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A. E. Morgan

The following volume is in preparation:

THE ART OF PLAYWRITING

Walter Prichard Eaton

(Other volumes to be arranged for)

Harper & Brothers Publishers

TO

R. T.

DEAR FRIEND,

BUT FOR WHOM

THIS BOOK

WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN

PREFACE

ONE of the attractions of an anthology is that it encourages that sense of superiority dear to us all. Every reader knows of some excellent piece that his wider judgement would have included. So of a collection of plays. But the editor must take his chance and in submitting the twenty-five plays in this volume I know well the risk involved. Since I took up the task of editing this collection the number of plays to be included has slowly grown, but even with twenty-five one has to exclude those which might well claim a place. It would be easy to find excellent reasons on one ground or another for including examples of the work of Lee, Rowe, Colley Cibber, Mrs. Centlivre, Fielding or Burgoyne. *The Rehearsal*, *Tom Thumb* and especially *The School for Scandal* will be missed.

To make a defence would be a long and not very profitable matter. I will refer to *The School for Scandal* alone. Forced to give only one example of Sheridan I omitted *The School* first because it is very easy to come by and secondly because of the interesting comparison between the first printed edition of *The Rivals* and the Larpent MS. which I have been able to present to the student.

For the rest I have endeavoured to make as catholic a selection as possible, keeping in mind two principles. The first was that readers would want the best plays of the period and the second that students of the drama would look for what was typical of the tastes and fashions of the century and a half covered by the volume. These two principles sometimes clashed and if the reader is prone to find fault on grounds of absolute merit with *Cato* or *The London Merchant* or *Luke the Labourer* I appeal to my second principle. I would urge that only familiarity with plays of this kind enables us to appreciate the evolution of our drama.

It is noticeable that the collection contains only a small number of tragedies and further that, judged by our critical standards, they are dramatically the least valuable plays included. This illustrates the fact that during the period tragedy was undoubtedly at a low level, although as a *genre* it was less unpopular than it is to-day.

The general textual principle has been to rely on the first printed edition. Other early editions have been collated and there is a fairly **full** apparatus of variants in the footnotes. These will be of little interest to the general reader who can ignore them. But to the student of

dramatic texts who may be interested in the principles of textual provenance and the basic problems of editing it is hoped that they will prove useful. For the same reason the text of two plays, *All for Love* and *The Way of the World*, each by a writer famous in his day, is taken from the first collected edition. The fact emerges that although one might expect the revised text to be more accurate, clearly it is not. The implications are of value in assessing, say, the relative textual authority of a first quarto of a Shakespearean play and that of its first Folio version. It must not be inferred that a different version is necessarily unauthoritative, and a study of the text of *All in the Wrong* will probably lead the student to the view that here we have an example of a careful rehandling by the author himself. This seems, however, to be exceptional.

If any textual care is worth while then every care must be taken. Certain unessential details such as typographical forms of names in stage directions and speech headings have been subordinated to uniformity of printing; but otherwise the reader may rely on accuracy of reproduction so far as care permits. That there are some mistakes is inevitable, but no pains to reduce these to the smallest number possible have been spared. Textual accuracy if it means anything must include such mint and cummin as capitals and punctuation. The reader unfamiliar with old texts may find a slight difficulty in this respect, but a little practice removes it and in the end it helps to bring him nearer to the writer and his time.

It was hard to judge what phrases and words would present difficulty to the reader. Some will wish for more explanations, others less. The latter are likely on the whole to be a more captious crowd; but for them there is the consoling consciousness of their own erudition. I crave the benevolence of both—those who find the notes insufficient and those who cry out on superfluity of the obvious.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THE facsimile title pages are reproduced to give the reader something of the flavor of the early editions. While an effort has been made to reproduce the title pages appropriate to the text used, in some cases this has not been possible because of the inability of the publishers to obtain them.

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So far as is possible reference is given in the
Bibliographical Notes to the particular copies
used.

B. M. British Museum
U. C. Hull Library of University College, Hull
A. E. M. Editor's copy

The Conquest
O F
GRANADA
B Y T H E
SPANIARDS:
In Two Parts.

Acted at the *Theater -Royall.*

Written by JOHN DRYDEN Servant
to His Majesty.

—Major return mihi nafcitur Ords;
Majur opus moveo. Virg: *Æneid*-7.

In the SAVOT,
Printed by T. N for Henry Herringman, and are to
be fold at the *Anchor* in the Lower Walk
of the *New Exchange*. 1672.

John Dryden (1630-1700) is the great figure in Restoration literature and was one of the most notable dramatists of the age. He began his dramatic career with a comedy (*The Wild Gallant*, 1663) and eventually wrote eight, including *Marriage A-la-Mode* (1672), *The Kind Keeper; or Mr. Limberham* (1677/8) and *The Spanish Fryer* (1679/80), to mention only the best. But he often disclaimed his abilities as a comic dramatist, and certainly it was as a writer of tragedies that he composed his masterpieces. Nevertheless Dryden's comedy is not to be scorned. At the date of *Marriage A-la-Mode* Etherege alone, and he doubtfully, could claim to have depicted on the stage anything so brilliant as the sparkle of the wits who figure in the comic parts. Dryden foreshadows here the bright pictures of the gay *beau monde* which was to be portrayed with such skill by Etherege and Congreve.

In 1663/4 Dryden collaborated with Sir Robert Howard in *The Indian Queen*, his first attempt in tragedy, but like *The Indian Emperor* (1665) and *The Rival Ladies* (1664) it has a romantic ending which converts it into a tragi-comedy.

These plays show those qualities of high-flown passion and bombastic rhetoric which were the outward signs of heroic tragedy, a dramatic form typical of the age and carried to the highest pitch by Dryden. Many influences both native and foreign, expressed in drama, in epic and in prose romances, went to the making of this fashion, and Dryden struck a popular vein when he produced *Tyrannick Love* (1669). But it was the two parts of *The Conquest of Granada* (1670/1) that exemplified the heroic play *par excellence*. All the absurdities and exaggerations of character, action and dialogue are patent; but when our eyes recover from the dazzle of huge event and our ears from the din of high-astounding terms we detect something that is fine and beautiful. Only a great dramatist could have conceived action on such a grand scale, and only a true poet could have penned many of the speeches in which Almanzor threatens gods and men and in which Almahide records her constancy to truth and purity.

The vein is worked further in *Aureng-Zebe* (1675), but with more moderation. In these heroic plays Dryden had employed the rimed couplet; but in *All for Love* (1677) he abandons it for blank verse. Although this imposes less mechanical restraint the general construction and detailed style are far less florid. His art has developed a restraint which is imposed from within, and of all his dramatic works *All for Love* shows the highest degree of concentration and poise which Dryden was to achieve. Something of the old stiffness and rhetoric abide, but there is real passion, especially in the characters of Antony and Cleopatra themselves, and several of the scenes show genuine dramatic tension. We must avoid the mistake of judging it by comparison with Shakespeare's tragedy. Although based on an earlier drama *All for Love* is a Restoration play, and as such it stands out as one of the finest, though not the most typical, tragedies of its time.

The text follows the first quarto (1672) collated with the four following quartos, and the first collected works folio 1701.

Q 1 = First quarto, 1672 (B. M. 11774. g. 9).

Q 2 = Second quarto, 1673 (B. M. 664. g. 64).

Q 3 = Third quarto, 1678 (B. M. 11774. e. 16).

Q 4 = Fourth quarto, 1687 (B. M. 11774. g. 16).

Q 5 = Fifth quarto, 1695 (B. M. 11774. g. 23).

F = *The Comedies, Tragedies and Operas, Written by John Dryden, Esq.; Now first Collected together, and Corrected from the Originals*, 1701. 2 vols, folio. (Professor G. S. Moore Smith's copy.)

Saintsbury (Mermaid) = *John Dryden*, edited George Saintsbury, Mermaid Series, 2 vols.

Professor A. Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*, records another quarto edition "? 1681." It is not in B. M. and I have not seen it.

To
His ROYAL HIGHNESS
The
DUKE.

Sir,

Heroique Poesie has alwayes been sacred to Princes and to *Heroes*. Thus *Virgil* inscrib'd his *Æncids* to *Augustus CÆSAR* ; and, of latter Ages, *Tasso* and *Ariosta* dedicated their Poems to the house of *Est*. Tis, indeed, but justice, that the most excellent and most profitable kind of writing should be addressed by Poets to such persons whose Characters have, for the most part, been the guides and patterns of their imitation. And Poets, while they imitate, instruct. The feign'd Heroe inflames the true: and the dead vertue animates the living. Since, therefore, the World is govern'd by precept and Example; and both these can onely have influence from those persons who are above us, that kind of Poesy which excites to vertue the greatest men, is of greatest use to humane kind.

Tis from this consideration, that I have presum'd to dedicate to your Royal Highness these faint representations of your own worth and valour in Heroique Poetry: or, to speak more properly, not to dedicate, but to restore to you those Ideas, which, in the more perfect part of my characters, I have taken from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own praises, both as they are farther incitements to their vertue, and as they are the highest returns which mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were oblig'd either by the conduct, the personal valour, or the good fortune of a Leader, the *English* are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highness. Your whole life has been a continued Series of Heroique Actions: which you began so early that you were no sooner nam'd in the world, but it was with praise and Admiration. Even the first blossomes of your youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening manhood. While you practis'd but the rudiments of War you out-went all other Captains: and have since found none to surpass, but your self alone. the^o opening of your glory was like that of light: you shone to us from afar; and disclos'd your first beams on distant Nations: yet so, that the lustre of them was spread abroad, and reflected brightly on your native Country. You were then an honour to it, when it was a reproach to it self:^o and, when the fortunate Usurper sent his arms to *Flanders*, many of the adverse party were vanquish'd by your fame, e're they try'd your valour, the report of it drew over to your Ensigns whole Troops and Companies of converted Rebels: and made them forsake successfull wickedness to follow an oppress'd and exil'd vertue. your^o reputation wag'd war with the Enemies of your royal family, even within their trenches; and the more obstinate, or more guilty of them, were forced to be spies over those whom they commanded: lest the name of *YORK* should disband that Army in whose fate it was to defeat the *Spaniards*, and force *Dunkirk* to surrender. Yet, those victorious forces of the Rebels were not able to sustain your arms: where you charg'd in person you were a Conqueror: 'tis true they afterwards recover'd Courage; and wrested that Victory from others which they had lost to you. And it was a greater action for them to rally than it was to overcome. Thus, by the presence of your Royal Highness, the English on both sides remain'd victorious: and that Army, which was broken by your valour, became a terror to those for whom they conquer'd. Then it was that at the cost

the] The Qq 2-5, F. it self] itself F. the] The Qq 2-5, F.
vertue. your] Q 1; Vertue: your Q 2; Vertue. Your Qq 3, 4, F; Virtue. Your Q 5.

of other Nations you inform'd and cultivated that Valour which was to defend your native Country, and to vindicate its honour from the insolence of our incroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollanders*, not contented to withdraw themselves from the obedience which they ow'd their-lawful Sovereign, affronted those by whose Charity they were first protected: and, (being swell'd up to a preeminence^o of Trade, by a supine negligence on our side, and a sordid parsimony on their own,) dar'd to dispute the Sovereignty of the Seas; the eyes of three Nations were then cast on you: and, by the joynt suffrage of King and People, you were chosen to revenge their common injuries.^o to which, though you had an undoubted title by your birth, you had yet a greater by your courage. Neither did the success deceive our hopes and expectations. the^o most glorious victory which was gain'd by our Navy in that war, was in that first engagement: wherein, even by the confession of our enemies, who ever palliate their own losses, and diminish our advantages, your absolute triumph was acknowledg'd. you^o conquer'd at the *Hague* as intirely as at *London*.^o and the return of a shatter'd Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least pretence for a false bon-fire, or a dissembled day of publick Thanks-giving. All our achievements against them afterwards, though we sometimes conquer'd and were never overcome, were but a copy of that victory: and they still fell short of their original, somewhat^o of fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the title of so absolute a defeat. or,^o perhaps, the Guardian Angel of our Nation was not enough concern'd when you were absent: and would not employ his utmost vigour for a less important stake than the life and honor of a Royal Admiral.

And, if^o since that memorable day, you have had leisure to enjoy in peace the fruits of so glorious a reputation, 'twas occasion onely has been wanting to your courage; for, that^o can never be wanting to occasion. the^o same ardor still incites you to Heroique actions: and the same concernment for all the interests of your King and Brother, continue to give you restless nights, and a generous emulation for your own glory. you^o are still meditating on new labours for your self, and new triumphs for the Nation.^o and when our former enemies again provoke us, you will again sollicite fate to provide you another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be slain. You will, then, lead forth a Nation eager to revenge their past injuries: and, like the *Romans*, inexorable to Peace, till they have fully vanquished. Let our Enemies make their boast of a surprise; as the *Samnites* did of a successful stratagem: but the *Furce Cawdince* will never be forgiv'n till they are reveng'd. I have alwaies observed in your Royal Highness an extream concernment for the honour of your Country 'tis^o a passion common to you with a Brother, the most excellent of Kings: and^o in your two persons, are eminent the Characters which *Homer* has given us of Heroique vertue: the commanding part in *Agamemnon*, and the executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt not, from both your actions, but to have abundant matter to fill the Annals of a glorious Reign: and to perform the part of a just Historian to my Royal Master, without intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time, while your Royal Highness is preparing fresh employments for our pens: I^o have been examining my own forces, and making tryal of my self how I shall be able to transmit you to Posterity. I have form'd a Heroe, I confess, not absolutely perfect: but^o of an excessive and overboyling courage. but^o *Homer* and *Tasso* are my

preheminece] Qq 1, 2; preeminence Qq 3, 4; pre-eminence Q 5; pre eminence F.

injuries.] Q 1; injuries Qq 2-5; Injuries; F.

expectations, the] Q 1; expectations: the Qq 2-5; Expectations: The F.

acknowledg'd. you] Q 1; acknowledg'd: you Qq 2-5; acknowledg'd: You F.

London.] London; Qq 2-5, F.

original. somewhat] Q 1; original: somewhat Q 2; Original: somewhat Qq 3-5; Original: Somewhat F.

or] Or Qq 2-5, F.

iff] om. Q 5, F.

for, that] for that F.

occasion, the Q.1; occasion; the Q 2; Occasion. The Qq 3, 4; occasion. The Q 5, F.

you] You -5, F.

Nation.] Nation; Qq 2-5, F.

Country 1;

Country: 'tis Qq 2-5;

Country: 'Tis

F.

and]

aud

Q1.

pens: I] Qq 1, 2; Pens, I Qq 3-5, F.

perfect: but] perfect, but Qq 2-5, F.

courage, but] Q 1; courage; but Q 2; Courage: but Qq 3-5; Courage: But F.

precedents, both" the Greek and the Italian Poet had well consider'd that a tame Heroe who never transgresses the bounds of moral vertue, would shine but dimly in an Epick poem. the° strictness of those Rules might well give precepts to the Reader, but would administer little of occasion to the writer. But a character of an excentrique vertue is the more exact Image of humane life, because he is° not wholly exempted from its frailties. such° a person is *Almanzor*: whom I present, with all humility, to the Patronage of your Royal Highness. I design'd in him a roughness of Character, impatient of injuries; and a confidence of himself, almost approaching to an arrogance. but° these errors are incident only to great spirits, they° are moles and dimples which hinder not a face from being beautifull; though that beauty be not regular, they° are of the number of those amiable imperfections which we see in Mistrisses: and which we pass over, without a strict examination, when they are accompanied with greater graces. And such, in *Almanzory* are a frank and noble openness of Nature: an° easiness to forgive his conquer'd enemies; and to protect them in distress; and above all, an inviolable faith in his affection. This, Sir, I have briefly shaddow'd to your Royal Highness, that you may not be asham'd of that Heroe whose protection you undertake. Neither would I dedicate him to so illustrious a name, if I were conscious to my self that he did or said any thing, which was wholly unworthy of it. However, since it is not just that your Royal Highness shou'd defend or own, what,° possibly, may be my errour, I bring before you this accus'd *Almanzor*, in the nature of a suspected Criminal. By the suffrage of the most and best he already is acquitted; and by the sentence of some, condemn'd. But, as I have no reason to stand to the award of my Enemies,° so neither dare I trust the partiality of my friends. I make my last appeal to your Royal Highness, as to a Sovereign Tribunal. Heroes shou'd onely be judg'd by Heroes; because they onely are capable of measuring great and Heroick actions by the rule and standard of their own. If *Almanzor* has fail'd in any point of Honor, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highness, who are the patern of it. But, if at any time he fulfils the parts of personal Vallour and of conduct, of a Souldier, and of a General; or, if I could yet give him a Character more advantagious than what he has; of the most unshaken friend, the greatest of Subjects, and the best of Masters, I shou'd then draw to° all the world, a true resemblance of your worth and vertues; at least as farr as they are capable of being copied, by the mean abilities of

Sir,

Your Royal Highnesses

Most humble and most

obedient Servant

J. DRYDEN.

poem] Both Qq 2-5, P.

poem, the] Q 1; *poem; the* Q 2; *Poem; the* Qq 3-5, F.

is] Qq 3-5, F; om. Qq 1, 2.

frailties, such] Q 1; *frailties, such* Q 2; *frailties; such* Qq 3-5; *frailties: Such* F.

but] But Qq 2-5, F.

spirits, they] Q 1; *spirits; they* Qq 2-4; *Spirits; they* Q 5, F.

regular, they] regular; *they* Qq 2-5, F.

own, what] Qq 1, 2; *own what* Qq 3-5, F.

to] Q 1; om. Qq. 2-5, F.

an] Qq 1-4; *and* Q 5, F.

Enemies] *Enemie* F.

OF
HEROIQUE PLAYES.

An Essay.

Whether Heroique verse ought to be admitted into serious Playcs, is not now to be disputed: 'tis already in possession of the Stage: and I dare confidently affirm, that very few Tragedies, in this Age, shall be received without it. All the arguments, which are form'd against it, can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near conversation as Prose; and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all, who understand Poetry, that serious Playes ought not to imitate Conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that level, the foundation of Poetry would be destroyed, and, if you once admit of a Latitude, that thoughts may be exalted, and that Images and Actions may be rais'd above the life, and describ'd in measure without Rhyme, that leads you insensibly, from your own Principles to mine: You are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse. You are gone beyond it; and, to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open field, betwixt two Inns. You have lost that which you call natural, and have not acquir'd the last perfection of Art. But it was onely custome which cozen'd us so long: we thought, because Shakespear and Fletcher went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry were to be erected. That, because they excellently describ'd Passion without Rhyme, therefore Rhyme teas not capable of describing it. but time has now convine'd most men of that Error. 'Tis indeed, so difficult to write verse,^o that the Adversaries of it have a good plea against many who undertake that task, without being form'd by Art or Nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it. they have cozen'd many with their sound, who never took the pains to examine their sence. In fine, they have succeeded: though 'lis true they have more dishonour'd Rhyme by their good Success than they could have done by their ill. But I am willing to let fall this argument: 'tis free for every man to write, or not to write, in verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be his Tallents; or as he imagines the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which onely I have^o us'd it without the mixture of Prose) the first light we had of them on the English Theatre was from the late Sir William D'Avenant: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some matter of Scandal to those good people, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign than endure a wanton jeast; he was forced to turn his thoughts another way: and to introduce the examples of moral vertue, writ in verse, and perform'd in Recitative Musique. The Original of this musick and of the Scenes which adorn'd his^o work, he had from the Italian Opera's: but he heightn'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of Corneille and some French Poets. In this Condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majesties return.^o When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his Siege of Rhodes, and caus'd it to be acted as a just Drama; but as few men have the happiness to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect: There wanted the fulness of a Plot, and the variety

verse! i.e., **rimed** verse.
his] Qq 1-4; this Q 5, F.

onely I have] Qq 1-4; I have only Q 5, F.
return] return Q 1.

of Characters to form it as it ought: and, perhaps, something might have been added to the beauty of the stile. All which he would have performed with more exactness had he pleas'd to have given us another work of the same nature. For my self and others, who come after him, we are bound, with all veneration to his memory, to acknowledge what advantage we receiv'd from that excellent ground-work which he laid: and, since it is an easy thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without envy to him, or partiality to our selves, to yield him the precedence in it.

Having done him this justice, as my guide; I may do my self so much, as to give an account of what I have perform'd after him. I observed then, as I said, what was wanting to the perfection of his Siege of Rhodes: which was design, and variety of Characters. And in the midst of this consideration, by meer accident, I open'd the next Book that lay by me, which was an Ariosto in Italian; and the very first two lines of that Poem gave me light to all I could desire.

Lc Donne, 1° Cavalier, L' armc, gli amori,

Le Cortesie, 1' audace⁰ imprese jo canto, &c.

for the very next reflection which I made was this, That an Heroick Play ought to be an imitation, in little of an Heroick Poem: and, consequently, that Love and Valour ought to be the Subject of it. Both these, Sir William D' Avenant had begun⁰ to shadow: but it was so, as first Discoverers draw their Maps, with headlands, and Promontories, and some few out-lines⁰ of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the designer saw not clearly. The common Drama obliged him to a Plot well-form'd and pleasant, or, as the Antients calVd it, one entire and great Action: but this he afforded not himself in a story, which he neither fill'd with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispenze with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height: and indulg'd him a farther liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the Stage, as that is beyond the common words and actions of humane life: and therefore, in the scanting of his Images, and design, he comply'd not enough with the greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.

I am sorry I cannot discover my opinion of this kind of writing, without dissenting much from his, whose memory I love and honour. But I will do it with the same respect to him as if he were now alive, and overlooking my Paper while I write. his^o judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, That it ought to be dress'd in a more familiar and easy shape: more fitted to the common actions and passions of humane life: and, in short, more like a glass of Nature, showing us our selves in our ordinary habits: and figuring a more practicable vertue to us, then was done by the Antients or Moderns: thus he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the Drama, or stage Poetry: and accordingly, intended⁰ to divide it into five Books, representing the same number of Acts; and every Book into several Canto's, imitating the Scenes which compose our Acts.

But this, I think, is rather a Play in Narration (as I may call it) than an Heroick Poem. If at least you will not prefer the opinion of a single man to the practice of the most excellent Authors both of Antient and latter⁰ ages. I am no admirer of Quotations; but you shall hear, if you please, one of the Ancients delivering his judgment on this question: 'tis Petronius Arbiter, the most elegant, and one of the most judicious Authors of the Latine tongue: who, after he had given many admirable rules, for the structure, and beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in these following words:

1J) Qq 1-5; II F.

begun] began F.

write, his] Q 1; write, his Qq 2-5; write. His F.

latter] Qq 1-4; later Q 5, F.

Vaudace] Q 1; Vaudaci Qq 2-5, F.

out-lines] Qq 1-4; out-lies Q 5; Out-lies F.

intended] Qq 1-4; om. Q 5, F.

Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendæ sunt; quod longe melius Historici faciunt: sed, per ambages, Deorumque⁰ ministeria, præcipitandus est liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis, sub testibus, fides.

In which sentence, and in his^o own Essay of a Poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan; who follow'd too much the truth of history, crowded Sentences together, was too full of points, and too often offer'd at somewhat which had more of the sting of an Epigram, than of the dignity and state of an Heroick Poem. Lucan us'd not much the help of his heathen Deities, there was neither the ministry of the Gods, nor the precipitation of the Soul, nor the fury of a Prophet, (of which my Author speaks) in his Pharsalia: he treats you more like a Philosopher, than a Poet: and instructs you, in verse, with what he^o had been taught by his Uncle Seneca, in Prose. In one word, he walks soberly, a foot, when he might fly. Yet Lucan is not always this Religious historian, the Oracle of Appius, and the witchcraft of Erictho will somewhat attone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-chosen, and known argument, to follow truth, with great exactness. For my part, I am of opinion, that neither Homer, Virgil, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, nor our English Spencer could have form'd their Poems half so beautiful, without those Gods and Spirits, and those Enthusiastick parts of Poetry, which compose the most noble parts of all their writings, and I will ask any man who loves Heroick Poetry, (for I will not dispute their tastes who do not) if the Ghost of Polydorus in Virgil, the Enchanted wood in Tasso, and the Bower of bliss, in Spencer (which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted without taking from their works some of the greatest beauties in them, and if any man object the improbabilities of a spirit appearing, or of a Palace rais'd by Magick, I boldly answer him, that an Heroick Poet is not ty'd to a bare representation of what is true, or exceeding probable: but that he may^o let himself loose to visionary objects, and to the representation of such things, as depending not on sence, and therefore not to be comprehended by knowledge, may give him a freer scope for imagination. 'Tis enough that in all ages and Religions, the greatest part of mankind have believ'd the power of Magick, and that there are Spirits, or Spectres, which have appeared. This I say is foundation enough for Poetry: and I dare farther affirm that the whole Doctrine of separated beings, whether those Spirits are incorporeal substances, (which Mr. Hobbs, with some reason thinks to imply a contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial sort of bodies (as some of the Fathers have conjectur'd) may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philosophers or Divines. For their speculations on this subject are wholly Poetical; they have onely their fancy for their guide, and that, being sharper in an excellent Poet, than it is likely it should in a phlegmatick, heavy gown-man,^o will see farther, in its own Empire, and produce more satisfactory notions⁰ on those dark and doubtful Problems.

Some men think they have rais'd a great argument against the use of Spectres and Magique in Heroique Poetry, by saying, They are unnatural: but, whether they or I believe there are such things, is not material, 'tis enough that, for ought we know, they may be in Nature: and what ever is or may be, is not, properly, unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowleys verses before Gondibert; (though his authority is almost sacred to me:) 'Tis true, he has resembled the old Epique Poetry to a fantastique fayery land: but he has contradicted himself by his own Example. For, he has himself made use of Angels, and Visions in his Davideis, as well as Tasso in his Godfrey.

What I have written on this Subject will not be thought digression by the Reader, if he

Deorumque] Deorumq; F.
he] om. F.
gown-man] clergyman.

in his] Qq 1-3; his Qq 4, 5, F.
may] Qq 1-4; might Q 5, F.
notions] Motions F.

please to remember what I said in the beginning of this Essay, that I have modell'd my Heroique Playes, by the Rides of an Heroique Poem. And, if that be the most noble, the most pleasant and the most instructive way of writing in^o verse, and, wit hall, the highest patern of humane life, as all Poets have agreed, I shall need no other Argument to justifie my choice in this imitation. One advantage the Drama has above the other, namely, that it represents to view, what the Poem onely does relate, and, Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures, Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, as Horace tells us.

To those who object my frequent use of Drums and Trumpets; and my representations of Battels, I answer, I introduced them not on the English Stage, Shakespear us'd them frequently: and, though Jonson shows no^o Battel in his Catiline, yet you hear from behind the Scenes, the sounding of Trumpets, and the shouts of fighting Arjnies. But, I add farther; that these warlike Instruments, and, even the representations^o of fighting on the Stage, are no more than necessary to produce the effects of an Heroick Play, that is, to raise the imagination of the Audience, and to perswade them, for the time, that what they behold on the Theater is really perform'd. The Poet is, then, to endeavour an absolute dominion over the minds of the Spectators: for, though our fancy will contribute to its own deceit, yet a Writer ought to help its operation, and that the Red Bull^o has formerly done the same, is no more an Argument against our practice, than it would be for a Physician to forbear an approv'd medicine because a Mountebank has us'd it with success.

Thus I have given a short account of Heroick Plays. I might now, with the usual eagerness of an Author, make a particular defence of this, but the common opinion (how unjust soever,) has been so much to my advantage, that I have reason to be satisfied: and to suffer, with patience, all that can be urg'd against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easy for me, than to defend the character of Almanzor, which is one great exception that is made against the Play? 'Tis said that Almanzor is no perfect pattern of Heroick vertue: that he is a contemner of Kings; and that he is made to perform impossibilities.

I must therefore, avow, in the first place, from whence I took the Character, the first Image I had of him was from the Achilles of Homer, the next from Tasso's Rinaldo, (who was a copy of the former:) and the third from the Artaban of Monsieur Calprenede; (who has imitated both.) the original of these, (Achilles) is taken by Homer for his Heroe: and h described by him as one, who in strength and courage surpass'd the rest of the Grecian Army: but, withall, of so fiery a temper, so impatient of an injury, even from his King, and General, that, when his Mistress was to be fore'd from him by the command of Agamemnon, he not onely disobeyed it; but return'd him an answer full of contumely; and in the most approbrious terms he could imagine, they are Homers words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a multitude.

Οἰοσάρετ, κυρὸς ὀμματ' ἔχων, κραδίην δ' ἐλάφοιο:
Δημοδόροισι βασιλεύς, &c.

Nay, he proceeded so far in his insolence, as to draw, out his sword, with intention to kill him.

“Ἐλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεῶϊ μέγα ξίφος.

and, if Minerva had not appeared, and held his hand, he had executed his design; and

in] om. F.

the representations! Qq 1-3; there presentations Q 4; their presentations Q 5; their Presentations F.

no] me no F.

Red Bull] a theatre, opened in the first years of the 17th century; notorious for its strong drama.

'twix all she could do to diswade him from it: the event was that he left the army; and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his character thus to Nestor.

'Αλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἐθέλει περὶ πάντων ἱμῖναι ἄλλων,
Πάντων μὲν κρατίην ἐθέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀράσσειν.

and Horace gives the same description of him in his Art of Poetry.

——Honorum, si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Tasso's chief Character, Rinaldo, was a man of the same temper: for, when he had slain Gernando, in his heat of passion, he not only refus'd to be judged by Godfrey, his General, but threatn'd, that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by arms upon him: witness these following lines of Tasso.

Venga egli, o mandi,° jo terro fermo il piede;
Giudici fian tra noi la sorte e' l' arme:°
Fera tragedia vuol che s' appresenti
Per lor° diporti ale Nemiche genti.

You see how little these great Authors did esteem the point of Honour, so much, magnified by the French, and so ridiculously ap'd by us. They made their Hero's men of honour; but so, as not to divest them quite of humane passions, and frailties, they contented themselves to show you, what men of great spirits would certainly do, when they were provk'd, not what they we're obliged to do by the strict rules of moral vertue. for my own part, I declare my self for Homer and Tasso; and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo, than with Cyrus and Oroondates. / shall never subject my characters to the French standard; where Love and Honour are to be weigtid by drams and scruples. yet,° where I have design'd the patterns of exact vertue,° such as in this Play are the Parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, / may safely challenge the best of theirs.

But Almanzor is tax'd with changing° sides: And what tye has he on him to the contrary? he is not born their Subject whom he serves: and he is injur'd by them to a very high degree, he threatens them, and speaks insolently of Sovereign Power: but so do Achilles and Rinaldo; who were Subjects and Soldiers to Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloign. he° talks extravagantly in his Passion: but, if I would take the pains to quote an hundred passages of Ben. Johnson's Cethegus, I could easily shew you that the Rhodomontades of Almanzor are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution, for Cethegus threatens to destroy Nature, and to raise a new one out of it: to kill all the Senate for his part of the action; to look Cato dead;° and a thousand other things as extravagant, he sayes, but performs not one Action in the Play.

But none of the former columnies will stick: and, therefore, 'tis at last charg'd upon me that Almanzor does all things: or if you will have an absurd Accusation, in their non-sence who make it, that he performs impossibilities, they say, that being a stranger he appeases two fighting factions, when the Authority of their Lawful Sovereign could not. this is,

o mandi] Qq 1, 2; omandi Qq 3-5, F.

Varme:] Qq 1-3; l'arme Qq 4, 5, F.

lor] Qq 1-4; lot Q 5, F.

scruples, yet] Q 1; scruples; yet Q 2; scruples: yet Q 3; Scruples: yet Qq 4, 5; Scruples; yet F.

vertue] Qq 1-3; Virtues Q 5, F.

changing] the changing F.

Bulloign. he] Q 1; Bulloigne; he Qq 2-5; Bulloigne. He F.

dead;] dead, F.

indeed, the most improbable of all his actions: but, 'tis far from being impossible. Their King had made himself contemptible to his people, as the History of Granada tells us. and Almanzor, though a stranger, yet, was already known to them, by his gallantry in the Juego de toros, his engagement on the weaker side, and, more especially, by the character of his person, and brave actions, given by Abdalla just before, and, after all, the greatness of the enterprize consisted onely in the daring: for, he had the Kings guards to second him. but we have read both of Caesar, and many other Generals, who have not onely calm'd a Mutiny with a word, but have presented themselves single before an Army of their enemies; which, upon sight of them, has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their trenches. In the rest of Almanzors actions, you see him for the most part victorious: but, the same fortune has constantly attended many Heroes who were not imaginary. Yet,^o you see it no Inheritance to him. for, in the first Part, he is made a Prisoner: and, in the last, defeated; and not able to preserve the City from being taken. If the History of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazarded more and performed not less in Naples, than Almanzor is feign'd to have done in Granada.

/ have been too tedious in this Apology; but to make some satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play, expos'd to the Criticks, without defence.

The concernment of it is wholly past from me, and ought to be in them, who have been favorable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their own^o opinions. That there are errors in it, I deny not:

Ast opere in tan to fas est obrepere Somnum.

But I have already swept the stakes; and with the common good fortune of prosperous Gamesters, can be content to sit quietly; to hear my fortune curst by some, and my faults arraign'd by others, and to suffer both without reply.

imaginary. Yet,] imaginary, yet F.

own] Qq 1-4; ora. Q 5, F.

On Mr. Dryden's *Play*,^o
The Conquest of *GRANADA*.

TIF applause I gave among the foolish Croud,
Was not distinguish'd, though I clap'd aloud:
Or, if it had, my judgment had been hid:
I clap'd for Company as others did:
Thence may be told the fortune of your Play,
Its goodness must be try'd another way:
Let's judge it then, and, if we've any skill,
Commend what's good, though we commend it ill:
There will be Praise enough: yet not so much,
As if the world had never any such:
Ben Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespear, are
As well as you, to have a Poets share.
You who write after, have besides, this Curse,
You must write better, or, you else write worse:
To equal only what was writ before,
Seems stoln or borrow'd from the former store:
Though blind as *Homer* all the Antients be,
Tis on their shoulders like the *Lame* we see.
Then, not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,
(Praises though less, are greater when they'r true)
You'r equal to the best, outdone by you;
Who had outdone themselves, had they liv'd now.

Vaughan.

On . . . Play] This poem is om. F.

PROLOGUE

to the First Part.

Spoken by Mrs.^o Ellen Guyn^o in a broad-brim'd hat, and wastbelt.

THIS jeast^o was first of t'other houses making,
 And, five times tryd, has never fail'd of taking,
 For 'twere a shame a Poet shoud be kill'd
 Under the shelter of so broad a shield.
 This is that hat whose very fight did win yee
 To laugh and clap, as though the Devil were in yee.
 As then, for Nokes,^o so now, I hope, you'l be
 So dull, to laugh, once more, for love of me.
 I'll write a Play, sayes one, for I have got
 A broad-brim'd hat, and wastbelt tow'rds a Plot.
 Sayes t'other, I have one more large than that:
 Thus they out-write each other with a hat.
 The brims still grew with every Play they writ;
 And grew so large, they cover'd all the wit.
 Hat was the Play: 'twas language, wit and tale:
 Like them that find, Meat, drink, and cloth, in Ale.
 What dulness do these Mungrill-wits confess
 When all their hope is acting of a dress!
 Thus two, the^o best Comedians of the Age
 Must be worn out, with being blocks o' th' Stage.
 Like a young Girl, who better things has known,
 Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.
 See now, what Charity it was to save!
 They thought you lik'd, what onely you forgave:
 And brought you more didl sence.—dull sence, much worse
 Than brisk, gay Non-sence; and the heavy-cr Curse.
 They bring old Ir'n, and glass upon the Stage,
 To barter with the Indians of our Age.
 Still they write on; and like great Authors show:
 Bat 'tis as Rowlers in wet gardens grow;
 Heavy with dirt, and gath'ring as they goc.
 May none who have so little understood
 To like such trash, presume to praise what's good!
 And may those drudges of the Stage, whose fate
 Is, damn'd dull farce more dully to translate,

Afris.] Mrs. Qq. 2-5, F.

Guyn] Gwyn F.

This jeast] Nokes is said to have worn a broad-brimmed hat to caricature French Fashions when Henrietta of Orleans visited London in the spring of 1670.

Nokes] James Nokes, one of the most famous comedians of the Restoration stage. He belonged to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Thus two, the] Qq 1, 2; Thus two the Qq 3, 4; Thus, two the Q 5, F.

*Fall under that excise the State thinks fit
To set on all French wares, whose worst, is wit,
French farce worn out at home, is sent abroad;
And, patch'd up here, is made our English mode.
Hence forth, let Poets, 'ere allowed to write,
Be search'd, like Duellists, before they fight,
For wheel-broad hats, dull humour, all that chaffe,
Which makes you mourn, and makes the Vulgar laugh.
For these, in Playes, are as unlawful Arms,
As, in a Combat, Coats of Mayle, and Charms.*

Persons Represented.

M E N .

Mahomet Boabdelin, the last King of *Granada*.
Prince Abdalla, his Brother.
Abdelmelech, chief of the Abencerrages.
Zulema, chief of the Zegrys.
Abenamar, an old Abencerago.
Selin, an old Zegry.
Ozmyn a brave young Abencerago, son to *Abenamar*.
Harriet, brother to *Zulema*, a Zegry.
Gomel, a Zegry.
Almanzor.
Ferdinand, King of Spain.
Duke of Arcos, his General.
Don Alonzo, d' Aguilar; a Spanish Captain.

By
Mr. Kynaston.
Mr. Lydall.
Mr. Mohun.
Mr. Harris.
Mr. Cartwright.
Mr. Winter shall.
Mr. Beeston.
Mr. Watson.
Mr. Powell.
Mr. Hart.
Mr. Littlewood.
Mr. Bell.

W O M E N .

Almahide, Queen of *Granada*.
Lyndaraxa, Sister to *Zulema*; a Zegry Lady.
Benzayda, daughter to *Selin*.
Esperanza, slave to the Queen.
Halyma, slave to *Lyndaraxa*.
Isabella, Queen of *Spain*.

By
Mrs. Ellen. Guyn.^o
Mrs. Marshall.
Mrs. Bowtell.
Mrs. Reeve.
Mrs. Eastland.
Mrs. Jeames.

Messengers, Guards, Attendants, Men and Women.

The S C E N E , in *Granada*, and the Christian Camp besieging it.

Guynl Gwyn F.

Almanzor and Almahide,

OR,

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA

THE FIRST PART.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, Guards.

Boab. Thus, in the Triumphs of soft
Peace I reign;
And, from my Walls, defy the Powr's of
Spain:

With pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate,
While they keep distance; & attend my
State.

Parent to her whose eyes my Soul intrall;
[To *Aben.*

Whom I, in hope, already Father call;
Abenamar, thy Youth these sports has
known,

Of which thy age is now Spectator grown:
Judge-like thou sitst, to praise, or to arraign
The flying skirmish of the darted Cane: ¹⁰
But, when fierce Bulls run loose upon the
Place,

And our bold *Moors* their Loves with
dancer grace,

Then, heat new bends thy slackened Nerves
again,

And a short youth runs warm through every
Vein.

Aben. I must confess th' Encounters of
this day

Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way:
Not with the fire of Youth; but gen'rous
rage

To see the glories of my Youthful age
So far outdone.

Abdel. *Castile* could never boast, in all its
pride, ²⁰

A pomp so splendid; when the lists set
wide,

Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly
ran

In *Sierra Ronda*, 'ere the War began:

Who, with high Nostrils, Snuffing³ up the
Wind,

Now stood, the Champions of the Salvage⁰
kind.

Just opposite, within the circled place,
Ten of our bold *Abencerrages* race
(Each brandishing his Bull-spear in his
hand,)

Did their proud Ginnets⁰ gracefully com- ,
mand.

On their steel'd heads their demy-Lances³⁰
wore

Small pennons, which their Ladies colours
bore.

Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozmyn* goe;
Each Lady as he rode, saluting low;

At the chief stands, with reverence more
profound,

His well-taught Courser, kneeling, touch'd
the ground;

Thence rais'd, he sidelong bore his Rider on,
Still facing, till he out of sight was gone.

Boab. You praise him like a friend, and I
confess

His brave deportment merited no less.

Abdelm. Nine Bulls were launch'd^o by his
victorious arm, ⁴⁰

Whoso wary Ginnet, shunning still the
harm,

Seem'd to attend the shock; and then
leap'd wide:

Mean while, his dext'rous Rider, when he
spy'd

The beast just stooping; 'twixt the neck
and head

His Lance, with never erring fury, sped.

Aben. My Son did well; and so did
Hamet too;

Yet- did no more then we were wont to do;

Snuffing] Qq 1-4; *Snuffing* Q 5; *Snuffling* F.

Salvage] savage.

Ginnets] Qq 1-4; *Gennets* Q 5, F.

launch'd] lanced.

But what the stranger did, was more then man:

Abdel. He finish'd all those Triumphs we began.

One Bull, with curld black head 'beyond⁰
the rest,

And dew-laps hanging from his brawny chest,

With nodding front awhile did daring stand,
And with his jetty hoof spurn'd back the sand:

Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:
Th' amaz'd assistants back each other crow'd,

While, Monarch-like⁰ he rang'd the listed field:

Some toss'd, some goar'd, some, trampling down, he kill'd.

Th' ignobler Moors, from far, his rage provoke,

With woods of darts, which from his sides he shooke.

Mean time, your valiant Son who had⁶⁰
before

Gain'd fame, rode round to every Mirador,⁰
Beneath each Ladies stand, a stop he made;
And, bowing, took th' applauses, which they paid.

Just in that point of time, the brave]
unknown,

Approach'd the Lists.

Boab.—I mark'd him, when alone
(Observ'd by all, himself observing none) J
He enter'd first; and with a graceful pride
His fiery Arab, dextrously did guide:

Who, while his Rider every stand survay'd,
Sprung loose, and flew, into an Esca-⁷⁰
pade : °

Not moving forward, yet, with every bound,
Pressing, and seeming still to quit his ground.

What after pass'd—

Was far from the *Ventanna*⁰ where I sate,
[*To Abdel.*

But you were near; and can the truth relate.

Abdel. Thus, while he stood, the Bull who
saw this foe,

His easier Conquests proudly did forego:
And, making at him, with a furious bound,

beyond] Qq 1-4; beyon'd Q 5, F.

Monarch-like) Monach-like Q 1.

Mirador] balcony on a turret.

Escapade] plunging (of a horse).

Ventanna] Qq 1-5; Ventannan F. A window.

From his bent forehead aim'd a double wound.

A rising *Murmure*,⁰ ran through all the field,⁸⁰

And every Ladies blood with fear was chilli.

Some scnriek'd,⁰ while others, with more helpful care,

Cry'd out aloud, beware, brave youth, beware!

At this he turn'd, and, as the Bull drew near,

Shun'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.

The Lance broke short: the beast then bel-
low'd lowd,

And his strong neck to a new onset bow'd.
Th' undaunted youth—

Then drew; and from his Saddle bending low,

Just where the neck did to the shoulders]
grow,⁹⁰

With his full force discharge a deadly blow.

Not heads of Poppies, (when they reap the grain)

Fall with more ease before the lab'ring Swayn,

Then fell this head:—

It fell so quick, it did even death prevent:
And made imperfect bellowings as it went.
Then all the Trumpets Victory did sound:
And yet their clangors in our shouts were drown'd.

[*A confus'd noise within.*

Boab. Th' Alarm-bell rings from our *Al-hambra* walls,

And, from the Streets, sound Drums, and¹⁰⁰
Ataballes.⁰

[*Within, a Bell, Drumms & Trumpets.*

How now! from whence proceed these new alarms?

[*To them a Messenger.*

Mess. The two fierce factions are again in arms:

And, changing into blood the dayes delight,
The *Zegrys* with the *Abencerrages* fight,
On each side their Allies and Friends appear;

The *Magas* here, the *Alabezes* there:

Murmure] Qq 1, 4; *murmure* Qq 2, 3; *murmur* Q 5; *murmur* F.

schriek'd] Qq 1, 3; *schrie'd* Q 2; *shriek'd* Qq 4, 5, F.

Ataballes] kettle-drums.

The *Gazyls* with the *Bencerrages* joyn,
And, with the *Zegrys*, all great *Gomels* line.

Boab. Draw up behind the *Vivarambla*
place;

Double my guards, these factions I will
face;

And try if all the fury they can bring
Be proof against the presence of their King:

Exit Boabdelin.

*The Factions appear; At the head of
the Abencerrages, Ozmyn; at the
head of the Zegrys, Zulema, Hamet,
Gomel, and Selin: Abenamar⁰ and
Abdelmelech joynd with the Aben-
cerrages.*

Zulema. The faint *Abencerrages* quit their
ground:

Press 'em; put home your thrusts to every
wound.

Abdelmelech. *Zegry*, on manly force our
Line relies;

Thine, poorly takes th' advantage of sur-
prize.

Unarm'd, and much outnumber'd we retreat
You gain no fame, when basely you defeat:
If thou art brave, seek nobler Victory;
Save Moorish blood; and, while our bands
stand by,

Let two to two an equal combat try.

Hamet. 'Tis not for fear the Combat we
refuse;

But we our gain'd advantage will not loose.

Zul. In combating, but two of you will
fall;

And we resolve we will dispatch you all.

Ozmyn. Wee'l double yet th' exchange be-
fore we dye;

And each of ours two lives of yours shall
buy.

*Almanzor enter's betwixt them, as they
stand ready to engage.*

Almanz. I cannot stay to ask which cause
is best;

But this is so to me because oppress.

[Goes to the Abencerrages.

*To them Boabdelin and his Guards
going betwixt them.*

Boab. On your Allegiance, I command
you stay;

Who passes here, through me must make his
way.

Abenamar Qq 2, 3, F; *Abenamat* Qq 1, 4, 5.

My life's the *Isthmos*; through this narrow
line

You first must cut, before those Sea's can
joyn.

What fury, *Zegrys*, has possess your minds,
What rage the brave *Abencerrages* blinds?

If, of your Courage you new proofs wou'd
show,

Without much travel you may find a foe.

Those foes are neither so remote nor few,
That you shou'd need each other to pursue.

Lean times, and foreign Warrs should minds
unite,

When poor, men^o mutter, but they seldome
fight.

O holy *Alha*, that I live to see

Thy *Granadins* assist their Enemy.

You fight the Christians battels; every life

You lavish thus, in this intestine strife,

Does from our weak foundations, take one
prop

Which helpt to hold our sinking Country
up.

Ozmyn. 'Tis fit our private Enmity should
cease;

Though injur'd first, yet I will first seek
peace.

Selin.^o No, Murd'rer, no; I never will be
won

To peace with him whose hand has slain my
Son.

Ozmyn. Our Prophets⁰ curse——

On me, and all th' *Abencerrages* light

If unprovok'd I with your Son did fight.

Abdelmel. A band of *Zegry's* ran within
the Place,

Match'd with a Troop of thirty of our race.

Your Son and *Ozmyn* the first squadrons
led,

Which, ten by ten, like *Parthyans*, charg'd
and fled.

The Ground was strow'd with Canes, where
we did meet,

Which crackled underneath our Coursers⁰
feet.

When *Tarifa*, (I saw him ride apart)

Chang'd his blunt Cane for a steel pointed
Dart,

poor, men Qq 1, 4, 5, F; *poor men* Qq 2, 3.

Selin Qq 2-5; *Zulema* Q 1, F. Cf. 11, 242, and
111, 285. *infra*, where reference is made to *Selin*'s
thirst to avenge the murder of his son *Tarifa* by
Osmyn.

Prophets Prophet's F.

Coursers Qq 1-4; *coursers* Q 5; *Courser's* F.

And meeting *Ozmyn* next,
Who wanted time for Treason to provide,
He, basely, threw it at him, undefy'd:

[*Ozmyn showing his arm.*

Witness this blood—which, when by
Treason sought,

That follow'd, Sir, which to my self I ought.

Zulema. His fate to thee was grounded on
a grudge

Which all our generous *Zegrys* just did
judge;

They villain blood thou openly didst place ¹⁷⁰
Above the purple of our Kingly race.

Boabd. From equal Stems their blood
both houses draw,

They from *Morocco*, you from *Cordova*.

Harriet. Their mungril race is mixt with
Christian breed,

Hence 'tis that they those Dogs in prisons
feed.

Abdel. Our holy Prophet wills, that
Charity

Shoud, ev'n to birds and beasts extended
be:

None knows what fate is for himself de-
signed;

The thought of humane Chance should
make us kind.

Gomel. We waste that time we to revenge
shou'd give: ¹⁸⁰

Fall on; let no *Abencerrago* live.

[*Advancing before the rest of his
Party.*

*Almanzor, advancing on the other
side; and describing a line with his
sword.*

Upon thy life pass not this middle space;
Sure Death stands guarding the forbidden
place.

Gomel. To dare that death, I will ap-
proach yet nigher.

Thus, wer't thou compass'd in with circling
fire. {*They fight.*

Boab. Disarm 'em both; if they resist you,
kill.

*Almanzor, in the midst of the Guards
kills Gomel, and then is disarmed.*

Almanz. Now, you have but the Leavings
of my will.

Boab. Kill him; this insolent Unknown
shall fall,

And be the Victime to attone you all.

Ozmyn. If he must die, not one of us will ¹⁹⁰
live,

That life he gave for us, for him we give.

Boab. It was a Tray tors voice that spoke
those words;

So are you all, who do not sheath your
swords.

Zulema. Outrage unpunish'd when a
Prince is by,

Forfeits to scorn the rights of Majesty:

No Subject his Protection can expect

Who, what he owes himself, does first neglect.

Abenamar. This stranger, Sir is he,

Who lately in the *Vivarambla* plate
Did, with so loud applause, your Triumphs ²⁰⁰
grace.

Boab. The word which I have giv'n, He
not revoke;

If he be brave he's ready for the stroke.

Almanz. No man has more contempt than
I, of breath;

But whence hast thou the right to give me
death?

Obey'd as Sovereign by thy Subjects be,

But know, that I alone am King of me.

I am as free as Nature first made man

'Ere the base Laws of Servitude began

When wild in woods the noble Savage
ran.

Boab. Since, then, no pow'r above your ²¹⁰
own you know,

Mankind shou'd use you like a common foe,
You shou'd be hunted like a Beast of Prey;

By your own law, I take your life away.

Almanz. My laws are made but only for
my sake,

No King against himself a Law can make.

If thou pretendst to be a Prince like me,

Blame not an Act which should thy Pattern
be.

I saw th' oppress, and thought it did belong
To a King's office to redress the wrong:

I brought that Succour which thou oughtst ²²⁰
to bring,

And so, in Nature, am thy Subjects King.

Boab. I do not want your Council to
direct,

Or aid to help me punish or protect.

Almanz. Thou wantst 'em both, or better
thou wouldst know

Then to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow.

Divided int'rests while thou thinkst to sway,

Draw like two brooks thy middle stream
away:

For though they band, and jar, yet both
combine

To make their greatness by the fall of thine.
Thus, like a buckler, thou art held in
fight, sao

While they, behind thee, with each other
fight.

Boab. Away; and execute him instantly.

[To his Guards.

Almanz. Stand off; I have not leisure yet
to dye.

To them Abdalla hastily.

*Abdalla.*⁰ Hold, Sir, for Heav'n sake hold.
Defer this noble Strangers punishment,
Or your rash orders you will soon repent.

Boab. Brother, you know not yet his in-
solence.

Abdal. Upon your self you punish his of-
fence:

If we treat gallant Strangers in this sort,
Mankind will shun th' inhospitable
Court. 240

And who, henceforth, to our defence will
come,

If death must be the brave *Almanzors*
doom?

From *Africa* I drew him to your ayd;
And for his succour have his life betray'd.

Boab. Is this th' *Almanzor* whom at *Fez*
you knew,

When first their swords the *Xeriff*⁰ Brothers
drew?

Abdalla. This, Sir, is he who for the Elder
fought,

And to the juster cause the Conquest
brought:

Till the proud *Santo*, seated in the Throne,
Disdain'd the service he had done, to
own: 250

Then, to the vanquish'd part, his fate he
led;

The vanquish'd triumph'd, and the Victor
fled;

Vast is his Courage; boundless is his mind,
Rough as a storm, and humorous as wind;
Honour's the onely Idol of his Eyes:

The charms of Beauty like a pest he flies:
And, rais'd by Valour, from a birth un-
known,⁰

Acknowledges no pow'r above his own.

*Boabdelin coming to Almanzor.*⁰

Abdalla] *Abdella* Q 1.

Xeriff] The royal family of Morocco (Saintsbury).
unknown] *unknm* Q 1.

Boabdelin . . . *Almanzor*] Q 1 makes clear that
Boabdelin is the speaker of *Impute* etc. Qq 2-5,
F print as a S. D. so that it appears as if the
speech were a continuation of *Abdalla's*.

Impute your danger to*our ignorance;
The bravest men are subject most to
chance: 260

Granada much does to your kindness owe:
But Towns, expecting Sieges, cannot show
More honour, then t'invite you to a foe.

Almanzor. I do not doubt but I have been
too blame:⁰

But, to pursue the end for which I came,
Unite your Subjects first; then let us goe,
And poure their common rage upon the foe.

Boab. to the *Factions*.

Lay down your Arms; and let me beg you
cease

Your Enmities.

Zulema.—We will not hear of peace,
Till we by force have first reveng'd our
slain: 270

Abdel. The Action we have done we will
maintain:

Selin. Then let the King depart, and we
will try

Our cause by armes:

Zul.—————For us and Victory.

Boab. A King intreats you.

Almanz. What Subjects will precarious⁰
Kings regard:

A Begger speaks too softly to be heard:

Lay down your Armes; 'tis I command you
now.

Do it—or by our Prophets soul I vow,
My hands shall right your King on him I
seize.

Now, let me see whose look but disobeys. 280

Omn. Long live King *Mahomet Boab-*
delin:

Alman. No more; but hush'd⁰ as midnight
silence go:

He will not have your Acclamations now,
Hence you unthinking Crowd——

The common people go off on both
parties.

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,
When such as these unmake, or make a
King!

Abdalla. How much of vertue lies in one
great Soul

[embracing him.

too blame] v, 115, and p. 268.

precarious] suppliant.

but hush'd] *bu hush't'd* Q 1.

Whose single force can multitudes controll!
A trumpet within.

Enter a Messenger,

Messen. The Duke of Arcos, Sir,—²⁸⁰
Does with a trumpet from the Foe appear.

Boab. Attend him, he shall have his Audience here.

Enter the Duke of Arcos.

Arcos. The Monarchs of Castile and]
Arragon
Have sent me to you, to demand this I
Town:]
To which their just, and rightful claim is
known. J

Boab. Tell Ferdinand my right to it appears
By long possession of eight hundred years.
When first my Ancestors from *Afrique*
saiPd,
In *Rodrique*⁸ death your *Gothique*⁰ title
fail'd.

Arcos. The Successours of *Rodrique* still
remain;
And ever since have held some part of³⁰⁰
Spain.

Ev'n in the midst of your victorious pow'rs
Th' *Asturia*'s, and all *Portugal* were ours.
You have no right, except you force allow;
And if yours then was just, so ours is now.

Boab. Tis true; from force the noblest
title springs;
I therefore hold from that, which first made
Kings.

Arcos. Since then by force you prove your
title true,
Ours must be just; because we claim from
you.

When with your Father you did jointly
reign,
Invading with your Moores the South of³¹⁰
Spain,

I, who that day the Christians did command,
Then took; and brought you bound to
Ferdinand.

Boab. He hear no more; defer what you
would say:
In private wee'l discourse some other day.

Rodriques . . . Gothique] The Visigothic dynasty
ruled Spain from 411 until the death of Rodrigo
in 711, when the Moorish rule began.

Arcos. Sir, you shall hear, however you
are loath,
That, like a perjurd Prince, you broke your
oath.

To gain your⁰ freedom you a Contract
sign'd,
By which your Crown you to my King
resign'd.

From thenceforth as his Vassail holding³¹⁰
it,

And paying tribute, such as he thought fit:
Contracting, when your Father came to dye,
To lay aside all masks of Royalty:
And at *Purchena*⁰ privately to live;
Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did
give.

Boab. The force us'd on me, made that
Contract voyd:

Arcos. Why^o have you then its benefits
enjoy'd?

By it you had not only freedom then,
But since had ayd of money and of men.
And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,
You were by us restor'd, and he expel'd.²³⁰
Since that, in peace we let you reap your
grain,

Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your
Plain,

And more——

Almanz. Yes, yes, you did with wondrous
care

Against his Rebels prosecute the war,
While he secure in your protection, slept,
For him you took, but for your selves⁰
you kept.

Thus, as some fawning usurer does feed
With present summs th' unwary Unthrifts
need;

You sold your kindness at a boundless rate,
And then orepaid the debt from his Estate:
Which, mouldring piecemeal, in your⁰ hands
did fall;³⁴¹

Till now at last you came to swoop it all.

Arcos. The wrong you do my King I
cannot bear;

Whose kindness you would odiously com-
pare.

Th' Estate was his; which yet, since you
deny,

your] Qq 1-3; you Qq 4, 5, F.

Purchena] a town in Almeria, S E Spain.

Why) Whey Q 1.

selves] Qq 1-4; self Q 5, F.

your] you Q 1.

He's now content in his own wrong to buy.
Almanz. And he shall buy it dear what
 his he calls:

We will not give one stone from out these
 Walls.

Boab. Take this for answer, then—
 What 'ere your arms have conquer'd of my
 land ³⁵⁰

I will, for peace, resign to *Ferdinand*:
 To harder terms my mind I cannot bring;
 But as I still have liv'd, will dye a King.

Arcos. Since thus you have resolv'd,
 henceforth prepare

For all the last extremities of war:
 My King his hope from heavens assistance
 draws:

Almanz. The Moors have Heav'n and me
 t' assist their cause.

Exit Arcos.

Enter Esperanza.

Esper. Fair *Almahide*.
 (Who did with weeping eyes these discords
 see,

And fears the omen may unlucky be:) ³⁶⁰
 Prepares a *Zambra*⁰ to be danc'd this
 Night,

In hope soft pleasures may your minds
 unite.

Boab. My Mistris gently chides the
 fault I made:

But tedious business has my love delay'd;
 Business, which dares the joyes of Kings
 invade.

Almanz. First let us sally out, and meet
 the foe:

Abdalla. Led on by you we to° Triumph
 goe.

Boab. Then, with the day let war and
 tumult cease:

The night be sacred to our love and peace:
 'Tis just some joyes on weary Kings should⁰
 waite; ³⁷⁰

Tis all we gain by being slaves of State.
Exeunt omnes.

ACT II.

Abdalla, Abdelmelcch, Ozmyn, Zulcma,
Hamet, as returning from the Sally.

Abdal. This happy day does to *Granada*
 bring

Zambra] a Spanish or Moorish dance.
 to] Qq 1, 2; unto Q 3; on to Qq 4, 5, P.
 should] shoul Q 1.

A lasting peace; and triumphs to the King:
 The two fierce factions will no longer jarr,
 Since they have now been brothers in the
 war:

Those, who apart in Emulation fought,
 The common danger to one body brought;
 And to his cost the proud *Castilian* finds
 Our Moorish Courage in united minds.

Abdelmel. Since to each others ayd our
 lives we owe,

Loose we the name of Faction and of
 foe, ¹⁰

Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,
 Since *Lindaraxa's* beauty I adore.

Zul. I am oblig'd to *Lindaraxa's* charms
 Which gain the conquest I should loose by
 Arms;

And wish my Sister may continue fair
 That I may keep a good,
 Of whose possession I should else despair.

Ozmyn. While we indulge our common
 happiness

He is forgot by whom we all possess;
 The brave *Almanzor* to whose arms we
 owe ²⁰

All that we did, and all that we shall do;
 Who, like a Tempest that out rides the
 wind,

Made a just battle 'ere⁰ the bodies joyn'd.

Abdalla. His Victories we scarce could
 keep in view,

Or polish 'em so fast as he rough drew.

Abdel. Fate after him, below with pain
 did move,

And Victory could scarce keep pace above.
 Death did at length so many slain forget;
 And lost the tale, and took 'em by the
 great.⁰

To them *Almanzor*, with the Duke
 of *Arcos* prisoner.

Hamet. See here, he comes. ³⁰
 And leads in Triumph him who did com-
 mand

The vanquish'd Army of King *Ferdinand*:
Almanzor to the Duke of *Arcos*.

Thus far your Masters arms a fortune find
 Below the sweld ambition of his mind:

And *Alha* shuts a mis-believers raig
 From out the best and goodliest part of
 Spain.

Let *Ferdinand* *Calabrian* Conquests make,

'ere] Qq 1. 4; e're Qq 2, 3; e'er Q 5; e'r F.
 by the great] wholesale. Cf. Pr. en groit.

And from the French contested *Millan*
 take,
 Let him new worlds discover to the old,
 And break up shining Mountains, big with
 Gold, 40
 Yet he shall finde this small Domestique foe
 Still sharp, and pointed to his bosome
 grow.

Duke of Arc. Of small advantages too
 much you boast,
 You⁰ beat the outguards of my Masters
 hoast:
 This little loss in our vast body, shews
 So small, that half have never heard the
 news.

Fame's out of breath 'ere she can fly so farr
 To tell 'em all, that you have 'ere made
 warr.

Almanz. It pleases me your Army is so
 great:
 For now I know there's more to conquer⁵⁰
 yet.

By Heav'n I'll see what Troops you have
 behinde;
 I'll face this Storm that thickens in the
 winde:

And, with bent forehead, full against it goe,
 Till I have found the last and utmost foe.

Duke. Believe you shall not long attend
 in vain;

Tomorrow's daun shall cover all your
 Plain.

Bright Arms shall flash upon you from
 afar;

A wood of Launces, and a moving warr.
 But I, unhappy in my bands, must yet⁶⁰
 Be onely pleas'd to hear of your defeat:
 And, with a slaves inglorious ease remain,
 Till conquering *Ferdinand* has broke my
 chain.

Almanz. Vain man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand*
 are weak!

I hold thy chain too fast for him to break.
 But since thou threatn'st us, I'll set thee
 free,

That I again may fight and conquer thee.

Duke. Old as I am I take thee at thy
 word,

And will tomorrow thank thee with my
 sword.

Almanz. I'll go and instantly acquaint
 the King:

You! Yout Q 1.

And suddain orders for thy freedom⁷⁰
 bring.

Thou canst not be so pleas'd at Liberty,
 As I shall be to find thou darst be free.

*Exeunt Almanzor, Arcos; and the
 rest; excepting only Abdalla and
 Zulema.*

Abdalla. Of all those Christians who infest
 this town,
 This Duke of Arcos is of most renown.

Zulema. Oft have I heard, that in your
 Fathers reign,
 His bold Advent'urers beat the Neighb'ring
 Plain;

Then, under *Ponce Leon's*⁰ name he fought,
 And from our Triumphs many Prizes
 brought.

Till in disgrace, from /Spain at length he
 went,

And since, continued long in banishment,⁶⁰
Abdalla. But see, your beauteous Sister
 does appear.

[*To them Lindaraxa.*

Zulema. By my desire she came to find
 me here:

*Zulema and Lindaraxa whisper; then
 Zulema goes out; and Lindaraxa is
 going after.*

Abdalla. Why, fairest *Lindaraxa*, do you
 fly

[*staying her.*

A Prince, who at your feet is proud to dye?

Lindaraxa. Sir I should blush to own so
 rude a thing,

[*staying.*

As 'tis to shun the Brother of my King.

Abdal. In my hard fortune I some ease
 should find

Did your disdain extend to all Mankind.
 But give me leave to grieve, and to com-
 plain,

That you give others what I beg in vain.⁹⁰

Lindar. Take my Esteem, if you on that
 can live,

For, franckly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give.
 If, from my heart you ask or hope for more,
 I grieve the place is taken up before.

Abdal. My Rivall merits you.

To *Abdelmelech* I will Justice doe,
 For he wants Worth who dares not praise
 a Foe.

Ponce Leon's] *Rodrigo Ponce de Leon*, marquis
 of Cadiz, a Spanish general in the wars with the
 Moors in the 15th century.

Lind. That for his Vertue, Sir, you make
defence,
Shows in your own a Noble confidence:
But him defending, and excusing me, 100
I know not what can your advantage be.

Abdal. I fain would ask, ere I proceed in
this,
If, as by choice, you are by promise, his?
Lindar. Th' Engagement only in my Love
does lye;

But that's a knot which you can ne're untye.
Abdal. When Cities are besieg'd and treat
to yeild,
If there appear Relievers from the Field,
The Flagg of Parley may be taken down,
Till the success of those without be known.

Lindar. Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet

Yet I have seal'd the Treaty for^o my brest.
Abdal. Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a
day,
Some chance might break it, would you but
delay:

If I can judge the Secrets of your heart,
Ambition in it has the greatest part;
And wisdom then will shew some difference
Betwixt a private Person and a Prince.

Lindar. Princes are Subjects still:—
Subject and Subject can small difference
bring;

The difference is 'twixt Subjects and a King.
And since, Sir, you are none, your hopes
remove; 121
For less then Empire I'll not change my
love.

Abdal. Had I a Crown, all I should prize
in it,
Should be the pow'r to lay it at your feet.
Lin. Had you that Crown which you but
wish not hope,
Then I, perhaps, might stoop, and take
it up.

But till your wishes, and your hopes agree,
You shall be still a private Man with me.
Abdall. If I am King, and if my Brother
dye—

Lindar. Two if's, scarce make one possi-
bility. 180

Abd. The rule of happiness by reason
scan;

You may be happy with a Private man.

Lindar. That happiness I may enjoy, 'tis
true;

[*for*] *Saintsbury* reads *in*, regarding *for* as 'unlikely.'

But then that Private man must not be you.
Where e're I love, I'm happy in my choice;
If I make you so you shall pay my price.
Abdall. Why wou'd you be so great?

Lindar.—Because I've
seen

This day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.
Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each motion of
her Eye:

None could be seen while *Almahide* was
by; 140

Because she is to be her Majesty.
Why wou'd I be a Queen! because my Face
Wou'd wear the Title with a better grace.
If I became it not, yet it wou'd be
Part of your duty, then, to Flatter me.

These are not half the Charms of being
great:

I wou'd be somewhat—that I know not
yet:

Yes; I avowe th' ambition of my Soul,
To be that one, to live without controul:
And that's another happiness to me 150
To be so happy as but one can be.

Abdall. Madam, (because I would all
doubts remove,)

Wou'd you, were I a King, accept my Love?

Lind. I wou'd accept it; and to show 'tis
true;

From any other man as soon as you.

Abdall. Your sharp replies make^o me not
love you less;

But make me seek new paths to Happiness.
What I design, by time will best be seen.
You may be mine; and yet may be a
Queen:

When you are so, your Word your Love
assures. 160

Lind. Perhaps not love you—but I will
be yours.

He offers to take her hand and kiss it.
Stay Sir; that grace I cannot yet allow;
Before you set the Crown upon my Brow.
That favour which you seek—

Or *Abdelmelech*, or a King must have,
When you are so, then you may be my
slave.

Exit: but looks smiling back on him.
Abdal. How 'ere imperious in her words
she were,

Her parting looks had nothing of severe.
A glancing smile allur'd me to command; 160
And her soft fingers gently prest my hand.

make] *Qq* 1-3; *makes* *Qq* 4, 5, F.

I felt the pleasure glide through every part;
Her hand went through me to my very
heart.

For such another pleasure did⁰ he live,
I could my Father of a Crown deprive.

What did I say!

Father! that impious thought has shock'd
my mind:

How bold our Passions are, and yet how
blind!

She's gone; and now

Methinks there is less glory in a Crown; ¹⁷⁹

My boyling passions settle and goe down:

Like Amber chaf't when she is near she acts,

When farther off, inclines, but not attracts.

To him Zulema.

Assist me, *Zulema*, if thou wouldst be
That friend thou seem'st, assist me against
me.

Between my love and vertue I am tost;

This must be forfeited or that be lost:

I could do much to merit thy applause;

Help me to fortify the better cause.

My Honour is not wholly put to flight.

But would, if seconded, renew the fight, ¹⁹⁰

Zul. I met my sister; but I do not see

What difficulty in your choice can be:

She told me all; and 'tis so plain a case

You need not ask, what council to embrace.

Abdalla. I stand reprov'd, that I did
doubt at all;

My waiting Vertue stay'd but for thy call:

'Tis plain that she who for a Kingdom, now

Would sacrifice her love, and break her vow,

Not out of Love but int'rest, acts alone,

And wou'd, Ev'n in my arms, lie thinking
of a throne. ²⁰⁰

Zulema. Add to the rest this one reflection
more,

When she is married, and you still adore,

Think then, and think what comfort it will
bring,

She had been mine——

Had I but onely dar'd to be a King!

Abdalla. I hope you only would my
honour try;

I'm loath to think you vertue's enemy.

Zulema. If, when a Crown and Mistress
are in place,

Vertue intrudes with her lean holy face; ²⁰⁹

Vertues then mine, and not I vertues foe;

pleasure did] pleasure, did F.

Why does she come where she has nought
to do?

Let her with Anchorit's not with Lovers
lye;

States-men and they keep better Company.

Abdal. Reason was giv'n to curb our head-
strong will:

Zulema. Reason but shews a weak Physi-
tians skill:

Gives nothing while the raging fit does
last.

But stayes to cure it when the worst is past-
Reason's a staff for age, when Nature's
gone;

But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.

Abdall. In curst ambition I no rest should
find; ²²⁰

But must for ever loose my peace of mind.

Zul. Methinks that peace of mind were
bravely lost;

A Crown, what're⁰ we give, is worth the
cost.

Abdal. Justice distributes to each man his
right,

But what she gives not should I take by
might?

Zulem. If Justice will take all and nothing
give,

Justice, methinks, is not distributive.

Abdal. Had fate so pleas'd, I had been
eldest born;

And then, without a Crime, the Crown had
worn.

Zul. Would you so please, Fate yet a way
would find; ²³⁰

Man makes his fate according to his mind.

The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her
slave;

But she's a drudge, when Hector'd by the
brave.

If Fate weaves common Thrid,^o he'l change
the doom:

And with new purple spread a Nobler loom.

Abdal. No more; —I will usurp the Royal
Seat;

Thou who hast made me wicked, make me
great.

Zulema. Your way is plain; the Death of
Tarifa

Does, on the King, our *Zegry's* hatred ²³⁰
draw;

what're] Qq 1, 4; what e're Qq 2, 3; what e'r
Q 5; what'er P.

Thridl Qq 1-3; Thread Qq 4, 5; Thaead F.

Though with our Enemies in show we close,
'Tis but while we to purpose can be foes.
Selin, who heads us, would revenge his Son;
But favour hinders justice to be done.
Proud *Ozymyn* with the king his pow'r main-
tains:

And, in him, each *Abencerrago* reigns.

Abdalla. What face of any title can I
bring?

Zul. The right an^o eldest Son has to be
King.

Your Father was at first a private man;
And got your brother 'ere his reign
began.

When, by his Valour, he the Crown had
won,

Then you were born, a Monarch's eldest
Son.

Abdal. To sharp ey'd reason this would
seem untrue;

But reason, I through Loves false^o Optiques
view.

Zul. Loves^o mighty pow'r has led me
Captive too:

I am in it, unfortunate as you.

Abdalla. Our Loves and fortunes shall
together go,

Thou shalt be happy when I first am so.

Zul. The *Zegry's* at old *Selin's* house are
met;

Where in close Council, for revenge they
sit,

There we our common int'rest will unite;²⁶⁰

You their revenge shall own, and they your
right.

'One thing I had forgot which may import;
I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court.

But with a discompos'd and speedy pace,

A fiery colour kindling all his face:

The King his Pris'ners freedom has deny'd:

And that refusal has provok'd his pride.

Abdal. Would he were ours!

Tie try to guild th' injustice of the cause;²⁶⁰

And court his valour with a vast applause.

Zulema. The bold are but the Instruments
o' th' wise:

They undertake the dangers we advise.

And while our fabrick with their pains we
raise,

We take the profit, and pay them with
praise.

Exeunt.

an] of an F.

false] folse P.

Loves] Qq 1-4; Love's Q 5; Lov's F.

ACT III.

Almanzor, Abdalla.

Alman. That he should dare to do me
this disgrace!

Is Fool or Coward writ upon my face?

Refuse my Pris'ner! I such means will use
He shall not have a Pris'ner to refuse.

Abdal. He said you were not by your
promise ty'd;

That he absolv'd your word when he
deny'd.

Almanz. He break my promise and ab-
solve my vow!

'Tis more than *Mahomet* himself can do.

The word which I have giv'n shall stand
like Fate;

Not like the King's, that weathercock of
State.

He stands so high, with so unfixt a mind,
Two Factions turn him with each blast of
wind.

But now he shall not veer: my word is past:
I'll take his Heart by th' roots, and hold it
fast.

Abdal. You have your Veng'ance in your
hand this hour,

Make me the humble Creature of your
pow'r:

The *Granadins* will gladly me obey;

(Tir'd with so base and impotent a sway.)

And when I shew my Title, you shall see

I have a better right to Reign, than he.²⁰

Almanz. It is sufficient that you make the
claim:

You wrong our Friendship when your Right
you name.

When for my self I fight, I weigh the cause;

But Friendship will admit of no such Laws:

That weighs by th' lump, and, when the
cause is light,

Puts kindness in to set the Ballance right.

True, I would wish my friend the juster
side:

But in th' unjust my kindness more is
try'd.

And all the opposition I can bring,

Is, that I fear to make you such a King.³⁰

Abdal. The Majesty of Kings we should
not blame,

When Royal minds adorn the Royal name:

The vulgar, greatness too much idolize,

But haughty Subjects it too much despise.

Almanz. Lonely speak of him,
Whom Pomp and Greatness sit⁰ so loose
about,

That he wants Majesty to fill 'em out.

Abdal. Haste, then, and lose no time——
The business must be enterpriz'd this night:
We must surprize the Court in its delight.

Almanz. For you to Will, for me 'tis to
obey; 41

But I would give a Crown in open day:
And, when the Spaniards their Assault⁰
begin,

At once beat those without, and these
within. *Exit Almanzor.*

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. Abdalla, hold; there's somewhat
I intend

To speak, not as your Rival, but your
Friend.

Abdal. If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to
hear;

And what a Rival says I cannot fear.

Abdelm. Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it]
is you do:

Your Quiet, Honour, and our Friendship⁵⁰
too,

All for a fickle Beauty you foregoe.

Think, and turn back before it be too late;
Behold, in me th' example of your Fate.

I am your Sea-mark, and though wrack'd
and lost,

My Ruines stand to warn you from the
Coast.

Abdal. Your Counsels, noble *Abdelmelech*,
move

My reason to accept 'em; not my Love.

Ah, why did Heav'n leave Man so weak
defence

To trust frail reason with the rule of Sence!
Tis over-pois'd and kick'd up in the Air,
While sence weighs down the Scale; and
keeps it there. 61

Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away:
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels
sway.

Abdelm. No, no; our Reason was not
vainly lent;

Nor is a slave but by its own consent,
If Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An easie King deserves no better Fate.

ait] fit F.

Assault] Aslault Qq 1, 4.

Abdal. You speak too late; my Empire's
lost too far,

I cannot fight.

Abdelm.——Then make a flying War,
Dislodge betimes before you are beset,⁷⁰

Abdal. Her tears, her smiles, her every
look's a Net.

Her voice is like a Syren's of the Land;
And bloody Hearts lie panting in her hand.

Abdelm. This do you know, and tempt
the danger still?

Abdal. Love like a Lethargy has seiz'd
my Will.

I'm, not my self, since from her sight I
went;

I lean my Trunck that way; and there
stand bent.

As one, who in some frightful Dream, would
shun

His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run;⁷⁹
And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans,
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender
Groans,

So I——

Abdelm.——Some Friend in Charity,
should shake

And rowse, and call you loudly till you
wake.

Too well I know her blandishments to gain,
Usurper-like, till setcl'd in her Reign;

Then proudly she insults, and gives you
cares

And jealousies; short hopes, and long
despairs.

To this hard yoke you must hereafter bow;
Howe're she shines all Golden to you now.

Abdal. Like him, who on the ice—⁹⁰
Slides swiftly on, and sees the water near,
Yet cannot stop himself in his Carrear:

So am I carry'd. This enchanted place,
Like *Cyrce's Isle*, is peopled with a Race
Of dogs and swine, yet, though their fate
I know,

I look with pleasure and am turning too.

Lyndaraxa passes over the Stage.⁰

Abdelm. Fly, fly, before th' allurements
of her face;

'Ere she return with some resistless grace,
And with new magique covers all the
place.

Abdalla. I cannot, will not; nay I would
not fly; 100

Stage] Stages F.

I'll love; be blind, be cousen'd till I dye.
And you, who bid me wiser Counsel take,
Tie hate, and if I can, He kill you for her
sake,

Abdel. Ev'n I that counsell'd you, that
choice approve,
He hate you blindly, and her blindly love:
Prudence, that stemm'd the stream, is out
of breath;
And to go down it, is the easier death.

*Lyndaraxa re-enters and smiles on
Abdalla.*

Exit Abdalla.

Abdelm. That smile on Prince Abdalla,
seem's to say ¹⁰⁸
You are not in your killing mood to day,
Men brand, indeed, your sex with Cruelty,
But you'r too good, to see poor Lovers dye.
This Godlike pity in you I extoll;
And more, because, like heav'ns, 'tis general.

Lynd. My smile implies not that I grant
his suit:
'Twas but a bare return of his salute.

Abdelm. It said, you were engag'd and I
in place:

But to please both, you would divide the
grace:

Lynd. You've cause to be contented with
your part:

When he has but the look, and you the
heart.

Abdel. In giving but that look, you give ¹²⁰
what's mine:

He not one corner of a glance resign:
All's mine; and I am cov'tous of my store:
I have not love enough; He tax you more.

Lindarax. I gave not love; 'twas but
Civility,

He is a Prince; that's due to his Degree.

Abdel. That Prince you smil'd on is my
Rival still:

And shou'd, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.

Lynd. I know not how to show so rude
a spight.

Abdel. That is, you know not how to love
aright;

Or, if you did, you would more difference ¹³⁰
see

Betwixt our Souls, then 'twixt our Quality.

Mark if his birth makes any difference,
If, to his words, it adds one grain of Sence:
That duty which his birth can make his due
He pay; but it shall not be paid by you.

For if a Prince Courts her whom I adore,
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.

Lynd. And when did I my pow'r so far
resigne,

That you should regulate each Look of
mine?

Abdel. Then, when you gave your Love,
you gave that pow'r. ¹⁴⁰

Lynd. 'Twas during pleasure, 'tis revok'd
this hour.

Now call me false, and rail on Woman-
kind,

'Tis all the remedy you're like to find.

Abdel. Yes, there's one more,

He hate you; and this visit is my last.

Lynd. Do't, if you can; you know I hold
you fast.

Yet, for your quiet, would you could resigne
Your love, as easily as I do mine.

Abdel. Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd
she speaks!

With what indifference all her Vows she ¹⁵⁰
breaks!

Curse me but she smiles.

Lynd. That smile's a part of Love; and
all's your due:

I take it from the Prince, and give it you.

Abdel. Just heav'n, must my poor heart
your May-game prove

To bandy, and make Childrens play in Love.

Ah how have I this Cruelty (*Half*
deserv'd, *crying.*)

I who so truly and so long have serv'd!

And left so easily! oh cruel Maid.

So easily! 'twas too unkindly said.

That Heart which could so easily remove, ¹⁶⁰

Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love.

Lynd. You Lodg'd it so uneasie in your
Brest,

I thought you had been weary of the Guest.

First I was Treated like a stranger there; 1

But, when a Houshold Friend I did
appear, }

You thought, it seems, I could not live
elsewhere. J

Then, by degrees, your feign'd respect with-
drew:

You mark'd my Actions; and my Guardian
grew.

But, I am not concern'd your Acts to blame:

My heart to yours, but upon liking came. ¹⁷⁰

And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys molest,
Stays not to Breed, where she had built her

Nest.

Abdel. I have done ill——
And dare not ask you to be less displeased:
Be but more Angry, and my Pain is eas'd.

Lynd. If I should be so kind a Fool to
take
This little Satisfaction which you make,
I know you would presume some other
time

Upon my Goodness, and repeat your Crime.

Abdel. Oh never, never: upon no pre-
tence :¹⁵⁰

My Life's too short to expiate this Offence.

Lynd. No; now I think on't, 'tis in vain
to try;

'Tis in your Nature, and past remedy.
You'll still disquiet my too loving Heart:
Now we are friends 'tis best for both to
part.

[*Taking her Hand.*

Abdel. By this—will you not give me
leave to swear?

hind. You wou'd be perjur'd if you should
I fear.

And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla*
next

I with your fond Suspicions shall be vex't.

Abdel. I cannot say Fie conquer Jealousie:
But if you'll freely pardon me, Fie try.¹⁹¹

Lynd. And, till you that submissive Serv-
ant prove,

I never can conclude you truly love.

To them, the King, *Almahide*, *Abena-*
mar, *Esperanza*, *Guards*, *Attendants*.

King. Approach, my *Almahide*, my charm-
ing fair;

Blessing of Peace, and recompence of War.
This Night is yours; and may your Life
still be

The same in Joy, though not Solemnity.

The *Zambra Dance*.

SONG.⁰

1.

Beneath a Myrtle shade
Which Love for none but happy Lovers
made,
I slept, and straight my Love before me²⁰⁰
brought

[Song.] The song is printed in this position in
Qq 2, 3; after the dance in Qq 4, 5, F; after the
Epilogue in Q 1, with the gloss '*Misplae'd. Sung*
at the dance, or Zambra in the third Act:'

Phillis the object of my waking thought;
Undress'd she came my flames to meet,
While Love st'row'd flow'rs beneath her
feet;

Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became
more sweet.

2.

From the bright Visions head
A careless vail of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white temples fell her shaded
hair,
Like cloudy sunshine not too brown nor
fair:
Her hands, her lips did love inspire;
Her every grace my heart did fire:²¹⁰
But most her eyes which languish'd with
desire.

3.

Ah, Charming fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny?
By Nature and by love this lonely shade
Was for revenge of suffring Lovers made:
Silence and shades with love agree:
Both shelter you and favour me;
You cannot blush because I cannot see.

4.

No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than loose the spotless name of²²⁰
Maid:
Faintly me thought she spoke, for all the
while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd:
And, is it thus, thus, thus she cry'd
You use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd!

5.

I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well it made my dream prove
true:
Fancy, the kinder, Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* wou'd not do!
Ah, Cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,²³⁰
While I can dream you scorn in vain;
Asleep or waking you must ease my pain.

{*After the Dance, a tumultuous noise*
*of Drums and Trumpets.*⁰

After . . . Trumpets] om. F.

To them Ozmyn; his Sword drawn.

Oz. Arm, quickly, arm, yet all, I fear too late:

The Enemy's already at the Gate.

K. *Boab.* The Christians are dislodg'd; what Foe is near?

Ozm. The Zegry's are in Arms, and almost here.

The Streets with Torches shine, with Shout-ings ring,

And Prince *Abdalla* is proclaim'd the King.

What Man cou'd do I have already done,

But Bold *Almanzor* fiercely leads 'em on.²⁴⁰

Abenam. Th'° *Alhambra* yet is safe in my Command, [To the King.

Eetreat you thither while their shock we stand.

Boab. I cannot meanly for my life provide:

He either perish in't, or stemm this Tyde.

To guard the Palace, *Ozmyn*, be your care.

If they o'come, no sword will hurt the fair.

Ozm. Fie either dye, or He make good the place.

Abdel. And I, with these, will bold *Almanzor* face.

Exeunt all but the Ladies.

An Alarm within.

Almah. What dismal Planet did my Triumphs light:

Discord the Day, and Death does rule the Night:²⁵⁰

The noise, my Soul does through my Sences wound.

Lynd. Me thinks it is a noble, sprightly Sound.

The Trumpets clangor, and the clash of Arms!

This noyse may chill your Blood, but mine it warms:

[Shouting and clashing of Swords within.

We have already past the Rubicon.

The Dice are mine: now Fortune for a Throne.

A shout within, and clashing of swords afar off.

The sound goes farther off; and faintly dies, Curse of this going back, these ebbing cries!

Ye Winds waft hither sounds more strong, and quick:

TVJ The F.

Beat faster, Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.²⁵⁰

I'll to the Turrets of the Palace goe, And add new fire to those that fight below.

Thence, Hero-like, with Torches by my side,

(Farr be the *Omen*, though,) my Love lie guide.

No; like his better Fortune I'll appear:

With open Arms, loose Vayl, and flowing Hair,

Just flying forward from my rowling >

Sphere. J

My Smiles shall make *Abdalla* more than Man;

Let him look up and perish if he can.

[Exit.

An Alarm, nearer: then Enter Almanzor; and Selin, in the head of the Zegrys.

Ozmyn Pris'ner.

Almanz. We have not fought enough: they fly too soon:²⁷⁰

And I am griev'd the noble sport is done.

This onely man of all whom chance did bring

[Pointing to Ozmyn.

To meet my Arms, was worth the Conquer-ing.

His brave resistance did my Fortune grace; So slow, so threatning forward he gave place.

His Chains be easie and his Usage fair.

Selin. I beg you would commit him to my care.

Aim. Next, the brave Spaniard free without delay:

And with a Convoy send him safe away.

[Exit, a Guard.

To them Hamet and others

Hamet. The King by me salutes you: and, to show²⁹⁰

That to your Valour he his Crown does owe, Would, from your Mouth I should the Word receive;

And, that to these, you would your Orders give.

Aim. He much o're-rates the little I have done.

Almanzor goes to the door, and there seems to give out Orders, by sending People several ways.

Selin to Ozmin.

Now to revenge the Murder of my Son. To morrow for thy certain death prepare:

270

This night I onely leave thee to despair.

Ozymn. Thy idle Menaces I do not fear:
My business was to die, or conquer here.
Sister, for you I grieve I could no more:²⁹⁰
My present State betrays my want of pow'r.
But, when true Courage is of force bereft,
Patience, the noblest⁰ Fortitude, is left.

[*Exit cum Selin.*

Alma. Ah, *Esperanza*, what for me remains
But Death; or, worse than Death, inglorious
Chains!

Esper. Madam, you must not to Despair
give place;
Heav'n never meant misfortune to that
Face.

Suppose there were no justice in your cause,
Beauty's a Bribe that gives her Judges
Laws.

That you are brought to this deplor'd³⁰⁰
estate,

Is but th' ingenious Flatt'ry of your Fate;
Fate fears her Succor like an Alms to give:
And would, you, God-like from your self
should live.

Almah. Mark but how terrible his Eyes
appear!

And yet there's something roughly noble
there,

Which, in unfashion'd Nature, looks Divine;
And like a Gemm does in the Quarry shine.

*Almanzor returns; she falls at his feet
being veyl'd.*

Almah. Turn, Mighty Conqu'ror, turn
your Face this way,
Do not refuse to hear the wretched pray.

Almah. What business can this Woman³¹⁰
have with me?

Almah. That of th' afflicted to the Deity.
So may your Arms success in battels find:
So may the Mistris of your vows be kind,
If you have any; or, if you have none,
So may your Liberty be still your own.

Almanz. Yes, I will turn my face; but not
my mind:

You bane, and soft destruction of mankind,
What would you have with me?

Almahide.——— I beg the grace
[*unveiling.*

You would lay by those terrours of your³¹⁹
face.

Till calmness to your eyes you first restore
noblest] Qq 1-4; *only* Q 5. F.

