The SCENE Lady Betty Modish's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy, meeting.

LADY BETTY.

OH, my dear! I am overjoyed to see you! I am strangely happy to-day; I have just received my new scarf from London, and you are most critically come to give me your opinion of it.

L. *Easy*. Oh, your servant, Madam, I am a very indifferent judge, you know. What, is it with sleeves?

L. *Bet*. Oh, 'tis impossible to tell you what it is!—'Tis all extravagance both in mode and fancy, my dear. I believe there's six thousand yards of edging in it—Then such an enchanting slope from the elbow—something so new, so lively, so noble, so coquette and charming—but you shall see it, my dear—

L. *Easy*. Indeed, I won't, my dear; I am resolved to mortify you for being so wrongfully fond of a trifle.

L. *Bet*. Nay, now, my dear, you are ill-natured.

L. *Easy*. Why, truly, I'm half angry to see a woman of your sense, so warmly concerned in the care of her outside; for when we have taken our best pains about it, 'tis the beauty of the mind alone that gives us lasting virtue.

L. *Bet*. Ah, my dear! my dear! you have been a married woman to a fine purpose indeed, that know so little of the taste of mankind. Take my word, a new fashion upon a fine woman, is often a greater proof of her value; than you are aware of.

L. *Easy*. That I can't comprehend, for you see among the men, nothing's more ridiculous than a new fashion. Those of the first sense are always the last that come into 'em.

L. *Bet*. That is, because the only merit of a man is his sense; but doubtless the greatest value of a woman is her beauty; an homely woman at the head of a fashion, would not be allowed in it by the men, and consequently not followed by the women: so that to be successful in one's fancy, is an evident sign of one's being admired,
and

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and I always take admiration for the best proof of beauty, and beauty certainly is the source of power, as power in all creatures is the height of happiness.

L. Easy. At this rate you would rather be thought beautiful than good.

L. Bet. As I had rather command than obey: the wisest homely woman can't make a man of sense of a fool, but the veriest fool of a beauty shall make an ass of a statesman; so that, in short, I can't see a woman of spirit has any business in this world but to dress—and make the men like her.

L. Easy. Do you suppose this is a principle the men of sense will admire you for?

L. Bet. I do suppose, that when I suffer any man to like my person, he shan't dare to find fault with my principle.

L. Easy. But men of sense are not so easily humbled.

L. Bet. The easiest of any; one has ten thousand times the trouble with a coxcomb.

L. Easy. Nay, that may be; for I have seen you throw away more good humour, in hopes of *tendresse* from my lord Foppington, who loves all women alike, than would have made my lord Morelove perfectly happy, who loves only you.

L. Bet. The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world: their sincerity and good breeding throws them so intirely into one's power, and gives one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to shew that power—'tis impossible not to quench it.

L. Easy. But, methinks, my lord Morelove's manner to you might move any woman to a kinder sense of his merit.

L. Bet. Aye, but would it not be hard, my dear, for a poor weak woman to have a man of his quality and reputation in her power, and not let the world see him there? Would any creature sit new dressed all day in her closet? Could you bear to have a sweet-fancy'd suit, and never shew it at the play, or the drawing-room?

L. Easy. But one would not ride in't, methinks, or harrass it out, when there's no occasion.

L. Bet. Pooh! my lord Morlove's a meer Indian d-mask, one can't wear him out; o'my conscience I must give

give him to my woman at last ; I begin to be known by him : had not I best leave him off, my dear ? for, poor soul, I believe I have a little fretted him of late.

L. Easy. Now 'tis to me amazing, how a man of his spirit can bear to be used like a dog for four or five years together—but nothing's a wonder in love ; yet pray when you found you could not like him at first, why did you ever encourage him ?

L. Bet. Why, what would you have one do ? for my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye, than a shoe ; one must draw them on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

L. Easy. But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, then I'd wear a shoe that pinched me.

L. Bet. Aye, but then a poor wretch tells one, he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle, as a pair of shoes, or an heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

L. Easy. Well ; I confess you are very happily distinguished among most women of fortune, to have a man of my lord Morelove's sense and quality so long and honourably in love with you ; for now-a-days one hardly ever hears of such a thing as a man of quality in love with the woman he would marry. To be in love now, is only to have a design upon a woman, a modish way of declaring war against her virtue, which they generally attack first, by toasting up her vanity.

L. Bet. Aye, but the world knows, that is not the case between my lord and me.

L. Easy. Therefore I think you happy.

L. Bet. Now I don't see it ; I'll swear I'm better pleased to know there are a great many foolish fellows of quality that take occasion to toast me frequently.

L. Easy. I vow I shou'd not thank any gentleman for toasting me, and I have often wondered how a woman of your spirit could bear a great many other freedoms I have seen some men take with you.

L. Bet. As how, my dear ? Come, pr'ythee be free with me, for you must know, I love dearly to hear my faults—Who is't you have observed to be too free with me ?

L. Easy. Why, there's my lord Foppington ; could any

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any woman but you bear to see him with a respectful
stare full in her face, draw up his breath, and cry
—Gad, you're handsome?

L. Bet. My dear, fine fruit will have flies about it;
but, poor things, they do it no harm: for if you observe,
people are generally most apt to choose that the flies have
been busy with, ha! ha! ha!

• *L. Easy.* Thou art a strange giddy creature.

• *L. Bet.* That may be from so much circulation of
thought, my dear.

L. Easy. But my lord Foppington's married, and one
would not fool with him, for his lady's sake; it may make
her uneasy, and——

L. Bet. Poor creature, her pride indeed makes her
carry it off without taking any notice of it to me; tho' I
know she hates me in her heart, and I can't endure ma-
licious people, so I used to dine with her once a week,
purely to give her disorder; if you had but seen when
my lord and I fooled a little, the creature looked so ugly.

L. Easy. But I should not think my reputation safe;
my lord Foppington's a man that talks often of his amours,
but seldom speaks of favours that are refused him.

L. Bet. Pshaw! will any thing a man says make a
woman less agreeable? Will his talking spoil one's com-
plexion, or put one's hair out of order?—and for repu-
tation, look you, my dear, take it for a rule, that as
amongst the lower rank of people, no woman wants beauty
that has fortune; so among people of fortune, no woman
wants virtue that has beauty: but an estate and beauty
joined, are of an unlimited, nay, a power pontifical, make
one not only absolute, but infallible--A fine woman's never
in the wrong, or, if we were, 'tis not the strength of a
poor creature's reason that can unsettle him—Oh, how I
love to hear a wretch curse himself for loving on, or
now and then coming out with a——

Yet for the plague of human race,

This devil has an angel's face.

Lady Easy. At this rate, I don't see you allow repu-
tation to be at all essential to a fine woman.

Lady B. Just as much, as honour to a great man.
• Power is always above scandal. Don't you hear people
• say the king of France owes most of his conquests to
• breaking his word, and would not the confederates
• have

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‘ have a fine time out, if they were only to go to war with reproaches.’ Indeed, my dear, that jewel reputation is a very fanciful business ! one shall not see an homely creature in town, but wears it in her mouth as monstrously as the Indians do bobs at their lips, and it really becomes them just alike.

Lady E. Have a care, my dear, of trusting too far to power alone : for nothing is more ridiculous than the fall of pride ; and woman’s pride at best may be suspected to be more a distrust, than a real contempt of mankind : for when we have said all we can, a deserving husband is certainly our best happiness ; and I don’t question but my lord Morelove’s merit, in a little time, will make you think so too ; for whatever airs you give yourself to the world, I’m sure your heart don’t want good-nature.

Lady B. You are mistaken, I am very ill-natured, tho’ your good humour won’t let you see it.

Lady E. Then to give me a proof on’t, let me see you refuse to go immediately and dine with me, after I have promised Sir Charles to bring you.

Lady B. Pray don’t ask me.

Lady E. Why ?

Lady B. Because, to let you see I hate good-nature, I’ll go without asking, that you mayn’t have the malice to say I did you a favour.

Lady E. Thou art a mad creature. [*Exeunt arm in arm.*]

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles’s lodgings.

Lord Morelove and Sir Charles at Picquet.

Sir Cha. Come, my lord, one single game for the tout, and so have done.

Lord More. No, hang ’em, I have enough of ’em ? ill cards are the dullest company in the world—How much is it ?

Sir Cha. Three parties.

Lord More. Fifteen pounds—very well.

[*While Lord Morelove counts out his money, a servant gives Sir Charles a letter, which he reads to himself.*]

Sir Cha. [*To the servant.*] Give my service, say I have company dines with me, if I have time I’ll call there in the afternoon—ha ! ha ! ha !

[*Exit servant.*]

Lara

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Lord More. What's the matter—there—

[*Paying the money.*]

Sir Cha. The old affair - my lady Graveairs.

Lord Mor. Oh! Pr'ythee how does that go on?

Sir Cha. As agreeably as a Chancery suit: for now it's come to the intolerable plague of my not being able to get rid on't; as you may see— [Giving the letter.]

Lord More. [*reads.*] "Your behaviour since I came to Windsor, has convinced me of your villainy without my being surprized, or angry at it. I desire you would let me see you at my lodgings immediately, where I shall have a better opportunity to convince you, that I never can, or positively will be as I have been. Yours, &c." A very whimsical letter!—Faith, I think she has hard luck with you: if a man were obliged to have a mistress, her person and condition seem to be cut out for the ease of a lover: for she's a young, handsome, wild, well-jointured widow—But what's your quarrel?

Sir Cha. Nothing—she sees the coolness happens to be first on my side, and her business with me now, I suppose, is to convince me, how heartily she's vexed that she was not beforehand with me.

Lord Mor. Her pride, and your indifference, must occasion a pleasant scene, sure; what do you intend to do?

Sir Cha. Treat her with a cold familiar air, till I pique her to forbid me her sight, and then take her at her word.

Lord More. Very gallant and provoking.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lord Foppington— [Exit.]

Sir Cha. Oh—now, my lord, if you have a mind to be let into the mystery of making love without pain—here's one that's a master of the art, and shall declaim to you—

Enter Lord Foppington.

My dear lord Foppington?

Lord Fop. My dear agreeable! *Que je t'embrasse! Pardieu! Il y a cent ans que je ne t'ai vu*—my lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

Lord Mrc. My lord, I kiss your hands—I hope we shall have you here sometime; you seem to have laid in a stock of health to be in at the diversions of the place—You look extremely well.

Lord

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Lord Fop. To see one's friends look so, my Lord, may easily give a *vermeille* to one's complexion.

Sir Cha. Lovers in hope, my Lord, always have a visible brilliant in their eyes and air.

Lord Fop. What dost thou mean, Charles?

Sir Cha. Come, come, confess what really brought you to Windsor, now you have no business there?

Lord Fop. Why two hours, and six of the best nags in Christendom, or the devil drive me.

Lord More. You make haste, my Lord.

Lord Fop. My Lord, I always fly when I pursue—But they are well kept indeed—I love to have creatures go as I bid 'em; you have seen 'em, Charles, but so has all the world; Foppington's long tails are known on every road in England,

Sir Cha. Well, my Lord, but how came they to bring you this road? You don't use to take these irregular jaunts without some design in your head of having more than nothing to do.

Lord Fop. Pshaw! Pox! pr'ythee, Charles, thou knowest I am a fellow *sans consequence*, be where I will.

Sir Cha. Nay, nay, this is too much among friends, my Lord; come, come,—we must have it, your real business here?

Lord Fop. Why then, *entre nous*, there is a certain *fille de jöye* about the court here, that loves winning at cards better than all the fine things I have been able to say to her,—so I have brought an odd thousand bill in my pocket that I design, *tête-à-tête*, to play off with her at picquer, or so; and now the business is out.

Sir Cha. Ah, and a very good business too, my Lord.

Lord Fop. If it be well done, Charles—

Sir Cha. That's as you manage your cards, my Lord.

Lord More. This must be a woman of consequence, by the value you set upon her favours.

Sir Cha. Oh, nothing's above the price of a fine woman.

Lord Fop. Nay, look you, gentlemen, the price may not happen to be altogether so high neither---For I fancy I know enough of the game, to make it an even bet I get her for nothing.

Lord More. How so, my Lord?

C

Lord

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Lord Fop. Because, if she happen to lose a good sum to me, I shall buy her with her own money.

Lord More. That's new, I confess.

Lord Fop. You know, Charles, 'tis not impossible but I may be five hundred pounds deep with her---then bills may fall short, and the devil's in't if I want assurance to ask her to pay some way or other.

Sir Cha. And a man must be a churl indeed, that won't take a lady's personal security; hah! hah! hah!

Lord Fop. Heh! heh! heh! thou art a devil, Charles.

Lord More. Death! how happy is this coxcomb?

[*Aside.*]

Lord Fop. But to tell you the truth, gentlemen, I had another pressing temptation that brought me hither, which was---my wife.

Lord More. That's kind, indeed, my lady has been here this month; she'll be glad to see you.

Lord Fop. That I don't know; for I design this afternoon to send her to London.

Lord More. What! the same day you come, my Lord? that would be cruel.

Lord Fop. Aye, but it will be mighty convenient; for she is positively of no manner of use in my amours.

Lord More. That's your fault, the town thinks her a very deserving woman.

Lord Fop. If she were a woman of the town, perhaps I should think so too; but she happens to be my wife, and when a wife is once given to deserve more than her husband's inclinations can pay, in my mind she has no merit at all.

Lord More. She's extremely well-bred, and of a very prudent conduct.

Lord Fop. Um---aye---the woman's proud enough.

Lord Mor. Add to this, all the world allows her handsome.

Lord Fop. The world's extremely civil, my Lord; and I should take it as a favour done me, if they could find an expedient to unmarry the poor woman from the only man in the world that can't think her handsome.

Lord More. I believe there are a great many in the world that are sorry 'tis not in their power to unmarry her.

Lord

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Lord Fop. I am a great many in the world's very humble servant, and whenever they find 'tis in their power, their high and mighty wisdoms may command me at a quarter of an hour's warning.

Lord More. Pray, my Lord, what did you marry for?

Lord Fop. To pay my debts at play, and disinherit my younger brother.

Lord More. But there are some things due to a wife.

Lord Fop. And there are some debts I don't care to pay—to both which I plead husband, and my Lord.

Lord More. If I should do so, I should expect to have my own coach stop in the street, and to meet my wife with the windows up in a hackney.

Lord Fop. Then would I put in bail, and order a separate maintenance.

Lord More. So pay the double the sum of the debt, and be married for nothing.

Lord Fop. Now I think deferring a dun, and getting rid of one's wife, are two the most agreeable sweets in the liberties of an English subject.

Lord More. If I were married, I would as soon part from my estate as my wife.

Lord Fop. Now I would not, sun-burn me if I would.

Lord Mor. Death! but since you are thus indifferent, my Lord, why would you needs marry a woman of so much merit? Could not you have laid out your spleen upon some ill-natured shrew, that wanted the plague of an ill husband, and have let her alone to some plain, honest man of quality, that would have deserved her.

Lord Fop. Why faith, my Lord, that might have been considered; but I really grew so passionately fond of her fortune, that, curse catch me, I was quite blind to the rest of her good qualities: for to tell you the truth, if it had been possible the old put of a peer could have tossed me in t'other five thousand for 'em, by my consent, she should have relinquished her merit and virtues to any of her younger sisters.

Sir Cha. Aye, aye, my Lord, virtues in a wife are good for nothing but to make her proud, and put the world in mind of her husband's faults.

Lord Fop. Right, Charles: and, strike me blind, but the women of virtue are now grown such ideots in love, they

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they expect of a man, just as they do of a coach horse, that one's appetite, like t'other's flesh, should increase by feeding.

Sir Cha. Right, my Lord, and don't consider, that *toujours chapons bouillis* will never do with an English stomach.

Lord Fop. Ha! ha! ha! To tell you the truth, Charles, I have known so much of that sort of eating, that I now think, for an hearty meal, no wild fowl in Europe is comparable to a joint of Banstead mutton.

Lord More. How do you mean?

Lord Fop. Why that, for my part, I had rather have a plain slice of my wife's woman, than my guts full of e'er an Ortolan duchess in Christendom.

Lord More. But I thought, my Lord, your chief business now at Windsor had been your design upon a woman of quality.

Lord Fop. That's true, my Lord; though I don't think your fine lady the best dish myself, yet a man of quality can't be without such things at his table.

Lord More. Oh, then you only desire the reputation of an affair with her.

Lord Fop. I think the reputation is the most inviting part of an amour with most women of quality.

Lord More. Why so, my Lord?

Lord Fop. Why, who the devil would run through all the degrees of form and ceremony, that lead one up to the last favour, if it were not for the reputation of understanding the nearest way to get over the difficulty?

Lord More. But, my Lord, does not the reputation of your being so general an undertaker frighten the women from engaging with you? For they say, no man can love but one at a time.

Lord Fop. That's just one more than ever I came up to: for, stop my breath, if ever I loved one in my life.

Lord More. How do you get 'em, then?

Lord Fop. Why, sometimes as they get other people: I dress, and let them get me; or, if that won't do, as I got my title, I buy 'em.

Lord More. But how can you, that profess indifference, think it worth your while to come so often up to the price of a woman of quality?

Lord

THE CARELESS HUSBAND. 29

Lord Fop. Because you must know, my Lord, that most of them begin now to come down to reason; I mean those that are to be had, for some die fools: but with the wiser sort, 'tis not, of late, so very expensive; now and then a *partie quarré*, a jaunt or two in a hack to an Indian house, a little China, an odd thing for a gown, or so, and in three days after, you meet her at the convenience of trying it *chez Mademoiselle d'Epingle*.

Sir Cha. Aye, aye, my Lord, and when you are there, you know, what between a little chat, a dish of tea, Mademoiselle's good humour, and a *petit chanson*, or two, the devil's in't if a man can't fool away the time, 'till he sees how it looks upon her by candle-light.

Lord Fop. Heh! heh! well said, Charles, I'gad I fancy thee and I have unlaced many a reputation there — Your great lady is as soon undressed as her woman.

Lord Mor. I could never find it so — the shame or scandal of a repulse always made me afraid of attempting woman of condition.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! I'gad, my Lord, you deserve to be ill used; your modesty's enough to spoil any woman in the world; but my Lord and I understand the sex a little better; we see plainly that women are only cold, as some men are brave, from the modesty or fear of those that attack 'em.

Lord Fop. Right, Charles; — a man should no more give up his heart to a woman, than his sword to a bully; they are both as insolent as the devil after it.

Sir Cha. How do you like that, my Lord?

[*Aside to Lord Morelove.*]

Lord More. Faith, I envy him — But, my Lord, suppose your inclination should stumble upon a woman truly virtuous, would not a severe repulse from such an one, put you strangely out of countenance?

Lord Fop. Not at all, my Lord — for if a man don't mind a box o' the ear in a fair struggle with a fresh country girl, why the deuce should he be concerned at an impertinent frown for an attack upon a woman of quality?

Lord More. Then you have no notion of a lady's cruelty!

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Lord Fop. Ha! ha! let me blood, if I think there's a greater jest in nature. I am ready to crack my guts with laughing, to see a senseless flirt, because the creature happens to have a little pride that she calls virtue about her, give herself all the insolent airs of resentment and disdain to an honest fellow, that all the while does not care three pinches of snuff if she and her virtue were to run with their last favours through the first regiment of guards—Ha! ha! it puts me in mind of an affair of mine, so impertinent——

Lord More. Oh, that's impossible, my Lord—Pray let's hear it.

Lord Fop. Why I happened once to be very well in a certain man of quality's family, and his wife liked me.

Lord More. How do you know she liked you?

Lord Fop. Why from the very moment I told her I liked her, she never durst trust herself at the end of a room with me.

Lord More. That might be her not liking you.

Lord Fop. My Lord—Women of quality don't use to speak the thing plain—but to satisfy you I did not want encouragement; I never came there in my life, but she did immediately smile, and borrow my snuff box.

Lord More. She liked your snuff at least—Well, but how did she use you?

Lord Fop. By all that's infamous she jilted me.

Lord More. How! Jilt you?

Lord Fop. Aye, death's curse, she jilted me.

Lord More. Pray let's hear.

Lord Fop. For when I was pretty well convinced she had a mind to me, I one day made her a hint of an appointment: upon which, with an insolent frown in her face, (that made her look as ugly as the devil) she told me, that if ever I came thither again, her lord should know that she had forbidden me the house before.—Did you ever hear of such a slut?

Sir Cha. Intolerable!

Lord More. But how did her answer agree with you?

Lord Fop. Oh, passionately well! for I stared full in her face, and burst out a laughing; at which she turned upon her heel, and gave a crack with her fan like a coach-whip,

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whip, and bridled out of the room with the air and complexion of an incensed Turkey cock.

[*A servant whispers Sir Charles.*]

Lord More. What did you then?

Lord Pop. I — looked after her, gaped, threw up the sash, and fell a finging out of the window — so that you see, my Lord, while a man is not in love, there's no great affliction in missing one's way to a woman.

Sir Cha. Aye, aye, you talk this very well, my Lord; but now let's see how you dare behave yourself upon action—dinner's served, and the ladies stay for us—There's one within has been too hard for as brisk a man as yourself.

Lord More. I guess who you mean—Have a care, my Lord, she'll prove your courage for you.

Lord Pop. Will she? then she's an undone creature. For let me tell you, gentlemen, courage is the whole mystery of making love, and of more use than conduct is in war; for the bravest fellow in Europe may beat his brains out against the stubborn walls of a town—But

—Women, born to be controll'd,

Stoop to the forward, and the bold.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

[*The SCENE continues.*]

Enter Lord Morelove, and Sir Charles.

LORD MORELOVE.

SO! Did not I bear up bravely?

Sir Cha. Admirably! with the best bred insolence in nature, you insulted like a woman of quality when her country-bred husband's jealous of her in the wrong place.

Lord More. Ha! ha! Did you observe, when I first came into the room, how carelessly she brushed her eyes over me, and when the company saluted me, stood all the while with her face to the window? ha! ha!

Sir Cha. What astonished airs she gave herself, when you asked her, what made her so grave upon her old friends?

Lord

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Lord Mor. And whenever I offered any thing in talk, what affected care she took to direct her observations of it to a third person?

Sir Cha. I observed she did not eat above the rump of a pigeon all dinner time.

Lord Mor. And how she coloured when I told her, her ladyship had lost her stomach?

Sir Cha. If you keep your temper she's undone.

Lord Mor. Provided she sticks to her pride, I believe I may.

Sir Cha. Aye! never fear her; I warrant, in the humour she is in, she would as soon part with her sense of feeling.

Lord Mor. Well, what's to be done next?

Sir Cha. Only observe her motions; for by her behaviour at dinner, I am sure she designs to gall you with my Lord Foppington: if so, you must even stand her fire, and then play my Lady Graveairs upon her, whom I'll immediately pique, and prepare for your purpose.

Lord Mor. I understand you—the properest woman in the world too; for she'll certainly encourage the least offer from me, in hopes of revenging her slights upon you.

Sir Cha. Right; and the very encouragement she gives you, at the same time will give me a pretence to widen the breach of my quarrel with her.

Lord Mor. Besides, Charles, I own I am fond of any attempt that will forward a misunderstanding there, for your lady's sake. A woman so truly good in her nature, ought to have something more from a man, than bare occasions to prove her goodness.

Sir Cha. Why, then, upon honour, my Lord, to give you proof that I am positively the best husband in the world, my wife—never yet found me out.

Lord Mor. That may be by her being the best wife in the world: she, may be, won't find you out.

Sir Cha. Nay, if she won't tell a man of his faults, when she sees them, how the deuce should he mend them? But however, you see I am going to leave them off as fast as I can.

Lord Mor. Being tired of a woman, is, indeed, a pretty tolerable assurance of a man's not designing to fool on with

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with her——Here she comes, and, if I don't mistake, brimful of reproaches——You can't take her in a better time——I'll leave you.

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Your ladyship's most humble servant. Is the company broke up, pray ?

Lady Gra. No, my Lord, they are just talking of basset ; my Lord Foppington has a mind to tally, if your lordship would encourage the table.

Lord Mor. Oh, Madam, with all my heart ! But Sir Charles, I know, is hard to be got to it ; I'll leave your ladyship to prevail with him. [*Exit Lord Morelove.*
[*Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs salute coldly, and trifle some time before they speak.*

Lady Gra. Sir Charles, I sent you a note this morning——

Sir Cha. Yes, Madam ; but there were some passages I did not expect from your ladyship ; you seem to tax me with things that——

Lady Gra. Look you, Sir, 'tis not at all material whether I taxed you with any thing or no ; I don't desire you to clear yourself ; upon my word, you may be very easy as to that matter ; for my part, I am mighty well satisfied things are as they are ; all I have to say to you is, that you need not give yourself the trouble to call at my lodgings this afternoon, if you should have time, as you were pleased to send me word——and so, your servant, Sir, that's all—— [*Going.*

Sir Cha. Hold, Madam.

Lady Gra. Look you, Sir Charles, 'tis not your calling me back that will signify any thing, I can assure you.

Sir Cha. Why this extraordinary haste, Madam ?

Lady Gra. In short, Sir Charles, I have taken a great many things from you of late, that you know I have often told you I would positively bear no longer. But I see things are in vain, and the more people strive to oblige people, the less they are thanked for it : and since there must be an end of one's ridiculousness one time or other, I don't see any time so proper as the present ; and therefore, Sir, I desire you would think of things accordingly. Your servant. [*Going, he holds her.*

Sir Cha. Nay, Madam, let us start fair, however ; you ought

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ought, at least, to stay till I am as ready as your ladyship ;
and then, if we must part,

Adieu, ye silent grots, and shady groves ;
Ye soft amusements of our growing loves ;
Adieu, ye whisper'd sighs, that fann'd the fire,
And all the thrilling joys of young desire.

[*Affectedly.*]

Lady Gra. Oh, mighty well, Sir ! I am very glad we are at last come to a right understanding, the only way I have long wished for ; not but I'd have you to know, I see your design thro' all your painted ease of resignation : I know you'd give your soul to make me uneasy now.

Sir Cha. Oh, fie, Madam ! upon my word I would not make you uneasy, if it were in my power.

Lady Gra. Oh, dear Sir ! you need not take such care, upon my word ; you'll find I can part with you without the least disorder ; I'll try, at least ; and so, once more, and for ever, Sir, your servant : not but you must give me leave to tell you, as my last thought of you too, that I do think——you are a villain. [*Exit hastily.*]

Sir Cha. Oh, your very humble servant, Madam !—
[*Bowing low.*]

What a charming quality is a woman's pride, that is strong enough to refuse a man her favours, when he's weary of them——Ah !

Re-enter Lady Graveairs.

Lady Gra. Look you, Sir Charles ; don't presume upon the easiness of my temper : for to convince you that I am positively in earnest in this matter, I desire you would let me have what letters you have had of mine since you came to Windsor ; and I expect you'll return the rest, as I will yours, as soon as we come to London.

Sir Cha. Upon my faith, Madam, I never keep any ; I always put snuff in them, and so they wear out.

Lady Gra. Sir Charles, I must have them ; for positively I won't stir without them.

Sir Cha. Ha ! then I must be civil, I see. [*Aside.*] Perhaps, Madam, I have no mind to part with them——or you.

Lady Gra. Look you, Sir, all those sort of things are in vain, now there's an end of every thing between us——
If

If you say you won't give them, I must e'en get them as well as I can.

Sir Cha. Ha! that won't do then, I find. [*Aside.*

Lady Gra. Who's there? Mrs. Edging—Your keeping a letter, Sir, won't keep me, I'll assure you.

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did your ladyship call me, Madam?

Lady Gra. Ay, child: pray do me the favour to fetch my cloak out of the dining-room.

Edg. Yes, Madam.

Sir Cha. Oh, then there's hope again. [*Aside.*

Edg. Ha! she looks as if my master had quarrelled with her; I hope she's going away in a huff—the shan't stay for her cloak, I warrant her—This is pure.

[*Aside. Exit smiling.*

Lady Gra. Pray, Sir Charles, before I go, give me leave now, after all, to ask you—why you have used me thus?

Sir Cha. What is it you call usage, Madam?

Lady Gra. Why, then, since you will have it, how comes it you have been so grossly careless and neglectful of me of late? Only tell me seriously, wherein I have deserved this.

Sir Cha. Why, then, seriously, Madam——

Re-enter Edging with a cloak.

We are interrupted——

Edg. Here is your ladyship's cloak, Madam.

Lady Gra. Thank you, Mrs. Edging—Oh, law! pray will you let somebody get me a chair to the door.

Edg. Hump—She might have told me that before, if she had been in such haste to go. [*Aside. Exit.*

Lady Gra. Now, Sir.

Sir Cha. Then, seriously, I say I am of late grown so very lazy in my pleasures, 'that I had rather lose a woman, than go through the plague and trouble of having or keeping her: and, to be free, I have found so much, even in my acquaintance with you, whom I confess to be a mistress in the art of pleasing,' that I am from henceforth resolved to follow no pleasure that arises above the degree of amusement——And that woman that expects I should make her my business; why—like my business, is then in a fair way of being forgot. When
once

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once she comes to reproach me with vows and usage, and stuff—I had as lief hear her talk of bills, bonds, and ejectments: her passion becomes as troublesome as a law-suit, and I would as soon converse with my solicitor. In short, I shall never care sixpence for any woman that won't be obedient.

Lady Gra. I'll swear, Sir, you have a very free way of treating people; I am glad I am so well acquainted with your principles, however——And you would have me obedient?

Sir Cha. Why not? My wife's so; and I think she has as much pretence to be proud as your ladyship.

Lady Gra. Lard! is there no chair to be had, I wonder?

Enter Edging.

Edg. Here's a chair, Madam.

Lady Gra. 'Tis very well, Mrs. Edging: pray will you let somebody get me a glass of fair water?

Edg. Humph—her huff is almost over, I suppose—— I see he's a villain still, [Aside. Exit.

Lady Gra. Well, that was the prettiest fancy about obedience, sure, that ever was. Certainly, a woman of condition must be infinitely happy under the dominion of so generous a lover. 'But how came you to forget 'kicking and whipping all this while? Methinks, you 'should not have left so fashionable an article out of 'your scheme of government.

'*Sir Cha.* Um——No, there is too much trouble in 'that; though I have known them of admirable use in 'reformation of some humourful gentlewomen.'

Lady Gra. But one thing more, and I have done—— Pray, what degree of spirit must the lady have, that is to make herself happy under so much freedom, order, and tranquility?

Sir Cha. Oh, she must at least have as much spirit as your ladyship, or she'd give me no pleasure in breaking it.

Lady Gra. No, that would be troublesome. You had better take one that's broken to your hand: there are such souls to be hired, I believe; things that will rub your temples in an evening, till you fall fast asleep in their laps; creatures, too, that think their wages their reward. I fancy, at last, that will be the best method for
the

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the lazy passion of a married man, that has out-lived his any other sense of gratification.

Sir Cha. Look you, Madam ; I have loved you very well a great while ; now you would have me love you better and longer, which is not in my power to do ; and I don't think there is any plague upon earth, like a dun that comes for more money than one is ever likely to be able to pay.

Lady Gra. A dun ! Do you take me for a dun, Sir ? Do I come a dunning to you ? *[Walks in a beat.*

Sir Cha. Hift ! don't expose yourself—here's company—

Lady Gra. I care not—A dun ! You shall see, Sir, I can revenge an affront, tho' I despise the wretch that offers it—A dun ! Oh, I could die with laughing at the fancy ! *[Exit.*

Sir Cha. So—she's in admirable order—Here comes my Lord ; and, I am afraid, in the very nick of his occasion for her.

Enter Lord Morelove.

Lord Mor. Oh, Charles, undone again ! all is lost and ruined.

Sir Cha. What's the matter now ?

Lord Mor. I have been playing the fool yonder, even to contempt ; my senseless jealousy has confessed a weakness I never shall forgive myself. She has insulted on it to that degree too—I can't bear the thought—Oh, Charles, this devil still is mistress of my heart ! and I could dash my brains to think how grossly too I have let her know it.

Sir Cha. Ah, how it would tickle her if she saw you in this condition ! ha, ha, ha !

Lord Mor. Pr'ythee, don't torture me : think of some present ease, or I shall burst.

Sir Cha. Well, well, let's hear, pray—What has she done to you ? Ha, ha !

Lord Mor. Why, ever since I left you, she has treated me with so much coolness and ill-nature, and that thing of a lord, with 'so much laughing ease, such an acquainted,' such a spiteful familiarity, that, at the last, she saw, and triumphed in my uneasiness.

Sir Cha. Well, and so you left the room in a pet ? Ha !

D

Lord

Lord Mor. Oh, worse, worse still! for at last, with half shame and anger in my looks, I thrust myself between my Lord and her, pressed her by the hand, and in a whisper, trembling, begged her, in pity of herself and me, to shew her good humour only where she knew it was truly valued; at which she broke from me with a cold smile, sat her down by the peer, whispered him, and burst into a loud laughter in my face.

Sir Cha. Ha, ha! then would I have given fifty pounds to have seen your face. Why, what, in the name of common sense, had you to do with humility? Will you never have enough on't? Death! 'twas setting a lighted match to gunpowder, to blow yourself up.

Lord Mor. I see my folly now, Charles. But what shall I do with the remains of life that she has left me?

Sir Cha. Oh, throw it at her feet, by all means! put on your tragedy face, catch fast hold of her petticoat, whip out your handkerchief, and, in point blank verse, desire her, one way or other, to make an end of the business.

[In a whining tone.]

Lord Mor. What a fool dost thou make me!

Sir Cha. I only shew you as you come out of her hands, my Lord.

Lord Mor. How contemptibly have I behaved myself?

Sir Cha. That's according as you bear her behaviour.

Lord Mor. Bear it! no—I thank thee, Charles; thou hast waked me now; and if I bear it—What have you done with my Lady Graveairs?

Sir Cha. Your business, I believe—She's ready for you; she's just gone down stairs, and if you don't make haste after her, I expect her back again, with a knife or a pistol presently.

Lord Mor. I'll go this minute.

Sir Cha. No, stay a little: here comes my Lord; we'll see what we can get out of him, first.

Lord Mor. Methinks, now, I could laugh at her.

Enter Lord Foppington.

Lord Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, Sir Charles, let's have a little of thee—We have been so *chagrin* without thee, that, stop my breath, the ladies are gone half asleep to church for want of thy company.

Sir

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Sir Cha. That's hard, indeed, while your lordship was among them. Is Lady Betty gone too?

Lord Fop. She was just upon the wing; but I caught her by the snuff-box, and she pretends to stay to see if I'll give it her again, or no.

Lord Mor. Death! 'tis that I gave her, and the only present she would ever receive from me—Ask him how he came by it. [*Aside to Sir Charles.*]

Sir Cha. Pr'ythee don't be uneasy—Did she give it you, my Lord?

Lord Fop. Faith, Charles, I can't say she did, or she did not; but we were playing the fool, and I took it—*à la*—Pshaw! I can't tell thee in French neither; but Horace touches it to a nicety—'twas *pignus direptum male pertinaci*.

Lord Mor. So—but I must bear it—If your lordship has a mind to the box, I'll stand by you in keeping of it.

Lord Fop. My Lord, I am passionately obliged to you; but I am afraid I cannot answer your hazarding so much of the lady's favour.

Lord Mor. Not at all, my Lord: 'tis possible I may not have the same regard to her frown that your lordship has.

Lord Fop. That's a bite, I am sure—he'd give a joint of his little finger to be as well with her as I am. [*Aside.*] But here she comes—Charles, stand by me—Must not a man be a vain coxcomb now, to think this creature followed one?

Sir Cha. Nothing so plain, my Lord.

Lord Fop. Flattering devil!

Enter Lady Betty.

Lady Bet. Pshaw, my Lord Foppington! pr'ythee don't play the fool now, but give me my snuff-box—Sir Charles, help me to take it from him.

Sir Cha. You know I hate trouble, Madam.

Lady Bet. Pooh! you'll make me stay till prayers are half over now.

Lord Fop. If you'll promise me not to go to church, I'll give it you.

Lady Bet. I'll promise nothing at all; for positively I will have it.

[*Struggling with him.*]

D. 2.

Lord.

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Lord Fop. Then, comparatively, I won't part with it.
Ha, ha! *[Struggles with her.]*

Lady Bet. Oh, you devil, you have killed my arm!
Oh!—Well, if you'll let me have it, I'll give you a better.

Lord Mor. Oh, Charles! that has a view of distant kindness in it. *[Aside to Sir Charles.]*

Lord Fop. Nay, now I keep it superlatively—I find there's a secret value in it.

Lady Bet. Oh, dismal! Upon my word, I am only ashamed to give it to you. Do you think I would offer such an odious fancied thing to any body I had the least value for?

Sir Cha. Now it comes a little nearer, methinks it does not seem to be any kindness at all. *[Aside to Lord Morelove.]*

Lord Fop. Why, really, Madam, upon second view, it has not extremely the mode of a lady's utensil. Are you sure it never held any thing but snuff?

Lady Bet. Oh, you monster!

Lord Fop. Nay, I only ask, because it seems to me to have very much the air and fancy of Monsieur Smoak-and-fo't's tobacco-box.

Lord Mor. I can bear no more.

Sir Cha. Why, don't, then; I'll step in to the company, and return to your relief immediately. *[Exit.]*

Lord Mor. *[To Lady Bet.]* Come, Madam, will your ladyship give me leave to end the difference? Since the slightness of the thing may let you bestow it without any mark of favour, shall I beg it of your ladyship.

Lady Bet. Oh, my Lord, nobody sooner—I beg you give it my Lord. *[Looking earnestly on Lord Fop. who, smiling, gives it to Lord Mor. and then bows gravely to her.]*

Lord Mor. Only to have the honour of restoring it to your lordship; and if there be any other trifle of mine your lordship has a fancy to, tho' it were a mistress, I don't know any person in the world that has so good a claim to my resignation.

Lord Fop. Oh, my Lord, this generosity will distract me!

Lord Mor. My Lord, I do you but common justice. But from your conversation, I had never known the true value of the sex. You positively understand them the best

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best of any man breathing ; therefore I think every one of common prudence ought to resign to you.

Lord Fop. Then, positively, your lordship is the most obliging person in the world ; for I'm sure your judgment can never like any woman that is not the finest creature in the universe. [*Bowing to Lady Betty.*]

Lord Mor. Oh, your lordship does me too much honour ! I have the worst judgment in the world ; no man has been more deceived in it.

Lord Fop. Then, your lordship, I presume, has been apt to choose in a mask, or by candle-light.

Lord Mor. In a mask, indeed, my Lord, and of all masks the most dangerous.

Lord Fop. Pray, what's that, my Lord !

Lord Mor. A bare face.

Lord Fop. Your lordship will pardon me, if I don't so readily comprehend how a woman's bare face can hide her face.

Lord Mor. It often hides her heart, my Lord ; and therefore I think it sometimes a more dangerous mask than a piece of velvet : that's rather a mark than a disguise of an ill woman. But the mischiefs skulking behind a beautiful form give no warning ; they are always sure, fatal, and innumerable.

Lady Bet. Oh, barbarous aspersions ! My Lord Foppington, have you nothing to say for the poor women ?

Lord Fop. I must confess, Madam, nothing of this nature ever happened in my course of amours. I always judge the beautiful part of a woman to be the most agreeable part of her composition ; and when once a lady does me the honour to toss that into my arms, I think myself obliged, in good nature, not to quarrel about the rest of her equipage.

Lady Bet. Why, ay, my Lord, there's some good humour in that now.

Lord Mor. He's happy in a plain English stomach, Madam ; I could recommend a dish that's perfectly to your lordship's *gout*, where beauty is the only sauce to it.

Lady Bet. So—

Lord Fop. My Lord, when my wine's right, I never care it should be zested.

D. 3.

Lord

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Lord Mor. I know some ladies would thank you for that opinion.

Lady Bet. My Lord Morelove is really grown such a churl to the women, I don't only think he is not, but can't conceive how he ever could be in love.

Lord Mor. Upon my word, Madam, I once thought I was. *[Smiling.]*

Lady Bet. Fie, fie! how could you think so? I fancy now, you had only a mind to domineer over some poor creature, and so you thought you were in love, ha, ha!

Lord Mor. The lady I loved, Madam, grew so unfortunate in her conduct, that at last she brought me to treat her with the same indifference and civility as I now pay your ladyship.

Lady Bet. And, ten to one, just at that time, she never thought you such tolerable company.

