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of the Most Esteemed English Plays...*

John Bell

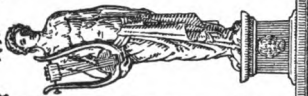
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**BRITISH THEATRE.**

**VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.**

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*Bell's*  
**BRITISH THEATRE;**  
*COMEDIES.*



L O N D O N.

*Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the*  
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# BRITISH THEATRE,

Consisting of the most esteemed

## ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

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The **FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL**, by Mr. SHADWELL.

The **ALCHYMIST**, by BEN JONSON.

**LOVE'S LAST SHIFT**, by Mr. CHA. JOHNSON.

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*M<sup>rs</sup> ABINGTON in the Character of AURELIA.*

*No, no, I'm resolved against a man that disappears  
all the summer like a Woodcock.*

BELL'S EDITION.

0



THE  
*TWIN RIVALS.*

A COMEDY,

*As written by Mr. FARQUHAR.*

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE  
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

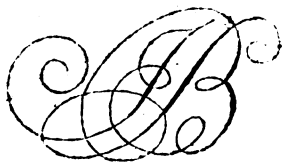
*Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.*

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

*By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,*

*By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.*

*Sic vos non vobis.*



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, near *Exeter-Exchange*, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVII.



T O

HENRY BRETT, Esq.

**T**HE commons of England have a right of petitioning; and since, by your place in the senate, you are obliged to hear and redress the subject, I presume upon the privilege of the people, to give you the following trouble.

As prologues introduce plays on the stage, so dedications usher them into the great theatre of the world; and as we chuse some staunch actor to address the audience, so we pitch upon some gentleman of undisputed ingenuity to recommend us to the reader. Books, like metals, require to be stamped with some valuable effigies before they become popular and current.

To escape the critics, I resolved to take sanctuary with one of the best; one who differs from the fraternity in this, that his good-nature is ever predominant; can discover an author's smallest faults, and pardon the greatest.

Your generous approbation, Sir, has done this play service, but has injured the author; for it has made him insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authorised to stand up for the merit of his performance, when so great a master of wit has declared in his favour.

The muses are the most coquetish of their sex, fond of being admired, and always putting on their best airs to the finest gentleman: but, alas, Sir! their addresses are stale, and their fine things but repetition; for there is nothing new in wit, but what is found in your own conversation.

Could I write by the help of study, as you talk without it, I would venture to say something in the usual strain of dedication; but as you have too much wit to suffer it, I too little to undertake it, I hope the world will excuse my deficiency, and you will pardon the presumption of, S I R,

Your most obliged, and  
Most humble servant,

Dec. 23, 1702.

G. FARQUHAR.

## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE success and countenance that debauchery has met with in plays, was the most severe and reasonable charge against their authors in Mr. Collier's Short View ; and indeed this gentleman had done the drama considerable service, had he arraigned the stage only to punish its misdemeanors, and not to take away its life. But there is an advantage to be made sometimes of the advice of an enemy, and the only way to disappoint his designs, is to improve upon his invectives, and to make the stage flourish, by the virtue of that satire by which he thought to suppress it.

I have therefore in this piece endeavoured to shew, that an English comedy may answer the strictness of poetical justice : but indeed the greater share of the English audience (I mean that part which is no farther read than in plays of their own language) have imbibed other principles, and stand up as vigorously for the old poetic licence, as they do for the liberty of the subject. They take all innovations for grievances ; and let a project be never so well laid for their advantage, yet the undertaker is very likely to suffer by it. A play without a beau, cully, cuckold, or coquet, is as poor an entertainment to some palates, as their Sunday's dinner would be without beef and pudding. And this I take to be one reason that the galleries were so thin during the run of this play. I thought indeed to have soothed the splenetic zeal of the City, by making a gentleman a knave, and punishing their great grievance—a whoremaster : but a certain virtuoso of that fraternity has told me since, that the Citizens were never more disappointed in any entertainment ; for (said he) however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the town but with an intention to be lewd.

There

There was an odium cast upon this play, before it appeared, by some persons who thought it their interest to have it suppressed. The ladies were frightened from seeing it, by formidable stories of a midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they must expect no less than a labour upon the stage; but I hope the examining into that aspersion will be enough to wipe it off, since the character of the midwife is only so far touched as is necessary for carrying on the plot, she being principally decyphered in her procuring capacity; and I dare not affront the ladies so far, as to imagine they could be offended at the exposing of a bawd.

Some critics complain, that the design is defective for want of Clelia's appearance in the scene; but I had rather they should find this fault, than I forfeit my regard to the fair, by shewing a lady of figure under a misfortune; for which reason I made her only nominal, and chose to expose the person that injured her. And if the ladies don't agree that I have done her justice in the end, I am very sorry for it.

Some people are apt to say, that the character of Richmore points at a particular person; though I must confess, I see nothing but what is very general in his character, except his marrying his own mistress; which by the way he never did, for he was no sooner off the stage, but he changed his mind, and the poor lady is still in *statu quo*: but upon the whole matter, 'tis application only makes the all; and characters in plays, are like Long-Lane clothes, not hung out for the use of any particular person, but to be bought by only those they happen to fit.

The most material objection against this play is the importance of the subject, which necessarily leads into sentiments too great for diversion, and supposes vices too great for comedy to punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the business of comedy is chiefly to ridicule folly, and that the punishment of vice falls rather into the province of tragedy; but if there be a middle sort of wickedness, too high for the sock, and too low for the buskin, is there any reason that it should go unpunished? What are more obnoxious to humane society, than the villains exposed in this play, the frauds, plots and contrivances



upon the fortunes of men, and the virtue of women? But the persons are too mean for heroic; then what must we do with them? Why, they must of necessity drop into comedy: for 'tis unreasonable to imagine that the law-givers in poetry would tie themselves up from executing that justice which is the foundation of their constitution; or to say, that exposing vice is the business of the drama, and yet make rules to screen it from persecution.

Some have asked the question, why the elder Wou'd-be, in the fourth act, should counterfeit madness in his confinement? Don't mistake; there was no such thing in his head; and the judicious could easily perceive that it was only a start of humour put on to divert his melancholy; and when gaiety is strained to cover misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and rise to a semblance of madness, sufficient to impose on the constable, and perhaps on some of the audience; who taking every thing at sight, impute that as a fault, which I am bold to stand up for, as one of the most masterly strokes of the whole piece.

This I think sufficient to obviate what objections I have heard made; but there was no great occasion for making this defence, having had the opinion of some of the greatest persons in England, both for quality and parts, that the play has merit enough to hide more faults than have been found; and I think their approbation sufficient to excuse some pride that may be incident to the author upon this performance.

I must own myself obliged to Mr. Longueville for some lines in the part of Teague, and something of the Lawyer; but above all, for his hint of the Twins, upon which I formed my plot: but having paid him all due satisfaction and acknowledgment, I must do myself the justice to believe, that few of our modern writers have been less beholden to foreign assistance in their plays, than I have been in the following scenes.

P R O-

# P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. MOTTEUX.

[An Alarm sounded.]

**W**ITH drums and trumpets in this warring age,  
 A martial prologue should alarm the stage.  
 New plays——e'er acted, a full audience near,  
 Seem towns invested, when a siege they fear.  
 Prologues are like a forelorn hope sent out  
 Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:  
 Our dreadful foes, the criticks, when they spy,  
 They cock, they charge, they fire,—then back they fly.  
 The siege is laid—their gallant chiefs abound,  
 Here—foes intrench'd, there—glittering troops around,  
 And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising ground.  
 In the first act, brisk sallies, (mifs or bit)  
 With volleys of small shot, or snip-snap wit,  
 Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.  
 The next—the fire continues, but at length  
 Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's strength.  
 The third, feints, mines, and countermines abound,  
 Your critic engineers, safe under-ground,  
 Blow up our works, and all our art confound.  
 The fourth—brings on most action, and 'tis sharp,  
 Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness carp,  
 And desp'rate, tho' unskill'd, insult our counterscarp.  
 Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,  
 The poet-governor now quakes for fear;  
 Runs wildly up and down, forgets to buff,  
 And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.  
 So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,  
 Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:  
 'Twas Viva Spagnia! Vive France! before;  
 Now, Quartier: Monsieur! Quartier! Ab! Senor!  
 But what your resolution can withstand?  
 You master all, and awe the sea and land.  
 In war—your valour makes the strong submit;  
 Your judgment bumbles all attempts in wit.  
 What play, what fort, what beauty can endure  
 All fierce assaults, and always be secure!  
 Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,  
 Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight:  
 If we must yield—yet e'er the day be fix'd,  
 Let us hold out the third—and, if we may, the sixth.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

*Drury Lane;*

<i>Elder Woud'be,</i>	—	Mr. Reddish.
<i>Young Woud'be,</i>	—	Mr. King.
<i>Richmore,</i>	—	Mr. Packer.
<i>Trueman,</i>	—	Mr. Jefferson.
<i>Subtleman,</i>	—	Mr. Baddely.
<i>Balderdash and Alderman,</i>	—	Mr. Parsons.
<i>Clear-Account, a Steward,</i>	—	Mr. Hartrey.
<i>Fair-Bank, a Goldsmith,</i>	—	Mr. Hurst.
<i>Teague,</i>	—	Mr. Moody.

## W O M E N.

<i>Constance,</i>	—	Miss Pope.
<i>Aurelia,</i>	—	Mrs. Abington.
<i>Midnight,</i>	—	Mrs. Bradshaw.
<i>Steward's Wife,</i>	—	Mrs. Love.

*Constable, Watch, &c.*

## SCENE, LONDON.

THE

# THE TWIN RIVALS.

\* \* \* *The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

## A C T I.

### SCENE, Lodgings.

*The curtain drawn up, discovers Young Wou'dbe dressing, and his Valet buckling his shoes.*

#### YOUNG WOU'DBE.

**T**HERE is such a plague every morning with buckling shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering—Pshaw! cease thy impertinence, I'll dress no more to-day. — Were I an honest brute that rises from his litter, shakes himself, and so is dress'd, I could bear it.

*Enter Richmore.*

*Rich.* No farther yet, Wou'dbe! 'Tis almost one.

*Y. W.* Then blame the clock-makers, they made it so — Pr'ythee, what have we to do with time? Can't we let it alone as nature made it? Can't a man eat when he's hungry, go to bed when he's sleepy, rise when he wakes, dress when he pleases, without the confinement of hours to enslave him?

*Rich.* Pardon me, Sir, I understand your stoicism — You have lost your money last night.

*Y. W.* No, no, fortune took care of me there — I had none to loose.

*' Rich.* 'Tis that gives you the spleen.

*' Y. W.* Yes, I have got the spleen and something else  
*' —Heark'e—*

*' Rich.*

‘ *Rich.* How!

[*Whispers.*

‘ *Y. W.* Positively. The lady’s kind reception was the most severe usage I ever met with—Sha’n’t I break her windows, Richmore?

‘ *Rich.* A mighty revenge truly. Let me tell you, friend, that breaking the windows of such houses are no more than writing over a vintner’s door, as they do in Holland—*Vin te koop*. ’Tis no more than a bush to the tavern, a decoy to the trade, and to draw in customers: but upon the whole matter, I think, a gentleman should put up an affront got in such little company; for the pleasure, the pain, and the resentment, are all alike scandalous.

‘ *Y. W.* Have you forgot, Richmore, how I found you one morning with the Flying-Post in your hand, hunting for physical advertisements?

‘ *Rich.* That was in the days of Dad, my friend, in the days of dirty linen, pit-masks, hedge-taverns, and beef-steaks: but now I fly at nobler game, the Ring, the Court, Pawlet’s and the Park. I despise all women that I apprehend any danger from, less than the having my throat cut; and should scruple to converse even with a lady of fortune, unless her virtue were loud enough to give me pride in exposing it. Here’s a letter I received this morning; you may read it.

[*Gives a letter.*

‘ *Y. W.* [*Reads.*]

“ IF there be solemnity in protestation, justice in Heaven, or fidelity on earth, I may still depend on the faith of my Richmore. Tho’ I may conceal my love, I no longer can hide the effects on’t from the world—Be careful of my honour, remember your vows, and fly to the relief of the disconsolate

CLELIA.”

‘ The fair, the courted, blooming Clelia!

‘ *Rich.* The credulous, troublesome, foolish Clelia. Did you ever read such a fulsome harrangue?—Lord, Sir, I am near my time, and want your assistance.—Does the silly creature imagine that any man would come near her in those circumstances, unless it were doctor Chamberlain——You may keep the letter.

‘ *Y. W.*

*T. W.* But why would you trust it with me? You know I can't keep a secret that has any scandal in't.

*Rich.* For that reason I communicate it. I know thou art a perfect Gazette, and will spread the news all over the town: for you must understand that I am now beseiging another; and I would have the same of my conquest upon the wing, that the town may surrender the sooner.

*T. W.* But if the report of your cruelty goes along with that of your valour, you'll find no garrison of any strength will open their gates to you.

*Rich.* No, no, women are cowards, the terror prevails upon them more than clemency: my best pretence to my success with the fair, is my using them ill; 'tis turning their own guns upon them, and I have always found it the most successful battery to assail one reputation by sacrificing another.

*T. W.* I could love thee for thy mischief, did I not envy thee for thy success in it.

*Rich.* You never attempt a woman of figure.

*T. W.* How can I? This confounded hump of mine is such a burthen at my back, that it presses me down here in the dirt and diseases of Covent-Garden, the low suburbs of pleasure——Curst fortune! I am a younger brother, and yet cruelly deprived of my birth-right, a handsome person; seven thousand a year in a direct line, would have straightened my back to some purpose——But I look, in my present circumstances, like a branch of another kind, grafted only upon the stock, which makes me grow so crooked.

*Rich.* Come, come, 'tis no misfortune, your father is so as well as you.

*T. W.* Then why should not I be a lord as well as he? Had I the same title to the deformity, I could bear it.

*Rich.* But how does my Lord bear the absence of your twin-brother?

*T. W.* My twin-brother! Ay, 'twas his crowding me that spoiled my shape, and his coming half an hour before me that ruined my fortune. My father expelled me his house some two years ago, because I would have persuaded him that my twin-brother was a bastard. He gave me

me my portion, which was about fifteen hundred pounds; and I have spent two thousand of it already. As for my brother, he don't care a farthing for me.

*Rich.* Why so pray?

*Y. W.* A very odd reason——Because I hate him.

*Rich.* How should he know that?

*Y. W.* Because he thinks it reasonable it should be so.

*Rich.* But did your actions ever express any malice to him?

*Y. W.* Yes: I would fain have kept him company; but being aware of my kindness, he went abroad. He has travelled these five years, and I am told, is a grave, sober fellow, and in danger of living a great while: all my hope is, that when he gets into his honour and estate, the nobility will soon kill him by drinking him up to his dignity. But come, Frank, I have but two eye-sores in the world, a brother before me, and a hump behind me, and thou art still laying them in my way: let us assume an argument of less severity. Can'st thou lend me a brace of hundred pounds?

*Rich.* What would you do with them?

*Y. W.* Do with them! There's a question indeed——Do you think I would eat them.

*Rich.* Yes, o' my troth would you, and drink them together. Look'e, Mr. Wou'dbe, whilst you kept well with your father, I could have ventured to have lent you five guineas. But as the case stands, I can assure you, I have lately paid off my sisters' fortunes, and——

*Y. W.* Sir, this put-off looks like an affront, when you know I don't use to take such things.

*Rich.* Sir, your demand is rather an affront, when you know I don't use to give such things.

*Y. W.* Sir, I'll pawn my honour.

*Rich.* That's mortgaged already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your sword there, 'twill bring you forty shillings.

*Y. W.* 'Sdeath, Sir—— [*Takes his sword off the table.*]

*Rich.* Hold, Mr. Wou'dbe——suppose I put an end to your misfortunes all at once,

*Y. W.* How, Sir?

*Rich.* Why, go to a magistrate, and swear you would have robbed me of two hundred pounds.——' Look'e,

' Sir, you have been often told, that your extravagance  
' would some time or other be the ruin of you ; and it  
' will go a great way in your indictment, to have turned  
' the pad upon your friend."

*Y. W.* This usage is the height of ingratitude from you, in whose company I have spent my fortune.

*Rich.* I'm therefore a witness, that it was very ill spent —Why would you keep company, be at equal expences with me that have fifty times your estate ? What was gallantry in me, was prodigality in you : mine was my health, because I could pay for it ; yours a disease, because you could not.

*Y. W.* And is this all I must expect from our friendship ?

*Rich.* Friendship ! Sir there can be no such thing without an equality.

*Y. W.* That is, there can be no such thing when there is occasion for't.

*Rich.* Right, Sir——our friendship was over a bottle only ; and whilst you can pay your club of friendship, I'm that way your humble servant ; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way——your humble servant.

[*Exit.*

*Y. W.* *Rich.* big, proud, arrogant villain ! I have been twice his second, thrice sick of the same love, and thrice cured by the same phyfic, and now he drops me for a trifle——That an honest fellow in his cups, should be such a rogue when he's sober !——The narrow-hearted rascal has been drinking coffee this morning. Well, thou dear solitary half-crown, adieu !——Here, Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of wine, and bid Balderdash bring it himself. [*Exit Serv.*] How melancholy are my poor breeches ; not one chink !——Thou art a villainous hand, for thou hast picked my pocket.——This vintner now has all the marks of an honest fellow, a broad face, a copious look, a strutting belly and a jolly mien. I have brought him above three pound a-night for these two years successively. The rogue has money, I'm sure, if he will but lend it.

*Enter Balderdash with a bottle and glass.*

Oh, Mr. Balderdash, good morrow.

B

*Bald.*



*Bald.* Noble Mr. Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble servant. I have brought you a whetting-glass, the best Old Hock in Europe; I know 'tis your drink in a morning.

*Y. W.* I'll pledge you, Mr. Balderdash.

*Bald.* Your health, Sir. [Drinks.]

*Y. W.* Pray, Mr. Balderdash, tell me one thing, but first sit down: now tell me plainly what you think of me?

*Bald.* Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honestest, noblest gentleman, that ever drank a glass of wine; and the best customer that ever came into my house,

*Y. W.* And do you really think as you speak?

*Bald.* May this wine be my poison, Sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my heart. [Drinks.]

*Y. W.* And how much money do you think I have spent in your house?

*Bald.* Why, truly, Sir, by a moderate computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your money the best part of five hundred pounds within these two years.

*Y. W.* Very well! And do you think that you lie under any obligation for the trade I have promoted to your advantage?

*Bald.* Yes, Sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my ability.

*Y. W.* Well! thanks to my stars, there is still some honesty in wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and your kindness: I am at present a little low in cash, and must beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

*Bald.* Why truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my head several times to caution you upon your expences: but you were so very genteel in my house, and your liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any thing that might check your disposition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

*Y. W.* But since you reaped the benefit of my extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my necessity.

*Bald.* Consider your necessity! I do with all my heart; and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer accessory

accessary to it : I desire you, Sir, to frequent my house no more.

*Y. W.* How, Sir !

*Bald.* I say, Sir, that I have an honour for my good lord your father, and will not suffer his son to run into any inconveniencè : Sir, I shall order my drawers not to serve you with a drop of wine. Would you have me connive at a gentleman's destruction ?

*Y. W.* But methinks, Sir, that a person of your nice conscience should have cautioned me before.

*Bald.* Alas ! Sir, it was none of my business : would you have me be saucy to a gentleman that was my best customer ? Lack-a-day, Sir, had you money to hold it out still, I had been hanged rather than be rude to you— But truly, Sir, when a man is ruined, 'tis but the duty of a christian to tell him of it.

*Y. W.* Will you lend me money, Sir ?

*Bald.* Will you pay me this bill, Sir ?

*Y. W.* Lend me the hundred pound, and I'll pay the bill. —

*Bald.* Pay me the bill, and I will—not lend you the hundred pound, Sir.—But pray consider with yourself, now, Sir ; would not you think me an errant coxcomb, to trust a person with money that has always been so extravagant under my eye ? whose profuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled ? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away ten pound a-night upon a covey of pit-patridges, and a setting-dog ? Sir, you have made my house an ill house : my very chairs will bear you no longer.— In short, Sir, I desire you to frequent the Crown no more, Sir.

*Y. W.* Thou sophisticated ton of iniquity ; have I fattened your carcass, and swelled your bags with my vital blood ? Have I made you my companion to be thus saucy to me ? But now I will keep you at your due distance.

[Kicks him.

*Serv.* Welcome, Sir !

[Kicks him.

*Y. W.* Well said, Jack.

[Kicks him again.

*Serv.* Very welcome, Sir ! I hope we shall have your company another time. Welcome, Sir !

[He is kicked off.

B 2

*Y. W.*

*R. W.* Pray, wait on him down Stairs, and give him a welcome at the door too. [*Exit Serv.*] This is the punishment of hell; the very devil that tempted me to sin, now upbraids me with the crime. I have villainously murdered my fortune, and now its ghost, in the lank shape of poverty, haunts me. Is there no charm to conjure down the fiend?

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Oh, Sir! here's sad news.

*R. W.* Then keep it to thyself, I have enough of that already.

*Serv.* Sir, you will hear it too soon.

*R. W.* What! is Broad below?

*Serv.* No, no, Sir; better twenty such as he were hanged. Sir, your father's dead.

*R. W.* My father!—Good night, my lord. Has he left me any thing?

*Serv.* I heard nothing of that, Sir.

*R. W.* Then I believe you heard all there was of it. Let me see——my father dead, and my elder brother abroad——If Necessity be the mother of Invention, she was never more pregnant than with me. [*Pauses.*] Here, firrah, run to Mrs. Midnight. and bid her come hither presently. [*Exit Serv.*] That woman was my mother's midwife when I was born, and has been my bawd these ten years. I have had her endeavours to corrupt my brother's mistress; and now her assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a woman, and the wrong-side of the law. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to Midnight's House.

*Enter Midnight and Maid.*

*Mid.* Who's there?

*Maid.* Madam.

*Mid.* Has any message been left for me to-day?

*Maid.* Yes, Madam; here has been one from my Lady Stilborn, that desired you not to be out of the way, for she expected to cry out every minute.

*Mid.* How! every minute!—Let me see— [*Takes out her pocket-book.*] Stilborn—Ay—she reckons with her husband from the first of April; and with Sir James,

James, from the first of March.—Ay, she's always a month before her time. [*Knocking at the door.*] Go see who's at the door.—

*Maid.* Yes, Madam. [*Exit Maid.*]

*Mid.* Well! certainly there is not a woman in the world so willing to oblige mankind as myself; and really I have been so ever since the age of twelve, as I can remember. 'I have delivered as many women of great bellies, and helped as many to them as any person in England;' but my watching and cares have broken me quite, I am not the same woman I was forty years ago.

*Enter Richmore.*

Oh, Mr. Richmore! you're a sad man, a barbarous man, for you are. What will become of poor Clelia, Mr. Richmore? The poor creature is so big with her misfortunes, that they are not to be borne. [*Weeps.*]

*Rich.* You, Mrs. Midnight, are the fittest person in the world to ease her of them.

*Mid.* And won't you marry her, Mr. Richmore?

*Rich.* My conscience won't allow it; for I have sworn since to marry another.

*Mid.* And will you break your vows to Clelia?

*Rich.* Why not, when she has broke her's to me?

*Mid.* How's that, Sir?

*Rich.* Why she swore a hundred times never to grant me the favour, and yet, you know, she broke her word.

*Mid.* But she loved, Mr. Richmore, and that was the reason she forgot her oath.

*Rich.* And I love Mr. Richmore, and that is the reason I forgot mine. 'Why should she be angry that I follow her own example, by doing the very same thing from the very same motive?'

*Mid.* Well, well! take my word, you'll never thrive. 'I wonder how you can have the face to come near me, that am the witness of your horrid oaths and imprecations! Are not you afraid that the guilty chamber above-stairs should fall down upon your head? Yes, yes, I was accessory, I was so! but if ever you involve my honour in such a villainy the second time——Ah! poor Clelia! I loved her as I did my own daughter——you seducing man.'

[*Weeps.*  
*Rich.*]

*Rich.* Heigh, ho ! my Aurelia.

*Mid.* Hey, ho ! she's very pretty.

*Rich.* Dost thou know her, my dear Midnight ?

*Mid.* Hey, ho ! she's very pretty. Ah, you're a  
 ' sad man. Poor Clelia was handsome, but indeed,  
 ' breeding, puking, and longing, has broken her much.  
 ' 'Tis a hard case, Mr. Richmore, for a young lady to  
 ' see a thousand things, and long for a thousand things,  
 ' and yet not dare to own that she longs for one. She  
 ' had like to have miscarried t'other day for the pith of  
 ' a loin of veal. Ah, you barbarous man !

*Rich.* But my Aurelia ! confirm me that you know  
 ' her, and I'll adore you.

*Mid.* You would sling five hundred guineas at my  
 head, that you knew as much of her as I do. Why, Sir,  
 I brought her into the world ; I have had her sprawling  
 in my lap. Ah ! she was plump as a puffin, Sir.

*Rich.* I think she has no great portion to value her-  
 self upon ; her reputation only will keep up the market.  
 We must first make that cheap, by crying it down, and  
 then she'll part with it at an easy rate.

*Mid.* But won't you provide for poor Clelia ?

*Rich.* Provide ! why han't I taught her a trade ? Let  
 her set up when she will, I'll engage her customers  
 enough, because I can answer for the goodness of her  
 ware.

*Mid.* Nay, but you ought to set her up with credit,  
 and take a shop ; that is, get her a husband. Have you  
 no pretty gentleman your relation now, that wants a  
 young virtuous lady, with a handsome fortune ? No  
 young Templar that has spent his estate in the study of  
 the law, and starves by the practice ? No spruce officer  
 that wants a handsome wife to make court for him among  
 the major-generals ? Have you none of these, Sir ?

*Rich.* Pho, pho, Madam—you have tired me upon  
 ' that subject. Do you think a lady that gave me so  
 ' much trouble before possession, shall ever give me any  
 ' after it ? No, no ; had she been more obliging to me  
 ' when I was in her power, I should be more civil to her  
 ' now she's in mine ; my assiduity before-hand was an  
 ' over-price ; had she made a merit of the matter, she  
 ' should have yielded sooner.

*Mid.*

*Mid.* Nay, nay, Sir; tho' you have no regard to her honour, yet you shall protect mine: how d'ye think I have secured my reputation so long among the people of the best figure, but by keeping all mouths stopped? Sir, I'll have no clamours at me. Heavens help me, I have clamours enough at my door early and late in my t'other capacity. In short, Sir, a husband for Clelia; or I banish you my presence for ever.

*Rich.* Thou art a necessary devil, and I can't want thee. [Aside.]

*Mid.* Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own advantage; 'tis only making over your estate into the hands of a trustee; and tho' you don't absolutely command the premisses, yet you may exact enough out of them for necessaries, when you will.

*Rich.* Patience a little, Madam! I have a young nephew that is a captain of horse: he mortgaged the last morsel of his estate to me, to make up his equipage for the last campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a brisk fellow, much about court, Captain Trueman.

*Mid.* Trueman! Ads my life, he's one of my babies; — I can tell you the very minute he was born — precisely at three o'clock, next St. George's day, Trueman will be two and twenty; 'a stripling,' the prettiest good-natured child, and your nephew! He must be the man; and shall be the man; I have a kindness for him.

*Rich.* But we must have a care; the fellow wants neither sense nor courage.

*Mid.* Phu, phu! never fear her part, she shan't want instructions; and then for her lying-in a little abruptly, 'tis my business to reconcile matters there, a fright or a fall excuses that: lard, Sir, I do these things every day.

*Rich.* 'Tis pity then to put you out of your road; and Clelia shall have a husband.

*Mid.* Spoke like a man of honour. And now I'll serve you again. This Aurelia, you say —

*Rich.* O she distracts me! her beauty, family, and virtue make her a noble pleasure.

*Mid.*

*Mid.* And you have a mind, for that reason, to get her a husband.

*Rich.* Yes, faith : I have another young relation at Cambridge, he's just a going into orders ; and I think such a fine woman, with fifteen hundred pound, is a better presentation than any living in my gift ; and why should he like the cure the worse, that an incumbent was there before ?

*Mid.* Thou art a pretty fellow. At the same moment you would persuade me that you love a woman to madness, you are contriving how to part with her ?

*Rich.* If I loved her not to madness, I should not run into these contradictions. Here, my dear mother, Aurelia's the word——

[Offering her money.]

*Mid.* Pardon me, Sir ; [Refusing the money.] did you ever know me mercenary ? No, no, Sir ; virtue is its own reward.

*Rich.* Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the tooth-powder you sent me.

*Mid.* O, that's another matter, Sir ; [Takes the money.] I hope you like it, Sir.

*Rich.* Extremely, Madam. But it was somewhat dear of twenty guineas.

[Aside.]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, here is Mr. Wou'dbe's footman below, with a message from his master.

*Mid.* I come to him presently. Do you know that Wou'dbe loves Aurelia's cousin and companion, Mrs. Constance with the great fortune, and that I solicit for him ?

*Rich.* Why, she's engaged to his elder brother : besides, Young Wou'dbe has no money to prosecute an affair of such consequence. You can have no hopes of success there, I'm sure.

*Mid.* Truly, I have no great hopes ; but an industrious body, you know, would do any thing rather than be idle. The aunt is very near her time, and I have access to the family when I please.

*Rich.* Now I think on't ; pr'ythee get the letter from Wou'dbe that I gave him just now ; it would be proper to our designs upon Trueman, that it should not be exposed.

I

*Mid.*

*Mid.* And you shewed Clelia's letter to Wou'dbe ?

*Rich.* Yes.

*Mid.* Eh, you barbarous man.—Who the devil would oblige you ?—What pleasure can you take in exposing the poor creature ? Dear little child, 'tis pity indeed it is.

*Rich.* Madam, the messenger waits below ; so I'll take my leave. [Exit.]

*Mid.* Ah, you're sad a man ! [Exit.]

END of the FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE, *The Park.*

*Enter Constance and Aurelia.*

AURELIA.

**P**R'YTHEE, cousin Constance, be chearful : let the dead lord sleep in peace, and look up to the living ; take pen, ink, and paper, and write immediately to your lover, that he is now a baron of England, and you long to be a baroness.

*Con.* Nay, Aurelia, there is some regard due to the memory of the father, for the respect I bear the son ; besides, I don't know how I could wish my young lord were at home in this juncture : this brother of his—Some mischief will happen—I had a very ugly dream last night——In short, I am eaten up with the spleen.

*Aur.* Come, come, walk about and divert it ; the air will do you good ; think of other people's affairs a little. When did you see Clelia ?

*Con.* I'm glad you mentioned her ; don't you observe her gaiety to be much more forced than formerly, her humour don't fit so easy upon her.

*Aur.* No, nor her stays neither, I can assure you.

*Con.* Did you observe how she devoured the pomegranates yesterday ?

*Aur.* She talks of visiting a relation in Leicestershire.

*Con.*



*Con.* She fainted away in the country-dance t'other night.

*Aur.* Richmore shunned her in the walk last week.

*Con.* And his footman laughed.

*Aur.* She takes Laudanum to make her sleep a-nights.

*Con.* Ah, poor Clelia! What will she do, cousin?

*Aur.* Do! Why nothing till the nine months be up.

*Con.* That's cruel, Aurelia; how can you make merry with her misfortunes? I am positive she was no easy conquest; some singular villainy has been practised upon her.

*Aur.* Yes, yes, the fellow would be practising upon me too, I thank him.

*Con.* Have a care, cousin, he has a promising person.

*Aur.* Nay, for that matter, his promising person may as soon be broke as his promising vows: 'Nature indeed has made him a giant, and he wars with heaven like the giants of old.'

*Con.* Then why will you admit his visits?

*Aur.* I never did. But all the servants are more his than our own: he has a golden key to every door in the house: besides, he makes my uncle believe that his intentions are honourable; and indeed he has said nothing yet to disprove it. But, cousin, do you see who comes yonder, sliding along the Mall?

*Con.* Captain Trueman! I protest the campaign has improved him; he makes a very clean well-finished figure.

*Aur.* Youthful, easy, and good-natured. I could wish he would know us.

*Con.* Are you sure he's well-bred?

*Aur.* I tell you he's good-natured; and I take good manners to be nothing but a natural desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever conversation we fall into; and a porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a duke without it has but the breeding of a dancing-master.

*Con.* I like him for his affection to my young lord.

*Aur.* And I like him for his affection to my young person.

*Con.* How, how, cousin! You never told me that?

*Aur.*

*Aur.* How should I? He never told it me, but I have discovered it by a great many signs and tokens, that are better security for his heart than ten thousand vows and promises.

*Con.* He's Richmore's nephew.

*Aur.* Ah! would he were his heir too. He's a pretty fellow—but then he's a soldier, and must share his time with his mistress, Honour, in Flanders. No, no, I am resolved against a man that disappears all the summer like a woodcock,

*[As these words are spoken, Trueman enters behind them, as passing over the stage.]*

*True.* That's for me, whoever spoke it. Aurelia!

*[Surprized.]*

*[The Ladies turn about.]*

*Con.* What, Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the enemy.

*True.* I have reason, ladies, to be most apprehensive where there is most danger: the enemy is satisfied with a leg or an arm, but here I am in hazard of losing my heart.

*Aur.* None in the world, Sir; nobody here designs to attack it.

*True.* But suppose it be assaulted, and taken already, Madam?

*Aur.* Then we'll return it without ransom.

*True.* But suppose, Madam, the prisoner chuse to stay where it is.

*Aur.* That were to turn deserter; and you know, Captain, what such deserve.

*True.* The punishment it undergoes this moment——shot to death——

*Con.* Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in.——Pray, Sir, have you heard the news of my lord Wou'dbe's death?

*True.* People mind not the death of others, Madam, that are expiring themselves. *[To Constance.]* Do you consider, Madam, the penalty of wounding a man in the park?

*[To Aurelia.]*

*Aur.* 'Hey day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make 'a Vigo business of it, and break the boom at once?' Sir, if you only rally, pray let my cousin have her share;

share; or if you would be particular, pray be more respectful? not so much upon the declaration, I beseech you, Sir.

*True.* I have been, fair creature, a perfect coward in my passion; I have had hard strugglings with my fear before I durst engage, and now perhaps behave far too desperately.

*Aur.* Sir, I am very sorry you have said so much; for I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my inclination. Come, cousin, will you walk?

*Con.* Servant, Sir.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

*True.* Charming creature! I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my inclination. Hope and despair in a breath. But I'll think the best. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to* Young Wou'dbe's Lodgings.

Young Wou'dbe *and* Midnight meeting.

*Y. W.* Thou life and soul of secret dealings, welcome.

*Mid.* My dear child, bless thee——Who would have imagined that I brought this great rogue into the world? He makes me an old woman, I protest—But adso, my child, I forgot; I'm sorry for the loss of your father, sorry at my heart, poor man. [*Weeps.*] Mr. Wou'dbe, have you got a drop of brandy in your closet? I an't very well to-day.

*Y. W.* That you shan't want: but be pleased to fit, my dear mother. Here, Jack, the brandy-bottle. Now, Madam, I have occasion to use you in dressing up a handsome cheat for me.

*Mid.* I defy any chamber-maid in England to do it better. I have dressed up a hundred and fifty cheats in my time.

*Enter Jack with the brandy-bottle.*

Here, boy, this glass is too big, carry it away, I'll take a sup out of the bottle.

*Y. W.* Right, Madam—And my business being very urgent—In three words, 'tis this—

*Mid.* Hold, Sir, till I take advice of my council. [*Drinks.*] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor creature, and fitter to revive wasting spirits, than a little plain brandy. I an't for your hot spirits, your Rosa Solis,

Solis, your Ratifia's, your orange-waters, and the like  
—A moderate glass of cool Nants is the best thing.

*Y. W.* But to our business, Madam—My father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his estate.

*Mid.* You put the case very well.

*Y. W.* One of two things I must chuse—either to be a lord or a beggar.

*Mid.* Be a lord to chuse—Tho' I have known some that have chosen both.

*Y. W.* I have a brother that I love very well; but since one of us must want, I had rather he should starve than I.

*Mid.* Upon my conscience, dear heart, you're in the right on't.

*Y. W.* Now your advice upon these heads.

*Mid.* They be matters of weight, and I must consider.  
[Drinks.] Is there a will in the case?

*Y. W.* There is; which excludes me from every foot of the estate.

*Mid.* That's bad—Where's your brother?

*Y. W.* He's now in Germany, in his way to England, and is expected very soon.

*Mid.* How soon?

*Y. W.* In a month, or less.

*Mid.* Oh, ho! A month is a great while! Our business must be done in an hour or two——We must suppose your brother to be dead; nay, he shall be actually dead——and, my Lord, my humble service t'ye.—

[Drinks.]

*Y. W.* O, Madam, I'm your Ladyship's most devoted. Make your words good, and I'll——

*Mid.* Say no more, Sir; you shall have it, you shall have it.

*Y. W.* Ay, but how, dear Mrs. Midnight?

*Mid.* Mrs. Midnight! Is that all? —Why not mother, aunt, grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this moment, than all the relations you have in the world.

*Y. W.* Let me hear it.

*Mid.* By the strength of this potent inspiration, I have made you a peer of England, with seven thousand pound a year.—My Lord, I wish you joy.

[Drinks.]

C

*Y. W.*

*T. W.* The woman's mad, I believe.

*Mid.* Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a letter presently from Germany, that your brother is killed in a duel: let it be directed to your father, and fall into the hands of the steward when you are by. What sort of fellow is the steward?

*T. W.* Why, a timorous half-honest man, that a little persuasion will make a whole knave. He wants courage to be thoroughly just, or entirely a villain—but good backing will make him either.

*Mid.* And he shan't want that! I tell you the letter must come into his hands when you are by; upon this you must take immediate possession, and so you have the best part of the law of your side.

*T. W.* But suppose my brother comes in the mean time?

*Mid.* This must be done this very moment. Let him come when you're in possession, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out.

*T. W.* But how, my dear contriver?

*Mid.* By your father's will, man, your father's will—That is, one that your father might have made, and which we will make for him. I'll send you a nephew of my own, a lawyer, that shall do the business; go, get into possession, I say: let us have but the estate to back the suit, and you'll find the law to strong for justice, I warrant you.

*T. W.* My oracle! How shall we revel in delight when this great prediction is accomplished.—But one thing yet remains, my brother's mistress, the charming Constance—Let her be mine——

*Mid.* Pho, pho, she's yours o'course; she's contracted to you: for she's engaged to marry no man but my Lord Wou'dbe's son and heir; now you being the person, she's recoverable by law.

*T. W.* Marry her! No, no, she's contracted to him; 'twere injustice to rob a brother of his wife, an easier favour will satisfy me.

*Mid.* Why, truly, as you say, that favour is so easy, that I wonder they make such a bustle about it.—But get you gone and mind your affairs, I must about mine.

Oh!

Oh! I had forgot—Where's that foolish letter you had this morning from Richmore?

*Y. W.* I have posted it up in the chocolate-house.

*Mid.* Yaw, [*Sbricks.*] I shall fall into fits; hold me—

*Y. W.* No, no, I did but jest; here it is.—But be assured, Madam, I wanted only time to have exposed it.

*Mid.* Ah! you barbarous man, why so?

*Y. W.* Because when knaves of our sex, and fools of yours meet, they make the best jest in the world.

*Mid.* Sir, the world has better share in the jest when we are the knaves, and you the fools. But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your mouth about this trick—I'll discover all your tricks! therefore silence and safety on both sides.

*Mid.* Madam, you need not doubt my silence at present, because my own affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your letter. [*Gives the letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*]

*Mid.* Adieu, my Lord. 'Let me see—[*Opens the letter and reads.*] "If there be solemnity in protestations" —That's foolish, very foolish—Why should the expect solemnity in protestations? Um, um, um,—"I may still depend on the faith of my Richmore."—Ah! poor Clelia!—Um, um, um,—"I can no longer hide the effects on't from the world."—The effects on't! How modestly is that expressed? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.'

[*Puts the letter in her pocket, and exit.*]

SCENE, Lord Wou'dbe's House.

*Enter Steward and his Wife.*

*Wife.* You are to blame, you are much to blame, husband in being so scrupulous.

*Stew.* 'Tis true: this foolish conscience of mine has been the greatest bar to my fortune.

*Wife.* And will ever be so. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll shew you a hundred that starve by it. Do you think 'tis fourscore pound a year makes my Lord Gouty's steward's wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my word, my dear, I'm as good a gentlewoman as she, and I expect to be maintained accordingly: 'tis conscience, I warrant, that buys her the point-heads,

and diamond necklace? Was it conscience that bought her the fine house in Jermain-street? Is it conscience that enables the steward to buy, when the lord is forced to sell?

*Stew.* But what would you have me do?

*Wife.* Do! Now's your time; that small morsel of an estate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your daughter Molly's portion—What's two hundred a year? 'twill never be missed.

*Stew.* 'Tis but a small matter, I must confess; and as a reward for my past faithful service, I think it but reasonable I should cheat a little now.

*Wife.* Reasonable! All the reason that can be. If the ungrateful world won't reward an honest man, why let an honest man reward himself. There's five hundred pounds you received but two days ago, lay them aside—you may easily sink it in the charge of the funeral. Do, my dear, now, kiss me, and do it.

*Stew.* Well, you have such a winning way with you—But, my dear, I'm so much afraid of my young Lord's coming home: he's a cunning close man, they say, and will examine my accounts very narrowly.

*Wife.* Ay, my dear, would you had the younger brother to deal with; you might manage him as you pleased—I see him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

*[They pull out their handkerchiefs, and seem to mourn.]*

*Enter Young Wou'dbe.*

*Stew.* Ah, Sir! we have all lost a father, a friend, and a supporter.

*Y. W.* Ay, Mr. Steward, we must submit to fate, as he has done. And it is no small addition to my grief, honest Mr. Clearaccount, that it is not in my power to supply my father's place to you and yours. Your sincerity and justice to the dead merits the greatest regard from those that survive him. Had I but my brother's ability, or he my inclinations, I'll assure you, Mrs. Clearaccount, you should not have such cause to mourn.

*Wife.* Ah, good noble Sir!

*Stew.* Your brother, Sir, I hear, is a very severe man.

*Y. W.*

*Y. W.* He is what the world calls a prudent man, Mr. Steward: I have often heard him very severe upon men of your business; and has declared, that for form's sake indeed he would keep a steward, but that he would inspect into all his accounts himself.

*Wife.* Aye, Mr. Wou'dbe, you have more sense than to do these things; you have more honour than to trouble your head with your own affairs. Would to heavens we were to serve you.

*Y. W.* Would I could serve you, Madam—without injustice to my brother.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* A letter for my Lord Wou'dbe.

*Stew.* It comes too late, alas! for his perusal; let me see it. [*Opens, and reads.*] "Frankfort, October 10, New Style." Frankfort! Where's Frankfort, Sir?

*Y. W.* In Germany. This letter must be from my brother! I suppose he's coming home.

*Stew.* 'Tis none of his hand. Let me see. [*Reads.*

"My Lord,

I am troubled at this unhappy occasion of sending to your Lordship. Your brave son, and my dear friend, was yesterday unfortunately killed in a duel by a German Count——"

I shall love a German Count as long as I live. My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you so, since your elder brother's dead.

*Y. W.* } How!  
*Wife.* }

*Stew.* Read there.

[*Gives the letter, Wou'dbe peruses it.*

*Y. W.* O, my fate! a father and a brother in one day! Heavens! 'Tis too much——Where is the fatal messenger?

*Serv.* A gentleman, Sir, who said he came post on purpose. He was afraid the contents of the letter would unqualify my Lord for company, so he would take another time to wait on him.

*Y. W.* Nay, then 'tis true; and there is truth in dreams. Last night I dreamed—

C 3.

*Wife.*



*Wife.* Nay, my Lord, I dreamed too. I dreamed I saw your brother dressed in a long minister's gown, (Lord bless us!) with a book in his hand, walking before a dead body to the grave.

*Y. W.* Well, Mr. Clearaccount, get mourning ready.

*Stew.* Will your Lordship have the old coach covered, or a new one made?

*Y. W.* A new one. The old coach, with the grey horses, I give to Mrs. Clearaccount here; 'tis not fit she should walk the streets.

*Wife.* Heavens bless the German Count, I say——  
But, my Lord——

*Y. W.* No reply, Madam, you shall have it——And receive it but as the earnest of my favours. Mr. Clearaccount, I double your salary, and all the servants wages, to moderate their grief for our great losses. Pray, Sir, take order about these affairs.

*Stew.* I shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt Stew. and Wife.*]

*Y. W.* So! I have got possession of the castle, and if I had but a little law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my attorney. Mr. Subtleman, your servant.

*Enter Subtleman.*

*Sub.* My Lord, I wish you joy. My aunt Midnight has sent me to receive your commands.

*Y. W.* Has she told you any thing of the affair?

*Sub.* Not a word, my Lord.

*Y. W.* Why then——come nearer.——Can you make a man right heir to an estate during the life of an elder brother?

*Sub.* I thought you had been the eldest.

*Y. W.* That we are not yet agreed upon; for you must know, there is an impertinent fellow that takes a fancy to dispute the seniority with me. For look'e, Sir, my mother has unluckily sowed discord in the family, by bringing forth twins: my brother, 'tis true, was first-born; but I believe from the bottom of my heart, I was the first begotten.

*Sub.* I understand——you are come to an estate and dignity, that by justice indeed is your own, but by law it falls to your brother.

*Y. W.*

*Y. W.* I had rather, Mr. Subtleman, it were his by justice, and mine by law : for I would have the strongest title, if possible.

*Sub.* I am very sorry there should happen any breach between brethren : so I think it would be but a christian and charitable act to take away all farther disputes, by making you true heir to the estate by the last will of your father. Look'e, I'll divide stakes—you shall yield the eldership and honour to him, and he shall quit his estate to you.

*Y. W.* Why, as you say, I don't much care if I do grant him the eldest, half an hour is but a trifle : but how shall we do about his will ? Who shall we get to prove it ?

*Sub.* Never trouble yourself for that : I expect a cargo of witnesses and usquebaugh by the first fair wind.

*Y. W.* But we can't stay for them : it must be done immediately.

*Sub.* Well, well ; we'll find some body, I warrant you, to make oath of his last words.

*Y. W.* That's impossible ; for my father died of an apoplexy, and did not speak at all.

*Sub.* That's nothing, Sir : he's not the first dead man that I have made to speak.

*Y. W.* You're a great master of speech, I don't question, Sir ; and I can assure you there will be ten guineas for every word you extort from him in my favour.

*Sub.* O, Sir, that's enough to make your great grandfather speak.

*Y. W.* Come then, I'll carry you to my steward ; he shall give you the names of the manors, and the true titles and denominations of the estate, and then you shall go to work. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Park.

Richmore and Trueman meeting.

*Rich.* O brave cuz ! you're very happy with the fair, I find. Pray, which of these two ladies you encountered just now has your adoration ?

*True.* She that commands by forbidding it : and since I had courage to declare to herself, I dare now own it to the world, Aurelia, Sir, is my angel.

*True.* Ha! [*Pauses.*] Sir, I find you're of every body's religion; but methinks you make a bold flight at first: do you think your Captain's pay will stake against so high a gamester?

*True.* What do you mean?

*Rich.* Mean! Bless me, Sir, mean! You're a man of mighty honour, we all know. But I'll tell you a secret. The thing is public already.

*True.* I should be proud that all mankind were acquainted with it; I should despise the passion that could make me either ashamed, or afraid to own it.

*Rich.* Ha, ha, ha! Pr'ythee, dear Captain, no more of these rhodomontado's; 'you may as soon put a standing army upon us.' I'll tell you another secret—Five hundred pound is the least penny.

*True.* Nay, to my knowledge, she has fifteen hundred.

*Rich.* Nay, to my knowledge, she took five.

*True.* Took five! How! Where?

*Rich.* In her lap, in her lap, Captain; where should it be?

*True.* I'm amazed.

*Rich.* So am I, that she could be so unreasonable—Fifteen hundred pound! 'Sdeath! had she that price from you?

*True.* 'Sdeath, I meant her portion.

*Rich.* Why, what have you to do with her portion?

*True.* I loved her up to marriage, by this light.

*Rich.* Marriage! Ha, ha, ha! I love the gypsy for her cunning.—A young, easy, amorous, credulous fellow 'of two and twenty,' was just the game she wanted: I find she presently singled you out from the herd.

*True.* You distract me!

*Rich.* A soldier too, that must follow the wars abroad, and leave her to engagements at home.

*True.* Death and furies! I'll be revenged.

*Rich.* Why, what can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

*True.* Her reputation was spotless when I went over.

*Rich.* 'So was the reputation of Mareschal Bouffiers.' But d'ye think, that while you were beating the French abroad,

abroad, that we were idle at home? No, no; we have had our sieges, our capitulations, and surrenders, and all that. We have cut ourselves out good winter quarters as well as you.

*True.* And are you billeted there?

*Rich.* Look'e, Trueman, you ought to be very trusty to a secret, that has saved you from destruction. In plain terms, I have buried five hundred pounds in that little spot, and I should think it very hard, if you took it over my head.

*True.* Not by a lease for life, I can assure you: but I shall——

*Rich.* What? You ha'n't five hundred pounds to give. Look'e, since you can make no sport, spoil none. In a year or two she dwindles to a perfect basset-bank; every body may play at it that pleases, and then you may put in for a piece or two.

*True.* Dear Sir, I could worship you for this.

*Rich.* Not for this, nephew! for I did not intend it, but I came to seek you upon another affair. Were not you at court last night?

*True.* I was.

*Rich.* Did you not talk to Clelia, my Lady Taper's niece?

*True.* A fine woman!

*Rich.* Well; I met her upon the stairs; and handing her to her coach, she asked me, if you were not my nephew? And said two or three warm things, that persuade me she likes you: her relations have interest at court, and she has money in her pocket.

*Rich.* But——this devil Aurelia still sticks with me.

*Rich.* What then! The way to love in one place with success, is to marry in another with convenience. Clelia has four thousand pounds; this applied to your reigning ambition, whether love or advancement, will go a great way: and for her virtue, and conduct, be assured that nobody can give a better account of it than myself.

*True.* I am willing to believe from this late accident, that you consult my honour and interest in what you propose; and therefore I am satisfied to be governed.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* I see the very lady in the walk. We'll about it.

*True.* I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Lord Wou'dbe's House.

*Enter* Young Wou'dbe, Subtleman, and Steward.

*T. W.* Well, Mr. Subtleman, you are sure the will is firm and good in law.

*Sub.* I warrant you, my Lord : and for the last words to prove it, here they are. Look'e, Mr. Clearaccount—Yes—that is an answer to the question that was put to him (you know) by those about him when he was a dying—Yes, or No, he must have said ; so we have chosen Yes——“ Yes, I have made my will, as it may be found in the custody of Mr. Clearaccount my steward ; and I desire it may stand as my last will and testament.” Did you ever hear a dying man's words more to the purpose ? An apoplexy ! I tell you, my Lord had intervals to the last.

*Stew.* Ay, but how shall these words be proved ?

*Sub.* My Lord shall speak them now.

*T. W.* Shall he, faith !

*Sub.* Ay, now—if the corpse ben't buried——Look'e, Sir, these words must be put into his mouth, and drawn out again before us all : and if they won't be his last words then—I'll be perjured.

*T. W.* What, violate the dead ! It must not be, Mr. Subtleman.

*Sub.* With all my heart, Sir ! But I think you had better violate the dead of a tooth or so, than violate the living of seven thousand pound a year.

*T. W.* But is there no other way ?

*Sub.* No, Sir. Why, d'ye think Mr. Clearaccount here will hazard soul and body to swear they are his last words, unless they be made his last words ; for my part, Sir, I'll swear to nothing but what I see with my eyes come out of a man's mouth.

*T. W.* But it looks so unnatural.

*Sub.* What ! to open a man's mouth, and put in a bit of paper !—This is all.

*T. W.*

*T. W.* But the body is cold, and his teeth can't be got asunder.

*Sub.* But what occasion has your father for teeth now ? I tell you what : I knew a gentleman, three days buried, taken out of his grave, and his dead hand set to his last will, unless somebody made him sign another afterwards ; and I know the estate to be held by that tenure to this day : and a firm tenure it is ; for a dead hand holds fastest ; and let me tell you, dead teeth will fasten as hard.

*T. W.* Well, well, use your pleasure, you understand the law best. [*Exeunt Subtleman and Steward.*]

What a mighty confusion is brought in families by sudden death ? Men should do well to settle their affairs in time. Had my father done this before he was taken ill, what a trouble had he saved us ? But he was taken suddenly, poor man !

*Re-enter Subtleman.*

*Sub.* Your father still bears you the old grudge, I find : it was with much struggling he consented : I never knew a man so loth to speak in my life.

*T. W.* He was always a man of few words.

*Sub.* Now I may safely bear witness myself, as the scrivener there present—I love to do things with a clear conscience. [*Subscribes.*]

*T. W.* But the law requires three witnesses.

*Sub.* Oh ! I shall pick up a couple more, that perhaps may take my word for it——But is not Mr. Clear-account in your interest ?

*T. W.* I hope so.

*Sub.* Then he shall be one : a witness in the family goes a great way ; besides, these foreign evidences are risen confoundedly since the wars. I hope, if mine escape the privateers, to make an hundred pound an ear of every head of them——But the Steward is an honest man, and shall save you the charges. [*Exit.*]

*T. W.* The pride of birth, the heats of appetite, and fear of want, are strong temptations to injustice. But why injustice ?—The world hath broke all civilities with me, and left me in the eldest state of nature, wild, where force or cunning first created right. I cannot say I ever knew a father—'Tis true, I was begotten in his life-time, but I

was

was posthumous born, and lived not till he died——My hours indeed I numbered, but never enjoyed them, till this moment.——My brother! What is brother? We are all so; and the first two were enemies. He stands before me in the road of life, to rob me of my pleasures. My senses, formed by nature for delight, are all alarmed. My sight, my hearing, taste and touch, call loudly on me for their objects, and they shall be satisfied. *[Exit.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, a Levee.

*Young Wou'dbe dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by turns.*

YOUNG WOU'DBE.

SURELY the greatest ornament of quality is a clean and a numerous levee; such a croud of attendants for the cheap reward of words and promises, distinguishes the nobility from those that pay wages to their servants.

*[A Gentleman whispers.*

' Sir, I shall speak to the commissioners, and use all my interest; I can assure you, Sir.

*[Another whispers.*

' Sir, I shall meet some of your board this evening; let me see you to-morrow.

*[A Third whispers.*

' Sir, I'll consider of it.——That fellow's breath stinks of tobacco. *[Aside.]* O Mr. Comick, your servant.

*Com.* My Lord, I wish you joy; I have something to shew your Lordship.

*T. W.* What is it, pray, Sir?

*Com.* I have an Elegy upon the dead Lord, and a Panegyric upon the living one: *in utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

*T. W.* Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. Comick——But pray, Mr. Comick, why don't you write plays? It would give one an opportunity of serving you.

*Com.* My Lord, I have writ one.

*T. W.*

*Y. W.* Was it ever acted?

*Com.* No, my Lord, but it has been a rehearsing these three years and a half.

*Y. W.* A long time. There must be a great deal of business in it surely.

*Com.* No, my Lord, none at all.—I have another play just finished, but that I want a plot for't.

*Y. W.* A plot! You should read the Italian and Spanish plays, Mr. Comick—I like your verses here mightily.—Here, Mr. Clearaccount.

*Com.* Now for five guineas at least. [*Aside.*

*Y. W.* Here, give Mr. Comick, give him—give him the Spanish play that lies in the closet window.—‘Captain, can I do you any service?’

‘*Capt.* Pray, my Lord, use your interest with the General for that vacant commission. I hope, my Lord, the blood I have already lost may intitle me to spill the remainder in my country’s cause.’

‘*Y. W.* All the reason in the world—Captain, you may depend upon me for all the service I can.’

‘*Gen.* I hope your Lordship won’t forget to speak to the General about that vacant commission: although I have never made a campaign, yet, my Lord, my interest in the country can raise me men, which, I think, should prefer me to that gentleman, whose bloody disposition frightens the poor people from listing.’

‘*Y. W.* All the reason in the world—Sir, you may depend upon me for all the service in my power.—Captain, I’ll do your business for you.—Sir, I’ll speak to the General, I shall see him at the house———’

[*To the Gentlemen.*]

*Enter a Citizen.*

Oh, Mr. Alderman, your servant.—Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon. [*Excunt Levée.*

Mr. Alderman, have you any service to command me?

*Ald.* Your Lordship’s humble servant—I have a favour to beg: You must know, I have a graceless son, a fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a whore in every corner of the town; in short, he’s fit for no kind of thing but a soldier. I’m so tir’d of him, that I intend to throw him into the army: let the fellow be ruined if he will.

D

*Y. W.*



*Y. W.* I commend your paternal care, Sir. Can I do you any service in this affair?

*Ald.* Yes, my Lord: there is a vacant company in Colonel What-d'ye-call-'em's regiment, and if your Lordship would but speak to the General——

*Y. W.* Has your son ever served?

*Ald.* Served! Yes, my Lord, he's an ensign in the Train-bands now.

*Y. W.* Has he ever signalized his courage?

*Ald.* Often, often, my Lord; but one day in particular, you must know, his captain was so busy slipping off a cargo of cheese, that he left my son to command in his place. Would you believe it, my Lord? he charged up Cheapside in the front of the Buff-coats, with such bravery and courage, that I could not forbear wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, for ten thousand such officers upon the Rhine. Ah, my Lord! we must employ such fellows as he, or we shall never humble the French king—Now, my Lord, if you could find a convenient time to hint these things to the General——

*Y. W.* All the reason in the world, Mr. Alderman, I'll do you all the service I can.

*Ald.* You may tell him, he's a man of courage, fit for the service; and then he loves hardship. He sleeps every other night in the round-house.

*Y. W.* I'll do you all the service I can.

*Ald.* Then, my Lord, he salutes with his pike so very handsomely, it went to his mistress's heart t'other day—and he beats a drum like an angel.

*Y. W.* I'll do you all the service I can——

*[Not taking the least notice of the Alderman all this while, but dressing himself in the glass.]*

*Ald.* But, my Lord, the hurry of your Lordship's affairs may put my business out of your head; therefore, my Lord, I'll presume to leave you some memorandum.

*Y. W.* I'll do you all the service I can——

*[Not minding him.]*

*Ald.* Pray, my Lord, *[Pulling him by the sleeve.]* give me leave, for a memorandum; my glove, I suppose, will do. Here, my Lord, pray remember me.

*[Lays his glove upon the table and exit.]*

*Y. W.* I'll do you all the service I can——What, is he gone? 'Tis the most rude, familiar fellow——Faugh! what

what a greasy gauntlet is here—[*A purse drops out of the glove.*] Oh! No, the glove is a clean, well-made glove, and the owner of it the most respectable person I have seen this morning, he knows what distance [*Chinking the purse.*] is due to a man of quality—But what must I do for this? Frisure [*To his Valet.*] do you remember what the Alderman said to me?

*Frif.* No, my Lord, I thought your Lordship had.

*T. W.* This blockhead thinks a man of quality can mind what people say—when they do something, 'tis another case. Here, call him back. [*Exit Friseur.*] He talked something of the General and his son, and Trainbands, I know not what stuff.

*Re-enter Alderman and Friseur.*

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your *memorandum* in my pocket.

*Ald.* Oh, my Lord, you do me too much honour.

*T. W.* But, Mr. Alderman, the business you were talking of, it shall be done; but if you gave a short note of it to my secretary, it would not be amiss—But, Mr. Alderman, ha'n't you the fellow to this glove, it fits me mighty well. [*Putting on the glove.*] It looks so like a challenge to give a man an odd glove—and I would have nothing that looks like enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

*Ald.* Truly, my Lord, I intended the other glove for a *memorandum* to the Colonel; but since your Lordship has a mind to't—

[*Gives the glove.*]

*T. W.* Here, Friseur, lead this gentleman to my secretary, and bid him take a note of his business.

*Ald.* But, my Lord, don't do me all the service you can now.

*T. W.* Well, I won't do you all the service I can—These citizens have a strange capacity of soliciting sometimes.

[*Exit Ald.*]

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* My Lord, here are your taylor, your vintner, your bookseller, and half a dozen more, with their bills, at the door, and they desire their money.

*T. W.* Tell 'em, Mr. Clearaccount, that when I was a private gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run in debt, and now that I have got into a higher rank, I'm so very busy I can't pay it. As for that clamorous rogue

of a taylor, speak him fair, till he has made up my liveries—then, about a year and a half hence I shall be at leisure to put him off for a year and a half longer.

*Stew.* My Lord, there's a gentleman below calls himself Mr. Basset; he says that your Lordship owes him fifty guineas, that he won of you at cards.

*T. W.* Look'e, Sir, the gentleman's money is a debt of honour, and must be paid immediately.

*Stew.* Your father thought otherwise, my Lord, he always took care to have the poor tradesmen satisfied, whose only subsistence lay in the use of their money, and was used to say, that nothing was honourable but what was honest.

*T. W.* My father might say what he pleased, he was a nobleman of very singular humour—but in my notion, there are not two things in nature more different than honour and honesty. Now your honesty is a little mechanic quality, well enough among citizens, people that do nothing but pitiful mean actions according to law; but your honour flies a much higher pitch, and will do any thing that's free and spontaneous, but scorns to level itself to what is only just.

*Stew.* But I think it is a little hard to have these poor people starve for want of their money, and yet pay this sharpening rascal fifty guineas.

*T. W.* Sharpening rascal! What a barbarism that is? Why he wears as good wigs, as fine linen, and keeps as good company as any at White's; and, between you and I, Sir, this sharpening rascal, as you are pleased to call him, shall make more interest among the nobility with his cards and counters, than a soldier shall with his sword and pistol. Pray let him have fifty guineas immediately.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE the Street.

*Enter Elder Wou'dbe writing in a pocket-book, in a riding-habit.*

*E. W.* "Monday the 14th of December, 1702, I arrived safe in London, and so concluding my travels—"

[*Putting up his book.*]

Now welcome, country, father, friends,

My brother too (if brothers can be friends:)

But, above all, my charming fair, my Constance.

Through

Through all the mazes of my wand'ring steps,  
 Through all the various climes that I have run,  
 Her love has been the loadstone of my course,  
 Her eyes the stars that pointed me the way.  
 Had not her charms my heart intire possess'd,  
 Who knows what Circe's artful voice and look  
 Might have ensnar'd my travelling youth,  
 And fix'd me to enchantment?

*Enter Teague with a port-manteau. He throws it down  
 and sits on it.*

Here comes my fellow-traveller. What makes you sit  
 upon the port-manteau, Teague? You'll rumple the  
 things.

*Tea.* By my shoul, maishter, I did carry the port-man-  
 tel till it tired me; and now the port-mantel shall carry  
 me till I tire him.

*E. W.* And how d'ye like London, Teague, after our  
 travels?

*Tea.* Fot, dear joy, 'tis the bravest place I have sseen  
 in my peregrinations, exshepting my nown brave shity of  
 Carrickfergus,—Uf, uf, dere ish a very fragrant shmell  
 hereabouts—Maishter, shall I run to that painhtry-cook's  
 for shix-pennyworth of boil'd beef?

*E. W.* Though this fellow travelled the world over, he  
 would never lose his brogue nor his stomach.—Why,  
 you cormorant! so hungry and so early?

*Tea.* Early! Deel take me, maishter, 'tish a great deal  
 more than almost passit twelve o'clock.

*E. W.* Thou art never happy, unless thy guts be  
 stuffed up to thy eyes.

*Tea.* Oh, maishter, dere ish a dam way of distance,  
 and the deel a bit between.'

*Enter Young Wou'dbe in a chair, with four or five Footmen  
 before him, and passes over the stage.*

*E. W.* Hey-day! Who comes here? With one, two,  
 three, four, five footmen! Some young fellow just tast-  
 ing the sweet vanity of fortune. Run, Teague, enquire  
 who that is.

*Tea.* Yes, maishter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] Sir,  
 will you give my humble shervice to your maishter, and  
 tell him to shend me word sat name ish upon him?

*Foot.* You would know sat name ish upon him?

*Tea.* Yesh, fet wou'd I.

*Foot.* Why, what are you, Sir?

*Tea.* By my shoul, I am a shentleman bred and born, and dere ish my maishter.

*Foot.* Then your master wou'd know it?

*Tea.* Arah, you fool, ish it not the saam ting?

*Foot.* Then tell your master, 'tis the young Lord Wou'dbe, just come to his estate by the death of his father and elder brother. *[Exit Footman.]*

*E. W.* What do I hear?

*Tea.* You hear that you are dead, maishter; fere vil you please to be buried?

*E. W.* But art thou sure it was my brother?

*Tea.* By my shoul it was his nown self; I know'd him very well, after his man told me.

*E. W.* The business requires that I be convinced with my own eyes. I'll follow him, and know the bottom on't. Stay here till I return.

*Tea.* Dear maishter, have a care upon your shelf. Now they know you are dead, by my shoul they may kill you.

*E. W.* Don't fear: none of his servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my face from his sight. 'It concerns me to conceal myself, till I know the engines of this contrivance.' Be sure you stay till I come to you; and let nobody know whom you belong to. *[Exit.]*

*Tea.* Oh, ho, hon, poor Teague is left all alone.

*[Sits on the port-manteau.]*

*Enter Subtleman and Steward.*

*Sub.* And you won't swear to the will?

*Stew.* My conscience tells me I dare not do't with safety.

*Sub.* But if we make it lawful what should we fear? We now think nothing against conscience, 'till the cause be thrown out of court.

*Stew.* In you, Sir, 'tis no sin, because 'tis the principle of your profession: but in me, Sir, 'tis downright perjury indeed. You can't want witnesses enough, since money won't be wanting—and you must lose no time; for I heard just now, that the true Lord Wou'dbe was seen in town, or his ghost.

*Sub.* It was his ghost, to be sure; for a nobleman without an estate is but the shadow of a lord.—Well, take no care;

care: leave me to myself; I am near the Friars, and ten to one shall pick up an evidence.

*Stew.* Speed you well, Sir. [Exit.]

*Sub.* There's a fellow that has hunger and the gallows pictured in his face, and looks like one for my purpose.—How now, honest friend, what have you got under you there?

*Tea.* Nothing, dear joy.

*Sub.* Nothing! Is it not a port-manteau?

*Tea.* That is nothing to you.

*Sub.* The fellow's a wit.

*Tea.* Fait am I! My grandfather was an Irish poet—He did write a great book of verses concerning the wars between St. Patrick and the wolf-dogs.

*Sub.* Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

*Tea.* By my shoul, my sole generation ish so—I have noting but thish port-manteau, and dat ithself ish not my own.

*Sub.* Why, who does it belong to?

*Tea.* To my maishter, dear joy.

*Sub.* Then you have a master?

*Tea.* Fait I have, but he's dead.

*Sub.* Right! And how do you intend to live?

*Tea.* By eating, dear joy, fen I can get it, and by sleeping fen I can get none.—'Tish the fashion of Ireland.

*Sub.* What was your master's name pray?

*Tea.* [*Aside.*] I will tell a lee now; but it shall be a true one.—Macfadin, dear joy, was his naam. He vent over vith King Jamish into France.—He was my maishter once. Deere ish the true lee noo.

[*Aside.*]

*Sub.* What employment had he?

*Tea.* *Je ne sçay pas.*

*Sub.* What, can you speak French?

*Tea.* *Ouy, Monsieur,*—I did travel France and Spain, and Italy—Dear joy, I did kish the pope's toe, and dat will excuse me all the sins of my life: and fen I am dead, St. Patrick will excuse the rest.

*Sub.* A rare fellow for my purpose! [*Aside.*] Thou lookest like an honest fellow; and if you will go with me

me to the next tavern, I'll give thee a dinner and a glass of wine.

*Tea.* By my shoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear joy; come along, and I will follow you.

*[Runs out before Subtleman with the port-manteau on his back.]*

*Enter Elder Wou'dbe.*

*E. W.* My father dead! my birth-right lost! How have my drowsy stars slept over my fortune? Ha! *[Looking about.]* My servant gone! The simple, poor, ungrateful wretch has left me. I took him up from poverty and want; and now he leaves me just as I found him. My clothes and money too! But why should I repine? Let man but view the dangers he has past, and few will fear what hazards are to come. 'That Providence that has secured my life from robbers, shipwreck, and from sickness, is still the same; still kind whilst I am just.' My death, I find, is firmly believed; but how, it gained so universal credit, I fain would learn. Who comes here?—honest Mr. Fairbank! My father's goldsmith, a man of substance and integrity. The alteration of five years absence, with the report of my death, may shade me from his knowledge, till I enquire some news.

*Enter Fairbank.*

Sir, your humble servant.

*Fair.* Sir, I don't know you.

*[Shunning him.]*

*E. W.* I intend you no harm, Sir; but seeing you come from my Lord Wou'dbe's house, I would ask you a question or two. Pray what distemper did my Lord die of?

*Fair.* I am told it was an apoplexy.

*E. W.* And pray, Sir, what does the world say? Is his death much lamented?

*Fair.* Lamented! My eyes that question should resolve. Friend, thou knewest him not; else thy own heart had answered thee.

*E. W.* His grief, methinks, chides my defect of filial duty. *[Aside.]* But I hope, Sir, his loss is partly recompensed in the merits of his successor.

*Fair.* It might have been; but his eldest son, heir to his

his virtue and honour, was lately and unfortunately killed in Germany.

*E. W.* How unfortunately, Sir?

*Fair.* Unfortunately for him, and us. I do remember him——He was the mildest, humblest, sweetest youth——

*E. W.* Happy indeed had been my part in life, if I had left this human stage, whilst this so spotless, and so fair applause, had crowned my going off. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir.

*Fair.* But those that saw him in his travels, told such wonders of his improvement, that the report recalled his father's years; and with the joy to hear his Hermes praised, he oft would break the chains of gout and age; and leaping up with strength of greenest youth, cry, My Hermes is myself: methinks I live my sprightly days again, and I am young in him.

*E. W.* Spite of all modesty, a man must own pleasure in the hearing of his praise. [*Aside.*]

*Fair.* You're thoughtful, Sir. Had you any relation to the family we talk of?

*E. W.* None, Sir, beyond my private concern in the public loss. But pray, Sir, what character does the present Lord bear?

*Fair.* Your pardon, Sir. As for the dead, their memories are left unregarded, and tongues may touch them freely: but for the living, they have provided for the safety of their names by a strong inclosure of the law. There is a thing called *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

*E. W.* I commend your caution, Sir; but be assured I intend not to entrap you. I am a poor gentleman, and having heard much of the charity of the old Lord Wou'dbe, I had a mind to apply to his son, and therefore enquired his character.

*Fair.* Alas! Sir, things are changed: that house was once what poverty might go a pilgrimage to seek, and have its pains rewarded. The noble Lord, the truly noble Lord, held his estate, his honour, and his house, as if they were only lent upon the interest of doing good to others. He kept a porter, not to exclude, but serve the poor. No creditor was seen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in: no craving eyes, but looks of smiling



smiling gratitude. But now, that family, which, like a garden fairly kept, invited every stranger to its fruit and shade, is now run over with weeds: nothing but wine and revelling within, a croud of noisy creditors without, a train of servants insolently proud—Would you believe it, Sir, as I offered to go in just now, the rude porter pushed me back with his staff. I am at this present (thanks to Providence and my industry) worth twenty thousand pounds. I pay the fifth part of this to maintain the liberty of the nation; and yet this slave, this impudent Swiss slave, offered to strike me.

*E. W.* 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard: and if they used a man of your substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a groat?

*Fair.* I would not willingly defraud your hopes of what may happen. If you can drink and swear, perhaps——

*E. W.* I shall not pay that price for his Lordship's bounty, would it extend to half he's worth. Sir, I give you thanks for your caution, and shall steer another course.

*Fair.* Sir, you look like an honest, modest gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a dinner as my Lord; and you shall be very welcome to eat at my table every day, till you are better provided.

*E. W.* Good man. [*Aside.*] Sir, I must beg you to excuse me to-day; but I shall find a time to accept of your favours, or at least to thank you for them.

*Fair.* Sir, you shall be very welcome whenever you please. [*Exit.*]

*E. W.* Generous, citizen! Surely, if Justice were an herald, she would give this tradesman a nobler coat of arms than my brother. But I delay: I long to vindicate the honour of my station, and to displace this bold usurper. But one concern, methinks is nearer still: my Constance! Should she, upon the rumour of my death, have fixed her heart elsewhere, then I were dead indeed; but if she still prove true, brother, sit fast:

I'll shake your strength all obstacles remove,  
Sustain'd by justice, and inspir'd by love.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE, an Apartment.

*Enter Constance and Aurelia.*

*Con.* For heaven's sake, cousin cease your impertinent consolations: it but makes me angry, and raises two passions

sions in me instead of one. You see I commit no extravagance, my grief is silent enough ; my tears make no noise to disturb any body. I desire no companion in my sorrows ; leave me to myself, and you comfort me.

*Aur.* But, cousin, have you no regard to your reputation ? This immoderate concern for a young fellow. What will the world say ? You lament him like a husband.

*Con.* No ; you mistake : I have no rule nor method for my grief ; no pomp of black and darkened rooms ; no formal month for visits on my bed. I am content with the slight mourning of a broken heart ; and all my form is tears.

*Enter Midnight.*

*Mid.* Madam Aurelia, Madam, don't disturb her. — Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis a hard case to be crossed in one's first love. But you should consider, Madam, [*To Constance.*] that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

*Con.* Better we all died young, than to be plagued with age, as I am. I find other folks years are as troublesome to us as our own.

*Mid.* You have reason, you have cause to mourn. He was the handsomest man, and the sweetest babe, that I know ; tho' I must confess too, that Ben had much the finer complexion when he was born : but then Hermes, yes Hermes, had the shape, that he had. But of all the infants that I ever beheld with my eyes, I think Ben had the finest ear, wax-work, perfect wax-work ! ' and ' then he did so sputter at the breast ! — His nurse was ' a hale, well-complexioned, sprightly jade, as ever I ' saw ; but her milk was a little too stale, tho' at the ' same time 'twas as blue and clear as a cambrick.'

*Aur.* Do you intend all this, Madam, for a consolation to my cousin ?

*Mid.* No, no, Madam, that's to come. I tell you, fair lady, you have only lost the man ; the estate and title are still your own ; and this very moment I would salute you Lady Wou'dbe, if you pleased.

*Con.* Dear Madam, your proposal is very tempting ; let me consider but till to-morrow, and I'll give you an answer.

*Mid.* I knew it, I knew it; I said, when you were born, you would be a lady; I knew it. To-morrow, you say. My Lord shall know it immediately. [*Exit.*]

*Aur.* What d'ye intend to do, cousin?

*Con.* To go into the country this moment, to be free from the impertinence of condolence, the persecution of that monster of a man, and that devil of a woman.—O, Aurelia, I long to be alone. I am become so fond of grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no interruption in my darling sorrow.

*Enter Elder Wou'dbe unperceived.*

*E. W.* In tears! perhaps for me! I'll try——

[*Drops a picture, and goes back to the entrance, and listens.*]

*Aur.* If there be aught in grief delightful, don't grudge me a share.

*Con.* No, my dear Aurelia, I'll engross it all. I loved him so, methinks I should be jealous if any mourned his death besides myself. What's here! [*Takes up the picture.*] Ha! see, cousin! the very face and features of the man! Sure some officious angel has brought me this for a companion in my solitude. Now I am fitted out for sorrow. With this I'll sigh, with this converse, gaze on his image till I grow blind with weeping.

*Aur.* I'm amazed! how came it here?

*Con.* Whether by miracle or human chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: nor shall it ever separate from my breast—it's the only thing could give me joy, because it will encrease my grief.

*E. W.* [*Entering.*] Most glorious woman! now I am fond of life.

*Aur.* Ha! What's this? Your business, pray Sir?

*E. W.* With this lady. [*Goes to Constance, takes her hand, and kneels.*] Here let me worship that perfection, whose virtue might attract the listening angels, and make them smile to see such purity, so like themselves, in human shape.

*Con.* Hermes!

*E. W.* Your living Hermes, who shall die yours too.

*Con.* Now passion, powerful passion, would bear me like a whirlwind to his arms—but my sex has bounds.  
'Tis wonderful, Sir!

*E. W.*

*E. W.* Most wonderful are the works of fate for man, and most closely laid is the serpentine line that guides him into happiness! That hidden power which did permit those arts to cheat me of my birth-right, had this surprize of happiness in store, well knowing that grief is the best preparative for joy.

*Con.* 'I never found the true sweets of love till this romantic turn! dead and alive! my stars are poetical.' For heaven's sake, Sir, unriddle your fortune.

*E. W.* That my dear brother must do: for he made the enigma,

*Aur.* Methinks I stand here like a fool all this while: would I had some body or other to say a fine thing or two to me.

*E. W.* Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons: I have my excuse in my hand.

*Aur.* My Lord, I wish you joy.

*E. W.* Pray, Madam, don't trouble me with a title till I am better equipped for it. My peerage would look a little shabby in these robes.

*Con.* You have a good excuse, my Lord; you can wear better when you please.

*E. W.* I have a better excuse, Madam—These are the best I have.

*Con.* How, my Lord!

*E. W.* Very true, Madam; I am at present, I believe, the poorest peer in England. Hark'e, Aurelia, pr'ythee lend me a piece or two.

*Aur.* Ha, ha, ha! a poor peer indeed! He wants a guinea.

*Con.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

*E. W.* Why so, Madam?

*Con.* Because I can furnish you with five thousand.

*E. W.* Generous woman!

*Enter Trueman.*

Ha! my friend too!

*True.* I am glad to find you here, my Lord: here's a current report about town that you were killed. I was afraid it might reach this family, so I come to disprove the story, by your letter to me by the last post.

*Aur.* I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, cousin.

E

*True.*

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*True.* Now, my Lord, I wish you joy ; and I expect the same from you.

*E. W.* With all my heart ; but upon what score ?

*True.* The old score, marriage.

*E. W.* To whom ?

*True.* To a neighbour lady here. [*Looking at Aurelia.*]

*Aur.* Impudence ! [*Aside.*] The lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Sir.

*True.* The lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Madam.

*Aur.* Don't mistake me, Sir : I did not care if the lady were in Mexico.

*True.* Nor I neither, Madam.

*Aur.* You're very short, Sir.

*True.* The shortest pleasures are the sweetest, you know.

*Aur.* Sir, you appear very different to me from what you were very lately.

*True.* Madam, you appear very different to me to what you were lately.

*Aur.* Strange !

[*This while Constance and Wou'dbe entertain one another in dumb show.*]

*True.* Miraculous !

*Aur.* I could never have believed it.

*True.* Nor I, as I hope to be saved.

*Aur.* Ill manners !

*True.* Worse.

*Aur.* How have I deserved it, Sir ?

*True.* How have I deserved it, Madam ?

*Aur.* What ?

*True.* You.

*Aur.* Riddles !

*True.* Women !——My Lord, you'll hear of me at White's. Farewel. [*Runs off.*]

*E. W.* What, Trueman gone !

*Aur.* Yes. [*Walks about in disorder.*]

*Con.* Bless me ! what's the matter, cousin ?

*Aur.* Nothing.

*Con.* Why are you uneasy !

*Aur.* Nothing.

*Con.* What ails you then ?

*Aur.*

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*Aur.* Nothing.—I don't love the fellow—yet to be affronted—I can't bear it.

*[Bursts out a crying, and runs off.]*

*Con.* Your friend, my Lord, has affronted Aurelia.

*E. W.* Impossible! His regard to me were sufficient security for his good behaviour here, tho' it were in his nature to be rude elsewhere.—She has certainly used him ill,

*Con.* Too well rather.

*E. W.* Too well! have a care, Madam! that, with some men, is the greatest provocation to a slight.

*Con.* Don't mistake, my Lord, her usage never went farther than mine to you; and I should take it very ill to be abused for it.

*E. W.* I'll follow him, and know the cause of it.

*Con.* No, my Lord, I'll follow her, and know it: besides, your own affairs with your brother require you at present.

*[Exit.]*

END of the THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE, *Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

*Enter Young Wou'dbe and Subtleman.*

YOUNG WOU'DBE.

**R**ETURNED! Who saw him? Who spoke with him? He can't be returned.

*Sub.* My Lord, he's below at the gate, parlying with the porter, who has private orders from me to admit nobody till you send him word, that we may have the more time to settle our affairs.

*Y. W.* 'Tis a hard case, Mr. Subtleman, that a man can't enjoy his right without all this trouble.

*Sub.* Ah, my Lord, you see the benefit of law now, what an advantage it is to the public for securing of property. Had you not the law of your side, who knows what devices might be practised to defraud you of your right. But I have secured all—The will is in true

E 2

form;

form ; and you have two witnesses already to swear to the last words of your father.

*R. W.* Then you have got another ?

*Sub.* Yes, yes, a right one ; and I shall pick up another time enough before the term. And I have planted three or four constables in the next room, to take care of your brother if he should be boisterous.

*R. W.* Then you think we are secure.

*Sub.* Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleases : I'll go down and give orders for his admittance.

*R. W.* Unkind brother ! to disturb me thus, just in the swing and stretch of my full fortune ! Where is the tie of blood and nature, when brothers will do this ? Had he but staid till Constance had been mine, his presence or his absence had been then indifferent.

*Enter Midnight.*

*Mid.* Well, my Lord, [*Pants as out of breath.*] you'll never be satisfied till you have broke my heart. I have such ado yonder about you with Madam Constance——but she's your own.

*R. W.* How ! my own ! Ah ! my dear helpmate, I am afraid we are routed in that quarter : my brother's come home.

*Mid.* Your brother come home ; then I'll go travel.

[*Going.*]

*R. W.* Hold, hold, Madam, we are all secure ; we have provided for his reception ; your nephew Subtleman has stopped up all passages to the estate.

*Mid.* Ay, Subtleman is a pretty thriving ingenious boy. Little do you think who is the father of him. I'll tell you ; Mr. Moabite the rich Jew in Lombard-street

*R. W.* Moabite the Jew !

*Mid.* You shall hear, my Lord—One evening, as I was very grave in my own house, reading the—Weekly Preparation—Ay, it was the Weekly Preparation, I do remember particularly well. What hears me I—but pat, pat, very softly at the door. Come in, cries I, and presently enters Mr. Moabite, followed by a snug chair, the windows close drawn, and in it was a fine young virgin just upon the point of being delivered.—We were all in a great hurly-burly for a while to be sure ;

' sure ; but our production was a fine boy. I had fifty guineas for my trouble, the lady was wrapped up very warm, placed in her chair, and re-conveyed to the place she came from. Who she was, or what she was, I could never learn, though my maid said that the chair went through the Park—but the child was left with me——The father would have made a Jew on it presently, but I swore, if he committed such a barbarity on the infant, that I would discover all.—So I had him brought up a good christian, and bound 'prentice to an attorney.

' *T. W.* Very well.

' *Mid.* Ah, my Lord ! there's many a pretty fellow in London that knows as little of their true father and mother as he does ; I have had several such jobs in my time—there was one Scotch nobleman that brought me four in half a year.

' *T. W.* Four ! and how were they all provided for ?

' *Mid.* Very handsomely indeed ; they were two sons and two daughters ; the eldest son rides in the first troop of guards, and the other is a very pretty fellow, and his father's valet de chambre.

' *T. W.* And what is become of the daughters, pray ?

' *Mid.* Why one of them is a manteau-maker, and the youngest has got into the play-house.'—Ay, ay, my Lord, let Subtleman alone, I'll warrant he'll manage your brother. Ads my life, here is somebody coming, I would not be seen.