I am afraid, and I can beg no more.

Almanzor looking fixedly on her.

Well; my fierce visage shall not murder
you:

Speak quickly, woman; I have much to do.
Almah. Where should I finde the heart
to speake one word,

Your voice, Sir, is as killing as your sword.
As you have left the lightning of your eye,
So would you please to lay your thunder
by!

Alman. I'm pleas'd and pain'd since first
her eyes I saw,

As I were stung with some *Tarantula*:
Armes, and the dusty field I less admire;³³⁰

And soften strangely in some new desire.
Honour burns in me, not so fiercely bright;
But pale, as fires when master'd by the
light.

Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet
more;

And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm numm'd,^o and fix'd and scarce my eye-
balls move;

I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!

Tis he; I feel him now in every part:

Like a new Lord he vaunts about my
Heart,

Surveys in state each corner of my Brest,³⁴⁰
While poor fierce I, that was, am disposses't.

I'm bound; but I will rowze my rage
again:

And, though no hope of Liberty remaine,
I'll fright my Keeper when I shake my
chaine.

You are——— [*angrily.*⁰

Almah.——— I know I am your Captive,
Sir:

Alman. You are—You shall—And I can
scarce forbear——

Almah. Alas!

Almanz.——— Tis all in vain; it will not
do: [aside.

I cannot now a seeming anger show:

My Tongue against my heart no aid affords,
For Love still rises up, and choaks my³⁵⁰
words.

Almah. In half this time a tempest would
be still.

numm'd] Qq 1-4; *mum'd* Q 5, F. The latter is
a possible reading: to mum, to put to silence
(N.E.D.).

angrily] Q 1; *Angrily* Qq 2, 3; *Angerly* Qq 4, 5, F.

Almanz. 'Tis you have rais'd that tempest
in my will,
I wonnot love you, give me back my heart.
But give it as you had it, fierce and brave:
It was not made to be a womans slave:
But Lyon-like has been in desarts bred;
And, us'd to range, will ne're be tamely led.
Restore its freedom to my fetter'd will
And then I shall have pow'r, to use you ill.

Almah. My sad condition may your pity
move;
But look not on me with the eyes of
Love.—

I must be brief, though I have much to say.

Almanz. No, speak: for I can hear you
now, all day.

Her suing sooths me with a secret pride:
[*softly.*

A suppliant beauty cannot be deni'd: •
[*aside.*

Ev'n while I frown, her charms the furrows
seize;

And I'm corrupted with the pow'r to please.

Almah. Though in your worth no cause
of fear I see;

I fear the insolence of Victory:
As you are Noble, Sir, protect me then, ³⁷⁰
From the rude outrage of insulting men.

Almanz. Who dares touch her I love? I'm
all o're love:

Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so
fast,

He shot himself into my brest at last.

Almah. You see before you her who
should be Queen,

Since she is promis'd to *Boabdelin*.

Almanz. Are you belov'd by him I 0
wretched fate,

First that I love at all; then, love too° late!
Yet, I must love!

Almah.———Alas it is in vain;
Fate for each other did not us ordain, ³⁸⁰
The chances of this day too clearly show
That Heav'n took care that it should not
be so.

Almanz. Would Heav'n had quite forgot
me this one day,

But fate's yet hot——

I'le' make it take a bent another way.

[*He walks swiftly and discomposedly
studying.*

I bring a claim which does his right remove:
love too] Qq 1-3; loved too Qq 4, 5; lov'd too F.

You're his by promise, but you're mine by
Love.

'Tis all but Ceremony which is past:
The knots to tie which is to make you fast.
Fate gave not to *Boabdelin* that pow'r: ³⁹⁰
He woo'd you, but as my Ambassadour.

Almah. Our Souls are ty'd by holy Vows
above.

Almanz. He sign'd but his: but I will seal
my love.

I love you better; with more Zeale then he.

Almah. This day——

I gave my faith to him, he his to me.

Almanz. Good Heav'n thy book of fate
before me lay,

But to tear out the journal of this day, ³⁹⁹

Or, if the order of the world below ³⁹⁹
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that Minute when she made her
vow.

"That Minute, ev'n the happy, from their
bliss might give:

"And those who live in grieve, a shorter
time would live.

So small a link, it broke, th' eternal chain

Would, like divided waters, joyn again.

It wonnot be; the fugitive is gone;
Prest by the crow'd of following Minutes
on:

That precious Moment's out of Nature
fled:

And in the heap of common rubbish
layd,

Of things that once have been, and are
decay'd. ⁴¹⁰

Almah. Your passion, like a fright sus-
pends my pain:

It meets, 'ore-pow'r's,° and bears° mine back
again.

But, as when tydes against the Current
flow,

The Native stream runs its own course
below:

So, though your griefs possess the upper
part,

My own have deeper Channels in my heart.

Almanz. Forgive that fury which my Soul
does move,

'Tis the Essay of an untaught first love.

Yet rude, unfashion'd truth it does express:

'Tis love just peeping in a hasty dress. ⁴²⁰

'ore-pow'r's] Q 1; o'r-pow'r's Qq 2, 3; 'ore-poiom
Q 4; o'er-powers Q 5; o'er Powers F.
bears] Qq 1-3; beats Qq 4, 5, F.

Retire, fair Creature to your needful rest;
There's something noble, lab'ring in my
brest:

This raging fire which through the Mass
does move,
Shall purge my dross, and shall refine my
Love.

*Exeunt*⁰ *Almahide, and Esperanza.*
She goes; And I, like my own Ghost appear:
It is not living, when she is not here.

To him Abdalla as King, attended.

Abdal. My first acknowledgments to
heav'n are due:

My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.

Aim. A poor surprize and on a naked
foe.

What ever you confess, is all you owe. ⁴³⁰
And I no merit own or understand
That fortune did you justice by my hand.
Yet, if you will that little service pay
With a great favour, I can shew the way.

Abdal. I have a favour to demand of
you;

That is to take the thing for which you sue.

Alman. Then, briefly thus; when I th'
Albayzyn won,

I found the Beauteous *Almahide* alone:
Whose sad condition did my pity move: ⁴³⁰
And that compassion did produce my love.

Abdal. This needs no sute; in justice, I
declare

She is your Captive by the right of war.

Aim. She is no Captive, then; I set her
free. }

And rather then I will her Jaylour be,
'He Nobly loose her, in her liberty. }

Abdal. Your generosity I much approve,
But your excess of that, shows want of Love.

Alman. No, 'tis th' excess of love, which
mounts so high

That, seen far off, it lessens to the eye.
Had I not lov'd her, and had set her free ⁴⁵⁰
That, Sir, had been my generosity:

But 'tis exalted passion when I show
I dare be wretched not to make her so.
And, while another Passion fills her brest,
Tie be all wretched rather than halfblest.

Abdalla. May your heroique Act so pros-
perous be,
That *Almahide* may sigh you set her free.

Exeunt] Qq 1-3, 5; *Exunt* Q 4; Exit F.

Enter Zulema.

Zulema. Of five tall tow'rs which fortifie
this Town,

All but th' *Alhambra* your dominion own.
Now therefore boldly I confess a flame ⁴⁶⁰
Which is excus'd in *Almahida's* name.
If you the merit of this night regard,
In her possession I have my reward.

Almanz. She your reward! why she's a gift
so great——

That I my self have not deserv'd her yet.
And therefore, though I wonn her with my
sword,

I have, with awe, my sacrilege restor'd.

Zul. What you deserve——

He not dispute because I do not know, ⁴⁷⁰
This, only I will say, she shall not goe.

Almanz. Thou, single, art not worth my
"answering,

But take what friends, what armyes thou
canst bring;

What worlds; and when you are united all,
Then, I will thunder in your ears,—she shall.

Zul. Vie not one tittle of my right re-
sign;

Sir, your implicate promise made her mine.
When I in general terms my love did show,
You swore our fortunes should together
goe.

Abdalla. The merits of the cause He not
decide. ⁴⁷⁹

But, like my love, I would my gift divide.
Your equal titles, then, no longer plead;
But one of you, for love of me recede.

Aim. I have receded to the utmost line,
When, by my free consent, she is not mine.
Then let him equally recede with me,
And both of us will join to set her free.

Zul. If you will free your part of her
you may;

But, Sir, I love not your Romantique way.
Dream on; enjoy her Soul; and set that
free;

I'me pleas'd her person should be left for
me. ⁴⁹⁰

Alman. Thou shalt not wish her thine;
thou shalt not dare

To be so impudent, as to despair.

Zul. The *Zegrys*, Sir, are all concerned
to see

How much their merit you neglect in me.

Hamet. Your slighting *Zulema*, this very
hour

Will take ten thousand Subjects from you'r
pow'r.

Almanz. What are ten thousand subjects
such as they;

If I am scorn'd—Fie take my self away.

Abdalla. Since both cannot possess what
both pursue;

I grieve, my friend, the chance should fall
on you. ⁵⁰⁰

But when you hear what reasons I can
urge—

Almanz. None, none that your ingratitude
can purge.

Reason's a trick, when it no grant affords:
It stamps the face of Majesty on words.

Abdal. Your boldness to your services I
give:

Now take it as your full reward to live.

Almanz. To live!

If from thy⁰ hands alone my death can be,
I am immortal; and a God, to thee.

If I would kill thee now, thy fate's so low ⁵¹⁰

That I must stoop 'ere I can give the blow.

But mine is fix'd so far above thy Crown,

That all thy men

PiFd on thy back can never pull it down.

But at my ease thy destiny I send,

By ceasing from this hour to be thy friend.

Like Heav'n I need but onely to stand still;

And, not concurring to thy life, I kill,⁰

Thou canst no title to my duty bring:

I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy
King. ⁵²⁰

Farewell, when I am gone

There's not a starr of thine dare stay with
thee:

Vie whistle thy tame fortune after me.

And whirl fate with me wheresoe're I fly,

As winds drive storms before 'em in the
sky. *Exit.*

Zulema. Let not this Insolent unpunish'd
goe;

Give your Commands; your Justice is too
slow.⁰

*Zulema, Hamet and others, are going after
him.*

Abdal. Stay: and what part he pleases let
him take;

thyl Qq 1-4; *my* Q 5, F.

kill, Qq 1, 4, F; *kill:* Qq 2, 3, 5.

too slow to flow F.

I know my Throne's too strong for him to
shake.

But my fair Mistriss I too long forget: ⁵³⁰

The Crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.

Without her presence, all my Joys are vain;
Empire a Curse; and life it self a pain.

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Guards.

Boab. Advise, or aid, but do not pity me;
No Monarch born can fall to that degree.
Pity descends from Kings to all below;
But can no more then fountains upward
flow.

Witness just heav'n, my greatest grief has
been

I could not make your *Almahide* a Queen.

A ben. I have too long th' effects of

Fortune known,

Either to trust her smiles, or fear her frown.

Since in their first attempt you were not
slain,

Your safety bodes you yet a second reign. ¹⁰

The people, like a headlong torrent goe;

And, every dam, they break, or overflow:

But unoppos'd, they either loose their force,

Or wind in volumes to their former course.

Boab. In walls we meanly must our hopes
inclose,

To wait our friends, and weary out our foes,

While *Almahide*

To lawless Rebels is expos'd a prey,

And forc'd the lustful Victor to obey.

Aben. One of my blood, in rules of Vertue ²⁰
bred!

Think better of her; and I believe she's
dead.

To them Almanzor.

Boab. We are betray'd; the Enemy is
here;

We have no farther room to hope or fear.

Almanz. It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you
see,

But he no longer is your Enemy.

You were ungrateful, but your foes were
more;

What your injustice lost you, theirs restore.

Make profit of my vengeance while you
may,

My two-edg'd sword can cut the other way.

I am your fortune; but am swift like her, »

And turn my hairy front if you defer:⁰
That hour when you delib'rate is too^o late:
I point you the white⁰ moment of your fate.

Aben. Believe him sent as Prince *Abdalla's*
spy;

He would betray us to the Enemy.

Alman. Were I like thee, in cheats of
State grown old,
(Those publick Markets were⁰ for foreign
gold

The poorer Prince is to the Richer⁰ sold;) }
Then thou might'st think me fit for that
low part:

But I am yet to learn the Statesman's
art. 40

My kindness and my hate unmask'd I wear;
For friends to trust, and Enemies to fear.

My hearts so plain,
That men on every passing thought⁰ may
look,

Like fishes gliding in a Chrystal brook:
When troubled most, it does the bottom
show,

'Tis weedless all above; and rockless all
below.

Aben. 'Ere he be trusted let him first
be try'd,

He may be false who once has chang'd his
side.

Almanz. In that you more accuse your
selves than me: BO

None who are injur'd can unconstant be.
You were unconstant; you who did the
wrong;

To do me justice does to me belong.
Great Souls by kindness onely can be ti'd;
Injur'd again, again i'le leave your side.

Honour is what my self and friends I owe;
And none can loose it who forsake a foe.

Since, then, your Foes now happen to be
mine,

Though not in friendship we'll in int'rest
join.

So while my lov'd revenge is full and
high, 60

Il'e give you back your Kingdom by the
by.^o

defer] used intransitively: delay, procrastinate.

to] to F.

white] auspicious.

were] Qq 1, 2, 5; where Qq 3, 4, F.

poorer . . . Richer] Qq 1-4; *poorest . . . richest*
Q 5; *Poorest . . . Richest* F.

thought] Qq 1-3; *though* Qq 4, 5; *through* F.
by the by] incidentally, *en passant*.

Boabdelin embracing him.

That I so long delay'd what you desire
Was not to doubt your worth, but to admire.

Alman. This Councillor an old mans
caution shows,

Who fears that little he has left, to loose:⁰
Age sets to^o fortune; while youth boldly
throw's.

But let us first your drooping Souldiers
cheere:

Then seek out danger, 'ere it dare appear.
This hour I fix your Crown upon your brow,

Next hour fate gives it; but I give it now. 70
Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Mndaraxa alone.

O could I read the dark decrees of fate,
That I might once know whom to love or
hate!

For I my self scarce my own thoughts can
ghess,

So much I find 'em varied by success.

As in some wether-glass my Love I hold;
Which falls or rises with the heat or cold.
I will be constant yet, if fortune can;

I love the King: let her but name the Man.

To her Halyma.

Hal. Madam, a Gentleman to me un-
known

Desires that he may speak with you alone, 10
hind. Some Message from the King: let
him appear.

{ *To her Abdelmelech: who, Entring,*
throws off his Disguis. She starts:

Abdelm. I see you are amaz'd that I am
here.

But let at once your Fear and Wonder end;
In the Usurpers Guard I found a Friend,
Who led me to you safe in this Disguise.

hind. Your Danger brings this Trouble in
my Eyes.

But what affair this vent'rous visit drew?

Abdel. The greatest in the world; the see-
ing you.

loose] lose Qq 2-5, F.

sets to] Qq 1-3; *sets* Qq 4, 5, F; *Saintsbury*
(*Mermaid*) silently corrects to *sets a*, missing the
meaning. 'Set to' is a gaming term, to lay a
wager against. Dryden uses the phrase several
times. Cf. *Secret Love*, Second Prologue: "Throw
boldly for he sets to all that write."

Lind. The Courage of your Love I so
admire
That to preserve you, you shall straight²⁰
retire.

[She leads him to the door.]

Go, Dear, each Minute does new dangers
bring;

You will be taken; I expect⁰ the King.

Abdal. The King! the poor Usurper of an
Hour,

His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly Pow'r.
I warn you, as a Lover and a Friend,

To leave him e're his short Dominion end.
The Soldier I suborn'd will wait at night;

And shall alone be conscious of your flight.

Lind. I thank you that you so much care
bestow.

But, if his Reign be short, I need not goe.³⁰
For why should I expose my life and yours,
For what, you say, a little time assures?

Abdel. My danger in th' attempt is very
small:

And, if he loves you, yours is none at all.
But, though his Ruine be as sure as Fate,

Your proof of Love to me would come too
late.

This Tryal, I in Kindness wou'd allow;
Tis easie, if you love me, show it now.

Lind. It is because I love you, I refuse:
For all the World my Conduct would ac-
cuse⁴⁰

If I should go, with him I love, away:
And therefore, in strict Vertue, I will stay.

Abdel. You would in vain dissemble Love
to me:

Through that thinn Veyle your Artifice I
see.

You would expect th' event, and then de-
clare:

But do not, do not drive me to despair.
For if you now refuse with me to fly,

Rather then love you after this, Tie die.
And therefore weigh it well before you

speak;

My King is safe; his force within not⁵⁰
weak.

Lind. The Counsel you have giv'n me,
may be wise:

But, since th' affair is great, I will advise.⁰

Abdel. Then that delay, I for denial take.
(is going.)

expect/ await.

advise/ consider, ponder.

Lynd. Stay; you too swift an Exposition
make.

If I should go, since *Zulema* will stay,
I should my Brother to the King betray.

Abdel. There is no fear: but, if there were,
I see

You value still your Brother more than me.
Farewel; some ease I in your falshood find;

It lets a Beam in, that will clear my mind.⁶⁰
My former weakness I with shame, confess:

And when I see you next shall love you less.
(Is going again.)

Lynd. Your faithless dealing you may
blush to tell.

[Weeping.]

This is a Maids Reward who loves too well.

[He looks back.]

Remember that I drew my latest breath
In charging your unkindness with my death.

[Abdel. coming back.]

Have I not answered all you can invent
Ev'n the least shadow of an Argument?

Lind. You want not cunning what you
please to prove;

But my poor Heart knows onely how to⁷⁰
Love.

And, finding this, you Tyrannize the
more:—

Tis plain, some other Mistriss you adore:
And now, with studied tricks of subtilty,

You come prepar'd to lay the fault on me.
[Wringing her hands.]

But oh, that I should love so false a man!
Abdel. Hear me; and then disprove it,

if you can. ,

Lind. Tie hear no more; your breach of
Faith is plain.

You would with Wit, your want of Love
maintain.

But, by my own Experience, I can tell,
They who love truly cannot argue well,⁸⁰

Go Faithless Man!

Leave me alone to mourn my Misery:
I cannot cease to love you, but I'll die.

(Leans her Head on his Arm.)

[Abdelmelech weeping.]

Abdel. What Man but I so long unmov'd
could hear

Such tender passion, and refuse a Tear!
But do not talk of dying any more,

Unless you mean that I should die before.

Lind. I fear your feign'd Repentance
comes too late:

I dye to see you still thus obstinate.

But yet, in Death, my truth of Love to
show,

Lead me; if I have strength enough, Fie goe.

Abdel. By Heav'n you shall not goe. I will
not be

O'recome in Love or Generosity.

All I desire, to end th' unlucky strife,

Is but a Vow that you will be my Wife.

hind. To tie me to you by a Vow, is
hard;

It show's, my Love, you as no Tie regard.

Name any thing but that, and Fie agree.

Abdel. Swear then, you never will my
Rival's be.

Lind. Nay, prithee, this is harder then be-
fore; 100

Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing
more.

Abdel. Now I too late perceive I am un-
done:

Living and seeing, to my Death I run.

I know you false; yet in your Snares I fall;

You grant me nothing; and I grant you all.

JAnd. I would grant all; but I must curb
my will:

Because I love to keep you jealous still.

In your Suspicion I your Passion find:

But I will take a time to cure your mind.

Halyma. Oh, Madam, the new King is
drawing neer! no

Lind. Hast° quickly hence; least he should
find you here.

Abdel. How much more wretched then
I came, I goe:

I more my Weakness, and your Falshood
know;

And now must leave you with my great-
est Foe!

Exit Abdelmelech.

Lynd. Go; how I love thee Heav'n can
only tell.

And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well.—

Yet, whatsoever Charms a Crown can
bring,

A Subject's greater then a little King.

I will attend till Time this Throne secure;

And, when I climb, my footing shall be
sure. 120

[Musique without.

Musique! and, I believe,⁰ address to me.

Hast/ Baste F.

and, I believe,] Q3, F; *and I, believe,* Qq 1, 4;
and I believe, Q 2; *and I, believe* Q 5.

SONG.

1.

Wherever I am, and whatever I doe;

My Phillis is still in my mind:

When angry I mean not to Phillis to goe,

My Feet of themselves the way find:

Unknown to my self I am just at her door,

*And when I would raile, I can bring out no
more,*

Than Phillis too fair and unkind!

• 2.

*When Phillis / see, my Heart bounds in my
Breast,*

And the Love I would stifle is shown: 130

But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest

When from my Eyes Phillis is gone!

*Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my sad
mind,*

*But, alas, when I wake and no Phillis / find
How I sigh to my self all alone.*

3.

*Should a King be my Rival in her I adore
He should offer his Treasure in vain:*

0 let me alone to be happy and poor,

And give me my Phillis again:

Let Phillis be mine, and but ever be kind 140

I could to a Desart with her be confin'd,

And envy no Monarch his Raigin.

4.

Alas, I discover too much of my Love,

And she too well knows her own power!

*She makes me each day a new Martyrdom
prove,*

*And makes me grow jealous each hour:
But let her each minute torment my poor
mind*

*I had rather love Phillis both False and
Unkind,*

Then ever be freed from her Pow'r.

Abdalla enters with Guards.

Abdal. Now, Madam, at your Feet, a King
you see: 150

*Or, rather, if you please, a Scepter'd Slave;
'Tis just you should possess the pow'r you
gave.*

*Had Love not made me yours, I yet had bin
But the first Subject to Boabdelin.*

*Thus Heav'n declares the Crown I bring,
your due:*

And had forgot my Title, but for you.

Lynd. Heav'n to your Merits will, I hope
be kind;

But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its mind.

'Tis true, it holds the Crown above your
Head;

But does not fix it till your Brother's
dead. ¹⁶⁰

Abdal. All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within
my pow'r.

And that, my forces goe to take this hour.

Lynd. When, with its Keys, your Brothers
Head you bring

I shall believe you are indeed a King.

Abdal. But, since th' events of all things
doubtful are,

And, of Events, most doubtful those of
Warre,

I beg to know before, if Fortune frown,

Must I then loose your Favour with my
Crown?

Lynd. You'll soon return a Conquerour
again;

And therefore, Sir, your question is in
vain. ¹⁷⁰

Abdall. I think to certain Victory I move;
But you may more assure it by your Love.
That grant will make my arms invincible.

Lynd. My pray'rs and wishes your success
foretell.

Go then, and fight, and think you fight for
me;

I wait but to reward your Victory.

Abdal. But if I loose it, must I loose you
too?

Lynd. You are too curious if you more
would know.

I know not what my future thoughts, will
be:

Poor womens thoughts are all *Extempore*, ¹⁸⁰

Wise men, indeed,

Before hand a long chain of thoughts pro-
duce;

But ours are onely for our present use.

Abdal. Those thoughts you will not know,
too well declare

You mean to waite the final doom of Warr.

Lynd. I finde you come to quarrel with
me now:

Would you know more of me then I allow?
Whence are you grown that great Divinity
That with such ease into my thoughts can
pry?

Indulgence does not with some tempers
sute; ¹⁹⁰

I see I must become more absolute.

Abdalla. I must submit;

On what hard terms so e're my peace be
bought.

Lynd. Submit! you speak as you were not
in fault?

'Tis evident the injury is mine;

For why should you my secret thoughts
divine?

Abdal. Yet if we might be judg'd by
Reasons Laws!

Lynd. Then you would have your reason
judge my cause?

Either confess your fault or hold your
tongue;

For I am sure I'm never in the wrong. ²⁰⁰

Abdalla. Then I acknowledge it.

Lynd.———Then I forgive.

Abdall. Under how hard a Law poor
Lovers live!

Who, like the vanquish'd, must their right
release:

And with the loss of reason, buy their
peace. *[aside.]*

Madam, to show that you my pow'r com-
mand,

I put my life and safety in your hand:

Dispose of the *Albayzin* as you please:

To your fair hands I here resign the keys.

Lyn. I take your gift because your love it
shows;

And faithful *Selin* for *Alcalde* choose. ²¹⁰

Abdall. *Selin*, from her alone your Orders
take:

This one request, yet, Madam, let me make
That, from those turrets, you th' assault will
see;

And Crown, once more, my arms with Vic-
toria *Leads her out.*

Selin remains with *Gazul* and
Reduan his Servants.

Selin. *Gazul*, go tell my daughter that I
waite:

You, *Reduan*, bring the Pris'n'er to his fate.

[Exeunt^d Gazul and Reduan.]

'Ere of my charge I will possession take,

A bloody sacrifice I mean to make:

Alcalde choose | Qq 1, 3, 4; *Alcalde chose* Q 2;
Alcade choose Q 5; *Alcade / chase* F. *Alcalde*, a
magistrate or sheriff; *alcade* is an alternative
spelling following the French form.

Exeunt | Exit F.

The Manes of my son shall smile this
day,
While I in blood my Vows of Vengeance
pay.. . . . 220

*Enter, at one door Benzayda with Gazul,
at the other Ozmyn bound, with Reduan.*

Selyn. I sent, *Bemaida*, to glad your
eies:

These rites we owe your brothers Obsequies.
To Gazul and Reduan.

You two th' accurst *Abencerrago* bind,
You need no more t' instruct you in my
mind.

*They bind him to one corner of the Stage,
Bern.* In what sad Object am I calPd to
share,

Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare.

Selin. 'Tis, what your dying brother did
bequeath,

A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of
death.

Bern. The horrid Spectacle my Soul does
fright;

I want the heart to see the dismal sight. 20

Selin. You are my principal invited
ghest:^o

Whose eies I would not onely feed but
feast:

You are to smile at his last groaning breath,
And laugh to see his eye-balls rowle in
death:

To judge the lingring Souls convulsive
strife;

When thick short breath, catches at parting
life.

Bent. And of what Marble do you think
me made?

Selin. What, can you be of just revenge^o
afraid?

Bern. He kill'd my Brother in his own
defence,

Pity his youth, and spare his innocence.^o 240

Selin. Art thou so soon, to pardon murder,
won?

Can he be innocent who kill'd my son?

Abenamar shall mourn as well as I;

His *Ozmyn* for my *Tarifa* shall die.

But, since thou plead'st so boldly; I will see
That Justice thou woud'st hinder, done by
thee: *Gives her his sword.*

Here, take the sword; and do a Sisters part ;
Pierce his fond Girl; Or I will pierce thy
heart.

Ozmyn. To his commands I joyn my own
request,

All wounds from you are welcome to my
brest: 250

Think onely when your hand this act has
done,

It has but finish'd what your eies begun.

I thought, with silence to have scorn'd my
doom;

But now your noble pity has ore'come:
Which I acknowledge with my latest breath;
The first who 'ere began a love in death.

Benz to Selin.

Alas, what aid can my weak hand afford;

You see I tremble when I touch a sword?

The brightness dazles me; and turnes my
sight:

Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim less right. 260

Ozmy. Tie guide the hand which must
my death .convay,

My leaping heart shall meet it half the way.

[*Selin to Benz.*

Waste^o not the precious time in idle breath.

Benz. Let me resign this instrument of
death.

*giving the sword to her father; and
then pulling it back.*

Ah, no: I was too hasty to resign;

'Tis in your hand more mortal than in mine.

To them Hamet.

Ham. The King is from th' *Alhambra*
beaten back;

And now preparing for a new attacque.

To favour which, he wills, that, instantly, 270

You reinforce him with a new supply.

Selin to Benz.

Think not, although my duty calls me hence,

That with the breach of yours I will dis-
pence:

'Ere my return, see my commands you do;

Let me find *Ozmin* dead; and kill'd by you.

Gazul and *Reduan* attend her still;

And if she dares to fail, perform my will.

Exeunt Selin and Hamet.

*Benzayda, looks languishing on him
with her sword down. Gazul and
Reduan, standing with drawn swords
by her.*

ghest] Quest Qq 2-5, F.

revenge] Reveng P.

innocence] Qq 1-4; *Insolence* Q 5, F.

Waste] Qq 1-4; *Wast* Q 5, F.

Ozmin. Defer not, fair *Benzaida*,⁰ my death;

Looking on you——

I should but live to sigh away my breath.

My eyes have done the work they had
to do; ²⁸⁰

I take your Image with me, which they
drew;

And, when they close, I shall dye full of
you.

Bcnz. When Parents their Commands unjustly lay

Children are priviledg'd to disobey.

Yet from that breach of duty I am clear,

Since I submit the penalty to bear.

To dye or kill you is th' alternative;

Rather then take your life, I will not live.

Ozm. This shows th' excess of gener-
osity ; ²⁸⁹

But, Madam, you have no pretence to die.

I should defame th' *Abncrrage's* Race

To let a Lady suffer in my place.

But neither could that life you would
bestow

Save mine: nor do you so much pity owe

To me, a stranger, and your houses foe.

Benz. From whence-soe're their Hate our
Houses drew,

I blush to tell you, I have none for you.

Tis a Confession which I should not make,

Had I more time to give, or you to take.

But, since death's near, and run's with so
much force, ^{wo}

We must meet first and intercept his course.

Ozmyn. Oh, how unkind a comfort do you
give!

Now, I fear death again, and wish to live.

Life were worth taking could I have it
now,

But 'tis more good than Heav'n can e're
allow,

To one man's portion, to have life and
you.

Benz. Sure, at our Births,

Death with our meeting Planets danc'd
above;

Or we were wounded by a Mourning Love!

[*Shouts within.*

Redu. The noise returns, and doubles from
behind; ³¹⁰

It seems as if two adverse Armies joyn'd:
Time presses us.

Gaz.———If longer you delay.

Benzaida] *Benzaiida* Q 1.

We must, though loath, your Fathers Will
obey.

Ozm. Haste, Madam, to fulfil his hard
Commands:

And rescue me from their ignoble Hands.

Let me kiss yours, when you my wound
begin;

Then, easie Death will slide with pleasure in.

Benz. Ah, gentle Soldiers, some short time
allow,

[*To Gaz. and Red.*

My Father has repented him e're now; ³¹⁹

Or will repent him when he finds me dead:

My clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn's*
Thred.

Red. Tis fatal to refuse her, or obey:

But where is our excuse? what can we say?

Benz. Say; anything——

Say, that to kill the Guiltless you were
loath,

Or, if you did, say, I would kill you both.

Gaz. To disobey our Orders is to die:

I'll do't, who dare oppose it.

Red.———That dare I.

[*Reduan stands before Ozmyn, and fights
with Gazul.*]

[*Benzayda unbinds Ozmyn; and gives him
her sword.*]

Benz. Stay not to see the
issue of the F i g h t ; R } d . kils

But haste to save your self by } ^{Gaz.}
speedy flight so }

[*Ozmyn kneeling to kiss her hand.*]

Did all Mankind against my Life conspire

Without this Blessing I would not retire.

But, Madam, can I goe and leave you here?

Your Fathers anger now for you I fear:

Consider you have done too much to stay.

Benz. Think not of me, but fly your self
away.

Red. Haste quickly hence; the Enemies
are nigh:

From every part I see our Soldiers fly;

The Foes not onely our Assailants beat,

But fiercely sally out on their Retreat; wo

And, like a Sea broke loose, come on amain.

To them *Abenamar*; and a party with
their swords drawn: driving in some
of the Enemies.

Aben. Traytors, you hope to save your
selves in vain,

Your forfeit Lives shall for your Treason
pay;

And *Ozmy'n*'a Blood shall be reveng'd this day.

Ozmy'n, kneeling to his Father.

Ozmy'n. No Sir, your *Ozmy'n* lives, and lives to own

A Fathers piety to free his Son.

[*Abenamar embracing him.*

Aben. My *Ozmy'n*! O thou blessing of my age!

And art thou safe from their deluded rage!³⁴⁹

Whom must I praise for thy Deliverance,
Was it thy Valour or the work of Chance?

Ozmy'n. Nor Chance nor Valour could deliver me;

But 'twas a noble pity set me free.

My Liberty and Life,

And what your Happiness you Ye pleas'd to call,

We to this charming Beauty owe it all.

[*Abenam: to her.*

Instruct me, visible Divinity,

Instruct me by what Name to worship thee.

For to thy Vertue I would Altars raise:

Since thou art much above all humane praise.

But see—————³⁶⁰

Enter Almanzor, his sword bloody, leading in Almahide, attended by Esperanza.

My other blessing, *Almahide* is here:

He to the King, and tell him she is near.

You *Ozmy'n*, on your fair deliverer wait:

And with your private Joys the publick Celebrate. *Exeunt.*

Almanzor, Almahide, Esperanza.

Alman. The work is done; now, Madam, you are free:

At least if I can give you Liberty.

But you have Chains which you your self have chose;

And, oh, that I could free you too from those.

But, you are free from force, and have full pow'r

To goe, and kill my hopes and me, this hour.³⁷⁰

I see, then, you will go; but yet my toyl

May be rewarded with a looking while.

Almah. *Almanzor* can from every Subject raise

New matter for our Wonder and his Praise.

You bound and freed me, but the difference is,

That show'd your Valour; but your Vertue this.

Almanz. Madam, you praise a Fun'ral Victory;

At whose sad pomp the Conquerour must die.

Almah. Conquest attends *Almamor* every where,

I am too small a Foe for him to fear:³⁸⁰

But Heroes still must be oppos'd by some, Or they would want occasion to ore'come.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot on bare praises live:

Those who abound in praises seldom give.

Almah. While I to all the world your worth make known,

May Heav'n reward the pity you have shown.

Almanz. My love is languishing and sterv'd⁰ to death,

And would you give me charity, in breath? Pray'rs are the Alms of Church-men to the Poor:

They send to Heaven's; but^o drive us from their door.³⁹⁰

Almah. Cease; cease a Sute

So vain to you and troublesome to me,

If you will have me think that I am free.

If I am yet a Slave my blonds Tie bear,

But what I cannot grant, I will not hear.

Almanz. You wonnot hear! you must both Hear and grant;

For, Madam, there's an impudence in want.

Almah. Your way is somewhat strange to ask Relief;

You ask with threatning, like a begging Thief.

Once more *Almanzor*, tell me, am I free?⁴⁰⁰

Almanz. Madam, you are from all the World—but me.

But as a Pyrate, when he frees the Prize
He took from Friends, sees the rich Mer-
chandize,

And after he has freed it, justly buys,
sterv'd/ Qq 1, 4; starv'd Qq 2, 3, 5, F. A spelling variant.

send . . . but/ Q 1; send to Heaven's, but Qq 2, 3; send to Heaven's but Qq 4, 5; send to Heav'ns, but F. Saintsbury needlessly emends to tenet's to heaven, but.

So when I have restor'd your Liberty,—
But, then, alas, I am too poor to buy!

Almah. Nay, now you use me just as
Pyrrats do:

You free me; but expect a ransome too.

Almanz. You've all the freedom that a
Prince can have:

But Greatness cannot be without a Slave. ⁴¹⁰

A Monarch never can in private move;

But still is haunted with officious Love.

So small an inconvenience you may bear,

'Tis all the Fine Fate sets upon the Fair.

Almah. Yet Princes may retire when e're
they please;

And breath free Air from out their Palaces:

They goe sometimes unknown to shun their
State;

And then, 'tis manners not to know or wait.

Almanz. If not a Subject then a Ghost
I'll be;

And from a Ghost, you know, no place is
free. ⁴²⁰

Asleep, Awake, I'll haunt you every where;
From my white shrowd, groan Love into
your Ear.

When in your Lovers Arms you sleep at
night,

I'll glide in cold betwixt, and seize my
Right.

And is't not better in your Nuptial Bed
To have a living lover than a dead?

Almah. I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
As if what I could grant you I refus'd.

My Fathers choice I never will dispute; ⁴²⁹

And he has chosen e're you mov'd your Sute.

You know my Case, if equal you can be,

Plead for your self, and answer⁰ it for me.

Almanz. Then, Madam, in that hope you
bid me live:

I ask no more then you may justly give:

But, in strict justice there may favour be:

And may I hope that you have that for me?

Almah. Why do you thus my secret
thoughts pursue,

Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit
you?

Your knowledge but new troubles does pre-
pare,

Like theirs who curious in their Fortunes
are. ⁴⁴⁰

To say I could with more content be yours,
answer] Answer F; a spelling variant.

Tempts you to hope; but not that hope
assures.

For since the King has right,

And favour'd by my Father in his Sute,

It is a blossom which can bear no Fruit.

Yet, if you dare attempt so hard a task,

May you succeed; you have my leave to
ask.

Almanz. I can with courage now my hopes
pursue,

Since I no longer have to combate you.

That did the greatest difficulty bring: ⁴⁵⁰

The rest are small, a Father, and a King!

Almah. Great Souls⁰ discern not when the
leap's too wide,

Because they onely view the farther side.

What ever you desire you think is neer:

But, with more reason, the event I fear.

Almanz. No; there is a necessity in Fate,

Why still the brave bold man is Fortunate:

He keeps his object ever full in sight,

And that assurance holds him firm, and right.

True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to
bliss, ⁴⁸⁰

But right before there is no precipice:

Fear makes men look aside, and then their
footing miss.

Almah. I do your merit all the right I can;
Admiring Vertue in a private man:

I onely wish the King may grateful be,

And that my Father with my Eyes may see.

Might I not make it as my last request

(Since humble carriage sutes a Suppliant
best)

That you would somewhat of your fierceness
hide:

That inborn fire; I do not call it pride. ⁴⁷⁰

Almanz. Born, as I am still to command,
not sue,

Yet you shall see that I can beg for you.

And if your Father will require a Crown,

Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.

I am, but while I please, a private man;

I have that Soul which Empires first began:

From the dull crowd which every King does
lead,

I will pick out whom I will choose to head:

The best and bravest Souls I can select.

And on their Conquer'd Necks my Throne
erect. ⁴⁹⁰ [Exeunt.]

Great Souls . . .] Cf. Hotspur in Shakespeare,
7 Henry IV, I. iii. 201 ff.

ACT V.

*Abdalla alone, under the walls of the
Albayzin.*

Abd. While she is mine, I have not yet
lost all:

But, in her Arms, shall have a gentle fall:
Blest in my Love, although in war o'recome,
I fly, like *Anthony* from *Actium*,
To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.

You of the Watch: you of the Watch:
appear.

*Souldier above.*⁰ Who calls below? What's
your demand?

Abdal.———Tis I:
Open the Gate with speed; the Foe is nigh.

Sol. What Orders for admittance do you
bring?

Abdal. Slave, my own Orders; look and
know the King.¹⁰

Sold. I know you, but my charge is so
severe

That none, without exception, enter here.

Abdal. Traytor, and Rebel, thou shalt
shortly see

Thy Orders are not to extend to me.

*Lyndaraxa above.*⁰ What saucy slave so
rudely does exclaim,

And brands my Subject with a Rebels
name?

Abdal. Dear *Lyndaraxa* haste; the Foes
pursue.

Lynd. My Lord the Prince *Abdalla*, is it
you?

I scarcely can believe the words I hear:
Could you so coarsly⁰ Treat my Officer? 20

Abdal. He forc'd me, but the danger
nearer draws,

When I am enterd you shall know the cause.

Lynd. Enterd! Why have you any busi-
ness here?

Abdal. I am pursu'd; the Enemy is neer.

Lynd. Are you pursu'd, and do you thus
delay

To save your self? make haste, my Lord,
away.

[Souldier above.] Qq 1-3, F read as an interlinear
S. D. as if *Who Calls . . . demand?* were part of
Abdalla's speech. Qq 4, 5 are ambiguous.

[Lyndaraxa above.] Qq 1-3, F read as an interlinear
S. D. as if *What saucy . . . name?* were part of
Abdalla's speech. Qq 4, 5 are ambiguous.
coarsly/ coarsely.

Abdal. Give me not cause to think you
mock my grief:

What place have I, but this, for my relief?

Lynd. This favour does your handmaid
much oblige,

But we are not provided for a siege. so
My Subjects few; and their provision thin;
The foe is strong without, we weak within.
This to my noble Lord may seem unkind,
But he will weigh it in his Princely mind:
And pardon her, who does assurance want
So much, she blushes, when she cannot
grant.

Abdal. Yes, you may blush; and you have
cause to weep,

Is this the faith you promis'd me to keep?
Ah yet, if to a Lover you will bring

No succour; give your succour to a King.⁴⁰

Lynd. A King is he whom nothing can
withstand;

Who men and money can with ease com-
mand:

A King is he whom fortune still does bless:
He is a King, who does a Crown possess.
If you would have me think that you
are he,

Produce to view your marks of Sovereignty.
But, if your self alone for proof you bring,
You're but a single person; not a King.

Abdal. Ingrateful Maid, did I for this
rebel?

I say no more; but I have lov'd too well,⁵⁰

Lynd. Who but your self did that Rebel-
lion move?

Did I 'ere promise to receive your Love?
Is it my fault you are not fortunate?

I love a King, but a poor Rebel hate.

Abdal. Who follow Fortune still are in
the right.—

But let me be protected here this night.

Lynd. The place to morrow will be circled
round;

And then no way will for your flight be
found.

Abdalla. I hear my Enemies just com-
ing 30

trampling within.

Protect me but one hour, till they are gone.

Lind. They'l know you have been here;
it cannot be,

That very hour you stay will ruine me.

For if the foe behold our Interview,
I shall be thought a Rebel too like you:

Haste hence; and that your flight, may prosperous prove;

Tie recommend you to the pow'rs above.

Exit Lyndaraxa from above.

Abdal. She's gone; ah faithless and ingrateful maid!

I fear some tread; and fear I am betray'd:
I'll to the Spanish King; and try if he
To count'nance his own right, will succour me.⁷⁰

There is more faith in Christian Dogs,
than thee. J

Exit.

Ozmyn. Benzayda. Abenamar.

Benz.————— I wish

(To merit all these thanks) I could have said

My pity onely did his vertue aid:

'Twas pity; but 'twas of a Lovesick Maid.

His manly suffering my esteem did move;
That bred Compassion; and Compassion Love.

Ozmin. O blessing sold me at too cheap a rate I

My danger was the benefit of fate.

To his father.

But that you may my fair deliverer know,⁸⁰

She was not only born our house's foe.

But to my death by pow'rful reasons, led,

At least, in justice she might wish me dead.

Aben. But why thus long do you her name conceale?

Ozmyn. To gain belief for what I now reveal:

E'ven thus prepar'd, you scarce can think]
it true

The Saver of my life, from *Selin* drew

Her birth; and was his Sister whom slew.

Aben. No more; it cannot, was not, must not be;

Upon my blessing, say not it was she.

The daughter of the onely man I hate!

Two Contradictions twisted in a fate!

Ozmyn. The mutual hate which you and *Selin* bore,

Does but exalt her generous pity more.

Could she a brothers death forgive to me,

And cannot you forget her family?

Can you so ill requite the life I owe

To reckon her, who gave it, still your foe?

It lends too great a luster to her line

To let her vertue, ours so much out-shine,¹⁰⁰

Aben. Thou giv'st⁰ her line th' advantage which they have

By meanly taking of the life they gave.

Grant that it did in her a pity show;

But would my Son be pity'd by a foe?

She has the glory of thy act defac'd:

Thou kild'st⁰ her brother; but she triumphs last:

Poorly for us our Enmity would cease;

When we are beaten we receive a peace.

Benz. If that be all in which you disagree,¹⁰⁰

I must confess 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me. Had I beheld him basely beg his life,

I should not now submit to be his wife.

But when I saw his courage death control,

I paid a secret homage to his Soul;

And thought my cruel father much too blame;

Since *Ozmyn's* vertue his revenge did shame.

Aben. What constancy canst thou 'ere hope to finde

In that unstable, and soon conquer'd mind;

What piety canst thou expect from her

Who could forgive a Brothers Murderer?¹²⁰

Or, what obedience hop'st thou to be pay'd

From one who first her father disobey'd?

Ozmyn. Nature that bids us Parents to obey,

Bids parents their commands by Reason weigh.

And you her vertue by your praise did own,

Before you knew by whom the act was done.

Aben. Your reasons speak too much of insolence,

Her birth's a crime past pardon or defence.

Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,

Neither will I by *Selins* daughter be.¹³⁰

Leave her, or cease henceforth to be my Son:

This is my will: and this I will have done.

Exit Abenamar.

Ozmyn. It is a murdring will!

That whirls along with an impetuous sway;

And like chain-shot, sweeps all things in its way.

He does my honour want of duty call;

To that, and love he has no right at all.

Benz. No, *Ozmyn*, no, it is much less ill⁰

giv'st] Qq 1-3; *gavest* Qq 4, 5; *gav'st* F.
kild'st] Q 1; *kill'dst* Qq 2, 3; *kill'd'st* Q 4;
kill'st Q 5, F.

it . . . ill] Qq 1, 4, 5; 'tis not so great an ill Qq 2, 3; it is a much less ill F.

To leave me than dispute a Fathers will:
If I had any title to your love, ¹⁴⁰
Your fathers greater right does mine remove:

Your vows and faith I give you back agen;
Since neither can be kept without a sin.

Ozmyn. Nothing but death my vows can
give me back:

They are not yours to give, nor mine to
take.

Bern. Nay, think not, though I could your
vows resign,

My love or virtue could dispence with mine.
I would extinguish your unlucky fire,
To make you happy in some new desire:
I can preserve enough for me and you: ¹⁵⁰
And love, and be unfortunate for two.

Ozmyn. In all that's good and great,
You vanquish me so fast, that in the end
I shall have nothing left me to defend.
From every Post you force me to remove;
But let me keep my last retrenchment, Love.

Benz. Love then, my *Ozmyn*; I will be
content *[giving her hand.*
To make you wretched by your own consent:

Live poor, despis'd, and banish'd for my
sake:

And all the burden of my sorrows take, ¹⁶⁰
For, as for me, in what soe're estate,
While I have you, I must be fortunate.

Ozmyn. Thus then, secur'd of what we
hold most dear,
(Each⁰ others love,) we'll go—I know not
where.

For where, alas, should we our flight begin?
The foes without; our parents are within.

Benz. lie fly to you; and you shall fly to
me:

Our flight but to each others armes shall be.
To providence and chance permit⁰ the rest;
Let us but love enough and we are blest, ¹⁷⁰

Exeunt.

*Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech.
Guard, Zulema, and Hamet prisoners.*

Abdel. They're *IAndaraxa's*° brothers; for
her sake
Their lives, and pardon my request I make.

Each] Qq 1-3; *Earth* Qq 4, 5, F.
permit] *commit* F.

Lyndaraxa's] *Lyndraxa's* Qq 1, 4.

Boab. Then *Zulema* and *Hamet* live; but
know

Your lives to *Abdelmelechs* sute you owe.
Zul. The grace received so much my hope
exceeds

That words come weak and short to answer
deeds.

You've made a venture, Sir, and time must
show,

If this great mercy you did well bestow.

Boabd. You, *Abdelmelech*, haste before
'tis night;

And close pursue my Brother in his flight. ¹⁸⁰
Exeunt Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet.

Enter Almanzor, Almahide, and Esperanza.

But see with *Almahide*,

The brave *Almanzor* comes, whose conquer-
ing sword

That Crown it once took from me, has
restor'd.

How can I recompence so great desert!

Almanz. I bring you, Sir, perform'd in
every part

My Promise made; Your foes are fled or
slain;

Without a Rival, absolute you reign.

Yet, though in justice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me:

I beg to goe ¹⁹⁰
Where my own Courage and your fortune
calls,

To chase these Misbelievers from our Walls.
I cannot breath within this narrow space;
My heart's too big; and swells beyond the
place.

Boab. You can perform, brave warrior,
what you please,

Fate listens to your voice, and then decrees.
Now I no longer fear the Spanish pow'rs;
Already we are free and Conquerours.

Almanz. Accept great King, tomorrow
from my hand, ¹⁹⁹

The captive head of conquer'd *Ferdinand*.
You shall not only what you lost regain, 1
But, 'ore the *Byscayn* Mountains to the
Mayn,

Extend your sway, where never Moor did
reign.

Aben. What in another Vanity would
seem,

Appears but noble Confidence in him.

No haughty boasting; but a manly pride:
A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide:

He moves excentrique, like a wandring star;
Whose Motion's just; though 'tis not
regular.

Boob. It is for you, brave Man, and only
you²¹⁰
Greatly to speake, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your Benefits too far extend,
I must be left ungrateful in the end:
Yet somewhat I would pay
Before my debts above all reck'ning grow;
To keep me from the shame of what I owe.
But you——

Are conscious to your self of such desert,
That of your gift I fear to offer part.

Almanz. When I shall have declar'd my
high request,²²⁰

So much presumption there will be confest,
That you will find your gifts I do not shun;
But rather much o're-rate the service done.

Boab. Give wing to your desires, and let
'em fly;

Secure, they cannot mount a pitch too high.
So bless me *Alha* both in peace and war,
As I accord what 'ere your wishes are.

Almanz. putting one knee on the
ground.

Emboldn'd by the promise of a Prince
I ask this Lady now with Confidence.

Boab. You ask the onely thing I cannot²²⁰
grant.

*The King and Aben. look amazedly
on each other.*

But, as a stranger, you are ignorant.

Of what by publick fame my Subjects
know;

She is my Mistress:

Aben.——And my daughter too.

Almanz. Believe, old Man, that I her
father knew:

What else should make *Almanzor*, kneel to
you?

Nor doubt, Sir, but your right to her was
known:

For had you had no claim but love alone,
I could produce a better of my own.

Almahide softly to him.

Almanzor, you forget my last request:
Your words have too much haughtiness²⁴⁰
exprest.

Is this the humble way you were to move?
Almanzor to her.

I was too far transported by my love.
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to sue
To any thing before, but Heav'n and you.

Sir, at your feet, I make it my request——

*To the King: first line kneeling: sec-
ond rising: and boldly.⁰*

Though, without boasting I deserve her best.
For you, her love with gaudy titles sought,
But I her heart with blood and dangers
bought.

Boab. The blood which you have shed in
her defence

Shall have in time a fitting recompence:²²⁰

Or, if you think your services delai'd,
Name but your price, and you shall soon be
pai'd.

Alman. My price! why, King, you do not
think you deal

With one, who sets his services to sale?

Reserve your gifts for those who gifts re-
gard;

And know I think my self above reward.

Boab. Then sure you are some Godhead;
and our care

Must be to come with Incence, and with
Pray'r.

Almanz. As little as you think yourself
oblig'd,

You would be glad to do't, when next²⁸⁰
besieg'd.

But I am pleas'd there should be nothing
due;

For what I did was for my self not you.

Boab. You, with contempt, on meaner
gifts look down;

And, aiming at my Queen, disdain my
Crown.

That Crown restor'd, deserves no recom-
pence,

Since you would rob the fairest Jewel
thence.

Dare not henceforth ungrateful me to
call;

What 'ere I ow'd you, this has cancell'd
all.

Alman. I'll call thee thankless, King; and
perjur'd both:

Thou swor'st by *Alha*; and hast broke thy²⁷⁰
oath.

But thou dost well: thou tak'st the cheapest
way;

Not to own services thou canst not pay.

Boab. My patience more then payes thy
service past;

*To the King . . . boldly.] Qq 1-5 subst. F reads
after request, To the King kneeling; after beat.
Rising; after bought, Boldly.*

But know this insolence shall be thy last.
Hence from my sight, and take it as a
grace
Thou liv'st, and art but banish'd from the
place.

Almanz. Where 'ere I goe there can no
exile be;
But from *Almanzor's* sight I banish thee:
I will not now, if thou wouldst beg me,
stay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.²⁸⁰
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here: but
know
We leave thy City empty when we go.

Takes Almahide's hand.

Boabdelin. Fall on; take; kill the Tray-
tour.

***The Guards fall on him: he makes
at the King through the midst of
them; and falls upon him; they
disarm him; and rescue the King.***

Almanz.——Base, and poor,
Blush that thou art *Almanzor's* Conquerour.

***Almahide wrings her hands: then
turns and veyles her face.***

Farewell my *Almahidel*
Life of it self will goe, now thou art^o gone,
Like flies in Winter when they loose the
Sun.

***Abenamar whispers the King a little;
then speaks aloud.***

Aben. Revenge, and taken so secure a way,
Are blessings which Heav'n sends not every
day.

Boab. I will at leisure now revenge my²⁹⁰
wrong;
And, Traytour, thou shalt feel my vengeance
long;

Thou shalt not dye just at thy own desire;
But see my Nuptials, and with rage expire.

Alman. Thou darst not marry her while
I'm in sight;

With a bent brow thy Priest and thee I'll
fright,

And in that Scene
Which all thy hopes and wishes should
content,

The thought of me shall make thee im-
potent.

He is led off by Guards.

Boabdel. to Almahide.
As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress,
art] are P.

Shrinks up; and folds its silken arms to³⁰⁰
rest;

And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the wind sing round its
head:

So, shrowded up your beauty disappears;
Unvail my Love; and lay aside your fears.
The storm that caus'd your fright, is past
and done.

***Almahide unveyling and looking
round for Almanzor.***

So flow'r's^o peep out too soon, and miss the
Sun.

[turning from him.

Boab. What myst'ry in this strange be-
haviour lies?

Almah. Let me for ever hide these guilty
eyes

Which lighted my *Almanzor* to his tomb;³⁰⁹
Or, let 'em blaze to shew me there a room.

Boab. Heav'n lent their lustre for a Nobler
end:

A thousand torches must their light attend
To lead you to a Temple and a Crown.—

Why does my fairest *Almahida* frown?
Am I less pleasing then I was before,
Or is the insolent *Almanzor*, more?

Almah. I justly own that I some pity
have,

Not for the Insolent, but for the Brave.

Aben. Though to your King your duty you
neglect,

Know, *Almahide*, I look for more respect.³²⁰
And, if a Parents charge your mind can
move,

Receive the blessing of a Monarch's love.

Almah. Did he my freedom to his life
prefer,

And shall I wed *Almanzor's* Murderer?
No, Sir; I cannot to your will submit:

Your way's too rugged for my tender feet.

Aben. You must be driv'n where you
refuse to go:

And taught, by force, your happiness to
know.

Almahide smiling scornfully.

To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you;³³⁰
And, when you would, impossible to do.

If force could bend me, you might think
with shame,

That I debas'd^d the blood from whence I
came.

[flow'r's] Q 1; Flow'rs Qq 2, 3; flower's Qq 4, 5, F.
debas'd] Qq 1-3; debase Qq 4, 5, F.

My soul is soft; which you may gently]
lay

In your loose palm; but when tis prest to
stay,

Like water it deludes your grasp, and slips
away. J

Boab. I finde I must revoke what I
decreed;

Almanzors death my Nuptials must precede.
Love is a Magick which the Lover tyes;
But charms still end, when the Magician
dyes.

Go; let me hear my hated Rival's dead; ³⁴⁰
[To his guards.

And, to convince my eyes, bring back his
head.

Almah. Go on; I wish no other way to
prove

That I am worthy of *Almanzor's* love.

We will in death, at least, united be;

I'll shew you I can dye as well as he.

Boab. What should I do! when equally I
dread

Almanzor living, and *Almanzor* dead!—

Yet, by your promise you are mine alone.

Almah. How dare you claim my faith, and
break your own?

Aben. This for your vertue is a weak ³⁵⁰
defence:

No second vows can with your first dispence.

Yet, since the King did to *Almanzor* swear,

And, in his death ingrateful may appear,

He ought, in justice, first to spare his life,

And then to claim your promise, as his wife.

Almah. What 'ere my secret inclinations
be,

To this, since honor ties me, I agree.

Yet I declare and to the world will own,

That, far from seeking, I would shun the
Throne,

And, with *Almanzor*, lead an humble life; ³⁶⁰

There is a private greatness in his wife.

Boab. That little love I have, I hardly
buy;

You give my Rival all, while you deny.

Yet, *Almahide*, to let you see your pow'r,

Your lov'd *Almanzor* shall be free this hour.

You are obey'd; but tis so great a grace,

That I could wish me in my Rivals' ⁰
place.

Exeunt King & Abenamar.

Almah. How blest was I before this fatal
day!

[fivals] Qq 1-4; Rival's Q 5, P.

When all I knew of love, was to obey!

'Twas life becalm'd; without a gentle ³⁷⁰
breath;

Though not so cold, yet motionless as death.

A heavy quiet state: but love all strife,

All rapid; is the Hurrican of life.

Had love not shown me, I had never seen

An Excellence beyond *Boabdelin*.

I had not, ayming higher, lost my rest;

But with a vulgar good been dully blest.

But, in *Almanzor*, having seen what's rare,

Now I have learnt too sharply to compare,

And, like a Fav'rite, quickly in disgrace, æ

Just know the value 'ere I loose ⁰ the place.

To her *Almanzor* bound and guarded.

Almanz. I see the end for which I'm ^o
hither sent;

looking down.

To double, by your sight, my punishment.

There is a shame in bonds, I cannot bear;

Far more than death, to meet your eyes I
fear.

Almahide unbinding him.

That shame of long continuance shall not
be:

The King, at my intreaty, sets you free.

Alman. The King! my wonder's greater
than before:

How did he dare my freedom to restore?

He like some Captive Lyon uses me; ³⁹⁰

He runs away before he sets me free:

And takes a sanctuary in his Court:

I'll rather loose my life than thank him
for't.

Aim. If any subject for your thanks there
be,

The King expects 'em not; you ow 'em me.

Our freedoms through each others hands
have past;

You give me my revenge in winning last.

Almanz. Then fate oommodiously for me
has done;

To loose mine there where I would have
it won.

Almah. *Almanzor*, you too soon will un-
derstand ⁴⁰⁰

That what I win is on anothers hand.

The King (who doom'd you to a cruel fate)

loose] Q 1; *lose* Qq 2-4; *lost* Q 5, F, and Saints-
bury, who also reads *knew* in face of *know* Qq
1-5, F.

I'me] I'm Qq 2-5 F.

Gave to my pray'rs both his revenge and hate:

But at no other price would rate your life
Then my consent, and oath to be his, wife.

Almanx.

Would you to save my life, my
love betray?

Here; take me; bind me, carry I to the
me away; *Guards.*

Kill me: 111 kill you if you dis-
obey.

Almah. That absolute command your love
does give

I take; and charge you, by that pow'r, to
live. ⁴¹⁰

Alman. When death, the last of comforts
you refuse,

Your pow'r, like Heav'n upon the damn'd,
you use,

You force me in my being to remain,
To make me last, and keep me fresh for
pain.

When all my joys are gone
What cause can I for living longer, give,
But a dull lazy habitude to live?

Almah. Rash men, like you, and impo-
tent of will,

Give chance no time to turn; but urge her
still. ⁴¹⁹

She wou'd repent; you push the quarrel on,
And once, because she went, she must be
gone.

Alman. She shall not turn: what is it she
can do

To recompence me for the loss of you!

Almah. Heav'n will reward your worth
some better way.

At least, for me, you have but lost one day.
Nor is't a real loss which you deplore;
You sought a heart that was engag'd before.
Twas a swift love which took you in his
way;

Flew only through your heart but made no
stay.

Twas but a dream; where truth had not a
place. ⁴²⁰

A scene of fancy, mov'd so swift a pace
And shifted, that you can but think it was:
Let, then, the short vexatious Vision pass.

Alman. My joys indeed are dreams, but
not my pain

Twas a swift ruin; but the marks remain.
no] to F.

When some fierce fire lays goodly buildings
wast,^o

Would you conclude

There had been none, because the burning's
past?

Almah. It was your fault that fire seiz'd
all your brest,

You should have blown up some, to save
the rest. ⁰ ⁴⁴⁰

But tis,^o at worst, but so consum'd by fire
As Cities are, that by their falls rise high'r.
Build Love a Nobler Temple in my place;
You'l find the fire - has but enlarg'd your
space.

Alman. Love has undone me; I am)
grown so poor

I sadly view the ground I had before:

But want a stock; and ne'r can build it
more.

Almah. Then say what Charity I can
allow;

I would *Contribute*; if I knew but how. ⁴⁴⁹

Take friendship: or if that too small appear,
Take love which Sisters may^o to Brothers
bear.

Alman. A Sisters love! that is so pall'd a
thing!

What pleasure can it to a Lover bring?

Tis like thin food to men in feavours
spent;

Just keeps alive; but gives no nourishment.
What hopes, what fears, what transports can
it move?

Tis but the Ghost of a departed Love.

Almah. You like some greedy Cormorant,
devour

All my whole life can give you, in an hour.
What more I can do for you, is to dy, ⁴⁶⁰

And that must follow, if you this deny.

Since I gave up my love that you might
live^o

You, in refusing life, my sentence give.

Alman. Far from my brest be such an
impious thought:

Your death would loose the quiet mine had
sought.

I'll live for you, in spight of misery:

But you shall grant that I had rather dye.

I'll be so wretched; fild with such despair,

buildings wast] Qq 1, 4; *buildings waste* Q 2;
Buildings waste Q 3; *building wast* Q 5, F.

It was . . . rest] Qq 1, 4, 5, F; om. Qq 2, 3.
But tis] Qq 1, 4, 5, F; *Your Heart's* Qq 2, 3.
may] my F.

live] Qq 1, 2; *live*, Qq 3-5, F.

That you shall see, to live, was more to dare,
Almah, Adieu, then, O my Souls far better
 part⁰ 470

Your Image sticks so close
 That the blood follows from my rending
 heart.

A last farewell

For since a last must come, the rest are
 vain!

Like gasps in death, which but prolong our
 pain.

But, since the King is now a part of me:
 Cease from henceforth to be his Enemy.

Go now, for pity go, for if you stay

I fear I shall have something still to say.

Thus—I for ever shut you from my sight. 480
[veyles.

Alman. Like one thrust out in a cold
 Winters night,

Yet shivering, underneath your gate I stay;
 One look—I cannot go before 'tis day——

[she beckons him to be gone.

Not one—Farwell: what 'ere my suffer-
 ings be

Within; Tie speak Farewell, as loud as
 she:

I will not be out-done in Constancy.——
[she turns her back.

Then like a dying Conquerour I goe;

At least I have look't last upon my foe.

I go——but if too heavily I move,

I walk encumbered with a weight of Love. 490
 Fain I would leave the thought of you
 behind

But still, the more I cast you from my
 mind,

You dash, like water, back, when thrown
 against the wind

Exit.

*As he goes off the King meets him
 with Abenamar, they stare at each
 other without saluting.*

part] Q 1; *part;* Qq 2, 3; *part,* Qq 4, 5, F.

Boabd. With him go all my fears: a guard
 there wait;

And see him safe without the City gate.

To them Abdelmelech.⁰

Now *Abdelmelech,⁰* is my brother dead?

Abdel. Th' Usurper to the Christian Camp
 is fled;

Whom as *Granada's* lawful King they own;
 And vow, by force to seat him in the throne.

Mean time the Rebels in th' *Albayzin* rest;
 Which is, in *Lindaraxa's* name, possest, 501

Boab. Hast; and reduce it instantly by
 force:

Abdel. First give me leave to prove a
 milder course.

She will, perhaps, on summons yield the
 place.

Boab. We cannot, to your sute, refuse her
 grace.

*[One enters hastily and whispers
 Abenamar.*

Aben. How fortune persecutes this hoary
 head!

My *Ozmin* is with *Selin's* daughter fled.

But he's no more my Son——

My hate shall like a *Zegry* him pursue;

Till I take back what blood from me he 510
 drew.

Boab. Let war and vengeance be to mor-
 row's care:

But let us to the Temple now repair.

A thousand torches make the Mosque more
 bright:

This must be mine and *Almahida's* night.

Hence ye importunate affairs of State;

You should not Tyrannize on Love, but
 waite.

Had life no love, none would for business 517
 live;

Yet still from love the largest part we give:
 And must be forc'd, in Empires weary toile,

To live long wretched to be pleas'd a while.
[Exeunt.

Abdelmelech] *Abdemelech* Q 1.

E- P I L O G U E.

Success, which can no more than beauty last,
 Makes our sad Poet mourn your favours⁰ past:
 For, since without desert he got a name,
 He fears to loose⁰ it now with greater shame.
 Fame, like a little Mistriss of the town,
 Is gained with ease; but then she's lost as soon.
 For, as those taudry Misses, soon or late
 Jilt such as keep 'em at the highest rate:
 (And oft the Lacquey, or the Brawny Clown,
 Gets what is hid in the loose body'd gown;)

So, Fame is false to all that keep her long;
 And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.
 Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first:
 But elder wits are like old Lovers curst;
 Who, when the vigor of their youth is spent.
 Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.
 This, some years hence, our Poets case may prove;
 But, yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
 When forty comes, if 'ere he live to see
 That wretched, fumbling age of poetry;
 T'will be high time to bid his Muse adieu:
 Well he may please him self, but never you.
 Till then he'l do as well as he began;
 And hopes you will not finde him less a man.
 Think him not duller for this years delay;
 He was prepar'd, the women were away;
 And men, without their parts, can hardly play.
 If they, through sickness, seldome did appear,
 Pity the virgins of each Theatre!
 For, at both houses, 'twas a sickly year!
 And pity us, your servants, to whose cost,
 In one such sickness, nine whole Mon'ths⁰ are lost.
 Their stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ:
 Long waiting both disables love and wit.
 They thought they gave him leisure to do well:
 But when they forcd him to attend, he fell!
 Yet though he much has faild, he begs to day
 You will excuse his unperforming⁰ Play:
 Weakness sometimes great passion does express;
 He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you less.

favours] Qq 1, 4, 5, F; Favour's Qq 2, 3.
 Mon'ths] Qq 1, 4, 5; Months Qq 2, 3, F.

loose] lose Qq 2-5, F.
 unperforming] ineffective.

ALL^{FOR} LOVE:
OR, THE
World well Loft.
A
TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE~R *0 YA L;*

And Written in Imitation of *Shakespeare's* Stile.

By *John Dryden*, Servant to His Majesty.

*Futile est verbum aliquod ardens (u/ its dicam) notare; idque re-
jUnUit animorum incudils irridere. Cicero.*

In the SAVOY;

Printed by *The. Newcomb*, for *Henry Herringman*, at the Blew Aft
chur in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. 1678,

The text is taken from the first collected edition folio 1701, but it has been collated with that of the first three quartos, and frequently corrected to the first quarto version.

Q 1 = First quarto, 1678 (B. M. 644. g. 68).

Q 2 = Second quarto, 1692 (Hull U. C. PR 3415 A4 D2438).

Q 3 = Third quarto, 1696 (Hull U. C. PR 3415 A4 D2439).

F = see Bibliographical Note to *Conquest of Granada*, p. 2.

Congreve = *Dramatick Works of John Dryden, Esq.* Ed. by W. Congreve, 6 vols. 1717.

Scott = *Dramatic Works of John Dryden* ... by Sir Walter Scott, edited Saintsbury, 8 vols. 1882.

Saintsbury (Mermaid) = *John Dryden, Edited* . . . George Saintsbury, Mermaid Series, 2 vols.

On the whole Q 1 is the purest text, degenerating through Q 2 and Q 3. F is evidently printed from Q 3, but there are readings justifying its claim to be corrected from the originals: e.g. *purpl'd*, p. 72 l. 297, 1. Scott seems to have used F, and Congreve Q 1.

All for Love, or, The World well Lost

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS EARL OF DANBY,

Viscount *Latimer*, and Baron *Osborne* of *Kiveton* in *Yorkshire*.

Lord High Treasurer of *England*, One of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council,
and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

The Gratitude, of Poets is so troublesome a Virtue to Great Men, that you are often in danger of your own Benefits: For you are threaten'd with some Epistle, and not suffer'd to do Good in quiet, or to compound for their Silence whom you have Oblig'd. Yet, I confess, I neither am, nor ought to be surpriz'd at this Indulgence; for your Lordship has the same Right to favour Poetry, which the Great and Noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a tye in Nature betwixt those who are Born for Worthy Actions, and those who can transmit them to Posterity: And though ours be much the inferiour part, it comes at least within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Common-wealth, when we animate others to those Virtues which we Copy and Describe from you.

Tis indeed their Interest, who endeavour the subversion of Governments, to discourage Poets and Historians; for the best which can happen to them is to be forgotten: But such, who, under Kings, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a Just and Prudent ordering of Affairs preserve it, have the same reason to cherish the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in safety the Deeds and Evidences of their Estates: For such Records are their undoubted Titles to the Love and Reverence of After Ages. Your Lordship's Administration has already taken up a considerable part of the *English Annals*; and many of its most happy Years are owing to it. His MAJESTY, the most knowing Judge of Men, and the best Master, has acknowledged the Ease and Benefit he receives in the Incomes of His Treasury, which you found not only Disorder'd, but Exhausted. All Things were in the confusion of a *Chaos*, without Form or Method, if not redu'd beyond it, even to Annihilation: So that you had not only to separate the Jarring Elements, but (if that boldness of Expression might be allow'd me) to create them. Your Enemies had so embroil'd the management of your Office, that they look'd on your Advancement as the Instrument of your Ruine. And as if the clogging of the Revenue, and the confusion of Accounts, which you found in your Entrance, were not sufficient, they added their own weight of Malice to the Publick Calamity, by forestalling the Credit which shou'd Cure it: Your Friends on the other side were only capable of Pitying, but not of Aiding you: No farther Help or Counsel was remaining to you, but what was founded on your Self; And that indeed was your Security: For your Diligence, your Constancy, and your Prudence, wrought more surely within, when they were not disturb'd by any outward Motion. The highest Virtue is best to be trusted with it self, for Assistance only can be given by a *Genius* Superiour to that which it Assists. And 'tis the Noblest kind of Debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, My Lord, is your just Commendation, That you have wrought out your Self a way to

Glory, by those very Means that were design'd for your Destruction: You have not only restor'd, but advanc'd the Revenues of your Master, without Grievance to the Subject: And as if that were little yet, the Debts of the *Exchequer*, which lay heaviest both on the *Crown*, and on *private Persons*, have, by your Conduct, been establish'd in a certainty of Satisfaction. An Action so much the more Great and Honourable, because the Case was without the ordinary relief of Laws; above the Hopes of the Afflicted, and beyond the Narrowness of the Treasury to redress, had it been manag'd by a less able Hand. 'Tis certainly the happiest, and most unenvy'd part of all your Fortune, to do Good to many, while you do Injury to none: To receive at once the Prayers of the Subject, and the Praises of the Prince: And by the care of your Conduct, to give him means of exerting the chief est, (if any be the chief est) of His Royal Virtues:⁰ His distributive Justice to the Deserving, and His Bounty and Compassion to the Wanting. The Disposition of Princes towards their People, cannot better be discovered than in the choice of their Ministers; who, like the Animal Spirits betwixt the Soul and Body, participate somewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is Just and Moderate in his Nature, who Rules according to the Laws, whom God made happy by Forming the Temper of His Soul to the Constitution of His Government, and who makes us happy, by assuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty consists: A Prince, I say, of so excellent a Character, and so suitable to the Wishes of all Good Men, could not better have convey'd Himself into His Peoples Apprehensions, than in your Lordship's Person; who so lively express the same Virtues, that you seem not so much a Copy, as an Emanation of Him. Moderation is doubtless an establishment of Greatness; but there is a steadiness of Temper, which is likewise requisite in a Minister of State: So equal a mixture of both Virtues, that he may stand like an *Isthmus* betwixt the two encroaching Seas of Arbitrary Power and Lawless Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary *Genius*, to stand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the Great Representative of the Nation, and neither to inhance, nor to yield up the undoubted Prerogatives of the Crown. These *My Lord*, are the proper Virtues of a Noble Englishman, as indeed they are properly English Virtues: No People in the World being capable of using them, but we who have the happiness to be Born under so equal, and so well-pois'd a Government: A Government which has all the advantages of Liberty beyond a Common-wealth, and all the Marks of Kingly Sovereignty, without the danger of a Tyranny. Both my Nature, as I am an Englishman, and my Reason, as I am a Man, have bred in me a loathing to that specious Name of a Republick; That mock-appearance of a Liberty, where all who have not part in the Government, are Slaves; And Slaves they are of a viler Note than such as are Subjects to an absolute Dominion. For no Christian Monarchy is so Absolute, but 'tis circumscrib'd with Laws: But when the Executive Power is in the Law-Makers, there is no farther check upon them; and the People must suffer without a Remedy because they are oppress'd by their Representatives. If I must serve, the number of my Masters, who were born my Equals, would but add to the Ignominy of my Bondage. The nature of our Government, above all other, is exactly suited both to the Situation of our Country, and the Temper of the Natives: An Island being more proper for Commerce and for Defence, than for extending its Dominions on the Continent: For what the Valour of its Inhabitants might gain, by reason of its Remoteness, and the Casualties of the Seas, it could not so easily preserve: And therefore, neither the Arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy, nor of many in a Commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vaster and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the Consent of the People was not Ask'd or Needed; but this were only by Conquering abroad to be Poor at home: And the Examples of our Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happiest Subjects whose Kings extend their Dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an offensive War, at least a Land-War, the model of our Government seems naturally contriv'd for the Defensive part: And the Consent of a People is easily

obtained to contribute to that Power which must protect it. *Felices nimium bona si sua norint, Anglignce!* And yet there are not wanting Malecontents among us, who surfeiting themselves on too much Happiness, wou'd persuade the People that they might be Happier by a Change. Twas indeed the Policy of their old Forefather, when himself was fallen from the Station of Glory, to seduce Mankind into the same Rebellion with him, by telling him, he might yet be freer than he was: that is, More free than his Nature would allow, or (if I may so say) than God cou'd make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-born Subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but License. But if it be Liberty of Conscience which they pretend, the Moderation of our Church is such, that its Practice extends not to the severity of Persecution, and its Discipline is withal so easie, that it allows more freedom to Dissenters than any of the Sects wou'd allow to it. In the mean time, what Right can be pretended by these Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who made them the Trustees, or (to speak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the Liberty of *England*? If their Call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working Miracles; for ordinary Vocation they can have none to disturb the Government under which they were Born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his Party, and always has made his Interest the Rule of it, gives little Evidence of his Sincerity for the Publick Good: Tis manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the People for Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the Experience of all Ages might let him know, that they who trouble the Waters first, have seldom the benefit of the Fishing: As they who began the late Rebellion, enjoy'd not the Fruit of their Undertaking, but were crushed themselves by the Usurpation of their own Instrument: Neither is it enough for them to Answer, that they only intend a Reformation of the Government, but not the Subversion of it: On such pretences all Insurrections have been founded; Tis striking at the Root of Power, which is Obedience. Every Remonstrance of private Men, has the Seed of Treason in it; and Discourses which are couch'd in ambiguous Terms, are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the Mischief of open Sedition, yet are safe from the punishment of the Laws. These, *My Lord*, are Considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve: For no Man can be so inconsiderable in a Nation, as not to have a share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman, he must at the same time be fir'd with Indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the Disturbers of his Country. And to whom could I more fitly apply my self, than to your Lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an Hereditary Loyalty? The memorable Constancy and Sufferings of your Father, almost to the mine of his Estate for the Royal Cause, were an earnest of that, which such a Parent and such an Institution wou'd produce in the Person of a Son. But so unhappy an occasion of manifesting your own Zeal in suffering for His present *Majesty*, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of your Administration, will, I hope, prevent. That as your Father's Fortune waited on the unhappiness of his *Sovereign*, so your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his *Son*. The Relation which you have by Alliance to the Noble Family of your Lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deserve a greater place in the English Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of an Army Fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of *Lindsey*,^o is so illustrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an Heroick Poem; for he was the Proto-Martyr of the Cause, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Master.

Yet, after all, *My Lord*, if I may speak my Thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to yourself: For the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Employment, have betray'd you from your self, and given you up into the possession of the Publick. You are robb'd of your Privacy and Friends, and scarce any hour of your Life you can call your own. Those who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not good Nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a Crowd of Suitors, whose importunity 'tis

Earl of Lindsey] Grandfather of Lady Lindsey. He was a general of the royalist forces in the Civil War and was killed at Edgehill.

impossible to avoid, would conclude with reason, that you have lost much more in true Content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a single Servant, than your Lordship with so clamorous a Train. Pardon me, *My Lord*, if I speak like a Philosopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man uneasie, cannot make him happy: and a Wise Man must think himself uneasie, when few of his Actions are in his Choice.

This last Consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your Relief; which is, That while I pity your want of leisure, I have impertinently detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own Business, which was my Dedication, till 'tis so late, that I am now asham'd to begin it: And therefore I will say nothing of the Poem, which I Present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an Hour, which, with a good Conscience, you may throw away in perusing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the continuance of your Protection to him, who is,

MY LORD,

Your Lordships, most Obliged,

most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

PREFACE.

The Death of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, is a Subject which has been treated by the greatest Wits of our Nation, after *Shakespeare*; and by all so variously, that their Example has given me the confidence to try my self in this Bowe of *Ulysses* amongst the Crowd of Suitors; and withal, to take my own Measures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the same Motive has prevails with all of us in this Attempt; I mean the Excellency of the Moral: For the chief Persons represented, were famous Patterns of unlawful Love; and their End accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable Men have long since concluded, That the Hero of the Poem, ought not to be a Character of perfect Virtue; for, then, he could not, without Injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied: I have therefore steer'd the middle Course; and have drawn the Character of *Anthony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian* and *Dion Cassius* wou'd give me leave: The like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the Pity to a greater heighth, was not afforded me by the Story: For the Crimes of Love which they both committed, were not occasion'd by any Necessity or fatal Ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our Passions are, or ought to be, within our Power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferiour Parts of it; and the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observ'd, than perhaps, the English Theatre requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one, that it is the only of the kind without Episode, or Under-plot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main Design, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest Error in the Contrivance seems to be in the Person of *Octavia*: For, though I might use the Priviledge of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*, yet I had not enough consider'd, that the Compassion she mov'd to her self and Children, was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual Love being founded upon Vice, must lessen the Favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by it. And, though I justified *Anthony* in some measure, by making *Octavia's* departure to proceed wholly from her self, yet the force of the first Machine still remain'd; and the dividing of Pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the Strength of the natural Stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to my self. The Faults my Enemies have found, are rather Cavils concerning little, and not essential Decencies; which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confess, are strict Observers of these Punctilio's: They would not, for Example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met, or if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold Civilities, but no eagerness of Repartee for fear of offending against the greatness of their Characters, and the modesty of their Sex. This Objection I foresaw, and at the same time contemn'd; for I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Octavia* proud of her new-gain'd Conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra* thus attack'd, was not of a Spirit to shun the Encounter: And 'tis not unlikely, that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satyr as I have put into their Mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a Queen, they were both Women. 'Tis true some Actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad Obscenities in Words, ought in good Manners to be avoided: Expressions therefore are a modest cloathing of our Thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our Bodies. If I have kept my self within the Bounds of Modesty, all beyond it is but Nicety and Affectation; which is no more but Modesty deprav'd into a Vice: They betray themselves who are too quick of Apprehension in such Cases, and leave all reasonable Men to imagine worse of them, than of the Poet.

Honest *Montaigne* goes yet farther: *NOILS ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laissons la substance des choses. Nous nous tenons aux branches & abandonnons*

le tronc^o & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans settlement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement à faire: Nous n'osons^o appeller à droict nos membres, & ne craignons pas^o de les employer à toute sorte de debauche. La ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaises, & personne ne l'en croit. My comfort is, that by this Opinion my Enemies are but sucking Criticks, who wou'd fain be nibbling e'er their Teeth are come.

Yet in this nicety of Manners does the Excellency of *French Poetry* consist: Their Heroes are the most civil People breathing; but their good breeding seldom extends to a Word of Sense: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but necessary when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civillest Man in the Company is commonly the dullest, so these Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good Manners, make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a Critick, that they never leave him any work; so busie with the Broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for Censure or for Praise: For no part of a Poem is worth our discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of pall'd^o Wine we stay not to examine it Glass by Glass. But while they affect to shine in Trifles, they are often careless in Essentials. Thus their *Hippolytus* is so scrupulous in point of Decency, that he will rather expose himself to Death, than accuse his Step-mother to his Father; and my Criticks, I am sure, will commend him for it: But we of grosser apprehensions, are apt to think that this excess of Generosity, is not practicable but with Fools and Mad-men. This was good Manners with a Vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this Admirable Hero: but take *Hippolytus* out of his Poetick Fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part, to set the Saddle on the right Horse, and chuse rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honest Man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous Villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preserv'd the Character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he should have given us the Picture of a rough Young-man, of the *Amazonian* strain, a jolly Huntsman, and both by his Profession, and his early rising a Mortal Enemy to Love, he has chosen to give him the turn of Gallantry, sent him to travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make Love, and transform'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into Monsieur *Hippolyte*. I should not have troubled my self thus far with French Poets, but that I find our *Chedreux*^o Criticks wholly form their Judgments by them. But for my part, I desire to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it seems unjust to me, that the French should prescribe here 'till they have conquered. Our little Sonnetiers who follow them, have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But till some Genius as universal as *Aristotle*, shall arise, who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own Art, should be preferable to the Opinion of another Man; at least where he is not brib'd by Interest, or prejudic'd by Malice: And this, I suppose, is manifest by plain Induction: For, first, the Crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross instinct of what pleases or displeases them: Every Man will grant me this; but then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own Stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the Multitude, of which other Men may think him one. But, if I come closer to those who are allow'd for witty Men, either by the advantage of their Quality, or by common Fame, and affirm, that neither are they qualified to decide Sovereignly, concerning Poetry, I shall yet have a strong Party of my Opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest, either from the number of witty Men, or at least of able Judges. But here again they are

tronc] Qq 1-3; trone F.

n'osons] Qq 1, 2; n'osons Q 3, F. The o in Q 2 is obscure (in 2 copies which I have seen) and might be misread as e, as it doubtless was by the compositor of Q 3 working on a copy of Q 2.

pas] Q 1; par Qq 2, 3, F.

pall'd] stale. Cf. p. 50 l. 452.

Chedreux] a famous wig-maker; hence, fashionable.

all indulgent to themselves: and every one who believes himself a Wit, that is, every Man, will pretend at the same time to a right of judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty Men, but few Poets, neither have all Poets a taste of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, must generally please: but tis not to be understood, that all parts of it must please every Man; therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty Man, whose taste is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every Man who loves Tragedy a sufficient Judge of it: he must understand the Excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critick. From hence it comes, that so many Satyrs on Poets, and censures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant Conversation (at least esteem'd so) and indu'd with a trifling kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of Latin, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry;

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.*

And is not this a wretched Affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober Men, which they have found from their Flatterers after the third Bottle? If a little glittering in Discourse has pass'd them on us for witty Men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the World? would a Man who has an ill Title to an Estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord to be try'd at *Westminster*? we who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor Subsistence; but what can be urg'd in their defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to scribble out of meer Wantonness, take pains to make themselves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the right, where he said, That *no Man is satisfied with his own Condition*. A Poet is not pleas'd because he is not Rich; and the Rich are discontented, because the Poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with Writers: If they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious Satyr is prepaid to level them for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the Fame of others, their Ambition is manifest in their Concernment: Some Poem of their own is to be product, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their Faces on the Ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majesty.

Dionysius and *Nero* had the same Longings, but with all their Power they cou'd never bring their business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaimed themselves Poets by sound of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon pain of Death to any Man who durst call them otherwise. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sate in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: For 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the Tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their Subjects had 'em in the Wind;⁰ so every Man in his own defence set as good a face upon the business as he could: 'Twas known before-hand that the Monarchs were to be crown'd Laureats; but when the Show was over, and an honest Man was suffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his Laughter which he had stifled, with a firm Resolution never more to see an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten Years a making it. In the mean time, the true Poets were they who made the best Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Prize with a good Grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions:⁰ They were sure to be rewarded if they confess'd themselves bad Writers, and that was somewhat better than to be Martyrs for their Reputation. *Lucon's* Example was enough to teach them Manners; and after he was put to Death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it, without dispute, for the best Poet in his Dominions: No Man was ambitious of that grinning Honour; for

had . . . Wind] had discovered their true worth; had found them out.

In the . . . Legions) "Such is said to have been the answer of a philosopher to a friend who upbraided him with giving up a dispute to the Emperor *Adrian*." (Scott.)

if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his Name before his Betters, he knew, there was but one way with him. *Mecamas* took another course, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was witty too: but finding himself far gone in Poetry, which *Seneca* assures us was not his Talent, he thought it his best way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at least he might be a Poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyrics of him still remain. But they who should be our Patrons, are for no such expensive ways to Fame: they have much of the Poetry of *Meccenas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for procuring themselves Reputation in the Persons⁰ of their Successors, (for such is every Man, who has any part of their Soul and Fire, though in a less degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go further; for they are Persecutors even of *Horace* himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile Imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his Authority, and turning his Artillery against his Friends. But how would he disdain to be Copied by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasie in their Company, than he was with *Crispinus* their Forefather in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongst the Criticks, than he would *Demetrius* the Mimique, and *Tigellius* the Buffoon;

—*Demetri, teq; Tigelli,*
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedrae,

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable Translators, who make Doggrel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his Censures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a Land-Mark to set out the bounds of Poetry,

—*Saxum antiquum, ingens,*
Limes agro positus litem ut discerneret arms:

But other Arms than theirs, and other Sinews are requir'd, to raise the weight of such an Author; and when they would toss him against their Enemies,

Genua⁰ labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis,
Turn lapis ipse viri, vacuum per inane volutus
Nec spatium evasit totum, nee pertulit ictum.

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for my self or the rest of the Poets, from this Rhiming Judge of the Twelve-peny Gallery, this Legitimate Son of *Sternhold*,⁰ than that he would subscribe his Name to his Censure, or (not to tax him beyond his Learning) set his Mark: for shou'd he own himself publicly, and come from behind the Lyons Skin, they whom he condemns wou'd be thankful to him, they whom he praises wou'd chuse to be Condemned; and the Magistrates whom he has elected, wou'd modestly withdraw from their Employment, to avoid the scandal of his Nomination. The sharpness of his Satyr, next to himself, falls most heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a Friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest Fault, *Horace* wou'd have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to have call'd it readiness of Thought, and a flowing Fancy; for Friendship will allow a Man to Christen an Imperfection by the Name of some Neighbour Virtue:

Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; & isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a slow Man hasty, or a hasty Writer a slow Drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it:

They are . . . Persons] F; They are for persecuting Horace and Virgil, in the persons Qq 1-8.

Genua] Qq 1-3, but in Q 3 O is obscure; Cenua F.

Sternhold] Joint versifier with John Hopkins of the Psalms.

—————*Canibus pigris scabieq; vetustà
 Levibus, & sicca lambentibus ora lucernce,
 Nomen erit, Pardus, Tygris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
 Quod fremit in terris violentius.*

Yet *Lucretius* laughs at a foolish Lover, even for excusing the Imperfections of his Mistress:

*Nigra μελίχροος est, immunda & fætida ἄκοσμος.
 Balba loqui non quite, τραυλίζει; muta pudens est, &c.*

But to drive it, *ad Mthiopem Cygnum*, is not to be indued. I leave him^o to interpret this by the benefit of his French Version on the other side, and without farther considering him, than I have the rest of my illiterate Censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer, because they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that I have endeavour'd in this Play to follow the practice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. *Rymer*^o has judiciously observ'd, are and ought to be our Masters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a Rule in his Art of Poetry,

—————*Vos exemplaria Græca
 Nocturnd versate rnanu, versate diurnd.*

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are too little for English Tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could give an instance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the Master-piece of *Sophocles*; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Stile I have profess'd to imitate the Divine *Shakespear*; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumber'd my self from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain my self, that I have not copy'd my Author servilely: Words and Phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding Ages: but 'tis almost a Miracle that much of his Language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and as *Ben. Johnson* tells us, without Learning, should, by the force of his own Genius perform so much, that, in a manner, he has left no Praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the Subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of Stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without Vanity, that by imitating him I have excell'd my self throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Anthony* and *Ventidius* in the first Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.