Lord Mor. That I can't say, Madam; for at that time she grew so affected, there was no judging of her thoughts at all. *[Mimicking her.]*

Lady Bet. What, and so you left the poor lady. Oh, you inconstant creature!

Lord Mor. No, Madam, to have loved her on had been inconstancy; for she was never two hours together the same woman. *[Lady Bet. and Lord Mor. seem to talk.]*

Lord Fop. *[Aside.]* Ha, ha, ha! I see he has a mind to abuse her; so I'll even give him an opportunity of doing his business with her at once for ever—My Lord, I perceive your lordship is going to be good company to the lady; and for her sake, I don't think it good manners in me to disturb you—

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. My Lord Foppington—

Lord Fop. Oh, Charles! I was just wanting thee—Hark thee—I have three thousand secrets for thee—I have made such discoveries! to tell thee all in one word, Morelove's as jealous of me as the devil, he, he, he!

Sir Cha. Is it possible? Has she given him any occasion?

Lord Fop. Only rallied him to death upon my account; she told me, within, just now, she'd use him like a dog, and begged me to draw off for an opportunity.

Sir

THE CARELESS HUSBAND. 43

Sir Cha. Oh, keep in while the scent lies, and she is your own, my Lord.

Lord Fop. I can't tell that, Charles; but I am sure she is fairly unharboured; and when once I throw off my inclinations, I usually follow them till the game has enough on't: and between thee and I, she is pretty well blown too; she can't stand long, I believe; for, curse catch me, if I have not rid down half a thousand pounds after her already.

Sir Cha. What do you mean?

Lord Fop. I have lost five hundred to her at picquet since dinner.

Sir Cha. You are a fortunate man, faith; you are resolved not to be thrown out, I see.

Lord Fop. Hang it, what should a man come out for, if he does not keep up to the sport?

Sir Cha. Well pushed, my Lord.

Lord Fop. Tayo! have at her——

Sir Cha. Down, down, my Lord—ah! 'ware haunches!

Lord Fop. Ah, Charles! [*Embracing him.*] Pr'ythee, let's observe a little: there's a foolish cur, now I have run her to a stand, has a mind to be at her by himself, and thou shalt see, she won't stir out of her way for him.

[*They stand aside.*]

Lord Mor. Ha, ha! your ladyship is very grave of a sudden; you look as if your lover had insolently recovered his common senses.

Lady Bet. And your lordship is so very gay, and unlike yourself, one would swear you were just come from the pleasure of making your mistress afraid of you.

Lord Mor. No, faith, quite contrary; for, do you know, Madam, I have just found out, that, upon your account, I have made myself one of the most ridiculous puppies upon the face of the earth—I have, upon my faith—nay, and so extravagantly such, ha, ha, ha! that it is at last become a jest even to myself; and I can't help laughing at it for the soul of me, ha, ha, ha!

Lady Bet. I want to cure him of that laugh, now. [*Aside.*] My Lord, since you are so generous, I'll tell you another secret—Do you know, too, that I still find, (spite of all your great wisdom; and my contemptible qualities, as you are pleased, now and then, to call them)

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do you know, I say, that I see, under all this, that you still love me with the same helpless passion: and can your vast foresight imagine I won't use you accordingly, for these extraordinary airs you are pleased to give yourself?

Lord Mor. Oh, by all means, Madam! 'tis fit you should, and I expect it, whenever it is in your power—
Confusion!

Lady Bet. My Lord, you have talked to me this half hour, without confessing pain. [*Pauses, and affects to gape.*]
Only remember it.

Lord Mor. Hell and tortures!

Lady Bet. What did you say, my Lord?

Lord Mor. Fire and furies!

Lady Bet. Ha, ha! he's disordered—Now I am easy—
—My Lord Foppington, have you a mind to your revenge at picquet!

Lord Fop. I have always a mind to an opportunity of entertaining your ladyship, Madam.

[*Lady Betty coquets with Lord Fop.*]

Lord Mor. Oh, Charles! the insolence of this woman might furnish out a thousand devils.

Sir Cha. And your temper is enough to furnish out a thousand such women. Come away; I have business for you upon the terrace.

Lord Mor. Let me but speak one word to her.

Sir Cha. Not a syllable: the tongue's a weapon you'll always have the worst at; for I see you have no guard, and she carries a devilish edge.

Lady Bet. My Lord, don't let any thing I have said frighten you away; for if you have the least inclination to stay and rail, you know the old conditions; 'tis but your asking me pardon the next day, and you may give your passion any liberty you think fit.

Lord Mor. Daggers and death!

Sir Cha. Is the man distracted?

Lord Mor. Let me speak to her now, or I shall burst—

Sir Cha. Upon condition you'll speak no more of her to me, my Lord, do as you please.

Lord Mor. Pr'ythee, pardon me—I know not what to do.

Sir

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Sir Cha. Come along; I'll set you to work, I warrant you—Nay, nay, none of your parting ogles—Will you go?

Lord Mor. Yes—and I hope for ever——

[*Exit Sir Cha. pulling away Lord Mor.*]

Lord Fop. Ha, ha, ha! Did ever mortal monster set up for a lover with such unfortunate qualifications?

Lady Bet. Indeed, my Lord Morelove has something strangely singular in his manner.

Lord Fop. I thought I should have burst to see the creature pretend to rally, and give himself the airs of one of us—But, run me through, Madam, your ladyship pushed like a fencing-master; that last thrust was a *coup de grace*, I believe: I'm afraid his honour will hardly meet your ladyship in haste again.

Lady Bet. Not unless his second, Sir Charles, keeps him better in practice, perhaps—Well, the humour of this creature has done me signal service to-day. I must keep it up, for fear of a second engagement. [*Aside.*]

Lord Fop. Never was poor wit so foiled at his own weapon, sure!

Lady Bet. Wit! had he ever any pretence to it?

Lord Fop. Ha, ha! he has not much in love, I think, tho' he wears the reputation of a very pretty young fellow, among some sort of people; but, strike me stupid, if ever I could discover common sense in all the progress of his amours: he expects a woman should like him for endeavouring to convince her, that she has not one good quality belonging to the whole composition of her soul and body.

Lady Bet. That, I suppose, is only in a modest hope, that she'll mend her faults, to qualify herself for his vast merit, ha, ha!

Lord Fop. Poor Morelove! I see she can't endure him. [*Aside.*]

Lady Bet. Or if one really had all those faults, he does not consider that sincerity in love is as much out of fashion as sweet snuff; nobody takes it now.

Lord Fop. Oh, no mortal, Madam, unless it be here and there a 'squire, that's making his lawful court to the cherry-cheek charms of my Lord Bishop's great fat daughter in the country.

Lady

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Lady Bet. O what a surfeiting couple has he put together — *[Throwing her hand carelessly upon his—]*

Lord Fop. Fond of me, by all that's tender—Poor fool, I'll give thee ease immediately. *[Aside.]*—But, Madam, you were pleased just now to offer me my revenge at piquet—Now here's no body within, and I think we can't make use of a better opportunity.

Lady Bet. O! no: not now, my Lord!—I have a favour I would fain beg of you first.

Lord Fop. But time, Madam, is very precious in this place, and I shall not easily forgive myself if I don't take him by the forelock.

Lady Bet. But I have a great mind to have a little more sport with my Lord Morelove first, and would fain beg your assistance.

Lord Fop. O! with all my heart; and, upon second thoughts, I don't know but piquing a rival in publick may be as good sport, as being well with a mistress in private: for, after all, the pleasure of a fine woman is like that of her virtue, not so much in the thing, as the reputation of having it. *[Aside.]*—Well, Madam, but how can I serve you in this affair?

Lady Bet. Why, methought, as my Lord Morelove went out, he shewed a stern resentment in his look, that seemed to threaten me with rebellion, and downright defiance: now I have a great fancy, that you and I should follow him to the terrace, and laugh at his resolution before he has time to put it in practice.

Lord Fop. And so punish his fault before he commits it! ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bet. Nay, we won't give him time, if his courage should fail, to repent it.

Lord Fop. Ha! ha! ha! let me blood, if I don't long to be at it, ha! ha!

Lady Bet. O! 'twill be such diversion to see him bite his lips, and broil within, only with seeing us ready to split our sides in laughing at nothing! ha! ha!

Lord Fop. Ha! ha! I see the creature does really like me. *[Aside.]* And then, Madam, to hear him hum a broken piece of a tune, in affectation of his not minding us—'twill be so foolish, when we know he loves us to death all the while, ha! ha!

Lady.

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Lady Bet. And if at last his sage mouth should open in surly contradiction of our humour, then will we, in pure opposition to his, immediately fall foul upon every thing that is not gallant and fashionable: constancy shall be the mark of age and ugliness, virtue a jest, we'll rally discretion out of doors, lay gravity at our feet, and only love, free love, disorder, liberty, and pleasure, be our standing principles.

Lord Fop. Madam, you transport me: for if ever I was obliged to nature for any one tolerable qualification, 'twas positively the talent of being exuberantly pleasant upon this subject—I am impatient—my fancy's upon the wing already—let's fly to him.

Lady Bet. No, no; stay till I am just got out; our going together won't be so proper.

Lord Fop. As your Ladyship pleases, Madam—But when this affair is over, you won't forget that I have a certain revenge due.

Lady Bet. Aye! aye! after supper I am for you—Nay you shan't stir a step, my Lord!— [*Seeing her to the door.*]

Lord Fop. Only to tell you, you have fixed me yours to the last existence of my soul's eternal entity.—

Lady Bet. O, your servant. [*Exit.*]

Lord Fop. Ha! ha! stark mad for me, by all that's handsome! Poor Morelove! That a fellow who has ever been abroad, should think a woman of her spirit is to be taken by a regular siege, 'as the confederates do towns,' when 'so many of the French successes might have shewn 'him' the surest way is to whisper the governor.—'How 'can a coxcomb give himself the fatigue of bombarding 'a woman's understanding, when he may with so much 'ease make a friend of her constitution—' I'll see if I can shew him a little French play with Lady Betty—let me see—aye, I'll make an end of it the old way, get her into piquet at her own lodgings—not mind one tittle of my play, give her every game before she's half up, that she may judge of the strength of my inclination by my haste of losing up to her price; then of a sudden, with a familiar leer, cry—rat piquet—sweep counters, cards and money all upon the floor, & *donc—l'affaire est faite.* [*Exit.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE, *the Castle Terrace.**Enter Lady Betty, and Lady Easy.*

LADY EASY.

MY dear, you really talk to me as if I were your lover, and not your friend; or else I am so dull, that by all you've said I can't make the least guess at your real thoughts—Can you be serious for a moment?

Lady Bet. Not easily: but I would do more to oblige you.

Lady E. Then pray deal ingenuously, and tell me without reserve, are you sure you don't love my Lord Morelove?

Lady Bet. Then seriously—I think not—But because I won't be positive, you shall judge by the worst of my symptoms—First, I own I like his conversation, his person has neither fault, nor beauty—well enough—I don't remember I ever secretly wished myself married to him, or—that I ever seriously resolved against it.

Lady E. Well, so far you are tolerably safe:—But come—as to his manner of addressing you, what effect has that had?

Lady Bet. I am not a little pleased to observe few men follow a woman with the same fatigue and spirit that he does me—am more pleased when he lets me use him ill; and if ever I have a favourable thought of him, 'tis when I see he can't bear that usage.

Lady E. Have a care; that last is a dangerous symptom—he pleases your pride, I find.

Lady Bet. Oh! perfectly: in that—I own no mortal ever can come up to him.

Lady E. But now, my dear! now comes the main point—Jealousy! Are you sure you have never been touched with it? Tell me that with a safe conscience, and then I pronounce you clear.

Lady Bet. Nay, then I defy him; for positively I was never jealous in my life.

Lady E. How, Madam! have you never been stirred enough, to think a woman strangely forward for being a little

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little familiar in talk with him? Or, are you sure his gallantry to another never gave you the least disorder? Were you never, upon no accident, in an apprehension of losing him?

Lady Bet. Hah! Why, Madam—Bless me!—wh—wh—why sure you don't call this jealousy, my dear?

Lady E. Nay, nay, that is not the business—Have you ever felt any thing of this nature, Madam?

Lady Bet. Lord! don't be so hasty, my dear—any thing of this nature—O Lud! I swear I don't like it: dear creature, bring me off here; for I am half frightened out of my wits.

Lady E. Nay, if you can rally upon't, your wound is not over deep, I'm afraid.

Lady Bet. Well, that's comfortably said, however.

Lady E. But come to the point—How far have you been jealous?

Lady Bet. Why—O bless me! He gave the music one night to my Lady Languish here upon the terrace: and (tho' she and I were very good friends) I remember I could not speak to her in a week for't—Oh!

Lady E. Nay, now you may laugh if you can: for, take my word, the marks are upon you—But come—what else?

Lady Bet. O nothing else, upon my word, my dear!

Lady E. Well, one word more, and then I give sentence: suppose you were heartily convinced, that he actually followed another woman?

Lady Bet. But, pray, my dear, what occasion is there to suppose any such thing at all?

Lady E. Guilty, upon my honour.

Lady Bet. Pshaw! I defy him to say, that ever I owned any inclination for him.

Lady E. No, but you have given him terrible leave to guess it.

Lady Bet. If ever you see us meet again, you'll have but little reason to think so, I can assure you.

Lady E. That I shall see presently; for here comes Sir Charles, and I'm sure my Lord can't be far off.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Servant, Lady Betty—my dear, how do you do?

E

Lady

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Lady E. At your service, my dear—but pray what have you done with my Lord Morelove ?

Lady Bet. Aye, Sir Charles, pray how does your pupil do ? Have you any hopes of him ? Is he docible ?

Sir Cha. Well, Madam, to confess your triumph over me, as well as him, I own my hopes of him are lost. I offer'd what I cou'd to his instruction, but he is incorrigibly yours, and undone—and the news, I presume, does not displease your Ladyship.

Lady Bet. Fye, fye, Sir Charles, you disparage your friend, I am afraid you don't take pains with him.

Sir Cha. Ha ! I fancy, Lady Betty, your good-nature won't let you sleep a nights : don't you love dearly to hurt people ?

Lady Bet. O ! your servant : then without a jest, the man is so unfortunate in his want of patience, that, let me die, if I don't often pity him.

Sir Cha. Ha ! Strange goodness—O that I were your lover for a month or two.

Lady Bet. What then !

Sir Cha. I wou'd make that pretty heart's blood of yours ake in a fortnight.

Lady Bet. Hugh—I should hate you ; your assurance wou'd make your address intolerable.

Sir Cha. I believe it wou'd, for I'd never address you at all.

Lady Bet. O ! you clown you !

[*Hitting him with her fan.*]

Sir Cha. Why, what to do ? to feed a diseased pride, that's eternally breaking out in the affectation of an ill-nature, that—in my conscience I believe is but affectation.

Lady Bet. You, nor your friend have no great reason to complain of my fondness, I believe. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Sir Cha. [*Looking earnestly on her.*] Thou insolent creature ! How can you make a jest of a man, whose whole life's but one continued torment, from your want of common gratitude ?

Lady Bet. Torment ! so, my part, I really believe him as easy as you are.

Sir

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Sir Cha. Poor intolerable affectation ! You know the contrary, you know him blindly yours, you know your power, and the whole pleasure of your life's the poor and low abuse of it.

Lady Bet. Pray how do I abuse it—if I have any power.

Sir Cha. You drive him to extremes that make him mad, then punish him for acting against his reason ; you've almost turned his brain, ' his common judgment ' fails him, ' he is now, at this very moment, driven by his despair upon a project, in hopes to free him from your power, that I am sensible, and so must any one be that has his sense, of course must ruin him with you, for ever. ' I almost blush to think of it, yet your unreasonable disdain has forced him to it ; ' and should he now suspect I offered but a hint of it to you, and in contempt of his design, I know he'd call my life to answer it : but I have no regard to men in madness, I rather choose for once to trust in your good-nature, in hopes the man, whom your unwary beauty had made miserable, your generosity would scorn to make ridiculous.

Lady Bet. Sir Charles, you charge me very home ; I never had it in my inclination to make any thing ridiculous that did not deserve it. Pray, what is this business you think so extravagant in him ?

Sir Cha. Something so absurdly rash and bold, you'll hardly forgive ev'n me that tell it you.

Lady Bet. O fie ! If it be a fault, Sir Charles, I shall consider it as his, not yours. Pray, what is it ?

Lady E. I long to know, methinks.'

Sir Cha. You may be sure he did not want my dissuasions from it.

Lady Bet. Let's hear it.

Sir Cha. Why this man, whom I have known to love you with such excess of generous desire, whom I have heard in his ecstatic praises on your beauty talk, till from the soft heat of his distilling thoughts the tears have fall'n ———

Lady Bet. O ! Sir Charles—— [Blushing.

Sir Cha. Nay, grudge not, since 'tis past, to hear what was (though you contemned it) once his merit : but now I own that merit ought to be forgotten.

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Lady Bet. Pray, Sir, be plain.

Sir Cha. This man, I say, whose unhappy passion has so ill succeeded with you, at last has forfeited all his hopes (into which, pardon me, I confess my friendship had lately flattered him) his hopes of even deserving now your lowest pity or regard.

Lady Bet. You amaze me — For I can't suppose his utmost malice dares assault my reputation—and what—

Sir Cha. No, but he maliciously presumes the world will do it for him; and indeed he has taken no unlikely means to make them busy with their tongues: for he is this moment upon the open terrace, in the highest public gallantry with my Lady Graveairs. 'And to convince the world and me, he said, he was not that tame lover we fancied him, he'd venture to give her music to-night: nay, I heard him, before my face, speak to one of the hautboys to engage the rest, and desired they would all take their directions only from my Lady Graveairs.'

Lady Bet. My Lady Graveairs! truly I think my Lord's very much in the right on't—for my part, Sir Charles; I don't see any thing in this that's so very ridiculous, nor indeed that ought to make me think either the better or the worse of him for't.

Sir Cha. Pshaw! Pshaw! Madam, you and I know 'tis not in his power to renounce you; this is but the poor disguise of a resenting passion, vainly ruffled to a storm, which the least gentle look from you can reconcile at will, and laugh into a calm again.

Lady Bet. Indeed, Sir Charles, I shan't give myself that trouble, I believe.

Sir Cha. So I told him, Madam: are not all your complaints, said I, already owing to her pride; and can you suppose this public defiance of it (which you know you can't make good too) won't incense her more against you?—That's what I'd have, said he, staring wildly; I care not what becomes of me, so I but live to see her piqued at it.

Lady Bet. Upon my word. I fancy my Lord will find himself mistaken—I shan't be piqued, I believe—I must first have a value for the thing I lose, before it piques me: piqued! ha! ha! ha!

[Disordered.

Sir

THE CARELESS HUSBAND: 53

Sir Cha. Madam, you've said the very thing I urged to him ; I know her temper so well, said I, that though she doated on you, if you once stood out against her, she'd sooner burit than shew the least motion of uneasiness.

Lady Bet. I can assure you, Sir Charles, my Lord won't find himself deceived in your opinion.—piqued ?

Sir Cha. She has it.

[*Aside.*]

' *Lady E.* Alas, poor woman ! how little do our passions make us !'

Lady Bet. Not but I would advise him to have a little regard to my reputation in this business ; I would have him take heed of publicly affronting me.

Sir Cha. Right, Madam, that's what I strictly warned him of ; for, among friends, whenever the world sees him follow another woman, the malicious tea-tables will be very apt to be free with your ladyship.

Lady Bet. I'd have him consider that, methinks.

Sir Cha. But, alas ! Madam, 'tis not in his power to think with reason ; his mad resentment has destroyed even his principles of common honesty : he considers nothing but a senseless proud revenge, which in his fit of lunacy 'tis impossible that either threats or danger can dissuade him from.

Lady Bet. What ! does he defy me, threaten me ! then he shall see, that I have passions too, and know, as well as he, to stir my heart against any pride that dares insult me. Does he suppose I fear him ? Fear the little malice of a slighted passion, that my own scorn has stung into a despised resentment ! Fear him ! O ! it provokes me to think he dare have such a thought !

Lady E. Dear creature, don't disorder yourself so.

Lady Bet. Let me but live to see him once more within my power, and I'll forgive the rest of fortune.

Lady E. ' Well I am certainly very ill-natured ; for though I see this news has disturbed my friend, I can't help being pleased with any hopes of my Lady Graveairs being otherwise disposed of.' [*Aside.*] My dear, I am afraid you have provoked her a little too far.

Sir Cha. Oh ! not at all—You shall see—I'll sweeten her, and she'll cool like a dish of tea..

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Lady Bet. I may see him with his complaining face again—

Sir Cha. I am sorry, Madam, you so wrongly judge of what I've told you; I was in hopes to have stirred your pity, not your anger: I little thought your generosity would punish him for faults, which you yourself resolved he should commit——Yonder he comes, and all the world with him: might I advise you, Madam, you should not resent the thing at all——I would not so much as stay to see him in his fault; nay, I'd be the last that heard of it: nothing can sting him more, or so justly punish his folly as your utter neglect of it.

Lady E. Come, dear creature, be persuaded, and go home with me? Indeed it will shew more indifference to avoid him.

Lady Bet. No, Madam, I'll oblige his vanity for once, and stay to let him see how strangely he has piqued me.

Sir Cha. [*Aside.*] O not at all to speak of; you had as good part with a little of that pride of yours, or I shall yet make it a very troublesome companion to you.

[*Goes from them and whispers Lord Morelove.*]

Enter Lord Foppington; a little after, Lord Morelove, and Lady Graveairs.

Lord Fop. Ladies, your servant—O! we have wanted you beyond reparation—such diversion!

Lady Bet. Well! my Lord! have you seen my Lord Morelove?

Lord Fop. Seen him! ha! ha! ha!—O! I have such things to tell you, Madam—you'll die—

Lady Bet. O pray let's hear them, I was never in a better humour to receive them.

Lord Fop. Hark you. [*They whisper.*]

Lord Mor. So, she's engag'd already. [*To Sir Cha.*]

Sir Cha. So much the better; make but a just advantage of my success, and she's undone.

Lord Fop. } Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bet. }

Sir Cha. You see already what ridiculous pains she is taking to stir your jealousy, and cover her own.

Lord Fop. } Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bet. }

Lord

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Lord Mor. O never fear me; for, upon my word, it now appears ridiculous even to me.

Sir Cha. And, hark you— *[Whispers Lord More.]*

Lady Bet. And so the widow was as full of airs as his lordship?

Sir Cha. Only observe that, and it is impossible you can fail. *[Aside.]*

Lord Mor. Dear Charles, you have convinced me, and I thank you.

Lady Gra. My Lord Morelove! What, do you leave us?

Lord Mor. Ten thousand pardons, Madam, I was but just—

Lady Gra. Nay, nay, no excuses, my Lord, so you will but let us have you again.

Sir Cha. *[Aside to Lady Graveairs.]* I see you have good humour, Madam, when you like your company.

Lady Gra. And you, I see, for all your mighty thirst of dominion, could stoop to be obedient, if one thought it worth one's while to make you so.

Sir Cha. Ha! power would make her an admirable tyrant. *[Aside.]*

Lady E. *[Observing Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs]* So! there's another couple have quarrelled too, I find—Those airs to my Lord Morelove, look as if designed to recover Sir Charles into jealousy: I'll endeavour to join the company, and it may be, that will let me into the secret. *[Aside.]* My Lord Foppington, I vow this is very uncomplaisant, to engross so agreeable a part of the company to yourself.

Sir Cha. Nay, my Lord, this is not fair, indeed, to enter into secrets among friends!—Ladies, what say you? I think we ought to declare against it.

Lady Bet. Well, ladies, I ought only to ask your pardon: my Lord's excusable, for I would haul him into a corner.

Lord Fop. I swear 'tis very hard, ho! I observe, two people of extreme condition can no sooner grow particular, but the multitude of both sexes are immediately up, and think their properties invaded—

Lady Bet. Odious multitude—

Lord Fop. Perish the canaille.

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Lady Gra. O, my Lord, we women have all reason to be jealous of Lady Betty Modish's power.

Lord Mor. [*To Lady Betty.*] As the men, Madam, all have of my Lord Foppington; besides, favourites of great merit discourage those of an inferior class for their prince's service; he has already lost you one of your retinue, Madam.

Lady Bet. Not at all, my Lord; he has only made room for another: one must sometimes make vacancies, or there could be no preferments.

Lady E. Ha! ha! Ladies favours, my Lord, like places at court, are not always held for life, you know.

Lady Bet. No, indeed! if they were, the poor fine women would be always used like their wives, and no more minded than the business of the nation.

Lady E. Have a care, Madam: an undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.

Lord Pop. Ha! ha! Upon my soul, Lady Betty, we must grow more discreet; for positively if we go on at this rate, we shall have the world throw you under the scandal of constancy; and I shall have all the swords of condition at my throat for a monopolist.

Lord Mor. O! there's no great fear of that, my Lord; though the men of sense give it over, there will be always some idle fellows vain enough to believe their merit may succeed as well as your Lordship's.

Lady Bet. Or if they should not, my Lord, cast-lovers, you know, need not fear being long out of employment, while there are so many well-disposed people in the world—There are generally neglected wives, stale maids, or charitable widows, always ready to relieve the necessities of a disappointed passion—and, by the way, hark you, Sir Charles—

Lord Mor. [*Aside.*] So! she's stirr'd, I see; for all her pains to hide it—she would hardly have glanced an affront at a woman she was not piqued at.

Lady Gra. [*Aside.*] That wit was thrown at me, I suppose; but I'll return it.

Lady Bet. [*Softly to Sir Charles.*] Pray, how come you all this while to trust your mistress so easily?

Sir Cha. One is not so apt, Madam, to be alarmed at the liberties of an old acquaintance, as perhaps your Ladyship,

dyship ought to be at the resentment of an hard-used, honourable lover.

Lady Bet. Suppose I were alarmed, how does that make you easy?

Sir Cha. Come, come, be wise at last; my trusting them together, may easily convince you, that, (as I told you before,) I know his addresses to her are only outward, and it will be your fault now, if you let him go on till the world thinks him in earnest; and a thousand busy tongues are set upon malicious inquiries into your reputation.

Lady Bet. Why, Sir Charles, do you suppose, while he behaves himself as he does, that I won't convince him of my indifference?

Sir Cha. But hear me, Madam——

Lady Gra. [*Aside.*] The air of that whisper looks as if the lady had a mind to be making her peace again; and 'tis possible, his worship's being so busy in the matter too, may proceed as much from his jealousy of my Lord with me, as friendship to her; at least I fancy so: therefore I'm resolved to keep her still piqued, and prevent it, though it be only to gall him——Sir Charles, that is not fair to take a privilege you just now declared against in my Lord Foppington.

Lord Mor. Well observed, Madam.

Lady Gra. Besides, it looks so affected to whisper, when every body guesses the secret.

Lord Mor. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bet. O! Madam, your pardon in particular: but it is possible you may be mistaken: the secrets of people that have any regard to their actions, are not so soon guessed, as theirs that have made a confidant of the whole town.

Lord Fop. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Gra. A coquette in her affected airs of disdain to a revolted lover, I'm afraid must exceed your Ladyship in prudence, not to let the world see, at the same time, she'd give her eyes to make her peace with him: Ha! ha!

Lord Mor. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bet. 'Twould be a mortification, indeed, if it were in the power of a fading widow's charms to prevent it; and the man must be miserably reduced, sure, that
could

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could bear to live buried in woolen, or take up with the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat. Ha! ha!

Lord Fop. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Gra. Widows, it seems, are not so squeamish to their interest; they know their own minds, and take the man they like, though it happens to be one that a froward, vain girl has disobliged, and is pining to be friends with.

Lord Mor. Nay, though it happens to be one that confesses he once was fond of a piece of folly, and afterwards ashamed on't.

Lady Bet. Nay, my Lord, there's no standing against two of you.

Lord Fop. No, faith, that's odds at tennis, my Lord: not but if your Ladyship pleases, I'll endeavour to keep your back-hand a little; though upon my soul you may safely set me up at the line: for, knock me down, if ever I saw a rest of wit better played, than that last, in my life — What say you, Madam, shall we engage?

Lady Bet. As you please, my Lord.

Lord Fop. Ha! ha! ha! *Allons! tout de bon jouer, mi Lor.*

Lord Mor. O pardon me, Sir, I shall never think myself in any thing a match for the lady.

Lord Fop. To you, Madam.

Lady Bet. That's much, my Lord, when the world knows you have been so many years teasing me to play the fool with you.

Lord Fop. Ah! *bien joué*, Ha! ha! ha!

Lord Mor. At that game, I confess your Ladyship has chosen a much properer person to improve your hand with.

Lord Fop. To me, Madam — My Lord, I presume whoever the lady thinks fit to play the fool with, will at least be able to give as much envy as the wise person that had not wit enough to keep well with her when he was so.

Lady Gra. O! my Lord! Both parties must needs be greatly happy; for I dare swear, neither will have any rivals to disturb them.

Lord Mor. Ha! ha!

Lady Bet. None that will disturb them, I dare swear.

Lord Fop. Ha! ha! ha!

Lord

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Lord Mor.

Lady Gra. } Ha ! ha ! ha !

Lady Bet. }

Sir Cha. I don't know, gentlefolks—but you are all in extreme good humour, methinks, I hope there's none of it affected.

Lady E. I shou'd be loth to answer for any but my Lord Foppington. [*Aside.*]

Lady Bet. Mine is not, I'll swear.

Lord Mor. Nor mine, I'm sure.

Lady Gra. Mine's sincere, depend upon't.

Lord Fop. And may the eternal frowns of the whole sex doubly demme, if mine is not.

Lady E. Well, good people, I am mighty glad to hear it. You have all performed extremely well : but if you please, you shall ev'n give over your wit now, while it is well.

Lady Bet. [*To herself.*] Now I see his humour, I'll stand it out, if I were sure to die for't.

Sir Cha. You shou'd not have proceeded so far with my Lord Foppington, after what I had told you.

[*Aside to Lady Betty.*]

Lady Bet. Pray, Sir Charles, give me leave to understand myself a little.

Sir Cha. Your pardon, Madam. I thought a right understanding wou'd have been for both your interest and reputation.

Lady Bet. For his perhaps.

Sir Cha. Nay, then, Madam, it's time for me to take care of my friend.

Lady Bet. I never, in the least, doubted your friendship to him in any thing that was to shew yourself my enemy.

Sir Cha. Since I see, Madam, you have so ungrateful a sense of my Lord Morelove's merit, and my service, I shall never be ashamed of using my power henceforth to keep him entirely out of your ladyship's.

Lady Bet. Was ever any thing so insolent ! I could find in my heart to run the hazard of a downright compliance, if it were only to convince him, that my power, perhaps, is not inferior to his.

[*To herself.*]

Lady

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Lady E. My Lord Foppington, I think you generally lead the company upon these occasions. Pray will you think of some prettier sort of diversion for us, than parties and whippers?

Lord Fop. What say you, Ladies, shall we step and see what's done at the basset-table?

Lady Bet. With all my heart; *Lady Easy*——

Lady E. I think 'tis the best thing we can do, and because we won't part to-night, you shall all sup where you dined——What say you, my Lord?

Lord Mor. Your Ladyship may be sure of me, Madam.

Lord Fop. Aye! aye! we'll all come.

Lady B. Then pray let's change parties a little. My Lord Foppington, you shall 'quire me.

Lord Fop. O! you do me honour, Madam.

Lady Bet. My Lord Morelove, pray let me speak with you.

Lord Mor. Me, Madam?

Lady Bet. If you please, my Lord.

Lord Mor. Ha! that look shot through me? What can this mean? [*Aside.*]

Lady Bet. This is no proper place to tell you what it is, but there is one thing I'd fain be truly answered in: I suppose you'll be at my Lady Easy's by and by, and if you'll give me leave there——

Lord Mor. If you please to do me that honour, Madam, I shall certainly be there.

Lady Bet. That's all, my Lord.

Lord Mor. Is not your Ladyship for walking?

Lady Bet. If your Lordship dares venture with me.

Lord Mor. O! Madam! [*Taking her hand.*] How my heart dances! what heav'nly music's in her voice, when softened into kindness. [*Aside.*]

Lady Bet. Ha! his hand trembles——Sir Charles may be mistaken.

Lord Fop. My Lady Graveairs, you won't let Sir Charles leave us? [*Exeunt.*]

[*Manent Sir Charles and Lady Graveairs.*]

Lady Gra. No, my Lord, we'll follow you——stay a little.

[*To Sir Charles.*]

Sir Cha. I thought your Ladyship designed to follow them.

Lady

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Lady Gra. Perhaps I'd speak with you.

Sir Cha. But, Madam, consider, we shall certainly be observed.

Lady Gra. Lord, Sir, if you think it such a favour.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Sir Cha. Is she gone! let her go, &c. [*Exit singing.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Sir Charles, and Lord Morelove.

SIR CHARLES.

COME a little this way—My Lady Graveairs had an eye upon me as I stole off, and I'm apprehensive will make use of any opportunity to talk with me.

Lord Mor. O! we are pretty safe here—Well, you were speaking of Lady Betty.

Sir Cha. Aye, my Lord—I say, notwithstanding all this sudden change of her behaviour, I wou'd not have you yet be too secure of her: 'for, between you and I, since I told you, I have professed myself an open enemy to her power with you, 'tis not impossible but 'this new air of good humour may very much proceed from a little woman's pride, of convincing me you are not yet out of her power.

Lord Mor. Not unlikely. But still, can we make no advantage of it?

Sir Cha. That's what I have been thinking of—look you—Death! my Lady Graveairs!

Lord Mor. Ha! she will have audience, I find.

Sir Cha. There's no avoiding her—the truth is, I have owed her a little good-nature a great while—I see there is but one way of getting rid of her—I must even appoint her a day of payment at last.' If you'll step into my lodgings, my Lord, I'll just give her an answer, and be with you in a moment.

Lord Mor. Very well, I'll stay there for you.

[*Exit Lord Morelove.*]

F

Enter

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Enter Lady Graveairs on the other side.

Lady Gra. Sir Charles!

Sir Cha. Come, come, no more of these reproachful looks; you'll find, Madam, I have deserved better of you than your jealousy imagines—Is it a fault to be tender of your reputation?—fye, fye—This may be a proper time to talk, and of my contriving too—you see I just now shook off my Lord Morelove on purpose.

Lady Gra. May I believe you?

Sir Cha. Still doubting my fidelity, and mistaking my discretion for want of good-nature.

Lady Gra. Don't think me troublesome—For I confess 'tis death to think of parting with you: since the world sees for you I have neglected friends and reputation, have stood the little insults of disdainful prudes, that envied me perhaps your friendship; have borne the freezing looks of near and general acquaintance—Since this is so—don't let them ridicule me too, and say my foolish vanity undid me? Don't let them point at me as a cast mistress.

Sir Cha. You wrong me, to suppose the thought: you'll have better of me when we meet: When shall you be at leisure?

Lady Gra. I confess, I would see you once again; if what I have more to say prove ineffectual, perhaps it may convince me then, 'tis my interest to part with you—Can you come to-night?

Sir Cha. You know we have company, and I'm afraid they'll stay too late—Can't it be before supper?—What's o'clock now?

Lady Gra. It's almost six.

Sir Cha. At seven then be sure of me, till when I'd have you go back to the ladies, to avoid suspicion, and about that time have the vapours.

Lady Gra. May I depend upon you? [Exit.]

Sir Cha. Depend on every thing—A very troublesome business, this—Send me once fairly rid on't—if ever I'm caught in an honourable affair again!—A debt now that a little ready civility, and away, would satisfy, a man might bear with; but to have a rent-charge upon one's good-nature, with an unconscionable long scroll of arrears too, that would eat out the profits of the best estate in christen-

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Christendom—ah—intolerable! Well! I'll even to my Lord, and shake off the thoughts on't. [Exit.]

‘ Enter Lady Betty and Lady Easy.

‘ *Lady Bet.* I observe, my dear, you have usually this great fortune at play, it were enough to make one suspect your good luck with an husband.

‘ *Lady Easy.* Truly I don't complain of my fortune either way.

‘ *Lady Bet.* Pr'ythee tell me, you are often advising me to it; are there those real comfortable advantages in marriage, that our old aunts and grandmothers would persuade us of?

‘ *Lady Easy.* Upon my word, if I had the worst husband in the world, I should still think so.

‘ *Lady Betty.* Ay, but then the hazard of not having a good one, my dear.

‘ *Lady Easy.* You may have a good one, I dare say, if you don't give airs till you spoil him.

‘ *Lady Bet.* Can there be the same dear, full delight in giving ease, as pain? Oh, my dear, the thought of parting with one's power is insupportable.

‘ *Lady Easy.* And the keeping it, till it dwindles into no power at all, is most ruefully foolish.

‘ *Lady Bet.* But still to marry before one's heartily in love —

‘ *Lady Easy.* Is not half so formidable a calamity — but if I have any eyes, my dear, you'll run no great hazard of that in venturing on my lord Morelove — You don't know, perhaps, that within this half hour the tone of your voice is strangely softened to him: ha! ha! ha!

‘ *Lady Bet.* My dear, you are positively, one or other, the most censorious creature in the world — and so I see it's in vain to talk with you — Pray, will you go back to the company?

‘ *Lady Easy.* Ah! Poor lady Betty! [Exeunt.]

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

‘ Enter Sir Charles, and Lord Morelove.

Lord More. Charles, you have transported me! you have made my part in the scene so very easy too, 'tis impossible I should fail in it.

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Sir Cba. That's what I considered ; for now the more you throw yourself into her power, the more I shall be able to force her into your's.

Lord More. After all, (begging the ladies pardon) your fine women, like bullies, are only stout when they know their men : a man of an honest courage may fright 'em into any thing ! Well, I am fully instructed, and will about it instantly—Won't you go along with me ?

Sir Cba. That may not be so proper ;—besides, I have a little business upon my hands.

Lord More. Oh, your servant, Sir—Good by to you—you shan't stir.

Sir Cba. My Lord, your servant—[*Exit Lord Mor.*] So ! now to dispose myself, 'till 'tis time to think of my Lady Graveairs—Umph ! I have no great maw to that business, methinks---I don't find myself in humour enough to come up to the civil things that are usually expected in the making up of an old quarrel—[*Edging crosses the stage.*] There goes a warmer temptation by half ;—Ha ! into my wife's bedchamber too—I question if the jade has any great business there !—I have a fancy she has only a mind to be taking the opportunity of no body's being at home, to make her peace with me—let me see---aye, I shall have time enough to go to her ladyship afterwards---Besides, I want a little sleep, I find—Your young fops may talk of their women of quality---but to me now, there's a strange agreeable convenience in a creature one is not obliged to say much to upon these occasions. [Going,

Enter Edging.

Edg. Did you call me, Sir ?

Sir Cba. Ha ! all's right—[*Aside.*] --Yes, Madam, I did call you. [Sits down.

Edg. What would you please to have, Sir ?

Sir Cba. Have ! Why, I would have you grow a good girl, and know when you are well used, huffy.

Edg. Sir, I don't complain of any thing, not I.

Sir Cba. Well, don't be uneasy—I am not angry with you now—Come and kiss me.

Edg. Lard, Sir !

Sir Cba. Don't be a fool, now—Come hither.

Edg. Pshaw—

[*Goes to him.*
Sir

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Sir Cha. No wry face—so—sit down. I won't have you look grave neither, let me see you smile, you jade, you.

Edg. Ha! ha!

[Laughs and blushes.]

Sir Cha. Ah! you melting rogue.

Edg. Come, don't you be at your tricks now—Lard! can't you sit still and talk with one! I am sure there's ten times more love in that, and fifty times the satisfaction, people may say what they will.

Sir Cha. Well! now you're good, you shall have your own way—I am going to lie down in the next room; and, since you love a little chat, come and throw my night gown over me, and you shall talk me to sleep.

[Exit Sir Charles.]

Edg. Yes, Sir——for all his way, I see he likes me still.

[Exit after him.]

The SCENE changes to the Terrace.

Enter Lady Betty, Lady Easy, and Lord Morelove.

Lord Mor. Nay, Madam, there you are too severe upon him; for bating now and then a little vanity, my lord Foppington does not want wit sometimes to make him a very tolerable woman's man.

Lady Bet. But such eternal vanity grows tiresome.

Lady Easy. Come, if he were not so loose in his morals, his vanity methinks might be easily excused, considering how much 'tis in fashion: for pray observe what's half the conversation of most of the fine young people about town, but a perpetual affectation of appearing foremost in the knowledge of manners, new modes, and scandal? and in that I don't see any body comes up to him.