*T. W.* 'Tis my brother, and he'll meet you upon the stairs ! adso, get into this closet till he be gone.

*[Shuts her into the closet.]*

*Enter Elder Wou'dbe and Subtleman.*

My brother ! dearest brother, welcome !

*[Runs and embraces him.]*

*E. W.* I can't dissemble, Sir, else I would return your false embrace.

*T. W.* False embrace ! still suspicious of me ! I thought that five years absence might have cooled the unmanly heats of our childish days ; that I am over-joyed at your return, let this testify ; this moment I resign all right and title to your honour, and salute you Lord.

*E. W.* I want not your permission to enjoy my right ;  
E 3 here



here I am lord and master without your resignation ; and the first use I make of my authority, is to discard that rude, bull-faced fellow at the door. Where is my steward ?

*Enter Clearaccount.*

Mr. Clearaccount, let that pampered centinel below this minute be discharged. Brother, I wonder you could feed such a swarm of lazy, idle drones about you, and leave the poor industrious bees, that feed you from their hives, to want. Steward, look to't ; if I have not discharges for every farthing of my father's debts upon my toilet to-morrow morning, you shall follow the tipstaff, I can assure you.

*T. W.* Hold, hold, my Lord, you usurp too large a power, methinks, over my family.

*E. W.* Your family !

*T. W.* Yes, my family ; you have no title to lord it here. Mr. Clearaccount, you know your master.

*E. W.* How ! a combination against me ! Brother, take heed how you deal with one, that cautious of your falshood, comes prepared to meet your arts, and can retort your cunning to your infamy : your black unnatural designs against my life, before I went abroad, my charity can pardon ; but my prudence must remember to guard me from your malice for the future.

*T. W.* Our father's weak and fond surmise ! which he upon his death bed owned ; and to recompense me for that injurious, unnatural suspicion, he left me sole heir to his estate. Now, my Lord, my house and servants are at your service.

*E. W.* Villainy beyond example ! have I not letters from my father of scarce a fortnight's date, where he repeats his fears for my return, lest it should again expose me to your hatred ?

*Sub.* Well, well, these are no proofs, no proofs, my Lord ; they won't pass in court against positive evidence. Here is your father's will, *signatum & sigillatum*, besides his last words to confirm it, to which I can take my positive oath in any court of Westminster.

*E. W.* What are you, Sir ?

*Sub.* Of Clifford's Inn, my Lord, I belong to the law.

*E. W.* Thou art the worm and maggot of the law, bred in the bruised and rotten parts, and now art nourished

rished on the same corruption that produced thee. The English law, as planted first, was like the English oak, shooting its spreading arms around, to shelter all that dwelt beneath its shade : but now whole swarms of caterpillars, like you, hang in such clusters upon every branch, that the once thriving tree now sheds infectious vermin on our heads.

*Y. W.* My Lord, I have some company above ; if your Lordship will drink a glass of wine, we shall be glad of the honour : if not, I shall attend you at any court of judicature, whenever you please to summon me.

*E. W.* Hold, Sir — Perhaps my father's dying weakness was imposed on, and he has left him heir ; if so, his will shall freely be obeyed. [*Aside.*] Brother, you say you have a will ?

*Sub.* Here it is.

[*Shewing a parchment.*]

*E. W.* Let me see it.

*Sub.* There's no precedent for that, my Lord.

*E. W.* Upon my honour, I'll restore it.

*Y. W.* Upon my honour, but you shan't

[*Takes it from Sub. and puts it in his pocket.*]

*E. W.* This over-caution, brother, is suspicious.

*Y. W.* Seven thousand pound a year is worth looking after.

*E. W.* Therefore you can't take it ill that I am a little inquisitive about it. Have you witnesses to prove my father's dying words ?

*Y. W.* A couple in the house.

*E. W.* Who are they ?

*Sub.* Witnesses, my Lord ! 'Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the merits of the cause out of court ; — my client shall answer no more questions.

*E. W.* Perhaps, Sir, upon a satisfactory account of his title, I intend to leave your client to the quiet enjoyment of his right, without troubling any court with the business ; I therefore desire to know what kind of persons are these witnesses.

*Sub.* Oho, he's coming about. [*Aside.*] I told your Lordship already, that I am one ; another is in the house, one of my Lord's footmen.

*E. W.* Where is this footman ?

*Y. W.* Forth coming.

*E. W.*

*E. W.* Produce him.

*Sub.* That I shall presently. The day's our own, Sir. [*To Y. W.*] But you shall engage first to ask him no cross-questions. [*Exit.*]

*E. W.* I am not skilled in such. But, pray brother; did my father quite forget me? left me nothing?

*Y. W.* Truly, my Lord, nothing: he spoke but little, left no legacies.

*E. W.* 'Tis strange! he was extremely just, and loved me too; but perhaps—

*Enter Subtleman with Teague.*

*Sub.* My Lord, here's another evidence.

*E. W.* Teague!

*Y. W.* My brother's servant!

[*They all four stare upon one another.*]

*Sub.* His servant!

*Tea.* Maishter! see here, maishter, I did get all dish [*Chinks money.*] for being an evidensh, dear joy; and by my shoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your permishon to make swear against you.

*E. W.* My wonder is divided between the villainy of the fact, and the amazement of the discovery. Teague! my very servant! sure I dream.

*Tea.* Fet, dere ish no dreaming in the cash; I'm sure the croon pieceish are awake, for I have been talking with dem dish half hour.

*Y. W.* Ignorant, unlucky man, thou hast ruined me; why had not I a sight of him before?

*Sub.* I thought the fellow had been too ignorant to be a knave.

*Tea.* By my shoule, you lee, dear joy. I can be a knave as well as you, fen I think it conveniency.

*E. W.* Now, brother! Speechless! Your oracle too silenced! 'Is all your boasted fortune sunk to the guiky 'blushing for a crime?' But I scorn to insult. Let dis-appointment be your punishment: but for you lawyer there—Teague, lay hold of him.

*Sub.* Let none dare to attach me without a legal warrant.

*Tea.* Attach! no, dear joy, I cannot attach you——, but I can catch you by the throat, after the fashion of Ireland.

[*Takes Sub. by the throat*]

*Sub.*

*Sub.* An assault ! an assault !

*Tea.* No, no, 'tish noting but choaking, noting but choaking.

*E. W.* Hold him fast, Teague. Now, Sir, [*To Y. W.*] because I was your brother, you would have betrayed me ; and because I am your brother, I forgive it ; dispose yourself as you think fit. I'll order Mr. Clearaccount to give you a thousand pounds. Go, take it, and pay me by your absence.

*Y. W.* I scorn your beggarly benevolence : had my designs succeeded, I would not have allowed you the weight of a wafer, and therefore will accept none. As for that lawyer, he deserves to be pilloried, not for his cunning in deceiving you, but for his ignorance in betraying me. The villain has defrauded me of seven thousand pounds a year. Farewel. [*Going.*]

*Enter Midnight out of the closet, runs to Young Wou'd'be, and kneels.*

*Mid.* My Lord, my dear Lord Wou'dbe, I beg you ten thousand pardons.

*Y. W.* What offence hast thou done to me ?

*Mid.* An offence the most injurious. I have hitherto concealed a secret in my breast, to the offence of justice, and the defrauding your Lordship of your true right and title. You, Benjamin Wou'dbe, with the crooked back, are the eldest born, and true heir to the estate and dignity.

*Om.* How !

*Tea.* Arah, how ?

*Mid.* None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the world.—My deceased Lord, upon the sight of your deformity, engaged me, by a considerable reward, to say you were the last born, that the beautiful twin, likely to be the greater ornament to the family, might succeed him in his honour. This secret my conscience has long struggled with. Upon the news that you were left heir to the estate, I thought justice was satisfied, and I was resolved to keep it a secret still ; but by strange chance, over-hearing what passed just now, my poor conscience was racked, and I was forced to declare the truth.

*Y. W.*

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*Y. W.* By all my former hopes I could have sworn it: I found the spirit of eldership in my blood; my pulses beat, and swelled for seniority. Mr. Hermes Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble servant. [*Foppishly.*]

*E. W.* Hermes is my name, my christian name; of which I am prouder than of all titles that honour gives, or flattery bestows. But thou, vain bubble, 'puft up' with the empty breath of that more empty woman; to let thee see how I despise thy pride, I'll call thee Lord, dress thee up in titles like a king at arms; 'you shall be' blazoned round, like any church in Holland; thy pageantry shall exceed the Lord Mayor's; and yet this Hermes, plain Hermes, shall despise thee.

*Sub.* Well, well, this is nothing to the purpose. Mistress, will you make an affidavit of what you have said, before a master in Chancery?

*Mid.* That I can, tho' I were to die the next minute after it.

*Tea.* Den, dear joy, you would be damn'd the next minute after dat.

*E. W.* All this is trifling: I must purge my house of this nest of villainy at once. Here, Teague [*Whispers* Teague.] go, make haste.

*Tea.* Dat I can.

[*As he runs out, Young Wou'dbe stops him.*]

*Y. W.* Where are you going, Sir?

*Tea.* Only for a pot of ale, dear joy, for you and my maister, to drink friends.

*Y. W.* You lie, firrah.

[*Pushes him back.*]

*Tea.* Fet, I do so.

*E. W.* What, violence to my servant! Nay, then I'll force him a passage.

*Sub.* An assault, an assault upon the body of a peer. Within there!

*Enter three or four Constables, one of them with a black patch on his eye. They disarm Elder Wou'dbe, and secure Teague.*

*E. W.* This plot was laid for my reception. Unhand me, constable.

*Y. W.* Have a care, Mr. Constable, the man is mad; he's possessed with an odd phrenzy, that he's my brother, and

and my elder too ; so because I would not very willingly resign my house and estate, he attempted to murder me.

*Sub.* Gentlemen, take care of that fellow : he made an assault upon my body *vi & armis*.

*Tea.* Arah, fat ish dat wy at armish ?

*Sub.* No matter, firrah, I shall have you hanged.

*Tea.* Hang'd ! dat is nothing, dear joy—we are us'd to't.

*E. W.* Unhand me, villains, or by all——

*Tea.* Have a care, dear maister, don't swear ; we shall be in the Crown-Offish. You know dere ish sharpers about us. [*Looking about on them that hold him.*]

*T. W.* Mr. Constable, you know your directions ; away with 'em.

*E. W.* Hold——

*Con.* No, no, force him away.

[*They all hurry him off, manent T. W. and Midnight.*]

*T. W.* Now, my dear prophets, my sybil ; by all my dear desires and ambitions, I do believe you have spoken the truth—I am the elder.

*Mid.* No, no, Sir, the devil a word on't is true——I would not wrong my conscience neither : for, faith and troth, as I am an honest woman, you were born above three-quarters of an hour after him.—But I don't much care if I do swear that you are the eldest.—What a blessing it was that I was in the closet at that pinch ! Had I not come out that moment, you would have sneaked off ; your brother had been in possession, and then we had lost all : but now you are established : possession gets you money, that gets you law, and law, you know—Down on your knees, firrah, and ask me blessing.

*T. W.* No, my dear mother, I'll give thee a blessing, a rent-charge of five-hundred pounds a year, upon what part of the estate you will, during your life.

*Mid.* Thank you, my Lord ; that five hundred a year will afford me 'a leisurely life, and 'a handsome retirement in the country, 'where I mean to repent me of my 'sins, and die a good Christian ; for, heaven knows, I 'am old, and ought to bethink me of another life.'——Have you none of the cordial left that we had in the morning ?

*T. W.* Yes, yes, we'll go to the fountain head. [*Ex.*]

SCENE

SCENE *the Street.**Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* Deel tauke me but dish ish a most shweet bufiness indeed ; maishters play the fool, and shervants must shuffer for it. I am prishoner in the Constable's house, by my shoul, and shent abroad to fetch some bail for my maishter ; but who shall bail poor Teague, agra ?

*Enter Constance.*

Oh, dere ish my maishter's old love. Indeed, I fear disha bishness will spoil his fortune,

*Con.* Who's here ? Teague ! *[He turns from her.]*

*Tea.* Deel tauke her, I did tought she cou'd not know me agen, now I am a prishoner. *[Constance goes about to look him in the face. He turns from her.]* Dish ish not shivil, by my shoul, to know a shentleman fether he will or no.

*Con.* Why this, Teague ? What's the matter ? Are you aatham'd of me or yourself, Teague ?

*Tea.* Of bote, by my shoul.

*Con.* How does your maister, Sir ?

*Tea.* Very well, dear joy, and in prishon.

*Con.* In prishon ! how ? where ?

*Tea.* Why, in the little Bashtile yonder, at the end of the street.

*Con.* Shew me the way immediately.

*Tea.* Fet, I can shew you the house yonder ; shew yonder ! by my shoul, I shew his face yonder, peeping thro' the iron glafs window.

*Con.* I'll see him, though a dungeon were his confinement. *[Runs out.]*

*Tea.* Ah ! auld kindness, by my shoul, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my maishter had but grashe enough to get her with child, her word wou'd go for two ; and she wou'd bail him and I bote. *[Exit.]*

SCENE *a Room miserably furnished, Elder Wou'dbe sitting and writing.*

*E.W.* The Tow'r confines the great,  
The spunging-house the poor ;  
Thus there are degrees of state  
That ev'n the wretched must endure.

Virgil,

Virgil, tho' cherish'd in courts,  
Relates but a splenetic tale,  
Cervantes revels and sports,  
Altho' he writ in a gaol.

Then hang reflexions, [*Starts up.*] I'll go write a comedy. Ho, within there: tell the lieutenant of the tower that I would speak with him.

*Enter Constable.*

*Con.* Ay, ay, the man is mad: lieutenant of the tower! ha, ha, ha! would you could make your words good, master.

*E. W.* Why, am not I a prisoner here? I know it by the stately apartments. What is that, pray, that hangs streaming down upon the wall yonder?

*Con.* Yonder! 'tis cobweb, Sir.

*E. W.* 'Tis false, Sir: 'tis as fine tapestry as any in Europe.

*Con.* The devil it is!

*E. W.* Then your damask bed, here; the flowers are so bold, I took them for embroidery; and then the head-work, *point de Venice*, I protest!

*Con.* As good Kidderminster as any in England, I must confess: and though the sheets be a little soiled, yet I can assure you, Sir, that many an honest gentleman has lain in them.

*E. W.* Pray, Sir, what did those two Indian pieces cost, that are fixed up in the corner of the room?

*Con.* Indian pieces! What the devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-boots, my militia boots.

*E. W.* I took them for two China jars, upon my word. But hark'e, friend, art thou content that these things should be as they are?

*Con.* Content! ay, Sir.

*E. W.* Why then should I complain?

[*One calls within.*]

*Within.* Mr. Constable, here's a woman will force her way upon us: we can't stop her.

*Const.* Knock her down then, knock her down; let no woman come up, the man's mad enough already.

F

*Enter*



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*Enter Constance.*

*Con.* Who dares oppose me ?

*[Throws him a handful of money.]*

*Const.* Not I truly, Madam. *[Gathering up the money.]*

*E. W.* My Constance ! my guardian-angel here !——  
Then nought can hurt me.

*Const.* Hark'e, Sir, you may suppose the bed to be a damask bed for half an hour, if you please.

*Con.* No, no, Sir, your prisoner must along with me.

*Const.* Ay ! faith, the woman's madder than the man.

*Enter Trueman and Teague.*

*E. W.* Ha ! Trueman too ! I'm proud to think that many a prince has not so many true friends in his palace, as I have here in prison—Two such—

*Tea.* Tree, by my shoul.

*True.* My Lord, just as I heard of your confinement, I was going to make myself a prisoner. Behold the fetters ; I had just bought the wedding-ring.

*Con.* I hope they are golden fetters, Captain.

*True.* They weigh four thousand pound, Madam, besides the purse, which is worth a million. My Lord, this very evening was I to be married ; but the news of your misfortune has stopt me : I would not gather roses in a wet hour.

*E. W.* Come, the weather shall be clear ; the thoughts of your good fortune will make me easy, more than my own can do, if purchased by your disappointment.

*True.* Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the bed of pleasure whilst you lie in a hovel ? Here, where is this Constable ? How dare you do this, insolent rascal ?

*Const.* Insolent rascal ! do you know who you speak to, Sir ?

*True.* Yes, firrah ; don't I call you by your proper name ? How dare you confine a peer of the realm ?

*Const.* Peer of the realm ! you may give good words tho', I hope.

*E. W.* Ay, ay, Mr. Constable is in the right, he did but his duty ; I suppose he had twenty guineas for his pains.

*Const.* No, I had but ten.

*E. W.* Hark'e, Trueman, this fellow must be soothed,  
he'll

he'll be of use to us ; I must employ you too in this affair of my brother.

*True.* Say, no more, my Lord, I'll cut his throat, 'tis but flying the kingdom.

*E. W.* No, no, 'twill be more revenge to worst him at his own weapons. Could I but force him out of his garrison, that I might get into possession, his claim would vanish immediately. Does my brother know you ?

*True.* Very little, if at all.

*E. W.* Hark'e.

[*Whispers.*]

*True.* It shall be done. Look'e, Constable, you're drawn into a wrong cause, and it may prove your destruction, if you don't change sides immediately. We desire no favour but the use of your coat, wig, and staff for half an hour.

*Const.* Why, truly, Sir, I understand now, by this gentlewoman, that I know to be our neighbour, that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his worship's pardon, and if I can do your honour any service your grace may command me.

*E. W.* I'll reward you. But you must have the black patch for the eye too.

*Tea.* I can give your Lordship van ; here set, 'tis a plaister for a fore finger, and I have worn it but twice.

*Con.* But pray, Captain, what was your quarrel at Aurelia to-day.

*True.* With your permission, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's business at present ; when that's done, we'll mind the lady's. My Lord, I shall make an excellent constable ; I never had the honour of a civil employment before : we'll equip ourselves in another place. Here, you prince of darkness, have you never a better room in your house, these iron grates frighten the lady.

*Const.* I have a handsome, neat parlour below, Sir.

*True.* Come along then, you must conduct us.—We don't intend to be out of your sight—that you may not be out of ours. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment.

*Enter Aurelia in a passion, Richmore following.*

*Aur.* Follow me not ; age and deformity, with quiet, were preferable to this vexatious persecution ; for Heaven's

ven's sake, Mr. Richmore, what have I ever shewn to vindicate this presumption of yours?

*Rich.* You shew it now, Madam, your face, your wit, your shape, are all temptations to undergo even the rigour of your disdain, for the bewitching pleasure of your company.

*Aur.* Then be assured, Sir, you shall reap no other benefit from my company; and if you think it a pleasure to be constantly flighted, ridiculed, and affronted, you shall have admittance to such entertainment whenever you will.

*Rich.* I take you at your word, Madam; I am armed with submission against all the attacks of your severity, and your Ladyship shall find, that my resignation can bear much longer than your rigour can inflict.

*Aur.* That is, in plain terms, your sufficiency will presume much longer than my honour can resist. Sir, you might have spared the unmannerly declaration to my face, having already taken care to let me know your opinion of my virtue, by your impudent settlement proposed by Mrs. Midnight.

*Rich.* By those fair eyes, I'll double the proposal; this soft, this white, this powerful hand [*Takes her hand.*] shall write its own conditions.

*Aur.* Then it shall write this—[*Strikes him.*—]—and if you like the terms, you shall have more another time.

[*Exit.*

*Rich.* Death and madness! a blow—Twenty thousand pound sterling for one night's revenge upon her dear, proud, disdainful person! 'Am I rich as many a sovereign prince, wallow in wealth, yet can't command my pleasure? Woman! if there be power in gold, I yet shall triumph o'er thy pride.'

*Enter Midnight.*

*Mid.* O' my troth, and so you shall, if I can help it.

*Rich.* Madam, madam, here, here, here's money, gold, silver, take, take all, all, my rings too; all shall be yours, make me but happy in this presumptuous beauty, I'll make thee rich as avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and myself too.

*Mid.* Your bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

*Rich.*

*Rich.* Too large ! no, 'tis beggary without her—  
Lordships, manors, acres, rents, tithes and trees, all,  
all shall fly for my dear sweet revenge.

*Mid.* Say no more, this night I'll put you in a way.

*Rich.* This night ?

*Mid.* The lady's aunt is very near her time—she goes  
abroad this evening a visiting ; in the mean time I'll  
send to your mistress, that her aunt is fallen in labour at  
my house : she comes in a hurry, and then—

*Rich.* Shall I be there to meet her ?

*Mid.* Perhaps.

*Rich.* In a private room ?

*Mid.* Mum.

*Rich.* No creature to disturb us ?

*Mid.* Mum, I say, but you must give me your word  
not to ravish her ; ' nay, I can tell you she won't be ra-  
'vished.

' *Rich.* Ravish ! Let me see, I'm worth five thousand  
' pound a year, twenty thousand guineas in my pocket,  
' and may not I force a toy that's scarce worth fifteen  
' hundred pound ? I'll do it.

' Her beauty sets my heart on fire, beside

' Th' injurious blow has set on fire my pride ;

' The bare fruition were not worth my pain,

' The joy will be to humble her disdain ;

' Beyond enjoyment will the transport last

' In triumph, when the extasy is past.' [Exeunt:

END of the FOURTH ACT.

## A C T V.

SCENE, *Lord Wou'dbe's House.*

*Enter Young Wou'dbe.*

Young WOU'DBE.

**S**HEW me that proud Stoic that can bear success and  
champaign ; philosophy can support us in hard for-  
tune, but who can have patience in prosperity ? The  
learned may talk what they will of human bodies, but I  
am sure there is not one atom in mine but what is truly

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Epicu-

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Epicurean. My brother is secured, I guarded with my friends, my lewd and honest midnight friends. Holla! who waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord!

*Y. W.* A fresh battalion of bottles to re-inforce the cistern. Are the ladies come?

*Serv.* Half an hour ago, my Lord: They're below in the bathing chamber.

*Y. W.* Where did you light on 'em?

*Serv.* One in the passage at the old play-house, my Lord—I found another very melancholy paring her nails by Rosamond's Pond—and a couple I got at the Chequer alehouse in Holborn; the two last came to town yesterday in a West-country waggon.

*Y. W.* Very well; order Baconface to hasten supper—and d'ye hear, bid the Swiss admit no stranger without acquainting me. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Fortune, I defy thee, this night's my own at least.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, here's the constable below with the black eye, and he wants to speak with your Lordship in all haste.

*Y. W.* Ha! the constable! Should fortune jilt me now?—Bid him come up—I fear some cursed chance to thwart me.

*Enter Trueman in the Constable's cloaths.*

*True.* Ah! my Lord, here is sad news—your brother is——

*Y. W.* Got away, made his escape, I warrant you.

*True.* Worse, worse, my Lord.

*Y. W.* Worse, worse! What can be worse?

*True.* I dare not speak it.

*Y. W.* Death and hell, fellow, don't distract me.

*True.* He's dead.

*Y. W.* Dead!

*True.* Positively.

*Y. W.* *Coup de grace, ciel gramercy.*

*True.* Villain, I understand you.

[*Afide.*

*Y. W.* But how, how, Mr. Constable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the relation.

*True.*

*True.* I don't know how, the poor gentleman was very melancholy upon his confinement, and so he desired me to send for a gentlewoman that lives hard by here, may-hap your worship may know her.

*T. W.* At the gilt balcony in the square?

*True.* The very same, a smart woman truly. I went for her myself, but she was otherways engaged; not she truly, she would not come. Would you believe it, my Lord, at the hearing of this the poor man was like to drop down dead.

*T. W.* Then he was but likely to drop down dead?

*True.* Would it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two hours after, I found him hanged in his sword-belt.

*T. W.* Hanged!

*True.* Dangling.

*T. W.* *Le coup d' eclat*! Done like the noblest Roman of them all. But are you sure he's past all recovery? Did you send for no surgeon to bleed him?

*True.* No, my Lord, I forgot that—but I'll send immediately.

*T. W.* No, no, Mr. Constable, 'tis too late now, too late.—And the lady would not come you say?

*True.* Not a step would she stir.

*T. W.* Inhuman! barbarous!—dear, delicious woman, thou now art mine. Where is the body, Mr. Constable? I must see it.

*True.* By all means, my Lord, it lies in my parlour; there's a power of company come in, and among the rest one—one—one Trueman, I think they call him, a devilish hot fellow, he had liked to have pulled the house down about our ears, and swears—I told him he should pay for swearing—he gave me a slap in the face, said he was in the army, and had a commission for't.

*T. W.* Captain Trueman! A blustering kind of rake-helly officer.

*True.* Ay, my Lord, one of those scoundrels that we pay wages to for being knocked o'th' head for us.

*T. W.* Ay, ay, one of those fools that have only brains to be knocked out.

*True.* Son of a whore! [*Aside.*] He's a plaguy impudent

dent fellow, my Lord; he swore that you were the greatest villain upon the earth.

*Y. W.* Ay, ay, but he durst not say that to my face, Mr. Constable.

*True.* No, no, hang him, he said it behind your back to be sure—and he swore moreover—Have a care, my Lord—he swore that he would cut your throat whenever he met you.

*Y. W.* Will you swear that you heard him say so?

*True.* Heard him! ay, as plainly as you hear me. He spoke the very words that I speak to your Lordship.

*Y. W.* Well, well, I'll manage him. But now I think on't, I wot go to see the body; it will but encrease my grief. Mr. Constable, do you send for the coroner; they must find him *non compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here—something for your trouble.

[*Gives money.*]

*True.* Thank your honour. But pray, my Lord, have a care of that Trueman; he swears that he will cut your throat, and he will do't, my Lord, he'll do't.

*Y. W.* Never fear, never fear.

*True.* But he swore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a care.

[*Exit*]

*Y. W.* Well, well—so—the devil's in't if I ben't the eldest now. What a pack of civil relations have I had here! My father takes a fit of the apoplexy, makes a face and goes off one way; my brother takes a fit of the spleen, makes a face and goes off t'other way. Well, I must own he has found the way to mollify me, and I do love him now with all my heart; since he was so very civil to juggle into the world before me, I think he did very civilly to juggle out of it before me. But now my joys! Without there—hollo—take off the inquisition of the gate; the heir may now enter unsuspected.

The wolf is dead, the shepherds may go play;

Ease follows care, so rolls the world away.

'Tis a question whether adversity or prosperity makes the most poets.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My Lord, a footman brought this letter, and waits for an answer.

*Y. W.*

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*T. W.* Nothing from the Elysian fields, I hope, [*Opening the letter.*] What do I see, Constance ! Spells and magic in every letter of the name—Now for the sweet contents.

“ My Lord,

I am pleased to hear of your happy change of fortune, and shall be glad to see your Lordship this evening to wish you joy.

CONSTANCE.”

Now the devil’s in this Midnight ; she told me this afternoon that the wind was chopping about, and has it got into the warm corner already ? Here, my coach and six to the door : I’ll visit my sultana in state. As for the seraglio below stairs, you, my bashaws, may possess them. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter Teague with a lanthorn, Trueman in the Constable’s habit following.*

*True.* Blockhead, thou hast led us out of the way ; we have certainly past the Constable’s house.

*Tea.* By my shoul, dear joy, I am never out of my ways ; for poor Teague has been a vanderer ever since he was born.

*True.* Hold up the lanthorn : what sign is that ? The St. Alban’s tavern ! Why, you blundering fool, you have led me directly to St. James’s-square, when you should have gone towards Soho. [*Shrieking within.*] Hark ! what noise is that over the way ? a woman’s cry !

*Tea.* Fet it ish——shome damsel in distress I believe, that has no mind to be relieved.

*True.* I’ll use the priviledge of my office to know what the matter is.

*Tea.* Hold, hold, maishter Captain, by my fet, dat ish not the way home.

*Within.* Help, help, murder ! Help.

*True.* Ha ! Here must be mischief. Within there, open the door in the king’s name, or I force it open.—Here, Teague, break open the door.

[*Teague takes the staff and thumps at the door.*

*Tea.*



*Tea.* Deel take him, I have knocked so long as I am able. Arah, maishter, get a great long ladder to get in the window of the first room, and sho open the door, and let in yourself.

*Within.* Help, help, help !

*True.* Knock harder, let's raise the mob.

*Tea.* O, maishter, I have think just now of a brave invention to make dem come out ; and by St. Patrick, dat very bushness did make my nown shelf and my fader run like the devil out of my nown hoose in my country—by my shoule, fet the hoose afire.

*Enter the Mob.*

*Mob.* What's the matter, master Constable ?

*True.* Gentlemen, I command your assistance in the king's name, to break into the house: there is murder cried within.

*Mob.* Ay, ay, break open the door.

*[Midnight at the Balcony.]*

*Mid.* What noise is that below ?

*Tea.* Arah, vat noise ish dat above ?

*Mid.* Only a poor gentlewoman in labour ; 'twill be over presently. Here, Mr. Constable, there's something for you to drink.

*[Throws down a purse, Teague takes it up.]*

*Tea.* Come, maishter, we have no more to shay, by my shoule. *[Going.]* Arah, if you will play the constable right now, fet you will come away.

*True.* No, no ; there must be villainy by this bribe. Who lives in this house ?

*Mob.* A midwife, a midwife : 'tis none of our business ; let us be gone.

*[Aurelia at the window.]*

*Aur.* Gentlemen, dear gentlemen, help ! a rape, a rape, villainy.

*True.* Ha ! that voice I know. Give me the staff ; I'll make a breach, I warrant you.

*[Breaks open the door, and all go in.]*

SCENE changes to the inside of the House.

*Re-enter Trueman and Mob.*

*True.* Gentlemen, search all about the house ; let not a soul escape.

*Enter*

*Enter Aurelia running, with her hair about her ears, and out of breath.*

*Aur.* Dear Mr. Constable,——had you——staid but a moment longer, I had been ruined.

*True.* Aurelia!—Are you safe, Madam?

*Aur.* Yes, yes; I am safe——‘I think’——but with enough to do: ‘he’s a devilish strong fellow.’

*True.* Where is the villain that attempted it?

*Aur.* Pshaw,——never mind the villain; look out the woman of the house, the devil, the monster, that decoyed me hither.

*Enter Teague, baling in Midnight by the hair.*

*Tea.* By my shoule, I have taken my share of the plunder. Let me seee sat I have gotten—[*Takes her to the light.*] Ububboo, a witch, a witch! the very saam witch dat would swaar my maister was the youngest.

*True.* How! Midnight! This was the luckiest disguise—Come, my dear Proserpine, I’ll take care of you.

*Mid.* Pray, Sir, let me speak to you.

*True.* No, no; I’ll talk with you before a magistrate. A cart, Bridewell; you understand me. Teague, let her be your prisoner, I’ll wait on this lady.

*Aur.* Mr. Constable, I’ll reward you.

*Tea.* It ish convenient noo, by the law of armsh, that I search my prisoner, for fear she may have some pocket-pishtols: dere is a joke for you. [*Searches her pocket.*]

*Mid.* Ah, don’t use an old woman so barbarouly.

*Tea.* Dear joy, den fy vere you an old woman? Dat is your salt, not mine, joy! Uboo, here ish nothing but scribble scrabble papers, I think.

[*Pulls out a handful of letters.*]

*True.* Let me see them; they may be of use. [*Looks over the letters.*] “For Mr. Richmore”——Ah! does he traffic hereabouts?

*Aur.* That is the villain that would have abused me.

*True.* Ha! then he has abused you; villain indeed? Was his name Richmore, Mistress? a lussy handsome man?

*Aur.* Ay, ay, the very same; a ‘lussy,’ ugly fellow.

*True.* Let me see—whose scrawl is this? [*Opens the letter.*] Death and confusion ‘to my sight;’ Clelia! My bride!

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bride!—His whore.—I've past a precipice unseen, which to look back upon shivers me with terror. This night, this very moment, had not my friend been in confinement, had not I worn this dress, had not Aurelia been in danger, had not Teague found this letter, had the least minutest circumstance been omitted, what a monster had I been! Mistress, is this same Richmore in the house still, think'e?

*Aur.* 'Tis very probable he may.

*True.* Very well.—Teague, take these ladies over to the tavern, and stay there till I come to you. Madam, [*To Aurelia.*] fear no injury, your friends are near you.

*Aur.* What does he mean?

*Tea.* Come, dear joy, I vil give you a pot of wine, out of your own briberies here. [*Hales out Midnight.*

[*Exeunt Aurelia and Mob.*

.. *Euter Richmore.*

*Rich.* Since my money won't prevail on this cross fellow, I'll try what my authority can do——What's the meaning of this riot, Constable? I have the commission of the peace, and can command you. Go about your business, and leave your prisoners with me.

*True.* No, Sir; the prisoners shall go about their business, and I'll be left with you. Look'e, master, we don't use to make up these matters before company: so you and I must be in private a little. You say, Sir, that you are a justice of peace.

*Rich.* Yes, Sir; 'I have my commission in my pocket.'

*True.* I believe it. Now, Sir, one good turn deserves another: and if you will promise to do me a kindness, why, you shall have as good as you bring.

*Rich.* What is it?

*True.* You must know, Sir, there is a neighbour's daughter that I had a woundy kindness for: she had a very good repute all over the parish, and might have married very handsomely, that I must say; but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I swore, that I must say, I did swear confoundedly, that I would marry her: but, I don't know how, I never cared for marrying of her since.

*Rich.* How so?

*True.*

*True.* Why, because I did my business without it: that was the best way, I thought. The truth is, she has some foolish reasons to say she's with child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a warrant, and brought before a justice of peace. Now, Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your worship will bring me off.

*Rich.* Look'e, Sir, if the woman prove with child, and you swore to marry her, you must do't.

*True.* Ay, master; but I'm for liberty and property. I vote for parliament-men: I pay taxes, and truly I don't think matrimony consistent with the liberty of the subject.

*Rich.* But in this case, Sir, both law and justice will oblige you.

*True.* Why, if it be the law of the land—I found a letter here—I think it is for your worship.

*Rich.* Ay, Sir; how came you by it?

*True.* By a very strange accident truly—*Clelia*—she says here you swore to marry her. Eh!—Now, Sir, I suppose, that what is law for a petty constable, may be law for a justice of peace.

*Rich.* This is the oddest fellow—

*True.* Here was the other lady that cried out so—I warrant now, if I were brought before you for ravishing a woman—the gallows would ravish me for't.

*Rich.* But I did not ravish her.

*True.* That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be sure of that. *[Aside.]*

*Rich.* I don't like this fellow. Come, Sir, give me my letter, and go about your business; I have no more to say to you.

*True.* But I have something to say to you.

*[Coming up to him.]*

*Rich.* What?

*True.* Dog.

*[Strikes him.]*

*Rich.* Ha! struck by a peasant! *[Draws.]* Slave, thy death is certain. *[Runs at Trueman.]*

*True.* O brave Don John! rape and murder in one night. *[Disarms him.]*

*Rich.* Rascal, return my sword, and acquit your prisoners, else will I prosecute thee to beggary. I'll give some

some petty-fogger a thousand pounds to starve thee and thy family according to law.

*True.* I'll lay you a thousand pound you won't.

[*Discovering himself.*]

*Rich.* Ghosts and apparitions! Trueman!

*True.* Words are needless to upbraid you; my very looks are sufficient; and if you have the least sense of shame, this sword would be less painful in your heart, than my appearance is in your eye.

*Rich.* Truth, by heavens.

*True.* Think on the contents of this; [*Shewing a letter.*] think next on me; reflect upon your villainy to Aurelia, then view thyself.

*Rich.* Trueman, canst thou forgive me?

*True.* Forgive thee! [*A long pause.*] Do one thing, and I will.

*Rich.* Any thing—I'll beg thy pardon.

*True.* The blow excuses that.

*Rich.* I'll give thee half my estate.

*True.* Mercenary.

*Rich.* I'll make thee my sole heir.

*True.* I despise it.

*Rich.* What shall I do?

*True.* You shall——marry Clelia.

*Rich.* How! that's too hard.

*True.* Too hard! Why was it then imposed on me? If you marry her yourself, I shall believe you intended me no injury: so your behaviour will be justified, my resentment appeased, and the lady's honour repaired.

*Rich.* 'Tis infamous.

*True.* No, by heavens, 'tis justice, and what is just is honourable: if promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman? Their very weakness is the charter of their power, and they should not be injured, because they can't return it.

*Rich.* Return my sword.

*True.* In my hand 'tis the sword of justice, and I should not part with it.

*Rich.* Then sheath it here, I'll die before I consent so basely.

*True.* Consider, Sir, the sword is worn for a distinguishing mark of honour——Promise me one, and receive the other.

*Rich.* I'll promise nothing, till I have that in my power.

*True.* Take it. *[Throws him his sword.]*

*Rich.* I scorn to be compelled even to justice: and now that I may resist, I yield. Trueman, I have injured thee, and Clelia I have severely wronged.

*Rich.* Wronged indeed, Sir—and to aggravate the crime, the fair afflicted loves you. Marked you with what confusion she received me? She wept, the injured innocence wept, and with a strange reluctance gave consent; her moving softness pierced my heart, tho' I mistook the cause.

*Rich.* Your youthful virtue warms my breast, and melts it into tenderness.

*True.* Indulge it, Sir; justice is noble in any form; think of the joys and raptures will possess her, when she finds you instead of me: you, the dear disssembler, the man she loves, the man she gave for lost, to find him true, returned, and in her arms.

*Rich.* No new possession can give equal joy.—It shall be done, the priest that waits for you shall tie the knot this moment; in the morning I'll expect you'll give me joy. *[Exit.]*

*True.* So, is not this better now than cutting of throats? I have got my revenge, and the lady will have hers without bloodshed. *[Exit.]*

SCENE changes to an Apartment.

*Enter Constance and Servant.*

*Serv.* He's just a coming up, Madam.

*Con.* My civility to this man will be as great a constraint upon me, as rudeness would be to his brother; but I must bear it a little, because our designs require it.

*Enter Young Wou'dbe.*

His appearance shocks me. My Lord, I wish you joy.

*Y. W.* Madam, 'tis only in your power to give it; and would you honour me with a title to be really proud of, it should be that of your humblest servant.

*Con.* I never admitted any body to the title of an humble servant, that I did not intend should command me; if your Lordship will bear with the slavery, you

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shall

shall begin when you please, provided you take upon you the authority when I have a mind.

*T. W.* Our sex, Madam, make much better lovers than husbands; and I think it highly unreasonable, that you should put yourself in my power, when you can so absolutely keep me in yours.

*Con.* No, my Lord, we never truly command till we have given our promise to obey; and we are never in more danger of being made slaves, than when we have them at our feet.

*T. W.* True, Madam, the greatest empires are in most danger of falling; but it is better to be absolute there, than to act by a prerogative that is confined.

*Con.* Well, well, my Lord, I like the constitution we live under; I'm for a limited power, or none at all.

*T. W.* 'You have so much the heart of the subject, Madam, that you may rule as you please; but you have weak pretences to a limited sway, where your eyes have already played the tyrant.' I think one privilege of the people is to kiss their sovereign's hand.

[*Taking her band.*]

*Con.* Not till they have taken the oaths, my Lord; and he that refuses them in the form the law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a rebel.

*T. W.* By shrines and altars, [*Kneeling.*] by all that you think just, and I hold good, by this, [*Taking her band.*] the fairest, and the dearest vow—

[*Kissing her band.*]

*Con.* Fie, my Lord.

[*Seemingly yielding.*]

*T. W.* Your eyes are mine, they bring me tidings from your heart, that this night I shall be happy.

*Con.* Would not you despise a conquest so easily gained?

*T. W.* Yours will be the conquest, and I shall despise all the world but you.

*Con.* But will you promise to make no attempts upon my honour?

*T. W.* That's foolish. [*Aside.*] Not angels sent on messages to earth, shall visit with more innocence.

*Con.* Ay, ay, to be sure. [*Aside.*] My, Lord, I'll send one to conduct you.

[*Exit.*  
*T. W.*]

*T. W.* Ha, ha, ha!—no attempts upon her honour! When I can find the place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my mind. Now do I feel ten thousand Cupids tickling me all over with the points of their arrows. Where's my deformity now? I have read somewhere these lines:

Tho' nature cast me in a rugged mould,  
Since fate has chang'd the bullion into gold;  
Cupid returns, breaks all his shafts of lead,  
And tips each arrow with a golden head.  
Feather'd with tulle, the gay lordly dart  
Flies proudly on, whilst every virgin's heart  
Swells with ambition to receive the smart.

*Enter Elder Wou'dbe behind him.*

*E. W.* Thus to adorn dramatic story,  
Stage hero struts in borrow'd glory,  
Proud and august as ever man saw,  
And ends his empire in a stanza.

*[Slaps him on the shoulder.]*

*T. W.* Ha! my brother!

*E. W.* No, perfidious man; all kindred and relation I disown: the poor attempts upon my fortune I could pardon, but the base designs upon my love, I can never forgive—my honour, birthright, riches, all I could more freely spare, than the least thought of thy prevailing here.

*T. W.* How! my hopes deceived? Curled be the fair delusions of her sex!—Whilst only man opposed my cunning, I stood secure; but soon as woman interposed, luck changed hands, and the devil was immediately on her side. Well, Sir, much good may do you with your mistress, and may you love and live, and starve together.

*[Going.]*

*E. W.* Hold, Sir, I was lately your prisoner, now you are mine; when the ejectment is executed, you shall be at liberty.

*T. W.* Ejectment!

*E. W.* Yes, Sir; by this time, I hope, my friends have purged my father's house of that debauched and riotous swarm that you had hived together.

*T. W.* Confusion! Sir, let me pass; I am the elder, and will be obeyed.

*[Draws.]*  
*E. W.*



*E. W.* Darest thou dispute the eldership so nobly?

*Y. W.* I dare, and will, to the last drop of my inveterate blood. [*They fight.*]

*Enter Trueman and Teague. Trueman strikes down their swords.*

*True.* Hold, hold! my Lord, I have brought those shall soon decide the controversy.

*Y. W.* If I mistake not, this is the villain that decoyed me abroad.

[*Runs at Trueman, Teague catches his arm behind, and takes away his sword.*]

*Tea.* Ay, by my shoule, this ish the best guard upon the rules of fighting, to catch a man behind his back.

*True.* My Lord, a word. [*Whispers E. W.*] Now, gentlemen, please to hear this venerable lady.

[*Goes to the door and brings in Midnight.*]

*E. W.* Midnight in custody!

*Tea.* In my custhody, fet,

*True.* Now, Madam, you know what punishment is destined for the injury offered to Aurelia, if you don't immediately confess the truth.

*Mid.* Then I must own (Heaven forgive me) [*Weeps.*] I must own, that Hermes, as he was still esteemed, so he is the first-born.

*Tea.* A very honest woman, by my shoule.

*Y. W.* That confession is extorted by fear, and therefore of no force.

*True.* Ay, Sir, but here is your letter to her, with the ink scarce dry, where you repeat your offer of five hundred pounds a year to swear in your behalf.

*Tea.* Dat was Teague's finding out, and I believe St. Patrick put it in my thoughts to pick her pockets.

*Enter Constance and Aurelia.*

*Con.* I hope, Mr. Wou'dbe, you will make no attempts upon my person.

*Y. W.* Damn your person.

*E. W.* But pray, Madam, where have you been all this evening? [*To Aurelia.*]

*Aur.* Very busy, I can assure you, Sir. Here's an honest conitable that I could find in my heart to marry, had

had the greasy rogue but one drop of genteel blood in his veins ; ' what's become of him ?' [*Looking about.*

*Con.* Bless me, cousin, marry a constable !

*Aur.* Why, truly, Madam, if that constable had not come in a very critical minute, by this time I had been glad to marry any body.

*True.* I take you at your word, Madam, you shall marry him this moment ; and if you don't ~~say that~~ I have genteel blood in my veins by to-morrow morning—

*Aur.* And was it you, Sir ?

*True.* Look'e, Madam, don't be ashamed ; I found you a little in the *disbaille*, that's the truth on't, but you made a brave defence.

*Aur.* I am obliged to you ; and though you were a little whimsical to-day, this late adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a gentleman by ill usage ; therefore, if my Lord and this lady will shew us a good example, I think we must follow our leaders, Captain.

*Con.* My Lord, there was taken among your brother's jovial crew, his friend Subtleman, whom we have taken care to secure.

*E. W.* For him the pillory ; for you, Madam——

[*To Midnight.*

*Tea.* By my shoule, she shall be married to maister Fuller.

*E. W.* For you, brother——

*T. W.* Poverty and contempt——

To which I yield as to a milder fate,  
Than obligations from the man I hate.

[*Exit.*

*E. W.* Then take thy wish——And now, I hope, all parties have received their due rewards and punishments.

*Tea.* But what will you do for poor Teague, maister ?

*E. W.* What shall I do for thee ?

*Tea.* Arah, make me a justice of peash, dear joy.

*E. W.* Justice of peace ! thou art not qualified, man.

*Tea.* Yes, fet am I—I can take the oats, and write my mark—I can be an honest man myself, and keep a great rogue for my clerk.

*E. W.*

86 THE TWIN RIVALS.

*E. W.* Well, well, you shall be taken care of. And now, Captain, we set out for happiness——

Let none despair whate'er their fortunes be,  
Fortune must yield, would men but act like me.  
Chuse a brave friend as partner of your breast,  
Be active when your right is in contest;  
Be true to love, and fate will do the rest.

}  
[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIFTH ACT.



EPI.

# E P I L O G U E.

**O**UR poet open'd with a loud warlike blast,  
 But now weak woman is his safest cast,  
 To bring him off with quarter at the last :  
 Not that he's vain to think, that I can say,  
 Or he can write fine things to help the play.  
 The various scenes have drain'd his strength and art ;  
 And I, you know, had a hard struggling part :  
 But then he brought me off with life and limb ;  
 Ah ! would that I could do as much for him——  
 Stay, let me think——your favours to excite,  
 I still must act the part I play'd to-night.  
 For whatsoe'er may be your shy pretence,  
 You like those best that make the best defence :  
 But this is needless——'Tis in vain to crave it,  
 If you have damn'd the play, no power can save it ;  
 Not all the wits of Athens, and of Rome ;  
 Not Shakspeare, Johnson, could revoke its doom :  
 Nay, what is more——if once your anger rouses,  
 Not all the courted beauties of both houses.  
 He would have ended here,---but I thought meet,  
 To tell him there was left one safe retreat,  
 Protection sacred at the ladies feet.  
 To that he answer'd, in submissive strain,  
 He paid all homage to this female reign,  
 And therefore turn'd his satyr 'gainst the men.  
 From your great queen, this sovereign right ye draw,  
 To keep the wits, as she the world, in awe.  
 To her bright sceptre, your bright eyes they bow ;  
 Such awful splendor fits on every brow,  
 All scandal on the sex were treason now.  
 The play can tell with what poetic care,  
 He labour'd to redress the injur'd fair,  
 And if you won't protect, the man will damn him there.  
 Then save the muse that flies to you for aid ;  
 Perhaps my poor request may some persuade,  
 Because it is the first I ever made.





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Roberts del.

Published for Balls British Theatre Nov. 11. 1777.

Thornthwaite Scul.

**M<sup>rs</sup>. ABINGTON** in the Character of **M<sup>rs</sup>. PINCHWIFE.**

*May, I will go abroad, that's once.*

BELL'S EDITION.

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THE  
COUNTRY WIFE.

A COMEDY,

As written by WYCHERLEY.

AND PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Dury-Lane.

*Indignor quidquam reprobendi, non quia crasse,  
Compositum illepidèe putetur, sed quia nuper:  
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.*—HORAT.



LONDON:

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MDCCLXXVII.



## P R O L O G U E.

1 57

**P**OETS, like cudgell'd bullies, never do  
 At first or second blow submit to you ;  
 But will provoke you still, and ne'er have done,  
 Till you are weary first with laying on.  
 The late so baffled scribbler of this day,  
 Though he stands trembling, bids me boldly say,  
 What we before most plays are us'd to do,  
 For poets, out of fear, first draw on you ;  
 In a fierce prologue, the still pit defy,  
 And e'er you speak, like Kasril, give the lie ;  
 But though our Bayes's battles oft I've fought,  
 And with bruis'd knuckles their dear conquests bought ;  
 Nay, never yet fear'd odds upon the stage,  
 In prologue dare not bestor with the age ;  
 But would take quarter from your saving hands,  
 Though Bayes within, all yielding, countermands,  
 Says, you confed'rate wits no quarter give,  
 Therefore his play shan't ask your leave to live :  
 Well, let the vain rash fop, by buffing so,  
 Think to obtain the better terms of you :  
 But we, the actors, humbly will submit,  
 Now, and at any time, to a full pit ;  
 Nay, often we anticipate your rage,  
 And murder poets for you on our stage :  
 We set no guards upon our tiring-room,  
 But when with flying colours there you come,  
 We patiently, you see, give up to you,  
 Our poets, virgins, nay, our matrons too.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## MEN.

*Drury-Lane*

<i>Horner.</i>			
<i>Harcourt,</i>	—	—	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Dorilant.</i>			
<i>Pinchwife,</i>	—	—	Mr. King.
<i>Sparkish,</i>	—	—	Mr. Dodd.
<i>Sir Jasper Fidget.</i>			

## WOMEN.

<i>Margery Pinchwife,</i>	—	Mrs. Abington.
<i>Alithea,</i>	—	Mrs. Greville.
<i>Lady Fidget.</i>		
<i>Mrs. Dainty Fidget.</i>		
<i>Mrs. Squeamish.</i>		
<i>Lady Squeamish.</i>		
<i>A Boy.</i>		
<i>A Quack.</i>		
<i>Lucy, Alithea's maid,</i>	—	Miss Pope.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

# THE COUNTRY WIFE.

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## ACT I.

*Enter Horner, and Quack following him at a distance.*

HORNER.

**A** Quack is as fit for a pimp, as a midwife for a bawd ; they are still but in their way, both helpers of nature. [*Aside.*] Well, my dear Doctor, hast thou done what I desired ?

*Quack.* I have undone you for ever with the women, and reported you throughout the whole town as bad as an eunuch, with as much trouble as if I had made you one in earnest.

*Horn.* But have you told all the midwives you know, the orange wenches at the play-houses, the city husbands, and old fumbling keepers of this end of the town ; for they'll be the readiest to report it.

*Quack.* I have told all the chamber-maids, waiting-women, tire-women, and old women of my acquaintance ; nay, and whispered it as a secret to them, and to the whisperers of Whitehall ; so that you need not doubt 'twill spread, and you will be as odious to the handsome young women, as —

*Horn.* As the small pox — Well —

*Quack.* And to the married women of this end of the town, as —

*Horn.* As the great ones ; nay, as their own husbands.

*Quack.* And to the city dames, as Anniseed Robin ; of filthy and contemptible memory ; and they will frighten their children with your name, especially their females.

*Horn.* And cry, Horner's coming to carry you away. I am only afraid, 'twill not be believed : you told them

A 3

it

## 6 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

it was by an English-French disaster, and an English-French chirurgeon, who has given me at once, not only a cure, but an antidote for the future against that damned malady, and that worse distemper, love, and all other women's evils.

*Quack.* Your late journey into France has made it the more credible, and your being here a fortnight before you appeared in public, looks as if you apprehended the shame, which I wonder you do not. Well, I have been hired by young gallants to belie them t'other way; but you are the first would be thought a man unfit for women.

*Horn.* Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain rogues be contented only to be thought abler men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleasure they have; but mine lies another way.

*Quack.* You take, methinks, a very preposterous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we operators in phyfic should put forth bills to disparage our medicaments, with hopes to gain customers.

*Horn.* Doctor, there are quacks in love as well as phyfic, who get but the fewer and worse patients, for their boasting; a good name is seldom got by giving it one's self, and women no more than honour are compassed by bragging. Come, come, Doctor, the wisest lawyer never discovers the merits of his cause till the trial; the wealthiest man conceals his riches, and the cunning gamester his play. Shy husbands and keepers, like old rooks, are not to be cheated, but by a new unpractised trick: false friendship will now no more than false dice upon them; no, not in the city.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* There are two ladies and a gentleman coming up.

*Horn.* A pox, some unbelieving sisters of my former acquaintance, who, I am afraid, expect their sense should be satisfied of the falsity of the report. No—this formal fool and women!

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget, Lady Fidget, and Mrs. Dainty Fidget.*

*Quack.* His wife and sister.

*Sir jasp.* My coach breaking just now before your door, Sir, I look upon as an occasional reprimand to me, Sir, for not kissing your hands, Sir, since your coming out of France,

## THE COUNTRY WIFE.

France, Sir; and so my disaster, Sir, has been my good fortune, Sir; and this is my wife and sister, Sir.

*Horn.* What then, Sir?

*Sir Jasp.* My Lady, and sister, Sir.—Wife, this is Master Horner.

*Lady Fidg.* Master Horner, husband!

*Sir Jasp.* My Lady, my Lady Fidget, Sir.

*Horn.* So, Sir.

*Sir Jasp.* Won't you be acquainted with her, Sir? So, the report is true, I find, by his coldness or aversion to the sex; but I'll play the wag with him. [*Aside.*] Pray, salute my wife, my Lady, Sir.

*Horn.* I will kiss no man's wife, Sir, for him, Sir; I have taken my eternal leave, Sir, of the sex already, Sir.

*Sir Jasp.* Ha, ha, ha; I'll plague him yet. [*Aside.*] Not know my wife, Sir!

*Horn.* I do know your wife, Sir, she's a woman, Sir, and consequently a monster, Sir, a greater monster than a husband, Sir.

*Sir Jasp.* A husband! how, Sir?

*Horn.* So, Sir; but I make no more cuckold, Sir.

[*Makes horns.*]

*Sir Jasp.* Ha, ha, ha, Mercury, Mercury.

*Lady Fidg.* Pray, Sir Jasper, let us begone from this rude fellow.

*Dain.* Who, by his breeding, would think he had ever been in France?

*Lady Fidg.* Foh, he's but too much a French fellow, such as hate women of quality and virtue, for their love to their husbands. Sir Jasper, a woman is hated by them as much for loving her husband, as for loving their money. But pray let's begone.

*Horn.* You do well, Madam; for I have nothing that you came for: I have brought over not so much as a bawdy picture, new postures, nor the second part of the *école des filles*; nor——

*Quack.* Hold, for shame, Sir! what d'ye mean? you'll ruin yourself for ever with the sex. [*Apart to Horner.*]

*Sir Jasp.* Hah, ha, hah, he hates women perfectly, I find.

*Dain.* What pity 'tis he should.

*Lady Fidg.* Ay, he's a base rude fellow for't: but affectation



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fectionation makes not a woman more odious to them than virtue.

*Horn.* Because your virtue is your greatest affectation, Madam.

*Lady Fidg.* How ! you saucy fellow, would you wrong my honour ?

*Horn.* If I could:

*Lady Fidg.* How d'ye mean, Sir ?

*Sir Jasp.* Hah, hah, hah ; no, he can't wrong your Ladyship's honour, upon my honour. He ! poor man—hark you in your hear—a mere eunuch.

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, filthy French beast, foh, foh ; why do we stay ? Let's begone ; I can't endure the sight of him.

*Sir Jasp.* Stay but till the chairs come ; they'll be here presently.

*Lady Fidg.* No, no.

*Sir Jasp.* Nor can I stay longer : 'tis—let me see, a quarter and half quarter of a minute past eleven. The council will be set ; I must away : business must be preferred always before love and ceremony with the wife, Mr. Horner.

*Horn.* And the impotent, Sir Jasper.

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, the impotent, Master Horner, hah, hah, hah.

*Lady Fidg.* What, leave us with a filthy man alone in his lodgings ?

*Sir Jasp.* He's an innocent man now, you know. Pray, stay ; I'll hasten the chairs to you—Mr. Horner, your servant ; I should be glad to see you at my house. Pray come and dine with me, and play at cards with my wife after dinner : you are fit for women at that game yet, hah, hah.—'Tis as much a husband's prudence to provide innocent diversions for a wife, as to hinder her unlawful pleasures ; and he had better employ her, than let her employ herself. [*Aside.*] Farewel. [*Exit Sir Jasper.*]

*Horn.* Your servant, Sir Jasper.

*Lady Fidg.* I will not stay with him, foh—

*Horn.* Nay, Madam, I beseech you stay, if it be but to see I can be as civil to ladies yet as they would desire.

*Lady Fidg.* No, no, foh, you cannot be civil to ladies.

*Dain.* You as civil ladies would desire ?

*Lady*

## THE COUNTRY WIFE.

*Lady Fidge.* No, no, no, foh, foh, foh !

[*Exeunt Lady Fidget and Dainty.*]

*Quack.* Now, I think, I, or yourself rather, have done your business with the women.

*Horn.* Thou art an ass. Don't you see already, upon the report and my carriage, this grave man of business leaves his wife in my lodgings, invites me to his house and wife, who before would not be acquainted with me out of jealousy.

*Quack.* Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the husbands, but the less with the wives.

*Horn.* Let me alone ; if I can but abuse the husbands, I'll soon disabuse the wives. Stay—I'll reckon you up the advantages I am like to have by my stratagem : first, I shall be rid of all my old acquaintances, the most insatiable sort of duns, that invade our lodgings in a morning ; and next to the pleasure of making a new mistress, is that of being rid of an old one ; and of all old debts, love, when it comes to be so, is paid the most unwillingly.

*Quack.* Well, you may be so rid of your old acquaintances ; but how will you get any new ones ?

*Horn.* Doctor, thou wilt never make a good chymist, thou art so incredulous and impatient. Ask but all the young fellows of the town, if they do not lose more time, like huntsmen, in starting the game, than in running it down : one knows not where to find them ; who will or who will not. Women of quality are so civil, you can hardly distinguish love from good breeding, and a man is often mistaken. But now I can be sure, she that shews an aversion to me, loves the sport, as those women that are gone, whom I warrant to be right. And then the next thing is, your women of honour, as you call them, are only chary of their reputations, not their persons ; and 'tis scandal they would avoid, not men. Now may I have by the reputation of an eunuch the privileges of one, and be seen in a lady's chamber in a morning as early as her husband, kiss virgins before their parents or lovers ; and may be, in short, the *passé-par-tout* of the town. Now, Doctor——

*Quack.* Nay, now you shall be the Doctor ; and your process is so new, that we do not know but it may succeed.

*Horn.* Not so new neither ? *Probatum est*, Doctor.

*Quack.*

*Quack.* Well, I wish you luck, and many patients, whilst I go to mine. [Exit *Quack.*

*Enter Harcourt and Dorilant.*

*Harc.* Come, your appearance at the play yesterday, has, I hope, hardened you for the future against the women's contempt, and the men's raillery; and now you'll abroad as you were wont.

*Horn.* Did I not bear it bravely?

*Dor.* With a most theatrical impudence; nay, more than the orange-wenchess shew there, or a drunken vizard-masque, or a great-bellied actress; nay, or the most impudent of creatures, an ill poet; or, what is yet more impudent, a second-hand critic.

*Horn.* But what say the ladies? Have they no pity?

*Harc.* What ladies? The vizard-masques, you know, never pity a man when all's gone, tho' in their service.

*Dor.* And for the women in the boxes, you'd never pity them when 'twas in your power.

*Harc.* They say, 'tis pity but all that deal with common women should be served so.

*Dor.* Nay, I dare swear, they won't admit you to play at cards with them, go to plays with them, or do the little duties which the other shadows of men are wont to do for them.

*Horn.* Who do you call shadows of men?

*Dor.* Half-men.

*Horn.* What, boys?

*Dor.* Ay, your old boys, old *beaux garçons*, who, like superannuated stallions, are suffered to run, feed, and whinny with the mares as long as they live, tho' they can do nothing else.

*Horn.* Well, a pox on love and wenching. Women serve but to keep a man from better company. Tho' I can't enjoy them, I shall you the more. Good fellowship and friendship are lasting, rational, and manly pleasures.

*Harc.* For all that, give me some of those pleasures you call effeminate too; they help to relish one another.

*Horn.* They disturb one another.

*Harc.* No, mistresses are like books; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for company; but if used discreetly, you are the fitter for conversation by them.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* A mistress should be like a little country retreat near the town; not to dwell in constantly, but only for a night and away, to taste the town the better when a man returns.

*Horn.* I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of women, as 'tis to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of money. You cannot follow both; then chuse your side. Wine gives you liberty, love takes it away.

*Dor.* Gad, he's in the right on't.

*Horn.* Wine gives you joy; Love, grief and tortures; besides surgeons; wine makes us witty, love only fots; wine makes us sleep, love breaks it.

*Dor.* By the world, he has reason, Harcourt.

*Horn.* Wine makes——

*Dor.* Ay, wine makes us——makes us princes, love makes us beggars, poor rogues, 'egad——and wine——

*Horn.* So, there's one converted. No, no, love and wine, oil and vinegar.

*Harc.* I grant it; love will still be uppermost.

*Horn.* Come, for my part, I will have only those glorious, manly pleasures, of being very drunk, and very slovenly.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Mr. Sparkish is below, Sir.

*Harc.* What, my dear friend! a rogue that is fond of me, only, I think, for abusing him.

*Dor.* No, he can no more think the men laugh at him, than that women jilt him, his opinion of himself is so good.

*Horn.* Well, there's another pleasure by drinking I thought not of; I shall lose his acquaintance, because he cannot drink. And you know 'tis a very hard thing to be rid of him; for he's one of those nauseous offerers at wit, who, like the worst of fiddlers, run themselves into all companies.

*Harc.* One that by being in the company of men of sense would pass for one.

*Horn.* And may so to the short-sighted world; as a false jewel amongst true ones is not discerned at a distance. His company is as troublesome to us as a cuckold's when you have a mind to his wife's.

*Harc.* No, the rogue will not let us enjoy one another,  
but

but ravishes our conversation ; tho' he signifies no more to't, than Sir Martin Marall's gaping and awkward thrumming upon the lute does to his man's voice and music.

*Dor.* And to pass for a wit in town, shews himself a fool every night to us, that are guilty of the plot.

*Horn.* Such wits as he are, to a company of reasonable men, like rooks to the gamesters, who only fill a room at the table, but are so far from contributing to the play, that they only serve to spoil the fancy of those that do.

*Dor.* Nay, they are used like rooks too, snubbed, checked, and abused ; yet the rogues will hang on.

*Horn.* A pox on them, and all that force Nature, and would be still what she forbids them ! Affectation is her greatest monster.

*Harc.* Most men are the contraries to that they would seem : your bully, you see, is a coward with a long sword ; the little, humbly sawning physician, with his ebony cane, is he that destroys men.

*Dor.* The usurer, a poor rogue, possessed of mouldy bonds and mortgages ; and we, they call spendthrifts, are only wealthy, who lays out our money upon daily new purchases of pleasure.

*Horn.* Ay, your errantest cheat is your trustee or executor, your jealous man, the greatest cuckold ; your churchman, the greatest atheist ; and your noisy, pert rogue of a wit, the greatest fop, dullest ass, and worst company, as you shall see ; for here he comes.

*Enter Sparkish.*

*Spark.* How is't, sparks ? How is't ? Well, faith, Harry, I must rally thee a little, ha, ha, ha ! upon the report in town of thee ; ha, ha, ha ! I can't hold, i'faith ; Shall I speak ?

*Horn.* Yes ; but you'll be so bitter then.

*Spark.* Honest Dick and Frank here shall answer for me ; I will not be extreme bitter, by the universe.

*Harc.* We will be bound in a ten-thousand-pound bond, he shall not be bitter at all.

*Dor.* Nor sharp, nor sweet.

*Horn.* What, not downright insipid ?

*Spark.* Nay, then, since you are so brisk, and provoke me, take what follows. You must know, I was discoursing  
and

and raillery with some ladies yesterday, and they happened to talk of the fine new signs in town.

*Horn.* Very fine ladies, I believe.

*Spark.* Said I, I know where the best new sign is—— Where? says one of the ladies. In Covent-Garden, I replied. Said another, in what street? In Russel-street, answered I. Lord, says another, I'm sure there was never a fine new sign there yesterday. Yes, but there was, said I again, and it came out of France, and has been there a fortnight.

*Dor.* A pox! I can hear no more—Pr'ythee——

*Horn.* No, hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while.

*Harc.* The worst music, the greatest preparation.

*Spark.* Nay, faith, I'll make you laugh. It cannot be, says a third lady. Yes, yes, quoth I again. Says a fourth lady——

*Horn.* Look to't, we'll have no more ladies.

*Spark.* No!—Then mark, mark, now. Said I to the fourth, did you never see Mr. Horner? He lodges in Russel-street, and he's the sign of a man, you know, since he came out of France; ha, ha, ha!

*Horn.* But the devil take me if thine be the sign of a jest.

*Spark.* With that they all fell a laughing, till they bellow'd themselves. What, but it does not move you, methinks. Well, I see one had as good go to law without a witness, as break a jest without a laughter on one's side. Come, come, sparks; but where do we dine? I have left at Whitehall an earl, to dine with you.

*Dor.* Why, I thought thou hadst loved a man with a title better than a suit with a French trimming to't.

*Harc.* Go to him again.

*Spark.* No, Sir, a wit is to me the greatest title in the world.

*Horn.* But go dine with your earl, Sir; he may be exceptious. We are your friends, and will not take it ill to be left, I do assure you.

*Harc.* Nay, faith, he shall go to him.

*Spark.* Nay, pray, gentlemen——

*Dor.* We'll thrust you out, if you won't. What, dis-appoint any body for us!

*Spark.* Nay, nay, dear gentlemen, hear me.

B

*Horn.*

*Horn.* No, no, Sir, by no means. Pray, go, Sir.

*Spark.* Why, dear rogues——

[*They all thrust him out of the room.*]

*Dor.* No, no.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Re-enter Sparkish.*

*Spark.* But, sparks, pray, hear me. What, d'ye think I'll eat there with gay shallow fops, and silent coxcombs? I think wit as necessary at dinner, as a glass of good wine; and that's the reason I never have any stomach when I eat alone. Come, but where do we dine?

*Horn.* Even where you will.

*Spark.* At Chateline's?

*Dor.* Yes, if you will.

*Spark.* Or at the Cock?

*Dor.* Yes, if you please.

*Spark.* Or at the Dog and Partridge?

*Horn.* Ay, if you have a mind to't; for we shall dine at neither.

*Spark.* Pshaw! with your fooling we shall lose the new play; and I would no more miss seeing a new play the first day, than I would miss sitting in the Wits-row—— Therefore I'll go fetch my mistress, and away. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Pinchwife.*

*Horn.* Who have we here? Pinchwife?

*Pinch.* Gentlemen, your humble servant.

*Horn.* Well, Jack, by thy long absence from the town, the grumness of thy countenance, and the slovenliness of thy habit, I should give thee joy, should I not, of marriage?

*Pinch.* Death! does he know I'm married too? I thought to have concealed it from him at least. [*Aside.*] My long stay in the country will excuse my dress; and I have a suit of law that brings me up to town, that puts me out of humour. Besides, I must give Sparkish tomorrow five thousand pounds to lie with my sister.

*Horn.* Nay, you country gentlemen, rather than not purchase, will buy any thing; and he is a crack'd title, if we may quibble. Well, but am I to give thee joy? I heard thou wert married.

*Pinch.* What then?

*Horn.*

*Horn.* Why, the next thing that is to be heard is, thou'rt a cuckold.

*Pinch.* Insupportable name ! [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* But I did not expect marriage from such a whore-master as you ; one that knew the town so much, and women so well.

*Pinch.* Why, I have married no London wife.

*Horn.* Pshaw, that's all one. That grave circumspection in marrying a country wife, is like refusing a deceitful pampered Smithfield jade, to go and be cheated by a friend in the country.

*Pinch.* A pox on him and his simile ! [*Aside.*] At least we are a little surer of the breed there, know what her keeping has been, whether soiled or unsound.

*Horn.* Come, come, I have known a clap gotten in Wales ; and there are, cousin, justices clerks, and chaplains in the country, I won't say coachmen. But she's handsome and young ?

*Pinch.* I'll answer as I should do. [*Aside.*] No, no ; she has no beauty but her youth, no attraction but her modesty, wholesome, homely, and housewifely ; that's all.

*Dor.* He talks as like a grafter as he looks.

*Pinch.* She's too awkward, ill-favoured, and silly to bring to town.

*Harc.* Then methinks you should bring her, to be taught breeding.

*Pinch.* To be taught ! No, Sir, I thank you ; good wives and private soldiers should be ignorant — I'll keep her from your instructions, I warrant you.

*Harc.* The rogue is as jealous as if his wife were not ignorant. [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* Why, if she be ill-favoured, there will be less danger here for you, than by leaving her in the country. We have such variety of dainties, that we are seldom hungry.

*Dor.* But they have always coarse, constant, swingeing stomachs in the country.

*Harc.* Foul feeders indeed !

*Dor.* And your hospitality is great there.

*Harc.* Open house ; every man's welcome.

*Pinch.* So, so, gentlemen.

*Horn.* But, pr'ythee, why shouldst thou marry her ? If she be ugly, ill-bred, and silly, she must be rich then ?



*Pinch.* As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand pounds out of this town; for she'll be as sure not to spend her moderate portion, as a London baggage would be to spend hers, let it be what it would: so 'tis all one. Then, because she's ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'll hate conversation; and since silly and innocent, will not know the difference betwixt a man of one-and-twenty, and one of forty——

*Horn.* Nine, to my knowledge. But if she be silly, she'll expect as much from a man of forty-nine, as from him of one-and-twenty. But, methinks, wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreeable without it.

*Pinch.* 'Tis my maxim, he's a fool that marries; but he's a greater that does not marry a fool. What is wit in a wife good for, but to make a man a cuckold?

*Horn.* Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

*Pinch.* A fool cannot contrive to make her husband a cuckold.

*Horn.* No; but she'll club with a man that can. And what is worse, if she cannot make her husband a cuckold, she'll make him jealous, and pass for one; and then 'tis all one.

*Pinch.* Well, well, I'll take care for one. My wife shall make me no cuckold, tho' she had your help, Mr. Horner. I understand the town, Sir.

*Dor.* His help! [*Afide.*]

*Harc.* He's newly come to town, it seems, and has not heard how things are with him. [*Afide.*]

*Horn.* But tell me, has marriage cured thee of whoring, which it seldom does?

*Harc.* 'Tis more than age can do.

*Horn.* No; the word is, I'll marry and live honest. But a marriage vow is like a penitent gamester's oath, and entering into bonds and penalties to stint himself to such a particular small sum at play for the future, which makes him but the more eager; and not being able to hold out, loses his money again, and his forfeit to boot.

*Dor.* Ay, ay, a gamester will be a gamester whilst his money lasts, and a whore-master whilst his vigour.

*Harc.* Nay, I have known them, when they are broke,  
and

and can lose no more, keep a fumbling with the box in their hands to fool with only, and hinder other gamesters.

*Dor.* That had wherewithal to make lusty stakes.

*Pinch.* Well, gentlemen, you may laugh at me; but you shall never lie with my wife. I know the town.

*Horn.* But, pr'ythee, was not the way you were in better? Is not keeping better than marriage?

*Pinch.* A pox on't! the jades would jilt me; I could never keep a whore to myself.

*Horn.* So then you only married to keep a whore to yourself. Well, but let me tell you, women, as you say, are like soldiers, made constant and loyal by good pay, rather than by oaths and covenants. Therefore I'd advise my friends to keep rather than marry, since too I find, by your example, it does not serve one's turn; for I saw you yesterday in the eighteen-penny place with a pretty country wench.

*Pinch.* How the devil! did he see my wife then? I sat there that she might not be seen. But she shall never go to a play again. [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* What, dost thou blush at nine-and-forty for having been seen with a wench?

*Dor.* No, faith, I warrant 'twas his wife, which he seated there out of sight; for he's a cunning rogue, and understands the town.

*Harc.* He blushes! Then 'twas his wife; for men are now more ashamed to be seen with them in public, than with a wench.

*Pinch.* Hell and damnation! I'm undone, since Horner has seen her, and they know 'twas she. [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* But, pr'ythee, was it thy wife? She was exceeding pretty. I was in love with her at that distance.

*Pinch.* You are like never to be nearer to her. Your servant, gentleinen. [*Offers to go.*]

*Horn.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay.

*Pinch.* I cannot; I will not.

*Horn.* Come, you shall dine with us.

*Pinch.* I have dined already.

*Horn.* Come, I know thou hast not. I'll treat thee, dear rogue; thou shalt spend none of thy Hampshire money to-day.

18 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

*Pinch.* Treat me! So, he uses me already like his cuckold. [*Afide.*]

*Horn.* Nay, you shall not go.

*Pinch.* I must; I have business at home. [*Exit.*]

*Harc.* To beat his wife. He's as jealous of her as a Cheap-side husband of a Covent-Garden wife.

*Horn.* Why, 'tis as hard to find an old whore-master without jealousy and the gout, as a young one without fear or the pox.

As gout in age from pox in youth proceeds;  
So wenching past, the jealousy succeeds;  
The worst disease that love and wenching breeds. }

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife and Alithea; Mr. Pinchwife  
*peeping behind the door.*

MRS. PINCHWIFE.

**P**RAY, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in in London?

*Alith.* A pretty question! Why, sister, Mulberry-Garden and St. James's Park; and for close walks, the New Exchange.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, sister, tell me why my husband looks so grum here in town, and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best gown yesterday?

*Alith.* Oh, he's jealous, sister.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Jealous! What's that?

*Alith.* He's afraid you should love another man.

*Mrs. Pinch.* How should he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me see any but himself?

*Alith.* Did he not carry you yesterday to a play?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay; but we sat amongst ugly people. He would not let me come near the gentry, who sat under us, so that I could not see them. He told me none but naughty women sat there, whom they tous'd and mous'd; but I would have ventured for all that.

I

*Alith.*

*Alib.* But how did you like the play?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Indeed I was weary of the play; but I liked hugely the actors. They are the goodliest, properest men, sister.

*Alib.* Oh, but you must not like the actors, sister.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay, how should I help it, sister? Pray, sister, when my husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

*Alib.* A walking! ha, ha! Lord, a country gentlewoman's pleasure is the drudgery of a foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her husband's horses. [*Aside.*

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife.*

But here comes your husband; I'll ask, tho' I'm sure he'll not grant it.

*Mrs. Pinch.* He says he won't let me go abroad, for fear of catching the pox.

*Alib.* Fie! the small-pox, you should say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, my dear, dear Bud, welcome home! Why dost thou look so fropish? Who has nanger'd thee?

*Pinch.* You're a fool. [*Mrs. Pinch. goes aside and cries.*

*Alib.* Faith, so she is, for crying for no fault, poor tender creature!

*Pinch.* What, you would have her as impudent as yourself, as errant a jillflirt, a gadder, a magpie, and, to say all, a notorious town-woman?

*Alib.* Brother, you are my only censurer; and the honour of your family will sooner suffer in your wife there, than in me, tho' I take the innocent liberty of the town.

*Pinch.* Hark you, mistress, do not talk so before my wife. The innocent liberty of the town!

*Alib.* Why, pray, who boasts of any intrigues with me? What lampoon has made my name notorious? What ill women frequent my lodgings? I keep no company with any women of scandalous reputations.

*Pinch.* No, you keep the men of scandalous reputations company.

*Alib.* Where? Would you not have me civil? Answer them in a box at the plays, in the drawing-room at Whitehall, in St. James's Park, Mulberry-Garden, or—

*Pinch.* Hold, hold; do not teach my wife where the men are to be found. I believe she's the worse for your town-

town-documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance as I do.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Indeed, be not angry with her, Bud; she will tell me nothing of the town, tho' I ask her a thousand times a day.

*Pinch.* Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Not I, indeed, dear; I hate London; our place-house in the country is worth a thousand of it; would I were there again.

*Pinch.* So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in? You are her encourager in such discourses.

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, indeed, dear; she chid me just now, for liking the player-men.

*Pinch.* Nay, if she be so innocent to own to me her liking them, there's no hurt in't. [*Aside.*] Come, my poor rogue; but thou likest none better than me?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, indeed, but I do; the player-men are finer folks.

*Pinch.* But you love none better than me?

*Mrs. Pinch.* You are my own dear Bud, and I know you: I hate a stranger.

*Pinch.* Ay, my dear, you must love me only; and not be like the naughty town-women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man else; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine cloaths, fiddles, balls, treats, and so lead a wicked town-life.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town-life, London is not so bad a place, dear.

*Pinch.* How! If you love me, you must hate London.

*Alib.* The fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the town, and he is now setting her agog upon them himself. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Pinch.* But, husband, do the town-women love the player-men too?

*Pinch.* Yes, I warrant you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay! I warrant you.

*Pinch.* Why, you do not, I hope?

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, no, Bud. But why have we no player-men in the country?

*Pinch.* Ha!—*Mrs. Minx*, ask me no more to go to a play.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, why, love? I did not care for going. But when you forbid me, you make me, as 'twere, desire it.

*Alib.* So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, let me go to a play, dear.

*Pinch.* Hold your peace; I wo' not.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, love?

*Pinch.* Why, I'll tell you.

*Alib.* Nay, if he tell her, she'll give him more cause to forbid her that place. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, why, dear?

*Pinch.* First, you like the actors; and the gallants may like you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What, a homely country girl! No, Bud, nobody will like me.

*Pinch.* I tell you, yes, they may.

*Mrs. Pinch.* No no, you jest—I won't believe you; I will go.

*Pinch.* I tell you, then, that one of the lewdest fellows in town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Indeed! Who, who, pray, who was't?

*Pinch.* I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware. How overjoyed she is! [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Was it any Hampshire gallant, any of our neighbours? I promise you I am beholden to him.

*Pinch.* I promise you, you lie; for he would but ruin you, as he has done hundreds. He has no other love for women, but that such as he look upon women, like basilisks, but to destroy them.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay, but if he loves me, why should he ruin me? Answer me to that. Methinks he should not; I would do him no harm.

*Alib.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Pinch.* 'Tis very well. But I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either.

*Enter Sparkish and Harcourt.*

But here comes company; get you in, get you in.

*Mrs. Pinch.* But, pray, husband, is he a pretty gentleman that loves me?

*Mr. Pinch.* In, baggage, in. [*Thrusts her in, shuts the door.*] What, all the leud libertines of the town brought to

to my lodging, by this easy coxcomb ! 'Sdeath, I'll not suffer it.

*Spark.* Here, Harcourt, do you approve my choice ? Dear little rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my friends, the wits and——

[Harcourt *salutes her.*

*Mr. Pinch.* Ay, they shall know her, as well as you yourself will, I warrant you.

*Spark.* This is one of those, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to-morrow : and him you must bid welcome ever, to what you and I have.

*Mr. Pinch.* Monstrous ! [ *Aside.*

*Spark.* Harcourt, how dost thou like her, faith ? Nay, dear, do not look down : I should hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

*Mr. Pinch.* Wonderful !

*Spark.* Tell me, I say, Harcourt, how dost thou like her ? Thou hast stared upon her enough, to resolve me.

*Harc.* So infinitely well, that I could wish I had a mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing, but her love and engagement to you.

*Alib.* Sir, Master Sparkish has often told me that his acquaintance were all wits and railleurs, and now I find it.

*Spark.* No, by the universe, Madam, he does not railly now ; you may believe him : I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthiest, true-hearted gentleman—A man of such perfect honour, he would say nothing to a lady he does not mean.

*Mr. Pinch.* Praising another man to his mistress !

*Harc.* Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that——

*Spark.* Nay, 'egad, I am sure you do admire her extremely, I see't in your eyes——He does admire you, Madam.—By the world, don't you ?

*Harc.* Yes, above the world, or, the most glorious part of it, her whole sex : and till now I never thought I should have envied you, or any man about to marry ; but you have the best excuse for marriage I ever knew.

*Alib.* Nay, now, Sir, I'm satisfied you are of the society of the wits, and railleurs, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is but too civil to you ; but  
the

the surest sign is, since you are an enemy to marriage, for that I hear you hate as much as business or bad wine.

*Harc.* Truly, Madam, I was never an enemy to marriage till now, because marriage was never an enemy to me before.

*Alith.* But why, Sir, is marriage an enemy to you now? because it robs you of your friend here? for you look upon a friend married, as one gone into a monastery, that is, dead to the world.

*Harc.* 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see, Madam, you can guess my meaning: I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the match; by Heavens I would.

*Spark.* Poor Frank!

*Alith.* Would you be so unkind to me?

*Harc.* No, no, 'tis not because I would be unkind to you.

*Spark.* Poor Frank; no gad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

*Mr. Pinch.* Great kindness to you indeed; insensible fop, let a man make love to his wife to his face! [*Aside.*

*Spark.* Come, dear Frank, for all my wife there, that shall be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes, dear rogue. By my honour, we men of wit condole for our deceased brother in marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest. I think that was prettily said of me, ha, Harcourt?—But come, Frank, be not melancholy for me.

*Harc.* No, I assure you, I am not melancholy for you.

*Spark.* Pr'ythee, Frank, dost think my wife, that shall be there, a fine person?

*Harc.* I could gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you are.

*Spark.* How as I am? how?

*Harc.* Because you are a lover, and true lovers are blind, stock blind.

*Spark.* True, true; but by the world she has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and try if she has wit, talk to her any thing, she's bashful before me.

*Harc.* Indeed if a woman wants wit in a corner, she has it no where.

*Alith.*



*Alith.* Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time—  
[*Afide to Sparkish.*]

*Spark.* Nay, nay, Madam, let me have an earnest of your obedience, or——go, go, Madam——

[*Harcourt courts Alitheia afide.*]

*Mr. Pinch.* How, Sir, if you are not concerned for the honour of a wife, I am for that of a sister; he shall not debauch her: be a pander to your own wife, bring men to her, let them make love before your face, thrust them into a corner together, then leave them in private! Is this your town wit and conduct?

*Spark.* Ha, ha, ha, a silly wise rogue would make one laugh more than a stark fool, ha, ha; I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb them; I'll vex thee, by the world.

[*Struggles with Pinch. to keep him from Harcourt and Alitheia.*]

*Alith.* The writings are drawn, Sir, settlements made; 'tis too late, Sir, and past all revocation.

*Harc.* Then so is my death.

*Alith.* I would not be unjust to him.

*Harc.* Then why to me so?

*Alith.* I have no obligation to you.

*Harc.* My love.

*Alith.* I had his before.

*Harc.* You never had it; he wants, you see, jealousy, the only infallible sign of it.

*Alith.* Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my virtue; besides, he loves me, or he would not marry me.

*Harc.* Marrying you is no more sign of his love, than bribing your woman, that he may marry you, is a sign of his generosity: marriage is rather a sign of interest, than love; and he that marries a fortune, covets a mistress, not loves her: but if you take marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately.

*Alith.* No, now you have put a scruple in my head; but in short, Sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him, my reputation would suffer in the world else.

*Harc.* No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, Madam, your reputation suffers in the world, and you would be thought in necessity for a cloak.

*Alith.* Nay, now you are rude, Sir.—Mr. Sparkish, pray

pray come hither, your friend here is very troublesome, and very loving.

*Harc.* Hold, hold—— [*Aside to Alithea.*]

*Mr. Pinch.* D'ye hear that?

*Spark.* Why, d'ye think, I'll seem to be jealous, like a country bumpkin?

*Mr. Pinch.* No, rather be a cuckold, like a credulous cit.

*Harc.* Madam, you would not have been so little generous as to have told him.

*Alith.* Yes, since you could be so little generous as to wrong him.

*Harc.* Wrong him! no man can do't; he's beneath an injury; a bubble, a coward, a senseless idiot, a wretch so contemptible to all the world but you, that——

*Alith.* Hold, do not rail at him; for, since he is like to be my husband, I am resolved to like him; nay, I think am obliged to tell him, you are not his friend.—Master Sparkish, Master Sparkish.

*Spark.* What, what? now, dear rogue, has not she wit?