I leave him . . .] "All this is a retort on Rochester's *Allusion to the 10th Satire of Horace*, in which Dryden is slighted, Shadwell and Wycherley praised." (Saintsbury, Mermaid.)
 Mr. Rymer] Author of *The Tragedies of the Last Age* (1878).

PROLOGUE to Anthony and Cleopatra.

What Flocks of Criticks hover here to day, }
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey, }
All gaping for the Carcass of a Flay!
With croaking Notes they boad some dire event;
And follow dying Poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; y'ave watch'd your time!
He fights this day unarm'd; without his Rhyme;
And brings a Tale which often has been told;
As sad as Dido's, and almost as old.
His Hero, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his Mettle, and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning Mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a Pattern, and Companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonyes^o of the Pit.
1 cou'd name more; a Wife, and Mistress too; }
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you: }
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress true. }
Now Poets, if your Fame has been his care;
Allow him all the Candour you can spare.
A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a day;
Like Hector's, in at every petty fray:
Let those find fault whose Wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all:
Errors like Straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lop a Man.
Half-Wits are Fleas'; so little and so light;
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the Rich, when Rich, with daily Feasts,
For change, bedome their next poor Tenants Guests;
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls
And snatch the homely Rasher from the Coals:
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose Grapes and Peaches have indulged your taste,
Take in good part from our poor Poets board,
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Marc Anthony,
Ventidius, his General,
Dolabella, his Friend,
Alexas, the Queens Eunuch,
Serapion, Priest of Isis,
Another Priest,
 Servants to Anthony.
Cleopatra, Queen of Ægypt,
Octavia, Anthony's Wife,
Charmion,
Iras,
Anthony's two little Daughters.

Mr. Hart.
Mr. Mohun.
Mr. Clarke.
Mr. Goodman.
Mr. Griffin.
Mr. Coysh.

Mrs. Boutell.
Mrs. Corey.

Cleopatra's Maids.

SCENE ALEXANDRIA.

ALL FOR LOVE:

OR, THE

World Well Lost.

A TRAGEDY

ACT I.

SCENE *The Temple of Isis.*

Enter Serapian, Myris, Priests of Isis.

Serap. Portents and Prodigies are grown
so frequent,
That they have lost their Name. Our fruit-
ful Nile

Flow'd ere the wonted Season, with a Tor-
rent

So unexpected, and so wond'rous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the haste,
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and
Beasts

Were born above the tops of Trees, that
grew

On th'utmost Margin of the Water-mark.
Then, with so swift an Ebb, the Flood drove
backward;

It slipt from underneath the scaly Herd; 10
Here monstrous *Phocce* panted on the Shore;
Forsaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad
Tails,

Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by
'em,

Sea-Horses floundring in the slimy Mud,
Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the ouze
about 'em.

Enter Alexas behind them,

Myr. Avert these Omens, Heav'n.

Serap. Last Night, between the Hours of
Twelve and One,

In a lone Isle o'th' Temple, while I walk'd,
A Whirl-wind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the *Dome*: the Doors around me
clapt, ²⁰

The Iron Wicket that defends the Vault,
Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.
From out each Monument, in order plac'd,

An armed Ghost start⁰ up: the Boy-King
last

Rear'd his inglorious Head. A peal of Groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice

Cry'd, *Egypt* is no more. My Blood ran
back,

My shaking Knees against each other
knock'd;

On the cold Pavement, down I fell in-
tranc'd, 30

And so unfinished left the horrid Scene.

Alexas shew- And, Dream'd you this?
ing himself. J or, Did invent the
Story,

To frighten our *Egyptian* Boys withal,
And train up 'em⁰ betimes in fear of
Priesthood?

Serap. My Lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my Words should reach your
Ears; but what

I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish Dream,
Bred from the Fumes of indigested Feasts,
And holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my Duty:

This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should; 40
Nor would the times now bear it, were it
true.

All Southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman*
Camp

Hangs o'er us black and threatening, like a
Storm

Just breaking on our Heads.

Serap. Our faint *Egyptians* pray for *An-*
thony;

But in their servile Hearts they own *Oc-*
tavius.

Myr. Why then does *Anthony* dream out
his Hours,

start] Qq 1-3; *starts* F. *Start* is an obsolete
preterite form.

'em] Qq 1-3; om. F.

And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
Which might redeem what *Actium* lost?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.

Scrap. Yet the Foe 50
Seems not to press the Siege.

Alex. O there's the wonder.

Meccenas and *Agrippa*, who can most
With *Cæsar*, are his Foes. His Wife *Oc-*
tavia,

Driv'n from his House, solicites her Re-
venge;

And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon some private Grudge, now seeks his
Ruine:

Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that *Anthony*, for some
Days past,

Has not beheld the Face of *Cleopatra*;
But here, in *his* Temple, lives retir'd, 60
And makes his Heart a Prey to black de-
spair.

Alex. Tis true; and we much fear he
hopes by absence

To cure his Mind of Love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,
Or make his Peace, *Egypt* is doom'd to
be

A *Roman* Province; and our plenteous
Harvests

Must then redeem the scarceness of their
Soil.

While *Anthony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominions other
Seat)

And Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,
Cou'd fix an equal foot of Empire here. 70

Alex. Had I my wish, these Tyrants of all
Nature,

Who lord it o'er Mankind, should perish,
perish,

Each by the others Sword; but since our
Will

Is lamely follow'd by our Pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the Queen affected?

Alex. O she dotes,
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man,
And winds her self about his mighty Ruins,
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him
up,

This hunted Prey, to his Pursuers Hands, 80
She might preserve us all; but 'tis in vain—
This changes my Designs, this blasts my
Counsels,

And makes me use all means to keep him
here,

Whom I could wish divided from her Arms
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you
know

The state of things; no more of your ill
Omens, ,

And black Prognosticks; labour to confirm
The Peoples Hearts.

*Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a
Gentleman of Anthony's.*

Serap. These *Ramans* will o'er-hear us.
But, who's that Stranger? By his Warlike
Port,

His fierce Demeanour, and erected Look, 90
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. O 'tis *Ventidius*,
Our Emp'r's great Lieutenant in the East,
Who first show'd *Rome*, that *Parthia* could
be conquer'd.

When *Anthony* return'd from *Syria* last,
He left this Man to guard the *Roman*
Frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in *Cilicia* first,
When *Cleopatra* there met *Anthony*:

A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*, 100
But, let me witness to the worth I hate, 100

A braver *Roman* never drew a Sword.
Firm to his Prince; but, as a Friend, not
Slave.

He ne'er was of his Pleasures; but presides
O'er all his cooler Hours and Morning
Counsels:

In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged
Virtue

Of an old true-stampt *Roman* lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our Affairs. Withdraw, to mark him
better,

And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

Vent. Not see him, say you? no
I say, I must and will.

*They withdraw to a corner of the
Stage; and Ventidius, with the
other, comes forward to the front.*

Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of Death, none should approach his
Presence.

Vent. I bring him news will raise his
drooping Spirits,
Give him new Life.

Gent. He sees not *Cleopatra*.

Ven. Would he had never seen her.

Gent. He Eats not, Drinks not, Sleeps not, has no use

Of any thing, but Thought; or, if he Talks, 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Rav-
ing:

Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and Curses
loud 120

The Boy *Octavius*: then he draws his
Mouth

Into a scornful Smile, and cries, Take all,
The World's not worth my Care.

Ven. Just, just his Nature.

Virtue's his Path; but sometimes 'tis too
narrow

For his vast Soul; and then he starts out
wide,

And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in
ills:

But, when his danger makes him find his
fault,

Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds, 130
Judging himself with Malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Because his other Parts are more than Man.
He must not thus be lost.

[*Alexas and the Priest⁰ come forward.*

Alex. You have your full Instructions,
now advance;

Proclaim your Orders loudly.

Serap. *Romans, Ægyptians,* hear the
Queen's Command.

Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour cease,
To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy
Bay,

That gave the World a Lord: 'tis *Anthony's*.
Live, *Anthony*; and *Cleopatra*, live. 141
Be this the general Voice sent up to Heav'n,
And every publick place repeat this Eccho.

Ven. aside.] Fine Pageantry!

Serap. Set out before your Doors

The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath
your Posts,

And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; Let
the Priests

Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,

Priest] F, Q 3; Priests Qq 1, 2.

And call the Gods to join with you in
gladness.

Ven. Curse on the Tongue that bids this
general Joy. 150

Can they be Friends of *Anthony*, who
Revel

When *Anthony's* in danger? Hide, for shame,
You *Romans*, your Great Grandsires Images,
For fear their Souls should animate their
Marbles,

To blush at their degenerate Progeny.

Alex. A Love which knows no bounds to
Anthony,

Would mark the Day with Honours; when
all Heaven

Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that
Hour,

And shed his better influence. Her own
Birth-day 160

Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his: till some remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperour,
Though grown unkind, would be more
gentle, than

T'upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the
Priest?

He knows him not his Executioner.

O, she has deck'd his mine with her Love, 170
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy slaugh-
ter,

And made perdition pleasing: She has left
him

The blank of what he was;

I tell thee, Eunuch, she has quite⁰ unman'd
him:

Can any *Roman* see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his
Honours,

And cramp't within a corner of the World?
O, *Anthony*!

Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of
Friends! 180

Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's
God!

quite] Q 1; om. Qq 2, 3, F.

Could'st thou but make new Worlds, so
would'st thou give 'em,
As Bounty were thy Being, rough⁰ in
Battel,
As the first Romans, when they went to
War;

Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,
Than all their praying Virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more
shining Virtues,

His Truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not.

But, wherefore waste I precious Hours with
thee?

Thou art her Darling Mischief, her chief
Engine, 100

Anthony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,
Ventidius⁸ is arriv'd, to end her Charms.

Let your /Egyptian Timbrels play alone;
Nor mix effeminate Sounds with Roman
Trumpets.

You dare not fight for Anthony; go Pray,
And keep your Cowards-Holy-Day in
Temples.

[Exeunt Alex. Serap.

Re-enter the Gentlemen⁰ of M. Anthony.

2. Gent. The Emperour approaches, and
commands,

On pain of Death that none presume to stay.

1. Gent. I dare not disobey him.

[Going out with the other.

Vent. Well, I dare. 199

-But, I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his Humour drives: the rest⁰
I'll venture.

[Withdraws.

Enter Anthony, walking with a disturb'd
Motion before he speaks.

Anthony. They tell me 'tis my Birth-day,
and I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness:

'Tis what the Day deserves, which gave me
Breath.

Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,
Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I
traveled,

Till all my fires were spent; and then cast
downward

Being, rough] F; Being, Rough Qq 2, 8; being.
Rough Q 1.

Gentlemen] Q3, F; Gentleman Qq 1, 2.
the rest] Qq 1, 2; om. Q 3, F.

To be trod out by Ccesart

Vent. On my Soul,

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful! [Aside.

Antho. Count thy Gains.

Now, Anthony, wouldst thou be born for
this?⁰ 210

Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring Youth
Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

Vent. How sorrow shakes him! [Aside.

So, now the Tempest tears him up by th'
Roots,

And on the Ground extends the noble Ruin.

[Anth. having thrown himself down.

Lie there,⁰ thou shadow of an Emperour;

The place thou pressest on thy Mother-
Earth

Is all thy Empire now: now it contains
thee;

Some few Days hence, and then 'twill be
too large,

When thou'rt contracted in thy^o narrow
Urn,

Shrunk to a few cold Ashes; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it) 221

Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her Widow'd hand to
Ccesar;

Ccesar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To see his Rival of the Universe

Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no
more on't.

Ant.^o Give me some Musick; look that it
be sad:

I'll sooth my Melancholy till I swell,
And burst my self with sighing—230

[Soft Musick.

'Tis somewhat to my Humour. Stay, I fansie
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of
Nature;

Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene,

thief] Qq 1, 2; this Q 3, F.

Lie there] So Qq 1-3, F; Scott and Saintsbury
following them. Qq 1-3 continue Ventidius' speech
to Run^o at my Foot and then give another speech
heading Ven, before Methinks I fancy. This is
obviously wrong. F introduces speech heading Ant.
before Give me some Musick. I think Congreve's
ed. 1717 is right in printing "Ant. having thrown
himself down" as a new speech heading, so that
Anthony speaks from Lie there to Runs at my Foot.
Although Scott printed as stated above it is note-
worthy that when quoting the speech in his Intro-
duction he adopts Congreve's version (Scott, Dry-
den, 1808, V, 289).

thy] Qq 1, 2; the Q 3, F.

Ant.] F; om. Qq 1-3, Congreve. See n. above.

Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted
Oak,

I lean my Head upon the Mossy Bark,
And look just of a piece, as° I grew from it:
My uncomb'd Locks matted like *Misletoe*,
Hang o'er my hoary Face; a murm'ring
Brook

Runs at my Foot.

Ven. Methinks I fancy
My self ther? too.

Ant. The Herd come jumping by me, 240
And fearless, quench their Thirst, while I
look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.⁰
More of this Image, more; it° lulls my
Thoughts.

[*Soft Mustek again,*

Ven. I must disturb him; I can hold no
longer.

[*Stands before him.*

Ant. starting up.] Art thou *Ventidius*?

Ven. Are you *Anthony*?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learn'd that Answer? Who
am I? 250

Ven. My Emperor; the Man I love next
Heaven:

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin;
Y're all that's good, and good-like.^o

Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?

Ven. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave
you:

And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou
satisfy'd?

For, if a Friend, thou hast beheld enough;⁰

piece, as] Qq 1-3; *piece as F.*
Fellow-Citizen.) *fellow-Citizen* Q 1; *Fellow-*
Citizen, Qq 2, 3, F.

it] Qq 1, 2; *om.* Q 3, F.
good-like] Qq 1-3, F; *god-like* Congreve, Scott,
Saintsbury. *Qood-like* needs no emendation: it
means well-seeming, handsome.

Now . . . enough] Qq 1, 2; *Now thou hast seen,*
art thou satisfy'd For, *if a Friend, thou hast*
seen me, beheld enough Q 3, F.

And, if a Foe, too much. 260
Ven. weeping.] Look, Emperour, this is no
common Dew.

I have not wept this Forty Year;⁰ but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old
Man, he weeps!

The big round Drops course one another
down

The furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ven-*
tidius,

Or I shall blush to death: they set my
shame,

That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Ven. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the Tears
of Friends: 270
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own Grievs, but thine—Nay, Father.

Ven. Emperour.

Ant. Emperour! Why, that's the stile of
Victory,

The Conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt
wounds,

Salutes his General so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my Ears.

Ven. I warrant you.

Ant. *Actium, Actium!* Oh——

Ven. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of Lead
by Day,

And, in my short distracted nightly slum-
bers,

The Hag that rides my Dreams—290
Ven. Out with it! give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a Battel.

Ven. So has *Julius* done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not
half thou think'st;

For *Julius* fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But *Anthony*——

Ven. Nay, stop not.

Ant. *Anthony.*

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward
fled,

Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled first,
Ventidius.

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee
leave.

I know thou com'st prepar'd to rail.

Year] Q 1; *Years* Qq 2, 3, F.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have **been** a **Man**,
Ventidius. 290

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but—.,

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But, I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
The Name of Soldier with inglorious ease.
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and
woo'd it,

And purpl'd⁰ Greatness met my ripen'd
Years.

When first I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People, crowding to my
Triumphs;

The wish of Nations; and the willing
World 300

Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;

I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,

Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains

And work'd against my Fortune, chid her
from me,

And turn'd her loose; yet still she came
again.

My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's
gone.

Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me,
Soldier,

To curse this Madman, this industrious
Fool,

Who labour'd to be wretched: prithee curse
me. 310

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already

Of what y'have done, too conscious of your
failings,

And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others first
To Fury, sting your self in mad revenge.

I would bring Balm, and pour it in your
Wounds,

Cure your distemper'd Mind, and heal your
Fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

purpl'd F; *purple* Qq 1-3. *Purpl'd* bears the stamp of being a conscious emendation. It is more likely that the compositor of Q 1 misread *purpl'd* in the MS. as *purple*, than that the compositor of F, who clearly used Q 3 as his copy, should have misread *purple* in print as *purpl'd*. Cf. n., p. 318 I. 118 *infra*.

Vent. You Laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious Love
Give Cordials to the Dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am. 310

Vent. I say you are not. Try your Fortune.

Ant. I have to th'utmost. Dost thou think
me desperate

Without just cause? No, when I found all
lost

Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is aot worth

The cost of keeping.

Vent. *Ccesar* thinks not so:

He'll thank you for the Gift he could not
take.

You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you?
do,

Hold out your Throat to *Ccesar*, and die
tamely. 329

Ant. No, I can kill my self, and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time
shall serve,

But Fortune calls upon us now to live,

To Fight, to Conquer.

Ant. Sure thou Dream'st, *Ventidius*.

Vent. No, 'tis you Dream; you sleep
away your hours⁰

In desperate sloth, miscall'd *Philosophy*.

Up, up, for Honour's sake; twelve Legions
wait you,

And long to call you Chief: by painful
Journeys,

I led 'em patient, both of heat and hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the

Nile.

'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt
Faces, 340

Their skar'd Cheeks and chopt hands;
there's virtue in 'em,

They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer
Rates

Than yon trim Bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said, in lower *Syria*.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why did'st thou mock my hopes
with promis'd aids

To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

hours Qq 1-3; *Hour* P.

Ant. Yet they will not march

To succour me. Oh trifler!

Vent. They petition

You should make haste to head 'em. ³³⁰

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

Vent. There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My Soldiers to demand a reason of

My Actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said ihey would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her Conquer,

And make you more a Slave? to gain you ³⁶⁰ Kingdoms,

Which, for a Kiss, at your next Midnight Feast,

You'll sell to her? then she new names her Jewels,

And calls this Diamond such or such a Tax, Each Pendant in her Ear shall be a Province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your Tongue free licence

On all my other Faults; but, on your life, No word of *Cleopatra*: She desejyes

More Worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you Pow'ra,

To whom you have instructed Humane kind;

See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia*, put in balance, ³⁷⁰

And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman!

I think the Gods are *Anthony's*, and give, Like Prodigals, this nether World away

To none but wastful Hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain Love to speak.

Ant. Plain Love! plain Arrogance, plain Insolence:

The Men are Cowards; thou an envious Traitor;

Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented The burden of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.

O that thou wert my equal; great in ³⁸⁰ Arms

As the first *Ccesar* was, that I might kill thee

Without a Stain to Honour!

Vent. You may kill me;

You have done more already, call'd me Traytor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For shewing you your self,

Which none else durst have done; but had I been

That Name, which I disdain to speak again, I needed not have sought your abject

Fortunes,

Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.

What hindred me t'have led my Conqu'r-ing Eagles

To fill *Octavius's* Bands? I could have ³⁹⁰ been

A Traytor then, a glorious happy Traytor, And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, Soldier:

I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;

Thought my old Age betray'd you: kill me, Sir;

Pray kill me; yet you need not, your Un-kindness

Has left your Sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;

I said it in my Rage; prithee forgive me: Why didst thou tempt my Anger, by discovery

Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No Prince but you

Could merit that Sincerity I us'd, ⁴⁰⁰

Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it; But you, ere Love misled your wandring

Eyes,

Were sure the chief and best of Humane

Race,

Fram'd in the very Pride and Boast of Nature,

So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you, wonder'd

At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit Has mended our Design. Their Envy

hindred,

Else you had been Immortal, and a Pattern, When Heav'n would work if or Ostentation

sake,

To copy out again.

Ant. But *Cleopatra*——⁴¹⁰

Go on, for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my Passion;
but thou may'st:

Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me'.

Vent. Heav'n's Blessing on your Heart for
that kind word.

May I believe you love me? speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this,
and this. [*Hugging him.*]

Thy Praises were unjust; but I'll deserve
'em,

And yet mend all. Do with me what thou
wilt;

Lead me to Victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this——

Ant. Prithee do not curse her. ⁴²⁰
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows
I love

Beyond Life, Conquest, Empire; all, but
Honour;

But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my Royal Master,
And, Shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier,
Thou shalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the Head of our old Troops, that
beat

The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Vent. O now I hear my Emperor! in that
Word

Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that Day,
And if I have ten Years behind, take all; ⁴³⁰
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. O *Cleopatra*

Vent. Again?

Ant. I've done: In that last Sigh she
went;

Cesar shall know what 'tis to force a Lover
From all he Holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another Soul: Your Looks are more Di-
vine;

You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's ^{up}
in Arms, ⁴³⁷

And man's each part about me: Once again
That noble eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To *Cassius's* Camp: In vain the steepy Hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my
Shield:

I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below.

Vent. Ye Gods, ye Gods,

For such another Honour.

Ant. Come on, my Soldier!

Our Hearts and Arms are still the same:
I long

Once more to meet our Foes; that Thou
and I,

Like Time and Death, marching before our
Troops,

May taste Fate to 'em,⁰ mow 'em out a
Passage,

And entering where the foremost Squad-
rons yield, ⁴⁶⁰

Begin the noble Harvest of the Field.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. What shall I do? or whither shall I
turn?

Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me ere he went
to fight.

Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's lost;
And all my Hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak Passion
Become a mighty Queen?

Cleo. I am no Queen:

Is this to be a Queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting *Roman*; and to wait
Each Hour the Victor's Chain? These Ills ¹⁰
are small;

For *Anthony* is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, Oc-
tavius,

I have no more to lose; prepare thy Bands;
I'm fit to be a Captive: *Anthony*

Has taught my Mind the Fortune of a Slave.
Iras. Call Reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none.

And none would have: My Love's a noble
Madness.

Which shews the Cause deserv'd it. Moder-
ate Sorrow

Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:
But I have lov'd with such transcendent
Passion, ²⁰

I soar'd at first, quite out of Reason's view,
And now am lost above it—No, I'm proud

taste . . . 'em] put fate to the trial for them.
Taste, test, try.

Tis thus, would *Anthony* could see me now;
Think you he would not sigh? though he
must leave me,

Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender Heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, Madam.

Cleo. Never, never, *Iras*:
He once was mine; and once, though now²⁰
'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of Possession still.

Alex. Think him unconstant, cruel, and
ungrateful.

Cleo. I cannot: If I could, those Thoughts
were vain.

Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, What news my *Charmion*?

Will he be kind? and will he not forsake
me?

Am I to live, or die? nay, do I live?

Or am I dead? For when he gave his An-
swer,

Fate took the Word, and then I liv'd, or
dy'd.

Char. I found him, Madam——

Cleo. A long Speech preparing? ⁴⁰
If thou bring'st Comfort, haste and give it
me;

For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her Eyes had
told me so,

Before her Tongue could speak it: Now she
studies,

To soften what he said; but give me Death,
Just as he sent it, *Charmion*, undisguised,
And in the Words he spoke.

Char. I found him then
Incompass'd round, I think, with Iron
Statues,

So mute, so motionless his Soldiers stood,⁵⁰
While awfully he cast his Eyes about,
And ev'ry Leader's Hopes or Fears sur-
vey'd:

Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not
pleas'd.

When he beheld me struggling in the Croud,
He blush'd, and bad, make way.

Alex. There's Comfort yet.

Char. *Ventidius* fix'd his Eyes upon my
Passage,

Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place: I told my Message
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd:
I number'd in it all your Sighs and Tears:
And while I mov'd your pitiful Request,⁶⁰
That you but only begg'd a last Farewel,
He fetch'd an inward Groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd as if his Heart were
breaking,

But shun'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd
down;

He seem'd not now the awful *Anthony*
Who shook an arm'd Assembly with his
Nod,

But making show as he would rub his Eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling Tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep? And, was I
worth a Tear?

If what thou hast to say be not as pleas-
ing,⁷⁰

Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so
well,

He could deny you nothing if he saw you;
And therefore——

Cleo. Thou wouldst say, he would not see
me?

Char. And therefore beg'd you not to
use a power,

Which he could ill resist; yet he should
ever

Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word

For *Anthony* to use to *Cleopatra*?

Oh that faint word, Respect! how I disdain
it!

Disdain my self, for loving after it! ⁸⁰
He should have kept that word for cold
Octavia.

Respect is for a Wife, Am I that thing,
That dull insipid lump, without desires,
And without pow'r to give 'em?

Alex. You misjudge;

You see through Love, and that deludes
your sight:

As, what is strait, seems crooked through
the Water;

But, I who bear my reason undisturb'd,
Can see this *Anthony*! this dreaded Man,
A fearful Slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his Master's Eyes: if you pursue⁹⁰
him,

My life on't, he still drags a Chain along,
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee!—

Alex. By ev'ry Circumstance I know he I loves.

True he's hard prest, by Interest and by Honour;

Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and casts⁰ out

Many a long look'd for Succour.

Cleo. He sends word,

He fears to see my Face.

Alex. And would you more?

He shews his weakness who declines the Combat;

And you must urge your Fortune. Could he speak

More plainly? To my Ears, the Message¹⁰⁰ sounds

Come to my rescue, *Cleopatra*, come;

Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant:

See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.

I hear his Trumpets. This way he must pass.

Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,

That he may bend more easie.

Cleo. You shall rule me;

But all, I fear, in vain.

[*Exit with Char, and Iras.*]

Alex. I fear so too!

Though I conceal'd my Thoughts to make her bold:

But, 'tis our utmost means, and Fate befriend it. {*Withdraws.*

Enter Lictors with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle: then Enter Anthony with Ventidius, follow'd by other Commanders.

Ant. Octavius is the Minion of blind¹¹⁰ Chance,

But holds from Virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he Courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from Coward.

O, 'tis the coldest Youth upon a Charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in *Illyria* once they say he did

To storm a Town) 'tis when he cannot chuse,

casts/ Qq 1-3; cast F.

When all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him;

And then he lives on that for seven Years after,

But, at a close revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard, you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, *Ventidius.*¹²⁰

What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so tame,—

He said he had more ways than one^o to die; I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one;

But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

Vent. He first would chuse an Ague or a Fever.

Ant. No: It must be an Ague, not a Fever;

He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old Age, and a Bed.

Ant. I, there's his choice.

He would live, like a Lamp, to the last¹²⁹ wink,

And crawl upon the utmost verge of Life:

O *Hercules!* why should a Man like this,
Who dares not trust his Fate for one great
• Action,

Be all the care of Heaven? Why should he Lord it

O'er Fourscore thousand Men, of whom, each one

Is braver than himself?

Vent. You conquer'd for him:

Philippi knows it: there you shar'd with him

That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings

I bore this Wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,

And now he mounts above me.¹⁴⁰
Good Heav'n's, is this, is this the Man who braves me?

Who bids my Age make way: drives me before him,

To the World's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

Vent. Sir, we lose time; the Troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the word to march:

I long to leave this Prison of a Town,
To join thy Legions; and, in open Field,
one/ Qq 1, 2; om. Q 3, F.

Once more to shew my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in soft pity to th' oppress, a God:¹⁵¹
This Message sends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing Lord.

Vent. Smooth Sycophant?

Alex. A thousand Wishes, and ten thousand Prayers,
Millions of Blessings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of Sighs and Tears she sends you too,

And would have sent
As many dear Embraces to your Arms,
As many parting Kisses to your Lips;
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already. 180

Vent. [*aside.*] False Crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her,
That were a wish too mighty for her Hopes,
Too presuming⁰
For her low Fortune, and your ebbing Love,
That were a wish for her more prosperous Days,
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. [*aside.*] Well, I must man it out;
What would the Queen?

Alex. First, to these Noble Warriors, who attend 159

Your daring Courage in the chase of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her Quiet)

She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own Cares and Fears, the care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness *Actium*.

Ant. Let him speak, *Ventidius*.

Alex. You, when his matchless Valour bears him forward,
With Ardor too Heroick, on his Foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his Feet;
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of Death;

Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him; 180
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear these Trifles, as a pawn,

Too presuming . . . Love [Saintsbury (Mermaid);
as one line Qq 1-3, F.

Which, at your wisht return, she will redeem,

[*Gives Jewels to the Commanders.*

With all the Wealth of *Ægypt*:
This, to the great *Ventidius* she presents,
Whom she can never count her Enemy,
Because he loves her Lord.

Vent. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not asham'd of honest Poverty:
Not all the Diamonds of the East can bribe *Ventidius* from his Faith. I hope to see 190
These, and the rest of all her sparkling Store,
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Vent. The wrong'd *Octavia*.

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Vent. And he that Bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one:

Your Slave, the Queen——

Ant. My Mistress.

Alex. Then your Mistress,
Your Mistress would, she says, have sent her Soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs

This Ruby Bracelet, set with bleeding Hearts,

(The emblems of her own) may bind your Arm. [*Presenting a Bracelet,* 200

Vent. Now, my best Lord, in Honour's Name, I ask you,

For Manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,

Touch not these poison'd Gifts,
Infected by the Sender, touch 'em not,
Mirriads of bluest Plagues lie underneath 'em,

And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, *Ventidius*.

A Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.

What, to refuse her Bracelet! On my Soul, 210
When I lie pensive in my Tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful Hours of Winter Nights,

To tell these pretty Beads upon my Arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting Kiss at such and such a time;
And now and then the furv of her Love.
When——And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for
ever.

Ant. going 1 We Soldiers are so awkward—
to *tye* it. help me *Tye* it.

Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers too
are awkward

In these Affairs: so are all Men indeed; ²²⁰
Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my Lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to *tye* it; She who sent it, can.

Vent. Hell, Death; this Eunuch Pandar
mines you.

You will not see her?

*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who
goes out.*

Ant. But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have wash'd an *Mthiope*.
Y'are undone;

Y'are in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are de-
stroy'd;

Her Eyes do *Cæsar's* Work.⁰

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant to my self: I know my
strength;

And yet she shall not think me barbarous,
neither, ²⁸⁰

Born in the Depths of *AJrick*: I'm a Ro-
man,

Bred to the Rules of soft Humanity.

A Guest, and kindly us'd, should bid fare-
wel.

Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much, an
Infant:

You are not proof against a Smile or
Glance;

A Sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See she comes!

Now you shall find your Error. Gods, I
thank you:

I form'd the danger greater than it was,

And, now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd. ²⁴⁰

Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met,

Cleo. Is this a Meeting?

Then, we must part.

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Work.] Work, F.

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those Fates our selves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have
lov'd each other

Into⁰ our mutual Ruin.

Cleo. The Gods have seen my Joys with
envious Eyes;

I have no Friends in Heaven; and all the
World,

(As 'twere the bus'ness of Mankind to part
us)

Is arm'd against my Love; ev'n you your
self

Joyn with the rest; you, you are arm'd
against me. ²⁵⁰

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do

To late Posterity, and therefore hear me.

If I mix a Lye

With any Truth, reproach me freely with
it;

Else, favour me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,

And I am Dumb.

Vent. I like this well: he shews Authority.

Ant. That I derive my Ruin

From you alone——

Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and ²⁶⁰
you break it

E're I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in
Mgypt,

E're *Cæsar* saw your Eyes, you gave me
love,

And were too young to know it; that I
settled

Your Father in his Throne, was for your
sake,

I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.

Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy hand

Pluck'd the green Fruit, e're the first blush
of Red,

Yet cleaving to the Bough. He was my ²⁶⁰
Lord,

And was, beside, too great for me to Rival,
But, I deserv'd you first, though he en-
joy'd you.

When, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,

An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd my self——

Ant. Again you break your Promise.

Into] Qq 1-3; In F.

I lov'd you still; and took your weak ex-
cuses,
Took you into my Bosom, stain'd by
Ccesar,
And not half mine: I went to *Aegypt* with
you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my sight,
To give whole Years to you.²⁸⁰
Vent. Yes, to your shame be't spoken,

[*Aside.*

Ant. How I lov'd
Witness ye Days and Nights, and all your
Hours,
That dane'd away with Down upon your
Feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my
Passion.
One Day past by, and nothing saw but
Love;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with Loving.
I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;
And ev'ry Day was still but as the first:²⁹⁰
So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my Wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason; rais'd a War
In *Italy* to call me back.

Vent. But yet
You went not.

Ant. While within your Arms I lay,
The World fell mould'ring from my Hands
each Hour,
And left me scarce a grasp (I thank your
love for't.)

Vent. Well push'd: that last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a Falshood, yes; else,⁰
not.²⁹⁹

Your silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you Gods, with my unkindness
dy'd.)

To set the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Caesar's* Sister; in her pride of Youth,
And flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
Whom blushing I must praise because I
left her.

You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Sum-
mons:

yes; *else* Q 1; yes, *else* Qq 2, 3, F.

This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cause
was yours.⁰

I would have fought by Land, where I was
stronger;

You hindred it: yet, when I fought at
Sea,

Forsook me fighting; and (Oh stain to Hon-
our !³¹⁰

Oh lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her
purple Sails:

And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our Strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.

And, would you multiply more ruins on
me?

This honest Man, my best, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwreck of my For-
tunes;

Twelve Legions I have left, my last re-
cruits,

And you have watch'd the News, and bring
your Eyes³²⁰

To seize them too. If you have ought to
answer,

Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. [*aside.*] She stands confounded:
Despair is in her Eyes.

Vent. Now lay a sigh i' th' way to stop
his passage:

Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my Cause, when
you, my Judge,

Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?

That now is turn'd against me, that de-
stroys me;³³⁰

For, love once past, is at the best forgotten;
But oftner sours to hate: twill please my
Lord

To ruine me, and therefore I'll be guilty.

But, could I once have thought it would
have pleas'd you,

That you would pry, with narrow searching
Eyes,

Into my Faults, severe to my destruction:

And watching all Advantages with care,

That serve to make me wretched? Speak,
my Lord,

yours.] Q 1; *yours*, Qq 2, 3, F.

For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O you wrong me, ³⁴⁰
To think I sought this parting, or^o desir'd .
To accuse you more than what will clear
my self,

And justifie this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And since my Innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Ccesar* first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it
better:

I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than
you;

For, had I first been yours, it would have
sav'd ³⁵⁰

My second choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Ccesar*
first,

You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my
Lord;

He first possess'd my Person; you my Love:
Ccesar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Anthony*.

If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
I judg'd it due to the first name of Men;
And half constraint, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Vent. O Syren I Syren!
Yet grant, that all the Love she boasts were ³⁶⁰
true,

Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest Foe,
To say it was design'd: 'tis true I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasie Wife,^o
(Such *Fulvia* was)

Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for
me;—

And, can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert; for worthless ³⁶⁹
me?

How often have I wish'd some other *Ccesar*,
Great as the first, and as the second
young,

Would court my Love to be refus'd for
you!

or] Qq 1-3; as ,F.

Wife] Qq 1, 2, Congreve; Will Q 3, P.

Vent. Words, words; but *Actium*, Sir, re-
member *Actium*.^o

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True
I counsell'd

To fight at Sea; but I betray'd you not.
I fled; but not to the Enemy. 'Twas fear;
Would I had been a Man, not to have
fear'd,

For none would then have envy'd me
your Friendship,

Who envy me your Love.

Ant. We're both unhappy:
If nothing else, yet our' ill Fortune parts
us. ⁸⁸⁰

Speak; Would you have me perish, by my
stay?

Cleo. If as a Friend you ask my Judg-
ment, go;

If as a Lover, stay. If you must perish:
Tis a hard word; but stay.

Vent. See now th' effects of her so
boasted Love!

She strives to drag you down to mine with
her:

But, could she 'scape without you, oh how
soon

Would she let go her hold, and haste to
Shore,

And never look behind!

Cleo. Then judge my love by this.

[Giving *Anthony* a Writing. ³⁹⁰
Could I have born

A life or death, a happiness or woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n mo
means.

Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Oc-
tavius*!

I know it well; 'tis that proscribing^o hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in Mur-
der.—

See, see *Ventidius*! here he offers *Ægypt*,
And joyns all *Syria* to it as a Present,
So, in requital, she forsake my Fortunes,
And joyn her Arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me! ⁴⁰⁰
You leave me, *Anthony*; and yet I love
you.

Indeed I do: I have refus'd a Kingdom,

remember *Actium*.] Qq 1, 2; remember *Actium*,
Q 3, F.

proscribing] Q 1, Congreve, Mermaid; prescribing
Qq 2, 3, F.

That's a Trifle:

For I could part with Life; with any thing,
But only you. O let me die, but with you;
Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. [*aside.*] He melts; We conquer.

Cleo. No: you shall go: your Int'rest
calls you hence;
Yes, your dear Interest pulls too strong,
for these

Weak Arms to hold you here——

Go; leave me Soldier; ⁴¹⁰
[*Takes his hand.*]
(For you're no more a Lover:) leave me
dying:

Push me, all pale and panting, from your
Bosom,
And when your March begins, let one run
after⁰
Breathless almost for Joy; and cry, she's
dead:

The Soldiers shout; you then perhaps may

And muster all your *Roman* Gravity;
Ventidius chides; and strait your Brow
clears up

As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for
Man to bear.

Cleo. What is't for me then, ⁴²⁰
A weak forsaken Woman? and a
Lover?——

Here let me breath my last: envy me not
This Minute in your Arms: I'll die apace:
As fast as e'er I can, and end your Trouble.

Ant. Die! rather let me perish: loos'n'd
Nature

Leap from its Hinges. Sink the props of
Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to crush the nether
World.

My Eyes, my Soul; my All!——

[*Embraces her.*]

Vent. And what's this Toy
In balance with your Fortune, Honour,
Fame?

Ant. What is't, *Ventidius*? it out-weighs
'em all; ⁴³⁰

Why, we have more than conquer'd *Cesar*
now:

after) Qq 1, 2; *after*, Q 3; *after*. F.

My Queen's not only Innocent, but loves
me.

This, this is she who drags me down to
ruin!

But, could she 'scape without me, with
what haste

Would she let slip her hold, and make to
Shore,

And never look behind!

Down on thy Knees, Blasphemer as thou
art,

And ask forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will
you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? go from all that's ex-
cellent! ⁴⁴⁰

Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good things for-
bid,

That I should go from her who sets my
Love

Above the price of Kingdoms.⁰ Give, you
Gods,

Give to your Boy, your *Cesar*,

This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,

This Gew-gaw World, and put him cheaply
off:

I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. She's wholly yours! My Heart's so
full of Joy,

That I shall do some wild extravagance ⁴⁴⁰

Of Love in publick; and the foolish World,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me
Mad.

Vent. O Women! Women! Women! all
the Gods

Have not such pow'r of doing good to Man,
As you of doing harm. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Our Men are Arm'd.

Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cesar*'s
Camp:

I would revenge the Treachery he meant
me:

And long Security makes Conquest easie.

I'm eager to return before I go;

For, all the pleasures I have known, beat
thick

On my remembrance: how I long for
Night! ⁴⁶⁰

That both the sweets of mutual Love
may try,

And once triumph o'er *Cesar* e're we die.

[*Exeunt.*]

Kingdoms] *Kingdomss* F.

ACT III.

At one Door, Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas, a Train of Ægyptians: at the other, Anthony and Romans. The entrance on both sides is prepared by Mustek; the Trumpets first sounding on Anthony's part: then answered by Timbrels, &c. on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of Ægyptians. After the Ceremony, Cleopatra Crowns Anthony.

Ant. I thought how those white Arms would fold me in,

And strain me close, and melt me into Love;

So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,

And added all my strength to every blow.

Cleo. Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,

You've been too long away from my Embraces;

But, when I have you fast, and all my own, With broken Murmurs, and with amorous Sighs,

I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you, And mark you red with many an eager Kiss. 10

Ant. My brighter Venus!

Cleo. O my greater Mars!

Ant. Thou join'st us well, my Love!

Suppose me come from the Phlegrean Plains,

Where gasping Gyants lay, cleft by my Sword:

And Mountain tops par'd off each other blow,⁰

To bury those I slew: receive me, Coddess: Let Ccesar spread his subtle Nets, like Vulcan,

In thy Embraces I would be beheld

By Heav'n and Earth at once:

And make their envy what they meant their sport. 20

Let those who took us blush; I would love on

With awful State, regardless of their Frowns,

As their superior God.

par'd . . . blow] pared off by every other blow. The meaning, not clear at best, is quite confounded by Saintsbury's reading (Mermaid) *paired*. Other edd. read *par'd* or *pared*.

There's no satiety of Love in thee; Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual Spring

Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls, And blossoms rise to fill its empty place; And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.

Alex. O, now the danger's past, your General comes.

He joins not in your Joys, nor minds your Triumphs; 20

But, with contracted Brows, looks frowning on,

As envying your Success.

Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me; truly loves me;

He never flatter'd me in any Vice,

But awes me with his Virtue: ev'n this Minute

Methinks he has a right of chiding me.

Lead to the Temple: I'll avoid his Presence;

It checks too strong upon me.

[Exeunt the rest.

As Anthony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the Robe.

Vent. Emperour.

Ant. [looking back.] Tis the old-argument; I pr'y thee spare me.

Vent. But this one hearing, Emperour. 40

Ant. Let go

My Robe; or, by my Father Hercules—

Vent. By Hercules his Father, that's yet greater,

I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou seest we are observed; attend me here,

And I'll return. [Exit.

Vent. I'm waining in his favour, yet I love him;

I love this Man, who runs to meet his ruin; And, sure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:

His Virtues lie so mingled with his Crimes, As would confound their choice to punish one, 50

And not reward the other.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. We can conquer,

You see, without your aid,

We have dislodg'd their Troops,

They look on us at distance, and like Curs
Scap'd from the Lions Paws, they bay far
off,

And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten
War.

Five thousand *Romans* with their Faces up-
ward,
Lie breathless on the Plain.

Vent. Tis well: and he
Who lost 'em, could have spar'd Ten thou-
sand more.

Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain ⁶⁰
An easier Peace, while *Ccesar* doubts the
chance

Of Arms!—

Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
The Boy pursues my ruin, he'll no Peace:
His Malice is considerate in advantage;
O, he's the coolest Murderer, so stanch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.

Vent. Have you no Friend
In all his Army who has power to move
him;

Meccenas, or *Agrippa* might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in *Ccesar's* *a*
Interests.

We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or ⁷⁰
perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy Love.
Some four or five such Victories as this,
Will save thy farther pains.

Vent. Expect no more; *Ccesar* is on his
Guard:

I know, Sir, you have conquer'd against
odds;

But still you draw Supplies from one poor
Town,

And of *Egyptians*: He has all the World,
And, at his beck, Nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from my
self, to search ⁹⁰

For Foreign aids? to hunt my Memory;
And range all o'er a waste and barren place
To find a Friend? The wretched have no
Friends—

Yet I had one, the bravest Youth of *Rome*,
Whom *Ccesar* loves beyond the love of
Women;

He could resolve his Mind, as Fire does
Wax,

From that hard rugged Image, melt him
down,

And mould him in what softer Form he
pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see; that Man of all
the World;

Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too.

I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me: ⁹⁰
We were so clos'd within each others
Breasts,

The Rivets were not found that join'd us
first.

That does not reach us yet: we were so
mixt,

As meeting Streams, both to our selves were
lost;

We were one Mass; we could not give or
take,

But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Vent. [*aside.*] He moves as I would wish
him.

Ant. After this,

I need not tell his Name: 'twas *Dolabella*.

Vent. He's now in *Caesar's* Camp.

Ant. No matter where, ⁹⁹

Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbid him *Cleopatra's* sight;
Because I fear'd he lov'd her: he confess'd
He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he
stifled;

For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have lov'd the same. When he
departed,

He took no leave; and that confirm'd my
thoughts.

Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more
than her,

Else he had staid; but he perceiv'd you
jealous,

And would not grieve his Friend: I know
he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him then e're
now.

Vent. Perhaps. ¹¹⁰

He has thus long been lab'ring for your
Peace.

Ant. Would he were here.

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you?°
I read your Answer in your Eyes; you
would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A Messenger from *Ccesar's* Camp, with Let-
ters.

you?] Qq 1, 2; *you!* Q 3, P.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[Exit Ventidius, and Re-enters immediately with Dolabella.]

Ant. Tis he himself, himself, by holy Friendship! *[Runs to embrace him.]*
Art thou return'd at last, my better half?
Come, give me all my self.

Let me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his
Night, 120

Was ever half so fond.

Dola. I must be silent; for my Soul is
busie
About a noble Work: she's new come
home,

Like a long absent Man, and wanders o'er
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me,
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark.
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my For-
tunes,

Are-all dry'd up, or take another course: 130
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've still a Heart that swells, in scorn of
Fate,

And lifts me to my Banks.

Dola. Still you are Lord of all the World
to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou
art all.

If I had any Joy when thou wert absent,
I grudg'd it to my self; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy part. But, Oh my *Dolabella!*

Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my Morning Chambers
fill'd 140

With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute
me:

With Eastern Monarchs: who forgot the
Sun,

To worship my uprising? Menial Kings
Run coursing up and down my Palace-Yard,
Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my
Eyes,

And, at my least Command, all started out
Like Racers to the Goal.

Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Ccesar's now; **and** what
am I?

Vent. What you have made your self; I
will not flatter.

Ant. Is this Friendly done? 150

Dola. Yes, when his end is so, I must
join with him;

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your Friend?

Ant. Take heed, young Man,
How thou upbraid'st my Love: The Queen
has Eyes,

And thou too hast a Soul. Canst thou re-
member

When, sweird with hatred, thou beheld'st
her first

As accessory to thy Brother's Death?

Dola. Spare my Remembrance; 'twas a
guilty day,

And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear her self,
For sending him no aid, she came from 160
Mgypt.

Her Gaily down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd
with Gold,

The gentle Winds were lodg'd in Purple
Sails:

Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her
Couch, were plac'd;

Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dola. No more: I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you must!
She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her
Hand,

And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like 170
Cupids,

Stood fanning with their painted Wings, the
Winds

That plaid about her Face: But if she
smil'd,

A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
That Mens desiring Eyes were never
weary'd;

But hung upon the Object: To soft Flutes
The silver Oars kept Time; and while they
plaid,

The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the
Sight;

And both to Thought: 'twas Heav'n or
somewhat more;

For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing
Crowds

Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted
Breath ¹⁸⁰

To give their welcome Voice.

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul:
Was not thy Fury quite disarm'd with
Wonder?

Didst thou not shrink behind me from those
Eyes,

And whisper in my Ears?⁰ Oh, tell her not
That I accus'd her with my Brother's
Death!⁰

Dola. And should my Weakness be a Plea
for yours?

Mine was an Age when Love might be ex-
cu3'd,

When kindly warmth, and when my spring-
ing Youth

Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours——
Vent. Speak boldly. ¹⁹⁰

Yours, he would say, in your declining Age,
When no more heat was left but what you
forc'd,

When all the Sap was needful for the
Trunk,

When it went down, then you constraint
the Course,

And robb'd from Nature, to supply Desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
But 'tis plain Dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.

But yet the loss was private—that I made;
'Twas but my self I lost: I lost no Legions;
I had no World to lose, no Peoples Love. ²⁰⁰

Ant. This from a Friend?

Dola. Yes, *Anthony*, a true one;

A Friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your
Ear.

O, judge me not less kind because I chide:
To *Ccesar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!

Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Ccesar*?

Dola. As to your Equal:

Ant. Well, he's but my equal.⁰

Earst] Qq 2, 3, F; *Ear*, Q 1.

Death] Qq 2, 3, F; *Death*? Q 1.

well . . . equal . . .] The text follows Q 1 subst.

Q 2 dropping a half-line caused confusion, reading:

Dolla. As to your Equal:

While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dolla. / bring conditions from him.

Q 3 drops the second *Dolla.* and reads the passage
as a single speech of *Dolabella*. F follows Q 3.
Congreve, restored the Q 1 text.

While I wear this he never shall be more.

Dola. I bring Conditions from him.

Ant. Are they Noble?

Methinks thou should'st not bring 'em else;
yet he ²¹⁰

Is full of deep dissembling; knows no Hon-
our,

Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook
him;

For Nature meant him for an Usurer,
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer King-
doms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
What Pow'r was theirs who wrought so
hard a Temper

To honourable Terms!

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some God.

Dola. Nor I;^o nor yet *Maecenas*, nor
Agrippa:

They were your Enemies; and I a Friend ²²⁰
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman's*
Deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: show me
that Man

Who has preserv'd my Life, my Love, my
Honour;

Let me but see his Face.

Vent. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n thou know'st how pleasing.
[*Exit Vent.*]

Dola. You'll remember

To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,

Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest
Curse.

My Queen shall thank him too.

Dola. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't: the Queen, my
Dolabella!

Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy
Fever? ²³⁰

Dola. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,

Leave me, my better Stars: for she has
truth

Beyond her beauty. *Caesar* tempted her,
At no less Price than Kingdoms, to betray
me;

But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st
me

For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dola. Yes there's my reason.

Nor I] Qq 1-3, Congreve, Saintsbury (*Mermaid*);
Not I F, Scott.

*Re-enter Ventidius, with Octavia, leading⁰
Anthony's two little Daughters.*

Ant. Where?—*Octavia* there!

[Starting back.

Vent. What, is she poyson to you? a Disease?

Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:

Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? has²⁴⁰
Nature

No secret Call, no whisper they are yours?

Dola. For shame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive 'em

With kinder Eyes. If you confess a Man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.

Your Arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,

To clasp 'era in; your Feet should turn to Wings,

To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,

And aim a Kiss e're you could reach the Lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in²⁵⁰
unknown

To *Cleopatra's* Guards.

Dola. Yet are you cold?

Octav. Thus long have I attended for my welcome;

Which, as a Stranger, sure I might expect.

Who art I?

Ant. *Caesar's* Sister.

Octav. That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than *Cesar's* Sister,

Know, I had still remain'd in *Cesar's* Camp;

But your *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
Though banish'd from⁰ your Bed, driv'n from your House,

In spite of *Cesar's* Sister, still is yours.

Tis true, I have a Heart disdains your²⁶⁰
Coldness,

And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;

But a Wife's Virtue still surmounts that Pride:

I come to claim you as my own; to show

leading] Qq 1-3, Congreve; leaving F.
banish d from] Qq 1, 2; banish'd, from Q 3, F.

My Duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness:

Your Hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[Taking his Hand.

Vent. Do, take it, thou deserv'st it

Dola. On my Soul,

And so she does: she's neither too submissive,

Nor yet too haughty; but so just a Mean,⁰
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.

Ant. I fear, *Octavia*, you have begg'd my²⁷⁰
Life.

Octav. Begg'd it, my Lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambassadress,
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your Brother.

Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg;

Nor could my Brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling Slave could say,

Rise up, and be a King; shall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, *Caesar*? shall I set

A Man, my Equal, in the place of *Jove*,
As he could give me being? No; that word,

Forgive, would choak me up, •²⁸⁰

And die upon my Tongue.

Dola. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me;

My Friend too! To receive some vile Conditions.

My Wife has bought me, with her Prayers and Tears;

And now I must become her branded Slave:
In every peevish Mood she will upbraid

The Life she gave: if I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.

Octav. My hard Fortune

Subjects me still to your unkind Mistakes.
But the Conditions I have brought are such

You need not blush to take: I love your²⁹¹
Honour,

Because tis mine; it never shall be said
Octavia's Husband was her Brothers Slave.

Sir, you are Free; Free, ev'n from her you loath;

For, though my Brother bargains for your Love,

Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,

I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take

Mean] Meen F.

Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deserve.

I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
He shall draw back his Troops, and you³⁰⁰
shall march

To rule the East: I may be dropt at Athens;

No matter Where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen Honour!

Both scorn⁰ to be oblig'd.

Dola. Oh, she has touch'd him in the tender'st part;

See how he reddens with despight and shame,

To be but-done in Generosity!

Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up³¹⁰
a Tear,

That fain would fall!

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise

The greatness of your Soul;

But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:

For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love;
And you do all for Duty. You would free me,

And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?

Octav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd

To one who loves me not, who, to her self,
May call me thankless and ungrateful Man:
I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.³²¹

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's Virtue?

That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your Life.

And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.
I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul
Could brook but ill the Man who slights my Bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not.

Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you wou'd leave me?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you³⁸⁰
—if I could.

scorn] Q 1; Congreve; scorn'd Qq 2, 3, F.

Dola. Her Soul's too great, after such Injuries,

To say she loves; and yet she let's you see it,

Her modesty and silence plead⁰ her Cause.

Ant. Oh, Dolabella, which way shall I turn?

I find a secret yielding in my Soul;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia;
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra'!

Vent. Justice and Pity both plead for Octavia;

For Cleopatra, neither.³⁴⁰

One would be ruin'd with you, but she first
Had ruin'd you: the other you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.

In every thing their Merits are unequal.

Ant. Oh, my distracted Soul!

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it.

Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;

Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected

As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak³⁵⁰
to him;

For you may speak, and he may own you too,

Without a blush; and so he cannot all

His Children: go, I say, and pull him to me,

And pull him to your selves, from that bad Woman.

You, Agrippina, hang upon his Arms;

And you, Antonia, clasp about his Waste:

If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the Pavement, you must bear it,
Children;

For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[Here the Children go to him, &c.

Vent. Was ever sight so moving! Em-³⁶⁰
perour!

Dola. Friend!

Octav. Husband!

Both Childr. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: take me,

Octavia; take me, Children; share me all.⁰

[Embracing them.

I've been a thriftless Debtor to your Loves,

plead] Qq 1, 2, Congreve; pleads Q 3, F.
all.] all, F.

And run out much in Riot, from your
Stock:

But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest hour! . . .

Dola. O happy Change!

Vent. My Joy stops at my Tongue;

But it has found two Channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.

Ant. to Octavia.] This is thy Triumph;
lead me where thou wilt;

Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.

Octav. All there are yours. 370

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and
yours——

Ant. 'Tis past, Octavia, you shall stay this
Night; To-morrow,

Ccesar and we are one.

*[Ex. leading Octavia, Dolab. and the
Children follow.]*

Vent. There's News for you; run,
My officious Eunuch⁰

Be sure to be the first; haste forward:

Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste. *[Exit.]*

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this
thick-sculFd Hero,

This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death,
With plain dull Virtue has out-gone my
Wit: 380

Pleasure forsook my early'st Infancy,
The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by
kind;

Yet, Greatness keeps me from Contempt:
that's gone.

Had Cleopatra follow'd my Advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now for-
sakes.⁰

She dies for Love; but she has known it's
joys:

Alex. *The . . . officious Eunuch]* The text follows
the verse division of Qq 1-3, F. It is evidently
confused, and Congreve, followed by Scott, re-
arranged it. Saintsbury (Mermaid) amends further:—

Alex. *The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—*
Ant. *'Tis past.*

Octavia, you shall stay this night: To-morrow,
Ccesar and we are one.

*[Exit leading Octavia; Dolabella and the Chil-
dren follow.]*

Vent. *There's news for you; run my officious
eunuch,*
forsakes.] forsakes, F.

Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,
Must die, because she loves? 391

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Train.

Oh, Madam, I have seen what blasts my
Eyes!

Octavia's here!

Cleo. Peace with that Raven's note,
I know it too; and now am in
The Pangs of Death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen:

Egypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of *Ægypt I*
My Life, my Soul is lost! *Octatna* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!

My Kisses, my Embraces now are hers;
While I——But thou hast seen my Rival;
400

400
Does she deserve this Blessing: Is she fair,
Bright as a Goddess? and is all Perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that course Matter which, when she was
finish'd,

The Gods threw by for rubbish.

Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.

Cleo. Death to my hopes, a Miracle!

Alex, [bowing.] A Miracle;

1 mean of Goodness; for in Beauty, Madam,
You make all Wonders cease.

Cleo. I was too rash: 400
Take this in part of recompence.⁰ But, Oh,

[Giving a Ring.]

I fear thou flatter'st me.

Char. She comes! she's here!

Iras. Fly, Madam, Ccesar's Sister!

Cleo. Were she the Sister of the Thun-
d'rer *Jove,*

And bore her Brother's Lightning in her
Eyes,

Thus would I face my Rival.

*Meets Octavia with Ventidius. Oc-
tavia bears up to her. Their Trains
come up on either side.*

Octav. I need not ask if you are Cleo-
patra,

Your haughty Carriage——

Cleo. Shews I am a Queen:

Nor need I ask you who you are.

Octav. A Roman:

A Name that makes, and can unmake a
Queen.

Cleo. Your Lord, the Man who serves me,
is a Roman. 420

recompence] recompence F.

Octav. He was a *Roman*, till he lost that
Name
To be a Slave in *ASgypt*; but I come
To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that Household-
Clog,

He chose my easier Bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your Bonds are ease; you have long been
practis'd

In that lascivious Art: he's not the first
For whom you spread your Snares: let
Ccesar witness.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Ccemr*; 'twas but grati-
tude ⁴²⁹

I paid his Love: the worst your Malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of Mankind
Has been my Slave. The next, but far
above him

In my Esteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his Love made mine.

Octav. [*coming up close to her.*] I would
view nearer

That Face, which has so long usurp'd my
Right,

To find th' inevitable Charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleo. O, you do well to search; for had
you known

But half these Charms, you had not lost his
Heart.

Octav. Far be their knowledge from a
Roman Lady, ⁴⁴⁰

Far from a Modest Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Dost thou not Blush, to own those black
Endearments

That make sin pleasing?

Cleo. You may Blush, who want 'em:
In bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me Charms to please the bravest
Man,

Should I not thank 'em? should I be
asham'd,

And not be Proud? I am, that he has lov'd
me;

And, when I love not him, Heav'n change
this Face

For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him
more. ⁴⁵⁰

Octav. You do not; cannot; you have
been his ruine.

Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleo-
patra*

Who made him scorn'd abroad, but *Cleo-
patra*?

At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.

Who made his Children Orphans? and poor
me

A wretched Widow?⁰ only *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Yet she who loves him best is *Cleo-
patra*.

If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.

You bear the specious Title of a Wife,

To gild your Cause, and draw the pitying ⁴⁶⁰
World

To favour it: the World contemns poor me;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House,
And all to bear the branded Name of Mis-
tress.

There wants but Life, and that too I would
lose

For him I love.

Octav. Be 't so then; take thy Wish.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Cleo. And 'tis my Wish,

Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.

My Sight grows dim, and every Object ⁴⁶⁹
dances,

And swims before me, in the maze of Death.
My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept
up;

They could not sink beneath a Rival's
scorn:

But now she's gone they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leasure

To recollect their Strength, and furnish
Counsel,

To ruine her; who else must ruine you.

Cleo. Vain Promiser!

Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your hand
too, *Iras*:

My Grief has weight enough to sink you
both.

Conduct me to some solitary Chamber,
And draw the Curtains round; ⁴⁸⁰

Then leave me to my self, to take alone

My fill of Grief:

There I till Death will his unkindness
weep:

As harmless Infants moan themselves
asleep. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Widow*] *Widow F.*

ACT IV.

Enter Anthony, Dolabella.

Dola. Why would you shift it from your self, on me?

Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.

I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
HQWjnany Deaths are in this word *Depart*!
I dare not trust my Tongue to fell her so:
One Look of hers, would thaw me into
Tears,

And I should melt till I were lost agen.

Dola. Then let *Ventidius*;

He's rough by Nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly; 10
He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only
thou.

Dola. Nature has cast me in so soft a
Mould,

That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleas-
ure

Of some sad Lover's Death, moistens my
Eyes,

And robs me of my Manhood.—I should
speak

So faintly; with such fear to grieve her
Heart,

She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore; therefore

Thou only, thou are fit: think thy self me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be
long)

Take off the edge from every sharper sound,
And let our parting be as gently made 21
As other Loves begin: wilt thou do this?

Dola. What you have said, so sinks into
my Soul,

That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task:
Farewel.

I sent her word to meet you.

[Goes to the Door, and comes back.

I forgot;

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with
mine:

Her Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have pow'r with *Cæsar*.—O, be sure

To think on that.

Dola. Fear not, I will remember. 30

*[Anthony goes again to the door, and
comes back.*

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was
constrain'd;

I did not this, but with extreamest force:
Desire her not to hate my Memory,
For I still cherish hers;—insist on that.

Dola. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all.

[Goes out, and returns again.

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once
more?

Tell her, though we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another Love,
The News would brealf my Heart.—Now
I must go;

For every time I have return'd, I feel 40
My Soul more tender; and my next Com-
mand

Would be to bid her stay, and ruine both.

[Exit.

Dola. Men are but Children of a larger
growth,

Our Appetite's as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark
Room,

Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees noth-
ing;

But, like a Mole in Earth, busie and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and casts it out-
ward,

To the World's open view: thus I discov-
er'd, 50

And blam'd the Love of ruin'd *Anthony*;
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius above.

Vent. Alone? and talking to himself; con-
cern'd too?

Perhaps my Guess is right; he lov'd her
once,

And may pursue it still.

Dola. O Friendship! Friendship!

I'll canst thou answer this; and Reason,
worse:

Unfaithful in th' Attempt; hopeless to win;
And, if I win, undone: meer madness all.

And yet th'occasion's fair. What injury
To him, to wear the Robe which he throws
by? 60

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as
I wish,

To ruine her yet more with *Anthony*.

Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas, Charmion, Iras on the other side.

Dola. She comes! What Charms have
SOTOW on that Face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much
sweetness;

Yet, now and then, a Melancholy Smile
Breaks loose, like Lightning in a Winter's
Night,

And shows a Moments Day.

Vent. If she should love him too! Her
Eunuch there?

That *Porcpisce* bodes ill Weather. Draw,
draw nearer,⁰

Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try ⁷⁰
To make him Jealous; Jealousie is like

[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion⁰*
and Iras; seems to talk to them.

A polisht Glass held to the Lips when Life's
in doubt:

If there be Breath, 'twill catch the damp
and show it.

Cleo. I grant you Jealousie's a Proof of
Love,

But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine;
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,
But has no pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last Remedy, and strong-
est too:

And then this *Dolabella*, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant,
young, ⁸⁰

And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait
To catch weak Womens Eyes.

He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: the least kind word or
glance,

You give this Youth, will kindle him with
Love:

Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the
Wind,

To fire the Heart of jealous *Anthony*.

Cleo. Can I do this? Ah no; my Love's
so true,

That I can neither hide it where it is, ⁹⁰
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant
me

A Wife, a silly harmless Houshold Dove,

That Rorcpisce . . . nearer] Q 1; as two lines,
divided after *Weather*, in Q 3, F. *Porcpisce*, i.e.,
porcupine.

Charmion] Q 3 misspells as Charimon. F. corrects.

Fond without Art; and kind without De-
ceit;

But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of
me,

Has thrust me out to the wide World, un-
furnish'd

Of Falshood to be happy.

Alex. Force your self
Th'event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it;
But Oh with what regret! ¹⁰⁰
{*Exit. Alex.*

(*She comes up to Dolabella.*)

Vent. So, now the Scene draws near,
they're in my reach.

Cleo. to Dola. Discoursing with my
Women! Might not I

Share in your Entertainment?

Char. You have been

The Subject of it, Madam.

Cleo. How; and how?

Iras. Such praises of your Beauty!

Cleo. Meer Poetry.

Your Roman Wits, your *Gallus* and *Tibullus*
Have taught you this from *Citheris* and
Delia.

Dola. Those Roman Wits have never
been in *Mgypt*.

Citheris and *Delia* else had been unsung:

I, who have seen——had I been born a
Poet, ¹¹⁰

Should chuse a nobler Name.

Cleo. You flatter me.

But, 'tis your Nation's Vice: all of your
Country

Are Flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's
like you.

I'm sure he sent you not to speak these
words.

Dola. No, Madam; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dola. Of a less pleasing Errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing?

Less to your self, or me?

Dola. Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to
cause it.

Cleo. You, *Charmion*, and your Fellow,
stand at distance.

(*Aside.*) Hold up, my Spirits.——Well,
now your mournful matter; ¹²⁰

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dola. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office

To tell ill news: and I, of all your Sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your Sex,
I soonest could forgive you if you should.
Vent. Most delicate advances! Woman!
Woman!

Bear damn'd inconstant Sex!

Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dola. I wish I could not answer to that
Question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another
time.

Next, I'm to lose my Kingdom—Farewel,
Asgypt.

Yet, is there any more?

Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of Grief has turn'd
your Reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can
bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poysons are by Poysons.

Dola.——You o'erjoy me, Madam,
To find your Griefs so moderately born.
You've heard the worst; all are not false,
like him.

Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dola. Some Men are constant.

Cleo. And Constancy deserves Reward,
that's certain.

Dola. Deserves it not; but give it leave
to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I
have enough:

But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.
[Exit.]

Dola. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy News; News which I
thought,
Would fright the Blood from your pale
Cheeks to hear;

But you have met it with a Cheerfulness
That makes my Task more easie; and my
Tongue,

Which on anothers Message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, *DolabeUa.*

First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?
Or sought you this Employment?

Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his
Bosom-Friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleo. The Message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollifie that rugged word, *Depart.*

Dola. Oh, you mistake: he chose the
harshlest words,

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest stamp:
And fury shook his Fabrick like an Earth-
quake;

He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellow-
ing *AZtna*,
In sounds scarce humane, "Hence away for
ever:

"Let her be gone, the blot of my Renown,
"And bane of all my hopes:

[All the time of this Speech Cleop.
seems more and more concern'd, till
she sinks quite down,

"Let her be driv'n as far as Men can
think

"From Man's commerce: She'll poyson to
the Center.

Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more!

Dola. Help, help, Oh Wretch! Oh cursed
cursed Wretch!

What have I done?

Char. Help, chafe her Temples, *Irás.*

Irás. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,

She comes again.

Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to 'this
loath'd Being,

Th'abode of Falshood, violated Vows,
And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;

For, if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord
Can never break that quiet; nor awake
The sleeping Soul, with hollowing in my
Tomb

Such words as fright her hence, Unkind,
unkind.

Dola. [*knelling.*] Believe me, 'tis against
my self I speak,

That sure deserves Belief; I injur'd him:
My Friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh,
had you seen

How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more
kind,

To add to what he said; what dear Farewells;

How almost vanquish'd by his Love he parted,

And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
I **Traitor**⁰ as I was, for love of you,¹⁹⁰
(But what can you not do who made me false!)

I forg'd that Lye; for whose forgiveness kneels

This self-accus'd, self-punish'd Criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we wish!

Rise, *Dolabella*; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much Love
Has made me guilty too.

Th'advance of kindness which I made, was feign'd,

To call back fleeting Love by Jealousie;¹⁹⁹
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose
Than so ignobly trifle with his Heart.

Dola. I find your Breast fenc'd round
from humane reach,

Transparent as a Rock of solid Crystal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend,
my Friend!

What endless Treasure hast thou thrown
away,

And scatter'd, like⁰ an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain sums of Wealth which none can gather
thence.

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hours admittance to his private Ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren²¹⁰
Wilds,

And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour Hunger,
Eats his fill, before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famish'd
Eyes

Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, *with Octavia, behind.*

Vent. From hence you may discover—Oh,
sweet, sweet!

Would you indeed? the pretty hand in
Earnest? [*Takes her hand.*]

Dola. I will, for this Reward,—Draw it
not back,

Tis all I e'er will beg.

1, *Traitor*] Qq 1, 2; 1 *Traitor* Q 3, F.
scatter'd, like] Qq 1, 2, *Congreve*; *scatter'd like*
Q 3, F.

Vent. They turn upon us.

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Octav. What quick Eyes has Guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd 'em,
and go on.

They Enter.

Dola. Saw you the Emperour, *Ventidius*?

Vent. No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private,

None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

Dola. Know you his bus'ness?

Vent. Giving him Instructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Ccesar*.

Dola. Well,
He must be found

[*Exeunt Dolab. and Cleop.*]

Octav. Most glorious Impudence!

Vent. She look'd methought

As she would say, Take your old Man, *Octavia*;²³⁰

Thank you, I'm better here.

Well, but what use

Make we of this Discovery?

Octav. Let it die.

Vent. I pity *Dolabella*; but she's dangerous:

Her Eyes have power beyond *Thessalian*
Charms

To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,

The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their
flattery;

And, while she speaks, Night steals upon
the Day,

Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's
so charming,

Age buds at sight of her, and swells to
Youth:

The holy Priests gaze on her when she
smiles;²⁴⁰

And with heav'd hands forgetting Gravity,
They bless her wanton Eyes: Even I who
hate her,

With a malignant joy behold such Beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. *Anthony*

Must needs have some remains of Passion
still,

Which may ferment into a worse Relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute

With *Ccesar* he's endeavouring her Peace.

Octav. You have prevailed:—but for a farther purpose
 I'll prove how he will relish this Discovery. *[Walks off.*
 What, make a Strumpet's Peace! it swells
 my Heart: ²³¹
 It must not, sha' not be.
Vent. His Guards appear.
 Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my Love:
 What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
 My last Instructions.

Octav. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. Ventidius! *[Drawing him aside.*

Vent. My Lord?

Ant. A word in private.

When saw you *Dolabella*?

Vent. Now, my Lord,

He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him.

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my Com-
 mand he went, ²⁰⁰

To bear my last farewell.

Vent. *[aloud.]* It look'd indeed
 Like your farewell?

Ant. More softly.——My farewell?

What secret meaning have you in those
 words

Of my Farewel? He did it by my Order.

Vent. *[aloud.]* Then he obey'd your Or-
 der. I suppose

You bid him do it with all gentleness,
 All kindness, and all—love.

Ant. How she mourn'd

The poor forsaken Creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore
 your parting ²⁶⁰

As she did *Ccesar's*, as she would anothors
 Were a new Love to come.

Ant. *[aloud.]* Thou dost belye her.

Most basely, and maliciously belye her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you; I
 have done.

Octav. *[coming up.]* You seem disturb'd
 my Lord.

Ant. A very Trifle.

Retire, my Love.

Vent. It was indeed a Trifle.

He sent——

Ant. *[angrily.]* No more. Look how thou
 disobey'st me;

Thy Life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no Trifle.

Vent. *[to Octav.]* 'Tis less; a very noth-
 ing: you too saw it,

As well as I, and therefore 'tis no Secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes: she saw young *Dolabella*——

Ant. Young *Dolabella*! ⁱⁱ

Vent. Young, I think him young,
 And handsome too; and so do others think
 him.

But what of that? He went by your Com-
 mand,

Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind Mes-
 sage;

For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:
 And then he grew familiar with her Hand;

Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous
 Kisses;

She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and
 blush'd again;

At last she took occasion to talk softly,
 And brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd ²⁰⁰

on his:
 At which, he whisper'd Kisses back on hers;

And then she cry'd aloud, That Con-
 stancy

Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What Woman was it, whom you
 heard and saw,

So playful with my Friend!

Not *Cleopatra*?

Ven. Ev'n she, my Lord!

Ant. My *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Your *Cleopatra*.

Dolabella's Cleopatra.

Every Man's *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Thou ly'st. ³⁰⁰

Vent. I do not lye, my Lord.

Is this so strange? should Mistresses be left,
 And not provide against a time of change?
 You know she's not much us'd to lonely
 Nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the Plot betwixt
 you.

You needed not have gone this way, *Oc-
 tavia*.

What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?

She's mine no more, I see; and I for-
 give:

Urge it no farther, Love.

Octav. Are you concern'd ³¹⁰

That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;

For, though 'tis past, I would not that the
World

Should tax my former Choice: That I
lov'd one

Of so light Note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my Age deserv'd, that
you should think

I would abuse your Ears with Perjury?

If Heav'n be true, she's false,

Ant. Though Heav'n and Earth,
Should witness it, I'll not believe her
tainted.

Vent. I'll bring you then a witness
From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not³²⁰
back,

[*Seeing Alex, just entring and start-
ing back.*

For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my Lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you
hate; speak truth.

You are of *Cleopatra's* private Counsel,
Of her Bed-Counsel, her lascivious Hours;
Are conscious of each Nightly change she
makes,

And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs she passes through,
what day.

Alex. My Noble Lord.

Vent. My most illustrious Pander,
No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd³²⁹
Periods,

But a plain home-spun Truth is what I ask:
I did, my self, o'erhear your Queen make
love

To *Dolabella*. Speak: for I will know,
By your Confession, what more past be-
twixt 'em;

How near the bus'ness draws to your Em-
ployment;

And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*, whether it of-
fend

Or please *Ventidius*; care not: justify
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice: dare his
worst.

Octav. [*aside.*] See how he gives him
Courage! how he fears

To find her false! and shuts his Eyes to³⁴⁰
truth,

Willing to be misled!

Alex. As far as Love may plead for
Woman's frailty,

not/ Qq 1, 2, Congreve; om. Q 3, F.

tJrg'd by desert and greatness of the Lover;
So far (*Divine Octavia*) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him,
Who is your Lord: so far, from brave *Ven-
tidius*,

May her past Actions hope a fair Report.

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark,
Ventidius.

Alex. To you, most Noble Emperour, her
strong Passion

Stands not excus'd, but wholly justifi'd.³⁵⁰

Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her
Crown,

From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
Of sighing Kings; and at her Feet were
laid

The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on
heaps,

To choose where she would Reign:

She thought a *Roman* only could deserve
her;

And, of all *Romans*⁰ only *Anthony*.

And, to be less than Wife to you, dis-
dain'd

Their lawful Passion.

Ant. 'Tis but Truth.³⁶⁰

Alex. And yet, though Love, and your
unmatch'd Desert,

Have drawn her from the due regard of
Honour,

At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair *Oc-
tavia*,

Whose holy Bed she lawfully usurpt,
The sad Effects of this improsperous War,
Confirm'd those pious Thoughts.

Vent. [*aside.*] O, wheel you there?

Observe him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk substantial Reason. Fear not, Eu-
nuch,

The Emperour has giv'n thee leave to³⁷⁰
speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t'offend his
Ears

With what the last necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken Mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say her Heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy Life, I charge
thee dare not

Pronounce that fatal word.

Octav. [*aside.*] Must I bear this? good
Heav'n afford me patience.

Romans] Qq 1, 2, Congreve; Roman Q 3, F.

Vent. On sweet Eunuch; my dear half
Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*

Has lov'd her long, he, next my God-like
Lord, 380

Deserves her best; and should she meet his
Passion,

Rejected as she is, by him she lov'd——

Ant. Hence, from my sight; for I can
bear no more:

Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; let all
The longer damn'd have rest;⁰ each tor-
turing Hand

Do thou employ, till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then joyn thou too, and help to torture
her.

[*Exit Alexas, thrust out by Anthony.*

Octav. Tis not well,

Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this Passion, this extreme Con-
cernment 390

For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

Ant. *Octavia*, leave me: I am much dis-
order'd:

Leave me, I say.

Octav. My Lord?

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Vent. Obey him, Madam: best withdraw
a while,

And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my
Lord,

That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,

Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?

Were I she,

Base as she is, you would not bid me leave
you; 400

But hang upon my Neck, take slight Ex-
cuses,

And fawn upon my Falshood.

Ant. Tis too much,

Too much, *Octavia*; I am prest with Sor-
rows

Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within to aid me.

Octav. You would mourn

In private for your Love, who has betray'd
you;

You did but half return to me: your kind-
ness

Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my
Lord,

You make Conditions for her, 410

And would include her Treaty. Wondrous
proofs

Of Love to me!

Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?

Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,

And let this Fury loose?

Vent. Oh, be ad vis'd,

Sweet Madam, and retire.

Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to re-
turn.

You shall no more be haunted with this
Fury.

My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always
last,

When urg'd with long unkindness and dis-
dain;

Take her again whom you prefer to me; 420

She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd
Man!

Let a feign'd parting give her back your
Heart,

Which a feign'd Love first got; for injur'd
me,

Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid me
stay,

My Duty shall be yours.

To the dear Pledges of our former Love,
My tenderness and care shall be trans-
ferr'd,

And they shall chear, by turns, my Widow'd
Nights:

So, take my last farewell; for I despair

To have you whole, and scorn to take you
half. [Exit. 430]

Vent. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my
best Designs:

My last attempt must be to win her back;
But Oh I fear in vain. [Exit.]

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain
honest Heart,

Which knows not to disguise its Grievs, and
Weakness,

But bears its workings outward to the
World?

I should have kept the mighty Anguish
in,

And fore'd a Smile at *Cleopatra's* Falshood:
Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid;

But I am made a shallow-forded Stream, 440

let all . . . rest! Q 1; om. Qq 2, 3, F reading
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; each torturing
Hand as one line. Congreve restored the reading
of Q 1.

Seen to the Bottom: all my clearness
scorn'd,
And all my Faults expos'd!—See, where
he comes

Enter Dolabella.

Who has prophan'd the Sacred Name of
Friend,
And worn it into Vileness!
With how secure a Brow, and specious Form
He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honesty; but Heav'n mis-
match'd it,
And furnish'd Treason out with Natures
Pomp,
To make its work more easie.

Dola. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well, *Dolabella*, you perforated my
Message? ⁴⁵⁰

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wish'd it.

Dola. Why?

Ant. Because you love me.

And she receiv'd my Message, with as true,
With as unfeign'd a Sorrow as you brought
it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to madness.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, *Dolabella*, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forsake this Beauty? This all-perfect Crea-
ture?

Dola. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first ⁴⁶⁰
Perswaded me: how come you alter'd
since?

Dola. I said at first I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her Sighs, and see her
Tears,

But Pity must prevail: and so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have prom-
ise

That she should take her last farewell: and,
see,

She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False *Dolabella*]

Dola. What's false, my Lord?

Ant. Why, *Dolabella's* false;

And *Cleopatra's* false; both false and faith-
less.

Draw near, you well-joyn'd wickedness, you
Serpents,

Whom I have, in my kindly Bosom, warm'd
Till I am stung to Death. ⁴⁷¹

Dola. My Lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer Torment? Can it find a Curse
Beyond our Separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate

Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be
ingenious

In punishing such Crimes. The rowling
Stone,

And gnawing Vulture, were slight Pains in-
vented

When Jove was young, and no Examples
known

Of mighty Ills; but you have ripen'd sin
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the ⁴⁸⁰
Gods

To find an equal Torture. Two, two such,
Oh there's no farther Name, two such—
to me,

To me, who lock'd my Soul within your
Breasts,

Had no Desires, no Joys, no Life, but you;
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it
you

In Dowry with my Heart; I had no use,
No fruit of all, but you: a Friend and
Mistress

Was what the World could give. Oh, *Cleo-
patra*!

Oh, *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant-
fondness ⁴⁹⁰

Lay lull'd betwixt your Bosoms, and there
slept

Secure of injur'd Faith?

Dola. If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and You revenge it.

Ant. If she wrong'd me,
Thou would'st evade thy part of Guilt; but
swear

Thou lov'st not her.

Dola. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so! Swear, swear, I say, thou
dost not love her.

Dola. No more than Friendship will al-
low.

Ant. No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing; thou art
perjur'd.—

And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst
her not;

But not so much, no more. Oh trifling
Hypocrite, ⁵⁰⁰

Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not
love,

Nor own to me thou dost! *Ventidius* heard
it;

Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are Enemies.

Ant. *Alexas* is not so: he, he confest it.

He, who, next Hell, best knew it, he avow'd
it.

(*To Dola.*) Why do I seek a proof beyond
your self?

You whom I sent to bear my last Farewel,
Return'd to plead her stay.

Dola. What shall I Answer?

If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have
sinn'd;

But if to have repented of that Love ⁵¹⁰

Can wash away my Crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,

Let not her suffer: she is innocent.

Cleo. Ah, what will not a Woman do who
loves!

What means will she refuse, to keep that
Heart

Where all her joys are plac'd! Twas I en-
courag'd.

Twas I blew up the Fire that scorch'd his
Soul,

To make you jealous; and by that regain
you.

But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:

In spite of all the Damms,^o my Love
broke o'er, MO

And drown'd my Heart again; Fate took
th'occasion;

And thus one Minute's feigning has de-
stroy'd

My whole Life's truth.

Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falshood;
Seen, and broke through at first.

Dola. Forgive your Mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your Friend,

Ant. You have con vine'd your selves,
You plead each other's Cause: What wit-
ness have you,

That you but meant to raise my Jealousie?

Cleo. Our selves, and Heav'n.

Ant. Guilt witnesses for Guilt. Hence,
Love and Friendship;

Damms/ Qq 2, 8; *damms* Q 1; *Damns* F.

You have no longer place in humane
Breasts, ⁵³⁰

These two have driv'n you out: avoid my
flight;

I would not kill the Man whom I lov'd;^o

And cannot hurt the Woman: but avoid
me,

I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one minute more to think

How I am wrong'd, my Justice and Re-
venge

Will cry so loud within me, that my Pity
Will not be heard for either.

Dola. Heav'n has but

Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man: sweet Mercy seems

Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there was Degrees in Infinite; ⁵⁴²

And Infinite would rather want Perfection
Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive

A Foe; but not a Mistress, and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,

Where trust is greatest: and the Soul re-
sign'd

Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no
more;

Hence from my sight for ever.

Cleo. How? for ever.

I cannot go one moment from your sight, ⁵⁵⁰

And must I go for ever?

My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:
What place have I to go to? my own King-
dom?

That I have lost for you: or to the Ro-
mans?

They hate me for your sake: or must I
wander

The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd
Woman,

Banish'd for love of you? banish'd from
you?

I, there's the Banishment! Oh hear me;
hear me,

With strictest Justice: For I beg no fa-
vour:

And if I have offended you: then kill me, ⁵⁶⁰
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.

I have a Fool within me takes your part;

But Honour stops my Ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me!

lov'd/ Qq 1-3, F. Congreve and subs. edd. are
probably right in reading *have lov'd*.

Would you cast off a Slave who follow'd
you,

Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn?—He
has no pity!

See, if he gives one Tear to my Departure;
One look, one kind farewell: Oh Iron Heart!
Let all the Gods look down, and judge be-
twixt us,

If he did ever love!

Ant. No more: *Alexas*!

Dola. A perjurd Villain!

Ant. [to *Cleo.*] Your *Alexas*; yours. ⁵⁷⁰

Cleo. O 'twas his Plot: his ruinous De-
sign,

T'ingage you in my Love by Jealousie.

Hear him; confront him with me; let him
speak.

Ant. I have; I have.

Cleo. And if he clear me not——

Ant. Your Creature! one who hangs upon
your Smiles!

Watches your Eye to say or to unsay

Whate'er you please! I am not to be
mov'd.

Cleo. Then must we part? Farewel, my
cruel Lord,

Th'apparance is against me; and I go
Unjustifi'd for ever from your sight. ⁵⁸⁰

How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I
love,

My only Comfort is, I know my self:

I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most: so well, so
truly,

I'll never strive against it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Must I weep too? that calls 'em innocent
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive—— ⁵⁹⁰

Live; but live wretched, 'tis but just you
shou'd,

Who made me so: Live from each other's
sight:

Let me not hear you meet: Set all the
Earth,

And all the Seas betwixt your sunder'd
Loves:

View nothing common but the Sun and
Skies:

Now, all take several ways;

And each your own sad Fate with mine
deplete;

That you were false, and I could trust
no more.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Char. Be juster, Heav'n: such Virtue pun-
ish'd thus,

Will make us think that Chance rules all
above,

And shuffles, with a Random hand, the Lots
Which Man is fore'd to draw.

Cleo. I could tear out these Eyes, that
gain'd his Heart.

And had not pow'r to keep it. O the Curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
Bear witness, Gods, you heard him bid me
go;

You whom he mock'd with imprecating
Vows

Of promis'd Faith—I'll die, I will not bear
it. ¹⁰

You may hold me——

[*She pulls out her Dagger, and they
hold her.*]

But I can keep my Breath; I can die in-
ward,

And choak this Love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O *Alexas*! help!

The Queen grows desperate, her Soul strug-
gles in her,

With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And strives to force its Passage.

Cleo. Let me go.

Art thou there, Traitor!—O

O, for a little Breath to vent my Rage!

Give, give me way, and let me loose upon
him.

Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd
truth. ²⁰

Was it for me to prop

The Ruins of a falling Majesty?

To place my self beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into

Atoms,

By its o'crwhelming weight? 'Tis too pre-
suming

For Subjects, to preserve that wilful pow'r
Which courts its own Destruction.

Cleo. I wou'd reason

Alexas] *Alexas*, Q 1.

More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-
rule,

And force my plain, direct, and open Love
Into these crooked paths of Jealousie?

Now, what's th'event? *Octavia* is remov'd;
But *Cleopatra's* banish'd. Thou, thou Vil-
lain,

Has^o push'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,
At my sad Cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I'm lost too far: I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster,
Devil.—

I can no more: thou, and my Grievs, have
sunk

Me down so low, that I want voice to curse
thee.

Alex. Suppose some^o Shipwrack'd Seaman
near the Shore,

Dropping^o and faint, with climbing up the⁴⁰
Cliff,

If, from above, some charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself

To draw the other's weight; wou'd he look
back

And curse him for his pains? The Case is
yours:

But one step more, and you have gain'd the
height.

Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. *Octavia's* gone, and *Dolabella* ban-
ish'd.

Believe me, Madam, *Anthony* is yours.
His Heart was never lost; but started off⁴⁹

To Jealousie, Love's last retreat and covert:
Where it lies hid in Shades, watchful in
silence,

And list'ning for the Sound that calls it
back.^o

Some other, any Man, ('tis so advanc'd)
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to my self) have left
So easie to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do 't; else—

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens
—*Anthony*

Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from whose Tur-
ret,⁵⁹

He stands surveying our *Aegyptian* Gallies,
Engag'd with *Ccesar's* Fleet: now Death, or
Conquest.

Has] cf. under *stands*, p. 134 *infra*.

some] Q 1, Congreve; from Qq 2, 3, F.

dropping] Qq 1-3; *Dropping* F.

back] Q 1, Congreve; *back*, Q 2, F; *back* Q 3.

If the first happen, Fate acquits my Prom-
ise:

If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.

A distant shout within.

Char. Have comfort, Madam: did you
mark that Shout?

Second shout nearer.

Iras. Hark; they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the Port.

The loudness shows it near: good News,
kind Heavens.

Cleo. *Osiris* make it so.

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward
stares!

As if not yet recover'd of th' Assault,
When all his Gods, and what's more dear⁷⁰
to him,

His Offerings were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror!

Mgypt has been; our latest hour is come:
The Queen of Nations from her ancient
Seat,

Is sunk for ever in the dark Abyss:

Time has unrowl'd her Glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the Volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:

Say, whence thou com'st (though Fate is in
thy Face,

Which from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly
out,

And threatens e're thou speak'st.)

Serap. I came from *Pharos*)

From viewing (spare me and imagine it)⁸⁰

Our Lands last hope, your Navy.—

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No.

They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Not that. I saw,

With *Anthony*, your well appointed Fleet
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on
high,

And thrice with chearful Cries they shouted
back:

Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning
Strumpet,

About to leave a Bankrupt Prodigal,

With a dissembling Smile would kiss at
parting,

And flatter to the last; the well-tim'd Oars
Now dipt from every Bank, now smoothly⁹⁰
run

To meet the Foe; and soon indeed they
met,

But not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps
On either side thrown up; the /*Egyptian*
Gallies

(Receiv'd like Friends) past through, and
fell behind

The *Roman* rear: and now, they all come
forward,

And ride within the Port.

Cleo. Enough, *Serapion*:

I've heard my doom. This needed not, you
Gods:

When I lost *Anthony*, your work was done;
'Tis but superfluous Malice. Where's my
Lord?

How bears he this last blow? 100

Serap. His Fury cannot be express'd by
words:

Thrice he attempted headlong to have fain
Full on his Foes, and aim'd at^c *Ccesar's* Gal-
ley:

With-held, he raves on you; cries, he's be-
tray'd,

Should he now find you.—

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your Innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not, haste you to your
Monument,

While I make speed to *Ccesar*.

Cleo. *Ccesar*! No.

I have no business with him.

Alex. I can work him

To spare your Life, and let this Madman¹¹⁰
perish.

Cleo. Base fawning Wretch! would'st
thou betray him too?

Hence from my sight, I will not hear a
Traytor:

'Twas thy design brought all this mine on
us;

Serapion, thou art honest; Counsel me:

But haste, each Moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; You must not yet see
Anthony.