Lord Mor. Nor I, indeed——and here he comes——Pray, Madam, let's have a little more of him; nobody shews him to more advantage than your ladyship.

Lady Bet. Nay, with all my heart; you'll second me, my Lord.

Lord Mor. Upon occasion, Madam——

Lady Easy. Engaging upon parties, my Lord?

[Aside and smiling to Lord Mor.]

Enter Lord Foppington.

Lord Fop. So ladies! what's the affair now?

Lady Bet. Why you were, my Lord! I was allowing

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you a great many good qualities, but lady Easy says you are a perfect hypocrite : and that whatever airs you give yourself to the women, she's confident you value no woman in the world equal to your own lady.

Lord Fop. You see, Madam, how I am scandalized upon your account. But it's so natural for a prude to be malicious, when a man endeavours to be well with any body but herself ; did you ever observe she was piqued at that before ? ha ! ha !

Lady Bet. I'll swear you are a provoking creature.

Lord Fop. Let's be more familiar upon't, and give her disorder ! Ha ! ha !

Lady Bet. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Lord Fop. Stop my breath, but lady Easy is an admirable discoverer—Marriage is indeed a prodigious security of one's inclination : a man's likely to take a world of pains in an employment, where he can't be turned out for his idleness.

Lady Bet. I vow, my Lord, that's vastly generous to all the fine women ; you are for giving them a despotic power in love, I see, to reward and punish as they think fit.

Lord Fop. Ha ! ha ! Right, Madam, what signifies beauty without power ? And a fine woman when she's married makes as ridiculous a figure, as a beaten general marching out of a garrison.

Lady Easy. I'm afraid, Lady Betty, the greatest danger in your use of power, would be from a too heedless liberality ; you would more mind the man than his merit.

Lord Fop. Piqued again, by all that's fretful—Well, certainly to give envy is a pleasure inexpressible.

[*To Lady Betty.*

Lady Bet. Ha ! ha !

Lady Easy. Does not she show him well, my Lord ?

[*Aside to Lord Mor.*

Lord Mar. Perfectly, and me to myself—For now I almost blush to think I ever was uneasy at him.

[*To Lady Easy.*

Lord Fop. Lady Easy, I ask ten thousand pardons, I'm afraid I am rude all this while.

Lady Easy. Oh, not at all, my Lord, you are always good company, when you please : not but in some things,
indeed

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indeed, you are apt to be like other fine gentlemen, a little too loose in your principles.

Lord Fop. Oh, Madam, never to the offence of the ladies; I agree in any community with them; nobody is a more constant churchman, when the fine women are there.

Lady Easy. Oh fye, my Lord, you ought not to go for their sakes at all. And I wonder, you that are for being such a good husband of your virtues, are not afraid of bringing your prudence into a lampoon or a play.

Lady Betty. Lampoons and plays, Madam, are only things to be laughed at.

Lord Fop. Odso! Ladies, the court's coming home, I see; shall not we make our bows?

Lady Bet. Oh, by all means.

Lady Easy. Lady Betty, I must leave you: for I am obliged to write letters, and I know you won't give me time after supper.

Lady Bet. Well, my dear, I'll make a short visit and be with you. [*Exit Lady Easy.*] Pray what's become of my lady Graveairs?

Lord Mor. Oh, I believe she's gone home, Madam, she seemed not to be very well.

Lord Fop. And where's Sir Charles, my Lord?

Lord More. I left him at his own lodgings.

Lady Bet. He's upon some ramble, I'm afraid.

Lord Fop. Nay, as for that matter, a man may ramble at home sometimes—But here come the chaises, we must make a little more haste, Madam. [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to Sir Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Easy, and a Servant.

Lady Easy. Is your master come home?

Serv. Yes, Madam.

Lady Easy. Where is he?

Serv. I believe, Madam, he's laid down to sleep.

Lady Easy. Where's Edging? Bid her get me some wax and paper—stay, it's no matter, now I think on it—there's some above upon my toilette. [*Ex. severally.*]

The

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The SCENE opens and discovers Sir Charles without his Periwig, and Edging by him, both asleep in two easy Chairs.

Then enter Lady Easy, who starts and trembles, some time unable to speak.

Lady Easy. Ha ! protect me, virtue, patience, reason !
 Teach me to bear this killing fight, or let
 Me think my dreaming senses are deceiv'd !
 For sure a fight like this, might raise the arm
 Of duty, ev'n to the breast of love ! At least
 I'll throw this vizer of my patience off :
 Now wake him in his guilt,
 And barefac'd front him with my wrongs.
 I'll talk to him till he blushes, nay, till he——
 Frowns on me, perhaps—and then
 I'm lost again—The ease of a few tears
 Is all that's left to me—
 And duty too forbids me to insult,
 When I have vow'd obedience—Perhaps
 The fault's in me, and nature has not form'd
 Me with the thousand little requisites
 That warm the heart to love—
 Somewhere there is a fault——
 But Heav'n best knows what both of us deserve :
 Ha ! bare-headed, and in so sound a sleep !
 Who knows, while thus expos'd to th' unwholesome air,
 But Heav'n offended may o'ertake his crime,
 And, in some languishing distemper, leave him
 A severe example of its violated laws——
 Forbid it mercy, and forbid it love.
 This may prevent it.

[Takes a Steinkirk off her neck, and lays it gently on his head.
 And if he should wake offended at my too busy care, let
 my heart-breaking patience, duty, and my fond affection
 plead my pardon. *[Exit.*

*[After she has been out some time, a bell rings ;
 Edging wakes and stirs Sir Charles.*

Edg. Oh !

Sir Cha. How now ! what's the matter ?

Edg. Oh, bless my soul, my lady's come home.

Sir Cha. Go, go then.

*[Bell rings.
 Edg.*

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Edg. Oh, lud! My head's in such a condition too. [*Runs to the glass.*] I am coming, Madam—Oh, lud! here's no powder neither—Here, Madam. [*Exit.*

Sir Cha. How now? [*Feeling the Steinkirk upon his head.*] What's this? How came it here? [*Puts on his wig.*] Did not I see my wife wear this to-day?—'Death! she can't have been here, sure—It could not be jealousy that brought her home—for my coming was accidental—so too, I fear, might hers—How careless have I been?—not to secure the door neither—'Twas foolish—It must be so! She certainly has seen me here sleeping with her woman:—if so, how low an hypocrite to her must that sight have proved me?—The thought has made me despicable ev'n to myself—How mean a vice is lying, and how often have these empty pleasures lulled my honour and my conscience to lethargy, while I grossly have abused her, poorly skulking behind a thousand falsehoods?—Now I reflect, this has not been the first of her discoveries—How contemptible a figure must I have made to her?—A crowd of recollected circumstances confirms me now, she has been long acquainted with my follies, and yet with what amazing prudence has she borne the secret pangs of injured love, and wore an everlasting smile to me? This asks a little thinking—something should be done—I'll see her instantly, and be resolved from her behaviour. [*Exit.*

The SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter Lady Easy, and Edging.

Lady Easy. Where have you been, Edging?

Edg. Been, Madam! I—I—I—I came as soon as I heard you ring, Madam.

Lady Easy. How guilt confounds her! but she's below my thought—Fetch my last new sack hither—I have a mind to alter it a little—make haste.

Edg. Yes, Madam—I see she does not suspect any thing. [*Exit.*

Lady Easy. Heigh ho! [*Sitting down.*] I had forgot—but I'm unfit for writing now—'Twas an hard conflict—yet it's a joy to think it over: a secret pride, to tell my heart my conduct has been just—How low are vicious

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cious minds that offer injuries, how much superior innocence that bears 'em—Still there's a pleasure ev'n in the melancholy of a quiet conscience—Away, my fears, it is not yet impossible—for while his human nature is not quite shook of, I ought not to despair.

Re-enter Edging, with a Sack.

Edg. Here's the sack, Madam.

Lady Easy. So, sit down there—and, let me see—here—Rip off all that silver.

Edg. Indeed, I always thought it would become your ladyship better without it—But now suppose, Madam, you carry'd another row of gold round the scollops, and then you take and lay this silver plain all along the gathers, and your ladyship will perfectly see, it will give the thing ten thousand times another air.

Lady Easy. Pr'ythee don't be impertinent; do as I bid you.

Edg. Nay, Madam, with all my heart, your ladyship may do as you please.

Lady Easy. This creature grows so confident, and I dare not part with her, lest he should think it jealousy.

[Aside.]

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. So, my dear! What, at work! how are you employed, pray?

Lady Easy. I was thinking to alter this sack here.

Sir Cha. What's amiss? Methinks it's very pretty.

Edg. Yes, Sir, it's pretty enough for that matter, but my Lady has a mind it should be proper too.

Sir Cha. Indeed!

Lady Easy. I fancy plain gold and black would become me better.

Sir Cha. That's a grave thought, my dear.

Edg. O, dear Sir, not at all, my lady's much in the right; I am sure, as it is, it's fit for nothing but a girl.

Sir Cha. Leave the room.

Edg. Lord, Sir! I can't stir—I must stay to—

Sir Cha. Go—

[Angrily.]

Edg. *[Throwing down the work hastily, and crying, aside.]* If ever I speak to him again, I'll be burned.

[Exit Edging.]

Sir Cha. Sit still, my dear,—I came to talk with you—
—and

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—and which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too, but 'tis in order to my hereafter always talking kindly to you.

Lady Easy. Your words were never disobliging, nor can I charge you with a look that ever had the appearance of being unkind.

Sir Cha. The perpetual spring of your good humour, lets me draw no merit from what I have appeared to be; which makes me curious now to know your thoughts of what I really am : and never having asked you this before; it puzzles me : nor can I (my strange negligence considered) reconcile to reason, your first thoughts of venturing upon marriage with me.

Lady Easy. I never thought it such a hazard.

Sir Cha. How could a woman of your restraint in principles, sedateness, sense, and tender disposition, propose to lead an happy life with one (now I reflect) that hardly took an hour's pains, ev'n before marriage, to appear but what I am : a loose, unheeded wretch, absent in all I do, civil, and as often rude without design, unseasonably thoughtful, easy to a fault, and in my best of praise, but carelessly good-natured ? How shall I reconcile your temper with having made so strange a choice ?

Lady Easy. Your own words may answer you—Your having never seemed to be, but what you really were; and through that carelessness of temper there still shone forth to me an undesigning honesty, I always doubted of in smoother faces : thus while I saw you took least pains to win me, you pleased and woo'd me most : nay, I have thought, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind : or, at the worst, I knew that errors from want of thinking might be borne ; at least, when probably one moment's serious thought would end 'em : these were my worst of fears, and these, when weighed by growing love against my solid hopes, were nothing.

Sir Cha. My dear, your understanding startles me, and justly calls my own in question : I blush to think I've worn so bright a jewel in my bosom, and till this hour, have scarce been curious once to look upon its lustre.

Lady Easy. You set too high a value on the common qualities of an easy wife.

Sir Cha. Virtues, like benefits, are double, when concealed :

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cealed : and I confess, I yet suspect you of an higher value far, than I have spoke you.

Lady Easy. I underitand you not.

Sir Cha. I'll speak more plainly to you—be free and tell me—Where did you leave this handkerchief ?

Lady Easy. Ha !

Sir Cha. What is it you start at ? You hear the question.

Lady Easy. What shall I say ? my fears confound me.

Sir Cha. Be not concerned, my dear, be easy in the truth, and tell me.

Lady. Easy. I cannot speak—and I could wish you'd not oblige me to it—'tis the only thing I ever yet refused you—and though I want reason for my will, let me not answer you.

Sir Cha. Your will then be a reason ; and since I see you are so generously tender of reproaching me, it is fit I should be easy in my gratitude, and make what ought to be my shame my joy ; let me be therefore pleased to tell you now, your wondrous conduct has waked me to a sense of your disquiet past, and resolution never to disturb it more—And (not that I offer it as a merit, but yet in blind compliance to my will) let me beg you would immediately discharge your woman.

Lady. Easy. Alas ! I think not of her—O, my dear, distract me not with this excess of goodness. [*Weeping.*]

Sir Cha. Nay, praise me not, lest I reflect how little I have deserved it ; ' I see you are in pain to give me this ' confusion.'—Come, I will not shock your softness by my untimely blush for what is past, but rather sooth you to a pleasure at my sense of joy, for my recovered happiness to come. Give then to my new-born love, what name you please, it cannot, shall not be too kind : O ! it cannot be too soft for what my soul swells up with emulation to deserve—Receive me then entire at last, and take what yet no woman ever truly had, my conquered heart.

Lady. Easy. ' O the soft treasure ! O the dear reward of ' long deserving love'—Now I am blest indeed to see you kind without the expence of pain in being so, to make, you mine with easiness : thus ! thus to have you mine is
some-

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something more than happiness, 'tis double life, and madness of abounding joy. But it was a pain intolerable to give you a confusion.

Sir Cha. O thou engaging virtue! But I am too slow in doing justice to thy love: I know thy softness will refuse me; but remember, I insist upon it—let thy woman be discharged this minute.

Lady Easy. No, my dear, think me not so low in faith to fear that after what you have said, it will ever be in her power to do me future injury: when I can conveniently provide for her, I'll think on it: but to discharge her now, might let her guess at the occasion; and methinks I would have our difference, like our endearments, be equally a secret to our servants.

Sir Cha. Still my superior every way---be it as you have better thought—Well, my dear, now I'll confess a thing that was not in your power to accuse me of; to be short, I own this creature is not the only one I have been to blame with.

Lady Easy. I know she is not, and was always less concerned to find it so, for constancy in errors might have been fatal to me.

Sir Cha. What is it you know, my dear? [*Surprised.*]

Lady Easy. Come, I am not afraid to accuse you now—my Lady Graveairs.—Your carelessness, my dear, let all the world know it, and it would have been hard indeed, had it been only to me a secret.

Sir Cha. My dear, I will ask no more questions, for fear of being more ridiculous; I do confess, I thought my discretion there had been a master-piece—How contemptible must I have looked all this while!

Lady Easy. You shan't say so.

Sir Cha. Well, to let you see I had some shame, as well as nature in me, I had writ this to my Lady Graveairs upon my first discovering that you knew I had wronged you: read it.

Lady Easy. [*Reads*] “Something has happened, that
“prevents the visit I intended you; and
“I could gladly wish, you never would
“reproach me if I tell you, 'tis utterly
“inconvenient that I should ever see you
“more.”

G

This

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This indeed was more than I had merited.

Enter a Servant.

Sir Cha. Who is there? Here——Step with this to my Lady Graveairs. [*Seals the letter, and gives it to the servant.*]

Serv. Yes, Sir——Madam, my Lady Betty's come.

Lady Easy. I'll wait on her.

Sir Cha. My dear, I am thinking there may be other things my negligence may have wronged you in; 'but be assured as I discover, all shall be corrected.'—Is there any part or circumstance in your fortune that I can change or yet make easier to you?

Lady Easy. None, my dear, your good-nature never flinted me in that; and now, methinks, I have less occasion there than ever.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Morelove's come.

Sir Cha. I am coming——I think I told you of the design we had laid against Lady Betty.

Lady Easy. You did, and I should be pleased to be myself concerned in it.

Sir Cha. I believe we may employ you: I know he waits for me with impatience. But, my dear, won't you think me tasteless to the joy you have given me, to suffer at this time any concern but you to employ my thoughts?

Lady Easy. Seasons must be obeyed; and since I know your friend's happiness depending, I could not taste my own, should you neglect it.

Sir Cha. Thou easy sweetness——O! what a waste on thy neglected love, has my unthinking brain committed! but time and future thrift of tenderness shall yet repair it all. The hours will come when this soft gliding stream that swells my heart, uninterrupted shall renew its course——

And like the ocean after ebb, shall move

With constant force of due returning love. [*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to another Room.

And then re-enter Lady Easy and Lady Betty.

Lady Bet. You have been in tears, my dear, and yet you look pleased too.

Lady Easy. You will pardon me, if I cannot let you
into

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into circumstances : but be satisfied, Sir Charles has made me happy, even to a pain of joy.

Lady Bet. Indeed I am truly glad of it, though I am sorry to find that any one who has generosity enough to do you justice, should unprovoked be so great an enemy to me.

Lady Easy. Sir Charles your enemy !

Lady Bet. My dear, you will pardon me if I always thought him so, but now I am convinced of it.

L. Easy. In what, pray ? I cannot think you will find him so.

Lady Betty. O ! Madam, it has been his whole business of late to make an utter breach between my Lord Morelove and me.

Lady Easy. That may be owing to your usage of my Lord : perhaps he thought it would not disoblige you. I am confident you are mistaken in him.

Lady Betty. O ! I don't use to be out in things of this nature ; I can see well enough : but I shall be able to tell you more when I have talked with my Lord.

L. Easy. Here he comes ; and because you shall talk with him——No excuses——for positively I will leave you together.

Lady Betty. Indeed, my dear, I desire you will stay then ; for I know you think now, that I have a mind to——to——

Lady Easy. To——to——ha ! ha ! ha ! [Going.]

Lady Bet. Well ! remember this.

Enter Lord Morelove.

Lord Mor. I hope I don't fright you away, Madam ?

Lady Easy. Not at all, my Lord ; but I must beg your pardon for a moment ; I will wait upon you immediately. [Exit.]

Lady Bet. My Lady Easy gone ?

Lord Mor. Perhaps, Madam, in friendship to you ; she thinks I may have deserved the coldness you of late have shewn to me, and was willing to give you this opportunity to convince me, you have not done it without just grounds and reason.

Lady Bet. How handsomely does he reproach me ! but I cannot bear that he should think I know it——[*Aside.*] My Lord, whatever has passed between you and me, I

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dare swear that could not be her thoughts at this time : for when two people have appeared professed enemies, she cannot but think one will as little care to give, as the other to receive a justification of their actions.

Lord Mor. Passion indeed often does repeated injuries on both sides, but I don't remember in my heat of error I ever yet professed myself your enemy.

Lady Bet. My Lord, I shall be very free with you—I confess I do think now I have not a greater enemy in the world.

Lord Mor. If having long loved you, to my own disquiet, be injurious, I am contented then to stand the foremost of your enemies.

Lady Bet. O! my Lord, there's no great fear of your being my enemy that way, I dare say ———

Lord Mor. There is no other way my heart can bear to offend you now, and I foresee in that it will persist to to my undoing.

Lady Bet. Fie, fie, my Lord, we know where your heart is well enough.

Lord Mor. My conduct has indeed deserved this scorn, and therefore 'tis but just I should submit to your resentment, and beg (though I am assured in vain) for pardon.

[*Kneels.*]

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. How, my Lord! [*Lord Mor. rises.*]

Lady Bet. Ha! He here! This was unlucky. [*Aside.*]

Lord Mor. O pity my confusion? [*To Lady Bet.*]

Sir Cha. I am sorry to see you can so soon forget yourself: methinks the insults you have borne from that lady, by this time should have warned you into a disgust of her regardless principles.

Lord Mor. Hold, Sir Charles! while you and I are friends, I desire you would speak with honour of this lady—'Tis sufficient I have no complaint against her, and—

Lady Bet. My Lord, I beg you would resent this thing no farther: an injury like this, is better punished with our contempt; apparent malice should only be laughed at.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! the old resource, Offers of any hopes to delude him from his resentment, 'and then as 'the Grand Monarque did with Cavalier:' and then you are sure to keep your word with him.

Lady Bet.

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Lady Bet. Sir Charles, to let you know how far I am above your little spleen, my Lord, your hand from this hour——

Sir Cha. Pshaw ! pshaw ! all design ! all pique ! meer artifice, and disappointed woman.

Lady Bet. Look you, Sir, not that I doubt my Lord's opinion of me ; yet——

Sir Cha. Look you, Madam, in short, your word has been too often taken, to let you make up quarrels, as you used to do, with a soft look, and a fair promise you never intended to keep.

Lady Bet. Was ever such insolence ! He won't give me leave to speak.

Lord Mor. Sir Charles !

Lady Bet. No, pray, my Lord, have patience ; and since his malice seems to grow particular, I dare his worst, and urge him to the proof on't : Pray Sir, wherein can you charge me with breach of promise to my Lord ?

Sir Cha. Death, you won't deny it ? How often, to piece up a quarrel, have you appointed him to visit you alone ; and though you have promised to see no other company the whole day, when he was come, he has found you among the laugh of noisy fops, coquets, and coxcombs, dissolutely gay, while your full eyes ran over with transport of their flattery, and your own vain power of pleasing ? How often, I say, have you been known to throw away, at least, four hours of your good humour upon such wretches ; and the minute they were gone, grew only dull to him, sunk into a distasteful spleen, complained you had talked yourself into the head-ach, and then indulged upon the dear delight of seeing him in pain : and by that time you had stretched and gaped him heartily out of patience, of a sudden most importantly remember you had outsat your appointment with my Lady Fiddle-faddle ; and immediately order your coach to the park.

Lady Bet. Yet, Sir, have you done ?

Sir Cha. No——though this might serve to shew the nature of your principles : but the noble conquest you have gained at last over defeated sense of reputation too, has made your fame immortal.

Lord Mor. How, Sir ?

Lady Bet. My reputation ?

G 3.

Sir Cha.

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Sir Cha. Aye, Madam, your reputation---My Lord, if I advance a falshood, then resent it.--I say, your reputation---It has been your life's whole pride of late to be the common toast of every public table, vain even in the infamous addresses of a married man, my Lord Foppington; let that be reconciled with reputation, I will now shake hands with shame, and bow me to the low contempt which you deserve from him; not but I suppose you will yet endeavour to recover him. Now you find ill usage in danger of losing your conquest, 'tis possible you will stop at nothing to preserve it.

Lady Bet. Sir Charles--[*Walks disordered, and be after her.*]

Sir Cha. I know your vanity is so voracious, it will even wound itself to feed itself; offer him a blank, perhaps to fill up with hopes of what nature he pleases, and part even with your pride to keep him.

Lady Bet. Sir Charles, I have not deserved this of you. [*Bursting into tears.*]

Sir Cha. Ah! true woman, drop him a soft disssembling tear, and then his just resentment must be hushed, of course.

Lord Mor. O Charles! I can bear no more, those tears are too reproaching.

Sir Cha. Hilt, for your life! [*Aside, and then aloud.*] My Lord, if you believe her, you are undone; the very next sight of my Lord Foppington, would make her yet forswear all that she can promise.

Lady Bet. My Lord Foppington! Is that the mighty crime that must condemn me then? You know I used him but as a tool of my resentment, which you yourself, by a pretended friendship to us both, most artfully provoked me to ---

Lord Mor. Hold, I conjure you, Madam, I want not this conviction.

Lady Bet. Send for him this minute, and you and he shall both be witnesses of the contempt and derestation I have for any forward hopes his vanity may have given him, or your malice would insinuate.

Sir Cha. Death! you would as soon eat fire, as soon part with your luxurious taste of folly, as dare to own the

half of this before his face, or any one, that would make you blush to deny it to——Here comes my wife, now we shall see——Ha! and my Lord Foppington with her——Now! now, we shall see this mighty proof of your sincerity——Now! my Lord, you'll have a warning, sure, and henceforth know me for your friend indeed——

Enter Lady Easy, and Lord Foppington.

Lady Easy. In tears, my dear! what's the matter?

Lady Betty. O, my dear, all I told you is true: Sir Charles has shewn himself so inveterably my enemy, that if I believed I deserved but half his hate, 'twould make me hate myself.

Lord Fop. Hark you, Charles, pr'ythee what is this business?

Sir Cha. Why yours, my Lord, for aught I know—I have made such a breach betwixt them——I cannot promise much for the courage of a woman; but if hers holds, I am sure it is wide enough; you may enter ten abreast, my Lord.

Lord Fop. Say'st thou so, Charles? then I hold six to four, I am the first man in the town.

Lady Easy. Sure there must be some mistake in this: I hope he has not made my Lord your enemy.

Lady Bet. I know not what he has done.

Lord Mor. Far be that thought! alas! I am too much in fear myself, that what I have this day committed, advised by his mistaken friendship, may have done my love irreparable prejudice.

Lady Bet. No, my Lord, since I perceive his little arts have not prevailed upon your good-nature to my prejudice, I am bound in gratitude, in duty to myself and to the confession you have made, my Lord, to acknowledge now, I have been to blame too.

Lord Mor. Ha! is it possible; can you own so much?
'O my transported heart!'

Lady Bet. He says I have taken pleasure in seeing you uneasy——I own it——but 'twas when that uneasiness I thought proceeded from your love; and if you did love——'twill not be much to pardon it.

Lord Mor. O let my soul, thus bending to your power, adore this soft descending goodness.

Lady Bet. And since the giddy woman's flights I have shewn you too often, have been public, 'tis fit at last the
amenda

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amends and reparation should be so : therefore what I offered to Sir Charles, I now repeat before this company, my utter detestation of any past or future gallantry, that has or shall be offered by me, to your uneasiness.

Lord Mor. O be less generous, or teach me to deserve it—Now blush, Sir Charles, at your injurious accusation.

Lord Fop. Aah ! *Pardi, Voila quelque chose d'extraordinaire.*

Lady Bet. As for my Lord Foppington, I owe him thanks for having been so friendly an instrument of our reconciliation ; for though in the little outward gallantry I received from him, I did not immediately trust him with my design in it, yet I have a better opinion of his understanding, than to suppose he could mistake it.

Lord Fop. I am struck dumb with the deliberation of her assurance ; and do not positively remember, that the *nonchalance* of my temper ever had so bright an occasion to shew itself before.

Lady Bet. My Lord, I hope, you will pardon the freedom I have taken with you.

Lord Fop. O, Madam, do not be under the confusion of an apology upon my account ; for in cases of this nature, I am never disappointed, but when I find a lady of the same mind two hours together—Madam, I have lost a thousand fine women in my time ; but never had the ill manners to be out of humour with any one for refusing me, since I was born.

Lady Bet. My Lord, that's a very prudent temper.

Lord Fop. Madam, to convince you that I am in an universal peace with mankind, since you own I have so far contributed to your happiness, give me leave to have the honour of completing it, by joining your hand where you have already offered up your inclination.

Lady Bet. My Lord, that's a favour I can't refuse you.

Lord Mor. Generous, indeed, my Lord.

[*Lord Foppington joins their hands.*]

Lord Fop. And, stop my breath, if ever I was better pleased since my first entrance into human nature.

Sir Cha. How now, my Lord ! what ! throw up the cards before you have lost the game ?

Lord Fop. Look you, Charles, 'tis true, I did design to have played with her alone ; but he that will keep well
with

with the ladies, must sometimes be content to make one at a pool with them; and since I know I must engage her in my turn, I don't see any great odds in letting him take the first game with her.

Sir Cha. Wisely considered, my Lord.

Lady Bet. And now, Sir Charles——

Sir Cha. And now, Madam, I'll save you the trouble of a long speech; and, in one word, confess, that every thing that I have done in regard to you this day was, purely artificial—I saw there was no way to secure you to my Lord Morelove, but by alarming your pride with the danger of losing him: and since the success must have by this time convinced you, that in love nothing is more ridiculous than an over-acted aversion; I am sure you won't take it ill, if we at last congratulate your good-nature, by heartily laughing at the fright we had put you in: ha! ha! ha!

Lady Easy. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bet. Why——well I declare it now, I hate you worse than ever.

Sir Cha. Ha! ha! ha! And was it afraid they would take away it's love from it——Poor Lady Betty! ha! ha!

Lady Easy. My dear, I beg your pardon; but it is impossible not to laugh when one is so heartily pleased.

Lord Fop. Really, Madam, I am afraid the humour of the company will draw me into your displeasure too; but if I were to expire this moment, my last breath would positively go out with a laugh. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Bet. Nay, I have deserved it all, that's the truth, on't—but I hope, my Lord, you were not in this design against me.

Lord Mor. As a proof, Madam, I am inclined never to deceive you more—I do confess I had my share in it.

Lady Bet. You do, my Lord——then I declare it was a design, one or other—the best carried on, that ever I knew in my life; and (to my shame own it) for aught I know, the only thing that could have prevailed upon my temper; 'twas a foolish pride that has cost me many a bitten lip to support it—I wish we don't both repent, my Lord.

Lord Mor. Don't you repent without me, and we never shall.

Sir Cha.

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Sir Cha. Well, Madam, now the worst that the world can say of your past conduct, is that my Lord had constancy, and you have tried it.

Enter a Servant to Lord Morelove.

Serv. My Lord, Mr. le Fevre's below, and desires to know what time your Lordship will please to have the music begin.

Lord Mor. Sir Charles what say you? will you give me leave to bring them hither?

Sir Cha. As the ladies think fit, my Lord.

Lady Bet. O! by all means, 'twill be better here, unless we could have the terrace to ourselves.

Lord Mor. Then, pray desire them to come hither immediately.

Serv. Yes, my Lord.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Enter Lady Graveairs.

Sir Cha. Lady Graveairs!

Lady Grav. Yes! you may well start! but don't suppose I am now come, like a poor tame fool, to upbraid your guilt; but if I could to blast you with a look.

Sir Cha. Come, come, you have sense,—don't expose yourself—you are unhappy, and I own myself the cause,—the only satisfaction I can offer you, is to protest no new engagement takes me from you; but a sincere reflection of the long neglect, and injuries I have done the best of wives; for whose amends and only sake I now must part with you, and all the inconvenient pleasures of my life.

Lady Grav. Have you then fallen into the low contempt of exposing me, and to your wife too?

Sir Cha. 'Twas impossible; without it, I could ever be sincere in my conversion.

Lady Grav. Despicable!

Sir Cha. Do not think so—for my sake I know she'll not reproach you—nor by her carriage, ever let the world perceive you have wronged her.—My dear——

Lady Esfy. Lady Graveairs, I hope you'll sup with us.

Lady Grav. I cannot refuse so much good company, Madam.

Sir Cha. You see the worst of her resentment——
In the mean time, don't endeavour to be her friend, and she'll never be your enemy.

Lady Grav.

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‘ *Lady Grav.* I am unfortunate——’tis what my folly
‘ has deserved, and I submit to it.

‘ *Lord More.* So! here is the music.

‘ *Lady Easy.* Come, ladies, shall we sit?

‘ S O N G.

‘ **SABINA** with an angel’s face,

‘ By love ordain’d for joy,

‘ Seems of the Siren’s cruel race,

‘ To charm and then destroy.

‘ With all the arts of look and dress,

‘ She fans the fatal fire;

‘ Through pride, mistaken oft for grace,

‘ She bids the swains expire.

‘ The god of love enrag’d to see

‘ The nymph defy his flame,

‘ Pronounc’d his merciless decree

‘ Against the haughty dame;

‘ Let age with double speed o’ertake her.

‘ Let love the room of pride supply;

‘ And when the lovers all forsake her,

‘ A spotless virgin let her die.’

Sir Charles comes forward with Lady Easy.

Sir Cha. No, my dear, I find my happiness grow fast
upon me; in all my past experience of the sex, I found,
even among the better sort, so much of folly, pride, ma-
lice, passion, and irresolute desire, that I concluded thee
but of the foremost rank, and, therefore, scarce worthy
my concern; but thou hast stirred me with so severe a
proof of thy exalted virtue, it gives me wonder equal to
my love—If then the unkindly thought of what I have
been, hereafter shall intrude upon thy growing quiet, let
this reflection teach thee to be easy:

Thy wrongs when greatest, most thy virtue prov’d;

And from that virtue found, I blush’d and truly lov’d.

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

*Conquest and freedom are at length our own,
 False fears of slav'ry no more are shown;
 Nor dread of paying tribute to a foreign throne.
 All stations now the fruits of conquest share,
 Except (if small with great things may compare)
 Th' oppress'd condition of the lab'ring player.
 We're still in fears (as you of late in France)
 Of the despotic power of song and dance:
 For while subscription, like a tyrant reigns,
 Nature's neglected, and the stage in chains,
 And English actors slaves to swell the Frenchman's gains.
 Like Æsop's crow, the poor out-witted stage,
 That liv'd on wholesome plays i' the latter age,
 Deluded once to sing, ev'n justly serv'd,
 Let fall her cheese to the Fox mouth, and starv'd:
 O that our judgment, as your courage has
 Your fame extended, would assert our cause,
 That nothing English might submit to foreign laws:
 If we but live to see that joyful day,
 'Then of the English stage, reviv'd we may,
 As of your honour now, with proper application, say.
 So when the Gallic fox by fraud of peace,
 Had lull'd the British lion into ease,
 And saw that sleep compos'd his couchant head,
 He bids him wake, and see himself betray'd
 In toils of treacherous politicks around him laid:
 Shows him how one close hour of Gallic thought
 Retook those towns for which he years had fought.
 At this th' indignant savage rolls his fiery eyes,
 Dauntless, tho' blushing at the base surprise,
 Pauses awhile——But finds delays are vain;
 Compell'd to fight, he shakes his shaggy mane;
 He grinds his dreadful fangs, and stalks to Blenheim's plain;
 There with erected crest, and horrid roar,
 He furious plunges on, through streams of gore,
 And dyes with false Bavarian blood the purple Danube's
 shore;
 In one pusht battle frees the destin'd slaves;
 Revives old English honour, and an empire saves.*

F I N I S.

*J. Roberts del.**Published for the Bath Theatre, Jan 26. 1776.**J. Thompson sculp.*

*MISS POPE in the Character of **BIDDY TIPKIN**.
I'll be drawn thus, if you please Sir.*

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
TENDER HUSBAND;
OR, THE
ACCOMPLISH'D FOOLS.

A COMEDY,
As written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,
By *PERMISSION* of the *MANAGERS*,

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Opertee ut is qui audiat, cogitet plura quàm videat.

TULL. de Oratore.



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Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the *Strand*;
and C. ETHERINGTON, at *York*.

MDCCLXXVII.

T O

Mr. A D D I S O N.

SIR,

YOU will be surpris'd, in the midst of a daily and familiar conversation, with an address which bears so distant an air as a public dedication : but, to put you out of the pain which I know this will give you, I assure you I do not design in it, what would be very needless, a panegyric on yourself, or what, perhaps, is very necessary, a defence of the play. In the one I should discover too much the concern of an author, in the other too little the freedom of a friend.

My purpose, in this application, is only to shew the esteem I have for you ; and that I look upon my intimacy with you, as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. At the same time, I hope I make the town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of this comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far rais'd my opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship.

I should not offer it to you as such, had I not been very careful to avoid every thing that might look ill-natur'd, immoral, or prejudicial to what the better part of mankind hold sacred and honourable.

Poetry, under such restraints, is an obliging service to human society ; especially when it is used, like your admirable vein, to recommend more useful qualities in yourself, or immortalize characters truly heroic in others. I am, here, in danger of breaking my promise to you ; therefore shall take the only opportunity that can offer itself of resisting my own inclinations, by complying with yours.

I am, Sir,

Your most faithful

Humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

A 2

P R O.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. ADDISON.

*IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
 When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
 The raw, unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
 A young and unexperienc'd audience please :
 No single character had e'er been shown,
 But the whole herd of fops was all their own ;
 Rich in originals, they set to view,
 In ev'ry piece, a cockcomb that was new.
 But now our British theatre can boast
 Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host !
 Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
 Cuckolds, and cits, and barwds, and pimps, and beans ;
 Rough country knights are found of ev'ry shire,
 Of ev'ry fashion gentle fops appear ;
 And punks of different characters we meet,
 As frequent on the stage as in the pit :
 Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
 And here and there, by chance, glean up a fool :
 Long, ere they find the necessary spark,
 They search the town, and beat about the Park ;
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,
 Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to court,
 As love of pleasure or of place invites :
 And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's,
 Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
 Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage,
 That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
 And won't be blockheads in the common road.
 Do but survey this crowded house to-night : —
 Here's still encouragement for those that write.
 Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
 Stocks with variety of fools his play ;
 And, that there may be something gay and new,
 Two ladies errant has expos'd to view :
 The first a damsel travell'd in romance,
 The t'other more refin'd, she comes from France :
 Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
 And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.*

A SONG,

A S O N G,

Designed for the fourth Act, but not set.

SEE, Britons, see, with awful eyes,
 Britannia from her seas arise !

Ten thousand billows round me roar,

While winds and waves engage,
 That break in froth upon my shore,
 And impotently rage.

Such were the terrors, which, of late,
 Surrounded my afflicted state ;

United fury thus was bent

On my devoted seats,
 'Till all the mighty force was spent
 In feeble swells, and empty threats.

But now with rising glory crown'd,
 My joys run high, they know no bound ;

Tides of unruly pleasure flow

Thro' ev'ry swelling vein,
 New raptures in my bosom glow,
 And warm me up to youth again.

Passing pomps my streets adorn ;
 Captive spoils in triumph born,
 Standards of Gauls, in fight subdu'd,
 Colours in hostile blood embru'd,
 Emblems of tyrannic might,
 Foes to equity and right,

In courts of British justice wave on high,
 Sacred to law and liberty.

My crowded theatres repeat,
 In songs of triumph, the defeat.

Did ever joyful mother see
 So bright, so brave a progeny,
 Daughters with so much beauty crown'd,
 Or sons for valour so renown'd ?

But, Oh ! I gaze, and seek in vain,
 To find, amidst this warlike train,
 My absent sons, that us'd to grace
 With decent pride this joyous place ;

Unhappy youths ! how do my sorrows rise,
 Swell my breast, and melt my eyes,
 While I your mighty loss deplore ?
 Wild, and raging with distress,
 I mourn, I mourn my own success,
 And boast my victories no more.
 Unhappy youths ! far from their native sky,
 On Danube's banks interr'd they lie.
 Germania, give me back my slain,
 Give me my slaughter'd sons again.
 Was it for this they rang'd so far,
 To free thee from oppressive war ?
 Germania, &c.

Tears of sorrow while I shed
 O'er the manes of my dead,
 Lasting altars let me raise
 To my living heroes' praise ;
 Heaven give them a longer stay,
 As glorious actions to display,
 Or perish on as great a day.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.
M · E · N.

<i>Sir Harry Gubbin</i>	-	-	<i>Drury lane.</i>
<i>Humphry Gubbin,</i>	-	-	Mr. Baddeley.
<i>Mr. Tipkin,</i>	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
<i>Clerimont sen.</i>	-	-	Mr. Hartry.
<i>Capt. Clerimont,</i>	-	-	Mr. Packer.
<i>Mr. Pounce,</i>	-	-	Mr. Reddish.
			Mr. Aickin.

W O M E N.

<i>Mrs. Clerimont,</i>	-	-	<i>Miss Younge.</i>
<i>Aunt,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Love.</i>
<i>Niece,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Abington.</i>
<i>Fainlove,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Greville.</i>
<i>Jenny, maid to Mrs. Clerimont.</i>			

T H E

T H E TENDER HUSBAND.

* * * *The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

A C T I.

Enter Clerimont, Sen. and Fainlove.

CLERIMONT, Sen.

WELL, Mr. Fainlove, how do you go on in your amour with my wife?

Fain. I am very civil, and very distant; if she smiles, or speaks, I bow and gaze at her; then throw down my eyes, as if oppressed by fear of offence; then steal a look again till she again sees me—This is my general method.

Cler. Sen. And 'tis right; for such a fine lady has no guard to her virtue, but her pride; therefore you must constantly apply yourself to that. But, dear Lucy, as you have been a very faithful, but a very costly wench to me, so, my spouse also has been constant to my bed, but careless of my fortune.

Fain. Ah, my dear! how could you leave your poor Lucy, and run into France to see fights, and shew your gallantry with a wife? Was not that unnatural?

Cler. Sen. She brought me a noble fortune, and I thought she had a right to share it; therefore carried her to see the world, forsooth, and make the tour of France and Italy, where she learned to lose her money gracefully, to admire every vanity in our sex, and condemn every virtue in her own, which, with ten thousand other perfections, are the ordinary improvements of a travelled lady. Now, I can neither mortify her vanity, that I may live at ease with her; or quite discard her, till I have caught her a little enlarging her innocent freedoms,

as

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as she calls them: for this end I am content to be a French husband, tho', now and then, with the secret pangs of an Italian one; and therefore, Sir, or Madam, you are thus equipped to attend and accost her ladyship: it concerns you to be diligent: if we wholly part—I need say no more: if we do not—I'll see thee well provided for.

Fain. I'll do all I can, I warrant you; but you are not to expect I'll go much among the men.