*Harc.* Not so much as I thought, and hoped she had. [*Speaks surlily.*]

*Alith.* Mr. Sparkish, do you bring people to rail at you?

*Harc.* Madam——

*Spark.* How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest, I warrant. What we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

*Alith.* He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience to hear him; besides he has been making love to me.

*Harc.* True, damned tell-tale woman. [*Aside.*]

*Spark.* Pshaw, to shew his parts—we wits rail and make love often, but to shew our parts; as we have no affections so we have no malice, we——

*Alith.* He said you were a wretch below an injury.

*Spark.* Pshaw!

*Harc.* Damned, senseless, impudent, virtuous jade; well, since she won't let me have her, she'll do as good, she'll make me hate her.

*Alith.* A common bubble.

C

*Spark,*

*Spark.* Pshaw!

*Alith.* A coward.

*Spark.* Pshaw, pshaw!

*Alith.* A senseless drivelling idiot.

*Spark.* How! did he disparage my parts? Nay, then, my honour's concerned. I can't put up that, Sir; by the world, brother, help me to kill him—I may draw now, since we have the odds of him; 'tis a good occasion too before my mistress. [*Aside.*] [*Offers to draw.*]

*Alith.* Hold, hold.

*Spark.* What, what?

*Alith.* I must not let them kill the gentleman neither, for his kindness to me; I am so far from hating him, that I wish my gallant had his person and understanding:—Nay, if my honour— [*Aside.*]

*Spark.* I'll be thy death.

*Alith.* Hold, hold; indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman said after all, that what he spoke, was but out of friendship to you.

*Spark.* How! say, I am a fool, that is, no wit, out of friendship to me!

*Alith.* Yes, to try whether I was concerned enough for you; and made love to me only to be satisfied of my virtue, for your sake.

*Harc.* Kind however— [*Aside.*]

*Spark.* Nay, if it were so, my dear rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why would not you tell me so, faith?

*Harc.* Because I did not think on't, faith.

*Spark.* Come; Horner does not come; Harcourt, let's begone to the new play.—Come, Madam.

*Alith.* I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the box, and run into the pit, as you use to do.

*Spark.* Pshaw! I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I sat in the box, I should be thought no judge but of trimmings.—Come away, Harcourt, lead her down.

[*Exeunt Sparkish, Harcourt, and Alitha.*]

*Pinch.* Well, go thy ways, for the flower of the true town fops, such as spend their estates before they come to them, and are cuckolds before they're married. But let me go look to my own free-hold—How—

*Enter*

*Enter my Lady Fidget, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, and Mrs. Squeamish.*

*Lady Fidg.* Your servant, Sir; where is your Lady? We are come to wait upon her to the new play.

*Pinch.* New play!

*Lady Fidg.* And my husband will wait upon you presently.

*Pinch.* Damn your civility—[*Aside.*]—Madam, by no means, I will not see Sir Jasper here, till I have waited upon him at home; nor shall my wife see you, till she has waited upon your Ladyship at your lodgings.

*Lady Fidg.* Now, we are here, Sir.

*Pinch.* No, Madam.

*Dain.* Pray, let us see her.

*Squeam.* We will not stir, till we see her.

*Pinch.* A pox on you all—[*Aside.*] [*Goes to the door, and returns.*] She has locked the door, and is gone abroad.

*Lady Fidg.* No, you have locked the door, and she's within.

*Dain.* They told us below, she was here.

*Pinch.* Will nothing do? [*Aside.*]—Well it must out then: to tell you the truth, ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, lest it might endanger your lives, my wife has just now got the small-pox come out upon her: do not be frightened; but pray begone, ladies, you shall not stay here in danger of your lives; pray get you gone, ladies.

*Lady Fidg.* No, no, we have all had them.

*Squeam.* Alack, alack!

*Dain.* Come, come, we must see how it goes with her, I understand the disease.

*Lady Fidg.* Come.

*Pinch.* Well, there is no being too hard for women at their own weapon, lying, therefore I'll quit the field. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Pinchwife.*]

*Squeam.* Here's an example of jealousy!

*Lady Fidg.* Indeed, as the world goes, I wonder there are no more jealous, since wives are so neglected.

*Dain.* Pshaw! as the world goes, to what end should they be jealous?

*Lady Fidg.* Foh, 'tis a nasty world.

*Squeam.* That men of parts, great acquaintance, and quality,

quality, should take up with, and spend themselves and fortunes, in keeping little play-house creatures. foh !

*Lady Fidg.* Nay, that women of understanding, great acquaintance, and good quality, should fall a keeping too of little creatures, foh !

*Squeam.* Why, 'tis the men of quality's fault, they never visit women of honour, and reputation, as they used to do ; and have not so much as common civility for ladies of our rank ; but use us with the same indifferency, and ill-breeding, as if we were all married to them.

*Lady Fidg.* She says true, 'tis an errant shame women of quality should be so slighted ; methinks, birth, birth, should go for something : I have known men admired, courted, and followed for their titles only.

*Squeam.* Ay, one would think men of honour should not love, no more than marry, out of their own rank.

*Dain.* Fye, fye upon them, they are come to think gross breeding for themselves best, as well as for their dogs and horses.

*Lady Fidg.* They are dogs and horses for't.

*Squeam.* One would think, if not for love, for vanity a little.

*Dain.* Nay, they do satisfy their vanity upon us sometimes ; and are kind to us in their report, tell all the world they lie with us.

*Lady Fidg.* Damned rascals, that we should be only wronged by them ; to report a man has had a person, when he has not had a person, is the greatest wrong in the whole world, that can be done to a person.

*Squeam.* Well, 'tis an errant shame, noble persons should be so wronged and neglected.

*Lady Fidg.* But still 'tis an erranter shame for a noble person to neglect her own honour, and defame her own noble person, with little inconsiderable fellows, foh !

*Dain.* I suppose the crime against our honour is the same with a man of quality as with another.

*Lady Fidg.* How ! no sure, the man of quality is likest one's husband, and therefore the fault should be the less.

*Dain.* But then the pleasure should be the less.

*Lady Fidg.* Fye, fye, fye, for shame, sister, whither shall we ramble ? Be continent in your discourse, or I shall hate you.

*Dain.*

*Dain.* Besides an intrigue is so much the more notorious for the man's quality.

*Squeam.* 'Tis true, nobody takes notice of a private man, and therefore with him 'tis more secret; and the crime's the less when 'tis not known.

*Lady Fidg.* You say true; 'ifaith, I think you are in the right on't: 'tis not an injury to a husband, till it be an injury to our honours; so that a woman of honour loses no honour with a private person; and to say truth—

*Dain.* So the little fellow is grown a private person—  
with her—— [Apart to Squeam.

*Lady Fidg.* But still, my dear, dear honour——

*Enter Sir Jasper, Horner, and Dorilant.*

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou hast still so much honour in thy mouth——

*Horn.* That she has none elsewhere—— [Aside.

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in these upon us?

*Dain.* Foh! these are as bad as wits.

*Squeam.* Foh!

*Lady Fidg.* Let us leave the room.

*Sir Jasp.* Stay, stay; faith, to tell you the naked truth——

*Lady Fidg.* Fye, Sir Jasper, do not use that word naked.

*Sir Jasp.* Well, well; in short, I have business at Whitehall, and cannot go to the play with you, therefore would have you go——

*Lady Fidg.* With those two to a play?

*Sir Jasp.* No, not with t'other, but with Mr. Horner; there can be no more scandal to go with him, than with Mr. Tattle, or master Limberham.

*Lady Fidg.* With that nasty fellow! no——no.

*Sir Jasp.* Nay, pr'ythee, dear, hear me.

[Whispers to Lady Fidg.

*Horn.* Ladies. [Horner and Dorilant drawing near  
Squeamish and Dainty.

*Dain.* Stand off.

*Squeam.* Do not approach us.

*Dain.* You herd with the wits, you are obscenity all over.

*Squeam.* And I would as soon look upon a picture of

Adam and Eve, without fig-leaves, as any of you, if I could help it, therefore keep off, and do not make us sick.

*Dor.* What a devil are these?

*Horn.* Why, these are pretenders to honour, as critics to wit, only by censuring others; and as every raw peevish, out-of-humoured, affected, dull tea-drinking, arithmetical top sets up for a wit, by railing at men of sense, so these for humour, by railing at the court, and ladies of as great honour as quality.

*Sir Jasp.* Come, Mr. Horner, I must desire you to go with these ladies to the play, Sir,

*Horn.* I, Sir!

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, come, Sir.

*Horn.* I must beg your pardon, Sir, and theirs; I will not be seen in women's company in public again for the world.

*Sir Jasp.* Ha, ha, strange aversion.

*Squeam.* No, he's for women's company in private.

*Sir Jasp.* He—poor man—he—ha, ha, ha.

*Dain.* 'Tis a greater shame amongst lewd fellows to be seen in virtuous women's company, than for the women to be seen with them.

*Horn.* Indeed, Madam, the time was I only hated virtuous women, but now I hate the other too? I beg your pardon, ladies.

*Lady Fidg.* You are very obliging, Sir, because we would not be troubled with you.

*Sir Jasp.* In sober sadness, he shall go.

*Dor.* Nay, if he wo' not, I am ready to wait upon the ladies, and think I am the fitter man.

*Sir Jasp.* You, Sir! no, I thank you for that—master Horner is a privileg'd man amongst the virtuous ladies, 'twill be a great while before you are so; he, he, he, he's my wife's gallant, he, he, he; no, pray withdraw, Sir, for, as I take it, the virtuous ladies have no business with you.

*Dor.* And I am sure he can have none with them; 'tis strange a man can't come amongst virtuous women now, but upon the same terms as men are admitted into the great Turk's seraglio: but Heavens keep me from being an ombre player with 'em. But where is Pinchwife?

*Sir Jasp.* Come, come, man, what avoid the sweet society of woman-kind ! that sweet, soft, gentle, tame, noble creature woman, made for man's companion—

*Horn.* So is that soft, gentle, tame, and more noble creature a spaniel, and has all their tricks ; can fawn, lie down, suffer beating, and fawn the more ; barks at your friends when they come to see you, makes your bed hard, gives you fleas, and the mange sometimes : and all the difference is, the spaniel's the more faithful animal, and fawns but upon one master.

*Sir Jasp.* He, he, he.

*Squeam.* O, the rude beast !

*Dain.* Insolent brute !

*Lady Fidg.* Brute ! stinking, mortified, rotten French wether, to dare——

*Sir Jasp.* Hold, an't please your ladyship : for shame, master Horner, your mother was a woman—Now shall I never reconcile 'em. [*Aside.*] Hark you, Madam, take my advice in your anger : you know you often want one to make up your droling pack of ombre players, and you may cheat him easily ; for he's an ill gamester, and consequently loves play. Besides, you know you have but two old civil gentlemen (with stinking breaths too) to wait upon you abroad ; take in the third into your service : the other are but crazy ; and a lady should have a supernumerary gentleman-usher as a supernumerary coach-horse, lest sometimes you should be forced to stay at home.

*Lady Fidg.* But are you sure he loves play, and has money ?

*Sir Jasp.* He loves play as much as you, and has money, as much as I.

*Lady Fidg.* Then I am contented to make him pay for his scurrility ; money makes up in a measure all other wants in men—those whom we cannot make hold for gallants, we make fine. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Jasp.* So, so ; now to mollify, to wheedle him,—  
[*Aside.*]—Master Horner, will you never keep civil company ? Methinks 'tis time now, since you are only fit for them. Come, come, man, you must e'en fall to visiting our wives, eating at our tables, drinking tea with our virtuous relations after dinner, dealing cards to 'em, reading plays and gazettes to 'em, picking fleas out of their  
smocks



smocks for 'em, collecting receipts, new songs, women, pages, and footmen for 'em.

*Horn.* I hope they'll afford me better employment, Sir.

*Sir Jasp.* Heh, he, he; 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place: and since you are unprovided of a lady to flatter, and a good house to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my wife mistress, and she shall call you gallant, according to the custom.

*Horn.* Who, I?—

*Sir Jasp.* Faith, thou sha't for my sake; come, for my sake only.

*Horn.* For your sake—

*Sir Jasper.* Come, come, here's a gamester for you; let him be a little familiar sometimes, nay, what if a little rude? gamesters may be rude with ladies, you know.

*Lady Fidg.* Yes; losing gamesters have a privilege with women.

*Horn.* I always thought the contrary, that the winning gamester had most privilege with women; for when you have lost your money to a man, you'll lose any thing you have, all you have, they say, and he may use you as he pleases.

*Sir Jasp.* Heh, he, he; well, win or lose you shall have your liberty with her.

*Lady Fidg.* As he behaves himself; and for your sake I'll give him admittance and freedom.

*Horn.* All sorts of freedom, Madam?

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, ay, all sorts of freedom thou canst take: And so go to her, begin thy new employment; wheedle her, jest with her; and be better acquainted one with another.

*Horn.* I think I know her already; therefore may venture with her my secret for her's. [Aside.

[*Horner and Lady Fidget whisper.*

*Sir Jasp.* Sister cuz, I have provided an innocent play-fellow for you there

*Dain.* Who, he!

*Squeam.* There's a play-fellow, indeed!

*Sir Jasp.* Yes sure: what, he is good enough to play at cards, blindman's-buff, or the fool with sometimes.

*Squeam.* Foh! we'll have no such play-fellows.

*Dain:*

*Dain.* No, Sir; you sha'nt chuse play-fellows for us, we thank you.

*Sir Jasp.* Nay, pray hear me. [*Whispering to them:*

*Lady Fidg.* But, poor gentleman, could you be so generous, so truly a man of honour, as, for the sakes of us women of honour, to cause yourself to be reported no man? No man! and to suffer yourself the greatest shame that could fall upon a man, that none might fall upon us women by your conversation? But indeed, Sir, as perfectly, perfectly the same man as before your going into France, Sir? as perfectly, perfectly, Sir?

*Horn.* As perfectly, perfectly, Madam: nay, I scorn you should take my word; I desire to be tried only, Madam.

*Lady Fidg.* Well, that's spoken again like a man of honour: all men of honour desire to come to the test. But indeed, generally you men report such things of yourselves, one does not know how or whom to believe; and it is come to that pass, we dare not take your words no more than your taylors, without some staid servant of yours be bound with you. But I have so strong a faith in your honour, dear, dear noble Sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours at any time, dear Sir.

*Horn.* No, Madam, you should not need to forfeit it for me; I have given you security already to save you harmless, my late reputation being so well known in the world, Madam.

*Lady Fidg.* But if upon any future falling-out, or on a suspicion of my taking the trust out of your hands, to employ some other, you yourself should betray your trust, dear Sir? I mean, if you'll give me leave to speak obscenely, you might tell, dear Sir.

*Horn.* If I did, nobody would believe me: the reputation of impotency is as hardly recover'd again in the world, as that of cowardice, dear Madam.

*Lady Fidg.* Nay then, as one may say, you may do your worst, dear, dear Sir.

*Sir Jasp.* Come, is your Ladyship reconcil'd to him yet? Have you agreed on matters? for I must be gone to White-hall.

*Lady Fidg.* Why, indeed, Sir Jasper, Master Horner is a thousand, thousand times a better man than I thought him.

him. Cousin Squeamish, sister Dainty, I can name him now : truly, not long ago, you know, I thought his very name obscenity ; and I would as soon have lain with him as have nam'd him.

*Sir Jasp.* Very likely, poor Madam.

*Dain.* I believe it.

*Squeam.* No doubt on't.

*Sir Jasp.* Well, well—that your Ladyship is as virtuous as any she, I know ; and him all the town knows—heh, he, he : therefore, now you like him get you gone to your business together ; go, go to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business.

*Lady Fidg.* Come then, dear gallant.

*Horn.* Come away, my dearest mistress.

*Sir. Jasp.* So, so, why 'tis as I'd have it. [Exit.

*Horn.* And as I'd have it.

*Lady Fidg.* Who, for his business, from his wife will  
Takes the best care to have her business done. [run,  
[Exit.

END of the SECOND ACT.

### A C T III.

*Enter Alithea and Mrs. Pinchwife.*

ALITHEA.

SISTER, what ails you ? You are grown melancholy.  
*Mrs. Pinch.* Wou'd it not make any one melancholy, to see you go every day fluttering about abroad, whilst I must stay at home like a poor, lonely, sullen bird in a cage.

*Alith.* Ay, sister ; but you came young, and just from the nest to your cage ; so that I thought you lik'd it, and could be as chearful in't as others that took their flight themselves early, and are hopping abroad in the open air.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, I confess I was quiet enough, till my husband told me what pure lives the London ladies live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, and junquetings, and dress'd every day in their best gowns ; and I warrant you, play at nine-pins every day of the week, so they do.

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife.*

*Mr. Pinch.* Come, what's here to do ? you are putting the

the town-pleasures in her head, and setting her a longing.

*Alib.* Yes, after nine-pins : you suffer none to give her those longings you mean, but yourself.

*Pinch.* I tell her of the vanities of the town like a confessor.

*Alib.* A confessor ! Just such a confessor, as he that, by forbiddding a silly hostler to grease the horse's teeth, taught him to do't.

*Pinch.* Come, mistress flippant, good precepts are lost when bad examples are still before us. The liberty you take abroad makes her hanker after it, and out of humour at home : poor wretch ! She desir'd not to come to London ; I wou'd bring her.

*Alib.* Very well.

*Pinch.* She has been this week in town, and never desired till this afternoon to go abroad.

*Alib.* Was she not at a play yesterday ?

*Pinch.* Yes, but she ne'er ask'd me ; I was myself the cause of her going.

*Alib.* Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking, and not my example.

*Pinch.* Well, to-morrow night I shall be rid of you ; and the next day before 'tis light, she and I'll be rid of the town, and my dreadful apprehensions. Come, be not melancholy ; for thou shalt go into the country after to-morrow, dearest.

*Alib.* Great comfort !

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pish, what d'ye tell me of the country for ?

*Pinch.* How's this ! What, pish at the country ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Let me alone, I am not well.

*Pinch.* Oh, if that be all—what ails my dearest ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Truly, I don't know : but I have not been well since you told me there was a gallant at the play in love with me.

*Pinch.* Ha ! —

*Alib.* That's by my example too ?

*Pinch.* Nay, if you are not well, but are so concern'd, because a lewd fellow chanced to lie, and say he lik'd you, you'll make me sick too.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Of what sickness ?

*Pinch.*

*Pinch.* Oh, of that which is worse than the plague, jealousy.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pish, you jeer; I'm sure there's no such disease in our receipt-book at home.

*Pinch.* No, thou never met'st with it, poor innocent — well, if thou cuckold me, 'twill be my own fault — for cuckolds and bastards are generally makers of their own fortune. [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Well, but pray, Bud, let's go to a play to-night.

*Pinch.* 'Tis just done, she comes from it; but why are you so eager to see a play?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Faith, dear, not that I care one pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the player-men, and wou'd see, if I cou'd, the gallant you say loves me: that's all, dear Bud?

*Pinch.* Is that all, dear Bud?

*Alith.* This proceeds from my example?

*Mrs. Pinch.* But if the play be done, let's go abroad however, dear Bud?

*Pinch.* Come have a little patience, and thou shalt go into the country on Friday.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Therefore I wou'd see first some sights, to tell my neighbours of: nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

*Alith.* I'm the cause of this desire too?

*Pinch.* But now I think on't, who, who was the cause of Horner's coming to my lodging to day? That was you.

*Alith.* No, you; because you wou'd not let him see your handsome wife out of your lodging.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, O Lord! Did the gentleman come hither to see me indeed?

*Pinch.* No, no, — You are not the cause of that damn'd question too, mistress Alithea? — Well, she's in the right of it: he is in love with my wife — and comes after her — 'tis so — but I'll nip his love in the bud; lest he shou'd follow us into the country, and break his chariot-wheel near our house, on purpose for an excuse to come to't. But I think I know the town.

[*Aside.*

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Come, pray Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

*Pinch.* So! The obstinacy already of the town-wife; and I must, whilst she's here, humour her like one. [*Aside.* Sister, how shall we do, that she may not be seen, or known?

*Alib.* Let her put on her mask.

*Pinch.* Pshaw! a mask makes people but the more inquisitive, and is as ridiculous a disguise as a stage-beard: her shape, stature, habit, will be known. And if we shou'd meet with Horner, he wou'd be sure to take acquaintance with us, must wish her joy, kiss her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the devil and all. No, I'll not use her to a mask, 'tis dangerous; for masks have made more cuckolds than the best faces that ever were known.

*Alib.* How will you do then?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, shall we go? The Exchange will be shut; and I have a mind to see that.

*Pinch.* So—I have it—I'll dress her up in the suit we are to carry down to her brother, little Sir James: nay, I understand the town-tricks. Come, let's go dress her. A mask? No—A woman mask'd, like a cover'd dish, gives a man curiosity and appetite; when, it may be, uncover'd, 'twould turn his stomach—No, no.

*Alib.* Indeed your comparison is something a greasy one: but I had a gentle gallant, us'd to say, a beauty mask'd, like the sun in eclipse, gathers together more gazers than if it shone it. [*Exeunt.*

*The SCENE changes to the New-Exchange.*

*Enter Horner, Harcourt, and Dorilant.*

*Dor.* Engag'd to women, and not sup with us!

*Horn.* Ay, a pox on 'em all!

*Har.* You were much a more reasonable man in the morning, and had as noble resolutions against 'em, as a widower of a week's liberty.

*Dor.* Did I ever think to see you keep company with women in vain.

*Horn.* In vain? No——'tis since I can't love 'em, to be reveng'd on 'em.

*Harc.* Now your sting is gone, you look'd in the box amongst all those women, like a drone in the hive; all  
D upon

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upon you, shov'd and ill us'd by 'em all, and thrust from one side to t'other.

*Dor.* Yet he must be buzzing amongst 'em still, like other beetle-headed liquorish drones. Avoid 'em, and hate 'em, as they hate you.

*Horn.* Because I do hate 'em, and wou'd hate 'em yet more, I'll frequent 'em. You may see by marriage, nothing makes a man hate a woman more, than her constant conversation. In short, I converse with 'em, as you do with rich fools, to laugh at them, and use 'em ill.

*Dor.* But I wou'd no more sup with women, unless I cou'd lie with 'em, than sup with a rich coxcomb, unless I could cheat him.

*Horn.* Yes, I have known thee sup with a fool for his drinking; if he cou'd set out your hand that way only, you were satisfy'd, and if he were a wine-swallowing mouth, 'twas enough.

*Harc.* Yes, a man drinks often with a fool, as he tosses with a marker, only to keep his hand in use. But do the ladies drink?

*Horn.* Yes, Sir; and I shall have the pleasure at least of laying 'em flat with a bottle, and bring as much scandal that way upon 'em, as formerly t'other.

*Harc.* Perhaps you may prove as weak a brother among 'em that way, as t'other.

*Dor.* Foh! drinking with women is as unnatural as scolding with 'em: but 'tis a pleasure of decay'd fornicators, and the basest way of quenching love.

*Harc.* Nay, 'tis drowning love, instead of quenching it: but leave us for civil women too.

*Dor.* Ay, when he can't be the better for 'em; we hardly pardon a man that leaves his friend for a wench, and that's a pretty lawful call.

*Horn.* Faith, I wou'd not leave you for 'em, if they wou'd not drink.

*Dor.* Who wou'd disappoint his company at Lewis's for a gossiping?

*Harc.* Foh! wine and women, good apart, together are as nauseous as sack and sugar. But hark you, Sir; before you go, a little of your advice; an old maim'd general, when unfit for action, is fittest for counsel: I have other designs upon women than eating and drinking

ing with them ; I am in love with Sparkish's mistress, whom he is to marry to-morrow : now how shall I get her ?

*Enter Sparkish, looking about.*

*Horn.* Why, here comes one will help you to her.

*Harc.* He ! he, I tell you, is my rival, and will hinder my love.

*Horn.* No ; a foolish rival and a jealous husband assist their rival's designs ; for they are sure to make their women hate them, which is the first step to their love for another man.

*Harc.* But I cannot come near his mistress, but in his company.

*Horn.* Still the better for you ; for fools are most easily cheated when they themselves are accessories : and he is to be bubbled of his mistress as of his money, the common mistress, by keeping him company.

*Spark.* Who is that, that is to be bubbled ? Faith, let me snack ; I han't met with a bubble since Christmas. 'Gad, I think bubbles are like their brother woodcocks, go out with the cold weather.

*Harc.* A pox, he did not hear all, I hope !

*[Apart to Horner.]*

*Spark.* Come, you bubbling rogues you, where do we sup ?—Oh, Harcourt, my mistress tells me you have been making fierce love to her all the play long. Hah, ha---- But I-----

*Harc.* I make love to her !

*Spark.* Nay, I forgive thee ; for I think I know thee, and I know her, but I am sure I know myself.

*Harc.* Did she tell you so ? I see all women are like these of the Exchange ; who, to enhance the price of their commodities, report to their fond customers offers which were never made 'em.

*Horn.* Ay, women are apt to tell before the intrigue, as men after it, and so shew themselves the vainer sex. But hast thou a mistress, Sparkish ? 'Tis as hard for me to believe it, as that thou ever hadst a bubble, as you bragg'd just now.

*Spark.* Oh, your servant, Sir : are you at your railery, Sir ? But we are some of us before-hand with you to-day at the play : the wits were something bold with you, Sir ; did you not hear us laugh ?



*Horn.* Yes ; but I thought you had gone to plays, to laugh at the poet's wit, not at your own.

*Spark.* Your servant, Sir ; no, I thank you. 'Gad, I go to a play, as to a country treat : I carry my own wine to one, and my own wit to t'other, or else I'm sure I shou'd not be merry at either ; and the reason why we are so often louder than the players, is, because we think we speak more wit, and so become the poet's rivals in his audience ; for to tell you the truth, we hate the filly rogues ; nay, so much, that we find fault even with their bawdy upon the stage, whilst we talk nothing else in the pit as loud.

*Horn.* But why shouldst thou hate the filly poets ? thou hast too much wit to be one ; and they, like whores, are only hated by each other : and thou dost scorn writing, I'm sure.

*Spark.* Yes, I'd have you know I scorn writing : but women ! women, that make men do all foolish things, make 'em write songs too. Every body does it ; 'tis e'en as common with lovers as playing with fans : and you can no more help rhyming to your Phillis, than drinking to your Phillis.

*Harc.* Nay, poetry in love is no more to be avoided than jealousy.

*Dor.* But the poets damn'd your songs, did they ?

*Spark.* Damn the poets ; they have turn'd them into burlesque, as they call it. That burlesque is a hocus-pocus trick they have got, which, by the virtue of hiccious doctius, topsy turvey, they make a wife and witty man in the world, a fool upon the stage, you know not how ; and 'tis therefore I hate 'em too, for I know not but it may be my own case ; for they'll put a man into a play for looking a-squint. Their predecessors were contented to make serving-men only their stage-fools, but these rogues must have gentlemen, with a pox to 'em, nay, knights ; and indeed, you shall hardly see a fool upon the stage, but he's a knight. And to tell you the truth, they have kept me these six years from being a knight in earnest, for fear of being knighted in a play, and dubb'd a fool.

*Dor.* Blame 'em not, they must follow their copy, the age.

*Harc.*

*Harc.* But why shouldst thou be afraid of being in a play, who expose yourself every day in the play-houses, and at public places?

*Horn.* 'Tis but being on the stage, instead of standing on a bench in the pit.

*Dor.* Don't you give money to painters to draw your like? And are you afraid of your pictures at length in a play-house, where all your mistresses may see you?

*Spark.* A pox, painters don't draw the small pox or pimples in one's face. Come, damn all your silly authors whatever, all books and booksellers, by the world; and all readers, courteous and uncourteous.

*Harc.* But who comes here, Sparkish?

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife, and his Wife in Man's cloaths, Alithea, and Lucy her maid.*

*Spark.* Oh, hide me, there's my mistress too.

[*Sparkish bedes himself behind Harcourt.*]

*Harc.* She sees you.

*Spark.* But I will not see her: 'tis time to go to Whitehall, and I must not fail the drawing-room.

*Harc.* Pray first carry me and reconcile me to her.

*Spark.* Another time; faith, the king will have supp'd.

*Harc.* Not with the worse stomach for thy absence: thou art one of those fools that think their attendance at the king's meals as necessary as his physician's, when you are more troublesome to him than his doctors, or his dogs.

*Spark.* Pshaw! I know my interest, Sir. Pr'ythee, hide me.

*Horn.* Your servant, Pinchwife. What, he knows us not.

*Pinch.* Come along. [To his wife aside.]

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, have you any ballads? Give me sixpenny worth.

*Clasp.* We have no ballads.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Then give me Covent-Garden drollery, and a play or two—Oh, here's Tarugo's Wiles, and the Slighted Maiden; I'll have them.

*Pinch.* No, plays are not for your reading. Come along; will you discover yourself? [Apart to her.]

*Horn.* Who is that pretty youth with him, Sparkish?

*Spark.* I believe his wife's brother, because he's something like her; but I never saw her but once.

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*Horn.* Extremely handsome; I have seen a face like it too. Let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt Mr. Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife, Alithea, Lucy; Horner and Dorilant following them.*]

*Harc.* Come, Sparkish, your mistress saw you, and will be angry you go not to her; besides, I would fain be reconciled to her, which none but you can do, dear friend.

*Spark.* Well, that is a better reason, dear friend: I would not go near her now for hers or my own sake; but I can deny you nothing: for tho' I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance.

*Harc.* I am obliged to you indeed, dear friend: I would be well with her only to be well with thee still; for these ties to wives usually dissolve all ties to friends. I would be contented she should enjoy you a-nights, but I would have you to myself a-days as I have had, dear friend.

*Spark.* And thou shalt enjoy me a-days, dear, dear friend, never stir; and I'll be divorced from her, sooner than from thee. Come along——

*Harc.* So, we are hard put to't, when we make our rival our procurer; but neither she, nor her brother, would let me come near her now. When all's done, a rival is the best cloak to steal to a mistress under, without suspicion; and when we have once got to her as we desire, we throw him off, like other cloaks. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Sparkish, and Harcourt following him.*]

*Re-enter Mr. Pinch. and Mrs. Pinch. in Man's clothes.*

*Mr. Pinch.* Sister, if you will not go, we must leave you— [*To Alithea.*] The fool, her gallant, and she will muster up all the young faunterers of this place, and they will leave their dear sempstresses to follow us. What a swarm of cuckolds and cuckold-makers are here? [*Aside.* Come, let's begone, Mistress Margery.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Don't you believe that I han't half my belly full of sights yet?

*Mr. Pinch.* Then walk this way.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord, what a power of brave signs are here? Stay—the bull's-head, the ram's-head, and the stag's-head, dear——

*Mr. Pinch.* Nay, if every husband's proper sign here were visible, they would be all alike.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* What do ye mean by that, Bud?

*Mr. Pinch.* 'Tis no matter——no matter, Bud.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, tell me. Nay, I will know.

*Mr. Pinch.* They would be all bulls, stags, and rams heads. [Exeunt *Mr. Pinchwife* and *Mrs. Pinchwife*.]

*Re-enter Spark.* *Harc.* *Alith.* *Lucy,* at the other door.

*Spark.* Come, dear Madam, for my sake you shall be reconciled to him.

*Alith.* For your sake, I hate him.

*Harc.* That is something too cruel, Madam, to hate me for his sake.

*Spark.* Ay indeed, Madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my friend for my sake.

*Alith.* I hate him because he is your enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

*Spark.* That is a good one! I hate a man for loving you! If he did love you, it is but what he cannot help; and it is your fault, not his, if he admires you. I hate a man for being of my opinion! I will never do it, by the world.

*Alith.* Is it for your honour, or mine, to suffer a man to make love to me; who am to marry you to-morrow?

*Spark.* Is it for your honour, or mine, to have me jealous? That he makes love to you, is a sign you are handsome; and that I am not jealous, is a sign you are virtuous: that I think is for your honour.

*Alith.* But it is your honour too, I am concerned for.

*Harc.* But why, dearest Madam, will you be more concerned for his honour than he is himself?—Let his honour alone, for my sake and his. He! he has no honour—

*Spark.* How is that?

*Harc.* But what my dear friend can guard himself.

*Spark.* O ho—that is right again.

*Harc.* Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which is no honour to my dear friend here: therefore once more, let his honour go which way it will, dear Madam.

*Spark.* Ay, ay; were it for my honour to marry a woman whose virtue I suspected, and could not trust her in a friend's hands?

*Alith.* Are you not afraid to lose me?

*Harc.* He afraid to lose you, Madam! No, no—you may

may see how the most estimable and most glorious creature in the world is valued by him : will you not see it ?

*Spark.* Right, honest Frank, I have that noble value for her, that I cannot be jealous of her.

*Alib.* You mistake him : he means you care not for me, nor who has me.

*Spark.* Lord, Madam ! I see you are jealous : will you wrest a poor man's meaning from his words ?

*Alib.* You astonish me, Sir, with your want of jealousy.

*Spark.* And you make me giddy, Madam, with your jealousy and fears, and virtue and honour : 'gad, I see virtue makes a woman as troublesome as a little reading or learning.

*Alib.* Monstrous !

*Lucy.* Well, to see what easy husbands these women of quality can meet with ! a poor chamber-maid can never have such lady-like luck. Besides, he is thrown away upon her : she will make no use of her fortune, her blessing. None to a gentleman, for a pure cuckold ; for it requires good breeding to be a cuckold. [*Behind.*]

*Alib.* I tell you then plainly, he pursues me to marry me.

*Spark.* Pshaw——

*Harc.* Come, Madam, you see you strive in vain to make him jealous of me ; my dear friend is the kindest creature in the world to me.

*Spark.* Poor fellow !

*Harc.* But his kindness only is not enough for me, without your favour, your good opinion, dear Madam : 'tis that must perfect my happiness. Good gentleman, he believes all I say : would you would do so. Jealous of me ! I would not wrong him nor you for the world.

*Spark.* Look you there : hear him, hear him, and do not walk away so. [*Alithea walks carelessly to and fro.*]

*Harc.* I love you, Madam, so——

*Spark.* How is that ! Nay, now you begin to go too far indeed.

*Harc.* So much, I confess, I say, I love you, that I would not have you miserable, and cast yourself away upon so unworthy and inconsiderable a thing, as what you see here. [*Clapping his hand on his breast, points at Spark.*]

*Spark.*

*Spark.* No, faith, I believe thou wouldst not. Now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou wouldst not wrong me, nor her,

*Harc.* No, no, heavens forbid the glory of her sex should fall so low, as into the embraces of such a contemptible wretch, the least of mankind—my dear friend here—I injure him. [Embracing Sparkish.]

*Alith.* Very well,

*Spark.* No, no, dear friend, I knew it. Madam, you see he will rather wrong himself than me, in giving himself such names.

*Alith.* Do not you understand him yet?

*Spark.* Yes, how modestly he speaks of himself, poor fellow!

*Alith.* Methinks he speaks impudently of yourself, since—before yourself too; insomuch that I can no longer suffer his scurrilous abusiveness to you, no more than his love to me. [Offers to go.]

*Spark.* Nay, nay, Madam, pray stay, his love to you! Lord, Madam, has he not spoke yet plain enough?

*Alith.* Yes, indeed, I should think so.

*Spark.* Well then, by the world, a man cannot speak civilly to a woman now, but presently she says, he makes love to her. Nay, Madam, you shall stay, with your pardon, since you have not yet understood him, till he has made an eclaircissement of his love to you, that is, what kind of love it is. Answer to thy catechism, friend; do you love my mistress here?

*Harc.* Yes, I wish she would not doubt it.

*Spark.* But how do you love her?

*Harc.* With all my soul.

*Alith.* I thank him, methinks he speaks plain enough now.

*Spark.* You are out still. [To Alitheia.]  
But what kind of love, Harcourt?

*Harc.* With the best, and the truest love in the world.

*Spark.* Look you there then, that is with no matrimonial love, I am sure.

*Alith.* How is that? Do you say matrimonial love is not best?

*Spark.* 'Gad, I went too far ere I was aware: but speak for

for thyself, Harcourt, you said you would not wrong me, nor her.

*Harc.* No, no, Madam, even take him for heaven's sake——

*Spark.* Look you there, Madam,.

*Harc.* Who should in all justice be yours, he that loves you most. [*Claps his hand on his breast.*]

*Alith.* Look you there, Mr. Sparkish, who is that?

*Spark.* Who should it be? Go on, Harcourt.

*Harc.* Who loves you more than women titles, or fortune fools. [*Points at Spark.*]

*Spark.* Look you there, he means me still, for he points at me.

*Alith.* Ridiculous! [*love.*]

*Harc.* Who can only match your faith and constancy in

*Spark.* Ay.

*Harc.* Who knows, if it be possible, how to value so much beauty and virtue.

*Spark.* Ay.

*Harc.* Whose love can no more be equalled in the world, than that heavenly form of yours.

*Spark.* No——

*Harc.* Who could no more suffer a rival, than your absence, and yet could no more suspect your virtue, than his own constancy in his love to you.

*Spark.* No——

*Harc.* Who, in fine, loves you better than his eyes, that first made him love you.

*Spark.* Ay—Nay, Madam, faith you shan't go, till—

*Alith.* Have a care, lest you make me stay too long——

*Spark.* But till he has saluted you; that I may be assured you are friends, after his honest advice and declaration. Come, pray, Madam, be friends with him.

*Enter Mr. Pinchwife and Mistress Pinchwife.*

*Alith.* You must pardon me, Sir, that I am not yet so obedient to you.

*Mr. Pinch.* What, invite your wife to kiss men! Monstrous! Are you not ashamed? I will never forgive you.

*Spark.* Are you not ashamed, that I should have more confidence in the chastity of your family, than you have? You must not teach me, I am a man of honour, Sir, tho' I am frank and free; I am frank, Sir——

*Mr.*

*Mr. Pinch.* Very frank, Sir, to share your wife with your friends.

*Spark.* He is an humble, menial friend, such as reconciles the differences of the marriage bed; you know man and wife do not always agree, I design him for that use, therefore would have him well with my wife.

*Mr. Pinch.* A menial friend—you will get a great many menial friends, by shewing your wife as you do.

*Spark.* What then? It may be I have a pleasure in it, as I have to shew fine cloaths at a play-house, the first day, and count money before poor rogues.

*Mr. Pinch.* He that shews his wife, or money, will be in danger of having them borrowed sometimes.

*Spark.* I love to be envied, and would not marry a wife that I alone could love; loving alone is as dull as eating alone: Is it not a frank age? and I am a frank person; and to tell you the truth, it may be, I love to have rivals in a wife, they make her seem to a man still but as a kept mistress; and so good night, for I must to Whitehall. Madam, I hope you are now reconciled to my friend; and so I wish you a good night, Madam, and sleep if you can; for to-morrow, you know, I must visit you early with a canonical gentleman. Good night, dear Harcourt.

[Exit Sparkish.

*Harc.* Madam, I hope you will not refuse my visit to-morrow, if it should be earlier, with a canonical gentleman, than Mr. Sparkish's.

*Mr. Pinch.* This gentlewoman is yet under my care, therefore you must yet forbear your freedom with her, Sir.

[Coming between Alithea and Harcourt.

*Harc.* Must, Sir!

*Mr. Pinch.* Yes, Sir, she is my sister.

*Harc.* 'Tis well she is, Sir—for I must be her servant, Sir. Madam—

*Mr. Pinch.* Come away, sister, we had been gone if it had not been for you, and so avoided these lewd rake-hells, who seem to haunt us.

*Enter Horner, Dorilant to them.*

*Horn.* How now! Pinchwife!

*Mr. Pinch.* Your servant.

*Horn.* What I see a little time in the country makes a man



man turn wild and unfociable, and only fit to converse with his horses, dogs, and his herds.

*Mr. Pinch.* I have business, Sir, and must mind it : your business is pleasure, therefore you and I must go different ways.

*Horn.* Well, you may go on, but this pretty young gentleman—— [*Takes hold of Mrs. Pinchwife.*]

*Harc.* The lady——

*Dor.* And the maid——

*Horn.* Shall stay with us, for I suppose their business is the same with ours, pleasure.

*Mr. Pinch.* 'Sdeath, he knows her, she carries it so filly ; yet if he does not, I should be more silly to discover it first. [*Aside.*]

*Alib.* Pray, let us go, Sir,

*Mr. Pinch.* Come, come——

*Horn.* Had you rather not stay with us? [*To Mrs. Pinch.*] Pr'ythee, Pinchwife, who is this pretty young gentleman?

*Mr. Pinch.* One to whom I am a guardian. I wish I could keep her out of your hands—— [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty in all my life.

*Mr. Pinch.* Pshaw, do not look upon him so much ; he is a poor bashful youth, you'll put him out of countenance. Come away, brother. [*Offers to take her away.*]

*Horn.* O, your brother

*Mr. Pinch.* Yes, my wife's brother. Come, come, she will stay supper for us.

*Horn.* I thought so, for he is very like her I saw you at the play with, whom I told you I was in love with.

*Mrs. Pinch.* O Gemmini ! is that he that was in love with me? I am glad on it, I vow, for he is a curious fine gentleman, and I love him already too. [*Aside.*] Is this he, Bud? [*To Mr. Pinchwife.*]

*Pinch.* Come away, come away. [*To his wife.*]

*Horn.* Why, what haste are you in? why won't you let me talk with him?

*Pinch.* Because you will debauch him, he is yet young and innocent, and I would not have him debauch'd for any thing in the world. How she gazes on him!—— The devil ! [*Aside.*]

*Horn.*

*Horn.* Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here; this is the likeness of that dowdy he told us of, his wife. Did you ever see a lovelier creature? The rogue has reason to be jealous of his wife, since she is like him, for she would make all that see her in love with her.

*Harc.* And, as I remember now, she is as like him here as can be.

*Dor.* She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him.

*Horn.* Very pretty! a very pretty commendation—she is a glorious creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever held.

*Pinch.* So, so.

*Harc.* More beautiful than a poet's first mistress of imagination.

*Horn.* Or another man's last mistress of flesh and blood.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, now you jeer, Sir; pray don't jeer me—

*Pinch.* Come, come.—By heavens, she will discover herself. [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* I speak of your sister, Sir.

*Pinch.* Ay, but saying she was handsome, if like him, made him blush.—I am upon a rack— [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* Methinks he is so handsome, he should not be a man.

*Pinch.* O there 'tis out: he has discover'd her. I am not able to suffer any longer. Come, come away, I say— [*To his wife.*]

*Horn.* Nay, by your leave, Sir, he shall not go yet—

*Harc.* Dorilant, let us torment this jealous rogue a little. [*To them.*]

*Harc. and Dor.* How?

*Horn.* I'll shew you.

*Pinch.* Come, pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer; I tell you, his sister stays supper for us.

*Horn.* Does she? Come then, we will all go sup with her and thee.

*Pinch.* No, now I think on it, having staid so long for us, I warrant she is gone to bed—I wish she and I were well out of their hands— [*Aside.*]—Come, I must rise early to-morrow, come.

*Horn.* Well then, if she be gone to bed, I wish her and you

E

you a good night. But pray, young gentleman, present my humble service to her.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Thank you heartily, Sir.

*Pinch.* 'Sdeath, she will discover herself yet in spite of me. [*Aside.*] He is something more civil to you, for your kindness to his sister, than I am, it seems.

*Horn.* Tell her, dear, sweet, little gentleman, for all your brother there, that you have reviv'd the love I had for her at first sight in the play-house.

*Mrs. Pinch.* But do you love her indeed, and indeed?

*Pinch.* So, so. [*Aside.*] Away, I say.

*Horn.* Nay stay; yes indeed, and indeed. Pray do you tell her so, and give her this kiss from me. [*Kisses her.*]

*Pinch.* O heavens! what do I suffer! Now 'tis too plain he knows her, and yet—— [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* And this, and this—— [*Kisses her again.*]

*Mrs. Pinch.* What do you kiss me for, I am no woman.

*Pinch.* So——there it is out. [*Aside.*] Come, I cannot, nor will stay any longer.

*Horn.* Nay, they shall send your lady a kiss too. Here, Harcourt, Dorilant, will you not? [*They kiss her.*]

*Pinch.* How! do I suffer this? Was I not accusing another just now, for this rascally patience in permitting his wife to be kissed before his face? Ten thousand ulcers gnaw away their lips. [*Aside.*] Come, come.

*Horn.* Good night, dear little gentleman. Madam, good night. Farewel, Pinchwife.——Did not I tell you I would raise his jealous gall?

[*Apart to Harcourt and Dorilant.*]

[*Exeunt Horner, Harcourt, and Dorilant.*]

*Pinch.* So, they are gone at last. Stay, let me see first if the coach be at this door. [*Exit.*]

[*Horner, Harcourt and Dorilant return.*]

*Horn.* What, not gone yet? Will you be sure to do as I desired you, sweet Sir?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Sweet Sir, but what will you give me then?

*Horn.* Any thing. Come away into the next walk.

[*Exit Horner, baling away Mrs. Pinch.*]

*Alib.* Hold, hold——what do you do?

*Lucy.* Stay, stay, hold——

*Harc.*

*Harc.* Hold, Madam, hold, let him present him, he will come presently. Nay, I will never let you go, 'till you answer my question.

*Lucy.* For God's sake, Sir! I must follow them.

[*Alith.* *Lucy, struggling with Harcourt and Dorilant.*

*Dor.* No, I have something to present you with too, you shan't follow them.

*Pinchwife returns.*

*Pinch.* Where?—how—what is become of—gone—whither?

*Lucy.* He is only gone with the gentleman, who will give him something, an't please your worship.

*Pinch.* Something—give him something with a pox—where are they?

*Alith.* In the next walk only, brother.

*Pinch.* Only, only! Where, where?

[*Exit Pinchwife, and returns presently, then goes out again.*

*Harc.* What is the matter with him? Why so much concern e; ut dearest Madam—

*Alith.* Pray let me go, Sir; I have said, and suffered enough already.

*Harc.* Then you will not look upon nor pity my sufferings?

*Alith.* To look upon them, when I cannot help them, were cruelty, not pity; therefore, I will never see you more.

*Harc.* Let me then, Madam, have my privilege of a banished lover, complaining or railing, and giving you but a farewell reason, why, if you cannot condescend to marry me, you should not take that wretch, my rival.

*Alith.* He only, not you, since my honour is engaged so far to him, can give me a reason, why I should not marry him; but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I must be so to him; your servant, Sir.

*Harc.* Have women only constancy when it is a vice, and are, like fortune, only true to fools?

*Dor.* Thou shalt not stir, thou robust creature. You see I can deal with you, therefore you should stay the rather, and be kind. [*To Lucy, who struggles to get from him.*

[*Enter Pinchwife.*

*Pinch.* Gone, gone! not to be found, quite gone!

Ten thousand plagues go with them ! Which way went they ?

*Alib.* But into the other walk, brother.

*Lucy.* Their business will be done presently sure, an't please your worship, it cannot be long in doing, I am sure on it.

*Alib.* Are they not there ?

*Pinch.* No, you know where they are, your infamous wretch. Eternal shame of your family, which you do not dishonour enough yourself, you think, but you must help her to do it too : thou legion of bauds.

*Alib.* Good brother.

*Pinch.* Damned, damned sister.

*Alib.* Look you here ; she is coming.

*Enter Mistress Pinchwife in man's clothes, running with her hat under her arm, full of oranges and dried fruit, Horner following.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* O dear Bud, look you here what I have got, see.

*Pinch.* And what I have got here too, which you cannot see. [*Aside, rubbing his forehead.*]

*Mrs. Pinch.* The fine gentleman has given me better things yet.

*Pinch.* Has he so ?—Out of breath and coloured—I must hold yet. [*Aside.*]

*Horn.* I have only given your little brother an orange, Sir.

*Pinch.* Thank you, Sir. [*To Horner.*] You have only squeezed my orange, I suppose, and given it me again ; yet I must have a city patience. [*Aside.*] Come, come away— [*To his wife.*]

*Mrs. Pinch.* Stay, till I have put up my fine things, Bud.

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget.*

*Sir Jasp.* O master Horner, come, come, the ladies stay for you ; your mistress, my wife, wonders you make no more haste to her.

*Horn.* I have staid this half hour for you here, and it is your fault I am not now with your wife.

*Sir Jasp.* But pray, do not let her know so much ;  
the

the truth on it is, I was advancing a certain project to his majesty, about—I will tell you.

*Horn.* No, let us go, and hear it at your house. Good night, sweet little gentleman; one kiss more, you will remember me now, I hope. *[Kisses her.]*

*Dor.* What, Sir Jasper, will you separate friends? He promis'd to sup with us, and if you take him to your house, you will be in danger of our company too.

*Sir Jasp.* Alas, gentlemen, my house is not fit for you, there are none but civil women there, which are not for your turn: he, you know, can bear with the society of civil women now, ha, ha, ha; besides, he is one of my family—he is—he, he, he.

*Dor.* What is he?

*Sir Jasp.* Faith, my eunuch; since you will have it: he, he, he. *[Ex. Sir Jasper Fidget and Horner.]*

*Dor.* I rather wish thou wert his or my cuckold. Harcourt, what a good cuckold is lost there, for want of a man to make him one! Thee and I cannot have Horner's privilege, who can make use of it.

*Harc.* Ay, to poor Horner, 'tis like coming to an estate at threescore, when a man cannot be the better for it.

*Pinch.* Come,

*Mrs. Pinch.* Presently, Bud.

*Dor.* Come, let us go too. Madam, your servant. *[To Alith.]* Good night, Strapper— *[To Lucy.]*

*Harc.* Madam, though you will not let me have a good day, or night, I wish you one; but dare not name the other half of my wish.

*Alith.* Good night, Sir, for ever.

*Mrs. Pinch.* I do not know where to put this here, dear Bud; you shall eat it; nay, you shall have part of the fine gentleman's good things, or treat, as you call it, when we come home.

*Pinch.* Indeed, I deserve it, since I furnished the best part of it. *[Strikes away the orange.]*

The gallant treats presents, and gives the ball;  
But 'tis the absent cuckold pays for all.

END of the THIRD ACT.

E 3

ACT

## A C T IV.

SCENE, Pinchwife's House.

*Enter Lucy, and Alithea dressed in new Cloaths.*

Lucy.

**W**ELL, Madam, now I have dressed you, and set you out with so many ornaments, and spent upon you ounces of essence and pulvillio; and all this for no other purpose, but as people adorn and perfume a corpse for a stinking, second-hand grave; such, or as bad, I think Master Sparkish's bed.

Alitb. Hold your peace.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I will ask you the reason why you would banish poor Master Harcourt for ever from your sight? How could you be so hard-hearted?

Alitb. 'Twas because I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas stark love and kindness, I warrant.

Alitb. It was so; I would see him no more, because I love him.

Lucy. Hey-day! a very pretty reason!

Alitb. You do not understand me.

Lucy. I wish you may yourself.

Alitb. I was engaged to marry, you see, another man, whom my justice will not suffer me to deceive or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat or wrong done to a man, than to give him your person without your heart? I should make a conscience of it.

Alitb. I'll retrieve it for him, after I am married a while.

Lucy. The woman that marries to love better, will be as much mistaken as the wench that marries to live better. No, Madam, marrying to increase love, is like gaming to become rich; alas! you only lose what little stock you had before.

Alitb. I find, by your rhetoric, you have been bribed to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has bribed your heart, you see, against your word and rigid honour. But what a devil is this honour? 'Tis sure a disease in the head, like the megrim, or falling-sickness, that always hurries people away to do themselves mischief. Men lose their  
lives

lives by it ; women, what's dearer to them, their love, the life of life.

*Alib.* Come, pray, talk no more of honour, nor Master Harcourt. I wish the other would come to secure my fidelity to him, and his right in me.

*Lucy.* You will marry him, then ?

*Alib.* Certainly ; I have given him already my word, and will my hand too, to make it good, when he comes.

*Lucy.* Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he be not an errant natural, to t'other fine gentleman.

*Alib.* I own he wants the wit of Harcourt, which I will dispense withal, for another want he has, which is want of jealousy, which men of wit seldom want.

*Lucy.* Lord, Madam, what should you do with a fool to your husband ? You intend to be honest, don't you ? Then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

*Alib.* He only that could suspect my virtue, should have cause to do it : 'tis Sparkish's confidence in my truth, that obliges me to be so faithful to him.

*Lucy.* You are not sure his opinion may last.

*Alib.* I am satisfied 'tis impossible for him to be jealous, after the proofs I have had of him. Jealousy in a husband ! Heaven defend me from it ! it begets a thousand plagues to a poor woman, the loss of her honour, her quiet, and her ———

*Lucy.* And her pleasure.

*Alib.* What d'ye mean, impertinent ?

*Lucy.* Liberty is a great pleasure, Madam.

*Alib.* I say, loss of her honour, her quiet, nay, her life sometimes ; and what's as bad almost, the loss of this town : that is, she is sent into the country, which is the last ill usage of a husband to a wife, I think.

*Lucy.* Oh, does the wind lie there ? [*Aside.*] Then, of necessity, Madam, you think a man must carry his wife into the country, if he be wise. The country is as terrible, I find, to our young English ladies, as a monastery to those abroad ; and, on my virginity, I think they would rather marry a London gaoler than a high sheriff of a county, since neither can stir from his employment. Formerly women of wit married fools for a great estate, a fine seat,



seat, or the like ; but now 'tis for a pretty seat only in  
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, St. James's-Fields, or the Pall-Mall.

*Enter Sparkish, and Harcourt dressed like a Parson.*

*Spark.* Madam, your humble servant ; a happy day to  
you, and to us all.

*Harc.* Amen.

*Alib.* Who have we here ?

*Spark.* My Chaplain, faith—Oh, Madam, poor Har-  
court remembers his humble service to you ; and in obe-  
dience to your last commands, refrains coming into your  
sight.

*Alib.* Is not that he ?

*Spark.* No, fie, no ; but to shew that he ne'er intended  
to hinder our match, has sent his brother here to join our  
hands. When I get me a wife I must get her a chaplain,  
according to the custom ; this is his brother, and my  
chaplain.

*Alib.* His brother !

*Lucy.* And your chaplain, to preach in your pulpit  
then. *[Aside.]*

*Alib.* His brother !

*Spark.* Nay, I knew you would not believe it. I told  
you, Sir, she would take you for your brother Frank.

*Alib.* Believe it !

*Lucy.* His brother ! ha, ha, he ! He has a trick left  
still, it seems. *[Aside.]*

*Spark.* Come, my dearest, pray, let us go to church be-  
fore the canonical hour is past.

*Alib.* For shame ! you are abused still.

*Spark.* By the world, 'tis strange now you are so incre-  
dulous.

*Alib.* 'Tis strange you are so credulous.

*Spark.* Dearest of my life, hear me. I tell you this is  
Ned Harcourt of Cambridge, by the world ; you see he  
has a sneaking college look. 'Tis true, he's something  
like his brother Frank ; and they differ from each other  
no more than in their age, for they were twins.

*Lucy.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Alib.* Your servant, Sir ; I cannot be so deceived, tho'  
you are. But, come, let's hear, how do you know what  
you affirm so confidently ?

*Spark.* Why, I'll tell you all. Frank Harcourt coming  
to me this morning, to wish me joy, and present his ser-  
vice

vice to you, I asked him if he could help me to a parson? Whereupon he told me he had a brother in town who was in orders; and he went straight away, and sent him, you see there, to me!

*Alib.* Yes, Frank goes and puts on a black coat, then tells you he is Ned; that's all you have for it.

*Spark.* Pshaw, pshaw! I tell you, by the same token, the midwife put her garter about Frank's neck, to know them asunder, they were so like.

*Alib.* Frank tells you this too?

*Spark.* Ay, and Ned there too. Nay, they are both in a story.

*Alib.* So, so; very foolish——

*Spark.* Lord, if you won't believe one, you had best try him by your chamber-maid there; for chamber-maids must needs know chaplains from other men, they are so used to them.

*Lucy.* Let's see. Nay, I'll be sworn, he has the canonical smirk, and the filthy clammy palm of a chaplain.

*Alib.* Well, most reverend Doctor, pray, let us make an end of this fooling.

*Harc.* With all my soul, divine, heavenly creature, when you please.

*Alib.* He speaks like a chaplain indeed.

*Spark.* Why, was there not soul, divine, heavenly, in what he said?

*Alib.* Once more, most impertinent Black-coat, cease your persecution, and let us have a conclusion of this ridiculous love.

*Harc.* I had forgot; I must suit my stile to my coat, or I wear it in vain. [*Aside.*]

*Alib.* I have no more patience left; let us make at once an end of this troublesome love, I say.

*Harc.* So be it, seraphic lady, when your honour shall think it meet and convenient so to do.

*Spark.* Gad, I'm sure none but a chaplain could speak so, I think.

*Alib.* Let me tell you, Sir, this dull trick will not serve your turn; tho' you delay our marriage, you shall not hinder it.

*Harc.* Far be it from me, munificent patroness, to delay your marriage; I desire nothing more than to marry you

you presently, which I might do, if you yourself would; for my noble, good-natured, and thrice generous patron here would not hinder it.

*Spark.* No, poor man, not I, faith.

*Harc.* And now, Madam, let me tell you plainly, nobody else shall marry you; by heavens, I'll die first; for I'm sure I should die after it.

*Lucy.* How his love has made him forget his function, as I have seen it in real parsons!

*Alith.* That was spoken like a chaplain too; now you understand him, I hope.

*Spark.* Poor man! he takes it heinously to be refused; I can't blame him; 'tis putting an indignity upon him, not to be suffered: but you'll pardon me, Madam, it shan't be; he shall marry us. Come away, pray, Madam.

*Lucy.* Ha, ha, he! more ado? 'tis late.

*Alith.* Invincible stupidity! I tell you he would marry me as your rival, not as your chaplain.

*Spark.* Come, come, Madam. [*Pulling her away.*]

*Lucy.* I pray, Madam, do not refuse this reverend divine the honour and satisfaction of marrying you; for, I dare say, he has set his heart upon it, good Doctor.

*Alith.* What can you hope or design by this?

*Harc.* I could answer her, a reprieve, for a day only, often revokes a hasty doom. At worst, if she will not take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at least the lover's second pleasure, hindering my rival's enjoyment, tho' but for a time. [*Aside.*]

*Spark.* Come, Madam, 'tis e'en twelve o'clock; and my mother charged me never to be married out of the canonical hours. Come, come; Lord, here's such a deal of modesty, I warrant, the first day.

*Lucy.* Yes, an't please your worship, married women shew all their modesty the first day, because married men shew all their love the first day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Bed-chamber, where appear Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife.

*Pinch.* Come, tell me, I say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord, han't I told it an hundred times over?

*Pinch.* I would try if, in the repetition of the ungrateful

ful tale, I could find her altering it in the least circumstance; for if her story be false, she is so too. [*Aside.*] Come, how was it, baggage?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord, what a pleasure you take to hear it, sure!

*Pinch.* No, you take more in telling it, I find; but speak, how was it?

*Mrs. Pinch.* He carried me up into the house next to the Exchange.

*Pinch.* So, and you two were only in the room.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, for he sent away a youth that was there, for some dried fruit and China oranges.

*Pinch.* Did he so? Damn him for it—and for——

*Mrs. Pinch.* But presently came up the gentlewoman of the house.

*Pinch.* Oh, 'twas well she did. But what did he do whilst the fruit came?

*Mrs. Pinch.* He kissed me a hundred times, and told me he fancied he kissed my fine sister, meaning me, you know, whom he said he loved with all his soul; and bid me be sure to tell her so, and to desire her to be at her window by eleven of the clock this morning, and he would walk under it at that time.

*Pinch.* And he was as good as his word; very punctual; a pox reward him for't! [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Pinch.* Well, and he said, if you were not within, he would come up to her, meaning me, you know, Bud, still.

*Pinch.* So—he knew her certainly. But for this confession I am obliged to her simplicity. [*Aside.*] But what, you stood very still when he kissed you?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, I warrant you; would you have had me discover myself?

*Pinch.* But you told me he did some beastliness to you, as you call it; what was't?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, he put——

*Pinch.* What?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, he put the tip of his tongue between my lips, and so muzzled me—and I said I'd bite it.

*Pinch.* An eternal canker seize it, for a dog!

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, you need not be so angry with him  
neither;

neither; for, to say truth, he has the sweetest breath I ever knew.

*Pinch.* The devil!—you were satisfied with it then; and would do it again.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Not unless he should force me.

*Pinch.* Force you, changeling! I tell you, no woman can be forced.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, but she may, sure, by such a one as he; for he's a proper, goodly, strong man; 'tis hard, let me tell you, to resist him.

*Pinch.* So, 'tis plain she loves him, but she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me: but the sight of him will encrease her aversion for me, and love for him; and that love instruct her how to deceive me, and satisfy him, all idiot as she is. Love! 'twas he gave women first their craft, their art of deluding; out of Nature's hands they came plain, open, silly, and fit for slaves, as she and Heaven intended them: but damn'd love!—Well, I must strangle that little monster, whilst I can deal with him. [*Aside.*] Go, fetch pen, ink, and paper out of the next room.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, Bud.

[*Exit.*]

*Pinch.* Why should women have more invention in love than men? It can only be, because they have more desires, more soliciting passions, more lust, and more of the devil.

*Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Come, Minks, sit down and write.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay, dear, dear Bud: but I can't do't very well.

*Pinch.* I wish you could not at all.

*Mrs. Pinch.* But what should I write for?

*Pinch.* I'll have you write a letter to your lover.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, Lord! to the fine gentleman a letter!

*Pinch.* Yes, to the fine gentleman.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord! you do but jeer; sure you jest.

*Pinch.* I am not so merry. Come, write as I bid you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What, do you think I am a fool?

*Pinch.* She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, therefore she's unwilling: but you had best begin.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, so I won't.

*Pinch.* Why?

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Because he's in town; you may send for him, if you will.

*Pinch.* Very well; you would have him brought to you. Is it come to this? I say, take the pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord, what d'ye make a fool of me for? Don't I know that letters are never writ, but from the country to London, and from London into the country; now he's in town, and I am in town too; therefore I can't write to him, you know.

*Pinch.* So, I am glad it is no worse: she is innocent enough yet. [*Aside.*] Yes, you may, when your husband bids, write letters to people that are in town.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, may I so? Then I am satisfied.

*Pinch.* Come, begin—Sir— [*Distates.*]

*Mrs. Pinch.* Shan't I say, Dear Sir? You know one says always something more than bare Sir.

*Pinch.* Write as I bid you, or I will write whore with this penknife in your face.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, good Bud—Sir— [*She writes.*]

*Pinch.* Though I suffered last night your nauseous, loathed kisses and embraces—Write.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, why should I say so? You know I told you he had a sweet breath.

*Pinch.* Write.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Let me but put out loathed.

*Pinch.* Write, I say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Well, then. [*Writes.*]

*Pinch.* Let's see what you have writ. [*Takes the paper and reads.*] "Tho' I suffered last night your kisses and embraces"—Thou impudent creature! where is nauseous and loathed?

*Mrs. Pinch.* I can't abide to write such filthy words.

*Pinch.* Once more, write as I'd have you, and question it not, or I will spoil thy writing with this. [*Holds up the penknife.*] I will stab out those eyes that cause my mischief.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, lord! I will.

*Pinch.* So, so—Let's see now. [*Reads.*] "Tho' I suffered last night your nauseous, loathed kisses and embraces"—go on—Yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them—So—

[*She writes.*  
*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* I have writ it.

*Pinch.* On then—I then concealed myself from your knowledge to avoid your insolencies—— [*She writes.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* So——

*Pinch.* The same reason, now I am out of your hands——

*Mrs. Pinch.* So—— [*She writes.*

*Pinch.* Makes me own to you my unfortunate, tho' innocent frolic, of being in man's cloaths—— [*She writes.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* So——

*Pinch.* That you may for evermore cease to pursue her, who hates and detests you—— [*She writes on.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* So—h—— [*Sighs.*

*Pinch.* What, do you sigh?—Detests you, as much as she loves her husband and her honour——

*Mrs. Pinch.* I vow, husband, he'll ne'er believe I should write such a letter.

*Pinch.* What, he'd expect a kinder from you? Come, now, your name only.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What, shan't I say, your most faithful humble servant till death?

*Pinch.* No, tormenting fiend! Her stile, I find, would be very soft. [*Aside.*] Come, wrap it up now, whilst I go fetch wax and a candle: and write on the back-side, For Mr. Horner. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* For Mr. Horner—So, I am glad he has told me his name. Dear Mr. Horner, but why should I send thee such a letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with me?—Well, I will not send it—Ay, but then my husband will kill me; for I see plainly he will not let me love Mr. Horner. But what care I for my husband? I won't, so I won't, send poor Mr. Horner such a letter—But then my husband—But, Oh—what if I writ at bottom my husband made me write it?—Ay, but then my husband would see it. Can one have no shift? Ah, a London woman would have had a hundred presently!—Stay—What if I should write a letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too? Ay; but then my husband would see it—I don't know what to do——But yet, i'vads I'll try, so I will; for I will not send this letter to poor Mr. Horner, come what will on't.—[*She writes, and repeats what she hath writ.*] “Dear, sweet Mr. Horner,”—So——“My husband would have me send you a base, rude, unmannerly letter; but I won't.”—So——“And would

would have me forbid you loving me ; but I won't."--So--  
 " And would have me say to you, I hate you, poor Mr.  
 Horner ! but I won't tell a lie for him ;"--There--" for I am  
 sure if you and I were in the country at cards together,"  
 --So--" I could not help treading on your toe under the  
 table,"--So--" or rubbing knees with you, and staring  
 in your face, till you saw me,"--Very well--" and then  
 looking down, and blushing for an hour together ;"--So  
 --" but I must make haste before my husband comes ;  
 and now he has taught me to write letters, you shall have  
 longer ones from me, who am,

Dear, dear, poor, dear Mr. Horner,

Your most humble friend and

Servant to command till death,

MARGERY PINCHWIFE."

Stay, I must give him a hint at bottom,--So--now  
 wrap it up just like t'other ;---So---now write for Mr.  
 Horner :--But, Oh, now what shall I do with it ? for  
 here comes my husband.

*Enter Pinchwife.*

*Pinch.* I have been detained by a sparkish coxcomb,  
 who pretended a visit to me ; I but fear 'twas to my wife.  
 [*Aside.*] What have you done ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Here--[*He opens and reads the first letter.*]  
 No, I must not give him that, so I had been served if I  
 had given him this. [*Aside.*

*Pinch.* Come, where's the wax and seal ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Lord, what shall I do now ? Nay, then I  
 have it---[*Aside.*] Pray let me see't. Lord, you think  
 me so errand a fool, I cannot seal a letter ; I will do't, so  
 I will. [*Snatches the letter from him, changes it for the other,*  
*seals it, and delivers to him.*

*Pinch.* Nay, I believe you will learn that and other  
 things too, which I would not have you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* So, han't I done it curiously ? I think I  
 have ; there's my letter going to Mr. Horner, since he'll  
 needs have me send letters to folks. [*Aside.*

*Pinch.* 'Tis very well ; but I warrant, you would not  
 have it go now ?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes indeed, but I would, Bud, now.

*Pinch.* Well, you are a good girl then ; come let me  
 lock you up in your chamber, till I come back ; and be  
 sure you come not within three strides of the window,



when I am gone ; for I have a spy in the street. [*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife. Pinchwife locks the door.*] At least 'tis fit she thinks so : if we do not cheat women, they'll cheat us ; and fraud may be justly used with secret enemies, of which a wife is the most dangerous ; and he that has a handsome one to keep, and a frontier town, must provide against treachery, rather than open force---Now I have secured all within, I'll deal with the foe without, with false intelligence. [*Holds up the letter. Exit Pinchwife.*]

*The SCENE changes to Horner's Lodgings.*

*Quack and Horner.*

*Quack.* Well, Sir, how fadges the new design ? Have you not the luck of all your brother projectors, to deceive only yourself at last ?

*Horn.* No, good Domine Doctor, I deceive you it seems, and others too ; for the grave matrons and old rigid husbands think me as unfit for love, as they are ; but their wives, sisters, and daughters, know, some of them, better things already.

*Quack.* Already !

*Horn.* Already, I say ; last night I was drunk with half a dozen of your civil persons, as you call them, and people of honour, and so was made free of their society and dressing-rooms for ever hereafter ; and am already come to the privileges of sleeping upon their pallats, warming smocks, tying shoes and garters, and the like, Doctor, already, already, Doctor.

*Quack.* You have made use of your time, Sir.

*Horn.* I tell thee, I am now no more interruption to them, when they sing, or talk bawdy, than a little squab French page, who speaks no English.

*Quack.* But do civil persons and women of honour drink, and sing bawdy songs ?

*Horn.* Oh, amongst friends, amongst friends ; for your bigots in honour are just like those in religion ; they fear the eye of the world, more than the eye of Heaven ; and think there is no virtue, but railing at vice, and no sin, but giving scandal : they rail at a poor, little, kept player, and keep themselves some young, modest pulpit comedian to be privy to their sins in their closets, not to tell them of them in their chapels.

*Quack.*

*Quack.* Nay, the truth on't is, priests, amongst the women now, have quite got the better of us lay confessors, physicians.

*Horn.* And they are rather their patients, but——

*Enter Lady Fidg., looking about her.*

Now we talk of women of honour, here comes one. Step behind the screen there, and but observe, if I have not particular privileges with the women of reputation already, Doctor, already.

*Lady Fidg.* Well, Horner, am not I a woman of honour? You see I'm as good as my word.

*Horn.* And you shall see, Madam, I'll not be behind-hand with you in honour; and I'll be as good as my word too, if you but please to withdraw into the next room.

*Lady Fidg.* But first, my dear Sir, you must promise to have a care of my dear honour.

*Horn.* If you talk a word more of your honour, you'll make me incapable to wrong it; to talk of honour, in the mysteries of love, is like talking of heaven, or the Deity, in an operation of witchcraft; just when you are employing the devil, it makes the charm impotent.

*Lady Fidg.* Nay, fye, let us not be smutty; but you talk of mysteries and bewitching to me, I don't understand you.

*Horn.* I tell you, Madam, the word money in a mistress's mouth, at such a nick of time, is not a more disheartening sound to a younger brother, than that of honour to an eager lover like myself.

*Lady Fidg.* But you can't blame a lady of my reputation to be chary.

*Horn.* Chary—I have been chary of it already, by the report I have caused of myself.

*Lady Fidg.* Ay, but if you should ever let other women know that dear secret, it would come out; nay, you must have a great care of your conduct; for my acquaintance are so censorious (Oh, 'tis a wicked censorious world, Mr. Horner) I say, are so censorious, and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the prejudice of my honour, though you should not let them know the dear secret.

*Horn.* Nay, Madam, rather than they shall prejudice your honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and to serve you, I'll

lie with them all, make the secret their own, and then they'll keep it: I am a Machiavel in love, Madam.

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, no, Sir, not that way.

*Horn.* Nay, the devil take me, if censorious women are to be silenced any other way.

*Lady Fidg.* A secret is better kept, I hope, by a single person than a multitude, therefore pray do not trust any body else with it, dear, dear Mr. Horner.

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget.*

*Sir Jasp.* How now!

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, my husband—prevented—and what's almost as bad, found with my arms about another man—that will appear too much—What shall I say? [*Aside.*] Sir Jasper, come hither; I am trying if Mr. Horner were ticklish, and he's as ticklish as can be. I love to torment the confounded toad; let you and I tickle him.

*Sir Jasp.* No, your Ladyship will tickle him better without me, I suppose; but is this your buying china? I thought you had been at the china-house.

*Horn.* China-house, that's my cue, I must take it. [*Aside.*] A pox, can't you keep your impertinent wives at home? Some men are troubled with the husbands, but I with the wives; but I'd have you to know, since I cannot be your journeyman by night, I will not be your drudge by day, to squire your wife about, and be your man of straw, or scare-crow only to pyes and jays; that would be nibbling at your forbidden fruit; I shall be shortly the hackney gentleman-usher of the town.

*Sir Jasp.* Heh, heh, heh, poor fellow he's in the right on't, faith; to squire women about for other folks, is as ungrateful an employment, as to tell money for other folks. [*Aside.*] He, he, he, be not angry, Horner——

*Lady Fidg.* No, 'tis I have more reason to be angry, who am left by you, to go abroad indecently alone; or, what is more indecent, to pin myself upon such ill-bred people of your acquaintance, as this is.

*Sir Jasp.* Nay, pr'ythee, what has he done?

*Lady Fidg.* Nay, he has done nothing.

*Sir Jasp.* But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing?

*Lady Fidg.* Hah, hah, hah, faith, I can't but laugh however; why, d'ye think the unmannerly toad would

not come down to me to the coach, I was fain to come up to fetch him, or go without him, which I was resolved not to do, for he knows china very well, and has himself very good, but will not let me see it, lest I should beg some; but I will find it out, and have what I came for yet.

[*Exit Lady Fidget, and locks the door, followed by Horner to the door.*]

**Horn.** Lock the door, Madam—[*Apart to Lady Fidg.*] So, she has got into my chamber, and locked me out; Oh, the impertineney of woman-kind! Well, Sir Jasper, plain-dealing is a jewel; if ever you suffer your wife to trouble me again here, she shall carry you home a pair of horns; by my lord mayor she shall; though I cannot furnish you myself, you are sure, yet I'll find a way.

**Sir Jasp.** Hah, ha, he, at my first coming in, and finding her arms about him, tickling him it seems, I was half jealous, but now I see my folly. [*Aside.*] He, he, he, poor Horner.

**Horn.** Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be my turn ere long. Oh, women, more impertinent, more cunning, and more mischievous than their monkeys, and to me almost as ugly—Now is she throwing my things about, and rifling all I have, but I'll get in to her the back way, and so rifle her for it—

**Sir Jasp.** Hah, ha, ha, poor angry Horner.

**Horn.** Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you presently, I warrant. [*Exit Horner at the other door.*]

[*Sir Jasper talks through the door to his wife, she answers from within.*]

**Sir Jasp.** Wife, my Lady Fidget, wife, he is coming in to you the back way.

**Lady Fidg.** Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

**Sir Jasp.** He'll catch you, and use you roughly, and be too strong for you.

**Lady Fidg.** Don't you trouble yourself, let him if he can.

**Quack.** [*Behind.*] This indeed I could not have believed from him, nor any but my own eyes.

*Enter Mrs. Squeamish.*

**Squeam.** Where's this woman-hater, this toad, this ugly, greasy, dirty floven?

*Sir*

*Sir Jasp.* So, the women all will have him ugly ; me-thinks he is a comely person ; but his wants make his form contemptible to them ; and 'tis e'en as my wife said yesterday, talking of him, that a proper handsome eunuch was as ridiculous a thing, as a gigantic coward.

*Squeam.* Sir Jasper, your servant : where is the odious beast ?

*Sir Jasp.* He's within in his chamber, with my wife ; she's playing the wag with him.

*Squeam.* Is she so ? and he's a clownish beast, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the wag with her again, let me tell you. Come, let's go help her—What, the door's locked ?

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, my wife locked it—

*Squeam.* Did she so ? let us break it open then.

*Sir Jasp.* No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

*Squeam.* No—But is there no other way to get in to them ; whither goes this ? I will disturb them. [*Aside.*

[*Exit Squeamish at another door.*

*Enter Old Lady Squeamish.*

*Lady Squeam.* Where is this harlotry, this impudent baggage, this rambling tomrigg ? Oh, Sir Jasper, I'm glad to see you here : did you not see my wild grandchild come in hither just now ?

*Sir Jasp.* Yes.

*Lady Squeam.* Ay, but where is she then ; where is she ? Lord, Sir Jasper, I have e'en rattled myself to pieces, in pursuit of her ; but can you tell what makes she here ? They say below, no woman lodges here.

*Sir Jasp.* No.

*Lady Squeam.* No—What does she here then ? Say, if it be not a woman's lodging, what makes she here ? But are you sure no woman lodges here ?

*Sir Jasp.* No, nor no man neither, this is Mr. Horner's lodging.

*Lady Squeam.* Is it so, are you sure ?

*Sir Jasp.* Yes, yes.

*Lady Squeam.* So ; then there's no hurt in't, I hope : but where is he ?

*Sir Jasp.* He's in the next room with my wife.

*Lady Squeam.* Nay, if you trust him with your wife, I may with my Biddy ; they say he's a merry harmless  
man

man now, e'en as harmless a man as ever came out of Italy with a good voice, and is pretty, harmless company for a lady, as a snake without his teeth.

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, poor man.

*Enter Mrs. Squeamish.*

*Squeam.* I can't find them—Oh, are you here, grandmother; I followed, you must know, my Lady Fidget hither, 'tis the prettiest lodging, and I have been staring on the prettiest pictures.

*Enter Lady Fidget with a piece of china in her hand, and Horner following.*

*Lady Fidg.* And I have been toiling and moiling, for the prettiest piece of china, my dear.

*Horn.* Nay, she has been too hard for me, do what I could.

*Squeam.* Oh, lord, I'll have some china too, good Mr. Horner; don't think to give other people china, and me none; come in with me too.

*Horn.* Upon my honour, I have none left now.

*Squeam.* Nay, nay, I have known you deny your china before now; but you shan't put me off so; come—

*Horn.* This Lady had the last there.

*Lady Fidg.* Yes indeed, Madam, to my certain knowledge he has no more left.

*Squeam.* Oh, but it may be he may have some you could not find.

*Lady Fidg.* What d'ye think if he had had any left, I would not have had it too? for we women of quality never think we have china enough.

*Horn.* Do not take it ill; I cannot make china for you all; but I will have a roll-waggon for you too, another time.

*Squeam.* Thank you, dear toad. [*To Horner aside.*]

*Lady Fidg.* What do you mean by that promise?

*Horn.* Alas, she has an innocent, literal understanding. [*Apart to Lady Fidget.*]

*Lady Squeam.* Poor Mr. Horner! he has enough to do to please you all, I see.

*Horn.* Ay, Madam, you see how they use me.

*Lady Squeam.* Poor gentleman, I pity you.

*Horn.* I thank you, Madam, I could never find pity, but

but from such reverend ladies as you are, the young ones will never spare a man.

*Squeam.* Come, come, beast, and go dine with us; for we shall want a man at ombre after dinner.

*Horn.* That's all their use of me, Madam, you see.

*Squeam.* Come, sloven, I'll lead you to be sure of you.  
[Pulls him by the cravat.]

*Lady Squeam.* Alas, poor man, how she tugs him; kifs, kifs her, that's the way to make such nice women quiet.

*Horn.* No, Madam, that remedy is worse than the torment; they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it.

*Lady Squeam.* Pr'ythee, kifs her, and I'll give you her picture in little, that you admired so last night; pr'ythee do.

*Horn.* Well, nothing but that could bribe me; I love a woman only in effigy, and good painting as much as I hate them—I'll do't, for I could adore the devil well painted.  
[Kisses Mrs. Squeam.]

*Squeam.* Foh, you filthy toad; nay, now I've done jesting.

*Lady Squeam.* Ha, ha, ha, I told you so.

*Squeam.* Foh, a kifs of his——

*Sir Jasp.* Has no more hurt in't, than one of my spaniel's.

*Squeam.* Nor no more good neither.

*Quack.* I will now believe any thing he tells me.

[Behind.]

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

*Lady Fidg.* Oh, Lord, here's a man, Sir Jasper, my mask, my mask; I would not be seen here for the world.

*Sir Jasp.* What? not when I am with you.

*Lady Fidg.* No, no, my honour—let's begone.

*Squeam.* Oh, grandmother, let us begone, make haste, make haste; I know not how he may censure us.

*Lady Fidg.* Be found in the lodging of any thing like man; away.  
[Exeunt Sir Jasper, Lady Fidget, Lady Squeamish, and Mrs. Squeamish.]

*Quack.* What's here, another cuckold—he looks like one, and none else sure have any business with him.

[Behind.]

*Horn.*

*Horn.* Well, what brings my dear friend hither?

*Pinch.* Your impertinency.

*Horn.* My impertinency—Why, you gentlemen that have got handsome wives, think you have a privilege of saying any thing to your friends, and are as brutish as if you were our creditors.

*Pinch.* No, Sir, I'll ne'er trust you any way.

*Horn.* But why not, dear Jack; why diffide in me thou knowest so well?

*Pinch.* Because I do know you so well.

*Horn.* Han't I been always thy friend, honest Jack, always ready to serve thee, in love, or battle, before thou wert married, and am so still?

*Pinch.* I believe so; you would be my second, now indeed.

*Horn.* Well then, dear Jack, why so unkind, so grum, so strange to me: come, pr'ythee kiss me, dear rogue; gad I was always, I say, and am still as much thy servant as —

*Pinch.* As I am yours, Sir. What you would send a kiss to my wife, is that it?

*Horn.* So there 'tis—a man can't shew his friendship to a married man, but presently he talks of his wife to you. Pr'ythee let thy wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we were wont. What, thou art as shy of my kindness as a Lombard-street alderman of a courtier's civility at Locket's.

*Pinch.* But you are over-kind to me, as kind as if I were your cuckold already; yet I must confess you ought to be kind and civil to me, since I am so kind, so civil to you, as to bring you this; look you there, Sir.

[*Delivers him a letter.*]

*Horn.* What is't?

*Pinch.* Only a love-letter, Sir.

*Horn.* From whom?—How! this is from your wife—hum—-and hum—

[*Reads.*]

*Pinch.* Even from my wife, Sir. Am I not wonderful kind and civil to you, now too?—But you'll not think her so.

[*Aside.*]

*Horn.* Ha, is this a trick of his, or her's?

[*Aside.*]

*Pinch.* The gentleman's surpris'd I find; what, you expected a kinder letter?

*Horn.*



*Horn.* No, faith, not I, how could I?

*Pinch.* Yes, yes, I am sure you did; a man so well made as you are, must needs be disappointed, if the women declare not their passion at first sight or opportunity.

*Horn.* But what should this mean? Stay, the postscript. "Be sure you love me, whatsoever my husband says to the contrary; and let him not see this, lest he should come home, and pinch me, or kill my squirrel." [*Reads aside.*] It seems, he knows not what the letter contains. [*Aside.*]

*Pinch.* Come, ne'er wonder at it so much.

*Horn.* Faith, I can't help it.

*Pinch.* Now, I think, I have deserved your infinite friendship, and kindness, and have shewed myself sufficiently an obliging kind friend and husband; am I not so, to bring a letter from my wife to her gallant?

*Horn.* Ay, the devil take me, art thou, the most obliging, kind friend and husband in the world, ha, ha.

*Pinch.* Well, you may be merry, Sir; but in short I must tell you, Sir, my honour will suffer no jesting.

*Horn.* What dost thou mean?

*Pinch.* Does the letter want a comment? Then, know, Sir, though I have been so civil a husband, as to bring you a letter from my wife, to let you kiss and court her to my face; I will not be a cuckold, Sir, I will not.

*Horn.* Thou art mad with jealousy; I never saw thy wife in my life, but at the play yesterday, and I know not if it were she or no. I court her, kiss her!

*Pinch.* I will not be a cuckold, I say; there will be danger in making me a cuckold.

*Horn.* Why, wert thou not well cured of thy last clap?

*Pinch.* I wear a sword.

*Horn.* It should be taken from thee, lest thou shouldst do thyself a mischief with it; thou art mad, man.

*Pinch.* As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I must have more reason from you ere we part. I say again, though you kissed, and courted last night my wife in man's clothes, as she confesses in her letter.

*Horn.* Ha——

[*Aside.*]

*Pinch.* Both she and I say, you must not design it again; for you have mistaken your woman, as you have done your man.

*Horn.* Oh---I understand something now --[*Aside.*]  
Was

Was that thy wife? Why wouldst thou not tell me 'twas she? Faith, my freedom with her was your fault, not mine.