He who began this mischief,

'Tis just he tempt the Danger; let him
clear you;

And, since he offer'd you his servile Tongue,
at/ Qq 1, 2, Congreve; om. Q 3, F.

To gain a poor precarious Life from *Ccesar*,
Let him expose that fawning Eloquence,¹²¹
And speak to *Anthony*.

Alex. O Heavens! I dare not,
I meet my certain Death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.

Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;
I know him Noble: when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take
my Life;

But I'll be justifi'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To Death, if thou stir hence. Speak,
if thou can'st,

Now for thy Life, which basely thou¹³⁰
wou'dst save;

While mine I prize at this. Come, good
Serapion.

[*Exeunt* *Cleo.* *Serap.* *Char.* *Iras.*

Alex. O that I less cou'd fear to lose this
Being,

Which, like a Snow-ball, in my Coward
hand,

The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melta
away.

Poor Reason! what a wretched Aid art
thou!

For still in spite of thee,

These two long Lovers, Soul and Body,
dread

Their final Separation. Let me think:

What can I say, to save my self from
Death?

No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*,¹⁴⁰
Ant. within.] Which way? where?

Vent. within.] This leads to th'*Monu-*
ment.

Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unpre-
par'd;

My gift of Lying's gone;

And this Court-Devil, which I so oft have
rais'd,

Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot far go hence. [*Exit*.

Enter *Anthony* and *Ventidius*.

Ant. O happy *Ccesar*! Thou hast Men to
lead:

Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd
Anthony;

But *Rome* has conquer'd *Ægypt*. I'm be-
tray'd.

Vent. Curse on this treach'rous Train! iw

Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with
Baseness:

And their young Souls come tainted to the
World

With the first Breath they draw.

Ant. Th'Original Villain sure no God
created;

He was a Bastard of the Sun, by *Nile*.

Ap'd into Man: with all his Mother's Mud
Crusted about his Soul.

Vent. The Nation is

One universal Traitor; and their Queen

The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left ¹⁶⁰
A possibility of Aid from Valour?

Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction?

The least unmortgag'd hope? for, if there
be,

Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of such a Boy as *Ccesar*.

The World's one half is yet in *Anthony*:

And from each Limb of it that's hew'd
away,

The Soul comes back to me.

Vent. There yet remain

Three Legions in the Town. The last As-
sault ¹⁶⁰

Lopt off the rest: if Death be your Design,
(As I must wish it now) these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead Foes,
An honest Pile for Burial.

Ant. They're enough.

We'll not divide our Stars; but side by side
Fight emulous: and with malicious Eyes
Survey each other's⁰ Acts: so every
Death

Thou giv'st, I'll take on me as a just Debt,
And pay thee back a Soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not
a word ¹⁷⁹

Of chiding more. By my few hours of Life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman*
Fate,

That I wou'd not be *Ccesar* to out-live you.
When we put off this Flesh, and mount to-
gether,

I shall be shown to all th'Etherial crowd:
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Anthony*.

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce
through all their Troops,

And reach my Veterans yet? 'Tis worth the
tempting,

other's] other' F.

T'o'er-leap this Gulph of Fate,
And leave our wond'ring⁰ Destinies behind.

Enter Alexas, trembling.

Vent. See, see, that Villain; ¹⁹⁰

See *Cleopatra* stamp't upon that Face,

With all her cunning, all her Arts of Fals-
hood!

How she looks out through those dissem-
bling Eyes!

How he has set^o his Co,unt'nance for deceit;
And promises a Lye, before he speaks!

Let me dispatch him first. *[Drawing.*

Alex. O spare me, spare me.

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing.

On thy Life,

(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn
to take it)

No Syllable to Justine thy Queen;

Save thy base Tongue thy Office.

Alex. Sir she's gone, ²⁰⁰

Where she shall never be molested more
By Love or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dolabellal*

Die, Traitor, I revoke my Promise, die.

[Going to kill him.

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: my Eyes

Are open to her Falshood; my whole Life
Has been a Golden Dream of Love and
Friendship.

But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant,
rows'd

From soft repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful
Woman!

Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Sum-
mer, ²¹⁰

Hatching her young ones in my kindly
Beams,

Singing her Flatt'ries to my Morning
wake;

But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her
Wings,

And seeks the Spring of *Ccesar*.

Alex. Think not so:

Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with
yours.

Had she betray'd her Naval force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,
Secure by such a Bribe!

wond'ring] Q 1, Congreve; wand'ring Qq 2, 8, F.
Scott, Saintsbury.

has set] Q 1, Congreve; sets Qq 2, Z, F.

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. Tis too plain;
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear her
self. ²²⁰

Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not
bear

To be accus'd by you; but shut her self
Within her Monument: look'd down, and
sigh'd;

While, from her unchang'd Face, the silent
Tears

Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole
their parting.

Some undistinguish'd words she inly mur-
mur'd;

At last, she rais'd her Eyes; and, with such
Looks

As dying *Lucrece* cast,——

Ant. My Heart forbodes,——

Vent. All for the best: go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her Ponyard, ²²⁹
And, e're we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,
Plung'd it within her Breast: then turn'd
to me,

Go, bear my Lord (said she) my last Fare-
wel;

And ask him if he yet suspect my Faith.
More she was saying, but Death rush'd
betwixt.

She half pronounc'd your Name with her
last Breath,

And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor
dear Love?

And art thou dead?

O those two words! their Sound shou'd be
divided:

Hadst thou been false, and dy'd; or hadst
thou ²⁴⁰ liv'd,

And hadst been true—But Innocence and
Death!

This shows not well above. Then what
am I,

The Murderer of this Truth, this Inno-
cence!

Thoughts cannot form themselves in words
so horrid

As can express my Guilt!

Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have
been too gracious:

And thus you thank 'em for't.

Ant. [to *Alex.*] Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my Soul,
And see its inward Mourning? Get thee
hence; ²⁴⁰

Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a *Roman* Emperour to perform.

Alex. [aside.] He loves her still:

His Grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcile-
ment.

I've sav'd my self, and her. But Oh! the
Romans!

Fate comes too fast upon my Wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each
double: [Exit. ²⁴⁰

Vent. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner
though,
Before *Octavia* went; you might have
treated:

Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be
receiv'd. ²⁶⁰

Come rouse your self, and lets die warm
together.

Ant. I will not fight: there's no more work
for War.

The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.

Vent. *Ccesar* is at your Gates.

Ant. Why, let him enter;

He's welcome now.

Vent. What Lethargy has crept into your
Soul?

Ant. Tis but a scorn of Life, and just
desire

To free my self from Bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O,
Ventidius:

What shou'd I fight for now? My Queen is
dead. ²⁷⁰

I was but Great for her; my Pow'r, my
Empire,

Were but my Merchandise to buy her
Love;

And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's
dead,

Let *Ccesar* take the World,——

An empty Circle, since the Jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my Strife: my Being's
nauseous;

For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.

Vent. Wou'd you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;

But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Venti-
dus* :

For I'll convey my Soul from *Caesar's* reach,
And lay down Life my self. Tis time the ²⁸¹
World

Shou'd have a Lord, and know whom to
obey.

We two have kept its Homage in suspence,
And bent the Globe, on whose each side
we trod,

Till it was dinted⁰ inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part.

My Torch is out; and the World stands be-
fore me

Like a black Desart, at the approach of
Night:

I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.
Vent. I cou'd be griev'd, ²⁹⁰

But that I'll not out-live you: choose your
Death;

For, I have seen him in such various
shapes,

I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The Life I bear, is worn to such a Rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better Grace;
That, like two Lyons taken in the Toils,
We might at last thrust out our Paws, and
wound

The Hunters that inclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't.

Ventidius you must live.

Vent. I must not, Sir. ³⁰⁰

Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some
good of me?

To stand by my fair Fame, and guard
th'approaches

From the ill Tongues of Men?

Vent. Who shall guard mine,

For living after you?

Ant. Say I command it.

Vent. If we die well, our Deaths will speak
themselves,

And need no living Witness.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,

And fain I wou'd reward thee: I must
die;

Kill me, and take the Merit of my Death
To make thee Friends with *Ccesar*.

Vent. Thank your kindness.

You said I lov'd you; and, in recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: did I think an
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I shou'd
die

With a hard thought of you?

dinted] Qq 1-3; *dented* F.

Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.

Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* Death,
My Reason bears no rule upon my Tongue,
But lets my Thoughts break all at random
out:

I've thought better, do not deny me twice.

Vent. By Heav'n I will not.

Let it not be t'out-live you.

Ant. Kill me first,

And then die thou: for 'tis but just thou
serve ³²⁰

Thy Friend, before tKy self.

Vent. Give me your hand.

We soon shall meet again. Now farewell,
Emperour. *[Embrace.*

Methinks that word's too cold to be my
last:

Since Death sweeps all⁰ distinctions, Farewel
Friend.

That's all.—

I will not make a bus'ness of a Trifle:

And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you:
Pray turn your Face.

Ant. I do: strike home sure.

Vent. Home, as my Sword will reach.

[Kills himself.

Ant. O thou mistak'st;

That wound was none of thine: give it me
back: ³³⁰

Thou robb'st me of my Death.

Vent. I do indeed;

But, think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd
you;

If that may plead my Pardon. And you,
Gods,

Forgive me, if you will: for I die perjurd,
Rather than kill my Friend. *[Dies.*

Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in
Death!

My Queen and thou have got the start of
me,

And I'm the lag of Honour.—Gone so
soon?

Is Death no more? He us'd him carelessly,
With a familiar kindness: e're he knock'd, ³¹⁰
Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,
As who shou'd say, Y'are welcome at all
hours,

A Friend need give no warning. Books had
spoil'd him;

For all the Learn'd are Cowards by pro-
fession.

all] Q 1, Congreve; om. Qq 2, 3, F.

Tis not worth
 My farther thought: for Death, for ought
 I know,
 Is but to think no more. Here's to be
 satisf'd. *[Falls on his Sword.*
 I've mist my Heart. O unperforming hand!
 Thou never cou'd'st have err'd in a worse
 time.
 My Fortune jades me to the last; and
 Death, ³⁵⁰
 Like a great Man, takes state, and makes
 me wait
 For my Admittance——

[Trampling vrithin.

Some perhaps from Ccesar:
 If he shou'd find me living, and suspect
 That I plaid booty with my Life! I'll mend
 My work, e're they can reach me.
[Rises upon his Knees.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Cleo. Where is my Lord? where is he?

Char. There he lies,
 And dead *Ventidius* by him.

Cleo. My Fears were Prophets; I am come
 too late.

O that accurs'd *Alexas!* *[Runs to him.⁹*
Ant. Art thou living?

Or am I dead before I knew? and thou ³⁶⁰
 The first kind Ghost that meets me?

Cleo. Help me seat him.
 Send quickly, send for help.

[They place him in a Chair.

Ant. I am answer'd.
 We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:
 I'll make the most I can of Life, to stay
 A Moment more with thee.

Cleo. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a Man
 Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,
 But one dear Jewel that his haste forgot;
 And he, for that returns upon the spur: ³⁷⁰
 So I come back for thee.

Cleo. Too long, you Heav'ns, you have
 been cruel to me;
 Now show your mended Faith, and give me
 back
 His fleeting Life.

Ant. It will not be, my Love.
 I keep my Soul by force.

Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late

[Runs to him.] Qq 1-3, Congreve; om. P.

To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with
 you,

Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death:
 Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
 This fatal consequence. My Fleet betray'd
 Both you and me. ³⁸¹

Ant. And *Dolabella*.——

Cleo. Scarce

Esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.^o

Ant. Enough: my Life's not long enough
 for more.

Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe
 thee;

For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,
 That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come:

Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly
 too:

Ccesar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st ³⁹⁰
 My last disastrous Times:

Think we have had a clear and glorious
 Day;

And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm,
 Just till our close of Ev'ning. Ten Years
 love,

And not a Moment lost, but all improv'd
 To th'utmost Joys: What Ages have we
 liv'd?

And now to die each others; and, so dying,
 While hand in hand we walk in Groves
 below,

Whole Troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock
 about us,

And all the Train be ours.

Cleo. Your Words are like the Notes of ⁴⁰⁰
 dying Swans,^o

Too sweet to last. Were there so many
 Hours

For your unkindness, and not one for Love?

Ant. No, not a minute—This one kiss—
 more worth

Than all I leave to *Ccesar*. *[Dies.*

Cleo. O, tell me so again;

And take Ten thousand Kisses, for that
 word.

My Lord, my Lord: speak, if you yet have
 being;

Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
 One look: Do any thing that shows you
 live.

Scarce . . . now] Saintsbury (Mermaid); as one
 line Qq 1-3, F.

Swans] Qq 1, 2, Congreve; Swan Q 3, F.

Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you; ⁴¹⁰
And this you see, a Lump of senseless Clay,
The leavings of a Soul.

Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman* not to know
What should become his⁰ Wife; his Wife,
my *Charmion*;

For 'tis to that high Title I aspire;
And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive to mourn him dead: my Nobler
Fate
Shall knit our Spousals with a tie too strong
For *Roman* Laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die? ⁴²⁰

Cleo. Why shou'd'st thou make that Question?

Iras. *Ccesar* is merciful.⁰

Cleo. Let him be so
To those that want his Mercy; my poor
Lord
Made no such Cov'nant with him to spare
me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Ccesar*'s
Pride?

What, to be led in Triumph through the
Streets,
A Spectacle to base *Plebeian* Eyes;
While some dejected Friend of *Anthony*'s,
Close in a Corner, shakes his Head, and
mutters

A secret Curse on her who ruin'd him? ⁴³⁰
I'll none of that.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death.

Iras. I only fear'd
For you; but more shou'd fear to live with-
out you.

Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it shou'd be. Quick,
my Friends,
Dispatch; e're this, the Town's in *Ccesar*'s
hands:

My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears
my stay,
Lest I shou'd be surpriz'd;
Keep him not waiting for his Love too
long.

You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richest
jewels,
With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made ⁴⁴⁰

his Q 1; of *his* Qq 2, 3, F.
merciful Q 1, Congreve; *most merciful* Qq 2,
3, F.

(Vain Augury!) for him who now lies dead;
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.

Iras. The Aspics, Madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice?

[*Exeunt Char, and Iras.*

'Tis sweet to die, when they wou'd force
Life on me,

To rush into the dark aboad of Death,
And seize him first; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful sure.

We're now alone, in secrecie and silence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not see ⁴⁵⁰
me;

And, Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her Arms.—O welcome,
welcome.

Enter Charmion, Iras.

Char. What must be done?

Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends:
But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's Head: he fell not
basely,

Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Cou'd'st triumph o'er thy self; and thou
alone

Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end

These Ensigns of your Pomp and Royalty?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to ⁴⁶⁰
meet my Love;

As when I saw him first, on *Cydnos* Bank,
All sparkling, like a Goddess; so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again: my second Spou-
sals

Shall match my first, in Glory. Haste, haste,
both,

And dress the Bride of *Anthony*.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now seat me by my Lord. I claim
this place;

For I must conquer *Ccesar* too, like him,
And win my share o'th'World. Hail, you
dear Relicks

Of my Immortal Love;
O let no impious hand remove you hence; ⁴⁷⁰

But rest for ever here: let *Ægypt* give
His Death that Peace, which it deny'd his
Life.

Reach me the Casket.

Iras. Underneath the 'Fruit the Aspick
lies.

Cleo. [*putting aside the Leaves.*] Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!

Thou best of Thieves; who, with an easie Key,

Do'st open Life and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from our selves: discharging so
Death's dreadful Office, better than himself,
Touching our Limbs so gently into slumber,
480

That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,

And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. [*within.*] The Queen, where is she?
The Town is yielded, *Ccesar's* at the Gates.

Cleo. He comes too late to invade the Rights of Death.

Haste, bare my Arm, and rouze the Serpent's Fury,

[*Holds out her Arm and drams it back.*

Coward Flesh——

Would'st thou conspire with *Ccesar*, to betray me,

As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,

And not be sent by him,

But bring my Self, my Soul to *Anthony*.⁴⁹⁰

[*Turns aside, and then shows her Arm bloody.*

Take hence; the work is done.

Serap. [*within.*] Break ope the Door,
And guard the Traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our^o great Queen and Mistress.

[*They apply the Aspicks.*

Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;

I go with such a will to find my Lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through every Limb,

And now 'tis at my Head: my Eye-lids fall,

our] Q 1, Congreve; your Qq 2, 3, P.

And my dear Love is vanish'd in a Mist. ">
Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,

And lay me on his Breast.—*Ccesar*, thy worst;

Now part us if thou canst. [*Dies.*

Iras sinks down at her Feet, and dies;
Charmion stands behind her Chair,
as dressing her Head.

Enter *Serapion*, two Priests, *Alexas* bound, Ægyptians.

2. Priests. Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.

Charmion, Is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last

Of her great Race: I follow her.

[*Sinks down; Dies.*

Alex. Tis true,

She has done well: much better thus to die,

Than live to make a Holy-day in *Rome*.⁰

Serap. See, see how the Lovers sit in State⁵¹⁰
together,

As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.
Th'impression of a Smile left in her Face,
Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom
she liv'd,

And went to Charm him in another World.
Ccesar's just entring; Grief has now no
leisure.

Secure that Villain, as our pledge of safety
To grace th^tImperial Triumph. Sleep, blest
Pair,

Secure from humane Chance, long Ages out,
While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your
Tomb;

And Fame, to late Posterity, shall tell,⁵²⁰
No Lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well.

Rome] Qq 1, 2, Congreve; Roman Q 3, F.

E P I L O G U E

*P*Oets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,
 Have one sure Refuge left, and that's to rail;
 Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thundered through the Pit;
 And this is all their Equipage of Wit.
 We wonder how the Devil this difference grows,
 Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in Prose?
 For, 'Faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
 'Tis Civil War with their own Flesh and Blood.
 The Threadbare Author hates the gaudy Coat;
 And swears at the Gill Coach, but swears a Foot:
 For 'tis observ'd of every Scribling Man,
 He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
 Prunes up, and asks the Oracle his Glass,
 If Pink or Purple best become his Face.
 For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
 Nor likes your Wit just as you like his Plays;
 He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays.
 He does his best; and if he cannot please,
 Wou'd quietly sue out his Writ of Ease.⁰
 Yet, if he might his own Grand Jury call,
 By the fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.
 Let Caesar's Pow'r the Mens ambition move,
 But grace you him who lost the World for Love.
 Yet if some antiquated Lady say,
 The last Age is not Copy'd in his Play;
 Ileav'n help the Man who for that Face must drudge,
 Which only has the Wrinkles of a Judge,
 Let not the Young and Beauteous⁰ joyn with those;
 For shou'd you raise such numerous Hosts of Foes,
 Young Wits and Sparks he to his aid must call;
 'Tis more than one Man's work to please you all.

**Writ of Ease"] certificate' of discharge from employment.
 Beauteous] Beanteous F.**

THE
Man of Mode,
o R,
S^R Fopling Flutter.
A
COMEDY.

Acted at the Duke's *Theatre*.

By George *Etherege* Esq;.

LICENSED,

1676.

Roger

L'Estrange

Printed by F. Macock, for Henry *Heringman*, at the Sign of
the Blew *Amhor* in the Lower Walk of the
New *Exchange*, 1676.

Sir George Etherege (c. 1634-1691), courtier, diplomatist, rake and wit, is the real inventor of the comedy of manners. He frequented the gay court of Charles II, was a rake among the rakes, and depicted the life he knew. Moving in a world where morality and sentiment found no place he paints a picture frankly and brilliantly of life as he saw it.

His first play, *The Comical Revenge* (1664), was an odd melange of rimed heroic drama and crude comedy. This success he followed with *She wou'd if she cou'd* (Feb. 1667/8) which was a purer example of comedy but not so immediately successful. *Love in a Tub* (1671) was followed in 1675/6 by his masterpiece *The Man of Mode; or Sir Fopling Flutter*.

This play is a vivid picture of the life of his day. It has little plot, but it is a brilliant reflection of the men and manners of his circle. The absence of morals and abundance of wit and foppery which characterized that scintillating society are the essence of this comedy. There is strong evidence for the belief that Dorimant was intended as a portrait of the notorious Earl of Rochester: amongst other points of resemblance they shared the habit of quoting Waller.

The text follows the first edition quarto, 1676, except where noted to the contrary. Brett-Smith has pointed out that there are slight variations between different copies of the first edition, as exemplified by the B. M. and Bodleian examples. These copies have been fully collated and the variants are noted. The following have also been collated:—second edition quarto, 1684, third edition quarto, 1693, and the first collected works, 1704. This last is more modern in spelling and punctuation than the earlier quartos. Some examples of these differences are noted, but it would have overloaded the notes needlessly to give all variants. The text ignores the method of Q 1 which prints prose with verse divisions and capital line initials. See note, p. 353 l. 1.

Q 1 = First edition quarto, 1676 (B. M. P.B. 644. h. 35 and Bodleian Malone 107 (7)).

Q 2 = Second edition quarto, 1684 (A. E. M.).

Q 3 = Third edition quarto, 1693.

Works = First collected edition. *The Works of Sir George Etherege*, 1704. The play has its separate title-page dated 1703. (Hull U. C. PR 3432 A1).

O 1 = First octavo edition, 1711.

O 2 = Johnson's edition octavo, c. 1711.

Verity = *Works of Sir George Etherege*, ed. A. W. Verity.

Brett-Smith = *The Dramatic Works of Sir George Etherege*, 2 vols., ed. H. F. B. Brett-Smith.

TO HER
Royal Highness
THE
DUCHESS.⁰

Madam,

Poets however they may be modest otherwise, have always too good an opinion of what they write. The World when it sees this Play Dedicated to *Your Royal Highness*, will conclude, I have more than my share of that Vanity. But I hope the honour I have of belonging to You, will excuse my presumption. Tis the first thing I have product in Your Service, and my Duty obliges me to what my Choice durst not else have aspir'd.

I am very sensible, *Madam*, how much it is beholding⁰ to Your Indulgence, for the success it had in the Acting, and Your Protection will be no less fortunate to it in the Printing; for all are so ambitious of making their Court to You, that none can be severe to what you are pleas'd to favour.

This universal submission and respect is due to the greatness of Your Rank and Birth; but You have other Illustrious Qualities, which are much more ingaging. Those wou'd but dazle, did not these really charm the Eyes and Understandings of all who have the Happiness to approach You.

Authors on these occasions are never wanting to publish a particular of their Patrons⁰ Virtues and Perfections; but *Your Royal Highness*[^] are so eminently known, that did I follow their Examples, I should but paint those wonders here of which every one already has the Idea in his mind. Besides, I do not think it proper to aim at that in Prose, which is so glorious a subject for Verse; in which hereafter if I show more zeal than skill, it will not grieve me much, since I less passionately desire to be esteem'd a Poet, than to be thought,

Madam,

Your Royal Highnesses

*Most humble, most obedient,
and most faithful Servant,
George Etherege,*

Duchess] The Duchess of York.
Patrons] Patron's Works.

beholding] beholden Q 3. See p. 360 *infra*.

Prologue

By Sir Car Scroope Baronet.

Like Dancers on the Ropes poor Poets fare,
Most perish young, the rest in danger are;
This (one wou'd think) shou'd make our Authors wary,
But Gamester like the Giddy Fools miscarry.
A lucky hand or two so tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave off^o Play till they're undone.
With modest Fears a Muse does first begin,
Like a young Wench newly entic'd to Sin:
But tickl'd once with praise by her good Will,
The Wanton Fool wou'd never more lie still.
'Tis an old Mrs^o you'll meet here to night,
Whose charms you once have lookt on with delight.
But now of late such dirty Drabs have known yee,
A Muse o'th' better sort's asham'd to own you^o
Nature well drawn and Wit must now give place
To gawdy Nonsense and to dull Grimace;
Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much
That kind of Wit, for most of yours is such.
But I'm afraid that while to France we go,
To bring you home Fine Dresses, Dance, and Show^o
The Stage like you will but more Foppish grow. J
Of Foreign Wares why shou'd we fetch the scum, •
When we can be so richly serv'd at home?
For Heav'n be thank't 'tis not so wise an Age,
But your own Follies may supply the Stage.
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great Fear the soil
Should Barren grow by the too frequent toil;
While at your Doors are to be daily found,
Such loads of Dunghil^o to manure the ground.
'Tis by your Follies that we Players thrive,
As the Physicians by Diseases live.
And as each year some new distemper Reigns,
Whose friendly poison helps to increase^o their gains:
So among you, there starts up every day,
Some new unheard of Fool for us to Play.
Then for your own sakes be not too severe,
Nor what you all admire at home, Damn here.
Since each is fond of his own ugly Face,
Why shou'd you, when we hold it, break the Glass?

off] of Q 2.
you] yee Q 2; ye Q 3.
Dunghil] Dung-hill Qq 2, 3.

Mrs.] Mistress Q 3, Works.
Show] Q 1; Show: Qq 2, 3; Show; Works.
to increase] t'increase Qq 2, 3, Works.

Dramatis Personse.

M^r *Dorimant*,
M^r *Medley*,
Old *Bellair*, Gentlemen.
Young *Bellair*,
Sir *Fopling Flutter*,
Lady *Townley*,
Emilia,
Mrs. *Loveit*, Gentlewomen.
Bellinda,
Lady *Woodvil*, and
Harriet her Daughter,
Pert,
and Waiting Women.
Busy,
A *Shoomaker*.
An *Orange-woman*.
Three *Slovenly Bullies*.
Two *Chair-men*.
M^r *Smirk*, a *Parson*.
Handy, a *Valet de Chambre*
Pages, *Footmen*, &c.

THE MAN OF MODE,

OR,

S' Fopling Flutter,

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dressing Room, a Table Covered with a Toilet,⁰ Cloaths laid ready.

Enter Dorimant in his Goun and Slippers, with a Note in his hand made up, repeating Verses.

*Dor. Now for^o some Ages had the pride of Spain,
Made the Sun shine on half the World in vain.*

*[Then looking on the Note.
For Mrs. Loveit.*

What a dull insipid thing is a Billet doux written in cold blood, after the heat of the business is over? It is a Tax upon good nature which I have here been labouring to pay, and have done it, but with as much regret, as ever Fanatick paid the Royal Aid, or Church Duties; 'Twill have the same fate I know that all my notes to her have had of late, 'Twill not be thought kind enough. Faith Women are i'the right when they jealously examine our Letters, for in them we always first discover our decay of passion.—Hay!—Who waits!⁰—

Enter Handy.

Handy. Sir—

Dor. Call a Footman.

Handy. None of 'em are come yet.

Dor. Dogs! will they ever lie snoring a Bed till Noon.

Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir: if they're up, you indulge 'em so, they're ever poaching after Whores all the Morning.

Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his duty, the next Clap he gets, he shall rot for an example. What Vermin are those Chattering without?

Toilet] a set of toilet apparatus.
Now for ...] Waller, *Of a War with Spain.*
waits!] Q 1, Works; waits? Qq 2, 3.

Handy. Foggy⁰ Nan the Orange Woman, and swearing Tom the Shoemaker.

*Dor. Go; call in that over-grown Jade³⁰ with the Flasket⁰ of Guts before her, fruit is refreshing in a Morning.
It is not^o that I love you less*

*[Exit Handy.
Than when before your feet I lay.*

[Enter Or. Worn.
How now double Tripe, what news do you bring?

Or. Worn. News! Here's the best Fruit has come to Town t'year,⁰ Gad I was up before Four a Clock this morning, and bought all the Choice⁰ i'the Market.

Dor. The nasty refuse of your Shop.

Or. Worn. You need not make mouths⁰ at it, I assure you 'tis all cull'd⁰ ware.

Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their Walk to Totnam.

Or. Worn. Good or bad 'tis all one, I never knew you commend any thing, Lord wou'd the Ladies had heard you talk of 'em as I have done: here bid your Man give me an Angel.⁰

[Sets down the Fruit.

Dor. Give the Bawd^o her Fruit again.

Or. Worn. Well, on my Conscience, there never was the like of you. God's my life, I had almost forgot to tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman lately come to Town with her Mother, that is so taken with you.

Dor. Is she handsome?

[foggy] bloated.

[Flasket] basket.

It is not ...] Waller, *The Self-banished.*
t'year] this year. With to year cf. to-day. V. p. 601 *infra*.

[Choice] pick.

[mouths] grimaces.

[cull'd] selected, choice.

[Angel] a gold coin last minted by Charles I. Originally it was worth 8s. 8d., but in the seventeenth century its value was 10s.

[Bawd] A profession often combined with fruit selling. Cf. D'Urfey, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 222: "They Fat Bawds can inure, To sell Fruit, and Procure ..."

Or. Worn. Nay, Gad there are few finer Women I tell you but so, and a hugeous fortune they say. Here eat this Peach, it⁶⁰ comes from the Stone, 'tis better than any Newington⁰ y'have tasted.

Dor. This fine Woman Tie⁰ lay my life [taking the Peach] is some awkward ill fashion'd Country Toad, who not having above Four Dozen of black hairs on her head, has adorn'd her baldness with a large white Fruz,^o that she may look sparkishly in the Fore Front of the Kings⁰ Box, at an old Play.⁷⁰

Or. Worn. Gad you'd change your note quickly if you did but see her.

Dor. How came she to know me?

Or. Worn. She saw you yesterday at the Change, she told me you came and fool'd with the Woman at the next Shop.

Dor. I remember there was a Mask observ'd me indeed. Fool'd did she say?

Or. Worn. Ay, I vow she told me Twenty things you said too, and acted with head⁰ ⁸⁰ and with her body so like⁰ you——

Enter Medley.

Medley. Dorimant my Life, my Joy, my darling-Sin; how dost thou.

Or. Worn. Lord what a filthy trick these men⁰ have got of kissing one another!

[She spits.

Med. Why do you suffer this Cart-load of Scandal to come near you, and make your Neighbours think you so improvident to need a Bawd?

Or. Worn. Good now, we^o shall have⁹⁰ it, you did but want him to help you; come pay me for my Fruit.

Med. Make us thankful for it Huswife, Bawds are as much out of fashion as Gentlemen Ushers; none but old Formal Ladies

Newington] a variety of peach. B. Langley, *Pomona*: or, *The Fruit-Garden Illustrated*, 1729, p. 101: "The Smith's Newington . . . also called the Early Newington, is a very good Fruit, and great Bearer; its Pulp is firm and very like the Old Newington, but, much short of that most delicate Flavour which the Old Newington abounds with."

[I'e] l'II Qq 2, 3, Works.

Fruz] a frizzed mass of hair.

Kings] King's Qq 2, 3, Works.

head] Qq 1-3; her Head Works, followed by most later edd.

like] om. Works.

men . . . kissing] Cf. p. 300 1. 235 *infra*.

Ood now, we] Qq 1, 2; Good, now we Q 3, Works.

use the one, and none but Foppish old Stagers⁰ employ the other, Go you^o are an insignificant Brandy Bottle.

Dor. Nay, there you wrong her, three Quarts of Canary is her business.¹⁰⁰

Or. Worn. What you please Gentlemen.

Dor. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or. Worn. Hang him, there is^o not such another Heathen in the Town again, except it be the Shomaker without.

Med. I shall see you hold up your hand at the Bar next Sessions for Murder, Huswife; that Shomaker can take his Oath you are in Fee with the Doctors to sell green¹¹⁰ Fruit to the Gentry, that the Crudities may breed Diseases.

Or. Worn. Pray give me my Money.

Dor. Not a penny, when you bring the Gentlewoman hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

Or. Worn. The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman may be as honest⁰ as your Sisters⁰ for ought as I know. Pray pay me Mr. Dorimant, and do not abuse me so, I have¹²⁰ an honester way of living, you know it.

Med. Was there ever such, a resty^o Bawd?

Dor. Some Jades⁰ tricks she has, but she makes amends when, she's in good humour: Come, tell me the Ladies⁰ name, and Handy shall pay you.

Or. Worn. I must not, she forbid me.

Dor. That's a sure sign she wou'd have you.

Med. Where does she live?¹³⁰

Or. Worn. They lodge at my House.

Med. Nay, then she's in a hopeful way.

Or. Worn. Good Mr. Medley say your pleasure of me, but take heed how you affront my House, God's my life, in a hopeful wa}'!

Dor. Prithce peace, what kind of Woman's the Mother?

Or. Worn. A goodly grave Gentlewoman, Lord how she talks against the wild no young men o'the Town; as for your part she thinks you an Arrant Devil, shou'd she

Stagers] Strangers Works.

Oo you] Oo, you Qq 2, 3, Works.

there is] Q 1, Works; there's Qq 2, 3.

honest] chaste.

Sisters] Sister Works.

resty] restive.

Jades] Jade's Works.

Ladies] Qq 1, 2; Lady's Q 3, Works.

see you, on my Conscience she wou'd look if you had not a Cloven foot.

Dor. Does she know me?

Or. Worn. Only by hearsay, a Thousand horrid Stories have been told her of you, and she believes 'em all.

Med. By the Character, this should be the Famous Lady Woodvill, and her¹⁵⁰ Daughter *Harriet*.

Or. Worn. The Devil's in him for guessing I think.

Dor. Do you know 'em.

Med. Both very well, the Mother's a great admirer of the Forms and Civility⁰ of the last Age.

Dor. An antiquated beauty may be allow'd to be out of humour at the freedoms of the present. This is a good¹⁶⁰ account of the Mother, Pray what is the Daughter?

Med. Why, first she's an Heiress vastly rich.

Dor. And handsome?

Med. What alteration a Twelve-month may have bred in her I know not, but a year ago she was the beautifullest Creature I ever saw; a fine, easie, clean shape, light brown Hair in abundance; her Features¹⁷⁰ regular, her Complexion clear and lively, large wanton Eyes, but above all a mouth that has made me kiss it a thousand times in imagination, Teeth white and even, and pretty pouting Lips, with a little moisture ever hanging on them that⁰ look like the Province⁰ Rose fresh on the Bush, 'ere⁰ the Morning Sun has quite drawn up the dew.

Dor. Rapture, mecr Rapture!

Or. Worn. Nay, Gad he tells you true,¹⁸⁰ she's a delicate Creature.

Dor. Has she Wit?

Med. More than is usual in her Sex, and as much malice. Then she's as wild as you wou'd wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising.

Dor. Flesh and blood cannot hear this, and not long to know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her Mother bring her up to Town, an old doating¹⁹⁰

Civility] Q 1, Works; *Civilities* Qq 2, 3.

them that] Q 1; *them, that* Q 2, 3, Works.

Province Rose] an especially fine French rose, named after Provins, a town about 40 miles from Paris.

'ere] *e'er* Works.

Keeper cannot be more jealous of his Mistress.

Or. Worn. She made me laugh yesterday, there was a Judge came to visit 'em, and the old man she told me did so stare upon her, and when he saluted her smack'd so heartily; who wou'd think it of 'em?

Med. God a-mercy Judge.

Dor. Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe⁰ have not been wanting by²⁰⁰ their good Examples to countenance the crying⁰ sin o'the Natiaa.

Med. Come, on with your Trappings, 'tis later than you imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shomaker *Handy*.

Or. Worn. Good Mr.⁰ *Dorimant* pay me, Gad I had rather give you my Fruit than stay to be abus'd by that foul-mouth'd Rogue; What you Gentlemen say it matters not much, but such a dirty Fellow does²¹⁰ one more disgrace.

Dor. Give her Ten shillings, and be sure you tell the young Gentlewoman I must be acquainted with her.

Or. Worn. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty Creature. Well, Heavens mend you.

Med. Farewell Bogg⁰——[*Exit. Or. Woman and Handy.* 1 *Dorimant*, when did you see your *Pis aller* as you call her,²²⁰ Mrs. *Loveit*]

Dor. Not these two days.

Med. And how stand affairs between you?

Dor. There has been great patching of late, much ado: we⁰ make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty Spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all Conscience, I never knew so violent a Creature.²³⁰

Med. She's the most passionate in her Love, and the most extravagant in her Jealousie of any Woman I ever heard of. What Note is that?

Dor. An excuse I am going to send her for the Neglect I am guilty of.

Gentlemen of the long Robe] lawyers. Cf. p. 172 *infra*.

crying . . . Nation] cf. Dryden. *The Kind Keeper* (1677/8), Dedication: 'It was intended as an honest satire against our crying sin of *Keeping*.'

Good Mr.] Good, Mr. Q 2.

Bogg] bug, bugbear, object of horror.

much ado: we] *much Ado* we Qq 1, 2, Works; *with much Adoe* we Q 3.

Med. Prithe read it.

Dor. No, but if you will⁰ take the pains you may.

Medley reads:

Med. / never was a Lover of business,²⁴⁰
but now I have a just Reason to hate it,
since it has kept me these two days from
seeing you. I intend to wait upon you in the
Afternoon, and in the pleasure of your Con-
versation, forget all I have suffered during
this tedious absence. This business of yours
Dorimant has been with a Vizard at the
Playhouse, I have had an Eye on you. If
some malicious⁰ body shou'd betray you,
this kind note wou'd hardly make your²⁵⁰
peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, wou'd her knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Most infinitely; next to the coming to a good Understanding with a new Mis-
tress, I love a quarrel with an old one, but
the Devils⁰ in't, there has been such a
calm in my affairs of late, I have not had
the pleasure of making a Woman so²⁶⁰
much as break her Fan, to be sullen, or
forswear her self these three days.

Med. A very great Misfortune, let^o me
see, I love Mischief well enough, to forward
this business my self; I'll⁰ about it pres-
ently, and though I know the truth of what
y'ave done, will set her a raving, Tie
heighten it a little with Invention, leave
her in a fit o'the Mother,⁰ and be here
again before y'are ready.²⁷⁰

Dor. Pray stay, you may spare your self
the Labour, the business is undertaken al-
ready by one who will manage it with as
much address, and I think with a little
more Malice than you can.

Med. Who i'the Devils name can this be!

Dor. Why the Vizard, that very Vizard
you saw me with.

Med. Does she love mischief so well, as
to betray her self to spite another?²⁸⁰

Dor. Not so neither, *Medley*, I will make

you will] Q 1, Works; you'll Qq 2, 3.

malitious] Q 1; malicious Qq 2, 3, Works.

Devils] Q 1; Devil's Qq 2, 3, Works.

Misfortune, let] Qq 1, 2; Misfortune; let Q 3,
Works.

self; I'll] Q 3, Works; self I'll Qq 1, 2; self.
I'll Brett-Smith.

the Mother] hysteria.

you comprehend the mystery; this Masque
for a farther Confirmation of what I have
been these two days swearing to her, made
me yesterday at the Playhouse make her a
promise before her face, utterly to break
off with Loveit, and because she tenders⁰
my reputation, and wou'd not have me do
a barbarous thing, has contriv'd a way to
give me a handsom occasion.²⁹⁰

Med. Very good.

Dor. She intends about an hour before
me, this Afternoon, to make Loveit a visit,
and (having the priviledge by reason of a
profess'd Friendship between 'em to talk
of her Concerns)⁰

Med. Is she a Friend?

Dor. Oh, an intimate Friend!

Med. Better and better, pray proceed.

Dor. She means insensibly to insinuate³⁰⁰
a Discourse of me, and artificially raise her
Jealousie to such a height, that transported
with the first motions of her passion, she
shall fly upon me with all the Fury imagin-
able, as soon as ever I enter; the Quarrel
being thus happily begun⁰; I am to play my
part, confess and justify all my Roguery,
swear her impertinence and ill humour
makes her intolerable, tax her with the next
Fop that comes into my head, and in a³¹⁰
huff march away, slight her and leave her
to be taken by whosoever thinks it worth
his time to lie down before her.

Med. This Vizard is a spark, and has a
Genius that makes her worthy of your self,
Dorimant.

Enter Handy, Shoemaker, and Footman.

Dor. You Rogue there, who sneak like a
Dog that has flung down a Dish, if you do
not mend your waiting i'le uncuse you, and
turn you loose to the Wheel of Fortune.³²⁰
Handy, seal this and let him run with it
presently. [*Exit Handy and Footman.*]

Med. Since y'are resolv'd on a Quarrel,
why do you send her this kind note?

tenders] has regard for.

Concerns] Qq 1, 2. The absence of a full-stop
may denote an unfinished speech. Brett-Smith notes
Medley's "pray proceed" three lines below. Q 3
and Works may be right in putting the closing
bracket after 'em and a stop after *Concerns*.

imaginable, . . . enter; . . . begun;] Q 2 reads a
full-stop after *imaginable* and commas after *enter*
and *begun*. Q 3 has *imaginable, . . . enter. . . be-
gun*, and Works has *imaginable, . . . enter; . . . be-
gun*,

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the business. How now you drunken Sot?

[*To the Shoemaker.*

Shoom. 'Zbud, you have no reason to talk, I have not had a Bottle of Sack of yours in my Belly this Fortnight.

Med. The *Orange Woman* says, your³³⁰ Neighbours take Notice what a Heathen you are, and design to inform the Bishop, and have you burn'd for an Atheist.

Shoom. Damn her, Dunghill, if her Husband does not remove her, she stinks so, the Parish intend to indite⁰ him for a Nusance.

Med. I advise you like a Friend, reform your Life, you have brought the envy of the World upon you, by living above your self. Whoring and Swearing are Vices too³⁴⁰ gentle for a Shoemaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, I think you men of quality will grow as unreasonable as the Women; you wou'd ingross⁰ the sins o'the Nation; poor Folks can no sooner be wicked, but th'are⁰ rail'd at by their Betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you stand i'the Pillory for this Libel.

Shoom. Some of you deserve it, I'm sure, there are so many of 'em, that our³⁵⁰ Journeymen now adays instead of harmless Ballads, sing nothing but your damn'd Lam-poons.

Dor. Our Lampoons you Rogue?

Shoom. Nay, Good Master, why shou'd not you write your own Commentaries as well as *Ccesarf*

Med. The *Raskal's* read, I perceive.

Shoom. You know the old Proverb, *Ale* and *History*.⁰³⁶⁰

Dor. Draw on my Shoes, Sirrah.

Shoom. Here's a Shooe.

Dor. Sits with more wrinkles than there are in an Angry Bullies Forehead.

Shoom. 'Zbud, as smooth as your Mistresses⁰ skin does upon her, so, strike your foot in home. 'Zbud if e're a Monsieur of

'em all make more fashionable Ware, I'll be content to have⁰ my Ears whip'd off with my own paring Knife.³⁷⁰

Med. And serv'd up in a Ragoust, instead of Coxcombs to a Company of French Shoemakers for a Collation.

Shoom. Hold, hold, damn 'em Catterpillars, let 'em feed upon Cabbage; Come Master, your health this Morning next⁰ my heart now.

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your Family better; Do not let your Wife follow you to the Alehouse, beat your Whore,³⁸⁰ and lead you Home in Triumph.

Shoom. 'Zbud, there's never a man i'the Town lives more like a Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do. I never mind her motions, she never inquires into mine, we speak to one another Civilly, hate one another heartily, and because 'tis vulgar to lie and soak together, we have each of us our several Settle-bed.

Dor. Give him half a Crown.³⁹⁰

Med. Not without he will promise to be bloody⁰ drunk.

Shoom. Tope's the word i'the Eye of the World⁰ for my Masters honour *Robin*.

Dor. Do not debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

Shoom. I only tip him the wink, he knows an Alehouse from a Hovil.

[*Exit Shoemaker.*

Dor. My Cloaths quickly.

Med. Where shall we dine to day?

[*Enter Bellair.*

Dor. Where you will; here comes a⁴⁰⁰ good third man.

Bell. Your Servant Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir; how will you answer this Visit to your honourable Mistress? 'tis not her interest you shou'd keep Company with men of sence, who will be talking reason.

to have] t'have Works.

Morning next] Morning! next Brett-Smith, who, compares *Comical Revenge*, I. li: "Oh, drink, drink! thou art a vile enemy to the civillest sort of courteous ladies.—(*Enter Jenny* . . .) Oh Jenny, next my heart!" It seems to mean "I drink with my hand on my heart."

bloody] probably the original sense and usage of this word as an expletive: drunk as a blood, i.e., an aristocratic rowdy, or as we say, 'drunk as a lord.'

Tope's . . . *World]* *tope* is the fashionable word. A dash after *World* would help the rest of the sentence. Evidently, from the next two speeches, the Shoemaker makes a sign suggesting a drink.

indite] indict Qq 2, 3, Works.

ingross] monopolize.

th'are] Qq 1, 2; *they're* Q 3, Works.

Ale and History] Apperson, *English Proverbs*, gives two earlier examples of the phrase, but cannot identify the proverb. The significance may be that ale renders one talkative and thus stimulates the narrative art. The Shoemaker playing on the phrase explains that he drinks enough to be a good historian and thus knows all about Ca'sar's *Com' tentaries*.

Mistresses] *Mistress's* Works.

Bell. I do not fear her pardon, do you but grant me yours, for my neglect pf.late.

Med. Though y'ave made us miserable⁴¹⁰ by the Want of your good Company; to show you I am free from all resentment, may the beautiful cause of our misfortune, give you all the Joys happy Lovers have shar'd ever since the World began.

Bell. You wish me in Heaven, but you believe me on my Journey to Hell.

Med. You have a good strong Faith, and that may contribute much towards your Salvation. I confess I am but of an unto-⁴²⁰ward⁰ constitution, apt to have Doubts and scruples, and in Love they are no less distracting than in Religion; were I so near Marriage, I shou'd cry out by Fits as I ride in my Coach, Cuckold, Cuckold, with no less fury than the mad Fanatick⁰ does Glory in *Bethlem*.

Bell. Because Religion makes some run mad, must I live an Atheist?

Med. Is it not great indiscretion for a⁴³⁰ man of Credit, who may have money enough on his Word, to go and deal with Jews; who for little sums make men enter into Bonds, and give Judgments?

Bell. Preach no more on this Text, I am determin'd, and there is no hope of my Conversion.

Dor. Leave your unnecessary fiddling; a Wasp that's buzzing about a Mans⁰ Nose at Dinner, is not more troublesome than⁴⁴⁰ thou art.

[To Handy who is fiddling about him.⁰

Hand. You love to have your⁰ Cloaths hang just, Sir.

Dor. I love to be well dress'd Sir: and think it no scandal to my understanding.

Hand. Will you use the Essence or Orange Flower Water?

Dor. I will smell as I do to day, no offence to the Ladies Noses.

Hand. Your pleasure Sir.⁴⁵⁰

Dor. That a mans excellency should lie in neatly tying of a Ribbond, or a Crevat!

untoward] Q 1, Works; outward Qq 2, 3.

mad Fanatick] Refers to Oliver Cromwell's Porter. Brett-Smith cites several similar allusions to the dialogue in Bedlam in which Cromwell's Porter opens with "O Glory! Glory!" A poem in which it occurs is in a collection, *A Second Collection of . . . Poems . . . Against Popery*, 1689.

Mans] Qq 1, 2; Man's Q 3, Works.

[To Handy . . . him] After Wasp Q 3.

your] you Works.

how careful's nature in furnishing the World with necessary Coxcombs!

Bell. That's a mighty pretty Suit of yours *Dorimant*.

Dor. I am glad 't has your approbation.

Bell. No man in Town has a better fancy in his Cloaths than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an opin-⁴⁶⁰ion of my Genius.

Med. There is a great Critick I hear in these matters lately arriv'd piping hot from *Paris*.

Bell. Sir *Fopling Flutter* you mean.

Med. The same.

Bell. He thinks himself the Pattern of modern Gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the pattern of modern⁴⁷⁰ Foppery.

Med. He was Yesterday at the Play, with a pair of Gloves up to his Elbows, and a Periwig more exactly Curl'd then⁰ a Ladies⁰ head newly dress'd for a Ball.

Bell. What a pretty lisp he has!

Dor. Ho that he affects in imitation of the people of Quality of^o *France*.

Med. His head stands for the most part on one side, and his looks are more languishing than a Ladys when she loll's⁰ at⁴⁸⁰ stretch in her Coach, or leans her head carelessly against the Side of a Box i'the Playhouse.

Dor. He is a person indeed of great acquir'd Follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholding⁰ to his Education for making him so eminent a Coxcomb; many a Fool had been lost to the World, had their indulgent Parents wisely bestow'd neither Learning nor⁴⁹⁰ good breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the sparkish⁰ word is, Brisk⁰ upon the Ladies already, he was yesterday at my Aunt *Townleys*, and gave Mrs. *Loveit* a Catalogue of his good Qualities, under the Character of a Compleat Gentleman, who according to Sir *Fopling*, ought to dress well, Dance well, Fence well, have a genius for Love Letters, an agreeable voice for a Chamber, be very⁵⁰⁰

then] Qq 1, 2; than Q 3, Works.

Ladies] Qq 1, 2; Lady's Q 3, Works.

off] in Works.

loll's] Qq 1, 2; lolls Q 3, Works.

beholding] beholden Works.

sparkish] modish.

Brisk] pert.

Amorous, something discreet, but not over Constant.

Med. Pretty Ingredients to make an accomplisht Person.

Dor. I am glad he pitcht upon *Loveit*.

Bell. How so?

Dor. I wanted a Fop to lay to her Charge, and this is as pat as may be.

Bell. I am confident she loves no man but you. ⁵¹⁰

Dor. The good fortune were enough to make me vain, but that I am in my nature modest.

Bell. Hark you *Dorimant*,^o with your leave Mr. *Medley*, 'tis only a secret concerning a fair Lady.

Med. Your good breeding Sir gives you too much trouble, you might have whisper'd with out all this Ceremony.

Bell. How stand your affairs with ⁵²⁰
Bellinda of late? [*To Dorimant.*

Dor. She's a little Jilting Baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her false enough, but she's ne're the worse for your purpose; she was with you yesterday in a disguise at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak to one another more.

Bell. The Occasion?

Dor. Want of Courage to meet me at wo the place appointed. These young Women apprehend loving, as much as the young men do fighting at first; But once enter'd,^o like them too, they all turn Bullies straight.

[*Enter Handy to Bellair.*

Handy. Sir: Your man without desires to speak with you.

Bell. Gentlemen, I'll^e return immediately. [*Exit Bellair.*

Med. A very pretty Fellow this.

Dor. He's Handsome, well bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young ⁵⁴⁰ men that do not abound in wit.

Med. Ever well dress'd, always complaisant, and seldom impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate I see.

Dor. It is our mutual interest to be so; it makes the Women think the better of his Understanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation; it makes him pass upon some for a man of very good

sense, and I upon others for a very civil ⁵⁵⁰ person.

Med. What was that whisper?

Dor. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I did not think it fit to tell him; it might have frighted him from his honourable Intentions of Marrying.

Med. *Emilia*, give her her due, has the best reputation of any young Woman about the Town; who has beauty enough to provoke detraction; her Carriage is unaf- ⁵⁶⁰ fected, her discourse modest, not at all censorious, nor pretending like the Counterfeits of the Age.

Dor. She's a discreet Maid, and I believe nothing can corrupt her but a Husband.

Med. A Husband?

Dor. Yes, a Husband; I have known many Women make a difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who have afterwards made ⁵⁷⁰ none of making^o a Cuckold.

Med. This prudent consideration I am apt to think has made you confirm poor *Bellair* in the desperate resolution he has taken.

Dor. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in the state she was in, has made me by^o my Advice, contribute something towards the changing of her condition. [*Enter Bellair.*] Dear *Bellair*, by Heavens I thought we had lost thee; men in love are never to be reckon'd on when we ⁵⁸⁰ wou'd form a Company.

Bell. *Dorimant*, I am undone, my man has brought the most surprising news i'the World.

Dor. Some strange misfortune is befall your love.^o

Bell. My Father came to Town last night, and lodges i'the very House where *Emilia* lies.

Med. Does he know it is with her you ⁵⁹⁰ are in love?

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without some officious Sot has betray'd me.

Dor. Your Aunt *Townly* is your Confidant,^o and favours the business.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill office from her. I have receiv'd a Letter, in which

making] om. Works.

me by] Qq 1, 2; me, by Q 3, Brett-Smith; him by Works.

love] lovett Brett-Smith.

Confidant] Confident Qq 2, 3, Works.

Hark . . . Dorimant] a whispered aside.

enter'd] started. Cf. p. 128 *infra*.

Vie] i'te Q 1; I'll Qq 2, 3, Works.

I am commanded by my Father to meet him at my Aunts⁰ this Afternoon; he wo tells me farther he has made a match for me, and bids me resolve to be obedient to his Will, or expect to be disinherited.

Med. Now's your Time, *Bellair*, never had Lover such an opportunity of giving a generous proof of his passion.

Bell. As how I pray?

Med. Why hang an Estate, marry *Emilia* out of hand, and provoke your Father to do what he threatens; Tis but despising ~~eo~~ a Coach, humbling your self to a pair of Goloshoes, being out of countenance when you meet your Friends, pointed at and pityed wherever⁰ you go by all the Amorous Fops that know you, and your fame will be immortal.

Bell. I cou'd find in my heart to resolve not to marry at all.

Dor. Fie, fie, that would spoil a good jeast, and disappoint the well-natur'd ~~60~~ Town of an occasion of laughing at you.

Bell. The storm I have so long expected, hangs ore^o my head, and begins to pour down upon me; I am on the Rack, and can have no rest till I'm satisfyed in what I fear; where do you dine?

Dor. At Longs, or Lockets.⁰

Med. At Longs let it be.

Bell. Vie run and see *Emilia*, and inform my self how matters stand; if my mis- ~~eo~~ fortunes are not so great as to make me unfit for Company, Tie be with you.

[Exit *Bellair*.

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

Footm. Here's a Letter Sir.

[To *Dorimant*.

Dor. The Superscription's right; For Mr. *Dorimant*.

Med. Let's see; the^o very scrawl and spelling of a true bred Whore.

Dor. I know the hand, the stile is admirable I assure you.

Med. Prethee read it. ⁶⁴⁰

Dor. Reads.

I told a you you dud not love me, if you

Aunts] Qq 1, 2; *Aunt's* Q 3, *Works*.
wherever] *where-ever* Qq 2, 3, *Works*.
ore] Q 1; *o're* Qq 2, 3; *o'er* *Works*.
Longs, or Lockets] two fashionable eating-houses.
see; the] *Brett-Smith*; *see the* Qq 1, 2, 3; *see, the* *Works*.

dud, you wou'd have seen me again e're now; I have no money and am very Malli-colly; Pray send me a Gynnie to see the Operies.

Your Servant to Command,
Molly.

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable Answer, that she may spark it in a Box, and do honour to her profession. ⁶⁵⁰

Dor. She shall; and perk up i'the face of quality. Is The Coach at Door?

Hand. You did not bid me send for it.

Dor. Eternal Blockhead!

[*Handy offers to go out.*

Hay Sot.—

Hand. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no just exception to the name, Sir?

Hand. I have sense, Sir.

Dor. Not so much as a Fly in Win- ⁶⁶⁰
ter:—How did you come *Mcdly*?

Med. In a Chair!

Footm. You may have a Hackney Coach if you please, Sir.

Dor. I may ride the Elephant if I please, Sir; Call another Chair, and let my Coach follow to Longs.

Be calm ye great Parents, &c.

[*Ex. singing.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter my Lady Townly, and Emilia.

Lady Townly. I was afraid *Emilia*, all had been discover'd.

Emit. I tremble with the Apprehension still.

Town. That my Brother should take Lodgings i'the very House where you lie.

Emit. 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn the People to be secret, he seems to be a mighty good humour'd old man.

Town. He ever had a notable smerking ¹⁰
 way with him.

Emit. He calls me Rogue, tells me he can't abide me; and does so bepat me.

Town. On my word you are much in his favour then.

Emil. He has been very inquisitive I am told about my Family, my reputation, and my Fortune.

Town. I am confident he does not i'the least suspect you are the Woman his Son's 20 in Love with.

Emil. What shou'd make him then inform himself so particularly of me?

Town. He was always of a very Loving Temper himself; it may be he has a doating Fit upon him, who knows.

Emil. It cannot be.

[Enter Young Bel lair.

Town. Here comes my Nephew. Where did you leave your Father?

Y. Bell. Writing a Note within, *Emilia*,⁰ a> this early visit looks as if some kind Jcalousie wou'd not let you rest at home.

Emil. The knowledge I have of my Rival, gives me a little cause to fear your Constancy.

Y. Bell. My Constancy! I vow——

Emil. Do not vow——Our love is frail as is our life, and full as little in our power, and are you sure you shall out-live this day⁴⁰ ?

Y. Bell. I am not, but when we are in perfect health, 'twere an idle thing to fright our selves with the thoughts of sudden death.

Town. Pray what has pass'd⁰ between you and your Father i'the Garden.⁰

Y. Bell. He's firm in his resolution, tells me I must marry Mrs. *Harriet*, or swears hee'l⁰ marry himself, and disinherit me, when⁰ I saw I could not prevail with him⁵⁰ to be more indulgent, I dissembled an Obedience to his Will, which has compos'd his passion, and will give us time, and I hope opportunity to receive him.

[Enter Old Bellair, with a Note in his hand.

Town. Peace, here he comes.

Old Bell. *Harry*, take this, and let your man carry it for me to Mr. *Fourbes*⁰ Chamber, my Lawyer i'the⁰ Temple. Neighbour, a Dod I am glad to see thee here, [To *Emilia*.] make much of her Sister,⁰ she's⁶⁰ one of the best of your acquaintance; I like her Countenance and her behaviour well,

within, *Emilia*] Q 1; within; *Emilia* Qq 2, 3; within. *Emilia* Works.

pass'd] Q 1, Works; past Qq 2, 3.

Garden.] Q 1, Works; Garden? Qq 2, 3.

hee'l] Q 1; he'll Qq 2, 3, Works.

me, when] Q 1; me. When Qq 2, 3; me; when Works.

Fourbes] Qq 1, 2; Fourbes's Q 3, Works. Cf. p. 336 l. 218 *infra*.

Lawyer i' the] Lawyer, i' the Works.

her Sister] her, Sister Works, Brett-Smith.

she has a Modesty that is not Common i'this Age, a Dod, she has.

Town. I know her value Brother, and esteem her accordingly.

Old Bell. Advise her to wear a little more mirth in her Face, a Dod she's too serious.

Town. The fault is very excusable in a young Woman.⁷⁰

Old Bell. Nay, a Dod, I like her ne're the worse, a melancholy Beauty has her Charms, I love a pretty sadness in a Face which varies Now and Then, like changeable Colours, into a smile.

Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly Brother.

Old Bell. I am but Five and Fifty Sister you know, an Age not altogether unsensible! cheer up sweet Heart; [To *Emilia*.⁸⁰ I have a secret to tell thee may chance to make thee merry, we three will make Collocation together anon, i' the mean time Mum, I can't abide you, go I can't Abide you——*Harry*, Come you [Enter Young Bellair. must along with me to my Lady *Woodvills*. I am going to slip the Boy at⁰ a Mistress.

Y. Bell. At a Wife Sir, you wou'd say.

Old Bell. You need not look so glum,⁹⁰ Sir, a Wife is no Curse when she brings the blessing of a good Estate with her, but an idle Town Flurt, with a painted Face, a rotten Reputation, and a crasie Fortune, a Dod is the Devil and all, and such a one I hear you are in League with.

Y. Bell. I cannot help detraction, Sir.

Old Bell. Out, a pise⁰ o' their Breeches, there are keeping Fools⁰ enough for such flaunting Baggages, and they are e'ne¹⁰⁰ too good for 'em. Remember Night, go y'are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue; [To *Emilia*, fare you well, fare you well; come, come, come along, Sir. [Ex. Old and Y. Bellair.

Town. On my Word the old man comes on apace; I'll lay my life he's smitten.

Emilia. This is nothing but the pleasantness of his humour.

slip . . . at] a hunting term: to let slip a hound at the quarry.

glum] grum Works. Cf. p. 206 *infra*.

pise] of doubtful origin: equivalent to a pest or a pox upon.

keeping Fools] Fools who keep mistresses. Cf. p. 117 l. 202 *supra* and p. 468 *infra*.

e'ne] Qq 1, 2; e'en Q 3, Works.

Town. I know him better than you, let it work, it may prove lucky.¹¹⁰

{•Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. *Medley* has sent to know whether a Visit will not be Trouble-some this Afternoon?

Town. Send him word his visits never are so.

Emilia. He's a very pleasant man.

Town. He's a very necessary man among us Women; he's not scandalous i'the least, perpetually contriving to bring good Company together, and always ready to stop¹²⁰ up a gap at Ombre, Then he knows all the little news o'the° *Town*.

Emilia. I love to hear him talk o' the Intrigues, let 'em° be never so dull in themselves, he'l make 'em pleasant i'the relation.

Town. But he improves things so much one can take no Measure of the Truth from him. Mr. *Dorimant* swears a Flea or a Maggot, is° not made more monstrous° by a magnifying Glass, than a story is by his¹³⁰ telling it.

Emilia. Hold, here he comes.

[Enter *Medley*.

Town. Mr. *Medley*.

Med. Your Servant Madam.

Town. You have made your self a Stranger of late.

Emilia. I believe you took a surfeit of Ombre last time you were here.

Med. Indeed I had my Belly full of that Tarmagant Lady Dealer; there never was¹⁴⁰ so unsatiable a Carder, an old Gleeker° never lov'd to sit to't like her; I have plaid with her now at least a dozen times, till she'as worn out all her fine Complexion, and her Tour° wou'd keep in Curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not poor Woman, she loves nothing so well as a black Ace.

Med. The pleasure I have seen her in when she has had hope in drawing for a¹⁵⁰ Matadore°.

Emilia. Tis as pretty sport to her, as

o' the] Q 1, Works; V the Qq 2, 3.

'em] them Q 3.

Maggot, is] Maggot is Qq 2, 3, Works.

monstrous] Qq 1, 3; monstrous Q 2; monst'rous Works.

Gleeker] trickster.

Tour] cf. p. 184 *infra*.

Matadore] the principal cards in certain gñines, e.g., ombre.

perswading Masks off is to you to make discoveries.

Town. Pray where's your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant*?

Med. Soliciting° his affairs, he's a man of great Employment, has more Mistresses now depending than the most eminent Lawyer in England has Causes.¹⁶⁰

Emilia. Here has been Mrs. *Loveit*, so uneasie and out of humour these two days.

Town. HQW strangely love and Jealousie rage in that poor Woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil upon Earth so proper to Torment her, has° made her break a dozen or two of Fans already, tare° half a score Points° in pieces, and destroy Hoods and Knots° without number.¹⁷⁰

Town. We heard of a pleasant Serenade he gave her tother° Night.

Med. A Danish Serenade with Kettle Drums, and Trumpets.

Emilia. Oh Barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies whose Ears are grown so delicate since our Operas, you can be charm'd with nothing but Flute doux,° and French Ho-boys.¹⁸⁰

Emilia. Leave your raillery, and tell us, is there any new Wit come forth, Songs or Novels?

Med. A very pretty piece of gallantry, by an eminent Author, call'd *the diversion*° of *Bruxells*, very necessary to be read by all old Ladies who are desirous to improve themselves at Questions and Commands, Blindmans buff, and the like fashionable recreations.¹⁹⁰

Emilia. Oh Ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the Art of affectation, written by a late beauty of Quality, teaching you how to draw up your Breasts, stretch up your neck, to thrust out your Breech,° to play with your Head, to toss up your Nose, to bite your Lips, to turn up your Eyes, to speak in a silly soft tone of a

Soliciting] prosecuting, busy about.

her, has] Qq 1, 2; her; h'as Q 3, Brett -Smith; her, he has Works, Verity. Cf. p. 129 1. 345 *infra*.

tare] tear Works.

Points] kerchiefs made of point lace.

Knots] bows.

tother] t'other Qq 2, 3, Works.

Flute HOUT] Flutes donees were a kind of flute to which a whistle mouthpiece was attached.

thrust . . . Breech] cf. p. 298 1. 119 *infra*.

Voice, and use all the Foolish French Words that will infallibly make your person and²⁰⁰ Conversation charming, with a short apologie at the latter end, in the behalf of young Ladies, who notoriously wash,⁰ and paint, though they have naturally good Complexions.

Emilia. What a deal of stuff you tell us?

Med. Such as the Town affords Madam. The *Russians* hearing the great respect we have for Foreign Dancing,⁰ have lately sent over some of their best Balladins,⁰ who²¹⁰ are now practising a famous Ballat which will be suddenly⁰ dane'd at the *Bear-Garden*.⁰

Town. Pray forbear your idle stories, and give us an account of the state of Love, as it now stands.

Mid. Truly there has been some revolutions in those Affairs, great chopping and changing among the old, and some new Lovers, whom malice, Indiscretion, and $\mathbb{W}$ misfortune, have luckily brought into play.

Toum. What think you of walking into the next Room, and sitting down before you engage in this business?

Med. I wait upon you, and I hope (though Women are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of Scandal I shall discover, to give you very good Content Ladies.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Loveit and Pert.

Mrs. Loveit putting up a Letter, then pulling out her pocket Glass, and looking in it.

Loveit. *Pert.*

Pert. Madam.

Loveit. I hate my self, I look so ill to day.

Pert. Hate the wicked cause on't, that base man Mr. *Dorimant*, who makes you torment and vex your self continually.

Loveit. He is to blame indeed.

wash] use cosmetics.

Foreign Dancing] a satirical reference to the fashionable invasion of the stage by dancers.

Balladins] theatrical dancers.

suddenly] soon, shortly.

Bear-Garden] a place of entertainment on Bank-side. Pepys mentions several visits to watch bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and prize-fighting with swords. The sport and the audience were banal, but Pepys declares himself 'mightily pleased.'

Pert. To blame to be two days without sending, writing, or coming near you,¹⁰ contrary to his Oath and Covenant; 'Twas to much Purpose to make him swear; I'll lay my Life there's not an Article but he has Broken, talk'd to the Vizards i'the Pit, waited upon the Ladies from the Boxes to their Coaches; gone behind the Scenes, and fawn'd upon those little insignificant Creatures, the Players; 'tis impossible for a man of his inconstant temper to forbear I'm sure. 20

Lov. I know he is^o a Devil, but he has something of the Angel yet undefae'd in him, which makes him so charming and agreeable, that I must love him be he never so wicked.

Pert. I little thought Madam to see your spirit laim'd^o to this degree, who banish'd poor Mr. *Lackwit* but for taking up another Ladies⁰ Fan in your presence.

Loveit. My knowing of such odious³⁰ Fools, contributes to the making of me Love *Dorimant* the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. *Dorimant*, in my mind, shou'd rather make you hate all mankind.

Loveit. So it does, besides himself.

Pert. Pray, what excuse does he make in his Letter?

Loveit. He has had business.

Pert. Business in general terms wou'd⁴⁰ not have been a currant excuse for another; a Modish Man is always very busie when he is^o in pursuit of a new Mistress.

Loveit. Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him; he had business, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing, but I shall never forgive him his turning me into Ridicule, as I hear he does.

Loveit. I perceive you are of the num-⁵⁰ber of those Fools his Wit had^o made his Enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of those he's pleas'd to railly,⁰ Madam; and if we may believe Mr. *Wagfan*, and Mr. *Caperwell*, he sometimes makes merry with your self too, among his Laughing Companions.

he is] Q 1, Works; *he's* Qq 2, 3.

tam'd] *tamed* Qq 2, 3, Works.

Ladies] Qq 1, 2; *Lady's* Q 3, Works.

he is] Q 1. Works; *he's* Qq 2, 3.

had] Qq 1-3; *has* Works, Verity. Brett-Smith.

railly] *rally* Works. Variant spellings. Cf. p. 559.

Loveit. Blockheads are as malicious to witty men, as ugly Women are to the handsome; 'tis their Interest, and they, make⁶⁰ it their business to defame 'em.

Pert. I wish Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make it his business to defame you.

Loveit. Shou'd he, I had rather be made infamous by him, than owe my reputation to the dull Discretion of those Fops you talk off.^o *Bellinda!* [running to her.

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. My Dear.

Loveit. You have been unkind of late.

Bell. Do not say unkind, say unhappy!⁷⁰

Loveit. I cou'd chide you, where have you been these two days?

Bell. Pitty me rather my dear, where I have been so tired with two or three Country Gentlewomen, whose conversation has been more unsufferable than a Country Fiddle.

Loveit. Are they Relations?

Bell. No, Welch acquaintance I made when I was last year at St. *Winefreds*,⁸⁰ they have asked me a thousand Questions of the Modes and Intrigues of the Town, and I have told 'em almost as many things for news that hardly were so, when their Gowns were in Fashion.

Loveit. Provoking Creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em?⁹⁰

Bell. Now to carry on my Plot, nothing but love cou'd make me capable of so much falshood; [*Aside.*] Tis time to begin, lest⁹⁰ *Dorimant* shou'd come before her Jealousie has stung her; [*Laughs and then speaks on.* I was yesterday at a Play with 'em, where I was fain to shew 'em the living, as the Man at *Westminster* does the dead; that is Mrs. such a one admired for her Beauty, this is Mr. such a one cry'd up for a Wit; that is sparkish Mr. such a one who keeps reverend Mrs. such a one, and there sits fine Mrs. such a one who was lately cast¹⁰⁰ off by my Lord such a one.

Loveit. Did you see *Dorimant* there?

Bell. I did, and imagine you were there with him, and have no mind to own it.

Loveit. What shou'd make you think so?

Bell. A Lady mask'd in a pretty disabillie' whom *Dorimant* entertain'd with

offl of Q 3. Cf. p. 128 *infra*,
em] e'm Q 1.

more Respect, than the Gallants do a Common Vizard.

Loveit. *Dorimant* at the Play enter-¹¹⁰
taining a Mask, oh Heaven's! [*Aside.*

Bell. Good. [*Aside.*

Loveit. Did he stay all the while?

Bell. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her out, which confirms me it was you!

Loveit. Traytor!

Pert. Now you may believe he had business, and you may forgive him too.

Loveit. Ingratelul perjur'd man!

Bell. You seem so much concern'd my¹²⁰
Dear, I fear I have told you unawares what I had better have conceal'd for your Quiet.

Loveit. What manner of shape had she?

Bell. Tall and slender, her motions were very gentle, certainly she must be some person of condition.

Loveit. Shame and confusion be ever in her face when she shows it.

Bell. I should blame your discretion for loving that wild man my Dear, but they¹³⁰ say he has a way so bewitching, that few can defend their hearts who know him.

Loveit. I will tear him from mine, or die i'the attempt.

Bell. Be more moderate.

Lov. Wou'd I had Daggers, Darts, or poyson'd Arrows in my Breast, so I cou'd but remove the thoughts of him from thence.

Bell. Fie, fie, your transports are too¹⁴⁰
Violent, my Dear. This may be but an accidental Gallantry, and 'tis likely ended at her Coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your comfort be, the Conduct Mr. *Dorimant* affects, will quickly make you know your Rival, ten to one let you see her ruin'd, her reputation expos'd to the Town, a happiness none will envy her but your self¹⁵⁰ Madam.

Loveit. Who e're^o she be, all the harm I wish her, is, may she love him as well as I do, and may he give her as much cause to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your Curse Madam!

Loveit. May all the passions that are rais'd by neglected Love, Jealousie, Indignation, Spight, and Thirst of Revenge, eter-
Who e're] Qq 1, 2; Whoe'er Q 3; Who e'er Works.

nally rage in her Soul, as they do now in ¹⁶⁰ mine.

[Walks up and down with a distracted air.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. Dorimant——

Loveit. I will not see him.

Page. I told him you were within, Madam.

Loveit. Say you ly'd, say I'm busie, shut the door; say any thing.

Page. He's here Madam.

[Enter Dorimant.

Dor. They taste⁰ of death who do at Heaven arrive,

But we this Paradise approach alive.

What dancing⁰ the Galloping Nag with-¹⁷⁰ out a Fiddle?

[To Loveit.

[Offers to catch her by the hand, she flings away and walks on.

I fear this restlessness of the body, Madam, *[pursuing her.]* proceeds from an unquietness of the mind. What unlucky accident puts you out of Humour; a Point ill—wash'd, Knots spoiPd i'the making up, Hair shaded awry, or some other little mistake in setting you in order?

Pert. A trifle in my opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable than any you mention.¹⁸⁰

Dor. Oh Mrs. *Pert*, I never knew you sullen enough to be silent, come let me know the business.

Pert. The business, Sir, is the business that has taken you up these two days; how have I seen you laugh at men of business, and now to become a man of business your self!

Dor. We are not Masters of our own affections, our Inclinations daily alter; now¹⁹⁰ we love pleasure, and anon we shall doat on business; humane Frailty will have it so, and who can help it;°

Loveit. Faithless, inhumane, barbarous man——

Dor. Good, now the Alarm strikes——

Loveit. Without sense of Love, of Honour, or of Gratitude, tell me, for I will know, what Devil mask'd she was, you were with at the Play yesterday?²⁰⁰

They taste . . . 1 Waller, *Of her Chamber.*

What dancing] What, dancing Q 2.

it;] Q 1; it Qq 2, 3; it. Works.

Dor. Faith I resolv'd as much as you, but the Devil was obstinate, and wou'd not tell me.

Loveit. False in this as in your Vows to me, you do know!⁰

Dor. The truth is I did all I cou'd to know.

Loveit. And dare you own it to my Face;⁰ Hell and Furies!

[Tears her Fan in pieces.

Dor. Spare your Fan, Madame, you are²¹⁰ growing hot, and will want it to cool you.

Loveit. Horror and distraction seize you, Sorrow and Remorse gnaw your Soul, and punish all your Perjuries to me——

[Weeps.

Dor. So Thunder breaks the Cloud⁰ in Twain,

And makes a passage for the Rain.

[Turning to Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd this storm; you were at the Play yesterday,

[To Bellinda.

and have been making discoveries to your Dear.²²⁰

Bell. Y'are the most mistaken Man i'the World.

Dor. It⁰ must be so, and here I vow revenge; resolve to pursue, and persecute you more impertinently than ever any Loving Fop did his Mistress, hunt you i'the Park, trace you i'the Mail,⁰ Dog you in every visit you make, haunt you at the Plays, and i'the Drawing Room, hang my Nose in your neck, and talk to you whether you will²³⁰ or no, and ever look upon you with such dying Eyes, till your Friends grow Jealous of me, send you out of Town, and the World suspect your reputation. *[In a lower voice.]* At my *[He looks kindly on Bellinda.]* Lady Townley's when we go from hence.

Bell. Tie meet you there.

Dor. Enough.

Loveit. Stand off, you sha' not stare²⁴⁰ upon her so. *[Pushing Dorimant away.*

Dor. Good! There's one made Jealous already.

me, you do know!] me! you do Know. Works.

Face;] Fare? Qq 2, 3, Works.

Cloud J Q 1, Works; Clouds Qq 2, 3.

It] 1 Works.

the Maill the Mall.

Loveit. Is this the constancy you vow'd?

Dor. Constancy at my years! 'tis not a Virtue in Season, you might as well expect the Fruit the Autumn ripens i'the Spring.

Loveit. Monstrous Principle!

Dor. Youth has a long Journey to go, Madam, shou'd I have set up my rest at ²⁵⁰ the first Inn I lodg'd at, I shou'd never have arriv'd at the happiness I now enjoy.

Loveit. Dissembler, damn'd Dissembler!

Dor. I am so I confess, good nature, and good manners corrupt me. I am honest in my inclinations, and wou'd not, wer't not to avoid offence, make a Lady a little in years believe I think her young, wilfully mistake Art for Nature; and seem as fond of a thing I am weary off,^o as when I ²⁶⁰ doated on't in earnest.

Loveit. False Man.

Dor. True Woman.

Loveit. Now you begin to show your self!

Dor. Love gilds us over, and makes us show fine things to one another for a time, but soon the Gold wears off, and then again the native brass appears.

Loveit. Think on your Oaths, your Vows and Protestations. Perjur'd Man." ²⁷⁰

Dor. I made 'em when I was in love.

Loveit. And therefore ought they not to bind? Oh Impious!

Dor. What we swear at such a time may be a certain proof of a present passion, but to say truth, in Love there is no security to be given for the future.

Loveit. Horrid and ingrateful, begone, and never see me more.

Dor. I am not one of those troublesome ²⁸⁰ Coxcombs, who because they were once well receiv'd, take the Privilege to plague a Woman with their Love ever after; I shall obey you, Madam, though I do my self some violence.

{He offers to go, and Loveit pulls him back.

Loveit. Come back, you sha' not go. Cou'd you have the ill nature to offer it?

Dor. When love grows diseas'd the best thing we can do is to put it to a Violent Death; I cannot endure the torture of a ²⁹⁰ lingering and consumptive passion.

offl Q 1, Works; of Qq 2, 3. Cf. p. 126 supra.

Protestations . . . Man.] Q 1; Protestations. Perjur'd Man! Q 2; Protestations, Perjur'd Man! Q 3; Protestations, perjur'd Man. Works.

Loveit. Can you think mine sickly?

Dor. Oh, 'tis desperately I'll! what worse symptoms are there than your being always uneasie when I visit you, your picking quarrels with me on slight occasions, and in my absence kindly listning to the impertinences^o of every fashionable Fool that talks to you?

Loveit. What fashionable Fool can you ³⁰⁰ lay to my charge?

Dor. Why the very Cock-fool of all those Fools, Sir *Fopling Flutter*.

Loveit. I never saw him in my life but once.

Dor. The worse Woman you at first sight to put on all your charms, to entertain him with that softness- in your voice, and all that wanton kindness in your Eyes, you so notoriously affect, when you design a Con- ³¹⁰ quest.

Loveit. So damn'd a lie did never malice yet invent; Who told you this?

Dor. No matter; that ever I shou'd love a Woman that can doat on a senceless Caper, a Tawdry French Riband, and a Formal Cravat.

Loveit. You make me mad.

Dor. A guilty Conscience may do much,^o go on, be the Game-Mistress^o o'the ³²⁰ Town, and enter^o all our young Fops, as fast as they come from travail.^o

Loveit. Base and Scurrilous!

Dor. A fine mortifying reputation 'twill be for a Woman of your Pride, Wit, and Quality!

Loveit. This Jealousy's a meer pretence, a cursed trick of your own devising; I know you.

Dor. Believe it and all the ill of me you ³³⁰ can,^o I wou'd not have a Woman have the least good thought of me, that can think well of *Fopling*; farewell, fall too,^o and much good may do^o you with your Coxcomb.

impertinences] Qq 1, 2; Impertinences Q 3; Impertinences Works.

much,] much; Works.

Game-Mistress] mistress of amorous sport.

enter] initiate, instruct. Cf. p. 121 supra.

travail] travel Works.

can,] Qq 1, 2; can; Q 3, Works.

too] to Qq 2, 3, Works.

may do] Brett-Smith justifies the reading as a regular form of the modern 'much good may it do you,' and cites parallels.

Loveit. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already.

[*Ex. Dorimant.*]

Loveit. Call him again.

Pert. E'ne° let him go, a fair riddance, ³⁴⁰

Loveit. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd.

Pert. The Devil shou'd carry him away first, were it my concern.

[*Ex. Pert.*]

Bell. H'as° frighted me from the very thoughts of loving men; for Heav'ns sake, my dear, do not discover⁰ what I told you; I dread his tongue as much as you ought to have done his Friendship.

Pert. He's gone, Madam. [*Enter Pert.* ³⁵⁰]

Loveit. Lightning blast him.

Pert. When I told him you desired him to come back, he smil'd, made a mouth⁰ at me, flung into his Coach, and said——

Loveit. What did he say?

Pert. Drive away, and then repeated Verses.

Loveit. Wou'd I had made a Contract to be a Witch when first I entertain'd his greater⁰ Devil, Monster, Barbarian; I ³⁶⁰ could tear my self in pieces. Revenge, nothing but Revenge can ease me; Plague, War, Famine, Fire, all that can bring universal ruin and misery on mankind,⁰ with Joy I'd perish to have you in my power but this moment.

[*Ex. Loveit.*]

Pert. Follow Madam, leave her not in this outrageous passion.

[*Pert gathers up the things.*]

Bell. H'as given me the proof which I desired of his love,⁰ ³⁷⁰

But 'tis a proof of his ill nature too;

I wish I had not seen him use her so.

I sigh to think that *Dorimant* may be,

One day as faithless, and unkind to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

E'ne] Qq 1, 2; *E'en* Q 3, Works.

H'as] *He 'as* Q 3. Cf. p. 124 l. 167; and *Love in a Tub*, V. ii: Where is this poor French-man, Girl? h'as done me good service.

discover] disclose.

mouth] cf. p. 115 *supra*.

greater] great Works.

mankind] *Mankind*; Works.

his love . . . too] printed as one line Qq 1, 2.

ACT III.

SCENE *Lady Woodvils Lodgings.*

Enter Harriet, and Busy her Woman.

Busy. Dear Madam! Let me set that Curl in order.

Har. Let me alone, I will shake 'em all out of order.

Busy. Will you never leave this Wildness?

Har. Torment me not.

Busy. Look! there's a Knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Busy. But one pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I daily suffer under thy 10
Officious Fingers?

Busy. Ah the difference that is between you and my Lady *Dapper*? how° uneasy she is if the least thing be amiss about her?

Har. She is indeed most exact! nothing is ever wanting to make her ugliness remarkable I

Busy. Jeering people say so!

Har. Her powdering, painting, and her patching never fail in publick to draw the 20
tongues and Eyes of all the men upon her.

Busy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women should set up for beauty as much in spite of nature, as some men have done for Wit.

Busy. I hope without offence one may endeavour to make ones self agreeable.

Har. Not, when 'tis impossible. Women then ought to be no more fond of dressing 30
than Fools should be of talking; Hoods and Modesty, Masques and Silence, things that shaddow and conceal; they should think of nothing else.

Busy. Jesu! Madam, what will your Mother think is become of you? for Heav'ns sake go in again.

Har. I won't!

Busy. This is the Extravagant'st thing that ever you did in your life, to leave her 'o and a Gentleman who is to be your Husband.

Har. My Husband! Hast thou so little wit to think I spoke what I meant when I over-joy'd her in the Country, with a low

Dapper? how] Qq 1, 2; *Dapper?* How Q 3;
Dapper! How Works.

Courtesy, and what you° please, Madam, I shall ever be obedient.⁰

Busy. Nay, I know not, you have so many fetches.⁰

liar. And this was one, to get her up ⁵⁰ to London! Nothing else I assure thee.

Busy. Well, the man, in my mind, is a fine man!

Ear. The man indeed wears his Cloaths fashionably, and has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courtly, and much affected; he bows, and talks, and smiles so agreeably as he thinks.

Busy. I never say any thing so gentle!⁶⁰

Har. Varnish'd over with good breeding, many a Blockhead makes a tolerable show.

Busy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable Woman should expect in a Husband, but there is duty i'the case—and like the haughty Merab, I Find much aversion in my stubborn mind, Is° bred by being promised and designed.

Busy. I wish⁰ you do not design your own ruine! I partly guess your inclinations⁷⁰ Madam—that Mr. Dorimant—

Har. Leave your prating, and sing some foolish Song or other.

Busy. I will, the Song you love so well ever since you saw Mr. Dorimant,

SONG.

When first Amintas charm'd my heart,
My heedless Sheep began to stray;
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,
And all will now be made a prey.

Ah, let not love your thoughts possess,⁸⁰
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;
The dangWous passion you must shun,
Or else like me be quite undone.

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous

what you . . . obedient] Brett-Smith italicizes to denote that it is a quotation of what Harriet had said.

obedient.] obedient? Works.

fetches.] tricks.

Is] This is the first word of p. 33 of Q 1. The catchword of p. 32 is Which. Qq 2, 3, Works read Which is. Works begins the previous line 'I find' . . . The source of the couplet has eluded editors. Brett-Smith suggests that Harriet has been reading Cowley's *Dauides* which tells of the haughtiness of Merab, daughter of Saul.

wish] hope.

Parent for a purchase? I need no Land; no, I'll° lay my self out all in love. It is decreed—

Enter Y. Bellair.

Y. Bell. What generous Resolution are you making Madam?

Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.⁹⁰

Y. Bell. Let me join hands with you in that—

Har. With all my heart, I never thought I should have given you mine so willingly. Here I Harriet—

Y. Bell. And I Harry—

Har. Do solemnly protest—

Y. Bel. And vow—

Har. That I with you—

Y. Bell. And I with you—¹⁰⁰

Both. Will never marry—

Har. A match!

Y. Bell. And no match! How do you like this indifference now?

Har. You expect I should take it ill I see!

Y. Bell. 'Tis not unnatural for you Women to be a little angry, you miss a Conquest, though you wou'd slight the poor man were he in your power.

Har. There are some it may be have an¹¹⁰ Eye like Bart'lomcw, big enough for the whole Fair, but I am not of the Number, and you may keep your Ginger-bread. T'will be more acceptable to the Lady, whose dear Image it wears Sir.

Y. Bell. I must confess Madam, you came a day after the Fair.

Har. You own then you are in love—

Y. Bell. I do.

Har. The confidence is generous, and¹²⁰ in return I could almost find in my heart to let you know my inclinations.

Y. Bell. Are you in Love?

Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that Degree, I can scarce indure the Country in Landscapes and'in Hangings.

Y. Bell. What a dreadful thing 'twould be to be hurry'd back to Hampshire!

Har. Ah—name it not!—

Y. Bell. As for us, I find we shall agree¹³⁰ well enough! wou'd we cou'd do something to deceive the grave people!

Har. Could we delay their quick⁰ proceed-

rie] Vie Q 1; I'll Qq 2, 3, Works.
quick] om. Works.

ing, 'twere well, a reprieve is a good step towards the getting of a pardon.

Y. Bell. If we give over the Game, we are undone! What think you of playing it on booty?⁰

Har. What do you mean?

Y. Bell. Pretend to be in love with one¹⁴⁰ another! 'twill make some dilatory excuses we may feign, pass the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it be but for the dear Pleasure of dissembling.

Y. Bell. Can you play your part?

Har. I know not what it is to love, but I have made pretty remarks by being now and then where Lovers meet. Where did you leave their Gravities?

Y. Bell. I'th'next Room! your Mother¹⁵⁰ was censuring our modern Gallant.

Enter Old Bellair, and Lady Woodvil.

Har. Peace! Here they come, I will lean against this Wall, and look bashfully down upon my Fan, while you like an Amorous spark modishly entertain me.

L. Woodv. Never go about to excuse 'em, come, come, it was not so when I was a young Woman.

O. Bell. A Dod, they're something disrespectful—¹⁶⁰

L. Wood. Quality was then consider'd, and not rally'd by every fleering⁰ Fellow.

O. Bell. Youth will have it's Jest, a Dod it will.

L. Wood. Tis good breeding now to be⁰ civil to none but Players and Exchange Women,⁰ they are treated by 'em as much above their Condition, as others are below theirs.

O. Bell. Out a pise on 'em, talk no more,¹⁷⁰ the Rogues ha' got an ill habit of preferring Beauty, no matter where they find it.

L. Wood. See your Son, and my Daughter, they have improv'd their acquaintance since they were within.

O. Bell. A Dod methinks they have! Let's keep back and observe.

Y. Bell. Now for a look and gestures that may perswade 'em I am saying all the passionate things imaginable—¹⁸⁰

playing . . . booty] 'To play booty; cheating play, where the player purposely avoids winning.' Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue.*

fleering] mocking.

be] om. Works.

Exchange Women] shopgirls.

Har. Your Head a little more on one side, ease your self on your left Leg, and play with your right hand.

Y. Bell. Thus, is it now?

Har. Now set your right leg firm on the ground, adjust your Belt, then look about you. .

Y. Bell. A little exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile and turn to me again very¹⁰⁰ sparkish!

Y. Bell. Will you take your turn and be instructed?

Har. With all my heart.