Cler. Sen. No, no, you must not go near the men; you are only, when my wife goes to a play, to sit in a side-box, with pretty fellows. I don't design you to personate a real man; you are only to be a pretty gentleman. Not to be of any use or consequence in the world, as to yourself; but merely as a property to others: 'such as you ' see, now and then, have a life in the intail of a great ' estate, that seem to have come into the world only to ' be tags in the pedigree of a wealthy house.' You must have seen many of that species.

Fain. I apprehend you; such as stand in assemblies, with an indolent softness, and contempt of all around them; who make a figure in public, and are scorned in private. I have seen such a one, with a pocket-glass to see his own face, and an affected perspective to know others.

[*Imitates each.*]

Cler. Sen. Ay, ay, that's my man—Thou dear rogue!

Fain. Let me alone. I'll lay my life I'll horn you; that is, I'll make it appear I might, if I could.

Cler. Sen. Ay, that will please me quite as well.

Fain. To shew you the progress I have made, I last night won of her five hundred pounds, which I have brought you safe.

[*Giving him bills.*]

Cler. Sen. Oh, the damned vice! That women can imagine all household care, regard to posterity, and fear of poverty, must be sacrificed to a game at cards. Suppose she had it not to pay, and you had been capable of finding your account another way——

Fain. That's but a supposal——

Cler. Sen. I say, she must have complied with every thing you asked.

Fain. But she knows you never limit her expences—I'll gain him from her for ever, if I can——

[*Aside.*
Cler.]

THE TENDER HUSBAND. 9

Cler. Sen. With this you have repaid me two thousand pounds; and if you did not refund thus honestly, I could not have supplied her——We must have parted.

Fain. Then you shall part, if t'other way fails. [*Aside.*] However, I can't blame your fondness of her, she has so many entertaining qualities with her vanity——Then she has such a pretty unthinking air, while she saunters round a room, and prattles sentences——

Cler. Sen. That was her turn from her infancy; she always had a great genius for knowing every thing but what it was necessary she should.' 'The wits of the age, the great beauties, and short-lived people of vogue, were always her discourse and imitation.' Thus the case stood when she went to France; but her fine follies improved so daily, that tho' I was then proud of her being called Mr. Clerimont's wife, I am now as much out of countenance to hear myself called Mrs. Clerimont's husband, so much is the superiority on her side.

Fain. I am sure, if ever I gave myself a little liberty, I never found you so indulgent.

Cler. Sen. I should have the whole sex on my back, should I pretend to retrench a lady so well visited as mine is: therefore I must bring it about that it shall appear her own act, if she reforms; or else I shall be pronounced jealous, and have my eyes pulled out for being open. But I hear my brother Jack coming, who, I hope, has brought yours with him——Hist! not a word.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cap. Cler. I have found him out at last, brother, and brought you the obsequious Mr. Pounce; I saw him at a distance in a crowd, whispering in their turns with all about him. He is a gentleman so received, so courted, and so trusted——

Pounce. I am very glad if you saw any thing like that; if the approbation of others can recommend me (where I much more desire it) to this company.

Cler. Sen. Oh, the civil person!——But dear Pounce, you know I am your professed admirer; 'I always celebrated you for your excellent skill and address, for that happy knowledge of the world, which makes you seem born for living with the persons you are with, wherever you come.'——Now, my brother and I want your help

help in a business that requires a little more dexterity than we ourselves are masters of.

Pounce. You know, Sir, my character is helping the distressed, which I do freely, and without reserve; while others are for distinguishing rigidly on the justice of the occasion, and so lose the grace of the benefit—Now 'tis my profession to assist a free-hearted young fellow against an unnatural long-lived father—to disencumber men of pleasure of the vexation of unwieldy estates, to support a feeble title to an inheritance, to——

Cler. Sen. I have been well acquainted with your merits ever since I saw you, with so much compassion, prompt a flaming witness in Westminster-Hall—that wanted instruction—I love a man that can venture his ears with so much bravery for his friend——

Pounce. Dear Sir, spare my modesty, and let me know to what all this panegyric tends.

Cler. Sen. Why, Sir, what I would say is in behalf of my brother the captain here, whose misfortune it is that I was born before him.

Pounce. I am confident he had rather you should have been so, than any other man in England.

Cap. Cler. You do me justice, Mr. Pounce——But, though 'tis to that gentleman, I am still a younger brother, and you know we that are so, are generally condemned to shops, colleges, or inns of court.

Pounce. But you, Sir, have escaped them; you have been trading in the noble mart of glory——

Cap. Cler. That's true——But the general makes such haste to finish the war, that we red coats may be soon out of fashion——and then I am a fellow of the most easy, indolent disposition in the world: I hate all manner of business.

Pounce. A composed temper, indeed!

Cap. Cler. In such a case, I should have no way of liveliness, but calling over this gentleman's dogs in the country, drinking his stale beer to the neighbourhood, or marrying a fortune.

Cler. Sen. To be short, Pounce——I am putting Jack upon marriage, and you are so publican envoy, or rather plenipotentiary, from the very different nations of Cheap-side, Covent-Garden, and St. James's; you have, too, the
mien

mien and language of each place so naturally, that you are the properest instrument I know in the world, to help an honest young fellow to favour in one of them, by credit in the other.

Pounce. By what I understand of your many prefaces, gentlemen, the purpose of all this is——That it would not, in the least, discompose this gentleman's easy, indolent disposition, to fall into twenty thousand pounds, tho' it came upon him never so suddenly.

Cap. Cler. You are a very discerning man——How could you see so far through me, as to know I love a fine woman, pretty equipage, good company, and a clean habitation?

Pounce. Well, though I am so much a conjuror——What then?

Cler. Sen. You know a certain person, into whose hands you now and then recommend a young heir, to be relieved from the vexation of tenants, taxes, and so forth——

Pounce. What! my worthy friend, and city-patron, Hezekiah Tipkin, banker, in Lombard-street; would the noble captain lay any sums in his hands?

Cap. Cler. No——But the noble captain would have treasure out of his hands——You know his niece.

Pounce. To my knowledge, ten thousand pounds in money.

Cap. Cler. Such a stature! such a blooming countenance! so easy a shape!

Pounce. In jewels of her grandmother's five thousand——

Cap. Cler. Her wit so lively, her mien so alluring!

Pounce. In land a thousand a year.

Cap. Cler. Her lips have that certain prominence, that swelling softness, that they invite to a pressure; her eyes that languish, that they give pain, though they look only inclined to rest——Her whole person that one charm——

Pounce. Raptures! Raptures!

Cap. Cler. How can it, so insensibly to itself, lead us through cares it knows not, through such a wilderness of hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, desires, despairs, ecstasies, and torments, with so sweet, yet so anxious vicissitude!——

Pounce.

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Pounce. Why I thought you had never seen her—

Cap. Cler. No more I ha'n't.

Pounce. Who told you, then, of her inviting lips, her soft sleepy eyes?——

Cap. Cler. You yourself——

Pounce. Sure you rave; I never spoke of her afore to you.

Cap. Cler. Why, you won't face me down—Did you not just now say, she had ten thousand pounds in money, five in jewels, and a thousand a year?

Pounce. I confess my own stupidity, and her charms—Why, if you were to meet, you would certainly please her; you have the cant of loving; but, pray, may we be free? That young gentleman——

Cap. Cler. A very honest, modest gentleman of my acquaintance; one that has much more in him than he appears to have; you shall know him better, Sir; this is Mr. Pounce. Mr. Pounce, this is Mr. Fainlove; I must desire you to let him be known to you, and your friends.

Pounce. I shall be proud—Well, then, since we may be free, you must understand, the young lady, by being kept from the world, has made a world of her own—She has spent all her solitude in reading romances; her head is full of shepherds, knights, flowery meads, groves, and streams; so that if you talk like a man of this world to her, you do nothing.

Cap. Cler. Oh, let me alone—I have been a great traveller in Fairy Land myself! I know Oroondates, Cassandra; Astrea and Clelia are my intimate acquaintance.

‘Go, my heart’s envoys, tender sighs make haste,

‘And with your breath swell the soft Zephyr’s blast;

‘Then near that fair one, if you chance to fly,

‘Tell her, in whispers, ’tis for her I die.’

Pounce. That would do, that would do——her very language.

Cler. Sen. Why then, dear Pounce, I know thou art the only man living that can serve him.

Pounce. Gentlemen, you must pardon me, I am soliciting the marriage settlement between her and a country-booby, her cousin, Humphry Gubbin, Sir Har-ry’s

ry's heir, who is come to town to take possession of her.

Cler. Sen. Well, all that I can say to the matter is, that a thousand pounds on the day of Jack's marriage to her, is more than you'll get by the dispatch of those deeds.

Pounce. Why, a thousand pounds is a pretty thing, especially when 'tis to take a lady fair out of the hands of an obstinate ill-bred clown, to give her to a gentle swain, a dying enamour'd knight.

Cler. Sen. Ay, dear Pounce—consider but that—the justice of the thing.

Pounce. Besides, he is just come from the glorious Blenheim! Look ye, Captain, I hope you have learned an implicit obedience to your leaders.

Cap. Cler. 'Tis all I know.

Pounce. Then, if I am to command—make no one step without me—and since we may be free—I am also to acquaint you, there will be more merit in bringing this matter to bear than you imagine—Yet right measures make all things possible.

Cap. Cler. We'll follow yours exactly.

Pounce. But the great matter against us is want of time, for the nymph's uncle, and squire's father, this morning met, and made an end of the matter—But the difficulty of a thing, Captain, shall be no reason against attempting it.

Cap. Cler. I have so great an opinion of your conduct, that I warrant you we conquer all.

Pounce. I am so intimately employed by old Tipkin, and so necessary to him—that I may, perhaps, puzzle things yet.

Cler. Sen. I have seen thee cajole the knave very dextrously.

Pounce. Why, really, Sir, generally speaking, 'tis but knowing what a man thinks of himself, and giving him that, to make him what else you please—Now Tipkin is an absolute Lombard-street wit, a fellow that drolls on the strength of fifty thousand pounds: he is called on 'Change, Sly-boots, and by the force of a very good credit, and very bad conscience, he is a leading person: but we must be quick, or he'll sneer old

B.

Sir

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Sir Harry out of his senses, and strike up the sale of his niece immediately.

Cap. Cler. But my rival, what's he——

Pounce. There's some hopes there, for I hear the booby is as averse, as his father is inclined to it——One is as obstinate, as the other cruel.

Cler. Sen. He is, they say, a pert blockhead, and very lively out of his father's fight.

Pounce. He that gave me his character, called him a docile dunce, a fellow rather absurd, than a direct fool——When his father's absent, he'll pursue any thing he's put upon——But we must not lose time——Pray be you two brothers at home to wait for any notice from me——While that pretty gentleman and I, whose face I have known, take a walk and look about for them——So, so——
young lady——

[*Aside to Fainlove.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Harry Gubbin and Tipkin.

Sir Har. Look ye, brother Tipkin, as I told you before, my business in town is to dispose of an hundred head of cattle, and my son.

Tip. Brother Gubbin, as I signified to you in my last, bearing date September 13th, my niece has a thousand pounds *per annum*, and because I have found you a plain-dealing man (particularly in the easy pad you put into my hands last summer) I was willing you should have the refusal of my niece, provided that I have a discharge from all retrospects while her guardian, and one thousand pounds for my care.

Sir Har. Aye, but brother, you rate her too high, the war has fetched down the price of women: the whole nation is over-run with petticoats; our daughters lie upon our hands, brother Tipkin; girls are drugs, Sir, mere drugs.

Tip. Look ye, Sir Harry——let girls be what they will——a thousand pounds a year, is a thousand pounds a year: and a thousand pounds a year is neither girl nor boy.

Sir Har. Look ye, Mr. Tipkin, the main article with me is, that foundation of wives rebellion, and husbands cuckoldom, that cursed pin-money——five hundred pounds *per annum* pin-money.

Tip.

THE TENDER HUSBAND. 15

Tip. The word pin-money, Sir Harry, is a term——

Sir Har. It is a term, brother, we never had in our family, nor ever will—Make her jointure in widow-hood accordingly large, but four hundred pounds a year is enough to give no account of.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, since you can't swallow these pins, I will abate to four hundred pounds.

Sir Har. And to mollify the article——as well as specify the uses, we'll put in the names of several female utensils, as needles, knitting-needles, tape, thread, scissars, bodkins, fans, play-books, with other toys of that nature. And now, since we have as good as concluded on the marriage, it will not be improper that the young people see each other.

Tip. I don't think it prudent till the very instant of marriage, lest they should not like one another.

Sir Har. They shall meet——As for the young girl she cannot dislike Numps; and for Numps, I never suffered him to have any thing he liked in his life. He'll be here immediately; he has been trained up from his childhood under such a plant as this in my hand——I have taken pains in his education.

Tip. Sir Harry, I approve your method; for since you have left off hunting, you might otherwise want exercise, and this is a subtle expedient to preserve your own health, and your son's good manners.

Sir Har. It has been the custom of the Gubbins to preserve severity and discipline in their families—I myself was caned the day before my wedding.

Tip. Aye, Sir Harry, had you not been well cudgelled in your youth, you had never been the man you are.

Sir Har. You say right, Sir, now I feel the benefit of it—There's a crab-tree near our house, which flourishes for the good of my posterity, and has brushed our jackets, from father to son, for several generations——

Tip. I am glad to hear you have all things necessary for the family within yourselves——

Sir Har. Oh! yonder, I see Numps is coming——I have dressed him in the very suit I had on at my own wedding; 'tis a most becoming apparel.——

B 2

Enter

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Enter Humphry Gubbin.

Tip. Truly, the youth makes a good marriageable figure.

Sir Har. Come forward, Numps, this is your uncle Tipkin, your mother's brother, Numps, that is so kind as to bestow his niece upon you. Don't be so glum, firrah, don't bow to a man with a face as if you'd knock him down, don't, firrah. *[Apart.]*

Tip. I am glad to see you, cousin Humphry—He is not talkative, I observe already.

Sir Har. He is very shrewd, Sir, when he pleases; do you see this crab-stick, you dog! *[Apart.]* Well, Numps, don't be out of humour. Will you talk? *[Apart.]* Come we're your friends, Numps, come, lad.

Hump. You are a pure fellow for a father. This is always your tricks, to make a great fool of one before company. *[Apart to his father.]*

Sir Har. Don't disgrace me, firrah: you grim, graceless rogue *[Apart.]*—Brother, he has been bred up to respect and silence before his parents—Yet did you but hear what a noise he makes sometimes in the kitchen, or the kennel, he's the loudest of them all.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, since you assure me he can speak, I'll take your word for it.

Hump. I can speak when I see occasion, and I can hold my tongue when I see occasion.

Sir Har. Well said, Numps—firrah, I see you can do well, if you will. *[Apart.]*

Tip. Pray walk up to me, cousin Humphrey.

Sir Har. Aye, walk to and fro between us, with your hat under your arm. Clear up your countenance. *[Apart.]*

Tip. I see, Sir Harry, you han't set him a capering under a French dancing master: he does not mince it: he has not learned to walk by a courant, or a borée—His paces are natural—Sir Harry.

Hump. I don't know but it is, so we walk in the west of England.

Sir Har. Aye, right, Numps, and so we do—Ha! ha! ha! pray, brother, observe his make, none of your lath-backed wishy washy breed—Come hither, Numps. Can't you stand still? *[Apart.]*

[Measuring his shoulders.]
Tip.

THE TENDER HUSBAND. 17

Tip. I presume this is not the first time, Sir Harry, you have measured his shoulders with your cane.

Sir Har. Look ye, brother, two foot and an half in the shoulders.

Tip. Two feet and an half? We must make some settlement on the younger children.

Sir Har. Not like him, quotha'!

Tip. He may see his cousin when he pleases.

Hump. But hark ye, uncle, I have a scruple I had better mention before marriage than after.

Tip. What's that? What's that?

Hump. My cousin, you know, is a-kin to me, and I don't think it lawful for a young man to marry his own relations.

Sir Har. Hark ye, hark ye, Numps, we have got a way to solve all that: firrah! Consider this cudgel! Your cousin! Suppose I'd have you marry your grandmother; what then? [*Apart.*]

Tip. Well, has your father satisfied you in the point, Mr. Humphry?

Hump. Aye, aye, Sir, very well: I have not the least scruple remaining; no, no,—not in the least, Sir.

Tip. Then hark ye, brother; we'll go take a whet, and settle the whole affair.

Sir Har. Come, we'll leave Numps here—he knows the way. Not marry your own relations, firrah! [*Apart.*]
[*Exeunt.*]

Hump. Very fine, very fine; how prettily this park is stocked with foldiers, and deer, and ducks, and ladies—Ha! where are the old fellows gone? where can they be, tro'——I'll ask these people——

Enter Pounce and Fainlove.

Hump. Ha, you pretty young gentleman, did you see my father?

Fain. Your father, Sir?

Hump. A weazel-faced crows old gentleman, with spindle shanks?

Fain. No, Sir.

Hump. A crab-tree stick in his hand?

Pounce. We ha'n't met any body with these marks, but sure I have seen you before—Are not you Mr. Humphry Gubbin, son and heir to Sir Henry Gubbin?

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Hump. I am his son and heir——But how long I shall be so I can't tell, for he talks every day of disinheriting me.

Pounce. Dear Sir, let me embrace you——Nay, don't be offended if I take the liberty to kiss you; Mr. Fainlove, pray [*Fainlove kisses.*] kiss the gentleman——Nay, dear Sir, don't stare and be surpris'd, for I have had a desire to be better known to you ever since I saw you one day clinch you fist at your father, when his back was turned upon you——For I must own I very much admire a young gentleman of spirit.

Hump. Why, Sir, would it not vex a man to the heart, to have an old fool snubbing a body every minute afore company.

Pounce. Oh, fye! he uses you like a boy.

Hump. Like a boy! He lays me on, now and then, as if I were one of his hounds——You can't think what a rage he was in this morning, because I boggled a little at marrying my own cousin.

Pounce. A man can't be too scrupulous, Mr. Humphry; a man can't be too scrupulous.

Hump. Sir, I could as soon love my own flesh and blood; we should squabble like brother and sister; do you think we should not, Mr. ——? Pray, gentlemen, may I crave the favour of your names?

Pounce. Sir, I am the very person that have been employed to draw up the articles of marriage between you and your cousin.

Hump. Aye, say you so? Then you can inform me in some things concerning myself?——Pray, Sir, what estate am I heir to?

Pounce. To fifteen hundred pounds a year, an intailed estate——

Hump. I am glad to hear it, with all my heart; and can you satisfy me in another question——Pray how old am I at present?

Pounce. Three and twenty last March.

Hump. Why, as sure as you are there, they have kept me back. I have been told by some of the neighbourhood, that I was born the very year the pigeon house was built, and every body knows the pigeon-house is three and twenty——Why, I find there has been tricks played

played me; I have obeyed him all along, as if I had been obliged to it.

Pounce. Not at all, Sir; your father can't cut you out of one acre of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Hum. What a fool have I been, to give him his head so long!

Pounce. A man of your beauty and fortune may find out ladies enough that are not a-kin to you.

Hump. Look ye, Mr. What-d'ye-call—As to my beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to that—But, Sir, mayn't I crave your name?

Pounce. My name, Sir, is Pounce, at your service.

Hump. Pounce, with a P——!

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and Samuel with an S——.

Hump. Why then, Mr. Samuel Pounce, do you know any gentlewoman that you think I could like? For, to tell you truly, I took an antipathy to my cousin ever since my father proposed her to me—And since every body knows I came up to be married, I don't care to go down, and look baulked.

Pounce. I have a thought just come into my head——Do you see this young gentleman? He has a sister, a prodigious fortune—'Faith, you two shall be acquainted.

Fain. I can't pretend to expect so accomplished a gentleman as Mr. Humphrey for my sister; but, being your friend, I'll be at his service in the affair.

Hump. If I had your sister, she and I should live like two turtles.

Pounce. Mr. Humphrey, you shan't be fool'd any longer. I'll carry you into company; Mr. Fainlove, you shall introduce him to Mrs. Clerimont's toilette.

Fain. She'll be highly taken with him, for she loves a gentleman whose manner is particular.

Pounce. What, Sir, a person of your pretensions, a clear estate, no portions to pay! 'Tis barbarous, your treatment—Mr. Humphry, I'm afraid you want money! ---There's for you—What, a man of your accomplishments!

[Giving a purse.]

Hump. And yet you see, Sir, how they use me——Dear Sir, you are the best friend I ever met with in all my life---Now I am flush of money, bring me to your sister, and I warrant you for my behaviour---A man's quite

quite another thing with money in his pocket—you know.

Pounce. How little the oaf wonders why I should give him money! You shall never want, Mr. Humphry, while I have it, Mr. Humphry; but, dear friend, I must take my leave of you, I have some extraordinary business on my hands; I can't stay; but you must not say a word.

Fain. But you must be in the way half an hour hence, and I'll introduce you at Mrs. Clerimont's.

Pounce. Make 'em believe you are willing to have your cousin Bridget, 'till opportunity serves. Farewel, dear friend.

[*Exit Pounce and Fain.*]

Hump. Farewel, good Mr. Samuel Pounce—But let's see my cash—'tis very true, the old saying, a man meets with more friendship from strangers, than his own relations—Let's see my cash, one, two, three, four, there on that side—one, two, three, four, on that side; 'tis a foolish thing to put all one's money in one pocket, 'tis like a man's whole estate in one county—These five in my fob---I'll keep these in my hand, lest I should have a present occasion—But this town's full of pick-pockets—I'll go home again.

[*Exit whistling.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Enter Pounce, and Captain Clerimont with his arm in a Scarf.

POUNCE.

YOU are now well enough instructed both in the aunt and niece to form your behaviour.

Cap. Cler. But to talk with her apart is the great matter.

Pounce. The antiquated virgin has a mighty affectation for youth, and is a great lover of men and money—One of these, at least, I am sure I can gratify her in, 'by turning her pence in the annuities, or the stocks of 'one of the companies,' some way or other I'll find to entertain her, and engage you with the young lady.

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Capt. Cler. Since that is her ladyship's turn, so busy and fine a gentleman as Mr. Pounce must needs be in her good graces.

Pounce. So shall you too——But you must not be seen with me at first meeting; I'll dog 'em, while you watch at a distance. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aunt and Niece.

Niece. Was it not my gallant that whistled so charmingly in the parlour, before he went out this morning? He's a most accomplished cavalier.

Aunt. Come, niece, come---You don't do well to make sport with your relations, especially with a young gentleman that has so much kindness for you.

Niece. Kindness for me! What a phrase is there to express the darts and flames, the sighs and languishings of an expecting lover!

Aunt. Pray, niece, forbear this idle trash, and talk like other people. Your cousin Humphry will be true and hearty in what he says, and that's a great deal better than the talk and compliment of romances.

Niece. Good Madam, don't wound my ears with such expressions; do you think I can ever love a man that's true and hearty! What a peasant-like amour do these coarse words import? True and hearty! Pray, aunt, endeavour a little at the embellishment of your stile.

Aunt. Alack-a-day, cousin Biddy, these idle romances have quite turned your head.

Niece. How often must I desire you, Madam, to lay aside that familiar name, cousin Biddy? I never hear it without blushing——Did you ever meet with an heroine, in those idle romances as you call 'em, that was termed Biddy?

Aunt. Ah, cousin, cousin——These are meer vapours, indeed——Nothing but vapours.

Niece. No, the heroine has always something soft and engaging in her name---Something that gives us a notion of the sweetness of her beauty and behaviour. A name that glides through half a dozen tender syllables, as Elismunda, Clidamira, Deidamia, that runs upon vowels of the tongue, not hissing through one's teeth, or breaking them with consonants——'Tis strange rudeness those familiar names they give us, when there is
Aurelia,

Aurelia, Saccharissa, Gloriana, for people of condition ; and Celia, Chloris, Corinna, Mopsa, for their maids and those of lower rank.

Aunt. Look ye, Biddy, this is not to be supported--- I know not where you learned this nicety ; but I can tell you, forsooth, as much as you despise it, your mother was a Bridget before you, and an excellent housewife.

Niece. Good Madam, don't upbraid me with my mother Bridget, and an excellent housewife.

Aunt. Yes, I say, she was, and spent her time in better learning than ever you did—not in reading of fights and battles of dwarfs and giants ; but in writing out receipts for broths, possets, caudles and surfeit-waters, as became a good country gentlewoman.

Niece. My mother, and a Bridget !

Aunt. Yes, niece, I say again your mother, my sister, was a Bridget ! the daughter of her mother Margery, of her mother Sisly, of her mother Alice.

Niece. Have you no mercy ? Oh, the barbarous genealogy !

Aunt. Of her mother Winifred, of her mother Joan.

Niece. Since you will run on, then I must needs tell you I am not satisfied in the point of my nativity. Many an infant has been placed in a cottage with obscure parents, 'till by chance some ancient servant of the family has known it by its marks.

Aunt. Aye, you had best be searched——That's like your calling the winds the fanning gales, before I don't know how much company ; and the tree that was blown by it, had, forsooth, a spirit imprisoned in the trunk of it.

Niece. Ignorance !

Aunt. Then a cloud this morning had a flying dragon in it.

Niece. What eyes had you that you could see nothing ? For my part I look upon it to be a prodigy, and expect something extraordinary will happen to me before night——But you have a gross relish of things. What noble descriptions in romances had been lost, if the writers had been persons of your goût ?

Aunt. I wish the authors had been hanged, and their books burnt, before you had seen 'em.

Niece.

Niece. Simplicity !

Aunt. A parcel of improbable lies——

Niece. Indeed, Madam, your raillery is coarse——

Aunt. Fit only to corrupt young girls, and fill their heads with a thousand foolish dreams of I don't know what.

Niece. Nay, now, Madam, you grow extravagant.

Aunt. What I say is not to vex, but advise you for your good.

Niece. What, to burn Philocles, Artaxerxes, Oroondates, and the rest of the heroic lovers, and take my country booby, cousin Humphry, for an husband !

Aunt. Oh, dear, Oh, dear, Biddy ! Pray, good dear, learn to act and speak like the rest of the world ; come, come, you shall marry your cousin, and live comfortably.

Niece. Live comfortably ! What kind of life is that ? A great heiress live comfortably ! Pray, aunt, learn to raise your ideas——What is, I wonder, to live comfortably ?

Aunt. To live comfortably, is to live with prudence and frugality, as we do in Lombard-street.

Niece. As we do——That's a fine life indeed, with one servant of each sex——Let's see how many things our coachman is good for——He rubs down his horses, lays the cloth, whets the knives, and sometimes makes beds.

Aunt. A good servant should turn his hand to every thing in a family.

Niece. Nay, there's not a creature in our family, that has not two or three different duties ; as John is butler, footman, and coachman ; so Mary is cook, laundress, and chamber-maid.

Aunt. Well, and do you laugh at that ?

Niece. No——not I——nor at the coach-horses, tho' one has an easy trot for my uncle's riding, and t'other an easy pace for your side-saddle——

Aunt. And so you jeer at the good management of your relations, do you ?

Niece. No, I'm well satisfied that all the house are creatures of business ; but indeed was in hopes that my poor little lap-dog might have lived with me upon my
fortune

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fortune without an employment ; but my uncle threatens every day to make him a turn-spit, that he too, in his sphere, may help us to live comfortably——

Aunt. Hark ye, cousin Biddy.

Niece. I vow I'm out of countenance, when our butler, with his careful face, drives us all stowed in a chariot drawn by one horse ambling, and t'other trotting with his provisions behind for the family, from Saturday night till Monday morning, bound for Hackney—— Then we make a comfortable figure, indeed.

Aunt. So we do, and so will you always, if you marry your cousin Humphry.

Niece. Name not the creature.

Aunt. Creature ! what your own cousin a creature !

Niece. Oh, let's be going ; I see yonder another creature that does my uncle's law business, and has, I believe, made ready the deeds, those barbarous deeds !

Aunt. What, Mr. Pounce a creature too ! Nay, now, I'm sure you're ignorant—You shall stay, and you'll learn more wit from him in an hour, than in a thousand of your foolish books in an age——Your servant, Mr. Pounce.

Enter Pounce.

Pounce. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt any private discourse.

Aunt. Not in the least, Sir.

Pounce. I should be loth to be esteem'd one of those who think they have a privilege of mixing in all companies, without any business, but to bring forth a loud laugh, or vain jest.

Niece. He talks with the mien and gravity of a Paladin.

[Aside.]

Pounce. Madam, I bought the other day at three and an half, and sold at seven.

Aunt. Then pray, Sir, sell for me in time. Niece, mind him ; he has an infinite deal of wit——

Pounce. This that I speak of was for you——I never neglect such opportunities to serve my friends.

Aunt. Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are, I protest, without flattery, the wittiest man in the world.

Pounce. I assure you, Madam, I said last night, before

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an hundred head of citizens, that Mrs. Barstheba Tipkin was the most ingenious young lady in the liberties.

Aunt. Well, Mr. Pounce, you are so facetious—— But you are always among the great ones——'Tis no wonder you have it.

Niece. Idle! idle!

Pounce. But, Madam, you know Alderman Greygoose, he's a notable joking man.——Well, says he, here's Mrs. Barstheba's health——She's my mistress.

Aunt. That man makes me split my sides with laughing, he's such a wag——(Mr. Pounce pretends Greygoose said all this, but I know 'tis his own wit, for he's in love with me.) [Aside.

Pounce. But, Madam, there's a certain affair I should communicate to you. [Apart.

Aunt. Aye, tis certainly so—He wants to break his mind to me. [Aside.] [Captain Clerimont passing.

Pounce. Oh, Mr. Clerimont, Mr. Clerimont---Ladies, pray let me introduce this young gentleman, he's my friend, a youth of great virtue and goodness, for all he is in a red coat.

Aunt. If he's your friend, we need not doubt his virtue.

— *Capt. Cler.* Ladies, you are taking the cool breath of the morning.

Niece. A pretty phrase. [Aside.

Aunt. That's the pleasantest time this warm weather.

Capt. Cler. Oh, 'tis the season of the pearly dews, and gentle zephyrs.

Niece. Aye! pray mind that again, aunt. [Aside.

Pounce. Shan't we repose ourselves on yonder seat? I love improving company, and to communicate.

Aunt. 'Tis certainly so——He's in love with me, and wants opportunity to tell me so——I don't care if we do——He's a most ingenious man.

[Exeunt Aunt and Pounce.

Capt. Cler. We enjoy here, Madam, all the pretty landscapes of the country, without the pains of going thither.

Niece. Art and nature are in a rivalry, or rather a confederacy, to adorn this beauteous park with all the agreeable variety of water, shade, walks, and air.

C

What

What can be more charming than these flowery lawns ?

Capt. Cler. Or these gloomy shades ?

Niece. Or these embroider'd vallies ?

Capt. Cler. Or that transparent stream ?

Niece. Or these bowing branches on the banks of it, that seem to admire their own beauty in the crystal mirror ?

Capt. Cler. I am surpris'd, Madam, at the delicacy of your phrase——Can such expressions come from Lombard-street ?

Niece. Alas ! Sir, what can be expected from an innocent virgin, that has been immur'd almost one and twenty years from the conversation of mankind, under the care of an Urganda of an aunt ?

Capt. Cler. Bless me, Madam, how have you been abus'd ! Many a lady before your age has had an hundred lances broken in her service, and as many dragons cut to pieces in honour of her.

Niece. Oh, the charming man ! *[Aside.]*

Capt. Cler. Do you believe Pamela was one and twenty before she knew Musidorus ?

Niece. I could hear him ever. *[Aside.]*

Capt. Cler. A lady of your wit and beauty might have given occasion for a whole romance in folio before that age.

Niece. Oh, the powers ! Who can he be ? Oh, youth unknown ! But let me, in the first place, know whom I talk to, for, Sir, I am wholly unacquainted both with your person, and your history---You seem, indeed, by your deportment, and the distinguishing mark of your bravery which you bear, to have been in a conflict---May I not know what cruel beauty oblig'd you to such adventures, till she pitied you ?

Capt. Cler. Oh, the pretty coxcomb ! *[Aside.]* Oh, Blenheim, Blenheim ! Oh, Cordelia, Cordelia !

Niece. You mention the place of battle——I would fain hear an exact description of it——Our public papers are so defective, they don't so much as tell us how the sun rose on that glorious day——Were there not a great many flights of vultures before the battle began ?

Capt. Cler. Oh, Madam, they have eaten up half my acquaintance.

Niece.

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Niece. Certainly never birds of prey were so feasted : by report, they might have lived half a year on the very legs and arms our troops left behind them.

Cap. Cler. Had we not fought near a wood, we should never have got legs enough to have come home upon. The joiner of the foot guards has made his fortune by it.

Niece. I shall never forgive your general ; he has put all my ancient heroes out of countenance ; he has pulled down Cyrus and Alexander, as much as Louis le Grand. But, your own part in that action ?

Cap. Cler. Only that slight hurt ; for the astrologer said, at my nativity : Nor fire, nor sword, nor pike, nor musquet shall destroy this child ; let him but avoid fair eyes. But, Madam, mayn't I crave the name of her that has captivated my heart ?

Niece. I can't guess whom you mean by that description ; but, if you ask my name, I must confess, you put me upon revealing what I always keep as the greatest secret I have : for, would you believe it ?—they have called me—I don't know how to own it—but they have called me—Bridget.

Cap. Cler. Bridget ?

Niece. Bridget.

Cap. Cler. Bridget ?

Niece. Spare my confusion, I beseech you, Sir ; and if you have occasion to mention me, let it be by Parthenissa ; for that's the name I have assumed ever since I came to years of discretion.

Cap. Cler. The insupportable tyranny of parents, to fix names on helpless infants which they must blush at all their lives after ! I don't think there's a surname in the world to match it.

Niece. No ! What do you think of Tipkin ?

Cap. Cler. Tipkin ! Why, I think, if I was a young lady that had it, I'd part with it immediately.

Niece. Pray, how would you get rid of it ?

Cap. Cler. I'd change it for another. I could recommend to you three very pretty syllables—What do you think of Clerimont ?

Niece. Clerimont ! Clerimont ! Very well—But what right have I to it ?

Cap. Cler. If you will give me leave, I'll put you in possession

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possession of it. By a very few words, I can make it over to you, and your children after you.

Niece. Oh, fie! whither are you running? You know a lover should sigh in private, and languish whole years, before he reveals his passion; he should retire into some solitary grove, and make the woods and wild beasts his confidants. You should have told it to the echo half a year before you had discovered it even to my handmaid. And yet, besides, to talk to me of children—Did you ever hear of a heroine with a big belly?

Cap. Cler. What can a lover do, Madam, now the race of giants is extinct? Had I lived in those days, there had not been a mortal six feet high, but should have owned Parthenissa for the paragon of beauty, or measured his length on the ground—Parthenissa should have been heard by the brooks and desarts at midnight; the echo's burden, and the river's murmur.

Niece. That had been a golden age, indeed! But see, my aunt has left her grave companion, and is coming towards us. I command you to leave me.

Cap. Cler. Thus Oroondates, when Statira dismissed him her presence, threw himself at her feet, and implored permission but to live.

[*Offering to kneel.*]

Niece. And thus Statira raised him from the earth, permitting him to live and love.

[*Exit Cap. Cler.*]

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Is not Mr. Pounce's conversation very improving, niece?

Niece. Is not Mr. Clerimont a very pretty name, aunt?

Aunt. He has so much prudence.

Niece. He has so much gallantry.

Aunt. So sententious in his expressions.

Niece. So polished in his language.

Aunt. All he says, is, methinks, so like a sermon.

Niece. All he speaks favours of romance.

Aunt. Romance, niece! Mr. Pounce! what, favours of romance?

Niece. No, I mean his friend, the accomplished Mr. Clerimont.

Aunt. Fie! for one of your years to commend a young fellow——

Niece.

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Niece. One of my years is mightily governed by example—You did not dislike Mr. Pounce.

Aunt. What, censorious too? I find there is no trusting you out of the house: a moment's fresh air does but make you still the more in love with strangers, and despise your own relations.

Niece. I am certainly, by the power of an enchantment placed among you; but, I hope, I, this morning, employed one to seek adventures, and break the charm.

Aunt. Vapours, Biddy, indeed; nothing but vapours. Cousin Humphry shall break the charm.

Niece. Name him not—Call me still Biddy, rather than name that brute. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

Cap. Cler. A perfect Quixote in petticoats! I tell thee, Pounce, she governs herself wholly by romance. It has got into her very blood. She starts by rule, and blushes by example. Could I but have produced one instance of a lady's complying at first sight, I should have gained her promise on the spot. How am I bound to curse the cold constitutions of the Philoclea's and Statira's? I am undone for want of precedents.

Pounce. I am sure I laboured hard to favour your conference; and plied the old woman all the while with something that tickled either her vanity or her covetousness; 'I considered all the stocks, old and new company, her own complexion and youth, partners for sword-blades, chamber of London, banks for charity, and mine adventurers, till she told me I had the repute of the most facetious man that ever came to Garraway's: for, you must know, public knaves and stock-jobbers pass for wits at her end of the town, as common cheats and gamesters do at yours.'

Cap. Cler. I pity the drudgery you have gone through; but what is next to be done, towards getting my pretty heroine?

Pounce. What should next be done, in ordinary method of things? You have seen her; the next regular approach is, that you cannot subsist a moment, without sending forth musical complaints of your misfortune, by way of serenade.

Cap. Cler. I can nick you there, Sir. 'I have a scrib-

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‘ bling army friend, that has wrote a triumphant, rare,
‘ noisy song, in honour of the late victory, that will hit
‘ the nymph’s fantasque to a hair.’ I’ll get every thing
ready as soon as possible.

Pounce. While you are playing upon the fort, I’ll be
within, and observe what execution you do, and give you
intelligence accordingly.

Cap. Cler. You must have an eye upon Mr. Humphry,
while I feed the vanity of Parthenissa : for I am so expe-
rienced in these matters, that I know none but coxcombs
think to win a woman by any desert of their own. No,
it must be done rather by complying with some prevailing
humour of your mistress, than exerting any good quality
in yourself.

’Tis not the lover’s merit wins the field,
But to themselves alone the beauteous yield.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

*Enter Mrs. Clerimont, Fainlove, carrying her lap-dog,
and Jenny.*

JENNY.

MADAM, the footman that’s recommended to you
is below, if your ladyship will please to take him.

Mrs. Cler. Oh, fie ! don’t believe I’ll think on’t—It is
impossible he should be good for any thing—The English
are so saucy with their liberty—I’ll have all my lower ser-
vants French—There cannot be a good footman born out
of an absolute monarchy.

Jen. I am beholden to your ladyship, for believing so
well of the maid-servants in England.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, Jenny, I could wish thou wert real-
ly French : for thou art plain English, in spite of ex-
ample. Your arms do but hang on, and you move per-
fectly upon joints. Not with a swim of the whole per-
son—But I am talking to you, and have not adjusted
myself to-day. What pretty company a glass ! to have
another self ! [*Kisses the dog.*] The converse in soliloquy !
To

To have company that never contradicts or displeases us ! The pretty, visible echo of our actions ! [*Kisses the dog.*] How easy, too, it is to be disencumbered with stays, where a woman has any thing like shape ; if no shape, a good air——But I look best when I'm talking.

[*Kisses the lap-dog in Fainlove's arms.*]

Jen. You always look well.

Mrs. Cler. For I'm always talking ; you mean so ; that disquiets thy sullen English temper ; but really I don't look so well when I am silent. If I do but offer to speak, then I may say that Oh, bless me Jenny ! I am so pale, I am afraid of myself ; I have not laid on half red enough——What a dough-baked thing was I, before I improved myself, and travelled for beauty——However, my face is very prettily designed to-day.

Fain. Indeed, Madam, you begin to have so fine a hand, that you are younger every day than other.

Mrs. Cler. The ladies abroad used to call me Mademoiselle Titian, I was so famous for my colouring. But, pr'ythee, wench, bring me my black eye-brows out of the next room.

Jen. Madam, I have them in my hand.

Fain. It would be happy for all that are to see you to-day, if you could change your eyes too.

Mrs. Cler. Gallant enough——No, hang it, I'll wear these I have on ; this mode of visage takes mightily ; I had three ladies, last week, came over to my complexion. I think to be a fair woman this fortnight, till I find I am aped too much——I believe there are an hundred copies of me already.

Jen. Dear Madam, won't your ladyship please to let me be of the next countenance you leave off ?