*Pinch.* Faith, so 'twas—— [Aside.

*Horn.* Fye, I never do't to a woman before her husband's face; sure.

*Pinch.* But I had rather you should do't to my wife before my face, than behind my back, and that you shall never do.

*Horn.* No—you will hinder me.

*Pinch.* If I would not hinder you, you see by her letter she would.

*Horn.* Well, I must e'en acquiesce then, and be contented with what she writes.

*Pinch.* I'll assure you 'twas voluntarily writ, I had no hand in't, you may believe me.

*Horn.* I do believe thee, faith.

*Pinch.* And believe her too, for she's an innocent creature, has no dissembling in her, and so fare you well, Sir.

*Horn.* Pray, however, present my humble service to her, and tell her, I will obey her letter to a tittle, and fulfil her desires, be what they will, or with what difficulty soever I do't; and you shall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her and you—

*Pinch.* Well then, fare you well, and play with any man's honour but mine, kiss any man's wife but mine, and welcome. [Exit Mr. Pinch.

*Horn.* Ha, ha, ha, Doctor.

*Quack.* It seems he has not heard the report of you, or does not believe it.

*Horn.* Ha, ha, now Doctor, what think you?

*Quack.* Pray let's see the letter—hum—for—dear—love you—— [Reads the letter.

*Horn.* I wonder how she could contrive it! What sayest thou to't? 'tis an original.

*Quack.* So are your cuckolds too originals: for they are like no other common cuckolds; and I will henceforth believe it not impossible for you to cuckold the Grand Signior amidst his guards of eunuchs, that I say——

*Horn.* And I say for the letter, 'tis the first love-letter

that ever was without flames, darts, fates, destinies, lying and dissembling in it.

*Enter Sparkish pulling in Mr. Pinchwife.*

*Spark.* Come back ; you are a pretty brother-in-law, neither go to church, nor to dinner with your sister bride.

*Pinch.* My sister denies her marriage, and you see is gone away from you dissatisfied.

*Spark.* Pshaw ! upon a foolish scruple, that our parson was not in lawful orders, and did not say all the Common-prayer ; but 'tis her modesty only, I believe ; but let women be never so modest the first day, they'll be sure to come to themselves by night, and I shall have enough of her then ; in the mean time, Harry Horner, you must dine with me ; I keep my wedding at my aunt's in the Piazza.

*Horn.* Thy wedding ! What stale maid has lived to despair of a husband, or what young one of a gallant ?

*Spark.* Oh, your servant, Sir---this gentleman's sister then.---No stale maid.

*Horn.* I'm sorry for't.

*Pinch.* How comes he so concerned for her ? [*Aside.*

*Spark.* You sorry for't ? Why do you know any ill by her ?

*Horn.* No, I know none by thee ; 'tis for her sake, not yours, and another man's sake, that might have hoped, I thought——

*Spark.* Another man ; another man ! what is his name ?

*Horn.* Nay, since 'tis past, he shall be nameless. Poor Harcourt, I am sorry thou hast missed her. [*Aside.*

*Pinch.* He seems to be much troubled at the match---

[*Aside.*

*Spark.* Pr'ythee tell me---nay, you shan't go, brother.

*Pinch.* I must of necessity ; but I'll come to you to dinner.

[*Exit Pinchwife.*

*Spark.* But, Harry, what have I a rival in my wife already ? But with all my heart, for he may be of use to me hereafter : for though my hunger is now my sauce, and I can fall on heartily without, the time will come, when a rival will be as good sauce for a married man to a wife, as an orange to veal.

*Horn.* Oh, thou damned rogue, thou hast set my teeth on edge with thy orange.

*Spark,*

*Spark.* Then let's to dinner; there I was with you again. Come.

*Horn.* But who dines with thee?

*Spark.* My friends and relations, my brother Pinchwife, you see, of your acquaintance.

*Horn.* And his wife?

*Spark.* No, 'gad, he'll ne'er let her come amongst us good fellows; your stingy country coxcomb keeps his wife from his friends, as he does his little firkin of ale for his own drinking, and a gentleman can't get a smack on't; but his servants, when his back is turned, broach it at their pleasures, and dust it away; ha, ha, ha! 'gad, I am witty, I think, considering I was married to-day, by the world. But come.

*Horn.* No, I will not dine with you, unless you can fetch her too.

*Spark.* Pshaw! what pleasure can'st thou have with women, now, Harry?

*Horn.* My eyes are not gone; I love a good prospect yet, and will not dine with you, unless she does too; go fetch her, therefore; but do not tell her husband 'tis for my sake.

*Spark.* Well, I'll go try what I can do. In the mean time, come away to my aunt's lodgings; 'tis in the way to Pinchwife's.

*Horn.* The poor woman has called for aid, and stretched forth her hand, Doctor: I cannot help her over the pale out of the briars. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *changes to Pinchwife's House.*

*Mrs. Pinchwife alone, leaning on her elbow. A table, pen, ink, and paper.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Well, 'tis e'en so; I have got the London disease, they call love. I am sick of my husband, and for my gallant. I have heard this distemper called a fever; but methinks 'tis liker an ague; for, when I think of my husband, I tremble, and am in a cold sweat, and have inclinations to vomit; but when I think of my gallant, dear Mr. Horner, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a fever indeed; and, as in other fevers, my own chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be removed to his, and then, methinks, I should be well. Ah, poor Mr. Horner!

G 2

Well,

Well, I cannot, will not stay here : therefore I'll make an end of my letter to him, which shall be a finer letter than my last, because I have studied it like any thing—Oh, sick, sick !

[Takes the pen and writes.

*Enter Pinchwife, who, seeing her writing, steals softly behind her, and, looking over her shoulder, snatches the paper from her.*

*Pinch.* What, writing more letters !

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, lord, Bud ! why d'y'e fright me so ?

[She offers to run out ; he stops her, and reads.

*Pinch.* How's this ? Nay, you shall not stir, Madam—  
“ Dear, dear, dear Mr. Horner,”—Very well ! I have taught you to write letters to good purpose. But let's see't.—First, I am to beg your pardon for my boldness in writing to you, which, I'd have you to know, I would not have done, had not you said first you loved me so extremely, which, if you do, you will never suffer me to lie in the arms of another man, whom I loath, nauseate, and detest.”—Now you can't write these filthy words. But what follows ?—“ Therefore I hope you will speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, of my choice ; but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone. However, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do : but you must help me away before to-morrow, or else, alas ! I shall be for ever out of your reach ; for I can defer no longer our—our—”——What is to follow our ? Speak what ?—Our journey into——the country, I suppose. Oh, woman, damn'd woman ! and Love, damn'd Love, their old tempter ! for this is one of his miracles. In a moment he can make those blind that could see, and those see that were blind ; those dumb that could speak, and those prattle who were dumb before ; nay, what is more than all, make those dough-bak'd, senseless, indocile animals, women, too hard for us, their politic lords and rulers, in a moment. But make an end of your letter : and then I'll make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together.

[Draws his sword.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, lord, Oh, lord ! you are such a passionate man, Bud.

*Enter*

*Enter Sparkish.*

*Spark.* How now ! What's here to do ?

*Pinch.* This fool here now !

*Spark.* What, drawn upon your wife ! You should never do that but at night, in the dark, when you can't hurt her. This is my sister-in-law, is it not ? Ay, faith, e'en our country Margery ; [*Pulls aside her Hankerchief.*] one may know her. Come, she and you must go dine with me ; dinner's ready ; come. But where's my wife ? Is she not come home yet ? Where is she ?

*Pinch.* Making you a cuckold ; 'tis that they all do, as soon as they can.

*Spark.* What, the wedding-day ! No ; a wife that designs to make a cully of her husband, will be sure to let him win the first stake of love, by the world. But come, they stay dinner for us ; come, I'll lead down our Margery.

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, Sir, go, we'll follow you.

*Spark.* I'll not wag without you.

*Pinch.* This coxcomb is a sensible torment to me, amidst the greatest in the world. [*Aside.*]

*Spark.* Come, come, Madam Margery.

*Pinch.* No, I'll lead her my way. What, would you treat your friends with mine, for want of your own wife ? [*Leads her to the other door, locks her in, and returns.*] I am contented my rage should take breath. [*Aside.*]

*Spark.* I told Horner this. [*Aside.*]

*Pinch.* Come now.

*Spark.* Lord, how shy you are of your wife ! But let me tell you, brother, we men of wit have amongst us a saying, that cuckolding, like the small-pox, comes with a fear ; and you may keep your wife as much as you will out of danger of infection, but if her constitution incline her to it, she'll have it sooner or later, by the world, say they.

*Pinch.* What a thing is a cuckold, that every fool can make him ridiculous ? [*Aside.*] Well, Sir ; but let me advise you, now you are come to be concerned, because you suspect the danger, not to neglect the means to prevent it, especially when the greatest share of the malady will light upon your own head ; for

Howe'er the kind wife's belly comes to swell,  
The husband breeds for her, and first is ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, Pinchwife's House.

*Enter Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife. A table and candle.*

PINCHWIFE.

COME, take the pen, and make an end of the letter, just as you intended; if you are false in a tittle, I shall soon perceive it, and punish you with this as you deserve. [*Lays his hand on his sword.*] Write what was to follow. Let's see. [*Reads.*] "You must make haste, and help me away before to-morrow, or else I shall be for ever out of your reach; for I can no longer defer our—" What follows our?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Must all out then, Bud? Look you there then. [*She takes the pen and writes.*]

*Pinch.* Let's see — "For I can no longer defer our wedding. Your slighted Alitheia." — What's the meaning of this? My sister's name to't! Speak, unriddle.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, indeed, Bud.

*Pinch.* But why her name to't? Speak, speak, I say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Ay, but you'll tell her then again. If you would not tell her again —

*Pinch.* I will not; I am stunned; my head turns round. Speak.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Won't you tell her, indeed, and indeed?

*Pinch.* No. Speak, I say.

*Mrs. Pinch.* She'll be angry with me; but I had rather she should be angry with me than you, Bud. And, to tell you the truth, 'twas she made me write the letter, and taught me what I should write.

*Pinch.* Ha! I thought the stile was somewhat better than her own. [*Aside.*] Could she come to teach you, since I had locked you up alone?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, thro' the key-hole, Bud.

*Pinch,*

*Pinch.* But why should she make you write a letter for her to him, since she can write herself?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, she said, because—for I was unwilling to do it.

*Pinch.* Because—what because?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Because, lest Mr. Horner should be cruel, and refuse her, or be vain afterwards, and shew the letter, she might disown it, the hand not being her's.

*Pinch.* How's this? Ha! then I think I shall come to myself again. This changeling could not invent this lie; but if she could, why should she? She might think I should soon discover it. Stay—now I think on't too, Horner said he was sorry she had married Sparkish; and her disowning her marriage to me, makes me think she has evaded it for Horner's sake. Yet why should she take this course? But men in love are fools; women may well be so. [*Aside.*] But, hark you, Madam, your sister went out in the morning, and I have not seen her within since.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Alack-a-day! she has been crying all day above, it seems, in a corner.

*Pinch.* Where is she? Let me speak with her.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, Lord! then she'll discover all. [*Aside.*] Pray, hold, Bud. What, d'ye mean to discover me? She'll know I have told you then. Pray, Bud, let me talk with her first.

*Pinch.* I must speak with her, to know whether Horner ever made her any promise, and whether she be married to Sparkish or no.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, dear Bud, don't, till I have spoken with her, and told her that I have told you all; for she'll kill me else.

*Pinch.* Go, then, and bid her come out to me.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Yes, yes, Bud.

*Pinch.* Let me see—

*Mrs. Pinch.* I'll go; but she is not within to come to him. I have just got time to know of Lucy, her maid, who first set me on work, what lie I shall tell next; for I am e'en at my wit's end. [*Aside. Exit.*]

*Pinch.* Well, I resolve it; Horner shall have her. I'd rather give him my sister, than lend him my wife; and such an alliance will prevent his pretensions to my wife sure.



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sure. I'll make him of kin to her, and then he won't care for her.

*Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, Lord, Bud! I told you what anger you would make me with my sister.

*Pinch.* Won't she come hither?

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, no. Alack-a-day! she's ashamed to look you in the face; and she says, if you go in to her, she'll run away down stairs, and shamefully go herself to Mr. Horner, who has promised her marriage, she says; and she will have no other, so she won't.

*Pinch.* Did he so? Promise her marriage? Then she shall have no other. Go tell her so; and if she will come and discourse with me a little concerning the means, I will about it immediately. Go——[*Exit Mrs. Pinch.*] His estate is equal to Sparkish's, and his extraction as much better than his as his parts are; but my chief reason is, I'd rather be a-kin to him by the name of brother-in-law, than that of cuckold.

*Re-enter Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Well, what says she now?

*Mrs. Pinch.* Why, she says she would only have you lead her to Horner's lodgings, with whom she will first discourse the matter, before she talks with you, which yet she cannot do; for, alack, poor creature! she says she can't so much as look you in the face; therefore she'll come to you in a mask. And you must excuse her if she make you no answer to any question of yours, till you have brought her to Mr. Horner; and if you will not chide her, nor question her, she'll come out to you immediately.

*Pinch.* Let her come. I will not speak a word to her, nor require a word from her.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Oh, I forgot! Besides, she says, she cannot look you in the face, tho' thro' a mask; therefore would desire you to put out the candle.

*Pinch.* I agree to all. Let her make haste. [*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*] There, 'tis out. [*Puts out the Candle.*] My case is something better. I'd rather fight with Horner for not lying with my sister too forward, than for lying with my wife; and of the two, I had rather find my sister too forward, than my wife. I expected no other from her

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her free education, as she calls it, and her passion for the town. Well, wife and sister are names which make us expect love and duty, pleasure and comfort; but we find them plagues and torments, and are equally, tho' differently, troublesome to their keeper: for we have as much ado to get people to lie with our sisters, as to keep them from lying with our wives.

*Enter Mrs. Pinchwife masked, and in hoods and scarffs, and a night-gown and petticoat of Alithea's, in the dark.*

What, are you come, sister? Let us go then. But first, let me lock up my wife. Mrs. Margery, where are you?  
*Mrs. Pinch.* Here, Bud.

*Pinch.* Come hither, that I may lock you up. Get you in. [*Locks the door.*] Come, sister, where are you now?

[*Mrs. Pinchwife gives him her hand; but when he lets her go, she steals softly on t'other side of him, and is led away by him for his sister Alithea.*]

SCENE *changes to Horner's Lodgings.*

*Enter Quack and Horner.*

*Quack.* What, all-alone! not so much as one of your cuckolds here, nor one of their wives! They used to take their turns with you, as if they were to watch you.

*Horn.* Yes, it often happens that a cuckold is but his wife's spy, and is more upon family duty when he is with her gallant abroad, hindering his pleasure, than when he is at home with her, playing the gallant. But the hardest duty a married woman imposes upon a lover, is keeping her husband company always.

*Quack.* And his fondness wearies you almost as soon as her's.

*Horn.* A pox! keeping a cuckold company after you have had his wife, is as tiresome as the company of a country 'squire to a witty fellow of the town, when he has got all his money.

*Quack.* And as at first a man makes a friend of the husband to get the wife, so at last you are fain to fall out with the wife to be rid of the husband.

*Horn.* Ay, most cuckold-makers are true courtiers when

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when once a poor man has cracked his credit for them, they can't abide to come near him.

*Quack.* But at first, to draw him in, are so sweet, so kind, so dear ! just as you are to Pinchwife. But what becomes of that intrigue with his wife ?

*Horn.* A pox ! he's as surly as an alderman that has been bit ; and since he's so coy, his wife's kindness is in vain, for she's a silly innocent.

*Quack.* Did she not send you a letter by him ?

*Horn.* Yes ; but that's a riddle I have not yet solved. Allow the poor creature to be willing, she is silly too, and he keeps her up so close——

*Quack.* Yes, so close that he makes her but the more willing, and adds revenge to her love : which two, when met, seldom fail of satisfying each other one way or other.

*Horn.* What, here's the man we are talking of, I think.

*Enter Pinchwife leading in his wife masked, muffled, and in her sister's gown.*

Pshaw !

*Quack.* Bringing his wife to you, is the next thing to bringing a love-letter from her.

*Horn.* What means this ?

*Pinch.* The last time, you know, Sir, I brought you a love-letter, now you see a mistress ; I think you'll say I am a civil man to you.

*Horn.* Ay, the devil take me, will I say thou art the civillest man I ever met with ; and I have known some. I fancy I understand thee now better than I did the letter. But hark thee in thy ear——

*Pinch.* What ?

*Horn.* Nothing but the usual question, man——Is she found, on thy word ?

*Pinch.* What, you take her for a wench, and me for a pimp ?

*Horn.* Pshaw ! wench and pimp, paw words ! I know thou art an honest fellow, and hast a great acquaintance amongst the ladies, and perhaps hast made love for me, rather than let me make love to thy wife.

*Pinch.* Come, Sir ; in short, I am for no fooling.

*Horn.* Nor I neither ; therefore, pr'ythee, let's see her face presently. Make her shew, man. Art thou sure I don't know her ?

*Pinch.*

*Pinch.* I am sure you do know her.

*Horn.* A pox, why dost thou bring her to me then ?

*Pinch.* Because she is a relation of mine—

*Horn.* Is she, faith, man ! then thou art more civil and obliging, dear rogue.

*Pinch.* Who desires me to bring her to you.

*Horn.* Then she is obliging, dear rogue.

*Pinch.* You will make her welcome for my sake, I hope.

*Horn.* I hope she is handsome enough to make herself welcome : pr'ythee let her unmask.

*Pinch.* Do you speak to her : she would never be ruled by me.

*Horn.* Madam——[*Mrs. Pinchwife whispers to Horner.* She says she must speak with me in private : withdraw, pr'ythee.

*Pinch.* She is unwilling, it seems, I should know all her undecent conduct in this business.———[*Aside.* Well then, I will leave you together, and hope when I am gone you will agree ; if not, you and I shan't agree, Sir.

*Horn.* What means the fool ?—If she and I agree, it is no matter what you and I do.

[*Whispers to Mrs. Pinchwife, who makes signs with her hand for him to be gone.*

*Pinch.* In the mean time I will fetch a parson, and find out Sparkish, and disabuse him. You would have me fetch a parson, would you not ? Well then—now I think I am rid of her, and shall have no more trouble with her—our sisters and daughters, like usurers money, are safest when put out ; but our wives, like their writings, never safe but in our closets under lock and key. [*Exit.*

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* Sir Jasper Fidget, Sir, is coming up.

*Horn.* Here is the trouble of a cuckold now we are talking of : a pox on him, has he not enough to do to hinder his wife's sport, but he must other women's too ? Step in here, Madam.

[*Ex. Mrs. Pinch.*

*Enter Sir Jasper.*

*Sir Jasp.* My best and dearest friend.

*Horn.* The old style, Doctor—Well, be short, for I am busy. What would your impertinent wife have now ?

*Sir Jasp.* Well guess'd, i'faith ; for I do come from her.

# 84 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

*Horn.* To invite me to supper? Tell her I cannot come : go.

*Sir Jasp.* Nay, now you are out, faith ; for my Lady, and the whole knot of the virtuous gang as they call themselves, are resolved upon a frolick of coming to you to-night in masquerade, and are all drest already.

*Horn.* I shan't be at home.

*Sir Jasp.* Lord, how churlish he is to women—nay, pr'ythee do not disappoint them ; they will think it is my fault : pr'ythee do not. I will send in the banquet and the fiddles : but make no noise on it ; for the poor virtuous rogues would not have it known, for the world, that they go a masquerading ; and they would come to no man's ball but yours.

*Horn.* Well, well—get you gone ; and tell them if they come, it will be at the peril of their honour and yours.

*Sir Jasp.* Heh, he, he,—we will trust you for that—farewel.—— [*Exit Sir Jasper.*]

*Horn.* Doctor, anon you too shall be my guest ;  
But now I am going to a private feast.

*The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent Garden.*

*Enter Sparkish, with the letter in his hand, and Pinchwife.*

*Spark.* But who would have thought a woman could have been false to me? By the world, I could not have thought it.

*Pinch.* You were for giving and taking liberty : she has taking it only, Sir, now you find in that letter. You are a frank person, and so is she you see there.

*Spark.* Nay, if this be her hand—for I never saw it.

*Pinch.* 'Tis no matter whether that be her hand, or no ; I am sure this hand at her desire led her to Mr. Horner, with whom I left her just now, to go fetch a parson to them at their desire too, to deprive you of her for ever ; for it seems yours was but a mock-marriage.

*Spark.* Indeed, she would needs have it that it was Harcourt, himself, in a parson's habit, that married us ; but I am sure he told me it was his brother Ned.

*Pinch.* O, there it is out ; and you were deceived, not she : for you are such a frank person—but I must be gone

gone—you will find her at Mr. Horner's : go, and believe your eyes. *[Exit Mr. Pinchwife.]*

*Spark.* Nay I will to her, and call her as many crocodiles, fyrens, harpies, and other heathenish names, as a poet would do a mistress who had refused to hear his suit, nay more, his verses on her. But stay, is not that she following a torch at the other end of the Piazza, and from Horner's ? Certainly—it is so—

*Enter Alithea, following a torch, and Lucy, behind.*

You are well met, Madam, tho' you do not think so. What, you have made a short visit to Mr. Horner : but I suppose you will return to him presently, by that time the parson can be with him.

*Alith.* Mr. Horner and the parson, Sir !

*Spark.* Come, Madam, no more dissembling, no more jilting ; for I am no more a frank person.

*Alith.* How is this ?

*Lucy.* So, it will work I see—

*[Aside.]*

*Spark.* Could you find out no easy country fool to abuse ? None but me, a gentleman of wit and pleasure about the town ? But it was your pride to be too hard for a man of parts, unworthy, false women ! false as a friend that lends a man money to lose ; false as dice, who undo those that trust all they have to them.

*Lucy.* He has been a great bubble by his families, as they say—

*[Aside.]*

*Alith.* You have been too merry, Sir, at your wedding dinner, sure.

*Spark.* What, do you mock me too ?

*Alith.* Or you have been deluded ?

*Spark.* By you.

*Alith.* Let me understand you.

*Spark.* Have you the confidence, I should call it something else, since you know your guilt to stand my just reproaches ? Did not you write an impudent letter to Mr. Horner ? who I find now has clubb'd with you in deluding me with his aversion for women, that I might not forsooth, suspect him for my rival.

*Lucy.* Do you think the gentleman can be jealous now, Madam—

*[Aside:]*

*Alith.* I write a letter to Mr. Horner !

*Spark.* Nay, Madam, do not deny it : your brother

H

shewed

shewed it me just now ; and told me likewise, he left you at Horner's lodging to fetch a parson to marry you to him : and I wish you joy, Madam, joy, joy ; and to him too, much joy ; and to myself more joy for not marrying you.

*Alib.* So, I find my brother will break off the match, and I can consent to it, since I see this gentleman can be made jealous. [*Aside.*] O Lucy, by his rude usage and jealousy, he makes me almost afraid I am married to him : art thou sure it was Harcourt himself, and no parson, that married us ?

*Spark.* No, Madam, I thank you, I suppose, that was a contrivance too of Mr. Horner's and yours, to make Harcourt play the parson ; but I would as little as you have him one now : no, not for the world : for, shall I tell you another truth ? I never had any passion for you till now, for now I hate you. 'Tis true, I might have married your portion, as other men of parts of the town do sometimes ; and so, your servant. And, to shew my unconcernedness, I will come to your wedding, and resign you with as much joy as I would a stale wench to a new cully ; nay, with as much joy as I would after the first night, if I had been married to you—There's for you ; and so your servant, servant. [*Exit Spark.*]

*Alib.* How was I deceived in a man !

*Lucy.* You will believe then a fool may be made jealous now : for that easiness in him that suffers him to be led by a wife, will likewise permit him to be persuaded against her by others.

*Alib.* But marry Mr. Horner ! My brother does not intend it, sure ! If I thought he did, I would take thy advice, and Mr. Harcourt for my husband. And now I wish, that if there be any over-wise woman of the town, who, like me, would marry a fool for fortune, liberty, or title ; first, that her husband may love play, and be a cully to all the town but her, and suffer none but fortune to be mistress of his purse ; then, if for liberty, that he may send her into the country, under the conduct of some housewifely mother-in-law ; and if for title, may the world give him none but that of cuckold.

*Lucy.* And for her greater curse, Madam, may he not deserve it.

*Alib.*

*Alith.* Away, impertinent—Is not this my old Lady Lanterlu's?

*Lucy.* Yes, Madam.—And here I hope we shall find Mr. Harcourt.—

[*Aside.*  
[*Exeunt Alitheia and Lucy.*

*The SCENE changes again to Horner's Lodging.*

Horner, Lady Fidget, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, and Mrs. Squeamish. *A Table, Banquet, and Bottles.*

*Horn.* A pox, they are come too soon—before I have sent back my new—mistress; all I have now to do, is to lock her in, that they may not see her—

[*Aside.*  
*Lady Fidg.* That we may be sure of our welcome, we have brought our entertainment with us, and are resolv'd to treat thee, dear toad.

*Dain.* And, that we may be merry to purpose, have left Sir Jasper, and my old Lady Squeamish, quarrelling at home, at Backgammon.

*Squeam.* Therefore let us make use of our time, lest they should chance to interrupt us.

*Lady Fidg.* Let us sit then.

*Horn.* First, that you may be private, let me lock, this door and that, and I'll wait upon you presently.

*Lady Fidg.* No, Sir; shut 'em only, and your lips for ever; for we must trust you as much as our women.

*Horn.* You know all vanity's kill'd in me; I have no occasion for talking.

*Lady Fidg.* Now, ladies, supposing we had drank each of us our two bottles, let us speak the truth of our hearts.

*Dain. and Squeam.* Agreed.

*Lady Fidg.* By this brimmer, for truth is nowhere else to be found—Not in thy heart, false man.

[*Aside to Horner.*

*Horn.* You have found me a true man, I'm sure.

[*Aside to Lady Fidget.*

*Lady Fidg.* Not every way——

[*Aside to Horner.*

But let us sit and be merry.



*Lady Fidget sings.*

## I.

Why should our damn'd tyrants oblige us to live  
 On the pittance of pleasure which they only give ;  
 We must not rejoice  
 With wine and with noise ;  
 In vain we must wake in a dull bed alone,  
 Whilst to our warm rival, the bottle, they're gone.  
 Then lay aside charms,  
 And take up these \* arms. \* *The Glasses.*

## II.

'Tis wine only gives 'em their courage and wit ;  
 Because we live sober, to men we submit.  
 If for beauties you'd pass,  
 Take a lick of the glass,  
 'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are gone,  
 The best red we have is the red of the grape.  
 Then sister's lay't on,  
 And damn a good shape.

*Dain.* Dear brimmer, well, in token of our openness  
 and plain dealing, let us throw our masks over our heads.

*Horn.* So, 'twill come to the glasses anon.

*Squeam.* Lovely brimmer, let me enjoy him first.

*Lady Fidg.* No, I never part with a gallant till I've  
 try'd him. Dear brimmer, that makest our husbands  
 short-fighted.

*Dain.* And our bashful gallants bold.

*Squeam.* And, for want of a gallant, the butler lovely  
 in our eyes. Drink, eunuch.

*Lady Fidg.* Drink, thou representative of a husband :  
 damn a husband.

*Dain.* And, as it were a husband, an old keeper.

*Squeam.* And an old grandmother.

*Horn.* And an English bawd, and a French surgeon.

*Lady Fidg.* Ay, we have all reason to curse 'em.

*Horn.* For my sake, ladies.

*Lady Fidg.* No, for our own : for the first spoils all  
 young gallants' industry.

*Dain*

*Dain.* And the other's art makes 'em bold only with common women.

*Squeam.* And rather run the hazard of the vile distemper amongst them, than of a denial amongst us.

*Dain.* The filthy toads chuse mistresses now, as they do stuffs, for having been fancied and worn by others.

*Squeam.* For being common and cheap.

*Lady Fidg.* Whilst women of quality, like the richest stuffs, lie untumbled, and unask'd for.

*Horn.* Ay, neat, and cheap, and new, they often think the best.

*Dain.* No, Sir, the beasts will be known by a mistress longer than by a suit.

*Squeam.* And 'tis not for cheapness neither.

*Lady Fidg.* No, for the vain tops will take up druggs, and embroider 'em. But I wonder at the depraved appetites of witty men; they use to be out of the common road, and hate imitation. Pray tell me, beast, when you were a man, why you rather chose to club with a multitude in a common house for an entertainment, than to be the only guest at a good table?

*Horn.* Why, faith, ceremony and expectation are unsufferable, to those that are sharp bent; people always eat with the best stomach at an ordinary, where every man is snatching for the best bit.

*Lady Fidg.* Tho' he get a cut over the fingers—But I have heard that people eat most heartily of another man's meat, that is, what they do not pay for.

*Horn.* When they are sure of their welcome and freedom; for ceremony in love and eating is as ridiculous as in fighting; falling on briskly is all shou'd be done on those occasions.

*Lady Fidg.* Well then, let me tell you, Sir; there is no where more freedom than in our houses; and we take freedom from a young person as a sign of good breeding; and a person may be as free as he pleases with us, as frolick, as gamesome, as wild as he will.

*Horn.* Han't I heard you all declaim against wild men?

*Lady Fidg.* Yes, but, for all that, we think wildness in a man as desirable a quality, as in a duck or rabbit. A tame man, foh.

*Horn.* I know not; but your reputations frighten'd me, as much as your faces invited me.

*Lady Fidg.* Our reputation! Lord, why should you not think that we women make use of our reputation, as you men of yours, only to deceive the world with less suspicion? Our virtue is like the statesman's religion, the Quaker's word, the gamester's oath, and the great man's honour; but to cheat those that trust us.

*Squeam.* And that demureness, coyness, and modesty, that you see in our faces in the boxes at plays, is as much a sign of a kind woman, as a vizard-mask in the pit.

*Dain.* For I assure you, women are least mask'd when they have the velvet vizard on.

*Lady Fidg.* You wou'd have found us modest women in our denials only.

*Squeam.* Our bashfulness is only the reflection of the men's.

*Dain.* We blush when they are shame-fac'd.

*Horn.* I beg your pardon, ladies, I was deceiv'd in you devilishly. But why that mighty pretence to honour?

*Lady Fidg.* We have told you; but sometimes 'twas for the same reason you men pretend business often, to avoid ill company, to enjoy the better, and more privately, those you love.

*Horn.* But why wou'd you ne'er give a friend a wink then?

*Lady Fidg.* Faith, your reputation frightened us as much as ours did you, you were so notoriously lewd.

*Horn.* And you so seemingly honest.

*Lady Fidg.* Was that all that deterr'd you?

*Horn.* And so expensive—you allow freedom, you say.

*Lady Fidg.* Ay, ay.

*Horn.* That I was afraid of losing my little money, as well as my little time, both which my other pleasures required.

*Lady Fidg.* Money, foh—you talk like a little fellow now: do such as we expect money?

*Horn.* I beg your pardon, Madam, I must confess, I have heard that great ladies, like great merchants, set but  
th

the higher prices upon what they have, because they are not in necessity of taking the first offer.

*Dain.* Such as we make sale of our hearts?

*Squeam.* We brib'd for our love? Foh.

*Horn.* With your pardon, ladies, I know, like great men in offices, you seem to exact flattery and attendance only from your followers; but you have receivers about you, and such fees to pay, a man is afraid to pass your grants; besides we must let you win at cards, or we lose your hearts; and if you make an assignation, 'tis at a goldsmith's, jeweller's, or china-house, where for your honour, you deposit to him, he must pawn his to the punctual cit, and so paying for what you take up, pays for what he takes up.

*Dain.* Would you not have us assur'd of our gallant's love.

*Squeam.* For love is better known by liberality, than by jealousy.

*Lady Fidg.* For one may be dissembled, the other not—but my jealousy can be no longer dissembled, and they are telling ripe. [*Aside.*] Come, here's to our gallants in waiting, whom we must name, and I'll begin, this is my false rogue. [*Claps him on the back.*]

*Squeam.* How!

*Horn.* So, all will out now—

*Squeam.* Did you not tell me, 'twas for my sake only you reported yourself no man? [*Aside to Horner.*]

*Dain.* Oh, wretch! did you not swear to me, 'twas for my love, and honour, you passed for that thing you do?

[*Aside to Horner.*]

*Horn.* So, so.

*Lady Fidg.* Come, speak, ladies, this is my false villain.

*Squeam.* And mine too.

*Dain.* And mine.

*Horn.* Well then, you are all three my false rogues too, and there's an end on't.

*Lady Fidg.* Well then, there's no remedy, sister-sharers, let us not fall out, but have a care of our honour; tho' we get no presents, no jewels of him, we are savers of our honour, the jewel of most value and use, which shines yet to the world unsuspected, tho' it be a counterfeit.

*Horn.*

*Horn.* Nay, and is e'en as good as if it were true<sup>d</sup> provided the world thinks so; for honour, like beauty now, only depends on the opinion of others.

*Lady Fidg.* Well, Harry Common, I hope you can be true to three. Swear. But tis to no purpose, to require your oath, for you are as often forsworn, as you swear to new women.

*Horn.* Come, faith, Madam, let us e'en pardon one another; for all the difference I find betwixt we men and you women, we forswear ourselves at the beginning of an amour, you as long as it lasts.

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget, and Old Lady Squeamish.*

*Sir Jasp.* Oh, my lady Fidget, was this your cunning; to come to Mr. Horner without me? But you have been no where else, I hope.

*Lady Fidg.* No, Sir Jasper.

*Lady Squeam.* And you came straight hither, Biddy.

*Squeam.* Yes, indeed, lady grandmother.

*Sir Jasp.* 'Tis well, 'tis well; I knew when once they were thoroughly acquainted with poor Horner, they'd ne'er be from him. You may let her masquerade it with my wife, and Horner, and I warrant her reputation safe.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy.* O, Sir, here's the gentleman come, whom you bid me not suffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a lady too, and other gentlemen—

*Horn.* Do you all go in there, whilst I send 'em away; and, boy, do you desire 'em to stay below till I come, which shall be immediately.

[*Exeunt Sir Jasper. Lady Squeam. Lady Fidget, and Mrs. Dainty Squeamish.*]

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Horn.* goes out at t'other Door, and returns with Mrs. Pinchwife.

*Horn.* You wou'd not take my advice to be gone home, before your husband came back, he'll now discover all; yet pray, my dearest, be persuaded to go home, and leave the rest to my management, I'll let you down the back way.

*Mrs. Pinch.* I don't know the way home, so I don't.

*Horn.* My man shall wait upon you.

*Mrs. Pinch.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* No, don't you believe that I'll go at all; what, are you weary of me already?

*Horn.* No, my life, 'tis that I may love you long; 'tis to secure my love, and your reputation with your husband, he'll never receive you again else.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What care I. D'ye think to frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again; you shall be my husband now.

*Horn.* I cannot be your husband, dearest, since you are married to him.

*Mrs. Pinch.* O, would you make me believe that? Don't I see every day at London here, women leave their first husbands, and go and live with other men as their wives? Pish, pshaw, you'd make me angry, but that I love you so mainly.

*Horn.* So, they are coming up—In again, in, I hear 'em. [*Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*] Well, a silly mistress is like a weak place, soon got, soon lost, a man has scarce time for plunder; she betrays her husband first to her gallant, and then her gallant to her husband.

*Enter Pinchwife, Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkish, Lucy, and a Parson.*

*Pinch.* Come, Madam, 'tis not the sudden change of your dress, the confidence of your asseverations, and your false witness there, shall persuade me I did not bring you hither just now; here's my witness, who cannot deny it, since you must be confronted—Mr. Horner, did not I bring this Lady to you just now?

*Horn.* Now must I wrong one woman for another's sake: but that's no new thing with me; for in these cases I am still on the criminal's side against the innocent.

[*Aside.*

*Alith.* Pray speak, Sir.

*Horn.* It must be so—I must be impudent, and try my luck: impudence uses to be too hard for truth. [*Aside.*

*Pinch.* What! you are studying an evasion, or excuse for her. Speak, Sir.

*Horn.* No, faith, I am something backward only to speak in women's affairs or disputes.

*Pinch.* She bids you speak.

*Alith.* Ay, pray, Sir, do, pray satisfy him.

*Horn.*

*Horn.* Then truly, you did bring that lady to me just now.

*Pinch.* O ho——

*Alib.* How, Sir——

*Harc.* How, Horner!

*Alib.* What mean you, Sir? I always took you for a man of honour.

*Harc.* Ay, so much a man of honour, that I must save my mistress, I thank you, come what will on't. [*Aside.*

*Spark.* So if I had had her, she'd have made me believe the moon had been made of a Christmas pye.

*Lucy.* Now could I speak, if I durst, and solve the riddle, who am the author of it. [*Aside.*

*Alib.* O, unfortunate woman! A combination against my honour, which most concerns me now, because you share in my disgrace, Sir; and it is your censure which I must now suffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

*Harc.* Madam, then have no trouble, you shall now see 'tis possible for me to love too, without being jealous; I will not only believe your innocence myself, but make all the world believe it——Horner, I must now be concerned for this Lady's honour. [*Apart to Horner.*

*Horn.* And I must be concern'd for a lady's honour too.

*Harc.* This Lady has her honour, and I will protect it.

*Horn.* My lady has not her honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preserve it.

*Harc.* I understand you not.

*Horn.* I would not have you.

*Mrs. Pinch.* What's the matter with 'em all?

[*Mrs. Pinchwife peeping in behind.*

*Pinch.* Come, come, Mr. Horner, no more disputing; here's the parson, I brought him not in vain.

*Horn.* No, Sir, I'll employ him, if this lady please.

*Pinch.* How! what d'ye mean?

*Spark.* Ay, what does he mean?

*Horn.* Why, I have resigned your sister to him, he has my consent.

*Pinch.* But he has not mine, Sir; a woman's injur'd honour, no more than a man's, can be repair'd, or satisfied by any but him that first wrong'd it; and you shall marry her presently, or—— [*Lays his hand on his sword.*

*Enter.*

*Enter to them Mrs. Pinchwife.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr. Horner; besides he shan't marry her whilst I stand by, and look on; I'll not lose my second husband so.

*Pinch.* What do I see?

*Alib.* My sister, in my clothes!

*Spark.* Ha!

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding work for the parson; he shall marry me to Mr. Horner; for now, I believe, you have enough of me.

*[To Mr. Pinchwife.]*

*Horn.* Damn'd, damn'd loving changeling.

*Mrs. Pinch.* Pray, sister, pardon me for telling so many lies of you.

*Horn.* I suppose the riddle is plain now.

*Lucy.* No, that must be my work, good Sir, hear me.  
*[Kneels to Mr. Pinchwife, who stands doggedly with his hat over his eyes.]*

*Pinch.* I will never hear woman again, but make 'em all silent, thus—— *[Offers to draw upon his wife.]*

*Horn.* No, that must not be.

*Pinch.* You then shall go first, 'tis all one to me.

*[Offers to draw on Horner, is stop'd by Harcourt.]*

*Harc.* Hold——

*Enter Sir Jasper Fidget, Lady Squeamish, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, and Mrs. Squeamish.*

*Sir. Jasp.* What's the matter? What's the matter? Pray, what's the matter? Sir, I beseech you communicate, Sir.

*Pinch.* Why, my wife has communicated, Sir, as your wife may have done too, Sir, if she knows him, Sir—

*Sir. Jasp.* Pshaw, with him, ha, ha, he.

*Pinch.* Do you mock me, Sir? A cuckold is a kind of a wild beast; have a care, Sir—

*Sir. Jasp.* No, sure, you mock me, Sir—he cuckold you! it cannot be, ha, ha, he. Why, I will tell you, Sir.

*[Offers to whisper.]*

*Pinch.* I tell you again, he has whored my wife, and yours too, if he knows her, and all the women he comes near; 'tis not his dissembling, his hypocrisy, can wheedle me.

*Sir*



*Sir Jasp.* How ! Does he dissemble ? Is he a hypocrite ?  
Nay, then---how---wife---sister, is he an hypocrite ?

*Lady Squeam.* An hypocrite, a dissembler ?——Speak, young harlotry, speak, how ?

*Sir Jasp.* Nay, then---Oh, my head too——Oh, thou libidinous lady !

*Lady Squeam.* Oh, thou harloting harlotry, hast thou done it then ?

*Sir Jasp.* Speak, good Horner, art thou a dissembler, rogue ? Hast thou——

*Horn.* Soh——

*Lucy.* I'll fetch you off, and her too, if she will but hold her tongue. [*Apart to Horner.*

*Horn.* Canst thou ? I'll give thee--- [*Apart to Lucy.*

*Lucy.* [*To Mr. Pinchwife.*] Pray have but patience to hear me, Sir, who am the unfortunate cause of all this confusion. Your wife is innocent, I only culpable ; for I put her upon telling you all these lies concerning my mistress, in order to the breaking off the match between Mr. Sparkish and her, to make way for Mr. Harcourt.

*Spark.* Did you so, eternal rotten-tooth ? Then, it seems, my mistress was not false to me, I was only deceived by you. Brother, that should have been ; now man of conduct, who is a frank person now, to bring your wife to her lover—ha ?

*Lucy.* I assure you, Sir, she came not to Mr. Horner out of love, for she loves him no more——

*Mrs. Pinch.* Hold, I told lies for you, but you shall tell none for me ; for I do love Mr. Horner with all my soul, and nobody shall say me nay. Pray, don't you go to make poor Mr. Horner believe to the contrary, 'tis spitefully done of you, I'm sure.

*Horn.* Peace, dear idiot. [*Aside to Mrs. Pinchwife.*

*Mrs. Pinch.* Nay, I will not peace.

*Pinch.* Not till I make you.

*Enter Dorilant and Quack.*

*Dor.* Horner, your servant, I am the Doctor's guest, he must excuse our intrusion.

*Quack.* But what's the matter, gentlemen ? for Heaven's sake, what's the matter ?

*Horn.* Oh, tis well you are come---'tis a censorious world we live in ; you may have brought me a reprieve,

or else I had died for a crime I never committed, and these innocent ladies had suffered with me; therefore pray satisfy these worthy, honourable, jealous gentlemen — that —

[*Whispers.*

*Quack.* Oh, I understand you, is that all? — Sir Jasper, by heavens, and upon the word of a physician, Sir —

[*Whispers to Sir Jasper.*

*Sir Jasper.* Nay, I do believe you truly — Pardon, my virtuous lady, and dear of honour.

*Lady Squeam.* What, then all's right again?

*Sir Jasp.* Ay, ay, and now let us satisfy him too.

[*They whisper with Mr. Pinchwife.*

*Pinch.* An eunuch! Pray, no fooling with me.

*Quack.* I'll bring half the surgeons in town to swear it.

*Pinch.* They — they'll swear a man that bled to death through his wounds, died of an apoplexy.

*Quack.* Pray, hear me, Sir — why all the town has heard the report of him.

*Pinch.* But does all the town believe it?

*Quack.* Pray, inquire a little, and first of all these.

*Pinch.* I'm sure, when I left the town, he was the leudest fellow in't.

*Quack.* I tell you, Sir, he has been in France, since; pray, ask but these ladies and gentlemen, your friend, Mr. Dorilant. Gentlemen and ladies, han't you all heard the late sad report of poor Mr. Horner?

*All Ladies.* Ay, ay, ay.

*Dor.* Why, thou jealous fool, dost thou doubt it? He's an errant French capon.

*Mrs. Pinch.* 'Tis false, Sir; you shall not disparage poor Mr. Horner; for to my certain knowledge —

*Lucy.* Oh, hold —

*Squeam.* Stop her mouth — [Aside to Lucy.

*Lady Fidg.* Upon my honour, Sir, 'tis as true.

[To Pinchwife.

*Dain.* D'ye think we would have been seen in his company —

*Squeam.* Trust our unspotted reputations with him!

*Lady Fidg.* This you get, and we too, by trusting your secret to a fool — [Aside to Horner.

*Horn.* Peace, Madam — Well, Doctor, is not this a  
I good

good design that carries a man on unsuspected, and brings him off safe—— [Aside to Quack.

*Pinch.* Well, if this were true; but my wife——

[Dorilant whispers with Mrs. Pinchwife.

*Alib.* Come, brother, your wife is yet innocent, you see; but have a care of too strong an imagination, lest, like an over-concerned timorous gamester, by fancying an unlucky cast, it should come. Women and fortune are truest still to those that trust them.

*Lucy.* And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the keeper.

*Alib.* There's doctrine for all husbands, Mr. Harcourt.

*Harc.* I edify, Madam, so much, that I am impatient till I am one.

*Dor.* And I edify so much by example, I will never be one.

*Spark.* And because I will not disparage my parts, I'll ne'er be one.

*Horn.* And, I, alas! can't be one.

*Pinch.* But I must be one---against my will to a country wife, with a country-murrain to me.

*Mrs. Pinch.* And I must be a country wife still too, I find; for I can't, like a city one, be rid of my musty husband, and do what I list. [Aside.

*Horn.* Now, Sir, I must pronounce your wife innocent, though I blush whilst I do it; and I am the only man by her now exposed to shame, which I will straight drown in wine, as you shall your suspicion; and the ladies' troubles we'll divert with a ballad. Doctor, where are your maskers?

*Lucy.* Indeed she's innocent, Sir, I am her witness, and her end of coming out was but to see her sister's wedding; and what she has said to your face of her love to Mr. Horner, was but the usual innocent revenge on a husband's jealousy: was it not, Madam? Speak——

*Mrs. Pinch.* Since you'll have me tell more lies—— [Aside to Lucy and Horner.] Yes, indeed, Bud.

*Pinch.* For my own sake, fain I would all believe. Cuckolds, like lovers, should themselves deceive.

But——

[Sighs.  
His

His honour is least safe (too late I find)  
Who trusts it with a foolish wife or friend.

*A Dance of Cuckolds.*

*Horn.* Vain fops but court and dress, and keep a pother,  
To pass for women's men, with one another;  
But he who aims by women to be priz'd,  
First by the men, you see, must be despis'd.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



## E P I L O G U E.

**N**OW you the vigorous, who daily here  
 O'er wizard-mask in public domineer,  
 And what you'd do to her, if in place where;  
 Nay, have the confidence to cry, Come out;  
 Yet when she says, Lead on, you are not stout;  
 But to your well-dress'd brother straight turn round,  
 And cry, Pox on her, Ned, she can't be found.  
 Then sink away, a fresh one to engage,  
 With so much seeming heat and loving rage,  
 You'd frighten list'ning actress on the stage;  
 Till she at last has seen you buffing come,  
 And talk of keeping in the tiring-room,  
 Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home.  
 Next you Falstaffs of fifty, who beset  
 Your buckram maiden-heads, which your friends get;  
 And, whilst to them you of achievements boast,  
 They share the booty, and laugh at your cost.  
 In fine, you essenc'd boys, both old and young,  
 Who would be thought so eager, brisk, and strong,  
 Yet do the ladies not their husbands wrong;  
 Whose purses for your manhood make excuse,  
 And keep your Flanders' mares for stew, not use;  
 Encourag'd by our woman's man to-day,  
 A Horner's part may vainly think to play;  
 And may intrigues so bashfully disown,  
 That they may doubted be by few or none,  
 May kiss the cards at picquet, ombre——lu,  
 And so be taught to kiss the lady too;  
 But, gallants, have a care, faith, what you do.  
 The world, which to no man his due will give,  
 You by experience know you can deceive;  
 And men may still believe you vigorous,  
 But then we women,——there's no cox'ning us.



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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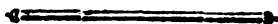


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*MISS POPE in the Character of DORGAS ZEAL.*  
*— Thou love & cherish me!*

BELL'S EDITION.

4



THE  
*FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL:*

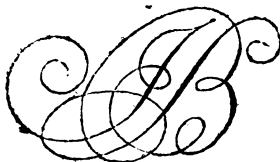
OR, THE  
HUMOURS OF THE NAVY.

A C O M E D Y,

*As written by Mr. CHARLES SHADWELL,*

AND PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVII.



TO MY GENEROUS AND OBLIGING

F R I E N D S,

OF THE COUNTY OF

K E N T.

GENTLEMEN,

**T**HIS play was both designed and finished in your county, and therefore comes for protection to the place of its nativity. It drags not a sluggish and unwilling pace, as timorous of its reception, and the hardness of its fate; but pants for its native air, where it was brought forth with pleasure, and flies to the good treatment of your experienced hospitality.

To fix upon any particular patron from among you, would be a general offence, because so many of you have a special claim to my gratitude for your peculiar favours; and to incorporate you, by name, into one common body, would require a college of heralds to order the precedence, and a more difficult exactness to marshal my obligations. I rather chuse to confess them by a general acknowledgment; and as each of you know what title you have to my thanks, I pay them in due proportion, with the utmost cheerfulness, and with the profoundest respect.

There is a nicety, it seems, in love, and some will have it, in friendships, which will not endure numbers in such a strictness of union. Did I presume to claim friendships as unbounded as my dedication, I would adventure to oppose that ungenerous notion; but as I only take to myself the leis envied name of a client, and declare my good fortune in having met with so many singular patrons,

A 2

gratitude,

gratitude, I hope, without cavil, may be as unlimited as favours, and favours will be as diffusive as good-nature and ability can make them.

The wonder will be, that under the happy influence of such a general kind treatment, I have not been able to produce a more strenuous and lively play. It may be, your indulgence to the parent has spoiled his offspring; for writers, they say, as well as breeders, must be under diet and prescription: mine, if it is a muse, has been under no such restraint; but has fed high, and lived well among you, and must plead her bounty in excuse of her irregularities.

Accept this play, then, as an offering, gentlemen, and screen it as a composition. It should, indeed, have been more perfect, considering to whom, and for what reasons, it is addressed; but it is my first effort, and therefore the first public opportunity I could take of declaring how much I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

Most thankful, and

Obedient servant,

C. S.



THE

T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HIS play was written about three years since, and put into the hands of a famous comedian belonging to the Hay-Market play-house, who took care to beat down the value of it so much, as to offer the author to alter it fit to appear on the stage, on condition he might have half the profits of the third day, and the dedication entire ; that is as much as to say, that it may pass for one of his, according to custom. The author not agreeing to this reasonable proposal, it lay in his hands till the beginning of this winter, when Mr. Booth read it, and liked it, and persuaded the author, that, with a little alteration, it would please the town. Indeed the success of it has been wonderful ; notwithstanding the trial in Westminster-Hall, and the rehearsal of the new opera, it has answered the ends of the poet, and, he hopes, that of the town too.

I cannot omit mentioning the extraordinary performances of Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Santlow, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Leigh, who are the only people on the English stage, that could have acted those parts so much to the life.

It may be expected I should give some reasons for my scribbling, and make excuses for the irregularities of the play ; find fault with those things the town are good-natured enough to overlook ; most arrogantly stand up for time and place ; brag of the newness of the characters, &c. But I beg pardon for not shewing the conceited part of me. I am called in haste to my duty in Portugal ; but, at my return, it is probable I may be as ignorant as the rest of the scribblers of the town.





## P R O L O G U E.

*IN early times, when plays were first in fashion,  
 The bus'ness of the stage was reformation;  
 The well-wrought scene, for public good design'd,  
 With imitable virtue fill'd the mind,  
 And lash'd the growing follies of mankind.  
 That was its golden age, which, soon outworn,  
 Romantic love and honour took their turn.  
 Such windmill knights, such odd fantastic ladies,  
 Sprung from the brain of their poetic daddies;  
 Prince Prettyman and Amaryllis scarce  
 Could turn the lulling nonsense into farce.  
 Drove from those beds of dreaming indolence,  
 The Muse flew downwards, till she gave offence;  
 For as our sage inquisitors do tell us,  
 Her finest parts were jilts and rakish fellows;  
 And as corrupters of this harmless town,  
 We were presented, and almost put down.  
 How would your useless time, 'twixt five and eight,  
 Have dragg'd its wings, without this lov'd retreat?  
 What other nameless place would be so fit  
 For pit to ogle boxes, boxes pit?  
 At length, kind judges, merry be your hearts,  
 You're pleas'd to relish best our lowest parts;  
 Give you but humour, tickle but your spleen,  
 No matter how we furnish plot or scene.  
 Soon pleas'd; but that, alas! you're squeamish too;  
 Your light digestion must have something new,  
 Or else you'll drive away to puppet-show.  
 Under these terms of grace young Bayes has writ,  
 With double title to be dubb'd a wit,  
 First, 'cause poeta nascitur, non fit.  
 From a fam'd stock our tender scyon grows,  
 And may be laureat too himself, who knows?  
 But that his other plea may be admitted,  
 You're both with new and merry humour fitted.  
 Come, break him in, and when he writes again,  
 Perhaps he'll find a more diverting pen.*

DRA-

## D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

## M E N.

<i>Flip</i> , the commodore, a most illiterate	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
Wappineer-rar,	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Mizen</i> , a finical sea fop,	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Worthy</i> , a captain of the navy,	Mr. Smith.
<i>Roverwell</i> , a man of fortune,	Mr. Hull.
<i>Sir Charles Pleasant</i> , <i>Worthy's</i> lieutenant,	
a man of quality,	Mr. Wignell.
<i>Cribbidge</i> , <i>Flip's</i> lieutenant,	Mr. Perry.
<i>Easby</i> , a lieutenant of marines,	_____
<i>Indent</i> , <i>Flip's</i> purser,	_____
<i>Scruple</i> , a corporation justice,	_____
<i>Cockswain</i> ,	_____
Sailors,	_____

## W O M E N.

<i>Arabella Zeal</i> , bred a churchwoman,	Miss Macklin.
<i>Dorcas Zeal</i> , her sister, bred a quaker,	Mrs. Bulkley.
<i>Belinda</i> , a woman of fortune,	Mrs. Baker.
<i>Jenny Private</i> ,	Mrs. Gardner.
<i>Filtup</i> ,	Mrs. Pitt.
<i>Advocate</i> , <i>Belinda's</i> maid,	_____
Maid to <i>Arabella</i> ,	_____
Bar-maid,	_____

## S C E N E, D E A L.

TIME, five hours.

THE

# THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

---

## A C T I.

### SCENE, Deal.

*Enter Worthy as from on board; Cockswain and Crew following.*

WORTHY.

SO, thank Heaven, I have at last reached my native land. Cockswain, take care the water be sent on board with expedition, and bid the Purser hasten to Dover for fresh provisions, and let the sick men be sent on shore the next trip. There's something for the boat's crew; go and refresh yourselves.

*Cock.* All your orders shall be punctually complied with.

*All Sailors.* Thank your noble honour. Huzza, huzza!

*[Exit Cockswain and Crew.]*

*Enter Rovewell.*

*Wor.* My dear Rovewell!

*Rov.* Welcome on shore, dear Worthy! How have you fared this voyage? Pr'ythee, relate me some of your adventures.

*Wor.* Why, faith, Rovewell, my voyage was attended with little pleasure, being generally confined to the barbarous conversation of Flip, my Commodore, a most obstinate, positive, ignorant, Wappineer-tar: in short, he has been my eternal plague.

*Rov.* Why, was only you two the convoy?

*Wor.* Yes, to make me completely wretched, Beau Mizen was the third man; a sea-fop, of all creatures the most ridiculous.

*Rov.* I can't say I am sorry for the usage you have met

met with ; because I am in hopes the nauseous conversation of these coxcombs will make you relish my company the better.

*Wor.* The true sense I have of your wit and judgment will always make me covet your acquaintance ; therefore I needed not the wretched preparative I have met with. But how does all our Deal angels ?

*Rov.* Why, the few virtuous women are as proud and as insolent as they used to be, and the whores you left here about ten months since, are dead with rottenness, and young strums supply their rooms. This is a monstrous place for wickedness ! Fornication flourishes more here than in any sea-port of Europe. You gentlemen of the navy are great encouragers of sin, and traffick mightily in that sort of merchandise ; and for your money, receive as lasting French diseases here, as any you can meet with in Covent-Garden, or the Mediterranean.

*Wor.* Ay, as thou observest, Rovewell, the marine race are a debauched generation. The poets will tell us, that Venus herself was born of the sea ; troth, her fabulous divinity has too many real worshippers bred up upon her own salt element.

*Rov.* 'Tis a strange thing, that people that face death so near, and so often, should have no thoughts of saving their souls.

*Wor.* Being constantly in danger of them, so that they look Death in the face with as much impudence as a Deal whore does a poor tar, after a long voyage. But what news of my dear Quaker ?

*Rov.* She's as proud and as beautiful as ever, and, faith, I believe as constant too. You'll never leave playing the fool with that spiritual creature, till she draws you into matrimony ; ten thousand pounds, with beauty and virtue, are very great temptations.

*Wor.* Then do you really think I have any interest in that dear creature ?

*Rov.* Had you as much with the lords of the admiralty, you would be a great man ; for she doats on you. Could you have but seen the countenance she put on, when there was a report that you were killed ; the sighs, the agonies, and the groans she had upon that occasion, were more sincere than those her religion obliges her to.

*Wor.*

*Wor.* I am impatient till I see the dear charmer. But how goes thy affair on with Belinda?

*Rov.* Much after the manner of the French King's affairs; they have a dismal aspect; we quarrel like man and wife, or high church and low. She knows her ascendant over my heart is so rivetted, that she can't lose me; and therefore she uses me as tyrannically as if she was the French King, and I one of the Protestants.

*Wor.* I hope no persecution will make you leave her kingdom.

*Rov.* To carry on the simile, I am somewhat stubborn; but, rather than lose her money, I shall be a convert.

*Wor.* But see, the Commodore.

*Enter Flip.*

*Flip.* Ha, Rovewell! What cheer, what cheer, my lad?

*Rov.* Most noble Commodore, your humble servant.

*Flip.* Noble! A pox of nobility, I say! the best commodores that ever went between two ends of a ship, had not a drop of nobility in them, thank Heaven.

*Rov.* Then you still value yourself for being a brute, and think ignorance a great qualification for a sea-captain.

*Flip.* I value myself for not being a coxcomb; that is what you call a gentleman captain; which is a new name for our sea-fops, who, forsooth, must wear white linen, have field beds, lie in Holland sheets, and load their noddles with thirty ounces of whores hair, which makes them hate the sight of an enemy, for fear bullets and gunpowder should spoil the beau wig and laced jacket. They are, indeed, pretty fellows at single rapier, and can, with a little drink in their heads, cut the throats of their best friends; but catch them yard-arm and yard-arm with a Frenchman, and down goes the colours. Oh, it was not so in the Dutch wars! then we valued ourselves upon wooden legs, and stumps of arms; and fought as if heaven and earth were coming together.

*Rov.* Yes, yes, you fought very gloriously, when you let the Dutch burn the fleet at Chatham.

*Flip.* That accident was owing to the treachery of some rogues at land, and not to us sea-faring folks.

*Wor.* Come, leave railing, my good Commodore. I believe thou art honest and brave; but wanting sense and good

good manners, would fain put the world out of conceit with those accomplishments. You old captains, who sit at court-martials, are very envious; and often must a young fellow for actions, which were reckoned glorious ones, when done by any of your stupid selves.

*Flip.* By the loadstone, I swear, I am none of those. I have served in every office belonging to a ship, from cook's boy to a commodore; and have all the sea jests by heart, from the forecabin to the great cabin; and I love a sailor.

*Wor.* Ay, so well as to get drunk with every maul in the ship once a week.

*Flip.* Why, that makes the rogues love me; my jocularities with them makes them fight for me; they keep me out of a French gaol. I'll follow my old method, till I am superannuated; which I believe I shan't petition for these twenty years.

*Wor.* Since you love your common sailors so well, what reason can you have for using your Lieutenant so like a dog?

*Flip.* Because he sets up for a fine gentleman, and lies in gloves to make his hands white. And, tho' 'tis his watch, when I ring my bell, the rogue is above coming to my cabin. I sent him ashore yesterday to the post-house, with a letter to the admiralty; I ordered him to buy me a quarter of mutton, and threescore cabbages, for my own use; and the land-lubber (for he is no sailor) had the impudence to tell me he would not be my boy. I told him I'd bring him to a court-martial, and he threatened to throw up his commission, and cut my throat.

*Rov.* Ha, ha! I'm glad thou hast met with a young fellow of life and vigour, that knows how to use you according to your deserts. But see who comes here so gay.

*Flip.* 'Tis a water-beau. One water-spaniel is worth fifty of such fair-weather fops. Do but observe him now. Oh, monstrous!

*Enter Mizen and Cockswain.*

*Miz.* Go you to the perfumer's, buy me a gallon of orange-flower-water, and a pint of jessamin-oil; let the muslin curtains, and furbelow'd toilet be washed out of hand; carry on board a bushel of sweet powder; and tell the Purser, I am resolved every man on board my ship

ship shall have a clean white shirt at his charge. Tuesday next is my visiting-day ; and I design to let the world see how much I have reformed the navy.

*Flip.* Ho, ho, ho ! here's a fine gentleman for you !

*Miz.* [*Seeing the company.*] Dear Rovewell ! split me on a rock, if I am not transported at the sight of you.

*Flip.* It would be well for the nation, if such butterflies as you were transported to some of the plantations. I wish you were my bow-man, and the wind blew strong at east, I'd spoil your beauetry.

*Miz.* Why, Lard, Commodore, won't you give a man leave to be decent and clean ? Will nothing please you, but what stinks of tar and tobacco ?

*Flip.* Tar and tobacco are sweeter, one would think, than the excrements of a civerty-cat. But I am well assured talking to you is like rowing against wind and tide ; and therefore e'en steer your compass your own way. Friend Rovewell, I don't care if you and I toss off a can of Sir Cloudesly before we sail.

*Rov.* Where do you lodge ?

*Flip.* At the Three Mariners.

*Miz.* May my ship's anchor come home, if it be not an arrant bawdy-house ! The husband keeps a bom-boat, the wife a brandy-shop, and the two daughters are let out to all comers and goers.

*Wor.* Indeed, the house is very notorious. Why don't you frequent the India-Arms ?

*Flip.* Because all the fops and beardless boys of the navy go there ; besides, I think the husband too blind, and the wife has too much sight. But Tom Cragg and I were boatswain's mates together. As to its being a bawdy-house, that is no offence to me ; for all houses in sea-ports have been reckoned so, ever since I pick'd oakum ; I suppose, brother Finical, you don't know what that is.

*Miz.* Why, dear Commodore, do you think, because we gentlemen put on clean shirts every day, that we can't understand the affairs of the navy as well as those who wear their shirts till they are lousy ? Do you think nastiness gives you a title to knowledge ?

*Rov.* Ay, as my friend Mizen says, because brutes are sailors, can none be sailors but brutes ?

B

*Flip.*



*Flip.* I don't know what you mean by the word-brute; but I can percieve that no animal is so ridiculous as a monkey, except it be his charming imitator, a beau.

*Miz.* Did you never see an unlick'd bear? He, he, he.

*Flip.* He, he, he: Yes, I have, booby, what then?

*Miz.* Oh! dear monster, be civil.

*Flip.* Bullets and gunpowder, what do you mean? If the government did but know what a swab thou art, I should be knighted for cutting thy throat.

*Row.* Oh! fye, let's have no quarrelling.

*Miz.* No, no, there's no fear of it; the commodore knows the length of my sword, and nimble turn of my wrist, too well to pick a quarrel with me.

*Flip.* Why, thou canst only value thyself for being a fencing-master: were we in a saw-pit together, with each a blunderbuss, I'd try if I could not make a sieve of thy lac'd jacket; I'd soon finge thy curls so, that thy wig should hang like a parcel of rigging after an engagement.

*Wor.* This has been the continual diversion of our voyage.

*Flip.* Ay, ay, you're all alike. A periwig-maker covers your noddles, and a dancing-master gives you a hitch in your pace, but the tailor finishes the fop. I find there's no bringing your folly to an anchor, so long as the wind blows strong in the nonsensical corner; so fare you well.

[Exit Flip.]

*All.* Your humble servant.

*Row.* 'Tis a wretched fellow!

*Miz.* I have not words to express what a miserable plague he has been to me, besides a charge! Would you believe it? split me on a rock, if he did not one day break me forty pounds worth of china.

*Row.* For heaven's sake where was it?

*Miz.* Why, in my great cabin: I dare affirm it no town lady's withdrawing-room, nor country gentlewoman's closet, is nicer furnished than my cabin; 'tis wainscoted with most charming India Japan and looking-glass; I have a very noble scrutore, and the most celebrated screen in Europe: I have an invention, which makes the great guns in my cabin appear to be elbow chairs covered

vered with cloth of tiffue; I have fix and thirty filver sconces, and every vacancy is cramm'd with china.

*Row.* These rarities are worth seeing indeed.

*Wor.* Oh, he keeps a visiting day, you and I'll wait on him.

*Miz.* I shall think myself prodigiously obliged to you: may be you'll see as great a concourse of people, as there is at a general's when he returns victorious: barges, pinnaces, deal yawls, and long-boats innumerable.

*Row.* Pray who visits you in the long boats?

*Miz.* Why, Dutch admirals. You must know I range them in the following order: my barges I call coaches, and fix, my pinnaces are chariots with two horses, my deal yawls are sedans, and my long boats hackney coaches.

*Wor.* Very nice, indeed.

*Miz.* All my sconces are loaded with wax tapers; my lieutenants and warrant officers, nicely dressed and perfumed, place themselves on each side of my steerage; my midshipmen, and quarteers are ranged from the bulkhead to the gang-way, in my own white shirts; the ship's side is mann'd by my boat's crew, in spruce apparel and clean gloves; and the rest of the ship's company are ready upon all occasions, to give cheers and huzzas according to the quality of my visitants.

*Row.* Well, and what entertainment are we to meet with?

*Miz.* Why, I generally treat with tea, but the most modern way is to give nothing.

*Row.* Pshaw! methinks a bowl of punch would be most proper.

*Wor.* Oh, beastly! we at sea always smoak when we drink, and that would spoil all the gay furniture.

*Miz.* Oh, wretched! and the stink would suffocate me.

*Row.* What is your conversation?

*Miz.* We imitate the ladies as near as we can, and therefore scandalize every body: we laugh at the ridiculous management of the navy-board; pry into the rogueries of the victualing-office; and tell the names of those clerks who were ten years ago bare-foot, and are now twenty-thousand pound men: we hear stories of the scandalous marriages of our captains; the lewdness of some of their wives, and the meanness of the rest; sometimes

we quarrel about whose ship sails best, who makes the finest punch; or who has the greatest hardships, by having great men's favourites put over their heads; and I keep them within the bounds of good manners and moderation.

*Wor.* That is a very great point gained.

*Miz.* May I be keel-hawled, if any man in the universe has more reformed the navy than myself: I am now compiling a book, wherein I mend the language wonderfully. I leave out your larboard and starboard, hawfers and fivabbs: I have no such thing as hawl cat hawl, nor belay; silly words, only fit for Dutchmen to pronounce. I put fine sentences into the mouths of our sailors, deriv'd from the manliness of the Italian, and the softness of the French: and by that time I am made an admiral, I doubt not of bringing every sailor in the navy to be more polite than most of our country gentlemen; and the next generation of them may pass very well for people of the first quality. I'll get an order for removing them from Wapping into the Pall-mall: and instead of frequenting punch, music, and bawdy-houses; the chocolate-houses, eating-houses, and fine taverns shall be obliged to receive them.

*Enter to them a Servant with a letter.*

*Serv.* Pray which is Captain Worthy?

*Wor.* Friend, I am he.

*Serv.* Sir, here's a letter for you.

*Wor.* Ha! Dorcas Zeal! Oh, let me kiss the hand ten thousand times.

*Rov.* How keen a sportsman a long voyage makes a man!

*Wor.* [*Reads.*] "Friend Worthy, if thou hast not forgot thy old acquaintance, give but thyself the trouble of coming to the north end of the town, where thou hast often vented thy vows of sincerity, and thou wilt most assuredly find thine,  
Dorcas Zeal."

Hark'ee; let the lady know I'll wait on her instantly.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Miz.* So, brother, I find you have an intrigue already; I suppose I sha'n't be much behind-hand with you, for I expect a billet-doux from a ten thousand pounder.

*Rov.* Pr'ythee who is she?

*Miz*

*Miz.* Why, she's a Quaker : an intimate acquaintance of mine has promised me his assistance in stealing her for me.

*Wor.* Death and Hell ! This is my angel !

*Rov.* Patience ! Man.

*Miz.* Now you must know, if we once get her upon the beach, I whip her into my boat, carry her on board, marry her, lie with her, then come ashore and demand her fortune ; and after that, you know, if I don't like her, 'tis but heaving her out at the cabin window, and give out she had a calenture, and so jump'd overboard. Well, dear gentlemen, I must go and see about this business ; for such a fortune is not to be neglected, especially when a peace is so near. [Exit.

*Wor.* Blood and fire, what a discovery's here !

*Rov.* Why truly it was a lucky one : I have a merry thought come into my head ; there's a quondam friend of yours and mine, who in our sinful days was very obliging to us.

*Wor.* What, Jenny Private ?

*Rov.* The same.

*Wor.* Alas ! poor frailty ! that once fair pleasure-boat begins to lower her sails, wears out in her hulk, and sinks both in her price and her credit ; besides, the new reformation wind blows so high, that every weather-beaten vessel can't live in't.

*Rov.* Now for that very reason, a sudden charitable design is got into this fruitful noddle, of putting off this very creature to Mizen for a wife, a just punishment upon him for his barbarous designs upon thy Dorcas.

*Wor.* Nay, but thanks to heaven, we have discovered the villainy, and I'll instantly to my Dorcas, and give her that due caution, as shall blow up his whole conspiracy ; and therefore mix a little mercy with thy justice.

*Rov.* No, I'll not carry on the jest so cruelly as to undo the poor dog neither ; a little mortify him, but not ruin him.

*Wor.* I'll instantly then to my dear Dorcas, and make her our confidant in the business : about an hour hence I'll meet you at Daniel's, where we'll take a snacker of Amy's punch : and afterwards spend our evening with the

women ; I'll send Dorcas to see Belinda, and there shall be the rendezvous.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Dorcas Zeal, and Arabella.*

*Ara.* Why, sister, do you ever think to secure Worthy to yourself, with that senseless religion of yours ; he'll certainly laugh at your formal hood.

*Dor.* Why look thee, Arabella, my religion and dress may seem strange unto thee, because thou art of the church belonging to the wicked ; but I tell unto thee, Worthy loveth me so much, that I have hopes of drawing him to be one of the pure ones. 'Tis true, thou art a facetious young creature, and the education my aunt hath given thee, maketh thy thoughts run much upon the vanity of this world ; and I suppose the fortune my father left thee, will be thrown into the arms of one of the lewd pillars of thy steeple-house.

*Ara.* Look'ee, I'll have no reflections upon establishments. Liberty of conscience gives you no title to rail. I find you are resolved to persist in your whining faith ; 'tis one stubborn article of your cant : but I am well assured Worthy will force you to church ; if he don't, I'll part with my maidenhead without a husband.

*Dor.* And that thou art wild enough to do ; but I pray thee none of this vain raillery before Worthy, if thou hast any expectation of my living in sisterly love and charity with thee.

*Ara.* Oh, you should have snuffed that thro' the nose. In short I'll always tease you ; you that have sense and beauty, thus to deform those heavenly graces, it makes me mad. If all the kind bewitching airs, the tender looks, and compassionate words that woman can invent, will draw Worthy's love from you, I'll use them, and triumph in the conquest.

*Dor.* Poor vain creature ! thou art handsome it's true ; but thou hast not the virtues of the mind to ensnare him with. But see he comes, forbear thy follies, I say forbear.

*Enter Worthy.*

*Wor.* [*Embraces.*] This is a reward for all my labours ; the fatigues of an hundred voyages are forgot whilst I am in these arms.

*Dor.* Be not vain, flatter not ; 'tis base, 'tis mean, 'tis irreligious.

*Wor.*

*Wor.* Deaf charmer, I am all ecstasy.

*Ara.* So much of it, that, methinks you have forgot your friends, good Captain.

*Wor.* Pardon me, Madam, [*Salutes her.*] some of my ecstasies are due to you ; for the love I have to this lady, makes me admire all her relations.

*Ara.* Ay, wheedle her out of what she has : get her money, then use her like a wife, turn her out of doors, and compound with her for a maintenance.

*Dor.* Sister, to shew thee that I think it is impossible for thee to debauch the principles of my friend Worthy, I now commit myself into his hands.

*Wor.* Which blessing I receive with all the joy imaginable ; this is a reward indeed for all my services.

*Dor.* Take to thyself my hand, and thus I plight it with my faith. Now, sister, your threatening words are vain, for all your looks and sighs can never take him from me.

*Ara.* Ha, ha, ha ; you see, Worthy, I have done the work for you, reconciled even contradiction itself, made the flesh and the spirit unite, and joined an unsanctified brother of the wicked, to a sanctified sister of the godly ones.

*Dor.* Fie, sister, do not triumph in my weakness.

*Ara.* Thy weakness ! no, thy shame ; with all thy boasted sanctity, to own before my face a carnal inclination ! Nay, and to put thy hand to pen and paper to court him to thy arms ! Out on thee ! I am ashamed of thee.

*Dor.* Nay, now thou art scurrilous ! I cannot bear this, thou raisest all the blood into my cheeks. Stay thou, dear Worthy, and rebuke her for it, whilst I retire a while to recover my confusion, and then I'll see thee again.

[*Exit Dor.*]

*Wor.* Fye, Arabella ; could you have the heart to treat that innocent thing so roughly ? Nay, by heaven's I'm amazed ! I cannot guess the meaning of all this.

*Ara.* Fye, stupid Worthy, can't you apprehend the reason why I study to make a breach betwixt my sister and yourself ?

*Wor.* 'Tis all a mystery to me !

*Ara.* Spare a virgin's blushes, and let your apprehensions tell you what my trembling tongue is loth to utter.

*Wor.*

*Wor.* Fine heroics, truly! I'm too well acquainted with your manner of bantering, to take notice of any thing you say; yet it would divert me, had not my charming Quaker's last dear words wrapt up my soul to a diviner contemplation.

*Ara.* Must I then say I love, and be refused? Consider, my fortune's equal to my sister's; my face and my religion too, I think, may vie with hers.

*Wor.* Your words are spoke with a sound of truth; and were I not engaged by ten thousand oaths, I should have manlike vanity enough to think what you say real.

*Ara.* The inequality of the match between you, soon absolves you from such empty vows: I own I long have loved; and, before your last voyage, intended to discover it to you, but you unexpectedly failed. I never believed you had a real passion for my sister, her religion and her principles being so averse to yours.

*Wor.* Madam, I know my own unworthiness too well to believe you are in earnest; but were it so, my honour tells me I must not be so base as to wrong your sister. The resolution she has made will soon be void, when I tell her your romantic story, which though I don't believe, I'll strive to make her do it. Pardon my absence, dear Madam, for I'm impatient until I undeceive her.

[*Exit.*

*Ara.* And is my youth, my beauty, and my fortune thus despised! By heavens, I hate him now, and am resolved to muster up all the spirit of my sex to meditate revenge. The plots of plays, and the designs of injured lovers, I'll instantly peruse, and make them all my own.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Dorcas, Worthy following.*

*Wor.* By all my honour and my love 'tis true; nay more, she loved, and said she had long.

*Dor.* Nay, then I am convinced her falshood's great; I ne'er expressed a satisfaction for thee, but still she strove to cool my friendship, by strange stories of thy inconsistency and unfaithfulness, which I must own I ne'er believed.

*Wor.* Kind creature! since by envious ways she strives to break the cord of our united hearts, let us instantly put it out of hers and fortune's power.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* To-morrow then I will be thine, according to the foolish custom of thy church, the priest shall join our hands.

*Wor.* Then I am completely blessed!—Now I must tell you I have discovered a most villainous design against your person.

*Dor.* As how?

*Wor.* This day you were to have been stolen by a nauseous coxcomb of the navy; 'twas luckily discovered by Rowewell and myself, who hope to counterplot their design so far as to punish the vain sop's intentions: if you meet us about two hours hence at Belinda's, you then shall know the whole story.

*Dor.* I had thoughts of spending this evening with her; I'll to her instantly, for she is so much my friend, that she will be overjoyed thou art arrived: but I think I will not mention the vileness of my sister, lest she becometh a laughing-stock unto the whole town.

*Wor.* Do as you think fit in that. Adieu, my soul.

*Dor.* Fare thee well. [Exeunt.

*Enter Flip's Cockswain, to him a Sailor.*

*Sail.* Oh, Cockswain, have I found you! Yonder's the Commodore swearing and storming as if the ship had struck on a rock; there's all the boat's crew with him, excepting yourself; he sits with as good a bucket of slip before him, as e'er was tossed up betwixt the stem and stern of a ship.

*Cock.* A pox of his kindness, I'd rather be in an engagement of twenty-four hours, than mess with him to-night; I know his way well enough, he makes us half-seas over, and then we grow saucy; then after shipping in two or three ladles full more, we fancy we're all before the mast, and so shall go together by the ears: for which, as soon as we come on board, there's whips, pickles, guns, gears, and bilboes for us all.

*Sail.* Pshaw, pshaw! who would not stand all this, to have their upper and lower tier well stowed with slip? Besides, we shall each of us have a whore at his charge.

*Cock.* Ay, and so be clapped. If he would force the surgeon to cure us at the government's charge, it would be a mighty encouragement to us; but our rogue of a loblolly doctor, being not satisfied with his two-pences, must



must have a note for two months pay for every cure ; and the last time the ship was paid, between the officers and the sailors, he swept above half the ship's company's money into his own hat.

*Sail.* That's a grievance truly ; but come, pr'ythee go, for an the Commodore gets into his trantrum humours, there's no coming within a cable's length of him.

*Cock.* Ay, that's true, therefore bear a hand.

[*Exeunt running.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

*Enter Sir Charles Pleasant, Lieutenant Cribidge, and Lieutenant Easy.*

PLEASANT.

**W**HY, by your report, old Flip makes your life a very uneasy one ; thank Heaven, my captain has another way of management ; with the affable, easy and genteel air, he gains applause from all.

*Easy.* I know he's a gentleman, by being civil to our corps ; 'tis only the brutes of the navy that we marine officers disagree with.

*Crib.* Why, I believe I shall frighten the old pimp into some civility ; for that day we came to anchor, he had some friends aboard : in the height of their mirth, I was called into the cabin ; the negro fills a glass, and hands it over his shoulder, with a Here, Lieutenant, will you drink ? I made as if I would take it, but overset it in his collar, laid the fault upon him, and pretending to be wet myself, went out of the cabin in a passion.

*Easy.* Pho, these are small faults, and natural to you subs of the navy ; but the old dog had the impudence to confine me three months to my cabin, only for knocking down a boatswain's mate that had struck one of my marines ; nay, if it had not been for Captain Worthy, would have broke me at a court-martial. If the colonels  
of

Our corps don't hinder this rascally imposition upon us, nobody will buy commissions of them.

*Plea.* That is a new trick put upon you gentlemen, and I fear will breed ill blood amongst us.

*Easy.* Hang it, we agree well enough with all the young fellows, 'tis the old fots that hate we should come aboard them.

*Crib.* We agree well enough upon an equal par; but most of you stay ashore 'till all the money's gone, and then you come aboard and expect to mess with us: who must find fresh provisions for you?

*Plea.* We often slight them for their poverty, indeed; but hang it, what a strange want of mercury do we young fellows shew, to have been a ten months voyage, safely returned, and landed two hours, without having been among the females! There's many a lad in the navy gets a clap before the ship's moored.

*Easy.* I believe my friend Cribidge is in a better condition to give than to receive one.

*Crib.* I could wish a punk of my noble captain's was well peppered with it; I would fain see the old dog snuffle once.

*Plea.* The design's good; but first let's have a sneaker of punch.

*Easy.* With all my heart; I'll just go and draw a bill upon our agent, get some necessaries for the men, cheat my captain a little in the sum total, and wait upon you immediately.

[*Exit.*

[*Indent crosses the Stage.*

*Crib.* See, yonder's Indent, our purser, gone to Daniel's; he'll be glad to be of our company.

*Plea.* A very honest fellow, and keeps a much better character in the navy, than people of his employ generally do.

*Crib.* Why the fellow has lived well; he was bred a mercer in Covent-Garden, was ruined by a whore of his own, and a bully of his wife's: but managed his matters so well, he cleared himself of a gaol by a commission of bankrupt, without forswearing himself, which is the only precedent of that nature since the act was made.

*Plea.* They say his wife's handsome.

*Crib.* She was, when but eighteen; but whoring, and the

the misfortunes which commonly follow that, has made her look somewhat haggard, though but three and twenty.

*Plea.* If the young wenches of fifteen did but consider that the vices of the age ruin their beauty more than the small-pox, their pride would make them virtuous in spite of their inclinations.

*Crib.* Why, as you say, Sir Charles, a virtuous woman keeps her complexion tolerably well till five and twenty, when a whore is fain to borrow one of Mr. White and Red before she comes of age.

*Plea.* By the sense that you and I have of the vanities of the world, it looks as if we had a mind to quit our royal mistress, and enter aboard some merchant-man for a matrimonial voyage.

*Crib.* Why, if she's richly laden, I could be content to go chief mate.

*Plea.* And I suppose mutiny, as Avery did; turn your captain ashore, then set up for a pirate; and like Drawcanfir in the Rehearsal, kill both friends and foes.

*Crib.* A pretty simile for matrimony and whoring!

*Plea.* If we chime into harmony so well already, we may expect a bowl of Daniel's punch will make us talk like the music of the spheres.

*Crib.* Why methinks there's a tune in every go-down from a punch-bowl.

*Plea.* I wonder our coxcomby poets don't write some fine encomiums upon that heavenly compound.

*Crib.* Why the fellows are damnably poor, and not having money enough to buy victuals, drink the lees of sack to take away their stomachs, which raises their fancies no higher than a lady's fan, her busk, or her lap-dog.

*Plea.* Faith the poets of this age are not so poor as those of the last, they have wit enough to write themselves into good places.

*Crib.* That is by wheedling a sort of people who love flattery better than wit.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Gentlemen, Lieutenant Easy, and Purser Indent, would be glad to kiss your hands at our house.

*Plea.* A polite message: tell them we'll do ourselves the honour immediately.

*Draw.*

*Draw.* I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Plea.* Come, Cribidge,

Let's drink away our dismal storms and cares,

Those slavish hardships that a sailor bears :

Whilst proud Britannia may securely boast,

She safely sleeps while we secure her coast. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* Rovewell, *meeting* Worthy.

*Rov.* So, dear Worthy, once more well met ; have you acquainted your little Quaker with our design ?

*Wor.* Part of it.

*Rov.* As how ?

*Wor.* I'll tell you at Daniel's : but have you engaged Jenny ?

*Rov.* Oh, as you could wish : the jade is as overjoyed, as a dean at the death of a bishop ; and to make our story good, I have invited Mizen to the India-Arms, where I have ordered her to write to him. Will Dorcas meet us at Belinda's ?

*Wor.* She will.

*Rov.* Come on then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the Bar at Daniel's, Drawers, &c. Bar-Maid.*

*Enter* Sir Charles Pleasant *and* Cribidge.

*Plea.* What ! does my pretty bar-maid keep her beauty still ? I know thou'rt virtuous, because the blue of the plumb is not wore off yet.

*Bar.* Thanks to my own honesty if I am so then, for here's rakish lieutenants enough come here to debauch all the young virgins in the country, if they had but money ; but the government keeps them poor, or we should have a wretched life with them.

*Crib.* Then nothing but money is able to debauch you ; pr'ythee, how great a sum will fit you to lewdness ?

*Bar.* Not your eighteen months pay, added to the pinch of your hat, and dangling of your cane.