Y. Bell. At one motion play your Fan, roul^o your Eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me.

Har. So.

Y. Bell. Now spread your Fan, look down upon it, and tell the Sticks⁰ with a Finger,²⁰⁰

Har. Very Modish.

Y. Bell. Clap your hand up to your bosom, hold down your Gown. Shrug a little, draw up your Breasts, and let 'em fall again, gently, with a sigh or two, &c.

Har. By the good instructions you give, I suspect you for one of those malicious Observers who watch peoples Eyes, and from innocent looks, make scandalous conclusions.²¹⁰

Y. Bell. I know some indeed who out of meer love to mischief are as vigilant as Jealousy it self, and will give you an account of every Glance that passes at a Play, and i'th' Circle!⁰

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

Y. Bell. Clap your Fan then in both your hands, snatch it to your Mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your Body a²²⁰ little forwards. So——now spread it; fall back on the sudden, Cover your Face with it, and break out into a loud Laughter——take up! look grave, and fall a fanning of your self—Admirably well acted.

Har. I think I am pretty apt at these matters!

O. Bell. A Dod I like this well.

L. Wood. This promises something.

O. Bell. Come! there is Love i'th'²³⁰

roul] roll Works.

tell the Sticks] cf. p. 324 *infra*.

th' Circle] the Ring in Hyde Park, which was a fashionable parade. Cf. p. 135 l. 339, and p. 862 *infra*.

case, a dod there is, or will be; what say you young Lady?

Ear. All in good time Sir, you expect we should fall to, and Love as game-Cocks fight, as soon as we are set together, a Dod y'are unreasonable!

O. Bell. A Dod sirrah, I like thy wit well. *[Enter a Servant.*

Servant. The Coach is at the Door²⁴⁰ Madam.

O. Bell. Go, get you and take the Air together.

L. Wood. Will not you go with us?

O. Bell. Out a pize: A Dod I ha' business and cannot. We shall meet at night at my Sister Townleys.

Y. Bell. He's going to *Emilia*. *[Aside.]* I overheard him talk of a Collation. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE I I .

Enter L. Townley, Emilia, and Mr. Medley.

L. Town. I pittie the young lovers, we last talk'd of, though to say truth their conduct has been so indiscreet, they deserve to be unfortunate.

Medley. Y' have had an exact account, from the great Lady i'th'Box down to the little Orange wench.

Emil. Y' are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon; I wonder you are not torn in pieces. ¹⁰

Med. What think you of setting up an Office of Intelligence for these matters? the project may get Money.

L. Tow. You would have great dealings with country Ladies.

Med. More than *Muddiman*⁰ has with their husbands. *[Enter Bellinda.*

L. Town. *Bellinda*, what has become of you! we have not seen you here of late²⁰ with your friend Mrs. *Loveit*⁰.

Bellin. Dear creature, I left her but now so sadly afflicted.

L. Town. With her old distemper Jealousy!

Med. *Dorimant* has plaid her some new prank.

Bell. Well, that *Dorimant* is certainly the worst Man breathing.

Muddiman] Henry Muddiman (1629-92), the privileged and important journalist of the day. He edited *The London Gazette* and was known throughout the land for his widely circulating newsletters. *Loveit*] *Lovit* Q 1.

Emil. I once thought so.

Bell. And do you not think so still? ³⁰

Emil. No indeed!

Bell. Oh Jesu!

Emil. The Town does him a great deal of Injury, and I will never believe what it says of a man I do not know again for his sake!

Bell. You make me wonder!

L. Town. He's a very well bred man.

Bell. But strangejy ill-natur'd.

Emil. Then he's a very Witty man! ⁴⁰

Bell. But a man of no principles.

Med. Your man of Principles is a very fine thing indeed.

Bell. To be preferr'd to men of parts by Women who have Regard to their Reputation and quiet. Well were I minded to play the Fool, he shou'd be the last man I'd think of.

Med. He has been the first in many Ladyes⁰ favours, though you are so oo severe, Madam.

L. Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but he's a very pleasant acquaintance I am sure.

Bell. Had you seen him use Mrs *Loveit* as I have done, you wou'd never endure him more——

Emil. What he has quarrel'd with her again!

Bell. Upon the slightest occasion, he's ⁶⁰ Jealous of Sir *Fopling*.

L. Town. She never saw him in her life but yesterday, and that was here.

Emil. On my Conscience! He's the only man in Town that's her aversion, how^o horribly out of humour she was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And somebody has wickedly told him——

Emil. Here he comes. ⁷⁰

[Enter Dorimant.

Med. *Dorimant*! you are luckily come to justify your self—here's a Lady——

Bell. Has a word or two to say to you from a disconsolate person.

Dor. You tender your Reputation too much I know Madam, to whisper with me before this good Company.

Ladies] Q 1; *Ladies* Qq 2, 3; *Lady's Works*. *aversion*, *how*] Qq 1. 2; *Aversion*; *how* Q 3, *Works*.

Bell. To serve Mrs. *Loveit*, I'll make a bold venture.

Dor. Here's *Medley* the very Spirit of 'Scandal.

Bell. No matter!

Emit. 'Tis something you are unwilling to hear, Mr. *Dorimant*.

L. Town. Tell him *Bellinda* whether he will or no!

Bell. Mrs. *Loveit*! [*aloud.*

Dor. Softly, these are laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a Word y've made me hate ⁹⁰ you, [*To Dor. apart.*] which I thought you never could have done.

Dor. In obeying your Commands.

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you play'd! how could you act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a man who could kill himself to please you; remember Five a Clock to morrow Morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be sure you come. 100

Bell. I sha'not.

Dor. Swear you will!

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear I say.

Bell. By my life! by all the happiness I hope for——

Dor. You will.

Bell. I will.

Dor. Kind.

Bell. I am glad I've^o sworn, I vow I ¹¹⁰ think I should ha' fail'd you else!

Dor. Surprisingly kind! in what temper did you leave *Loveit*!

Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and she began to be in a brave way of defying you, and all your works. Where have you been since you went from thence?

Dor. I look'd in at the Play.

Bell. I have promis'd and must return to ¹²⁰ her agen.

Dor. Perswade her to walk in the Mail this evening.

Bell. She hates the place and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bell. For what purpose?

Dor. Sir *Fopling* will be here anon, I'll prepare him to set upon her there before me.

[*Ve*] i've Q 1.

Bell. You persecute her too much, but ¹³⁰ I'll do all you'll ha' me.

Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grown so dull a business [*aloud.*] I can drudge on no longer.

Emil. There are afflictions in Love Mr. *Dorimant*.

Dor. You. Women make 'em, who are commonly as unreasonable in that as you are at Play; without the Advantage be on your side, a man can never quietly give wo over when he's weaiy?

Med. If you would play without being obliged to Complaisance *Dorimant*, you should play in publick places.

Dor. Ordinaries were a very good thing for that, but Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the deep play is now in private Houses. [*Bellinda offering to steal away.*

L. Town. *Bellinda*, are you leaving us so ¹⁵⁰ soon?

Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. *Loveit*, Madam——[*Ex. Bellinda.*

L. I^o own. This confidence^o will go nigh to spoil this young Creature.

Med. 'Twill do her good Madam. Young men who are brought up under practising Lawyers prove the abler Council^o when they come to be call'd to the Bar themselves——

Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you this afternoon, my Lady *Townley*, ¹⁶⁰ you use to have an *Ambara's*^o of Chaires and Coaches at your Door, an uproar of Footmen in your Hall, and a noise of Fools above here.

L. Town. Indeed my House is the general rendezvouze, and next to the Play-house is the Common Refuge of all the Young idle people.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but I wonder you do not love wo it a little more Chosen.

L. Town. 'Tis good to have an universal taste, we should love Wit, but for Variety, be able to divert our selves with the Extravagancies of those who want it.

Med. Fools will make you laugh.

Emil. For once or twice! but the repeti-

confidence] intimacy.

[*Council*] a variant spelling of *Counsel*. See p. 563 *infra*.

Ambara's] embarrass, embarrassment; here in the sense of a crush. The spelling evidently denotes a pronunciation nearer the French original.

tion of their Folly after a visit or two grows tedious and unsufferable.

L. Town. You are a little too delicate¹³⁰ Emilia. [Enter a Page.

Page. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, desires to know if you are to be seen.

L. Town. Here's the freshest Fool in Town, and one who has not cloy'd you yet. Page!

Page. Madam!

L. Town. Desire him to walk up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, *Medley*, and snub him. Sooth him up in his ex-¹⁹⁰ travagance! he will shew the better.

Med. You know I have a natural indulgence for Fools, and need not this caution, Sir!

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, with his Page after him.

Sr. Fop. Page! Wait without. Madam, I [To *L. Townly.*] kiss your Hands, I see Yesterday was nothing of Chance, the belles assembles form themselves here every day. Lady your servant; [To Emilia.] *Dorimant*, let me embrace thee, without lying I²⁰⁰ have not met with any of my Acquaintance, who retain so much of *Paris* as thou dost, the very air thou hadst when the Marquise mistook thee i'th Tuilleries, and cry'd Hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor. I would fain wear in Fashion as long as I can, Sir, 'tis a thing to be valu'd in men as well as Bawbles.

Sir Fop. Thou art a man of Wit, and understands⁰ the Town: prithee let thee²¹⁰ and I be intimate, there is no living without making some good Man the confident of our pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true! but there is no man so improper for such a business as I am.

Sir Fop. Prithee! why hast thou so modest an Opinion of thy self?

Dor. Why first, I could never keep a secret in my life, and then there is no charm so infallibly makes me fall in²⁰ love with a Woman as my knowing a Friend loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sir Fop. Thy humour's very gallant or let me perish, I knew a French Count so like thee.

understands] *understands't* Worka and some later edd. For the construction, cf. *thou . . . Has*, p. 100 *supra*.

L. Town. Witt I perceive has more power over you than Beauty, Sir *Fopling*, else you would not have let this Lady stand so long neglected.

Sir Fop. A thousand pardons Madam,²³⁰ some [To Emilia.] Civilities⁰ due of course upon the meeting a long absent Friend. The Eclat of so much beauty I confess ought to have charm'd me sooner.

Emit. The brillian⁰ of so much good language Sir has mucji more power than the little beauty I can boast.

Sir Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high Work on your Point D'espaigne⁰—²⁴⁰

Em.it. 'Tis not so rich as Point De Venice—

Sir Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more proper for the season. *Dorimant*, is not that *Medley*?

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sir Fop. Forgive me Sir in this Ambaras of Civilities, I could not come to have you in my Arms sooner. You understand an Equipage⁰ the best of any Man in Town²⁵⁰ I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sir Fop. There are Criticks who do not write Sir.

Med. Our peevish Poets will scarce allow it.

Sir Fop. Dam'em, they'l allow no Man Wit, who does not play the fool like themselves and show it! Have you taken notice of the Gallesh⁰ I brought over? ²⁶⁰

Med. O yes! 't^o has quite another Air, than th' English makes.

Sir Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an English Tumbril, as an Inns of Court-man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a bell-air in Galeshes as well as men.

Civilities] Q 1, Works; *Civilitie's* Q 2; *Civility's* Q 3.

brilliant] Q 1; *Brilliant* Works; *brillain* Q 2; *Brillain* Q 3. Cf. "The Brilliant of Language, Sharpness and wittiness of Expression": *Fop Diet. Suppt.* (1691) cited N.E.D. Also Congreve, *Double Dealer*, II. i: "Some distinguishing quality, as for example, the bel air or brilliant of Mr. Brisk."

Point D'espaigne] Spanish lace.

Equipage] retinue. Cf. p. 359 *infra*, and Pope. *Rape of the Lock*, i. 45.

Gallesh] a light carriage with low wheels. More usually *calash*; Fr. *caleche*.

⁰) It Works.

Med. But there are few so delicate- to observe it.

Sir Fop. The world is generally very ²⁷⁰ grossier here indeed.

L. Town. He's very fine.

Emit. Extream proper.⁰

Sir Fop. A slight suit I made to appear in at my first arrival, not worthy your consideration Ladies.

Dor. The Pantaloon is very well mounted.⁰

Sir Fop. The Tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a Coat better cut. ²⁸⁰

Sir Fop. It makes me show long-wasted, and I think slender.

Dor. That's the shape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your breech though is a handfull⁰ too high in my Eye *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. Peace *Medley*, I have wish'd it lower a thousand Times, but a Pox on't 'twill not be.

L. Town. His Gloves are well fring'd, large and graceful. ²⁰⁰

Sir Fop. I was always eminent for being bien gante.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are Originals of the most Famous hands in Paris.

Sir Fop. You are in the right Madam.

L. Town. The Suit.

Sir Fop. Barroy.

Emilia. The Garniture.⁰

Sir Fop. Le Gras—— ³⁰⁰

Med. The Shooes!

Sir Fop. Piccar!

Dor. The Perriwig!

Sir Fop. Chedreux.⁰

Town, and *Emilia.* The Gloves!

Sir Fop. Orangerii⁰ You know the smell Ladies! *Dorimant*, I could find in my heart for an amusement lo have a Gallantry with some of our English Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to ³¹⁰ confirm the Reputation of your Wit, than a

Duel will be to satisfie the Town of your Courage.

Sir Fop. Here was a Woman yesterday——

Dor. Mistriss *Loveit*.

Sir Fop. You have nam'd her!

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sir Fop. Prithee! what is she? ³²⁰

Dor. A person of Quality, and one who has a rest of Reputation enough to make the Conquest considerable: besides I hear she likes you too!

Sir Fop. Me thoughts⁰ she seem'd though very reserved, and uneasie all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and affectation:⁰ You will see her i'th'Mail to night.

Sir Fop. Prithee, let thee and I take ³³⁰ the Air together.

Dor. I am engag'd to *Medley*, but Fie meet you at Saint *James's*, and give you some information, upon the which you may regulate your proceedings.

Sir Fop. All the World will be in the Park to night: Ladies, 'twere pity to keep so much Beauty longer within doors, and rob the Ring⁰ of all those Charms that should adorn it——Hey Page. ³⁴⁰

[*Enter Page*, and goes out again. See that all my People be ready. *Dorimant* a Revoir.

Med. A fine mett'l'd Coxcomb.

Dor. Brisk and Insipid——

Med. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you despise him Gentlemen, Fie lay my Life he passes for a Wit with many.

Dor. That may very well be, Nature has her cheats, stum's⁰ a brain, and puts ³⁵⁰ sophisticate dulness often on the tastless Multitude for true wit and good humour.

Medley, Come.

Med. I must go a little way, I will meet you i'th Mail.

Dor. Fie walk through the Garden thither, we shall meet anon and bow.

[*To the Women.*

Methoughts] a variant form of *methought*. *Methought* Q 3.

affectation] *affectation* Works.

Ring] *ci.* p. 131 l. 215 *supra*.

stum's] Qq 1, 2; *stums* Q 3, Works: to stum was to doctor or sophisticate wine that had become dull and lacked briskness.

proper] fine, elegant.

mounted] trimmed.

handfull] hand's breadth.

Garniture] trimming.

Chedreux] a famous wig-maker. Cf. p. 61 *supra*.

Orangerii] Qq 1-3, Works; *Orangerie* Brett-Smith. Scented gloves were fashionable. See n. p. 192 *infra*. Summers (ref. Wycherley, *Plain Dealer*, III. i) notes that the fashion dated to Elizabethan times and was borrowed from Italy. He cites from Dryden, *The Kind Keeper*, a reference to gloves being scented with orange. Cf. p. 318 *infra*.

L. Town. Not to night! we are engag'd about a business, the knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter. - ³⁶⁰

Med. Your servant Ladies.

Dor. A Revoir, as *Sir Fopling* says—
[*Ex. Med. and Dor.*]

L. Town. The Old Man will be here immediately.

Emil. Let's expect⁰ him i'th' Garden—

L. Town. Go, you are a Rogue.

Emil. I can't abide you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Mail.*

Enter Harriet, Y. Bellair, she pulling him.

Har. Come along.

Y. Bell. And leave your Mother.⁰

Har. *Busie* will be sent with a Hue and Cry after us; but that's no matter.

Y. Bell. 'Twill look strangely in me.

Har. She'll believe it a freak of mine, and never blame your manners.

Y. Bell. What reverend acquaintance is that she has met?

Har. A fellow-beauty of the last Kings¹⁰ time, though by the Ruines you would hardly guess it. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Dorimant and crosses the Stage.*]

Enter Y. Bellair, and Harriet.

Y. Bell. By this time your Mother is in a fine taking.

Har. If your Friend Mr. *Dorimant* were but here now, that she might find me talking with him.

Y. Bell. She does not know him but dreads him I hear of all Mankind.

Har. She concludes if he does but speak²⁰ to a Woman she's undone, is on her knees every day to pray Heav'n defend me from him.

Y. Bell. You do not apprehend him so much as she docs.

Har. I never saw any thing in him that was frightful.

Y. Bell. On the contrary, have you not observed something extream delightful in his Wit and Person? ³⁰

Har. He's agreeable and pleasant I must own, but he does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

expect wait.

Mother. Mother? Brett-Smith, to emphasize Young Bellair's surprise.

Y. Bell. Lord Madam, all he does and says, is so easie, and so natural.

Har. Some Mens Verses seem so to the unskilful, but labour i'the one, and affectation in the other to the Judicious plainly appear.

Y. Bell. I never heard him accus'd of 'o affectation before.

Enter Dorimant and stares upon her.

Har. It passes on the easie Town, who are favourably pleas'd in him to call it humour. [*Ex. Y. Bellair and Harriet.*]

Dor. 'Tis she! it must be she, that lovely hair, that easie shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting Charms about her mouth, which *Medley* spoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my friend *Bellair*. ⁵⁰

I In love^o the Victors from the vanquish'd fly;
They fly that Wound, and they pursue that dy.

Enter Y. Bellair, jand Harriet, and after them Dorimant standing at a distance.

Y. Bell. Most people prefer *High Park*⁰ to this place.

Har. It has the better Reputation I confess; but I abominate the dull diversions there, the formal bows, the Affected smiles, the silly by-Words,⁰ and Amorous Tweers,⁰ in passing; here one meets with a little conversation now and then. ⁶⁰

Y. Bell. These conversations have been fatal to some of your Sex, Madam.

Har. It may be so, because some who want temper⁰ have been undone by gaming, most others who have it wholly deny themselves the pleasure of Play?

Dor. Trust me, it were unreasonable Madam.

[*Coming up gently, and bowing to her.*]

Har. Lord! who's this?

[*She Starts and looks grave.* ⁷⁰

Y. Bell. Dorimant.

Dor. Is this the Woman your Father would have you marry?

Y. Bell. It is.

In love . . .] From Waller, *To a Friend on the different Success of their Loves.*

High Park] Hyde Park.

by-Words] affected hackneyed phrases.

Tweers] twires, glances, winks.

temper] moderation.

Dor. Her name?

Y. Bell. Harriet.

Dor. I am not mistaken, she's handsome.

Y. Bell. Talk to her, her Wit is better than her face; we were wishing for you but now.

Dor. Overcast with seriousness o'the '> sudden! [*To Harriet.*] A thousand smiles were shining in that Face but now; I never saw so quick a change of Weather.

Har. I feel as great a change within; [*Aside*] but he shall never know it.

Dor. You were talking of Play, Madam, Pray what may be your stint?⁰

Har. A little harmless discourse in publick walks, or at most an appointment in a Box barefae'd at the Play-House; you are for⁹⁰ Masks, and private meetings; where Women engage for all they are worth I hear.

Dor. I have been us'd to deep Play, but I can make one at small Game, when I like my Gamester well.

Har. And be so unconcern'd you'll ha' no pleasure in't.

Dor. Where there is a considerable sum to be won, the Hope of drawing people in, makes every trifle considerable.¹⁰⁰

Har. The sordidness of mens natures I know makes 'cm willing to flatter and comply with the Rich, though they are sure never to be the better for 'em.

Dor. 'Tis in their power to do us good, and we despair not but at some time or other they may be willing.

Har. To men who have far'd in this Town like you, 'twould be a great Mortification to live on hope; could you keep a Lent¹¹⁰ for a Mistriss?

Dor. In expectation of a happy Easter, and though time be very precious, think forty daies well lost, to gain your Favour.

Har. Mr. Bcllairl let us walk, 'tis time to leave him, Men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. Y'are mistaken, flattery will not ensue, though I know y'are greedy of the praises of the whole Mail.¹²⁰

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not, as^o I follow'd you, I observ'd how you were pleased when the Fops cry'd she's handsome, very handsome, by God she is, and whisper'd aloud your

stint] limit.

not, as] not: as Q 3.

name, the thousand several forms you put your face into; then, to make your self more agreeable, how wantonly you play'd with your head, flung back your locks, and look'd smilingly over your shoulder at 'em.

Har. I do not go begging the mens as isi you do the Ladies Good liking with a sly softness in your looks, and a gentle slowness in your bows, as you pass^o by 'em—as thus Sir——[*Acts him.*] Is not this like you?

Enter Lady Woodvil and Busy.

Y. Bell. Your Mother Madam.

[*Pulls Har. She composes her self.*

L. Wood. Ah my Dear child *Harriet.*

Busy. Now is she so pleased with finding her agen^o she cannot chide her.¹⁴⁰

L. Wood. Come away!

Dor. 'Tis now but high Mail⁰ Madam, the most entertaining Time of all the Evening.

Har. I would fain see that *Dorimant* Mother, you so cry out of, for a monster, he's in the Mail I hear.

L. Wood. Come away then! the plague is here and you should dread the infection.

Y. Bell. You may be misinform'd of¹³⁰ the gentleman?⁰

L. Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him. He is the Prince of all the Devils in the Town, delights in nothing but in Rapes and Riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him speak Madam!

L. Wood. Oh! he has a Tongue they say would tempt the Angels to a second fall.

Enter Sir Fopling with his Equipage, six Footmen, and a Page.

Sir Fop. Hey, Champaine, Norman, La¹⁶⁰ Rose, la Fleur, La Tour, La Verdure. *Dorimant*——

L. Wood. Here, here he is among this Rout, he names him; come away *Harriet*, come away.

Ex. L. Wood. Harr. Busy and Y. Bell.

Dor. This fool's coming has spoil'd all, she's gone, but she has left a pleasing Image

pass] pass'd Q 3.

agen] again Works.

high Mail] the time when the fashionable crowd promenaded the Mall.

gentleman?] gentleman. Qq 2, 3, Works.

of her self behind that wanders in my Soul——It must not settle there.

Sir Fop. What resverie is this! speak **MO** man.

Dor. *Snatcht from⁰ myself how far behind
Already I behold the shore!*

Enter Medley.

Med. *Dorimant, a discovery! I met with Bellair.*

Dor. You can tell me no news Sir, I know all.

Med. How do you like the Daughter?

Dorim. You never came so near truth in your life, as you did in her description, so **Med.** What think you of the Mother?

Dor. What ever I think of her, she thinks very well of me I find.

Med. Did she know you?

Dor. She did not, whether she does now or no I know not. Here was a pleasant Scene towards, when in came Sir *Fopling*, mustering up his Equipage, and at the latter end nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. *Loveit and Bellinda* are not far **100** off, I saw 'em alight at *St. James's*.

Dor. Sir *Fopling* hark you, s word or two, [*Whispers.*] Look you do not want assurance.

Sir Fop. I never do on these occasions.

Dor. Walk on, we must not be seen together, make your Advantage of what I have told you, the next turn you will meet the Lady.

Sir Fop. Hey——Follow me all. ²⁰⁰

[*Ex. Sir Fopl. & his Equipage.*]

Dor. *Medly*, you shall see good sport anon between *Loveit* and this *Fopling*.

Med. I thought there was something toward by that whisper.

Dor. You know a worthy principle of hers?

Med. Not to be so much as civil to a man who speaks to her in the presence of him she professes to love.

Dor. I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk no to her to night.

Med. Now you are here she will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the humor she's in, her love will make her do some very extravagant thing doubtless.

Snatcht from . . .] From Waller, Of Loving at first Sight.

Med. What was *Bellindas* business with you at my Lady *Townleyst*

Dor. To get me to meet *Loveit* here in order to an *Eclercism*; I made some ²²⁰ difficulty of it, and have prepar'd this ran-counter to make good my Jealousy.

Med. Here they come!

[*Enter Lov. Bell, and Pert.*]

Dor. Fie meet her and provoke her with a deal of dumb Civility in passing by, then turn short and be behind her, when Sir *Fopling* sets upon her——

See how^o unregarded now

That piece of Beauty passes——

[*Ex. Dor. and Med.*]

Bell. How wonderful respectfully⁰ he **26** bow'd!

Pert. He's alwayes over-mannerly when he has done a mischief.

Bell. *Methoughts⁰* indeed at the same time he had a strange despising Countenance.

Pert. The unlucky look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have spoke to him my Dear. ²⁴⁰

Loveit. I would have di'd first; he shall no more find me the loving fool he has done.

Bell. You love him still!

Loveit. No.

Pert. I wish you did not.

Loveit. I do not, and I will have you think so: What made you hale me to this odious place *Bellinda*?

Bell. I hate to be hulch'd⁰ up in a ²⁵⁰ Coach; walking is much better.

'Loveit. Would we could meet Sir *Fopling* now.

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Loveit. I would make him all the advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm *Dorimants* suspicion, my Dear.

Loveit. He is not jealous; but I will make him so, and be reveng'd a way he ²⁶⁰ little thinks on.

Bellin. aside. If she should make him jealous, that may make him fond of her

See how . . .] Suckling, *Sonnet, I. respectfully*] *respectful* Q. 3.
Methoughts] cf. p. 135 *supra*,
hulch'd] hunched.

again: I must dissuade her from it. Lord! my Dear, this will certainly make him hate you.

Loveit. 'Twill make him uneasie though he does not care for me; I know the effects of jealousy on men of his proud temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantastick remedy, its op-²⁷⁰erations are dangerous and uncertain.

Loveit. 'Tis the stongest Cordial we can give to dying Love, it often brings it back when there's no sign of life remaining; but I design not so much the reviving his, as my revenge.

Enter Sir Fopling and his Equipage.

Sir Fop. Hey! bid the Coach-man send home four of his Horses, and bring the Coach to *White-Hall*, I'll walk over the Park——Madam, the honour of kissing ^{at} your fair hands is a happiness I miss'd this afternoon at my Lady *Townleys*!

Loveit. You were very obliging, *Sir Fopling*, the last Time I saw you there.

Sir Fop. The preference was due to your wit and beauty. Madam, your Servant, there never was so sweet an Evening.

Bell. 'T has drawn all the rabble of the Town hither.²⁸⁹

Sir Fop. 'Tis pity there's not an order made, that none but the Beau Monde should walk here.

Loveit. 'T would add much to the beauty of the place: See what a sort⁰ of nasty Fellows are coming.

[Enter four UUfashion'd Fellows singing, 'Tis not for kisses alone, &c.]

Loveit. Fo! Their Perriwigs are scented with Tobacco so strong——

Sir Fop. It overcomes our pulvilio⁰——Methinks I smell the Coffee-house they³⁰⁰ come from.

1 Man. *DorimanVs* convenient,⁰ Madam *Loveit.*

2 Man. I like the oylie——Buttock⁰ with her.

3 Man. What spruce prig⁰ is that?

1 Man. A Caravan,⁰ lately come from *Paris*.

sort] number, a knot of people.

pulvilio] scented powder.

convenient] mistress.

Buttock] slang for a whore.

prig] "a Nice beauish, silly Fellow" (*Diet. Canting Crew*, 1690).

Caravan] an object of plunder, in thieves' slang.

2 Man. Peace, they smoak.³⁰⁹
There's something else to be All of them done, &c. \ Coughing.

[Ex. Singing.]

Enter Dorimant and Medley.

Dor. They're ingag'd——

Med. She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward——seem earnest in discourse and shew our selves. Then you shall see how she'll use him.

Bell. Yonder's *Dorimant* my Dear.

Loveit. I see him, he comes insulting;⁰ but I will disappoint him in his expectation. *[Aside.]* (*To Sir Fopling.*) I like this³²⁰ pretty nice humour of yours *Sir Fopling*: With what a loathing eye he look'd upon those Fellows!

Sir Fop. I sat near one of 'em at a Play to day, and was almost poison'd with a pair of Cordivant⁰ Gloves he wears——

Loveit. Oh! filthy Cordivant, how I hate the smell! *[Laughs in a loud affected way.]*

Sir Fop. Did you observe, Madam, how their Crevats hung loose an inch from³³⁰ their Neck, ind what a frightful Air it gave 'em.

Loveit. Oh I took particular notice of one that is alwaies spru'd up with a deal of dirty Sky-colour'd Ribband.

Bell. That's one of the walking Flajolets⁰ who haunt the Mail o'nights——

Loveit. Oh! I remember him! H'has⁰ a hollow Tooth enough to spoil the sweetness of an Evening.

Sir Fop. I have seen the tallest walk the streets with a dainty pair of Boxes,⁰ neatly buck'd on.

Loveit. And a little Footboy at his Heels Pocket-high, with a Flat-cap——a dirty Face.

smoak] smell the design.

insulting] scornfully triumphant.

Cordivant] cordovan leather. Cf. *cordwain*.

Flajolets] N.E.D. citing no other example explains as players on the flageolet. This seems unsatisfactory. Is it a derogatory reference to their being tall and thin, or perhaps to their empty noise?

H'has] Brett-Smith interprets as—he is (metaphorically) a hollow tooth, etc., and reads *He's*. The emendation does not seem necessary. Cf. pp. 129 l. 345 *supra*.

Boxen] Brett-Smith suggests 'some kind of overshoe,' and compares 'humbling your self to' a pair of Goloshoes,' p. 122 l. 611 *supra*.

Sir *Fop*. And a Snotty Nose——

Loveit. Oh—odious, there's many of my own sex with that *Holborn*⁰ Equipage trigger⁰ to 'Grey's Inn~Walks; and now and then Travail⁰ hither on a Sunday.³⁵⁰

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a Counter-plot!

Loveit. Your Liveries are the finest, Sir *Fopling*——Oh that Page! that page is the prettily'st drest——They are all Frenchmen.

Sir *Fop*. There's one damn'd English blockhead among 'em, you may know him by his *Meine*.³⁶⁰

Loveit. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?

Sir *Fop*. Hey——I know not what to call him——

Loveit. What's your Name?

Footm. John Trott, Madam!

Sir *Fop*. O unsufferable! *Trott*, *Trott*, *Trott*! there's nothing so barbarous as the names of our English Servants. What Countryman are you Sirrah?³⁷⁰

Footm. Hampshire, Sir?

Sir *Fop*. Then Hampshire⁰ be your name. Hey, Hampshire!

Loveit. O That sound, that sound becomes the Mouth of a man of Quality!

Med. *Dorimant* you look a little bashful on the matter!

Dor. She dissembles better than I thought she could have done.³⁷⁹

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a bait. She bites at the Coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that?

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love——

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The fit has long been over——

Med. But I have known men fall into

Holborn] cf. p. 185 *infra*.

trigger] trip, walk briskly.

Travail] cf. p. 128 *supra*.

Meine] Qq 1, 2; *Mein* Q 3; *Mien* Works.

Hampshire] See Congreve, Notes on his rendering: of Ovid's *Art of Love*: "The Ancients us'd to call their Servants by the names of the Countries from whence they came. . . . The French to this Day do the same, and call their Footmen Champagne, le Picard, le Gascon, le Bourignon, &c. And Sir George Etheridge in his *Sir Fopling Flutter*, the Hampshire, Ac, speaking to his Valet, imitates this Custom." Cf. p. 137 l. 160 *supra*.

dangerous relapses when they have found a Woman inclining to another.³⁹⁰

Dor. He guesses the secret of my Heart! I am concern'd, but dare not show it, lest *Bellinda* should mistrust all I have done to gain her. [to himself.]

Bell. [Aside.] I have watch'd his look, and find no Alteration there. Did he love her some signs of Jealousy would have appear'd?

Dor. I hope this happy Evening, Madam, has reconcil'd you to the Scandalous⁴⁰⁰ Mail, we shall have you now hankering⁰ here again——

Loveit. Sir *Fopling* will you walk——

Sir *Fop*. I am all obedience Madam——

Loveit. Come along then—and let's agree to be malicious on all the ill fashion'd things we meet.

Sir *Fop*. Wee'l make a Critick⁰ on the whole Mail Madam.

Loveit. *Bellinda* you shall engage——⁴¹⁰

Bell. To the reserve of our friends my Dear.

Lov. No! No Exceptions⁰——

Sir *Fop*. Wee'l sacrifice all to our diversion——

Loveit. All—all——

Sir *Fop*. All.

Bell. All then⁰ let it be.

[Ex. Sir *Fopling*, *Loveit*, *Bellinda*. and *Pert*, laughing.]

Med. Would you had brought some more of your Friends, *Dorimant*, to have⁴²⁰ been Witnesses of Sir *Foplings* disgrace and your Triumph——

Dor. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to laugh at mc; but pray do not expose me to the Town this day or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your Credit.

Dor. I know she hates *Fopling*, and only makes use of him in hope to work me on agin; had it not been for some powerful⁴³⁰ Considerations which will be remov'd to morrow mbrning, I had made her pluck off this mask, and shew the passion that lyes panting under.

Enter a Footman.

hankering] loitering.

Critick] critique, criticism.

No Exceptions] Q 3; *no Exceptions* Works; *No! Exceptions* Qq 1, 2.

All then] Q 3; *All?* Then Qq 1, 2, Works.

Med. Here comes a man from *Bellair*, with news of your last adventure.

Dor. I am glad he sent him. I long to know the consequence of our parting.

Footm. Sir, my Master desires you to come to my Lady *Townleys* presently,⁰ 'o and bring Mr. *Medley* with you. My Lady *Woodvill* and her Daughter are there.

Med. Then all's well *Dorimant*—

Footm. They have sent for the Fiddles and mean to Dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the old Lady does not know you, and would have you own your self to be Mr. *Courtage*. They are all prepar'd to receive you by that name.⁴⁴⁹

Dor. That foppish admirer of Quality, who natters the very meat at honourable Tables, and never offers love to a Woman below a Lady-Grandmother.

Med. You know the Character you are to act I seel

Dor. This is *Harriets* contrivance—wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful and young—Come along *Medley*—

Med. This new Woman would well supply the loss of *Loveit*.⁴⁶⁰

Dor. That business must not end so, before to morrow Sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

*And you and Loveit to her cost shall find,
1 fathom all the depths of Womankind.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

The Scene opens with the Fiddles playing a Country dance.

Enter Dorimant, L. Woodvill, Young Bellair, and Mrs. Harriet, Old Bellair, and Emilia, Mr. Medley and Lady Townley; as having just ended the dance.

Old Bell. So, so, so! a smart bout, a very smart bout a Dod!

L. Town. How do you like *Emilia's* Dancing Brother?⁰

O. Bell. Not at all! not at all.

L. Town. You speak not what you think I am sure.

O. Bell. No matter for that, go, bid her dance no more, it don't become her, it

presently] immediately.

[*Dancing Brother.*] Q 1; *Dancing, Brother'* Qq 2, 3.

don't become her, tell her I say so;¹⁰ [a Dod I love her. [*Aside.*]

Dor. All people mingle now a days [*To L. Woodvill.*] Madam. And in publick places Women of Quality have the least respect show'd 'em.

L. Wood. I protest you say the truth, Mr. *Courtage*.

Dor. Forms and Ceremonies, the only things that uphold Quality and greatness, are now shamefully laid aside and neglected.²⁰

L. Wood. Well! this is not the Womens Age, let 'em think what they will, Lewdness is the business now, Love was the bus'ness in my Time.

Dor. The Women indeed are little beholding⁰ to the young Men of this Age, they're generally only dull admirers of themselves, and make their Court to nothing but their Perriwigs and their Crevats,³⁰ and would be more concern'd for the disordering of 'em, tho' on a good Occasion, than a young Maid would be for the tumbling of her head or Handkercher.

L. Wood. I protest you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very assiduous to show themselves at Court well dress't to the Women of Quality, but their bus'ness is with the stale Mistresses of the Town, who are prepar'd to receive their Lazy ad-⁴⁰ dresses by industrious old Lovers, who have cast 'em off, and made 'em easy.

Har. He fits my Mothers humor so well, a little more and she'l dance a Kissing dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully observ'd Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great Criticks in Beauty, by their Talk you would think they lik'd no face, and yet can doat on an ill one, if it belong to a Landress or⁵⁰ Taylors Daughter: they cry a Woman's past her prime at 20, decay'd at four and 20, old and unsufferable at 30.

L. Wood. Unsufferable at 30! That they are in the wrong, Mr. *Courtage*, at five and 30, there are living proofs enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay Madam! there's Mrs. *Setlooks*, Mrs. *Droplip*, and my Lady *Lowdl* shew me among all our opening Buds, a face eo that promises so much Beauty as the remains of theirs.

[*beholding*] *beholden* Q 3. Cf. p. 112 *supra*.

L. Wopd. The deprav'd appetite of this Vicious Age tast's⁰ nothing but green Fruit, and loaths it when 'tis kindly⁰ riperi'd.

Dor. Else so many deserving Women, Madam, would not be so untimely neglected.

L. Wood. I protest Mr. *Courtage*, a dozen such good men as you, would be enough 70 to attone for that wicked *Dorimant*, and all the under debauchees of the Town. What's the matter there?

[*Har. Emil. Young Bell. Med. Lady Town, break out into a laughter.*

Med. A pleasant mistake, Madam, that a Lady has made, occasions a little laughter.

O. Bell. Come, come, you keep 'em idle! they are impatient till the Fiddles play again.

Dor. You are not weary, Madam?

L. Wood. One Dance more! I cannot⁸⁰ refuse you Mr. *Courtage*. [*They Dance.*

Emil. You are very active, Sir.

[*After the Dance, O. Bellair, singing and dancing up to Emilia.*

O. Bell. A Dod Sirrah; when I was a young Fellow I could ha' caper'd up to my Womans Gorget.

Dor. You are willing to rest your⁰ self Madam—

L. Town. Wee'l walk into my Chamber and sit down.

Med. Leave us Mr. *Courtage*, he's a⁹⁰ Dancer, and the young Ladies are not weary yet.

L. Wood. Wee'll send him out again.

Har. If you do not quickly, I know where to send for Mr. *Dorimant*.

L. Wood. This Girls head, Mr. *Courtage*, is ever running on that wild fellow.

Dor. 'Tis well you have got^c her a good husband Madam, that will settle it.

[*Ex. L. Town. Wood, and Dorimant.*

O. Bell, to Emilia.] A Dod sweet-heart 100 be advis'd, and do not throw thy self away on^o a young idle fellow.

Emil. I have no such intention Sir.

O. Bell. Have a little patience! Thou shalt have the man I spake of. A Dod he

tast's] tastes Qq 2, 3, Works.

kindly] properly, thoroughly.

your] you Works.

got] gotten Q 3.

on] upon Q 3.

loves thee, and will make a good Husband, but no words—

Emil. But Sir—

O. Bell. No answer—out a pize! peace! 110
and think on't.

Enter Dorimant.

Dorim. Your company is desir'd within Sir.

O. Bell. I go! I go! good Mr. *Courtage*—fare you well! Go!—I'll see you no more. 115
[*to Emil.*

Emil. What have I done Sir?

O. Bell. You are ugly, you are ugly! Is she not Mr. *Courtage*?

Emil. Better words or I sha'n't abide you.

O. Bell. Out a pize—a Dod, what does she say! Hit her a pat for me there. 120

[*Exit Old Bellair.*

Med. You have charms for the whole family.

Dor. You'll spoil all with some unseasonable jest, *Medley*.

Med. You see I confine my Tongue, and am content to be a bare spectator, much contrary to my nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. *Dorimant*, my Lady *Woodvil* is a little fond of you.

Dor. Would her daughter were. 130

Med. It may be you may find her so! try her, you have an opportunity.

Dor. And I will not lose it! *Bellair*, here's a Lady has something to say to you.

Y. Bell. I wait upon her. Mr. *Medley* we have both Business with you.

Dor. Get you all together then. [*To Harriet*] That demure curt'sy is not amiss in jest, but do not think in earnest it becomes you. 140

Har. Affectation is catching I find; from your grave bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that scorn, and coldness in your look?

Har. From nature Sir, pardon my want of art: I have not learnt those softnesses and languishings which now in faces are so much in fashion.

Dor. You need 'em not, you have a sweetness of your own, if you would but 150
calm your frowns and let it settle.

Har. My Eyes are wild and wandring like my passions, and cannot yet be ty'd to Rules of charming.

Dor. Women indeed have commonly a

method of managing those messengers of Love! now they will look as if they would kill, and anon they will look as if they were dying. They point⁰ and rebate⁰ their glances, the better to invite us. MO

Ear. I like this variety well enough; but hate the set face that always looks as it would say Come love me. A woman, who at Playes makes the Deux^o yeux to a whole Audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em to her Monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle smile and let me see, how^o well it will become you.

Ear. I am sorry my face does not please you as it is, but I shall not be com-¹⁷⁰plaisant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obstinate, I know 'tis capable of Improvement, and shall do you Justice Madam, if I chance to be at Court, when the Critiques⁰ of the Circle⁰ pass their judgment; for thither you must come.

Ear. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my Features examin'd, every motion censur'd, and on the whole be con- isodemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of the lowest rate. What think you?

Dor. The Women, nay the very lovers who belong to the Drawing-room will maliciously allow you more than that; they always grant what is apparent, that they may the better be believ'd when they name conceal'd faults they cannot easily be disprov'd in.

Ear. Beauty runs as great a risque iw expos'd at Court as wit does on the Stage, where the ugly and the foolish, all are free to censure.

Dor. aside.] I love her, and dare not let her know it, I fear sh's an ascendant o're me and may revenge the Wrongs I have done her sex. Think of making a party Madam, love will engage. [To her.

Ear. You make me start! I did not think to have heard of Love from you.²⁰⁰

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a settled Ague yet, but now and then have had irregular fits.

point] give piquancy.

rebate] dull.

Deux] doux.

see, how] see how Qq 2, 3, Works.

Critiques] Qq 1, 2; Criticks Q 3, Works.

Circle] cf. p. 131 supra.

Ear. Take heed, sickness after long health is commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the infection from her, and feel the Disease now spreading in me——[*Aside.*] Is the name of loye so frightful that you dare not stand it?

[To her.

Ear. 'Twill do little execution out of ao your mouth on me I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal——

Ear. To some easy Women,⁰ but we are not all born to one destiny, I was inform'd you use to laugh at Love, and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I must speak——

Ear. If it be on that Idle subject, I will put on my serious look, turn my head carelessly from you, drop my lip, let my 220 Eyelids fall, and hang half o're my Eyes—— Thus while⁰ you buz a speech of an hour long in my ear, and I answer never a word! why do you not begin?

Dor. That the company may take notice how passionately I make advances of Love! and how disdainfully you receive 'em.

Ear. When your Love's grown strong enough⁰ to make you bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to trouble me with a» it. Till when pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling and others in Masques.

Dor. What's here Masquerades?⁰

Ear. I thought that foppery had been left off, and People might have been in private with a Fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foet still by some who find themselves the more acceptable, the less they are known.

Y. Bell. This must be Sir Fopling.

Med. That extraordinary habit shews it.

Y. Bell. What are the rest?²⁴¹

Med. A company of French Rascals whom he pick'd up in Paris 'and has brought over to be his dancing Equipage on these occasions! make him own himself; a Fool is very troublesome when he presumes he is Incognito.

Sir Fop. Do you know me. [To Harriet.

Ear. Ten to one but I guess at you?

Women] Woman Q 3.

Thus while] Qq 1-3; Thus, while Works; Thus—while Brett-Smith.

enough] om. Q 3.

here Masquerades?] here, Masquerades? Qq 2, 3, Works.

Sir Fop. Are you women as fond of a ²³⁰ Vizard as we men are?

'Har. I am very fond of a Vizard that covers a Face I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bell. Here are no Masques you see, Sir, but those which came with you, this was intended a private meeting, but because you look like a Gentleman, if you will discover your self and we know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

Sir Fop. Dear Bellair. aeo

[Pulling off his Mask.

Med. Sir Fopling! how came you hither?

Sir Fop. Faith as I was coming late from White-Hall, after the Kings Couchee,⁰ one of my people told me he had heard Fiddles at my Lady Townleys, and——

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir Fop. Dorimant, let me kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you Sir Fopling! [Whispers.

Sir Fop. Enough, enough, Courtage. A pretty kind of young Woman that, Medley, I observ'd her in the Mail more Evelie⁰ ²⁷¹ than our English Women commonly are, prithe what is she?

Med. The most noted Coquette in Town; beware of her.

Sir Fop. Let her be what she will, I know how to take⁰ my Measures, in Paris the Mode is to flatter the Prude, laugh at the Faux-proude, make serious love to the Demi-proude, and only railly with the sua Coquette. Medley, what think you?

Med. That for all this smattering of the Mathematicks, you may be out in your Judgment at Tennis.

Sir Fop. What a Coque a Lasne' is this? I talk of Women and thou answer'st Tennis.

Med. Mistakes will be for want of apprehension.

Sir Fop. I am very glad of the acquaintance I have with this Family. ²⁹⁰

Med. My Lady truly is a good Woman.

of] Qq 1, 2; off Q 3, Works. Cf. p. 126 l. 67.

Coucheil] an evening reception.

Evelis] i.e., eveilUe, awake, brisk. Verity cites Addison, *The Spectator*: 'the whole Discourse and Behaviour of the French is to make the Sex more Fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) more awakened, than is consistent either with Virtue or Discretion.'

take] Q 1, Works; make Q 2, 3.

Coque a Lasne] coq a l'dne. Not quite our 'cock and bull story.' The emphasis in the French use of the phrase is on the irrelevance rather than on the incredibility.

Sir Fop. Ah! Dorimant, Courtage I would say, would thou hadst spent the last Winter in Paris with me. When thou wer't there La corneus and Sallyes⁰ were the only habitudes we had, a Comedian would have been a bone fortune. No stranger ever pass'd his time so well as I did some months before I came over. I was well receiv'd in a dozen Families, where all the so Women of quality us'd to visit, I have intrigues to tell thee, more pleasant, than ever thou read'st in a Novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us Women! our Language wants such little stories.

Sir Fop. Writing Madam's a° Mechanick part of Witt! A Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billet.

Har. Bussie was a Gentleman. ³¹⁰

Sir Fop. Who D'Ambois?

Med. Was there ever such a brisk⁰ block-head?⁰

Har. Not D'Ambois' Sir, but Rubutin. He who writ the Loves of France.

Sir Fop. That may be, Madam! many Gentlemen do Things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, Courtage, Women are the prettiest things we can fool away our time with. «»

Har. I hope ye have wear'd your self to night at Court, Sir, and will⁰ not think of fooling with any body here.

Sir Fop. I cannot complain of my Fortune there, Madam——Dorimant——

Dor. Again!

Sir Fop. Courtage, a pox on't, I have something to tell thee. When I had made my Court within, I came out and flung my self upon the Matt under the state⁰ MO i'th'outward room, i'th'midst of half a dozen Beauties who were withdrawn to jeer among themselves, as they call'd it.

La corneus, Sallyes] Verity suggests that these may be Madame Cornuel and Madame Selles, who are referred to by Bussy as ladies known in the literary circle of the day.

Madam's a] Qq 1, 2; Madam, 's a Q 3; Madam, is a Works.

brisk] smart.

blockhead] Qq 2, 3; blockhead Q 1; Blockhead Works.

Not D'Ambois] Fopling ignorantly confuses Roger de Rabutin, comte de Bussy, author of the notorious *Histoire amoureuse des Ouales*, with Bussy D'Ambois celebrated in English drama by Chapman.

will] Q 1, Works; J will Q 2, 3.

state] canopy.

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir Fop. Not one of 'em by Heav'ns! not I. But they were all your friends.

Dor. How are you sure of that?

Sir Fop. Why we laugh'd at all the Town; spar'd no body but your self, they found me a man for their purpose.³⁴⁰

Dor. I know you are malicious to your power.⁰

Sir Fop. And faith! I had occasion to shew it, for I never saw more gaping fools at a Ball or on a Birth-day.⁰

Dor. You learn'd who the women were.

Sir Fop. No matter! they frequent the Drawing Room.

Dor. And entertain themselves pleasantly at the expence of all the Fops who come³⁵⁰ there.

Sir Fop. That's their bus'ness, faith I sifted 'em and find they have a sort of wit among them——Ah filthy.

[*Pinches a Tallow Candle.*]

Dor. Look he has been pinching the Tallow Candle.

Sir Fop. How can you breath in a Room where there's Grease frying! *Dorimant* thou art intimate with my Lady, advise her for her own sake and the good Company³⁶⁰ that comes hither to burn Wax lights.

Har. What are these Masquerades who stand so obsequiously at a distance?

Sir Fop. A set of Bulladins,⁰ whom I pickt out of the best in *France* and brought over, with a Flutes deux⁰ or two, my Servants; they shall entertain you.

Har. I had rather see you dance your self *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. And I had rather do it—all the³⁷⁰ company knows it—but Madam——

Med. Come, come! no excuses *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. By Heav'ns *Medley*⁰——

Med. Like a woman I find you must be struggl'd with before one brings you what⁰ you desire.

Har. Can he dance? [*Aside.*]

to your power] to the utmost of your power.
on a Birth-day] at a party to celebrate the King's birthday.

Bulladins] baladines; cf. p. 125 *supra*.

Flutes deux] see n. p. 124 *supra*.

Medley] Q 1, Works; om. Qq 2, 3.

what] to what Works and later edd. Probably a sound emendation.

Emil. And fence and sing too, if you'l³⁸⁰ believe him.

Dor. He has no more excellence in his heels than in his head. He went to *Paris* a plain bashful English Blockhead, and is return'd a fine undertaking⁰ *French Fopp*.

Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir Fop. Do not think it want of Complaisance, Madam.

Har. You are too well bred to want that, *Sir Fopling*. I believe it want of power.

Sir Fop. By Heav'ns and so it is. I have »» sat up so Damn'd late and drunk so curs'd hard since I came to this lewd Town, that I am fit for nothing but low dancing now, a Corant,⁰ a Boree,⁰ or a Minuet: but St. *Andre*⁰ tells me, if I will but be regular in one Month I shall rise agen. Pox on this Debauchery. [*Endeavours at a Caper.*]

Emil. I have heard your dancing much commended.

Sir Fop. It had the good⁰ Fortune to «» please in *Paris*. I was judg'd to rise within an inch as high as the Basque⁰ in an Entry⁰ I dane'd there.

Har. I am mightily taken with this Fool, let us sit: here's a seat *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. At your feet, Madam; I can be no where so much at ease: by your leave Gown.

Har. and
Emil. (Ah! you'll spoil it.)

Sir Fop. No matter, my Cloaths are my «» Creatures. I make 'em to make my Court to you Ladies, Hey——[*Dance*] Quon Comence—to⁰ an English Dancer English motions. I was fore'd to entertain⁰ this Fellow, one of my set miscarrying——Oh Horrid! leave your damn'd manner of dancing, and put on the French Air: have you not a Pattern before you——Pretty well! imitation in time may bring him to something.⁴²⁰

undertaking] bold.

Corant] i] courant or coranto, a gliding dance.

Boreal a bourree, a kind of dance.

St. Andrei a famous professional dancer.

good] Q 1; Works; om. Qq 2, 3.

Basque] basque, skirt of a coat.

Entry] Fr. entree, a dance in an interval of an entertainment.

Comenced—to] Brett-Smith; Comence to Q 1; Commence' to Q 2; Commence', to Q B; Comenced, to Works.

entertain] engage.

After the Dance enter Old Bellair, L. Woodvil and L. Townley.

O. Bell. Hey a Dod! what have we here, a mumming?

L. Wood. Where's my Daughter—*Harriet.*

Dor. Here, here, Madam! I know not but under these disguises there may be dangerous sparks, I gave the young Lady Warning!

L. Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, *Mr. Courtage.*

Har. Lord! how you admire this man! ⁴³⁰

L. Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a Fopp.

L. Wood. He's not a *Dorimant*, a wild extravagant Fellow of the Times.

Har. He's a man made up of forms and common places, suckt out of the remaining Lees of the last age.

It. Wood. He's so good a man that were you not engag'd ⁴⁴⁰

L. Tovm. You'l have but little night to sleep in.

L. Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect day——

Dor. The hour is almost come, I appointed *Bellinda*, and I am not so foppishly in love here to forget; [*Aside.*] I am flesh and blood yet.

L. Town. I am very sensible, Madam.

L. Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look in what a struggle is my poor Mother yonder? ⁴⁵¹

Y. Bell. She has much ado to bring out the Complement?

Dor. She strains, hard for it.

Har. See, see! her head tottering, her Eyes stairing, and her under-lip trembling——

Dor. Now, now, she's in the very convulsions of her Civility, [*aside.*] 'Sdeath I shall lose *Bellinda*: I must fright her > hence! she'l be an hour in this fit of good Manners else.⁰ [*To L. Wood.*] Do you not know, *Sir Fopling*, Madam?

L. Wood. I have seen that Face——Oh heav'n, 'tis the same we met in the Mail, how came he here?

Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of Fop-call; no sooner it strikes up, but the house is besieg'd with an Army of Masquerades straight. ⁴⁷⁰
else.] else Q 1.

L. Wood. Lord! I tremble *Mr. Courtage* for certain *Dorimant* is in the company.

Dor. I cannot confidently say he is not, you had best begon. I will wait upon you; your Daughter is in the hands of *Mr. Bellair.*

L. Wood. I'll see her before me. *Harriet*, come away.

Y. Bell. Lights! Lights!

L. Town. Light down there. ⁴⁸⁰

O. Bell. A Dod it needs not——

Dor. Call my Lady *Woodvills* Coach to the Door quickly.

O. Bell. Stay *Mr. Medley*, let the young Fellows do that duty; we will drink a Glass of Wine together. 'Tis good after dancing! what Mumming spark is that?

Med. He is not to be comprehended in few words.

Sir Fop. Hey! La Tower. ⁴⁹⁰

Med. Whither away *Sir Fopling*?

Sir Fop. I have bus'ness with *Courtage*——

Med. He'l but put the Ladies into their Coach and come up agen.

O. Bell. In the mean time I'll⁰ call for a Bottle. [*Ex. Old Bell.*]

Enter Young Bellair.

Med. Where's *Dorimant*?

Y. Bell. Stolln home! he has had business waiting for him there all this night, I ⁵⁰⁰ believe, by an Impatience I observ'd in him.

Med. Very likely, 'tis but^o dissembling Drunkenness, railing at his friends, and the kind Soul will embrace the blessing, and forget the tedious expectation.

Sir Fop. I must speak with him before I sleep!

Y. Bell. *Emilia* and I are resolved on that business. ⁵¹⁰

Med. Peace here's your Father.

Enter Old Bellair, and Buttler with a Bottle of Wine.

O. Bell. The Women are all gone to bed. Fill Boy! *Mr. Medley* begin a health.

Med. To *Emilia.* [*whispers.*]

O. Bell. Out a pize! she's a rogue and I'll^o not pledge you.

I'll] i'll Q 1.

but] dut Q 1.

Vie] i'le Q 1; I'll Qq 2, 3, Works.

Med. I know you well.⁰

O. Bell. A Dod drink it then.

Sir Fop. Let us have the new Bachique.

O. Bell. A Dod that is^o a hard word!⁵²⁰
What does it mean Sir?

Med. A Catch or drinking Song.

O. Bell. Let us have it then.

Sir Fop. Fill the Glasses round, and draw
up in a Body. Hey! Musick!

They Sing.

*The pleasures of love and the Joyes of good
Wine,*

To perfect our happiness wisely we joyn.

We to Beauty all day

*Give the Sovereign sway,*⁵²⁰

And her favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.

*At the Plays we are constantly making our
Court*

*And when they are ended we follow the
sport.⁰*

To the Mall and the Park

Where we love till 'tis dark;

Then sparkling Champagne

Puts an end to their reign;

It quickly recovers

Poor languishing Lovers,

*Makes us frolick and gay, and drowns all
our Sorrow.*⁵³⁹

But alas! we relapse again on the Morrow.

Let every man stand

With his glass in his hand.⁹

*And briskly discharge at the word of Com-
mand.*

Here's a health to all those

Whom to night we depose.

*Wine and beauty by turns great souls should
inspire.*

*Present all together; and now boyes give
fire——*

O. Bell. A Dod a pretty bus'ness and
very merry.

Sir Fop. Hark you *Medley*, let you and⁵⁵⁰
I take the Fiddles and go waken *Dorimant*.

Med. We shall do him a courtesy, if it be
as I guess. For after the fatigue of this night,
he'll quickly have his belly full: and be glad
of an occasion to cry, take away *Handy*.

well] will 1715 and later edd. and Brett-Smith.
that is] Q 1, Works; *that's* Qq 2, 3.
sport.] sport Brett-Smith.

hand.] Q 1; *hand*, Brett-Smith; *hand*: Qq 2, 3;
Hand, Works.

Y. Bell. Vie go with you, and there we'll
consult about affaires *Medley*.

O. Bell. looks on his Watch.] A Dod,
'tis six a Clock.

Sir Fop. Let's away then.⁵⁶⁰

O. Bell. Mr. *Medley*, my Sister tells me
you are an honest man. And a Dod I love
you. Few words and hearty, that's the way
with old *Harry*, old *Harry*.

Sir Fop. Light your Flambeux. Hey.

O. Bell. What does the man mean?

Med. Tis day *Sir Fopting*.

Sir Fop. No matter. Our Serenade will
look the greater. [Ex. Omnes.]

SCENE II.

*Dorimants Lodging, a Table, a Candle, a
Toilet, &c. Handy tying up Linnen.*

Enter Dorimant in his Gown and Bellinda.

Dor. Why will you be gone so soon?

Bell. Why did you stay out so late?

Dor. Call a Chair, *Handy*! what makes
you tremble so?

Bell. I have a Thousand fears about me:
have I not been seen think you?

Dor. By no body but my self and trusty
Handy.

Bell. Where are all your people?

Dor. I have disperst 'em on sleeveless 10
Errants.⁰ What does that sigh mean?

Bell. Can you be so unkind to ask
me?——well——[Sighs.] Were it to do
again——

Dor. We should do it, should we not?

Bell. I think we should: the wickeder
man you to make me love so well——will
you be discreet now?

Dor. I will——

Bell. You cannot.²⁰

Dor. Never doubt it.

Bell. I will not expect it.

Dor. You do me wrong.

Bell. You have no more power to keep
the secret, than I had not to trust you
with it.

Dor. By all^o the Joyes I have had, and
those you keep in store——

sleeveless Errants] bootless errands. Qq 2, 3,
Works read *Errands*.

By all . . . before] Brett-Smith notes that *Bellinda* takes up *Dorimant's* alexandrine and completes
the couplet.

Bell. You'll do for my sake what you never did before——³⁰

Dor. By that truth thou hast spoken, a wife shall sooner betray her self to her husband——

Bell. Yet I had rather you should be false in this than in an other⁰ thing you promis'd me.

Dor. What's that?

Bell. That you would never see *Loveit* more but in publick places, in the Park, at Court and Playes.⁴⁰

Dor. Tis not likely a man should be fond of seeing a damn'd old Play when there is a new one acted.

Bell. I dare not trust your promise.

Dor. You may——

Bell. This does not satisfy me. You shall swear you never will see her more.

Dor. I will! a Thousand oaths—by all——

Bell. Hold—you shall not, now I think⁵⁰ on't better.

Dor. I will swear——

Bell. I shall grow jealous of the Oath, and think I owe your truth to that, not to your love.

Dor. Then, by my love! no other Oath I'll⁰ swear.

Enter Handy.

Hand. Here's a Chair.

Bell. Let me go.

Dor. I cannot.

Bell. Too willingly I fear. »

Dor. Too unkindly fear'd. When will you promise me again?

Bell. Not this fortnight.

Dor. You will be better than your word.

Bell. I think I shall. Will it not make you love me less? [*Starting.*] Heark! what Fiddles are these? [*Fiddles without.*]

Dor. Look out, *Handy*!

[*Ex. Handy and returns.*]

Hand. Mr. *Medley*, Mr. *Bellair*, and Sir *Fopling*, they are coming up.⁷⁰

Dor. How got they in?

Hand. The door was open for the Chair.

Bell. Lord! let me fly——

Dor. Here, here, down the back stairs. I'll see you into your Chair.

Bell. No, No! stay and receive 'em. And an other] Q 1; another Qq 2, 3; any other Works. I'll] i'll Q 1.

be sure you keep your word and never see *Loveit* more. Let it be a proof of your kindness.

Dor. It shall——*Handy* direct her.⁸⁰ Everlasting love go along with thee.

[*Kissing her hand.*]

[*Ex. Bellinda and Handy.*]

Enter Young Bellair, Medley, and Sir Fopling.

Y. Bell. Not a bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular fit *Dorimant*.

Dor. I have.

Y. Bell. And is it off already?

Dor. Nature has done her part Gentlemen, when she falls kindly to work, great Cures are effected in little time, you know.

Sir Fop. We thought there was a⁹⁰ Wench in the Case by the Chair that waited. *Prithee* make us a Confidence.

Dor. Excuse me.

Sir Fop. Le sage *Dorimant*—was she pretty?

Dor. So pretty she may come to keep her⁰ Coach and pay Parish Duties if the good humour of the age continue.

Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by publick spirited men for to the good of the whole Town.

Sir Fop. Well said *Medley*.

[*Sir Fopling dancing by himself.*]

Y. Bell. See *Sir Fopling* dancing.

Dor. You are practising and have a mind to recover I see.

Sir Fop. Prethee⁰ *Dorimant*! why hast not thou a glass hung up here? a Room is the dullest thing without one!

Y. Bell. Here is Company to entertain¹¹⁰ you.

Sir Fop. But I mean in case of being alone. In a glass a man may entertain himself——

Dor. The shadow of himself indeed.

*Sir Fop.*⁰ Correct the Errours of his motions and his dress.

Med. I find *Sir Fopling* in your Solitude, you remember the saying of the wise man, and study your self.⁰

keep her] Q 1 Malone Bodleian, Qq 2, 3, Works; *hep heer* Q 1 Brit. Mus.

Prethee] Q 1; *Prithee* Qq 2, 3, Works.

Fop] For Q 1.

study your self] the dictum of Solon.

Sir *Fop*. Tis'the best diversion in our ¹²⁰ retirements. *Dorimant* thou art a pretty fellow and wear'st thy cloaths well, but I never saw thee have a handsom Crevat. Were they made up like mine, they'd give another Aire to thy face. Prithée let me send my man to dress thee but one day. By Heav'n's an English man cannot tye a Ribbon.

Dor. They are something clumsy fisted—

Sir *Fop*. I have brought over the ~~in~~ prettiest fellow that ever spread^o a Toilet, he serv'd some time under *Merille*^o the greatest Genie in the world for a Valet d'Chambre.

Dor. What he who formerly belong'd to the Duke of *Candale*?

Sir *Fop*. The same, and got him his immortal reputation.

Dor. Y'have a very fine *Brandenburgh*^o on Sir *Fopling*.

Sir *Fop*. It serves to wrap me up, after ¹⁴⁰ the Fatigue of a Ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your Periwig ty'd up.

Sir *Fop*. We should not alwaies be in a set dress 'tis^o more en Cavalier to appear now and then in a dissabillee.

Med. Pray how goes your busness with *Loveitt*

Sir *Fop*. You might have answer'd your self in the Mail last night. *Dorimant*! did ¹⁵⁰ you not see the advances she made me? I have been endeavouring at a song!

Dor. Already!

Sir *Fop*. Tis my Coup'd Essay^o in English, I would fain have thy opinion of it.

Dor. Let's see it.

Sir *Fop*. Hey Page give me my song—
Bellair, here thou^o hast a pretty voice sing^o it.

spread *spread* Qq 2, 3, Works.

Merille . . . *Candale*] Brett-Smith gives long and informative quotations from Bussy's *Histoire amoureuse des Ouales* and *Memoires*. *Merille* was chief confidant of the due de *Candale* and, after the duke's death, of the due d 'Orleans. Bussy refers to the due de *Candale*'s reputation as an especially well turned out beau.

Brandenburgh] see n. p. 191 *infra*.

dress 'tis] Q 1; *dress, 'tis* Q 2; *Dress, 'tis* Q 3, Works.

Coup'd Essay] *coup d'essai*, first attempt.

here thou] Q 1; *here, thou* Qq 2, 3, Works.

voice sing] Q 1; *voice, sing* Q 2; *Voice, sing* Q 3. Works.

Y. Bell. Sing it your self Sir *Fopling*. ¹⁶⁰

Sir *Fop*. Excuse me.

Y. Bell. You learnt to sing in *Paris*.

Sir *Fop*. I did of *Lambert*^o the greatest master in the world: but I have his own fault, a weak voice, and care not to sing out of a ruel.^o

Dor. A ruel is a pretty Cage for a singing *Fop* indeed.

Y. Bellair reads the Song.

How Charming Phillis is, how fair!

Ah that she were as willing, ¹⁷⁰

To ease my wounded heart of Care

And make her Eyes less killing.

I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,

And Love will not let me rest,

I drive about the Park, and bow

Still as I meet my dearest.

Sir *Fop*. Sing it, sing it man, it goes to a pretty new Tune which I am confident was made by *Baptist*.^o

Med. Sing it your self Sir *Fopling*, he ~~is~~ does not know the Tune.

Sir *Fop*. I'll venture.

{Sir *Fopling* sings.

Dor. Ay marry! now 'tis something. I shall not flatter you, Sir *Fopling*, there is not much thought in't. But 'tis passionate and well turn'd.

Med. After the French way.

Sir *Fop*. That I aim'd at—does it not give you a lively image of the thing? Slap down goes the Glass, and thus we are wo at it.

Dor. It does indeed, I perceive, Sir *Fop*' ling, You'l be the very head of the Sparks, who are lucky in Compositions of this, nature.

Enter Sir Foplings Footman.

Sir *Fop*. *La Tower*, is the Bath ready?

Footm. Yes Sir.

Sir *Fop*. Adieu don Mes cheres.

[*Ex. Sir Fopling.*

Lambert] one of the best-known singing masters of the day in France.

mil] a ruelle, strictly the space round a bed where visitors were received by French ladies of fashion: it came by extension to mean a bedroom in which ladies held receptions.

Baptist] Jean Baptiste Lully, court musician under Louis XIV,

Med. When have you your revenge on *Loveit, Dorimant*?

Dor. I will but change my Linneri and 20 about it.

Med. The powerful considerations which hinder'd have bin^o remov'd then.

Dor. Most luckily this morning, you must along with me, my reputation lyes at stake there.

Med. I am engag'd to *Bellair*.

Dor. What's your business.

Med. Ma-tri-mony an't like you. 210

Dor. It does not, Sir.

Y. Bell. It may in time *Dorimant*, what^o think you of *Mrs. Harriet*?

Dor. What does she think of me?

Y. Bell. I am confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

Y. Bell. Why she's never well but when she's talking of you, but then she finds all the faults in you she can. She laughs at all who commend you, but then she 220 speaks ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her temper betray themselves by their over cunning. I had once a growing love with a Lady, who would always quarrel with me when I came to see her, and yet was never quiet if I stay'd a day from her.

Y. Bell. My Father is in love with *Emilia*.

Dor. That is a good warrant for your proceedings, go on and prosper, I must 230 to *Loveit*. *Medley* I am sorry you cannot be a witness.

Med. Make her meet Sir *Fopling* again in the same place, and use him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about I think. I'll be at your Aunts anon and give you Joy Mr. *Bellair*.

Y. Bell. You had not best think of *Mrs. Harriet* too much, without Church security 240 there's no taking up there.

Dor. I may fall into the Snare too. But——

The wise will find a difference in our Fate, You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.

[Exeunt.]

bin] Qq 1-2; *been* Q 3, Works. Cf. p. 253 *infra*.
time *Dorimant*, what] Q 1; time. *Dorimant*, what
Qq 2, 3; time, *Dorimant*, what Works; time, *Dorimant*;
what Brett-Smith.

SCENE ILL

Enter the Chair with Bellinda, the men set it down and open it. Bellinda starting.

Lord! *Bellinda* where am I? in the
Main whither have
surpriz'd. brought me?

1 Chairm. You gave us no directions, Madam?

Bell. The fright I was in made me forget it. *[Aside.]*

1 Chairm. We use to carry a Lady from the Squires hither.

Bell. This is *Loveit*, I am undone if she 10 sees me. *[Aside.]* Quickly carry me away.

1 Chairm. Whither an't like your honour?

Bell. Ask no questions——

Enter Lovcits Footman.

Footm. Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

Bell. I am just come to wait upon her——

Footm. She will be glad to see you, Madam. She sent me to you this morning to desire your Company, and I was told you went out by five a Clock. 20

Bell More and more unlucky!

[Aside.]

Footm. Will you walk in Madam?

Bell. I'll discharge my Chair and follow, *[Ex. Footm.]* tell your Mrs.^o I am here. *[Gives the Chairmen Money.]* Take this! and if ever you should be examin'd, be sure you say, you took me up in the *Strand* over against the *Exchange*, as you will answer it to Mr. *Dorimant*.

Chairmen. We will an't like your Honour.

[Ex. Chairmen.] 30

Bell. Now to come off, I must on——
In Confidence and lies some hope is left;
Twere hard to be found out in the first theft. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

Enter Mistris Loveit and Pert her Woman.

Pert. Well! in my eyes Sir *Fopling* is no such despicable person.

Lov. You are an excellent Judge.

Pert. He's as handsom a Man as Mr. *Dorimant*, and as great a Gallant.

Lov. Intolerable! is't not enough I submit to his Impertinences, but must I be plagu'd with yours too?

Mrs.] Mistress Works.

Pert. Indeed Madam——

Lov. 'Tis false, mercenary malice——¹⁰
[Enter her footman.]

Footm. Mrs. *Bellinda* Madam——

Lov. What of her?

Footm. She's below.

Lov. How came she?

Footm. In a Chair, ambling *Harry* brought her.

Lov. He bring her! His Chair stands near *Dorimant's* Door and always brings me from thence—run and ask him where he took her up; go, there is no truth in friendship²⁰ neither. Women, as well as men, all are false, or all are so to me at least.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lov. You had best tell her I am. 'Twill become the Liberty you take of late. This fellows⁰ bringing of her, her going out by five a Clock——I know not what to think.

Enter *Bellinda*.

Bellinda, you are grown an early Riser I hear!

Bell. Do you not wonder my Dear, what³⁰ made me⁰ abroad so soon?

Lov. You do not use to be so.

Bell. The Country Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord! they have the oddest diversions!) would never let me rest till I promis'd to go with them to the Markets this morning to eat Fruit and buy Nose-gays.

Lov. Are they so fond of a filthy Nose-gay?⁴⁰

Bell. They complain of the stinks of the Town, and are never well but when they have their noses in one.

Lov. There are Essences and sweet waters.

Bell. O they cry out upon perfumes they are⁰ unwholsome, one of 'em was falling into a fit with the smell of these narolii.⁰

Lov. Methinks in Complaisance you should have had a Nosegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my Dear, I could⁵⁰ be so loathsome to trick my self up with Carnations and stock-gillyflowers? I begg'd

[fellows] Qq 1, 3; *Fellows* Q 2; *Fellow's* Works.

what made me/ what was I doing.

O . . . are/ Qq 1, 2, Works; O they cry, out upon Perfumes, they are Q 3.

narolij/ neroli was an essential oil distilled from orange-flower leaves and used as a perfume. The plural form (not exemplified in N.E.D.) is curious. Cf. *orangerii*, p. 135 *supra*.

their pardon and told them I never wore any thing but Orange Flowers and Tuberose. That which made me willing to go was, a strange desire I had to eat some fresh Nectaren's.⁰

Lov. And had you any?

Bell. The best I ever tasted.

Lov. Whence came you now?⁶⁰

Bell. From their Lodgings, where I crowded out of a Coach and took a Chair to come and see you my Dear;⁰

Lov. Whither did you send for that Chair?

Bell. 'Twas going by empty.

Lov. Where do these country Gentlewomen lodge I pray?

Bell. In the *Strand* over against the Exchange.

Pert. That place is never without a Nest 70 of 'em, they are always as one goes by flearing⁰ in Balconies or staring out of Windows.

Enter Footman.

Lov. [To the Footm.] Come hither.

[Whispers.

Bell. Aside.] This fellow by her order has been questioning the Chairmen! I threatn'd 'era with the name of *Dorimant*, if they should have told truth I am lost for ever.

Lov. In the *Strand* said you?

Footm. Yes Madam over against the so Exchange. [Exit Footman.

Lov. She's innocent and I am much to blame.

Bell. Aside.] I am so frightened, my countenance will betray me.

Lov. Bellinda! what makes you look so pale?

Bell. Want of my usual Rest, and jolting up and down so long in an odious Hackney.

[Footman returns.⁹⁰

Footm. Madam! Mr. *Dorimant*

Lov. What makes him⁰ here?

Bell. Aside.] Then I am betray'd indeed, h'has⁰ broke his word, and I love a man that does not care for me.

Lov. Lord! you faint *Bellinda!*

Bell. I think I shall! such an oppression here on the sudden.

Nectaren's] Qq 1, 2; *Nectarens* Q 3; *Nectarens* Works.

Dear;] *Dear.* Qq 2, 3, Works.

flearing] cf. p. 131 *supra*.

makes him] cf. 1. 31 *supra*.

h'has] h'as Works; cf. p. 129 I. 245 *supra*.

Pert. She has eaten too much fruit I warrant you.

Lov. Not unlikely! ¹⁰⁰

Pert. 'Ks that lyes heavy on her Stomach.

Lov. Have her into my Chamber, give her some Surfeit Water,⁰ and let her lye down a little.

Pert. Come, Madam! I was a strange devourer of Fruit when I was young, So ravenous——

[*Ex. Bell, and Pert leading her off.*

Loveit. Oh that my Love would be but calm awhile! That I might receive this man with all the Scorn and indignation he no deserves.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Now for a touch of Sir *Fopling* to begin with. Hey—Page—Give positive order that none of my People stir—Let the Canaille wait as they should do——Since noise and nonsense have such pow'rful charms,

/ that⁰ I may successful prove,

Transform my self to what you love.

Loveit. If that would do, you need not MO change from what you are, you can be vain and lowd enough.

Dor. But not with so good a grace as Sir *Fopling*. Hey, Hampshire—Oh—that sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of Quality.

Loveit. Is there a thing so hateful as a senseless Mimick?

Dor. He's a great grievance indeed to all who like your self, Madam, love to play¹³⁰ the fool in quiet.

Loveit. A ridiculous Animal, who has more of the Ape, than the Ape has of the man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an opinion of a Sheer⁰ Mimick as your self, yet were he all Ape I should prefer him to the Gay, the Giddy, Brisk-insipid Noisy⁰ fool you doat on.

Loveit. Those Noisy-fools, however¹⁴⁰ you despise 'em, have good qualities, which weigh more (or ought at least) with us

Surfeit Water] cf. p. 866 *infra*.

I that . . .] Waller, *To the Mutable Fair*.

Sheer] mere.

Brisk-insipid Noisy] Q 1; *Brisk insipid Noisy* Q 2; *Brisk, Insipid, Noisie* Q 3, Works.

Women, than all the pernicious⁰ Wit you have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their Merit, pray do me the favour to name 'em.

Loveit. You'l despise 'em as the dull effects of Ignorance and Vanity! yet I care not if I mention some. First, they really¹⁵⁰ admire us, while you at best but flatter us well.

Dor. Take heed! Fools can dissemble too——

Loveit. They may! but not so artificially⁰ as you——There is no fear they should deceive us! Then they are assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their service, and always waiting on our will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive MO idleness! They know not how to entertain themselves at home, and find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to fly to you who countenance 'em as a refuge against the Solitude they would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Loveit. Their conversation too diverts us better.

Dor. Playing with your Fan, smelling to your Gloves, commending your Hair, and no taking notice how 'tis cut and shaded after the new way——

Loveit. Were it sillier than you can make it, you must allow 'tis pleasanter to laugh at others than to be laugh'd at our selves though never so wittily. Then though they want skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves so well, they save us the labour! we need not take that care and pains to satisfy 'em of our Love which we so¹⁸⁰ often lose on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of themselves, and alwaies better of you than you deserve.

Loveit. You are in the right, they have an implicit Faith in us which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into our secrets, and saves us the vexatious trouble of clearing doubts which your subtle and causeless Jealousies every moment raise.¹⁹⁰

Dor. There is an inbred falshood in Women, which inclines 'em still to them, whom they may most easily deceive.

Loveit. The man who loves above his pernicious] peniculous Q 1. artificially] cleverly.

quality, does not suffer more from the insolent Impertinence of his Mistress, than the Woman who loves above her Understanding does from the arrogant presumptions of her friend.

Dor. You mistake the use of fools, a» they are design'd for Properties and not for friends, you^o have an indifferent Stock of reputation left yet.^o Lose it all like a frank Gamester on the Square,^o 'twill then be time enough to turn Rook, and cheat it up again on a good Substantial Bubble.^o

Lovcit. The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for Properties indeed, but Young and Handsome Fools have met with kinder fortunes.²¹⁰

Dor. They have to the shame of your sex be it spoken, 'twas^o this, the thought of this made me by a timely Jealousy endeavour to prevent the good fortune you are providing for Sir *Fopting*—But against a Womans frailty all our Care is vain.

Loveit. Had I not with a dear experience bought the Knowledge of your falshood, you might have fool'd me yet. This is not the first Jealousie you have feign'd to make 20 a quarrel with me, and get a week to throw away on some such unknown inconsiderable Slut, as you have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a man, never want th'address to turn the fault on him.

Lovcit. You take a pride of late in using of me ill, that the Town may know the power you have over me. Which now 20 (as unreasonably as your self) expects that I (do me all the injuries you can) must love you still.

Dor. I am so far from expecting that you should, I begin to think you never did love me.

Loveit. Would the memory of it were so wholly worn out in me that I did doubt it too! what made you come to disturb my growing quiet?²⁴⁰

Dor. To give you joy of your growing infamy.

friends, you] Q 1; *Friends, you* Qq 2, 3; *Friends; you* Works.

yet] you Q 3.

on the Square] fairly.

Bubble] dupe. Cf. p. 367 1. 527.

spoken, 'twas] Qq 1-3, Works; *spoken; 'twas* Brett-Smith.

Loveit. Insupportable I insulting Devil! this from you, the only Author of my Shame! this from another had been but Justice, but from you, 'tis a hellish and inhumane outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my scorn, and makes my anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.²⁵⁰

Lov. I walk'd last night with Sir *Fopling*.

Dor. You did Madam, and you talk'd and laugh aloud ha, ha, ha—Oh that laugh, that laugh becomes the confidence of a Woman of Quality.

Lov. You who have more pleasure in the ruine of a Womans reputation than in the indearments of her love, reproach me not with your self, and I defy you to name the man can lay a blemish on my fame,²⁶⁰

Dor. To be seen publickly so transported with the vain Follies of that Notorious Fop, to me is an infamy below the sin of prostitution with another man.

Lov. Rail on, I am satisfy'd in the Justice of what I did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the effect of a passion, whose Extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lov. And what I did was the effect of²⁷⁰ a passion you may forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you so indifferent grown?

Lov. I am.

Dor. Nay! then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back your Letters you have so often askt for: I have two or three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You snatch as if you thought I would not—there—and may the perjuries in²⁸⁰ 'em be mine if ere I see you more.

Lov. Stay!

[*Offers to go, she catches him.*

Dor. I will not.

Lov. You shall.

Dor. What have you to say?

Lov. I cannot speak it yet.

Dor. Something more in Commendation of the fool. Death! I want patience, let me go.

Lov. I cannot. I can sooner part with²⁹⁰ the limbs that hold him. *I Aside.* I hate that nauseous fool, you know I do.

Dor. Was it the scandal you were fond of then?

Lov. Y'had rais'd my anger equal to my

love, a thing you ne're could do before, and in revenge I did—I know not what I did:—Would you would not -think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I³⁰⁰ shall be daily minded of it, 'twill be a common place for all the Town to laugh at me, and *Medley*, when he is Rhetorically drunk, will ever be declaiming on° it in my ears.

Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous spite I Come forget it.

Dor. Let me consult my reputation, you are too careless of it. [*Pauses*] You shall meet Sir *Fopling* in the Mail again to³¹⁰ night.

Lov. What mean you?

Dor. I have thought on it,° and you must. 'Tis necessary to justify my love to the World: you can handle a coxcomb as he deserves, when you are not out of humour Madam!

Lov. Publick satisfaction for the wrong I have done you! This is some new device to make me more ridiculous!³²⁰

Dor. Hear me!

Lov. I will not!

Dor. You will be perswaded.

Lov. Never.

Dor. Are you so obstinate?

Lov. Are you so base?

Dor. You will not satisfy my love?

Lov. I would die to satisfy that, but I will not, to save you from a thousand racks, do a shameless thing to please your³³⁰ vanity.

Dor. Farewel false woman.

Lov. Do! go!

Dor. You will call me back again.

Lov. Exquisite fiend! I knew you came but to torment me.

Enter Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. surpriz'd] *Bellinda* here!

Bell. Aside] He starts! and looks pale, the sight of me has toucht his guilty Soul.

Pert. Twas but a qualm as I said, a³⁴⁰ little indigestion;° the Surfeit Water did it Madam, mixt with a little *Mirabilis*.⁰

on\ of Q 3.

on it] on't Qq 2, 3, Works.

indigestion] Qq 1, 2; Indigestion Q 3, Works.

Mirabilis] aqua mirabilis, cordial spirits.

Dor. I am confounded! and cannot guess how she came hither!

Lov. 'Tis your fortune *Bellinda* ever to be here, when I am abus'd by this prodigy of ill nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here! How has he the face to come near you?

Dor. Aside.] Here is fine work towards!³⁵⁰ I never was at such a loss before.

Bell. One who makes a publick profession of breach of Faith, and Ingratitude! I loath the sight of him.

Dor. There is no remedy, I must submit to their Tongues now, and some other time bring my self off as well as I can.

Bell. Other men are wicked, but then they have some Sense of shame! he is never well but when he triumphs, nay! glories to a³⁶⁰ Womans face in his Villanies.

Lov. You are in the right *Bellinda*, but me thinks your kindness for me makes you concern your self too much with him.

Bell. It does indeed my Dear! His barbarous carriage⁰ to you yesterday, made me hope you ne'r wou'd see him more, and the very next day to find him here again, provokes me strangely: but because I know you love him I have done.³⁷⁰

Dor. You have reproach't me handsomly, and I deserve it for coming hither, but—

Pert. You must expect it, Sir! all Women will hate you for my Ladies⁰ sake!

Dor. Nay, if she begins too, 'tis time to fly! I shall be scolded to death else. [*Aside to Bellinda.*] I am to blame in some circumstances I confess; but as to the Main, I am not so guilty as you imagine. I shall seek a more convenient time to clear my self,³⁸⁰

Loveit. Do it now! what impediments are here?

Dor. I want time, and you want temper.

Loveit. These are weak pretences!

Dor. You were never more mistaken in your life, and so farewell.

Dorimant flings off.

Loveit. Call a Footman! *Pert*! quickly, I will have him dogg'd.

Pert. I wish you would not for my quiet and your own.³⁹⁰

Loveit. I'll find out the infamous cause of all our quarrels, pluck her Mask off, and expose her bare-fae'd to the world.

carriage] behaviour.

Ladies] Lady's Works.

Bell. Let me but escape this time, I'll never venture more. [*Aside.*]

Loveit. Bellinda! you shall go with me.

Bell. I have such a heaviness hangs on me with what I did this morning, I wou'd fain go home and sleep, my Dear.

Loveit. Death! and eternal darkness. I ⁴⁰⁰ shall never sleep again. Raging Feavours seize the world and make Mankind as restless all as I am. [*Ex. Loveit.*]

Bell. I knew him false and help'd to make him so? Was not her ruine enough to fright me from the danger? It should have been, but love can take no warning.

[*Ex. Bell.*]

SCENE I I . *Lady Townlcys House.*

Enter Medly, Young Bellair, Lady Townly, Emilia and Chaplain.

Med. Bear up *Bellair*, and do not let us see that Repentance in thine, we daily do in Married faces.

L. Town. This Wedding will strangely surprize my Brother when he knows it.

Med. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time, Madam, since Marriage has lost its good name, prudent Men seldom expose their own reputations till 'tis convenient to justify their Wives. ¹⁰

Old Bell, [*without*] Where are you all there? Out, a Dod° will no body hear?

L. Town. My Brother, quickly Mr. *Smirk* into this Closet, you must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the Closet.*]

Enter Old Bellair and L. Townleys Page.

O. Bell. Desire Mr. *Furb* to walk into the lower Parlor, I will be with him presently——Where have you been, Sir, you cou'd not wait on me to day?

[*To Y. Bellair.*]

Y. Bell. About a business.

O. Bell. Are you so good at business? ²⁰ a Dod I have a business too, you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir. Send for a Parson, Sister; my Lady *Woodvill* and her Daughter are coming.

L. Town. What need you huddle up° things thus?

O. Bell. Out a pise, youth is apt to play

Out, a Dod] Q 1; *Out, a Dod,* Qq. 2, 3; *Out a-dod* Works.

huddle up] complete hurriedly.

the fool, and 'tis not good it should be in their power.

L. Town. You need not fear your Son. ³⁰

O. Bell. H'has been idling this morning, and a Dod I do not like him. How dost thou do sweet-heart? [*To Emilia.*]

Emil. You are very severe, Sir, Marri'd in such haste!

O. Bell. Go too, thou'rt° a rogue, and I will talk with thee anon. Here's my Lady *Woodvill* come. [*Enter L. Woodvill, Harriet and Busy.*] Welcome, Madam; Mr. *Furb's* below with the Writings. ⁴⁰

L. Wood. Let us down and make an end then.

O. Bell. Sister, shew the way. [*To Y. Bell who is talking to Harriet.*] *Harry* your business lyes not there yet! Excuse him till we have done Lady, and then a Dod he shall be for thee. Mr. *Medley* we must trouble you to be a witness.

Med. I luckily came for" that purpose, ⁵⁰ Sir.

[*Ex. O. Bell. Medley, Y. Bell. L. Townly and L. Woodvill.*]

Busy. What will you do Madam?

Har. Be carried back and mew'd up in the Country agen, run away here, any thing, rather than be marry'd to a Man I do not care for——Dear *Emilia*, do thou advise me!

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* is engag'd you know.

Har. I do; but know not what the fear of losing an Estate may fright him to.

Emil. In the desprate condition you are 60 in, you should consult with some judicious man; what think you of Mr. *Dorimant*?

Har. I do not think of him at all.

Busy. She thinks of nothing° else I am sure——

Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courtage!*

Har. Because I contriv'd the mistake to make a little Mirth, you believe I like the man. ⁷⁰

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* believes you love him.

Har. Men are seldome in the right when they guess at a Womans mind, would she whom he loves lov'd him no better.

Busy. Aside.] That's e'n well enough on all conscience.

thou'rt] Q 1, Works; *thou art* Qq 2, 3.
nothing] Qq 1, 2; *nothink* Q 3, Works. A common variant.

EmiL Mr. *Dorimant* has a great deal of wit.

Har. And takes a great deal of- pains to shew it. 80

EmiL He's extremely well fashion'd.

Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculously wild and apish.

Busy. You defend him still against your Mother.

Har. I would not were he justly rallied, but I cannot hear any one undeservedly rail'd at.

Emit. Has your woman learnt the Song you were so taken with? 90

Har. I was fond of a new thing, 'tis dull at second hearing.