Mrs. Cler. You may, Jenny ; but I assure you it is a very pretty piece of ill-nature for a woman that has any genius for beauty, to observe the servile imitation of her manner, her motion, her glances, and her smiles.

Fain. Ay, indeed, Madam, nothing can be so ridiculous as to imitate the inimitable.

Mrs. Cler. Indeed, as you say, Fainlove, the French mien is no more to be learned than the language, without going thither——Then again, to see some poor ladies, who have clownish, penurious English husbands, turn and torture

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ture their old cloaths into so many forms, and dye them into so many colours, to follow me—What sayest, Jenny? What sayest? Not a word?

Jen. Why, Madam, all that I can say——

Mrs. Cler. Nay, I believe, Jenny, thou hast nothing to say, any more than the rest of thy country women—The splenetics speak just as the weather lets them; they are mere talking barometers. Abroad, people of quality go on so eternally, and still go on, and are gay, and entertain—In England, discourse is made up of nothing but question and answer. I was t'other day at a visit, where there was a profound silence, for, I believe, the third part of a minute.

Jen. And your ladyship there?

Mrs. Cler. They infected me with their dulness. Who can keep up their good humour at an English visit? They sit as at a funeral, silent in the midst of many candles—One, perhaps, alarms the room—'Tis very cold weather—then all the mutes play their fans till some other question happens, and then their fans go off again.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, your spinnet master is come.

Mrs. Cler. Bring him in; he's very pretty company.

Fain. His spinnet is; he never speaks himself.

Mrs. Cler. Speak, simpleton! What then? He keeps out silence, does not he?

Enter Master.

Oh, Sir, you must forgive me; I have been very idle.

Well, you pardon me. [Master bows.] Did you think

I was perfect in the song? [Bows.] But, pray, let me

hear it once more. Let us see it. [Reads.]

S O N G.

With studied airs, and practis'd smiles,

Flavia my ravish'd heart beguiles:

The charms we make, are ours alone,

Nature's works are not our own.

Her skilful hand gives ev'ry grace,

And shews her fancy in her face;

She feeds with art an am'rous rage,

Nor fears the force of coming age.

You

‘ You sing it very well; but, I confess, I wish you’d
‘ give more into the French manner—Observe me hum
‘ it *à la Française*.

‘ With studied airs, &c.

‘ The whole person, every limb, every nerve sings—
‘ The English way, is only being, for that time, a mere
‘ musical instrument, just sending forth a sound, without
‘ knowing they do so. Now I’ll give you a little of it
‘ like an English woman—You are to suppose I have
‘ denied you twenty times, looked silly, and all that;
‘ then, with hands and face insensible—I have a mighty
‘ cold.——With studied airs, &c.’

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Captain Clerimont, and a very strange gentleman are come to wait on you.

Mrs. Cler. Let him and the very strange gentleman come in.

Fain. Oh, Madam! that’s the country gentleman I was telling you of.

Enter Humphry and Captain Clerimont.

Madam, may I do myself the honour to recommend Mr. Gubbin, son and heir to Sir Harry Gubbin, to your ladyship’s notice?

Mrs. Cler. Mr. Gubbin, I am extremely pleased with your suit; ’tis antique, and originally from France.

Hump. It is always locked up, Madam, when I’m in the country. My father prizes it mightily.

Mrs. Cler. ’Twould make a very pretty dancing suit in a mask. Oh, Captain Clerimont! I have a quarrel with you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, your ladyship’s husband desires to know whether you see company to-day, or not.

Mrs. Cler. Who, you clown?

Serv. Mr. Clerimont, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. He may come in.

Enter Clerimont, Senior.

Mrs. Cler. Your very humble servant.

Cler. Sen. I was going to take the air this morning, in my coach, and did myself the honour, before I went, to receive your commands, finding you saw company.

Mrs. Cler. At any time, when you know I do, you may
let

let me see you. Pray, how did you sleep last night?—If I had not asked him that question, they might have thought we lay together. [*Aside.*] [*Here Fainlove, looking through a perspective, bows to Clerimont, Senior.*] But, Captain, I have a quarrel with you—I have utterly forgot those three couplees you promised to come again, and shew me.

Cler. Sen. Then, Madam, you have no commands this morning?

Mrs. Cler. Your humble servant, Sir——But, Oh! [*As she is going to be led by the Captain.*] Have you signed that mortgage, to pay off my Lady Faddle's winnings at ombre?

Cler. Sen. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Cler. Then all's well, my honour's safe. [*Exit. Clermont, Sen.*] Come, Captain, lead me this step, for I'm apt to make a false one—you shall shew me.

Cap. Cler. I'll shew you, Madam; 'tis no matter for a fiddle: I'll give you them the French way, in a teaching tune. Pray, more quick——*O Mademoiselle que faites vous—A moi*—There again—Now slide, as it were, with and without measure—There you out-did the gypsey—and you have all the smiles of the dance to a tittle.

Mrs. Cler. Why, truly, I think that the greatest part. I have seen an English woman dance a jig with the severity of a vestal virgin.

Humph. If this be French dancing and singing, I fancy I could do it—Haw! Haw! [*Capers aside.*]

Mrs. Cler. I protest, Mr. Gubbin, you have almost the step, without any of our country bashfulness. Give me your hand—Haw! haw! So, so, a little quicker—That's right, haw!—'Captain, your brother delivered this spark to me, to be diverted here till he calls for him.'

[*Exit Cap. Cler.*]

Humph. This cutting so high, makes one's money jingle confoundedly; I'm resolved I'll never carry above one pocket-full hereafter.

Mrs. Cler. You do it very readily. You amaze me.

Humph. Are the gentlemen in France generally so well bred as we are in England? Are they, Madam? Ha: But, young gentleman, when shall I see this sifter?

Haw!

Haw! haw! haw! Is not the higher one jumps, the better?

Fain. She'll be mightily taken with you, I'm sure. One would not think 'twas in you—you are so gay, and dance so very high——

Humph. What should ail me? Did you think I was wind-galled? I can sing, too, if I please; but I won't, till I see your sister. This is a mighty pretty house.

Mrs. Cler. Well, do you know that I like this gentleman extremely? I should be glad to form him. But, were you never in France, Mr. Gubbin?

Humph. No; but I'm always thus pleasant, if my father is not by. I protest, I'd advise your sister to have me. I'm for marrying her at once. Why should I stand shilly-shally, like a country bumpkin?

Fain. Mr. Gubbin, I dare say she'll be as forward as you; we'll go in and see her. [Apart.]

Mrs. Cler. Then he has not yet seen the lady he is in love with. I protest, very new and gallant. Mr. Gubbin, she must needs believe you a frank person. Fain-love, I must see this sister too. I am resolved she shall like him.

There needs not time true passion to discover:

The most believing is the most a lover. [Exeunt.]

Enter Niece.

Oh, Clerimont, Clerimont! To be struck at first sight! I'm ashamed of my weakness; I find in myself all the symptoms of a raging amour; I love solitude; I grow pale: I sigh frequently; I call upon the name of Clerimont when I don't think of it; his person is ever in my eyes, and his voice in my ears. Methinks I long to lose myself in some pensive grove, or to hang over the head of some warbling fountain, with a lute in my hand, softening the murmurs of the water.

Enter Aunt.

Aunt. Biddy, Biddy! Where's Biddy Tipkin?

Niece. Whom do you enquire for?

Aunt. Come, come; he is just a coming at the park door.

Niece. Who is coming?

Aunt. Your cousin Humphry——Who should be coming? Your lover, your husband that is to be. Pray, my

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my dear, look well, and be civil, for your credit, and mine too.

Niece. If he answers my idea, I shall rally the rustic to death.

Aunt. Hift—here he is.

Enter Humphry.

Humph. Aunt, your humble servant—Is that—
Ha! aunt?

Aunt. Yes, cousin Humphry, that's your cousin Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together.

[Exit Aunt. They sit.]

Humph. Aunt does as she'd be done by, cousin Bridget, does not she, cousin? ha! What, are you a Londoner, and not speak to a gentleman? Look ye, cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I liked you, as not caring to buy a pig in a poke; for I love to look before I leap.

Niece. Sir, your person and address bring to my mind the whole history of Valentine and Orson. What, would they marry me to a wild man? Pray, answer me a question or two.

Humph. Ay, ay, as many as you please, cousin Bridget.

Niece. What wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?

Humph. Caught!

Niece. Where were your haunts?

Humph. My haunts!

Niece. Are not cloaths very uneasy to you? Is this strange dress the first you ever wore?

Humph. How!

Niece. Are you not a great admirer of roots, and raw flesh? Let me look upon your nails. Don't you love blackberries, haws, and pig-nuts mightily?

Humph. How!

Niece. Canst thou deny that thou wert suckled by a wolf? You han't been so barbarous, I hope, since you came amongst men, as to hunt your nurse; have you?

Humph. Hunt my nurse! Ay, 'tis so; she is distracted, as sure as a gun. Hark ye, cousin; pray, will you let me ask you a question or two?

Niece. If thou hast yet learned the use of language, speak, monster.

Humph.

Humph. How long have you been thus?

Niece. Thus! What wouldst thou say?

Humph. What's the cause of it? Tell me truly now.
Did you never love any body before me?

Niece. Go, go; thou'rt a savage. [Rites.]

Humph. They never let you go abroad, I suppose.

Niece. Thou'rt a monster, I tell thee.

Humph. Indeed, cousin, tho' 'tis folly to tell thee so,
I am afraid thou art a mad woman.

Niece. I'll have thee into some forest.

Humph. I'll take thee into a dark room.

Niece. I hate thee.

Humph. I wish you did; there is no hate lost, I assure
you, cousin Bridget.

Niece. Cousin Bridget, quotha! I'd as soon claim kin-
dred with a mountain bear. I detest thee.

Humph. You never do any harm in these fits, I hope—
But do you hate me in earnest?

Niece. Dost thou ask it, ungentle forester?

Humph. Yes; for I've a reason, look ye. It happens
very well, if you hate me, and are in your senses; for,
to tell you truly, I don't much care for you; and there
is another fine woman, as I am informed, that is in some
hopes of having me.

Niece. This merits my attention. [Aside.]

Humph. Look ye, d'ye see, as I said, since I don't care
for you, I would not have you set your heart on me;
but if you like any body else, let me know it, and I'll find
out a way for us to get rid of one another, and deceive
the old folks, that would couple us.

Niece. This wears the face of an amour. There is
something in that thought, which makes thy presence less
unsupportable.

Humph. Nay, nay, now you are growing fond; if you
come with these maids tricks, to say you hate at first, and
afterwards like me, you'll spoil the whole design.

Niece. Don't fear it—When I think of consorting
with thee, may the wild boar defile the cleanly ermine,
may the tiger be wedded to the kid!

Humph. When I of thee, may the pole-cat catterwaul
with the civet!

D

Niece.

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Niece. When I harbour the least thought of thee, may the silver Thames forget its course !

Humph. When I like thee, may I be sous'd over head and ears in a horse-pond !——But do you hate me ?

Enter Aunt.

Niece. For ever ; and you me ?

Humph. Most heartily.

Aunt. Ha ! I like this——They are come to promises——and protestations. *[Aside.*

Hump. I am very glad I have found a way to please you.

Niece. You promise to be constant.

Hum. Till death.

Niece. Thou best of savages !

Hump. Thou best of savages ! Poor Biddy.

Aunt. Oh, the pretty couple, joking on one another. Well, how do you like your cousin Humphry now ?

Niece. Much better than I thought I should——He's quite another thing than what I took him for——We have both the same passions for one another.

Hump. We wanted only an occasion to open our hearts——*Aunt.*

Aunt. Oh, how this will rejoice my brother, and Sir Harry ! we'll go to 'em.

Hump. No, I must fetch a walk with a new acquaintance, Mr. Samuel Pounce.

Aunt. An excellent acquaintance for your husband ! Come, niece, come.

Niece. Farewel, rustic.

Hump. B'ye, Biddy.

Aunt. Rustic ! Biddy ! Ha ! ha ! pretty creatures

[Exeunt.]

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Enter Captain Clerimont and Pounce.

CLERIMONT.

DOES she expect me, then, at this very instant ?

Pounce. I tell you, she ordered me to bring the painter at this very hour precisely, to draw her niece.—' for

to

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‘ to make her picture peculiarly charming, she has now
 ‘ that down-cast pretty shame, that warm cheek, glow-
 ‘ ing with the fear and hope of to-day’s fate, with the
 ‘ inviting, coy affectation of a bride, all in her face at
 ‘ once.’ Now I know you are a pretender that way.’

Capt. Cler. Enough, I warrant to personate the character on such an inspiring occasion.

Pounce. ‘ You must have the song I spoke of performed at this window—at the end of which I’ll
 ‘ give you a signal——Every thing is ready for you,
 ‘ your pencil, your canvas stretched——your’——Be sure you play your part in humour: to be a painter for a lady, you’re to have the excessive flattery of a lover, the ready invention of a poet, and the easy gesture of a player.

Capt. Cler. Come, come, no more instructions; my imagination out-runs all you can say: Begone, begone!
[*Exit Pounce.*]

‘ S O N G.

‘ Why, lovely charmer, tell me why,
 ‘ So very kind, and yet so shy?
 ‘ Why does the cold forbidding air
 ‘ Give damps of sorrow and despair?
 ‘ Or why that smile my soul subdue,
 ‘ And kindle up my flames anew?
 ‘ In vain you strive with all your art,
 ‘ By turns to freeze and fire my heart;
 ‘ When I behold a face so fair,
 ‘ So sweet a look, so soft an air,
 ‘ My ravish’d soul is charm’d all o’er,
 ‘ I cannot love thee less nor more.

‘ *After the song Pounce appears beckoning the Captain.*

‘ *Pounce.* Captain, Captain.’ [*Exit Capt. Cler.*]

SCENE, *Niece’s Lodgings two Chairs and a Table.*

Enter Aunt and Niece.

Aunt. Indeed, niece, I am as much overjoy’d to see your wedding day, as if it were my own.

Niece. But, why must it be huddled up so?

Aunt. Oh, my dear, a private wedding is much better; your mother had such a bustle at hers, with feasting
and

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and fooling: besides, they did not go to bed 'till two in the morning.

Niece. Since you understand things so well, I wonder you never married yourself.

Aunt. My dear, I was very cruel thirty years ago, and nobody ask'd me since.

Niece. Alas-a-day!

Aunt. Yet, I assure you, there were a great many matches propos'd to me—There was Sir Gilbert Jolly; but he, forsooth, could not please: he drank ale, and smok'd tobacco, and was no fine Gentleman, forsooth—but, then again, there was young Mr. Peregrine Shapely, who had travel'd, and spoke French, and smil'd at all I said; he was a fine gentleman—but then he was consumptive: and yet again to see how one may be mistaken; Sir Jolly died in half a year, and my Lady Shapely has by that thin slip eight children, that should have been mine; but here's the bridegroom. So cousin, Humphry!

Enter Humphry.

Hump. Your servant, ladies—So, my dear—

Niece. So, my savage——

Aunt. O fie, no more of that to your husband, Biddy.

Hump. No matter, I like it as well as duck or love; I know my cousin loves me as well as I do her.

Aunt. I will leave you together; I must go and get ready an entertainment for you when you come home.

[Exit.]

Hump. Well, cousin, are you constant?—Do you hate me still?

Niece. As much as ever.

Hump. What an happiness it is, when people's inclinations jump! I wish I knew what to do with you: can you get no body, d'ye think, to marry you?

Niece. Oh, Clerimont, Clerimont! Where art thou?

[Aside.]

Enter Aunt, and Captain Clerimont disguised.

Aunt. This, Sir, is the lady, whom you are to draw—You see, Sir, as good flesh and blood as a man would desire to put in colours—I must have her maiden picture.

Hump. Then the painter must make haste—Ha, cousin!

Niece.

Niece. Hold thy tongue, good savage.

Capt. Cler. Madam, I'm generally forc'd to new-mould every feature, and mend nature's handy-work; but here she has made so finished an original, that I despair of my copy's coming up to it.

Aunt. Do you hear that niece?

Niece. I don't desire you to make graces where you find none.

Capt. Cler. To see the difference of the fair sex! — I protest to you, Madam, my fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing faces for those that sit to me. The first entertainment I generally meet with, are complaints for want of sleep; they never look'd so pale in their lives, as when they sit for their pictures. — Then so many touches and retouches, when the face is finish'd — That wrinkle ought not to have been, those eyes are too languid, that colour's too weak, that side-look hides the mole on the left cheek. In short, the whole likeness is struck out: but in you, Madam, the highest I can come up to will be but rigid justice.

Hump. A comical dog, this!

Aunt. Truly the gentleman seems to understand his business.

Niece. Sir, if your pencil flatters like your tongue, you are going to draw a picture that won't be at all like me. — Sure I have heard that voice somewhere. [*Aside.*]

Capt. Cler. Madam, be pleas'd to place yourself near me, nearer still, Madam, here falls the best light — You must know, Madam, there are three kinds of airs which the ladies most delight in — There is your haughty — your mild, — and your pensive air — The haughty may be express'd with the head a little more erect than ordinary, and the countenance with a certain disdain in it, so as she may appear almost, but not quite, inexorable: This kind of air is generally heightened with a little knitting of the brows — I gave my Lady Scornwell her choice of a dozen frowns, before she could find one to her liking.

Niece. But what's the mild air?

Capt. Cler. The mild air is compos'd of a languish, and a smile — But if I might advise, I'd rather be a pensive beauty; the pensive usually feels her pulse, leans on one arm, or sits ruminating with a book in her hand

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—— which conversation she is supposed to chuse, rather than the endless importunities of lovers.

Hump. A comical dog——

Aunt. Upon my word he understands his business well ; I'll tell you, niece, how your mother was drawn—— She had an orange in her hand, and a nosegay in her bosom, but a look so pure and fresh-coloured, you'd have taken her for one of the seasons.

Capt. Cler. You seem, indeed, Madam, most inclin'd to the pensive—— The pensive delights also in the fall of waters, pastoral figures, or any rural view suitable to a fair lady, who with a delicate spleen, has retired from the world, as sick of its flattery and admiration.

Niece. No—— since there is room for fancy in a picture, I would be drawn like the Amazon Thalestris, with a spear in my hand, and an helmet on a table before me—— At a distance behind, let there be a dwarf, holding by the bridle a milk-white palfrey——

Capt. Cler. Madam, the thought is full of spirit ; and if you please, there shall be a Cupid stealing away your helmet, to shew that love should have a part in all gallant actions.

Niece. That circumstance may be very picturesque.

Capt. Cler. Here, Madam, shall be your own picture, here the palfrey, and here the dwarf—— The dwarf must be very little, or we shan't have room for him.

Niece. A dwarf can't be too little.

Capt. Cler. I'll make him a blackamoor, to distinguish him from the other too powerful dwarf —— [*Sigs.*] the Cupid—— I'll place that beauteous boy near you, 'twill look very natural—— He'll certainly take you for his mother Venus.

Niece. I leave these particulars to your own fancy.

Capt. Cler. Please, Madam, to uncover your neck a little ; a little lower still—a little, little lower.

Niece. I'll be drawn thus, if you please, Sir.

Capt. Cler. Ladies, have you heard the news of a late marriage between a young lady of a great fortune, and a younger brother of a good family ?

Aunt. Pray, Sir, how is it ?

Capt. Cler. This young gentleman, ladies, is a particular acquaintance of mine, and much about my age, and stature ; (look me full in the face, Madam ;) he accidentally

dentally met the young lady, who had in her all the perfections of her sex; (hold up you head, Madam, that's right;) she let him know that his person and discourse were not altogether disagreeable to her—The difficulty was, how to gain a second interview, (your eyes full upon mine, Madam;) for never was there such a sigher in all the valleys of Arcadia, as that unfortunate youth, during the absence of her he lov'd.——

Aunt. A-lack-a-day—poor young gentleman!

Niece. It must be he—what a charming amour is this!

[*Aside.*

Capt. Cler. At length, ladies, he bethought himself of an expedient; he dress'd himself just at I am now, and came to draw her picture; (your eyes full upon mine; pray, Madam.)

Hump. A subtle dog, I warrant him.

Capt. Cler. And by that means found an opportunity of carrying her off, and marrying her.

Aunt. Indeed, your friend was a very vicious young man.

Niece. Yet, perhaps the young lady was not displeas'd at what he had done.

Capt. Cler. But, Madam, what were the transports of the lover, when she made him that confession?

Niece. I dare say she thought herself very happy, when she got out of her guardian's hands.

Aunt. 'Tis very true, niece—There are abundance of those head-strong young baggages about town.

Capt. Cler. The gentleman has often told me, he was strangely struck at first sight; but when she sat to him for her picture, and assumed all those graces that are proper for the occasion—his torment was so exquisite, his passions so violent, that he could not have lived a day, had he not found means to make the charmer of his heart his own.

Hump. 'Tis certainly the foolishhest thing in the world to stand shall-shally about a woman, when one has a mind to marry her.

Capt. Cler. The young painter turn'd poet on the subject? I believe I have the words by heart.

Niece. A sonnet! pray repeat it.

Capt. Cler. When gentle Parthenissa walks,
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
A thousand shafts around her fly,
A thousand swains unheeded die.

If

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If then she labours to be seen,
With all her killing air and mien ;
From so much beauty, so much art,
What mortal can secure his heart ?

Hump. I fancy if 'twas sung, 'twould make a very pretty catch.

Capt. Cler. My servant has a voice, you shall hear it.

[*Here it is sung.*]

Aunt. Why, this is pretty. I think a painter should never be without a good finger—It brightens the features strangely—I profess I am mightily pleased ; I'll but just step in, and give some orders, and be with you presently.

[*Exit.*]

Niece. Was not this adventurous painter called Clerimont ?

Capt. Cler. It was Clerimont, the servant of Parthenissa ! but let me beseech that beauteous maid to resolve, and make the incident I feign'd to her a real one—Consider, Madam, you are environed by cruel and treacherous guards, which would force you to a disagreeable marriage ; your case is exactly the same with the Princess of the Leontines in Clelia.

Niece. How can we commit such a solecism against all rules ! What, in the first leaf of our history to have the marriage ? You know it cannot be.

Capt. Cler. The pleasantest part of the history will be after marriage.

Niece. No ! I never yet read of a knight that entered tilt or tournament after wedlock——'Tis not to be expected——When the husband begins, the hero ends ; all that noble impulse to glory, all the generous passion for adventures is consumed in the nuptial torch ; I don't know how it is, but Mars and Hymen never hit it.

Hump. [*Lift'ning.*] Consum'd in the nuptial torch ! Mars and Hymen ! What can all this mean ! I am very glad I can hardly read——They could never get these foolish fancies into my head——I had always a strong brain. [*Afide.*] Hark ye, cousin, is not this painter a comical dog ?

Niece. I think he's very agreeable company——

Hump. Why then I tell you what—marry him—A painter's a very genteel calling—He's an ingenious fellow, and certainly poor. I fancy he'd be glad on't ! I'll keep my

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my aunt out of the room a minute or two, that's all the time you have to consider—— [Exit.

Capt. Cler. Fortune points out to us this only occasion of our happiness: love's of celestial origin, and needs no long acquaintance to be manifest. Lovers, like angels, speak by intuition—their souls are in their eyes——

Niece. Then I fear he sees mine. [*Aside.*] But I can't think of abridging our amours, and cutting off all farther decorations of disguise, serenade, and adventure.

Capt. Cler. Nor would I willingly lose the merit of long services, midnight sighs, and plaintive solitudes—were there not a necessity.

Niece. Then to be seiz'd by stealth!

Capt. Cler. Why, Madam, you are a great fortune, and should not be married the common way. Indeed, Madam, you ought to be stol'n; nay, in strictness, I don't know but you ought to be ravish'd.

Niece. But then history will be so short.

Capt. Cler. I grant it; but you don't consider there's a device in another's leading you instead of this person that's to have you; and, Madam, tho' our amours can't furnish out a romance, they'll make a very pretty novel. Why smiles my fair?

Niece. I am almost of opinion, that had Oroondates been as pressing as Clerimont, Cassandra had been but a pocket-book: but it looks so ordinary, to go out at a door, to be married—Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a window, and run away with.

Enter Humphry and Pounce.

Hump. Well, cousin, the coach is at the door. If you please I'll lead you.

Niece. I put myself into your hands, good savage; but you promise to leave me.

Hump. I tell you plainly, you must not think of having me.

Pounce. [*To Capt. Cler.*] You'll have opportunity enough to carry her off; the old fellows will be busy with me—I'll gain all the time I can, but be bold and prosper.

Niece. Clerimont, you follow us.

Capt. Cler. Upon the wings of love.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

Enter Clerimont Sen. and Fainlove.

CLERIMONT SENIOR.

THEN she gave you this letter, and bid you read it as a paper of verses?

Fain. This is the place, the hour, the lucky minute——Now am I rubbing up my memory, to recollect all you said to me when you first ruined me, that I may attack her right.

Cler. Sen. Your eloquence would be needless——'tis so unmodish to need persuasion: modesty makes a lady embarrassed——But my spouse is above that, as for example, [*Reading her letter.*] “Fainlove, you don't seem to want wit—therefore I need say no more, than that distance to a woman of the world is becoming in no man, but an husband: an hour hence come up the back stairs to my closet. Adieu, *Mon Mignon.*”

I am glad you are punctual, I'll conceal myself to observe your interview——Oh, torture! but this wench must not see it—— [*Aside.*]

Fain. Be sure you come time enough to save my reputation.

Cler. Sen. Remember your orders; distance becomes no man but an husband.

Fain. I am glad you are in so good humour on the occasion; but you know me to be but a bully in love, that can bluster only till the minute of engagement——But I'll top my part, and form my conduct by my own sentiments——If she grows coy, I'll grow more saucy——'twas so I was won myself——

Cler. Sen. Well, my dear rival——your assignation draws nigh——‘you are to put on your transport, your impatient throbbing heart won't let you wait her arrival——Let the dull family-thing and husband, who reckons his moments by his cares, be content to wait, but you are a gallant, and measure time by extasies.’

Fain. I hear her coming—to your post——good husband, know your duty, and don't be in the way when your wife has a mind to be in private——To your post, into the coal-hole.

Enter Mrs. Clerimont.

Welcome, my dear, my tender charmer——Oh! to my

my longing arms—feel the heart pat, that falls and rises as you smile or frown—Oh, the extatic moment!

I think that was something like what has been said to me.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Cler. Very well—Fainlove—I protest I value myself for my discerning—I knew you had fire through all the respect you shewed me—But how came you to make no direct advances, young gentleman?—Why was I forced to admonish your gallantry.

Fain. Why, Madam, I knew you a woman of breeding, and above the senseless niceties of an English wife—The French way is, you are to go so far, whether they are agreeable or not: if you are so happy as to please, nobody that is not of a constrained behaviour, is at a loss to let you know it—Besides, if the humble servant makes the first approaches, he has the impudence of making a request, but not the honour of obeying a command.

Mrs. Cler. Right—a woman's man should conceal passion in a familiar air of indifference—Now there's Mr. Clerimont; I can't allow him the least freedom, but the unfashionable fool grows so fond of me, he cannot hide it in public—

Fain. Aye, Madam, I have often wondered at your Ladyship's choice of one that seems to have so little of the *beau monde*, in his carriage, but just what you force him to ———while there were so many pretty gentlemen——

[*Dancing.*

Mrs. Cler. O young gentleman, you are mightily mistaken, if you think such animals as you, and pretty Beau Titmouse, and pert Billy Butterfly, though I suffer you to come in, and play about my rooms, are any ways in competition with a man whose name one would wear.

Fain. Oh, Madam! then I find we are ———

Mrs. Cler. A woman of sense must have respect for a man of that character; but, alas! respect——What is respect? Respect is not the thing——Respect has something too solemn for soft moments——You things are more proper for hours of dalliance.

Cler. Sen. [*Peeping.*] How have I wrong'd this fine lady!——I find I am to be a cuckold out of her pure esteem for me.

Mrs. Cler. Besides, those fellows for whom we have respect, have none for us; I warrant on such an occasion

Clerimont

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Clerimont would have ruffled a woman out of all form, while you——

Cler. Sen. A good hint——now my cause comes on. [Aside.]

Fain. Since, then, you allow us fitter for soft moments, why do we misemploy them. Let me kiss that beauteous hand, and clasp that graceful frame.

Mrs. Cler. How, Fainlove! What, you don't design to be impertinent——But my lips have a certain roughness on them to-day, han't they?

Fain. [Kissing.] No——they are all softness——Their delicious sweetness is inexpressible——Here language fails——Let me applaud thy lips not by the utterance but by the touch of mine.

Enter Clerimont Senior, drawing his sword.

Cler. Sen. Ha, villain! ravisher! invader of my bed and honour! draw.

Mrs. Cler. What means this insolence——this intrusion into my privacy? What, do you come into my very closet without knocking? Who put this into your head?

Cler. Sen. My injuries have alarmed me, and I'll bear no longer, but sacrifice your bravado, the author of them.

Mrs. Cler. O poor Mr. Fainlove——Must he die for his complaisance, and innocent freedoms with me? How could you, if you might? Oh! the sweet youth! What, fight Mr. Fainlove? What will the ladies say?

Fain. Let me come at the intruder on ladies private hours——The unfashionable monster——I'll prevent all future interruption from him——Let me come——

[Drawing his sword.]

Mrs. Cler. O the brave pretty creature! Look at his youth and innocence——He is not made for such rough encounters——Stand behind me——Poor Fainlove!——There is not a visit in town, Sir, where you shall not be displayed at full length for this intrusion——I banish you for ever from my sight and bed.

Cler. Sen. I obey you, Madam, for distance is becoming in no man but an husband——[Giving her the letter, which she reads, and falls into a swoon.] 'I've gone too far——[Kissing her.] The impertinent was guilty of nothing but what my indiscretion led her to——This is the first kiss I've had these six weeks——but she awakes!'

—Well,

—Well, Jenny, you topp'd your part, indeed—Come to my arms thou ready willing fair one—Thou hast no vanities, no niceties; but art thankful for every instance of love that I bestow on thee— [Embracing her.

Mrs. Cler. What, am I then abused? Is it a wench then of his? Oh, me! Was ever poor abused wife, poor innocent lady, thus injured!

[Runs and seizes Fainlove's sword.

Cler. Sen. Oh, the brave pretty creature!—Hurt Mr. Fainlove! Look at his youth, his innocence—Ha! ha! [Interposing.

Fain. Have a care, have a care, dear Sir—I know by myself she'll have no mercy.

Mrs. Cler. I'll be the death of her—let me come on—Stand from between us, Mr. Clerimont—I would not hurt you. [Pushing and crying.

Cler. Sen. Run, run, Jenny. [Exit Jenny.

[Looks at her upbraidingly before he speaks.

Well, Madam, are these the innocent freedoms you claimed of me? Have I deserved this? How has there been a moment of yours ever interrupted with the real pangs I suffer? The daily importunities of creditors, who become so by serving your profuse vanities. Did I ever murmur at supplying any of your diversions, while I believed them (as you called them) harmless? Must, then, those eyes, that used to glad my heart with their familiar brightness, hang down with guilt? Guilt has transformed thy whole person; nay, the very memory of it—Fly from my growing passion.

Mrs. Cler. I cannot fly, nor bear it—Oh! look not—

Cler. Sen. What can you say? Speak quickly.

[Offering to draw.

Mrs. Cler. I never saw you mov'd before—Don't murder me, impenitent; I'm wholly in your power as a criminal, but remember I have been so in a tender regard.

Cler. Sen. But how have you considered that regard?

Mrs. Cler. Is it possible you can forgive what you ensnared me into?—Oh! look at me kindly—You know I have only erred in my intention, nor saw my danger, till, by this honest art, you had shown me what it is to venture to the utmost limit of what is lawful. You laid that train, I'm sure, to alarm, not to betray, my innocence

E

—Mr

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—Mr. Clerimont scorns such baseness! Therefore I kneel
—I weep, I am convinced. [Kneels.]

[Cler. Sen. *takes her up, embracing her.*

Cler. Sen. Then kneel, and weep no more—my fairest
—my reconciled!—Be so in a moment, for know I cannot
(without wringing my own heart,) give you the least
compunction—Be in humour—It shall be your own fault,
if ever there's a serious word more on this subject.

Mrs. Cler. I must correct every idea that rises in my
mind, and learn every gesture of my body a-new—I detest
the thing I was.

Cler. Sen. No, no—You must not do so—Our joy and
grief, honour and reproach, are the same; you must slide
out of your foppery, by degrees, so that it may appear
your own act.

Mrs. Cler. But this wench!—

Cler. Sen. She is already out of your way—You shall
see the catastrophe of her fate yourself—But still keep up
the fine lady till we go out of town—You may return to
it with as decent airs as you please—And now I have
shown you your error, I'm in so good humour as to re-
peat you a couplet on the occasion—

‘They only who gain minds, true laurels wear;

‘’Tis less to conquer, than convince, the fair.’ [*Ex.*

Enter Pounce, with papers.

[*A table, chairs, pen, ink and paper.*]

Pounce. ’Tis a delight to gall these old rascals, and set
them at variance about flakes, which I know neither of
them will ever have possession of.

Enter Tipkin, and Sir Harry.

Tip. Do you design, Sir Harry, that they shall have an
estate in their own hands, and keep house themselves,
poor things?

Sir Har. No, no, Sir, I know better; they shall go
down into the country, and live with me, not touch a far-
thing of money, but having all things necessary provided,
they shall go tame about the house, and breed.

Tip. Well, Sir Harry, then considering that all human
things are subject to change, it behoves every man
that has a just sense of mortality, to take care of his
money.

Sir Har. I don't know what you mean, brother—
What do you drive at, brother?

Tip.

Tip. This instrument is executed by you, your son, and my niece, which discharges me of all retrospects.

Sir Har. It is confessed, brother ; but what then ?—

Tip. All that remain is, that you pay me for the young lady's twelve years board, as also all other charges, as wearing apparel, &c.

Sir Har. What is this you say ? Did I give you my discharge from all retrospects, as you call it, and after all do you come with this and t'other, and all that ? I find you are, I tell you, Sir, to your face, I find you are—

Tip. I find, too, what you are, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. What am I, Sir ? What am I ?

Tip. Why, Sir, you are angry.

Sir Har. Sir, I scorn your words, I am not angry—Mr. Pounce is my witness, I am as gentle as a lamb—Would it not make any flesh alive angry, to see a clove hunks come after all with a demand of—

Tip. Mr. Pounce, pray inform Sir Harry in this point.

Pounce. Indeed, Sir Harry, I must tell you plainly, that Mr. Tipkin, in this, demands nothing but what he may recover—For though this case may be considered *multifariam* ; that is to say, as 'tis usually, commonly, *vicatim*, or vulgarly expressed——Yet, I say, when we only observe, that the power is settled as the law requires, *assensu patris*, by the consent of the father——That circumstance imports you are well acquainted with the advantages which accrue to your family, by this alliance, which corroborates Mr. Tipkin's demand, and avoids all objections that can be made.

Sir Har. Why then I find you are his adviser in all this——

Pounce. Look ye, Sir Harry, to show you I love to promote among my clients a good understanding ; tho' Mr. Tipkin may claim four thousand pounds, I'll engage for him, and I know him so well, that he shall take three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing.

Tip. Indeed, Mr. Pounce, you are too hard upon me.

Pounce. You must consider a little, Sir Harry is your brother.

Sir Har. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings, and eight-pence farthing ! For what, I say ? for what, Sir ?

Pounce. For what, Sir ! For what she wanted, Sir, a fine lady

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lady is always in want, Sir—Her very cloaths would come to that money in half the time.

Sir Har. Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight pounds, four shillings and eight-pence farthing for cloaths! Pray how many suits does she wear out in a year?

Pounce. Oh, dear Sir, a fine lady's cloaths are not old by being worn, but by being seen.

Sir Har. Well, I'll save her cloaths for the future, after I have got her into the country—I'll warrant her she shall not appear more in this wicked town, where cloaths are worn out by sight—And as to what you demand, I tell you, Sir, it is extortion?

Tip. Sir Harry, do you accuse me of extortion?

Sir Har. Yes, I say extortion.

Tip. Mr. Pounce, write down that—There are very good laws provided against scandal and calumny—Loss of reputation may tend to loss of money—

Pounce. *Item,* For having accused Mr. Tipkin of extortion.

Sir Har. Nay, if you come to your *items*—Look ye, Mr. Tipkin, this is an inventory of such goods as were left to my niece Bridget by her deceased father, and which I expect shall be forth-coming at her marriage to my son—

Imprimis, A golden locket of her mother's, with something very ingenious in Latin on the inside of it—

Item, A couple of musquets, with two shoulder-belts and bandeliers.

Item, A large silver caudle-cup, with a true story engraven on it.

Pounce. But, Sir Harry—

Sir Har. *Item,* A base viol, with almost all the strings to it, and only a small hole on the back.

Pounce. But nevertheless, Sir—

Sir Har. This is the furniture of my brother's bed-chamber that follows—A suit of tapestry hangings, with the story of Judith and Holofernes, torn only where the head should have been off—an old bedstead curiously wrought about the posts, consisting of two load of timber. A hone, a bason, three razors, and a comb-case—Look ye, Sir, you see I can *item* it.

Pounce. Alas! Sir Harry, if you had ten quire of *items*, it is all answered in the word retrospect.

Sir Har. Why then, Mr. Pounce and Mr. Tipkin, you are both rascals.

Tip. Do you call me rascal, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Yes, Sir.

Tip. Write it down, Mr. Pounce—at the end of the leaf.

Sir Har. If you have room, Mr. Pounce—Put down villain, son of a whore, curmudgeon, hunks, and scoundrel.

Tip. Not so fast, Sir Harry, he cannot write so fast, you are at the word villain—Son of a whore, I take it, was next—You may make the account as large as you please, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Come, come, I won't be used thus—Hark ye, firrah, draw—What do you do at this end of the town without a sword?—Draw, I say—

Tip. Sir Harry, you are a military man, a colonel of the militia.

Sir Har. I am so, firrah, and will run such an extorting dog as you through the guts, to show the militia is useful.

Pounce. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!—How am I concerned to see persons of your figure thus moved—The wedding is coming in—We'll settle these things afterwards.

Tip. I am calm.

Sir Har. Tipkin, live these two hours—but expect—

Enter Humphry leading Niece, Mrs. Clerimont led by Fainlove, Capt. Clerimont, and Clerimont Sen.

Pounce. Who are these? Hey-day, who are these, Sir Harry? Ha!

Sir Har. Some frolick, it is wedding-day—no matter.

Hump. Haw, haw: father—master uncle—Come, you must stir your stumps, you must dance—Come, old lads, kiss the ladies—

Mrs. Cler. Mr. Tipkin, Sir Harry,——I beg pardon for an introduction so *mal-à-propos*——I know sudden familiarity is not the English way—Alas, Mr. Gubbin, this father and uncle of yours must be new modelled—How they stare both of them!

Sir Har. Hark ye, Numps, who is this you have brought hither? Is it not the famous fine lady Mrs.

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Clerimont—What a pox did you let her come near your wife—

Hump. Look ye, don't expose yourself, and play some mad country prank to disgrace me before her—I shall be laughed at, because she knows I understand better.

Mrs. Cler. I congratulate, Madam, your coming out of the bondage of a virgin state—A woman can't do what she will properly till she's married.

Sir Har. Did you hear what she said to your wife?

Enter Aunt before a service of dishes.

Aunt. So, Mr. Bridegroom, pray take that napkin, and serve your spouse to-day, according to custom.

Hump. Mrs. Clerimont, pray know my aunt.

Mrs. Cler. Madam, I must beg your pardon; I can't possibly like all that vast load of meat that you are sending into table—besides, it is so offensively sweet, it wants that *bout-gout* we are so delighted with in France.

Aunt. You'll pardon it, since we did not expect you. Who is this? *[Aside.*

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam, I only speak for the future; little saucers are so much more polite—Look ye. I'm perfectly for the French way; whene'er I'm admitted, I take the whole upon me.

Sir Har. The French, Madam,—I'd have you to know—

Mrs. Cler. You'll not like it at first, out of a natural English fullness, but that will come upon you by degrees—When I first went into France, I was mortally afraid of a frog, but in a little time I cou'd eat nothing else, except fallads.

Aunt. Eat frogs! have I kissed one that has eat frogs—Paw! Paw!