*Plea.* Well said, Nanny, kiss me, and tell him you are meat for his masters.

*Bar.* Pshaw ! I wonder at you ; [*Kisses her.*] you are all alike for that.

*Crib.* Fye, Sir Charles, why did you kiss her ? you see she likes it not ; come, my dear, I'll take it off again.

[*Kisses her.*]

C

*Bar.*

*Bar.* Oh, intolerable! I'll ne'er complain of a fool again, for fear of being plagued with a worse; shew a room there.

*Draw.* Sir, if you please, Purser Indet is this way.

[*They follow.*]

*Enter Mizen.*

*Miz.* Thou divine, pretty bud of beauty, one always finds you in your cabin, chalking upon your logboard there.

*Bar.* If every body would but mind their own business, I might sit still here; but we have so many horning monsters of the navy use our house, that one had better be a punk amongst footmen, and ply in the upper gallery, than be plagued with them.

*Miz.* Well, you shall see in a few months, how the navy will be reformed; all the sea-officers will be so full of manners, that they shall look like a parcel of beaux in a fide-box, or chocolate-house. [*A noise within.*]

*Bar.* Do but listen, they are got to horse and bear, the constant diversion of their lives.

*Miz.* Indeed, I blush for them, my dear angel.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Enter Rovewell and Worthy.*

*Wor.* Ha! Brother tar, what so close, and in public too! If you take this freedom in the eye of the world, what would you do in private?

*Bar.* I don't know what he may do in private; but I hope you don't suspect me, Captain.

*Wor.* Not in the least, dear Nanny; thy known virtue, and prudent management, is somewhat above the censure of the world.

*Bar.* Oh, your servant, Sir.

*Rov.* 'Tis a strange thing to see how vice loves to be flattered! There's scarce a punk in town, be she never so notorious, but would fain be thought virtuous: and hates to be called whore, even from the fellow that made her so.

*Bar.* I never expect your good word, Mr. Rovewell; I have denied you the favour too often.

*Rov.* Why, I may have asked you the question when drunk; but assure yourself I repented of it when sober.

*Bar.*

*Bar.* Lord, you need not be angry with yourself for it; I have denied several admirals.

*Rov.* And at the same time have taken up with their cockswains.

*Bar.* Sir, you grow scurrilous.—Shew a room there.

*Wor.* Mind him not, he's a splenetic fellow; has my lieutenant, Sir Charles Pleasant, been here?

*Bar.* He's now in the house with Lieutenant Cribidge, Easy, and Purser Indent.

*Wor.* Come, we'll join companies, they're all honest fellows.

*Miz.* With all my heart; if they're brutish, I'll try to reform them.

*Draw.* This way, gentlemen. [Exeunt.

*2d Draw.* A sneaker of punch in the Crown, score.

*3d Draw.* A can of small beer, a quart of brandy, and a pound of sugar in the kitchen, score.

*4th Draw.* A box of dice for the Mermaid.

*1st Draw.* Make the great bowl full for the gentlemen in the Fleecer.

*Bar.* So, it begins to work in each room, and I must be plagued this whole night. [Scene shuts.

*Enter Belinda and Advocate.*

*Bel.* I used to be troubled with the impertinent visits of Rovewell three or four times a day. Pr'ythee, Advocate, what's become of the coxcomb?

*Ad.* Oh! Madam, the Virginia fleet's come in; and Captain Worthy, his old acquaintance, is on shore. There are inseparable friends.

*Bel.* Why then I hate him: for if he won't sacrifice his all to my humour, I'll ne'er part with the freedom I enjoy, to be that dull insipid thing a wife, to please his humour.

*Ad.* Well, Madam, you play with him as a cat plays with a mouse; you fret and tease him till he'll get away from you at last.

*Bel.* Impertinent creature! do you think I value the loss of a fellow? The red, the blue, and the white flags die for me.

*Ad.* Ay, Madam, they are married men; but have you a gentleman, whose sense, whose reputation, whose

courage is to be named in a day, with that charming man's, Mr. Rovewell?

*Bel.* How infipidly the fool talks ! If a fellow without a nose should bribe thee as much as Rovewell has done, you would say ~~as much~~ in his behalf. Why should we make such unfaithful creatures as our chambermaids are, our confidants !

*Ad.* Why, Madam, there's no poss without perquisites ; since you ladies have found out the way of trucking your old clothes for china (which was our due, time out of mind) I hope you'll pardon us for trucking your hearts away for a much brittler ware.

*Bel.* Ay, Advocate, I should like that brittle ware, a husband, well enough, if one could but break him, or give him away, as one does china.

*Ad.* Oh, Madam, 'tis easy to break his heart ; and if you don't do it effectually whene'er you marry, I'll be content to die a chambermaid. But see, Madam, the Fair Quaker is come to visit you.

*Enter Dorcas.*

*Dor.* Friend Belinda, I am come resolved to chat away the evening with thee.

*Bel.* My pretty saint, thou'rt welcome. I need not ask you how Worthy does, I see it in your eyes ; the demure aspect is vanished, and you begin to look like one of us.

*Dor.* Why, I am flesh and blood as well as thou art ; and did not my spirit get the better of my clay, I should be vain as thou art.

*Bel.* Come, leave canting, and tell me where is my Arabella ?

*Dor.* Why, I left her at home, not well ; but may be she may see us anon.—Know, friend Belinda, that I have at last got faith enough to put my trust in man : Worthy and I have plighted troths.

*Bel.* Why then the flesh has got the better of the spirit.

*Dor.* If thou wouldst prove a friend indeed, thou must give thyself over unto Rovewell.

*Bel.* So because you have a foolish thing, I must keep you in countenance ; no truly, I'll be confined to none of your fellows.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Come, dissemble not; you know the man is assuredly thy own.

*Bel.* Why, is it not better to say the fellow's mine, than I his?

*Dor.* For thee it may be better; but what thinkest thou the world will say?

*Bel.* Why, not worse of me than I say of the world. But to keep thee no longer in suspense, I won't make a vow of chastity, nor will I forswear having the fellow, Rovewell: I don't know, but one time or another, when I am in a very maggotty humour, I may marry the creature. Come into my closet, and I'll tell thee more of my mind. [*Exeunt.*]

*Ad.* It is impossible to tell, whether this mistress of mine will ever have Rovewell or not; but since he pays me well, I'll teaze and wheedle in his behalf; and if he gets her, I hope he'll make her a modern husband. Well, if I could get a lover upon the first popping of the question, to fly into his arms, and so good-night maidenhead. It shews a wonderful folly in mankind to whine and snivel after these coy peevish things. Bless me! if they knew the way into a lady's heart so well as I do, there would be no sighing and ogling, no presents or serenading, no dying at a lady's feet: let them take the shortest way with the dissenters, and the business is done. [*The bell rings.*]  
Coming, coming. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Jenny Private and a Sailor.*

*Jen.* So, I think I am equipt like one of the righteous; I am overjoyed at the intrigue, and shall be pleased to see myself a real captain's lady; I am sure I have been a sham one to many of them. Let me see, my letter is penned in a true canting form: my name is Dorcas Zeal, and my fortune ten thousand pounds. Well, if I do not act the babe of grace, the formal quaking saint, with as much outside sanctity, as a new-entered nun, or an old mother abbess, I'll be content to truss up like James Nailor.—Here, sailor, carry this to Captain Mizen; then follow Captain Worthy's orders.

*Sail.* Ay, friend, I'll hand it to him, and then look out sharp. [*Exit.*]

*Jen.* Now to the place of rendezvous;

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And



And there, with look demure, I'll pass for saint ;  
No such fair colour as religious paint. [Exit.]

SCENE *draws and discovers* Rovewell, Worthy, Mizen, Sir Charles Pleasant, Easy, and Purser Indent.—*A bowl of punch.*

*Rov.* Come, her majesty's health in a bumper, and may she live for ever.

*Wor.* And may all her subjects be as true to her as we are.

*Miz.* May they all take as much pains to put her affairs, civil and military, into as good order as I do. May I be hoisted over a ship's side, with a tackle hooked to a running bowling, with a knot under my left ear, if I don't make her navy one of the greatest navies in the universe.

*Plea.* Why, Sir, 'tis that already.

*Miz.* Ay, but Sir Charles, I don't mean a fighting navy, for that's the least part of our business ; I am for a polite navy ;—that is, a navy full of sense and good manners ; a navy of proper, handsome, well-drest fellows ; that when it appears abroad, may be the wonder of the world, for glittering, shining coats, powdered wigs, snuff-boxes, and fashionable airs.

*Easy.* So then, Sir, you are for saluting away the queen's powder.

*Crib.* No, he's for turning the gun-powder into sweet-powder, and the iron-balls into wash-balls.

*Miz.* Well, gentlemen, you'll have no cause to complain at my design.

*Rov.* Why, if thou shouldst offer this to an old captain of the navy, he'd bring thee to a court martial, and break thee for being crazy.

*Miz.* Oh, Sir, before I laid my design at the parliament-door, I'd get an order from the admiralty to send all the tar-captains to the West-Indies.

*Easy.* What then, Sir ?

*Miz.* Why then, Sir, they would lay down their commissions, and so the navy would be rid of them.

*Crib.* That last intention I like wonderfully ; then we young fellows might have hopes of jumping into fifty-gun ships.

*Rov.*

*Row.* But, Mizen, I have been thinking if the old captains will not go to the West-Indies; pray, who shall we get to go.

*Miz.* Why these young fellows.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, with all our hearts, faith; but suppose the lot should fall upon yourself, Captain?

*Miz.* Oh, there's no fear of that, I know where to fix a present to somebody, that shall be nameless, to keep me off the list.

*Wor.* Indeed, that is prudent management; I know men of the party, who quit when they're nominated; but soon after, by the help of friends and merits, they get better ships.

*Miz.* You may think it friendship if you please; but there's nothing done in this world without money.

*Enter a Sailor.*

*Sail.* Is Captain Mizen here?

*Miz.* I am he, friend; what want you, Sir?

*Sail.* Why, here's a ticket for you.

*Miz.* Ha!—Dorcas Zeal! Oh, ecstasy! Oh, transport!  
[*Reads.*] "Friend, I am informed thou hast a liking to my person; my neighbour hath informed me thou art a sober, good man. I am now walking towards Deal-castle, where, if thy pretensions are sincere, we will consult about the matter thy friend spoke to me of this day. I should not be thus free with thee, had it not chanced, that passing by me at thy first landing, I beheld thy comely person, and liked it; and therefore used this plainness with thee, as becometh a sister of that congregation that hateth ceremonies. Be secret, for Worthy is thy rival, but his pretensions will prove vain; for my heart is thine."  
DORCAS ZEAL."

*Miz.* Oh, thou dear creature!——But, hush! no transports before arrival. Poor Worthy, how thy weak foundation totters! how sneakingly would the poor mortal look, if he saw this letter! Well, Dorcas has seen me, and I shot her with a side glance. What a refined creature is a sweet beau, to a homely coarse tar; to carry off the prize at one single attack, which that dull rogue has been laying a whole year's siege to? But, come, gentlemen, about with the glass. Here, Worthy, here's thy mistress's health.

*Wor.*

*Wor.* I thank you, Sir.

*Miz.* Nay, don't think I drink to an unknown fair. Here's honest Rovewell has made me a small piece of a confidant in thy amour. Well, old boy, when the consummation-day comes with thy sanctified bride, I'll make one at throwing the profane stocking—and to her health.

[*Drinks.*

*Rov.* Here's a dog!

[*Aside.*

*Wor.* Well, Mizen, to resume thy compliment, when that happy day does come. I'll bespeak thee for a bride-man,

*Miz.* Nay, that will be too great an honour. But, cry ye mercy, gentlemen, I have a small affair to dispatch, I must be forced to borrow myself from your company; but upon my honour, I'll return again in a very few moments.

[*Exit.*

*Wor.* Ha, ha, ha! the rogue swallows the bait as we could wish.

*Sir Cha.* What, some ridiculous intrigue on foot: pray let us join with you in your mirth.

*Crib.* Nothing diverts so much, as using a coxcomb according to his deserts.

*Eafy.* And so exquisite a coxcomb as this, can't be used too ill.

*Rov.* Why the design is pretty severe; he is gone to marry Jenny Private, an old quondam punk.

*Ind.* This will be a noble revenge for his impertinence: Oh, lieutenant! would we could clap such a trick upon our brute of a commodore.

*Rov.* Ay, that may be done; I have just such another blind bargain for him too.

*Wor.* Come, to your good success: the marrying these two coxcombs, may provoke them to hang themselves, which will be a meritorious service to the navy.

*Sir Cha.* Oh, for a vacancy, that dear delight to us young fellows: ha, Cribidge!

*Crib.* Ay, the two ships would serve us nicely.

*Eafy.* Then we should have commissions to wet.

*Rov.* So, the bowl sucks; empty is the word.

*Ind.* Pray, gentlemen, give me leave to pay for this bowl.

*All.* Oh, by no means, Purser.

*Ind.*

*Ind.* Pray, gentlemen, let it be so. Come, Captain Worthy, I may be your Purser one time or other.

*Wor.* Why, if you should, it won't be much to your advantage; for I ne'er allow my purser to oppress the men; nor will I keep a whole ship's crew miserable, to make one man rich.

*Ind.* Oh, Sir, I don't desire that, Sir; but you are so fine a gentleman, Sir, that you won't hinder me from those common perquisites allowed to all pursers.

*Sir Cha.* The word perquisite comprehends a great deal of roguery; and under that notion the government is sufficiently cheated.

*Ind.* Ay, Sir; but all people have regard to the methods of the navy.

*Wor.* Why, yes, Purser, I own you may plead custom for abundance of villainies committed in the navy; but we have now got men of honour at the helm, who will not suffer rogues to go unpunished.

*Crib.* It has been the method to let a stinking butt of beer stand six days a-broach; and when complaint has been made, the captain (who should do the sailors justice) punishes the complaining rascal for mutiny.

*Sir Cha.* It has been the method for cooks, with pitchforks sharp, to squeeze the fat from out the meat, for fear the grease should rise in poor Jack Sailors' stomachs.

*Easy.* It has been the method to waste a pound to ounces ten which makes the bread, the butter, and the cheese, a poor allowance for those hard-working men.

*Row.* In short, what with chest-money, hospitals, slops, two-pences, groats, and mulcts, they are mere galley-slaves.

*Sir Cha.* The captain uses them like dogs, which forces them to run away; the checquering clerk puts on the R. and then the purser loads their pay with slops they never had, and so cheats the queen and subjects too.

*Ind.* Why, you may rail at these proceedings; but when you stand the captain and the purser too, you'll often wish to be indenting; half money, and half stores, have tempted most of you.

*Wor.* Come, no more; since we have discovered you, I hope you'll let us pay our clubs.

*Ind.* No, faith, gentlemen, I'll treat you, for all this.  
You

You mighty pretenders to honour are not much unlike whores, who rail at that which they most commonly practise.

*Row.* Come, Worthy, we must away. Sir Charles, your company is desired too; we must spend this evening at Belinda's. But stay, Cribbidge, I must have one private whisper with thee, by the way. Revenge is the word, and I must engage thee in the plot.

*Crib.* Ay, most willingly, in such a cause.

*Row.* If we succeed in this farce, it will be a most noble revenge.

For brutes and fools were only made for sport;

Nothing is like a cockcomb to divert:

They cure the spleen, and make the toils of life

An easy burthen, and a pleasing strife.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

### A C T III.

*Enter Jenny Private.*

JENNY.

**S**URE the sailor has mistook, and given my letter to a wrong person. My heart goes pit-a-pat, for fear I should not succeed. But see, he comes!

*Enter Mizen.*

*Miz.* So, that must be my Quaker, by her sanctified air——Madam, Madam——

*Jen.* Would you ought with me, friend?

*Miz.* Only to desire the favour of you to give me leave to throw myself at your feet. My name is Mizen; I came hither by appointment from your fair hands——She is very beautiful! board me else. [*Aside.*]

*Jen.* If thy sincerity is answerable to the character my friend has given me of thee, I am content, according to his desire, to be thy help-mate.

*Miz.* Well, old Scruple is a prevailing rogue, and deserves the fifty guineas, pos. [*Aside.*] Oh, my charmer! I have been long sighing and wishing for this opportunity, and hope you'll now give me leave to make the best of my time.

*Jen.*

*Jen.* Will you change your vain religion then? Will you stand fast to the faith? In perseverance, will you come over to the congregation of the upright? Will you put off these gaudy cloaths, those vanity of vanities?

*Miz.* Yea, verily, I will put off my gaudiness; I will strip myself to the nakedness of the spirit.

*Jen.* Why, then thou hast overcome me; and verily I will be thine in a few months.

*Miz.* Oh, thou lovely lamb, set not so terrible a time! the spirit moveth me to make thee flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone, before the sun shineth again.

*Jen.* I have some fears upon me, that thy eagerness to my person, may proceed from a desire thou hast to my money.

*Miz.* Why, I say thy fears are uncharitable; for hadst thou nothing, nor that neither, my zeal would be as much for thee as it is now.

*Jen.* Then I am satisfied; and, accordingly, here is my hand.

*Miz.* Why, I am transported to the highest ecstasies! Look ye, my boat waiteth on the beach for me; if thy yearnings are as great as mine are to thee, thou wilt venture thyself upon the deep along with me. I have on board my ship a man called a chaplain, which, according to our establishment, will link us together——Turn me keel upwards, if ever I carried on an intrigue better in my life.

[*Aside.*]

*Jen.* Well, thou art a powerful man, and I submit myself unto thee; but can help thee to one of thy priests on shore——Admirably well managed!

[*Aside.*]

*Miz.* Come, my spirit, my light, my light of my light, and——humph——Let us go then.

[*Exeunt, hugging her.*]

*Enter* Rovewell, Worthy, and Sir Charles Pleasant.

*Wor.* So, off goes the boat, and there's a punk provided for.

*Sir Cha.* Merry be his heart. This will put such a damp upon his undertakings, that we shall be troubled no more with his nonsensical whimsies about reforming the navy.

*Rov.*

*Row.* I wish all our friends were as well provided for as Jenny.

*Wor.* Why, faith, so do I; for when I enter the sacred bonds, I'll give a receipt in full to lewdness, shake hands with vice, and bid adieu to immorality.

*Row.* And I am resolved to make the best of husbands.

*Sir Cha.* These are pious designs truly. I begin myself to be out of conceit with wickedness; and could I but succeed in my amour to Arabella, I should willingly bid adieu to all the frail part of mortality. But she has used me so unmercifully, that I quite despair of success.

*Wor.* Pr'ythee, Sir Charles, matters are not gone so far as to throw thee into desperation.

*Row.* Let me alone to make up the match. Sir Charles, 'tis a pretty play-thing in time of peace, which, if some care is not taken, these victorious generals of ours will bring it to; and a sea-lieutenant, with only half a crown a day, will never agree with your quality.

*Sir Cha.* I am wholly at your devotion.

*Row.* Come on, then; let's to Belinda's, where we shall see her.

*Wor.* I fear her late disappointment will hinder her from appearing abroad this evening. 'Tis only Belinda has interest enough to bring her. [Exit.

*Enter Cribbidge, Easy, and Jiltup.*

*Jilt.* My dear puppies, if you make me a captain's lady, my husband shall hang himself, that there may be a vacancy for one of you.

*Crib.* Why, you must make use of all your cunning to draw him into the noose. Get him but to the word, parson, and I, like his evil genius, will appear to him. You won't be the only jilt married to a sea-captain this day.

*Jilt.* How say you?

*Easy.* Why, Mrs. Jenny Private, through the intrigues, instigations, and temptations of Beau Mizen, is gone on board his ship, in order to be his lawful spouse.

*Jilt.* Od's my life, my cousin Jenny! If such common strumpets as she meet with such good luck, what must a woman of my known virtue and modest conversation expect?

*Crib.* Why then you make degrees in whoring?

*Jilt.* Oh, ever! She that is a bastard-bearing whore, is the

the most notorious ; she that lies with half the town, and does it privately, is a prudent whore ; she that gets money by it, is a mercenary whore ; she that does it generously, and bare-fac'd, is a whore of honour.

*Crib.* Very nice distinctions, truly !

*Easy.* I wonder, since you are so numerous a body of people, you don't get a charter ; it will raise a considerable tax to the government ; they may as well tolerate you, as wink at great men's keeping you.

*Filt.* Why, really, settlements are very comfortable things ; and our gentry, how sneaking soever they are to their creditors, are most generous to our faculty.

*Crib.* Come, toss up a bowl of the best, to enable us to go through with this great work. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Arabella and Justice Scruple.*

*Scrup.* I am somewhat troubled your sister is gone abroad, because I had a business to impart to her of very great consequence.

*Ara.* If you please to leave your affairs to me, I'll acquaint her with them.

*Scrup.* Why, upon second thoughts, you might do my business as well as she.

*Ara.* Suppose it, Sir. What is it ?

*Scrup.* Why, there is a friend of mine, who is what the world calleth a fine gentleman ; he is endowed with a plentiful estate, and is captain of a good sixty-gun ship ; has interest enough to get a good station ; has spoke to me to recommend him to your sister. Now, I have considered, that you, being of his religion, may suit better with his temper than your sister.

*Ara.* His name, his name, Sir.

*Scrup.* Why, people call him Captain Mizen.

*Ara.* Oh, I have heard of the finical coxcomb ! You have lost your labour with me, Sir ; and therefore, pray, keep him for my sister.

*Scrup.* Verily, if her sister answereth me so, it's probable I may lose my five hundred guineas which the Captain has promised me for making up the match. I will in the morning take her fasting, which I believe to be the best time to try a woman's inclinations.

[*Aside.* *Exit.*  
*Enter*

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*Enter Arabella's Maid.*

*Ara.* So, the old rascal's gone. These psalm-singing match-makers are worse than your irreligious bawds; for the latter only betray our maidenheads and our reputations, when these religious rogues are for betraying our fortunes, our freedoms, our pleasures, our every thing.

*Maid.* Ay; but, Madam, to be settled in the world is what we all aim at, and marriage is honourable.

*Ara.* So was the knighthood formerly; but now they both grow odious——Have you wrote those letters I gave you to copy?

*Maid.* I have, Madam, and here they are.

*Ara.* You'll get somebody to deliver this packet to my sister while she's at Belinda's?

*Maid.* Yes, Madam, I have a small Mercury already prepared for it.

*Ara.* Well; and this letter, in which I have so well counterfeited my brother's hand, that my sister will ne'er discover it——

*Maid.* But can you hope, Madam, by this intrigue to make Captain Worthy yours?

*Ara.* No, fool; nor were he dying at my feet, would I receive him. My design is to make my sister hate him; nothing this world calls dear, can equal the pleasure of seeing him ill used by her.

*Maid.* I fear, Madam, 'twill be past your skill to break the lover's knot that rivets them together.

*Ara.* Fear not, girl; my sister's zeal will overwhelm her carnal passion; and our story is so plausible, she can't but believe it.

*Maid.* I wish all may prove as you design it. I'm wholly disposed to follow whatever your commands are pleased to lay upon me.

*Ara.* Send the letter to my sister by a hand you dare trust, and then come into my chamber.

*Maid.* I'll instantly about it, Madam. [*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE** *draws, and discovers Flip, Cockswain, and six Sailors.*

*Flip.* Sirrah, don't you flinch your saddle; he that will do that, will run down into the hold in an engagement, or say his prayers in a storm.

*I Sail.*

1 *Sail.* Why, I am married, Sir, and must lie with my wife to-night, which I have not done this eighteen months.

*Flip.* You rogue, can't you get drunk first, and lie with her afterwards?

1 *Sail.* Ay, Sir, but my ill quality is, when I get drunk, I beat my wife immoderately, and kick her out of doors; which I would not willingly do the first night.

*Flip.* Oh! I'll save you the trouble of that, hell-bird, you shall go on board to-night, and shan't see your wife these two months.

1 *Sail.* Oh! then, Sir, I'll be drunk with all my heart.

*Flip.* Come; confusion to all the fops and coxcombs of the navy! When I am at the helm, I'll root the rogues from thence: as for you, Cockswain, I'll make you captain, and all the boat's crew shall be lieutenants.

2 *Sail.* Look'e, I'll be no lieutenant; I'll be a captain the first stroke.

*Flip.* Why, what pretensiveness have you to it, firrah?

2 *Sail.* My pretensiveness to it is, Sir, that I was rated able, when your worship was ordinary.

*Flip.* That's no rule, firrah, for at that rate I should be king of the seas now, for I was a midshipman, when some that shall be nameless, were swabbers of the upper-gun deck.

3 *Sail.* And I could say my compass, reef, hand, and splice, when ne'er a commission-officer in our ship could tell starboard from larboard.

4 *Sail.* I wonder your honourable worship, being so notorious a man with the ambralty, don't get Captain of the sufferans.

5 *Sail.* And I likewise wonder your worshipful honour don't get to be knighted.

6 *Sail.* 'Tis a wonderful thing, that, Jack, to have the Queen's Majesty's honour clap a cutlash upon a man's skull, and bid him rise up Sir any thing.

*Flip.* Look'e, rogues, the design is very good, and 'tis a gracious piece of preferment; but it has puffed up so many of our sea-coxcombs, that their pride and vanity will ruin the credit of the navy. But here's to you, Cockswain. [*Drinks.*] Fill it up, firrah.

40 THE FAIR QUAKER OF DEAL.

*Cock.* I am almost drunk, an like your honour ; another cup will make me clap the ship on board to windward.

*Flip.* Why then firrah, I'll clap you in the bilboes to leeward.

*Cock.* So, now the storm begins to rise.

*2 Sail.* To be free with your right reverend worship's honour and glory, I must tell you, being you and I were afore the mast together, it would look as it were something clever of your honourableness to throw three things overboard.

*Flip.* Why, what are those things, firrah ?

*2 Sail.* The boatswain, the purser, and the bilboes.

*All Sail.* Ay, over-board with them, i'faith.

*Flip.* What ! do you mutiny, ye dogs ? Don't you know there's a court-martial, and that I am presidentum ;

*Cock.* I was sure these rogues would bring themselves into a prim-in-iron.

*2 Sail.* Why, most worthy Captain, and my mess-mate that was, look'e, we have no design of mutinying, but only by the way of telling our grievances to your grace's honour, and so my humbleness to you. [*Drinks.*]

*Flip.* Well, well, to shew my natural goodness to you all, give me good reasons for throwing over-board the bilboes ; I begin at the latter end of your propositions, because I intend to ask them all gradually ; and so, firrah, here's to you. [*Drinks.*]

*3 Sail.* Thank your monstroseness : the bilboes, an't like your wonderfulness, is a great stumbling-block in the way of a sailor's agility ; to have our heels land-lock'd when we have sea-room enough, is worse than to run ashore where there's no land.

*All Sail.* Oh ! worse by half.

*Flip.* Come, no more of your nonsensicalness ; but get drunk as fast as you can.

*Enter Indent.*

*Ind.* Sir, a word with you.

[*They go aside.*]

*Cock.* Ah——when the captain and purser whisper, our guts ought to grumble.

*6 Sail.* Ay, Cockswain, those whisperations are many an ounce of butter and cheese out of our way.

*3 Sail.* Ay ! and a great deal of beer too : but my service to you, mess-mate.

*Flip.*

*Flip.* Why, I designed to go and see her this evening.  
[To Indent.

*Ind.* As I pass'd by the door, she told me she was impatient to see you, for you was the handsomest man in the navy, and the best-natured captain in the whole fleet.

*Flip.* Why, I believe the jade does love me, therefore you and I will go to supper with her; but first I'll make all the boat's crew drunk, according to ancient custom. Come, rogues, clap the bucket to your mouths, and don't stand sipping out of a bowl that don't hold above a pint.

*Cock.* Well, if we must all be drunk, we must, and so down let it go. Here's to you—If every man stows as much of it as I did in those half dozen gulps, I'll pawn my call on't it won't come round again.

*Flip.* So, I am in stout heart enough now to venture an engagement with this virgin frigate; and so come along with me.  
[Exeunt Flip and Purser.

*6 Sail.* Well, now we have got rid of the rum duke, being in a very merry humour, let us put it to the vote, whether we shall beat the mayor and corporation, and drown the constable; or shall we ravish all the women we meet with, and unwindow the houses?

*5 Sail.* Let us ravish first.

*3 Sail.* No, no, ravish afterwards; for I have as much courage before ravishment as any body; but afterwards I'm as cowardly as a Dutchman that has drank no brandy.

*Cock.* Hark'e, my lads, I'd have you take care who you ravish; for a great many women in this town don't love to be boarded by force, they will fight you broad-side and broad-side, and yard-arm and yard-arm, till they sink you; and you may fire as many great guns betwixt wind and water, before you make any one of them leaky. Besides, I don't care to attack a fire-ship of better force than any frigate in our squadron; for if they once come to lash you fast to them, you are blow'd up in spite of the ambulatory. I will therefore lie down for an hour or two; call me when the Captain's ready to go.

*3 Sail.* Why, do you think to be left out of the plot? No, no, Mr. Cockswain, you shall go along with us, or else we'll ravish you.

*All Sail.* Ay, ay, force him along [They haul him.

D 3

*Cock.*

*Cock.* Why, rogues, an't I captain of the boat?

4 *Sail.* If you were captain of the ship, we should use you as we do now; for we have no respect of persons.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or if he was ambaral we should make no difference; for all that there is between an ambaral and a sailor is, a stout sailor will fire ten guns to an ambaral's one.

*Cock.* Well, well, unhand me, if I must go, I must; but I am very much mistaken, if we are catch'd a-doing a mischief by the justices, if they don't clap us into the wooden bilboes.

4 *Sail.* Why, to get the better of that prehension of yours, the first thing we'll go about, shall be to pull the stocks up by the roots, launch them into the sea, and let the Goodwin sand be better for them.

*All Sail.* Done, done, come away. [Exeunt.

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

*Enter* Rovewell, Worthy, *Sir* Charles Pleasant, Belinda and Dorcas.

ROVEWELL.

**I** Am sorry Arabella comes not; 'tis a disappointment to Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* Methinks I do look a little awkward amongst you billing turtles; I am not a fit companion for lovers.

*Bel.* I can't imagine what you mean by lovers; my friend the Quaker here, has indeed shewn a little foolish fondness for Captain Worthy, but I hope you have suspected no such thing from any action of mine.

*Dor.* Why, friend Belinda, art thou not ashamed to dissemble so? I must tell thee, my conscience will not let me do it; if thou dost not shew a great deal of kindness to Rovewell forthwith, I will discover what pass'd in thy closet between us just now.

*Rov.* Oh! tell me but that, and I'll adore thee; give me but a cause to laugh at her impertinent weakness, and I shall be happy.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* How dare you offer at this insolence ! Have you any pretensions to me, vain fellow ?

*Rov.* Yes, I have, vain woman : if two years constant courtship, with an awful respect and adoration paid to you ; if oaths, if vows, if sighs and tender expressions can give a man pretensions, I can justly claim them.

*Bel.* You might have put in your foolish presents too ; your baubles of China, your Indian umbrella, your hair-ring, and your own picture.

*Rov.* By heavens ! I'd give the world I could hate thee now : but, Belinda, there's something so bewitching in your form, that I still must love you ; tho' ne'er so ill used, like a spaniel, I must fawn upon you.

*Sir Cha.* Now, faith, Belinda, had I admired you an age, nay, had I thought you an angel, and been as much enamoured of you as 'twas possible for a coxcomb to be ; I would, at this usage, marry your chamber-maid, that she might take place of you : I'd ridicule you in all companies, quarrel with, and cut the throat of any body pretended courtship to you, and would make you die a maid in spite of your teeth.

*Rov.* Whilst I, like a good-natured fool, hug my chains, and think of no heaven but my Belinda.

*Wor.* For shame, proud creature, let not your vain folly get the better of your sense and reason ; take to your arms the man you love. Come, I see good-nature in your eyes : thus I seize your hand, and am resolved to give it him who has your heart.

*Bel.* Pshaw, what insolence is this ! Do you think I am to be forced ?

*Dor.* No, no, there can be no force in the case ; thou art a dissembler.

*Sir Cha.* In short, if she refuses, we'll swear a contract, and make a forc'd marriage on't.

*Bel.* Had I not some inclination, your force and threats should never do. Here, Rovewell, take my hand ; I hope for better usage from you, than you have received from me.

*Rov.* Oh, my Belinda ! one pleasing look makes amends for all my pains and agonies.

*Dor.* Ay, now it is as it should be.

*Bel.* I know, Rovewell, you'll forgive the folly of my

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my sex, and put a favourable construction on what I've done.

*Wor.* There, there, kiss her hand eagerly; turn up the whites of your eyes, and fetch your breath very short, and leave her to imagine what you ought to say. To-morrow, one priest will join both couples: now let us spend the night in mirth; by this time Mizen has linked with our sham Quaker. With your leave, Belinda, we'll invite them hither.

*Rov.* 'Tis ten to one but the vanity of his imaginary conquest will bring him without an invitation.

*Bel.* Pray make my house your own.

*Wor.* Pardon, my dear creature, the freedom we have taken in using your name; but this coxcomb might have offered a violence we should have wished undone.

*Rov.* Belinda, I'll take the freedom of sending for our noble Commodore and his lady too, who are by this time noosed; we'll first dance, then raise them to the height of mirth, and discover the plot.

*Sir Cha.* It will be a most pleasant comedy.

*Wor.* Faith, I fear it will prove a tragedy to poor Mizen.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, this packet was left for you by a sailor.

*[Gives it to Dorcas.]*

*Dor.* Ha!—To Mrs. Dorcas Zeal, and one inclosed to Worthy! Who can this be from? *[Reads.]* "I doubt not but you'll wonder at the villanies of mankind, when I tell you that Worthy, whom you have thoughts of making your husband, is already married to me. I have two children by him. Give him the enclosed; if after reading on't he dares deny it, the next post shall bring to his fight his much injur'd

ELIZABETH WORTHY,"

*[Dorcas swoons away.]*

*Wor.* Oh, heavens, what ails my charmer! she's cold as clay! run for some water, quick!

*Bel.* Surprizing!

*[They all hold her.]*

*Dor.* Oh, false man! Oh, cruel Worthy!

*[She swoons again.]*

*Bel.* Bless me, she faints again, and mutters something about you!

*Wor.*

*Wor.* I am amazed!

*Row.* So, she comes to herself again.

*[They set her in a chair.]*

*Dor.* Oh, read these lines, thou perjur'd man!

*Wor.* *[Reads the letter, and drops it again in a great surprise.]* What's here? Another, and directed to me!  
*[Reads.]* " 'Tho' you have been guilty of many villanies, and used me ill, I never thought you would have dar'd to have marry'd another wife; but since I know you so well, I'll appear at Deal, and tear your idol Quaker's heart out. I am your much injur'd

ELIZABETH WORTHY."

Sir Charles, feel me, have I life, am I awake, or do I dream? A dizziness overwhelms my brain, and darkness draws its sable curtains o'er my eyes!

*Row.* What a plague means all this romantic stuff? have we got the method of poisoning by letter come into England at last!

*Sir Cha.* Faith, I am afraid to take the letter up, for fear I should be transmogrified.

*Bel.* This sudden change is most surprizing. Help, lead her to my chamber, a little sleep may bring her to herself again.

*Dor.* Lead me to death most willingly: horrors and despair will end my days.

*[Exeunt Dorcas, Belinda, and Servants.]*

*Wor.* Go, charming fair! I can't blame thee for this great concern. Death, hell, and devils! am I then at last become a villain! a despicable husband! a betrayer of weak virgins hearts! — am I, from a man of honour, sunk to a degenerate slave! — By heaven, I'm raging mad! What ill-boding spirit could owe me such a spite, and cross at once my full-blown joys?

*Row.* Worthy, is the frolic to go round? Are we to be all mad? or must only you and the Quaker carry on the jest?

*Wor.* Oh, Rowewell, you have known me long, but never saw me in such agonies of grief before; read these, the cause of all my woes.

*Row.* *[Takes up the letter, reads, and Sir Charles over his shoulder.]* " Guilty — Villanies — another Wife — at Deal — Quaker's heart out. ELIZ. WORTHY."

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An intrigue well carried on, i'faith. [*Reads the other letter.*]

"I doubt not—wonder—of man—Worthy—your husband—two children—the inclosed—next post—to his sight.

ELIZ. WORTHY."

*Sir Cha.* Why, this lady of yours writes very prettily, Captain.

*Row.* The woman has a pretty knack, faith; pr'ythee, Worthy, are these two children of yours boys or girls? ha! ha! ha!

*Wor.* Hell and furies! am I become your scorn? Do you laugh at me?

*Row.* Ay, faith, do we. Canst thou be concerned at the stratagem of a woman who loves thee? Look once more upon the scrawl, canst thou not guess whose hand it is?

*Wor.* Ha!—By this light, it looks somewhat like Arabella's! It must be hers. Fool that I was, not to perceive it before; 'twas cunningly performed, I swear: I wonder my charming Quaker discovered it not! I'll in, and undeceive her.

[*Meets Belinda.*]

*Bel.* Make no noise, she's in a slumber, which I hope will compose her.

*Wor.* Oh, Belinda! this is a trick of Arabella's; behold, see here, the cunning penning of her envious fingers.

*Bel.* I wish the worst effects on't are past; for she has vow'd never to see you more: I'll watch her slumbers, and when she wakes, I'll tell her the story before her fits return.—Rowewell, you may now see when once our sex resolve to love, 'tis dangerous to disappoint us.

*Row.* But 'tis hard, Belinda, that you should so soon believe that men are false; ten thousand letters ne'er could make me alter the rooted passion I have for you.

*Bel.* Oh! should you be told I am married to a man, who has had two children by me; you'd fly back from promises and vows, and cry, pox take her, she's a jilt.

*Row.* So far from that, my soul, that I'd stab the inventor of such a story.

*Bel.* That would be very heroic, indeed; but come, let's comfort the poor Captain here, who looks more dejected than a discarded minister.

*Sir Cha.*

*Sir Cha.* Oh, worse than that, Madam, he puts me in mind of an English Captain taken by a French privateer.

*Row.* 'Tis a dismal thing to be first boarded, then stript, and afterwards clapt into a French gaol.

*Bel.* In short, he looks as if he was married.

*Sir Cha.* Right, Madam, and his countenance shews full of a family concern.

*Wor.* How can you blame my surprize?—Were you to see the fair Belinda, whom I know you love the best of any one on earth; were you, I say, to see her in tears and agonies for something you had done, nay, for something you had not done, some villainous imputation charged upon you, 'twou'd touch your heart as much as mine.

*Row.* Why, faith, I have so good an opinion of Belinda, that I fancy she would give herself none of those airs, if she heard I had twenty children.

*Bel.* Nay, more than that, had you twenty wives, I should keep my temper: care shall be taken in drawing the writings, so as I may not be the worse for you in my fortune; and if you will love a great many of my sex, it's probable I shall find out a way of making reprisals.

*Sir Cha.* What's all this to my happiness? How am I to come by my Arabella?

*Bel.* Why, she's as easily come at as the rest of her sex;

*Sir Cha.* But, Madam, if she doats on my Captain, how can I expect she'll ever smile on me?

*Wor.* Oh! her love to me is vanish'd, if e'er she had any; this action of hers plainly shews her malice.

*Bel.* Come, I'll write her word what an heroic passion she has put Worthy into, and the fainting condition poor Dorcas lies in; I'll praise her for her well-invented stratagem, and then let her know Sir Charles is here.

*Sir Cha.* Why, Madam, do you think that will bring her?

*Bel.* Sir Charles, I have heard her say abundance of handsome things of you; I know she likes the word quality much, and would not care, if on any terms she could be called her ladyship; for she is pleased with taking place: that, you must know, is the darling vanity of our sex.

*Row.* You may set your heart at rest; you have a fairer prospect of marrying Arabella, than poor Worthy has for marrying her sister.

*Bel.*

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*Bel.* Come, tease him no more: I'll steal up to her, and convince her of the error she's in. Go into the parlour, there's cards. [Exit.

*Row.* Come, what think you of ombre, or a pool at piquet.

*Wor.* I can do nothing with pleasure till I know how I am to be received by my dear charmer.

*Sir Cha.* Come, pray divert these melancholy whimsies.

*Row.* Why, if you don't go to cards, Sir Charles and I shall be very satirical upon you.

*Wor.* Nay, rather than you should play that game with me, I'll go to cards. [Exeunt.

*Enter Flip drunk, Indent, and Jiltup.*

*Jilt.* This was kind, indeed, my dear dog, to make me the first visit, when so many ladies in town die for you.

*Flip.* Why, you little hussy you, I think all the women in town look like swabs to you.

*Ind.* Indeed, Madam, the Commodore does often launch out in your praises.

*Flip.* Ay, and commendations too: why, I love you so well, that I could be your consort and your mess-mate for ever. When I die 'tis all your own; my houses, my land, my part in ships, and my every thing else come to you by will and deed.

*Jilt.* Poor good-natured thing, how is it possible for me to return thy kindnesses? I have no land but my own body; take that into thy custody, and make the most on't.

*Enter Cribidge in a Priest's habit.*

*Flip.* What have we here? a priest!

*Jilt.* Oh, dear cousin Homily, I'm glad to see you.

*Flip.* Is this your cousin, my dear? You're welcome, as I may say.

*Crib.* Sir, I thank you. Cousin, I'm glad to see you; I come to stay with you some time; your doctor being gone to make interest for a bishoprick, I am to officiate for him until his return.

*Ind.* Rarely acted i'faith, he looks much modester than most of our sea-chaplains.

*Crib.* Well, cousin, may I joy you? Have you entered into the holy state of matrimony yet?

*Filt.* No, cousin, I am willing to see a little more of the world first.

*Crib.* A parishioner of mine, that has seen you, seems to have a great mind to make you his wife: he has a plentiful estate, with a fine house, in a pleasant part of Kent; he is of a very good family, and is a personal handsome man.

*Flip.* Hearn'e, Sir, none of your match-making stories here: this lady is disposed of, and her inclinations are moor'd to my affections; and he that claps her aboard, must expect to be raked fore and aft with my partridge double and round.

*Crib.* Sir, I beg your pardon, if you are the lady's husband, I have done, Sir.

*Flip.* Look'e, Sir, I am not at present the lady's husband; but if you understand that part of your trade, and will splice us together, I have a couple of guineas at your service.

*Crib.* Sir, if all parties are consenting, I shall not be a great while performing that ceremony.

*Flip.* Why all parties are consented, Reverendissimo.

*Crib.* Sir, if I have that from the lady's mouth, and you can get her a father to give her away, I shall proceed.

*Flip.* Oh, as to a father, here's the purser shall stand that part of the story. Tell him, my dear, how you love and adore me.

*Filt.* I must say, I have an unalterable affection for the Commodore; but if I should marry him, and he should not love me after it, I should be the miserablest creature nature ever form'd.

*Flip.* Not love you, my dear! why I'll stick as close to you as carv'd work to a ship's stern; nothing shall be done by me without thy consent; you shall have the working of my vessel, and stand at the helm in all weathers.

*Ind.* Well, Madam, since I am chose for your father, give me leave to know what's best for you; I'll engage the Commodore proves the tenderest husband in the navy.

*Crib.* Truly the gentleman hath the aspect of a man of parts.

*Flip.* Reverendissimo, I thank you for your good opinion of my outelecks; and if you'll give yourself the trouble of coming on board my ship, you shall have your skull

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and guts fill'd so full of brandy and salt-beef, and your ears so alarmed with drums, trumpets, huzzas and guns that you'll be as drunk in half an hour, as you were at the wetting your commission.

*Crib.* Sir, people of my cloth never launch out beyond the rules of modesty.

*Flip.* I can't say any thing to your shore-folks; but I am certain our sea-chaplains (generally speaking) are drunk as often as our sea-captains.

*Crib.* The more's the pity, that religion should be so abused by such profligates.

*Ind.* Why, indeed, the sailors are apt enough to be wicked of themselves, and such examples from their guides, may be one great reason of so much immorality in the navy.

*Flip.* Come, my dear, let the doctor do his office, and belay our affair.

*Jilt.* Well, you have overcome me.

*Flip.* So, very well; then begin Mr. Homily.

*Jilt.* Oh, no, we shall be disturbed here, the next room is more private.

*Flip.* March away then, I am all over storeship and transport with thy dear person; come, I'll give you a row, you are my prize now.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

## A C T V.

*Enter Arabella dressed like a Quaker, in Men's Cloaths.*

ARABELLA.

SO, my plot succeeds as I could wish, Belinda's letter tells me all. Now must I take care to give my saint-like sister these credentials when she 'wakes. I think I look as like one of the pious brethren, as if I had been educated by George Fox. [Kneels.

*Enter Advocate.*

Is Dorcas Zeal within this dwelling-place?

*Ad.* Yes, she is.

*Ara.* Wilt thou go and tell unto her, that I would speak with her instantaneously?

*Ad.* If you'll walk in, I'll let my mistress know your message; but the lady is asleep.

*Ara.* Go, I'll follow thee. [Exit.

*Enter again in the Parlour.*

*Ad.* Sit down, while I acquaint my lady. [Exit.

*Ara.* Now for a disguising look, that she may not know me.

*Enter Belinda.*

*Bel.* My servant tells me you would speak with Dorcas Zeal.

*Ara.* Yea verily, she hath told thee the truth.

*Bel.* She is laid down and indisposed, I am loth to disturb her.

*Ara.* Verily, I could wish thou could'st dispense with giving her some small disturbance, my business is very urgent; for behold my errand is from her brother, and concerneth her much, and we must be in private.

*Bel.* Then follow me.

*Ara.* So I will. [Exit.

SCENE draws, and discovers Dorcas on a Couch. Re-enter Belinda and Arabella.

*Dor.* How dreadful are the dreams of souls disturbed! Why was I so void of grace to trust to such a monster!

*Bel.* How does my dear? I feared we should have disturbed your rest; but this young man being very urgent to speak with you, I ventured to bring him up.

*Dor.* I am much better; but still troubled in mind.

*Bel.* Oh, as soon as you have dispatch'd your business, I'll set your mind to rights, I'll warrant you. [Exit.

*Ara.* May be not [Aside.] Friend, thy brother did send this unto thee; when thou hast overlooked the contents thereof, thou wilt know my business here.

*Dor.* May be it contains something of that traitor Worthy. [Reads.

"Beloved sister,

The bearer hereof, being the son of Ananias, who was an upright member of the cause, I recommend unto thee for a help-mate. He hath two thousand pounds a year,

and stiffly adherent to our ways of going; and I send him to thee in good season, that thou may'st be delivered from the wicked designs of the seducing married man Worthy.

Thine, in truth and sincerity,  
Shadrach Zeal."

*Dor.* A comely youth, well worthy my good liking. Besides, how blest an occasion offereth to be revenged of an ungrateful man! [*Aside.*] Art thou, young man, the subject of this paper?

*Ara.* Yea, lovely maiden, I am the chosen man, selected by my friend and thy good brother to greet thee with a holy kiss, and tell thee I love thee, fair one.

*Dor.* Love me at first sight!—Have a care thou talk not in the language of the world, and play the deceiver; if thou dost, assure thyself I shall rebuke thee for it.

*Ara.* I have seen thee often before, verily.

*Dor.* Where didst thou see me?

*Ara.* In the great London city.

*Dor.* When there saw'st thou me?

*Ara.* At the last general assembly of the faithful, met at that season worldly men call Whitsuntide.

*Dor.* Yea truly, our good brother Shadrach carried me up to that noisy town of pride and vanity, to greet our brethren friends at the last meeting. But if thou saw'st me there, how chanceth it, that in so long a silence thou hast stifled up the breathings of thy heart, from the fifth month even to the ninth?

*Ara.* Oh! Dorcas, Dorcas,——ah——I saw and loved thee, but, alas! I check'd the moving spirit within: With my green years, methought I was too young to lead a sister.

*Dor.* Too young! Oh, fie! was that the fault! the younger the sporting lambs, they play more harmlessly: verily, the outward man thou bearest, looketh with an honest face.

*Ara.* My inward man bears the same honest face too. [*Kisses Dorcas's Hand.*] Deny me not thine hand.

*Dor.* Some such like agonies as these, I felt from the first touches of the false Worthy.——

*Ara.* False indeed!—He is one of the profane, alien to our purer flock; and who can tell, were he thy chosen yoke-

yoke-mate, but he'd force thee to one of his own steeple-houses; nay, and perhaps lead thee in vain toppings, to a carnal feat in one of the sad play-houses?

*Dor.* [*Sighs.*] Ah! —

*Ara.* But I am, thou know'st, a lamb of thy own fold; me thou may'st mould to what thy own heart liketh: then let us not, like the vain babbling worldly ones, thus lose the precious time in foolish courtship; but let me forthwith wriggle myself into thy inward affections.

*Dor.* Yea, I do take thee, and like a backslider, who repenteth, I will, with pure zeal and fervency, turn unto thee.

*Enter* Worthy, Rovewell, Sir Charles, and Belinda.

*Wor.* Oh, my dear creature, do I hold thee fast!

*Ara.* Friend, hast thou any pretensions to this woman, who is the wife of my bosom?

*Dor.* Stand off, vile man, thou with thy flattering tongue hadst almost betrayed me: but now I defy thee. Go to thy wife and children.

*Wor.* Furies and fire! I shall run distracted.

*Ara.* Friend, swear not at all.

*Wor.* What canting coxcomb's this, that dares usurp my right?

*Ara.* Thou may'st bluster as much as thou pleasest: but I tell unto thee, this woman is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.

*Dor.* Thou hast said the truth, and nothing but the truth; I say again and again, begone to thy own wife.

*Ara.* Ay, go unto thy wife.

*Wor.* Rovewell, Sir Charles, Belinda, must I bear all this? Let me but keep my senses!

*Bel.* I am surpris'd at you!

*Rov.* Behold, the letters you received were written by Arabella: see here, her very hand.

*Ara.* Friend, listen not to them, they are deceivers: let us depart from amongst them.

*Sir Cha.* Look'e, young fellow, none of your impertinent cant here: this lady shall not stir 'till we have undeceived her.

*Rov.* And when we have done that, good Sir, you



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may troop to the Bull and Mouth again, without this she-friend's money.

*Dor.* What power hast thou to hinder our departing hence?

*Ara.* Ay, friend, tell us that.

*Rov.* How can you be so cruel to a man, whose life's sole happiness is placed in you?

*Dor.* How can I be cruel enough to one, who would have for ever made me miserable?

*Wor.* Oh! would you but hear me justify myself, I soon would answer all this villainous forgery, and clear my wounded innocence and honour.

*Ara.* Friend, hear him not, he hath a vile deluding tongue.

*Sir Cha.* Hark'ee, young fellow, I have something to tell you.

*Ara.* Friend, I have nothing to say to thee; therefore touch me not, I say.

*Dor.* Pray use no rudeness, but let us begone quietly.

*Sir Cha.* No struggling, good, sweet, diminutive coxcomb; if thou dost, I shall use the carnal weapon upon thee.

*Ara.* Begone, fellow.

[*In struggling her hat and wig fall off.*]

*Bcl.* How! Arabella!—Then the plot's discovered!

*Dor.* [*Scrieks.*] How's this! my holy brother in the spirit, turned to an arrant sister in the flesh!

*Wor.* Ha!—my old friend, this was a well-acted tragi-comedy.

*Dor.* I am in so much confusion and surprize, I know not what to say.

*Ara.* Now, Sir, I suppose you'll let me go; I have no more business here.

*Sir Cha.* This discovery will make me hold you faster than before.

*Rov.* Ay, Madam, there's no retreating now; we'll be even with you for all your usage.

*Dor.* Friend Worthy, canst thou forgive me, and once more take my hand?

*Wor.* Can I live! Not without thee, I'm sure! Oh, had you but once o'erlooked these lines, how had you saved me this wild distraction!

*Sir*

*Sir Cha.* Look'e, Madam, no struggling ; you are now my prisoner ; I shall not release you but upon very advantageous terms to myself.

*Bel.* Those terms, Sir Charles, let me have leave to make. I know the gentlewoman's mind so well, that I dare give you her hand.

*Ara.* Upon what account, Belinda ?

*Bel.* Why, upon the account of being my Lady Pleasant. Pr'ythee don't put on a dissembling look ; consent forthwith, or you shall die a maid. But first I'll reconcile you to this couple.

*Dor.* I forgive thee, sister, what excess of passion moved thee to ; but if thou valuest me, accept of the man Pleasant for thy husband.

*Ara.* I am a little confounded ; let me retire till I have recovered myself, I'll wait on you again. [*Is going.*]

*Dor.* Stay, sister, husband that wouldst have been ; one serious word before thou goest.

*Ara.* Ay, and two merry ones, if you please.

*Dor.* If I had taken thee hand in hand to the steeple-house yoke-maker, wouldst thou have had the impudence to have said after him ; I, a false brother Ananias, take thee a true sister Dorcas, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish ?——Thou love and cherish me ! when thou knewest thyself a woman, and hadst it not in thee, naughty creature !

*Ara.* No, faith, sister, I should never have pushed the jest so far neither.

*Dor.* Go, go thy ways ; thou art a sad facetious girl. [*Exit Arabella.*]

*Rov.* Follow, Sir Charles, follow her ; never let her go beyond thy reach, till thou hast her safe ; and we'll all go along with thee, to be ready for auxiliaries upon occasion.

*Bel.* Well, I'll take care the breeches shall be delivered, Sir Charles ; this shall be the last hour of your wearing those masculine trophies of tyranny.

[*Excunt all but Worthy and Dorcas.*]

*Dor.* Well, this malicious sister of ours had a strange plot against us ; but, I hope, kind Worthy, thou canst heartily forgive her.

*Wor.* Ay, and thank the very hand that snatched thee from  
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from me, because it brings me the transporting joys of this blest restoration.

*Enter Flip, pulling in Mixen, who holds Jenny Private in his other hand, dressed like a Quaker, exactly like Dorcas.*

*Flip.* Now pox on thee, come forwards with thy fair spouse ; as thou hast snapt this rich galleon, and got the ten thousand pound cargo, never be ashamed of thy good fortune, but bear up full sail to him, and lay him athwart with her.

*Miz.* By my bowsprit, and so I will. Oh, the sweet pleasure of the mortification I shall give him.—Come forward, sweeting. [*Enter with her father upon the Stage.*] My dear brother Worthy, thou seest I have made bold. We have signed and sealed, noble Captain.

*Wor.* I see you have.

*Flip.* Ay, Bully Tar, they are twined together as strong as a first-rate cable.

*Miz.* Ha !——What's yonder ! [*Spying the real Dorcas.*] Is that beautiful Quaker a relation of thine ?

*Jen.* Yea, my dear sister and friend, I greet thee lovingly.

*Dor.* My sister ! Pray, who art thou ?

*Jen.* In my single estate I was called Dorcas Zeal ; but in my wedlock bonds my name is Dorcas Mixen.

*Dor.* Dorcas and Zeal !——Who gave thee those names ?

*Jen.* None of the vain ceremonies of godfathers and godmothers ; no verily, it is a name I borrowed to myself, to make this dear man happy in a yoke-mate.

*Miz.* Borrowed ! in the name of Lucifer.

*Dor.* Nay, in my cloathing too ! my very likeness.

*Wor.* I wish you joy, my happy rival !

*Flip.* Ay, joy, Sir, joy in your ten thousand pound Quaker.

*Miz.* Ten thousand torments ! Joy ! never was man so cheated, so betrayed and ruined——Spouse, monster, fury, Jezabel, who art thou ?

*Jen.* Shall I answer thee in the language of the sanctified ?

*Miz.* No, answer me in thine own infernal dialect ; and tell me, friend, whence camest thou ?

*Jen.*

*Jen.* From London, an't please you.

*Miz.* A woman of the town, I suppose; a walking night-bird, in or about Drury-Lane wards.

*Jen.* Yes, truly, one of that cloudy generation. But Heavens be thanked, those dark days are over with me, I shall shine out a captain's lady now.

*Miz.* Shine out a firebrand, brimstone and smoke! a whore, a common strumpet!

*Flip.* Oh, fye, brother Mizen, no more hard words, but take her to thy bosom.

*Miz.* Take her to the devil.

*Flip.* I tell thee, Mizen, thou couldst not have picked out a wife so fit for thee, out of a whole regiment of doxies. Does she not own herself a piece of brittle ware? and will so sweetly set off thy cabin with the rest of thy china!

*Wor.* Ay, Mizen, take the commodore's good counsel, and bear it all with patience; thou art as quarrelsome as a game-cock at a looking-glass, and with as little reason for thy passion.

*Miz.* Not reason for my passion, when I'm tied to such a limb of hell!

*Wor.* No, not when thou hast deserved to be so tied!

*Miz.* Deserved!

*Wor.* Ay, Sir, deserved. Didst not thou know my claim to this fair creature? And with thy treacherous designs to play so poor a game, to invade my sacred right, art thou not justly punished?

*Dor.* Yea, naughty man, thou hast thy just reward.

*Miz.* Ay, noble Worthy, I own myself a villain, and the hand of heaven has reached me for it.

*Flip.* Hang thee, who pities thee? You wanted a ten thousand pounder, and must set up downright buccaneer, and pirate for a wife; no prize but Worthy's Dorcas! now I have married a girl——

*Wor.* Thou married!

*Flip.* Ay, this very morning. But my fubbs-yacht pretends to no thousands; a pox of portions, I have yellow-bows enow (thanks to a harvest in her majesty's service) to make the white and red in the fair cheeks of an honest smiling bedfellow look lovely, with neither paint nor patch.

*Wor.*

*Wor.* Where is this white and red, with neither paint nor patch? Troth, Flip, thou keepest thy rustic humour still; to have taken a young bride, and be seen thus long out of her company, on the very nuptial morning, is not over modish, let me tell you.

*Flip.* Hang ceremonies. Look you, Sir, the wench I have taken is a plain country pinnace, with no gay gildings, either at poop or stern; but her plain trim so neat, that at first sight, as she sailed by me, a puff of love sprung up so brisk a gale, that I immediately tacked round, and boarded her.

*Wor.* That is to say, you wedded her.

*Flip.* Right, Sir; and when the job was done, I was obliged to put her in a little more modish rigging fit for the she-mate of a commodore; my landlady and she are gone together to the milliner's and the sempstress's, and so forth—but I expect them—see, here they are! Oh, my sweet spouse!

*Enter Jiltup and Onibidge.*

*Wor.* Joy, happy Sir.

*Miz.* The like to you, fair bride!

*Jilt.* I thank you, gentlemen and ladies: thanks to the whole fair company. Ha!—my sweet cousin here! Dear Jenny—

[*Embracing her.*]

*Flip.* Her cousin, say you!

*Jilt.* Ay, my best dear, though I have the honour to be a commodore's lady, I must not grow proud, and forget my old friends and acquaintance. This young lady and I were bred up play-fellows together.

*Flip.* Not at her game, I hope.

*Jilt.* Oh! yes, Sir; we were two such intimates, two such sworn friends, that our delights, our joys, our very lives were all wound up together.

*Flip.* Where, where, my pretty lady-bird, was thy acquaintance with that play-fellow?

*Jilt.* At London, Sir.

*Flip.* What part of London?

*Jilt.* The neighbourhood of Covent-Garden.

*Flip.* Sink and Sodom!

*Jilt.* Both lodgers in one house; nay, and when either of us had room for a she-bedfellow, we were those loving fools, we always slept together.

*Flip.*

*Flip.* Oh———

*Jilt.* This frank confession is, I hope, my virtue, not my fault: I have lived in a bad world, and played the hypocrite so long, that I am now quite weary on't; besides, you're a plain-dealing honest gentleman, and it would be barbarous to tell you lies upon your wedding-day. You frankly married me for better for worse, perform your vow then, and take me as you find me.

*Flip.* Take a fuccubus;—diseases, poxes, leprosy! Oh, fool! sot! dotard! lunatic!—Death! I'll run mad; turn the muzzle of a gun down in the powder-room, and blow myself up to the devil.

*Wor.* Hold, Flip, no treason!—Blow up her majesty's ship.

*Flip.* Blow the world up!

*Miz.* Ay, brother sufferer, married to two such miscreants, so hardened in their shame, they make it even their glory to proclaim it.—Oh, Worthy, if thou bearest a human soul, as basely as I plotted to betray thee, even thou thyself must pity me.

*Wor.* I do pity thee, pity both of you; and to prove I do so, what will you say to me, if I release you, knock off your chains, and free you both from slavery?

*Miz.* What will we say!—We'll kneel to thee.

*Flip.* Worship thee.

*Mz.* Thou shalt command our lives, we'll fight for thee.

*Flip.* Hang for thee.

*Miz.* Drown for thee.

[*Kneeling.*

*Wor.* No more of this romantic stuff! What will you do for these poor creatures?

*Flip.* Do for them!—Why, friend, I'll give a leg or an arm for composition.

*Wor.* A leg or an arm!—A haunch of common swine's flesh would do them twice the service. What bread will you give them, to take them off from their lewd lives, and make two honest women of them?

*Flip.* Troth, I'll give my boatswain's pay, settled for life upon her.

*Wor.* That shall satisfy. Say, girl, art thou contented.

*Jilt.*

*Jilt.* So well contented, Sir, that on my knees I'll thank you.

*Flip.* Sayest thou so, girl? Then, faith, I'll throw thee in one twenty brace of pounds to rig an honest house up of thy own, and roost no more in whores nests.

*Wor.* Well, sign this parchment, which entitles her to fifty pounds a year for life, and I'll release you.—And what says Mizen?

*Miz.* Faith, I'll treat my Jenny [*Pulls out a large rich purse.*] with this purse of gold, the weighty stowage of a fair hundred guineas, and give her the same settlement into the bargain.

*Wor.* Come, come, sign, sign them.—Now, gentlemen, in order to your deliverance, first, I must tell you both, these sweet wedlock-noses were my handy work, your friend and servant Worby, the head match-maker.

*Flip. and Miz.* Thou!

*Wor.* Not to ruin you, but reform you! And now for a safe cure to all fears and dangers, the reverend man in black that linked you both, was only an honest tar, your good friend Cribidge in pious masquerade; and since there has been neither lawful matrimony nor consummation, the knot will soon be loosed.

*Crib.* You see, noble Captain, I'm ready to serve you in all capacities.

*Flip.* I thought indeed the canonical rascal had a hanging look, somewhat like my lieutenant.

*Miz.* Ay, hang him, rogue, a halter would better become his neck for a collar, than a surcingle his whore-son hide for a girdle.

*Wor.* No murmurs, thou knowest how thou deservest it.

*Miz.* Touch my past shame no more, I'm a true penitent.

*Wor.* And for thee, Flip, I knew thee such a rake, that the least mad drunken fit would run thee headlong into irrevocable shame and ruin; and therefore, even for thy mere preservation, I put this innocent cheat upon thee, only to stand a warning sea-mark to thee, against all future shipwrecks on this quicksand.

*Flip.* By Neptune, and by Mars, you are a brave fellow.

*Wor.*

*Wor.* And, gentlemen, to sign your full redemption, these ladies shall seal articles of release.

*Fil.* The strongest you can ask, or law can bind; and since you have provided so handsomely for us, we are resolved to change our course of lives, and live honestly for the future. What thousand of wretched creatures, like ourselves, would willingly——

The follies of their ill-spent lives recall,  
Turn, and live honest, could they live at all.

*Jen.* Yes, female frailty first made them sinners, but from necessity they live and die so.

To their dark cells and midnight revels led,  
Not from their thirst to man, but hunger for his bread.

*Wor.* Well, though I have made your purses smart a little, you see I have made you do some good in your generation, put a helping hand to two poor sinners' conversion.

*Flip.* Ay, and my own conversion too. Henceforward I'll keep such honest fellows as thee company, cast off my old, dull rascally conversation, and learn good sense and manners.

*Miz.* Nay, dear Worthy, take one new convert more, for from this hour I'll play the effeminate fool no more, but bear the face of a man like thee, strip my sop-cabin of all my china baubles, toys for girls, and shew myself a true hero for my glorious queen.

*Wor.* Nay, now, dear gentlemen, you'll make me proud of this day's happy work.

*Enter Sir Charles, and Arabella in her own dress, Rowell and Belinda.*

*Wor.* Well, dear Sir Charles, how stand the affairs of love?

*Sir Cha.* Faith, very well: generous Arabella has hung out her white flag, and given her promise she'll seal the speedy articles of surrender.

*Wor.* Nay then, Sir, we shall see you shine a conqueror.

*Sir Cha.* When this fair hand has crowned me one.

*Ara.* Yes, Worthy, no more of my wild airs, no more mad frolics; as I have studied to plague thee, I'll play

F a fo-



a soberer part, and study now—[*Giving her hand to Sir Charles.*]

*Sir Cha.* To bless the happiest of mankind.

*Wor.* But what says Rovewell?

*Rov.* What I am proud to say; Belinda's kind at last, and crowns my love.

*Bel.* Yes, Worthy, I have at last played the true woman, not always able to hold out invincible.

*Wor.* Well, ladies, since the whole preliminaries of the soft peace of love are all adjusted, what if, according to old laudable custom, we have a little music and a dance.

*Sir Cha.* Nothing more *à-propos*.

*Rov.* Madam, you are my partner.

*Dor.* Oh, fie, friend Rovewell! the females of our congregation, think it vanity of vanities.

*Rov.* Yes, in the country they may do't; but your London friends have all the gaiety imaginable; they sing, they dance, wear patches, and keep visiting-days.

*Dor.* Well, rather than spoil your mirth, I will walk about.

## A DANCE.

*After the Country Dance, enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Your cockswain and boat's crew, hearing you had got the music, desire they may present you with a little of their agility.

## A DANCE of Sailors.

*Dor.* Well, dear Worthy, since I have heard the affected sanctity and friendly cant, not only from my sister Arabella, but even from that carnal vessel of pollution; to make our marriage-yoke more chearful still, from this blessed hour I'll join thy holy worship.

*Wor.* Now I have all my utmost wish could ask.

*Miz.* Hold, Worthy, do not boast too proud a triumph in making this fair proselyte. Flip, and I, have there outdone you, you have only made a sister convert from one faith to another; but we have converted a fair brace of infidels, a work of reformation far beyond you.

I

*Wor.*

*Wor.* Ay, there you have outdone me : and, I think, gentlemen, you have set a good example for the world in general to follow.

Oh ! what a happy change this age would find,  
In all the looser part of womankind,  
Would all their cullies do as you have done,  
And every fool, like you, reform but one.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the FAIR QUAKER.

**FRIENDS**, doth it please you that this trifle pass?  
*Are you contented not to damn the ass?*  
 Or doth it to your wiser judgment seem  
 More fit this leading folly to condemn,  
 For fear of being charg'd with more of them?  
 Sedately think, and let your equal zeal  
 Weigh both the publick and his private weal.  
 First then, i'th' publick name, debate it whether  
 Ye can subsist, keep life and soul together,  
 Without the privilege of coming hither.  
 If that you can spin out your life-long days,  
 Without the vanity of seeing plays,  
 Down with this scribbler's hopes, this house and all,  
 Let both these marts for lewdness, tumble, fall.  
 For, ah, it cutteth, it provoketh passion,  
 To think you should indulge abomination.  
 But if you're harden'd, stung, as I may say,  
 With moral madness like tarantula,  
 That nothing else but noise and dance can cure you,  
 Then pray encourage what you have before you,  
 For as these triflers now-a-days do write,  
 No mirth's more innocent than this to-night.  
 Now, Sirs, I come to plead our strippling's cause,  
 All the young fellow wants, is your applause.  
 Poet's a sounding, empty name,  
 Born on Parnassus' cliffs, he pants for fame;  
 Not ev'n your third night's bounty would content him,  
 If of the grand Sophies you should prevent him;  
 That word my skill in languages has lent him.  
 Nay, for my own sake I demand this grace,  
 Because with much constraint I've set my face,  
 To carry on a quaker's dull grimace:  
 And ill, my friends, you would reward my pains,  
 If I should suffer for his want of brains;  
 For where the luckless poet feels your hate,  
 The undistinguish'd players share your fate.



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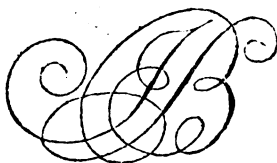
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## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**he sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,  
**H**is house in town, and left one servant there;  
**E**ase him corrupted, and gave means to know,

**A** cheater and his punk; who, now brought low,  
**L**eaving their narrow practice, were become  
**C**ox'ners at large; and only wanting some  
**H**ouse to set up, with him they here contract,  
**E**ach for a share, and all begin to act.  
**M**uch company they draw, and much abuse,  
**I**n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,  
**S**elling of flies, flat barw'd'ry, with the stone;  
**T**ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

## P R O L O G U E.

**F**ortune, that favours fools, these two short hours  
 We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,  
 Judging spectators; and desire in place,  
 To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.  
 Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,  
 No country's mirth is better than our own:  
 No clime breeds better matter for your whore,  
 Barw'd, 'squire, impostor, many persons more,  
 Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;  
 And which have still been subject for the rage  
 Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen  
 Did never aim to grieve, but better men;  
 Howe'er the age be lives in doth endure  
 The vices that she breeds, above their cure.  
 But when the wholesome remedies are sever'd,  
 And in their working, gain and profit meet,  
 He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,  
 But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd:  
 For here he doth not fear who can apply.  
 If there be any that will sit so nigh  
 Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,  
 They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;  
 They are so natural follies, but so shewn,  
 As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

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THE

# T H E A L C H Y M I S T.

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## A C T I.

Face, Subtle *and* Dol Common.

FACE.

**B**elieve it, I will.

*Sub.* Do thy worst. I dare thee.

*Face.* Sirrah, I'll strip you out of all your sleights.

*Dol.* Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you mad-men ?

*Sub.* O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your filks  
With good strong-water, an' you come.

*Dol.* Will you have

The neighbours hear you ? Will you betray all ?

' Hark, I hear somebody.'

*Face.* Sirrah !

*Sub.* I shall mar

All that the taylor has made, if you approach.

*Face.* You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,  
Dare you do this ?

*Sub.* Yes faith, yes faith.

*Face.* Why, who

Am I, my mungrel ? Who am I ?

*Sub.* I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself—

*Face.* Speak lower, rogue.

*Sub.* Yes, you were once (time not long pass'd) the  
Honest, plain, livery-man, that kept [good,  
Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,  
For the vacations.

*Face.* Will you be so loud ?

*Sub.* Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

*Face.*



## 8 THE ALCHYMIST.

*Face.* By your means, Doctor Dog?

*Sub.* Within man's memory,  
All this I speak of.

*Face.* Why, I pray you, have I  
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?  
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you first.

*Sub.* I do not hear well.

*Face.* Not of this, I think it:  
But I shall put you in mind, Sir; at Pie-Corner,  
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls;  
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk  
Piteously cossive, with your pinch'd-horn nose,  
And your complexion of the Roman watch,  
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,  
Like powder corn shot at th' Artillery-yard.

*Sub.* I wish you could advance your voice a little.

*Face.* When you went pinn'd up in the several rags  
You had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day;  
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes  
A felt of rug, and a thin thredden cloak,  
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks—

*Sub.* So, Sir!

*Face.* When all your alchymy, and your algebra,  
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,  
Your conjuring, coz'ning, and your dozen of trades,  
Could not relieve your corpse with so much linen  
Would make you tinder but to see a fire;  
I gave you count'nance, credit for your coals,  
Your stills, your glasses, your materials;  
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,  
Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beside,  
A house to practise in—

*Sub.* Your master's house?

*Face.* Where you have studied the more thriving skill  
Of bawd'ry since.

*Sub.* Yes, in your master's house.  
You and the rats here kept possession.  
Make it not strange. 'I know you were one could keep  
' The butt'ry hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,  
' Sell the dole beer to *aqua-vitæ* men,  
' The which, together with your Christmas vails  
' At post and pair, your letting out of counters,

- Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
- And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs
- Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.
- *Face.* You might talk softlier, rascal.
- *Sub.* No, you Scarabe;
- I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
- How to beware to tempt a fury again,
- That carries tempest in his hand and voice.
- *Face.* The place has made you valiant.
- *Sub.* No, your cloaths.
- Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
- So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
- Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse!
- Raised thee from brooms, and dust, and wat'ring pots!
- Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
- I' the third region, call'd our State of Grace!
- Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains
- Would twice have won me the philosopher's work!
- Made thee a second in mine own great art!
- And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?
- Do you fly out i' the projection?
- Would you begone now?
- *Dol.* Gentlemen, what mean you?
- Will you mar all?
- *Sub.* Slave, thou hadst no name——
- *Dol.* Will you undo yourselves with civil-war?
- *Sub.* Never been known, past *equi elibanum*,
- The heat of horse-dung, under ground; in cellars,
- Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost
- To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
- Had not I been.
- *Dol.* Do you know who hears you, sovereign?
- *Face.* Sirrah——
- *Dol.* Nay, general, I thought you were civil——
- *Face.* I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.
- *Sub.* And hang thyself, I care not.
- *Face.* Hang thee, Collier,
- And all thy pots and pans, in picture, 'I will,
- Since thou hast mov'd me——
- *Dol.* Oh, this 'll o'erthrow all.
- *Face.* Write thee up bawd in Pawl's, have all thy
- Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings, [tricks
- Searching

10 THE ALCHEMIST.

- Searching for things lost with a sieve and shears,
- Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
- And taking in of shadows with a glass,
- Told in red letters ; and a face cut for thee,
- Worse than Gamaliel Ratley's.

• *Dol.* Are you sound ?

- Ha' you your senses, masters ?

• *Face.* I will have

- A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,

- Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.

*Sub.* Away, you trencher-rascal.

*Face.* Out, you dog-leach,

The vomit of all prisons.

*Dol.* Will you be

Your own destructions, gentlemen ?

*Sub.* Cheater.

*Face.* Bawd.

*Sub.* Cow-herd.

*Face.* Conjurer.

*Sub.* Cut-purse.

*Dol.* We are ruined ! lost ! Ha' you no more regard  
To your reputations ? Where's your judgment ? 'Slight,  
Have yet some care of me, o' your republick—

*Face.* Away, this brach. I'll bring the rogue within  
The statute of forcery, ' *tricesimo tertio* :

- Of Harry the Eighth ; ay, and, perhaps, thy neck

- Within a noose, for laundring gold, and barbing it.

*Dol.* You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will  
you ?

[*She catches out Face's sword, and breaks Subtle's glass.*

And you, Sir, with your Menstrue, gather it up.

'Sdeath ! you abominable pair of stinkards,

Leave off your barking, and grow one again,

Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.

I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,

For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.

Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,

And all the world ? and shall it now be said,

Yo' have made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves ?

You will accuse him ! You will bring him in

Within the statute ! Who shall take your word ?

A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,

Whom

Whom not a puritan in Black-Friars will trust  
 So much as for a feather ! And you too  
 Will give the cause, forsooth ! You will insult,  
 And claim a primacy in the divisions !  
 You must be chief ! As if you only had  
 The powder to project with, and the work  
 Were not begun out of equality ?  
 The venture tripartite ! All things in common ;  
 Without priority.

*Face.* It is his fault ;  
 He ever murmurs, and objects his pains ;  
 And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

*Sub.* Why, so it does.

*Dol.* How does it ? Do not we  
 Sustain our parts ?

*Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.

*Dol.* Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope  
 Ours may to-morrow match it.

*Sub.* Ay, they may.

*Dol.* May, murmuring mastiff ! Ay, and do. Death  
 Help me to throttle him. [on me !

*Sub.* Dorothy, Mistress Dorothy !

\*Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean ?

*Dol.* Because o' your fermentation and cibation——

*Sub.* Not I, by Heaven——

*Dol.* Your Sol and Luna——help me.

*Sub.* Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform myself.

*Dol.* Will you, Sir ? Do so then, and quickly : swear.

*Sub.* What shall I swear ?

*Dol.* To leave your faction, Sir,  
 And labour kindly in the common work.

*Sub.* Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beside.  
 I only us'd those speeches as a spur  
 To him.

*Dol.* I hope we need no spurs, Sir. Do we ?

*Face.* 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.

*Sub.* Agreed.

*Dol.* Yes, and work close and friendly.

*Sub.* 'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger for this breach with me.

*Dol.* Why so, my good baboons ! Shall we go make  
 A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,

(That

(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in)  
 A feast of laughter at our follies? No, agree.  
 And may Don Provost ride a feasting long,  
 In his old velvet jerkin,  
 (My noble sovereign, and worthy general)  
 Ere we contribute a new cruel garter  
 To his most worsted worship.

*Sub.* Royal Dol!

Spoken like Claridiana and thyself.

*Face.* For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,  
 And not be stil'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,  
 Dol Singular: 'the longest cut, at night,  
 'Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.' [*One knocks.*]

*Sub.* Who's that? [*Knocks.*] To the window,  
 Pray heav'n

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

*Face.* Oh, fear not him. 'While there dies one a Week  
 'O' the plague, he's safe from thinking toward London.  
 'Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now:  
 'I had a letter from him. If he do,  
 'He'll send such word, for airing o' the house,  
 'As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:  
 'Tho' we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.'

*Sub.* Who is it, Dol?

*Dol.* A fine young quodling.

*Face.* Oh,  
 My Lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night  
 In Holborn at the Dagger. - He would have  
 (I told you of him) a familiar,  
 To rife with at horses, and win cups.

*Dol.* Oh, let him in.

*Face.* Get you  
 Your robes on: I will meet him, as going out.

*Dol.* And what shall I do?

*Face.* Not be seen. Away.  
 Seem you very reserv'd.

*Sub.* Enough.

*Face.* God be with you, Sir.  
 I pray you let him know that I was here.  
 His Name is Dagger. I would gladly have staid, but—

*Enter Dagger.*

*Dap.* Captain, I am here.

*Sub.*

*Sub.* Who's that ?

*Face.* He's come, I think, Doctor.

Good faith, Sir, I was going away.

*Dap.* In truth,

I am very sorry, Captain.

*Face.* But I thought

Sure I should meet you.

*Dap.* Ay, I am very glad.

I had a scurvy writ or two to make,

And I had lent my watch last night to one

That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd

Of my pass-time ? Is this the cunning-man ?

*Face.* This is his worship.

*Dap.* Is he a doctor ?

*Face.* Yes.

*Dap.* And ha' your broke with him, Captain ?

*Face.* Ay.

*Dap.* And how ?

*Face.* Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, so dainty,  
I know not what to say.

*Dap.* Not so, good Captain.

*Face.* Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.

*Dap.* Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why should  
you wish so ?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

' *Face.* I cannot think you will, Sir. But the law  
' Is such a thing.—And then he says, Read's matter

' Falling so lately.—

' *Dap.* Read ! he was an ass,

' And dealt, Sir, with a fool.

' *Face.* It was a clerk, Sir.

' *Dap.* A clerk !

' *Face.* Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the law

' Better, I think.—

' *Dap.* I should, Sir, and the danger.

' You know, I shew'd the statute to you.

' *Face.* You did so.

' *Dap.* And will I tell then ? By this hand of flesh,  
' Would it might never write good court-hand more,

' If I discover. What do you think of me,

' That I am a Chiause ?

' *Face.* What's that ?

B

' *Dap.*

*Dap.* The Turk was, here——

*As one would say, do you think I am a Turk ?*

*Face.* I'll tell the Doctor so.

*Dap.* Do, good sweet Captain.

*Face.* Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail ;  
This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause.

*Sub.* Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.  
I would do much, Sir, for your love—but this  
I neither may, nor can.

*Face.* Tut, do not say so.

You deal now with a noble fellow, Doctor,  
One that will thank you richly, 'and he's no Chiause.'  
Let that, Sir, move you.

*Sub.* Pray you, forbear.

*Face.* He has

Four angels here.

*Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir. [rirs !

*Face.* Doctor, wherein ? To tempt you with these spi-

*Sub.* To tempt my art, and love, Sir, to my peril.

'Fore Heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,  
That so would draw me to apparent danger.

*Face.* I draw you ! a horse draw you, and a halter.  
You and your flies together.

*Dap.* Nay, good Captain.

*Face.* That know no difference of men.

*Sub.* Good words, Sir.

*Face.* Good deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat.

*Dap.* Nay, dear Captain,

Use master Doctor with some more respect. [head.

*Face.* Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet  
But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change  
An article of breath with such a puckfoist——  
Come, let's be gone.

*Sub.* Pray you, let me speak with you.

*Dap.* His Worship calls you, Captain.

*Face.* I am sorry

I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.

*Dap.* Nay, good Sir, he did call you.

*Face.* Will he take then ?

*Sub.* First hear me——

*Face.* Not a syllable, 'less you take.

*Sub.* Pray ye, Sir——

*Face.*

*Face.* Upon no terms, but an *assumpt*.

*Sub.* Your humour must be law. [*He takes money.*]

*Face.* Why now, Sir, talk.

Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.

So may this gentleman too.

*Sub.* Why, Sir——

*Face.* No whispering.

*Sub.* Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the loss  
You do yourself in this.

*Face.* Wherein? For what?

*Sub.* Marry, to be so importunate for one,  
That, when he has it, will undo you all!

He'll win up all the money i'the town,

*If it be set him.*

' *Face.* How!

' *Sub.* Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,  
' As they do crackers in a puppet-play.

' If I do give him a familiar,

' Give you him all you play for: never set him;

' For he will have it.

' *Face.* You are mistaken, Doctor.

' Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,

' A rifling fly; none o' your great familiars.

' *Dap.* Yes, Captain, I would have it for all games.

' *Sub.* I told you so.

' *Face.* 'Slight, that's a new business!

' I understood you, a tame bird, to fly

' Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,

' When you had left the office, for a nag

' Of forty or fifty shillings.

' *Dap.* Ay, 'tis true, Sir;

' But I do think now I shall leave the law,

' And therefore——

' *Face.* Why, this changes quite the case!

' Do you think that I dare move him?

' *Dap.* If you please, Sir;

' All's one to him, I see.

' *Face.* What! for that money?

' I cannot with my conscience: nor should you

' Make the request, methinks.

' *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean

' To add consideration.

B. 2

*Face.*



*Face.* Why then, Sir,

*I'll try.* Say that it were for all games, Doctor.

*Sub.* I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him

*At any ordinary, but o' the score,*

*That is a gaming month, conceive me.*

*Face.* Indeed!

*Sub.* He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,

*If it be set him.'*

*Face.* Speak you this from art?

*Sub.* Ay, Sir, and reason too, the ground of art.

He is o' the only best complexion

The queen of fairy loves.

*Face.* What! is he!

*Sub.* Peace.

He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him—

*Face.* What?

*Sub.* Do not you tell him.

*Face.* Will he win at cards too?

*Sub.* He will, he will,

*The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,*

*You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck*

*As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put*

*Six o' your gallants to a cloak indeed.'*

*Face.* Indeed, a strange success that some men should

*Sub.* He hears you, man. [be born to!

*Dap.* Sir, I'll not be ungrateful.

*Face.* Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:

You hear, he says he will not be ungrateful.

*Sub.* Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

*Face.* Troth, do it, Doctor; think him trusty, and

He may make us both happy in an hour; [make him.

Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

*Dap.* Believe it, and I will, Sir.

*Face.* And you shall, Sir.

You have heard all?

*Dap.* No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.

*Face.* Nothing? [Face takes him aside.

*Dap.* A little, Sir.

*Face.* Well, a rare star

Reign'd at your birth.

*Dap.* At mine, Sir! No.

*Exit.*

*Face.* The Doctor

Swears that you are——

*Sub.* Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.

*Face.* Allied to the Queen of Fairy.

*Dap.* Who! that I am?

Believe it, no such matter.—

*Face.* Yes, and that

You were born with a caul o' your head.

*Dap.* Who says so?

*Face.* Come,

You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.

*Dap.* I-fac, I do not; you are mistaken.

*Face.* How!

Swear by your fac! and in a thing so known

Unto the Doctor? How shall we, Sir, trust you

I'th' other matter? Can we ever think,

When you have won five or six thousand pound,

You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?