EmiL Mr. *Dorimant* made it.

Busy. She knows it Madam, and has made me sing it at least a dozen times this morning.

Har. Thy Tongue is as impertinent as thy fingers.

EmiL You have provok'd her.

Busy. 'Tis but singing the song and I too shall appease her.

EmiL Prethee do.

Har. She has a voice will grate your Ears worse than a Cat-call, and dresses^o so ill she's scarce fit to trick up a Yeomans Daughter on a Holyday.

Busy Sings.

Song by
Sir C. S.^o

As Amoret with Phillis sat

One Evening dn the plain,

And saw the charming Strephon wait

To Tell the Nymph his pain,^o 110

The threatning danger to remove

She whisper'd in her Ear,

Ah Phillis, if you would not love,

This Shcpheard do not hear.

None ever had so strange an Art

His passion to convey

Into a listning Virgins heart

And steal her Soul away.

Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate. 120

dresses] used transitively.

Sir C. S.] doubtless Sir Car Scroope, who wrote the Prologue,
pain.] Brett-Smith; pain. Qq 1, 2, 3, Works.

*In vain said she, in vain I strive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.*

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Musick so^o softens and disarms the mind.

Har. That not one Arrow docs resistance find.

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky Minute then.

Har. *Aside turning from Dorimant*] My love springs with my blood into my Face, & I dare not look upon him yet.

Dor. What have we here, the picture of celebrated^o Beauty, giving Audience in publick to a declar'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Pop, and make the Piece compleat Sir

Dor. What think you if the Hint were well improv'd? The whole mystery^o of making love pleasantly design'd and wrought in a suit of Hangings?^o 140

Har. Twere needless to execute fools in Effigie who suffer daily in their own persons.

Dor. *To Emilia aside*] Mrs. Bride, for such I know this happy day has made you.^o

EmiL Defer the formal joy you are to give me, and mind your business with her——[*Aloud*] Here are dreadful preparations Mr. *Dorimant*, Writings sealing, and a Parson sent for——

Dor. To marry this Lady———150

Busy. Condcmn'd she is, and what will become of her I know not, without you generously engage in a Rescue.

Dor. In this sad condition, Madam, I can do no less than offer you my service.

Har. The obligation is not great, you are the common Sanctuary for all young Women who run from their Relations.

Dor. I have always my arms open to receive the distressed. But I will open my 160 heart and receive you, where none yet did ever enter——You have filPd it with a secret, might I but let you know it——

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have

Musick so ... 1 From Waller, *On my Lady* /«a-bella Playing on the Lute.

celebrated] a celebrated O 2, adopted by Brett-Smith.

mystery] art; a use of the word to be distinguished from the sense of 'secret,' which is differently derived.

suit of Hanging] set of tapestry.

you.] Qq 1-3, Works; you— Brett-Smith.

me believe it; your Tongue is so fam'd for falshood 'twill do the Truth an injury.

[Turns away her head.

Dor. Turn not away then; but look on me and guess it.

Har. Did you not tell me there was no credit to be given to Faces? that Women ¹⁰ now adays have their passions as much at will as they have their Complexions, and put on joy and sadness, scorn and kindness, with the same ease they do their Paint a'nd Patches—Are they the only counterfeits?

Dor. You wrong your own, while you suspect my Eyes, by all the hope I have in you, the inimitable Colour in your cheeks is not more free from Art than are the sighs I offer, MO

Har. In men who have been long harden'd in Sin, we have reason to mistrust the first signs of repentance.

Dor. The prospect of such a Heav'n will make me persevere, and give you marks that are infallible.

Har. What are those?

Dor. I will renounce all the joys I have in friendship and in Wine, sacrifice to you all the interest I have in other Women—

Har. Hold—Though I wish you de-¹⁹¹ vout, I would not have you turn Fana-tick—Could you neglect these a while and make a journey into the Country?

Dor. To be with you I could live there: and never send one thought to London.

Har. What e're you say, I know all beyond High-Park's a desert to you, and that no gallantry can draw you farther.

Dor. That has been the utmost limit of ²⁰ my Love—But now my passion knows no bounds, and there's no measure to be taken of what I'll⁰ do for you from any thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in Hampshire, I shall⁰ begin to think there may be some little⁰ truth inlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all—will you not promise me—

Har. I hate to promise! what we do ²¹⁰

I'll] i'll Q 1.

/ shall] Q 1 Malone, Bodleian reads / shall at the end of a line; in Q 1 Brit. Mus. it begins the following line. The difference is merely typographical, not affecting the reading.

little] Q 1 Malone, Bodleian; om. Q 1 Brit. Mus., Qq 2, 3, Works.

then is expected from us, and wants much of the welcom it finds, when it surprises.

Dor. May I not hope?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me, and 'tis to no purpose to forbid it⁰

[Turns to Busy.

Busy. Faith Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman loves you too, e'en let him know your mind and torment your selves no longer.

Har. Dost think I have no sense of ²²⁰ Modesty?

Busy. Think, if you lose this you may never have another opportunity.

Har. May he hate me, (a curse that frights me when I speak it!) if ever I do a thing against the Rules of decency and honour.

Dor. [To Emilia.] I am beholding to you for your good intentions, Madam.

Emil. I thought the concealing of our ²³⁰ Marriage from her might have done you better service.

Dor. Try her again—

Emil. What have you resolv'd, Madam? The time draws near.

Har. To be obstinate and protest against this Marriage.

Enter L. Townly in haste.

L. Town. [To Emilia.] Quickly, quickly, let Mr. Smirk out of the Closet.

TSmirk comes out of the Closet.

Har. A Parson! had you laid him in ²⁴⁰ here?

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your opinion of my easiness may cost you dear.

Enter O. Bellair, Y. Bellair, Medley, and L. Woodvill.

O. Bell. Out a pise! the Canonical⁰ hour is almost past; Sister, is the man of God come?

L. Town. He waits your leasure—

O. Bell. By your favour Sir. A Dod a pretty spruce fellow! What may we call ²⁵⁰ him?

L. Town. Mr. Smirk! my Lady Biggots Chaplain.

O. Bell. A wise woman! a Dod she is.

it] Q 1; it. Qq 2, 3, Works.

Canonical] Canonical Q 2. The hours during which n marriage might take place. Cf. p. 338 *infra*.

The man will serve for the flesh as well as the spirit. Please you Sir to Commission a young Couple to go to Bed together—a Gods name?——*Harry.*

Y. Bell. Here Sir——

O. Bell. Out a pise without your mis-²⁶⁰triss in your hand!

Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?

O. Bell. Yes Sir!

Smirk. Are you not mistaken Sir?

O. Bell. A Dod, I think not Sir.

Smirk. Sure you are Sir?

O. Bell. You look as if you would forbid the bains⁰ Mr. *Smirk*, I hope you have no pretention to the Lady!

Smirk. Wish him joy Sir! I have done ²⁰him the good Office to day already.

O. Bell. Out a pize what do I hear?

L. Town. Never storm Brother, the truth is out.

O. Bell. How say you Sir! is this your wedding day?

Y. Bell. It is Sir.

O. Bell. And a Dod it shall be mine too, give me thy hand sweet-heart, [*To Emilia.*] what dost thou mean? give me thy hand ²⁸⁰I say. [*Emilia kneels and Y. Bell.*

L. Town. Come come, give her your blessing, this is the woman your Son lov'd and is marry'd to.

O. Bell. Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your Contrivance Sister!

L. Town. What would you do with her,^o she's a Rogue and you can't abide her.

Medley. Shall I hit her a pat for you Sir?

O. Bell. A Dod you are all Rogues, and ²⁰I never will forgive you.

L. Town. Whither! whither away?

Medley. Let him go and cool awhile!

L. Wood, to *Dorimant*] Here's a business broke out now Mr.^o *Courtage*, I am made a fine fool of.

Dor. You see the old Gentleman knew nothing of it.

L. Wood. I find he did not. I shall have some trick put upon me if I stay in this » wicked Town any longer. *Harriet!* dear Child! where art thou? I'll into the Country straight.

O. Bell. A Dod Madam, you shall hear me first——

Enter Loveit, and Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my man dogg'd him!——

Bell. Yonder he stands my Dear.

Lov. I see him.——[*Aside.*] And with him the Face that has undone me! oh that I were but where I might throw out the ³⁰Anguish of my heart, here it must rage within and break ft.

L. Town. Mrs. *Loveit!* are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz'd to see so much company here in a Morning, the occasion sure is extraordinary——

Dor. Aside.] Loveit and Bellinda! the Devil owes me a Shame to day, and I think never will have done paying it. ³²⁰

Lov. Marry'd! dear *Emilia!* how am I transported with the news?

liar, to Dorimant] I little thought *Emilia* was the woman Mr. *Bellair* was in love with——I'll chide her for not trusting me with the secret-

Dor. How do you like Mrs. *Loveit?*

Har. She's a fam'd Mrs.^o of yours I hear——

Dor. She has been on occasion! ³³⁰

O. Bell. A Dod Madam I cannot help it.

[*To L. Woodvill.*

L. Wood. You need make no more Apologies Sir!

Emit, to Loveit.] The old Gentleman's excusing himself to my Lady *Woodvil.*

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so pleasant.

Har. She's extremely overjoy'd at something. [*To Dor.*

Dor. At nothing, she is one of those ³⁰hoyting⁰ Ladies, who gayly fling themselves about, and force a laugh, when their aking hearts are full of discontent and malice.

Lov. Oh Heav'n! I was never so near killing my self with laughing—Mr. *Dorimant!* are you a Brideman?⁰

L. Wood. Mr. *Dorimant!* is this Mr. *Dorimant*, Madam?

Lov. If you doubt it, your daughter can resolve you I suppose. ³³⁰

bains] a variant spelling of banns. *Banes* Q 3, Works.

her.] hert Qq 2, 3, Works.

now Mr.] now, Mr. Qq 2, 3, Works.

Mrs.] Mistress Works.

hoyting] hoydenish.

Brideman] bridegroom; it was also used in the sense of groomsman, best man.

L. Wood. I am cheated too, basely cheated.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what's here more knavery yet!

L. Wood. Harriet! on my Blessing come away I charge you.

Ear. Dear Mother! do but stay and hear me.

L. Wood. I am betray'd and thou art undone I fear. ³⁶⁰

Har. Do not fear it—I have not, nor never will do any Thing against my duty—believe me! dear Mother do.

Dor. to Lov.] I had trusted you with this secret but that I knew the violence of your Nature would ruin my fortune as now unluckily it has: I thank you Madam.

Lov. She's an Heiress I know, and very rich.

Dor. To satisfy you I must give up my ³⁷⁰ interest wholly to my Love, had° you been a reasonable woman, I might have secur'd 'em° both, and been happy——

Lov. You might have trusted me with any thing of this Kind, you know you might. Why did you go under a wrong name?

Dor. The stoy is too long to tell you now, be satisfied, this is the business; this is the Masque has° kept me from you. ^{so}

Bell. He's tender of my honour, though he's cruel to my Love. *Aside.]*

Loveit. Was it no idle Mistress then?

Dor. Believe me a Wife, to repair the Ruines of my estate that needs it.

Loveit. The knowledge of this makes my Grief hang lighter on my soul; but I shall never more be happy.

Dor. Bellinda!

Bell. Do not think of clearing your ³⁰ self with me, it is impossible——Do all men break their words thus?

Dor.. Th' extravagant words they speak in love; 'tis as unreasonable to expect we should perform all we promise then, as do all we threaten when we are angry—when I see you next——

Bell. Take no notice of me and I shall not hate you.

Dor. How came you to Mrs. Loveit? ⁴⁰⁰

Love, had] Love; *had* Works.

em] 'm Q 3.

has] i.e., who has.

Bell. By a mistake the Chairmen made for want of my giving them directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleasant one. We must meet agen.

Bell. Never.

Dor. Never!

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are false.

L. Town. Men of Mr. *Dorimants* character, always suffer in the general opinion ⁴¹⁰ of the world.

Med. You can make no judgment of a witty man from common fame, considering the prevailing faction, Madam——

O. Bell. A Dod he's in the right.

Med. Besides 'tis a common errorr among Women, to believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them they don't.

O. Bell. A Dod he observes well.

L. Town. Believe me, Madam, you will ⁴²⁰ find Mr. *Dorimant* as civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. *Courtage*.

Har. If you would but° know him better——

L. Wood. You have a mind to know him better! Come away——You shall never see him more——

Har. Dear Mother stay——

L. Wood. I wo'not be consenting to your Ruine—— ⁴³⁰

Har. Were my fortune in your power——

L. Wood. Your person is.

Har. Could I be disobedient I might take it out of yours and put it into his.

L. Wood. 'Tis that you would be at, you would Marry this *Dorimant*.

Har. I cannot deny it! I would, and never will marry any other man.

L. Wood. Is this the Duty that you promis'd? ⁴⁴⁰

Har. But I will never Marry him against your will——

L. Wood. She knows the way to melt my heart. *[Aside.]* Upon your self light your undoing. *[To Har.]*

Med. T To O. Bell.] Come, Sir, you have not the heart any longer to refuse your blessing.

O. Bell. A Dod I ha'not——Rise and God bless you both——Make much of her *Harry*, she deserves thy kindness——A ⁴³⁰ Dod sirrah I did not think it had been in thee. *[To Emilia.]*

I would but] Q 1, Works; have a mind to Qq 2, 3.

Enter Sir Fopling and's° Page.

Sir Fop. Tis a damn'd windy day! hey Page! Is my Perriwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir!

Sir Fop. Pox o'this apartment, it wants an Antichamber to adjust ones self in. Madam! I came from [To Loveit.] your house and your Servants directed me hither.

Loveit. I will give order hereafter they^{'460} shall direct you better.

Sir Fop. The great satisfaction I had in the Mail last night has given me much disquiet since.

Loveit. 'Tis likely to give me more than I desire.

Sir Fop. What the Devil makes her so reserv'd? Am I guilty of an indiscretion, Madam?

Loveit. You will be of a great one, if^{'470} you continue your mistake, Sir.

Sir Fop. Something puts you out of humour.

Loveit. The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever did.

Sir Fop. Is it in my power?

Loveit. To hang or drown it, do° one of 'em, and trouble me no more.

Sir Fop. So fierce? Serviteur,⁰ Madam——
Medley! where's *Dorimant?*⁴⁸⁰

Med. Me thinks the Lady has not made you those Advances to day she did last night, *Sir Fopling*——

Sir Fop. Prithee do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a bone fortune.

Sir Fop. Not to me at present.

Med. How so?

Sir Fop. An intrigue now would be but a temptation to me to throw away that Vigour on one which I mean shall shortly 40 make my Court to the whole sex in a Ballet.

Med. Wisely consider'd, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. No one woman is worth the loss of a Cut in a Caper.

Med. Not when 'tis so universally designed.

L. Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*, every one has spoke so much in your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the wrong.

and's] and his Works.
it, do] it; do Works.
fieret Serviteur] Brett-Smith; fiere Serviteur Qq
1, 2, 3, Works.

Lov. There's nothing but falsehood and «» impertinence in this world! all men are Villains or Fools; take example from my misfortunes. *Bellinda*, if° thou would'st be happy, give thy self wholly up to goodness.

Har. to Loveit.] Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another——

Lov. Jeer'd by her! I will lock my self up in my house, and never see the world⁵¹⁰ again.

Har. A Nunnery is the more fashionable place for such a Retreat, and has been the fatal consequence of many a belle passion.

Lov. Hold heart! till I get home! should I answer 'twould make her Triumph greater.

[Is going out.

Dor. Your hand *Sir Fopling*——

Sir Fop. Shall I wait upon you Madam?

Lov. Legion of Fools, as many Devils take thee. [Ex. *Lov.*

Med. Dorimant? I pronounce thy repu- do tation clear——and henceforward when I would know any thing of woman, I will consult no other Oracle.

Sir Fop. Stark mad, by all that's handsome! *Dorimant* thou hast engag'd me in a pretty business.

Dor. I have not leasure now to talk about it.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what does this man of mode do here agen?⁵³⁰

L. Town. He'll be an excellent entertainment within Brother, and is luckily come to raise the mirth of the Company.

L. Wood. Madam, I take my leave of you.

L. Town. What do you mean Madam?

L. Wood. To go this afternoon part of my way to *Hartly*——

O. Bell. A Dod you shall stay and dine first! come we will all be good friends, wo and you shall give Mr. *Dorimant* Leave to wait upon you and your daughter in the Country.

L. Wood. If his occasions bring him that way, I have now so good an opinion of him, he shall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone house, misfortunes . . . if] Brett-Smith adopts Verity's reading: misfortunes, Belinda; if; but the emendation seems to be unnecessary.

that looks as it were not inhabited, the family's so small; there you'll find my Mother, an old lame Aunt, and my self «» Sir, perch'd up on Chairs at a distance in a large parlour; sitting moping like three or four Melancholy Birds in a spacious vol-lary°——Does not this stagger your Reso-lution?

DOT. Not at all, Madam! The first time I saw you, you left me with the pangs of Love upon me, and this Day my soul has quite given up her liberty.

Har. This is more dismal than the MO Country! *Emilia!* pitty me, who am going to that sad place. Methinks I hear the hateful noise of Rooks already——Kaw, Kaw, Kaw°——There's musick in the worst

vollary] aviary.

Kaw, Kaw, Kaw,} Knaw, knaw, knaw Works.

Cry in *London!* My Dill and Cowcumbers to pickle.⁰

O. Bell. Sister! knowing of this matter, I hope you have provided us some good Chear.

L. Town. I have Brother, and the Fiddles too—— 671

O. Bell. Let 'em strike up then, the young Lady shall have a dance before she departs.

[Dance.

[After the Dance.

So now we'll in, and make this an arrant wedding day——

And if these honest Gentlemen rejoyce,

[To the Pitt.

A Dod the Boy has made a happy choice.

[Ex. Omnes.

My . . . pickle} Brett-Smith prints in italic to denote that it is a street cry. *Cowcumbers* Qq 1-3; *Cucumbers* Works.

T H E

EPILOGUE

By M^r Dry den

MOST Modern Wits, such monstrous Fools have shown,
They seemd not of heav'ns making but their own.
Those Nauseous Harlequins in Farce may^o pass,
But there goes more to a substantial Ass!
Something of man must be expos'd to View,
That, Gallants, they^o may more resemble you:
Sir Fopling is a Fool so nicely writ,
The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit.
And when he sings, talks lowd, and cocks^o; wou'd cry,
I vow^o methinks he's pretty Company,
So brisk, so gay, so travail'd,^o so refin'd!
As he took pains ia graff^o upon his kind.
True Fops help Natures work, and go to school,
To file and finish god-a'mighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's Knight o'th' Shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets, he culls what e're he can,
Legion's his name, a people in a Man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball growes.
His various modes from various Fathers follow,
One taught the Toss,^o and one the new French Wallow.^o
His Sword-knot, this; his Crevat, this design'd,
And this, the yard long Snake^o he twirls behind.
From one the sacred Perriwig he gain'd,
Which Wind ne're blew, nor touch of Hat prophan'd.
Anothers diving Bow he did adore,
Which with a shog^o casts all the hair before:
Till he with full Decorum brings it back,
And rises with a Water Spaniel shake.
As for his Songs (the Ladies dear delight)
Those sure he took from most of you who Write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd,
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

FINIS.

may] my Works.
they] a copy of this epilogue in a MS. book of Sir W. Haward is described in *Rev. Eng. Studies*, I. 325/6,
by **Thorn-Drury**. It reads it in this passage for *they*. Brett-Smith adopts the reading.
cocks] swaggers.
I vow] I now Haward MS. Brett-Smith adopts, interpreting as *Ay now*; but alteration is unnecessary,
travail'd] travell'd Works. Cf. p. 128 *supra*. graff] graft.
Toss] 'An affected manner of throwing the head,' Johnson's *Diet*.
Wallow] 'A kind of rolling walk,' Johnson's *Diet*. Snake] long curl or tail of a wig.
shog] shake.

T H E
PLAIN-DEALER.
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal.

Written by M ' WYCHERLEY,

H O R A T .

——*Ridiculum acre*

Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat ret.

Licenfed Jan.9. 1676.

ROGER L E S T R A N G E .

LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for *James Magnet and Kick Bentley*
in *Ruflilftreet* in *Covent-garden* near the *Piazz/s*,
M. DCLXXVII

William Wycherley (1640 ? -1716) moved in the society of fops and rakes that Etherege first depicted in his comedies, and by those comedies he was evidently inspired. He continues the tradition of the comedy of manners, but introduces a mood of earnestness foreign to "easy Etherege."

The Plain-Dealer, however brutal and coarse in many respects, at least recognizes the existence of moral values. The play was produced in 1676. In certain scenes Wycherley is indebted to *Le Misanthrope* of Moliere,' but the play is essentially English in substance and in mood. Here we have the work of a stern and sombre satirist, depicting and at the same time flagellating the vicious manners which Etherege had conveyed on to the stage in a mood of gaiety and with lightness of handling.

Wycherley's earlier plays are *Love in a Wood* (1671), *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* (1672), and *The Country Wife* (1674/5), of which the last also shows considerable debt to Moliere. The quality of satire is less marked in the earlier plays, but is definitely noticeable in *The Country Wife* which also is characterized by coarseness like *The Plain-Dealer*.

The Plain-Dealer remains Wycherley's masterpiece, powerful in incident and characterization, brilliant in dialogue, and a vivid picture of the manners of its day.

Nicoll records? the following early editions:—1677 (3 editions), 1678, 1681, 1686, 1691, 1694, 1700, 1709. There were also editions in 1710 and 1712.

Q 1 = First edition quarto, 1677 (B. M. 644. i. 77).

Q 2 = Second edition quarto, 1678 (B. M. 839. h. 78).

Q 4 = Fourth edition quarto 1686 (B. M. 644. i. 78).

Q 5 = Fifth edition quarto, 1691 (B. M. 1343. k. 26).

Q 6 = Sixth edition quarto, 1694 (A. E. M.).

Q 7 = Seventh edition quarto, 1700 (B. M. 644. i. 80).

1710 = Octavo edition, 1710 (B. M. 642. b. 26).

1712 = Octavo edition, 1712 (Hull U. C. PR 3774 P6).

Ward = Mermaid edition of Wycherley's Plays, by W. C. Ward.

Summers = *Works of William Wycherley*, 4 vols. Nonesuch Press, edited by M. Summers, 1924.

The texts of the early editions appear to derive one from the other in chronological order, except 1712 which gives evidence of having been printed from a copy of Q 1.

Nicoll indicates three impressions of Q 1, but I have seen only one.

The text follows Q 1 except as noted. It has been collated with Qq 2, 4-7, 1710, 1712 and Summers. I have not seen Qq 3 and 8.

Summers refers to a quarto edition of 1676, but I can find no trace of it. His text is stated to be an exact reprint of the original quarto, but he does not precisely assign a date to this. In any case his text is more corrupt than that of Q 1, and it appears to be late despite his statement that the first quarto has been "scrupulously followed." Apparently Summers did not know of the existence of an edition of 1677, which I call Q 1, as he makes no reference to it in his otherwise fairly full collation. It will be seen from this that the provenance of his text is obscure and its validity doubtful.

To My
L A D Y B

Madam,

Tho I never had the Honour to receive a Favour from you, nay, or be known to you, I take the confidence of an Author to write to you a Billiet doux Dedicatory; which is no new thing, for by most Dedications it appears, that Authors, though they praise their Patrons from top to toe, and seem to turn 'em inside out, know 'em as little, as sometimes their Patrons their Books, tho they read 'em out; and if the Poetical Daubers did not write the name of the Man or Woman on top of the Picture, 'twere impossible to guess whose it were. But you, Madam, without the help of a Poet, have made your self known and famous in the World; and, because you do not want it, are therefore most worthy of an Epistle Dedicatory. And this Play claims naturally your Protection, since it has lost its Reputation with the Ladies of stricter lives in the Play-house; and (you know) when mens endeavours are discountenanced and rcfus'd, by the nice coy Women of Honour, they come to you, To you the Great and Noble Patroness of rejected and bashfad men, of which number I profess my self to be one, though a Poet, a Dedicating Poet; To you I say, Madam, who have as discerning a judgment, in what's obscene or not, as any quick-sighted civil Person of 'em all, and can make as much of a double meaning saying as the best of 'em; yet wou'd not, as some do, make nonsense of a Poet's jest, rather than not make it baudy: by which they show they as little value Wit in a Play, as in a Lover, provided they can bring t'other thing about. Their sense indeed lies all one way, and therefore are only for that in a Poet which is moving, as they say; but what do they mean by that word moving? Well, I must not put 'em to the blush, since I find I can do't. In short, Madam, you wou'd not be one of those who ravish a Poet's innocent words, and make 'em guilty of their own naughtiness (as 'tis term'd) in spight of his teeth; nay, nothing is secure from the power of their imaginations;⁰ no, not their Husbands, whom they Cuckold with themselves, by thinking of other men, an'd so make the lawful matrimonial embraces Adultery; wrong Husbands and Poets in thought and word, to keep their own Reputations; but your Ladyships justice, I know, wou'd think a Woman's Arraigning and Damning a Poet for her own obscenity, like her crying out a Rape, and hanging a man for giving her pleasure, only that she might be thought not to consent to't; and so to vindicate her honour forfeits her modesty. But you, Madam, have too much modesty to pretend to't; tho you have as much to say for your modesty as many a nicer she; for you never were seen at this Play, no, not the first day; and 'tis no matter what Peoples lives have been, they are unquestionably modest who frequent not this Play: For, as Mr. Bays⁰ says of his, that it is the only Touchstone of Mens Wit and Understanding; mine is, it seems, the only Touchstone of Womens Vertue and Modesty. But hold, that Touchstone is equivocal, and, by the strength of a Lady's Imagination, may become something that is not civil; but your Ladyship, I know, scorns to misapply a Touchstone. And, Madam, tho you have not seen this Play, I hope (like other nice Ladies) you will the rather read it; yet, lest the Chambermaid or Page shou'd not be trusted, and their indulgence cou'd gain no further admittance for it, than to their Ladies Lobbies or outward Rooms,⁰ take it into your care and protection; for, by your recommendation and procurement, it may have the honour to get into their Closets: For what they renounce in publick often entertains 'em there, with your help especially. In fine, Madam, for these and many other reasons, you are the fittest Patroness or Judge of this Play; for you shew no partiality to this or that Author; for from some many

LADY B—] Mother Bennet, a notorious procuress.
Mr. Bays] See last speech of *The Rehearsal*, III. i.

imaginations] imagination Q 6.
Rooms] Room Qq 2, 4, 5, 6.

Ladies will take a broad jeast as chearfully as from the Watermen, and sit at some down-right filthy Plays (as they call 'em) as well satisfy'd, and as still, as a Poet cou'd wish 'em elsewhere; therefore it must be the doubtful obscenity of my Plays alone they take exceptions at, because it is too bashful for 'em; and indeed most Women hate men,, for attempting to halves^o on their Chastity; and Baudy I find, like Satyr, shou'd be home, not to have it taken notice of. But, now I mention Satyr, some there are who say, 'Tis the Plain-dealing of the Play, not the obscenity; 'tis taking off the Ladies Masks, not offering at their Pettycoats, which offends 'em: and generally they are not the handsomest, or most innocent, who are the most angry at being discover'd:

————Nihil est audacius illis
Deprehensis; iram, atq; animos a crimine suraunt.

Pardon, Madam, the Quotation, for a Dedication can no more be without ends of Latine, than Flattery; and 'tis no matter whom it is writ to; for an Author can as easily (I hope) suppose People to have more understanding and Languages than they have, as well as more Vertues: But why, the Devil! shou'd any of the few modest and handsome be alarm'df (for some there are who as well as any deserve those Attributes, yet refrain not from seeing this Play, nor think it any addition to their Vertue to set up for it in a Play-house, lest there it shou'd look too much like acting.) But why, I say, shou'd any at all of the truly vertuous be concern'd, if those who are not so are distinguished from 'em? For by that Mask of modesty which women wear promiscuously in publick, they are all alike, and you can no more know a kept Wench from a Woman of Honour by her looks than by her Dress; for those who are of Quality without Honour (if any such there are) they have their Quality to set off their false Modesty, as well as their false Jewels, and you must no more suspect their Countenances for counterfeit than their Pendants, tho, as the Plain-dealer Montaigne says, *Els erivoy^o leur conscience au Bordel, & teinnet^o leur contenance en regie*: But those who act as they look, ought not to be scandaliz'd at the reprehension of others faults, lest they tax themselves with 'em, and by too delicate and quick an apprehension not only make that obscene which I meant innocent, but that Satyr on all, which was intended only on those who desert'd it. But, Madam, I beg your pardon for this digression, to Civil Women and Ladies of Honour, since you and I shall never be the better for 'em; for a Comic Poet, and a Lady of your Profession, make most of the other sort, and the Stage and your Houses, like our Plantations, are propagated by the least nice Women; and as with the Ministers of Justice, the Vices of the Age are our best business. But, now I mention Public Persons, I can no longer defer doing you the Justice of a Dedication, and telling you your own; who are, of all publick-spirited people, the most necessary, most communicative, most generous and hospitable; your house has been the house of the People, your sleep still disturb'd for the Publick, and when you arose, 'turns that others might lye down, and you waked that others might rest; The good you have done is unspeakable; How many young unexperiene'd Heirs have you kept from rash foolish Marriages? and from being jilted for their lives by the worst sort of Jilts, Wives? How many wnbewitched Widowers Children have you preserv'd from the Tyranny of Stepmothers? How many old Dotards from Cuckoldage, and keeping other mens Wenches and Children? How many Adulteries and unnatural sins have you prevented? In fine, you have been a constant scourge to the old Lecher, and often a terrour to the young; you have made concupiscence its own punishment, and extinguish'd Lust with Lust, like blowing up of Houses to stop the fire.

Nimirum^o propter continentiam, incontinentia
Necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur.

to halves] by halves.

Els envoy"] Q 1; Ellea envoyent Q 2; Elea envoyent Qq 4-6.

teinnet] thus the early edd.

Nimirum . . .] Summers, Nonesuch ed. II. 97, traces the quotation to Tertullian, *De Pudicitia*, cap. I.

There's Latin for you again, Madam; I protest to you, as I am an Author, I cannot help it; nay, I can hardly keep my self, from quoting Aristotle and Horace, and talking to you of the Rules of Writing, (like the French Authors,) to shew you and my Readers I understand 'em, irri my Epistle, lest neither of you should find it out by the Play; and, according to the Rules of Dedications, 'tis no matter whether you understand or no, what I quote or say to you, of Writing; for an Author can as easily make any one a Judge or Critick, in an Epistle, as an Hero in his Play: But, Madam, that this may prove to the end a true Epistle Dedicatory, I'd have you know 'tis not without a design upon you, which is in the behalf of the Fraternity of Parnassus, that Songs and Sonnets may go at your Houses, and in your Liberties, for Guineys and half Guineys; and that Wit, at least with you, as of old, may be the price of Beauty, and so you will prove a true encourager of Poetry, for Love is a better help to it than Wine; and Poets, like Painters, draw better after the Life, than by Fancy; Nay, in justice, Madam, I think a Poet ought to be as free of your Houses, as of the Play-houses; since he contributes to the support of both, and is as necessary to such as you, as a Ballad-singer to the Pick-purse, in convening the Cullies at the Theatres, to be pick'd up, and carry'd to Supper^o and Bed at your Houses. And, Madam, the reason of this motion of mine is, because poor Poets can get no favour in the Tiring Rooms, for they are no Keepers, you know; and Folly and Money, the old Enemies of Wit, are even too hard for it on its own Dunghill: And for other Ladies, a Poet can least go to the price of them; besides, his Wit, which ought to recommend him to 'em, is as much an obstruction to his Love, as to his wealth or preferment; for most Women now adays, apprehend Wit in a Lover, as much as in a Husband; they hate a Man that knows 'em, they must have a blind easie Fool, whom they can lead by the Nose, and as the Scythian Women of old, must baffle^o a Man, and put out his Eyes, ere they will lye with him, and then too, like Thieves, when they have plunder'd and stript a Man, leave him. But if there shou'd be one of an hundred of those Ladies, generous enough to give her self to a Man that has more Wit than Money, (all things considered) he wou'd think it cheaper coming to you for a Mistress, though you made him pay his Guinney; as a Man in a Journey, (out of good husbandry) had better pay for what he has in an Inn, than lye on free-cost at a Gentlemans House.

In fine, Madam, like a faithful Dedicator, I hope I have done my self right in the first place, then you, and your Profession, which in the wisest and most religious Government of the World, is honour'd with the publick allowance; and in those that are thought the most unciviliz'd and barbarous, is protected, and supported by the Ministers of Justice; and of you, Madam, I ought to say no more here, for your Vertues deserve a Poem rather than an Epistle, or a Volume intire to give the World your Memoirs, or Life at large, and which (upon the word of an Author that has a mind to make an end of his Dedication) I promise to do, when I write the Annals of our British Love, which shall be Dedicated to the Ladies concern'd, if they will not think them something too obscene too; when your Life, compar'd with many that are thought innocent, I doubt not may vindicate you, and me, to the World, for the confidence I have taken in this Address to you; which then may be thought neither impertinent, nor immodest; and, whatsoever your Amorous misfortunes have been, none can charge you with that heinous, and worst of Womens Crimes, Hypocrisy; nay, in spite of misfortunes or age, you are the same Woman still; though most of your Sex grow Magdalens at fifty, and as a solid French Author has it,

Apres le Plaisir, vient^o la peine,
Apres la peine la vertu;

But sure an old sinner's continency is much like a Gamester's forswearing Play, when he had lost all his Money; and Modesty is a kind of a youthful dress, which, as it makes

Supper] Qq 1, 2, 1712; A Supper Qq 4-6.
vient] Qq 4-6; vien't Qq 1, 2, 1712

baffle] disgrace, ill-treat.

a young Woman more amiable, makes an old one more nauseous; a bashful old Woman is like an hopeful old man; and the affected Chastity of antiquated Beauties, is rather a reproach than an honour to 'em, for it shews the mens Virtue only, not theirs. But you, in fine, Madam, are no more an Hypocrite, than I am when I praise you; therefore I doubt not will be thought (even by your's and the Play's Enemies, the nicest Ladies) to be the fittest Patroness for,

*Madam,
Your Ladyship's most obedient,
faithful, humble Servant, and
The Plain-Dealer.*

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by the

PLAIN-DEALER.

The PLAIN-DEALER am to Act to Day:
/ And my rough Part begins before t^he Play.
First, you who Scribble, yet hate all that Write,
And keep each other Company in spite,
As Rivals in your Common Mistriss, Fame,
And with faint Prams, one another Damn;
'Tis a good Play (we know) you can't forgive,
But grudge your selves, the pleasure you receive:
Our Scribler therefore bluntly bid me say,
He wou'd not have the Wits pleas'd here to Day.
Next, you, the fine, loud Gentlemen, o'th'Pit,
Who Damn all Playes; yet, if yave any Wit,
'Tis but what here you sponge,⁰ and daily get;
Poets, like Friends, to whom you are in Debt,
You hate: and so Rooks laugh, to see undone
Those Pushing Gamesters whom they live upon.⁰
Well, you are Sparks; and still will be i'th'fashion:
Rail then, at Playes, to hide your Obligation.
Now, you shrewd Judges, who the Boxes sway, 1
Leading the Ladies hearts, and sense astray,
And, for their sakes, see all, and hear no Play;
Correct your Cravats, Foretops, Lock behind;
The Dress and Breeding of the Play ne'r mind.
Plain-dealing is, you'll say, quite out of fashion;
You'll hate it here, as in a Dedication.
And your fair Neighbors, in a Limning Poet,
No more than in a Painter will allow it.
Pictures too like, the Ladies will not please:
They must be drawn too here, like Goddesses.
You, as at Lely's too, wou'd Truncheon wield,
And look like Heroes, in a painted Field;
But the course Dauber of the coming Scenes,
To follow Life, and Nature only means;
Displays you, as you are: makes his fine Woman
A mercenary Jilt, and true to no Man;
His Men of Wit, and Pleasure of the Age,
Are as dull Rogues, as ever cumber'd Stage:
He draws a Friend, only to Custom just;

sponge] This presumably refers to the practice of seeing part of a play without paying, See n. p. 494, l. 32
infra.
upon.] upon Q 1.

*And makes him naturally break his trust.
I, only, Act a Part like none of you;
And yet, you 'll say, it is a Fool's Part too:
An honest Man; who, like you, never winks
At faults; but, unlike you, speaks what he thinks:
The onely Fool who ne'r found Patron yet;
For Truth is now a fault, as well as Wit.
And where else, but on Stages, do we see
Truth pleasing; or rewarded Honesty ?
Which our bold Poet does thin day in me.
// not to th' Honest, be to th'Prosperous kind:
Some Friends at Court let the PLAIN-DEALER find.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the Widow Blackacre.

TO you, the Judges learned in Stage Laws,
Our Poet now, by me, submits his Cause;
For with young Judges, such as most of you,
The Men by Women best their business do:
And, truth on't is, if you did not sit here,
To keep for us a Term throughout the Year,
We cou'd not live by'r Tongues: nay, but for you,
Our Chamber-practice wou'd be little too.
And 'tis not only the Stage Practiser
Who, by your meeting, gets her living here;
For, as in Hall of Westminster,
Sleek Sempstress vents, amidst the Courts, her Ware:
So, while we Saul, and you in Judgment sit,
The Visor-Mask sells Linnen too i'th'Pit.
O many of your Friends, besides us here,
Do live, by putting off their several Ware.
Here's daily done the great affair o'th'Nation:
Let Love, and Us then, ne'r have Long-vacation.
But hold; like other Pleaders, I have done
Not my poor Clients bus'ness, but my own.
Spare me a word then, now, for him. First know,
Squires^o of the Long Robe, he does humbly show
He has a just Bight in abusing you;
Because he is a Brother-Templer too:
For, at the Bar, you Railly one another;
Nay Fool, and Knave, is swallow'd from a Brother:
If not the Poet here, the Templer spare;
And maul him, when you catch him at the Bar.
From you, our common modish Censurers,
Your Favor, not your Judgment, 'tis he fears:
Of all Loves begs you then to Rail, find fault;
For Playes, like Women, by the World are thought
(When you speak kindly of 'em) very naught.

Squires . . . Robe] lawyers. Cf. p. 117 l. 200 *supra*.

THE PERSONS

<i>Manly</i> Mr. Hart.	Of an honest, surly, nice humor, suppos'd first, in the time of the <i>Dutch War</i> , to have procur'd the Command of a Ship, out of Honour, not Interest; and choosing a Sea-life, only to avoid the World.
<i>Freeman</i> Mr. Kynaston.	<i>Manly's</i> Lieutenant, a Gentleman well Educated, but of a broken Fortune, a Complyer with the Age.
<i>Vernish</i> Mr. Griffin.	<i>Manly's</i> Bosome, and onely Friend.
<i>Novell</i> Mr. Clark.	A pert railing Coxcomb, and an Admirer of Novelties, makes Love to <i>Olivia</i> .
<i>Major Oldfox</i> Mr. Cartwright.	An old impertinent Fop, given to Scribbling, makes Love to the Widow <i>Blackacre</i> .
<i>My Lord Plausible</i> Mr. Haines.	A Ceremonious Supple, Commending Coxcomb, in Love with <i>Olivia</i> .
<i>Jerry-Blackacre</i> Mr. Charlton.	A true raw Squire under Age, and his Mothers Government, bred to the Law.
<i>Olivia</i> Mrs. Marshall.	<i>Manly's</i> Mistriss.
<i>Fidelia</i> Mrs. Boutell.	In Love with <i>Manly</i> , and follow'd him to Sea in Man's Cloaths.
<i>Eliza</i> Mrs. Knep.	Cousin to <i>Olivia</i> .
<i>Letice</i> Mrs. Knight.	<i>Olivia's</i> Woman.
<i>The Widow Blackacre</i> Mrs. Cory.	A petulant, litigious Widow, alwayes in Law, and Mother to Squire <i>Jerry</i> .
<i>Lawyers, Knights of the Post, Bayliffs, an Alderman, a Booksellers Prentice, a Footboy, Sailors, Waiters, and Attendants.</i>	

THE SCENE,

L O N D O N

THE PLAIN-DEALER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Captain Manly's Lodging.

Enter Captain Manly, surlily; and my Lord Plausible following him: and two Sailors behind.

Man. Tell not me (my good Lord *Plausible*) of your *Decorums*, supercilious Forms, and slavish Ceremonies; your little Tricks, which you the Spaniels of the World, do daily over and over, for, and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

L. Plans. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too passionate, and I must humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you, they are the 10 Arts, and Rules, the prudent of the World walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no Leading-strings, I can walk alone; I hate a Harness, and will not tug on in a Faction, kissing my Leader behind, that another Slave may do the like to me.

L. Plans. What, will you be singular then, like no Body? follow Love, and esteem no Body? ²⁰

Man. Rather then⁰ be general, like you; follow every Body, Court and kiss every Body; though, perhaps at the same time, you hate every Body.

L. Plaus. Why, seriously with your pardon, my dear Friend——

Man. With your pardon, my no Friend, I will not, as you do whisper my hatred, or my scorn, call a man Fool or Knave, by signs, or mouths over his shoulder, whil'st so you have him in your arms: for such as you, like common Whores and Pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

L. Plaus. Such as I! Heav'ns defend me—— upon my Honour——

Man. Upon your Title, my Lord, if you'd have me believe you.

L. Plaus. Well then, as I am a Person of Honour, I never attempted to abuse, or lessen any person, in my life. ⁴⁰

Man. What, you were afraid?

L. Plaus. No; but seriously, I hate to do

then] Q 1; than later Qq. They are variant spellings.

a rude thing: no, faith, I speak well of all Mankind.

Man. I thought so; but know that speaking well of all Mankind, is the worst kind of Detraction; for it takes away the Reputation of the few good men in the World, by making all alike: now I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I that can ⁵⁰ do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

L. Plaus. Well, tell not me, my dear Friend, what people deserve, I ne'r mind that; I, like an Author in a Dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own; I will not disparage any man, to disparage my self; for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a Person of Honour; and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant per-⁶⁰son: But if I did say, or do an ill thing to any Body, it shou'd be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well; but I, that am an unmannerly Sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people, (which is very seldom indeed) it shou'd be sure to be behind their backs; and if I wou'd say, or do ill to any, if shou'd be to their faces: I wou'd justle a proud, strutting, over-looking Coxcomb, ⁷⁰ at the head of his Sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him, when he were past me; wou'd frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown Knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him, when his back were turn'd; wou'd give fauning Slaves the Lye, whil'st they embrace or commend me; Cowards, whil'st they brag; call a Rascal by no other title, though his Father had left him a Duke's; so laugh at Fools aloud, before their Mistresses: And must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome, as they were at first impertinent.

L. Plaus. I wou'd not have my visits troublesome.

Man. The onely way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome, is to make 'em when people are not at home; for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging, » when made, or done to a man, in his absence. A pox why shou'd any one, because

he has nothing to do, go and disturb another mans business?

L. Plaus. I beg your pardon, my dear Friend. What, you have business?

Man. If you have any, I wou'd not detain you Lordship.

L. Plaus. Detain me, dear Sir! I can never have enough of your Company. 100

Man. I'm afraid I shou'd be tiresom: I know not what you think.

L. Plaus. Well, dear Sir, I see you wou'd have me gone.

Man. But I see you won't. [Aside.

L. Plaus. Your most faithful——

Man. God be w'ye, my Lord.

L. Plaus. Your most humble——

Man. Farewel.

L. Plaus. And eternally——¹¹⁰

Man. And eternally Ceremony—then the Devil take thee eternally. [Aside.

L. Plaus. You shall use no Ceremony, by my life.

Man. I do not intend it.

L. Plaus. Why do you stir then?

Man. Only to see you out of doors, that I may shut 'em, against more welcomes.

L. Plaus. Nay, faith that shan't pass upon your most faithful, humble Servant. ¹²⁰

Man. Nor this any more upon me.

[Aside.

L. Plaus. Well, you are too strong for me.

Man. I'd sooner be visited by the Plague; for that only wou'd keep a man from visits, and his doors shut. [Aside.

[Ex. thrusting out my Lord Plausible.

Mancnt Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Here's a finical Fellow, *Jack!* What a brave fair weather Captain of a Ship he wou'd make!

2 *Sail.* He a Captain of a Ship! it must be when she's in the Dock then; for he ¹³⁰ looks like one of those that get the King's Commissions for Hulls to sell a Kings Ship, when a brave Fellow has fought her almost to a Long-boat.

1 *Sail.* On my conscience then, *Jack,* that's the reason our Bully *Tar.* sunk our Ship: not only that the *Dutch* might not have her, but that the Courtiers, who laugh at wooden Legs, might not make her Prize.

2 *Sail.* A pox of his sinking, *Tom,* we wo have made a base, broken, short Voyage of it.

1 *Sail.* Ay, your brisk dealers in Honour, alwayes make quick returns with their Ship to the Dock, and their Men to the Hospitals; 'tis, let me see, just a Month since we set out of the River, and the Wind was almost as cross to us, as the *Dutch.*

2 *Sail.* Well, I forgive him sinking my own poor Truck,⁰ if he wou'd but have ¹⁵⁰ given me time and leave to have sav'd black *Kate* of *Wapping's* small Venture.

1 *Sail.* Faith I forgive him, since, as the Purser told me, he sunk the value of five or six thousand pound of his own, with which he was to settle himself somewhere in the Indies, for our merry Lieutenant was to succeed him in his Commission for the Ship back, for he was resolved never to return again for *England.* ¹⁶⁰

2 *Sail.* So it seemed, by his Fighting.

1 *Sail.* No, but he was a weary of this side of the World here, they say.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or else he wou'd not have bid so fair for a passage into t'other.

1 *Sail.* *Jack,* thou think'st thy self in the Forecastle, thou'rt so waggish; but I tell you then, he had a mind to go live and bask himself on the sunny side of the Globe.

2 *Sail.* What, out of any discontent? ¹⁷⁰ for he's alwayes as dogged, as an old *Tarpaulin*, when hindred of a Voyage by a young *Pantaloon* Captain.⁰

1 *Sail.* Tis true, I never saw him pleas'd but in the Fight, and then he look'd like one of us, coming from the Pay-table, with a new Lining to our Hats under our Arms,

2 *Sail.* A pox he's like the *Bay of Biscay*, rough and angry, let the Wind blow where 'twill. ¹⁸⁰

1 *Sail.* Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the Land in a Storm, No-near——

2 *Sail.* 'Tis a hurry-durry^o Blade; dost thou remember after we had tug'd hard the old leaky Long-boat, to save his Life, when I welcom'd him ashore, he gave me a box

Truck] stuff. Actually it is the material of barter, and degenerates into meaning rubbish, junk. Qq 4, 5 read *Trunk*; Q 6 *Trunk*.

Pantaloon Captain] Summers defines as a 'fop of a Captain.'¹ Pantaloon was fashionable in 1674 according to T. Blount, *Glossographia*, quoted N.E.D.

hurry-durry] a sailor's epithet applied to boisterous weather. N.E.D.

on the ear, and call'd me fawning Water-dog?

Enter Manly, and Freeman.

1 *Sail.* Hold thy peace, *Jack*, and stand ¹⁹⁰ by, the foul weather's coming.

Man. You Rascals, Dogs, how cou'd this tame thing get through you?

1 *Sail.* Faith, to tell your Honour the truth, we were at Hob^o in the Hall, and whilst my Brother and I were quarrelling about a Cast, he slunk by us.

2 *Sail.* He's a sneaking Fellow I warrant for't.

Man. Have more care for the future, ²⁰⁰ you slaves; go, and with drawn Cutlases, stand at the Stair foot, and keep all that ask for me from coming up; suppose you are guarding the Scuttle^o to the Powder room: let none enter here, at your or their peril.

1 *Sail.* No, for the danger wou'd be the same; you wou'd blow them and us up, if we shou'd.

2 *Sail.* Must no one come to you, Sir? ²¹⁰

Man. No man, Sir.

1 *Sail.* No man, Sir; but a Woman then, an't like your Honour——

Man. No Woman neither, you impertinent Dog. Wou'd you be Pimping? A Sea Pimp is the strangest Monster she has.

2 *Sail.* Indeed, an't like your Honour, 'twill be hard for us to deny a Woman any thing, since we are so newly come on shore.

1 *Sail.* We'll let no old Woman come ²²⁰ up, though it were our Trusting Landlady at *Wapping*.

Man. Wou'd you be witty, you Brandy Casks^o you? you become a jest as ill, as you do a Horse. Be gone, you Dogs, I hear a noise on the Stairs. [*Ex. Sailors.*]

Free. Faith, I am sorry you wou'd let the Fop go, I intended to have had some sport with him.

Man. Sport with him! A pox then, ²³⁰ why did you not stay? you shou'd have enjoy'd your Coxcomb, and had him to your self for me.

Free. No, I shou'd not have car'd for him, without you neither; for the pleasure which Fops afford, is like that of Drinking, only

Hob] a game of the quoits variety.

Scuttle] a small hatchway or opening in a ship's deck.

Casks] Cask Q 6: 1710. 1712 revert to *Casks*.

good when 'tis shar'd; and a Fool, like a Bottle, which wou'd make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how the Devil cou'd^o you turn a man of ²⁴⁰ his Quality down Stairs? You use a Lord with very little Ceremony, it seems.

Man. A Lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem men onely by the marks and value Fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsick worth; but counterfeit Honour will not be current with me, I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the Metal better, or heavier: your Lord is a Leaden ²⁵⁰ shilling, which you may bend every way; and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being rais'd by't: Here again, you Slaves?

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Only to receive farther instructions, an't like your Honour: What if a man shou'd bring you money, shou'd we turn him back?

Man. All men, I say; must" I be pester'd with you too? you Dogs, away.

2 *Sail.* Nay, I know one man your aw Honour wou'd not have us hinder coming to you, I'm sure.

Man. Who's that? speak quickly, Slaves.

2 *Sail.* Why a man that shou'd bring you a Challenge; for though you refuse Money, I'm sure you love fighting too well to refuse that.

Man. Rogue, Rascal, Dog.

[*Kicks the Sailors out.*]

Free. Nay, let the poor Rogues have their Forecastle jests; they cannot help 'em in ²⁷⁰ a Fight, scarce when a Ship's sinking.

Man. Dam their untimely jests; a Servant's jest is more sauciness than his counsel.

Free. But what, will you see no Body? not your Friends?

Man. Friends——1 have but one, and he, I hear, is not in Town; nay, can have but one Friend, for a true heart admits but of one friendship, as of one love; but in having that Friend, I have a thousand, for ²⁸⁰ he has the courage of men in despair, yet the dissidency and caution of Cowards; the secresie of the Revengeful, and the constancy of Martyrs: one fit to advise, to keep a secret: to fight and dye for his Friend. Such I think him; for I have trusted him

cou'd] cou d Q 1.

with my Mistress in my absence: and the trust of Beauty, is sure the greatest we can shew.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts²⁹⁰ are not for him alone? (I hope:) pray, what d'ye think of me, for a Friend?

Man. Of thee! Why, thou art a *Latitudinarian* in Friendship, that is, no Friend; thou dost side with all Mankind, but wilt suffer for none. Thou art indeed like your *Lord Plausible*, the Pink of Courtesie, therefore hast no Friendship; for Ceremony, and great Professing, renders Friendship as much suspected, as it docs Religion.³⁰⁰

Free. And no Professing, no Ceremony at all in Friendship, were as unnatural and as undecent as in Religion; and there is hardly such a thing as an honest Hypocrite, who professes himself to be worse than he is, unless it be your self; for, though I cou'd never get you to say you were my Friend, I know you'll prove so.

Man. I must confess, I am so much your Friend, I wou'd not deceive you, there-³⁰⁰fore must tell you (not only because my heart is taken up) but according to your rules of Friendship, I cannot be your Friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Because he that is (you'll say) a true Friend to a man, is a Friend to all his Friends; but you must pardon me, I cannot wish well to Pimps, Flatterers, Detractors, and Cowards, stiff nodding Knaves, and³⁰⁰ supple pliant kissing Fools: now, all these I have seen you use, like the dearest Friends in the World.

Free. Hah, hah, hah——What, you observ'd me, I warrant, in the Galleries at *Whitehall*, doing the business of the place! Pshaw, Court Professions, like Court Promises, go for nothing, man. But, faith, cou'd you think I was a Friend to all those I hugg'd, kiss'd, flatter'd, bow'd too? Hah,³³⁰ ha——

Man. You told 'em so, and swore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but, when their backs were tur'd, did I not tell you they were Rogues, Villains, Rascals, whom I despised, and hated?

Man. Very fine! But what reason had I to believe you spoke your heart to me, since you profess'd deceiving so many? «'o

Free. Why, don't you know, good Captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial, to a man that wou'd thrive in the World, as square Play to a Cheat, or true Love to a Whore! Wou'd you have a man speak truth to his ruine? You are severer than the Law, which requires no man to swear against himself; you wou'd have me speak truth against my self, I warrant, and tell my promising Friend, the Courtier, he has a³⁵⁰ bad memory?

Man. Yes.

Free. And so make him remember to forget my business; and I shou'd tell the great Lawyer too, that he takes oftner Fees to hold his tongue, than to speak!

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang, or ruine me, when he shou'd come to be a Judge, and I before him. And you wou'd have æ me tell the new Officer, who bought his Employment lately, that he is a Coward.

Man. Ay.

Free. And so get my self cashiered, not him, he having the better Friends, though I the better Sword. And I shou'd tell the Scribler of Honour, that Heraldry were a prettier and fitter Study, for so fine a Gentleman, than Poetry!

Man. Certainly.³⁷⁰

Free. And so find my self maul'd in his next hir'd Lampoon. And you wou'd have me tell the holy Lady too, she lies with her Chaplain.

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And so draw the Clergy upon my back, and want a good Table to Dine at sometimes. And by the same reason too, I shou'd tell you, that the World thinks you a Mad-man, a Brutal, and³⁸⁰ have you cut my throat, or worse, hate me! What other good success of all my *Plain-dealing* cou'd I have, than what I've mentioned?

Man. Why, first your promising Courtier wou'd keep his word, out of fear of more reproaches; or at least wou'd give you no more vain hopes: your Lawyer wou'd serve you more faithfully; for he, having no Honor but his Interest, is truest still to him ho knows suspects him: The new Officer æ wou'd provoke thee to make him a Coward, and so be cashier'd, that thou, or some other honest Fellow, who had more courage than

Brutal, and] Brutal and Q 1.

money, might get his place: the Noble Sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his Madrigals: the praying Lady wou'd leave off railing at Wenching before thee, and not turn away her Chambermaid, for her own known frailty with thee: and I, instead of hating thee, shou'd love thee, ⁴⁰⁰ for thy *Plain-dealing*; and in lieu of being mortifi'd, am proud that the World and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, Doctors differ. You are for *Plain-dealing*, I find; but against your particular Notions, I have the practice of the whole World. Observe but any Morning what people do when they get together on the *Exchange*, in *Westminster-hall*, or the Galleries in *Whitehall*. «0

Man. I must confess, there they seem to rehearse *Bays's* grand Dance: ° here you see a *Bishop* bowing low to a gaudy *Atheist*; a Judge, to a Door-keeper: a great Lord, to a Fishmonger, or a Scrivener with a Jack-chain⁰ about his neck; a Lawyer, to a Sergeant at Arms; a velvet *Physician*, to a thredbare *Chymist*: and a supple Gentleman Usher, to a surly Beef-eater; and so tread round in a preposterous huddle of ⁴²⁰ Ceremony to each other, whil'st they can hardly hold their solemn false countenances.

Free. Well, they understand the World.

Man. Which I do not, I confess.

Free. But, Sir, pray believe the Friendship I promise you, real, whatsoever I have prof est to others: try me, at least.

Man. Why, what wou'd you do for me?

Free. I wfm'd fight for you.

Man. That you wou'd do for your own 40 Honour: but what else?

Free. I wou'd lend you money, if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were but putting your money to Interest, a Usurer wou'd be as good a Friend. But what other piece of Friendship?

Free. I wou'd speak well of you to your Enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your Friends, by a shew of gratitude: but what ⁴⁴⁰ else?

Free. Nay, I wou'd not hear you ill spoken of behind your back, by my Friend.

Bays's . . . *Dance*] Refers to the motley throng of great personages who dance the 'grand dance' staged by Bayes in *The Rehearsal*, Act V.

Jack-chain] a chain with specially shaped figure-of-eight links.

Man. Nay, then thou'rt a Friend indeed; but it were unreasonable to expect it from thee, as the World goes now: when new Friends, like new Mistresses, are got by disparaging old ones.

Enter Fidelia.

But here comes another, will say as much at least; dost not thou love me devilishly ⁴⁵⁰ too, my little Voluntier, as well as he, or any man can?

Fid. Better than any man can love you, my dear Captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you so.

Fid. As well as you do Truth, or Honour, Sir; as well.

Man. Nay, good young Gentleman, enough, for shame; thou hast been a Page, by thy Flattering and Lying, to one of ⁴⁶⁰ those praying Ladies, who love Flattery so well, they are jealous of it, and wert turn'd away for saying the same things to the old Housekeeper for Sweetmeats, as you did to your Lady; for thou flatterest every thing, and every Body alike.

Fid. You, dear Sir, shou'd not suspect the truth of what I say of you, though to you; Fame, the old Lyar, is believ'd, when she speaks Wonders of you; you cannot be ⁴⁷⁰ flatter'd, Sir, your Merit is unspeakable.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, or I shall suspect worse of you, that you have been a Cushion-bearer to some State Hypocrite, and turn'd away by the Chaplains, for out flattering their Probation Sermons for a Benefice.

Fid. Suspect me for any thing, Sir, but the want of Love, Faith, and Duty to you, the bravest, worthiest of Mankind; believe me, I cou'd dye for you, Sir. ⁴⁸⁰

Man. Nay, there you lye, Sir; did I not see thee more afraid in the Fight, than the Chaplain of the Ship, or the Purser that bought his place?

Fid. Can he be said to be afraid, that ventures to Sea with you?

Man. Fie, fie, no more, I shall hate thy Flattery worse than thy Cowardise, nay, than thy Bragging.

Fid. Well, I own then I was afraid; 40 mightily afraid; yet for you I wou'd be

[flatter'd] flatter d Q 1.

afraid again, an hundred times afraid: dying is ceasing to be afraid; and that I cou'd do sure for you, and you'll believe me one day.
[Weeps.]

Free. Poor Youth! believe his eyes, if not his tongue: he seems to speak truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry? A pox on't, a Maudlin Flatterer is as nauseously troublesome, as a Maudlin Drunkard; no more,⁵⁰⁰ you little Milk-sop, do not cry, I'll never make thee afraid again; for of all men, if I had occasion, thou shou'dst not be my Second; and, when I go to Sea again, thou shalt venture thy life no more with me.

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then? (If you wou'd preserve my life, I'm sure you shou'd not.) *Aside.*

Man. Leave thee behind! Ay, ay, thou art a hopeful Youth for the shore only; **BO** here thou wilt live to be cherish'd by Fortune, and the great ones; for thou may'st easily come to out-flatter a dull Poet, out-lye a Coffee-house, or Gazette-writer, out-swear a Knight of the Post,⁰ out-watch a Pimp, out-fawn a Rook, out-promise a Lover, out-rail a Wit, and out-brag a Sea-Captain: All this thou canst do, because thou'rt a Coward, a thing I hate, therefore thou'lt do better with the **WO** World than with me; and these are the good courses you must take in the World. There's good advice, at least, at parting: go, and be happy with't.

Fid. Parting, Sir! O let me not hear that dismal word.

Man. If my words frighten thee, be gone the sooner; for, to be plain with thee, Cowardice and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And Cruelty and Courage never⁵³⁰ dwelt together sure, Sir. Do not turn me off to shame and misery; for I am helpless, and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score Friends for thee then; [Offers her Gold.] I leave my self no more: they'll help thee a little. Be gone, go, I must be cruel to thee (if thou call'st it so) out of pity.

Fid. If you wou'd be cruelly pitiful, Sir, let it be with your Sword, and not Gold,⁵⁴⁰

[Exit.]

[*Knight of the Post*] one ready to act as a venal witness or as a faker of evidence.

Enter first Sailor.

1 *Sail.* We have, with much ado, turn'd away two Gentlemen, who told us forty times over, their names were Mr *Novel*, and Major *Oldjox*.

Man. Well, to your Post again. [Exit Sailor.] But how come those puppies coupled always together? •

Free. O, the Coxcombs keep each other company, to shew each other, as *Novel* calls it; or, as *Oldjox* says, like two Knives,⁵⁵⁰ to whet one another.

Man. And set other Peoples teeth an edge.

Enter second Sailor.

2 *Sail.* Here is a Woman, an't like your Honour, scolds and bustles with us, to come in, as much as a Seaman's Widow at the Navy-Office: her name is Mrs. *Blackacre*.

Man. That Fiend too!

Free. The Widow *Blackacre*, is it not? that Litigious She-Pettyfogger, who is⁵⁶⁰ at Law and difference with all the World; but I wish I cou'd make her agree with me in the Church: they say she has Fifteen hundred pounds a Year Jointure, and the care of her Son, that is, the destruction of his Estate.

Man. Her Lawyers, Attornies and Solicitors have Fifteen hundred pound a Year, whil'st she is contented to be poor, to make other people so; for she is as vexatious **BO** as her Father was, the great Attorney, nay, as a dozen *Norfolk Attornies*,⁰ and as implacable an Adversary, as a Wife suing for Alimony, or a Parson for his Tithes; and she loves an *Easter Term*, or any Term, not, as other Countrey Ladies do, to come up to be fine, Cuckold their Husbands, and take their pleasure; for she has no pleasure, but in vexing others, and is usually cloth'd and dagled like a Baud in disguise,⁵⁸⁰ pursu'd through Alleys by; Serjeants. When she is in Town, she lodges in one of the Inns of Chancery, where she breeds her Son, and is her self his Tutoress in Law-French; and for her Countrey abode, tho' she has no Estate there, she chooses *Norfolk*. But, bid her come in, with a pox to her, she is

[*Norfolk Attornies*] *Norfolk* was supposed to be especially given to litigation.

Olivia's Kinswoman, and may make me amends for her visit, by some discourse of that dear Woman. «»

{Exit Sailor.

Enter Widow Blackacre with a Mantle, and a green Bag, and several Papers in the other hand: Jerry Blackacre her Son, in a Gown, laden with green Bags, following her.

Wid. I never had so much to do with a Judges Door keeper, as with yours; but——

Man. But the incomparable *Olivia*, how does she since I went?

Wid. Since you went, my Suit——

Man. *Olivia*, I say, is she well?

Wid. My Suit, if you had not returned——

Man. Dam your Suit, how does your⁶⁰⁰ Cousin *Olivia*?

Wid. My Suit, I say, had been quite lost; but now——

Man. But now where is *Olivia*? in Town? For——

Wid. For to morrow we are to have a Hearing.

Man. Wou'd you'd let me have a Hearing to day.

Wid. But why won't you hear me?⁶¹⁰

Man. I am no Judge, and you talk of nothing but Suits; but, pray tell me, when did you see *Olivia*?

Wid. I am no Visiter, but a Woman of Business; or, if I ever visit, 'tis only the *Chancery-lane* Ladies, Ladies towards the Law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing Flirts, who cannot read Law-French, tho' a Gallant writ it. But, as I was telling you, my Suit——⁶²⁰

Man. Dam these impertinent, vexatious People of Business, of all Sexes; they are still troubling the World with the tedious recitals of their Law-Suits: and one can no more stop their mouths, than a Wit's, when he talks of himself; or an Intelligencer's, when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a pox of all vexatious, impertinent Lovers; they are still perplexing the World with the tedious Narrations of⁶³⁰ their Love-Suits, and Discourses of their Mistresses: You are as troublesom to a poor

Widow of Business, as a young Coxcomby Rithming⁰ Lover.

Man. And thou art as troublesom to me, as a Rook to a losing Gamester, or a young putter of Cases to his Mistress and Sempstress, who has Love in her head for another.

Wid. Nay, since you talk of putting of⁶⁴⁰ Cases, and will not hear me speak, hear our *Jerry* a little; let him put our Case to you, for the Tryal's to morrow; and since you are my chief Witness, I wou'd have your memory refresh'd, and your judgment inform'd, that you may not give your evidence improperly. Speak out, Child.

Jer. Yes, forsooth. Hemh! Hemh! *John-a-Stiles*——

Man. You may talk, young Lawyer,⁶⁵⁰ but I shall no more mind you, than a hungry Judge does a Cause, after the Clock has struck One.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peevish too.

Wid. No matter. *Jerry*, go on. Do you observe it then, Sir, for I think I have seen you in a Gown once. Lord, I cou'd hear our *Jerry* put Cases all day long! Mark him, Sir.

Jer. *John-a-stiles*——no——There are⁶⁶⁰ first, *Fitz*, *Pere*, and *Ayle*;°——No, no *Ayle*, *Pere*, and *Fitz*; *Ayle* is seized in Fee of *Blackacre*; *J ohn-a-Stiles* disseises *Ayle*; *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Disseisor dyes; then the *Ayle*——no the *Fitz*.

Wid. No, the *Pere*, Sirrah.

Jer. O, the *Pere*: ay, the *Pere*, Sir, and the *Fitz*——no, the *Ayle*; no, the *Pere* and the *Fitz*, Sir, and——

Man. Dam *Pere*, *Mere* and *Fitz*, Sir.⁶⁷⁰

Wid. No, you are out, Child; hear me, Captain then; there are *Ayle*, *Pere* and *Fitz*, *Ayle* is seized in Fee of *Blackacre*; and being so seised, *John-a-Stiles* disseises the *Ayle*, *Ayle* makes Claim, and the Disseisor dyes; and then the *Pere* re-enters, the *Pere*, Sirrah, the *Pere*——[To *Jerry*.] And the *Fitz* enters upon the *Pere*, and the *Ayle* brings his Writ of Disseizen, in the *Post*; and the *Pere* brings his Writ of⁶⁸⁰ Disseizen, in the *Pere*, and

Man. Canst thou hear this stuff, *Free-*

Rithming] a variant of *riming*. Qq 4, 5, 6 read *Riming*; *Rhiming* 1710, 1712.

Fitz, *Pere*, *Ayle*] Law French terms for son, father, grandfather.

man? I cou'd as soon suffer a whole noise of Flatterers at a great man's Levy in the morning; but thou hast servile complacency enough to listen to a Quibbling Statesman, in disgrace, nay, and be before hand with him, in laughing at his dull No-jest; but I———[Offering to go out. ⁶⁹⁰

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold. Where's the Sub-⁶⁹⁰ poena, Jerry? I must serve you, Sir. You are requir'd, by this, to give your testimony——

Man. I'll be forsworn, to be reveng'd on thee.

[Ex. Manly, throwing away the Sub-poena.

Wid. Get you gone, for a Lawless companion. Come, Jerry, I had almost forgot we were to meet at the Masters at three: Jet us mind our business still, Child.

Jcr. I, forsooth, e'en so let's. ⁷⁰⁰

Free. Nay, Madam, how I wou'd beg you to hear me a little, a little of my business.

Wid. I have business of my own calls me away, Sir.

Free. My business wou'd prove yours too, dear Madam.

Wid. Yours wou'd be some sweet business, I warrant: What, 'tis no Westminster-Hall business? Wou'd you have my advice?

Free. No, faith, 'tis a little West-⁷¹⁰ minster-Abby business: I wou'd have your consent.

Wid. O fie, fie, Sir; to me such discourse, before my dear Minor there!

Jer. Ay, ay, Mother, he wou'd be taking Livery and Seizen⁰ of your Jointure, by digging the Turf;^o but I'll watch your waters,^o Bully, ifac. Come away, Mother.

[Ex. Jerry, haling away his Mother.

Manet Freeman: Enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Dear Sir, you have pity; beget but some in your Captain for me. ⁷²⁰

Free. Where is he?

Fid. Within; swearing, as much as he did in the great storm, and cursing you, and

taking Livery and Seizen] taking possession. Jerry prefers to mouth law terms, whether he understands them or not. The expression, though found elsewhere in this form, is more correctly 'Livery of Seizin.'

digging the Turf] a piece of turf would be handed over as a token of delivery of the land.

watch your waters] keep a watchful eye on your conduct.

sometimes sinks into calms and sighs, and talks of his Olivia.

Free. He wou'd never trust me to see her: is she handsom?

Fid. No, if you'll take my word; but I am not a proper Judge.

Free. What is she? ⁷³⁰

Fid. A Gentlewoman, I suppose, but of as mean a Fortune as Beauty; but her Relations wou'd not suffer her to go with him to the Indies: and his aversion to this side of the World, together with the late opportunity of commanding the Convoy, wou'd not let him stay here longer, tho' to enjoy her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid. Yes, so well, that the remainder ⁷⁴⁰ of his Fortune (I hear about five or six thousand pounds) he has left her, in case he had dy'd by the way, or before she cou'd prevail with her Friends to follow him, which he expected she shou'd do; and has left behind him his great bosom Friend to be her Convoy to him.

Free. What Charms has she for him, if she be not handsom?

Fid. He fancies her, I suppose, the ⁷⁵⁰ only Woman of Truth, and Sincerity in the World.

Free. No common Beauty, I confess.

Fid. Or else sure he wou'd not have trusted her with so great a share of his Fortune, in his absence; I suppose, (since his late loss) all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own custody?

Fid. I am told so. ⁷⁶⁰

Free. Then he has shew'd Love to her indeed, in leaving her, like an old Husband that dyes as soon as he has made his Wife a good Jointure; but I'll go in to him, and speak for you, and know more from him of his Olivia. [Exit.

Manet Fidelia sola.

Fid. His Olivia indeed, his happy Olivia, Yet she was left behind, when I was with him;

Btat she was ne'r out of his mind or heart. She has told him she lov'd him, I have ⁷⁷⁰

Whew'd it,

Andi durst not tell him so, till I had done, Undgr this habit, such convincing Acts Of losing Friendship for him, that through it

He first might find out both my Sex and Love;

And, when I'd had him from his fair *Olivia*,
And this bright World of artful Beauties here,

Might then have hop'd, he wou'd have look'd on me

Amongst the sooty *Indians*; and I cou'd
To choose there live his Wife, where Wives are forc'd

To live no longer, when their Husbands dye: ⁷⁸⁰

Nay, what's yet worse, to share 'em whilst they live

With many Rival Wives. But here he comes,
And I must yet keep out of his sight, not
To lose it for ever. *[Exit.]*

Enter Manly and Freeman.

Free. But pray what strange Charms has she that cou'd make you love?

Man. Strange Charms indeed! She has Beauty enough to call in question her Wit or Virtue, and her Form wou'd make a starv'd Hermit a Ravisher; yet her ⁷⁰⁰ Virtue, and Conduct, wou'd preserve her from the subtil Lust of a pamper'd Prelate. She is so perfect a Beauty, that Art cou'd not better it, nor Affectation⁰ deform it; yet all this is nothing. Her tongue as well as face, ne'r knew artifice; nor ever did her words or looks contradict her heart: She is all truth, and hates the lying, masking, daubing World, as I do; for which I love her, and for which I think she dislikes ⁸⁰⁰ not me: for she has often shut out of her conversation for mine, the gaudy fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes and Echoes of men only, and refus'd their common place pert chat, flattery, and submissions, to be entertain'd with my sullen bluntness, and honest love. And, last of all, swore to me, since her Parents wou'd not suffer her to go with me, she wou'd stay behind for no other man; but follow me, without their so leave, if not to be obtain'd. Which Oath—

Free. Did you think she wou'd keep?

Man. Yes; for she is not (I tell you) like other Women, but can keep her promise, tho' she has sworn to keep it; but, that she might the better keep it, I left her the value of five or six thousand pound: for

Affection] Qq 1, 2, 1710, 1712; *Affection* Qq 4, 5; *affection* Q 6.

Womens wants are generally their most importunate Solicitors to Love, or Marriage.

Free. And Money summons Lovers, ⁸²⁰ more than Beauty, and augments but their importunity, and their number; so makes it the harder for a Woman to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the *French* Maxim, if you wou'd have your Female Subjects Loyal, keep 'em poor: but, in short, that your Mistress may not marry, you have given her a Portion.

Man. She had given me her heart first, and I am satisf'd with the security; ⁸³⁰ can never doubt her truth and constancy.

Free. It seems you do, since you are fain to bribe it with Money. But how come you to be so diffident of the Man that says he loves you, and not doubt the Woman that says it?

Man. I shou'd (I confess) doubt the Love of any other Woman but her, as I do the friendship of any other Man but him I have trusted; but I have such proofs of their ⁸⁴⁰ faith, as cannot deceive me.

Free. Cannot!

Man. Not but I know, that generally, no Man can be a great Enemy, but under the name of Friend; and if you are a Cuckold, it is your Friend only that makes you so; for your Enemy is not admitted to your house: if you are cheated in your Fortune, 'tis your Friend that does it; for your Enemy is not made your Trustee: if ³⁵⁰ your Honour, or Good Name be injur'd, 'tis your Friend that does it still, because your Enemy is not believ'd against you. Therefore I rather choose to go where honest, downright Barbarity is prof est; where men devour one another like generous hungry Lyons and Tygers, not like Crocodiles; where they think the Devil white, of our complexion, and I am already so far an *Indian*: but, if your weak faith doubts ⁸⁶⁰ this miracle of a Woman, come along with me, and believe, and thou wilt find her so handsom, that thou, who art so much my Friend, wilt have a mind to lie with her, and so will not fail to discover what her faith and thine is to me.

When we're in Love, the great Adversity, Our Friends and Mistresses at once we try.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Olivia's Lodging. -

Enter Olivia, Eliza, Lettice.

Oliv. Ah, Cousin, what a World 'tis we live in! I am so weary of it.

Eliz. Truly, Cousin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot always live in't; for I can never be weary of it.

Oliv. O hideous! you cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you like the filthy World.

Eliz. You cannot be in earnest sure, when you say you dislike it.

Oliv. You are a very censorious Creature, I find.

Eliz. I must confess I think we Women as often discover where we love, by railing; as men when they lye, by their swearing; and the World is but a constant Keeping Gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with, when any thing crosses us, yet cannot part with't for our hearts.

Lett. A Gallant indeed, Madam, whom ²⁰ Ladies first make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being so, for if, by her indiscretion,⁰ a Lady be talk'd of for a Man, she cries presently, Tw a Censorious World; if, by her vanity, the Intrigue be found out, 'Tis a prying, malicious World; if, by her over-fondness, the Gallant proves unconstant, 'Tis a false World; and if, by her nigardliness, the Chambermaid tells, 'Tis a perfidious World: but that, I'm sure, ³⁰ your Ladyship cannot say of the World yet, as bad as 'tis.

Oliv. But I may say, 'Tis a very impertinent World. Hold your peace. And, Cousin, if the World be a Gallant, 'tis such an one as is my aversion, Pray name it no more.

Eliz. But is it possible the World, which has such variety of Charms for other Women, can have none for you? Let's see—first, what d'ye think of Dressing, ⁴⁰ and fine Cloaths?

Oliv. Dressing! Fie, fie, 'tis my aversion. But, come hither, you Dowdy, methinks you might have open'd this Toure^o better: O

indiscretion] Qq 1, 2, 1710, 1712; *discretion* Qq 5, 8.

Tourc] a tour de cheveux, or false front of hair; to be distinguished from a tower which was an elaborate high coiffure affected about 1700.

hideous! I cannot suffer it! d'ye see how't sits?

Eliz. Well enough, Cousin, if Dressing be your aversion.

Oliv. 'Tis so: and for variety of rich Cloaths, they are more my aversion. ⁵⁰

Let. Ay, 'tis because your Ladyship wears 'em too long; for indeed a Gown, like a Gallant, grows one's aversion, by having too much of it.

Oliv. Insatiable Qreature! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three dayes, Cousin, and within this month have made some six more.

Eliz. Then your aversion to 'em is not altogether so great. ⁶⁰

Oliv. Alas! 'tis for my Woman only I wear 'em, Cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, Madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliz. But what d'ye think of Visits—Balls—

Oliv. O, I detest 'em.

Eliz. Of Playes?

Oliv. I abominate 'em: filthy, obscene, ⁷⁰ hideous things?

Eliz. What say you to *Masquerading* in the Winter, and *Hide-Park* in the Summer?

Oliv. Insipid pleasures I taste not.

Eliz. Nay, if you are for more solid pleasure, what think you of a rich, young Husband?

Oliv. O horrid! Marriage! what a Pleasure you have found out! I nauseate if of all things.

Let. But what does your Ladyship think *m* then of a liberal, handsome, young Lover?

Oliv. A handsome, young Fellow, you Impudent! Be gone, out of my sight; name a handsome young Fellow to me! Foh, a hideous handsome young Fellow I abominate. *[Spits.]*

Eliz. Indeed! But let's see—will nothing please you? what d'ye think of the Court?

Oliv. How? the Court! the Court, w Cousin! my aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions.

Eliz. How? the Court! where—

Oliv. Where Sincerity is a quality as out of fashion, and as unprosperous, as Bashfulness; I could not laugh at a Quibble, tho' it were a fat Privy Counsellor's; nor I praise a Lord's ill Verses, tho' I were .aiy

self the Subject; nor an old Lady's young looks, tho' I were her Woman; nor sit to¹⁰⁰ a vain young *Simile-maker*, tho' he flatter'd me; In short, I cou'd not glote^o upon a man when he comes into a Room, and laugh at him when he goes out; I cannot rail at the absent, to flatter the standers by, I——

Eliz. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more Malice, but the fashion; and the absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the present think they are the better for being uo flatter'd: and for the Court——

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the Court; for you'll make me rail at it, like a trusting Citizen's Widow.

Eliz. Or like a *Holborn Lady*,^o who cou'd not get into the last Ball, or was out of countenance in the Drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there; for none rail at the Court, but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous 10 when they are there: and I shall suspect you were laugh'd at, when you were last there, or wou'd be a Maid of Honour.

Oliv. I a Maid of Honour! To be a Maid of Honour were yet of all things my aversion.

Eliz. *Jin* what sense am I to understand you? But, in fine, by the word Aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew Woman yet that us'd it, who did not. 10 Come, our tongues belie our hearts, more than our Pocket-glasses do our faces; but methinks we ought to leave off dissembling, since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise observers understand us now adayes, as they do Dreams, Almanacks, and *Dutch Gazets*, by the contrary: And a Man no more believes a Woman, when she sayes she has an Aversion for him, than when she¹⁴⁰ sayes she'll Cry out.

Oliv. O filthy, hideous! Peace, Cousin, or your discourse will be my Aversion; and you may believe me.

Eliz. Yes; for, if any thing be a Womans Aversion, 'tis *Plain-dealing* from another Woman; and perhaps that's your quarrel to the World; for that will talk, as your Woman sayes.

glote] make amorous eyes at; not to be confused with *glout*, to look sullen, though the words may be etymologically akin.

Holborn Lady] cf. p. 140 *supra*.

Vliv. Talk not of me sure; for what Men do I converse with? what Visits do I uo admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy Here's the Gentleman to wait upon you, Madam.

Oliv. On me! you little, unthinking Fop, d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, Madam, 'tis the Gentleman that comes every day to you, who——

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little Animal, and get you gone. This Country Boy, Cousin, takes my Dancing-Master,¹⁶⁰ Taylor, or the spruce Millener, for Visitors.

[Exit Boy.]

Let. No, Madam, 'tis Mr. *Novel*, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his voice too, Madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you Buffle-headed,^o stupid Creature you; you wou'd make my Cousin believe I receive Visits: but if it be Mr.——what did you call him?

Let. Mr. *Novel*, Madam, he that——

Oliv. Hold your peace, I'll hear no 10 more of him; but if it be your Mr.—— (I can't think of his name again) I suppose he has follow'd my Cousin hither.

Eliz. No, Cousin, I will not rob you of the Honour of the Visit: 'tis to you, Cousin, for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my Honour, Cousin; besides, ha'nt I told you, that Visits, and the business of Visits, Flattery, and Detraction, are my 10 Aversion? D'ye think then I wou'd admit such a Coxcomb as he is? who, rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; and, rather than not flatter, will flatter the Poets of the Age, whom none will flatter; who affects Novelty as much as the Fashion, and is as fantastical as changeable, and as well known as the Fashion; who likes nothing, but what is new; nay, wou'd choose to have his Friend, or his wo Title, a new one. In fine, he is my Aversion.

Eliz. I find you do know him, Cousin; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliz. Well; but, since he is such a Coxcomb, for Heav'n's sake, let him not come

Buffle-headed] A buffle-hcad was a blockhead.

up: tell him, Mrs. *Lettice*, your Lady is not within.

Oliv. No, *Lettice*, tell him, my Cousin ²⁰ is here, and that he may come up; for, notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his conversation; and tho' I wou'd use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you, in my own Lodging; since he has follow'd you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliz. Very fine! Pray let him go to the Devil, I say, for me: I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. *Lettice*.

Oliv. Upon my word, she sha'nt: I must ²⁰ disobey your commands, to comply with your desires. Call him up, *Lettice*.

Eliz. Nay, I'll swear she shall not stir on that Errand. [*Holds Lettice.*]

Oliv. Well then, I'll call him my self for you, since you will have it so. Mr. *Novel*, [*Calls out at the door*] Sir, Sir.

Enter Novel.

Novel. Madam, I beg your pardon, perhaps you were busie: I did not think you had company with you. ²²⁰

Eliz. Yet he comes to me, Cousin! [*Aside.*]

Oliv.—Chairs there. [*They sit.*]

Nov. Well, but Madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From some melancholy place I warrant, Sir, since they have lost your good company.

Eliz. So.

Nov. From a place, where they have treated me, at dinner, with so much civility and kindness, a pox on 'em, that I cou'd hardly get away to you, dear Madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new, and obliging, Sir.

Eliz. You hate Flattery, Cousin!

[*Apart to Olivia.*]

Nov. Nay faith, Madam, d'ye think my way new? then you are obliging, Madam. I must confess, I hate imitation, to do any thing like other people: all that know me, do me the Honour to say, I am an ²¹⁰ Original Faith;⁰ but as I was saying, Madam, I have been treated to day, with all the ceremony and kindness imaginable, at my Lady Autums; but the nauseous old Woman at the upper end of her Table—

Oliv. Revives the old *Grecian* Custom,

(Original Faith) Q 1; Original, Faith Qq 5, 6, 1712.

of serving in a Deaths head with their Banquets.

Nov. Hah, ha! fine, just ifaith; nay, and new; 'tis like eating with the Ghost in aw the *Libertine*;⁰ she wou'd frighten a Man from her dinner, with her hollow invitations, and spoil one's stomach—

Oliv. To Meat, or Women. I detest her hollow cherry cheeks; she looks like an old Coach new painted: affecting an unseemly smugness, whil'st she is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliz. You hate Detraction I see, Cousin! [*Apart to Olivia.*]

Nov. But the silly old Fury, whil'st '» she affects to look like a Woman of this Age, talks—

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old Courtier, who has outliv'd his Office.

Nov. Yes, Madam, but pray let me give you her character. Then, she never counts her age by the years, but—

Oliv. By the Masques she has liv'd to see. ²⁷⁰

Nov. Nov then, Madam, I see you think a little harmless railing too great a pleasure for any but your self, and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you wou'd hear me, Madam.

Oliv. Most patiently: speak, Sir.

Nov. Then, we had her daughter—

Oliv. Ay, her daughter, the very dis- ²⁸⁰ grace to good cloaths, which she always wears, but to heighten her deformity, not mend it; for she is still most splendidly, gallantly, ugly,⁰ and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich Frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, Madam? And can you spare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, Sir.

Nov. Then, she is like— ²⁹⁰

Oliv. She is, you'd say, like a City Bride, the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty, for her dress.

Nov. Well: yet have you done, Madam? Then, she—

Oliv. Then she bestows as unfortunately

[*Libertine*] Shadwell's play, *The Libertine*, 1675, a version of the Don Juan story.

gallantly, ugly} Qq 1, 2; gallantly ugly Qq 4-6.

on her face all the graces in fashion, as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip; but as the Fool is never more provoking than when he aims at Wit, the ill-^æ favor'd of our Sex are never more nauseous than when they wou'd be Beauties, adding to their natural deformity, the artificial ugliness of affectation.

Eliz. So, Cousin, I find one may have a collection of all ones acquaintances Pictures as well at your house, as at Mr. *Lcly's*; only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like; here, much uglier, and like: and you are³¹⁰ the first of the profession of Picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the Life; do no Body wrong, Cousin.

Eliz. No, you hate flattery and detraction!

Oliv. But, Mr. *Novel*, who had you besides at dinner?

Nov. Nay, the Devil take me if I tell you, unless you will allow me the privilege of³²⁰ railing in my turn; but, now I think on't, the Women ought to be your Province, as the Men are mine: and you must know, we had him whom——

Oliv. Him, whom——

Nov. What? Invading me already? And giving the character, before you know the Man?

Eliz. No, that is not fair, tho' it be usual.⁸³⁰

Oliv. I beg your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray, go on.

Nov. Then, I say, we had that familiar Coxcomb, who is at home wheresoe're he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that Fool——

Nov. Nay, then Madam, your Servant: I'm gone. Taking a Fool out of ones mouth, is worse than taking the Bread out of³⁴⁰ ones mouth.

Oliv. I've done, your pardon, Mr. *Novel*, pray proceed.

Nov. I say, the Rogue, that he may be the onely Wit in company, will let no Body else talk, and——

Oliv. Ay, those Fops who love to talk • all themselves, are of all things my Aversion.

Nov. Then you'll let me speak, Madam, sure. The Rogue, I say, will force his Jest³⁵⁰

upon you; and I hate a Jest that's fore'd upon a Man, as much as a Glass.

Eliz. Why, I hope, Sir, he does not expect a Man of your temperance in jesting should do him reason?

Nov. What, interruption from this side too! I must then——

[*Offers to rise, Olivia holds him.*

Oliv. No, Sir——You must know, Cousin, that Fop he means, tho' he talks only to be commended, will not give you³⁶⁰ leave to do't.

Nov. But, Madam——

Oliv. He a Wit! hang him, he's only an Adopter of stragling Jests, and fatherless Lampoons; by the credit of which, he eats at good Tables, and so, like the barren Beggar-woman, lives by borrow'd Children.

Nov. Madam——

Oliv. And never was Author of any thing, but his News; but that is still all his own.³⁷⁰

Nov. Madam, pray——

Oliv. An eternal Babler; and makes no more use of his ears, than a Man that sits at a Play by his Mistress, or in Fop-corner:° he's in fine, a base detracting Fellow, and is my Aversion. But who else pr'ythee, Mr. *Novel*, was there with you? Nay, you sha'nt stir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, Madam, I cannot stay in any place, where I'm not allow'd³⁸⁰ a little Christian liberty of railing.

Oliv. Nay, pr'ythee, Mr. *Novel*, stay; and tho' you should rail at me, I wou'd hear you with patience: pr'ythee who else was there with you?

Nov. Your Servant, Madam.

Oliv. Nay, pr'ythee tell us, Mr. *Novel*, pr'ythee do.

Nov. We had no Body else.