Mrs. Cler. Oh, Madam—A frog and a fallad are delicious fare—'tis not long come up in France itself, but 'their glorious monarch' has introduced the diet which 'makes them so spiritual—He eradicated all gross food 'by taxes, and for the glory of the monarch sent the subject a grazing; but I fear I defer the entertainment and 'diversion of the day.'

Hump. Now father, uncle—before we go any further, I think 'tis necessary we know who and who's together—then I give either of you two hours to guess which is my wife—And 'tis not my cousin—so far I'll tell you.

Sir Har. How ! What do you say ? But, Oh ! you mean she is not your cousin now — she's nearer a-kin ; that's well enough — Well said, Numps — Ha, ha, ha !

Hump. No, I don't mean so ; I tell you I don't mean so — My wife hides her face under her hat.

[*All looking at Fainlove.*]

Tip. What does the puppy mean ? His wife under a hat !

Hump. Aye, aye, that's she, that's she — a good jest, 'faith —

Sir Har. Hark ye, Numps — what dost mean, child ? — Is that a woman, and are you really married to her ?

Hump. I am sure of both.

Sir Har. Are you so, firrah ? Then, firrah, this is your wedding-dinner, firrah, — Do you see, firrah, here's roast meat.

Hump. Oh, ho ! what, beat a married man ! Hold him, Mr. Clerimont, brother Pounce, Mr. Wife ; nobody stand by a young married man ?

[*Runs behind Fainlove.*]

Sir Har. Did not the dog say, Brother Pounce ? What, is this Mrs. Ragoût — This Madam Clerimont ! Who the devil are you all ? but especially, who the devil are you two ?

[*Beats Humphry and Fainlove off the stage, following.*]

Tip. [*Afide.*] Master Pounce, all my niece's fortune will be demanded now — for I suppose that red coat has her — Don't you think you and I had better break ?

Pounce. You may as soon as you please, but it is my interest to be honest a little longer.

Tip. Well, Biddy, since you would not accept of your cousin, I hope you han't disposed of yourself elsewhere.

Niece. If you'll for a little while suspend your curiosity, you shall have the whole history of my amour to this my nuptial day, under the title of the loves of Clerimont and Parthenissa.

Tip. Then, Madam, your portion is in safe hands —

Cap. Cler. Come, come, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to contend ; here's honest Mr. Pounce shall be my engineer, and I warrant you we beat you out of all your holds —

Aunts. What, then, is Mr. Pounce a rogue ? He must have

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have some trick, brother; it cannot be; he must have cheated t'other side, for I'm sure he's honest.

[*Apart to Tipkin.*

Cler. Sen. Mr. Pounce, all your sister has won of this lady, she has honestly put into my hands, and I'll return it her, at this lady's particular request. [*To Pounce.*

Pounce. And the thousand pounds you promised in your brother's behalf, I'm willing should be hers also.

Cap. Cler. Then go in, and bring them all back to 'make the best of an ill game; we'll eat the dinner and 'have a dance together, or we shall transgress all form.'

Re-enter Fainlove, Humphry, and Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Well, since you say you are worth something, and the boy has set his heart upon you, I'll have patience till I see further.

Pounce. Come, come, Sir Harry, you shall find my alliance more considerable than you imagine; the Pounces are a family that will always have money, if there's any in the world.——'Come, fiddles. [*Dance here.*

C. Cler. You've seen th' extremes of the domestic life.

A son too much confin'd—too free a wife;
By generous bonds you either shou'd restrain,
And only on their inclinations gain;
Wives to obey must love, children revere,
While only slaves are govern'd by their fear.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.



E P I.

E P I L O G U E.

BRITONS, who constant war, with factions rage,
 For liberty against each other wage,
 From foreign insult save this English stage.
 No more th' Italian squalling tribe admit,
 In tongues unknown; 'tis popery in wit.
 The songs (their selves confess) from Rome they bring,
 And 'tis high-mass, for aught you know, they sing.
 Husbands, take care, the danger may come nigher,
 The women say their eunuch is a friar.
 But is it not a serious ill, to see
 Europe's great arbiters so mean can be;
 Passive, with an affected joy to sit,
 Suspend their native taste of manly wit;
 Neglect their comic humour, tragic rage,
 For known defects of nature and of age?
 Arise, for shame, ye conqu'ring Britons, rise;
 Such unadorn'd effeminacy despise:
 Admire, (if you will doat on foreign wit,)
 Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ.
 So shall less works, such as to-night's slight play,
 At your command with justice die away;
 Till then, forgive your writers, that can't bear
 You shou'd such very Tramontanes appear,
 The nations, which contemn you, to revere.
 Let Anna's soil be known for all its charms;
 As fam'd for lib'ral sciences, as arms:
 Let those derision meet, who would advance
 Manners, or speech, from Italy or France.
 Let them learn you, who wou'd your favour find,
 And English be the language of mankind.



Published for Bell's British Theatre Jan. 20th 1777.

Thorncliffe's Sculp.

*M. KING in the Character of MARPLOT.
There he goes.*

BELL'S EDITION.



THE

BUSY BODY.

A COMEDY, by Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

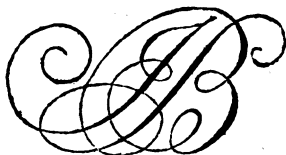
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animus quod laudis ovarum
Subruit, aut reficit—* HORAT. Epist. I. Lib. ii.



L O N D O N :

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and C. ETHERINGTON, at York.

MDCCLXXVI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. DRURY-LANE.

Sir <i>George Airy</i> , a gentlemen of four thousand a year, in love with <i>Miranda</i>	Mr. Smith.
Sir <i>Francis Gripe</i> , guardian to <i>Miranda</i> and <i>Marplot</i> , father to <i>Charles</i> , in love with <i>Miranda</i>	Mr. Parsons.
<i>Charles</i> , friend to Sir <i>George</i> , in love with <i>Isabinda</i>	Mr. Brereton.
Sir <i>Jealous Traffick</i> , a merchant that had lived sometime in <i>Spain</i> , father to <i>Isabinda</i>	Mr. Baddeley.
<i>Marplot</i> , a sort of silly fellow, cowardly, but very inquisitive to know every body's business	Mr. King.
<i>Whisper</i> , servant to <i>Charles</i>	Mr. Burton.
<i>Miranda</i> , an heiress, worth thirty thousand pounds, really in love with Sir <i>George</i> , but pretends to be so with her guardian Sir <i>Francis</i>	Miss Young.
<i>Isabinda</i> , daughter to Sir <i>Jealous</i> , in love with <i>Charles</i> , but designed for a <i>Spanish</i> merchant by her father	Miss Hopkins.
<i>Patch</i> , her woman	Mrs. Davies.
<i>Scentwell</i> , woman to <i>Miranda</i>	Mrs. Bradshaw.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Sir <i>George Airy</i>	Mr. Lewis.
Sir <i>Francis Gripe</i>	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Charles</i>	Mr. Wroughton.
Sir <i>Jealous Traffick</i>	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Marplot</i>	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Whisper</i>	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Miranda</i>	Miss Macklin.
<i>Isabinda</i>	Miss Dayes.
<i>Patch</i>	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Scentwell</i>	Mrs. Pouffin.

THE

T H E

B U S Y B O D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E *the Park.*

Sir George Airy meeting Charles.

CHARLES.

HA! Sir George Airy, a birding thus early! What forbidden game rous'd you so soon? for no lawful occasion could invite a person of your figure abroad at such unfashionable hours.

Sir Geo. There are some men, Charles, whom fortune has left free from inquietudes, who are diligently studious to find out ways and means to make themselves uneasy.

Cha. Is it possible that any thing in nature can ruffle the temper of a man, whom the four seasons of the year compliment with as many thousand pounds, nay, and a father at rest with his ancestors?

Sir Geo. Why, there it is now! A man that wants money thinks none can be unhappy that has it; but my affairs are in such a whimsical posture, that it will require a calculation of my nativity to find if my gold will relieve me or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! never consult the stars about that; gold has a power beyond them; 'gold unlocks

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6 THE BUSY BODY.

‘ the midnight councils ; gold outdoes the wind, be-
 ‘ calms the ship, or fills her sails ; gold is omnipotent
 ‘ below ; it makes whole armies fight, or fly ; it buys
 ‘ even souls, and bribes wretches to betray their
 ‘ country :’ then what can thy business be, that
 gold won’t serve thee in ?

Sir Geo. Why, I’m in love.

Cha. In love !—Ha, ha, ha ; in love !—
 Ha, ha, ha, ha. With what, pr’ythee ? a cherubin !

Sir Geo. No, with a woman.

Cha. A woman ! good. Ha, ha, ha, ha ; and gold
 not help thee !

Sir Geo. But suppose I’m in love with two—

Cha. Ay, if thou’rt in love with two hundred, gold
 will fetch ’em, I warrant thee, boy. But who are
 they ? who are they ? come.

Sir Geo. One is a lady whose face I never saw, but
 witty to a miracle ; the other, beautiful as Venus—

Cha. And a fool—

Sir Geo. For aught I know ; for I never spoke to
 her ; but you can inform me. I am charm’d by the
 wit of the one, and die for the beauty of the other.

Cha. And pray, which are you in quest of now ?

Sir Geo. I prefer the sensual pleasure ; I’m for her
 I’ve seen, who is thy father’s ward, Miranda.

Cha. Nay, then I pity you ; for the Jew my father
 will no more part with her and thirty thousand pounds,
 than he would with a guinea to keep me from starv-
 ing.

Sir Geo. Now you see gold can’t do every thing,
 Charles.

Cha. Yes ; for ’tis her gold that bars my father’s
 gate against you.

Sir Geo. Why, if he be this avaricious wretch, how
 can’st thou by such a liberal education ?

Cha. Not a soufe out of his pocket, I assure you.
 I had an uncle who defrayed that charge ; but for
 some little wildnesses of youth, though he made me
 his heir, left dad my guardian, till I came to years of
 discretion, which, I presume, the old gentleman will
 never think I am ; and now he has got the estate into
 his

THE BUSY BODY. 7

his clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in Prester John's dominions.

Sir Geo. What, canst thou find no stratagem to redeem it?

Cha. I have made many essays to no purpose; though want, the mistress of Invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old fox is too cunning for me—I am upon my last project, which, if it fails, then for my last refuge, a brown musquet.

Sir Geo. What is't? Can I assist thee?

Cha. Not yet; when you can, I have confidence enough in you to ask it.

Sir Geo. I am always ready. But what does he intend to do with Miranda? Is she to be sold in private? Or will he put her up by way of auction, at who bids most? If so, egad, I'm for him; my gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my pleasure.

Cha. To deal ingenuously with you, Sir George, I know very little of her, or home; for since my uncle's death, and my return from travel, I have never been well with my father; he thinks my expences too great, and I his allowance too little; he never sees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I shun his house as much as possible. The report is, he intends to marry her himself.

Sir Geo. Can she consent to it?

Cha. Yes, faith, so they say; but I tell you, I am wholly ignorant of the matter. 'Miranda and I are like two violent members of a contrary party; I can scarce allow her beauty, though all the world does; nor she me civility, for that contempt.' I fancy she plays the mother-in-law already, and sets the old gentleman on to do mischief.

Sir Geo. Then I have your free consent to get her?

Cha. Ay, and my helping hand, if occasion be.

Sir Geo. Poh, yonder's a fool coming this way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What, Marplot? No, no, he's my instrument; there's a thousand conveniencies in him; he'll lend me his money when he has any; run of my errands, and be proud on it; in short, he'll pimp for

2 THE BUSY BODY.

for me, lie for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I trust to my own arm for.

Sir Geo. Nay, then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his qualifications before.

Enter Marplot, with a patch cross his face.

Mar. Dear Charles, yours—Ha! Sir George Airy, the man in the world I have an ambition to be known to. [*Aside.*] Give me thy hand, dear boy—

Cha. A good assurance! But, hark ye, how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

Mar. I must confess, 'tis a little *mal-a-propos*; but no matter for that. A word with you, Charles. Pr'ythee, introduce me to Sir George—he is a man of wit, and I'd give ten guineas to——

Cha. When you have 'em, you mean.

Mar. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, pox, you cut the thread of my discourse—I would give ten guineas, I say, to be rank'd in his acquaintance. 'Well, 'tis a vast addition to a man's fortune, according to the rout of the world, to be seen in the company of leading men; for then we are all thought to be politicians, or whigs, or jacks, or high fliers, or low fliers, or levellers—and so forth; for you must know, we all herd in parties now.

Cha. Then a fool for diversion is out of fashion, I find.

Mar. Yes, without it be a mimicking fool, and they are darlings every where; but, pr'ythee, introduce me.

Cha. Well, on condition you'll give us a true account how you came by that mourning nose, I will.

Mar. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

Sir Geo. Oh, I honour men of the sword; and I presume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal—by his scars.

Mar.

THE BUSY BODY. 9

Mar. No, really, Sir George, mine sprung from civil fury. Happening last night into the Groom Porter's—I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a, sort of a—kind of a milk top, as I thought. A pox of the dice, he flung out, and my pockets being empty, as Charles knows they often are, he proved a furly North Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

Sir Geo. Ha! ha! and did not you draw?

Mar. Draw, Sir! Why, I did but lay my hand upon my sword to make a swift retreat, and he roar'd out, Now the deel a ma sol, Sir, gin ye touch yer steel, Ise whip mine through yer wem.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha! safe was the word. So you walk'd off, I suppose.

Mar. Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know—

Sir Geo. Your friends are much oblig'd to you, Sir: I hope you'll rank me in that number.

Mar. Sir George, a bow from the side-box, or to be seen in your chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir Geo. Trifles; you may command 'em when you please.

Cha. Provided he may command you.

Mar. Me! why I live for no other purpose—Sir George, I have the honour to be caress'd by most of the reigning toasts of the town. I'll tell 'em you are the finest gentleman—

Sir Geo. No, no, pr'ythee let me alone to tell the ladies—my parts—Can you convey a letter upon occasion, or deliver a message with an air of business, ha?

Mar. With the assurance of a page, and the gravity of a statesman.

Sir Geo. You know Miranda.

Mar. What, my sister ward? Why, her guardian is mine, we are fellow sufferers. Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, sanctified curmudgeon; that Sir Francis Gripe is a damn'd old—hypocritical—

Cha.

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Cha. Hold, hold, I suppose, friend, you forget that he is my father.

Marp. Egad, and so I did, Charles—I ask your pardon, Charles; but it is for your sake I hate him. Well, I say the world is mistaken in him; his outside piety makes him every man's executor, and his inside cunning makes him every heir's gaoler. Egad, Charles, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some ward too, and never of his getting :—**for never were two things so unlike, as you and your father; he scrapes up every thing, and thou spend'st every thing; every body is indebted to him, and thou art indebted to every body.*

Char. You are very free, Mr. Marplot.

Mar. Ay, I give and take, Charles—You may be as free with me, you know.

Sir Geo. A pleasant fellow.

Cha. The dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence. He is pressing to be employed, and willing to execute; but some ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an intrigue than helps it.

Mar. *I have always your good word, but if I miscarry, 'tis none of my fault; I follow my instructions.*

Cha. Yes, witness the merchant's wife.

Mar. Pish, pox, that was an accident.

Sir Geo. What was it, pr'ythee?

Mar. *Nay, Charles, now don't expose your friend?*

Cha. Why, you must know, I had lent a certain merchant my hunting horses, and was to have met his wife in his absence. Sending him along with my groom to make the compliment, and to deliver a letter to the lady at the same time; what does he do, but gives the husband the letter, and offers her the horses.

Mar. *Why to be sure, I did offer her the horses, and I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd.*

* The following lines, and all those which are printed in italics, are not in the original piece, but have been added in the representation, and are now retained for the satisfaction of the reader.
the

the letter to be yours, and swore I had a design upon her, which my bones paid for.

Cha. Come, Sir George, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd, for I have sent my man upon a little earnest business, and I have ordered him to bring me the answer into the park.

Mar. Business, and I not know it! Egad, I'll watch him.

Sir Geo. I must beg your pardon, Charles, I am to meet your father!

Cha. My father!

Sir Geo. Ay! and about the oddest bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the success.

Mar. What can his business be with Sir Francis? Now would I give all the world to know it. Why the devil should not one know every man's concerns!

[*Aside.*

Cha. Prosperity to't, whate'er it be; I have private affairs too; over a bottle we'll compare notes.

Mar. Charles knows I love a glass as well as any man; I'll make one; shall it be to-night? Add, I long to know their secrets.

[*Aside.*

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. Sir, Sir, Mrs. Patch says Isabinda's Spanish father has quite spoil'd the plot, and she can't meet you in the park; but he infallibly will go out this afternoon, she says. But I must step again to know the hour.

Mar. What did Whisper say now? I shall go stark mad, if I'm not let into the secret.

[*Aside.*

Cha. Curst misfortune!

Mar. Curst! What's curst, Charles?

Cha. Come along with me, my heart feels pleasure at her name, Sir George, yours; we'll meet at the old place the usual hour.

Sir Geo. Agreed; I think I see Sir Francis yonder.

[*Exit.*

Cha.

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Cba. Marplot, you must excuse me, I am engag'd.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Engag'd! Egad I'll engage my life I'll know what your engagement is.

[*Exit.*]

Mir. [*Coming out of a chair.*] Let the chair wait. My servant, that dodg'd Sir George, said he was in the Park.

Enter Patch.

Ha! Miss Patch alone! Did not you tell me you had contriv'd a way to bring Isabinda to the Park?

Patch. Oh, Madam, your ladyship can't imagine what a wretched disappointment we have met with: just as I had fetch'd a suit of my cloaths for a disguise, comes my old master into his closet, which is right against her chamber door; this struck us into a terrible fright—At length, I put on a grave face, and ask'd him if he was at leisure for his chocolate, in hopes to draw him out of his hole; but he snap'd my nose off; "No, I shall be busy here these two hours!" At which, my poor mistress, seeing no way of escape, ordered me to wait on your ladyship with the sad relation.

Mir. Unhappy Isabinda! Was ever any thing so unaccountable as the humour of Sir Jealous Traffick?

Patch. Oh, Madam, it's his living so long in Spain; he vows he'll spend half his estate, but he'll be a parliament-man, on purpose to bring in a bill for women to wear veils, and other odious Spanish customs—He swears it is the height of impudence to have a woman seen bare-fac'd, even at church; and scarce believes there's a true-begotten child in the city.

Miran. Ha ha, ha! how the old fool torments himself! Suppose he could introduce his rigid rules—Does he think we could not match them in contrivance? No, no, let the tyrant man make what laws he will, if there's a woman under the government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em. Is his mind set upon the Spaniard for his son-in-law still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next fleet, which drives his daughter to melancholy and despair.

But,

But, Madam, I find you retain the same gay, cheerful spirit you had when I waited on your ladyship—My lady is mighty good humour'd too; and I have found a way to make Sir Jealous believe I am wholly in his interest, when my real design is to serve her; he makes me her gaoler, and I set her at liberty.

Miran. I knew thy prolific brain would be of singular service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her father.

Patch. But, Madam, the report is, that you are going to marry your guardian.

Miran. It is necessary such a report should be, Patch.

Patch. But, is it true, Madam?

Miran. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railing at all the young fellows about town: in my mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your guardian, Madam, as my lady is with her father.

Miran. No, I have liberty, wench; that she wants; what would she give, now, to be in this deshabille, in the open air; nay, more, in pursuit of the young fellow she likes; for that's my case, I assure you.

Patch. As for that, Madam, she's even with you; for tho' she can't come abroad, we have a way to bring him home, in spite of old Argus.

Miran. Now, Patch, your opinion of my choice, for here he comes—Ha! my guardian with him: what can be the meaning of this? I'm sure Sir Francis can't know me in this dress—Let's observe 'em.

[*They withdraw.*]

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, and Sir George Airy.

Sir Fran. Verily, Sir George, thou wilt repent throwing away thy money so; for I tell thee, sincerely, Miranda, my charge, does not love a young fellow; they are all vicious, and seldom make good husbands: in sober sadness, she cannot abide 'em.

B

Miran.

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Miran. [*Peeping.*] In sober sadness, you are mistaken—What can this mean?

Sir Geo. Look ye, Sir Francis, whether she can or cannot abide young fellows, is not the business; will you take the fifty guineas?

Sir Fran. In good truth, I will not—for I knew thy father, he was a hearty, wary man, and I cannot consent that his son should squander away what he sav'd, to no purpose.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Now, in the name of wonder, what bargain can he be driving about me, for fifty guineas?

Patch. I wish it ben't for the first night's lodging, Madam.

Sir Geo. Well, Sir Francis, since you are so conscientious for my father's sake, then permit me the favour, gratis.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] The favour! O my life, I believe 'tis as you said, Patch.

Sir Fran. No, verily, if thou dost not buy thy experience, thou wilt never be wise; therefore, give me a hundred, and try thy fortune.

Sir Geo. The scruples arose, I find, from the scanty sum—Let me see—a hundred guineas—[*Takes 'em out of a purse, and counts 'em.*] Ha! they have a very pretty sound, and a very pleasing look—But then, Miranda—But if she should be cruel——

Miran. [*Peeping.*] As ten to one I shall——

Sir Fran. Ay, do, consider on't. He, he, he!

Sir Geo. No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't! what, whether you will or no, Madam?

Sir Geo. Come, to the point; here's the gold, sum up the conditions——

Sir Fran. [*Pulling out a paper.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Ay, for Heaven's sake, do, for my expectation is on the rack.

Sir Fran. Well, at your peril be it.

Sir Geo. Ay, ay, go on.

Sir

Sir Fran. Imprimis, you are to be admitted into my house, in order to move your suit to Miranda, for the space of ten minutes, without let or molestation, provided I remain in the same room.

Sir Geo. But out of ear-shot.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I don't desire to hear what you say; ha, ha, ha! in consideration I am to have that purse, and a hundred guineas.

Sir Geo. Take it— *[Gives him the purse.]*

Miran. *[Peeping.]* So, 'tis well it's no worse; I'll fit you both—

Sir Geo. And this agreement is to be perform'd to-day.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, the sooner the better. Poor fool! how Miranda and I shall laugh at him—Well, Sir George, ha, ha, ha! take the last sound of your guineas, ha, ha, ha. *[Chinks 'em.]* *[Exit.]*

Miran. *[Peeping.]* Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

Sir Geo. A very extraordinary bargain I have made, truly; if she should be really in love with this old cuss, now—Psha, that's morally impossible—But, then, what hopes have I to succeed. I never spoke to her—

Miran. *[Peeping.]* Say you so? Then I am safe.

Sir Geo. What, tho' my tongue never spoke, my eyes said a thousand things, and my hopes flatter'd me her's answer'd 'em. If I'm lucky—if not, it is but a hundred guineas thrown away.

[Miranda and Patch come forward.]

Miran. Upon what, Sir George!

Sir Geo. Ha! my incognita—upon a woman, Madam.

Miran. They are the worst things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your return, Sir George, ha, ha,

Sir Geo. Were they more brittle than china, and dropped to pieces with a touch, every atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but mistress of thy wit,
B 2 balances

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balances ten times the sum—Pr'ythee let me see thy face.

Miran. By no means ; that may spoil your opinion of my sense——

Sir Geo. Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the lady of your gallantry, Sir.

Sir Geo. No, child, a dish of chocolate in the morning never spoils my dinner ; the other lady, I design a fet meal ; so there's no danger.—

Miran. Matrimony ! Ha, ha, ha ! What crimes have you committed against the god of love, that he should revenge 'em so severely, to stamp husband upon your forehead ?

Sir Geo. For my folly, in having so often met you here, without pursuing the laws of nature, and exercising her command——But I resolve, ere we part now, to know who you are, where you live, what kind of flesh and blood your face is ; therefore, unmask, and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

Miran. My face is the same flesh and blood with my hand, Sir George, which, if you'll be so rude to provoke——

Sir Geo. You'll apply it to my cheek—The ladies' favours are always welcome ; but I must have that cloud withdrawn. [*Taking hold of her.*] Remember you are in the Park, child ; and what a terrible thing would it be to lose this pretty white hand ?

Miran. And how will it sound in a chocolate-house, that Sir George Airy rudely pulled off a lady's mask, when he had given her his honour, that he never would, directly nor indirectly, endeavour to know her, till she gave him leave.

Patch. I wish we were safe out.'

Sir Geo. But if that lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled spirit, shall I be blam'd if I enquire into the reality ? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a female shape.

Miran. What shall I do ?

[*Pauses.*
Sir

Sir Geo. Ay, pr'ythee consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy service.

Patch. Suppose, Sir, the lady should be in love with you?

Sir Geo. Oh! I'll return the obligation in a moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! That's not the way to love her, child.

Miran. If he discovers me, I shall die——Which way shall I escape?——Let me see. [Pauses.]

Sir Geo. Well, Madam——

Miran. I have it—Sir George, 'tis fit you should allow something; if you'll excuse my face, and turn your back (if you look upon me, I shall sink, even mask'd as I am) I will confess why I have engag'd you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir Geo. Well, to shew you I'm a man of honour, I accept the conditions. Let me but once know those, and the face won't be long a secret to me.

Patch. What mean you, Madam?

Miran. To get off.

Sir Geo. 'Tis something indecent to turn one's back upon a lady; but you command, and I obey. [Turns his back.] Come, Madam, begin—

Mir. First, then, it was my unhappy lot to see you at Paris, [Draws back a little way, and speaks.] at a ball, upon a birth-day; your shape and air charm'd my eyes; your wit and complaisance my soul; and from that fatal night I lov'd you.

[Drawing back.]

And when you left the place, grief seiz'd me so,

No rest my heart, no sleep my eyes could know.

Last, I resolv'd a hazardous point to try,

And quit the place in search of liberty. [Exit.]

Sir Geo. Excellent—I hope she's handsome—Well, now, Madam, to the two other things; your name, and where you live!——I am a gentleman, and this confession will not be lost upon me. — Nay, pr'ythee

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don't weep, but go on—for I find my heart melts in thy behalf—speak quickly, or I shall turn about—
Not yet—Poor lady, she expects I should comfort her; and, to do her justice, she has said enough to encourage me. [*Turns about.*] Ha! gone! The devil! jilted! Why, what a tale has she invented—of Paris, balls, and birth-days!—Egad I'd give ten guineas to know who the gipsy is—A curse of my folly—I deserve to lose her. What woman can forgive a man that turns his back!

The bold and resolute in love and war,
To conquer, take the right and swiftest way;
The boldest lover soonest gains the fair,
As courage makes the rudest force obey.
Take no denial, and the dames adore ye,
Closely pursue them, and they fall before ye.

The END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Enter Sir Francis Gripe and Miranda.

Sir FRANCIS.

HA, ha, ha, ha!

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die with laughing—The most romantic adventure—Ha, ha, ha! What does the odious young fop mean? A hundred pieces, to talk ten minutes with me! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Fran. And I am to be by, too; there's the jest: adod, if it had been in private, I should not have car'd to trust the young dog.

Mir. Indeed and indeed, but you might, gardy—Now, methinks there's nobody handsomer than you: so neat, so clean, so good-humour'd, and so loving—

Sir

Sir Fran. Pretty rogue, pretty rogue; and so thou shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy gardy before these caperers of the age; thou shalt out-shine the queen's box on an opera night; thou shalt be the envy of the ring (for I will carry thee to Hyde-park); and thy equipage shall surpass the—what d'ye call 'em ambassador's.

Mir. Nay, I am sure the discreet part of my sex will envy me more for the inside furniture, when you are in it, than my outside equipage.

Sir Fran. A cunning baggage! I'faith thou art, and a wise one, too; and to shew thee thou hast not chose amiss, I'll this moment disinherit my son, and settle my whole estate upon thee.

Mir. There's an old rogue, now. [*Aside.*] No, gardy, I would not have your name be so black in the world—You know my father's will runs, that I am not to possess my estate, without your consent, 'till I am five-and-twenty; you shall only abate the odd seven years, and make me mistress of my estate to-day, and I'll make you master of my person to-morrow.

Sir Fran. Humph! that may not be safe—No, chary, I'll settle it upon thee for pin-money; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'st.

Mir. Unconscionable old wretch! Bribe me with my own money!—Which way shall I get out of his hands!— [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Well, what art thou thinking on, my girl, ha? how to banter Sir George?

Mir. I must not pretend to banter; he knows my tongue too well. [*Aside.*] No, gardy, I have thought of a way will confound him more than all I could say, if I should talk to him seven years.

Sir Fran. How's that? Oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad——

Mir. It would make you mad, if you knew all. [*Aside.*] I'll not answer him a word, but be dumb to all he says.

Sir Fran. Dumb! good; ha, ha, ha! Excellent! ha, ha, ha! I think I have you now, Sir George.
Dumb!

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dumb ! he'll go distracted—Well, she's the wittiest rogue.—Ha, ha, dumb ! I can but laugh, ha, ha, to think how damn'd mad he'll be, when he finds he has given his money away for a dumb shdw. Ha, ha, ha !

Mir. Nay, gardy, if he did but know my thoughts of him, it would make him ten times madder. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Sir Fran. Ay, so it would, chargy, to hold him in such derision, to scorn to answer him, to be dumb ! Ha, ha, ha !

Enter Charles.

Sir Fran. How now, firrah ! Who let you in ?

Cha. My necessities, Sir.

Sir Fran. Your necessities are very impertinent, and ought to have sent before they enter'd.

Cha. Sir, I knew 'twas a word would gain admittance no where.

Sir Fran. Then, Sirrah, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your father, which nobody else would admit ?

Cha. Sure the name of a son is a sufficient plea. I ask this lady's pardon, if I have intruded.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, ask her pardon, and her blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Mir. I believe yours, Sir Francis, in a purse of guineas, would be more material. Your son may have business with you ; I'll retire.

Sir Fran. I guess his business, but I'll dispatch him ; I expect the knight every minute : you'll be in readiness ?

Mir. Certainly ! My expectation is more upon the wing than yours, old gentleman. [Exit.]

Sir Fran. Well, Sir ?

Chn. Nay, it is very ill, Sir ; my circumstances are, I'm sure.

Sir Fran. And what's that to me, Sir ? Your management should have made 'em better.

Cha. If you please to intrust me with the management of my estate, I shall endeavour it, Sir.

Sir

Sir Fran. What, to set upon a card, and buy a lady's favour, at the price of a thousand pieces; to rig out an equipage for a wench; or, by your carelessness, to enrich your steward, to fine for sheriff, or put up for parliament-man?

Cha. I hope I should not spend it this way: however, I ask only for what my uncle left me; yours you may dispose of as you please, Sir.

Sir Fran. That I shall, out of your reach, I assure you, Sir. Adod these young fellows think old men get estates for nothing but them to squander away, in dicing, wenching, drinking, dressing, and so forth.

Cha. I think I was born a gentleman, Sir; I'm sure my uncle bred me like one.

Sir Fran. From which you would infer, Sir, that gaming, whoring, and the pox, are requisites for a gentleman.

Cha. Monstrous! When I would ask him only for a support, he falls into these unmannerly reproaches; I must, tho' against my will, employ invention, and by stratagem relieve myself. [*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Sirrah; what is it you mutter, sirrah? ha! [*Holds up his cane.*] I say you shan't have a groat out of my hands till I please—and may be I'll never please; and what's that to you?

Cha. Nay, to be robb'd, or have one's throat cut, is not much——

Sir Fran. What's that, sirrah? Would you rob me, or cut my throat, ye rogue?

Cha. Heaven forbid, Sir!—I said no such thing.

Sir Fran. Mercy on me! What a plague it is to have a son of one-and-twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's life, to edge himself into the estate!

Enter Marplot.

Mar. Egad he's here—I was afraid I had lost him: his secret could not be with his father; his wants are public there—Guardian, your servant—*O Charles! are you there?* I know by that sorrowful countenance
of

thine, the old man's fist is as close as his strong box—
But I'll help thee.

Sir Fran. So! Here's another extravagant coxcomb, that will spend his fortune before he comes to't; but he shall pay swingeing interest, and so let the fool go on—Well, what does necessity bring you too, Sir?

Mar. You have hit it, guardian—I want a hundred pounds.

Sir Fran. For what?

Mar. Pugh, for a hundred things; I can't, for my life tell you for what.

Cha. Sir, I suppose, I have receiv'd all the answer I am like to have.

Mar. Oh, the devil! if he gets out before me, I shall lose him again.

Sir Fran. Ay, Sir; and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a change in your temper ere you find one in mine.

Mar. Pray, Sir, dispatch me; the money, Sir; I'm in mighty haste.

Sir Fran. Fool, take this, and go to the cashier, I shan't be long plagu'd with thee. [*Gives him a note.*]

Mar. Devil take the cashier, I shall certainly have Charles gone before I come back again. [*Runs out.*]

Cha. Well, Sir, I take my leave—But, remember, you expose an only son to all the miseries of wretched poverty, which too often lays the plan for scenes of mischief.

Sir Fran. Stay, Charles, I have a sudden thought come into my head, may prove to thy advantage.

Cha. Ha, does he relent?

Sir Fran. My lady Wrinkle, worth forty thousand pounds, sets up for a handsome young husband; she prais'd thee t'other day; tho' the match-makers can get twenty guineas for a sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Cha. My lady Wrinkle, Sir! why she has but one eye.

Sir

Sir Fran. Then she'll see but half your extravagance, Sir.

Cha. Condemn me to such a piece of deformity ! Toothless, dirty, wry-neck'd, hunch'd-back'd hag !

Sir Fran. Hunch'd-back'd ! so much the better, then she has a rest for her misfortunes ; for thou wilt load her swingeingly. Now, I warrant you think, this is no offer of a father ; forty thousand pound is nothing with you.

Cha. Yes, Sir, I think it is too much ; a young beautiful woman with half the money would be more agreeable—I thank you, Sir ; but you chuse better for yourself, I find.

Sir Fran. Out of my doors, you dog ! You pretend to meddle with my marriage, sirrah !

Cha. Sir, I obey. But—

Sir Fran. But me no butts—Begone, Sir ! Dare to ask me for money again—Refuse forty thousand pounds ! Out of my doors, I say, without reply.

[Exit Cha.]

Enter Marplot, running.

Mar. Ha ! gone ! is Charles gone, guardy ?

Sir Fran. Yes, and I desire your wise worship to walk after him.

Mar. Nay, egad I shall run, I tell you that. A pox of the cashier for detaining me so long ; where the devil shall I find him now ? I shall certainly lose this secret, and I had rather by half lose my money—Where shall I find him now---D'ye know where Charles is gone, guardy ?

Sir Fran. Gone to the devil, and you may go after him.

Mar. Ay that I will as fast as I can. [Going returns.] Have you any commands there, guardy ? [Ex.]

Sir Fran. What is the fellow distracted ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir George Airy enquires for you, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Desire Sir George to walk up—Now for a trial of skill that will make me happy, and him a fool. Ha, ha, ha ! in my mind he looks like an ass already.

Enter Sir George.

Well, Sir George, do you hold in the same mind, or would you capitulate? Ha, ha, ha ! Look, here are the guineas. [*Chinks them.*] Ha, ha, ha !

Sir *Geo.* Not if they were twice the sum, Sir Francis : therefore be brief, call in the lady, and take your post.

Sir *Fran.* Agreed. Miranda ! [*Exit.*

Sir *Geo.* If she's a woman, and not seduc'd by witchcraft to this old rogue, I'll make his heart ach ; for if she has but one grain of inclination about her, I'll vary a thousand shapes but find it.

Enter Miranda and Sir Francis.

Sir *Fran.* There, Sir George, try your fortune.

[*Takes out his watch.*

Sir *Geo.* So from the eastern chambers breaks the
sun,

Dispels the clouds, and gilds the vales below.

[*Salutes her.*

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, kissing was not in our agreement.

Sir *Geo.* Oh ! that's by way of prologue : Pr'ythee, old Mammon, to thy post.

Sir *Fran.* Well, young Timon, 'tis now four exactly ; ten minutes, remember, is your utmost limit, not a minute more. [*Retires to the bottom of the stage.*

Sir *Geo.* Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my love, the author of this rash proceeding, depends upon your pleasure, as also the life of your admirer ; your sparkling eyes speak a heart susceptible of love ; your vivacity, a soul too delicate to admit the embraces of decayed mortality.

Mir. [*Aside.*] Oh ! that I durst speak——

Sir

Sir Geo. Shake off this tyrant guardian's yoke ; assume yourself, and dash his bold aspiring hopes. The deity of his desires is avarice ; a heretic in love, and ought to be banish'd by the queen of beauty. See, Madam, a faithful servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the number of your slaves.

[Miranda gives him her hand to raise him.]

Sir Fran. ' I wish I cou'd hear what he says now.'

[Running up.] Hold, hold, hold ! no palming, that's contrary to articles——

Sir Geo. 'Sdeath, Sir, keep your distance, or I'll write another article in your guts.

[Lays his hand to his sword.]

Sir Fran. [Going back.] A bloody-minded fellow !

Sir Geo. Not answer me ! perhaps she thinks my address too grave : I'll be more free—Can you be so unconscionable, Madam, to let me say all these fine things to you without one single compliment in return ? View me well ; am I not a proper handsome fellow, ha ? Can you prefer that old, dry, whither'd, sapless log of sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, sprightly love of twenty-four ? With snoring only he'll awake thee ; but I, with ravishing delight, would make thy senses dance in concert with the joyful minutes——Ha ! not yet ? ' Sure she's dumb'—Thus wou'd I steal and touch thy beauteous hand, [Takes hold of her hand.] till by degrees I reach'd thy snowy breasts, then ravish kisses thus.

[Embraces her with ecstasy.]

Mir. [Struggles and flings from him.] Oh, Heavens ! I shall not be able to contain myself. [Aside.]

Sir Fran. [Running up, with his watch in his hand.] Sure she did not speak to him—There's five of the ten minutes gone, Sir George——Adod, I don't like those close conferences——

Sir Geo. More interruptions—you will have it, Sir !

[Lays his hand to his sword.]

Sir Fran. [Going back.] No, no, you shan't have her neither.

[Aside.]
Sir

C

Sir *Geo.* Dumb still—Sure this old dog has enjoin'd her silence ; I'll try another way—' I must conclude, Madam, that in compliance to your guardian's humour, you refuse to answer me. Consider the injustice of his injunction.'——Madam, these few minutes cost me a hundred pounds——and would you answer me, I could purchase the whole day so. However, Madam, you must give me leave to make the best interpretation I can for my money, and take the indication of your silence for the secret liking of my person : Therefore, Madam, I will instruct you how to keep your word inviolate to Sir Francis, and yet answer me to every question : as for example, when I ask any thing to which you would reply in the affirmative, gently nod your head—thus ; [*Nods.*] and when in the negative, thus ; [*Shakes his head.*] and in the doubtful, a tender sigh, thus. [*Sighs.*]

Mir. How every action charms me—but I'll fit him for signs, I warrant him. [*Afide.*]

' Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha ! poor Sir George, ha, ha, ha ! [*Afide.*]

Sir *Geo.* Was it by his desire that you are dumb, Madam, to all I can say ? [*Miranda nods.*] Very well ! she's tractable, I find——And is it possible that you can love him ? [*Miranda nods.*] Miraculous ! Pardon the bluntness of my questions, for my time is short. May I not hope to supplant him in your esteem ? [*Miranda sighs.*] Good, she answers me as I could wish——You'll not consent to marry him then ? [*Miranda sighs.*] How ! doubtful in that ?—Undone again——Humph ! but that may proceed from his power to keep her out of her estate till twenty-five ; I'll try that——Come, Madam, I cannot think you hesitate on this affair out of any motive but your fortune——Let him keep it till those few years are expir'd ; make me happy with your person, let him enjoy your wealth—[*Miranda holds up her hands.*] Why, what sign is that now ? Nay, nay, Madam, except you observe my lesson, I can't understand your meaning.

Sir

Sir Fran. What a vengeance, are they talking by signs ! 'ad, I may be fool'd here. What do you mean, **Sir George ?**

Sir Geo. To cut your throat, if you dare mutter another syllable.

Sir Fran. Od ! I wish he were fairly out of my house.