*Dap.* By Jove, Sir,

I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.

I-fac's no oath.

*Sub.* No, no, he did but jest.

*Face.* Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your friend,

To take it so.

*Dap.* I thank his Worship.

*Face.* Do you think that will do? No, no;

Give him another angel.

*Dap.* Must I?

*Face.* Must you! 'Slight,

What else is thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,

When must he come for his familiar?

*Dap.* Shall I not ha' it with me?

*Sub.* Oh, good Sir!

There must be a world of ceremonies pass;

You must be bath'd and fumigated first:

Besides, the Queen of Fairy does not rise

Till it be noon.

*Face.* Not if she danc'd to-night.

*Sub.* And she must bless it.

*Face.* Did you never see

Her Royal Grace yet?

*Dap.* Whom?

B 3

*Face.*

*Face.* Your aunt of Fairy.

*Sub.* Not since she kifs'd him in the cradle, Captain ; I can resolve you that.

*Face.* Well, see her Grace,  
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.  
It will be somewhat hard to compass ; but,  
However, see her. You are made, believe it,  
If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone woman,  
And very rich ; and if she take a phant'sy,  
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.  
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has !  
It is the Doctor's fear.

*Dap.* How will't be done then ?

*Face.* Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you  
But say to me, Captain, I'll see her Grace.

*Dap.* Captain, I'll see her Grace.

*Face.* Enough.

*Sub.* Who's there ? *[One knocks without.]*

Anon. Conduct him forth by the back way.—  
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself ;  
Till when you must be fasting ; only take  
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,  
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear ;  
Then bathe your fingers ends, and wash your eyes,  
To sharpen your five senses, and cry hum  
Thrice, and buz as often ; and then come.

*Face.* Can you remember this ?

*Dap.* I warrant you.

*Face.* Well then away. 'Tis but your bestowing  
Some twenty nobles 'mong her Grace's servants,  
And put on a clean shirt ; you do not know  
What grace her Grace may do you in clean linen.

*Dap.* Hum—buz.

*[Exit.]*

*Face.* Hum—buz.

*[Exit.]*

*Sub.* Come in.

*Enter Druggers.*

*[Within.] I will see the Doctor.*

*Sub.* Good wives, I pray you forbear me now :  
Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon.—  
What is your name, say you ? Abel Druggers ?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* A seller of tobacco ?

*Drug.*

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* Umh.

Free of the Grocers?

*Drug.* Yes, I'm free of the Grocers.

*Sub.* Well——

Your business, Abel?

*Drug.* This an't please your worship.

I am a young beginner, and am building

Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just

At corner of a street (here is the plot on't):

And I would know by art, Sir, of your worship,

Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,

And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,

And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, Sir.

And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,

One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets,

And their good angels, and their bad.

*Sub.* I do,

If I do see them.

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* What! my honest Abel?

Thou art well met here.

*Drug.* Troth, Sir, I was speaking

Just as your worship came here, of your worship.

I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

*Face.* He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;

He lets me have good tobacco, and he

Does not sophisticate it.

*Drug.* No, I never sophisticate it.

*Face.* Nor wrap it up in piss'd clouts.

*Drug.* Oh, fye for shame, Captain.

*Face.* He's a neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

*Drug.* No, I am no goldsmith.

*Sub.* He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on—

*Face.* Already, Sir, ha'you found it! Lo'thee, Abel!

*Sub.* And in right way towards riches——

*Face.* Sir.

*Sub.* This summer

He will be of the cloathing of his company,

And next spring call'd to the scarlet, spend what he can.

*Face.*

*Face.* What, and so little beard?

*Sub.* You must think,

He may have a receipt to make hair come:  
But he'll be wise; preserve his youth, and fine for't;  
His fortune looks for him another way.

*Face.* 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?  
I am amaz'd at that!

*Sub.* By a rule, Captain,  
In Metaposcropy, which I do work by;  
A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.  
Your chesnut, or your olive colour'd face,  
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.  
I knew't, by certain spots too, in his teeth,  
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

*Face.* Which finger's that?

*Sub.* His little finger. Look,  
You were born upon a Wednesday?

*Drug.* 'Yes, indeed, Sir,' and so I was.

*Sub.* The thumb in Chiromancy, we give Venus;  
The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;  
The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury,  
Who was the lord, Sir, of his Horoscope,  
His House of Life being Libra; which foreshew'd  
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance..

*Face.* Why this is strange? Is't not, honest Nab?

*Drug.* Yes, very strange.

*Sub.* There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,  
That shall yield him such a commodity  
Of drugs——Come hither, Abel;  
This is the west, and this is the south..

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* And those are your two sides?

*Drug.* Ay, Sir.

*Sub.* Make me your door then south; your broadside,  
west:

And, on the east-side of your shop, aloft,  
Write Mathlai, Tarmael, and Baraborat:  
Upon the north-part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.  
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits,  
That do fright flies from boxes.

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.*

*Sub.* And

Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone  
To draw in gallants, that wear spurs; the rest  
They'll seem to follow.

*Face.* That's a secret, Nab.

*Sub.* And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice,  
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.  
You shall deal much with minerals,

*Drug.* Sir, I have  
At home, already.

*Sub.* Ay, I know, you have, Arfnike,  
Vitriol, Salt-tartre, Argale, Alkaly,  
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, Captain,  
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,  
And give a 'say (I will not say directly,  
But very fair) at the Philosopher's Stone.

*Face.* Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

*Drug.* Good Captain,  
What must I give?

*Face.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee.  
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says spend what thou canst)  
Th'art like to come to.

*Drug.* I would give him a crown.

*Face.* A crown! and towards such a fortune? Heart,  
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

*Drug.* Yes, I have a Portague, I have kept this half  
year,  
*And I would fain keep it half a year longer.*

*Face.* Out on thee, Nab. 'Slight, there was such an  
offer,  
'Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee.

*Drug.* Will ye?

*Face.* Doctor, Nab prays your worship to drink this,  
and swears  
He will appear more grateful, as your skill  
Does raise him in the world.

*Drug.* I would intreat  
Another favour of his worship.

*Face.* What is't, Nab?

*Drug.* But, to look over, Sir, my almanack,  
And cross out my ill days, that I may neither  
Bargain nor trust upon them.

*Face.*

*Face.* That he shall, Nab.

Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

*Sub.* And a direction for his shelves.

*Face.* Now, Nab,

Art thou well pleased, Nab?

*Drug.* Thank, Sir, both your worships,  
I am a made man.

[*Exit.*

*Face.* Away.

Why, now you smoaky persecutor of nature!

Now do you see, that something's to be done,

Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive waters,

' Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?

' You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on?

And yet, you think, I am at no expence

In searching out these veins, then following them,

Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence

Costs me more money than my share oft comes to

In these rare works.

*Sub.* You are pleasant, Sir.—How now?

*Enter Dok.*

*Face.* What says my dainty Dolkin?

*Dol.* Yonder fish-wife

Will not away. And there's your giantess,

The bawd of Lambeth.

*Sub.* Heart, I cannot speak with them.

*Dol.* Not afore night, I have told them, in a voice,

Through the trunk, like one of your familiars.

But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon.

*Sub.* Where?

*Dol.* Coming along, at far end of the lane,

Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,

To one that's with him.

*Sub.* Face, go you, and shift.

*Dol.* you must presently make ready, too——

*Dol.* Why, what's the matter?

*Sub.* Oh, I did look for him.

With the sun's rising: marvel, he could sleep!

This is the day I am to perfect for him

The *Magisterium*, our Great-Work, the Stone;

And yield it, made into his hands; of which,

He has, this month, talk'd, as he were possess'd,

' And now he's dealing pieces on't away.

' Methinks

' Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,  
 ' Dispehning for the pox, and plaguy houses,  
 ' Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,  
 ' Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young;  
 ' And the highways, for beggars to make rich:  
 ' I see no end of my labours. He will make  
 ' Nature asham'd of her long sleep; when art,  
 ' Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,  
 He's, in belief of chymistry, so bold,  
 If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold. [Exeunt.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

Mammon and Surly.

MAMMON.

**C**OME on, Sir. Now you set your foot on shore  
 In *novo orbe*; here's the rich Peru:  
 And there within, Sir, are the golden mines,  
 Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to't  
 Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months:  
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,  
 I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.  
 This day you shall be *spectatissimi*,  
 And have you punques, and punquettees, my Surly.  
 And unto thee, I speak it first, Be rich.—Face,  
 Where is my Subtle, there?—Within, ho!  
*Face.* [Within.] Sir, he'll come to you, by and by.  
*Mam.* That's his fire-drake.

His lungs, his Zephirus, he that puffs his coals,  
 Till he fir'd Nature up in her own center.  
 You are doubtful, Sir. This night, I'll change  
 All that is metal, in my house, to gold.  
 And, early in the morning, will I send  
 To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,  
 And buy their tin, and lead up; and to Lothbury,  
 For all the copper.

*Sur.* What, and turn that too?

*Mam.* Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,  
 And make them perfect Indies! you admire now?

*Sur.*



*Sur.* No, faith.

*Mam.* But when you see the effects of the great medicine,  
You will believe me.

*Sur.* Yes, when I see't, I will.

*Mam.* Why?

Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you,  
He that has once the Flower of the Sun,  
The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,  
Not only can do that, but by its virtue,  
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,  
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,  
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,  
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

*Sur.* No doubt, he's that already.

*Mam.* Nay, I mean,

Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,  
'To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,  
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

*Sur.* The decay'd vestals of Drury-Lane would thank  
That keep the fire alive there. [you,

*Mam.* 'Tis the secret

Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,  
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;  
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve:  
And of what age soever, in a month.  
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.  
You're still incredulous.

*Sur.* Faith I have a humour,  
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your Stone  
Cannot transmute me.

*Mam.* Surly,

Will you believe antiquity? Records?  
I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,  
And Solomon, have written of the art;  
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.

*Sur.* How!

*Mam.* O' the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.

*Sur.* Did Adam write, Sir, in High Dutch?

*Mam.* He did.

Which proves it was the primitive tongue. How now?

*Enter Face.*

Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

I

*Face.*

*Face.* The evening will set red upon you, Sir :  
You have colour for it, crimson : the red ferment  
Has done his office ; three hours hence, prepare you  
To see projection.

*Mam.* My Surly,  
Again, I say to thee, aloud, Be rich ;  
'This day, thou shalt have ingots ; and, to-morrow,  
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right ?  
Blushes the bolt's-head ?

*Face.* Like a wench with child, Sir,  
That were, but now, discover'd to her master:

*Mam.* Excellent witty, Lungs ! My only care is,  
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on.  
This town will not half serve me.

*Face.* No, Sir ? Buy  
The covering off o' churches.

*Mam.* That's true.

*Face.* Yes,  
Let them stand bare, as do their auditory ;  
Or cap them new with shingles.

*Mam.* No, good thatch :  
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.  
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace ;  
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,  
Lost in the embers ; and repair this brain,  
Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.

*Face.* I have blown, Sir,  
Hard for your worship ; these blear'd eyes  
Have wak'd, to read your several colours, Sir ;  
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,  
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

*Mam.* And lastly,  
Thou hast descry'd the flower.

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Mam.* Where's master ?

*Face.* At his prayers, Sir : he,  
Good man, he's doing his devotions,  
For the success.

*Mam.* Lungs, I will set a period  
To all thy labours : thou shalt be the master  
Of my Seraglio.

*Face.* Good, ' Sir.

C

' Mam

*Mam.* But do you hear?

*I'll geld you, Lungs.*

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Mam.* For I do mean

To have a list of wives and concubines,  
Equal with Solomon, who had the Stone  
Alike with me: 'and I will make me a back  
' With the Elixir, that shall be as tough  
' As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.  
Th'art sure thou saw'st it, blood?

*Face.* Both blood and spirit, Sir.

*Mam.* I will have all my beds blown up; not stuff'd;  
Down is too hard.

(Is it arriv'd at ruby?)—Where I spy  
A wealthy citizen, or a rich lawyer,  
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow  
I'll send a thousand pounds, to be my cuckold.

*Face.* And shall I carry it?

*Mam.* No, I'll have no bawds,  
But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,  
Best of all others. And my flatterers  
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines  
That I can get for money. My meet fools,  
Eloquent burgesse.

We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.  
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells.  
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded  
With emeralds, saphirs, hyacinths, and rubies.  
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,  
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have  
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of fallads;  
Oil'd mushrooms, 'and the swelling unctuous paps  
' Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,'  
Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce;  
For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,  
Go forth, and be a knight.

*Face.* Sir, I'll go look

A little, how it heightens.

[Exit.

*Mam.* Do. My shirts

I'll have of taffata-farfnet, soft and light  
As cob-webs, and for all my other rayment,  
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,

Were

Were he to teach the world riot anew.

My gloves of fishes and birds-skins, perfum'd  
With gums of Paradise, and eastern air——

*Sur.* And do you think to have the Stone with this?

*Mam.* No, I do think t' have all this with the Stone.

*Sur.* Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,  
A pious, holy, and religious man,  
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

*Mam.* That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I buy it.  
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,  
A notable, superstitious, good soul,  
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,  
With prayer and fasting for it; and, Sir, let him  
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.  
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'tis poison.

*Enter Subtle.*

Good-morrow, father.

*Sub.* Gentle son, good-morrow.

And to your friend there. What is he? is with you?

*Mam.* An heretic that I did bring along,  
In hope, Sir, to convert him.

*Sub.* Son, I doubt

You're covetous, that thus you meet your time  
T' the just point: prevent your day, at morning,  
This argues something, worthy of a fear  
Of importune, and carnal appetite;  
Take heed, do you not cause the blessing to leave you,  
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry  
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,  
Got by long watching, and large patience,  
Not prosper, where my love and zeal hath placed them.  
Which in all my ends,  
Have look'd no way, but unto public good.  
To pious uses, and dear charity,  
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein  
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,  
And, to your own particular lusts, employ  
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure,  
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake  
Your subtle and most secret ways.

*Mam.* I know, Sir.

C 2

You

You shall not need to fear me. I but come,  
To have you to confute this gentleman.

*Sur.* Who is,  
Indeed, Sir, somewhat coſtly of belief  
Toward your Stone; would not be gull'd.

*Sub.* Well, ſon,  
All that I can convince him in, is this:  
The work is done; bright Sol is in his robe.  
We have a medicine of the triple ſoul,  
Thanks be to Heaven,  
And make us worthy of it. *Ulen Spiegel!*

*Face.* [*Within.*] Anon, Sir.

*Sub.* Look well to the regiſter,  
And let your heat ſtill leſſen by degrees,  
To the Aludels.

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* Did you look  
Q'the Bolt's head yet?  
*Face.* Which, on D, Sir?

*Sub.* Ay.

*Sub.* What's the complexion?

*Face.* Whitish.

*Sub.* Infuſe vinegar  
To draw his volatile ſubſtance, and his tincture;  
And let the water in glaſs E. be filter'd,  
And put into the Gripe's egg. Lute him well;  
And leave him cloſ'd in *balneo*;  
And bring me the complexion of glaſs B.

*Face.* I will, Sir.

[*Exit Face.*]

*Sur.* What a brave language here is! next to canting!

*Sub.* I have another work, you never ſaw, ſon,  
That three days ſince paſſ'd the philoſopher's wheel,  
In the lent heat of Athanor; and is become  
Sulphur of Nature.

*Mam.* But 'tis for me?

*Sub.* What need you?

You have enough, in that is perfect.

*Mam.* Oh, but——

*Sub.* Why, this is covetous!

*Mam.* No, I aſſure you,  
I ſhall employ it all in pious uſes,  
Founding of colleges and grammar ſchools,

Marrying

Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,  
And now and then a church.

*Enter Face.*

' *Sub.* How now?

' *Face.* Sir, please you,

' Shall I not change the *feltré*?

' *Sub.* Marry, yes,

' And bring me the complexion of glafs B. [*Exit Face.*

' *Mam.* Have you another?

' *Sub.* Yes, son, were I assur'd

' Your piety were firm, we would not want

' The means to glorify it. But I hope the best:

' I mean to tinct C. in sand-heat, to-morrow,

' And give him imbibition.

' *Mam.* Of white oil?

' *Sub.* No, Sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,

' In St. Mary's Bath, and shews *lac virginis*.

' I sent you of his *faces* there calcin'd.

' Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mercury.

' *Mam.* By pouring on your rectified water?

' *Sub.* 'Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.'

How now? What colour says it?

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* The ground black, Sir.

*Mam.* That's your crow's head?

*Sur.* Your cocks-comb's, is't not?

*Sub.* No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.

That work wants something.

*Sur.* Oh, I look'd for this.

The hay's a pitching.

*Sub.* Are you sure, you loosed them

In their own *menstrue*?

*Face.* Yes, Sir, and then married them,

And put them in a bolt's head, nipp'd to digestion,

According as you bade me, when I set

The liquor of Mars to circulation,

In the same heat.

*Sub.* The process then was right.

*Face.* Yes, by the token, Sir, the retort brake,

And what was sav'd was put into the pellicane,

And sign'd with Hermes' seal.

C 3

*Sub.*

*Sub.* I think 'twas so.

We should have a new *amalgama*.

*Sur.* Oh, this ferret

Is rank as any pole-cat.

*Sub.* But I care not.

Let him e'en die; 'we have enough beside,

' In *embrión*. H has his white shirt on?

' *Face.* Yes, Sir.

' He's ripe for *inceration*: he stands warm

' In his ash fire.' I would not, you should let

Any die now, if I might counsel, Sir,

For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

*Mam.* He says right.

*Sur.* Ay, are you bolted?

*Face.* Nay, I know't, Sir,

I have seen th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces  
Of fresh materials?

*Mam.* Is't no more?

*Face.* No more, Sir,

Of gold, 'an *amalgame*, with some fix of mercury.

*Mam.* Away, here's money. What will serve?

*Face.* Ask him, Sir.

*Mam.* How much?

*Sub.* Give him nine pounds: you may give him ten.

*Sur.* Yes. Twenty, and be cozened, do.

*Mam.* There 'tis.

*Sub.* This needs not. But that you will have it so,  
To see conclusions of all, 'for two

' O'four inferior works are at fixation,

' A third is in ascension.' Go your ways.

Have you set the oil of Luna in Kemia?

*Face.* Yes, Sir.

*Sub.* And the philosopher's vinegar?

*Face.* Ay.

[Exit.

*Sur.* We shall have a fallad.

*Mam.* When do you make projection?

*Sub.* Sen, be not hasty. I exalt our med'cine,

By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso*,

And giving him solution, then congeal him,

And then dissolve him, then again congeal him:

For look, how oft I iterate the work,

So many times I add unto his virtue.

Get

Get you your stuff here against afternoon,  
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

*Mam.* Not those of iron?

*Sub.* Yes, you may bring them too.

We'll change all metals.

*Sur.* I believe you in that.

*Mam.* Then I may send my spits?

*Sub.* Yes, and your racks.

*Sur.* And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks  
Shall he not?

*Sub.* If he please.

*Sur.* To be an ass.

*Sub.* How, Sir!

*Mam.* This gent'man you must bear withal!  
I told you, he had no faith.

*Sur.* And little hope, Sir;

But much less charity, should I gull myself.

*Sub.* Why, what have you observ'd, Sir, in our art,  
Seems so impossible?

*Sur.* But your whole work, no more.  
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, Sir,  
As they do eggs in Egypt!

*Sub.* Sir, do you  
Believe that eggs are hatched so?

*Sur.* If I should?

*Sub.* Why I think that the greater miracle.  
No egg but differs from a chicken more  
Than metals in themselves.

*Sur.* That cannot be.  
The egg's ordained by Nature to that end,  
And is a chicken in *potentia*.

*Sub.* The same we say of lead, and other metals,  
Which would be gold, if they had time.

*Mam.* And that  
Our art doth further.

*Sub.* Ay, for 'twere absurd  
To think that nature in the earth bred gold  
Perfect i' the instant. Something went before.  
There must be remote matter.

*Sur.* Ay, what is that?

*Enter Doll.*

*Sub.* Marry, we say—



God's precious—What do you mean? Go in, good lady,  
Let me intreat you.—Where's this varlet?

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* Sir?

*Sub.* You very knave! Do you use me thus?

*Face.* Wherein, Sir?

*Sub.* Go in, and see, you traitor. Go. [*Exit Face.*

*Mam.* Who is it, Sir?

*Sub.* Nothing, Sir. Nothing.

*Mam.* What's the matter, good Sir?

I have not seen you thus distemper'd? Who is't?

*Sub.* All arts have still had, Sir, their adversaries;

But ours the most ignorant. What now? [*Face returns.*

*Face.* 'Twas not my fault, Sir; she would speak with  
you.

*Sub.* Would she, Sir? Follow me. [*Exit Sub.*

*Mam.* Stay, Lungs.

*Face.* I dare not, Sir.

*Mam.* How! Pray thee stay.

*Face.* She's mad, Sir, and sent hither——

*Mam.* Stay, man, what is she?

*Face.* A lord's sister, Sir.

He'll be mad too.

*Mam.* I warrant thee.

Why sent hither?

*Face.* Sir, to be cur'd.

*Sur.* Why rascal?

*Face.* Lo you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*

*Mam.* 'Fore heaven, a *bradamante*, a brave piece.

*Sur.* Heart, this is a bawdy house! I'll be burnt else.

*Mam.* Oh, by this light, no do not wrong him. He's  
Too scrupulous that way. It is his vice.  
No, he's a rare physician, do him right,  
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done  
Strange cure with mineral physick. He deals all  
With spirits, he. He will not hear a word  
Of Galen or his tedious recipe's.

*Enter Face.*

How now, Lungs!

*Face.* Softly, Sir, speak softly. I meant  
To have told your worship all. This must not hear.

*Mam.* No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

*Face.* Y'are very right, Sir, she is a most rare scholar,  
And

And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.

If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,

She falls into her fit, and will discourse

So learnedly of genealogies,

As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.

*Mam.* How might one do t'have conference with her,  
Lungs?

*Face.* Oh, divers have run mad upon the conference.

I do not know, Sir: I am sent in haste,

To fetch a viol.

[*Exit.*]

*Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.

*Mam.* Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.

*Sur.* Yes, as you are,

And trust confederate knaves, and bawds, and whores.

*Mam.* You are too foul, believe it.

*Enter Face.*

Come here, *Ulen*, one word.

*Face.* I dare not, in good faith.

*Mam.* Stay, knave.

*Face.* He is extreme angry that you saw her, Sir.

*Mam.* Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What is she  
when she's out of her fit?

*Face.* Oh, the most affablest creature, Sir! so merry!

So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quick-silver,

Over the helm; and circulate, like oil,

A very vegetal: discourse of state,

Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing——

*Mam.* Is she no ways accessible? No means,

No trick to give a man a taste of her——wit——

Or so?

[*Sub. within.*] *Ulen.*

*Face.* I'll come to you again, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Mam.* Surly, I did not think one of your breeding  
Would traduce personages of worth.

*Sur.* Sir Epicure,

Your friend to use: yet, still, loth to be gull'd.

I do not like your philosophical bawds.

Their Stone is enough to pay for,

Without this bait.

*Mam.* 'Heart, you abuse yourself.

I know the lady, and her friends, and means,

The original of this disaster. Her brother

Has told me all.

*Sur.*

*Sur.* And yet you never saw her  
Till now ?

*Mam.* Oh, yes ! but I forgot : I have, believe it,  
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,  
Of all mankind.

*Sur.* What call you her brother ?

*Mam.* My Lord——

He will not have his name known, now I think on't.

*Sur.* A very treacherous memory !

*Mam.* O' my faith !

*Sur.* Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it,  
Till we meet next.

*Mam.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true :  
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,  
And I respect his house.

*Sur.* Heart ! can it be,  
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,  
A wise Sir, too, at other times, should thus,  
With his own oaths and arguments, make hard means  
To gull himself ? ' An this be your elixir,  
' Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,  
' Give me your honest trick yet at *primero* ;  
' I'll have gold before you,  
' And with less danger of the quicksilver,  
' Or the hot sulphur.'

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* Here's one from Captain Face, Sir, [*To Surly.*  
Desires you to meet him i' the Temple Church,  
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.  
Sir, if you please to quit us now, and come

[*He whispers Mammon.*

Again within two hours, you shall have  
My master busy examining o'the works ;  
And I will steal you in unto the party,  
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say  
You'll meet the Captain's worship ?

*Sur.* Sir, I will.

[*Exit Face.*

Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house ;  
' I'll swear it, were the Marshal here to thank me :'  
The naming this commander doth confirm it.  
Don Face ! why 'tis the most authentic dealer  
I' these commodities—The superintendant

To

To all the quainter traffickers in town.  
 Him will I prove, by a third person, to find  
 The subtleties of this dark labyrinth ;  
 Which, if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,  
 You'll give your poor friend leave, tho' no philosopher,  
 To laugh ; for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

*Sir.* I will not, Sir.

*Sir* Epicure, I shall leave you.

[*Exit.*

*Mam.* I follow you, straight.

*Face.* But do so, good Sir, to avoid suspicion :

This gent'man has a parlous head.'

*Mam.* But wilt thou, Ulen,

Be constant to thy promise ?

*Face.* As my life, Sir.

*Mam.* And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and praise  
 And say I am a noble fellow ?

[*me,*

*Face.* Oh, what else, Sir ?

And that you'll make her royal, with the Stone,  
 An empress, and yourself King of Bantam.

*Mam.* Wilt thou do this ?

*Face.* Will I, Sir !

*Mam.* Lungs, my Lungs !

I love thee.

*Face.* Send your stuff, Sir, that my master  
 May busy himself about projection.

*Mam.* Th' hast witch'd me, rogue ! Take, go.

*Face.* Your jack and all, Sir.

*Mam.* Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,  
 And the weights too. ' Slave, I could bite thine ear.'  
 Away ; thou dost not care for me.

*Face.* Not I, Sir.

*Mam.* Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel ;  
 Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain  
 With the best lord's vermin of them all.

*Face.* Away, Sir.

*Mam.* A count, nay, a count-palatine——

*Face.* Good Sir, go.

*Mam.* Shall not advance thee better ; no, nor faster.

[*Exit Mam.*

*Eater*

*Enter Subtle and Dol.*

*Sub.* Has he bit? Has he bit?

*Face.* And swallow'd too, my Subtle.

I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i'faith.

*Sub.* And shall we twitch him?

*Face.* Thorough both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, ' with which a man

' No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.'

*Sub.* Dol, my Lord What's'hum's sister, you must now  
Bear yourself statelich.

*Dol.* Oh, let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh, and talk aloud:

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,

And be as rude as her woman.

*Face.* Well said, Sanguine.

*Sub.* But will he send his andirons?

*Face.* His jack too;

And's iron shoeing-horn: I ha' spoken to him. Well,  
I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

*Sub.* Oh, Montieure Caution, that will not be gull'd?

*Face.* Ay; if I can strike a fine hook into him, now.  
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.

Well, pray for me; I'll about it.

[*One knocks.*]

*Sub.* What, more gudgeons?

Dol, scout, scout; stay, Face, you must go to the door.

[*Exit Face.*]

Pray Heaven it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, Dol?

*Dol.* I know him not. He looks like an end of gold  
and silver-man.

*Sub.* God's-fo! 'tis he; he said he would send  
What call you him?

'The sanctified elder, that should deal

For Mammon's jack and andirons—Let him in. Stay,

And help me off with my gown—Away,

Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now,

[*Exit Dol.*]

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.

This fellow is sent from one negociates with me

About the Stone too; for the holy brethren

' Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints, that hope

' To

- ‘ To raise their discipline by it.’ I must use him  
 ‘ In some strange fashion now, to make him admire me.’

*Enter Face and Ananias.*

Where is my drudge?

*Face.* Sir.

*Sub.* Take away the recipient,  
 And rectify your menstrec from the phlegma.  
 Then pour it o’ the sol, in the cucurbite,  
 And let them macerate together.

*Face.* Yes, Sir;  
 And save the ground?

*Sub.* No; *terra damnata*  
 Must not have entrance in the work.

[*Exit Face.*

Who are you?

[*To Ananias.*

*Ana.* A faithful brother, if it please you.

*Sub.* What’s that?

- ‘ A Lullianist, a Ripley, *filius artis*?  
 ‘ Can you sublime and dulcify? Calcine?  
 ‘ Know you the *sapor pontic*? *Sapor syptic*?  
 Or what is homogeneous, or heterogeneous?

*Ana.* I understand no heathen language, truly.

- Sub.* Heathen, you knipper-doling! Is *ars sacra*,  
 ‘ Or *chrysopeia*, or *spagyrica*,  
 ‘ Or the pamphyfick or panarchick knowledge,  
 A heathen language?

*Ana.* Heathen Greek, I take it.

*Sub.* How, heathen Greek!

*Ana.* All’s heathen but the Hebrew.

*Enter Face.*

*Sub.* Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth, and speak to  
 Like a philosopher: answer i’ the language, [him  
 Name the vexations, and the martyrizations  
 Of metals in the work.

*Face.* Sir, putrefaction,  
 Solution, ablution, sublimation,  
 Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and  
 Fixation.

- ‘ *Sub.* This is heathen Greek to you now.  
 ‘ And whence comes vivification?

‘ *Face.* After mortification.

‘ *Sub.* What’s cohobation?

‘ *Face.* ’Tis the pouring on

D

‘ Your

\* Your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,

6 To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

4. *Sub.* What's the proper passion of metals?

*Face.* Malleation.

• *Sub.* What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

6 *Face.* Antimonium.

*Sub.* This is heathen Greek to you. And what's your mercury?

*Face.* A very fugitive; he will be gone, Sir.

‘Sub. How know you him?’

*Face.* By his wife's pity,

• His oleosity, and his fuscitability.

‘ *Sub.* How do you sublime him?’

<sup>4</sup> *Face.* With the calce of egg shells.

• White marble, talc.

‘ Sub. Your *magisterium*, now ?

• **What's that?**

‘Face. Shifting, Sir, your elements, [dry.]’

‘ Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into

*Ana.* Oh, Oh!—

*Sub.* This is heathen Greek to you still. What is Your *lapis philosophicus*?

*Face.* 'Tis a stone, and not

**A stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body;**

Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved ;

If you coagulate, it is coagulated ;

**If you make it to fly, it flieth.**

*Sub.* Enough.

**Exit Face.**

**This is heathen Greek to you—**

**What are you, Sir?**

*Ana.* Please you, a servant of the exil'd brethren,

**That deal with widows and with orphans' goods,**

And make a just account unto the saints ;

**A deacon.**

*Sub.* Oh, you are sent from Master Wholsome,  
Your teacher?

*Ana.* From Tribulation Wholsome,

**Our very zealous pastor.**

*Sub.* Good. I have . . .

**Some orphans' goods to come here.**

*Ana.* Of what kind, Sir?

*Sub.* Pewter and brass, andirons, and kitchen-ware;

## Metals

Metals that we must use our med'cine on ;  
Wherein the brethren may have a peno'orth,  
For ready money.

*Ana.* Were the orphans' parents

• Sincere professors ?

*Sub.* Why do you ask ?

*Ana.* Because

• We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)

• Their utmost value.

*Sub.* 'Slid, you'd cozen else,

• An if their parents were not of the faithful.

• I will not trust you, now I think on't,

• 'Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you brought  
To buy more coals ? [money

*Ana.* No, surely.

*Sub.* No ! How so ?

*Ana.* The brethren bid me say unto you, Sir,  
Surely, they will not venture any more,  
'Till they may see projection.

*Sub.* How !

*Ana.* You have had

For the instrments, as bricks, and loam, and glasse,  
Already thirty pounds ; and for materials,  
They say, some ninety more : and they have heard since,  
That one at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,  
And a small paper of pin dust.

*Sub.* What's your name ?

*Ana.* My name is Ananias.

*Sub.* Out, the varlet.

That cozen'd the apostles ! Hence, away,  
Flee, mischief ! Had your holy consistory  
No name to send me of another sound  
Than wicked Ananias ? Send your elders  
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,  
And gi' me satisfaction ; or out goes  
The fire, and down th' alembicks, and the furnace,  
• Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,  
• Both Sericon and Bufo shall be lost,  
• Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the bishops,  
• Or th' antichristian hierarchy, shall perish,  
If they stay threescore minutes. The aqueity,  
Tereity, and sulphureity,

D 2

Shall



Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,

'Thou wicked Ananias.

[*Exit Ananias.*]

This will fetch 'em,

And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.

A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright

Those that are froward to an appetite.

*Enter Face and Drugger.*

*Face.* H'is busy with his spirits ; but we'll upon him.

*Drug.* *Where are they?*

*Face.* *Hush!*

*Sub.* How now ? What mates, what baiards ha' we here ?

*Face.* I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,  
Has brought y' another piece of gold to look on.

(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,  
You would devise—What is it, Nab ?

*Drug.* A sign, Sir.

*Face.* Ay, a good lucky one ; a thriving sign, Doctor.

*Sub.* I was devising now.

*Face.* 'Slight, do not say so ;

He will repent he gave you any more.

[*Aside to Sub.*]

What say you to his constellation, Doctor ?

The Balance ?

*Sub.* No, that way is stale and common.

A townsman, born in Taurus, gives the bull,

Or the bull's head. In Aries, the ram ;

A poor device. *Come hitber, Abel.*

No, I will have his name

Form'd in some mystic character, whose *radii*,

Striking the senses of the passers-by,

Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,

That may result upon the party owns it :

As thus——

*Drug.* *I don't understand it.*

*Face.* Nab!

*Sub.* He shall have a bell, that's Abel.

*Drug.* *And so it is.*

*Sub.* And by it standing one whose name is Dee,  
In a rug gown ; there's D, and Rug, that's Drug ;

And right anenst him a dog snarling er ;

There's Drugger, Abel Drugger.

*Drug.* *My name!*

*Sub.* That's his sign.

And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic !

*Face.*

*Face.* Abel, thou art made.

*Drug.* I do thank his worship.

*Face.* Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.

What'st got there, Nab?

*Drug.* A pipe of tobacco.

*Face.* A pipe of tobacco! Give it me.

He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, Doctor.

*Drug.* Yes, Sir—Captain Face, Captain Face, your

*Face.* What dost say, Nab? [worship.

*Drug.* I have another thing I would impart——

*Face.* Out with it, Nab.

*Drug.* Sir, there is lodg'd hard by me,

A rich young widow——

*Face.* Good; a *bona roba*!

*Drug.* But nineteen at the most.

*Face.* Very good, Abel.

*Drug.* Marry, sh' is not in fashion yet; she wears

A hood; but 't stands acop.

*Face.* No matter, Abel.

*Drug.* And I do now and then give her a *fucus*.——

*Face.* What! dost deal, Nab?

*Sub.* I did tell you, Captain.

*Drug.* And phyfic too, sometimes, Sir; for which she trusts me.

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose  
To learn the fashion.

*Face.* Good; on, Nab.

*Drug.* And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

*Face.* God'slid, Nab, send her to the Doctor hither.

*Drug.* Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already:  
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,  
And hurt her marriage.

*Face.* Hurt it! 'Tis the way  
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more  
Follow'd and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this:  
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows  
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous.  
Their honour is the multitude of suitors.  
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What,  
Thou dost not know?

*Drug.* No, Sir, she'll never marry  
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.

*Face.* What, and dost thou despair, my little Nab,  
Knowing what the Doctor has set down for thee,  
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?

' One glass o' thy water, with a Madam, I know  
' Will have it done,' Nab. What's her brother? A  
knight?

*Drug.* No, Sir, a gentleman, newly warm in his land,  
Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does govern [Sir,  
His sifter here, and is a man himself  
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up  
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,  
And will go down again, and die i' the country,  
*When he can't live any longer here.*

*Face.* How! to quarrel?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir, to carry quarrels,  
As gallants do; to manage them by line.

*Face.* 'Slid, Nab, the Doctor is the only man  
In Christendom for him.

*Drug.* *Is he?*

*Face.* He has made a table,  
With mathematical demonstrations,  
Touching the art of quarrels.

*Drug.* *Has he?*

*Face.* He will give him  
An instrument to quarrel by.

*Drug.* *Will he?*

*Face.* Go, bring 'em both,  
Him and his sifter. And for thee, with her  
The Doctor haply may persuade. Go to.  
Sha't give his worship a new damask suit  
Upon the premisses.

*Sub.* Oh, good Captain——

*Face.* He shall:

He is the honestest fellow, Doctor——Stay not;  
No offers; bring the damask and the parties.

*Drug.* I'll try my power, Sir.

*Face.* And thy will too, Nab.

*Sub.* 'Tis good tobacco, this. What is't a pound?

*Drug.* I'll sell your worship a hog'shead of it.

*Face.* He'll send you a hog'shead, Doctor.

[Abel runs out, and Face brings him back.

*Sub.* Oh, no!

*Face.*

*Face.* He will do't:

It is the gooddest foul——Abel, about it.

Thou shalt know more anon. Away, begone.

*Drug.* I'll give him a pound.—I'll give him two pound. [*Exit.*]

*Face.* A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,  
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,  
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,  
To get a med'cine for them.

*Sub.* And shall, Sir. This works.

*Face.* A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear Subtle:  
We'll e'en draw lots, 'and he that fails shall have  
'The more in goods, the other has in tail.'  
But Dol must ha' no breath on't.

*Sub.* Mum.

Away you to your Surly, yonder; catch him.

*Face.* Pray Heaven, I ha' not staid too long.

*Sub.* I fear it. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the SECOND ACT.

### A C T III.

*Enter Tribulation and Ananias.*

#### TRIBULATION.

**T**HESE chastisements are common to the saints;  
And such rebukes we of the separation  
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials  
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

*Ana.* In pure zeal,  
I do not like the man. He is a heathen,  
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

*Trib.* I think him a prophane person, indeed.

' *Ana.* He bears

' The visible mark of the beast in his forehead,

' And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,

' And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

' *Trib.* Good brother, we must bend unto all means

' That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

' *Ana.* Which his cannot: the sanctified cause

' Should have a sanctified course.

' *Trib.*

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*Trib.* Not always necessary :

- ‘ The children of perdition are oft-times
- ‘ Made instruments even of the greatest works.
- ‘ Beside we should give somewhat to man’s nature,
- ‘ The place he lives in, still about the fire,
- ‘ And fume of metals, that intoxicate
- ‘ The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
- ‘ Where have you greater atheists than your cooks ?
- ‘ Or more profane, or choleric, than your glassmen ?
- ‘ More antichristian than your bell-founders ?
- ‘ What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
- ‘ Satan, our common enemy, but his being
- ‘ Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
- ‘ Brimstone and arsenick ?
- ‘ You did ill to upbraid him
- ‘ With the brethrens’ blessing of Heidelberg, weighing:
- ‘ What need we have to hasten on the work,
- ‘ For the restoring of the silenc’d saints,
- ‘ Which ne’er will be, but by the philosopher’s stone :
- ‘ And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
- ‘ Assured me.

- ‘ *Ana.* I have not edified more, truly, by man,
- ‘ Not since the beautiful light first shone on me.
- ‘ And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.’

*Tri.* Let us call on him then.

*Ana.* The motion’s good,  
And of the spirit ; I will knock first. Peace be within.

*Enter Subtle.*

*Sub.* Oh, are you come ? ’Twas time. Your three-  
score minutes

Were at the last thread, you see, ‘ and down had gone

‘ *Furnus accidia, turris circulatorius :*

‘ Lembeck, bolts-head, retort, and pellicane

‘ Had all been cinders.’ Wicked Ananias !

Art thou return’d ? Nay, then it goes down yet.

*Trib.* Sir, be appeased ; he is come to humble  
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,  
If too much zeal hath carried him aside.  
From the due path.

*Sub.* Why, this doth qualify.

*Trib.* The brethren had no purpose, verily,  
To give you the least grievance ; but are ready

To

To lend their willing hands to any project  
The spirit and you direct.

*Sub.* This qualifies more.

*Trib.* And for the orphans' goods, let them be valu'd,  
Or what is needful else to the holy work,  
It shall be number'd. Here, by me, the saints  
Throw down their purse before you.

*Sub.* This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be; now you understand.

Have I discoursed so unto you of our Stone,

' And of the good that it shall bring your cause ?

' Shew'd you,

' That even the med'cinal use should make you a faction

' And party in the realm ? As put the case

' That some great man in state, he have the gout ;

' Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,

' You help him straight ; there you have made a friend.

' Another has the palsy, or the dropsy,

' He takes of your incombustible stuff,

' He's young again : there you have made a friend.

' A lady that is past the feat of body,

' Tho' not of mind, and hath her face decay'd

' Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore

' With the oil of talck ; there you have made a friend,

' And all her friends.

' Still you increase your friends.

' *Trib.* Ay, 'tis very pregnant.

' *Sub.* And then the turning of his lawyer's pewter

' To plate at Candlemas.

' *Ana.* Candle-tide, I pray you.

' *Sub.* Yet, Ananias ?

' *Ana.* I have done.

' *Sub.* Oh, but the Stone ! all's idle to't ; nothing !

Nature's miracle,

The divine secret, that doth fly in clouds

From east to west ; and whose tradition

Is not from men, but spirits.

*Ana.* I hate traditions :

I do not trust them——

*Trib.* Peace.

*Ana.* They are popish, all.

I will not peace. I will not——

*Trib.*

*Trib.* Ananias.

*Ana.* Please the profane, to grieve the godly. I may not.

*Sub.* Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

*Tri.* It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, Sir :

But, truly, else, a very faithful brother ;

A botcher, and a man, by revelation,

That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

*Sub.* Has he a competent sum there i' the bag,  
To buy the goods within ? I am made guardian,  
And must, for charity and conscience sake,  
Now see the most be made for my poor orphans :

' Tho' I desire the brethren too, good gainers.'

There they are within. When you have view'd and

And ta'en the inventory of what they are, [bought 'em,

They are ready for projection ; there's no more

To do ; cast on the med'cine, so much silver

As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,

I'll gi't you in by weight.

' *Trib.* But how long time,

' Sir, must the saints expect yet ?

' *Sub.* Let me see——

' How's the moon now ?—Eight, nine, ten days hence,

' He will be silver potato ; then three days

' Before he citronise : some fifteen days

' The *magisterium* will be perfected.

' *Ana.* About the second day of the third week

' In the ninth month ?

' *Sub.* Yes, my good Ananias.'

[you ?

*Trib.* What will the orphans' goods arise to, think

*Sub.* Some hundred marks ; as much as fill'd three cars.

Unladen now ; you'll make six millions of them.

But I must ha' more coals laid in.

' *Trib.* How !

' *Sub.* Another load,

' And then we have finish'd. We must now increase

' Our fire to *ignis ardens* ; we are past

' *Fimus equinus, balnei cineris,*

' And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse

' Should with this draught fall low,' and that the saints

Do need a present sum, I have a trick

To melt the pewter you shall buy now, instantly,

And

And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars  
As any are in Holland.

*Trib.* Can you so?

*Sub.* Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.

*Ana.* It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

*Sub.* But you must carry it secret.

*Trib.* Ay; but stay:

This act of coining, is it lawful?

*Ana.* Lawful!

We know no magistrate; or if we did,

This's foreign coin.

*Sub.* It is no coining, Sir;

It is but casting.

*Trib.* Ha! you distinguish well:

Casting of money may be lawful.

*Ana.* 'Tis, Sir.

*Trib.* Truly, I take it so.

*Sub.* There is no scruple,

Sir, to be made of it: believe Ananias;

This case of conscience he is studied in.

*Trib.* I'll make a question of it to the brethren.

*Ana.* The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.

Where shall it be done?

*Sub.* 'For that we'll talk anon.' [Knock without.

There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,

And view the parcels. That's the inventory.

I'll come to you straight. [Exeunt Trib. and Ana.] Who  
is it? Face! Appear.

*Enter Face.*

How now? Good Prize?

*Face.* Good pox! Yond' costive cheater  
Never came on.

*Sub.* How then?

*Face.* I ha' walk'd the round  
Till now, and no such thing.

*Sub.* And ha' you quit him?

[happy.

*Face.* Quit him! an' hell would quit him too, he were  
Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade

All day, for one that will not yield us grains?

I know him of old.

*Sub.* Oh, but to ha' gull'd him,  
Had been a mastery.

*Face*



*Face.* Let him go, black boy !  
 And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.  
 A noble Count, a Don of Spain,  
 Furnish'd with pistolets and pieces of eight,  
 Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,  
 (That is the colour) and to make his batt'ry  
 Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,  
 Our Dover-pier, our what thou wilt.  
 Where is the doxy ?

*Sub.* I will send her to thee ;  
 And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,  
 And come again myself.

*Face.* Are they within then ?

*Sub.* Numb'ring the sum.

*Face.* How much ?

*Sub.* A hundred marks, boy.

[*Exit.*

*Face.* Why, this's a lucky day ! Ten pounds of Mam-  
 Three o' my clerk ; a portague o' my grocer ; [mon ;  
 This o' the brethren ; beside reversions,  
 And 'states to come i' the widow, and my Count.  
 My share to-day will not be bought for forty——

*Enter Dol.*

*Dol.* What ?

*Face.* Pounds, dainty Dorothy—Art thou so near ?

*Dol.* Yes—Say, Lord General, how fares our camp ?

*Face.* This dear hour

A dainty Don is taken with my Dol ;  
 And thou may'st make his ransom what thou wilt,  
 My Dousabel.

*Dol.* What is he, General ?

*Face.* An *Adalantado*,

A *Grande*, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet ?

*Dol.* No.

*Face.* Nor my Druggier ?

*Dol.* Neither.

*Face.* A pox on them !

They are so long a furnishing !

*Enter Subtle.*

How now ? Ha' you done ?

*Sub.* Done ! They are gone. The sum  
 Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew  
 Another chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

*Face.* 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he ha' the widow,  
To furnish household.

*Sub.* Excellent well thought on.  
Pray Heaven he come.

*Face.* I pray he keep away,  
Till our new business be o'erpast.

*Sub.* But, Face,  
How cam'st thou by this secret Don?

*Face.* A spirit  
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,  
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle  
For Surly, 'I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath  
'Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,  
'You must go tune your virginal; no losing  
'O' the least time. And do you hear?' His great  
Verdugoship has not a jot of language:  
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly;  
He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,  
And our own coachman, whom I have sent to guide,  
No creature else. Who's that? *[One knocks.]*

*Sub.* It is not he!

*Face.* Oh, no, not yet, this hour.

*Sub.* Who is't?

*Dol.* Dapper,  
Your clerk.

*Face.* God's will! then, Queen of Fairy,  
On with your tire; and, Doctor, with your robes.  
Let's dispatch him, for God's sake.

*Sub.* 'Twill be long.

*Face.* I warrant you; take but the cues I give you,  
It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!  
Abel, and, I think, the angry boy, the heir,  
That fain would quarrel.

*Sub.* And the widow?

*Face.* No;  
Not that I see. Away. *[Exeunt Sub. and Dol.]*  
Oh, Sir, you are welcome!

*Enter Dapper, Drugger, and Kastril.*  
The Doctor is within, moving for you.

'I have had the most ado to win him to it.

'He swears you'll be the darling of the dice.

'He never heard her Highness doat till now, he says:  
E Your

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' Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words  
' That can be thought on.'

*Dap.* Shall I see her Grace ?

*Face.* See her, and kiss her too—What, honest Nab !

Haft brought the damask ?

*Drug.* No, Sir, here's tobacco. [too ?

*Face.* 'Tis well done, Nab. Thou'lt bring the damask

*Drug.* Yes. Here's the gentleman, Captain ; Master  
I have brought to see the Doctor. [Kastril,

*Face.* Where's the widow ? [Whispers,

*Drug.* Sir, as he likes, his sister (he says) shall come.

*Face.* Oh, is it so ?

*Drug.* I'll introduce him. Master Kastril, Captain Face.

*Face.* Good time. Is your name Kastril, Sir ?

*Kas.* Ay, and the best of the Kastrils ; I'd be sorry else,  
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the Doctor ?

My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one.

That can do things. Has he any skill ?

*Face.* Wherein, Sir ?

*Kas.* To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,  
Upon fit terms.

*Face.* It seems, Sir, y'are but young  
About the town, that can make that a question.

*Kas.* Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech  
Of the angry boys, and seen them take tobacco,  
And in his shop ; and I can take it too :  
And I would fain be one of them, and go down  
And practise i' the country.

*Face.* Sir, for the duello,  
The Doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,  
To the least shadow of a hair ; and then, rules  
To give and take the lie by.

*Kas.* How ! to take it ?

*Face.* Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle,  
But never in diameter. ' The whole town

' Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily

' At the eating academies.

' *Kas.* But does he teach

' Living by the wits too ?

' *Face.* Any thing whatever.

' You cannot think that subtilty but he reads it.

' He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,

' Just

'Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him :  
'Tis not two months since.' I'll tell you his method :  
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

*Kaf.* No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

*Face.* For why, Sir ?

*Kaf.* There's gaming there, and tricks. -

*Face.* Why, would you be

A gallant, and not game ?

*Kaf.* Ay ; 'twill spend a man.

*Face.* Spend you ! It will repair you when you are spent.  
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented  
Six times your fortune ?

*Kaf.* What, three thousand a year ?

*Face.* Ay, forty thousand.

'*Kaf.* Are there such ?

'*Face.* Ay, Sir.

'And gallants yet.' Here's a young gentleman  
Is born to nothing, forty marks a year,  
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,  
And have a fly o' the Doctor. He will win you,  
By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,  
Enough to buy a barony.

*Kaf.* Do you not gull one ?

*Face.* 'Ods my life ! do you think it ?

Why, Nab here knows it.

*Drug.* Yes ; what is it ?

*Face.* And then for making matches for rich widows,  
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man !  
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,  
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

*Kaf.* Adzooks ! my suster shall see him.

*Face.* I'll tell you, Sir,

What he did tell me of Nab.

*Drug.* Ay ; what is it ?

*Face.* It's a strange thing ; [melancholy,

(By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab ; it breeds  
And that same melancholy breeds worms) but pass it ;  
He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern  
But once in's life !

*Drug.* Truth, and no more I was not.

*Face.* And then he was so sick——

*Drug.* Could he tell you that too ?

E 2

*Face.*

*Face.* How should I know it?

*Drug.* In troth, *I'll tell you the whole story.*  
We had been a shooting,  
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,  
That lay so heavy o' my stomach——

*Face.* And he has no head——

*Drug.* No, *I have no head.*

[fidlers,

*Face.* To bear any wine: for what with the noise of the  
And care of his shop; for he dares keep no servant——

*Drug.* My head did so ach——

*Face.* As he was fain to be brought home,  
The Doctor told me. And then a good old woman——

*Drug.* (Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane) did cure  
With sodden ale, and pellitory o' the wall; [me  
Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness,  
Was worse than that——

*Face.* Ay, that was the grief  
Thou took'st for being 'fess'd at eighteen-pence,  
For the water-work.

*Drug.* In truth, and it was like  
T' have cost me almost my life.

*Face.* Thy hair went off.

*Drug.* Yes, *and it has never been very good since*  
'Twas done for spite.

*Face.* Nay, so says the Doctor.

*Kaf.* Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;  
I'll see this learned boy before I go;  
And so shall she.

*Face.* Sir, he is busy now;  
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,  
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner  
And he by that time will be free.

*Kaf.* I go.

*Face.* Druggier, she's thine—the damask. [Ex. Drug.  
and Kastril.] Subtle and I  
Must wrestle for her. [Aside.] Come on, Master Dapper;  
You see how I turn clients here away,  
'To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd  
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

*Dap.* Yes, o' the vinegar,  
And the clean shirt.

*Face.* 'Tis well; that shirt may do you

More

More worship than you think. ' Your aunt's a-fire,  
' But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight o' you..

Ha' you provided for her Grace's servants ?

*Dap.* Yes, here are six-score Edward's shillings.

*Face.* Good.

*Dap.* And an old Harry's sovereign.

*Face.* Very good.

*Dap.* And three James's shillings, and an Elizabeth:  
Just twenty nobles. [groat ;

*Face.* Oh, you are too just !

Lwould you had the other noble in Mary's..

*Dap.* I have some Philip and Mary's.

*Face.* Ay, those same

Are best of all. Where are they ; Hark! the Doctor..

*Enter Subtle.*

*Sub.* Is yet her Grace's cousin come ?

*Face.* He is come.

*Sub.* And is he fasting ?

*Face.* Yes.

*Sub.* And hath cry'd hum ?

*Face.* Thrice, you must answer.

*Dap.* Thrice.

*Sub.* And as oft, buz ?

*Face.* If you have, say.

*Dap.* I have.

*Sub.* Then, to her cuz,

Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,

As he was bid, the Fairy Queen dispenses,

By me, this robe, the petticoat of Fortune ;

Which that he straight put on, she doth importune,

And though to Fortune near be her petticoat,

Yet nearer is her smock, the Queen doth note :

And therefore, even of that a piece she has sent,

Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent ;

And prays him, for a scarf he now will wear it

(With as much love as then her Grace did tear it)

About his eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[*They blind him with a rag.*

And, trusting unto her to make his state,

He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him ;

Which that he will perform she doth not doubt him.

E 2

*Faces.*

*Face.* She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has no-  
 But what he will part withal as willingly, [thing  
 Upon her Grace's word (throw away your purse.)  
 As she would ask it. ('Handkerchiefs and all.')

She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.  
 If you have a ring about you, cast it off,  
 Or a silver seal at your wrist: her Grace will send  
 Her fairies here to search you; therefore deal  
 Directly with her highness. If they find  
 That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

[He throws away, as they bid him.

*Dap.* Truly, there's all.

*Face.* All what?

*Dap.* My money, truly.

*Face.* Keep nothing that is transitory about you.  
 Look, the elves are come  
 To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

*Dap.* Oh, I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

*Face.* Ti, ti.

They knew it, they say.

*Sub.* Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet.

\* *Face.* Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other pocket?

\* *Dap.* Oh, Oh.

\* *Face.* Nay, pray you hold. He is her Grace's ne-  
 phew.

\* Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.

\* Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the fairies. Shew

\* You are an innocent.

*Dap.* By this good light, I ha' nothing  
 But a half-crown

Of gold, about my wrist, that my love gave me;

And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me.

*Face.* I thought 'twas something. And would you incur  
 Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,  
 I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns,  
 You may wear your leaden heart still. [Knock.] How now

*Enter Dol.*

*Sub.* What news, Dol?

*Dol.* Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.

*Face.* God's lid, we never thought of him till now.  
 Where is he?

*Dol.* Here, hard by. He's at the door.

*Sub.*

*Sub.* And you are not ready now.

*Dol.* He must be sent back.

*Face.* Oh, by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffing here,  
Now he's o' the spit?

*Sub.* Why, lay him back awhile,  
With some device. Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti. Would her Grace  
speak with me? [Knocks

I come. Help, Dol.

*Face.* Who's there? Sir Epicure.

*[He speaks through the key-hole, the other knocking.]*  
My master's i' the way. Please you to walk  
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,  
And I am for you, Quickly, Dol. [Exit Dol.]

*Sub.* Her Grace  
Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

*Dap.* I long to see her Grace.

*Sub.* She now is set  
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you  
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,  
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,  
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:  
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)  
It would be better for you.

*Face.* Sir, he shall  
Hold out an' 'twere this two hours, for her highness;  
I can assure you that. We will not lose  
All we ha' done——

*Sub.* He must not see, nor speak  
To any body, till then.

*Face.* For that we'll put, Sir,  
A stay in's mouth.

*Sub.* Of what?

*Face.* Of gingerbread.

Make you it fit. 'He that hath pleas'd her Grace  
'Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.'  
Gape, Sir, and let him fit you.

*Sub.* Where shall we now  
Bestow him?

*Dol.* I' the privy.

*Sub.* Come along, Sir,  
I now must shew you fortune's privy lodgings.

*Face.*



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*Face.* Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

*Sub.* All.

Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

'*Face.* Sir Epicure, I am yours, Sir, by and by.'

[*Exeunte.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

*Face and Mammon meet.*

*FACE.*

**O**H, Sir, yo'are come i' the only finest time..

*Mam.* Where's master?

*Face.* Now preparing for projection, Sir..

Your stuff will be all chang'd shortly.

*Mam.* Into gold?

*Face.* To gold and silver, Sir..

*Mam.* Silver I care not for.

*Face.* Yes, Sir, a little to give beggars..

*Mam.* Where's the lady?

*Face.* At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things  
o'you,

Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit——

*Mam.* Hast thou?

*Face.* As she is almost in her fit to see you..

But, good Sir, no divinity i' your conference,

For fear of putting her in rage——

*Mam.* I warrant thee.

'*Face.* Six men will not hold her down. And then:

'If the old man should hear or see you.'

*Mam.* Fear not.

*Face.* The very house, Sir, would run mad. You know  
How scrupulous he is, and violent [it,

'Gainst the least act of sin. 'Phyfic, or mathematics,

'Poetry, state, or bawd'ry, (as I told you)

'She will endure, and never startle: but

'No word of controversy.'

*Mam.* I am school'd, good *Ulen.*

*Face.* And you must praise her house, remember that,  
And her nobility.

*Mam.* Let me alone;

No.

No herald, nor no antiquary, Lungs,  
Shall do it better. Go.

*Face.* Why, this is yet

‘ A kind of modern happiness, to have

‘ Dol Common for a great lady. [*Afide and exit.*]

‘ *Mam.* Now, Epicure,

‘ Heighten thyself, talk to her, all in gold ;

‘ Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops

‘ Unto his Danae ; shew the god a miser,

‘ Compar’d with Mammon. What, the Stone will do’t.

‘ She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold ;

‘ Nay, we will *concumbers* gold. I will be puissant,

‘ And mighty in my talk to her.’

*Enter Dol.*

Here she comes.

*Face.* To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble  
knight

I told your Ladyship.

[*Exit Face.*]

*Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,

I kiss your vesture.

*Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil

If I would suffer that ; my lip to you, Sir.

*Mam.* I hope my Lord your brother be in health, Lady.

*Dol.* My Lord my brother is, though I no lady, Sir.

‘ *Face.* Well said, my Guiny bird.’

*Mam.* Right noble Madam——

‘ *Face.* Oh, we shall have most fierce idolatry.’

*Mam.* ’Tis your prerogative.

*Dol.* Rather your courtesy.

*Mam.* Were there nought else t’ enlarge your virtues  
to me,

These answers speak your breeding, and your blood.

*Dol.* Blood we boast none, Sir ; a poor baron’s daughter.

*Mam.* Poor ! and gat you ? Profane not. Had your  
Slept all the happy remnant of his life [father  
After that act,

He had done enough to make himself, ‘ his issue,’  
And his posterity noble.

‘ *Face.* I’ll in, and laugh.’

*Mam.* Sweet Madam, let me be particular——

*Dol.* Particular, Sir ? I pray you, know your distance.

*Mam.* In no ill sense, sweet Lady, but to ask

How

How your fair graces pass the hours ? I see  
 Yo'are lodg'd here, i' the house of a rare man,  
 An excellent artist ; but what's that to you ?

*Dol.* Yes, Sir, I study here the mathematics,  
 And distillation.

*Mam.* Oh, I cry you pardon.  
 He's a divine instructor.

*Dol.* Ay, and for his physick, Sir——

*Mam.* Above the art of *Æsculapius*,  
 That drew the envy of the thunderer !  
 I know all this, and more.

*Dol.* Troth, I am taken, Sir,  
 Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.

*Mam.* It is a noble humour : but this form  
 Was not intended to so dark a use.  
 I muse, my lord your brother will permit it !  
 You should spend half my land first, were I he.  
 Does not this diamond better on my finger  
 Than i' the quarry ?

*Dol.* Yes.

*Mam.* Why, you are like it.  
 You were created, Lady, for the light !  
 Here, you shall wear it ; take it, the first pledge  
 Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

*Dol.* In chains of Adamant ?

*Mam.* Yes, the strongest bands.  
 And take a secret too : here, by your side,  
 Doth stand, this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

*Dol.* You are contented, Sir ?

*Mam.* Nay, in true being,  
 The envy of princes, and the fear of states,

*Dol.* Say you so, Sir Epicure !

*Mam.* Yes, and thou shalt prove it,  
 Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye  
 Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty  
 Above all files.

*Dol.* You mean no treason, Sir ?

*Mam.* No ; I will take away that jealousy.  
 I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,  
 And thou the lady.

*Dol.* How, Sir ! ha' you that ?

*Mam.* I am the master of the mastery.

This

This day the good old wretch here o' the house  
Has made it for us : now he's at projection.  
Think therefore thy first wish now ; let me hear it ;  
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,  
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,  
To get a nation on thee.

*Dol.* ' I could well consent, Sir,

' But, in a monarchy, how will this be ?

' The prince will soon take notice, and both seize.

' You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit

' For any private subject.

' *Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear :

' We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live

' In a free state, where we will eat our mullets

' Sous'd in high-country wines, sup pheasants eggs,

' And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells,

' Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,

' In a rare butter, made of dolphin's milk,

' Whose cream does look like opals : and with these

' Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,

' And take us down again, and then renew

' Our youth and strength, with drinking the elixir,

' And so enjoy a perpetuity of life and lust.'

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* Sir, you're too loud. I hear you every word  
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place ;

The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her ?

*Mam.* Excellent ! Lungs. There's for thee.

*[Gives Money.]*

*Face.* But, do you hear ?

Good Sir, beware, no mention of the Rabbins.

*Mam.* We think not on 'em. *[Ex. Mam. & Dol.]*

*Face.* ' Oh, it is well, Sir.' Subtle !

*Enter Subtle.*

*Face.* Dost thou not laugh ?

*Sub.* Yes. Are they gone ?

*Face.* All's clear.

*Sub.* The widow is come.

*Face.* And your quarrelling disciple ?

*Sub.* Ay.

*Face.* I must to my captainship again then.

*Sak.* Stay, bring 'em in first.

*Face.*

*Face.* So I meant. What is she?

A bonny belle?

*Sub.* I know not.

*Face.* We'll draw lots.

You'll stand to that?

*Sub.* What else?

To the door, man.

*Face.* You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

*Sub.* Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the nostrils.

*Enter Kastril and Pliant.*

*Face.* Who would you speak with?

*Kas.* Where's the captain?

*Face.* Gone, Sir,

About some business.

*Kas.* Gone!

*Face.* He'll return straight.

But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

*Sub.* Come near, my worshipful boy, my *Terræ Fili*,

That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches.

Welcome: I know thy lust, and thy desires,

And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;

Here is my center: Ground thy quarrel.

*Kas.* You lie?

*Sub.* How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie!

For what, my sudden boy?

*Kas.* Nay, that look you to,

I am afore-hand.

*Sub.* O, this's no true grammar,

And as ill logick! You must render causes, child,

Your first and second intentions, know your canons,

And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,

And ha' your elements perfect——

*Kas.* What is this

The angry tongue he talks in?

*Sub.* That false precept

Of being afore hand, has deceiv'd a number,

And made 'em enter quarrels, oftentimes,

Before they were aware; and afterward,

Against their wills?

*Kas.* How must I do then, Sir?

*Sub.*

*Sub.* I cry this Lady mercy : she should first  
Have been saluted

*Kaf.* Go and kiss her.

*Sub.* I do call you Lady, [Kisses her.  
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,  
My soft and buxom widow [He kisses her.

*Kaf.* Is she, i' faith ?

*Sub.* Yes, or my heart is an egregious liar.

*Kaf.* How know you ?

*Sub.* By inspection on her forehead,  
And subtilty of her lip, which must be tasted  
Often, to make a judgment. 'Slight she melts.'

*Kaf.* Kiss her again. [He kisses her again.

*Sub.* 'Like a Myrabolane !' Here is yet a line,  
In *rivo frontis*, tells me, he is no knight.

*Pli.* What is he then, Sir ?

*Sub.* Let me see your hand.

Oh, your *linea Fortunæ* makes it plain ;

'And *Stella* here, in *monte Veneris* :

'But most of all, *junctura annularis*.'

He is a foldier, or a man of art, Lady ;  
But shall have some great honour shortly.

*Pli.* Brother.

He's a rare man, believe me !

*Kaf.* Hold your peace.

Here comes the t'other rare man.

*Enter Face.*

'Save you, Captain.

*Face.* Good master *Kastril*, is this your sister ?

*Kaf.* Ay, Sir.

Please to kiss her, and be proud to know her.

*Face.* I shall be proud to know you, Lady.

*Pli.* Brother, he calls me Lady too.

*Kaf.* Ay, peace. I heard it.

*Face.* The Count is come.

'*Sub.* Where is he ?

'*Face.* At the door.'

*Sub.* Why, you must entertain him.

*Face.* What'll you do——

With these the while ?

F

*Sub.*

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*Sub.* Why have 'em up, and shew 'em  
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

*Face.* 'Fore god,  
She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her. [*Exit.*

*Sub.* Must you? 'Ay, if your fortune will, you must.  
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us presently:  
I'll have you to my chamber of Demonstrations,  
Where I'll shew you my instrument,  
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you  
Able to quarrel, at a straw's breadth by moon-light.  
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a glass,  
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,  
Against you see your fortune; which is greater  
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* Where are you, Doctor?

*Sub.* [*within.*] I'll come to you presently.

*Face.* I will ha' this same widow, now I ha' seen her,  
On any composition.

*Enter Subtle.*

*Sub.* What do you say?

*Face.* Ha' you dispos'd of them.

*Sub.* I ha' sent them up.

*Face.* Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

*Sub.* Is that the matter?

*Face.* Nay, but hear me.

*Sub.* Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

' *Face.* Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but conceive

' Thou art old, and canst not serve——

' *Sub.* Who, cannot I?

' 'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a——'

*Face.* Nay,

But understand: I'll give you composition.

*Sub.* I will not treat with thee. What, sell my fortune?

'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur.

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol

Knows it directly.

*Face.* Well, Sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

*Sub.* I follow you, Sir. We must keep Face in awe,  
Or

Or he will overlook us like a tyrant. [*Aside*]

Brain of a taylor! Who comes here? Don John?

*Enter Surly like a Spaniard.*

*Sur Sennores, beso las manos, a vuestras mercedes.*

*Sub.* Would you had stoop'd a little, and kiss'd our

*Face.* Peace, Subtle. [*anos.*]

*Sub.* Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

He looks in that deep ruff, like a head in platter,

Serv'd in by a short cloak upon two treffils.

*Face.* Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down

Beneath the fouse, and wriggled with a knife?

*Sub.* Don, your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

*Sur. Gratia.*

*Sub.* He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray god, he ha' no squibs in those deep sets.

*Sur. Por dios, sennores, muy linda casa!*

*Sub.* What says he?

*Face.* Praises the house, I think;

I know no more but's action.

*Sub.* Yes, the Casa,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall

Be cozen'd, Diego.

*Face.* Cozen'd, do you see?

My worthy Donzel cozen'd.

*Sur. Entiendo.*

*Sub.* Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.

Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,

My solemn Don? Dost thou feel any?

*Face.* Full.

[*He feels his pockets.*]

*Sub.* You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn

Dry, as they say.

*Face.* 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

*Sub.* For what?

*Face.* Why Don's employ'd, you know.

*Sub.* That's true.

'Fore heaven, I know not:

Mammon must not be troubled.

*Face.* Mammon! in no case.

Think; you must be sudden.



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Sur. *Entienão, qua la fennora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*

Face. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to't? Ha!

And tell her it is her fortune? 'All our venture

'Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,

'Which on's chance to have her: and beside

'There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.

'What dost thou think on't, Subtle.

'Sub. Who, I, why?

'Face. The credit of our house too is engag'd.

'Sub. You made me an offer for my share ere-while,

'What wilt thou gi' me, i'faith?

'Face. Oh, by that light

'I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.

'E'en take your lot, obey your chance, Sir; win her,

'And wear her out for me.

'Sur. *Sennores por que se tarda tanta?*

'Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

'Face. That's now no reason, Sir.

'Sur. *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*

'Face. You hear the Don too? By this air, I call,  
And loose the hinges: Dof.

'Sub. A plague of hell——

'Face. Will you then do?

'Sub. You are a terrible rogue;

'I'll think of this. Will you, Sir, call the widow?

'Face. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,

'Now I do think on't better.

'Sub. With all my heart, Sir;

'Am I discharg'd o' the lot?

'Face. As you please.

'Sub. Hands.

'Face. Remember now, that upon any change,  
'You never claim her.

'Sub. Much good joy, and health to you, Sir.

'Marry a whore? Fare, let me wed a witch first.

'Sur. *Por estas honradas barbas——*

Sur. 'He swears by his beard.'

Dispatch, and call her brother too.

[Exit Face.  
Sur.

Sur. *Tiengo, duda, sennores,  
Que no me hogan alguna traycion.*

Sub. How, issue on? Yes, *praesto sennor*. Please you  
*Entbratha* the *Chambrata*, worthy Don?

Where if you please the Fates, in your *Bathada*,  
You shall be soak'd, and stroak'd, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,  
And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear Don, before you go.  
You shall, in faith, my scurvy baboon Don,  
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.

[Exit Surly]

I will the heartier go about it now,  
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,  
To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:  
The quickly doing of it is the grace.

*Enter Face, Kastril, and Pliant.*

Face. Come, Lady; I knew the doctor would not leave,  
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kas. To be a Countess, say you? A Spanish countess,  
Sir?

Pli. Why, is that better than an English countess?

Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

*Enter Subtle.*

Here comes the doctor.

Sub. My most honour'd Lady,  
(For so I am now to stile you, having found  
By this my scheme you are to undergo  
An honourable fortune, very shortly)  
What will you say now, if some——

Face. I have told her all, Sir;  
And her right worshipful brother, here, that she shall be  
A countess; do not delay them, Sir; a Spanish countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce worshipful Captain, you can keep  
No secret. Well, since he has told you, Madam,  
Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kas. She shall do that, Sir,  
I'll look to't, tis my charge.

Sub. Well then, nought rests  
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Pli. Truly, I shall never brook a Spaniard.

Sub. No?

Pli. Never sin' eighty-eight could I abide them,  
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

*Sub.* Come, you must love him, or be miserable.

*Kasf.* Gods'lid you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

*Pli.* Why?

I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.

*Kasf.* Do,

Or by this hand you are not my sister,

If you refuse.

*Pli.* I will not refuse, brother.

*Enter Surly.*

*Sur.* *Que es esto, señores, que non se venga?  
Esta tardanza me mata!*

*Face.* It is the Count come.

The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

*Sub.* *En gallanta Mndama, Don! gallantissima!*

*Sur.* *Por todos los dioses, le mas acabada  
Hermesura, que he visto en mi vida!*

*Face.* Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

*Kasf.* An admirable language! Is't not French?

*Face.* No, Spanish, Sir.

*Kasf.* It goes like law-French;

And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

*Face.* List, Sir.

*Sur.* *Vulga me dios.*

*Face.* He admires your sister.

*Kasf.* Must not she make a curtsy?

*Sub.* Od's will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!  
It is the Spanish fashion for the women  
To make first court. Sir?

*Sur.* *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

*Kasf.* Nay, see; she will not understand him! Gull!  
Noddy!

*Pli.* What say you, brother?

*Kasf.* Afs, my suster!

Go kufs him, as the cunning man would ha' you;  
I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.

*Face.* Oh, no, Sir.

*Sur.* *Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.*

*Kasf.* Where does he carry her?

[*Exeunt Sur. and Plyant.*

*Face.* Into the garden, Sir;

Take you no thought; I must interpret for her.

*Sub.*

*Sub.* Give Dol the word. [*Exit Face.*] Come, my fierce child, advance.

We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

*Kas.* Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

*Sub.* Nay, by this means, Sir, you shall be brother To a great count.

*Kas.* Ay, I knew that at first.

This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

*Sub.* Pray God your sister prove but pliant.

*Kas.* Why,  
Her name is so, by her other husband.

*Sub.* How!

*Kas.* The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

*Sub.* 'No, faith, Sir.

'Yet, by erection of her figure, I guess'd it.'

*Yes, yes, I knew it by my art.*

Come, let's go practise.

*Kas.* Yes; but do you think, Doctor,  
I e'er shall quarrel well?

*Sub.* I warrant you.

*Kas.* Damme, you lie.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE, another Apartment.

*Enter Dol and Mammon.*

*Dol.* For, after Alexander's death——

[*In her fit of talking.*]

*Mam.* Good Lady——

*Dol.* That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,  
The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolmee——

*Mam.* Madam.

*Dol.* Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,  
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south; which after  
Was call'd Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron-leg——

*Mam.* La——

*Dol.* And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.  
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg.

*Mam.* Sweet Madam.

*Dol.* And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall  
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these  
Be stars in story, which none see or look at——

*Mam.* What shall I do?

*Dol.*

*Dol.* For, as he says, except  
We call the rabins, and the heathen Greeks——

*Mam.* Dear Lady.

*Dol.* To come from Salem, and from Athens,  
And teach the people of Great-Britain——

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* What's the matter, Sir.

*Dol.* To speak the tongue of Eber and Javan——

*Mam.* Oh, she's in her fit.

*Dol.* We shall know nothing ——

*Face.* Death, Sir,

We are undone. My master will hear!

‘ *Dol.* A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high——

‘ *Mam.* Sweet honourable Lady.

‘ *Dol.* To comprize

‘ All sounds of voices in few marks of letters——

‘ *Face.* Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

‘ *Dol.* And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,

‘ And profane Greek, to raise the building up

‘ Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,

‘ King of Thogarma, and his Habergions

‘ Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force

‘ Of King Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim,

‘ Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Omkelos,

‘ And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

‘ *Face.* How did you put her into't?

‘ *Mam.* Alas, I talk'd

‘ Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,

‘ [*They speak together.*

‘ With the Philosopher's Stone (by chance) and she

‘ Falls on the other four straight.

‘ *Face.* Out of Broughton.

‘ I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

‘ *Mam.* Is't best?

‘ *Face.* She'll never leave else. If the old man hear

‘ We are but *faces*, ashes.’ [her,

*Sub.* [*Within.*] What's to do there?

*Face.* Oh, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

*Mam.* Where shall I hide me?

[*Upon Subtle's entry they disperse.*

*Sub.* How, what fight is here!

Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!

Bring

Bring him again ; who is he ? — What, my son !  
Oh, I have liv'd too long.

*Mam.* Nay, good, dear father,  
There was no unchaste purpose.

*Sub.* No ? and flee me  
When I come in ?

*Mam.* That was my error.

*Sub.* Error ?

Guilt, guilt, my son. Give it the right name. No marvel  
If I found check in our great work within,  
When such affairs as these were managing !

*Mam.* Why, have you so ?

*Sub.* It has stood still this half hour ;  
And all the rest of our less works gone back.  
Where is the instrument of wickedness,  
My lewd false drudge ?

*Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not him ;  
Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.  
I saw her by chance.

*Sub.* Will you commit more sin,  
T' excuse a varlet ?

*Mam.* By my hope, 'tis true, Sir.

*Sub.* Nay, then I wonder less, if you for whom  
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt Heaven ;  
And lose your fortunes,

*Mam.* Why, Sir ?

*Sub.* This 'll retard  
The work, a month at least.

*Mam.* Why, if it do,  
What remedy ? but think it not, good father :  
Our purposes were honest.

*Sub.* As they were,  
So the reward will prove. [*A great crack and noise within.*]

How now ! Ay me.

God, and all saints be good to us ! What's that ?

*Face.* Oh, Sir, we are defeated : all the works  
Are blown in *fumo* :

Retorts, receivers, pellicanes, bolt-heads,  
All struck in shivers ! Help, good Sir ! alas !

[*Subtle falls down as in a swoon.*]

Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,  
Do the fair office of a man ! You stand,

As

As you were readier to depart than he. [One knocks.  
Who's there? My Lord, her brother is come.

*Mam.* Ha, Lungs?

*Face.* His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,  
For he's as furious as his sister is mad. [One knocks.

*Mam.* Alas!

*Face.* My brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.  
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

*Mam.* Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd,  
Of all our cost?

*Face.* Faith, very little, Sir:

A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, Sir.

*Mam.* Oh, my voluptuous mind! I'm justly punish'd.

*Face.* And so am I, Sir.

*Mam.* Cast from all my hopes——

*Face.* Nay, certainties, Sir.

*Mam.* By mine own base affections.

*Sub.* Oh, the curs'd fruits of vice and lust!

[Subtle seems to come to himself.

*Mam.* Good father,

It was my sin. Forgive it.

*Sub.* Hangs my roof

Over us still, and will not fall, Oh, justice!

Upon us, for this wicked man?

*Face.* Nay, look, Sir,

You grieve him now with staying in his sight:

Good Sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,  
And that may breed a tragedy.

*Mam.* I'll go.

*Face.* Ay, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,  
For some good penance you may have it yet;  
A hundred pounds to the box at Bethlem.

*Mam.* Yes.

*Face.* For the restoring such as ha' lost their wits.

*Mam.* I'll do't.

*Face.* I'll send one to you to receive it.

*Mam.* Do.

Is no projection left?

*Face.* All flown, or stinks, Sir.

*Mam.* Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine,  
think'st thou?

*Face.* I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,  
Some-

Something, about the scraping of the shards,  
Will cure the itch :  
It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good Sir,  
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

[Exit Mam.

*Sub.* Face.

*Face.* Ay.

*Sub.* Is he gone ?

*Face.* Yes, and as heavily

As all the gold he hop'd for were in his blood.

Let us be light though.

*Sub.* Ay, as balls, and bound

And hit our heads against the roof for joy :

There's so much of our care now cast away.

*Face.* Now to our Don.

*Sub.* Yes, your young widow, by this time,  
Is made a countess. She's now in travail  
Of a young heir for you.

*Face.* Good, Sir.

*Sub.* Off with your case,  
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,  
After these common hazards.

*Face.* Very well, Sir.

Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while ?

*Sub.* And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir.  
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now.

*Face.* Why, you can do it as well, if you would set  
I pray you prove your virtue. [to't.

*Sub.* For your sake, Sir.

[Exit.

SCENE, *the Alchymist's Room.*

*Enter Surly and Dame Pliant.*

*Sur.* Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n !  
'Mongst what a nest of villains ! and how near  
Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain ruin  
(Through your credulity) 'had I but been  
' So punctually forward as place, time,  
' And other circumstances, would ha' made a man :  
' For yo' are a handsemewoman, would you were wise too.'  
I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,  
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel,  
And where I might ha' wrong'd your honour, and ha' not,  
I claim



I claim some interest in you love. Your are,  
 They say, a widow, rich; and I am a batchelor,  
 Worth nought; your fortunes may make me a man,  
 As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,  
 And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

*Pli.* I will, Sir.

*Sur.* And for these household-rogues, let me alone  
 To treat with them.

*Enter Subtle.*

*Sub.* How doth my noble Diego?  
 And my dear Madam Countess? Hath the Count  
 Been courteous, Lady? liberal, and open?  
 Donfel, methinks you look melancholic  
 After your *coicum*, and scurvy! Truly,  
 I do not like the dullness of your eye,  
 It hath a heavy cast; 'tis Upsee-Dutch,  
 And says you are a lumpish whore-master.  
 Be lighter; I will make your pockets so.

*[He falls to picking of them.]*

*Sur.* Will you, Don bawd, and pick-purse? How  
 now? Reel you?  
 Stand up, Sir; you shall find, since I am so heavy,  
 I'll give you equal weight.

*Sub.* Help, murder!

*Sur.* No, Sir, there's no such thing intended. A good  
 cart,  
 And a clean whip, shall ease you of that fear.  
 I am the Spanish Don, that should be cozen'd,  
 Do you see? Cozen'd! Where's your Captain Face?

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* How, Surly!

*Sur.* Oh, make your approach, good Captain.  
 I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons  
 Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.  
 And this doctor,  
 'Your footy, smoaky-bearded compeer, he'  
 Will close you so much gold in a bolt's head,

*[Face steals off.]*

And on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another  
 With sublim'd mercury, that shall burst i' the heat,  
 And fly out all *in fumo*? *What is he gone?*

Nay,

Nay, Sir, you must tarry,  
Tho' he be 'scap'd, and answer by the ears, Sir.

*Enter Face and Kastril.*

*Face.* Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel  
Well, (as they say) and be a true born child.  
The Doctor and your sister both are abus'd.

*Kasf.* Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave,  
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. Are you  
The man, Sir, I would know?

*Sur.* I should be loth, Sir,  
To confes so much.

*Kasf.* Then you lie i' your throat.

*Sur.* How!

*Face.* A very arrant rogue, Sir, and a cheater,  
Employ'd here by another conjurer,  
That does not love the Doctor, and would cross him,  
If he knew how——

*Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd.

*Kasf.* You lie :  
And 'tis no matter.

*Face.* Well said, Sir. He is  
The impudent'st rascal——

*Sur.* You are indeed! Will you hear me, Sir?

*Face.* By no means—Bid him begone.

*Kasf.* Begone, Sir, quickly.

*Sur.* This's strange! Lady, do you inform your brother.

*Face.* There is not such a foist in all the town :  
The Doctor had him presently ; and finds yet,  
The Spanish Count will come here. Bear up, Subtle.

*Sub.* Yes, Sir, he must appear within this hour.

*Face.* And yet this rogue will come in a disguise,  
By the temptation of another spirit,  
To trouble our art, tho' he could not hurt it.

*Kasf.* Ay,  
I know—Away ; you talk like a foolish mouther.

*Sur.* Sir, all is truth, she says.

*Face.* Do not believe him, Sir.  
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, Sir.

*Sur.* You are valiant out of company.

*Kasf.* Yes. How then, Sir?

*Enter Druggier.*

*Face.* Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knows him,  
And all his tricks—Make good what I say, Abel :

G

This

This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow. [*To Ab*  
He owes this honest Druggier, here, seven pounds,  
He has had on him in two-penn'orths of tobacco.

*Drug.* Yes, Sir ; and he has damn'd himself three  
Terms to pay me.

*Face.* And what does he owe for *lotium* ?

*Drug.* Thirty shillings, Sir.

And for fix syringes.

*Sur.* Hydra of villainy !

*Face.* Nay, Sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

*Kaf.* I will. Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie ;  
And you are a pimp.

*Sur.* Why, this is madness, Sir,  
Not valour in you. I must laugh at this.

*Kaf.* It is my humour. You are a pimp, and a trig.  
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote. [*see ?*]

*Drug.* Or a Knight o' the Curious Coxcomb, do you  
*Enter Ananias.*

*Ana.* Peace to the household.

*Kaf.* I'll keep peace for no man.

*Ana.* Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

*Kaf.* Is he the constable ?

*Sub.* Peace, Ananias.

*Face.* No, Sir.

*Kaf.* Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,  
A very Tim.

*Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir ?

*Kaf.* I will not.

*Ana.* What is the motive ?

*Sub.* Zeal in the gentlemen,  
Against his Spanish slops.

*Ana.* They are prophane,  
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

*Sur.* New rascals !

*Kaf.* Will you begone, Sir ?

*Ana.* Avoid, Satan.

Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride  
About thy neck, betrays thee, and is the same  
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,  
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts.  
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in the lewd hat.

*Sur.* I must give way.

*Kaf.*

*Kaf.* Begone, Sir.

*Sur.* But I'll take a course with you.

*Ana.* Depart, proud, Spanish fiend.

*Sur.* Captain and Doctor——

*Ana.* Child of perdition!

*Kaf.* Hence, Sir.

*[They fight. Exit Surly.]*

Did I not quarrel bravely?

*Face.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

*Kaf.* Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

*Drug.* Well, and how did I?

*Face.* Very well;

But you must follow, Sir, and threaten him tame;

He'll turn again else.

*Kaf.* I'll return him then.

*Face.* Druggier, this rogue prevented us; for thee,

We had determin'd that thou shouldst ha' come

In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so; and he,

A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.

Hast brought the damask?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir.

*Face.* Thou must borrow

A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

*Drug.* Yes, Sir. Did you never see me play the fool?

*Face.* Thou shalt, if I can help it.

Hieronymo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve:

*[Subtle bath whispered him this while.]*

I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st them.