Oliv. Nay, faith I know you had.³⁹⁰ Come, my Lord *Plausible* was there too, who is Cousin, a——

Eliz. You need not tell me what he is, Cousin; for I know him to be a civil, good-natur'd, harmless Gentleman, that speaks well of all the World, and is always in good humor, and——

Oliv. Hold, Cousin, hold, I hate Detrac-

[*Fop-corner*] Summers comments: "A particular part of the pit, nearest to the stage, where the exquisites and beau-critics were wont to forgather." Cf. Dryden, *Miscellanies*: "If at the Play I in Fop-corner sit, / And with a squinting Eye glote o'er the pit."

tion; but I must tell you, Cousin, his civility, is cowardice; his good nature, want⁴⁰⁰ of wit; and has^o neither courage, or^o sense to rail: And for his being always in humor, 'tis because he is never dissatisf'd with himself. In fine, he is my Aversion; and I never admit his Visits beyond my Hall.

Nov. No, he visit you! Dam him, cringing, grinning Rogue; if I shou'd see him coming up to you, I wou'd make bold to kick him down again. Ha!—

Enter my Lord Plausible.

My dear Lord, your most humble Serv-⁴¹⁰ ant.

[Rises, and salutes Plausible, and kisses him.]

Eliz. So! I find kissing and railing succeed each other with the angry Men, as well as with the angry Women; and their quarrels are like Love-quarrels, since absence is the only cause of them; for, as soon as the Man appears again, they are over. *[Aside.]*

L. Plans. Your most faithful, humble Servant, generous Mr. Novel; and, Madam, I am your eternal Slave, and kiss your⁴²⁰ fair hands; which I had done sooner, according to your commands, but—

Oliv. No excuses, my Lord.

Eliz. What, you sent for him then, Cousin?

[Apart.]

Nov. Ha! invited!

[Aside.]

Oliv. I know you must divide your self; for your good company is too general a good, to be ingross'd by any particular Friend.⁴³⁰

L. Plans. O Lord, Madam, my company! your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant; but I cou'd have brought you good company indeed, for I parted at your door, with two of the worthiest, bravest Men—

Oliv. Who were they, my Lord?

Nov. Who do you call the worthiest, bravest^o men, pray?

L. Plaus. O the wisest, bravest Gentlemen! Men of such Honour, and Virtue!⁴⁴⁰ of such good qualities! ah—

Eliz. This is a Coxcomb, that speaks ill of all people a different way, and Libels every

and has] Qq 1, 2, 4, 5, 1712; and he has Q 6; he has 1710.

courage, or] Q 1; courage or Q 2, 1712; courage nor Qq 4-8, 1710.

bravest) bravest Q 1,

body with dull praise, and commonly in the wrong place, so makes his Panegyricks abusive Lampoons.

[Aside.]

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were.

L. Plaus. Ah! such patterns of Heroick Virtue! such⁴⁵⁰—

Nov. Well, but who the Devil were they?

L. Plaus. The honour of our Nation, the glory of our Age, ah! I cou'd dwell a Twelvemonth on their praise; which indeed I might spare by felling their names: Sir John Current, and Sir Richard Court-Title.

Nov. Court-Title! Hah, ha.

Oliv. And Sir John Current! Why will you keep such a Wretch company, my Lord?

L. Plaus. Oh, Madam, seriously you are⁴⁶⁰ a little too severe, for he is a Man of unquestion'd reputation in every thing.

Oliv. Yes, because he endeavors only with the Women, to pass for a Man of Courage; and with the Bullies, for a Wit; with the Wits, for a Man of Business; and with the Men of Business, for a Favourite at Court; and at Court, for good City security.

Nov. And, for Sir Richard, he—

L. Plaus. He loves your choice, pick'd⁴⁷⁰ company; persons that—

Oliv. He loves a Lord, indeed; but—

Nov. Pray, dear Madam, let me have but a bold stroke or two at his Picture. He loves a Lord, as you say, tho'—

Oliv. Tho' he borrow'd his Money, and ne'r paid him again.

Nov. And wou'd bespeak a place three days before at the back-end of a Lords Coach, to Hide-Park. "

L. Plaus. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too severe.

Oliv. Then, to shew yet more his passion for quality, he makes Love to that fulsom Coach-load of Honour, my Lady Goodly; for he is always at her Lodging.

L. Plaus. Because it is the Conventickle-Gallant, the Meeting-house of all the fair Ladies, and glorious Superfine Beauties of the Town.⁴⁹⁰

Nov. Very fine Ladies! there's first—

Oliv. Her Honour, as fat as an Hostess.

L. Plaus. She is something plump indeed, a goodly, comly, graceful person.

Nov. Then there's my Lady Frances, what d'ye call'er? as ugly—

Oliv. As a Citizens lawfully begotten Daughter.

L. Plaus. She has wit in abundance; and the handsomest heel, elbow, and tip of an⁵⁰⁰ ear, you ever saw.

Nov. Heel, and elbow I hah, ha! And there's my *Lady Betty* you know——

Oliv. As sluttish, and slatternly, as an *Irish Woman* bred in *France*.

L. Plaus. Ah, all she has hangs with a loose Air indeed, and becoming negligence.

Eliz. You see all faults with Lovers eyes, I find, my Lord.

L. Plaus. Ah, Madam, your most obliged, faithful, humble Servant to command!⁵¹¹ But you can say nothing sure against the Superfine Mistress——

Oliv. I know who you mean. She is as censorious and detracting a *Jade*, as a super-annuated Sinner.

L. Plaus. She has a smart way of Railery, 'tis confest.

Nov. And then, for Mrs. *Grideline*.⁰

L. Plaus. She I'm sure is——⁵²⁰

Oliv. One that never spoke ill of any body, 'tis confest; for she is as silent in conversation as a *Country Lover*, and no better company than a *Clock*, or a *Weather-glass*; for if she sounds, 'tis but once an hour, to put you in mind of the time of day, or to tell you 'twill be cold or hot, rain, or snow.

L. Plaus. Ah, poor creature! she's ex-⁵³⁰ tremely good and modest.

Nov. And for Mrs. *Bridlcchin*, she's——

Oliv. As proud, as a *Churchman's Wife*.

L. Plaus. She's a *Woman* of great spirit and, honour, and will not make her self cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs. *Hoyden*, that calls all people by their Surnames, and is——

Oliv. As familiar a *Duck*——

Nov. As an *Actress* in the *Tyring-room*. There I was once beforehand with you, Madam.⁵⁴¹

L. Plaus. Mrs. *Hoyden*! A poor, affable, good-natur'd Soul! But the *Divine Mrs. Trifle* comes thither too: sure her beauty,

Grideline] *Grin de tin*, flax grey. But what that colour was precisely seems open to doubt; probably it was a pale greyish violet. Why this should be used as a surname is not obvious. Presumably it betokens demureness, to judge from the description of the lady.

virtue and conduct, you can say nothing too.

Oliv. No!

Nov. No!——pray let me speak, Madam.

Oliv. First, can any one be call'd beautiful that squints?⁵⁵¹

L. Plaus. Her eyes languish a little, I own.

Nov. Languish! hah, ha.

Oliv. Languish! Then, for her conduct, she was seen at the *Country Wife*, after the first day. There's for you, my Lord.

L. Plaus. But, Madam, she was not seen to use her Fan all the Play long, turn aside her head, or by a conscious blush, discover more guilt than modesty.⁵⁶¹

Oliv. Very fine! then you think a *Woman* modest, that sees the hideous *Country Wife*, without blushing, or publishing her detestation of it? D'ye hear him, Cousin?

Eliz. Yes; and am, I must confess, something of his opinion, and think that as an over-conscious^o Fool at a Play, by endeavouring to shew the Author's want of Wit, exposes his own to more censure: so may⁵⁷⁰ a *Lady* call her own modesty in question, by publicly cavilling with the Poets; for all those grimaces of honour, and artificial modesty, disparage a *Woman's* real Virtue, as much as the use of white and red does the natural complexion; and you must use very, very little, if you wou'd have it thought your own.

Oliv. Then you wou'd have a *Woman* of Honour with passive looks, ears, and⁵⁸⁰ tongue, undergo all the hideous obscenity she hears at nasty Plays?

Eliz. Truly I think a *Woman* betrays her want of modesty, by shewing it publicly in a Play-house, as much as a *Man* does his want of courage by a quarrel there; for the truly modest and stout say least, and are least exceptious, especially in publick.

Oliv. O hideous! Cousin, this cannot be your opinion; but you are one of those⁵⁹⁰ who have the confidence to pardon the filthy Play.

Eliz. Why, what is there of ill in't, say you?

Oliv. O fie, fie, fie, wou'd you put me to the blush anew? call all the blood into my over-conscious] Q 1, 1712; over-captioun Qq 2, 4-7, 1710.

face again? But, to satisfie you then, first, the clandestine obscenity in the very name of *Horner*.

Eliz. Truly, 'tis so hidden, I cannot find⁶⁰⁰ it out, I confess.

Oliv. O horrid! does it not give you the rank conception, or image of a Goat, or Town-bull, or a Satyr? nay, what is yet a filthier image than all the rest, that of an Eunuch?

Eliz. What then? I can think of a Goat, a Bull, or Satyr, without any hurt.

Oliv. I, but, Cousin, one cannot stop⁶¹⁰ there.

Eliz. I can, Cousin.

Oliv. O no; for when you have those filthy creatures in your head once, the next thing you think, is what they do; as their defiling of honest Mens Beds and Couches, Rapes upon sleeping and waking Countrey Virgins, under Hedges, and on Haycocks: nay, farther——

Eliz. Nay; no farther, Cousin, we have enough of your Coment" on the Play,⁶²⁰ which will make me more asham'd than the Play it self.

Oliv. O, believe me, 'tis a filthy Play, and you may take my word for a filthy Play, as soon as anothers; but the filthiest thing in that Play, or any other Play, is——

Eliz. Pray keep it to your self, if it be so.

Oliv. No, faith, you shall know it, I'm resolv'd to make you out of love with the Play: I say, the lewdest, filthiest thing,⁶³⁰ is his *China*; nay, I will never forgive the beastly Author his *China*: he has quite taken away the reputation of poor *China* it self, and sully'd the most innocent and pretty Furniture of a Ladies Chamber; in-somuch, that I was fain to break all my defil'd Vessels. You see I have none left; nor you, I hope.

Eliz. You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worse of my *China*, for that of the Play-⁶⁴⁰ house.

Oliv. Why, you will not keep any now sure! 'tis now as unfit an ornament for a Ladies Chamber, as the Pictures that come from *Italy*, and other hot Countries, as appears by their nudities, which I always cover, or scratch out, wheresoe're I find 'em. But *China*! out upon't, filthy *China*, nasty, debauch'd *China*!

Coment] Qq 1, 2; *Comment* Qq 4-6.

Eliz. All this will not put me out of æ conceit with *China*, nor the Play, which is Acted to day, or another of the same beastly Author's as you call him, which I'll go see.

Oliv. You will not sure! nay, you sha'not venture your reputation by going, and mine by leaving me alone with two Men here: nay, you'll disoblige me for ever, if——

[*Pulls her back.*

Eliz. I stay!——your Servant.

[*Exit Eliza.*

Oliv. Well——but my Lord, tho' you justifie every body, you cannot in earnest æ uphold so beastly a Writer, whose Ink is so smutty, as one may say.

L. Plaus. Faith, I dare swear the poor Man did not think to disoblige the Ladies, by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious saying in his Play.

Oliv. Foy, ° my Lord; but what think you, Mr. *Novel*, of the Play? tho' I know you are a Friend to all that are new.

Nov. Faith, Madam, I must confess, æ the new Plays wou'd not be the worse for my advice, but I cou'd never get the silly Rogues, the Poets, to mind what I say; but I'll tell you what counsel I gave the surly Fool you speak of.

Oliv. What wast?

Nov. Faith, to put this Play in Rithme; for Rithme, you know, often makes mystical Nonsense pass with the Criticks for Wit, and a double meaning saying with the æ Ladies, for soft, tender, and moving passion. But, now I talk of passion, I saw your old Lover this morning——Captain——

{*Whispers.*

Enter Captain Manly, Freeman and Fidelia standing behind.

Oliv. Whom?——nay, you need not whisper.

Man. We are luckily got hither unob-sorv'd:——How! in a close conversation with these supple Rascals, the Out-casts of Sempstresses shops?

Free. Faith, pardon her, Captain, that, wo since she cou'd no longer be entertain'd with your manly bluntness, and honest love, she takes up with the pert chat and common place flattery of these fluttering Parrots of the Town, Apes and Echoes of Men only.

Foy] Qq 1, 2, 4, 1712; *Fly* Qq 5, 6; *Fie* 1710.

Man. Do not you, Sir, play the Echo too, mock me, dally with my own words, and shew your self as impertinent as they are. ⁷⁰⁰

Free. Nay, Captain——

Fid. Nay, Lieutenant, do not excuse her, methinks she looks very kindly upon 'em both, and seems to be pleas'd with what that Fool there says to her.

Man. You lye, Sir, and hold your peace, that I may not be provok'd to give you a worse reply.

Oliv. Manly return'd, d'ye say! And is he safe? ⁷¹⁰

Nov. My Lord saw him too. Heark you, my Lord. [*Whispers to Plausible.*]

Man. She yet seems concern'd for my safety, and perhaps they are admitted now here but for their news of me; for Intelligence indeed is the common Passport of nauseous Fools, when they go their round of good Tables and Houses. [*Aside.*]

Oliv. I heard of his fighting only, without particulars, and confess I alwayes lov'd ⁷²⁰ his Brutal courage, because it made me hope it might rid me of his more Brutal love.

Man. What's that? [*Apart.*]

Oliv. But is he at last return'd, d'ye say, unhurt?

Nov. Ay faith, without doing his business; for the Rogue has been these two years pretending to a wooden Leg, which he wou'd take from Fortune, as kindly, as the Staff of a Marshal of France, and ⁷³⁰ rather read his Name in a *Gazet*——

Oliv. Than in the Entail of a good Estate.

Man. So!—— [*Aside.*]

Nov. I have an Ambition, I must confess, of losing my heart, before such a fair Enemy as your self, Madam; but that silly Rogues shou'd be ambitious of losing their Arms, and——

Oliv. Looking like a pair of Compasses.

Nov. But he has no use of his Arms, ⁷⁴⁰ but to set 'em on Kimbow, for he never pulls off his Hat, at least not to me, I'm sure; for you must know, Madam, he has a fanatical hatred to good company: he can't abide me.

L. Plans. O, be not so severe to him, as to say he hates good company; for I assure you he has a great respect, esteem and kindness for me.

Man. That kind, civil Rogue has spoken TM

yet ten thousand times worse of me, than t'other.

Oliv. Well, if he be return'd, Mr. *Novel*, then shall I be pester'd again with his boistrous Sea-love; have my Alcove smell like a Cabin, my Chamber perfum'd with his Tarpaulin Brandenburgh, ⁰ and hear vollies of Brandy sighs, enough to make a Fog in ones Room. Foh! I hate a Lover that smells like *Thames-street!* ⁷⁶⁰

Man. I can bear no longer, and need hear no more. [*Aside.*] But, since you have these two Pulvillio ⁰ Boxes, these Essence Bottles, this pair of Musk-Cats here, I hope, I may venture to come yet nearer you.

Oliv. Overheard us then?

Nov. I hope he heard me not. [*Aside.*]

L. Plans. Most noble and heroick Captain, your most oblig'd, faithful, humble Servant.

Nov. Dear Tar, thy humble Servant. ⁷⁷⁰

Man. Away——Madam.

Oliv. Nay, I think I have fitted you^o for listning.

[*Thrusts Novel and Plausible on each side.*]

Man. You have fitted me, for believing you cou'd not be fickle, tho' you were young; cou'd not dissemble Love, tho' 'twas your interest; nor be vain, ^o tho' you were handsom; nor break your promise, tho' to a parting Lover; nor abuse your best Friend, tho' you had Wit: but I take not your wo contempt of me worse, than your esteem, or civility for these things here, tho' you know 'em.

Nov. Things!

L. Plans. Let the Captain Railly a little.

Man. Yes, things: canst thou be angry, thou thing? [*Coming up to Novel.*]

Nov. No, since my Lord says you speak in Raillery; for, tho' your Sea-raillery be something rough, yet I confess we use ⁷⁸⁰ one another to as bad every day, at Locketts, ⁰ and never quarrel for the matter.

L. Plans. Nay, noble Captain, be not angry with him: A word with you, I beseech you.—— [*Whispers to Manly.*]

Oliv. Well, we Women, like the rest of

Brandenburgh] a morning gown.
smells like Thamen-rtiwt] i.e., of wharves, as a sailor might.

Pulvillio] cosmetic powder. Cf. p. 139 *supra*,
fitted you] punished you appropriately.

vain] Qq 4-6; in ram Qq 1, 2.
Locketts] v. n. p. 122 *supra*.

the Cheats of the World, when our Cullies or Creditors have found us out, and will, or can trust no longer; pay Debts,' and satisfie' Obligations, with a quarrel, the ³⁰⁰ kindest Present a Man can make to his Mistress when he can make no more Presents: for oftentimes in Love, as at Cards, we are forc'd to play foul, only to give over the game; and use our Lovers, like the Cards, when we can get no more by 'em, throw 'em up in a pet, upon the first dispute.

[*Aside.*]

Man. My Lord, all that you have made me know by your whispering, which I ~~so~~ knew not before, is, that you have a stinking breath: there's a secret, for your secret.

L. Plans. Pshaw I pshaw!

Man. But, Madam, tell me, pray, what was't, about this spark, cou'd take you? was it the merit of his fashionable impudence, the briskness of his noise, the wit of his laugh, his judgment, or fancy in his garniture? or was it a well-trim'd Glove, or the scent of it^o that charm'd you? ⁸²⁰

Nov. Very well, Sir, 'gad these Sea-Captains make nothing of dressing: but let me tell you, Sir, a man by his dress, as much as by any thing, shews his wit and judgment, nay, and his courage too.

Free. How his courage, Mr. *Novel*?

Nov. Why, for example, by red Breaches, tuck'd up Hair or^o Perruke, a greasie broad Belt, and now adays a short Sword.

Man. Thy courage, will appear more ⁸³⁰ by thy Belt than thy Sword, I dare swear. Then, Madam, for this gentle piece of courtesie, this Man of tame honour, what cou'd you find in him? was it his languishing affected tone? his mannerly look? his second-hand flattery, the refuse of the Play house tiring-rooms? or his slavish obsequiousness, in watching at the door of your Box at the Play-house, for your hand to your Chair? or his janty way of playing with ⁸⁴⁰ your Fan? or was it the Gunpowder spot^o on his hand, or the Jewel in his ear, that purchas'd your heart?

Oliv. Good jealous Captain, no more of your—

L. Plans. No, let him go on, Madam, for

scent of it] v. n. p. 135 supra.

Hair or] Qq 1, 2, 1712; Hair and Qq 4-6, 1710.

Gunpowder spot) a beauty spot produced by means of gunpowder. N.E.D.

perhaps he may make you laugh: and I wou'd contribute to your pleasure any way.

Man. Gentle Rogue!

Oliv. No, noble Captain, you cannot ⁸⁵⁰ sure think any thing cou'd take me more than that heroick Title of yours, Captain; for you know we Women love honour inordinately.

Nov. Hah, ha, faith she is with thee, Bully, for thy Railery.

Man. Faith so sh^{ll} I be with you, no Bully, for your grinning. [*Aside to Novel.*]

Oliv. Then, that noble Lyon-like meen of yours, that Soldier-like weather beaten ⁸⁶⁰ complexion, and that manly roughness of your voice; how can they otherwise than charm us Women, who hate Effeminacy!

Nov. Hah., ha! faith I can't hold from laughing.

Man. Nor shall I from kicking anon.

[*Aside to Novel.*]

Oliv. And then, that Captain-like carelessness in your dress, but especially your Scarf; 'twas just such another, only a little higher ty'd, made me in love with my Taylor, ⁸⁷⁰ as he past by my Window the last Training day; for we Women adore a Martial Man, and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden Leg.

L. Plans. Nay, i'faith there your Ladyship was a Wag, and it was fine, just, and well Railly'd.

Nov. Ay, ay, Madam, with you Ladies too, Martial Men must needs be very killing. ⁸⁸⁰

Man. Peace, you *Bartholomew-Fair Buffoons*; and be not you vain that these laugh on your side, for they will laugh at their own dull jests: but no more of 'em, for I will only suffer now this Lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You wou'd not have your Panegyrick interrupted. I go on then to your humor. Is there any thing more agreeable, than the pretty sullenness of that? than the great- ⁸⁹⁰ ness of your courage? which most of all appears in your spirit of contradiction, for you dare give all Mankind the Lye; and your Opinion is your onely Mistress, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another Mans.

Nov. Hah, ha! I cannot hold, I must laugh at thee Tar, faith!

L. *Plans*. And i'faith, dear Captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too tho'th' protest I mean you no hurt; but, when a Lady Raillies, a stander by must be complaisant, and do her reason in laughing: Hah, ha.

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful Wretches, you presume sure upon your Effeminacy to urge me; for you are in all things so like Women, that you may think it in me a kind of Cowardice to beat you.

Oliv. No Hectoring, good Captain.⁹¹⁰

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this Ladies presence secures you; but have a care, she has talk'd her self out of all the respect I had for her; and by using me ill before you, has given me a privilege of using you so before her: but if you wou'd preserve your respect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, be gone immediately.

Nov. Be gone! what?

L. *Plaus*. Nay, worthy, noble, generous⁹²⁰ Captain.

Man. Be gone, I say.

Nov. Be gone again! to us be gone!

Man. No chattering, Baboons, instantly be gone. Or——

[Manly puts 'em out of the Room:

Novel struts, Plausible cringes.

Nov. Well, Madam, we'll go make the Cards ready in your Bed-chamber; sure you will not stay long with him.

[Ex. *Plaus*. Nov.^o

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good Captain Swagger-huff, and be saucy with your⁹³⁰ Mistress, like a true Captain; but be civil to your Rivals and Betters, and do not threaten any thing but me here; no, not so much as my Windows, nor do not think your self in the Lodgings of one of your suburb Mistresses beyond the *Tomer*.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so, for those less infamous Women part with their Lovers, just as you did from me, with unfor'd vows of constancy, and floods of⁹⁴⁰ willing tears; but the same winds bear^o away their Lovers, and their vows: And for their grief, if the credulous unexpected Fools return, they find new Comforters, fresh Cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those Women too suffer shipwrack, with their Gallants fortunes; now you have

heard *Chance* has us'd me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falshood, and disdain; have⁹⁵⁰ constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real scorn, as I was to your feign'd love: And henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loath, and detest you, most faithfully.

Enter Lettice.

Oliv. Get the Hombre Cards ready in the next Room, *Lettice*, and——

[*Whispers to Lettice*.

Free. Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Fid. And you'll be sure to keep your word, I hope, Sir.⁹⁶⁰

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, Sir? if you are not as good as your word, 'twill be the first time you ever brag'd sure.

Man. She has restor'd my reason with my heart.

Free. But, now you talk of restoring Captain, there are other things which, next to one's heart, one wou'd not part with; I mean your Jewels and Money, which it⁹⁷⁰ seems she has, Sir.

Man. What's that to you, Sir?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours, I have a share in't, I'm sure, which I will not lose for asking, tho' you may be too generous, or too angry now to do't your self.

Fid. Nay, then I'll make bold to make my claim too.

[Both going towards Olivia.

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious⁹⁸⁰ Fops——How have I been deceiv'd!

[Aside.

Free. Madam, there are certain Appurtenances to a Lover's heart, call'd Jewels, which alwayes go along with it.

Fid. And which, with Lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the heart they come with; our Captain's, Madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident.⁹⁹⁰

Oliv. A Gentleman, so well made as you are, may be confident——us easie Women cou'd not deny you any thing you ask, if 'twere for your self; but, since 'tis for another, I beg your leave to give him my Answer. (An agreeable young fellow this!

——And wou'd not be my Aversion!)
[Aside.] Captain, your young Friend here has a very persuading Face, I confess; yet you might have ask'd me your self, for ¹⁰⁰ those Trifles you left with me, which (heark you a little, for I dare trust you with the secret: you are a Man of so much Honour I'm sure;) I say then, not expecting your return, or hoping ever to see you again, I have deliver'd your Jewels to——

[Aside to Man.]

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My husband.

Man. Your husband!

Oliv. Ay, my Husband; for, since you ¹⁰⁰ cou'd leave me, I am lately, and privately marry'd to one, who is a Man of so much Honour and Experience in the World, that I dare not ask him for your Jewels again, to restore 'em to you; lest he shou'd conclude you never wou'd have parted with 'em to me, on any other score, but the exchange of my Honour: which rather than you'd let me lose, you'd lose I'm sure your self, those Trifles of yours. ¹⁰²⁰

Man. Triumphant Impudence I but marry'd too!

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my Servants know it not: I am marry'd; there's no resisting one's Destiny, or Love, you know.

Man. Why, did you love him too?

Oliv. Most passionately; nay, love him now, tho' I have marry'd him, and he me: which mutual love, I hope you are too good, too generous a Man to disturb, ¹⁰⁰ by any future claim, or visits to me. Tis true, he is now absent in the Countrey, but returns shortly; therefore I beg of you, for your own ease and quiet, and my Honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I never had seen you.

Oliv. But if you shou'd ever have any thing to say to me hereafter, let that young Gentleman there, be your Messenger.

Man. You wou'd be kinder to him: I ¹⁰⁰ find he shou'd be welcome.

Oliv. Alas, his youth wou'd keep my Husband from suspicions, and his visits from scandal; for we Women may have pity for such as he, but no love: And I already think you do not well to spirit him away to Sea, and the Sea is already but too rich with the spoils of the shore.

Man. True perfect Women!——If I

cou'd say any thing more injurious to her ¹⁰⁵⁰ now, I wou'd; for I cou'd out-rail a bilk'd Whore, or a kick'd Coward: but, now I think on't, that were rather to discover my love, than hatred; and I must not talk, for something I must do. *[Aside.]*

Oliv. I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again.——*[Aside.]*

Enter Lettice.

Well, *Lettice*, are the Cards and all ready within? I come then. Captain, I beg your ¹⁰⁶⁰ pardon: You will not make one at Hombre?

Man. No, Madam, but I'll wish you a little good luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you wou'd have me thrive, Curse me; for that you'll do heartily, I suppose.

Man. Then if you will have it so, May all the Curses light upon you, Women ought to fear, and you deserve; first may the Curse of loving Play attend your sordid ¹⁰⁷⁰ Covetousness, and Fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have cheated me; the Curse of Pride, or a good Reputation, fall on your Lust; the Curse of Affectation on your Beauty; the Curse of your Husbands company on your Pleasures; and the Curse of your Gallant's disappointments in his absence; and the Curse of scorn, jealousy, or despair, on your love: and then the Curse of loving on.

Oliv. And, to requite all your Curses, I will only return you your last; May the ¹⁰⁸⁰ Curse of loving me still, fall upon your proud hard heart, that cou'd be so cruel to me in these horrid Curses: but Heaven forgive you. *[Ex. Oliv.]*

Man. Hell, and the Devil, reward thee.

Free. Well, you see now, Mistresses, like Friends, are lost, by letting 'em handle your Money; and most Women are such kind of Witches, who can have no power over a Man, unless you give 'em Money; but ¹⁰⁹⁰ when once they have got any from you, they never leave you, till they have all: therefore I never dare give a Woman a farthing.

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by losing one's Money with one's Mistress, a Man is out of danger of getting another; of being made prize again by love; who, like a Pyrat, takes you by spreading false

Colours: but when once you have run uo your Ship aground, the treacherous Picaroon^o loofs,^o so by your ruin you save your self from slavery at least.

Enter Boy

Boy. Mrs. Lettice, here's Madam Blackacre come to wait upon her Honour.

Man. D'ye hear that? let us be gone, before she comes; for hence forward I'll avoid the whole damn'd Sex for ever, and Woman as a sinking Ship.

[Ex. Man and Fid.]

Free. And I'll stay to revenge on her¹¹¹⁰ your quarrel to the Sex; for out of love to her Jointure, and hatred to business, I wou'd marry her, to make an end of her thousand Suits, and my thousand engagements, to the comfort of two unfortunate sorts of people; my Plaintiffs, and her Defendants; my Creditors, and her Adversaries.

Enter Widow Blackacre led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green Gags.

Wid. 'Tis an arrant Sea-Ruffian, but I'm glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, Major, for the last service was not¹¹²⁰ good in Law. *Boy, Duck, Jerry,* where is my Paper of Memorandums? give me, Child: so. Where is my Cousin Olivia, now, my kind Relation?

Free. Here is one that wou'd be your kind Relation, Madam.

Wid. What mean you, Sir?

Free. Why, faith (to be short) to marry you, Widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild rude person¹¹³⁰ we saw at Captain Manly's?

Jerr. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What wou'd you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ay faith, for I am a younger Brother, and you are a Widow.

Wid. You are an impertinent person, and go about your business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee,¹¹⁴⁰ Widow.

Wid. But I have other business, I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no business anights, Widow; and I'll make you pleasanter busi-

Picaroori) a small privateer.
loofs] luffs.

ness than any you have: for anights, I assure you, I am a Man of great business; for the business——

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle Fellow.

Free. Try me but, Widow, and employ me as you find my abilities, and industry,¹¹⁵⁰

Old. Pray be civil to the Lady, Mr.—— she's a person of quality, a person that is no person——

Free. Yes, but she's a person that is a Widow: be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend only to be her Squire, to arm her to her Lawyers Chambers; but I will be impudent and baudy, for she must love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you saucy¹¹⁶⁰ familiar Jack! You think with us Widows, 'tis no more than up, and ride. Gad forgive me, now adayes, every idle, young, hectoring, roaring Companion, with a pair of turn'd red Breeches, and a broad Back, thinks to carry away any Widow, of the best degree; but I'd have you to know, Sir, all Widows are not got, like places at Court, by Impudence and Importunity only.

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young¹¹⁷⁰ Man, and not fit——

Free. For a Widow^o Yes sure, old Man, the fitter.

Old. Go to, go to, if others had not laid in their claims before you——

Free. Not you I hope.

Old. Why not I, Sir? Sure I am a much more proportionable match for her, than you, Sir; I, who am an elder Brother, of a comfortable Fortune, and of equal¹¹⁸⁰ Years with her.

Wid. How's that? You unmannerly person, I'd^o have you to know, I was born but in *Ann' undec' Caroli prim'.*

Old. Your pardon, Lady, your pardon; be not offended with your very Servant.——

But I say, Sir, you are a beggarly younger Brother, twenty Years younger than her; without any Land or Stock, but your great stock of Impudence: therefore what pre-mⁿ tension can you have to her?

Free. You have made it for me; first, because I am a younger Brother.

Wid. Why, is that a sufficient Plea to a Relict? How appears it, Sir? by what foolish Custom?

Free. By custom, time out of mind only.
I'd] I d Q I.

Then, Sir, because I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And, for my being i'» twenty Years younger than her, and having a sufficient stock of Impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me, in her Widow's Law or Equity.

Old. Well, she has been so long in *Chancery*, that I'll stand to her Equity and Decree between us. Come, Lady, pray snap up this young Snap⁰ at first, or we shall be troubled with him; give him a City Widow's Answer: (that is, with all the ill breeding i>o imaginable.) [*Aside to the Wid.*] Come, Madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish Wooing, for nothing interrupts business more; first, for you, Major——

Old. You declare in my favour then?

Free. What, direct the Court? (Come, young Lawyer, thou sha't be a Counsel for Me.) [*To Jerr.*]

Jerr. Gad, I shall betray your Cause 1220 then, as well as an older Lawyer, never stir.

Wid. First, I say, for you, Major, my walking Hospital of an ancient Foundation, thou Bag of Mummy, that wou'dst fall asunder, if 'twere not for thy Cerecloaths——

Old. How, Lady?

Free. Hah, ha——

Jerr. Hey, brave Mother! use all Suitors thus, for my sake. 1230

Wid. Thou wither'd hobbling, distorted Cripple; nay, thou art a Cripple all over; wou'dst thou make me the Staff of thy Age, the Crutch⁰ of thy Decrepidness? Me——

Free. Well said, Widow! faith, thou wou'dst make a Man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou senseless, impertinent, quibbling, driveling, feeble, paralytic, impotent, 1240 fumbling, frigid Nicompoop.

Jerr. Hey, brave Mother, for calling of names, ifac!

Wid. Wou'dst thou make a Caudleraaker, a Nurse of me? Can't you be Bed-rid, without a Bed-fellow? Won't your Swanskins Furs, Flannels, and the scorch'd Trencher keep you warm there? Wou'd you

Snap] a sharper.

Crutch] Church Q 8.

have me your Scotch warming-Pan,^o with a pox to you? Me! —— 1250

Old. O Heav'ns!

Free. I told you I shou'd be thought the fitter Man, Major.

Jerr. Ay, you old Fobus,⁰ and you wou'd have been my Guardian, wou'd you? to have taken care of my Estate, that half oft shou'd never come to me, by letting long Leases at Pepper-corn Rents.

Wid. If I wou'd have marry'd an old Man, 'tis well known I might have marry'd ~~is~~ an Earl; nay, what's more, a Judge, and been cover'd the Winter-nights with the Lamb-skins, which I prefer to the Ermins of Nobles: And dost thou think I wou'd wrong my poor Minor there, for you?

Free. Your Minor is a chopping Minor, God bless him.

[*Strokes Jerry on the head.*]

Old. Your Minor may be a Major of Horse or Foot, for his bigness; and, it seems, you will have the cheating of your 120 Minor to your self.

Wid. Pray, Sir, bear Witness; Cheat my Minor! I'll bring my Action of the Case for the slander.

Free. Nay, I wou'd bear false Witness for thee now, Widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter Man for you.

Wid. Fair, and softly, Sir, 'tis my Minor's Case, more than my own: And I must 120 do him justice now on you.

Free. How?

Old. So then.

Wid. You are first, (I warrant) some Renegado from the Inns of Court, and the Law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't, by the Law: that is, be hang'd.

Jerr. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, Madam——1290

Old. Hear the Court.

Wid. Thou art some debauch'd, drunken, leud, hectoring, gaming Companion, and want'st some Widow's old Gold to nick upon;^o but, I thank you, Sir, that's for my Lawyers.

Free. Faith, we shou'd ne'r quarrel about

Scotch warming-Pan] a wench.

Fobu'] fool, booby.

nick upon] gamble with.

that; for Guineys⁰ wou'd serve my turn: but, Widow——

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouth'd Boaster 1300 of thy Lust, a meer Bragadochio of thy strength for Wine and Women, and wilt belie thy self more than thou dost Women, and art every way a base deceiver of Women: And wou'd deceive me too, wou'd you?

Free. Nay faith, Widow, this is Judging without seeing the Evidence.

Wid. I say, you are a worn-out Whoremaster, at five and twenty both in Body and Fortune: And cannot be trusted by ~~130~~ the common Wenches of the Town, lest you shou'd not pay 'em; nor by the Wives of the Town, lest you shou'd pay 'em: so you want Women, and wou'd have me your Baud, to procure 'em for you.

Free. Faith, if you had any good Acquaintance, Widow, 'twou'd be civilly done of thee; for I am just come from Sea.

Wid. I mean, you wou'd have me keep you, that you might turn Keeper; for ~~130~~ poor Widows are only us'd like Bauds by you; you go to Church with us, but to get other Women to lie with. In fine, you are a cheating, chousing⁰ Spendthrift: And having sold your own Annuity, wou'd waste my Jointure.

Jerr. And make havock of our Estate personal, and all our old gilt Plate; I shou'd soon be picking up all our mortgag'd Apostle-Spoons, Bowls and Beakers, out ~~130~~ of most of the Ale-houses, betwixt *Hercules Pillars* and the *Boatswain in Wapping*:⁰ nay, and you'd⁰ be scouring⁰ amongst my Trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling Watchmen at mid-night. Wou'd you so, Bully?

Free. Nay, pr'ythee, Widow, hear me.

Wid. No, Sir, I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-back'd Fellow, if I wou'd have marry'd a young Man, 'tis well ~~130~~

Guineys] 'The point of the antithesis lies in the opposition of the new guinea to the old gold. Guineas were not coined before the year 1662.' (Ward.)

choming] swindling.

Hercules Pillars and the Boatswain in Wapping] Summers identifies the former at Hyde Park Corner, so that the phrase means from one end of the town to the other.

you'd] Qq 1, 2, 1710, 1712; *wou'd* Qq 4-6.

scouring] The usual meaning is ranging boisterously about the streets; here it means playing havoc with an estate. Cf. pp. 229 and 306 *infra*.

known, I cou'd have had any young Heir in *Norfolk*; nay, the hopeful'st young Man this day at the *Kings-Bench Bar*; I that am a Relict and Executrix of known plentiful Assits and Parts, who understand my self and the Law: And wou'd you have me under Covert Baron⁰ again? No, Sir, no Covert Baron for me.

Free. But, dear Widow, hear me. I value you only, not your Jointure. 1350

Wid. Nay, Sir, hold there; I know your love to a Widow, is covetousness of her Jointure: And a Widow, a little stricken in years, with a good Jointure, is like an old Mansion-house in a good Purchase, never valu'd; but take one, take t'other: And perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of necessary repairs, or expences upon't. 1360

Free. No, Widow, one wou'd be sure to keep all tight, when one is to forfeit one's Lease by dilapidation.

Wid. Fie, fie, I neglect my Business, with this foolish discourse of love. *Jerry*, Child, let me see the List of the Jury: I'm sure my Cousin *Olivia* has some Relations amongst 'em. But where is she?

Free. Nay, Widow, but hear me one word only. 1370

Wid. Nay, Sir, no more, pray; I will no more hearken again to your foolish Love motions, than to offers of Arbitration.

[*Ex. Wid. and Jerr.*]

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet; for he that has a pretension at Court, or to a Widow, must never give over for a little ill usage.

Old. Therefore I'll get her by Assiduity, Patience and Long-sufferings, which you will not undergo; for you idle young 1380 Fellows leave off Love, when it comes to be Business; and Industry gets more Women, than Love.

Free. Ay, Industry, the Fool's and old Man's merit; but I'll be industrious too, and make a business on't, and get her by Law, Wrangling, and Contests, and not by Sufferings: And, because you are no dangerous Rival, I'll give thee counsel, Major. // you Litigious Widow e'r wou'd gain, 1390 Sigh not to her; but by the Law complain:

Covert Baron] a legal term meaning that a wife is under the protection of her husband.

To her, as to a Baud, Defendant sue
With Statutes, and make Justice Pimp for
you. [Exeunt]

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster-Hall.

Enter Manly and Freeman, two Sailors
behind.

Man. I Hate this place, worse than a
Man that has inherited a Chancery Suit:
I wish I were well out on't again.

Free. Why, you need not be afraid of
this place: for a Man without Money, needs
no more fear a croud of Lawyers, than a
croud of Pick-pockets.

Man. This, the Reverend of the Law
wou'd have thought the Palace or Residence
of Justice; but, if it be, she lives here with 10
the State of a Turkish Emperor, rarely
seen; and besieg'd, rather than defended,
by her numerous black Guard here.

Free. Methinks, 'tis like one of their own
Halls, in Christmas time, whither, from all
parts, Fools bring their Money, to try, by
the Dice, (not the worst Judges) whether
it shall be their own, or no: but, after a
tedious fretting and wrangling, they drop
away all their Money, on both sides; and so
finding neither the better, at last, go emp-
tily and lovingly away together, to the
Tavern, joining their Curses against the
young Lawyers Box, that sweeps all, like
the old ones.

Man. Spoken, like a Revelling Christmas
Lawyer.

Free. Yes, I was one, I confess; but was
fain to leave the Law, out of Conscience,
and fall to making false Musters;⁰ rather so
chose to Cheat the King, than his Subjects;
Plunder, rather than take Fees.

Man. Well, a Plague, and a Purse Famine,
light on the Law; and that Female limb of
it, who drag'd me hither to day: but
pr'ythee go see if, in that croud of dagled⁰
Gowns there, thou canst find her.

[Pointing to a croud of Lawyers, at
the end of the Stage.

[Exit Freem.

false Musters] the fraudulent presentation on a
roll of soldiers not genuinely enlisted.
dagled] bespattered, dirty.

Manet Manly.

How hard it is to be an Hypocrite!
At least to me, who am but newly so.
I thought it once a kind of Knavery, 40
Nay, Cowardice, to hide ones faults; but

now

The common frailty, Love, becomes my
shame.

He must not know I love th'ungrateful
still,

Lest he condemn me? more than she: for I,
It seems, can undergo a Womans scorn,
But not a Mans——

Enter to him Fidelia.

Fid. Sir, good Sir, generous Captain.

Man. Pr'ythee, kind Impertinence, leave
me. Why shou'dst thou follow me, flatter
my Generosity now, since thou know'st 50
I have no Money left? if I had it, I'd give
it thee, to buy my quiet.

Fid. I never follow'd yet, Sir, Reward or
Fame, but you alone; nor do I now beg
any thing, but leave to share your miseries:
You shou'd not be a Niggard of 'em, since,
methinks, you have enough to spare. Let
me follow you now, because you hate me, as
you have often said.

Man. I ever hated a Coward's company, 60
I must confess.

Fid. Let me follow you, till I am none
then; for you, I'm sure, will through such
Worlds of dangers, that I shall be inur'd to
'em; nay, I shall be afraid of your anger
more than danger, and so turn valiant out
of fear. Dear Captain, do not cast me off,
till you have try'd me once more: do not,
do not go to Sea again without me.

Man. Thou to Sea! to Court, thou 70
Fool; remember the advice I gave thee: thou
art a handsom Spaniel, and canst faun natu-
rally; go, busk about,⁰ and run thy self
into the next great Man's Lobby: first faun
upon the Slaves without, and then run into
the Ladies Bed-chamber; thou may'st be
admitted, at last, to tumble her Bed: go,
seek, I say, and lose me; for I am not able
to keep thee: I have not Bread for my self.

Fid. Therefore I will not go, because so
then I may help and serve you.

Man. Thou!

busk about] cruise, beat about: a nautical meta-
phor.

Fid. I warrant you, Sir; for at worst, I could beg or steal for you.

Man. Nay, more bragging! dost thou not know there's venturing your life, in stealing? Go, pr'ythee, away: thou art as hard to shake off, as that flattering effeminating mischief, Love.

Fid. Love, did you name? Why, you 90 are not so miserable as to be yet in Love, sure!

Man. No, no, pr'ythee away, be gone, or—I had almost discover'd my Love and Shame; well, if I had? that thing could not think the worse of me:—or if he did?—no—yes, he shall know it—he shall—but then I must never leave him, for they are such secrets, that make Parasites and Pimps Lords of their Masters; for 100 any slavery or tyranny is easier than Love's. [*Aside.*] Come hither. Since thou art so forward to serve me, hast thou but resolution enough to endure the torture of a secret? for such, to some, is insupportable.

Fid. I wou'd keep it as safe, as if your dear precious life depended on't.

Man. Dam your dearness. It concerns more than my life, my honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, Sir. 110

Man. And do not discover it, by too much fear of discovering it; but have a great care you let not *Freeman* find it out.

Fid. I warrant you, Sir. I am already all joy, with the hopes of your commands; and shall be all wings, in the execution of 'em: speak quickly, Sir.^o

Man. You said you wou'd beg for me.

Fid. I did, Sir.

Man. Then you shall beg for me. '120

Fid. With all my heart, Sir.

Man. That is, Pimp for me.

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. D'y'e start! thinkst thou, thou couldst do me any other service? Come, no dissembling honour: I know you can do it handsomly, thou wert made for't: You have lost your time with me at Sea, you must recover it.

Fid. Do not, Sir, beget your self more 130 Reasons for your Aversion to me, and make my obedience to you a fault: I am the unfittest in the World, to do you such a service.

Man. Your cunning arguing against it, *Sir* om. Q 4, which is followed by other edd.

shews but how fit you are for it. No more dissembling; here, (I say) you must go use it for me, to *Olivia*.

Fid. To her, Sir?

Man. Go flatter, lie, kneel, promise, 140 any thing to get her for me: I cannot live, unless I have her. Didst thou not say thou wou'dst do any thing, to save my life? And she said you had a persuading face.

Fid. But, did not you say, Sir, your honour was dearer to you, than your life? And wou'd you have me contribute to the loss of that, and carry love from you, to the most infamous, most false, and—

Man. And most beautiful!—150 [*Sighs aside.*]

Fid. Most ungrateful Woman, that ever liv'd; for sure she must be so, that could desert you so soon, use you so basely, and so lately too: do not, do not forget it, Sir, and think—

Man. No, I will not forget it, but think of revenge: I will lie with her, out of revenge. Go, be gone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorn'd her last night. 160

Man. I know not what I did last night; I dissembled last night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Be gone, I say, and bring me love or compliance back, or hopes at least, or I'll never see thy face again: by—

Fid. O do not swear, Sir, first hear me.

Man. I am impatient, away, you'll find me here till twelve. [*Turns away.*]

Fid. Sir———170

Man. Not one word, no insinuating Argument more, or soothing persuasion; you'll have need of all your Rhetorick with her: go, strive to alter her, not me; be gone.

[*Ex. Man. at the end of the Stage.*]

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. Shou'd I discover to him **now** my Sex, And lay before **him** his strange cruelty, 'Twould but incense it more.—No, 'tis not time

For his Love, must I then betray my own? Were ever Love or Chance, till now, severe? Or shifting Woman pos'd with such a task? 180

Forc'd to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd;

And give away her Lover not to lose him.

[Ex. Fidel.

Enter Widow Blackacre in the middle of half a dozen Lawyers, whisper'd to by a Fellow in black, Jerry Blackacre following the crowd.

Wid. Offer me a Reference, you saucy Company you! d'ye know who you speak to? Art thou a Solicitor in *Chancery*, and offer a Reference?⁹ A pretty Fellow! Mr. Serjeant *Ploddon*, here's a Fellow has the impudence to offer me a Reference.

Serj. Plod. Who's that has the impudence to offer a Reference within these Walls? 100

Wid. Nay, for a Splitter of Causes to do't!

Serj. Plod. No, Madam, to a Lady learned in the Law, as you are, the offer of a Reference were to impose upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a Reference, Mr. Serjeant. But, come, have you not forgot your Brief? Are you sure you shan't make the mistake of—Hark you—*[Whispers.]* Go then, go to your Court 20 of *Common-Pleas* and say one thing over and over again: You do it so naturally, you'll never be suspected for protracting time.

Serj. Plod. Come I know the course of the Court, and your business.

[Ex. Serj. Plod.

Wid. Let's see, Jerry, where are my Minutes? Come, Mr. *Quaint*, pray go talk a great deal for me in *Chancery*; let your words be easie and your Sense hard, my 210 Cause requires it: Branch it bravely,⁰ and deck my Cause with flowers, that the Snake may lie hidden. Go,⁰ go, and be sure you remember the Decree of my Lord Chancellor *Tricesimo quart'* of the Queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate, or exemplifie⁰ Matter of Fact; baffle Truth, with Impudence; answer Exceptions, with

offer a Reference] offer to send the case for settlement by a master in chancery. The ground of the Widow's indignation would seem to be that such a procedure, as distinct from trial in court, was more summary and less technical. Therefore it would not give her the opportunity to satisfy her litigious proclivities by spinning out the process or to display her knowledge of the law. Presumably Serjeant Ploddon takes her view because a quick settlement would take the bread out of his mouth.

Branch . . . bravely] embroider it handsomely.

hidden. Oo] hidden Oo Q 1.

exemplifie] amplify Q 2 and later edd.

Questions, tho' never so impertinent; for Reasons, give 'em words; for Law and 220 Equity, Tropes and Figures: And so relax and enervate the sinews of their Argument, with the oyl of my Eloquence. But when my Lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say any thing more for our Cause, say every thing of our Adversary; whose Reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the World, yet with sharp Invectives—

Wid. (Alias *Belin'sgate.*)²³⁰

Quaint. With poinant and sowre Invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair Reputation, even as a Record with the juice of Lemons; and tell such a Story, (for, the truth on't is, all that we can do for our Client, in *Chancery*, is telling a Story) a fine Story, a long Story, such a Story—

Wid. Go, save thy breath for the Cause; talk at the Bar, Mr. *Quaint*: You are so 20 copiously fluent, you can weary any ones ears, sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our Adversaries Counsel, and the Court: Go, thou art a fine-spoken person: Adad, I shall make thy Wife jealous of me: if you can but court the Court into a Decree for us. Go, get you gone, and^o remember—*[Whispers]* *[Exit Quaint.* Come, Mr. *Blunder*, pray baul soundly for me, at the *Kings-Bench*; bluster, sputter,²⁵⁰ question, cavi; but be sure your Argument be intricate enough, to confound the Court: And then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your Sense from Censure: 'tis like coughing or heming when one has got the Belly-ake, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear Rogue, and succeed; and 111 invite thee, ere it be long, to more souz'd^o Venison,²⁶⁰

Blund. I'll warrant you, after your Verdict, your Judgment shall not be Arrested, upon if's and and's.

Wid. Come, Mr. *Petulant*, let me give you some new instructions, for our Cause in the *Exchequer*: Are the Barons sate?

Pet. Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what know I? what care I?

Wid. Hey day! I wish you wou'd but

Belin'sgate] Billingsgate.

and] om. Q 2 and later edd.

souz'd] soured, pickled.

snap up the Counsel on t'other side 20 anon, at the Bar, as much; and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better.

Pet. You instruct me! What is my Brief for, Mistress?

Wid. Ay, but you seldom read your Brief, but at the Bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold your self contented, Mistress.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, Sir, tho' you, I see, will lose my Cause for want of speaking, I wo' not: You shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your Brief.

Pet. Send your Solicitor to me, instructed by a Woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a Bar-gown——

Wid. By a Woman! And I'd have you to know, I am no common Woman; but a²⁰⁰ Woman conversant in the Laws of the Land, as well as your self, tho' I have no Bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, Mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your Brief for you: instruct me! [*Flings her Breviate*⁰ at her.

Wid. Impertinent to me, you saucy Jack you! You return my Breviate, but where's my Fee? You'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to³⁰⁰ be but a brass Half-crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again: wou'd you wou'd but look on your Breviate half so narrowly. But pray give me my Fee too, as well as my Brief.

Pet. Mistress, that's without Precedent.⁰ When did a Counsel ever return his Fee, pray? And you are impertinent, and ignorant, to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant so to me! Gadsbodikins, you puny Upstart in the Law, to use me so, you Green Bag Carrier, you Murderer of unfortunate Causes, the Clerks Ink is scarce off of your Fingers, you that newly come from Lamblacking⁰ the Judges shooes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant! I wou'd give thee a Cuff on the

Breviate] brief.

Precedent] Qq 1, 2, 4, 1710, 1712; President Qq 5, 6.

Lamblacking] lampblacking.

ear, sitting the Courts,⁰ if I were ignorant. Marry gep,^o if it had not been for me,³²⁰ thou hadst been yet but a hearing Counsel⁰ at the Bar. [*Ex. Petulant.*

Enter Mr. Buttongown, crossing the Stage in haste.

Mr. Buttongown, Mr. Buttongown, whither so fast? what, won't you stay till we are heard?

Butt. I cannot, Mrs. Blackacre, I must be at the Council, my Lord's Cause stays there for me.

Wid. And mine suffers here.

Butt. I cannot help it. ³³⁰

Wid. I'm undone.

Butt. What's that to me?

Wid. Consider the five pound Fee, if not my Cause: that was something to you.

Butt. Away, away, pray be not so troublesome, Mistress, I must be gone.

Wid. Nay, but consider a little, I am your old Client, my Lord but a new one; or, let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better Client to you, than my self: ³⁴⁰ I hope you believe I shall be in Law as long as I live? therefore am no despicable Client. Well, but go to your Lord, I know you expect he shou'd make you a Judge one day; but I hope his promise to you will prove a true Lord's promise: But, that he might be sure to fail you, I wish you had his Bond for't.

Butt. But what will you yet be thus impertinent, Mistress? ³⁵⁰

Wid. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, stay; if it be but to tell me my Lord's Case: come, in short.

Butt. Nay, then———[*Ex. Buttongown.*

Wid. Well, Jerry, observe Child, and lay it up for hereafter: These are those Lawyers who, by being in all Causes, are in none: therefore if you wou'd have 'em for you, let your Adversary see 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em: and so, in being³⁶⁰ against thee, they'll be for thee.

Jerr. Ay, Mother, they put me in mind

[*sitting the Courts*] whilst the courts are sitting. Cf. *Liverpool Municipal Records*, 1712 (Picton, 1886, II.6): "That the . . . town's chest be now inspected, sitting this Council." N.E.D.

Marry gep] or marry gip; from *By S. Mary Gipsy*, i.e., *S. Mary of Egypt*.

hearing Counsel] a briefless barrister; one who listens but does not participate.

of the unconscionable Woers of Widows, who undertake briskly their Matrimonial business for their money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them; therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth: there's Advice for your Advice.

Wid. Well said, Boy, come, Mr. *Splitcause*, pray go see when my Cause in *ao* Chancery comes on; and go speak with Mr. *Quillet* in the *Kings-Bench*, and Mr. *Quirk* in the *Common-Pleas*, and see how our matters go there.

Enter Major Oldfox.

Old. Lady, a good and propitious morning to you; and may all your Causes go as well, as if I my self were Judge of 'em.

Wid. Sir, excuse me, I am busie, and cannot answer Complements in *Westminster-hall*. Go, Mr. *Splitcause*, and come to ³⁸⁰ me again, to that Booksellers, there I'll stay for you, that you may be sure to find me.

Old. No, Sir, come to the other Booksellers, I'll attend your Ladiship thither. [*Ex. Splitcause.*]

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Because he is my Bookseller, Lady.

Wid. What, to sell you Lozenges for your Catarrh? or Medicines for your Corns? what else can a Major deal with a Book-seller for? ³⁹¹

Old. Lady, he Prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an Author?

Old. Of some few Essayes; deign you, Lady to peruse 'em. (She is a Woman of parts, and I must win her by shewing mine.) [*Aside.*]

The Bookseller's Boy.

Boy. Will you see *Culpepper*,^o Mistress? *Aristotle's Problems*? *The Compleat Mid-mf's*

Wid. No, let's see *Dalton*,^o *Hughs*, *Shepherd*,⁴⁰¹ *Wingate*.

Boy. We have no Law-books.

Wid. No? You are a pretty Bookseller then.

Old. Come, have you e're a one of my Essayes left?

[*Culpepper*] a writer of popular medical words, d. 1854.

[*Dalton*, *Hughs*, *Shepherd*, *Wingate*] writers on legal subjects.

Boy. Yes, Sir, we have enough, and shall always have 'em.

Old. How so?

Boy. Why they are good, steady, lasting Ware. ⁴¹¹

Old. Nay, I hope they will live, let's see. Be pleas'd, Madam, to peruse the poor endeavors of my Pen; for I have a Pen, tho' I say it, that——[*Gives her a Book.*]

J err. Pray let me see *St. George*^o for *Christendom*, or, *The Seven Champions of England*.

Wid. No, no, give him *The Young Clerk's Guide*. What, we shall have you read ⁴²⁰ your self into' a humour of Rambling, and Fighting, and studying Military Discipline, and wearing red Breeches!

Old. Nay, if you talk of Military Discipline, shew him my Treatise of *The Art Military*.^o

Wid. Hold, I wou'd as willingly he shou'd read a *Play*.

J err. O pray, forsooth Mother, let me have a ⁴³⁰ *Play*.

Wid. No, Sirrah, there are young Students of the Law enough spoil'd already, by *Playes*; they wou'd make you in love with your Landress, or what's worse, some Queen of the Stage, that was a Landress; and so turn Keeper before you are of age. [*Several crossing the Stage.*] But stay, *Jerry*, is it not that *Mr. what-d'y' call-him*, that goes there: he that offer'd to sell me a Suit in *Chancery* for five hundred pound, for a hundred ⁴⁴⁰ down, and only paying the Clerks Fees?

Jerr. Ay, forsooth, 'tis he.

Wid. Then stay here, and have a care of the Bags, whil'st I follow him: have a care of the Bags, I say.

Jerr. And do you have a care, forsooth, of the Statute against *Champertee*^o I say.

[*Ex. Widow.*]

Enter Freeman to them.

Free. So, there's a limb of my Widow, which was wont to be inseparable from her:

[*St. George* . . . *England*] *Jerry's* attempt at *St. George for England*, a ballad title, and *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, a romance by Richard Johnson (1596/7).

[*The Art Military*] Q 1, 1710, 1712; *The Art of Military* Q 2, 4-7.

[*Champertee*] the illegal maintenance of an action by an uninterested third party in consideration of sharing the proceeds of the suit.

she can't be far. [*Aside.*] How now, my *» pretty Son-in-law that shall be, where's my Widow?

Jerr. My Mother, but not your Widow, will be forthcoming presently.

Free. Your Servant, Major; what, are you buying Furniture for a little sleeping Closet, which you miscall a Study? For you do only by your Books, as by your Wenches, bind 'em up neatly, and make 'em fine, for other people to use 'em: And your⁴⁶⁰ Bookseller is properly your Upholster; for he furnishes your Room, rather than your Head.

Old. Well, well, good Sea-Lieutenant, study you your Compass, that's more than your head can deal with. (I will go find out the Widow, to keep her out of his sight, or he'll board her, whil'st I am treating a Peace.)

[*Aside.*

[*Ex.* Oldfox.

Manevt Freeman, Jerry.

Jerr. Nay pr'ythee, Friend, now, let me⁴⁷⁰ have but the *Seven Champions*,⁰ you shall trust me no longer than till my Mothers Mr. *Splitcause* comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithal to pay for't.

Free. Lend thee! here, I'll pay him. Do you want Money, Squire? I'm sorry a Man of your Estate shoud' want Money.

Jerr. Nay, my Mother will ne'r let me be at Age: And till then, she sayes——

Free. At Age! Why, you are at Age⁴⁸⁰ already, to have spent an Estate, Man; there are younger than you, have kept their Women these three Years, have had half a dozen Claps, and lost as many thousand pounds at Play.

Jerr. Ay, they are happy Sparks! nay, I know some of my School-Fellows, who, when we were at School, were two Years younger than me; but now, I know not how, are grown Men before me, and go⁴⁹⁰ where they will, and look to themselves: but my Curmudgeonly Mother wo'nt allow me wherewithall to be a Man of my self with.

Free. Why, there 'tis, I knew your Mother was in fault: Ask but your School-Fellows what they did, to be Men of themselves.

Jerr. Why, I know they went to Law with their Mothers; for they say, there's

Champions! Q 2 and subs.; Champipions Q 1.

no good to be done upon a Widow «» Mother, till one goes to Law with her: but mine is as plaguy a Lawyer, as any's of our Inn. Then wou'd she marry too, and cut down my Trees: Now I shou'd hate, Man, to have my Father's Wife kiss'd, and slap'd, and t'other thing too, (you know what I mean) by another Man; and our Trees are the purest, tall, even, shady twigs, by my fa——

Free. Come, Squire, let your Mother⁵¹⁰ and your Trees fall as she pleases, rather than wear this Gown, and carry green Bags all thy life; and be pointed at for a Tony:° But you shall be able to deal with her yet the common way; thou shalt make false Love to some Lawyer's daughter, whose Father, upon the hopes of thy Marrying her, shall lend thee Money, and Law, to preserve thy Estate and Trees; and thy Mother is so ugly, no Body will have her,⁵²⁰ if she cannot cut down thy Trees.

Jerr. Nay, if I had but any Body to stand by me, I am as stomachful as another.

Free. That will I, I'll not see any hopeful young Gentleman abus'd.

Boy. By any° but your⁰ self. [*Aside.*

Jerr. The truth on't is, mine's as arrant a Widow-Mother, to her poor Child, as any's in *England*: She wo'nt as much as⁵³⁰ let one ha^e six-pence in one's Pocket, to see a Motion,⁰ or the Dancing of the Ropes, or——

Free. Come, you sha'nt want Money, there's Gold for you.

Jerr. O Lurd, Sir, two Guineys! d'ye lend me this? is there no trick in't? Well, Sir, I'll give you my Bond, for security.

Free. No, no, thou hast given me thy face for security: Any⁰ Body wou'd⁵⁴⁰ swear, thou dost ndtlook like a Cheat. You shall have what you will of me; and if your Mother will not be kinder to you, come to me, who will.

Jerr. By my fa——he's a curious fine Gentleman!——[*Aside.*] But, will you stand by one?

Free. If you can be resolute.

Tony] simpleton. See p. 65 *supra*.

Any] Qq 1, 2, 4, 1710, 1712; *any other* Qq 5-7.

your] you Q 6.

Motion] puppet show.

Any] Qq 1, 2, 1712; *And any* Qq 4-6, 1710.

J err. Can be resolv'd! Gad, if she gives me but a cross word, I'll, leave her to «» night, and come to you. But, now I have got Money, I'll go to *Jack of All Trades*, at t'other end of the *Hall*, and buy the neatest, purest things——

Free. And I'll follow the great Boy, and my blow at his mother: steal away the Calf, and the Cow will follow you.

[*Exit Jerry, jollow'd by Freeman.*]

Enter, on the other side, Manly, Widow Blackacre, and Oldfox.

Man. Dam your Cause; can't you lose it without me? which you are like enough to do, if it be as you say, an honest one:⁵⁶⁰ I will suffer no longer for't.

Wid. Nay, Captain, I tell you, you are my prime Witness, and the Cause is just—now coming on, Mr. *Splitcause* tells me. Lord, methinks you shou'd take a pleasure in walking here, as half you see now do; for they have no business here, I assure you.

Man. Yes, but I'll assure you then, their business is to persecute me; but 'd'y'e⁵⁷⁰ think I'll stay any longer, to have a Rogue, because he knows my name, pluck me aside, and whisper a Newsbook-secret to me, with a stinking breath? A second come piping angry from the Court, and sputter in my face his tedious complaints⁰ against it? A third Law-Coxcomb, because he saw me once at a Reader's dinner,⁰ come and put me a long Law-Case, to make a discovery of his indefatigable dulness, and my wearid patience? A fourth, a most barbarous civil Rogue, who will keep a Man half an hour in the croud with a bow'd body, and a hat off, acting the reform'd Sign of the *Salutation Tavern*,⁰ to hear his bountiful professions of service and friendship; whilst he cares not if I were damn'd, and I am wishing him hang'd out of my way? I'd as soon run the Gantlet, as walk t'other turn.⁵⁹⁰

[*complaints*] Qq 1, 2, 4, 1710, 1712; *complaint* Qq 5-7.

[*Reader's dinner*] One of the functions of a reader, or lecturer, in the Inns of Court was to provide dinners for consumption in hall.

[*Salutation Tavern*] a tavern in Billingsgate, of which the sign was a man uncovering his head and bowing low. (Summers.)

Enter to them Jerry Blackacre without his Bags; but laden with Trinkets, which he endeavors to hide from his Mother: and followed at a distance by Freeman.

Wid. O, are you come, Sir? But where have you been, you Ass? And how came you thus laden?

Jerr. Look here, forsooth Mother, now here's a Duck, here's a Boar-cat, and here's an Owl.

[*Making a noise with Cat-calls, and other such like Instruments.*]

Wid. Yes, there is an Owl, Sir.

Old. He's an ungracious Bird, indeed.

Wid. But go, thou Trangame,⁰ and carry back those Trangames, which thou hast ∞ stol'n or purloin'd; for no Body wou'd trust a Minor in *Westminster-hall*, sure.

Jer. Hold your self contented, forsooth, I have these Commodities by a fair Bargain and Sale; and there stands my Witness, and Creditor.

Wid. How's that! What, Sir, d'y'e think to get the Mother, by giving the Child a Rattle? But where are my Bags, my Writings, you Rascal?⁶¹⁰

Jerr. O Law! Where are they indeed?

[*Aside.*]

Wid. How, Sirrah? speak, come——

Man. You^o can tell her, *Freeman*, I suppose. [Apart to him.]

Free. 'Tis true, I made one of your Salt-water Sharks steal 'em, whilst he was eagerly choosing his Commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my design upon his Mother. [Apart to him.]

Wid. Wo'nt you speak? Where were⁶²⁰ you, I say, you Son of a—an unfortunate Woman? O, Major, I'm undone; they are all that concern my Estate, my Jointure, my Husband's Deed of Gift, my Evidences for all my Suits now depending! What will become of them?

Free. I'm glad to hear this. [Aside.] They'll be safe, I warrant you, Madam.

Wid. O where? where? Come, you Villain, along with me, and shew me where.⁶³⁰

[*Exeunt Widow, Jerry, Oldfox.*]

[*Trangame*] a trumpery gewgaw.

[*You*] Qq 1, 2, 1712; *Who* Qq 4-7; 1710 attempts to correct—*Who can tell hert Freeman I suppose.*

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Man. Thou hast taken the right way to -get a Widow, by making her great Boy Rebel; for, when nothing will make a Widow marry, she'll do't to cross her Children. But canst thou in earnest marry this Harpy, this Volume of shrivel'd blur'd Parchments and Law, this Attornies Desk?

Free. Ay, ay, I'll marry, and live honestly: that is, give my Creditors, not her, due Benevolence, pay my debts. ⁶⁴⁰

Man. Thy Creditors, you see, are not so barbarous, as to put thee in Prison, and wilt thou commit thy self to a noisom Dungeon for thy life? which is the only satisfaction thou canst give thy Creditors by this match.

Free. Why, is not she rich?

Man. Ay, but he that marries a Widow, for her Money, will find himself as much mistaken, as the Widow, that marries a young Fellow for due Benevolence, as you ⁶⁵⁰ call it.

Free. Why, d'ye think I sha'n't deserve Wages? I'll drudge faithfully.

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the Slave in the Mine, has the least propriety in the Ore: You may dig, and dig; but if thou wou'dst have her Money, rather get to be her Trustee, than her Husband; for a true Widow will make over her Estate to any Body, and cheat her self, rather than ⁶⁶⁰ be cheated by her Children, or a second Husband!

Enter to them Jerry running in a fright.

J err. O Law! I'm undone, I'm undone, my Mother will kill me: You said you'd stand by one.

Free. So I will, my brave Squire, I warrant thee.

Jerr. Ay, but I dare not stay till she comes: for she's as furious, now she has lost her Writings, as a Bitch when she ⁶⁷⁰ has lost her Puppies.

Man. The comparison's handsom!

Jerr. O, she's here?

Enter Widow Blackacre, and Oldfox.

Free. [To the Sailor.] Take him, Jack, and make haste with him, to your Master's Lodging; and be sure you keep him up, till I come. *[Exit Jerry and Sailor.]*

Wid. O my dear Writings! Where's this Heathen Rogue, my Minor?

Free. Gone to drown, or hang himself. ⁶⁸⁰

Wid. No, I know him too well, he'll ne'r be *Felo de se* that way; but he may go and choose a Guardian of his own head, and so be *Felo de ses biens*: ° for he has not yet chosen one.

Free. Say you so? And he sha'n't want one. *[Aside.]*

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, Sir, have put this Cheat upon me; for there is a saying, *Take hold of a Maid by her ⁶⁹⁰ Smock, and a Widow by her Writings, and they cannot get from you:* But I'll play fast and loose with you yet, if there be Law; and my Minor and Writings are not forthcoming, I'll bring my Action of Detinue⁰ or Trover.⁰ But first, I'll try to find out this Guardianless, graceless Villain. Will you jog, Major?

Man. If you have lost your Evidence, I hope your Causes cannot go on, and I ⁷⁰⁰ may be gone?

Wid. O no, stay but a making Water while, (as one may say) and I'll be with you again. *[Ex. Widow, and Oldfox.]*

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Free. Well, sure I am the first Man that ever began a Love Intrigue, in *Westminster-hall*.

Man. No, sure; for the Love to a Widow generally begins here: And as the Widow's Cause goes against the Heir or Executors, ⁷¹⁰ the Jointure Rivals commence their Suit to the Widow.

Free. Well, but how, pray, have you past your time here, since I was fore'd to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of patience.

Man. Is this a place to be alone, or have patience in? But I have had patience indeed; for I have drawn upon me, since I came, but three Quarrels, and two Law- ⁷²⁰ Suits.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too curst to be let loose in the World; you shou'd be ty'd

biens] beins Qq 1, 2, 1712.

Action of Detinue] an action to recover possession of a personal chattel unlawfully detained.

Trover] the assumption of possession of personal property found. An action of trover was one brought to recover property illegally assumed in this way.

up again, in your Sea-kennel, call'd a Ship. But how could you quarrel here?

Man. How could I refrain? A Lawyer talk'd peremptorily and saucily to me, and as good as gave me the Lye.

Free. They do it so often to one another at the Bar, that they make no Bones on't⁷³⁰ elsewhere.

Man. However, I gave him a Cuff on the Ear; whereupon he jogs two Men, whose Backs were turn'd to us, (for they were reading at a Booksellers) to witness I struck him sitting the Courts; which office they so readily promis'd, that I call'd 'em Rascals and Knights of the Post:⁰ one of 'em presently calls two other absent Witnesses, who were coming towards us at a distance; whilst the other, with a Whisper, desires to know my name, that he might have satisfaction by way of Challenge, as t'other by way of Writ; but if it were not rather to direct his Brother's Writ, than his own Challenge: there you see is one of my Quarrels, and two of my Law-Suits.

Free. So:—and the other two?

Man. For advising⁰ a Poet to leave off Writing, and turn Lawyer, because he is⁷⁵⁰ dull, and impudent, and sayes or writes nothing now, but by Precedent.

Free. And the third Quarrel?

Man. For giving more sincere Advice, to a handsom, well-drest, young Fellow (who ask'd it too) not to marry a Wench, that he lov'd, and I had lay'n with.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your sincere advice to Lovers, and Poets, you will not fail of Quarrels.⁷⁶⁰

Man. Or, if I stay in this place; for I see more Quarrels crouding upon me: let's be gone and avoid 'em.

Enter Novel, at a distance, coming towards them.

A Plague on him, that Sneer is ominous to us; he is coming upon us, and we shall not be rid of him.

Nov. Dear Bully, don't look so grum⁰ upon me; you told me just now, you had forgiven me a little harmless Raillery upon wooden legs last night.⁷⁷⁰

Knights of the Post] See n. p. 118 *supra*, advising] Qq 1, 2, 1712; desiring Q 4, etc. grum] glum, surly. Cf. n. p. 123 1. 90 *supra*.

Man. Yes, yes, pray be gone, I am talking of business.

Nov. Can't I hear it? I love thee, and, will be faithful, and alwayes——

Man. Impertinent! 'Tis business that concerns *Freeman* only.

Nov. Well, I love *Freeman* too, and wou'd not divulge his secret: pr'ythee speak, pr'ythee, I must——

Man. Pr'ythee let me be rid of thee,⁷⁸⁰ I must be rid of thee.

Nov. Faith, thou canst hardly, I love thee so. Come, I must know the business.

Man. So, I have it now. [*Aside.*] Why, if you needs will know it, he has a quarrel, and his Adversary bids him bring two Friends with him: now, I am one; and we are thinking who we shall have for a third.

Several Crossing the Stage.

Nov. A Pox, there goes a Fellow owes me an Hundred pound, and goes out of⁷⁹⁰ Town to morrow: I'll speak with him, and come to you presently.⁰ [*Exit Novel.*]

Man. No, but you wo'not.⁰

Free. You are dextrously rid of him.

Enter Oldfox.

Man. To what purpose, since here comes another, as impertinent? I know, by his grin, he is bound hither.

Old. Your Servant, worthy, noble Captain: Well, I have left the Widow, because she carry'd me from your company; for,⁸⁰⁰ faith Captain, I must needs tell thee, thou art the only Officer in *England*, who was not an *Edg-hill* Officer, that I care for.

Man. I'm sorry for't.

Old. Why, wou'dst thou have me love them?

Man. Any body, rather than me.

Old. What, you are modest I see! therefore too, I love thee.

Man. No, I am not modest, but love to⁸¹⁰ brag my self, and can't patiently hear you fight over the last Civil War; therefore go look out the Fellow I saw just now here, that walks with his Stockings and his Sword out at heels, and let him tell you the History of that scar on his cheek, to give you occasion to shew yourc, got in the field

presently] *preesently* Q 1.

wo'not] Q 1; *wo'nt* Q 2; *won't* Qq 4-6, 1710, 1712.

at *Bloomsbury*,⁰ not that of° *Edg-hill*: go to him, poor Fellow, he is fasting, and has not yet the happiness this morning to⁸²⁰ stink of Brandy and Tobacco; go, give him some to hear you, I am busie.

Old. Well, ygad, I love thee now, Boy, for thy surliness: thou art no tame Captain, I see, that will suffer——

Man. An old Fox.

Old. All that sha'n't make me angry: I consider thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill success at Law. Pr'ythee tell me what ill luck you have met with here.⁸³⁰

Man. You.

Old. Do I look like the Picture of ill Luck? Gadsnouns, I love thee more and more; and shall I tell thee what made me love thee first?

Man. Do: that I may be rid of that damn'd quality, and thee.

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad Sword there.

Man. Here, *Freeman*, let's change: I'll⁸⁴⁰ never wear it more.

Old. How! You wo'not sure. Pr'ythee don't look like one of our Holyday Captains now adayes, with a Bodkin by your side, your Martinet⁰ Rogues.

Man. (O, then there's hopes.) [*Aside*. What, d'ye find fault with Martinet? let me tell you, Sir, 'tis the best exercise in the World; the most ready, most easie, most graceful exercise that ever was us'd,⁸⁵⁰ and the most——

Old. Nay, nay, Sir, no more, Sir, your Servant; if you praise Martinet once, I have done with you, Sir. Martinet! Martinet!

[*Exit Oldfox*.]

Free. Nay, you have made him leave you as willingly, as ever he did an Enemy; for he was truly for the King and Parliament: for the Parliament, in their List; and for the King, in cheating 'em of their Pay,⁸⁶⁰ and never hurting the King's party in the Field.

Enter a Lawyer towards them.

Man. A Pox! this way; here's a Lawyer I know threatening us with another greeting.

[*Bloomsbury*] The garden behind Montague House in Bloomsbury was a frequent scene of duels. See p. 765 *infra*.

off] Qq 1, 2, 1712; at Qq 4-6, 1710.

[*Martinet*] a system of drill devised by General Martinet, a drill-master of Louis XIV's day.

Law. Sir, Sir, your very Servant; I was afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten me.

Law. No, Sir, we Lawyers have pretty good memories.

Man. You ought to have, by your Wits.

Law. O, you are a merry Gentleman,⁸⁷⁰ Sir; I remember you were merry, when I was last in your company.

Man. I was never merry in thy company, Mr. Lawyer, sure.

Law. Why, I'm sure you jok'd upon me, and sham'd me all night long.

Man. Sham'd! pr'ythee what barbarous Law-term is that?

Law. Shamming! Why, don't you know that? 'tis all our way of Wit Sir.⁸⁹⁰

Man. I am glad I do not know it then: Shamming! What does he mean by't, *Freeman*?

Free. Shamming, is telling you an insipid, dull Lye, with a dull Face, which the she Wag the Author only laughs at himself; and making himself believe 'tis a good Jest, puts the Sham only upon himself.

Man. So, your Lawyers Jes', I find, like his Practice, has more Knavery than Wit in't. I shou'd make the worst Shammer in *England*; I must alwayes deal ingeniously,⁰ as I will with you, Mr. Lawyer, and advise you to be seen rather with Attornies and Solicitors, than such Fellows as I am; they will credit your practice more.

Law. No, Sir, your company's an honour to me.

Man. No, faith, go this way, there goes an Attorney, leave me for him: let it be⁹⁰⁰ never said, a Lawyers Civility did him hurt.

Law. No, worthy honour'd Sir, I'll not leave you for any Attorney, sure.

Man. Unless he had a Fee in his hand.

Law. Have you any business here, Sir? try me: I'd serve you sooner than any Attorney breathing.

Man. Business!——So, I have thought of a sure way. [*Aside*.] Yes, faith, I have a little business.⁹¹⁰

Law. Have you so, Sir? in what Court, Sir? what is't, Sir? tell me but how I may ingeniously] Qq 1, 2, 4, 5, 1710, 1712; ingeniously Qq 6, 7. The form *ingenious*, meaning *ingenuous*, with which it was confused, is common in the 17th century.

serve you, and 111 do't, Sir; and take it for as great an honour——

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor Orphan" of a Sea-Officer of mine, that has no Money; but if it cou'd be follow'd in *Forma Pauperis*; and when the Legacy's recover'd——

Law. *Forma Pauperis*, Sir! ⁹²⁰

Man. Ay, Sir.

Several crossing the Stage.

Law. Mr. *Bumblecase*, Mr. *Bumblecase*, a word with you; Sir, I beg your pardon at present, I have a little business——

Man. Which is not in *Forma Pauperis*.
[Exit Lawyer.]

Free. So, you have now found a way to be rid of people without quarrelling.

Enter Alderman.

Man. But here's a City Rogue will stick as hard upon us, as if I ow'd him Money.

Aid. Captain, noble Sir, I am yours ⁹³⁰ heartily d'ye see: Why shou'd you avoid your old Friends?

Man. And why shou'd you follow me? I owe you nothing.

Aid. Out of my hearty respects to you; for there is not a Man in *England*.

Man. Thou wou'dst save from hanging, with the expence of a shilling only.

Aid. Nay, nay, but Captain, you are like enough to tell me——⁹⁴⁰

Man. Truth, which you wo'nt care to hear; therefore you had better go talk with some body else.

Aid. No, I know no body can inform me better, of some young Wit, or Spendthrift, that has a good dip'd⁰ Seat and Estate in *Middlesex*, *Hartfordshire*, *Essex*, or *Kent*, any of these wou'd serve my turn: now, if you knew of such an one, and wou'd but help——⁹⁵⁰

Man. You to finish his ruine.

Aid. Ifaith, you should have a snip——

Man. Of your Nose; you thirty in the hundred, Rascal, wou'd you make me your Squire Setter, your Baud for Mannors?

[Takes him by the Nose.]

Aid. Oh!

dip'd] mortgaged. Dip was slang for pawn: v. Diet, of the Canting Crew, c. 1890. Cf. The Spec-tator, no. 114.

Free. Hold, or here will be your third Law-Suit.

Aid. Gads precious, you hectoring person you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, 960 Sir; I begin to think (as things go) Land security best, and have, for a convenient Mortgage, some ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand pound by me.

Man. Then go lay it out upon an Hospital, and take a Mortgage of Heaven, according to your JDity custom; for you think, by laying out a little Money, to hook in that too hereafter; do, I say, and keep the Poor you've made, by taking 970 forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

Aid. No, to keep the Cripples you make this War; this War spoils our Trade.

Man. Dam your Trade, 'tis the better for't.

Aid. What, will you speak against our Trade?

Man. And dare you speak against the War, our Trade?

Aid. Well, he may be a Convoy⁰ of 980 ships I am concern'd in. [Aside.] Come, Captain, I will have a fair correspondency⁰ with you, say what you will.

Man. Then pr'ythee be gone.

Aid. No, faith; pr'ythee, Captain, let's go drink a Dish of Lac'd Coffee, and talk of the Times: Come, I'll treat you; nay, you shall go, for I have no business here.

Man. But I have.

Aid. To pick up a Man to give thee a 990 Dinner? Come, I'll do thy business for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, so you may, as well as any Man; for 'tis to pick up a Man, to be bound with me, to one who expects City security, for——

Aid. Nay, then your Servant, Captain; business must be done.

Man. Ay, if it can; but hark you, Alderman, without you——

Aid. Business, Sir, I say, must be done; 100 and there's an Officer of the Treasury I have an Affair with——

[Several crossing the Stage.]

[Exit Alderman.]

Man. You see now what the mighty friendship of the World is; what all Cere-Convoy] the person who convoys.

have . . . correspondency] be on good terms of agreement.

mony, Embraces, and plentiful Professions come to: You are no more to believe a professing Friend, than a threatening Enemy; and as no Man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a mischief, no man, you see, is your Servant, who says he is so. Why, '1010 the Devil, then shou'd a Man be troubled with the flattery of Knaves, if he be not a Fool, or Cully; or with the fondness of Fools, if he be not a Knave, or. Cheat?

Free. Only for his pleasure; for there is some in laughing at Fools, and disappointing Knaves.

Man. That's a pleasure, I think, wou'd cost you too dear, as well as marrying your Widow to disappoint her; but, for my 100 part, I have no pleasure by 'em, but in despising 'em, wheresoe'r I meet 'em; and then,, the pleasure of hoping so to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a shilling in the World, which all the World shall know; and then I'm sure I shall have none of 'em come near me.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think you pay too dear for: But is the twenty pound gone since the morning? 100

Man. To my Boats Crew: Wou'd you have the poor, honest, brave Fellows want?

Free. Rather than you, or I.

Man. Why, art thou without Money? thou who art a Friend to every Body?

Free. I ventur'd my last stake upon the Squire, to nick him of° his Mother; and cannot help you to a dinner, unless you will go dine with my Lord——

Man. No, no, the Ordinary is too dear 1040 for me, where flattery must pay for my dinner; I am no Herald, or Poet.

Free. We'll go then to the Bishops——

Man. There you must flatter the old Philosophy: I cannot renounce my reason for a dinner.

Free. Why, then let's go to your Aldermen.

Man. Hang him, Rogue! that were not to dine; for he makes us drunk with 1050 Lees of Sack before dinner, to take away your° stomach: and there you must call Usury and Extortion, Gods blessings, or the honest turning of the Penny; hear him brag of the leather Breeches in which he trotted

nick him off win him from. Cf. p. 198 *supra*.

your Qq 1, 2, 1712; *our* Qq 4-6, 1710.

first to Town; and make a greater noise with his Money in his Parlor, than his Casheers do in his Counting house, without hopes of borrowing a shilling.

Free. Ay, a pox on't, 'tis like dining 100 with the great Gamesters; and, when they fall to their common Dessert, see the heaps of Gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady Goodly's.

Man. There, to flatter her looks, you must mistake her Grandchildren for her own; praise her Cook, that she may rail at him: and feed her Dogs, not your self.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your Lawyer then? 1070

Man. Eat with him! Dam him; to hear him employ his barbarous eloquence in a Reading upon the two and thirty good Bits in a shoulder of Veal;° and be forc'd your self to praise the cold Bribe-pye, that stinks; and drink Law-French Wine, as rough and harsh, as his Law French. A pox on him, I'd rather dine in the Temple Rounds, or Walks, with the Knights without Noses, or the Knights of the Post; 100 who are honester Fellows, and better company. But let us home, and try our Fortune; for I'll stay no longer here, for your° damn'd Widow.

Free. Well, let us go home then;° for I must go for my damn'd Widow, and look after my new damn'd Charge; three or four hundred Year ago, a Man might have din'd in this Hall.°

Man.

But now, the Lawyer only here is fed: 1090 And, Bully-like, by Quarrels gets his Bread.

[Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertii.

the two . . . Veal] Summers quotes Swift, *Polite Conversation*, Dial. 11: "They say, there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal." Ray, *English Proverbs*, 3rd ed. 1737, p. 65, explains: "In a shoulder of veal there are twenty and two good bits. This is a piece of country wit. They mean by it, There are twenty (others say forty) bits in a shoulder of veal, and but two good ones." If this is the meaning, Manly has missed the point.

your] Qq 1, 2, 1712; *your old* Qq 4-8, 1710.

let us . . . then] Qq 1, 2, 1712; *let us come then* Q 4; *let us, come then* Qq 5, 6, 1710.

a Man . . . Hall] Formerly Westminster Hall had been used as a banqueting room for the old Palace of Westminster (Ward).

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Manly's Lodging.

Enter Manly, and Fidelia.

Man. Well, there's success in thy face; hast thou prevail'd? say.

Fid. As I cou'd wish, Sir.

Man. So, I told thee what thou wert fit for, and thou wou'dst not believe me. Come, thank me for bringing thee acquainted with thy Genius. Well, thou hast mollifi'd her heart for me?

Fid. No, Sir, not so; but what's better.

Man. How? what's better! 10

Fid. I shall harden your heart against her.

Man. Have a care, Sir, my heart is too much in earnest to be fool'd with, and my desire at heighth,⁰ and needs no delays to incite it; what, you are too good a Pimp already, and know how to endear pleasure, by with-holding it? but leave off your Pages, Baudy-house tricks, Sir, and tell me, will she be kind?

Fid. Kinder than you cou'd wish, Sir. 20

Man. So then: well, pr'ythee, what said she?

Fid. She said——

Man. What? thou'rt so tedious; speak comfort to me: what?

Fid. That, of all things, you are her aversion.

Man. How?

Fid. That she wou'd sooner take a Bed-fellow out of an hospital, and Diseases, 30 into her Arms, than you.

Man. What?

Fid. That she wou'd rather trust her Honour with a dissolute, debauch'd Hector; nay worse, with a finical baffled⁰ Coward, all over loathsom with affectation of the fine Gentleman;

Man. What's all this you say?

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your Love to her, were more offensive, than when⁴⁰ Parents wooe their Virgin Daughters, to the enjoyment of Riches onely; and that you were, in all circumstances, as nauseous to her, as a Husband on compulsion.

Man. Hold; I understand you not.

*heightn'] height Q 4 and subseq. edd.
baffled] disgraced. Cf. p. 168.*

Fid. So, 'twill work I see. [Aside.

Man. Did you not tell me——

Fid. She call'd you ten thousand Ruffins.

Man. Hold, I say.

Fid. Brutes——⁵⁰

Man. Hold.

Fid. Sea-Monsters——

Man. Dam your intelligence; hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, surly Coward she call'd you too.

Man. Won't you hold yet? hold, or——

Fid. Nay, Sir, pardon me; I cou'd not but tell you she had the baseness, the injustice, to call you Coward, Sir, Coward, Coward, 60 Sir.

Man. Not yet?——

Fid. I've done. Coward, Sir.

Man. Did not you say she was kinder than I cou'd wish her?

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. How then?——O——I understand you now. At first, she appear'd in rage, and disdain, the truest sign of a coming Woman; but, at last, you prevail'd it seems: did you not? 70

Fid. Yes, Sir.

Man. So then, let's know that only; come pr'ythee, without delays: I'll kiss thee for that News before hand.

Fid. So; the Kiss, I'm sure, is welcom to me, whatsoe're the News will be to you. [Aside.

Man. Come, speak, my dear Voluntier.

Fid. How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another Womans sake! [Aside. 80

Man. What, won't you speak? You prevail'd for mo, at last, you say?

Fid. No, Sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, Sir; it will not agree with my impatience, or temper.

Fid. Then, not to fool you, Sir, I spoke to her for you, but prevail'd for my self; she wou'd not hear me when I spoke in your behalf; but bid me say what I wou'd⁹⁰ in my own, tho' she gave me no occasion, she was so coming: and so was kinder, Sir, than you cou'd wish; which I was only afraid to let you know, without some warning.

Man. How's this? Young man, you are of a lying age; but I must hear you out, and if——

Fid. I wou'd not abuse you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, she is so wicked. ¹⁰¹

Man. How, wicked! had she the impudence, at the second sight of you only——

Fid.—Impudence, Sir! Oh, she has impudence enough to put a Court out of countenance, and debauch a Stews.

Man. Why, what said she?

Fid. Her tongue, I confess was silent; but her speaking Eyes gloted⁰ such things, more immodest, and lascivious, than Ravishers no can act, or Women under a confinement think.

Man. I know there are whose Eyes reflect more Obscenity, than the Glasses in Alcoves; but there are others who use a little Art with their looks, to make 'em seem more beautiful, not more loving: which vain young Fellows, like you, are apt to interpret in their own favor, and to the Lady's wrong. ¹²⁰

Fid. Seldom, Sir; pray have you a care of gloting Eyes; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em, will find, at last, a thousand Fools and Cuckolds in 'em, instead of *Cupids*.