Sir Geo. Pray, Madam, will you answer me to the purpose ? [*Miranda shakes her head, and points to Sir Francis.*] What does she mean ! she won't answer me to the purpose, or is she afraid you old cuff shou'd understand her signs ?——Ay, it must be that. I perceive, Madam, you are too apprehensive of the promise you have made to follow my rules ; therefore I'll suppose your mind, and answer for you——First, for myself, Madam, that I am in love with you is an infallible truth. Now for you : [*Turns on her side.*] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it ?——As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis day-light, or that I die if you persist in silence—Bless me with the music of your voice, and raise my spirits to their proper Heaven : Thus low let me intreat, e'er I'm oblig'd to quit this place, grant me some token of a favourable reception to keep my hopes alive. [*Arises hastily, turns on her side.*] Rise, Sir ; and since my guardian's presence will not allow me privilege of tongue, read that, and rest assur'd you are not indifferent to me. [*Offers her a letter, she strikes it down.*] Ha, right woman ! But no matter, I'll go on.

Sir Fran. Ha ! what's that ! a letter !——Ha, ha, ha ! thou art baulk'd.

Mir. The best assurance I ever saw—— [*Aside.*]

Sir Geo. Ha ! a letter ! Oh ! let me kiss it with the same raptures that I would do the dear hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick fancy, and a long extempore—What's here ? [*Reads.*] “ Dear
“ Sir George ; this virgin muse I consecrate to you,
“ which when it has receiv'd the addition of your
“ voice, 'twill charm me into a desire of liberty to
“ love ; which you, and only you can fix.” My

angel! Oh, you transport me! [*Kisses the letter.*]
 ' And see the power of your command; the god of
 ' love has set the verse already; the flowing numbers
 ' dance into a tune, and I'm inspir'd with a voice to
 ' sing it.

' *Mir.* I'm sure thou art inspir'd with impudence
 ' enough. [*Aside.*]

' *Sir Geo.* [*Sings.*]

' Great love inspire him;
 ' Say I admire him.
 ' Give me the lover,
 ' That can discover
 ' Secret devotion
 ' From silent motion;
 ' Then don't betray me,
 ' But hence convey me.

Sir Geo. ' [*Taking hold of Miranda.*] With all my
 ' heart,' this moment let's retire.

[*Sir Francis coming up hastily.*]

Sir Fran. The time is expir'd, Sir, and you must
 take your leave. There, my girl, there's the hundred
 pounds, which thou hast won. Go, I'll be with you
 presently, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Miranda.*]

Sir Geo. Ads-heart, Madam, you won't leave me
 just in the nick, will you?

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! she has nick'd you, Sir
 George, I think, ha, ha, ha! Have you any more
 hundred pounds to throw away upon courtship? Ha,
 ha, ha!

Sir Geo. He, he, he, he! A curse of your fleering
 jests—Yet, however ill I succeeded, I'll venture the
 same wager, she does not value thee a spoonful of
 snuff—Nay, more, though you enjoin'd her silence to
 me, you'll never make her speak to the purpose with
 yourself.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha! Did I not tell thee thou
 would'st repent thy money? Did I not say, she hated
 young fellows? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Geo. And I'm positive she's not in love with age.
 Sir

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha ! no matter for that, ha, ha ! she's not taken with your youth, nor your rhetoric to boot ; Ha, ha !

Sir Geo. Whate'er her reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir Fran. Ha, ha, ha ! how he swells with envy—Poor man, poor man—Ha, ha, ha ! I must beg your pardon, *Sir George* ; *Miranda* will be impatient to have her share of mirth. Verily we shall laugh at thee most egregiously. Ha, ha, ha !

Sir Geo. With all my heart, faith—I shall laugh in my turn, too—For if you dare marry her, old *Belzebub*, you will be cuckolded most egregiously : remember that, and tremble——

- ' She that to age her beauteous self resigns,
- ' Shews witty management for close designs.
- ' Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair *Miranda's* bed,
- ' *Actæon's* horns she means shall crown thy head.

[*Exit.*

- ' *Sir Fran.* Ha, ha, ha ! he is mad.
- ' These fluttering fops imagine they can wind,
- ' Turn, and decoy to love all woman-kind :
- ' But here's a proof of wisdom in my charge,
- ' Old men are constant, young men live at large ;
- ' The frugal hand can bills at fight defray,
- ' When he that lavish is, has naught to pay .

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Sir Jealous Traffick's house.*

Enter Sir Jealous, Isabinda and Patch following.

Sir J. What, in the balcony again, notwithstanding my positive commands to the contrary ?—Why don't you write a bill on your forehead, to shew passengers there's something to be let ?——

Is. What harm can there be in a little fresh air, *Sir* ?

Sir J. Is your constitution so hot, mistress, that it wants cooling, ha ? Apply the virtuous Spanish rules ;

C 3

banish

banish your taste, and thoughts of flesh; feed upon roots, and quench your thirst with water.

If. That and a close room wou'd certainly make me die of the vapours.

Sir J. No, mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant ladies—that are troubled with the vapours: 'tis your ratifia, perfico, cinnamon, citron, and spirit of clara, cause such swimming in the brain, that carries many a guinea full tide to the doctor. But you are not to be bred this way: no galloping abroad, no receiving visits at home; for in our loose country, the women are as dangerous as the men.

Patch. So I told her, Sir; and that it was not decent to be seen in a balcony—But she threatened to slap my chops, and told me, I was her servant, not her governess.

Sir J. Did she so? But I'll make her to know that you are her duenna. Oh, that incomparable custom of Spain! Why here's no depending upon old women in my country—for they are as wanton at eighty, as a girl of eighteen; and a man may as safely trust to Aegil's translation, as to his great grandmother's not marrying again.

If. Or to the Spanish ladies veils and duennas, for the safeguard of their honour.

Sir J. Dare to ridicule the cautious conduct of that wise nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this fortnight without a peep-hole.

If. If we had but the ghostly helps in England, which they have in Spain, I might deceive you if you did—'Sir, 'tis not the restraint, but the innate principle, secures the reputation and honour of our 'sex'—Let me tell you, Sir, confinement sharpens the invention, as want of sight strengthens the other senses, and is often more pernicious than the recreation that innocent liberty allows.

Sir J. Say you so, mistress! Who the devil taught you the art of reasoning? I assure you, they must have a greater faith than I pretend to, that can think
any

any woman innocent who requires liberty. Therefore, Patch, to your charge I give her; lock her up till I come back from Change. I shall have some fauntring coxcomb, with nothing but a red coat and a feather, think, by leaping into her arms, to leap into my estate—But I'll prevent them; she shall be only Signior Babinetto's.

Patch. Really, Sir, I wish you would employ any body else in this affair; I lead a life like a dog, with obeying your commands. Come, Madam, will you please to be locked up?

If. Ay, to enjoy more freedom than he is aware of. [*Aside.*] [*Exit with Patch.*]

Sir J. I believe this wench is very true to my interest. I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my daughter from being blown upon 'till Signior Babinetto arrives, who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to Spain as soon as he has married her. She has a pregnant wit, and I'd no more have her an English wife, than the Grand Signior's mistress. [*Exit.*]

Enter Whisper.

Whisp. So, I saw Sir Jealous go out; where shall I find Mrs. Patch now?

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Mr. Whisper! my lady saw you out at the window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let you master know she's now alone.

Whisp. Hush, speak softly; I go, I go. But hark ye, Mrs. Patch, shall not you and I have a little confabulation, when my master and your lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay, farewell. [*Goes in, and shuts the door.*]

Re-enter Sir Jealous Traffic, meeting Whisper.

Sir J. Sure whilst I was talking with Mr. Trade-well, I heard my door clap. [*Seeing Whisper.*] Ha!
a man

a man lurking about my house : Who do you want there, Sir ?

Whisp. Want—want, a pox, Sir Jealous ! What must I say now !

Sir *J.* Ay, want ! Have you a letter or message for any body there ?——O' my conscience, this is some he bawd——

Whisp. Letter or message, Sir ?

Sir *J.* Ay, letter or message, Sir.

Whisp. No, not I, Sir.

Sir *J.* Sirrah, firrah ! I'll have you set in the stocks, if you don't tell your business immediately.

Whisp. Nay, Sir, my business—is no great matter of business, neither ; and yet 'tis business of consequence, too.

Sir *J.* Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whisp. Trifle, Sir ! have you found him, Sir ?

Sir *J.* Found what, you rascal ?

Whisp. Why Trifle is the very lap-dog my lady lost, Sir ; I fancy'd I saw him run into this house. I'm glad you have him—Sir ; my lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir *J.* Who is your lady, friend ?

Whisp. My lady Love-puppy, Sir.

Sir *J.* My lady Love-puppy, Sir ! Then pr'ythee carry thyself to her, for I know no other whelp that belongs to her ; and let me catch you no more puppy-hunting about my doors, lest I have you prest into the service, firrah.

Whisp. By no means, Sir—Your humble servant ; I must watch whether he goes or no, before I can tell my master. [Exit.

Sir *J.* This fellow has the officious leer of a pimp, and I half suspect a design ; but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em. [Exit.

SCENE,

SCENE, Charles's lodgings.

Enter Charles and Marplot.

Ch. Honest Marplot, I thank thee for this supply. I expect my lawyer with a thousand pounds I have order'd him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

Mar. Pho, pho, no more of that: Here comes, Sir George Airy.

Enter Sir George.

Curfedly out of humour at his disappointment. See how he looks! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. Ah, Charles, I am so humbled in my pretensions to plots upon women, that I believe I shall never have courage enough to attempt a chamber-maid again.——I'll tell thee——

Ch. Ha, ha! I'll spare you the relation, by telling you——Impatient to know your business with my father, when I saw you enter, I slipt back into the next room, where I overheard every syllable.

Mar. Did you, Charles? I wish I had been with you.

Sir G. That I said——But I'll be hang'd if you heard her answer——But pr'ythee tell me, Charles, is she a fool?

Ch. I never suspected her for one; but Marplot can inform you better, if you'll allow him a judge.

Mar. A fool! I'll justify she has more wit than all the rest of her sex put together. Why, she'll rally me till I han't a word to say for myself.

Ch. A mighty proof of her wit, truly——

Mar. There must be some trick in't, Sir George; egad I'll find it out, if it cost me the sum you paid for't.

Sir G. Do, and command me——

Mar. Enough, let me alone to trace a secret——

Enter

Enter Whisper, and speaks aside to his master.

The devil! he here again? Damn that fellow, he never speaks out. Is this the same or a new secret? *You may speak out, here are none but friends.*

Ch. Pardon me, Marplot, 'tis a secret.

Mar. A secret! Ay, or ecod I would not give a farthing for it. Sir George, won't you ask Charles what news Whisper brings?

Sir G. Not I, Sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

Mar. Lord, Lord, how little curiosity some people have? Now my chief pleasure is in knowing every body's business.

Sir G. I fancy, Charles, thou hast some engagement upon thy hands?

Mar. Have you, Charles?

Sir G. I have a little business too.

Mar. Have you, Sir George?

Sir G. Marplot, if it falls in your way to bring me any intelligence from Miranda, you'll find me at the Thatch'd-house at fix——

Mar. You do me much honour.

Ch. You guess right, Sir George; wish me success.

Sir G. Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Ch. Marplot, you must excuse me——

Mar. Nay, nay; what need of any excuse amongst friends; I'll go with you.

Ch. Indeed you must not.

Mar. No; then I suppose 'tis a duel, and I will go to secure you.

Ch. Well, but tis no duel, consequently no danger. Therefore pr'ythee be answer'd.

Mar. What is't a mistress, then?—Mum——You know I can be silent upon occasion.

Ch. I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me. Farewel. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Why then—I must and will follow you.

[*Exit.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

THE BUSY BODY. 35

A C T III.

Enter Charles.

CHARLES.

WELL, here's the house which holds the lovely prize, quiet and serene : here no noisy footmen throng, to tell the world that beauty dwells within ; no ceremonious visit makes the lover wait ; no rival to give my heart a pang. Who would not scale the window at midnight, without fear of the jealous father's pistol, rather than fill up the train of a coquet, where every minute he is jostled out of place ? [*Knocks softly.*] Mrs. Patch, Mrs. Patch !

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, are you come, Sir ? All's safe.

Cha. So in, in then.

Enter Marplot.

Mar. There he goes : who the devil lives here ? Except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his business as ever ; 'gad I'll watch ; it may be a bawdy-house, and he may have his throat cut ; if there should be any mischief, I can make oath he went in. Well, Charles, in spite of your endeavours to keep me out of the secret, I may save your life for aught I know. At that corner I'll plant myself, there I shall see whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love discoveries. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *draws, and discovers* Charles, Isabinda, and Patch.

If. Patch, look out sharp ; have a care of dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

If. Well, Sir, if I may judge your love by your courage, I ought to believe you sincere ; for you venture into the lion's den when you come to see me.

Ch.

36 THE BUSY BODY.

Ch. If you'd consent, whilst the furious beast is abroad, I'd free you from the reach of his paws.

If. That would be but to avoid one danger by running into another; 'like poor wretches who fly the burning ship, and meet their fate in the water.' Come, come, Charles, I fear if I consult my reason, confinement and plenty is better than liberty and starving. I know you'd make the frolic pleasing for a little time, by saying and doing a world of tender things; but when our small substance is exhausted, and a thousand requisites for life are wanting; love, who rarely dwells with poverty, would also fail us.

Cha. Faith, I fancy not; methinks, my heart has laid up a stock will last for life: to back which, I have taken a thousand pounds upon my uncle's estate; that surely will support us till one of our fathers relent.

Ifac. There's no trusting to that, my friend; I doubt your father will carry his humour to the grave, and mine till he sees me settled in Spain.

Cha. And can you then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd Don arrives, and suffer that youth, beauty, fire, and wit, to be sacrificed to the arms of a dull Spaniard, to be immured, and forbid the sight of any thing that's human?

Ifab. No, when it comes to that extremity, and no stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt list for a foldier, and I'll carry thy knapsack after thee.

Cha. Bravely resolv'd! The world cannot be more savage than our parents, and fortune generally assists the bold; therefore consent now: why should she put it to a future hazard? Who knows when we shall have another opportunity?

Ifab. Oh, you have your ladder of ropes, I suppose, and the closet-window stands just where it did; and if you han't forgot to write in characters, Patch will find a way for our assignations. Thus much of the Spanish contrivance my father's severity has taught me, I thank him; though I hate the nation, I admire their management in these affairs.

Enter

THE BUSY BODY. 37

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Madam, I see my master coming up the street.

Ch. Oh, the devil, would I had my ladder now. I thought you had not expected him till night. Why, why, why, why, what shall I do, Madam?

If. Oh! for heaven's sake, don't go that way; you'll meet him full in the teeth. 'Oh, unlucky moment!'

Ch. Adieheart, can you shut me into no cupboard, nor ram me into a chest, ha?

Patch. Impossible, Sir, he searches every hole in the house.

If. Undone for ever! If he sees you, I shall never see you more.

Patch. I have thought on it: run you to your chamber, Madam; and, Sir, come you along with me; I'm certain you may easily get down from the balcony.

Ch. My life, adieu——Lead on, guide. [*Exit.*

If. Heaven preserve him! [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Sir Jealous, with Marplot behind him.

Sir J. I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong suspicion all is not right within; that fellow's fauntering about my door, and his tale of a puppy had the face of a lie, methought. By St. Iago, if I should find a man in the house, I'd make mince-meat of him——

Mar. *Mine'd meat!* Ah, poor Charles! *how I sweat for thee!* Egad, he's old——I fancy I might bully him, and make Charles have an opinion of my courage. Egad, I'll pluck up, and have a touch with him.

Sir J. My own key shall let me in; I'll give them no warning. [*Feeling for his key.*

Mar. What's that you say, Sir?

[*Going up to Sir Jealous.*
D Sir

38 THE BUSY BODY.

Sir J. What's that to you, Sir?

[Turns quick upon him.]

Mar. Yes, 'tis to me, Sir: for the gentleman you threaten is a very honest gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as safe out of your house as he went in—

Sir J. What is he in then?

Mar. Yes, Sir, he is then; and, I say, if he does not come out, I have half a dozen Myrmidons hard by shall beat your house about your ears.

Sir J. Ah! a combination to undo me——I'll Myrmidon you, ye dog, you——Thieves! thieves!

[Beats Marplot all the while he cries thieves.]

Mur. Murder, murder! I was not in your house, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir J. The matter, rascal! You have let a man into my house; but I'll flea him alive; follow me, I'll not leave a mouse-hole unsearch'd; if I find him, by St. Iägo I'll equip him for the opera.

Mar. A deuce of his cane, there's no trusting to age—What shall I do to relieve Charles? Egad, I'll raise the neighbourhood—Murder! murder!—
[Charles drops down upon him from the balcony.] Charles, faith, I'm glad to see thee safe out, with all my heart.

Ch. A pox of your bawling: how the devil came you here?

Mar. Egad, it's very well for you that I was here; I have done you a piece of service. I told the old thunderbolt, that the gentleman that was gone in, was——

Ch. Was it you that told him, Sir? [Laying hold of him.] 'Sdeath, I could crush thee into atoms.

[Exit Charles.]

Mar. What! will you choak me for my kindness?—Will my enquiring soul never leave searching into other people's affairs, till it gets squeez'd out of my body? I dare not follow him now, for my blood, he's in such a passion—I'll to Miranda; if I can discover

coulder ought that may oblige Sir George, it may be a means to reconcile me again to Charles.

Sir J. [within.] *Look about! search! find him out.*

Mar. *Oh, the devil! there's old crabstick again.*

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Jealous and his Servants.

Sir J. Are you sure you have search'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the top of the house to the bottom.

Sir J. Under the beds, and over the beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too; but found nobody, Sir.

Sir J. Why, what could this rogue mean?

Enter Isabinda and Patch.

Patch. Take courage, Madam, I saw him safe out.

[*Aside to Isab.*]

Isab. Bless me! what's the matter, Sir?

Sir J. You know best—Pray where's the man that was here just now?

Is. What man, Sir? I saw none.

Patch. Nor I, by the trust you repose in me. Do you think I wou'd let a man come within these doors, when you are absent?

Sir J. Ah, Patch, she may be too cunning for thy honesty; the very scout, that he had set to give warning, discovered it to me—and threatened me with half a dozen Myrmidons—But I think I maul'd the villain. These afflictions you draw upon me, mistress!

Is. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous humour draws you into these vexations, and gives every fool pretence to banter you.

Sir J. No, 'tis your idle conduct, your coquettish flirting into the balcony—Oh! with what joy shall I resign thee into the arms of Don Diego Babinetto.

Is. And with what industry shall I avoid him.

[*Aside.*]

Sir J. Certainly, that rogue had a message from somebody or other; but being baulk'd by my coming,

D 2

coming, popp'd that sham upon me. Come along, ye fots, let's see if we can find the dog again. Patch, lock her up; d'ye hear?

Patch. Yes, Sir—Ay, walk till your heels ake, you'll find nobody, I promise you.

If. Who cou'd that scout be which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was Whisper.

If. Well, dear Patch, let's employ all our thoughts how to escape this horrid Don Diego; my very heart sinks at his terrible name.

Patch. Fear not, Madam, Don Carlo shall be the man, or I'll lose the reputation of contriving; and then what's a chamber-maid good for?

If. Say'st thou so, my girl? Then

- Let dad be jealous, multiply his cares,
- Whilst love instruct me to avoid the snares?
- I'll, spight of all his Spanish caution, show
- How much for love a British maid can do.'

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Sir Francis Gripe's House.*

Sir Francis and Miranda meeting.

Mir. Well, gardy, how did I perform the dumb scene?

Sir F. To admiration——Thou dear little rogue; let me buss thee for it: nay, adod, I will, chargy, so muzzle and tuzzle, and hug thee; I will, i'faith, I will.

[*Hugging and kissing her.*]

Mir. Nay, gardy, don't be so lavish. Who would ride post, when the journey lasts for life?

Sir F. Ah wag, ah wag! I'll buss thee again, for that. Oh, I'm transported! When, when, my dear, wilt thou convince the world of the happy day? When shall we marry, ha?

Mir. There's nothing wanting but your consent, Sir Francis.

Sir F. My consent! What does my charmer mean?

Mir. Nay, 'tis only a whim: but I'll have every thing

thing according to form—Therefore when you sign an authentic paper, drawn up by an able lawyer, that I have your leave to marry, the next day makes me yours, gardy.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! a whim indeed! why is it not demonstration I give my leave when I marry thee?

Mir. Not for your reputation, gardy; the malicious world will be apt to say you trick me into marriage, and so take the merit from my choice. Now I will have the act my own, to let the idle fops see how much I prefer a man loaded with years and wisdom.

Sir F. Humph! Pr'ythee leave out years, chargy; I'm not so old, as thou shalt find: Adod, I'm young; there's a caper for ye. [Jumps.]

Mir. Oh, never excuse it; why, I like you the better for being old—But I shall suspect you don't love me, if you refuse me this formality.

Sir F. Not love thee, chargy! Adod, I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what shall I say? Egad, better than money; i'faith, I do—

Mir. That's false, I'm sure. [Aside.] To prove it, do this, then.

Sir Fr. Well, I will do it, chargy, provided I bring a licence at the same time?

Mir. Ay, and a parson too, if you please. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how all the young coxcombs about town will be mortified when they hear of our marriage.

Sir F. So they will, so they will; ha, ha, ha!

Mir. Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my gardy—

Sir F. If wearing pearls and jewels, or eating gold, as the old saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my sweetest, my lovely, my charming, my—verily I know not what to call thee.

Mir. You must know, gardy, that I am so eager to have this business concluded, that I have employed my woman's brother, who is a lawyer in the

Temple, to settle matters just to your liking; you are to give your consent to my marriage, which is to yourself, you know: but mum, you must take no notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your leave, put my writings into his hands; then to-morrow we come flap upon them with a wedding that nobody thought on; by which you seize me and my estate, and I suppose make a bonfire of your own act and deed.

Sir F. Nay, but chary, if—

Mir. Nay, gardy, no ifs—Have I refus'd three northern lords, two British peers, and half a score knights, to have put in your ifs?

Sir Fr. So thou hast, indeed, and I will trust to thy management. 'Od, I'm all of a fire.

Mir. 'Tis a wonder the dry stubble does not blaze.
[*Aside.*]

Enter Marplot.

Sir F. How now, who sent for you, Sir? What's the hundred pound gone already?

Mar. No, Sir, I don't want money now, gardy.

Sir F. No; that's a miracle! but there's one thing you want, I'm sure.

Mar. Ay, what's that?

Sir F. Manners! What had I no servants without?

Mar. None that could do my business, guardian, which is at present with this lady.

Mir. With me, Mr. Marplot! What is it, I beseech you?

Sir F. Ay, Sir, what is it? Any thing that relates to her may be delivered to me.

Mar. I deny that.

Mir. That's more than I do, Sir.

Mar. Indeed, Madam! Why then to proceed; Fame says, *you know best whether she lies or not*, that you and my most conscionable guardian here design'd, contriv'd, plotted, and agreed, to chouse a very civil,

civil, honest, honourable gentleman, out of a hundred pounds. *Guilty or not?*

Mir. That I contriv'd it!

Mar. Ay, you—You said never a word against it, so far you are guilty.

Sir F. Pray tell that civil, honest, honourable gentleman, that if he has any more such sums to fool away, they shall be received like the last. Ha, ha, ha! chous'd, quotha! But, hark ye, let him know, at the same time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a lawyer to him shall shew him a trick for twice as much. D'ye hear? tell him that.

Mar. So, and this is the way you use a gentleman, and my friend?

Mir. Is the wretch thy friend?

Mar. The wretch! Look ye, Madam, don't call names; egad, I won't take it.

Mir. Why, you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha!

Mar. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir F. Sir, I shall make a servant shew you out at the window, if you are saucy.

Mar. I am your most humble servant, guardian; I design to go out the same way I came in. I would only ask this lady one question; *Don't you think he's a fine gentleman?*

Sir Fr. *Who's a fine gentleman?*

Mar. Not you, gardy, not you! Don't you think in your soul, that Sir George Airy is a very fine gentleman?

Mir. He dresses well.

Sir Fr. Which is chiefly owing to his taylor and valet de chambre.

Mar. Well! and who is your dress owing to, ha? There's a beau, Ma'am—Do but look at him!

Sir Fran. Sirrah!

Mir. And if being a beau be a proof of his being a fine gentleman, he may be so.

Mar. He may be so! Why, Ma'am, the judicious part of the world allow him wit, courage, gallantry,
ay,

ay, and oeconomy too; though I think he forfeited that character, when he flung away a hundred pounds upon your dumb ladyship.

Sir Fr. Does that gall him? Ha, ha, ha.

Mir. So Sir George, remaining in deep discontent, has sent you, his trusty 'squire, to utter his complaint; ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Yes, Madam; and you, like a cruel, hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I wou'd your ladyship, were I Sir George, you, you, you—

Mir. Oh, don't call names; I know you love to be employed, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a message from me.

Mar. According as I like it. What is it?

Mir. Nay, a kind one, you may be sure—First tell him, I have chose this gentleman to have and to hold, and so forth.

[Clapping her hand into Sir Francis's.

Mar. *Much good may do you.*

Sir Fr. Oh, the dear rogue, how I doat on her!

[*Aside.*

Mir. And advise his impertinence to trouble me no more; for I prefer Sir Francis for a husband before all the fops in the universe.

Mar. Oh, lord, oh, lord! she's bewitch'd, that's certain: here's a husband for eighteen—*here's a tit-bit for a young lady—here's a shape, an air, and a grace—here's bones rattling in a leathern bag.* [Turning Sir Francis about.] Here's buckram and canvas to scrub you to repentance.

Sir Fr. Sirrah, my cane shall teach you repentance presently.

Mar. No, faith, I have felt its twin brother from just such a wither'd hand too lately.

Mir. One thing more; advise him to keep from the garden-gate on the left hand; for if he dare to saunter there about the hour of eight, as he used to do, he shall be saluted with a pistol or a blunderbuss.

Sir Fr. Oh, monstrous! Why, chargy, did he use to come to the garden-gate?

Mir.

Mir. The gard'ner described just such another man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his entrance—Tell him he shall find a warm reception if he comes this night.

Mar. Pistols and blunderbusses! Egad, a warm reception, indeed; I shall take care to inform him of your kindness, and advise him to keep farther off.

Mir. I hope he will understand my meaning better, than to follow your advice. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fr. Thou hast sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en possession of my heart for ever, chargy, ha, ha, ha! and for you, Mr. Sauce-box, let me have no more of your messages, if ever you design to inherit your estate, gentleman.

Mar. Why there 'tis, now. Sure I shall be out of your clutches one day—Well, guardian, I say no more: but if you be not as arrant a cuckold, as e'er drove bargain upon the Exchange, or paid attendance to a court, I am the son of a whetstone; and so your humble servant. [*Exit.*]

Mir. Mr. Marplot, don't forget the message; ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Nang, nang, nang! [*Exit.*]

Sir F. I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

Mir. Oh, mind him not, gardy, but let's sign articles, and then——

Sir F. And then—Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd; my pulse beats high, and my blood boils, methinks—— [*Kissing and hugging her.*]

Mir. Oh fie, gardy, be not so violent; consider, the market lasts all the year—Well; I'll in, and see if the lawyer be comé; you'll follow? [*Exit.*]

Sir F. Ay, to the world's end, my dear. Well, Frank, thou art a lucky fellow in thy old age, to have such a delicate morsel, and thirty thousand pounds, in love with thee; I shall be the envy of bachelors, the glory of married men, and the wonder of the town. Some guardians would be glad to compound for part of the estate, at dispatching an heiress; but I engross the whole. O! mihi prætorios referet si Jupiter annos. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a tavern; discovers Sir George and Charles, with wine before them, and Whisper waiting.*

Sir G. Nay, pr'ythee don't be grave, Charles: misfortunes will happen. Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some comfort to have a companion in our sufferings.

Cb. I am only apprehensive for Isabinda; her father's humour is implacable; and how far his jealousy may transport him to her undoing, shocks my soul to think.

Sir G. But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his rage will quickly lash into a calm, never fear it.

Cb. But who knows what that unlucky dog, Marplot, told him; nor can I imagine what brought him hither; that fellow is ever doing mischief; and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some blundering adventure, wherein he thought to shew his friendship, as he calls it; a curse on him!

Sir G. Then you must forgive him. What said he?

Cb. Said! Nay, I had more mind to cut his throat, than to hear his excuses.

Sir G. Where is he?

Whisp. Sir, I saw him go into Sir Francis Gripe's just now.

Cb. Oh! then he's upon your business, Sir George; a thousand to one but he makes some mistake there, too.

Sir G. Impossible, without he huffs the lady, and makes love to Sir Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. Marplot is below, gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

Cb. How civil the rogue is, when he has done a fault!

Sir G. Ho! desire him to walk up. Pr'ythee, Charles, throw off this chagrin, and be good company.

Cb. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him: Whisper, fetch me pen, ink, and paper.

Whisp.

Whisp. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Whisp.*]

Enter Marplot.

Ch. Do but mark his sheepish look, Sir George.

Mar. Dear Charles, don't overwhelm a man already under insupportable affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my friends; but if my malicious stars deny the happiness, is the fault mine?

Sir G. Never mind him, Mr. Marplot; he is eat up with spleen. But tell me, what says Miranda?

Mar. Says!—nay, we are all undone there, too.

Ch. I told you so; nothing prospers that he undertakes.

Mar. Why, can I help her having chose your father for better for worse?

Ch. So: there's another of fortune's strokes. I suppose I shall be edg'd out of my estate with twins every year, let who will get 'em.

Sir G. What, is the woman really possess'd?

Mar. Yes, with the spirit of contradiction: she rail'd at you most prodigiously.

Sir G. That's no ill sign.

Enter Whispet, with pen, ink, and paper.

Mar. You'd say it was no good sign, if you knew all.

Sir G. Why, pr'ythee?

Mar. Hark'e, Sir George, let me warn you; pursue your old haunt no more; it may be dangerous.

[*Charles sits down to write.*]

Sir G. My old haunt! What do you mean?

Mar. Why, in short, then, since you will have it, Miranda vows, if you dare approach the garden gate at eight o'clock, as you us'd, *you shall meet with a warm reception.*

Sir G. A warm reception!

Mar. Ay, a very warm reception—You shall be saluted with a blunderbuss, Sir. These were her very words; nay, she bid me tell you so, too.

Sir G. Ha! the garden gate, at eight, as I us'd to do!

do! There must be meaning in this. Is there such a gate, Charles?

Mar. *Is there such a gate, Charles?*

Ch. Yes, yes it opens into the Park; I suppose her ladyship has made many a scamper thro' it.

Sir G. It must be an affignation, then. Ha! my heart springs for joy; 'tis a propitious omen. My dear Marplot, let me embrace thee; thou art my friend, my better angel—

Mar. What do you mean, Sir George?

Sir G. No matter what I mean. Here, take a bumper to the garden gate, you dear rogue you.

Mar. You have reason to be transported, Sir George; I have sav'd your life.

Sir G. My life! thou hast sav'd my soul, man. Charles, if thou dost not pledge this health, may'st thou never taste the joys of love.

Ch. Whisper, be sure you take care how you deliver this. [*Gives him the letter.*] Bring me the answer to my lodgings.

Whisp. I warrant you, Sir.

Mar. Whither does that letter go?—Now, dare not I ask, for my blood—*That fellow knows more secrets than I do.* [*Exit Whisp.*]

Ch. Now I'm for you.

Sir G. To the garden gate, at the hour of eight Charles; along, Huzza!

Ch. I begin to conceive you.

Mar. That's more than I do, egad—to the garden gate, Huzza! [*Drinks.*] But I hope you design to keep far enough off on't, Sir George.

Sir G. Ay, ay, never fear that; she shall see I despise her frowns; let her use the blunderbuss against the next fool; she shan't reach me with the smoak, I warrant her; ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Ah, Charles, if you could receive a disappointment thus en cavalier, one should have some comfort in being beat for you.

Ch. The fool comprehends nothing.

Sir

Sir G. Nor would I have him. Pr'ythee take him along with thee.

Ch. Enough.

Sir G. I kiss both your hands—And now for the garden gate.

It's beauty gives the assignation there,
And love too powerful grows t'admit of fear. [*Exit.*

Ch. Come, you shall go home with me.

Mar. Shall I! And are we friends, Charles?—I am glad of it.

Ch. Come along. [*Exit Charles.*

Mar. Egad, Charles' asking me to go home with him, gives me a shrewd suspicion there's more in the garden gate than I comprehend. Faith I'll give him the drop, and away to gardy's, and find it out. [*Exit.*

The END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *the outside of Sir Jealous Traffick's house, Patch peeping out of the door.*

Enter Whisper.

WHISPER.

HA, Mrs. Patch, this is a lucky minute, to find you so readily; my master dies with impatience.

Patch. My lady imagin'd so; and by her orders, I have been scouting this hour in search of you, to inform you that Sir Jealous has invited some friends to supper with him to-night, which gives an opportunity to your master to make use of his ladder of ropes.

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The closet window shall be open, and Isabinda ready to receive him. Bid him come immediately.

Whisp. Excellent! He'll not disappoint, I warrant him.—But hold, I have a letter here, which I'm to carry an answer to. I can't think what language the direction is.

Patch. Pho, 'tis no language, but a character which the lovers invented, to avert discovery.—Ha! I hear my old master coming down stairs; it is impossible you should have an answer; away, and bid him come himself for that. Begone, we're ruin'd if you're seen; for he has doubled his care, since the last accident.

Whisp. I go, I go. [Exit.

Patch. There, go thou into my pocket. [Puts it beside, and it falls down.] Now, I'll up the back stairs, lest I meet him.—Well, a dextrous chamber-maid is the ladies best utensil, I say. [Exit.

Enter Sir Jealous, with a letter in his hand.

Sir J. So, this is some comfort; this tells me, that Signior Don Diego Babinetto is safely arriv'd. He shall marry my daughter the minute he comes—Ha, ha! what's here? [Takes up the letter Patch dropp'd.] A letter! I don't know what to make of the superscription. I'll see what's within side;—[opens it.]—humph—'tis Hebrew, I think. What can this mean!—There must be some trick in it; this was certainly design'd for my daughter; but I don't know that she can speak any language but her mother tongue.—No matter for that; this may be one of love's hieroglyphicks; and I fancy I saw Patch's tail sweep by: that wench may be a slut; and, instead of guarding my honour, betray it. I'll find it out, I'm resolv'd—
' Who's there?

Enter Servant.

' What answer did you bring from the gentlemen I sent you to invite?

' *Serv.* That they'd all wait on you, Sir, as I told you before; but I suppose you forgot, Sir.

' Sir

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‘ Sir J. Did I so, Sir? But I shan’t forget to break your head, if any of them come, Sir.

‘ *Serv.* Come, Sir! Why, did not you send me to desire their company, Sir?

‘ Sir J. But I send you now to desire their absence. Say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to expectation, and ask their pardon; and, d’ye hear, send the butler to me.

‘ *Serv.* Yes, Sir. [Exit.

‘ *Enter Butler.*

‘ Sir J. If this paper has a meaning, I’ll find it — Lay the cloth in my daughter’s chamber, and bid the cook send supper thither presently.

‘ *Butl.* Yes, Sir.—Hey-day! what’s the matter now? [Ext.

‘ Sir J. He wants the eyes of Argus, that has a young, handsome daughter in this town; but my comfort is, I shall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a girl once in her teens, had better be at sea in a storm, and would be in less danger;

‘ For let him do or counsel all he can,

‘ She thinks and dreams of nothing else but man.

[Exit.

SCENE, Isabinda’s chamber.

Isabinda and Patch.

If. Are you sure nobody saw you speak to Whisper?

Patch. Yes, very sure, Madam; But I heard Sir Jealous coming down stairs, so clapt his letter into my pocket. [Feels for the letter.

If. A letter! Give it me quickly.

Patch. Bless me! what’s become on’t—I’m sure I put it— [Searching still.

If. Is it possible thou could’st be so careless?—Oh! I’m undone for ever, if it be lost.

Patch. I must have dropt it upon the stairs. But

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why

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why are you so much alarm'd ? If the worst happens, nobody can read it, Madam, nor find out whom it was design'd for.

If. If it falls into my father's hands, the very figure of a letter will produce ill consequences. Run and look for it upon the stairs this moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else—
[*As she is going out of the door, meets the butler.*] How now, what do you want ?

Butl. My master ordered me to lay the cloth here for supper.

If. Ruin'd, past redemption— [Aside.]

Patch. You mistake, sure. What shall we do ?

If. I thought he expected company to-night—Oh, poor Charles ! Oh, unfortunate Isabinda !

Butl. I thought so too, Madam ; but I suppose he has alter'd his mind. [Lays the cloth, and exit.]

If. The letter is the cause. This heedless action has undone me. Fly, and fasten the closet window, which will give Charles notice to retire. Ha ! my father ! Oh, confusion !

Enter Sir Jealous.

Sir J. Hold, hold, Patch, whither are you going ? I'll have nobody stir out of the room, till after supper.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your easy chair— Oh, wretched accident !

Sir J. I'll have nobody stir out of the room. I don't want my easy chair.

If. What will be the event of this ! [Aside.]

Sir J. Hark ye, daughter ; do you know this hand ?

If. As I suspected—Hand, do you call it, Sir ? 'tis some school-boy's scrawl.

Patch. Oh, invention ! thou chamber-maid's best friend, assist me.

Sir J. Are you sure you don't understand it ?

[*Patch feels in her bosom, and shakes her coats.*]

If. Do you understand it, Sir ?

Sir J. I wish I did.

If.

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If. Thank Heaven you do not. [*Afide.*] Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed, Sir.

Patch. Oh Lord! O Lord! what have you done, Sir? Why, the paper is mine; I dropp'd it out of my bosom. [*Snatching it from him.*]

Sir *J.* Ha! your's, mistress?

If. What does she mean by owning it?

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is.

Sir *J.* What is it? Speak.

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is a charm for the tooth-ach—I have worn it these seven years; 'twas given me by an angel, for aught I know, when I was raving with the pain; for nobody knew from whence he came, nor whither he went. He charg'd me never to open it, lest some dire vengeance befall me, and Heaven knows what will be the event. Oh! cruel misfortune, that I should drop it, and you should open it—If you had not open'd it——

If. Excellent wench! [*Afide.*]

Sir *J.* Pox of your charms and whims, for me; if that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you, no vengeance will follow.

Patch. So, all's right again, thus far. [*Afide.*]

If. I would not lose Patch for the world—I'll take courage a little. [*Afide.*] Is this usage for your daughter, Sir? Must my virtue and conduct be suspected for every trifle? You immure me like some dire offender here, and deny me all the recreations which my sex enjoy; and the custom of the country 'and modesty' allow; yet, not content with that, you make my confinement more intolerable, by your mistrusts and jealousies; wou'd I were dead, so I were free from this.

Sir *J.* To-morrow rids you of this tiresome load; Don Diego Babinetto will be here, and then my care ends, and his begins.

If. Is he come, then?—Oh, how shall I avoid this hated marriage? [*Afide.*]

Enter Servants, with supper.

Sir *J.* Come, will you sit down?

If. I can't eat, Sir.

Patch. No, I dare swear he has given her supper enough. I wish I could get into the closet. [*Aside.*]

Sir *J.* Well, if you can't eat, then give me a song whilst I do.

If. I have such a cold, I can scarce speak, Sir, much less sing. How shall I prevent Charles coming in? [*Aside.*]

Sir *J.* I hope you have the use of your fingers, Madam. Play a tune upon your spinnet, whilst your woman sings me a song.

Patch. I'm as much out of tune as my lady, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

If. I shall make excellent music. [*Sits down to play.*]

Patch. Really, Sir, I am so frightened about you opening this charm, that I can't remember one song.

Sir *J.* Pish! hang your charm; come, come, sing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to sing, truly. [*Aside.*] Humph, humph; bless me! I cannot raise my voice, my heart pants so.

Sir *J.* Why, what, does your heart pant so, that you can't play, neither? Pray, what key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, would the key was turn'd on you, once. [*Aside.*]

Sir *J.* Why don't you sing, I say?

Patch. When Madam has put her spinnet in tune, Sir; humph, humph——

If. I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me. [*Rising.*]

Sir *J.* Zounds, sit down, and play me a tune, or I'll break the spinnet about your ears.

If. What will become of me? [*Sits down, and plays.*]

Sir *J.* Come, mistress. [*To Patch.*]

Patch. Yes, Sir. [*Sings, but horridly out of tune.*]

Sir *J.* Hey, hey! why, you are a-top of the house, and you are down in the cellar. What is the meaning of this? Is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

Patch. Pray, Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that note—Nor any note, I fear.

If.

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If. Well, begin——Oh, Patch! we shall be discover'd.