*Drug.* Did not I behave well?

*Will you begone? — He won't be here*

*In a hurry, I believe.*

*[Exit.]*

*Ana.* Sir, I know

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies

Upon their actions: 'and that this was one,

'I make no scruple. But the holy synod

'Have been in prayer and meditation for it.'

And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,

That casting of money is most lawful.

*Sub.* True;

But here I cannot do it. If the house

Should chance to be suspected, all would out,

And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,

To make gold there for the state ; never come out ;  
And then you are defeated.

*Ana.* I will tell

This to the elders, and the weaker brethren,  
That the whole company of the Separation  
May join in humble prayer again.

*Sub.* And fasting.

*Ana.* Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind  
Rest with these walls. [*Exit.*]

*Sub.* Thanks, courteous Ananias.

*Face.* What did he come for ?

*Sub.* About casting dollars,  
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,  
A Spanish minister came here to spy  
Against the faithful.

*Face.* I conceive. Come, Subtle,  
Thou art so down upon the least disaster !  
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help'd thee out ?

*Sub.* I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i'faith.

*Face.* Who would ha' look'd it should ha' been that  
Well, Sir, [rascal, Surly ?]  
Here's damask come to make you a suit.

*Sub.* Where's Druggier ?

*Face.* He's gone to borrow me a Spanish habit.  
I'll be the Count now.

*Sub.* But where's the widow ?

*Face.* Within, with my Lord's sister : Madam Dol  
Is entertaining her.

*Sub.* By your favour, Face ;  
Now she is honest, I will stand again.

*Face.* You will not offer it ?

*Sub.* Why ?

*Face.* Stand to your word,  
Or——here comes Dol ; she knows——

*Sub.* Y' are tyrannous still.

*Face.* Strict for my right.

*Enter Dol.*

How now, Dol ? Hast told her  
The Spanish Count will come ?

*Dol.* Yes ; but another is come  
You little look'd for.

*Face.* Who's that ?

*Dol.*

*Dol.* Your master ;  
The master of the house.

*Sub.* How, Dol !

*Face.* She lies.

This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblings, Dorothy.

*Dol.* Look out and see.

*Sub.* Art thou in earnest ?

*Dol.* 'Slight !

Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.

*Face.* 'Tis he, by this good day.

*Dol.* 'Twill prove an ill day

For some of us.

*Face.* We are undone, and taken.

*Dol.* Lost, I'm afraid.

*Sub.* You said he would not come

While there died one a week, within the liberties.

*Face.* No ; 'twas within the walls.

*Sub.* What shall we do now, Face ?

*Face.* Be silent ; not a word, if he call or knock.

I'll into mine old shape again, and meet him,

Of Jeremy the butler. I' the mean time,

Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,

That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll help him

Off for to-day, if I cannot longer ; and then,

At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,

Where we'll meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.

Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar—

We'll have another time for that.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

## A C T V.

SCENE, *a Street.*

*Enter Lovewit and Neighbours.*

LOVEWIT.

**H**AS there been such resort, say you ?

*1 Nei.* Daily, Sir,

*2 Nei.* And nightly too.

*3 Nei.* Ay, some as brave as lords:

G 3

*3 Nei.*

4 *Nci.* Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 *Nci.* Citizens wives, and knights in coaches.

2 *Nci.* Yes, and oyster-women.

1 *Nci.* Beside other gallants.

3 *Nci.* Sailors' wives.

4 *Nci.* Tobacco-men.

5 *Nci.* Another Pimlico!

*Love.* What should my knave advance,

• To draw this company? He hung out no banners

• Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be seen?

• Or a huge lobster, with six claws?

• 6 *Nci.* No, Sir.

• 3 *Nci.* We had gone in then, Sir.

• *Love.* He has no gift

• Of teaching i' the nose, that e'er I knew of.

• You saw no bills set up that promis'd cure

• Of agues, or the tooth-ach?

• 2 *Nci.* No such thing, Sir.

• *Love.* Nor heard a drum struck, for baboons, or pup-

• 5 *Nci.* Neither, Sir. [pets?

*Love.* What device should he bring forth now?

I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment.

Pray, Heav'n, he ha' not kept such open house,

That he hath sold my hangings and my bedding;

I left him nothing else. If he have eat them,

A plague o' the mouth, say I. 'Sure he has got

• Some bawdy pictures, to call all this gang.'

When saw you him?

1 *Nci.* Who, Sir? Jeremy?

2 *Nci.* Jeremy, butler?

We saw him not this-month.

*Love.* How!

4 *Nci.* Not these five weeks, Sir.

6 *Nci.* These six weeks, at the least.

*Love.* Y' amaze me, neighbours!

5 *Nci.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,  
He's slipp'd away.

6 *Nci.* Pray Heav'n, he be not made away. [*He knocks.*

*Love.* Ha! It's no time to question, then.

6 *Nci.* About

Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,

As I sat up, a mending my wife's stockings.

*Love.*

*Love.* This's strange, that none will answer!  
Didst thou hear

A cry, say'st thou?

6 *Nei.* Yes, Sir, like unto a man

That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

2 *Nei.* I heard it too, just this day three weeks at two  
Next morning. [o'clock

*Love.* These be miracles, or you make 'em so.  
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,  
And both you heard him cry!

3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, Sir.

*Love.* Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I  
What trade art thou? [pray thee:

3 *Nei.* A smith, an't please your worship. [open.

*Love.* A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door

3 *Nei.* That I will, presently, Sir; but fetch my tools.  
[Exit.

1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

*Enter Face.*

*Love.* I will.

*Face.* What mean you, Sir?

*All Nei.* Oh, here's Jeremy!

*Face.* Good Sir, come from the door.

*Love.* Why, what's the matter?

*Face.* Yet farther; you are too near yet.

*Love.* I' the name of wonder, what means the fellow?

*Face.* The house, Sir, has been visited:

*Love.* Stand thou then farther.

*Face.* No, Sir, I had it not.

*Love.* Who had it then? I left  
None else but thee i' the house.

*Face.* Yes, Sir, my fellow,  
The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her  
A week before I spied it; but I got her  
Convey'd away i' the night. And so I shut  
The house up for a month——

*Love.* How!

*Face.* Purposing then, Sir.  
T' have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar.  
And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it.  
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, Sir.

*Love.* Why, this is stranger!

The



The neighbours tell me all here, that the doors  
Have still been open——

*Face.* How, Sir!

*Love.* Gallants, men, and women,  
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here  
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogs-den,  
In days of Pinlico and Eye-bright.

*Face.* Sir,

Their wisdoms will not say so!

*Love.* To-day, they speak  
Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood  
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen  
In a velvet gown at the window; divers more  
Pass in and out.

*Face.* They did pass thro' the doors then,  
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;  
For here, Sir, are the keys, and here have been,  
In this my pocket, now above twenty days.

' And for before, I kept the fort alone there.

' But that 'tis not yet deep i' the afternoon,

' I should believe my neighbours had seen double.

' Thro' the black pot, and made these apparitions:'

For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks,  
And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

*Love.* Strange!

*Nei.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

*Love.* Do you but think it now?

And but one coach?

4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, Sir; Jeremy  
Is a very honest fellow.

*Face.* Did you see me at all?

1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on.

*Love.* Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

*Re-enter 3 Neighbour.*

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come?

1 *Nei.* Oh, yes! you may leave your tools;  
We were deceiv'd; he says he has had the keys,  
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

3 *Nei.* Like enough.

*Love.* Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

*Face.* [*aside.*] Surly come!

And Mammon made acquainted! They'll tell all.

How

How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?  
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

*Enter Surly and Mammon.*

*Sur.* No, Sir, he was a great physician. This,  
It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel.  
You knew the Lord and his sister.

*Mam.* Nay, good Surly—

*Sur.* The happy word, Be rich—

*Mam.* Play not the tyrant.

*Sur.* Should be to-day pronounc'd to all your friends.  
And where be your andirons now, and your brass pots,  
That should ha' been golden flaggons, and great wedges?

*Mam.* Let me but breathe. What! they ha' shut their  
Methinks. [doors;

*Sur.* Ay, now, 'tis holy-day with them.

*Mam.* Rogues,  
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

*Face.* What mean you, Sir? [*Mam. and Surly knock.*

*Mam.* To enter, if we can.

*Face.* Another man's house!  
Here is the owner, Sir; turn to him,  
And speak your business.

*Mam.* Are you, Sir, the owner?

*Love.* Yes, Sir.

*Mam.* And are those knaves within your cheaters?

*Love.* What knaves, what cheaters?

*Mam.* Subtle, and his Lungs.

*Face.* The gentleman is distracted, Sir. No lungs  
Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, Sir;  
Within these doors, upon my word.

*Sur.* Your word!

Groom arrogant.

*Face.* Yes, Sir; I am the housekeeper,  
And know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands.

*Sur.* This's a new Face.

*Face.* You do mistake the house, Sir.  
What sign was't at?

*Sur.* You rascal! This is one  
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,  
And force the door.

*Love.* Pray you, stay, gentlemen.

*Sur.* No, Sir, we'll come with warrant.

*Mam.*

*Mam.* Ay, and then

We shall ha' your doors open. [*Exeunt Sur. and Mam.*

*Love.* What means this?

*Face.* I cannot tell, Sir.

*i Nei.* These are two o' the gallants,  
That we do think we saw.

*Face.* Two of the fools!

You talk as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,  
I think the moon has craz'd them all!—Oh, me,  
The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,  
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all. [*Aside.*

*Enter Kastril.*

*Kasf.* What rogues, bawds, slaves! you'll open the door anon. [*Kastril knocks.*

Punk, Cockatrice, my suster. By this light  
I'll fetch the Marthal to you. You are a whore,  
To keep your castle.—

*Face.* Who would you speak with, Sir?

*Kasf.* The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,  
And Pufs, my suster.—

*Love.* This is something, sure!

*Face.* Upon my trust, the doors were never open, Sir.

*Kasf.* I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,  
By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.

*Love.* Here comes another.

*Face.* Ananias too!

And his pastor! [*Aside.*

*Enter Ananias and Tribulation.*

*Ana.* Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire;  
Your stench is broke forth: abomination  
Is in the house.

*Kasf.* Ay, my suster's there.

*Ana.* The place

Is become a cage of unclean birds.

*Kasf.* Yes, I will fetch the scavenger and the constable.

*Trib.* You shall do well.

*Ana.* We'll join to weed them out.

*Kasf.* You will not come then, Punk device, my suster?

*Ana.* Call her not suster. She's a harlot, verily.

*Kasf.* I'll raise the street.

*Love.* Good gentlemen, a word——

*Ana.* Satan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal.

*Love.*

*Love.* The world's turn'd Bedlam.

*Face.* These are all broke loose

Out of St. Kath'rine's, where they use to keep  
The better sort of mad folks.

*1 Nei.* All these persons

We saw go in and out here.

*2 Nei.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

*3 Nei.* These were the parties.

*Face.* Peace, you drunkards. Sir,

I wonder at it ! Please you to give me leave

To touch the door ; I'll try an the lock be chang'd :

*Love.* It 'mazes me !

*Face.* Good faith, Sir, I believe

There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.

Would I could get him away ! [ *Dapper cries out within.* ]

*Dap.* Master Captain, Master Doctor.

*Love.* Who's that ?

[ *not, Sir.* ]

*Face.* Our clerk within, that I forgot ! [ *Aside.* ] I know

*Dap.* For God's sake, when will her Grace be at leisure ?

*Face.* Ha !

Illusions, some spirit o' the air !——His gag i smelted,

And now he sets out the throat.

[ *Aside.* ]

*Dap.* I'm almost stifled.

*Face.* Would you were altogether :

[ *Aside.* ]

*Love.* 'Tis i' the house.

Ha ! list——

*Face.* Believe it, Sir, i' the air.

*Love.* Peace you——

*Dap.* Mine aunt's Grace does not use me well.

*Sub.* You fool,

Peace, you'll mar all.

*Face.* Or you will else, you rogue.

*Love.* Oh, is it so ? Then you converse with spirits !

Come, Sir, no more o' your tricks, good Jeremy ;

The truth's the shortest way.

*Face.* Dismiss this rabble, Sir.

What shall I do ? I am catch'd.

[ *Aside.* ]

*Love.* Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir,

You know that I am an indulgent master ;

And therefore conceal nothing. What's your med'cine,

To draw so many several sorts of wild-fowl ?

*Face.*

*Face.* Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit :  
 (But here's no place to talk on't i' the street.)  
 Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,  
 And only pardon me th' abuse of your house ;  
 It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,  
 In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for,  
 Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.  
 'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak.  
 I have her within. You need not fear the house ;  
 It was not visited.

*Love.* But by me, who came  
 Sooner than you expected.

*Face.* It is true, Sir.  
 Pray you, forgive me.

*Love.* Let's see your widow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter Subtle, Dapper, and Dol.*

*Sub.* How ! ha' you eaten your gag ?

*Dap.* Yes, faith, it crumbled  
 Away i' my mouth.

*Sub.* You ha' spoil'd all then.

*Dap.* No ;  
 I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

*Sub.* Your aunt's a gracious lady ; but, in troth,  
 You were to blame.

*Dap.* The fume did overcome me,  
 And I did do't to stay my stomach. Pray you,  
 So satisfy her Grace.

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* How now ! Is his mouth down ?

*Sub.* Ay, he has spoken.

*Face.* A pox ! I heard him, and you too—He's undone,  
 I have been fain to say the house is haunted [then—  
 With spirits, to keep Churl back.

*Sub.* And hast thou done it ?

*Face.* Sure, for this night.

*Sub.* Why, then triumph and sing  
 Of Face so famous, the precious king  
 Of present wits.

*Face.* Did you not hear the coil  
 About the door ?

*Sub.*

*Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.

*Face.* Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd :  
I'll send her to you.

Drugger is at the door ; go take his suit,

And bid him fetch a parson presently.

Say, he shall marry the widow. 'Thou shalt spend

'A hundred pounds by the service.' [*Exeunt Dapper.*  
*and Subtle.*] Now, Queen Dol,

Ha' you pack'd up all ?

*Dol.* Yes.

*Face.* And how do you like  
The Lady Pliant ?

*Dol.* A good dull innocent.

*Re-enter Subtle.*

*Sub.* Here's your Hieronymo's cloak and hat.

*Face.* Give me 'em.

*Sub.* And the ruff too.

*Face.* Yes : I'll come to you presently.

[*Exit.*

*Sub.* Now he is gone about his project, Dol,  
I told you of, for the widow.

*Dol.* 'Tis direct  
Against our articles.

*Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, wench.

Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her bracelets ?

*Dol.* No, but I will do't.

*Sub.* Soon at night, my Dolly,  
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,  
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course  
To Brainford, westward, if thou say'st the word,  
And take our leave of this o'erweening rascal,  
This peremptory Face.

*Dol.* Content ; I'm weary of him.

*Sub.* We'll tickle it at the Pigeons,  
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,  
And say, this's mine and thine, and thine and mine.

[*They kiss.*

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* What now, a billing ?

*Sub.* Yes, a little exalted,  
In the good passage of our stock affairs.

'Face. Drugger has brought his parson ; take him in,  
'And send Nab back again to wash his face. [*Subtle,*

H

*bus.*

*Sub.* I will : and shave himself. [Exit.

*Face.* If you can get him.

*Dol.* You are not upon it, Face, whate'er it is !

*Face.* A trick, that Dol shall spend ten pounds a month [by.

*Is he gone ?*

*Enter Subtle.*

*Sub.* The chaplain waits you i' the hall, Sir.

*Face.* I'll go bestow him. [Exit.

*Dol.* He'll now marry her instantly.

*Sub.* He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,

*Cozen her all thou canst. To deceive him*

*Is no deceit, but justice that would break*

*Such an inextricable tie as ours was.*

*Dol.* Let me alone to fit him.

*Enter Face.*

*Face.* Come, my venturers,  
You ha' packed up all ? Where be the trunks ? Bring forth.

*Sub.* Here.

*Face.* Let us see them. Where's the money ?

*Sub.* Here.

*Face.* The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and  
Dapper's in this,

Mammon's ten pounds : eight score before.

Where be the French petticoats,

And girdles, and hangers ?

*Sub.* Here i' the trunk,  
And the bolts of lawn.

*Face.* Is Drugger's damask there ?

*Sub.* Yes.

*Face.* Give me the keys.

*Dol.* Why you the keys ?

*Sub.* No matter, Dol ; because

We shall not open them, before he comes.

*Face.* 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed ;  
Nor have them forth. Do you see ? Not forth, Dol.

*Dol.* No !

*Face.* No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my  
maister

Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them ;

Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures :

I sent for him indeed. Wherefore, good partners,

Both he, and she, be satisfy'd : for here.

Deter-

Determines the *indenture tripartite*,  
 'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do,  
 Is to help you over the wall, o' the backside;  
 Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.  
 Here will be officers presently; bethink you  
 Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock;  
 For thither you'll come else. Hark you, thunder.

[*Some knock.*]

*Sub.* You are a precious fiend!

'*Off.* Open the door.'

*Face.* Dol, I am sorry for thee i'faith. But hear'st thou?  
 It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere:  
 Thou shalt ha' my letter to mistress Amo.

*Dol.* Hang you——

*Face.* Or Madam Casarean.

*Dol.* Pox upon you, rogue:  
 Would I had but time to beat thee. [Exit Dol]

*Face.* Subtle,

Let's know where you set up next: I'll send you  
 A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:  
 What new course ha' you?

*Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang myself,  
 That I may walk a greater devil than thou,  
 And haunt thee i'the flock-bed, and the buttery. [Exit.]

SCENE, *a Street before Lovewit's House.*

Lovewit *above.* Enter Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face'  
 Kastril, Ananias, and Tribulation.

*Love.* What do you mean, my masters!

*Mam.* Open your door,  
 Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

*Off.* Or we'll break it open.

*Love.* What warrant have you?

*Off.* Warrant enough, Sir, doubt not.

*Love.* Is there an officer there?

*Off.* Yes, two or three for failing.

*Love.* Have but patience,  
 And I will open it straight.

*Face.* Sir, h' you done?  
 Is it a marriage? perfect?

*Love.* Yes, my brain.

H 2

*Face.*



*Face.* Off with your ruff, and cloak then ; be your self, Sir.

*Sur.* Down with the door.

*Kaf.* 'Slight, ding it open.

*Love.* Hold,

Held, gentleman, what means this violence ?

*Mam.* Where is this collier ?

*Sur.* And my Captain Face ?

*Mam.* These day-owls ?

*Sur.* That are birding in men's purses.

*Mam.* Madam Suppository ?

*Kaf.* Doxey, my suster ?

*Ana.* Locusts of the foul pit.

*Tri.* Prophane as Bell and the Dragon.

*Ana.* Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

*Love.* Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,  
And cannot stay this violence ?

*Off.* Keep the peace.

*Love.* Gentlemen, what is the matter ? Whom do you

*Mam.* 'The chymical cozener. [seek ?

*Sur.* And the Captain Pander.

*Kaf.* The nun my suster.

*Mam.* Madam Rabbi.

*Ana.* Scorpions and caterpillars.

*Love.* Fewer at once, I pray you.

*Off.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,  
By virtue of my staff.

*Ana.* They are the vessels

Of pride, lust, and the cart.

*Love.* Good zeal, lie still

A little while.

*Tri.* Peace, deacon Ananias.

*Love.* The house is mine here, and the doors are open :  
If there be any such persons you seek for,

Use your authority ;

I am but newly come to town, and finding

'This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)

It somewhat 'maz'd me ; till my man, here, (fearing

My more displeasure) told me he had done

Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house

To a doctor, and a captain ; who, what they are,

Or where they be, he knows not.

*Mam.*

*Mam.* Are they gone?

[*They enter.*

*Love.* You may go in and search, Sir. Here, I find  
The empty walls worse than I left them, smok'd,  
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace;  
The cieling fill'd with poesies of the candle:  
Only one gentlewoman, I met here,  
That is within, that said she was a widow——

*Kaf.* Ay, that's my suster. I'll go thump her. Where  
is she? [*Exit.*

*Love.* And should ha' married a Spanish count, but he,  
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,  
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

*Sur.* How! Have I lost her then?

*Love.* Were you the Don, Sir?

Good faith, now, she does blame yo' extremely, and says  
You swore, and told her, you had ta'en the pains  
'To die your beard, and umbre o'er your face,'  
Borrowed a suit and ruff all for her love,  
And then did nothing. What an oversight,  
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!  
Well fare an old marksman, yet,  
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,  
All in a twinkling.

*Enter Mammon.*

*Mam.* The whole nest are fled!

*Love.* What sort of birds were they?

*Mam.* A kind of choughs,

Or thievish daws, Sir, that have pick'd my purse  
Of eight-score and ten pounds, within these five weeks,  
Beside my first materials; and my goods,  
That lie i' the cellar; which I am glad they ha' left.  
I may have them home yet.

*Love.* Think you so, Sir?

*Mam.* Ay.

*Love.* By order of law, Sir, but not otherwise.

*Mam.* Not mine own stuff?

*Love.* Sir, I can take no knowledge,  
That they are yours but by public means.  
If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of them,  
Or any formal writ out of a court,  
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.

*Mam.* I'll rather lose them.

H 3.

*Love.*

*Love.* That you shall not, Sir,  
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.  
What should they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into gold all?

*Mam.* No.

I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

*Love.* What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd?

*Mam.* Not I, the commonwealth has.

I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach  
The end o' the world, within these two months.

Surly, what! In a dream?

*Sir.* Must I needs cheat myself,  
With that same foolish vice of honesty!  
Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.  
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ananias and Tribulation.*

*Trib.* 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go,  
And get some carts——

*Love.* For what, my zealous friends?

*Ana.* To bear away the portion of the righteous  
Out of this den of thieves.

*Love.* What is that portion?

*Ana.* The goods, sometime the orphans, that the  
Bought with their silver pence. [brethren

*Love.* What, those i'the cellar,  
The knight Sir Mammon claims!

*Ana.* I do defy  
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren.  
Thou prophane man, I ask thee with what conscience  
Thou canst advance that idol against us,  
That have the seal? Were not the shillings number'd,  
That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out,  
Upon the second day of the fourth week,  
In the eighth month upon the table dormant,  
The year of the last patience of the saints,  
Six hundred and ten?

*Love.* Mine earnest vehement botcher,  
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you;  
But if you get you not away the sooner,  
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

*Ana.* Sir?

*Trib.* Be patient, Ananias.

*Ana.*

*Ana.* I am strong,  
And will stand up, well girt, against an host,  
That threaten Gad in exile.

*Love.* I shall send you  
To Amsterdam to your cellar.

*Ana.* I will pray there,  
Against the house : may dogs defile the walls,  
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,  
This seat of falshood, and this cave of coz'nage.

[*Exeunt Trib. and Ana.*]

*Face.* If you get off the angry child, now, Sir,—

*Enter Kastil.*

*Kas.* Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweet-  
ly, ha' you not? [*To his sister.*]

Did I not say, I would never ha' your tup'd  
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a Lady-Tom?  
'Slight, you are a mammet! Oh, I could touse you, now.  
Death, mun'you marry with a pox?

*Love.* You lie, boy;  
As sound as you; and I'm before-hand with you.

*Kas.* Anon?

*Love.* Come, will you quarrel? I will seize you, firrah.  
Why do you not buckle to your tools!

*Kas.* God's light!

This is a fine old boy, as e'er I saw!

*Love.* What, do you change your copy, now? Proceed.  
Here stands my dove? stoop at her if you dare.

*Kas.* 'Slight, I must love him! 'I cannot chuse i'faith!'—  
And I should be hang'd for't. Sister, I protest,  
I honour thee for this match.

*Love.* Oh, do you so, Sir?

*Kas.* Yes, an'thou canst take tobacco, and drink, old  
boy,  
I'll give her five hundred pounds more to her marriage,  
Than her own state.

*Love.* Fill a pipe-full, Jeremy.

*Face.* Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir.

*Love.* We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, Jeremy.  
That master

That had receiv'd such happiness by a servant,  
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,

Were

Were very ungrateful, if he would not be  
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,  
And help his fortune, though with some small strain  
Of his own candor.  
Speak for thyself, knave.

*Face.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,  
Though I am clean  
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,  
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all  
With whom I traded ; yet I put myself  
On you that are my country ; and this pelf,  
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests  
To feast you often, and invite new guests.

END of the FIFTH ACT.



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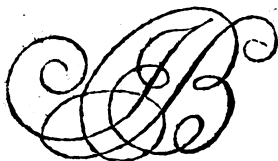
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By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

—Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,  
Concubitu probibere vago, dare jura maritis.  
HOR. de Art. Poet.



LONDON:

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MDCCCLXXII.



T O

RICHARD NORTON,

O F

*SOUTHWICK, Esq.*

S I R,

**T**HOUGH I can't, without ingratitude, conceal the exceeding favours which the town have shewn this piece; yet they must give me leave to own, that even my vanity lay hushed, quite stifled in my fears, till I had securely fixed its good fortune, by publishing your approbation of it: an advantage, which, as it will confirm my friends in their favourable opinion, so it must, in some measure, qualify the severity of the malicious. After this declaration, let the world imagine how difficult it is for me not to launch into your character: but since your candor and depth of judgment are my chief protection, I am loth to discompose you, by an ungrateful repetition of those virtues, which only please you in the practice: the world as little wants the knowledge of them, as you desire the recital.

'Tis your happiness, Sir, that your fortune has fixed you above the need of praise or friends, yet both are equally unavoidable: for even to your solitude, praise will follow you, and grows fonder of you for your coldness; she loves you for your choice of pleasures, those

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noble

noble pleasures of a sweet retirement, from which nothing but the consideration of your country's weal can draw you.

But as no man can properly be made a patron, whose virtues have not in some sort qualified him for such a care: so, Sir, it is sufficient for me, that your life and conversation are the best heralds of your power, and my safety.

Here, Sir, I must beg leave to clear myself from what the ill wishes of some would have the world believe, that what I now offer you is spurious, and not the product of my own labour: and though I am pleased that this report seems to allow it some beauties, yet I am sorry it has made a discovery of some persons, who think me worth their malice. This dedication were little better than an affront, unless I could with all sincerity assure you, Sir, that the fable is entirely my own; nor is there a line or thought throughout the whole, for which I am wittingly obliged either to the dead or living: for I could no more be pleased with a stolen reputation, than with a mistress who yielded only upon the intercession of my friend. It satisfies me, Sir, that you believe it mine; and I hope, what others say to the contrary, is rather owing to an unreasonable disgust, than their real opinion. I am not ignorant of those oversights I have committed, nor have the dissecting critics much discouraged me: for 'tis their diversion to find fault; and to have none, is to them an unpardonable disappointment: no man can expect to go free, while they don't spare one another. But as I write not in defiance of their censure; so, after having diverted you, I shall not trouble them with a preface. Had it not succeeded, I should have had modesty enough to impute it to my own want of merit: for certainly the town can take no pleasure in decrying any man's labours, when it is their interest to encourage them. Every guest is the best judge of his own palace; and a poet ought no more to impose good sense upon the galleries, than a dull farce upon the undisputed judges. I first considered who my guests were, before I prepared my entertainment: and therefore I shall only add this, as a general answer to all objections, that it has every way exceeded mine, and hitherto has not wronged the house's

house's expectation: that Mr. Southern's good-nature (whose own works best recommend his judgment) engaged his reputation for the success; which its reception, and your approbation, Sir, has since redeemed, to the intire satisfaction of,

SIR,

Your most devoted,

Humble servant,

Jan. 1695.

C. CIBBER.



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PRO.





## P R O L O G U E.

**W**IT bears so thin a crop this duller age,  
 We're forc'd to glean it from the barren stage :  
 Ev'n players fledg'd by nobler pens, take wing  
 Themselves, and their own rude composure sing.  
 Nor need our young-one dread a ship-wreck here ;  
 Who trades without a stock, has nought to fear.  
 In ev'ry smile of yours a prize he draws ;  
 And if you damn him, he's but where he was.  
 Yet where's the reason for the critic crew,  
 With killing blasts, like winter, to pursue  
 The tender plant that ripens, but for you ?  
 Nature, in all her works, requires time ;  
 Kindness, and years, 'tis makes the virgin climb,  
 And shoot, and hasten to th' expected prime ;  
 And then, if untaught fancy fail to please,  
 Y' instruct the willing pupil by degrees ;  
 By gentle lessons you your joys improve,  
 And mould her aukward passion into love.  
 Ev'n folly has its growth ; few fools are made ;  
 You drudge and sweat for't, as it were a trade.  
 'Tis half the labour of your trifling age,  
 To fashion you fit subjects for the stage.  
 Well ! if our author fail to draw you like ;  
 In the first draught, you're not t' expect Vandyke.  
 What though no master-stroke in this appears,  
 Yet some may features find resembling theirs.  
 Nor do the bad alone his colours share ;  
 Neglected virtue is at least shewn fair,  
 And that's enough o' conscience for a player.  
 But if you'd have him take a bolder flight,  
 And draw your pictures by a truer light,  
 You must yourselves, by follies yet unknown,  
 Inspire his pencil, and divert the town.  
 Nor judge, by this, his genius at a stand ;  
 For time, that makes new fools, may mend his hand.

DRA.

## D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

## M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
Sir <i>William Wisewou'd</i> , a rich old gentleman,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Dunstall.
<i>Loveless</i> , a debauchee,	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Ross.
Sir <i>Novelty Fashion</i> , a coxcomb, ———	Mr. Dodd.	Mr. Woodward.
<i>Elder Worthy</i> , a gen- tleman in love with <i>Hillaria</i> , ———	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Clarke.
<i>Young Worthy</i> , his bro- ther, lover to <i>Nar- cissa</i> , ———	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Dyer.
<i>Snap</i> , servant to <i>Love- less</i> , ———	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Shuter.
<i>Sly</i> , servant to <i>Young Worthy</i> , ———	Mr. Ackman.	Mr. Cuffing.
A Lawyer.		

## W O M E N.

<i>Amanda</i> , married to <i>Loveless</i> , and for- faken by him,	Mrs. Gibber.	Mrs. Ward.
<i>Narcissa</i> , daughter to Sir <i>Wm. Wisewou'd</i> ,	Miss Pope.	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Hillaria</i> , his niece,	Miss Plim.	Mrs. Dyer.
<i>Flareit</i> , a kept Mistress of Sir <i>Novelty's</i> ,	Mrs. Hopkins.	Mrs. Green.
Woman to <i>Amanda</i> ,	Miss Cheyney.	Mrs. Ferguson.
Maid to <i>Flareit</i> ,	Miss Hippisley.	Mrs. Hehac.
Servants, &c.		

## S C E N E, L O N D O N.

LOVE'S

# LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

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\* \* \* *The lines marked with inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

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## ACT I.

### SCENE, *the Park.*

*Enter Loveless, and Snap his Servant.*

LOVELESS.

**S**IRRAH, leave your preaching. Your counsel, like an ill clock, either stands still, or goes too slow. You ne'er thought my extravagancies amiss, while you had your share of them; and now I want money to make myself drunk, you advise me to live sober, you dog. They that will hunt pleasure as I have done, rascal, must never give over in a fair chace.

*Snap.* Nay, I knew you would never rest, till you had tired your dogs. Ah, Sir, what a fine pack of guineas you have had! and yet you would make them run till they were quite spent. Would I were fairly turned out of your service! Here we have been three days in town, and I can safely swear, I have lived upon picking a hollow tooth ever since.

*Love.* Why don't you eat, then, sirrah?

*Snap.* E'en because I don't know where, Sir.

*Love.* Then stay till I eat. Hang-dog! ungrateful rogue! to murmur at a little fasting with me, when thou hast been an equal partner of my good fortune.

*Snap.* Fortune! It makes me weep to think what you have brought yourself and me to. How well might you have lived, Sir, had you been a sober man!—Let me see—I have been in your service just ten years—In the first, you married, and grew weary of your wife; in the second, you whored, drank, gamed, run in debt, mortgaged your

40 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

Your estate, and was forced to leave the kingdom : in the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, you made the tour of Europe, with the state and equipage of a French court-favourite, while your poor wife at home broke her heart for the loss of you ; in the eighth and ninth you grew poor, and little the wiser ; and now, in the tenth, you are resolved I shall starve with you.

*Love.* Despicable rogue ! canst thou not bear the frowns of a common strumpet, Fortune ?

*Snap.* 'Sbud, I never think of the pearl necklace you gave that damn'd Venetian strumpet, but I wish her hang'd in it.

*Love.* Why, firrah, I knew I could not have her without it ; and I had a night's enjoyment of her was worth a pope's revenue for it.

*Snap.* Ah ! you had better have laid out your money here in London. I'll undertake you might have had the whole town over and over for half that price. Beside, Sir, what a delicate creature was your wife ! She was the only celebrated beauty in town. I'll undertake there were more fops and fools run mad for her—'Sbud, she was more plagued with them, and more talked of, than a good actress with a maidenhead ! Why the devil could not she content you ?

*Love.* No, firrah ; the world to me is a garden stocked with all sorts of fruit, where the greatest pleasure we can take, is the variety of taste. But a wife is an eternal apple-tree : after a pull or two, you are sure to set your teeth on edge.

*Snap.* And yet I warrant you grudged another man a bit of her, tho' you valued her no more than you would a half-eaten pippin, that had lain a week sunning in a parlour-window—But see, Sir, who's this ? For methinks I long to meet with an old acquaintance.

*Love.* Ha ! 'egad, he looks like one, and may be necessary, as the case stands with me.

*Snap.* Pray heaven, he do but invite us to dinner !

*Enter Young Worthy.*

*Love.* Dear Wotthy ! let me embrace thee. The sight of an old friend warms me beyond that of a new mistress.

*Y. Wor.* 'Sdeath ! what bully's this ? [*Aside.*] Sir, your pardon ; I don't know you.

*Love.*

*Love.* Faith, Will, I am a little out of repairs at present; but I am all that's left of honest Ned Loveless.

*Y. Wor.* Loveless! I am amazed; What means this metamorphosis?—Faith, Ned, I am glad to find thee among the living, however. How long hast thou been in town?

*Love.* About three days. But, pr'ythee, Will, how goes the world?

*Y. Wor.* Why, like a bowl, it runs on at the old rate; interest is still the jack it aims at; and while it rolls, you know, it must of necessity be often turned upside down. But I doubt, friend, you have bowled out of the green, have lived a little too fast, [*Surveying his dress.*] like one that hath lost all his ready money, and is forced to be an idle spectator. Pr'ythee, what brought thee at last to England?

*Love.* Why, my last hopes, faith, which were to persuade Sir William Wisewou'd (if he be alive) to whom I mortgaged my estate, to let me have five hundred pounds more upon it, or else to get some honest friend to redeem the mortgage, and share the overplus. Besides, I thought that London might now be a place of uninterrupted pleasure; for I hear my wife is dead. And, to tell you the truth, 'twas the staleness of her love was the main cause of my going over.

*Y. Wor.* His wife dead! Ha! I'm glad he knows no other. I won't undeceive him, lest the rogue should go and rifle her of what she has. [*Aside.*] Yes, faith, I was at her burial, and saw her take possession of her long home; and am sorry to tell you, Ned, she died with grief; your wild courses broke her heart.

*Love.* Why, faith, she was a good-natured fool, that's the truth on't. Well, rest her soul.

*Snap.* Now, Sir, you are a single man indeed; for you have neither wife nor estate.

*Y. Wor.* But how hast thou improved thy money beyond sea? What hast thou brought over?

*Love.* Oh, a great deal of experience.

*Y. Wor.* And no money?

*Snap.* Not a souse, faith, Sir, as my belly can testify.

*Love.* But I have a great deal more wit than I had.

*Snap.* Not enough to get your estate again, or to know where

12 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

where we shall dine to-day—Oh, Lord, he don't ask us yet ! [*Aside.*]

*Y. Wor.* Why, your rogue's witty, Ned. Where didst thou pick him up ?

*Love.* Don't you remember Snap, formerly your pimp in ordinary ? But he is much improved in his calling, I assure you, Sir.

*Y. Wor.* I don't doubt it, considering who has been his master.

*Snap.* Yes, Sir, I was an humble servant of yours, and am still, Sir, and should be glad to stand behind your chair at dinner, Sir. [*Bows.*]

*Y. Wor.* Oh, Sir, that you may do another time ; but to-day I'm engaged upon business ; however, there's a meal's meat for you. [*Throws him a guinea.*]

*Snap.* Bless my eye-sight ! a guinea !—Sir, is there e'er a whore you would have kick'd ? Any old bawd's windows you would have broken ? ' Shall I beat your ' taylor for disappointing you ? ' If you have occasion, you may command your humble servant.

*Y. Wor.* Sweet Sir, I am obliged to you ; but at present I am so happy as to have no occasion for your assistance. But, hark you, Ned ; pr'ythee, what hast thou done with thy estate ?

*Love.* I pawn'd it to buy pleasure ; that is, old wine, young whores, and the conversation of brave fellows, as mad as myself. Pox ! if a man hath appetites, they are torments, if not indulged. ' I shall never complain, as ' long as I have health and vigour. And as for my poverty, why the devil should I be ashamed of that, since ' a rich man won't blush at his knavery ? '

*Y. Wor.* Faith, Ned, I'm as much in love with wickedness as thou canst be ; but I am for having it at a cheaper rate than my ruin. ' Don't it grate you a little, to see ' your friends blush for you ? '

*Love.* 'Tis very odd, that people should be more ' ashamed of others faults than their own. I never yet ' could meet with a man that offered me counsel, but had ' more occasion for it himself.

*Y. Wor.* So far you may be in the right ; for indeed ' good counsel is like a home jest, which every busy fool ' is offering to his fellow, and yet won't take it himself.

' *Love.*

*Love.* Right. Thus have I known a jolly, red-nosed parson, at three o'clock in the morning, belch out invectives against late hours and hard drinking; and a canting, hypocritical sinner protest against fornication, when the rogue was himself just crawling out of a flux.

*Y. Wor.* Tho' these are truths, friend, yet I don't see any advantage you can draw from them.' But, pr'ythee, how wilt thou live, now all your money's gone?

*Love.* Live! How dost thou live? Thou art but a younger brother, I take it.

*Y. Wor.* Oh, very well, Sir; tho' faith, my father left me but three thousand pounds, one of which I gave for a place at court, that I still enjoy; the other two are gone after pleasure, as thou say'st. But, besides this, I am supplied by the continual bounty of an indulgent brother. Now, I am loth to load his good-nature too much, and therefore have e'en thought fit, like the rest of my raking brotherhood, to purge out my wild humours with matrimony. By the way, I have taken care to see the dose well sweetened with a swingeing portion.

*Love.* Ah, Will! you'll find marrying to cure lewdness, is like surfeiting to cure hunger; 'for all the consequence is, you loath what you surfeit on, and are only chaste to her you marry.' But, pr'ythee, friend, what is thy wife that must be?

*Y. Wor.* 'Why, faith, since I believe the matter is too far gone for any man to postpone me, (at least, I am sure thou wilt not do me an injury, to do thyself no good) I'll tell thee.' You must know, my mistress is the daughter of that very knight to whom you mortgaged your estate, Sir William Wisewou'd.

*Love.* Why, she's an heiress, and has a thousand pounds a year in her own hands, if she be of age. But I suppose the old man knows nothing of your intentions. Therefore, pr'ythee, how have you had opportunities of promoting your love?

*Y. Wor.* Why, thus: you must know, Sir William being very well acquainted with the largeness of my brother's estate, designs his daughter for him; and to encourage his passion, offers him, out of his own pocket, the additional blessing of five thousand pounds. This of-

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# 14 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

fer, my brother, knowing my inclination, seems to embrace; but at the same time is really in love with his niece, who lives with him in the same house. And therefore, to hide my design from the old gentleman, I pretend visits to his daughter, as an intercessor for my brother only; and thus he has given me daily opportunities of advancing my own interest; nay, and I have so contrived it, that I design to have the 5000l. too.

*Love.* How is that possible, since I see no hopes of the old man's consent for you?

*T. Wor.* Have a day's patience, and you'll see the effects on't. In a word, 'tis so sure, that nothing but delays can hinder my success; therefore I am very earnest with my mistress, that to-morrow may be the day. But, a pox on't, I have two women to prevail with; for my brother quarrels every other day with his mistress; and while I am reconciling him, I lose ground in my own amour.

*Love.* Why, has not your mistress told you her mind yet?

*T. Wor.* She will, I suppose, as soon as she knows it herself; for within this week she has changed it as often as her linen, and keeps it as secret too; for she would no more own her love before my face, than she would shift herself before my face.

*Love.* Pshaw! she shews it the more by striving to conceal it.

*T. Wor.* Nay, she does give me some proofs indeed; for she will suffer nobody but herself to speak ill of me, is always uneasy till I am sent for, never pleased when I am with her, and still jealous when I leave her.

*Love.* Well, success to thee, Will. 'I will send the fiddles to release thee from your first night's labour.'

*T. Wor.* 'But, hark you; have a care of disobliging the bride, tho'.'—Ha! yonder goes my brother. I am afraid his walking so early proceeds from some disturbance in his love; I must after, and set him right. Dear Ned, you'll excuse me. Shall I see you at Almack's between five and six this afternoon?

*Love.* With all my heart. But, d'ye hear? Canst not thou lend me the fellow to that same guinea you gave my man? 'I'll give you my bond, if you mistrust me.'

*T. Wor.*

# LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 15

*Y. Wor.* Oh, Sir, your necessity is obligation enough. There 'tis, and all I have, faith; when I see you at night, you may command me farther. Adieu. At six at farthest. [Exit.]

*Love.* Without fail—So, now, rascal, you are hungry, are you? Thou deservest never to eat again. Rogue! grumble before fortune had quite forsaken us!

*Snap.* Ah, dear Sir! the thoughts of eating again have so transported me, I am resolved to live and die with you.

*Love.* Look ye, firrah, here's that will provide us with a dinner, and a brace of whores into the bargain; 'at least, as \* guineas and whores go now.'

*Snap.* Ah, good Sir, no whores before dinner, I beseech you.

*Love.* Well, for once I'll take your advice; for, to say the truth, a man is as unfit to follow love with an empty stomach, as business with an empty head: therefore I think a bit and a bottle won't be amiss first.

The God of Wine and Love were ever friends;

For by the help of Wine Love gains his ends.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Elder Worthy with a letter.*

*El. Wor.* How hard is it to find that happiness which our short-sighted passions hope from women! 'tis not their cold disdain or cruelty should make a faithful lover curse his stars, that is but reasonable; 'tis the shadow in our pleasure's picture: without it love could ne'er be heightened. No, 'tis their pride, and vain desire of many lovers, that robs our hope of its imagined rapture.' The blind are only happy; for if we look thro' reason's never-erring perspective, we then survey their souls, and find the rubbish we were chaffering for. And such I find Hillaria's mind is made of. This letter is an order for the knocking off my fetters, and I'll send it her immediately.

*Enter Young Worthy.*

*Y. Wor.* 'Morrow, brother. [Seeing the letter.] What, is your fit return'd again? What beau's box now has Hillaria taken snuff from? What fool has led her from the

\* Guineas went then at 30s.

box to her coach? What fop has she suffered to read a play or a novel to her? or whose money has she indiscreetly won at basset?—Come, come, let's see the ghastly wound she has made in your quiet that I may know how much claret to prescribe you.

*El. Wor.* I have my wound and cure from the same person, I'll assure you; the one from Hillaria's wit and beauty, and the other from her pride and vanity.

*Y. Wor.* That's what I could never yet find her guilty of. Are you angry at her loving you?

*El. Wor.* I am angry at myself, for believing she ever did.

*Y. Wor.* Have her actions spoke the contrary? Come, you know she loves.

*El. Wor.* Indeed she gave a great proof on't last night here in the Park, by fastening on a fool, and caressing him before my face, when she might have so easily avoided him.

*Y. Wor.* What! and I warrant, interrupted you in the middle of your sermon; for I don't question but you were preaching to her. But, pr'ythee, who was the fool she fastened upon?

*El. Wor.* One that Heaven intended for a man; but the whole business of his life is to make the world believe he is of another species. 'A thing that affects mightily to ridicule himself, only to give others a kind of necessity of praising him. I can't say he's a slave to any new fashion, for he pretends to be master of it; and is ever reviving some old, or advancing some new piece of foppery; and tho' it don't take, is still as well pleased, because it then obliges the town to take the more notice of him. He's so fond of a public reputation, that he is more extravagant in his attempts to gain it, than the fool that fired Diana's temple to immortalize his name.'

*Y. Wor.* You have said enough to tell me his name is Sir Novelty Fashion.

*El. Wor.* The same. But that which most concerns me, he has the impudence to address Hillaria, and the vanity enough not to discard him.

*Y. Wor.* Is this all? Why, thou art as hard to please in a wife, as thy mistress in a new gown. How many women

# LOVE'S LAST SHIFT. 17

men have you took in hand, and yet can't please yourself at last !

*El. Wor.* I had need to have the best goods, when I offer so great a price as marriage for them. Hillaria has some good qualities, but not enough to make a wife of.

*Y. Wor.* She has beauty.

*El. Wor.* Granted.

*Y. Wor.* And money.

*El. Wor.* Too much ; enough to supply her vanity.

*Y. Wor.* She has sense.

*El. Wor.* Not enough to believe I am no fool.

*Y. Wor.* She has wit.

*El. Wor.* Not enough to deceive me.

*Y. Wor.* Why, then you are happy, if she can't deceive you.

*El. Wor.* Yet she has folly enough to endeavour it. I'll see her no more, and this shall tell her so.

*Y. Wor.* Which in an hour's time you'll repent, as much as ever——

*El. Wor.* As ever I should marrying her.

*Y. Wor.* You'll have a damn'd sneaking look, when you are forced to ask her pardon for your ungenerous suspicion, and lay the fault upon excess of love.

*El. Wor.* I am not so much in love as you imagine.

*Y. Wor.* Indeed, Sir, you are in love, and that letter tells her so..

*El. Wor.* Read it ; you'll find it to the contrary.

*Y. Wor.* Pr'ythee, I know what's in it better than thou dost. You say, 'tis to take your leave of her ; but I say, 'tis in hopes of a kind, excusive answer. But, faith, you mistake her and yourself too ; she is too high-spirited, not to take you at your word ; and you are too much in love, not to ask her pardon.

*El. Wor.* Well, then, I'll not be too rash, but will shew my resentment in forbearing my visits.

*Y. Wor.* Your visits ! Come, I shall soon try what a man of resolution you are—for yonder she comes. Now, let's see if you have power to move.

*El. Wor.* I'll soon convince you of that—Farewel.

[*Exit El. Wor.*

*Y. Wor.* Ha ! gone ! I don't like that. I am sorry to find him so resolute. But I hope Hillaria has taken too

fast hold of his heart, to let this fit shake him off. I must to her, and make up this breach; for while his amour-stands still, I have no hopes of advancing my own. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Hillaria, Narcissa, and Amanda in mourning.*

*Hil.* Well, dear Amanda, thou art the most constant wife I ever heard of, not to shake off the memory of an ill husband, after eight or ten years absence; nay, to mourn, for ought you know, for the living too, and such a husband, that, tho' he were alive, would never thank you for it. Why d'ye persist in such a hopeless grief?

*Am.* Because 'tis hopeless. For if he be alive, he is dead to me. His dead affections not virtue itself can e'er retrieve. Would I were with him, tho' in his grave!

*Hil.* In my mind, you are much better where you are. The grave!—Young widows use to have warmer wishes. But, methinks, the death of a rich old uncle should be a cordial to your sorrows.

*Am.* That adds to them; for he was the only relation I had left, and was as tender of me as the nearest. He was a father to me.

*Hil.* He was better than some fathers to you; for he died just when you had occasion for his estate.

*Nar.* 'I have an old father, and, the deuce take me, 'I think he only lives to hinder me of my occasions; 'but, Lord' blefs me, Madam! how can you be unhappy with two thousand pounds a year in your own possession?

*Hil.* For my part, the greatest reason I think you have to grieve is, that you are not sure your husband's dead; for, were that confirmed, then, indeed, there were hopes that one poison might drive out another. You might marry again.

*Am.* All the comfort of my life is, that I can tell my conscience, I have been true to virtue.

*Hil.* And to an extravagant husband, that cares not a farthing for you. But come, let's leave this unseasonable talk, and, pray, give me a little of your advice. What shall I do with this Mr. Worthy? Would you advise me to make a husband of him?

*Am.* I am but an ill judge of men; the only one I thought myself secure of, most cruelly deceived me.

*Hil.*

*Hil.* A losing gamester is fittest to give warning. What d'ye think of him?

*Am.* Better than of any man I know. I read nothing in him, but what is some part of a good man's character.

*Hil.* He's jealous.

*Am.* He's a lover.

*Hil.* He taxes me with a fool.

*Am.* He would preserve your reputation; and a fool's love only ends in the ruin of it.

*Hil.* Methinks he's not handsome.

*Am.* He's a man, Madam.

*Hil.* Why, then, even let him make a woman of me.

*Nar.* Pray, Madam, what d'ye think of his brother?

[Smiling.]

*Am.* I would not think of him.

*Nar.* Oh, dear! why, pray?

*Am.* He puts me in mind of a man too like him, one that had beauty, wit, and falsehood.

*Nar.* You have hit some part of his character I must confess, Madam; but as to his truth, I'm sure he loves only me.

*Am.* I don't doubt but he tells you so; nay, and swears it too.

*Nar.* Oh, Lord, Madam! I hope I may without vanity believe him.

*Am.* But you will hardly, without magic, secure him.

*Nar.* I shall use no spells or charms, but this poor face, Madam.

*Am.* And your fortune.

*Nar.* Senseless malice! [Aside.] I know he'd marry me without a groat.

*Am.* Then he's not the man I take him for.

*Nar.* Why, pray, what do you take him for?

*Am.* A wild young fellow, that loves every thing he sees.

*Nar.* He never loved you yet. [Peevishly.]

*Am.* I hope, Madam, he never saw any thing in me to encourage him.

*Nar.* In my conscience, you are in the right on't, Madam; I dare swear he never did, nor e'er would, tho' he gazed till doom's-day.

*Am.*

*Am.* I hope, Madam, your charms will prevent his putting himself to the trial, and I wish he may never—

*Nar.* Nay, dear Madam, no more railing at him, unless you would have me believe you love him.

*Hil.* Indeed, ladies, you are both in the wrong; you, cousin, in being angry at what you desired, her opinion of your lover; and you, Madam, for speaking truth against the man she resolves to love.

*Nar.* Love him! Pr'ythee, cousin, no more of that old stuff!

*Hil.* Stuff! Why, don't you own you are to marry him this week?—Here he comes; I suppose you'll tell him another thing in his ear.

*Enter Young Worthy.*

Mr. Worthy, your servant; you look with the face of business. What's the news, pray?

*Y. Wor.* Faith, Madam, I have news for you all, and private news too; but that of the greatest consequence is with this lady. Your pardon, ladies; I'll whisper with you all, one after another.

*Nar.* Come, cousin, will you walk? The gentleman has business; we shall interrupt him.

*Hil.* Why, really, cousin, I don't say positively you love Mr. Worthy; but, I vow, this looks very like jealousy.

*Nar.* Pish! Lord, Hillaria, you are in a very odd humour to-day. But to let you see I have no such weak thoughts about me, I'll wait as unconcerned as yourself. I'll rattle him. *[Aside.]*

*Am.* Not unpleasing, say you? Pray, Sir, unfold yourself, for I have long despaired of welcome news.

*Y. Wor.* Then, in a word, Madam, your husband Mr. Loveless, is in town, and has been these three days; I parted with him an hour ago.

*Am.* In town! You amaze me; For Heaven's sake, go on.

*Y. Wor.* Faith, Madam, considering Italy and those parts have furnished him with nothing but an improvement of that lewdness he carried over, I can't properly give you joy of his arrival. Besides, he is so very poor, that you would take him for an inhabitant of that country. And when I confirmed your being dead, he only  
shook

shook his head, and called you good-natured fool, or to that effect; nay, though I told him his unkindness broke your heart.

*Am.* Barbarous man! not shed a tear upon my grave? But why did you tell him I was dead?

*Y. Wor.* Because, Madam, I thought you had no mind to have your house plundered; and for another reason, which, if you dare listen to me, perhaps you'll not dislike: in a word, 'tis such a stratagem, that will either make him ashamed of his folly, or in love with your virtue.

*Am.* Can there be a hope, when ev'n my death cou'd not move him to a relenting sigh? Yet, pray instruct me, Sir.

*Y. Wor.* You know, Madam, 'twas not above four or five months after you were married, but, (as most young husbands do) he grew weary of you. Now, I am confident, 'twas more an affectation of being fashionably vicious, than any reasonable dislike he could either find in your mind or person: therefore cou'd you, by some artifice, pass upon him as a new mistress, I am apt to believe you wou'd find none of the wonted coldness in his love, 'but a younger heat and fierce desire.'

*Am.* Suppose this done; what could be the consequence?

*Y. Wor.* Oh, your having then a just occasion to reproach him with his broken vows, 'and to let him see the weakness of his deluded fancy, which even in a wife, while unknown, cou'd find those real charms, which his blind, ungrateful lewdness would ne'er allow her to be mistress of. After this, I'd have you seem freely to resign him to those fancied raptures, which he denied were in a virtuous woman: who knows but this, with a little submissive eloquence, may strike him with so great a sense of shame, as may reform his thoughts, and fix him yours?

*Am.* You have reviv'd me, Sir; but how can I assure myself he'll like me as a mistress?

*Y. Wor.* From your being a new one——Leave the management of all to me: I have a trick shall draw him to your bed; and when he's there, faith, ev'n let him cuckold himself: I'll engage he likes you as a mistress,



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'stress, though he could not as a wife. At least, she'll  
'have the pleasure of knowing the difference between a  
'husband and a lover, without the scandal of the former.  
[*Aside.*']

*Am.* You have obliged me, Sir; if I succeed, the glory shall be yours.

*Y. Wor.* I'll wait on you at your lodgings, and consult how I may be farther serviceable to you: but you must put this in speedy execution, lest he should hear of you, and prevent your design; in the mean time, 'tis a secret to all the world but yourself and me.

*Am.* I'll study to be grateful, Sir.

*Y. Wor.* Now for you, Madam. [*To Hillaria.*]

*Nar.* So! I am to be last serv'd: very well. [*Aside.*]

*Y. Wor.* My brother, Madam, confesses he scattered some rough words last night; and I take the liberty to tell you, you gave him some provocation.

*Hil.* That may be; but I'm resolv'd to be mistress of my actions before marriage, and no man shall usurp a power over me, till I give it him.

*Y. Wor.* At least, Madam, consider what he said as the effects of an impatient passion; and give him leave this afternoon to set all right again.

*Hil.* Well, if I don't find myself out of order after dinner, perhaps I may step into the garden: but I won't promise you neither.

*Y. Wor.* I dare believe you without it.—Now, Madam, I am your humble servant. [*To Nar.*]

*Nar.* And every body's humble servant. [*Walks off.*]

*Y. Wor.* Why, Madam, I am come to tell you——

*Nar.* What success you had with that lady, I suppose—I don't mind intrigues, Sir.

*Y. Wor.* I like this jealousy, however, though I scarce know how to appease it. [*Aside.*] 'Tis business of moment, Madam, and may be done in a moment.

*Nar.* Yours is done with me, Sir; but my business is not so soon done as you imagine.

*Y. Wor.* In a word, I have very near reconciled my brother and your cousin, and I don't doubt but to-morrow will be the day; if I were but as well assured of your consent for my happiness too——

*Nar.*

*Nar.* First tell me your discourse with that lady; and afterwards, if you can, look me in the face—Oh, are you studying, Sir?

*Y. Wor.* 'Sdeath! I must not trust her with it; she'll tell it the whole town for a secret—Pox! ne'er a lie?  
[*Aside.*]

*Nar.* You said it was of the greatest consequence too.

*Y. Wor.* A good hint, faith. [*Aside*] Why, Madam, since you will needs force it from me, 'twas to desire her to advance my interest with you: but all my intreaties could not prevail; for she told me, I was unworthy of you: was not this of consequence, Madam?

*Nar.* Nay, now I must believe you, Mr. Worthy, and I ask your pardon; for she was just railing against you for a husband before you came.

*Y. Wor.* Oh! Madam, a favoured lover, like a good poem, for the malice of some few, makes the generous temper more admire it.

*Nar.* Nay, what she said, I must confess, had much the same effect, as the coffee-criticks ridiculing Prince Arthur; for I found a pleasing disappointment in my reading you; and till I see your beauties equalled, I shan't dislike you for a few faults.

*Y. Wor.* Then, since you have blest me with your good opinion, let me beg of you, before these ladies, to complete my happiness to-morrow. Let this be the last night of your lying alone.

*Nar.* What d'ye mean?

*Y. Wor.* To marry you to-morrow, Madam.

*Nar.* Marry me! Who put that in your head?

*Y. Wor.* Some encouragement which my hopes have form'd, Madam.

*Nar.* Hopes! Oh, insolence! 'D'ye think I can be moved to love a man, to kiss, and toy with him, and so forth?

'*Y. Wor.* I'gad, I find nothing but downright impudence will do with her. [*Aside.*] No, Madam, 'tis the man must kiss, and toy with you, and so forth. Come, my dear angel, pronounce the joyful word, and draw the scene of my eternal happiness. Ah! methinks I'm there already, eager and impatient of approaching bliss! Just laid within the bridal-bed; our friends retired;  
' the

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' the curtains close drawn around us; no light but Cecilia's eyes; no noise but her soft trembling words, and broken sighs, that plead in vain for mercy. And now a trickling tear steals down her glowing cheek, which tells the happy lover at length she yields; yet vows she'd rather die; but still submits to the unexperienc'd joy. [*Embracing her.*]

*Hil.* What raptures, Mr. Worthy !

*Y. Wor.* Only the force of love in imagination, Madam.

*Nar.* O Lord ! dear cousin, and Madam, let's be gone ! I vow he grows rude. Oh, for heaven's sake ! I shan't shake off my fright these ten days. O Lord ! I will not stay——Begone ; for I declare I loath the sight of you.

[*Exit.*]

*Y. Wor.* I hope you'll stand my friend, Madam.

*Hil.* I'll get her into the garden after dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

*Y. Wor.* I find there's nothing to be done with my lady before company; 'tis a strange affected piece—But there's no fault in her thousand pounds a year, and that's the loadstone that attracts my heart——The wise and grave may tell us of strange chimeras called virtues in a woman, and that they alone are the best dowry; but, faith, we younger brothers are of another mind.

Women are chang'd from what they were of old :

Therefore let lovers still this maxim hold,

She's only worth, that brings her weight in gold.

[*Exit.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

The SCENE, a Garden belonging to Sir William Wise-wou'd's House.

*Enter Narcissa, Hillaria, and Sir Novelty Fashion.*

HILLARIA.

O H ! for heaven's sake ! no more of this gallantry, Sir Novelty: for I know you say the same to every woman you see.

*Sir*

*Sir Nov.* Every one that sees you, Madam, must say the same. Your beauty, like the rack, forces every beholder to confess his crime—of daring to adore you.

*Nar.* Oh! I han't patience to hear all this. If he be blind, I'll open his eyes. [*Aside.*] I vow, Sir Novelty, you men of amour are strange creatures: you think no woman worth your while, unless you walk over a rival's ruin to her heart: I know nothing has encouraged your passion to my cousin more than her engagement to Mr. Worthy.

*Hil.* Poor creature! Now is she angry she ha'n't the address of a fop I nauseate. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Nov.* Oh, Madam! as to that I hope the lady will easily distinguish the sincerity of her adorers. Though I must allow, Mr. Worthy is infinitely the handsomer person.

*Nar.* O fie! Sir Novelty, make not such a preposterous comparison.

*Sir Nov.* Oh, Gad! Madam, there's no comparison.

*Nar.* Pardon me, Sir, he's an unpolished animal.

*Sir Nov.* Why, does your ladyship really think me tolerable.

*Hil.* So! she has snapt his heart already. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Nov.* Pray, Madam, how do I look to-day?—What, cursedly? I'll warrant; 'with a more hellish complexion than a stale actress in a morning.'—I don't know, Madam:—'Tis true—the town does talk of me indeed;—but the devil take me, in my mind, I am a very ugly fellow.

*Nar.* Now you are too severe, Sir Novelty.

*Sir Nov.* Not I, burn me:—for heaven's sake deal freely with me, Madam; and if you can, tell me—one tolerable thing about me.

*Hil.* 'Twould pose me, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

*Nar.* Oh, Sir Novelty! this is unanswerable; 'tis hard to know the brightest part of a diamond.

*Sir Nov.* You'll make me blush, stop my vitals, Madam.—I'gad, I always said she was a woman of sense. Strike me dumb, I am in love with her.—I'll try her farther. [*Aside.*] But, Madam, is it possible I may vie with Mr. Worthy?—Not that he is any rival of mine, Ma-

C

dam;

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dam ; for I can assure you, my inclinations lie where, perhaps, your ladyship little thinks.

*Hil.* So ! now I am rid of him.

[*Aside,*

*Sir Nov.* But, pray tell me, Madam : for I really love a severe critick : I am sure you must believe he has a more happy genius in dress : for my part, I am but a sloven.

*Nar.* He is a genius unsufferable ! Why he dresses worse than a captain of the militia : but you, Sir Novelty, are a true original, the very pink of fashion : I'll warrant you there's not a milliner in town but has got an estate by you.

*Sir Nov.* I must confess, Madam, I am for doing good to my country : for you see this suit, Madam — I suppose you are not ignorant what a hard time the ribband weavers have had since the late mourning : now my design is to set the poor rogues up again, by recommending this sort of trimming : ' the fancy is pretty well for ' second mourning.' — By the way, Madam, I had fifteen hundred guineas laid in my hand, as a gratuity to encourage it : but, i'gad, I refused them, being too well acquainted with the consequence of taking a bribe in a national concern.

*Hil.* A very charitable fashion, indeed, Sir Novelty ! But how if it should not take ?

*Nar.* Ridiculous ! Take ! I warrant you in a week the whole town will have it ; though perhaps Mr. Worthy will be one of the last of them : he's a mere Valet de Chambre to all fashions ; and never is in any till his betters have left them off.

*Sir Nov.* Nay, Gad, now I must laugh ; for the devil take me, if I did not meet him, not above a fortnight ago, in a coat with buttons no bigger than nutmegs.

' *Hil.* There, I must confess, you out-do him, Sir Novelty.

' *Sir Nov.* Oh, dear Madam, why mine are not above three inches diameter.

' *Hil.* But methinks, Sir Novelty, your sleeve is a little too extravagant.

' *Sir Nov.* Nay, Madam, there you wrong me ; mine does but reach my knuckles, but my Lord Overdo's cover his diamond ring.

*Hil.* Nay, I confess the fashion may be very useful to you gentlemen that make campaigns: for should you unfortunately lose an arm, or so, that sleeve might be very convenient to hide the defect on't.

*Sir Nov.* Hah! I think your ladyship's in the right on't, Madam. [*Hiding his hand in his sleeve.*]

*Nar.* Oh! such an air! so becoming a negligence—Upon my soul, Sir Novelty, you'll be the envy of the *beau monde*.'

*Hil.* Mr. Worthy! a good fancy were thrown away upon him; but you, Sir, are an ornament to your clothes.

*Sir Nov.* Then your ladyship really thinks they are—*bien entendue*?

*Hil.* *A merveille, Monsieur.*

*Sir Nov.* She has almost as much wit as her cousin. [*Aside.*] I must confess, Madam, this coat has had an universal approbation; for this morning I had all the eminent tailors in town at my levee, earnestly petitioning for the first measure of it: now, Madam, if you thought it would oblige Mr. Worthy, I would let his tailor have it before any of them.

*Nar.* See, here he comes, and the deuce take me, I think 'twould be a great piece of good-nature; for I declare he looks as rough as a Dutch corporal—Pr'ythee, Sir Novelty, let's laugh at him.

*Sir Nov.* O Gad! no, Madam, that were too cruel; why, you know he can't help it.—Let's take no notice of him.

*Hil.* Wretched coxcomb!

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Elder Worthy.*

*El. Wor.* I find my resolution is but vain, my feet have brought me hither against my will: but sure I can command my tongue, which I'll bite off ere it shall seek a reconciliation. Still so familiar there! But 'tis no matter, I'll try if I can wear indifference, and seem as careless in my love as she is of her honour, which she can never truly know the worth of, while she persists to let a fool thus play with it. [*Aside.*] Ladies, your humble servant.

*Hil.* Now I can't forbear fretting his spleen a little. [*Aside.*] Oh, Mr. Worthy! we are admiring Sir Novelty,

and his new suit. Did you ever see so sweet a fancy? He is as full of variety as a good play.

*El. Wor.* He's a very pleasant comedy, indeed, Madam; and dressed with a great deal of good satire; and, no doubt, may oblige both the stage and the town, especially the ladies.

*Hil.* So! There's for me—— [*Aside.*]

*Sir Nov.* O Gad! Nay, pr'ythee, Tom, you know my humour——Ladies (stop my vitals) I don't believe there are five hundred in town that ever took any notice of me.

*El. Wor.* Oh, Sir, there are some that take so much notice of you, that the town takes notice of them for't.

*Hil.* It works rarely. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Nov.* How of them, Tom, upon my account? O Gad, I wou'd not be the ruin of any lady's reputation, for the world. Stop my vitals, I'm very sorry for't. Pr'ythee, name but one that has a favourable thought of me, and to convince you that I have no design upon her, I'll instantly visit her in an unpowdered periwig.

*El. Wor.* Nay, she I mean is a woman of sense too,

*Sir Nov.* Phoo! Pr'ythee, pox, don't banter me: 'tis impossible! What can she see in me?

*El. Wor.* Oh, a thousand taking qualities. This lady will inform you——Come, I'll introduce you. [*Pulls him.*]

*Sir Nov.* O Gad, no. Pr'ythee——hark you in your ear——I am off of her; demme, if I ben't: I am, stop my vitals——

*El. Wor.* Wretched rogue! [*Aside.*] Pshaw, no matter? I'll reconcile you. Come, Madam.

*Hil.* Sir.

*El. Wor.* This gentleman humbly begs to kiss your hand.

*Hil.* He needs not your recommendation, Sir.

*El. Wor.* True; a fool recommends himself to your sex, and that's the reason men of common sense live unmarried.

*Hil.* A fool without jealousy, is better than a wit with ill-nature.

*El. Wor.* A friendly office, seeing your fault, is ill-nature.

*Hil.*

*Hil.* Believing more than we have, is pitiful.—You know I hate this wretch, loath, and scorn him.

*El. Wor.* Fools have a secret art of pleasing women : if he did not delight you, you would not hazard your reputation by encouraging his love.

*Hil.* Dares he wrong my reputation ?

*El. Wor.* He need not ; the world will do it for him, while you keep him company.

*Hil.* I dare answer it to the world.

*El. Wor.* Then why not to me ?

*Hil.* To satisfy you, were a fondness I never should forgive myself.

*El. Wor.* To persist in it, is what I'll never forgive.

*Hil.* Insolence ! Is it come to this ? Never see me more.

*El. Wor.* I have lost the sight of you already ; there hangs a cloud of folly between you and the woman I once thought you.

[*As Hillaria is going off.*]

*Enter Young Worthy.*

*Y. Wor.* What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ceasing, does the purpose lose,

Madam, therefore, pray let me engage you to stay a little till your resentment is over, that you may see whether you have reason to be angry, or no.

*Sir Nov.* [*To Nar.*] Pray, Madam, who is that gentleman ?

*Nar.* Mr. Worthy's brother, Sir ; a gentleman of no mean parts, I can assure you.

*Sir Nov.* I don't doubt it, Madam.—He has a very good periwig.

*Hil.* To be jealous of me with a fool, is an affront to my understanding.

*Y. Wor.* Tamely to resign your reputation to the merciless vanity of a fool, were no proof of his love.

*Hil.* 'Tis questioning my conduct.

*Y. Wor.* Why, you let him kiss your hand last night before my face.

*Hil.* The fool diverted me, and I gave him my hand, as I would lend my money, fan, or handkerchief to a legerdemain, that I might see him play all his tricks over.



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*Y. Wor.* O, Madam, no juggler is so deceitful as a fop; for while you look his folly in the face, he steals away your reputation with more ease than the other picks your pocket.

*Hil.* Some fools indeed are dangerous.

*Y. Wor.* I grant you, your design is only to laugh at him; but that's more than he finds out: therefore you must expect he will tell the world another story; and 'tis ten to one but the consequence makes you repent your curiosity.

*Hil.* You speak like an oracle: I tremble at the thoughts on't.

*Y. Wor.* Here's one shall reconcile your fears—  
Brother, I have done your business: Hillaria is convinced of her indiscretion, and has a pardon ready for your asking it.

*El. Wor.* She's the criminal; I have no occasion for it.

*Y. Wor.* See, she comes toward you; give her a civil word at least.

*Hil.* Mr. Worthy, I'll not be behind-hand in the acknowledgment I owe you: I freely confess my folly, and forgive your harsh construction of it: nay, I'll not condemn your want of good-nature, in not endeavouring (as your brother has done) by mild arguments to convince me of my error.

*El. Wor.* Now you vanquish me! I blush to be out-done in generous love! I am your slave, dispose of me as you please.

*Hil.* No more; from this hour be you the master of my actions, and my heart.

*El. Wor.* This goodness gives you the power, and I obey with pleasure.

*Y. Wor.* So! I find I han't preached to no purpose. Well, Madam, if you find him guilty of love, e'en let tomorrow be his execution-day; make a husband of him, and there's the extent of love's law.

*El. Wor.* Brother, I am indebted to you.

*Y. Wor.* Well, I'll give you a discharge, if you'll but leave me half an hour in private with that lady.

*Hil.* How will you get rid of Sir Novelty?

*Y. Wor.* I warrant you; leave him to me.

*Hil.* Come, Mr. Worthy, as we walk, I will inform you how I intend to sacrifice that wretch to your laughter.

*El. Wor.* Not, Madam, that I want revenge on so contemptible a creature: but I think you owe this justice to yourself, to let him see (if possible) you never took him for any other than he really is.

*Y. Wor.* Well! Pox on your politicks: pr'ythee consider of them within.

*Hil.* We'll obey you, Sir.

[*Excunt Elder Worthy and Hillaria.*]

*Y. Wor.* Pray give me leave to beg a word in private with you, Sir, if you please.

[*To Sir Novelty, who is taking snuff.*]

*Sir Nov.* Ay, Sir, with all my heart.

*Y. Wor.* Sir—

*Sir Nov.* Nay, 'tis right, I'll assure you. [*Offering his box.*]

*Y. Wor.* Ay, Sir—but now the lady wou'd be alone.

*Sir Nov.* Sir.

*Y. Wor.* The lady would be alone, Sir.

*Sir Nov.* I don't hear her say any such thing.

*Y. Wor.* Then I tell you so, and I would advise you to believe me.

*Sir Nov.* I shall not take your advice, Sir: but if you really think the lady would be alone, why—you had best leave her.

*Y. Wor.* In short, Sir, your company is very unreasonable at present.

*Sir Nov.* I can tell you, Sir, if you have no more wit than manners, the lady will be but scurvily entertained.

*Nar.* Oh, fie, gentlemen! no quarrelling before a woman, I beseech you. Pray let me know the business.

*Sir Nov.* My business is love, Madam.

*Nar.* And yours, Sir?

*Y. Wor.* What I hope you are no stranger to, Madam. As for that spark, you need take no care of him: for if he stays much longer, I will do his business myself.

*Nar.* Well, I vow, love's a pleasant thing, when the men come to cutting of throats once. O Gad! I'd fain have them fight a little—Methinks Narcissa would sound so great in an expiring lover's mouth—Well, I am

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am resolved Sir Novelty shall not go yet ; for I will have the pleasure of hearing myself praised a little ; though I don't marry this month for't. [*Aside.*] Come, gentlemen, since you both say love's your business, e'en plead for yourselves ; and he that speaks the greatest passion, shall have the fairest return.

*Y. Wor.* Oh, the devil ! now is she rapt with the hopes of a little flattery. There's no remedy but patience. ' S'death ! What a piece have I to work upon ? [*Aside.*]

*Nar.* Come, gentlemen, one at a time. Sir Novelty, what have you to say to me ?

*Sir Nov.* In the first place, Madam, I was the first person in England that was complimented with the name of beau, which is a title I prefer before right honourable : for that may be inherited ; but this I extorted from the whole nation, by my surprising mien, and unexampled gallantry.

*Nar.* So, Sir.

*Sir Nov.* Then another thing, Madam : it has been observed, that I have been eminently successful in those fashions I have recommended to the town ; and I don't question but this very suit will raise as many ribband-weavers, as ever the clipping or melting trade did goldsmiths.

*Nar.* Pish ! What does the fool mean ! he says nothing of me yet. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Nov.* ' In short, Madam, the cravat-string, the garter, the sword-knot, the centurine, bardash, the steinkirk, the large button, the long sleeve, the plume, and ' full peruke, were all created, cry'd down, or revived by ' me : ' in a word, Madam, there has never been any thing particularly taking or agreeable for these ten years past, but your humble servant was the author of it.

*Y. Wor.* Where the devil will this end ? [*Aside.*]

*Nar.* This is all extravagant, Sir Novelty : but what have you to say to me, Sir ?

*Sir Nov.* I'll come to you presently, Madam, I have just done : then you must know, my coach and equipage are as well known as myself ; and since the conveniency of two play-houses, I have a better opportunity of shewing  
ing

ing them: for between every act—Whisk—I am gone from one to the other: Oh! what pleasure 'tis, at a good play, to get out before half an act's done?

*Nar.* Why at a good play?

*Sir Nov.* O, Madam, it looks particular, and gives the whole audience an opportunity of turning upon me at once: 'Then do they conclude I have some extraordinary business, or a fine woman to go to at least: and then again, it shews my contempt of what the dull town think their chief diversion: but if I do stay a play out, I always sit with my back to the stage.'

*Nar.* Why so, Sir?

*Sir Nov.* Then every one will imagine I have been tired with it before: or that I am jealous who talks to 'who in the King's box.' And thus, Madam, do I take more pains to preserve a public reputation, than ever any lady took, after the small-pox, to recover her complexion.

*Nar.* Well, but to the point. What have you to say to me, Sir Novelty?

*T. Wor.* Now does she expect some compliment shall out-flatter her glass. [Aside.]

*Sir Nov.* To you, Madam?—Why, I have been saying all this to you.

*Nar.* To what end, Sir?

*Sir Nov.* Why, all this I have done for your sake.

*Nar.* What kindness is it to me?

*Sir Nov.* Why, Madam, don't you think it more glory to be beloved by one eminently particular person, whom all the town knows and talks of, than to be adored by five hundred dull souls that have lived *incognito*?

*Nar.* That I must confess, is a prevailing argument: but still you ha'n't told me, why you love me.

*T. Wor.* That's a task he has left for me, Madam.

*Sir Nov.* 'Tis a province I never undertake, I must confess: I think 'tis sufficient, if I tell a lady why she should love me.

*Nar.* Hang him! he's too conceited: he's so in love with himself, he won't allow a woman the bare comfort of a cold compliment. [Aside.] Well, Mr. Worthy.

*T. Wor.*

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*Y. Wor.* Why, Madam, I have observed several particular qualities in your ladyship, that I have perfectly adored you for; as the majestic tofs of your head;—your obliging low courtesy;—your satyrical smile;—your blushing laugh;—your demure look;—‘the careless tie of your hood’—the genteel flirt of your fan;—the designed accident in your letting it fall, and your agreeable manner of receiving it from him that takes it up.

*[What he speaks, she imitates in dumb shew. They both offer to take up her fan; and in striving Y. Worthy pushes Sir Novelty on his back.]*

*Sir Nov.* *[Adjusting himself]* I hope your ladyship will excuse my disorder, Madam—How now!

*Enter a Footman to Sir Novelty.*

*Foot.* Oh, Sir! Mrs. Flareit—

*Sir Nov.* Ha! speak lower. What of her?

*Foot.* By some unlucky accident has discovered your being here, and raves like a mad woman. She’s at your lodging, Sir, and had broke you above forty pounds worth of china before I came away. She talk’d of following you hither; and if you don’t make haste, I’m afraid will be here, before you can get through the house, Sir.

*Sir Nov.* This woman’s certainly the devil; her jealousy is implacable; I must get rid of her, though I give her more for a separate maintenance, than her conscience demanded for a settlement before enjoyment.—See the coach ready; and if you meet her, be sure you stop her with some pretended business, ’till I’m got away from hence.—Madam, I ask your ladyship ten thousand pardons; there’s a person of quality expects me at my lodging, upon extraordinary business.

*Nar.* What, will you leave us, Sir Novelty?

*Sir Nov.* As unwillingly as the soul the body; but this is an irresistible occasion.—Madam, your most devoted slave.—Sir, your most humble servant.—Madam, I kiss your hand.—O Gad, no farther, dear Sir; upon my soul I won’t stir if you do—

*[Y. Worthy sees him to the door.]*

*[Exit Sir Novelty.]*

*Y. Wor.*

## LOVE'S LAST SH

*T. Wor.* Nay then, Sir, your humble servant. So! this was a lucky deliverance.

*Nar.* I overheard the business.—You see, Mr. Worthy, a man must be a slave to a mistress sometimes, as well as a wife; yet all can't persuade your sex to a favourable opinion of poor marriage.

*T. Wor.* I long, Madam, for an opportunity to convince you of your error; and therefore give me leave to hope to-morrow you will free me from the pain of farther expectation, and make a husband of me.—Come, I'll spare your blushes, and believe I have already named the day.

*Nar.* Had not we better consider a little?

*T. Wor.* No, let's avoid consideration, 'tis an enemy both to love and courage: they that consider much, live to be old batchelors, and young fighters. No, no; we shall have time enough to consider after marriage—  
' But why are you so serious?

' *Nar.* Not but I do consent to-morrow shall be the day, Mr. Worthy; but I am afraid you have not loved me long enough to make our marriage be the town-talk: for 'tis the fashion now to be the town-talk; and you know, one had as good be out of the world, as out of the fashion.

' *T. Wor.* I don't know, Madam, what you call town-talk; but it has been in the news-letters above a fortnight ago, that we were already married. Beside, the last song I made of you, has been sung at the musick-meeting: and you may imagine, Madam, I took no little care to let the ladies and the beaux know who 'twas made on.

' *Nar.* Well, and what said the ladies?

' *T. Wor.* What was most observable, Madam, was, that while it was singing, my Lady Manlove went out in a great passion.

' *Nar.* Poor, jealous animal! On my conscience, that charitable creature has such a fund of kind compliance for all young fellows, whose love lies dead upon their hands, that she has been as great a hindrance to us virtuous women, as ever the Bank of England was to the city goldsmiths.

' *T. Wor.*

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*Y. Wor.* The reason of that is, Madam, because you virtuous ladies pay no interest; I must confess the principal, our health, is a little secure with you.

*Nar.* Well; and is not that an advantage worth entering into bonds for? Not, but I vow, we virtuous devils do love to insult a little; and to say truth, it looks too credulous and easy in a woman, to encourage a man before he has fighed himself to a skeleton.

*Y. Wor.* But, Heaven be thanked, we are pretty even with you in the end; for the longer you hold us off before marriage, the sooner we fall off after it.

*Nar.* What, then you take marriage to be a kind of Jesuit's powder, that infallibly cures the fever of love?

*Y. Wor.* 'Tis indeed a Jesuit's powder, for the priests first invented it; and only abstained from it, because they knew it had a bitter taste; then gilded it over with a pretended blessing, and so palm'd it upon the unthinking laity.

*Nar.* Pr'ythee don't screw your wit beyond the compass of good manners——D'ye think I shall be tuned to matrimony by your railing against it? If you have so little stomach to it, I'll ev'n make you fast a week longer.

*Y. Wor.* Ay, but let me tell you, Madam, 'tis no policy to keep a lover at a thin diet, in hopes to raise his appetite on the wedding night; for then

We come like starving beggars to a feast,	}
Where, unconfin'd, we feed with eager haste,	
Till each repeated morsel palls the taste.	}
Marriage gives prodigals a boundless treasure,	
Who squander that, which might be lasting pleasure.	
And women think they ne'er have over-measure.	}

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

## ACT III.

*The SCENE, Sir William Wisewou'd's House.*

*Enter Amanda and Hillaria, meeting.*

AMANDA.

MY dear, I have news for you.

*Hil.* I guess at it, and fain would be satisfied of the particulars. Your husband is returned, and, I hear, knows nothing of your being alive. Young Worthy has told me of your design upon him.

*Am.* 'Tis that I wanted your advice in: what think you of it?

*Hil.* Oh! I admire it: next to forgetting your husband, 'tis the best counsel was ever given you; for under the disguise of a mistress, you may now take a fair advantage of indulging your love; and the little experience you have had of it already, has been just enough not to let you be afraid of a man.

*Am.* Will you never leave your mad humour?

*Hil.* Not till my youth leaves me: why should women affect ignorance among themselves? When we converse with men, indeed, modesty and good-breeding oblige us not to understand what, sometimes, we can't help thinking of.

*Am.* Nay, I don't think the worse of you for what you say: for 'tis observed, that a bragging lover, and an over-sly lady, are the farthest from what they would seem; the one is as seldom known to receive a favour, as the other to resist an opportunity.

*Hil.* Most women have a wrong sense of modesty, as some men of courage; if you don't fight with all you meet, or run from all you see, you are presently thought a coward, or an ill woman.

*Am.* You say true; and 'tis as hard a matter, now-a-days, for a woman to know how to converse with men, as for a man to know when to draw his sword: for many times both sexes are apt to over-act their parts. 'To me the rules of virtue have been ever sacred; and I am loth to break them by an unadvised undertaking.'

D

there-



therefore, dear Hilaria, help me, for I am at a loss.—Can I justify, think you, my intended design upon my husband?

*Hil.* As how, pr'ythee?

*Am.* Why, if I court and conquer him as a mistress, am not I accessory to his violating the bonds of marriage? For though I am his wife, yet while he loves me not as such, I encourage an unlawful passion; and though the act be safe, yet his intent is criminal: how can I answer this?

*Hil.* Very easily; for if he don't intrigue with you, he will with somebody else in the mean time; and I think you have as much right to his remains as any one.

*Am.* Ay, but I am assured the love he will pretend to me is vicious: and 'tis uncertain that I shall prevent his doing worse elsewhere.

*Hil.* 'Tis true, a certain ill ought not to be done for an uncertain good. But then again, of two evils, chuse the least; and sure 'tis less criminal to let him love you as a mistress, than to let him hate you as a wife. If you succeed, I suppose you will easily forgive your guilt in the undertaking.

*Am.* To say truth, I find no argument yet strong enough to conquer my inclination to it. But is there no danger, think you, of his knowing me?

*Hil.* Not the least, in my opinion: in the first place, he confidently believes you are dead: then he has not seen you these eight or ten years: besides, you were not above sixteen when he left you: this, with the alteration the small-pox has made on you (though not for the worse) I think, are sufficient disguises to secure you from his knowledge.

*Am.* Nay, and to this I may add, the considerable amendment of my fortune; for when he left me, I had only my bare jointure for a subsistence; besides, my strange manner of receiving him.—

*Hil.* That's what I would fain be acquainted with.

*Am.* I expect farther instructions from Mr. Worthy every moment; then you shall know all, my dear.

*Hil.* Nay, he will do you no small service: for a thief is the best thief-catcher.

*Enter a Servant to Amanda.*

*Serv.* Madam, your servant is below, who says young  
Mr.

‘ Mr. Worthy’s man waits at your lodgings with earnest business from his master.

‘ *Am.* ’Tis well.—Come, my dear, I must have your assistance too.