Patch. I sink with apprehension, Madam—Humph, humph—[*Sings.*] [Charles opens the closet door.]

Cha. Music and singing!

'Tis thus the bright celestial court above,
Beguiles the hours with music and with love.

Death! her father there! [*The women shriek.*] then I must fly—[*Exit into the closet.*] [Sir Jealous rises up hastily, seeing Charles slip back into the closet.]

Sir J. Hell and furies, a man in the closet!——

Patch. Ah! a ghost, a ghost!—he must not enter the closet—[*Isabinda throws herself down before the closet door, as in a swoon.*]

Sir J. The devil! I'll make a ghost of him, I warrant you. [*Strives to get by.*]

Patch. Oh, hold, Sir, have a care; you'll tread upon my lady—Who waits there? Bring some water. Oh! this comes of your opening the charm. Oh, oh, oh, oh! [*Weeps aloud.*]

Sir J. I'll charm you, housewife. Here lies the charm that conjur'd this fellow in, I'm sure on't. Come out, you rascal, do so. Zounds! take her from the door, or I'll spurn her from it, and break your neck down stairs.

If. He's gone; I heard him leap down.

[*Aside to Patch.*]

Patch. Nay, then, let him enter—'Here, here, Madam, smell to this; come, give me your hand; come nearer to the window; the air will do you good.

Sir J. I wou'd she were in her grave. Where are you, sirrah? Villain! robber of my honour! I'll pull you out of your nest. [*Goes into the closet.*]

Patch. You'll be mistaken, old gentleman; the bird is flown.

If. I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well. I was almost dead in earnest, with the fright.

Re-enter

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Re-enter Sir Jealous out of the closet.

Sir J. Whoever the dog were, he has escap'd out of the window; for the fash is up. But tho' he is got out of my reach, you are not. And first, Mrs. Pandar, with your charms for the tooth-ach, get out of my house, go, troop; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of my doors myself; but I'll secure your charge, ere I go.

If. What do you mean, Sir? Was she not a creature of your own providing?

Sir J. She was of the devil's providing, for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, Sir, to merit your displeasure?

Sir J. I don't know which of you have done it; but you shall both suffer for it, 'till I can discover whole guilt it is. Go, get in there; Ill move you from this side of the house [*Pushes Isabinda in at the door, and locks it, puts the key in his pocket.*] I'll keep the key myself; I'll try what ghost will get into that room. And now, forsooth, I'll wait on you down stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor lady—Down stairs, Sir! But I won't go out, Sir, till I have lock'd up my cloaths.

Sir J. If thou wert as naked as thou wert born, thou should'st not stay to put on a smock. Come along, I say. When your mistress is marry'd, you shall have your rags, and every thing that belongs to you, but till then—— [*Exit, pulling her out.*]

Patch. Oh, barbarous usage, for nothing!

Re-enter, at the lower end.

Sir J. There, go, and come no more within sight of my habitation these three days, I charge you.

[*Slaps the door after her.*]

Patch. Did ever any body see such an old monster?

Enter Charles.

Patch. Oh! Mr. Charles, your affairs and mine, are in an ill posture.

Ch.

Ch. I am inur'd to the frowns of fortune ; but what has befall'n thee ?

Patch. Sir Jealous, whose suspicious nature is always on the watch ; nay, even while one eye sleeps, the other keeps centinel ; upon sight of you, flew into such a violent passion, that I cou'd find no strata-gem to appease him ; but, in spite of all arguments, lock'd his daughter into his own apartment, and turn'd me out of doors.

Ch. Ha ! Oh, Isabinda !

Patch. And swears she shall see neither sun nor moon, till she is Don Diego Babinetto's wife, who arrived last night, and is expected with impatience.

Ch. He dies ! Yes, by all the wrongs of love, he shall ! Here will I plant myself, and through my breast he shall make his passage, if he enters.

Patch. A most heroic resolution ! There might be ways found out more to your advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open force.

Ch. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of personating this Spaniard, imposing upon the father, and marrying your mistress by his own consent ?

Ch. Say'st thou so, my angel ! Oh, cou'd that be done, my life to come wou'd be too short to recompense thee : but how can I do that, when I neither know what ship he came in, nor from what part of Spain ; who recommends him, or how attended.

Patch. I can solve all this. He is from Madrid, his father's name Don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto. Here's a letter of his to Sir Jealous, which he dropt one day. You understand Spanish, and the hand may be counterfeited. You conceive me, Sir ?

Ch. My better genius ! thou hast reviv'd my drooping soul : I'll about it instantly. Come to my lodgings, and we'll concert matters. [Exeunt.

SCENE

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SCENE, *a garden gate, open, Scentwell waiting within.*

Enter Sir George Airy.

Sir G. So, this is the gate, and most invitingly open. If there should be a blunderbuss here, now, what a dreadful ditty would my fall make for fools; and what a jest for the wits! How my name would be roar'd about the streets: Well, I'll venture all.

Scentw. Hift, hift! Sir George Airy— [*Enters.*

Sir G. A female voice! Thus far I'm safe.—My dear.

Scentw. No, I'm not your dear; but I'll conduct you to her. Give me your hand; you must go thro' many a dark passage, and dirty step, before you arrive——

Sir G. I know I must, before I arrive at Paradise; therefore be quick, my charming guide.

Scentw. For aught you know; come, come, your hand, and away.

Sir G. Here, here, child; you can't be half so swift as my desires. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the house.*

Enter Miranda.

Mir. Well, let me reason a little with my mad self. Now, don't I transgress all rules, to venture upon a man, without the advice of the grave and wise? But then, a rigid, knavish guardian, who would have marry'd me—to whom? even to his nauseous self, or nobody. Sir George is what I have try'd in conversation, inquir'd into his character, and am satisfied in both. Then, his love! Who would have given a hundred pounds only to have seen a woman he had not infinitely lov'd? So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with arguments enough of his side; and now,

now, the only doubt remains, whether he will come, or no.

Enter Scentwell and Sir George.

Scent. That's resolv'd, Madam, for here's the knight. *[Exit Scentwell.]*

Sir G. And do I once more behold that lovely object, whose idea fills my mind, and forms my pleasing dreams!

Mir. What! beginning again in heroics!—Sir George, don't you remember how little fruit your last prodigal oration produc'd? Not one bare single word in answer.

Sir G. Ha! the voice of my incognita!—Why did you take ten thousand ways to captivate a heart your eyes alone had vanquish'd?

Mir. 'Pr'ythee,' no more of these flights; 'for our time's but short, and we must fall to business.' Do you think we can agree on that same terrible bugbear, matrimony, without heartily repenting on both sides?

Sir G. It has been my wish since first my longing eyes beheld you.

Mir. And your happy ears drank in the pleasing news, I had thirty thousand pounds.

Sir G. Unkind! Did I not offer you in those purchas'd minutes to run the risk of your fortune, so you wou'd but secure that lovely person to my arms?

Mir. Well, if you have such love and tenderness, since our wooing has been short, pray reserve it for our future days, to let the world see we are lovers after wedlock; 'twill be a novelty.

Sir G. Haste, then, and let us tie the knot, and prove the envy'd pair——

Mir. Hold! not so fast! I have provided better than to venture on dangerous experiments headlong—My guardian, trusting to my disssembled love, has given up my fortune to my own disposal; but with
this

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this proviso, that he to-morrow morning weds me. He is now gone to Doctors Commons for a licence.

Sir G. Ha ! a licence !

Mir. But I have planted emissaries that infallibly take him down to Epsom, under a pretence that a brother usurer of his is to make him his executor, the thing on earth he covets.

Sir G. 'Tis his known character.

Mir. Now my instruments confirm him this man is dying, and he sends me word he goes this minute. It must be to-morrow e'er he can be undeceiv'd. That time is ours.

Sir G. Let us improve it, then, and settle on our coming years, endless, endless happiness.

Mir. I dare not stir till I hear he's on the road—— then I, and my writings, the most material point, are soon remov'd.

Sir G. I have one favour to ask : if it lies in your power, you wou'd be a friend to poor Charles ; tho' the son of this tenacious man, he is as free from all his vices as nature and a good education can make him ; and what now I have vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the man on earth I love.

Mir. I never was his enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my designs on his father. If his uncle's estate ought to be in his possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular piece of service.

Sir G. You are all goodness.

Enter Scentwell.

Scent. Oh, Madam, my master and Mr. Marplot are just coming into the house.

Mir. Undone, undone ! If he finds you here in this crisis, all my plots are unravel'd.

Sir Geo. What shall I do ? Can't I get back into the garden ?

Scent. Oh, no ! he comes up those stairs.

Mir. Here, here, here ! Can you condescend to stand behind this chimney-board, Sir George ?

Sir

THE BUSY BODY. 61

Sir G. Any where, any where, dear Madam, without ceremony.

Scent. Come, come, Sir ; lie close ———

[They put him behind the chimney-board.]

Enter Sir Francis and Marplot ; Sir Francis peeling an orange.

Sir F. I cou'd not go, though 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear chargy. Besides this fellow buzz'd into my ears, that thou might'st be so desperate as to shoot that wild rake which haunts the garden-gate ; and that would bring us into trouble, dear ———

Mir. So, Marplot brought you back, then ?

Mar. Yes, I brought him back.

Mir. I'm oblig'd to him for that, I'm sure.

[Frowning at Marplot aside.]

Mar. By her looks she's means she's not oblig'd to me. I have done some mischief now ; but what, I can't imagine.

Sir F. Well, chargy, I have had three messengers to come to Epfom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who for all his vast riches, is departing. *[Sighs.]*

Mar. Ay, see what all you usurers must come to.

Sir F. Peace, you young knave ! Some forty years hence I may think on't—But, chargy, I'll be with thee to-morrow, before those pretty eyes are open ; I will, I will, chargy, I'll rouse you, i'faith—Here, Mrs. Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-board, that I may throw my peel in, and not litter her chamber.

Mir. Oh, my stars ! what will become of us now ?

Scent. Oh, pray, Sir give it me ; I love it above all things in nature ; indeed I do.

Sir F. No, no, huffy ; you have the green-pip already, I'll have no apothecary's bills.

[Goes towards the chimney.]

Mir. Hold, hold, hold, dear guardy, I have a, a, a, a, a, monkey, shut up there ; and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild
F 'twill

'twill break all my china, or get away, and that would break my heart; for I'm fond on't to distraction, next thee, dear gardy. [*In a flattering tone.*]

Sir F. Well, well, chargy, I won't open it; she shall have her monkey, poor rogue. Here, throw this peel out of the window. [*Exit. Scentwell.*]

Mar. A monkey! Dear Madam let me see it; I can tame a monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh! how I love the little miniatures of man!

Mir. Be quiet, mischief, and stand farther from the chimney——You shall not see my monkey——why sure—— [*Striving with him.*]

Mar. For Heav'n's sake, dear Madam, let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as my lady Fiddle Faddle's. Has it got a chain?

Mir. Not yet; but I design it one shall last its lifetime. Nay, you shall not see it——Look, gardy, how he teazes me!

Sir F. [*Getting between him and the chimney*] Sirrah, sirrah, let my chargy's monkey alone, or bamboo shall fly about your ears. What! is there no dealing with you?

Mar. Pugh, pox of the monkey! Here's a rout! I wish he may rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they have put two more horses to the coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the door.

Sir F. Well, I am going to be executor; better for thee, jewel. B'ye chargy, one bufs!—I'm glad thou hast got a monkey to divert thee a little.

Mir. Thank'e, dear guardy——Nay, I'll see you to the coach.

Sir F. That's kind, adod.

Mir. Come along, impertinence. [*To Marplot.*]

Mar. [*Stepping back.*] Egad, I will see the monkey now. [*Lifts up the Board, and discovers Sir George.*] O Lord, O Lord! Thieves! Thieves! Murder!

Sir G. Dam'ye, you unlucky dog! 'tis I. Which way shall I get out? Shew me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

Mar.

Mar. Undone, undone ! At that door there. ' But hold, hold, break that china, and'—I'll bring you off.

[He runs off at the corner, and throws down some china]

Re-enter Sir Francis, Miranda, and Scentwell.

Sir F. Mercy on me ! what's the matter ?

Mir. O you toad ! what have you done ?

Mar. No great harm ; I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to see the monkey, I did but just raise up the board, and it flew over my shoulders, scratch'd all my face, broke yon china, and whisk'd out of the window.

Sir F. Where, where is it, sirrah ?

Mar. There, there, Sir Francis, upon your neighbour *Parmazan's* pantiles.

Sir F. Was ever such an unlucky rogue ! Sirrah, I forbid you my house. Call the servants to get the monkey again. *Pug, pug, pug.* I wou'd stay myself to look it, but that you know my earnest business.

Scent. Oh, my lady will be best to lure it back : all them creatures love my lady extremely.

Mir. Go, go, dear guardy, I hope I shall recover it.

Sir F. B'ye, b'ye, dearee. Ah, mischief ! how you look now ! b'ye, b'ye. *[Exit.]*

Mir. Scentwell, see him in the coach, and bring me word.

Scent. Yes, Madam. *[Exit.]*

Mir. So, Sir, you have done your friend a signal piece of service, I suppose.

Mar. Why, look you, Madam, if I have committed a fault thank yourself ; no man is more serviceable when I am let into a secret, and none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your meaning ; when you talk'd of a blunderbuss, who thought of a rendezvous ; and when you talk'd of a monkey, who the devil dreamt of Sir George ?

Mir. A sign you converse but little with our sex, when you can't reconcile contradictions.

Enter Scentwell.

Scent. He's gone, Madam, as fast at the coach and fix can carry him——

Enter Sir George.

Sir G. Then I may appear.

Mar. Here's pug, Ma'am—Dear Sir George, make my peace ! On my soul, I never took you for a monkey before.

Sir G. I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Mir. Well, Sir George, if he can be secret.

Mar. Od's heart, Madam, I'm as secret as a priest, when I'm trusted.

Sir G. Why 'tis with a priest our business is, at present.

Scent. Madam, here's Mrs. Isabinda's woman to wait on you.

Mir. Bring her up.

Enter Patch.

How do ye, Mrs. Patch ? What news from your lady ?

Patch. That's for your private ear, Madam. Sir George, there's a friend of yours has an urgent occasion for your assistance.

Sir G. His Name ?

Patch. Charles.

Mar. Ha ! then there's something afoot that I know nothing off. I'll wait on you, Sir George.

Sir G. A third person may not be proper, perhaps. As soon as I have dispatched my own affairs, I am at his service ; I'll send my servant to tell him I'll wait on him in half an hour.

Mir. How came you employed in this message, Mrs. Patch ?

Patch. Want of business, Madam ; I am discharg'd by my master, but hope to serve my lady still.

Mir.

Mir. How! discharg'd! You must tell me the whole story within.

Patch. With all my heart, Madam.

Mar. Tell it here, *Mrs. Patch.* Pish! Pox, I wish I were fairly out of the house. I find marriage is the end of this secret; and now I am half mad to know what Charles want's him for. [*Afide.*]

Sir G. Madam, I'm doubly press'd by love and friendship: this exigence admits of no delay; shall we make Marplot of the party?

Mir. If you'll run the hazard, *Sir George*; I believe he means well.

Mar. Nay, nay, for my part, I desire to be let into nothing; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't mistrust me. [*Going.*]

Sir G. So, now he has a mind to be gone to Charles: 'But not knowing what affairs he may have upon his hands at present,'—I'm resolv'd he shan't stir. No, *Mr. Marplot*, you must not leave us, we want a third person. [*Takes hold of him.*]

Mar. I never had more mind to be gone in my life.

Mir. Come along then; if we fail in the voyage, thank yourself for taking this ill-starr'd gentleman on board.

Sir G. That vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,
Whose freight is beauty, and whose pilot's
love. [*Exit Sir George and Mir.*]

Mar. Tty ti, tty ti. [*Steals off the other way.*]

Re-enter *Sir George*.

Sir G. *Marplot!* *Marplot!*

Mar. [*Entering.*] Here! I was coming, *Sir George*.
Lord! can't you let one tie up one's garter. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter Miranda, Patch, and Scentwell.

MIRANDA.

WELL, Patch, I have done a strange bold thing ; my fate is determin'd, and expectation is no more. Now to avoid the impertinence and roguery of an old man, I have thrown myself into the extravagance of a young one ; if he should despise, slight, or use me ill, there's no remedy from a husband but the grave ; and that's a terrible sanctuary to one of my age and constitution.

Patch. O ! fear not, Madam, you'll find your account in Sir George Airy ; it is impossible a man of sense should use a woman ill, endued with beauty, wit, and fortune. It must be the lady's fault if she does not wear the unfashionable name of wife easy, when nothing but complaisance and good humour is requisite on either side to make them happy.

Mir. I long till I am out of this house, lest any accident should bring my guardian back. Scentwell ; put my best jewels into the little casket, slip them into thy pocket, and let us march off to Sir Jealous's.

Scent. It shall be done, Madam. [*Exit Scent.*]

Patch. Sir George will be impatient, Madam. If their plot succeeds, we shall be well receiv'd ; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young lady fares.

Mir. Farewel, old Mammon, and thy detested walls ! 'Twill be no more, sweet Sir Francis ; I shall be compell'd to the odious task of dissembling, no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling names of my precious, my dear, dear gardy. O Heav'ns !

Enter

Enter Sir Francis behind.

Sir F. Ah, my sweet chargy, don't be frightened !
[She starts.] But thy poor gardy has been abus'd,
 cheated, fool'd, betray'd. But nobody knows by
 whom.

Mir. Undone, past redemption ! *[Aside.]*

Sir F. What ! won't you speak to me, chargy ?

Mir. I am so surpriz'd with joy to see you, I know
 not what to say.

Sir F. Poor dear girl ! But do ye know that my
 son, or some such rogue, to rob or murder me, or
 both, contriv'd this journey ? For upon the road I
 met my neighbour Squeezum, well, and coming to
 town.

Mir. Good lack ! good lack ! what tricks are there
 in this world !

*Enter Scentwell, with a diamond necklace in her hand,
 not seeing Sir Francis.*

Scent. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this necklace on,
 for I can't get into the—— *[Seeing Sir Fran.]*

Mir. The wench is a fool, I think ! Could you
 not have carried it to be mended, without putting it
 in the box ?

Sir F. What's the matter ?

Mir. Only, dearee, I bid her, I bid her—Your ill
 usage has put every thing out of my head. But
 won't you go, gardy, and find out these fellows, and
 have them punished ? and, and——

Sir F. Where should I look for them, child ? No,
 I'll sit me down contented with my safety, nor stir
 out of my own doors, till I go with thee to a parson.

Mir. *[Aside.]* If he goes into his closet, I am
 ruin'd. Oh ! bless me, in this fright, I had forgot
 Mrs. Patch.

Patch. Ay, Madam, and I stay for your speedy
 answer.

Mir. *[Aside.]* I must get him out of the house.
 Now assist me, Fortune.

Sir

Sir Fran. Mrs. Patch ! I profess I did not see you : How dost thou do, Mrs. Patch ? Well, don't you repent leaving my chargy.

Patch. Yes, every body must love her—but I come now——Madam, what did I come for ? My invention is at the last ebb. [*Aside to Miranda.*]

Sir Fran. Nay, never whisper, tell me.

Mir. She came, dear gardy, to invite me to her lady's wedding, and you shall go with me, gardy ; 'tis to be done this moment, to a Spanish merchant. Old Sir Jealous keeps on his humour ; the first minute he sees her, the next he marries her.

Sir Fr. Ha, ha, ha ! I'd go, if I thought the sight of matrimony wou'd tempt chargy to perform her promise. There was a smile, there was a consenting look with those pretty twinklers, worth a million. Ods-precious, I am happier than the great Mogul, the emperor of China, or all the potentates that are not in wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my skin.

Miran. When one has resolved, 'tis in vain to stand, still I, shall I ; if ever I marry, positively this is my wedding day.

Sir Fr. Oh ! happy, happy man——Verily, I will beget a son the first night shall disinherit that dog, Charles. I have estate enough to purchase a barony, and be the immortalizing the whole family of the Gripes.

Mir. Come then, gardy, give me thy hand, let's to this house of Hymen.

My choice is fix'd, let good or ill betide.

Sir Fr. The joyful bridegroom I,

Mir. And I the happy bride. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Jealous, meeting a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of gentlemen enquire for you : one of them calls himself Signior Diego Babinetto.

Sir J. Ha ! Signior Babinetto ! Admit 'em instantly——Joyful minute ; I'll have my daughter marry'd to-night.

Enter

Enter Charles in a Spanish Habit, with Sir George dressed like a Merchant.

Sir *J.* Senhor, beso las manos vuestra merced es muy bien venido en esta tierra.

Ch. Senhor, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado cryado de vuestra merced: mi padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos; y a comissionado este mercadel ingles, de concluir un negocio, que me haze el mas dichoso hombre del mundo, haziendo me su yerno.

Sir *J.* I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my Spanish. Sir, I am your most humble servant. Signior Don Diego Babinetto has informed me that you are commissioned by Signior Don Pedro, &c. his worthy father —

Sir *Geo.* To see an affair of marriage consummated. between a daughter of yours and Signior Diego Babinetto his son here. True, Sir, such a trust is repos'd in me, as that letter will inform you. I hope 'twill pass upon him. [*Aside.*] [*Gives him a letter.*]

Sir *J.* Ay, 'tis his hand. [*Seems to read.*]

Sir *Geo.* Good, you have counterfeited to a nicety, Charles. [*Aside to Charles.*]

Ch. If the whole plot succeeds as well, I'm happy.

Sir *J.* Sir, I find by this, that you are a man of honour and probity; I think, Sir, he calls you Meanwell.

Sir *Geo.* Meanwell is my name, Sir.

Sir *J.* A very good name, and very significant.

Ch. Yes, faith, if he knew all. [*Aside.*]

Sir *J.* For to mean well is to be honest, and to be honest is the virtue of a friend, and a friend is the delight and support of human society.

Sir *Geo.* You shall find that I'll discharge the part of a friend in what I have undertaken, Sir Jealous.

Ch. But little does he think to whom. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Geo.* Therefore, Sir, I must intreat the presence of your fair daughter, and the assistance of your chaplain; for Signior Don Pedro strictly enjoined me to see the marriage rites performed as soon as we should

should arrive, to avoid the accidental overtures of Venus.

Sir J. Overtures of Venus!

Sir Geo. Ay, Sir; that is, those little hawking females that traverse the park and the play-house, to put off their damag'd ware—They fasten upon foreigners like leeches, and watch their arrival as carefully as the Kentish men do a shipwreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir J. Nay, I know this town swarms with them.

Sir Geo. Ay, and then you know the Spaniards are naturally amorous, but very constant; the first face fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble e'er he is tied.

Cha. Well hinted.

Sir J. Pat to my purpose—Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

Cha. Pray heaven that one thing more don't spoil all. [Aside.]

Sir J. Don Pedro writ me word, in his last but one, that he designed the sum of five thousand crowns by way of jointure for my daughter; and that it should be paid into my hand upon the day of marriage—

Cha. Oh! the devil. [Aside.]

Sir J. In order to lodge it in some of our funds, in case she should become a widow, and return for England—

Sir Geo. Pox on't, this is an unlucky turn. What shall I say? [Aside.]

Sir J. And he does not mention one word of it in this letter.

Cha. I don't know how he should. [Aside.]

Sir Geo. Humph! True, Sir Jealous, he told me such a thing, but, but, but, but—he, he, he, he—he did not imagine that you would insist upon the very day; for, for, for, for money, you know, is dangerous returning by sea, ah, an, an, an, an—

Cha. Zounds, say we have brought it in commodities. [Aside to Sir George.]
Sir

Sir *Geo.* And so, Sir, he has sent it in merchandize, tobacco, sugars, spices, lemons, and so forth, which shall be turn'd into money with all expedition: in the mean time, Sir, if you please to accept of my bond for performance——

Sir *J.* It is enough, Sir; I am so pleas'd with the countenance of Signior Diego, and the harmony of your name, that I'll take your word, and will fetch my daughter this moment. Within there! [*Enter Servant.*] desire Mr. Tackum, my neighbour's chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Sir *J.* Gentlemen, I'll return in an instant. [*Exit.*]

Cha. Wond'rous well, let me embrace thee.

Sir *Geo.* Egad, that five thousand crowns had like to have ruined the plot.

Cha. But that's over! And if Fortune throws no more rubs in our way——

Sir *Geo.* Thou'lt carry the prize——But hift, here he comes.

Enter Sir Jealous, dragging in Isabinda.

Sir *J.* Come along, you stubborn baggage you, come along.

Isab. Oh, hear me, Sir! hear me but speak one word;

Do not destroy my everlasting peace:

My soul abhors this Spaniard you have chose,

'Nor can I wed him without being curst.'

Sir *J.* How's that!

Isab. Let this posture move your tender nature.

[*Kneels.*]

For ever will I hang upon these knees,

Nor loose my hands till you cut off my hold,

If you refuse to hear me, Sir.

Cha. Oh! that I cou'd discover myself to her!

[*Aside.*]

Sir *Geo.* Have a care what you do. You had better trust to his obstinacy.

[*Aside.*]

Sir

Sir *J.* Did you ever see such a perverse slut? Off, I say; Mr. Meanwell, pray help me a little.

Sir *Geo.* Rise, Madam, and do not disoblige your father, who has provided a husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his soul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

If. Oh! never, never.

Could I suspect that falshood in my heart,
I would this moment tear it from my breast,
And streight present him with the treacherous part.

Cha. Oh! my charming faithful dear. [*Aside.*]

Sir *J.* Falshood! Why, who the devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St. Iago I shall beat you, housewife.

Cha. Heaven forbid! for I shall infallibly discover myself if he should.

Sir *Geo.* Have patience, Madam! and look at him: Why will ye prepossess yourself against a man that is master of all the charms you would desire in a husband?

Sir *J.* Ay, look at him, Isabinda. Senhor pafe vind adelante.

Cha. My heart bleeds to see her grieve, whom
'I imagined would with joy receive me. Senhora
'oblague me vuestra merced de sa mano.'

Sir *J.* [*Pulling up her head.*] Hold up your head, hold up your head, hussy, and look at him. Is there a properer, handsomer, better shaped fellow in England, ye jade you? Ha! see, see the obstinate baggage shuts her eyes; by St. Iago, I have a good mind to beat 'em out. [*Pushes her down.*]

If. Do, then, Sir, kill me, kill me instantly.

'Tis much the kinder action of the two;

For 'twill be worse than death to wed him.

Sir *Geo.* Sir Jealous, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try, by gentle words, to work her to your purpose.

Sir *J.* I pray do, Mr. Meanwell, I pray do; she'll break my heart. [*Weeps.*] There is in that, jewels of the value of three thousand pounds, which were

her mother's, and a paper wherein I have settled one half of my estate upon her now, and the whole when I die; but provided she marries this gentleman; else by St. Iago, I'll turn her out of doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr. Meanwell, pray do. *[Walks off.]*

Sir Geo. Ha! this is beyond expectation—Trust to me, Sir, I'll lay the dangerous consequence of disobeying you at this juncture before her, I warrant you.

Cba. A sudden joy runs through my heart like a propitious omen. *[Aside.]*

Sir Geo. Come, Madam, do not blindly cast your life away, just in the moment you would wish to save it.

If. Pray, cease your trouble, Sir; I have no wish but sudden death to free me from this hated Spaniard. If you are his friend, inform him what I say; my heart is given to another youth, whom I love with the same strength of passion that I hate this Diego; with whom if I am forced to wed, my own hand shall cut the gordian knot.

Sir Geo. Suppose this Spaniard, which you strive to shun, should be the very man to whom you'd fly?

If. Ha!

Sir Geo. Would you not blame your rash resolve, and curse your eyes that would not look on Charles?

If. On Charles! 'Oh, you have inspired new life, and collected every wandering sense.' Where is he? Oh! let me fly into his arms. *[Rises.]*

Sir Geo. Hold, hold, hold. 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all! Your father believes him to be Signior Babinetto. Compose yourself a little, pray Madam.

[He runs to Sir] Jealous.

Cba. Her eyes declare she knows me. *[Aside.]*

Sir Geo. She begins to hear reason, Sir; the fear of being turned out of doors has done it.

[Runs back to Isabinda.]

If. 'Tis he! Oh, my ravish'd soul!

Sir Geo. Take heed, Madam, you don't betray yourself. Seem with reluctance to consent, or you

G

are

are undone; [*Runs to Sir Jealous.*] [speak gently to her, Sir; I'm sure she'll yield; I see it in her face,

Sir J. Well, Ifabinda, can you refuse to bless a father, whose only care is to make you happy, as Mr. Meanwell has informed you? Come, wipe thy eyes; nay, pr'ythee do, or thou wilt break thy father's heart. See, thou bring'st the tears in mine, to think of thy undutiful carriage to me. [*Weeps.*

If. Oh, do not weep, Sir! Your tears are like a poignard to my soul. Do with me what you please, I am all obedience.

Sir J. Ha! then thou art my child again.

Sir Geo. 'Tis done, and now, friend, the day's thy own.

Cha. The happiest of my life, if nothing intervene.

Sir J. And wilt thou love him?

If. I will endeavour it, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Mr. Tackum.

Sir J. Shew him into the parlour.—Senhor tome vind sueipora; cette momento les junta les manos.

[*Gives her to Charles.*

Cha. 'Oh transport!—Senhor, yo la recibo como se deve un tesoro tan grande. 'Oh! my joy, my life, my soul.'

[*Embrace.*

If. My faithful everlasting comfort.'

Sir J. Now, Mr. Meanwell, let's to the parson, Who, by his art, will join this pair for life,

Make me the happiest father, her the happiest wife.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Street before Sir Jealous's Door.

Enter Marplot, solus.

Mar. I have hunted all over the town for Charles, but can't find him; and by Whisper's scouting at the end of the street, I suspect he must be in the house again. I am informed, too, that he has borrowed a Spanish habit out of the play-house: what can it mean?

Enter

THE BUSY BODY. 75

Enter a Servant of Sir Jealous's to him out of the House.

Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this house?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mar. Is n't your name, Richard?

Serv. No, Sir, Thomas.

Mar. Oh, ay, Thomas—Well, Thomas, there's a shilling for you.

Serv. Thank you, Sir.

Mar. Pray, Thomas, can you tell if there be a gentleman in it, in a Spanish habit?

Serv. There's a Spanish gentleman within, that is just a going to marry my young lady, Sir.

Mar. Are you sure he is a Spanish gentleman?

Serv. I'm sure he speaks no English, that I hear of.

Mar. Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an English gentleman that I enquire after; he may be dressed like a Spaniard, for ought I know.

Serv. Ha! Who knows but this may be an impostor? I'll inform my master; for if he should be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. [*Afide.*] Pray, come in, Sir, and see if this be the person you enquire for.

Mar. Ay, I'll follow you—Now for it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Inside of the House.

Enter Marplot and Servant.

Serv. Sir, please to stay here, I'll send my master to you. [*Exit.*]

Mar. So, this was a good contrivance. If this be Charles, now he will wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant and Sir Jealous.

Sir J. What is your earnest business, blockhead, that you must speak with me before the ceremony's past? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this gentleman, Sir, wants another gentleman in a Spanish habit, he says.

G 2

Sir

76 THE BUSY BODY.

Sir J. In a Spanish habit ! 'Tis some friend of Signior Don Diego's, I warrant. *Sir, your servant.*

Mar. *Your servant, Sir.*

Sir J. I suppose you would speak with Signior Babinetto.

Mar. Sir !

Sir J. I say, I suppose you would speak with Signior Babinetto.

Mar. Hey day ! what the devil does he say now ?
—Sir, I don't understand you.

Sir J. Don't you understand Spanish, Sir ?

Mar. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir J. I thought you had know Signior Babinetto.

Mar. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir J. What then, you'd speak with his friend, the English merchant, Mr. Meanwell ?

Mar. Neither, Sir, not I ; *I don't mean any such thing.*

Sir J. Why, who are you then, Sir ? And what do you want ?

[In an angry tone.]

Mar. Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on him ! I wish I were out, he begins to exalt his voice ; I shall be beaten again.

Sir J. Nothing at all, Sir ! Why, then, what business have you in my house ? ha !

Serv. You said you wanted a gentleman in a Spanish habit.

Mar. Why, ay, but his name is neither Babinetto nor Meanwell.

Sir J. What is his name, then, firrah ? ha ! Now I look at you again, I believe you are the rogue that threatened me with half a dozen myrmidons——

Mar. *Me, Sir ! I never saw your face in all my life before.*

Sir J. Speak, Sir, who is it you look for ? or, or——

Mar. A terrible old dog !——Why, Sir, only an honest young fellow of my acquaintance—I thought that here might be a ball, and that he might have been here in masquerade. 'Tis Charles, Sir
Francis

Francis Gripe's son, because I know he us'd to come hither sometimes.

Sir J. Did he so?—Not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray heaven that this be Don Diego——If I should be trick'd now——Ha! my heart misgives me plaguily——Within there! stop the marriage——Run, firrah, call all my servants! I'll be satisfied that this is Signior Pedro's son, e'er he has my daughter.

Mar. Ha! Sir George! What have I done now?

Enter Sir George with a drawn sword, between the scenes.

Sir Geo. Ha! Marplot here—Oh, the unlucky dog——What's the matter, Sir Jealous?

Sir J. Nay, I don't know the matter, Mr. Meanwell.

Mar. Upon my soul, Sir George——

[Going up to Sir George.]

Sir J. Nay, then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone. Thieves, traitors, rogues! *[Offers to go in.]* Stop the marriage, I say——

Sir Geo. I say, go on, Mr. Tackum.——Nay, no entering here; I guard this passage, old gentleman: the act and deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servant.

Sir J. A pox on the act and deed!—Fall on, knock him down.

Sir Geo. Ay, come on, scoundrels: I'll prick your jacks for you.

Sir J. Zounds, firrah, I'll be reveng'd on you.

[Beats Marplot.]

Sir Geo. Ay, there your vengeance is due. Ha, ha!

Mar. Why, what do you beat me for? I han't marry'd your daughter.

Sir J. Rascals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. We are afraid of his sword, Sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down presently.

G 3

Enter

Enter Charles and Isabinda.

Sir *J.* Seize her, then.

Cha. Rascals, retire! she's my wife; touch her if you dare; I'll make dog's meat of you.

Mar. *Ay, I'll make dog's meat of you, rascal.*

Sir *J.* Ah! downright English—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, Patch, Scentwell, and Whisfer.

Sir *Fran.* Into the house of joy we enter without knocking.—Ha! I think 'tis the house of sorrow, Sir Jealous.

Sir *J.* Oh, Sir Francis, are you come? What, was this your contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me out of my child?

Sir *Fran.* My contrivance! What do you mean?

Sir *J.* No, you don't know your son there in a Spanish habit!

Sir *Fran.* How! my son in a Spanish habit. Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd. Get out of sight, ye dog! get out of my sight.

Sir *J.* Get out of your fight, Sir! Get out with your bags. Let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my daughter on.

Sir *Fran.* Give him! he shall never be the better for a penny of mine—and you might have look'd after your daughter better, Sir Jealous. Trick'd, quotha; Egad, I think you design'd to trick me: but look ye, gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This lady is my wife, do you see? And my estate shall descend only to the heirs of her body.

Sir *Geo.* Lawfully begotten by me—I shall be extremely obliged to you, Sir Francis.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir George? You see your project was of no use. Does not your hundred pound stick in your stomach? Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* No, faith, Sir Francis, this lady has given me a cordial for that.

[*Takes her by the hand.*

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, you have nothing to say to this lady.

Sir *G.* Nor you nothing to do with my wife, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Wife, Sir!

Mir. Ay, really, guardian, 'tis even so. I hope you'll forgive my first offence.

Sir *Fran.* What, have you chous'd me out of my consent, and your writings, then, mistress, ha?

Mir. Out of nothing but my own, guardian.

Sir *J.* Ha, ha, ha! 'tis some comfort, at least, to see you are over-reach'd as well as myself. Will you settle your estate upon your son, now?

Sir *F.* He shall starve first.

Mir. That I have taken care to prevent. There, Sir, are the writings of your uncle's estate, which have been your due these three years.

[*Gives Charles papers.*]

Ch. I shall study to deserve this favour.

Mar. Now, how the devil could she get those writings, and I know nothing of it.

Sir *Fran.* What, have you robb'd me too, mistress! Egad I'll make you restore 'em——Hussy, I will so.

Sir *J.* Take care I don't make you pay the arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worse, since 'tis no better. Come, young man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless you both.

Ch. I hope, Sir, you'll bestow your blessing too; 'tis all I ask. [Kneel

Mar. Do, gardy, do.

Sir *Fr.* Confound you all! [Exit.

Mar. Mercy upon us, how he looks!

Sir *G.* Ha, ha, ha! ne'er mind his curses, Charles; thou'lt thrive not one jot the worse for 'em. Since this gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

Sir *J.* I always lov'd precaution, and took care to avoid dangers. But when a thing was past, I ever had philosophy to be easy.

Ch. Which is the true sign of a great soul. I lov'd your

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your daughter, and she me, and you shall have no reason to repent her choice.

If. You will not blame me, Sir, for loving my own country best.

Mar. So, here's every body happy, I find, but poor pilgarlick. I wonder what satisfaction I shall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your service.

Sir *J.* I have been a little too familiar with you, as things are fallen out; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

Mar. Egad I think so—but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

Sir *G.* Thou hast been an unlucky rogue.

Mar. But very honest.

Ch. That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

Sir *G.* And I'll do you one piece of service more, Marplot. I'll take care that Sir Francis make you master of your estate.

Mar. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble servant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

If. Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take Patch into favour again.

Sir *J.* Nay, let your husband look to that; I have done with my care.

Ch. Her own liberty shall always oblige me.
 ' Here's nobody but honest Whisperm, and Mrs. Scentwell to be provided for, now. It shall be left to their choice, to marry, or keep their services.

' *Whisp.* Nay, then, I'll stick to my master.

' *Scentw.* Coxcomb! and I prefer my lady before a footman.

' Sir *J.* Hark, I hear the music; the fiddlers smell a wedding. What say you, young fellows, will you have a dance?

' Sir *G.* With all my heart; call 'em in.

' A D A N C E.

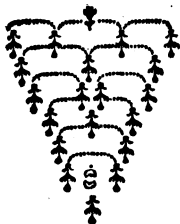
Sir *J.*

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Sir J. Now, let us in and refresh ourselves with a chearful glafs, in which we'll bury all animosities. And,

By my example let all parents move,
And never strive to crofs their children's love ;
But still submit that care to Providence above. }

END of the FIFTH ACT.



E P I L O G U E.

IN me you see one Busy Body more ;
 Tho' you may have enough of one before.
 With epilogues, the Busy Body's way,
 We strive to help, but sometimes mar a play.
 At this mad sessions, half condemn'd ere try'd,
 Some, in three days, have been turn'd off, and dy'd.
 In spite of parties, their attempts are vain,
 For, like false prophets, they ne'er rise again :
 Too late, when cast, your favour one beseeches,
 And epilogues prove execution speeches.
 Yet sure I spy no Busy Bodies here,
 And one may pass, since they do ev'ry where.
 Sour criticks, time, and breath, and censures waste,
 And baulk your pleasures to refine your taste :
 One busy Don, ill-tim'd high tenets preaches ;
 Another, yearly, shews himself in speeches :
 Some sniv'ling cit would have a peace for spite,
 To starve those warriors who so bravely fight ;
 Still of a foe upon his knees afraid,
 Whose well-bang'd troops want money heart, and bread :
 Old beaux, who none, not e'en themselves, can please,
 Are busy still, for nothing—but to tease :
 The young, so busy to engage a heart,
 The mischief done, are busy most to part :
 Ungrateful wretches ! who still cross one's will,
 When they more kindly might be busy still :
 One to a husband, who ne'er dreamt of horns,
 Shews how dear spouse, with friend, his brows adorns :
 Th' officious tell-tale fool (he should repent it)
 Parts three kind souls, that liv'd at peace contented :
 Some with law quirks set houses by the ears ;
 With physic, one, what he would heal, impairs ;
 Like that dark mop'd-up fry, that neighb'ring curse,
 Who, to remove love's pains, bestow a worse.
 Since, then, this meddling tribe infest the age ;
 Bear one a-while expos'd upon the stage ;
 Let none but Busy Bodies vent their spite,
 And, with good-humour, pleasure crown the night.



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