‘ *Hil.* With all my heart; I love to be at the bottom of a secret; for they say, the confidant of an amour has sometimes more pleasure in the observation, than the parties concerned in the enjoyment.’ But, methinks, you don’t look with a good heart upon the business.

*Am.* I can’t help a little concern in a business of such moment: for though my reason tells me my design must prosper, yet my fears say ’twere happiness too great.—Oh! to reclaim the man I’m bound by Heaven to love, to expose the folly of a roving mind, in pleasing him with what he seemed to loath, were such a sweet revenge for slighted love, so vast a triumph of rewarded constancy, as might persuade the looser part of womankind even to forsake themselves, and fall in love with virtue.

*Re-enter the Servant to Hillaria.*

*Serv.* Sir Novelty Fashion is below in his coach, Madam, and enquires for your Ladyship, or Madam Narcissa.

*Hil.* You know my cousin is gone out with my Lady Tattle-tongue: I hope you did not tell him I was within.

*Serv.* No, Madam, I did not know if your Ladyship would be spoke with, and therefore came to see.

*Hil.* Then tell him I went with her.

*Serv.* I shall, Madam. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Hil.* You must know, my dear, I have sent to that fury, Mrs. Flareit, whom this Sir Novelty keeps, and have stung her to some purpose, with an account of his passion for my cousin: I owed him a quarrel, for that he made between Mr. Worthy and me, and I hope her jealousy will severely revenge it; therefore I sent my cousin out of the way, because (unknown to her) her name is at the bottom of my design.—Here he comes. Pr’ythee, my dear, let’s go down the back-stairs, and take coach from the garden. — [*Exeunt Am. and Hil.*]

*Re-enter the Servant, conducting Sir Novelty.*

*Sir Nov.* Both the ladies abroad, say you? Is Sir William within?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir; if you please to walk in, I'll acquaint him that you expect him here.

*Sir Nov.* Do so, pr'ythee; and in the mean time let me consider what I have to say to him.—Hold—in the first place, his daughter is in love with me.—Would I marry her? No; demn it, 'tis mechanical to marry the woman you love; men of quality should alway marry those they never saw—But I hear young Worthy marries her to-morrow; which if I prevent not, will spoil my design upon her. Let me see—I have it—I'll persuade the old fellow, that I would marry her myself; upon which he immediately rejects young Worthy, and gives me free access to her—Good—What follows upon that? Opportunity, importunity, resistance, force, entreaty, persisting—Doubting, swearing, lying—Blushes, yielding, victory, pleasure—Indifference—Oh! here he comes *in ordine ad*—

*Enter Sir William Wisewou'd.*

*Sir Wil.* Sir Novelty, your servant: have you any commands for me, Sir?

*Sir Nov.* I have some proposals to make, Sir, concerning your happiness and my own, which, perhaps, will surprize you. In a word, Sir, I am upon the very brink of matrimony.

*Sir Wil.* 'Tis the best thing you can pursue, Sir, considering you have a good estate.

*Sir Nov.* But whom do you think I intend to marry?

*Sir Wil.* I can't imagine. Dear Sir, be brief, lest your delay transport me into a crime I would avoid, which is impatience. Sir, pray go on.

*Sir Nov.* In fine, Sir, 'tis your very daughter, the fair Narcissa.

*Sir Wil.* Humph—Pray, Sir, how long have you had this in your head?

*Sir Nov.* Above these two hours, Sir.

*Sir Wil.* Very good! then you ha'n't slept upon it.

*Sir Nov.* No, nor shan't sleep, for thinking on't. Did not I tell you I would surprize you?

*Sir Wil.* Oh! you have indeed, Sir: I am amazed! I am amazed!

*Sir Nov.* Well, Sir, and what think you of my proposal?

*Sir*

*Sir Wil.* Why truly, Sir, I like it not : but if I did, 'tis now too late ; my daughter is disposed of to a gentleman that she and I like very well : at present, Sir, I have a little business : if this be all, your humble servant, I am in haste.

*Sir Now.* Demme, what an insensib'le blockhead's this ! Hold, Sir : d'ye hear ?—Is this all the acknowledgment you make, for the honour I design'd you ?

*Sir Wil.* Why truly, Sir, 'tis an honour that I am not ambitious of : in plain terms, I do not like you for a son-in-law.

*Sir Now.* Now you speak to the purpose, Sir : but, pr'ythee, what are thy exceptions to me ?

*Sir Wil.* Why, in the first place, Sir, you have too great a passion for your own person, to have any for your wife's : in the next place, you take such an extravagant care in the clothing your body, that your understanding goes naked for't : had I a son so dressed, I should take the liberty to call him an egregious fop.

*Sir Now.* 'Egad, thou art a comical old gentleman, and I'll tell thee a secret : understand then, Sir, from me, that all young fellows hate the name of fop, as women do the name of whore ; ' but, 'egad, they both ' love the pleasure of being so : ' nay, faith, and 'tis as hard a matter for some men to be fops, as you call them, as 'tis for some women to be whores.

*Sir Wil.* That's pleasant, i'faith. Can't any man be a fop, or any woman be a whore, that has a mind to it ?

*Sir Now.* No, faith, Sir ; for let me tell you, 'tis not the coldness of my Lady Freelove's inclination, but her age and wrinkles that won't let her cuckold her husband. And again, 'tis not Sir John Wou'dlook's aversion to dress, but his want of a fertile genius, that won't let him look like a gentleman : ' therefore in vindication of ' all well-dressed gentlemen, I intend to write a play, ' where my chiefest character shall be a downright English booby, that affects to be a beau, without either ' genius or foreign education, and to call it, in imitation ' of another famous comedy, He Wou'd if he Cou'd : ' and now, I think, you are answered, Sir.' Have you any exceptions to my birth or family, pray Sir ?

*Sir Wil.* Yes, Sir, I have ; you seem to be the off-  
D 3 spring

spring of more than one man's labour; for certainly no less than a dancing, singing, and fencing master, with a taylor, milliner, perfumer, peruke-maker, and a French *valet de chambre*, could be at the begetting of you.

*Sir Nov.* All these have been at the finishing of me since I was made.

*Sir Wil.* That is, Heaven made you a man, and they have made a monster of you: and so farewell to ye.

[*Is going.*]

*Sir Nov.* Hark ye, Sir: am I to expect no farther satisfaction in the proposals I made you?

*Sir Wil.* Sir—nothing makes a man lose himself like passion: now I presume you are young, and consequently rash upon a disappointment; therefore, to prevent any difference that may arise by repeating my refusal of your suit, I do not think it convenient to hold any farther discourse with you.

*Sir Nov.* Nay, faith, thou shalt stay to hear a little more of my mind first.

*Sir Wil.* Since you press me, Sir, I will rather bear with, than resist you.

*Sir Nov.* I doubt, old gentleman, you have such a torrent of philosophy running through your *pericranium*, that it has washed your brains away.

*Sir Wil.* Pray, Sir, why do you think so?

*Sir Nov.* Because you chuse a beggarly, unaccountable sort of a younger brotherish rake-hell for your son-in-law, before a man of quality, estate, good parts and breeding, demme.

*Sir Wil.* Truly, Sir, I know neither of the persons to whom these characters belong; if you please to write their names under them, perhaps I may tell you if they be like or no.

*Sir Nov.* Why then, in short, I would have been your son-in-law; and you, it seems, prefer young Worthy before me. Now are your eyes open?

*Sir Wil.* Had I been blind, Sir, you might have been my son-in-law; and if you were not blind, you would not think that I design my daughter for young Worthy? His brother, I think, may deserve her.

*Sir Nov.* Then you are not jealous of young Worthy?  
Humh!

*Sir*

*Sir Wil.* No, really, Sir, nor of you neither.

*Sir Nov.* Give me thy hand: thou art very happy, stop my vitals! for thou dost not see thou art blind—Not jealous of young Worthy? Ha! Ha!—How now?

*Enter Sir Novelty's Footman, with a Porter.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's a porter with a letter for your honour.

*Porter.* I was ordered to give it into your own hand, Sir, and expect an answer.

*Sir Nov.* [*Reads.*] "Excuse, my dear Sir Novelty, the forced indifference I have shewn you, and let me recompense your past sufferings with an hour's conversation, after the play, at Rosamond's Pond, where you will find an hearty welcome to the arms of your Narcissa"—Unexpected happiness! the arms of your Narcissa! 'Egad, and when I am there, I'll make myself welcome. Faith, I did not think she was so far gone neither—But I don't question, there are five hundred more in her condition.—I have a good mind not to go, faith—Yet, hang it, I will too, only to be revenged of this old fellow, Nay, I'll have the pleasure of making it public too: for I will give her the music, and draw all the town to be witness of my triumph.—Where is the lady?

[*To the Porter.*]

*Porter.* In a hackney-coach, at the corner of the street.

*Sir Nov.* Enough; tell her I will certainly be there.—[*Exit Porter.*] Well, old gentleman, then you are resolved I shall be no kin to you? Your daughter is disposed of! Humh!

*Sir Wil.* You have your answer, Sir; you shall be no kin to me.

*Sir Nov.* Farewel, old philosophy: and (d'ye hear?) I would advise you to study nothing but the art of patience; you may have an unexpected occasion for it. Hark you; would it not nettle you damnably, to hear my son call you grandfather?

*Sir Wil.* Sir—notwithstanding this provocation, I am calm; but were I like other men, a slave to passion, I should not forbear calling you impertinent. How I swell with rising vexation!—Leave me, leave me; go, Sir, go; get you out of my house.

[*Angrily.*  
*Sir*

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*Sir Nov.* Oh! have a care of passion, dear Diogenes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Wil.* So! [*Sighing.*] At last I have conquered it. Pray, Sir, oblige me with your absence; [*Taking off his hat.*] I protest I am tired with you; pray leave my house. [*Submissively.*]

*Sir Nov.* Demn your house, your family, your ancestors, your generation, and your eternal posterity.

[*Exit.*]

*Sir Wil.* Ah! a fair riddance. How I bless myself, that it was not in this fool's power to provoke me beyond that serenity of temper which a wise man ought to be master of! How near are men to brutes, when their unruly passions break the bounds of reason? And of all passions, anger is the most violent; which often puts me in mind of that admirable saying,

He that strives not to stem his anger's tide,  
Does a wild horse without a bridle ride.

*The SCENE changes to St. James's Park.*

*Enter Young Worthy and Loveless, as from the Tavern; Snap following.*

*Y. Wor.* What a sweet evening it is?—Pr'ythee, Ned, let's walk a little—Look how lovingly the trees are joined, since thou wert here, as if Nature had designed this walk for the private shelter of forbidden love. [*Several crossing the Stage.*] Look, here are some for making use of the conveniency.

*Love.* But hark ye, friend, are the women as tame and civil as they were before I left the town? Can they endure the smell of tobacco, or vouchsafe a man a word with a dirty cravat on?

*Y. Wor.* Ay, that they will; for keeping is almost out of fashion: so that now an honest fellow, with a promising back, need not fear a night's lodging for bare good fellowship.

*Love.* If whoring be so poorly encouraged, methinks the women should turn honest in their own defence.

*Y. Wor.* Faith, I don't find there's a whore the less for it; the pleasure of fornication is still the same; all the difference is, lewdness is not so barefaced as heretofore.

fore. Virtue is as much debased as our money ; for maidenheads are as scarce as our milled half-crowns ; and faith, *Dei gratia* is as hard to be found in a girl of sixteen, as round the brim of an old shilling.

*Love.* Well, I find, in spite of law and duty, the flesh will get the better of the spirit. But I see no game yet.—Pr'ythee, Will, let's go and take t'other bumper to enliven assurance, that we may come down-right to the business.

*Y. Wor.* No, no ; what we have in our bellies already, by the help of a little fresh air, will soon be in our *pericranium*, and work us to a right pitch to taste the pleasures of the night.

*Love.* The day thou meanest ; my day always breaks at sun-set. We wise fellows, that know the use of life, know too, that the moon lights men to more pleasures than the sun : the sun was meant to dull souls of business, and poor rogues that have a miud to save candles.

*Y. Wor.* Nay, the night was always a friend to pleasure, and that made Diana run a whoring by the light of her own horns.

*Love.* Right ; and, pr'ythee, what made Daphne run away from Apollo, but that he wore so much daylight about his ears ?

*Y. Wor.* Ha ! Look out, Ned, there's the enemy before you.

*Love.* Why then, as Cæsar said, Come, follow me.

[*Exit Loveless.*]

*Y. Wor.* I hope 'tis his wife, whom I desired to meet me here, ' that she might take a view of her soldier before she new mounted him.'

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Mrs. Flareit and her Maid.*

*Maid.* I wonder, Madam, Sir Novelty don't come yet : I am so afraid he should see Narcissa, and find out the trick of your letter.

*Fla.* No, no ; Narcissa is out of the way ; I am sure he won't be long ; for I heard the hautboys, as they passed by me, mention his name : I suppose, to make the intrigue more fashionable, he intends to give me the music.

*Maid.* Suppose he take you for Narcissa, what advantage do you propose by it ?

*Fla.*



*Fla.* I shall then have a just occasion to quarrel with him for his perfidiousness, and so force his pocket to make his peace with me: beside, my jealousy will not let me rest till I am revenged.

*Maid.* Jealousy! why, I have often heard you say, you loathed him.

*Fla.* 'Tis my pride, not my love, that makes me jealous.

*Maid.* See, Madam, here he is, and the music with him.

*Fla.* Put on your mask, and leave me. [*They mask.*

*Enter Sir Novelty with the music.*

*Sir Nov.* Here, gentlemen, place yourselves on this spot, and pray oblige me with a trumpet *sonata* —

' This taking a man at his first word, is a very new way  
' of preserving reputation, stop my vitals — nay, and a  
' secure one too; for now may we enjoy and grow weary  
' of one another, before the town can take any notice of  
' us.' [*Flareit making towards him.*] Ha! this must be she — I suppose, Madam, you are no stranger to the contents of this letter.

*Fla.* Dear Sir, this place is too public for my acknowledgment; if you please to withdraw to a more private convenience. [*Exeunt.*

[*The music prepares to play, and all sorts of people gather about it.*

*Enter at one door Narcissa, Hillaria, Amanda, Elder Worthy, and Young Worthy; at another, Loveless and Snap, who talk to the masks.*

*E. Wor.* What say you, ladies, shall we walk homewards? It begins to be dark.

*Y. Wor.* Pr'ythee don't be so impatient, it's light enough to hear the music, I'll warrant ye.

*Am.* Mr. Worthy, you promised me a sight I long for: is Mr. Loveless among all those?

*Y. Wor.* That's he, Madam, surveying that masked lady.

*Am.* Ha! Is't possible? Methinks I read his vices in his person. Can he be insensible, even to the smart of pinching poverty? Pray, Sir, your hand—I find myself disordered. It troubles me to think I dare not speak to him after so long a separation.

*Y. Wor.* Madam, your staying here may be dangerous, there—

therefore let me advise you to go home, 'and get all things in order to receive him. About an hour hence will be a convenient time to set my design a going; till then, let me beg you to have a little patience.' Give me leave, Madam, to see you to your coach.

*Am.* I'll not trouble you, Sir; yonder's my cousin Wellbred, I'll beg his protection. *[Exit.]*

*' [The music plays; after which Narcissa speaks.]*

*' Nar.* I vow 'tis very fine, considering what dull souls our nation are; I find 'tis a harder matter to reform their manners, than their government or religion.

*' E. Wor.* Since the one has been so happily accomplished, I know no reason why we should despair of the other; I hope in a little time to see our youth return from travel, big with praises of their own country. But come, ladies, the musick's done, I suppose; shall we walk?

*' Nar.* Time enough; why, you have no taste of the true pleasure of the park. I'll warrant you hate as much to ridicule others, as to hear yourself praised: for my part, I think a little harmless railing is half the pleasure of one's life.

*' E. Wor.* I don't love to create myself enemies, by observing the weakness of other people; I have more faults of my own than I know how to mend.

*' Nar.* Protect me! how can you see such a medley of human stuff as are here, without venting your spleen? — Why, look there now; is it not comical, to see that wretched creature there, with her autumnal face, dressed in all the colours of the spring?

*' E. Wor.* Pray, who is she, Madam?

*' Nar.* A thing that won't believe herself out of date, though she was a known woman at the Restoration.

*' Y. Wor.* Oh! I know her, 'tis Mrs. Holdout, one that is proud of being an original of fashionable fornication, and values herself mightily for being one of the first mistresses that ever kept her coach publicly in England.

*' Hil.* Pray, who's that impudent young fellow there?

*' E. Wor.* Oh, that's an eternal fan-tearer, and a constant persecutor of womankind: he had a great misfortune lately,

*' Nar.*

‘ *Nar.* Pray what was it ?

‘ *E. Wor.* Why, impudently presuming to cuckold a Dutch officer, he had his foreteeth kicked out.

‘ *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !

‘ *Nar.* There’s another too, Mr. Worthy: do you know him ?

‘ *Y. Wor.* That’s beau Noisy ; one that brags of favours from my lady, though refused by her woman ; that sups with a lord, and borrows his club of his footmen, and beats the watch, and is kicked by his companions ; that is one day at court, and the next in gaol ; that goes to church without religion, is valiant without courage, witty without sense, and drunk without measure.

‘ *E. Wor.* A very complete gentleman.

‘ *Hil.* Pr’ythee, cousin, who’s that over-shy lady there, that won’t seem to understand what that brisk young fellow says to her ?

‘ *Nar.* Why that’s my lady Slylove: the other ceremonious gentleman is her lover. She is so over modest, that she makes a scruple of shifting herself before her woman ; but afterwards makes none of doing it before her gallant.

‘ *Y. Wor.* Hang her ; she is a jest to the whole town ; for though she has been the mother of two by-blows, she endeavours to appear as ignorant in all company, as if she did not know the distinction of sexes.

‘ *Nar.* Look, look, Mr. Worthy, I vow there’s the Countess of Incog. out of her dishabille, in a high head, I protest !

‘ *Y. Wor.* ’Tis as great a wonder to see her out of a hackney coach, as out of debt, or——

‘ *Nar.* Or out of countenance.

‘ *Y. Wor.* That indeed she seldom changes ; for she is never out of a mask, and is so well known in it, that when she has a mind to be private she goes barefaced.”

*Nar.* Come, cousin, now let’s see what monsters the next walk affords.

*E. Wor.* With all my heart ; ’tis in our way home.

*Y. Wor.* Ladies, I must beg your pardon for a moment ; yonder comes one I have a little business with, I’ll dispatch it immediately, and follow you.

*Hil.* No, no; we'll stay for you.

*Nar.* You may, if you please, cousin; but I suppose he will hardly thank you for it.

*Hil.* What, then you conclude 'tis a woman's business, by his promising a quick dispatch?

*Y. Wor.* Madam, in three minutes you shall know the business. If it displease you, condemn me to an eternal absence.

*El. Wor.* Come, Madam, let me be his security.

*Nar.* I dare take your word, Sir.

[*Exeunt El. Wor. Hil. and Nar.*]

*Enter Sly, Servant to Young Worthy.*

*Y. Wor.* Well, how goes matters? Is she in readiness to receive him?

*Sly.* To a hair, Sir; every servant has his cue, and all are impatient till the comedy begins.

*Y. Wor.* Stand aside a little, and let us watch our opportunity.

*Snap.* [*To a Mask.*] Enquire about half an hour hence for Number two, at the Gridiron.

*Mask.* To-morrow, with all my heart; but to-night I am engaged to the chaplain of Colonel Thunder's regiment.

*Snap.* What will you leave me for a mutton chop? For that's all he'll give you, I'm sure.

*Mask.* You are mistaken, faith; he keeps me.

*Snap.* Not to himself, I'll engage him: yet he may too, if nobody likes you better than I do. Hark you, child; pr'ythee, when was your smock washed?

*Mask.* Why, dost thou pretend to fresh linen, that never wore a clean shirt, but of thy mother's own washing?

[*Goes from him.*]

*Love.* What, no adventure, no game, Snap?

*Snap.* None, none, Sir; I can't prevail with any, from the point head-cloaths to the Horse-guard whore.

*Love.* What a pox! sure the whores can't smell an empty pocket?

*Snap.* No, no, that's certain, Sir, they must see it in our faces.

*Sly.* [*To Loveless.*] My dear boy, how is't? 'Egad, I am glad thou art come to town. My Lady expected you above an hour ago, and I am overjoyed I have found

E

three.

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thee. Come, come, come along ; she's impatient till she sees you.

*Snap.* Odsbud, Sir, follow him ; he takes you for another.

*Love.* 'Egad, it looks with the face of an intrigue — I'll humour him — Well, what shall we go now ?

*Sly.* Odsbheart, she longa to see thee ; and she's a curious fine creature, ye rogue ! such eyes, such lips, and such a tongue between them ! Ah, the tip of it will set a man's soul on fire !

*Love.* The rogue makes me impatient. [*Aside.*

*Sly.* Come, come, the key, the key, the key, you dear rogue !

*Snap.* Oh, Lord ! the key, the key. [*Aside.*

*Love.* The key ! Why, sh— sh— sh— should yo— yo— you have it ?

*Sly.* Ay, ay, quickly give's it.

*Love.* Why, what the devil—sure I han't lost it—— Oh, no, Gad, it is not there. What shall we do ?

*Sly.* Oons ! ne'er stand fumbling. If you have lost it, we must shoot the lock, I think.

*Love.* 'Egad, and so we must ; for I ha'n't it.

*Sly.* Come, come along, follow me.

*Love.* Snap, stand by me, you dog.

*Snap.* Ay, ay, Sir. [*Exeunt Sly, Love. and Snap.*

*Y. Wor.* Ha, ha ! the rogue managed him most dexterously. How greedily he chopp'd at the bait ! What the event will be, Heaven knows ; but thus far 'tis pleasant ; and since he is safe, I'll venture to divert my company with the story. Poor Amanda ! thou well deservest a better husband ; thou wert never wanting in thy endeavours to reclaim him ; and, faith, considering how long a despair has worn thee,

'Twere pity now thy hopes should not succeed ;

This new attempt is Love's last shift indeed.

[*Exit.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

*The SCENE continues.*

*Enter Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Hillaria, and Narcissa.*

ELDER WORTHY.

**W**ELL, ladies, I believe 'tis time for us to be walking.

*Hil.* No, pray, let me engage you to stay a little longer. Yonder comes Sir Novelty and his mistress, in pursuance of the design I told you of. Pray, have a little patience, and you will see the effects on't.

*El. Wor.* With all my heart, Madam. [*They stand aside.*]

*Enter Sir Novelty, embracing Flareit, masked.*

*Sir Nov.* Generous creature! this is an unexampled condescension, to meet my passion with such early kindness. Thus let me pay my soft acknowledgments.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

*Hil.* You must know, he has mistaken her for another.

*Fla.* For Heaven's sake, let me go. If Hillaria should be at home before me, I am ruined for ever.

*Nar.* Hillaria! What does she mean?

*Sir Nov.* Narcissa's reputation shall be ever safe, while my life and fortune can protect it.

*Nar.* Oh, Gad! let me go. Does the impudent creature take my name upon her?—I'll pull off her head-cloaths.

*Hil.* Oh, fie, cousin! what an ungenteel revenge would that be! Have a little patience.

*Nar.* Oh, I am all in a flame!

*Fla.* But will you never see that common creature, Flareit, more?

*Sir Nov.* Never, never feed on such homely fare, after so rich a banquet.

*Fla.* Nay, but you must hate her too

*Sir Nov.* That I did long ago. 'Tis true, I have been led away; but I detest a strumpet. I am informed she keeps a fellow under my nose; and for that reason, I would not make the settlement I lately gave her

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some hopes of. But e'en let her please herself; for now I am wholly yours.

*Fla.* Oh, now you charm me! But will you love me ever?

*Sir Nov.* Will you be ever kind?

*Fla.* Be sure you never see Flareit more.

*Sir Nov.* When I do, may this soft hand revenge my perjury.

*Fla.* So it shall, villain!

[*Strikes him a box on the ear, and unmasks.*]

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Nov.* Flareit! the devil!

*Fla.* What, will nothing but a maid go down with you, thou miserable, conceited wretch?—Poh! I'm a homely puss, a strumpet, not worth your notice! Devil, I'll be revenged.

*Sir Nov.* Damn your revenge; I'm sure I feel it.

[*Holding his cheek.*]

*Nar.* Really, Sir Novelty, I am obliged to you for your kind thoughts of me, and your extraordinary care of my reputation.

*Sir Nov.* 'Sdeath, she's here!—Exposed to half the town!—Well, I must brazen it out however.

[*Walks unconcerned.*]

*Fla.* What, no pretence, no evasion now?

*Sir Nov.* There's no occasion for any, Madam.

*Fla.* Come, come, swear you knew me all this while.

*Sir Nov.* No, faith, Madam, I did not know you; for if I had, you would not have found me so furious a lover.

*Fla.* Furies and hell! dares the monster own his guilt? This is beyond all sufferance. Thou wretch! thou thing! thou animal! that I (to the everlasting forfeiture of my sense and understanding) have made a man; for till thou knewest me, 'twas doubted if thou wert of human kind. And dost thou think I'll suffer such a worm as thee to turn against me? No, when I do, may I be cursed to thy embraces all my life, and never know a joy beyond thee.

*Sir Nov.* Wh—wh—wh—what will your Ladyship's fury do, Madam?

[*Smiling.*]

*Fla.* Only change my lodging, Sir.

*Sir*

*Sir Nov.* I shall keep mine, Madam, that you may know where to find me when your fury is over. You see I am good-natured. [*Walks by her.*]

*Fla.* This bravery's affected. I know he loves me; and I'll pierce him to the quick. I have yet a surer way to fool him. [*Aside.*]

*Hil.* Methinks the knight bears it bravely.

*Nar.* I protest, the lady weeps.

*Y. Wor.* She knows what she does, I'll warrant you.

*El. Wor.* Ay, ay, the fox is a better politician than the lion.'

*Fla.* [*With tears in her eyes.*] Now, woman. [*Aside.*]  
*Sir Novelty*, pray, Sir, let me speak with you.

*Sir Nov.* Ay, Madam.

*Fla.* Before we part (for I find I have irrecoverably lost your love) let me beg of you, that from this hour, you ne'er will see me more, or make any new attempts to deceive my easy temper: for I find my nature's such, I shall believe you, tho' to my utter ruin.

*Sir Nov.* Pray, Heaven, she be in earnest. [*Aside.*]

*Fla.* One thing more, Sir—Since our first acquaintance you have received several letters from me; I hope you will be so much a gentleman as to let me have them again. Those I have of yours shall be returned to-morrow morning. And now, Sir, wishing you as much happiness in her you love, as you once pretended I could give you, I take of you my everlasting leave. Farewel; and may your next mistress love you till I hate you. [*Is going.*]

*Sir Nov.* So, now must I seem to persuade her. [*Aside.*]  
Nay, pr'ythee, my dear! why do you struggle so? Whither would you go?

*Fla.* Pray, Sir, give me leave to pass; I can't bear to stay. [*Crying.*]

*Sir Nov.* What is't that frightens you?

*Fla.* Your barbarous usage. Pray, let me go.

*Sir Nov.* Nay, if you are resolved, Madam, I won't press you against your will. Your humble servant; [*Leaves her.*] and a happy riddance, stop my vitals! [*Aside.*]

[*Flareit looks back.*]

*Fla.* Ha! not move to call me back! So unconcern'd! Oh, I could tear my flesh, stab every feature in this dull decaying face, that wants a charm to hold him! Damn him,



him, I loath him too ! But shall my pride now fall from such an height, and bear the torture unrevenged ? No, my very soul's on fire ; and nothing but the villain's blood shall quench it. Devil, have at thee.

[Snatches Young Worthy's sword, and runs at him.

*T. Wor.* Have a care, Sir.

*Sir Nov.* Let her alone, gentlemen ; I'll warrant you.

[Draws, and stands upon his guard.

[*Y. Worthy takes the sword from her, and holds her.*

*Fla.* Prevented ! Oh, I shall choak with boiling gall ! Oh ! Oh ! humph !—Let me go ; I'll have his blood, his blood, his blood !

*Sir Nov.* Let her come, let her come, gentlemen.

*Fla.* Death and vengeance ! am I become his sport ? He's pleased, and smiles to see me rage the more ; but he shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman. Scorned, slighted, dismissed without a parting pang ! Oh, torturing thought ! May all the racks mankind e'er gave our easy sex, neglected love, decaying beauty, and all the dotage of undone desire light on me, if e'er I cease to be the eternal plague of his remaining life ; nay, after death,

When his black soul lies howling in despair,

I'll plunge to hell, and be his torment there. [*Exit.*

*El. Wor.* Sure, Sir Novelty, you ne'er loved this lady, if you are so indifferent at parting.

*Sir Nov.* Why, faith, Tom, to tell you the truth, her jealousy has been so troublesome and so expensive to me of late, that I have these three months sought an opportunity to leave her ; but, faith, I had always more respect to my life, than to let her know it before.

*Hit.* Methinks, Sir Novelty, you had very little respect to her life, when you drew upon her.

*Sir Nov.* Why, what would you have had me done, Madam ? Complimented her with my naked bosom ? No, no. Look ye, Madam, if she had made any advances, I could have disarmed her in second at the very first pass—But come, ladies ; as we walk, I'll beg your judgments in a particular nice fancy that I intend to appear in the very first week the court is quite out of mourning.

*El. Wor.* With all my heart, Sir Novelty. 'Come, ladies, I think 'twere a charity not to keep you up any longer.

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'longer.'—[*To his Servants.*] See the coach is ready at St. James's Gate. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE, Amanda's House.

*Enter two Servants.*

'1 *Ser.* Come, come, make haste. Is the supper and the music ready?

'2 *Ser.* It is, it is. Well, is he come?

'1 *Ser.* Ay, ay; I came before, to tell my Lady the news. The rogue, Sly, managed him rarely; he has been this half hour pretending to pick the lock of the garden door. Well, poor lady! I wish her good luck with him; for she's certainly the best mistress living. Hark ye, is the wine strong, as she ordered? Be sure you ply him home; for he must have two or three bumpers, to qualify him for her design. See, here he comes; away to your post. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Loveless conducted by Sly, Snap straking after him.*

*Love.* Where the devil will this fellow lead me?—Nothing but silence and darkness!—Sure the house is haunted, and he has brought me to face the spirit at his wonted hour.

*Sly.* There, there—in, in—Slip on your night-gown, and refresh yourself. In the mean time, I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here. [*Exit.*]

*Love.* Snap!

*Snap.* Ay, ay, Sir; I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an anti-chamber; a table and a light; a night-gown and peruke lying by.

*Enter Loveless and Snap.*

*Love.* Ha! what sweet lodgings are here! Where can this end?

*Snap.* 'Egad, Sir, I long to know—Pray Heaven we are not deluded hither to be starved. Methinks, I wish I had brought the remnants of my dinner with me.

*Love.* Hark! I hear somebody coming. Hide yourself, rascal; I would not have you seen.

*Snap.* Well, Sir, I'll line this trench, in case of your being in danger. [*Gets under the table.*]

'*Love.* Ha! this night-gown and peruke don't lie here.

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' here for nothing. I'll make myself agreeable. I have  
' baulked many a woman in my time, for want of a clean  
' shirt. *[Puts them on.]*

*Enter Servants with a supper; after them a Man and Woman.*

*Love.* Ha! a supper! Heaven send it be no vision. If the meat be real, I shall believe the lady may prove flesh and blood. Now am I damnably puzzled to know whether this be she or not. *[Aside.]* Madam—— *[Bows.*

*Wom.* Sir, my Lady begs your pardon for a moment.

*Love.* Humph, her Lady—Good. *[Aside.*

*Wom.* She's unfortunately detained by some female visitors, which she will dispatch with all the haste imaginable. In the mean time, be pleased to refresh yourself with what the house affords. Pray, Sir, sit down.

*Love.* Not alone; Madam, you must bear me company.

*Wom.* To oblige you, Sir, I'll exceed my commission.

*Snap.* *[Under the table.]* Was there ever so unfortunate a dog? What the devil put it into my head to hide myself before supper? Why, this is worse than being lock'd into a closet, while another man's a-bed with my wife. I suppose my master will take as much care of me too, as I should of him, if I were in his place.

*Wom.* Sir, my humble service to you. *[Drinks.*

*Love.* Madam, your humble servant; ' I'll pledge ' you.' Snap, when there's any danger, I'll call you. In the mean time, lie still, d'ye hear? *[Aside to Snap.*

*Snap.* 'Egad, I'll shift for myself then. *[Snatches a flask unseen.]* So, now I am arm'd; defiance to all danger.

*Love.* Madam, your Lady's health.

*Snap.* Ay, ay, let it go round, I say. *[Drinks.*

*Wom.* Why, really, Sir, my Lady's very happy that she has got loose from her relations; for they were always teasing her about you. But she defies them all now. Come, Sir, to both your wishes. *[Drinks.*

*Love.* Give me a glass; methinks this health inspires me. My heart grows lighter for the weight of the wine. Here, Madam—Prosperity to the man that ventures most to please her.

*Wom.* What think you of a song to support this gaiety?  
*Love.*

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*Love.* With all my heart. [*A Song here.*] You have obliged me, Madam——'Egad, I like this girl. She takes off her glass so feelingly, I am half persuaded she's of a thirsty love. If her Lady don't make a little haste, I find I shall present my humble service to her. [*Aside.*]

*Enter a Servant, who whispers Amanda's Woman.*

*Wom.* Sir, I ask your pardon; my Lady has some commands for me. I will return immediately. [*Exit.*]

*Love.* Your servant——Methinks this is a new method of intriguing.

*Snap.* Pray Heaven it be new; for the old way commonly ended in a good beating. But a pox of danger, I say; and so, here's good luck to you, Sir.

*Love.* Take heed, rogue, you don't get drunk, and discover yourself.

*Snap.* It must be with a fresh flask then; for this is expired, *supernaculum*.

*Love.* Lie close, you dog; I hear somebody coming. I am impatient till I see this creature. This wine has armed me against all thoughts of danger. Pray Heaven she be young; for then she can't want beauty. Ha! here she comes. Now, never-failing impudence, assist me.

*Enter Amanda, loosely dressed.*

*Am.* Where's my love? Oh, let me fly into his arms, and live for ever there!

*Love.* My life! my soul! [*Runs and embraces her.*] By Heaven, a tempting creature! Melting, soft, and warm, as my desire——'Oh, that I could hide my face for ever, thus, that, undiscovered, I might reap the harvest of a ripe desire, without the lingering pains of growing love.'

*Am.* Look up, my Lord, and bless me with a tender look; and let my talking eyes inform thee how I have languished for thy absence.

*Love.* Let's retire, and chase away our fleeting cares with the raptures of untired love.

*Am.* Bless me! your voice is strangely altered——Ha! defend me! Who's this? Help, help! within there!

*Love.* So, I am discovered. A pox on my tattling, that I could not hold my tongue, till I got to her bed-chamber.

*Enter*

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*Enter Sly, and other Servants.*

*Sly.* Did your Ladyship call help, Madam? What's the matter?

*Am.* Villain! slave! who's this? What ruffian have you brought here?—'Dog, I'll have you murdered.'  
[*Sly looks in his face.*]

*Sly.* Bless me! Oh, Lord! Dear Madam, I beg your pardon. As I hope to be saved, Madam, 'tis a mistake; I took him for Mr. —

*Am.* Be dumb, eternal blockhead!—Here, take this fellow, toss him in a blanket, and let him be turned out of my doors immediately.

*Sly.* Oh, pray, dear Madam! for Heaven's sake; I am a ruined man——

*Snap.* Ah, Snap! what will become of thee? Thou art fallen into the hands of a tygress that has lost her whelp. I have no hopes, but in my master's impudence; Heaven strengthen it.

*Am.* 'I'll hear no more; away with him.' [*Exeunt the Servants with Sly.*] Now, Sir, for you. I expected——

*Love.* A man, Madam, did you not?

*Am.* Not a stranger, Sir; but one that has a right and title to that welcome, which, by mistake, has been given to you.

*Love.* Not an husband, I presume. He would not have been so privately conducted to your chamber, and in the dark too.

*Am.* Whoever it was, Sir, is not your business to examine. But, if you would have civil usage, pray, be gone.

*Love.* To be used civilly, I must stay, Madam. There can be no danger in so fair a creature.

*Am.* I doubt you are mad, Sir.

*Love.* While my senses have such luscious food before them, no wonder if they are in some confusion, each striving to be foremost at the banquet; and sure my greedy eyes will starve the rest.  
[*Approaching her.*]

*Am.* Pray, Sir, keep your distance, lest your feeling too be gratified.

*Snap.* Oh, Lord! Would I were a hundred leagues off at sea.

*Love.* Then briefly thus, Madam—Know, I like and love  
love

love you. Now, if you have so much generosity as to let me know what title my pretended rival has to your person, or your inclinations ; perhaps the little hopes I then may have of supplanting him may make me leave your house : if not, my love shall still pursue you, tho' to the hazard of my life, which I shall not easily resign, while this sword can guard it.

*Am.* Oh, were this courage shewn but in a better cause, how worthy were the man that own'd it ! [*Aside.*] What is it, Sir, that you purpose, by this unnecessary trifling ? Know, then, that I did expect a lover, a man, perhaps more brave than you ; one that, if present, would have given you a shorter answer to your question.

*Love.* I am glad to hear he's brave, however ; it betrays no weakness in your choice. But if you'd still preserve or raise the joys of love, remove him from your thoughts a moment, and in his room receive a warmer heart ; a heart which must admire you more than he, because my passion's of a fresher date.

*Am.* What d'ye take me for ?

*Love.* A woman, and the most charming of your sex ; one whose pointed eyes declare you form'd for love ; and tho' your words are flinty, your very look and motion all confess there's a secret fire within you, which must sparkle, when the steel of love provokes it.——Come, now, pull away your hand, to make me hold it faster.

*Am.* Nay, now you are rude, Sir.

*Love.* If love be rudeness, let me be impudent ; when we are familiar, rudeness will be love. No woman ever thought her lover rude, after she had once granted him the favour.'

*Am.* Pray, Sir, forbear.

*Love.* How can I, when my desire's so violent ? Oh, let me snatch the rosy dew from those distilling lips ! and as you see your power to charm, so chide me with your pity. Why do you thus cruelly turn away your face ? I own the blessing's worth an age's expectation ; but if refused till merited, 'tis esteemed a debt. Would you oblige your lover, let loose your early kindness.

*Am.* I shall not take your counsel, Sir, while I know a woman's early kindness is as little sign of her generosity,

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as her generosity is a sign of her discretion. Nor would I have you believe I am so ill provided for, that I need listen to any man's first addresses.

*Love.* Why, Madam, would you not drink the first time you had a thirst?

*Am.* Yes; but not before I had.

*Love.* If you can't drink, yet you may kiss the cup; and that may give you inclination.

*Am.* Your pardon, Sir; I drink out of nobody's glass but my own. As the man I love confines himself to me, so my inclination keeps me true to him.

*Love.* That's a cheat imposed upon you by your own vanity; for, when your back's turned, your very chamber-maid sips of your leavings, and becomes your rival. Constancy in love is all a cheat; women of your understanding know it. The joys of love are only great when they are new; and to make them lasting, we must often change.

*Am.* Suppose 'twere a fresh lover I now expected.

*Love.* Why, then, Madam, your expectation's answered, for, I must confess, I don't take you for an old acquaintance, tho' somewhere I have seen a face not much unlike you. 'Come, your arguments are vain; for they are so charmingly delivered, they but inspire me the more, as blows in battle raise the brave man's courage.' Come, every thing pleads for me, your beauty, wit, time, place, opportunity, and my own excess of burning passion.

*Am.* Stand off, distant as the globes of heaven and earth, that, like a falling star, I may shoot with greater force into your arms, and think it Heaven to lie expiring there.

[Runs into his arms.

*Snap.* Ha, ha, ha! rogue, the day's our own.

*Love.* Thou sweetest, softest creature Heaven e'er form'd! 'Thus let me twine myself about thy beauteous limbs, till, struggling with the pangs of painful bliss, motionless and mute, we yield to conquering love; both vanquish'd, and both victors.

*Am.* Can all this heat be real? Oh, why has hateful vice such power to charm, while poor abandoned virtue lies neglected?

[Aside.

*Love.* Come, let us surfeit on our new-born raptures;

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\* let's waken sleeping nature with delight, till we may  
 \* justly say, Now, now we live !

\* *Am.* Come on ; let's indulge the transports of our  
 \* present bliss, and bid defiance to our future change of  
 \* fate. Who waits there ?

\* *Enter Amanda's Woman.*

\* Bring me word immediately, if my apartment's ready,  
 \* as I ordered it. Oh, I am charmed ! I have found the  
 \* man to please me now ; one that can, and dares main-  
 \* tain the noble rapture of a lawless love. I own myself  
 \* a libertine, a mortal foe to that dull thing call'd virtue,  
 \* that mere disease of sickly nature. Pleasure's the end  
 \* of life ; and while I'm mistress of myself and fortune,  
 \* I will enjoy it to the height. Speak freely, then, (not  
 \* that I love, like other women, the nauseous pleasure  
 \* of a little flattery) but answer me, like a man that scorns  
 \* a lie : Does my face invite you, Sir ? May I, from  
 \* what you see of me, propose a pleasure to myself in  
 \* pleasing you ?

\* *Love.* By Heaven, you may. I have seen all the  
 \* beauties that the sun shines on, but never saw the sun  
 \* out-shin'd before. I measured half the world in search  
 \* of pleasure ; but not returning home, had ne'er been  
 \* happy.

\* *Am.* Spoken like the man I wished might love me ! —  
 \* Pray Heaven his words prove true. [*Aside.*] Be sure  
 \* you never flatter me ; and when my person tires you,  
 \* confess it freely. For change whenever you will, I'll  
 \* change as soon. But while we chance to meet, still  
 \* let it be with raging fire ; no matter how soon it dies,  
 \* provided, the small time it lasts, it burns the fiercer.

\* *Love.* Oh, would the blinded world, like us, agree to  
 \* change, how lasting might the joys of love be ! For  
 \* thus, beauty, tho' stale to one, might somewhere else  
 \* be new ; and while this man were bless'd in leaving  
 \* what he loathed, another were new bless'd in receiving  
 \* what he ne'er enjoyed.

\* *Re-enter Amanda's Woman.*

\* *Wom.* Madam, every thing is according to your  
 \* order.

\* *Love.* Oh, lead me to the scene of insupportable de-  
 \* light ! rack me with pleasures never known before, 'till  
 style="text-align: center;">F

I lie



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'I lie gasping with convulsive passion.' This night let us be lavish to our unbounded wishes;

Give all our stock at once to raise the fire,  
And revel to the height of loose desire.

[*Exit Loveleis and Amanda.*]

*Wom.* Ah, what a happy creature's my Lady now! There's many an unsatisfied wife about town would be glad to have her husband as wicked as my master, upon the same terms my Lady has him. 'Few women, I'm afraid, would grudge an husband the laying out his stock of love, that could receive such considerable interest for it.' Well, now shan't I take one wink of sleep, for thinking how they'll employ their time to-night. Faith, I must listen, if I were to be hanged for it. [Listens at the door.]

*Snap.* So; my master's provided for; therefore it's time for me to take care of myself. I have no mind to be locked out of my lodgings. I fancy there's room for two in the maid's bed, as well as my Lady's. This same flask was plaguy strong wine; I find I shall storm, if she don't surrender fairly. By your leave, damsel.

*Wom.* Bless me! who's this? Oh, Lord! what would you have? Who are you?

*Snap.* One that has a right and title to your body; my master having already taken possession of your Lady's.

*Wom.* Let me go, or I'll cry out.

*Snap.* Ye lie; ye dare not disturb your Lady. But the better to secure you, thus I stop your mouth.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Wom.* Humph—Lord bless me! is the devil in you, tearing one's things?

*Snap.* Then shew me your bed-chamber.

*Wom.* The devil shall have you first.

*Snap.* A' shall have both together then. Here will I fix, [*Takes her about the neck.*] just in this posture, till to-morrow morning. In the mean time, when you find your inclinations stirring, pr'ythee, give me a call; for at present I am very sleepy. [Seems to sleep.]

*Wom.* Foh! how he stinks! Ah, what a whiff was there! The rogue's as drunk as a sailor with a twelve-month's arrears in his pocket, 'or a Jacobite upon a day of ill news.' I'll ha' nothing to say to him—Let me see—How shall I get rid of him?—Oh, I have it—I'll  
I soon

soon make him sober, I'll warrant him——Soho, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, where do you intend to lie to-night?

*Snap.* Humph—Why, where you lay last night, unless you change your lodging.

*Wom.* Well, for once I'll take pity of you. Make no noise, but put out the candles, and follow me softly, for fear of disturbing my Lady.

*Snap.* I'll warrant ye; there's no fear of spoiling her music, while we are playing the same. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to a dark Entry.*

*Re-enter Snap and Woman.*

*Wom.* Where are you? Lend me your hand.

*Snap.* Here, here; make haste, my dear concupiscence.

*Wom.* Hold; stand there a little, while I open the door gently, without waking the footman.

[*She feels about, and opens a trap-door.*]

*Wom.* Come along, softly, this way.

*Snap.* Whereabouts are you?

*Wom.* Here, here; here; come straight forward.

[*He goes forward, and falls into the cellar.*]

*Snap.* Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I have broke my neck.

*Wom.* I am glad to hear him say so, however; I should be loth to be hanged for him. How d'ye, Sir?

*Snap.* D'ye, Sir! I am a league under ground.

*Wom.* Whereabouts are you?

*Snap.* In hell, I think.

*Wom.* No, no; you're but in the road to it, I dare say. Ah, dear! why will you follow lewd women at this rate, when they lead you to the very gulf of destruction? I knew you would be swallowed up at last. Ha, ha, ha!

*Snap.* Ah, ye sneering whore!

*Wom.* Shall I fetch you a prayer-book, Sir, to arm you against the temptations of the flesh?

*Snap.* No, you need but shew your damn'd ugly face to do that. Hark ye, either help me out, or I'll hang myself, and swear you murdered me.

*Wom.* Nay, if you are so bloody-minded, good night to ye, Sir.

[*She offers to shut the door over him, and he catches hold of her.*]

F 2

*Snap.*

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*Snap.* Ah, ah, ah! have I caught you? 'Egad, we'll pig together now.

*Wom.* O Lord! pray let me go, and I'll do any thing.

*Snap.* And so ye shall before I part with you.

[*Pulls her in to him.*

And now, master, my humble service to you.

[*He pulls the door over them.*

A C T V.

SCENE, Sir William Wisewou'd's house.

*Enter El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, and a Lawyer with Writing.*

ELDER WORTHY.

ARE the ladies ready?

*Y. Wor.* Hilaria is just gone up to hasten her cousin, and Sir William will be here immediately.

*El. Wor.* But hark you, brother; I have considered of it, and pray let me oblige you not to pursue your design on his five thousand pounds: for, in short, 'tis no better than a cheat, and what a gentleman should scorn to be guilty of. Is it not sufficient that I consent to your wringing him of his daughter?

*Y. Wor.* Your pardon, brother, I can't allow that a wrong: for his daughter loves me: her fortune, you know, he has nothing to do with; and 'tis a hard case a young woman shall not have the disposal of her heart.

—'Love's a fever of the mind, which nothing but our wishes can assuage; and I don't question but we shall find marriage a very cooling cordial.'——And as to the five thousand pounds, 'tis no more than what he has endeavoured to cheat his niece of.

*El. Wor.* What d'ye mean? I take him for an honest man.

*Y. Wor.* Oh! very honest! As honest as an old agent to a new-raised regiment.—No, faith, I'll say that for him, he will not do an ill thing, unless he gets by it. In a word, this so very honest Sir William, as you take him  
to

to be, has offered me the refusal of your mistress : and upon condition I will secure him five thousand pounds upon my day of marriage with her, he will secure me her person, and ten thousand pounds, the remaining part of her fortune : there's a guardian for ye ! What think ye now, Sir ?

*El. Wor.* Why, I think he deserves to be served in the same kind. ' I find age and avarice are inseparable ; ' therefore e'en make what you can of him, and I will ' stand by you.' But hark you, Mr. Forge, are you sure it will stand good in law, if Sir William signs the bond ?

*Law.* In any court in England, Sir.

*El. Wor.* Then there's your fifty pieces ; and if it succeeds, here's as many more in the same pocket to answer 'em. But, mum—here comes Sir William and the ladies.

*Enter Sir William Wisewou'd, Hillaria, and Narcissa.*

*Sir Will.* Good-morrow, gentlemen. Mr. Worthy, I give you joy. Odso ! if my heels were as light as my heart, I shou'd ha' much ado to forbear dancing.—Here, here, take her, man. [*Gives him Narcissa's hand.*] She's yours, and so is her thousand pounds a year, and my five thousand pounds shall be yours too.

*Y. Wor.* You must ask me leave first. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Will.* Odso ! is the lawyer come ?

*El. Wor.* He is, and all the writings are ready, Sir.

*Sir Will.* Come, come, let's see, man—What's this ? Odd ! this law is a plaguy troublesome thing ; for now-a-days it won't let a man give away his own, without repeating the particulars five hundred times over ; when, in former times, a man might have held his title to twenty thousand pounds a year in the compass of an horn-book.

*Law.* That is, Sir, because there are more knaves now-a-days, and this age is more treacherous and distrustful than heretofore.

*Sir Will.* That is, Sir, because there are more lawyers than heretofore. But, come, what's this, pr'ythee ?

*Law.* These are the old writings of your daughter's fortune.—This is Mr. Worthy's settlement upon her ;—and this, Sir, is your bond for five thousand pounds to

him: there wants nothing but filling up the blanks with the parties names; if you please, Sir, I'll do it immediately.

*Sir Will.* Do so.

*Law.* May I crave your daughter's christian name? the rest I know, Sir.

*Sir Will.* Narcissa: Pr'ythee, make haste.

*Y. Wor.* You know your business. [*Aside to the lawyer.*

*Law.* I warrant you, Sir. [*Sits to write.*

*Sir Will.* Mr. Worthy, methinks your brother does not relish your happiness as he shou'd do; poor man! I'll warrant he wishes himself in his brother's condition.

*Y. Wor.* Not I, I'll assure you, Sir.

*Sir Will.* Niece, niece, have you no pity? Pr'ythee look upon him a little. Odd! he's a pretty young fellow,—'I am sure he loves you, or he wou'd not have frequented my house so often. D'ye think his brother could not tell my daughter his own story without your assistance? Pshaw-waw! I tell you, you were the beauty that made him so assiduous:' Come, come, give him your hand, and he'll soon creep into your heart, I'll warrant you: come, say the word, and make him happy.

*Hil.* What, to make myself miserable, Sir? Marry a man without an estate!

*Sir Will.* Hang an estate; true love's beyond all riches. 'Tis all dirt—mere dirt—Beside, ha'n't you fifteen thousand pounds to your portion?

*Hil.* I doubt, Sir, you would be loth to give him your daughter, though her fortune's larger.

*Sir Will.* Odd, if he lov'd her but half so well as he loves you, he should have her for a word speaking.

*Hil.* But, Sir, this asks some consideration.

*Nar.* You see, Mr. Worthy, what an extraordinary kindness my father has for you.

*Y. Wor.* Ay, Madam, and for your cousin too: but I hope, with a little of your assistance, we shall be both able, very shortly, to return it.

*Nar.* Nay, I was always ready to serve Hillaria: for Heaven knows, I only marry to revenge her quarrel to my father: I cannot forgive his offering to sell her.

*Y. Wor.* Oh, you need not take such pains, Madam,

‘ to conceal your passion for me ; you may own it without a blush, upon your wedding-day.

‘ *Nar.* My passion ! When did you hear me acknowledge any ? If I thought you could believe me guilty of such a weakness, though after I had married you, I’d never look you in the face.

‘ *Y. Wor.* A very pretty humour this, faith ! What a world of unnecessary sins have we two to answer for ! For she has told more lies to conceal her love, than I have sworn false oaths to promote it. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, I’ll content myself with your giving me leave to love.

‘ *Nar.* Which if I don’t give, you’ll take, I suppose.’

*Hil.* Well, uncle, I won’t promise you, but I’ll go to church, and see them married ; when we come back, ‘ ’tis ten to one but I surprize you where you least think on.

*Sir Will.* Why, that’s well said—Mr. Worthy, now, now’s your time : Odd ! I have so fired her, ’tis not in her power to deny you, man.—To her, to her ; I warrant her thy own, boy.—You’ll keep your word ; five thousand pounds upon the day of marriage.

*Y. Wor.* I’ll give you my bond on demand, Sir.

*Sir. Will.* O ! I dare take your word, Sir—Come, lawyer, have you done ? Is all ready ?

*Law.* All, Sir. This is your bond, Mr. Worthy. Will you be pleased to sign that first, Sir ?

*Sir Will.* Ay, ay ; let’s see : The condition of this obligation [*Reads*] Hum, um—Come, lend me the pen.—There—Mr. Worthy, I deliver this as my act and deed to you, and Heaven send you a good bargain.—‘ Niece, ‘ will you witness it ? [*Which she does.*]’ Come, lawyer, your fist. [*Lawyer witnesses it.*]

‘ *Law.* Now, Sir, if you please to sign the jointure.

‘ *El. Wor.* Come on.—Sir William, I deliver this to you for the use of your daughter. Madam, will you give yourself the trouble once more ? [*Hillaria sets her hand.*] Come, Sir. [*The lawyer does the same.*]’ So, now let a coach be called as soon as you please, Sir.

*Sir Will.* You may save that charge, I saw your own at the door.

*El. Wor.*

*El. Wor.* Your pardon, Sir; that would make our business too publick: for which reason, Sir William, I hope you will excuse our not taking you along with us.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Sir Will.* Ay, ay, with all my heart; the more privacy, the less expence. But pray, what time may I expect you back again? for Amanda has sent to me for the writings of her husband's estate: I suppose she intends to redeem the mortgage, and I am afraid she will keep me there till dinner-time.

*Y. Wor.* Why about that time she has obliged me to bring some of her nearest friends to be witnesses to her good or evil fortune with her husband: methinks I long to know of her success; if you please, Sir William, we'll meet you there.

*Sir Will.* With all my heart.—[*Enter a Servant.*]

Well, is the coach come?

*Serv.* It is at the door, Sir.

*Sir Will.* Come, gentlemen, no ceremony, your time's short.

*El. Wor.* Your servant, Sir William.

[*Ex. El. Worthy, Y. Worthy, Narcissa, and Hillaria.*]

*Sir Will.* So, here's five thousand pounds got with a wet finger? This 'tis to read mankind! I knew, a young lover wou'd never think he gave too much for his mistress. Well, if I don't suddenly meet with some misfortune, I shall never be able to bear this tranquillity of mind.

[*Exit.*]

*The SCENE changes to Amanda's house.*

*Enter Amanda sola.*

*Am.* Thus far my hopes have all been answered, and my disguise of vicious love has charm'd him ev'n to a madness of impure desire:—but now I tremble to pull off the mask, lest barefac'd virtue should fright him from my arms for ever. Yet sure there are charms in virtue, nay, stronger and more pleasing far than hateful vice can boast of; else why have holy martyrs perished for its sake? while lewdness ever gives severe repentance and unwilling death.—Good heaven, inspire my heart, and hang upon my tongue the force of truth and eloquence,

eloquence, that I may lure this wandering falcon back to love and virtue.—He comes, and now my dreadful task begins.

*Enter Loveless in new cloaths.*

*Am.* How fare you, Sir? D'ye not already think yourself confined? Are you not tired with my easy love?

*Love.* O never, never; you have so fill'd my thoughts with pleasures past, that but to reflect on them is still new rapture to my soul, and the bliss must last while I have life or memory.

*Am.* No flattery, Sir; I lov'd you for your plain dealing; and to preserve my good opinion, tell me, what think you of the grape's persuading juice? Come, speak freely, would not the next tavern bush put all this out of your head?

*Love.* Faith, Madam, to be free with you, I am apt to think you are in the right on't. For though love and wine are two very fine tunes, yet they make no musick, if you play them both together; separately they ravish us: thus the mistress ought to make room for the bottle, the bottle for the mistress, and both to wait the call of inclination.

*Am.* That's generously spoken—I have observed, Sir, in all your discourse, you confess something of a man that has thoroughly known the world—Pray give me leave to ask of you, of what condition you are, and whence you came?

*Love.* Why, in the first place, Madam,—by birth I am a gentleman; by ill friends, good wine, and false dice, almost a beggar: but by your servant's mistaking me, the happiest man that ever love and beauty smil'd on.

*Am.* One thing more, Sir: are you married?—Now my fears, [*Aside.*]

*Love.* I was, but very young.

*Am.* What was your wife?

*Love.* A foolish loving thing, that built castles in the air, and thought it impossible for a man to forswear himself when he made love.

*Am.* Was not she virtuous?

*Love.*



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*Love.* Umph—Yes, faith, I believe she might, I was ne'er jealous of her.

*Am.* Did you ne'er love her?

*Love.* Ah, most damnably at first, ' for she was with-  
' in two women of my maidenhead.'

*Am.* What's become of her?

*Love.* Why, after I had been from her beyond sea, about seven or eight years, like a very loving fool, she died of the pip, and civilly left me the world to range in.

*Am.* Why did you leave her?

*Love.* Because she grew stale, and I could not whore in quiet for her: ' besides she was always exclaiming  
' against my extravagances, particularly my gaming,  
' which she so violently opposed, that I fancied a pleasure  
' in it, which since I never found; for in one month I  
' lost between eight and ten thousand pounds, which I  
' had just before called in to pay my debts. This mis-  
' fortune made my creditors come so thick upon me, that  
' I was forced to mortgage the remaining part of my  
' estate to purchase new pleasure; which I knew I could  
' not do on this side of the water, amidst the clamours of  
' insatiate duns, and the more hateful noise of a com-  
' plaining wife.

' *Am.* Don't you wish you had taken her counsel,  
' though?

' *Love.* Not I, faith, Madam.

' *Am.* Why so?

' *Love.* Because 'tis to no purpose: I am 'master of  
' more philosophy, than to be concerned at what I can't  
' help.—But now, Madam,——pray give me  
leave to inform myself as far in your condition.

*Am.* In a word, Sir, till you know me thoroughly, I must own myself a perfect riddle to you.

*Love.* Nay, nay, I know you are a woman: but in what circumstances, wife or widow?

*Am.* A wife, Sir; a true, a faithful, and a virtuous wife.

*Love.* Umph! truly, Madam, your story begins something like a riddle: a virtuous wife, say you? What, and was you never false to your husband?

*Am.*

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*Am.* I never was, by heaven! for him and only him I still love above the world,

*Love.* Good again! Pray, Madam, don't your memory fail you sometimes? because I fancy you don't remember what you do over-night.

*Am.* I told you, Sir, I should appear a riddle to you: but if my heart will give me leave, I'll now unloose your fettered apprehension:—but I must first amaze you more.—Pray, Sir, satisfy me with one particular—'Tis this,—What are your undissembled thoughts of virtue? Now, if you can, shake off your loose unthinking part, and summon all your force of manly reason to resolve me.

*Love.* 'Faith, Madam, methinks this is a very odd question for a woman of your character. I must confess you have amazed me.

*Am.* It ought not to amaze you. Why should you think I make a mock of virtue? But last night you allowed my understanding greater than is usual in our sex: if so, can you believe I have no farther sense of happiness, than what this empty, dark, and barren world can yield me? No, I have yet a prospect of a sublimer bliss, an hope that carries me to the brighter regions of eternal day.

*Love.* Humh! I thought her last night's humour was too good to hold. I suppose, by and by she will ask me to go to church with her. [*Aside.*] 'Faith, Madam, in my mind this discourse is a little out of the way. You told me I should be acquainted with your condition, and at present that's what I had rather be informed of.

*Am.* Sir, you shall: but first, this question must be answered: your thoughts of virtue, Sir?—By all my hopes of bliss hereafter, your answering this pronounces half my good or evil fate for ever: but on my knees I beg you, do not speak till you have weighed it well:—answer me with the same truth and sincerity, as you would answer heaven at your latest hour.

*Love.* Your words confound me, Madam: some wondrous secret sure lies ripened in your breast, and seems to struggle for its fatal birth. What is it I must answer you?

*Am.*

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*Am.* Give me your real thoughts of virtue, Sir: can you believe there ever was a woman truly mistress of it, or is it only notion?

*Love.* Let me consider, Madam.——What can this mean? Why is she so earnest in her demands, and begs me to be serious, as if her life depended upon my answer?——I will resolve her as I ought, as truth, and reason, and the strange occasion seems to press me. [*Aside.*] Most of your sex confound the very name of virtue: for they would seem to live without desires; which, could they do, that were not virtue, but the defect of unperforming nature, and no praise to them: for who can boast a victory, when they have no foe to conquer? Now she alone gives the fairest proofs of virtue, whose conscience, and whose force of reason can curb her warm desires, when opportunity would raise them: that such a woman may be found, I dare believe.

*Am.* May I believe, that from your soul you speak this undissembled truth?

*Love.* Madam, you may. But still you rack me with amazement! Why am I asked so strange a question?

*Am.* I'll give you ease immediately.——Since then you have allowed a woman may be virtuous—how will you excuse the man who leaves the bosom of a wife so qualified, for the abandoned pleasures of a deceitful prostitute; ruins her fortune, contemns her counsel, loaths her bed, and leaves her to the lingering miseries of despair and love? while, in return of all these wrongs, she, his poor forsaken wife, meditates no revenge, but what her piercing tears, and secret vows to heaven for his conversion yields her; yet still loves on, is constant and unshaken to the last. Can you believe that such a man can live without the stings of conscience, 'and yet 'be master of his senses?' Conscience? Did you ne'er feel the checks of it? Did it never, never tell you of your broken vows?

*Love.* That you should ask me this, confounds my reason:——and yet your words are uttered with such a powerful accent, they have awakened my soul, and strike my thoughts with horror and remorse.——

[*Stands in a fixed posture*  
*Am*]

*Am.* Then let me strike you nearer, deeper yet.—  
But arm your mind with gentle pity first, or I am lost for ever.

*Love.* I am all pity, 'all faith, expectation, and confused amazement: Be kind, be quick, and ease my wonder.

*Am.* Look on me well: revive your dead remembrance: and, Oh! for pity's sake [*Kneels.*] hate me not for loving long and faithfully; forgive this innocent attempt of a despairing passion, and I shall die in quiet.

*Love.* Hah! speak on! [*Amazed.*]

*Am.* It will not be—The word's too weighty for my faltering tongue, and my soul sinks beneath the fatal burden. Oh!— [*Falls to the ground.*]

*Love.* Ha! she faints! Look up, fair creature! behold a heart that bleeds for your distress, and fain would share the weight of your oppressive sorrows. Oh! thou hast raised a thought within me, that shocks my soul.

*Am.* 'Tis done—[*Rising.*] The conflict's past, and heaven bids me speak undaunted. Know then, even all the boasted raptures of your last night's love, you found in your Amanda's arms:—I am your wife—

*Love.* Ha!

*Am.* For ever blessed or miserable, as your next breath shall sentence me!

*Love.* My wife! impossible! Is she not dead? How shall I believe thee?

*Am.* How time and my afflictions may have altered me, I know not: but here's an indelible confirmation. [*Bares her arms.*] These speaking characters, which in their chearful bloom our early passions mutually recorded.

*Love.* Hah! 'tis here;—'tis no illusion, but my real name; which seems to upbraid me as a witness of my perjured love.—Oh, I am confounded with my guilt, and tremble to behold thee.—Pray, give me leave to think. [*Turns from her.*]

*Am.* I will; [*Kneels.*] but you must look upon me: for only eyes can hear the language of the eyes; and mine have sure the tenderest tale of love to tell, that ever misery, at the dawn of rising hope, could utter.

*Love.* I have wronged you, (Oh rise!) basely wrong'd you. And can I see your face!

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*Am.*

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*Am.* One kind, one pitying look, cancels those wrongs for ever. And, Oh! forgive my fond presuming passion; for from my soul I pardon and forgive you all; all, all but this, the greatest, your unkind delay of love.

*Love.* Oh! seal my pardon with thy trembling lips, while, with this tender grasp of fond reviving love, I seize my bliss, and stifle all thy wrongs for ever.

[*Embraces her.*]

*Am.* No more; I'll wash away their memory in tears of flowing joy.

*Love.* Oh! thou hast roused me from my deep lethargy of vice: for hitherto my soul has been enslaved to loote desires, to vain deluding follies, and shadows of substantial bliss; but now I wake with joy, to find my rapture real. Thus let me kneel and pay my thanks to her, whose conquering virtue has at last subdued me. Here will I fix, thus prostrate, sigh my shame, and wash my crimes in never ceasing tears of penitence.

*Am.* Oh, rise! this posture heaps new guilt on me: Now you overpay me.

*Love.* Have I not used thee like a villain? For almost ten long years deprived thee of my love, and ruined all thy fortune? But I will labour, dig, beg, or starve, to give new proofs of my unfeigned affection.

*Am.* Forbear this tenderness, lest I repent of having moved your soul so far. You shall not need to beg, Heaven has provided for us beyond its common care. 'Tis now near two years since my uncle, Sir William Wealthy, sent you the news of my pretended death; knowing the extravagance of your temper, he thought it fit you should believe no other of me: and about a month after he had sent you that advice, poor man, he died, and left me in full possession of two thousand pounds a year, which I now cannot offer as a gift, because my duty, and your lawful right, makes you the undisputed master of it.

*Love.* How have I laboured for my own undoing! while in despite of all my follies, kind Heaven resolved my happiness.

*Enter a Servant to Amanda.*

*Serv.* Madam, Sir William Wisewou'd has sent your Ladyship the writings you desired him, and says he'll wait on you immediately.

*Am.*

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*Am.* Now, Sir, if you please to withdraw a while, you may inform yourself how fair a fortune you are master of.

*Love.* None, none that can outweigh a virtuous mind; while in my arms I thus can circle thee, I grasp more treasure, than in a day the posting sun can travel o'er. Oh! why have I so long been blind to the perfections of thy mind and person? Not knowing thee a wife, I found thee charming beyond the wishes of luxuriant love. Is it then a name, a word, shall rob thee of thy worth? Can fancy be a surer guide to happiness than reason? Oh, I have wandered like a benighted wretch, and lost myself in life's unpleasing journey!

'Twas heedless fancy first that made me stray,  
But reason now breaks forth, and lights me on my way.  
*[Exeunt.]*

*The S C E N E, changes to an Entry.*

*Enter three or four Servants.*

*1st Serv.* Prithee, Tom, make haste below there; my lady has order'd dinner at half past one, precisely. Look out some of the red that came in last.

*[Two of the Servants bawl Snap and Amanda's Woman out of the Cellar.]*

*2d Serv.* Come, Sir, come out here, and shew your Face.

*Wom.* Oh! I am undone! ruin'd!

*2d Serv.* Pray, Sir, who are you; and what was your business? and how in the devil's name, came you here?

*Snap.* Why, truly, Sir, the flesh led me to the cellar door; but I believe the devil push'd me in.—That gentlewoman can inform you better.

*3d Serv.* Pray, Mrs. Anne, how came you two together in the cellar?

*Wom.* Why, he—he---pu---pu---pull'd me in.  
*[Sobbing.]*

*3d Serv.* But how the devil came he in?

*Wom.* He fe---fe---fe---fell in.

*2d Serv.* How came he into the house?

*Wom.* I don---do---don't know.

*2d Serv.* Ah! you are a crocodile; I thought what was the reason I could never get a good word from you.

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What

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' What in a cellar too? But come, Sir, we will take care of you however. Bring him along; we will first carry him before my Lady, and then toss him in a blanket.

' *Snap.* Nay, but gentlemen, dear gentlemen.'

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, another Chamber.

*Enter Loveless, Amanda, Elder Worthy, Young Worthy, Narcissa, and Hillaria.*

*E. Wor.* This is indeed a joyful day; we must all congratulate your happiness.

*Am.* Which while our love permits us to enjoy, we must still reflect with gratitude on the generous author of it. Sir, we owe you more than words can pay you.

*Love.* Words are indeed too weak, therefore let my gratitude be dumb till it can speak in actions.

*Y. Wor.* The success of the design I thought on, sufficiently rewards me.

*Hil.* When I reflect upon Amanda's past afflictions, I could almost weep to think of her unexpected change of fortune.

*E. Wor.* Methinks her fair example should persuade all constant wives ne'er to repine at unrewarded virtue. Nay, e'en my brother being the first adviser of it, has atoned for all the looseness of his character.

*Love.* I never can return his kindness.

' *Nar.* In a short time, Sir, I suppose you'll meet with an opportunity, if you can find a receipt to preserve love, after his honey-moon's over.

' *Love.* The receipt is easily found, Madam; love's a tender plant, which can't live out of a warm bed: you must take care, with undissembled kindness, to keep him from the northern blast of jealousy.

' *Nar.* But I have heard your experienced lovers make use of coldness, and that's more agreeable to my inclination.

' *Love.* Coldness, Madam, before marriage, like throwing a little water upon a clear-fire, makes it burn the fiercer: but after marriage you must still take care to lay on fresh fuel.

' *Nar.* Oh, fie, Sir! How many examples have we of men hating their wives for being too fond of them?

' *Love.*

*Love.* No wonder, Madam : you may stifle a flame, by heaping on too great a load.

*Nar.* Nay, Sir, if there be no other way of destroying this passion for me, he may love till doomsday.

*E. Wor.* Humh ! don't you smell powder, gentlemen ? Sir Novelty is not far off.

*Love.* What, not our fellow-collegian, I hope, that was expelled the university for beating the proctor.

*E. Wor.* The same.

*Love.* Does that weed grow still ?

*E. Wor.* Ay, faith, and as rank as ever, as you shall see ; for here he comes.

*Enter Sir Novelty.*

*Sir Nov.* Ladies, your humble servant. Dear Loveless, let me embrace thee ; I am overjoyed at thy good fortune, stop my vitals—the whole town rings of it already—my Lady Tattle-tongue has tired a pair of horses in spreading the news about. Hearing, gentlemen, that you were all met upon an extraordinary good occasion, I could not resist this opportunity of joining my joy with yours : for you must know I am——

*Nar.* Married, Sir ?

*Sir Nov.* To my liberty, Madam : I have just parted from my mistress.

*Nar.* And pray, Sir, how do you find yourself after it ?

*Sir Nov.* The happiest man alive, Madam ; pleasant, easy, gay, light, and free as air : ha ! [*Capers.*] I beg your Ladyship's pardon, Madam ; but, upon my soul, I cannot confine my rapture.

*Nar.* Are you so indifferent, Sir ?

*Sir Nov.* Oh, Madam ! she's engaged already to a temple beau : I saw them in a coach together, so fond, and bore it with as unmoved a countenance, as Tom Worthy does a thundering jest in a comedy, when the whole house roars it.

*Y. Wor.* Pray, Sir, what occasioned your separation ?

*Sir Nov.* Why, this, Sir :—you must know, she being still possessed with a brace of implacable devils, called revenge and jealousy, dogged me this morning to the chocolate-house, where I was obliged to leave a letter for a young foolish girl, that—(you'll excuse me, Sir) which I had no sooner delivered to the maid of the house, but, whip, she snatches it out of her hand, flew at her like a



dragon, tore off her head-clothes, flung down three or four sets of lemonade glasses, dashed my Lord Whiffle's chocolate in his face, cut him over the nose, and had like to have strangled me in my own steinkirk.

*Love.* Pray, Sir, how did this end?

*Sir Nov.* Comically, stop my vitals; for in the cloud of powder that she had battered out of the beau's periwig, I stole away: after which, I sent a friend to her with an offer, which she readily accepted (three hundred pounds a year during life) provided she would renounce all claims to me, and resign my person to my own disposal.

*E. Wor.* Methinks, Sir Novelty, you were a little too extravagant in your settlement, considering how the price of women is fallen.

*Sir Nov.* Therefore I did it—to be the first man should raise their price: for, the devil take me, the women of the town now come down so low, that my very footman, while he kept my place t'other day at the playhouse, carried a mask out of the side-box with him; and, stop my vitals, the rogue is now taking physic for it.

*Enter the Servants with Snap.*

*1st Serv.* Come, bring him along there.

*Love.* How, now? Hah! Snap in hold? I pray let's know the business.

*1st Serv.* Why, an't please you, Sir, this fellow was taken in the cellar with my Lady's woman: she says he kept her in by force, and was rude to her; she stands crying here without, and begs her Ladyship to do her justice.

*Am.* Mr. Loveless, we are both the occasion of this misfortune; and for the poor girl's reputation sake something should be done.

*Love.* Snap, answer me directly, have you lain with this poor girl?

*Snap.* Why, truly, Sir, imagining you were doing little less with my Lady, I must confess I did commit familiarity with her, or so, Sir.

*Love.* Then you shall marry her, Sir. No reply, unless it be your promise.

*Snap.* Marry her? Oh, lord, Sir, after I have lain with her? Why, Sir, how the devil can you think a man can have any stomach to his dinner, after he has had three or four slices off the spit?

*Love.*

*Love.* Well, firrah, to renew your appetite, and because thou hast been my old acquaintance, I'll give thee an hundred pounds with her, and thirty pounds a year during life, to set you up in some honest employment.

*Snap.* Ah, Sir, now I understand you: Heaven reward you. Well, Sir, I partly find that the genteel scenes of our lives are pretty well over; and I thank Heaven, that I have so much grace left, that I can repent, when I have no more opportunities of being wicked.---Come, spouse, [*She enters.*] here's my hand, the rest of my body shall be forth coming.---Ah! little did my master and I think last night that we were robbing our own orchards. [*Exeunt.*]

*E. Wor.* Brother, 'stand upon your guard;' here comes Sir William.

*Enter Sir William Wisewou'd.*

*Sir Wil.* Joy, joy to you all. Madam, I congratulate your good fortune. Well, my dear rogue, must not I give thee joy too, ha?

*T. Wor.* If you please, Sir; but I confess I have more than I deserve already.

*Sir Wil.* And art thou married?

*T. Wor.* Yes, Sir, I am married.

*Sir Wil.* Odio, I am glad on't: I dare swear thou dost not grudge me the five thousand pounds.

*T. Wor.* Not I, really Sir: you have given me all my soul could wish for, but the addition of a father's blessing. [*Kneels with Narcissa.*]

*Sir Wil.* Humh! what dost thou mean? I am none of thy father.

*T. Wor.* This lady is your daughter, Sir, I hope.

*Sir Wil.* Pr'ythee, get up; pr'ythee, get up, thou art stark mad. True, I believe she may be my daughter: Well, and so, Sir.-----

*T. Wor.* If she be not, I'm certain she's my wife, Sir.

*Sir Wil.* Humh! Mr. Worthy, pray, Sir, do me the favour to help me to understand your brother a little--- Do you know any thing of his being married?

*E. Wor.* Then, without any abuse, Sir William, he married your daughter this very morning, not an hour ago, Sir.

*Sir Wil.* Pray, Sir, whose consent had you? Who advised you to it?

*T. Wor.*

## 30 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

*Y. Wor.* Our mutual love, and your consent, Sir; which these writings, entitling her to a thousand pounds a year, and this bond, whereby you have obliged yourself to pay me five thousand pounds on our day of marriage, are sufficient proofs of.

*Sir Wil.* He, he! I gave your brother such a bond, Sir.

*Y. Wor.* You did so; but the obligation is to me: Look there, Sir.

*Sir Wil.* Very good, this is my hand, I must confess, Sir; and what then?

*Y. Wor.* Why then, I expect my five thousand pounds, Sir. Pray, Sir, do you know my name?

*Sir Wil.* I am not drunk, Sir; I am sure it was Worthy, and Jack, or Tom, or Dick, or something.

*Y. Wor.* No, Sir, I'll shew you---'tis William; look you there, Sir: you should have taken more care of the lawyer, Sir, that filled up the blank.

*E. W.* So, now his eyes are open.

*Sir Wil.* And have you married my daughter against my consent, and tricked me out of five thousand pounds, Sir?

*Hil.* His brother, Sir, has married me too with my consent, and I am not tricked out of five thousand pounds.

*Sir Wil.* Insulting witch! Look ye, Sir, I never had a substantial cause to be angry in my life before: but now I have reason on my side, I will indulge my indignation most immoderately: 'I must confess, I have not patience to wait the slow redress of a tedious law-suit; therefore am resolved to right myself the nearest way.' Draw, draw, Sir; you must not enjoy my five thousand pounds, though I fling as much more after it, in procuring a pardon for killing you. [*They bold him.*] Let me come at him; I'll murder him; I'll cut him; I'll tear him; I'll broil him, and eat him; a rogue! a dog! a cursed dog! a cut-throat, murdering dog!

*E. Wor.* Oh, fie: Sir William, how monstrous is this passion!

*Sir Wil.* You have disarmed me; but I shall find a time to poison him.

*Love.* Think better on't, Sir William; your daughter has married a gentleman, and one whose love entitles him to her person.

*Sir Wil.* Ay, but the five thousand pounds, Sir—Why the very report of his having such a fortune, will ruin him. I'll warrant you, within this week, he will have more duns at his chamber in a morning, than a gaming lord after a good night at the groom-porters, or a poet upon the fourth day of his new play. I shall never be pleased with paying it against my own consent, Sir.

*Hil.* Yet you would have had me done it, Sir William: But, however, I heartily wish you would as freely forgive Mr. Worthy, as I do you, Sir.

*Sir Wil.* I must confess, this girl's good-nature makes me ashamed of what I have offered: but, Mr. Worthy; I did not expect such usage from a man of your character; I always took you for a gentleman.

*E. Wor.* You shall find me no other, Sir. Brother, a word with you.

*Love.* Sir William, I have some obligations to this gentleman, and have so great a confidence in your daughter's merit, and his love, that I here promise to return you your five thousand pounds, if after the expiration of one year, you are then dissatisfied in his being your son-in-law.

*T. Wor.* But see, brother, he has forestalled your purpose.

*E. Wor.* Mr. Loveless, you have been beforehand with me; but you must give me leave to offer Sir William my joint security for what you promised him.

*Love.* With all my heart, Sir. Dare you take our bonds, Sir William?

*T. Wor.* Hold, gentlemen; I should blush to be obliged to that degree; therefore, Sir William, as the first proof of that respect and duty I owe a father, I here, unasked, return your bond, and will henceforth expect nothing from you, but as my conduct may deserve it.

*Ans.* This is indeed a generous act; methinks 'twere pity it should go unrewarded.

*Sir Wil.* Nay, now you vanquish me; after this, I can't suspect your future conduct: there, Sir, 'tis yours; I acknowledge the bond, and wish you all the happiness of a bridal bed. Heaven's blessing on you both. Now rise, my boy; and let the world know 'twas I set you upon your legs again.

*T. Wor.* I'll study to deserve your bounty, Sir.

*Love.*

## 82 LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.

*Love.* Now, Sir William, you have shewn yourself a father. This prudent action has secured your daughter from the usual consequence of a stolen marriage, a parent's curse. Now she must be happy in her love, while you have such a tender care on't.

*Am.* This is indeed a happy meeting: we all of us have drawn our several prizes in the lottery of human life; therefore I beg our joys may be united: not one of us must part this day. The ladies I'll intreat my guests.

*Love.* The rest are mine, and I hope will often be so.

*Am.* 'Tis yet too soon to dine: therefore, to divert us in the mean time, what think you of a little music? the subject perhaps not improper to this occasion.

*E. Wor.* 'I will oblige us, Madam; we are all lovers of it.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers Love seated on a Throne, attended by Fame; with a Chorus.*

*Fame.* Hail! Hail! victorious Love!

‘ To whom all hearts below,

‘ With no less pleasure bow,

‘ Than to the thund'ring Jove,

‘ The happy souls above.

*Cho.* Hail! &c.

*Enter Reason.*

*Reason.* Cease, cease, fond fools, your empty noise,

‘ And follow not such idle joys:

‘ Love gives you but a short-liv'd bliss,

‘ But I bestow immortal happiness.

*Love.* Rebellious Reason talk no more;

‘ Of all my slaves, I thee abhor:

‘ But thou, alas! dost strive in vain

‘ To free the lover from a pleasing chain;

‘ In spite of Reason, Love shall live and reign,

*Cho.* In spite, &c.

*A Martial Symphony.*

*Enter Honour.*

*Hon.* What wretch would follow Love's alarms,

‘ When Honour's trumpet sounds to arms?

‘ Hark! how the warlike notes inspire

‘ In ev'ry breast a glowing fire.

*Love.* Hark! how it swells with love and soft desire.

*Hon.*

- ‘ *Hon.* Behold, behold the marry’d state,  
 ‘ By thee too soon betray’d.  
 ‘ Repenting now too late.  
 ‘ *Enter Marriage, with his Yokes.*
- ‘ *Mar.* Oh! tell me, cruel God of Love,  
 ‘ Why didst thou my thoughts possess  
 ‘ With an eternal round of happiness?  
 ‘ And yet, alas! I lead a wretched life,  
 ‘ Doom’d to this galling yoke,—the emblem of a wife.
- ‘ *Love.* Ungrateful wretch! how dar’st thou Love up-  
 braid?  
 ‘ I gave thee raptures in the bridal bed.
- ‘ *Mar.* Long since, alas! the airy vision fled,  
 ‘ And I with wand’ring flames my passion feed.  
 ‘ Oh! tell me, pow’rful God,  
 ‘ Where I shall find  
 ‘ My former peace of mind?
- ‘ *Love.* Where first I promis’d thee a happy life,  
 ‘ There thou shalt find it, in a virtuous wife.  
 ‘ Love and Fame.
- ‘ Go home, unhappy wretch, and mourn  
 ‘ For all the guilty passions past;  
 ‘ There thou shalt find those joys return,  
 ‘ Which shall for ever, ever last.

‘ *End with the first Chorus.*

*Love.* ‘ ’Twas generously designed, and all my life to  
 ‘ come shall shew how I approve the moral. Oh, Aman-  
 da! once more receive me to thy arms; and while I am  
 there, let all the world confess my happiness. By my ex-  
 ample taught, let every man, whose fate has bound him  
 to a married life, beware of letting loose his wild desires:  
 for, if experience may be allowed to judge, I must pro-  
 claim the folly of a wandering passion. The greatest  
 happiness we can hope on earth,

And sure the nearest to the joys above,  
 Is the chaste rapture of a virtuous love.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

## E P I L O G U E.

Spoken in the Character of CUPID.

**N**OW, gallants, for the author. First, to you,  
 Kind city gentlemen o'th' middle row;  
 He hopes you nothing to his charge can lay,  
 There's not a cuckold made in all his pl:y.  
 Nay, you must own, if you believe your eyes,  
 He draws his pen against your enemies:  
 For he declares, to-day he merely strives  
 To maul the beaux——because they maul your wives.  
 Nor, Sirs, to you whose sole religion's drinking,  
 Whoring, roaring, without the pain of thinking.  
 He fears he's made a fault you'll ne'er forgive,  
 A crime beyond the hopes of a reprieve:  
 An honest rake forgo the joys of life,  
 His whores and wine, & embrace a dull chaste wife!  
 Such out-of-fashion stuff! But then again,  
 He's lewd for above four acts, gentlemen.  
 For faith, he knew, when once he'd chang'd his fortune,  
 And reform'd his vice, 'twas time—to drop the curtain.  
 Four acts for your coarse palates were design'd,  
 But then the ladies taste is more refin'd;  
 They, for Amanda's sake, will sure be kind.  
 Pray let this figure once your pity move;  
 Can you resist the pleasing God of Love?  
 In vain my pray'rs the other sex pursue,  
 Unless your conqu'ring smiles their stubborn hearts subdue.







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