Man. Very well, Sir: but, what, you had only eye-kindness from *Olivia*?

Fid. I tell you again, Sir, no Woman sticks there: Eye-promises of Love they only keep; nay, they are Contracts which make you sure of 'em. In short, Sir, she, ~~to~~ seeing me, with shame and amazement dumb, unactive, and resistless, threw her twisting arms about my neck, and smother'd me with a thousand tasteless Kisses: believe me, Sir, they were so to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then?

Fid. I fenced with her eager Arms, as you did with the grapples of the Enemy's Fireship; and nothing but cutting 'em off, cou'd have freed me. ¹⁴⁰

Man. Damn'd, damn'd Woman, that cou'd be so false and infamous! And damn'd, damn'd heart of mine, that cannot yet be false, tho' so infamous! What easie, tame, suffering, trampled things does that little God of talking Cowards make of us! but——

Fid. So! It works, I find, as I expected.

[*Aside.*]

Man. But she was false to me before, she told me so her self, and yet I cou'd not ¹⁵⁰

quite believe it; but she was, so that her second falseness is a favor to me, not an injury, in revenging me upon the Man that wrong'd me first of her Love. Her Love!——a Whores, a Witches Love!—— But, what, did she not kiss well, Sir? I'm sure I thought her Lips——but must I not think of 'em more——but yet they are such I cou'd still kiss,—grow to—and then tear off with my teeth, grind 'em into ¹⁶⁰ mammocks,⁰ and spit 'em into her Cuckolds face.

Fid. Poor Man, how uneasie he is! I have hardly the heart to give him so much pain, tho' withall I give him a cure; and to my self new life. [*Aside.*]

Man. But, what, her Kisses sure cou'd not but warm you into desire at last, or a compliance with hers at least?

Fid. Nay more, I confess—— ¹⁷⁰

Man. What more? speak.

Fid. All you cou'd fear has pass'd between us, if I cou'd have been made to wrong you, Sir, in that nature.

Man. Cou'd have been made! you lie, you did.

Fid. Indeed, Sir 'twas impossible for me; besides, we were interrupted by a visit; but, I confess, she wou'd not let me stir, till I promis'd to return to her again, within ¹⁸⁰ this hour, as soon as it shou'd be dark; by which time, she wou'd dispose of her visit, and her servants, and her self, for my reception: which I was fain to promise to get from her.

Man. Ha!

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, Sir, think me as false to you, as she is; hate, and renounce me; as you ought to do her, and I hope will do now. ¹⁹⁰

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you shall keep your word with your Lady. What, a young Fellow, and fail the first, nay, so tempting an assignation!

Fid. How, Sir?

Man. I say you shall go to her when 'tis dark, and shall not disappoint her.

Fid. I, Sir! I shou'd disappoint her more by going; for——

Man. How so? ²⁰⁰

Fid. Her impudence, and injustice to you, will make me disappoint her Love; loath her.

mammock'] fragments.

Man. Come, you have my leave; and if you disgust⁰ her, I'll go with you, and act Love, whilst you shall talk it only."

Fid. You, Sir! nay, then I'll never go near her. You act Love, Sir! You must but act it indeed, after all I have said to you. Think of your Honour, Sir, Love——ao

Man. Well, call it Revenge, and that is Honourable: I'll be reveng'd on her; and thou shalt be my second.

Fid. Not in a base action, Sir, when you are your own Enemy: O go not near her, Sir, for Heav'n's sake, for your own, think not of it.

Man. How concern'd you are! I thought I shou'd catch you. What, you are my Rival at last, and are in Love with her 20 your self; and have spoken ill of her, out of your Love to her, not me; and therefore wou'd not have me go to her!

Fid. Heav'n witness for me, 'tis because I love you only, I wou'd not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the more I'm satisfi'd you' do love her: those Kisses, young Man, I knew were irresistible; 'tis certain. 230

Fid. There is nothing certain in the World, Sir, but my Truth, and your Courage.

Man. Your Servant, Sir. Besides false, and ungrateful, as she has been to me; and tho' I may believe her hatred to me, great as you report it; yet I cannot think you are so soon, and at that rate, belov'd by her, tho' you may endeavor it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it still, Sir, I will conduct you to her; 240 and, unseen, your Ears shall judge of her falseness, and my Truth to you: if that will satisfy you.

Man. Yes, there is some satisfaction in being quite out of doubt: because 'tis that alone with-holds us from the pleasure of Revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What Revenge can you have, Sir? Disdain is best reveng'd by scorn; and faithless Love, by loving⁰ another, 250 and making her happy with the others losings: which, if I might⁰ advise——

disgust] dislike.

loving] Q 1, 1712; *the loving* Qq 2, 4-6, 1710.

might] Q 1, 2, 1712; *must* Qq 4-6, 1710.

Enter Freeman.

Man. Not a word more.

Freem. What, are you talking of Love yet, Captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me say?

Freem. Something imperfectly of Love, I think.

M<0t. I was only wond'ring why Fools, Rascals and desertless Wretches, shou'd 260 still have the better of Men of Merit, with all Women; as mtich as with their own common Mistress, Fortune!

Freem. Because most Women, like Fortune, are blind, seem to do all things in jest, and take pleasure in extravagant actions; their love deserves neither thanks, or blame, for they cannot help it: 'tis all sympathy; therefore the noise, the finical, the talkative, the cowardly and effemi- 270 nate, have the better of the brave, the reasonable, and Man of Honour; for they have no more reason in their love, or kindness, than Fortune her self.⁰

Man. Yes, they have their reason. First, Honour in a Man they fear too much to love; and Sence in a Lover, upbraids their want of it; and they hate any thing that disturbs their admiration of themselves; but they are of that vain number, who had 280 rather shew their false generosity, in giving away profusely to worthless Flatterers, than in paying just Debts: And, in short, all Women, like Fortune, (as you say) and Rewards, are lost, by too much meriting.

Fid. All Women, Sir! sure there are some, who have no other quarrel to a Lovers merit, but that it begets their despair of him.

Man. Thou art young enough to be 290 credulous; but we——

Enter 1. Sailor.

1. *Sail.* Here are now below, the scolding, daggled Gentlewoman, and that Major Old—old—Fop, I think you call him.

Freem. Old fox: pr'ythee bid 'em come up, with your leave, Captain, for now I can talk with her upon the square; if I shall not disturb you.

Man. No; for I'll be gone. Come, Volun- 300 tier.

Freem. Nay, pray stay; the Scene between

her self] Qq 1, 2, 1712; *it self* Qq 4-6, 1710.

us will not be so tedious to you, as you think: besides, you shall see, how I have rigg'd my Squire out, with the remains of my shipwrack'd Wardrobe; he is under your *Sea-valet de Chambre's* hands, and by this time drest, and will be worth your seeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my Fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot easily laugh: besides, my *Voluntier* and I have³¹⁰ business abroad.

[*Ex. Manly, Fidelia on one side, Freeman on t'other.*

Enter Major Oldfox, and Widow Blackacre.

Wid. What, no body here! Did not the Fellow say he was within?

Oldj. Yes, Lady; and he may be perhaps a little busie at present; but, if you think the time long till he comes, [*Unfolding Papers*] I'll read you here some of the fruits of my leisure, the overflowings of my fancy and Pen. (To value me right, she must know my parts.) [*Aside.*] Come—³²⁰

Wid. No, no; I have reading work enough of my own, in my Bag, I thank you.

Oldj. I, Law, Madam; but here is a Poem, in Blank Verse, which I think a handsom Declaration of one's Passion.

Wid. O! if you talk of Declarations,⁰ I'll shew you one of the prettiest pen'd things, which I mended too my self you must know;

Oldj. Nay, Lady, if you have us'd³³⁰ your self so much to the reading of harsh Law, that you hate smooth Poetry; here is a Character for you, of——

Wid. A Character! Nay, then I'll shew you my Bill in Chancery here, that gives you such a Character of my Adversary, makes him as black——

Oldj. Pshaw; away, away, Lady. But if you think the Character too long, here is an Epigram, not above 20 Lines, upon³⁴⁰ a cruel Lady; who Decreed her Servant shou'd hang himself, to demonstrate his Passion.

Wid. Decreed! if you talk of Decreeing, I have such a Decree here, drawn by the finest Clerk——

Old. O Lady, Lady, all interruption, and no sence between us, as if we were Lawyers at the **Bar**! But I had forgot, *Apollo* and

Declarations] A declaration is the statement of claim by a plaintiff.

*Littleton*⁰ never lodge in a head together,³³⁰

If you hate Verses, I'll give you a cast⁰ of my Politics in Prose: 'tis a Letter to a Friend in the Country; which is now the way of all such sober, solid persons as my self, when they have a mind to publish their disgust to the Times; 'tho perhaps, between you and I, they have no Friend in the Country. And sure a Politic, serious person may as well have a feign'd Friend in the Country to write to, as well as an³⁶⁰ idle Poet a feign'd Mistress to write to. And so here is my Letter to a Friend, or no Friend, in the Country, concerning the la to conjuncture of Affairs, in re'ation to Coffee-houses: or The Coffee-man's Case.

Wid. Nay, if your Letter have a Case in't, 'tis something; but first I'll read you a Letter of mine, to a Friend in the Country, call'd a Letter of Attorney.

Enter to them Freeman and Jerry Blackacre, in an old gaudy Suit, ana Red Breeches of Freeman's.

Oldj. What, Interruption still? O the aw plague of Interruption! worse to an Author, than the plague of Critics! [*Aside.*

Wid. What's this I see, *Jerry Blackacre*, my Minor, in Red Breeches! What, hast thou left the modest seemly Garb of Gown and Cap, for this? And have I lost all my good Inns of Chancery breeding upon thee then? And thou wilt go a breeding thy self, from our Inn of *Chancery* and *Westminster-hall*, at Coffee-houses and *Ordinaries*, Play-houses, Tennis-courts, and Baudy-houses.

J err. Ay, ay, what then? perhaps I will; but what's that to you? here's my Guardian and Tutor now forsooth, that I am out of your Hucksters hands.

Wid. How? thou hast not chosen him for thy Guardian yet?

Jerr. No, but he has chosen me for his Charge, and that's all one; and I'll do aw any thing he'll have me, and go all the World over with him; to Ordinaries, and Baudy-houses, or any where else.

Wid. To Ordinaries and Baudy-houses! have a care, Minor, thou wilt infeeble

Littleton] a famous legal writer in the 15th century.

cast] specimen. Cf. p. 758 *infra*.

there thy Estate, and Body: do not go to Ordinaries and Baudy-houses, good Jerry.

J err. Why, how come you to know any ill by Baudy-houses? You never had any hurt by 'em, had you, forsooth? Pray ⁴⁰ hold your self contented; if I do go where Money and Wenches are to be had, you may thank your self; for you us'd me so unnaturally, you wou'd never let me have a Penny to go abroad with; nor so much as come near the Garret, where your Maid-ens lay; nay, you wou'd not so much as let me play at Hotcockles⁰ with 'em, nor have any Recreation with 'em, tho' one shou'd have kist you behind, you were so un-⁴¹⁰ natural a Mother, so you were.

Freem. Ay, a very unnatural Mother, faith, Squire.

Wid. But, Jerry, consider thou art yet but a Minor; however, if thou wilt go home with me again, and be a good Child, thou shalt see——

Freem. Madam, I must have a better care of my Heir under age, than so; I wou'd sooner trust him alone with a stale⁴²⁰ Waiting-woman and a Parson, than with his Widow Mother and her Lover or Lawyer.

Wid. Why, thou Villain, part Mother and Minor! Rob me of my Child and my Writings! but thou shalt find there's Law; and as in the Case of Ravishment, of Guard⁰—*Westminster* the Second.

Oldf. Young Gentleman, Squire, pray be rul'd by your Mother, and your Friends.

Jerr. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my Friends,⁴³⁰ therefore not my Mother, so I won't: I'll choose him for my Guardian till I am of age; nay, may be for as long as I live.

Wid. Wilt thou so, thou Wretch? And when thou'rt of Age, thou wilt Sign, Seal, and Deliver too, wilt thou?

Jerr. Yes marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not squeeze Wax, Son; rather go to Ordinaries, and Baudy-houses, than⁴⁴⁰ squeeze Wax: if thou dost that, farewell the goodly Mannor of *Blackacre*, with all its Woods, Underwoods, and Appurtenances whatever. Oh, oh!

[*Weeps.*]

[*Hotcockles*] an old rustic game of a rough and tumble nature. See Gay, *Shepherd's Week*, i. 99.

[*Ravishment, of Guard*] Ravishment of guard, or of ward, means unlawfully taking possession of a ward.

Freem. Come, Madam, in short, you see I am resolv'd to have a share in the Estate, yours or your Sons; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him, who is less coy you find; but, if you wou'd have your Son again, you must take me too. Peace, or War? Love,⁴⁵⁰ or Law? You see my Hostage is in my hand: I'm in possession.

Wid. Nay, if one of us must be ruin'd, e'en let it be him. By my Body, a good one! Did you ever, know yet a Widow marry or not marry for the sake of her Child? I'd have you to know, Sir, I shall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you: if Jerry won't be rul'd by me, what say you, Booby, will you be⁴⁶⁰ rul'd? speak.

Jerr. Let one alone, can't you?

Wid. Wilt thou choose him for Guardian, whom I refuse for Husband?

Jerr. Ay, to choose, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes frustrated? Shall I never hear thee put Cases again to *John* the Butler, or our Vicar? Never see thee amble the Circuit with the Judges; and hear thee, in our Town-Hall, louder than⁴⁷⁰ the Cryer?

Jerr. No; for I have taken my leave of Lawyering, and Pettifogging.

Wid. Pettifogging! thou prophane Villain, hast thou so? Pettifogging!——then you shall take your leave of me, and your Estate too; thou shalt be an Alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging!

Jerr. O, but if you be there too, Mother, we have the Deeds, and^o Settlements, I⁴⁸⁰ thank you: Wou'd you cheat me of my Estate, ifac?

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little Brother Bob; for thou wert not born in Wedlock.

Freem. How's that?

Jerr. How? What Quirk has she got in her head now?

Wid. I say thou canst not, shalt not inherit the *Blackacres* Estate.⁴⁹⁰

Jerr. Why? why, forsooth? What d'ye mean, if you go there to?

Wid. Thou art but my base Child; and according to the Law, canst not inherit it: nay, thou art not so much as Bastard eigne.⁰

[*Deeds, and*] Qq 1, 2; *Deeds* and Q 4, 1712; *Deed* and Qq 5, 6, 1710.

[*Bastard eigne*] the eldest child of a subsequently married couple born out of wedlock.

J err. What, what? Am I then the Son of a Whore, Mother?

Wid. The Law says——

Freem. Madam, we know what the Law says; but have a care what you say: do «» not let your Passion, to ruin your Son, ruin your Reputation.

Wid. Hang Reputation, Sir, am not I a Widow? Have no Husband, nor intend to have any? Nor wou'd you, I suppose, now have me for a Wife. So, I think now I'm reveng'd on my Son and you, without marrying, as I told you.

Freem. But, consider, Madam.

Jerr. What, have you no shame left in⁵¹⁰ you, Mother?

Wid. Wonder not at it, Major, 'tis often the poor prest Widows case, to give up her Honour to save her Jointure; and seem to be a light Woman, rather than marry: as some young men, they say, pretend to have the filthy Disease, and lose their credit with most Women, to avoid the importunities of some. [*Aside, to Oldfox.*]

Freem. But one word with you, Madam.⁵²⁰

Wid. No, no, Sir. Come, Major, let us make haste, now to the Prerogative Court.⁰

Oldf. But, Lady, if what you say be true, will you stigmatize your Reputation on Record? And, if it be not true, how will you prove it?

Wid. Pshaw! I can prove any thing; and for my Reputation, know, Major, a wise Woman will no more value her Reputation in disinheriting a Rebellious Son, of⁵³⁰ a good Estate; than she wou'd in getting him, to inherit an Estate. [*Ex. Wid. and Oldfox.*]

Freem. Madam—We must not let her go so, Squire.

Jerr. Nay, the Devil can't stop her tho' if she has a mind to't. But come, Bully Guardian, we'll go and advise with three Attornies, two Proctors, two Solicitors, and a shrewd man of *White Friers*, neither Attorney, Proctor, or Solicitor, but as pure⁵⁴⁰ a Pimp to the Law as any of 'em; and sure all they will be hard enough for her: for I fear, Bully Guardian, you are too good a Joker, to have any Law in your head.

Freem. Thou'rt in the right on't, Squire; I understand no Law: especially that against Bastards, since I'm sure the Custom is

against that Law; and more People get Estates by being so, than lose 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene Changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Lord Plausible, and Boy with a Candle.

L. Plaus. Little Gentleman, your most⁵⁵⁰ obedient, faithful, humble Servant: where, I beseech you, is that Divine person, your Noble Lady?

Boy. Gone out, my Lord; but commanded me to give you this Letter.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Enter to him Novel.

L. Plaus. [*Aside.*] Which he must not observe [*Puts it up.*]⁰

Nov. Hey, Boy, where is thy Lady?

Boy. Gone out, Sir; but I must beg a word with you.⁵⁶⁰

[*Gives him a Letter, and Exit.*]

Nov. For me? So. [*Puts up the Letter.*] Servant, Servant, my Lord; you see the Lady knew of your coming, for she is gone out.

L. Plaus. Sir, I humbly beseech you not to censure the Lady's good breeding: she has reason to use more liberty with me, than with any other man.

Nov. How, Vicount, how?

L. Plaus. Nay, I humbly beseech you, be not in choler; where there is most love,⁵⁷⁰ there may be most freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an eclercismment with you, and to tell you, you must think no more of this Lady's love.

L. Plaus. Why, under correction, dear Sir?

Nov. There are Reasons, Reasons, Vicount.

L. Plaus. What, I beseech you, Noble Sir?

Nov. Pr'ythec, pr'ythee, be not impertinent, my Lord; some of you Lords are⁵⁸⁰ such conceited, well-assur'd, impertinent Rogues;

L. Plaus. And you noble Wits, are so full of shamming and droling, one knows not where to have you, seriously.

Nov. Well, you shall find me in Bed, with this Lady, one of these dayes.

[*Puts it up.*] Qq 5, 6, 1710, 1712; printed as part of Lord Plausible's speech in Qq 1, 2, 4.

L. Plans. Nay, I beseech you, spare the Lady's Honour; for her's and mine will be all one shortly. ⁵⁹⁰

Nov. Pr'ythee, my Lord, be not an Ass: dost thou think to get her from me? I have had such good encouragements——

L. Plans. I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an eclercismment, as I said.

L. Plans. Why, seriously then, she has told me, Vicountess sounded prettily.

Nov. And me, that *Novel* was a name ⁶⁰⁰ she wou'd sooner change her's for, than for any Title in *England*.

L. Plans. She has commended the softness, and respectfulness of my behaviour.

Nov. She has prais'd the briskness of my Railery of all things, Man.

L. Plans. The sleepiness of my Eyes she lik'd.

Nov. Sleepiness! dulness, dulness. But the fierceness of mine she ador'd. ⁶¹⁰

L. Plans. The brightness of my hair she lik'd.

Nov. The brightness! No, the greasiness, I warrant. But the blackness, and lustre of mine, she admires.

L. Plans. The gentleness of my smile.

Nov. The subtility of my leer.

L. Plans. The clearness of my complexion.

Nov. The redness of my lips.

L. Plans. The whiteness of my teeth. ⁶²⁰

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

L. Plans. The sweetness of my breath.

Nov. Hah ha!—Nay then she abus'd you, 'tis plain; for you know what *Manly* said: the sweetness of your *Pulvillio*⁰ she might mean; but for your breath! ha, ha, ha. Your breath is such, Man, that nothing but Tobacco can perfume: and your Complexion nothing cou'd mend, but the Small ⁶³⁰ POX.

L. Plans. Well, Sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, Sir, she has receiv'd some Jewels from me, of value.

Nov. And Presents from me; besides what I presented her jantly, by way of 'Ombre, of three or four hundred pound value, which I'm sure are the earnest Pence for our Love bargain.

L. Plans. Nay then, Sir, with your ⁶⁴⁰ *Pulvillio*] v. n. p. 191 *supra*.

favour, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you there, Sir, she has writ to me.——

[*Deliver to each other their Letters*

Nov. How! how! Well, well, and so she has to me; look you there.——

L. Plaus. What's here!

Nov. How's this?

Reads out.

My dear Lord,

You'll excuse me, for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend ⁶⁵⁰ you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint *Novel*, and meet you in the Drawing-room; where I expect you, with as much impatience, as when I us'd to suffer *Novel's* Visits, the most impertinent Fop, that ever affected the name of a Wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousy; for, for your sake alone, you saw, I renoun'd an old Lover, and will do all the World. Burn the Letter, but lay up the ⁶⁶⁰ kindness of it in your heart, with your

OLIVIA.

Very fine! but pray let's see mine.

L. Plaus. I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Reads the other Letter.

Nov. Humh! ha!—meet—for your sake—umh—quitted an old Lover—World—Burn—in your heart, with your

OLIVIA.

Just the same, the names only a Iter'd. ⁶⁷⁰

L. Plaus. Surely there must be some mistake; or some body has abus'd her, and us.

Nov. Yes, you are abus'd, no doubt on't, my Lord; but I'll to *White-hall*, and see.

L. Plaus. And I, where I shall find you are abus'd.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with Fellow-sufferers enough; for, as *Freeman* said of another, she stands in the Drawing-room, ⁶⁸⁰ like the Glass, ready for all Comers to set their Gallantry by her: and, like the Glass too, lets no man go from her, unsatisfi'd with himself. [*Ex. Ambo.*

Enter Olivia and Boy.

Oliv. Both here, and just gone?

Boy. Yes, Madam.

Oliv. But are you sure neither saw you deliver the other a Letter?

Boy. Yes, yes,—Madam, I am very sure.

Oliv. Go then to the *Old Exchange*, to ⁶⁰⁰*Westminster, Holbourn*, and all the other places I told you of; I shall not need you these two hours: Be gone, and take the Candle with you, and be sure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, Madam.

[Exit.

Oliv. And my new Lover will not ask I'm sure; he has his Lesson, and cannot miss me here, tho' in the dark: which I ⁷⁰⁰have purposely design'd, as a remedy against my blushing Gallant's modesty; for young Lovers, like game Cocks, are made bolder, by being kept without light.

Enter her Husband Vernish, as from a Journey.

Ver. Where is she? Darkness everywhere!

[Softly.

Oliv. What, come before your time? my Soul! my Life! your haste has augmented your kindness; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus—[*Embracing and kissing him.*] And tho' (my Soul) the ⁷¹⁰little time since you left me, has seem'd an Age to my impatience, sure it is yet but seven—

Ver. How! who's that you expected after seven?

Oliv. Ha! my Husband return'd! and have I been throwing away so many kind Kisses on my Husband, and wrong'd my Lover already?

[Aside.

Ver. Speak, I say, who was't you expected after ⁷²¹seven?

Oliv. What shall I say?—o h—
[*Aside.*] Why 'tis but seven days, is it, dearest, since you went out of Town? and I expected you not so soon.

Ver. No, sure, 'tis but five days since I left you.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, dearest, I thought 'em seven at least.

Ver. Nay then—⁷³⁰

Oliv. But, my life, you shall never stay half so long from me again; you shan't indeed, by this kiss, you shan't.

Ver. No, no; but why alone in the dark?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your

[*Aside.*] Q 2, etc.; om. Q 1, 1712.

absence——But, my soul, since you went, I have strange News to tell you: *Manly* is return'd.

Ver. *Manly* return'd! Fortune forbid.

Oliv. Met with the *Dutch* in the ⁷⁴⁰*Chanel*, fought, sunk his ship, and all he carri'd with him: he was here with me yesterday.

Ver. And did you own our Marriage to him?

Oliv. I told him I was marry'd, to put an end to his love, and my trouble; but to whom, is yet a secret kept from him, and all the World: And I have us'd him so scurvily, his great spirit will ne'r return, ⁷⁵⁰to reason it farther with me; I have sent him to Sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And sure he will now hate the shore more than ever, after so great a disappointment. Be you sure only to keep awhile our great secret, till he be gone: in the mean time, I'll lead the easie honest Fool by the Nose, as I us'd to do; and, whil'st he stays, rail with him at thee; and, when he's gone, laugh with thee at ⁷⁶⁰him. But have you his Cabinet of Jewels safe? Part not with a Seed Pearl to him, to keep him from starving.

Oliv. Nor from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em; and, I think, will scorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But, my life, have you taken the thousand Guineys he left in my name, out of the Goldsmiths hands?

Ver. Ay, ay, they are remov'd to another ⁷⁷¹Goldsmiths.

Oliv. Ay but, my Soul, you had best have a care to find not where the money is; for his present wants (as I'm inform'd) are such, as will make him inquisitive enough.

Ver. You say true; and he knows the man too: but I'll remove it to morrow.

Oliv. To morrow! O do not stay till to morrow: go to night, immediately. ⁷⁸⁰

Ver. Now I think on't, you advise well, and I will go presently.

Oliv. Presently! instantly: I will not let you stay a jot.

Ver. I will then, tho' I return not home till twelve.

Oliv. Nay, tho' not till morning, with all my heart: go, dearest, I am impatient till you are gone——[*Thrusts him out.*] So,

I have at once now brought about those ^{TM>} two grateful businesses, which all prudent Women do together, secur'd money and pleasure; and now all interruptions of the last are remov'd. Go Husband, and come up Friend; just the Bucket's in the Well: the absence of one brings the other; but I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way, justle, and clash together.

Enter Fidelia, and Manly treading softly, and staying behind at some distance.

So, are you come? (but not the Husband-bucket, I hope, again.) Who's there? my ⁸⁰⁰ dearest?

Fid. My life——

Oliv. Right, right: where are thy lips? here, take the dumb, and best Welcomes, Kisses and Embraces; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a Duel of Love, as in others, Parlying shews basely. Come, we are alone; and now the Word is only Satisfaction, and defend not thy self.

Man. How's this? Wuh!° she makes sw Love like a Devil in a Play; and in this darkness, which conceals her Angels face; if I were apt to be afraid, I shou'd think her a Devil.

[Aside.

Oliv. What, you traverse ground, young Gentleman. *[Fidelia avoiding her.*

Fid. I take breath only.

Man. Good Heav'ns! how was I deceiv'd! *[Aside.*

Oliv. Nay, you are a Coward; what are you afraid of the fierceness of my Love? ⁸²⁰

Fid. Yes, Madam, lest its violence might presage its change; and I must needs be afraid you wou'd leave me quickly, who cou'd desert so brave a Gentleman as Manly.

Oliv. O! name not his Name; for in a time of stol'n joys, as this is, the filthy name of Husband were not a more alaying sound.

Man. There's some comfort yet. *[Aside.*

Fid. But did you not love him? ⁸³⁰

Oliv. Never. How cou'd you think it?

Fid. Because he thought it, who is a Man of that sence, nice discerning, and difR-dency, and I shou'd think it hard to deceive him.

Oliv. No; he that distrusts most the World, trusts most to himself, and is but the more easily deceiv'd, because he thinks

WuM] how! Q 6; How! Q 7; Why, 1710, 1712.

he can't be deceiv'd: his cunning is like the Coward's Sword, by which he is oftner ⁸¹⁰ worsted, than defended.

Fid. Yet, sure, you us'd no common Art, to deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he lov'd his own singular moroseness so well, as to dote upon any Copy of it; wherefore I feign'd an hatred to the World too, that he might love me in earnest: but, if it had been hard to deceive him, I'm sure 'twere much harder to love him. A dogged, ill-manner'd—⁸⁵⁰

Fid. D'ye hear me, Sir? pray hear her. *[Aside, to Manly.*

Oliv. Surly, untractable, snarling Brute I he! a Masty Dog° were as fit a thing to make a Gallant of.

Man. Ay, a Goat, or Monky were fitter for thee. *[Aside.*

Fid. I must confess, for my part, (tho' my Rival) I cannot but say, he has a Manly handsomness in's face and meen.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the sign. ⁸⁶⁰

Fid. Is proper and well made,

Oliv. As a Drayman.

Fid. Has Wit,

Oliv. He rails at all Mankind.

Fid. And undoubted Corage,

Oliv. Like the Hangman's, can murder a Man when his hands are ty'd. He has Cruelty indeed; which is no more Corage, than his Railing is Wit.

Man. Thus Women, and Men like wo Women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em; and Reputation, like other Mistresses, is never true to a Man in his absence. *[Aside.*

Fid. He is——

Oliv. Pr'ythee no more of him; I thought I had satisfi'd you enough before, that he cou'd never be a Rival to you to apprehend; and you need not be more assur'd of my aversion to him, but by the last ⁸⁸⁰ testimony of my love to you: which I am ready to give you. Come, my Soul, this way——*[Pulls Fidelia.*

Fid. But, Madam, what cou'd make you dissemble Love to him, when 'twas so hard a thing for you, and flatter his Love to you?

Oliv. That which makes all the World flatter and dissemble, 'twas his Money: I had a real passion for that. Yet I lov'd not that so well, as for it to take him; for, ⁸⁹⁰

Masty Dog] mastiff.

as soon as I had his^o Money, I hastened his departure: like a Wife, who, when she has made the most of a dying Husband's breath, pulls away the Pillow.

Man. Damn'd Money! its Master's potent Rival still; and, like a saucy Pimp, corrupts, it self, the Mistress it procures for us.^o

Oliv. But I did not think with you, my life, to pass my time in talking. Come hither, come; yet stay, till I have lock'd⁹⁰⁰ a door in the other Room, that may chance to let us in some interruption; which reciting Poets, or losing Gamesters, fear not more than I at this time do. [*Exit Oliv.*]

Fid. Well, I hope you are now satisfied, Sir, and will be gone, to think of your Revenge.

Man. No, I am not satisfied, and must stay to be Rcveng'd.

Fid. How, Sir? You'll use no violence⁹¹⁰ to her, I hope, and forfeit your own life, to take away hers? That were no Revenge.

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my Revenge shall only be upon her honour, not her life.

Fid. How, Sir? her honour? O Heav'ns! Consider, Sir, she has no honour. D'y'e call that Revenge? Can you think of such a thing? But reflect, Sir, how she hates and loaths⁹²⁰ you.

Man. Yes, so much she hates me, that it wou'd be a Revenge sufficient, tp make her accessory to my pleasure, and then let her know it.

Fid. No, Sir, no; to be Reveng'd on her now, were to disappoint her. Pray, Sir, let us be gone. [*Pulls Manly.*]

Man. Hold off. What, you are my Rival then; and therefore you shall stay, and keep the door for me, whil'st I go in for you:⁹³⁰ but, when I'm gone, if you dare to stir off from this very Board, or breathe the least murmuring Accent, I'll cut her Throat first, and if you love her, you will not venture her life; nay, then I'll cut your Throat too; and I know you love your own life at least.

Fid. But, Sir, good Sir.

Man. Not a word more, lest I begin my Revenge on her, by killing you.

Fid. But are you sure 'tis Revenge, that⁹⁴⁰ makes you do this? how can it be?

Man. Whist.

his] om. Qq 4-6.
us.] Q 6 reads [*Aside.*]

Fid. Tis a strange Revenge indeed.

Man. If you make me stay, I snail keep my word, and begin with you: no more.

[*Exit Manly, at the same door Olivia went.*]

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. O Heav'ns! is there not punishment enough

In loving well, if you will have't a Crime; But you must add fresh Torments daily to't, And punish us like peevish Rivals still, Because we fain would find a Heaven⁹⁵⁰ here?

But did there never any love like me, That, untry'd Tortures, you must find me out?

Others, at worst, you force to kill themselves;

But I must be Self-murd'ress of my love, Yet will not grant me pow'r to end my life, My cruel life; for when a Lover's hopes Are dead, and gone, life is^o unmerciful.

4

[*Sits down and weeps.*]

Enter Manly to her.

Man. I have thought better on't, I must not discover my self now, I am without Witnesses; for if I barely shou'd publish⁹⁶⁰ it, she wou'd deny it with as much impudence, as she wou'd act it again with this young Fellow here. Where are you?

Fid. Here—oh—now I suppose we may be gone.

Man. I will, but not you; you must stay, and act the second part of a Lover: that is, talk kindness to her.

Fid. Not I, Sir.

Man. No disputing, Sir, you must: 'tis⁹⁷⁰ necessary to my design, of coming again to morrow night.

Fid. What, can you come again then hither?

Man. Yes, and you must make the appointment, and an Apology for your leaving her so soon; for I have said not a word to her, but have kept your counsel, as I expect you shou'd do mine: do this faithfully, and I promise you here, you shall⁹⁸⁰ run my Fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live; but, if you do not do it, expect not to live.

life is] Qq 1, 2, 1710, 1712; *Life* Qq 4, 5; *Life's* Qq 6, 7.

Fid. Tis hard, Sir; but such a consideration will make it easier: you won't forget your promise, Sir?

Man. No, by Heav'ns. But I hear her coming. [Exit.

Enter Olivia to Fidelia.

Oliv. Where is my life? run from me already! you do not love me, dearest; ⁹⁹⁰ nay, you are angry with me; for you would not so much as speak a kind word to me within: What was the reason?

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind; but come, my Soul, what make you here? let us go in again; we may be surpriz'd in this Room, 'tis so near the stairs.

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if any body shoud come up. ¹⁰⁰⁰

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within: Come, come—

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a sudden diziness; cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have spirits within. '

Fid. Oh!—don't you hear a noise, Madam?

Oliv. No, no, there is none: Come, come.

[Pulls her.

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, I must have a care of your ¹⁰⁰⁰ Honour, if you wo'not, and go; but to come to you to morrow night, if you please.

Oliv. With all my Soul; but you must not go yet: Come, pr'ythee.

Fid. Oh!—I am now sicker, and am afraid of one of my Fits.

Oliv. What Fits?

Fid. Of the Falling-sickness: and I lie generally an hour in a trance; therefore pray consider your honour, for the sake ¹⁰²⁰ of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be sure then to come to morrow night?

Fid. Yes.

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our past kindness.

Oliv. Well, go your wayes then, if you will, you naughty Creature you. [Ex. Fidel. These young Lovers, with their fears and ¹⁰³⁰ modesty, make themselves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their bashfulness, more than their tatling.

Fidelia returns.

Fid. O, Madam, we're undone! there was a Gentleman upon the stairs, coming up, with a Candle; which made me retire. Look you, here he comes!

Enter Vernish, and his Man with a Light.

Oliv. How! my Husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way. [Ex.

Ver. Ha! You shall not scape me so, io'o Sir. [Stops Fidelia.

Fid. O Heav'ns! more fears, plagues and and torments yet in store! [Aside.

Ver. Come, Sir, I guess what your business was here; but this must be your business now. Draw. [Draws.

Fid. Sir—

Ver. No Expostulations: I shall not care to hear oft. Draw.

Fid. Good Sir. 1050

Ver. How, you Rascal! not Courage to draw, yet durst do me the greatest injury in the World? Thy Cowardice shall not save thy life.

[Offers to run at Fidelia.

Fid. O hold, Sir, and send but your Servant down, and I'll satisfie you, Sir, I could not injure you, as you imagine.

Ver. Leave the light, and be gone. [Ex. Serv.] Now quickly, Sir, what you have to say, or—¹⁰⁶⁰

Fid. I am a Woman, Sir, a very unfortunate Woman.

Ver. How! A very handsom Woman I'm sure then: here are Witnesses oft too, I confess—[Pulls off her Peruke, and feels her breasts.] (Well, I'm glad to find the Tables turn'd, my Wife in more danger of Cuckolding, than I was. [Aside.

Fid. Now, Sir, I hope you are so much a Man of Honour, as to let me go, now ¹⁰⁷⁰ I have satisfi'd you, Sir.

Ver. When you have satisfi'd me, Madam, I will.

Fid. I hope, Sir, you are too much a Gentleman, to urge those secrets from a Woman, which concern her Honour: You may guess my misfortune to be Love, by my disguise; but a pair of Breeches could not wrong you, Sir.

Ver. I may believe Love has chang'd ¹⁰⁸⁰ your outside, which could not wrong me; but why did my Wife run away?

Fid. I know not, Sir; perhaps because she wou'd not be forc'd to discover me to you, or to guide me from your suspitions, that you might not discover me your self: which ungentleman-like curiosity I hope you will cease to have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, Madam, if I must not know who you are, 'twill suffice for me only to¹⁰⁹⁰ know certainly what you are: which you must not deny me. Come, there is a Bed within, the proper Rack for Lovers; and if you are a Woman, there you can keep no secrets, you'll tell me there all unask'd. Come.

[Pulls her.

Fid. Oh! what d'ye mean? Help, oh——

Ver. I'll show you; but 'tis in vain to cry out: no one dares help you, for I am Lord here.¹¹⁰⁰

Fid. Tyrant here; but if you are Master of this House, which I have taken for a Sanctuary, do not violate it your self.

Ver. No, I'll preserve you here, and nothing shall hurt you, and will be as true to you, as your disguise; but you must trust me then. Come, come.

Fid. Oh! oh! rather than you shall⁰ drag me to a death so horrid, and so shameful, I'll die here a thousand deaths: but you¹¹¹⁰ do not look like a Ravisher, Sir.

Ver. Nor you like one wou'd put me to't, but if you will——

Fid. Oh! Oh! help, help——

Enter Servant.

Ver. You saucy Rascal, how durst you come in, when you heard a Woman squeak? that shou'd have been your Cue to shut the door.

Serv. I come, Sir, to let you know, the Alderman coming home immediately¹¹²⁰ after you were at his house, has sent his Cashier with the money, according to your Note.

Ver. Dam his money! money never came to any sure unseasonably, till now. Bid him stay.

Serv. He sayes, he cannot a moment.

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He sayes, he must have your Receipt for it: he is in haste, for I hear him¹¹³⁰ coming up, Sir.

Ver. Dam him. Help me in here then with this dishonorer of my Family.

shall] Qq 1, 2; shou'd other edd.

Fid. Oh! oh!

Serv. You say she is a Woman, Sir.

Ver. No matter, Sir: must you prate?

Fid. Oh Heavens! is there——

[They thrust her in, and lock the door.

Ver. Stay there, my Prisoner; you have a short Reprieve.

*MI fetch the Gold, and that she can't resist; For with a full hand 'tis we Ravish best.*¹¹⁴¹

[Ex.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Eliza's Lodging.

Enter Olivia, and Eliza.

Oliv. Ah, Cousin, nothing troubles me, but that I have given the malicious World its Revenge, and Reason now to talk as freely of me, as I us'd to do of it.

Eli. Faith, then let not that trouble you; for, to be plain, Cousin, the World cannot talk worse of you, than it did before.

Oliv. How, Cousin? I'd have you to know, before this faux pas, this trip of mine, the World cou'd not talk of me.¹⁰

Eli. Only, that you mind other peoples actions so much, that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a Thief, because you know your self most guilty, you impeach your Fellow Criminals first, to clear your self.

Oliv. O wicked World!

Eli. That you pretend an aversion to all Mankind, in publick, only that their Wives and Mistresses may not be jealous, and²⁰ hinder you of their conversation, in private.

Oliv. Base World!

Eli. That, abroad, you fasten quarrels upon innocent men, for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask you pardon at home, and to become dear Friends with 'em,⁰ who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable World!

Eli. That you condemn the obscenity of modern Plays, only that you may not be³⁰ censur'd for never missing the most obscene of the old ones.

'em] Q 1; them other edd.

Oliv. Damn'd World!

Eli. That youMeface the nudities of Pictures, and little Statues, only because they are not real.⁰

Oliv. O, fie, fie, fie; hideous, hideous, Cousin! the obscenity of their Censures makes me blush.

Eli. The truth of 'em, the naughty World wou'd say now.⁴¹

Enter Lettice hastily.

Lett. O! Madam, here is that Gentleman coming up, who now you say is my Master.

Oliv. O! Cousin, whither shall I run? protect me, or——

[Olivia runs away, and stands at a distance.]

Enter Vernish.

Ver. Nay, nay, come——

Oliv. O, Sir, forgive me.

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a Woman in Mans cloaths; but have a care of a Man in⁵⁰ Womans cloaths.

Oliv. What does he mean? he dissembles, only to get me into his power: Or has my dear Friend made him believe he was a Woman? My Husband may be deceiv'd by him, but I'm sure I was not. *[Aside.]*

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lay'n out of your House for this; but perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with suspicions, you must have discover'd who⁶⁰ she was: And pr'ythee may I not know it?

Oliv. She was——(I hope he has been deceiv'd: and, since my Lover has play'd the Card, I must not renounce.)⁰ *[Aside.]*

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee? If I must not know who she is, I'm satisfi'd without. Come hither.

Oliv. Sure you do know her; she has told you her self, I suppose.

Ver. No, I might have known her⁷⁰ better, but that I was interrupted, by the Goldsmith you know, and was forc'd to lock her into your Chamber, to keep her from his sight; but, when I return'd, I found she was got away, by tying the Window-curtains

you deface . . . real] Ward compares he *Misanthrope*, III. v:

Elle fait des tableaux couvrir les nudites;

Mais elle a de l'amour pour les realites.

renounce] revoke.

to the Balcony, by which she slid down into the street: for, you must know, I jested with her, and made her believe I'd ravish her; which she apprehended, it seems, in earnest.

Oliv. Then she got from you?⁸⁰

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't—otherwise you had ravish'd her, Sir? but how dar'st you go so far, as to make Ijer believe you wou'd ravish her? let me understand that, Sir. What! there's guilt in your face, you blush too: nay, then you did ravish her, you did you base Fellow. What, ravish a Woman w in the first Month of our^o Marriage! 'Tis a double injury to me, thou base ungrateful Man; wrong my Bed already, Villain! I cou'd tear out those false Eyes, barbarous, unworthy Wretch.

Eli. So, so!——

Ver. Pr'ythee hear, my Dear.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my torment.

Ver. I swear——pr'ythee hear me.¹⁰⁰

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your false Oaths and Vows, especially your last in the Church. O wicked Man! And wretched Woman that I was! I wish I had then sunk down into a Grave, rather than to have given you my hand, to be led to your loathsom Bed. Oh—oh——

[Seems to weep.]

Ver. So, very fine! just a Marriage quarrel! which, tho' it generally begins by the Wives fault, yet, in the conclusion, it¹¹⁰ becomes the Husbands; and whosoever offends at first, he only is sure to ask pardon at last. My Dear——

Oliv. My Devil——

Ver. Come, pr'ythee be appeas'd, and go home; I have bespoken our Supper betimes: for I cou'd not eat, till I found you. Go, I'll give you all kind of satisfactions; and one, which uses to be a reconciling one, Two hundred of those Guineys I receiv'd¹²⁰ last Night, to do what you will with.

Oliv. What, wou'd you pay me for being your Baud?

Ver. Nay, pr'ythee no more; go, and I'll thoroughly satisfie you, when I come home; and then, too, we will have a fit of laughter, *our]* Qq 1, 2, 1710, 1712; *her* Qq 4-6.

at *Manly*, whom I am going to find at the *Cock* in *Bow-street*, where, I hear, he din'd. Go, dearest, go home.

Eli. A very pretty turn, indeed, this! MO
[*Aside.*]

Vet. Now, Cousin, since by my Wife I have that honour, and priviledge of calling you so, I have something to beg of you too; which is, not to take notice of our Marriage, to any whatever, yet awhile, for some reasons very important to me: and next, that you will do my Wife the honour to go home with her, and me the favour, to use that power you have with her, in our reconciliation,¹⁴⁰

Eli. That I dare promise, Sir, will be no hard matter. Your Servant. [*Ex. Vernish.*] Well, Cousin, this I confess was reasonable hypocrisie; you were⁰ the better fort.

Oliv. What hypocrisie?

Eli. Why, this last deceit of your Husband was lawful, since in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit? I'd have you to know, I never deceiv'd my Husband.

Eli. You do not understand me, sure;¹⁵⁰ I say, this was an honest come-off, and a good one: but 'twas a sign your Gallant had had enough of your conversation, since he cou'd so dextroiisly cheat your Husband, in passing for a Woman?

Oliv. What dy'e mean, once more, with my Gallant, and passing for a Woman?

Eli. What do you mean? You see your Husband took him for a Woman.

Oliv. Whom?¹⁶⁰

Eli. Hey-day! Why, the Man he found you with, for whom last Night you were so much afraid; and who you told me——

Oliv. Lord, you rave sure!

Eli. Why, did not you tell me last night——

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you last night, in a fright.

Eli. Ay, what was that fright for? for a Woman? besides, were you not afraid to¹⁷⁰ see your Husband just now? I warrant, only for having been found with a Woman! nay, did you not just now too own your false step, or trip, as you call'd it? which was with a Woman too! Fie, this fooling is so insipid, 'tis offensive.

where] where Q 6.

Oliv. And fooling with my Honour will be more offensive. Did you not hear my Husband say, he found me with a Woman, in Mans cioaths? And d'ye think he does¹⁸⁰ not know a Man from a Woman?

Eli. Not so well, I'm sure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv. What, you grow scurrilous, and are I find more censorious, than the World! I must have a care of you, I see.

Eli. No, you need not fear yet, I'll keep your secret.

Oliv. My secret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of Confidents, tho' you¹⁹⁰ value your self upon being a good one.

Eli. O admirable confidence! You show more in denying your wickedness, than other people in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! to me such language! nay, then I'll never see your face again. (I'll⁰ quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for malice all the truth she may speak against me. [*Aside.*] *Lcttice*, where are²⁰⁰ you? let us be gone from this censorious, ill Woman.

Eli. Nay, thou shalt stay a little, to damn thy self quite. [*Aside.*] One word first, pray Madam; can you swear that whom your Husband found you with⁰——

Oliv. Swear! ay, that whosoever 'twas that stole up, unknown, into my Room, when 'twas dark, I know not whether Man or Woman, by Heav'ns, by all that's good;²¹⁰ or, may I never more have joyes here, or in the other World: nay, may I eternally——

Eli. Be damn'd. So, so, you are damn'd enough already, by your Oaths; and I enough confirm'd: and now you may please to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this Plain-dealing Age, to leave off forswearing your self; for when people hardly think the better of a Woman for her real²²⁰ modesty, why shou'd you put that great constraint upon your self to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous! hideous advice! Let us go out of the hearing of it: She will spoil us, *Lcttice*.

[*Ex. Oliv. and Lett, at one door, Eli at t'other.*]

I'll] I 11 Q 1.

you with] Qq 1, 2, 1712; with you Qq 4'6, 1710.

The Scene changes to the Cock in Bow-street. A Table, and Bottles.

Manly and Fidelia.

Man. How! sav'd her Honour, by making her Husband believe you were a Woman! 'twas well, but hard enough to do sure.

Fid. We were interrupted, before he cou'd contradict me. ²³⁰

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye say, what kind of man he was?

Fid. I was so frightned, I confess, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round fae'd, and one I'm sure I ne'r had seen before.

Man. But she, you say, made you swear to return to night?

Fid. But I have since sworn, never to go near her again; for the Husband wou'd murder me, or worse, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I will go with you, and defend you to night, and then I'll swear too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed Sir, I will not go, to be necessary to your death too: besides, what shou'd you go again, Sir, for?

Man. No disputing, or advice, Sir; you have reason to know I am unalterable. Go, therefore, presently, and write her a Note ²⁵⁰ to enquire if her assignation with you holds; and if not to be at her own house, where else? and be importunate to gain admittance -to her to night: let your Messenger, ere he deliver your Letter, enquire first, if her Husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almost six of the clock; I expect you back here before seven, with leave to see her then. Go, do this dext'rously, and expect the performance of my last nights promise, never to part with you. ²⁶¹

Fid. Ay, Sir: but will you be sure to remember that?

Man. Did I ever break my Word? go, no more replies, or doubts. [*Ex. Fidel.*]

Enter Freeman to Manly.

Where hast thou been?

Free. In the next Room, with my Lord Plausible and Novel.

Man. Ay, we came hither, because 'twas a private house; but with thee indeed no ²⁷⁰ house can be private, for thou hast that pretty quality of the familiar Fops of the Town, who, in an eating house, always

keep company with all people in't, but those they came with.

Free. I went into their Room, but to keep them, and my own Fool the Squire, out of your Room; but you shall be peevish now, because you have no Money: but why the Devil won't you write to those aw we were speaking of? since your modesty, or your spirit, will not suffer you to speak to 'em, to lend you Money, why won't you try 'em at last, that way?

Man. Because I know 'em already, and can bear Want, better than Denials; nay, than Obligations.

Free. Deny you! they cannot: all of 'em have been your intimate Friends.

Man. No, they have been people only ²⁹⁰ I have oblig'd particularly.

Free. Very well; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather sure.

Man. No, no: those you have oblig'd most, most certainly avoid you, when you can oblige 'em no longer; and they take your Visits like so many Duns: Friends, like Mistresses, are avoided, for Obligations past.

Free. Pshaw! but most of 'em are your Relations; Men of great Fortune, and so Honour.

Man. Yes; but Relations have so much Honour, as to think Poverty⁰ taints the blood; and disown their wanting Kindred: believing, I suppose, that, as Riches at first make a Gentleman, the want of 'em degrades him. But, damn 'em, now I'm poor, I'll anticipate their contempt, and disown them.

Free. But you have many a Female so acquaintance, whom you have been liberal to, who may have a heart to refund to you a little, if you wou'd ask it: they are not all *Olivia's*.

Man. Dam thee! how cou'dst thou think of such a thing? I wou'd as soon rob my Footman of his Wages: Besides, 'twere in vain too; for a Wench is like a Box in an Ordinary, receives all peoples Money easily; but there's no getting, nay shak-³²⁰ ing any out again: and he that fills it, is surest never to keep the Key.

Free. Well, but noble Captain, wou'd you make me believe that you, who know half the Town, have so many Friends, and have

Poverty] *Poverty.* Q 1.

oblig'd so many, can't borrow fifty or an hundred pound?

Man. Why, noble Lieutenant, you who know all the Town, and call all you know Friends, methinks should not wonder at ³³⁰ it; since you find Ingratitude too: for how many Lords Families (tho' descended from Blacksmiths, or Tinkers) hast thou caird Great, and Illustrious? how many ill Tables calP good eating? how many noisie Cox-combs, Wits? how many pert Cocking⁰ Cowards, stout? how many taudry affected Rogues, well drest? how many Perukes admir'd? and how many ill Verses applauded? and yet canst not borrow a ³⁴⁰ shilling; dost thou expect I, who alwayes spoke truth, shou'd?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me; but hark you, Captain, I have heard of a thing calPd grinning Honour,⁰ but never of starving Honour.

Man. Well, but it has been the fate of some brave Men: and if they wo't give me a Ship again, I can go starve any where, with a Musket on my shoulder. ³⁵⁰

Free. Give you a Ship! why, you will not solicit it.

Man. If I have not solicited it by my services, I know no other way.

Free. Your Servant, Sir: nay then I'm satisfied I must solicit my Widow the closer, and run the desperate fortune of Matrimony on shore. *[Exit.*

Enter, to Manly, Vernish.

Man. How!——Nay, here is a Friend indeed; and he that has him in his arms, ³⁶⁰ can know no wants. *[Embraces Vernish.*

Ver. Dear Sir! and he that is in your arms, is secure from all fears whatever; nay, our Nation is secure by your defeat at Sea, and the *Dutch* that fought against you, have prov'd enemies to themselves only, in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie, fie; this from a Friend? and yet from any other 'twere unsufferable: I

call] Qq 1, 2, 4, 5, 1712; call'd Qq 6, 7, 1710.

Cocking] Qq 1, 2, 4-7, 1710; coaching 1712. Summers states that Q 1 reads *Coaching*. Either he misread it or used a copy of Q 1 which is different from the copy I used. *Cocking* means swaggering. N.E.D. derives from *cock*, to strut like a cock. Summers identifies it with cocking the hat, as a gesture of pertness. Cf. p. 162.

grinning Honour] cf. Shakespeare, I Henry IV, V. iii. 62.

thought I shou'd never have taken any ³⁷⁰ thing ill from you.

Ver. A Friends privilege is to speak his mind, tho' it be taken ill.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you think too well of me; I have found it from your heart, which spoke in actions, your unalterable heart: but *Olivia* is false, my Friend, which I suppose is no News to you.

Ver. He's in the right on't. *[Aside.*

Man. But cou'dst thou not keep her ²⁸¹ true to me?

Ver. Not for my heart, Sir.

Man. But cou'd you not perceive it at all, before I went? cou'd she so deceive us both?

Ver. I must confess, the first time I knew it, was three dayes after your departure, when she receiv'd the Money you had left in *Lombard-street*, in her name; and her ²⁹⁰ tears did not hinder her it seems from counting that. You wou'd trust her with all, like a true generous Lover!

Man. And she, like a mean Jilting——

Ver. Traytrous——

Man. Base——

Ver. Damn'd——

Man. Covetous——

Ver. Mercenary Whore——(I can hardly hold from laughing.) *[Aside.*

Man. Ay, a Mercenary Whore indeed, ⁴⁰¹ for she made me pay her, before I lay with her.

Ver. How!——Why, have you lay'n with her?

Man. Ay, ay.

Ver. Nay, she deserves you shou'd report it at least, tho' you have not.

Man. Report it! by Heav'n, 'tis true. ⁴¹⁰

Ver. How! sure not.

Man. I do not use to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. Last night, about seven or eight of the clock.

Ver. Ha!——Now I remember, I thought she spake as if she expected some other, rather than me: a confounded Whore indeed! *[Aside.*

Man. But, what, thou wonder'st at it! ⁴²⁰ nay, you seem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enrag'd against her,

for her usage of you: damn'd, infamous, common Jade.

Man. Nay, her Cuckold, who " first Cuckolded me in my Money, shall not laugh all himself; we will do him reason, shan't we?

Ver. Ay, ay.

Man. But thou dost not, for so great a ⁴³⁰ Friend, take pleasure enough in your Friends Revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes; I'm glad to know it, since you have lay'n with her.

Man. Thou canst not tell me who that Rascal, her Cuckold, is?

Ver. No.

Man. She wou'd keep it from you, I suppose.

Ver. Yes, yes—— ⁴⁴⁰

Man. Thou wou'dst laugh, if thou knewst but all the circumstances of my having her. Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Dam her; I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith, thou shalt. You must know——

Enter Freeman backwards, endeavouring to keep out Novel, Lord Plausible, Jerry and Oldfox, who all press in upon him.

Free. I tell you, he has a Wench with him, and wou'd be private.

Man. Dam 'em! a Man can't open a ⁴⁵⁰ Bottle, in these eating houses, but presently you have these impudent, intruding, buzzing Flies and Insects, in your Glass.—— Well, I'll tell thee all anon. In the mean time, pr'ythee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but an hundred pound of my Money, to supply my present wants; for I suppose there is no recovering any of it by Law.

Ver. Not any; think not of it: nor by ⁴⁶¹ this way neither.

Man. Go, try, at least.

Ver. I'll go; but I can satisfy you before hand, 'twill be to no purpose: You'll no more find a refunding Wench——

Man. Than a refunding Lawyer; indeed their Fees alike scarce ever return: however, try her, put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her, put it to her home, with a vengeance. ⁴⁷⁰

[Exit Vernish.

Manent ceeteri.

Nov. Nay, you shall be our Judge, *Manly*. Come, Major, I'll speak it to your teeth: if people provoke me to say bitter things, to their faces, they must take what follows; tho' like my *Lord Plausible*, I'd rather do't civilly behind their backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous Rogue, I've heard, behind a Mans back.

L. Plaus. You wrong him sure, noble Captain; he wou'd do a "Man no more harm ⁴⁸⁰ behind his back, than to his face.

Free. I am of my Lord's mind.

Man. Yes, a Fool, like a Coward, is the more to be fear'd behind a Man's back, more than a witty Man: for, as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a Fool is more malicious than a Man of Wit.

Nov. A Fool, Tar—a Fool! nay, thou art a brave Sea-judge of Wit! a Fool! pr'ythee when did you ever find me want some- ⁴⁹⁰ thing to say, as you do often?

Man. Nay, I confess, thou art alwayes talking, roaring, or making a noise; that I'll say for thee.

Nov. Well, and is talking a sign of a Fool?

Man. Yes, alwayes talking; especially too if it be loud and fast, is the sign of a Fool.

Nov. Pshaw! Talking is like Fencing, the quicker the better; run 'em down, run ⁵⁰⁰ 'em down; no matter for parrying; push on still, sa, sa, sa: no matter whether you argue in form, push in guard, or no.

Man. Or hit, or no; I think thou alwayes talk'st without thinking, *Novel*.

Nov. Ay, ay; study'd Play's the worse, to follow the Allegory, as the old Pedant says.

Old. A young Fop!

Man. I ever thought the Man of most ⁵¹⁰ Wit, had been, like him of most Money, who has no vanity in shewing it everywhere; whil'st the beggarly pusher of his Fortune, has all he has about him still, only to show.

Nov. Well, Sir, and makes a very pretty show in the World, let me tell you; nay, a better than your dose Hunks: A Pox, give me ready Money in Play; what care I for a Mans reputation? what are we the better for your substantial thrifty Curmudgeon ⁵²⁰ in Wit, Sir?

Old. Thou art a profuse young Rogue indeed.

Nov. So much for talking; which I think I have prov'd a mark of Wit; and so is Railing, Roaring,⁰ and making a noise: for, Railing is Satyr, you know; and Roaring, and making a noise, Humor.

Enter to them, Fidelia, taking Manly aside, and shewing him a paper.

Fid. The hour is betwixt seven and eight exactly: 'tis now half an hour after six.⁵³⁰

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and wait for me; as soon as it is quite dark, I'll be with you: I m'Ust stay here yet awhile, for my Friend. But is Railing Satyr, *Novel?*

[*Ex. Fidel.*]

Free. And Roaring, and making a noise, Humor?

Nov. What, won't you confess there's Humor in Roaring, and making a noise?

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting Napkins, and Hang-⁵⁴¹ings?

Man. No, sure.

Nov. Dull Fops!

Old. O Rogue, Rogue, insipid Rogue! Nay, Gentlemen, allow him those things for Wit; for his parts lie only that way.

Nov. Peace, old Fool, I wonder not at thee; but that young Fellows should be so dull, as to say, there's no Humor in making a noise, and breaking Windows! I tell⁵⁵⁰ you, there's Wit and Humor too, in both: And a Wit is as well known by his Frolick, as by his Simile.

Old. Pure Rogue! there's your modern Wit for you! Wit, and Humor, in breaking ef Windows! There's Mischief, if you will; but no Wit, or Humor.

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee peace, old Fool. I tell you, where there is Mischief, there's Wit. Don't we esteem the Monky a Wit⁵⁶⁰ amongst Beasts, only because he's mischievous? And let me tell you, as good Nature is a sign of a Fool, being Mischievous is a sign of Wit.

Old. O Rogue, Rogue! pretend to be a Wit, by doing Mischief and Railing!

Nov. Why, thou, old Fool, hast no other pretence to the name of a Wit, but by railing at new Playes.

[*Roaring*] rampaging, behaving uproariously.

Old. Thou, by railing at that facetious,⁵⁷⁰ noble way of Wit, quibbling.

Nov. Thou calPst thy dulness, gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, Sir, your dulness, spleen: And you talk much, and say nothing.

Nov. Thou read'st much, and understand'st nothing, Sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no Jest.

Nov. You rail, and no body hangs himself: And thou hast nothing of the Satyr,⁵⁷⁰ but in thy face.

Old. And you have no jest, but your face, Sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate Pedant.

Old. Thou art a Fool, with a bad Memory.

Man. Come, a Pox on you both, you have done like Wits now; for you Wits, when you quarrel, never give over, till you prove one another Fools.

Nov. And you Fools have never any⁵⁹⁰ occasion of laughing at us Wits, but when we quarrel: therefore, let us be Friends, *Oldfox.*

Man. They are such Wits as thou art, who make the name of a Wit as scandalous, as that of Bully; and signifie a loud-laughing, talking, incorrigible Coxcomb; as Bully, a roaring, hardned Coward.

Free. And woud' have his noise and laughter pass for Wit; as t'other his huffing and blustering, for Courage.⁶⁰¹

Enter Vernish.

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I woud' speak with, and I have nothing to say to you. [*Puts 'em out of the Room.*]

Manent Manly, Vernish.

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain, to think of getting Money out of her: she sayes, if a shilling woud' do't, she woud' not save you from starving, or hanging, or what you woud' think worse, begging or flattering; and rails so at you, one woud' not think⁶¹⁰ you had lay'n with her.

Man. O, Friend, never trust, for that matter, a Womans railing; for she is no less a dissembler in her hatred, than her love: And as her fondness of her Husband is a sign he's a Cuckold, her railing at another Man is a sign she lies with him.

Ver. He's in the right on't: I know not what to trust to. [*Aside.*]

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope? «a

Ver. So!—Sure he is afraid I shou'd have disprov'd him, by an enquiry of her: all may be well yet. [Aside.

Man. What hast thou in thy head, that makes thee seem so unquiet?

Ver. Only this base, impudent Womans falsness: I cannot put her out of my head.

Man. O my dear Friend, be not you too sensible of my wrongs, for then I shall ⁶³⁰ feel 'em too, with more pain, and think 'em unsufferable. Dam her, her Money, and that ill-natur'd Whore too, Fortune her self; but if thou wou'dst ease a little my present trouble, pr'ythee go borrow me somewhere else, some Money: I can trouble thee.

Ver. You trouble me indeed, most sensibly, when you command me any thing I cannot do: I have lately lost a great deal of Money at Play, more than I can yet ⁶⁴⁰ pay; so that not only my Money, but my Credit too is gone, and know not where to borrow; but cou'd rob a Church for you. (Yet wou'd rather end your wants, by cutting your throat.) [Aside.

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, since I'm incapable of supplying thee.

[Embraces Vernish.

Ver. But, methinks, she that granted you the last favour, (as they call it) shou'd not deny you any thing ⁶⁵⁰

Nov. Hey, Tarpaulin, have you done?

[Novel looks in, and retires again.

Ver. I understand not that point of kindness, I confess.

Man. No, thou dost not understand it, and I have not time to let you know all now, for these Fools, you see, will interrupt us; but anon, at Supper, we'll laugh at leisure together, at *Olivia's* Cuckold; who took a young Fellow, that goes between his Wife and me, for a Woman. ⁶⁶⁰

Ver. Ha!

Man. Sensless, easie Rascal! 'twas no wonder she chose him for a Husband; but she thought him, I thank her, fitter than me, for that blind, bearing⁰ Office.

Ver. I cou'd not be deceiv'd in that long Womans hair ty'd up behind; not those infallible proofs, her pouting,⁰ swelling

bearing| enduring, forbearing.
pouting| prominent.

breasts: I have handled too many sure not to know 'em. [Aside.

Man. What, you wonder the Fellow ⁶⁷¹ cou'd be such a blind Coxcomb 1

Ver. Yes, yes—

[Novel looks in again, and retires.

Nov. Nay, pr'ythee, come to us, *Manly*; Gad, all the fine things one says, in their company, are lost, without thee.

Man. Away, Fop; I'm busie yet. You see we cannot talk here 'at our ease; besides, I must be gone immediately, in order to meeting⁰ with *Olivia* again to night. ⁶⁸⁰

Ver. To night! it cannot be sure—

Man. I had an appointment just now from her.

Ver. For what time?

Man. At half an hour after seven precisely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the Husband?

Man. He! sniveling Gull I he a thing to be fear'd! a Husband, the tameest of creatures!

Ver. Very fine! [Aside.

Man. But, pr'ythee, in the mean time, ⁶⁹¹ go try to get me some Money. Tho' thou art too modest to borrow for thy self, thou can'st do any thing for me I know. Go; for I must be gone to *Olivia*: go, and meet me here anon.—*Freeman*, where are you!

[Ex. *Manly*.

Manet Vernish.

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it shall be at *Olivia's*. Sure it cannot be; she denies it so calmly, and with that honest, modest assurance, it can't be true ⁷⁰⁰ —and he does not use to lye—but be-lying a Woman, when she won't be kind, is the only lye a brave Man will least scruple. But then the Woman in Mans cloaths, whom he calls a Man!—Well, but, by her Breasts, I know her to be a Woman: —But then, again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to night! I am distracted more with doubt, than jealousy. Well, I have no way to disabuse or ⁷¹⁰ revenge my self, but by going home immediately, putting on a riding Sute, and pretending to my Wife the same business which carry'd me out of Town last, requires me again to go Post to *Oxford* to night; then, if the appointment he boasts of be true, it's

in . . . meeting| a regular idiom: i.e., with a view to meeting.

sure to hold; and I shall have an opportunity either of clearing her, or revenging my self on both. Perhaps, she is his Wench, of an old date, and I am his Cully,⁷²⁰ whil'st I think him mine; and he has seem'd to make his Wench rich, only that I might take her off his hands: or if he has but lately lay'n with her, he must needs discover, by her, my treachery to him; which I'm sure he will revenge with my death, and which I must prevent with his, if it were only for fear of his too just reproaches; for, I must confess, I never had till now any excuse, but that of int'rest, for doing ill to him.⁷²⁰

[Ex. Vernish.

Re-enter Manly and Freeman.

Man. Come hither, only I say be sure you mistake not the time; you know the house exactly where *Olivia* lodges: 'tis just hard by.

Free. Yes, yes.

Man. Well then, bring 'em all, I say, thither, and all you know that may be then in the house: for the more Witnesses I have of her infamy, the greater will be⁷⁴⁰ my revenge: and be sure you come strait up to her Chamber, without more ado. Here, take the Watch: you see 'tis above a quarter past seven; be there in half an hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence, or dexterity; I am an old Scowrer,⁰ and can naturally beat up a Wenches quarters that won't be civil. Sha'nt we break her Windows too?

Man. No, no: be punctual only.

[Ex. Ambo.

Enter Widow Blackacre, and two Knights of the Post: a Waiter with Wine.

Wid. Sweetheart, are you sure the door was shut close, that none of those Roysters saw us come in?

Wait. Yes, Mistriss; and you shall have a privater Room above, instantly.

[Ex. Wait.

Wid. You are safe enough, Gentlemen, for I have been private in this house ere now, upon other occasions, when I was something younger. Come, Gentlemen, in⁷⁶⁰

Scowrer] a lawless street ranger.

short, I leave my business to your care and fidelity: and so, here's to you.

1. *Knight.* We were ungrateful Rogues, if we shou'd not be honest to you; for we have had a great deal of your Money.

Wid. And you have done me many a good job for't: and so, here's to you again.

2. *Knight.* Why, we have been perjurd, but six times for you.

1. *Knight.* Forg'd but four Deeds, with⁷⁷⁰ your Husband's last Deed of Gift.

2. *Knight.* And but three Wills.

1. *Knight.* And counterfeited Hands and Seals to some six Bonds; I think that's all, Brother.

Wid. Ay, that's all, Gentlemen; and so, here's to you again.

2. *Knight.* Nay, 'twou'd do one's heart good to be forsworn for you; you have a conscience in your wayes, and pay us well.

1. *Knight.* You are in the right on't,⁷⁸¹ Brother; one wou'd be damn'd for her, with all ones heart.

2. *Knight.* But there are Rogues, who make us forsworn for 'em; and when we come to be paid, they'll be forsworn too, and not pay us our wages which they promis'd with Oaths sufficient.

1. *Knight.* Ay, a great Lawyer, that shall be nameless, Bilk't me too.⁷⁹⁰

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a Lawyer shou'd use Gentlemen Witnesses no better.

1. *Knight.* A Lawyer! d'ye wonder a Lawyer shou'd do't? I was Bilk'd by a Reverend Divine, that preaches twice on Sundayes, and prayes half an hour still before dinner.

Wid. How? a Conscientious Divine, and not pay people for damning themselves!⁸⁰⁰ Sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe damnation. But come, to our business: pray be sure to imitate exactly the flourish at the end of this name.

[Pulls out a Deed or two.

1. *Knight.* O he's the best in *England* at untangling a flourish, Madam.

Wid. And let not the Seal be a jot bigger: observe well the dash too, at the end of this name.

2. *Knight.* I warrant you, Madam.⁸¹⁰

Wid. Well, these, and many other shifts, poor Widows are put to sometimes; for every body wou'd be riding a Widow, as

they say, and breaking into her Jointure: they think marrying a Widow an easie business, like leaping the Hedge, where another has gone over before; a Widow is a meer gap, a gap with them.

*Enter to them Major Oldfox,
with two Waiters.*

*[The Knights of the Post
huddle up the Writings.*

What, he here! go then, go, my hearts, you have your instructions. 820

[Ex. Knights of the Post.

Old. Come, Madam, to be plain with you, I'll be fob'd off no longer. I'll bind her and gag her, but she shall hear me. *[Aside.* Look you, Friends, there's the Money I promis'd you; and now do you what you promis'd me: here are my Garters, and here's a Gag: you shall be acquainted with my parts, Lady, you shall.

Wid. Acquainted with your parts! A Rape, a Rape——What, will you ravish me? 830

*[The Waiters tie her to the Chair,
and gag her; and Ex.*

Old. Yes, Lady, I will ravish you; but it shall be through the ear, Lady, the ear only, with my well-pen'd Acrostics.

Enter to them, Freeman, Jerry Blackacre, three Bayliffs, a Constable and his Assistants, with the two Knights of the Post.

What, shall I never read my things undisturb'd again?

J err. O Law! my Mother bound hand and foot, and gaping, as if she rose before her time to day!

Free. What means this, *Oldfox*? But I'll release you from him: you shall be no 840 Mans Prisoner, but mine. Bayliffs, execute your Writ. *[Freeman unties her.*

Old. Nay, then I'll be gone, for fear of being Bayl, and paying her Debts, without being her Husband. *[Ex. Oldfox.*

1. *Bay.* We Arrest you, in the King's Name, at the Suit of Mr. *Freeman*, Guardian to *Jeremiah Blackacre Esq;* in an Action of Ten thousand pounds.

Wid. How, how! in a Ch oak-Bay 1° 850 Action! What, and the Pen and Ink Gentle-

Ch oak-Bayl] a choke-bail action is one so serious iis to preclude bail being allowed.

men, taken too! have you confest, you Rogues?

1. *Knight.* We needed not to confess; for the Bayliffs dog'd us hither to the very door, and overheard all that you and we said.

Wid. Undone, undone then! no Man was ever too hard for me, till now. O, *Jerry, Child,* wilt thou vex again the womb that bore thee?

J err. Ay, for bearing me before Wed- 860 lock, as you say: Bu' I'll teach you to call a *Blackacre* a Bastard, tho' you were never so much my Mother.

Wid. Well, I'm undone: not one trick left? no Law-Meush° imaginable? *[Aside.]* Cruel Sir, a word with you I pray.

Free. In vain, Madam; for you have no other way to release your self, but by the Bonds of Matrimony.

Wid. How, Sir, how! that were but to 870 sue out an *Habeas Corpus*, for a removal from one Prison to another. Matrimony!

Free. Well, Bayliffs, away with her.

Wid. O stay, Sir, can you be so cruel as to bring me under Covert Baron again? and put it out of my power to sue in my own name. Matrimony, to a Woman, is° worse than Excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the Law: and I wou'd rather be depriv'd of life. But hark you, Sir, I 880 am contented you shou'd hold and enjoy my person by Lease or Patent; but not by the spiritual Patent, call'd a Licence; that is, to have the priviledges of a Husband without the dominion; that is, *Durante bencplacito:*° in consideration of which, I will, out of my Jointure, secure you an Annuity of Three hundred pounds a Year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger Brothers desire to marry a Widow for, I'm sure. 890

Free. Well, Widow, if——

Jer. What, I hope, Bully Guardian, you are not making Agreements, without me?

Free. No, no. First, Widow, you must say no more that he is the Son of a Whore; have a care of that: And then, he must have a settled Exhibition° of Forty pounds a Year, and a Nag of Assizes,° kept by you, but not upon the Common; and have free

Law-Meush] meuse, a loophole for escape.

is] orn. Qq 1, 2.

Durante beneplacito] during pleasure.

Exhibition] allowance.

of Assizes] a puzzling phrase. Perhaps it means 'of good quality.'

ingress, egress and regress to and from wo your Maids Garret.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

J err. Ay, ay, fair words butter no Cabage; but, Guardian, make her Sign, Sign and Seal: for, otherwise, if you knew her as well as I, you wou'd not trust her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, Squire. Well, Widow, since thou art so generous, I will be generous too; and if you'll secure me Four hundred⁹¹⁰ pound a Year, but during your life, and pay my debts, not above a thousand pound; I'll bate you your person, to dispose of as you please.

Wid. Have a care, Sir, a Settlement without a Consideration, is void in Law: you must do something for't.

Free. Pr'ythee then let the Settlement on me be call'd Alimony; and the Consideration our Separation: Come, my Lawyer,⁹¹⁰ with Writings ready drawn, is within, and in haste. Come.

Wid. But, what, no other kind of Consideration, Mr. *Freeman*? Well, a Widow, I see, is a kind of *sine cure*, by custom of which the unconscionable Incumbent enjoys the profits, without any duty, but does *thpj* still elsewhere. [*Ex. Omn.*]

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Olivia, with a Candle in her hand.

Oliv. So, I am now prepar'd once more for my timorous young Lover's reception:⁹³⁰ my Husband is gone; and go thou out too, thou next interrupter of Love:—[*Puts out the Candle.*] Kind darkness, that frees us Lovers from scandal and bashfulness, from the censure of our Gallants and the World. So, are you there?

Enter to^ Olivia, Fidelia, jollow'd softly by Manly.

Come, my »dear punctual Lover, there is not such tanother in the World; thou hast Beauty aiid Youth to please a Wife; Address and Wit, to amuse and fool wo a Husband; i'ia, thou hast all things to be wish'd im a Lover, but your Fits: I hope, my Fiear, you won't have one to

night; and, that you may not, I'll lock the door, tho' there be no need of it, but to lock out, your Fils; for my Husband is just gone out of Town again. Come, where are you?

[*Goes to the door, and locks it.*]

Man. Well, thou hast impudence enough to give me Fits too, and make Revenge⁹⁶⁰ it self impotent, hinder me from making thee more infamous, if it can be. [*Aside.*]

Oliv. Come, come, my Soul, come.

Fid. Presently, my Dear: we have time enough sure.

Oliv. How! time enough! True Lovers can no more think they ever have time enough, than love enough: You shall stay with me all night; but that is but a Lover's moment.⁹⁶⁰ Come.

Fid. But won't you let me give you and my self the satisfaction of tolling you, how I abus'd your Husband last night?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and your self too, the satisfaction of abusing him again, to night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your Husband—

Oliv. O name not his, or *Manly's* more loathsom name, if you love me; I forbid⁹⁷⁰ 'em last night: and you know I mention'd my Husband but once, and he came. No talking, pray; 'twas ominous to us. You make me fancy a noise at the door already, but I'm resolv'd not to be interrupted. [*A noise at the door.*] Where are you? Come; for, rather than lose my dear expectation now, tho' my Husband were at the door, and the bloody Ruffian *Manly* here in the room, with all his awful insolence, I⁹⁸⁰ wou'd give my self to this dear hand, to be led away, to Heavens of joys, which none but thou canst give. But, what's this noise at the door? So, I told you what talking wou'd come to. [*The noise at the door increases.*] Ha!—O Heavens, my Husbands voice!—[*Olivia listens at the door.*]

Man. *Freeman* is come too soon. [*Aside.*]

Oliv. O 'tis he!—Then here is the happiest minute lost, that ever bashful⁹⁹⁰ Boy, or trifling Woman fool'd away! I'm undone! my Husbands reconcilment too was false, as my joy, all delusion: but, come this way, here's a Back-door. [*Exit, and returns.*] The officious Jade has lock'd us in, instead of locking others out; but let us

then escape your way, by the Balcony; and, whiFst you pull down the Curtains, I'll fetch, from my Closet, what next will best secure our escape: I have left my Key ¹⁰⁰ in the door, and 'twill not suddenly be broke open. [Exit.] A noise as it were, people forcing the door.

Man. Stir not, yet fear nothing.

Fid. Nothing, but your life, Sir.

Man. We shall now know this happy Man she calls Husband.

Olivia Re-enters.

Oliv. Oh, where are you? What, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the Curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this Cabinet and Purse, for it is thine, if we escape; [Manly takes ¹⁰¹⁰ from her the Cabinet and Purse.] therefore let us make haste. [Ex. Oliv.]

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it shall never escape more from me: to you at least.

[The door broken⁰ open. Enter Vernish alone, with a dark Lanthorn and a Sword, running at Manly; who draws, puts by the thrust, and defends himself, whilst Fidelia runs at Vernish behind.]

Ver. So, there I'm right sure——

[With a low voice.]

Man. Softly. Sword and dark Lanthorn, Villain, are some odds; but——

Ver. Odds! I'm sure I find more odds than I expected: What, has my insatiable two ¹⁰²⁰ Seconds at once? but——

[With a low voice.]

[WhiVst they fight, Olivia re-enters tying two Curtains together.]

Oliv. Where are you now?——What, is he entered then, and are they fighting! O do not kill one that can make no defence.——[Manly throws Vernish down, and disarms him.] How! but I think he has the better on't: here's his Scarf, 'tis he. So, keep him down still: I hope thou hast no hurt, my dearest? [Embracing Manly.]

Enter to them Freeman, Lord Plausible, Novel, Jerry Blackacre, and the Widow Blackacre, lighted in by the two Sailors with Torches.

Ha!——What?——Manly! And have ¹⁰³⁰ broken} broke Qq 5, 6, 1710, 1712.

been thus concern'd for him, embracing him? And has he his Jewels again too? What means this? O 'tis too sure, as well as my shame! which I'll⁰ go hide for ever.

[Offers to go out, Manly⁰ stops her.]

Man. No, my dearest, after so much kindness as has past between us, I cannot part with you yet. Freeman, let no body stir out of the Room; for, notwithstanding your lights, we are yet in the dark, till this Gentleman please to turn his face.——¹⁰⁴⁰

[Pulls Vernish by the sleeve.] How! Vernish! Art thou the happy Man then? Thou! Thou! Speak, I say; but thy guilty silence tells me all.——Well, I shall not upbraid thee; for my wonder is striking me as dumb, as thy shame has made thee. But, what? my little Volunteer hurt, and fainting!

Fid. My wound, Sir, is but a slight one, in my Arm: 'tis only my fear of your danger, Sir, not yet well over. ¹⁰⁵⁰

Man. But what's here? more strange things! [Observing Fidelia's hair untidy behind, and without a Peruke, which she lost in the scuffle.] What means this long Womans hair? and face, now all of it appears too beautiful for a Man; which I still thought Womanish indeed! What, you have not deceiv'd me too, my little Voluntas?

Oliv. Me she has, I'm sure.

[Aside ¹⁰⁶⁰ Man. Speak.]

Enter Eliza, and Lettice.

Eli. What, Cousin, I am brought hither by your Woman, I suppose, to be a witness of the second vindication of your Honour?

Oliv. Insulting is not generous: You might spare me, I have you.

Eli. Have a care, Cousin, you'll confess anon too much; and I wou'd not have your secrets.

Man. Come, your blushes answer me sufficiently, and you have been my V[olunteer] in love. ¹⁰⁷⁰ [To Fidelia.]

Fid. I must confess I needed no' compulsion to follow you all the w[or]ld over; which I attempted in this habit, partly out of shame to own my love to you, and fear of a greater shame, your refusal of it: for I knew of your engagement/to this Lady,

I'll] 7 11 Q 1.

Manly] and Manly Qq 4-8, 1716, 1712.

[Aside. 1 Q 1 attaches to the previous speech of Manly.]

and the constancy of your nature; which nothing cou'd have alter'd, but her self.

Man. Dear Madam, I desir'd you to¹⁰⁸⁰ bring me out of confusion, and you have given me more: I know not what to speak to you, or how to look upon you; the sense of my rough, hard, and ill usage of you, (tho' chiefly your own fault) gives me more pain now 'tis over, than you had, when you suffer'd it: and if my heart, the refusal of such a Woman, [*Pointing to Olivia*] was not a Sacrifice to prophane your love, and a greater wrong to you¹⁰⁹⁰ than ever yet I did you; I wou'd beg of you to receive it, tho' you us'd it, as she had done; for tho' it deserv'd not from her the treatment she gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had punishment sufficient from her already, and needs no more from me; and, I must confess, I wou'd not be the onely cause of making you break your last nights Oath to me, of never¹¹⁰⁰ parting with me: if you do not forget, or repent it.

Man. Then, take for ever my heart, and - this with it; [*Gives her the Cabinet*] for 'twas given to you before, and my heart was before your due; I only beg leave to dispose of these few——Here, Madam, I never yet left my Wench unpaid.

[*Takes some of the Jewels, and offers 'em to Olivia; she strikes 'em down: Plausible and Novel take 'em up.*]

Oliv. So it seems, by giving her the Cabinet.¹¹¹⁰

L. Plans. These⁰ Pendants appertain to your most faithful humble Servant.

Nov. And this Locket is mine; my earnest for love, which she never paid: therefore my own again.

Wid. By what Law, Sir, pray? Cousin *Olivia*, a word: What, do they make a seizure on your Goods and Chattels, *vi & armis*? Make your demand, I say, and bring your Trover, bring your Trover: I'll not follow the Law for you.

Oliv. And I my Revenge. [*Exit Oliv.*]

Man. to Ver. But 'tis, my Friend, in your consideration most, that I wou'd have return'd part of your Wives⁰ portion; for

'twere hard to take all from thee, since thou hast paid so dear for't, in being such a Rascal: yet thy Wife is a Fortune without a Portion; and thou art a man of that extraordinary merit in Vilany, the World mo and Fortune can never desert thee, tho' I do; therefore be not melancholy. Fare you well, Sir. [*Ex. Vernish, doggedly.*] Now, Madam, I beg your pardon, [*Turning to Fidelia*] for lessening the Present I made you; but my heart can never be lessen'd: this, I confess, was too small for you before; for you deserve the *Indian* World; and I wou'd now go thither, out of covetousness for your sake only.¹¹⁴⁰

Fid. Your heart, Sir, is a Present of that value, I can never make any return to't; [*Pulling Manly from the company.*] but I can give you back such a Present as this, which I got by the loss of my Father, a Gentleman of the North, of no mean Extraction, whose onely Child I was, therefore left me in the present possession of Two thousand Pounds a Year; which I left, with multitudes of Pretenders, to follow you,¹¹⁵⁰ Sir; having in several publick places seen you, and observ'd your actions throughly, with admiration, when you were too much in love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too visible. The name of my Family is *Grey*; my other *Fidelia*: the rest of my Story you shall know, when I have fewer Auditors.

Man. Nay, now, Madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any¹¹⁶⁰ Complement on my part; for I was going to tell you, that for your sake onely, I wou'd quit the unknown pleasure of a⁰ retirement; and rather stay in this ill World of ours still, tho' odious to me, than give you more frights again at Sea, and make again too great a venture there, in you alone. But if I shou'd tell you now all this, and that your virtue (since greater than I thought any was in the World) had now reconcil'd me to't, my Friend here wou'd say, 'tis an your Estate that has made me Friends with the World.

Free. I must confess I shou'd; for I think⁰ most of our quarrels to the World,

a] om. Qq 6, 7.

think] thank Q 6.

These] Qq 1, 2, 1710, 1712; *The* Qq 4-6.

Wives] Qq 1, 2; *Wife's* Qq 4-6, 1710, 1712.

are just such as we have to a handsom Woman: only because we cannot enjoy her, as we wou'd do.

Man. Nay, if you art a *Plain-dealer* too, give me thy hand; for now I'll say, I¹¹⁸⁰ am thy Friend indeed: And, for your two^o sakes, tho' I have been so lately deceiv'd^o in Friends of both Sexes;

two/ Qq 1 2, 1712; *om.* Qq 4-8, 1710.
deceiv'd/ *deceiv d* Q 1.

*/ mill believe, there are now in the World
Good natur'd Friends, who are not Prosti-
tutes,
And handsom Women worthy to be Friends:
Yet, for my sake, let no one e're confide
In Tears, or Oaths, in Love, or Friend
untry'd.*

[*Ex. Omnes.*

FINIS.

Venice Prefervd,
O R,
A Plot Difcoverd.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
DVKE'S *THEATRE.*

Written by *THOMAS OTWAT.*

LONDON,
Printed for Fof *Hlndmarsh* at the Sign of the
Black Bull, over againft the Royal
Exchange in *Cornbill.* 1682.

Thomas Otway (1652-85) though not a prolific writer produced in his short life ten plays. He wrote orthodox heroic tragedy, unremarkable comedy, and two great tragedies, *The Orphan: or, the Unhappy Marriage*, 1680, and *Venice Preserv'd; or, A Plot Discover'd*, which was produced at Dorset Garden Theatre in February, 1681/2.

In these two plays Otway breaks away from the limiting conventions of heroic tragedy with its riming couplet, as had Dryden in *All for Love* in 1677. Otway was not a master of plot construction but he could depict with remarkable power individual scenes of passion and dramatic tensivity. In *Belvidera* he creates a womanly character of rare beauty and pathos, akin to the distressed figure of Monimia in *The Orphan*.

Otway was a man of the court and in *Venice Preserved* he entered the field of controversy which attracted so many in that troublous age. The play is full of reference to the politics of the day and it glances directly at the scandals of the Popish Plot and the struggle of Charles II to overmaster the power of parliament. In Antonio, and also probably in Renault, he satirizes the Earl of Shaftesbury, who as leader of the whig opposition was the butt of all the literary henchmen of the royal interest.' For the basis of the story Otway went to l'Abbe Saint-Real, *La Conjuration des Espagnols contre la republique de Venise en 1618*, but he did not scruple to subordinate the story to his own dramatic and political purposes.

Despite the large element of political satire in the play it stands out as a great tragedy at a time when moving passion and depth of genuine feeling were rare qualities on the tragic stage.

'The political element in *Venice Preserv'd* has been dealt with by many critics. Summers in his edition of *The Complete Works of Thomas Otway* gives much valuable commentary, but his interpretation is **not** always fair, showing especial bias against Shaftesbury. J. It. Moore in *Otway's "Venice Preserved,"* Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, vol. XLIII, no. 1, March 1928, is a useful treatment of the question.

Two quartos of the play were printed in the seventeenth century, the first in 1682 and a second in 1696. A third edition quarto was published in 1704. *The Works*, 2 vols., appeared in 1691. The play is printed in vol. V of *A Collection of the Best English Plays*: this was probably printed for T. Johnson in The Hague about 1710, but it is undated. The text is carefully and sensibly edited, and the editor though following Q 3 in the main gives some evidence of having had access to and having corrected by Q 1. There was also an edition of *The Works*, 2 vols., duodecimo, in 1712. Another edition of *The Works*, 2 vols., duodecimo, has general title pages for the two volumes dated 1722 and 1728; but the plays have separate title pages with different dates. That of *Venice Preserv'd* is 1727. I presume that this is the "12mo 1728" to which Mr. M. Summers refers.

The text is designed to follow the first quarto exactly, except in a very few places where divergence is noted. Any material variations of the second and third quarto are given. The 1727 text is "improved" and the editor has aimed at regularizing some of the roughnesses of metre and punctuation. A certain number of variants are given to exemplify the nature of the "improvement." In a few cases the 1727 text has been followed, where the quartos seemed too obscure.

It is generally ungracious and ungrateful of an editor to decry the work of his predecessors. Unfortunately Mr. Summers has made such a sweeping attack on his predecessors in the editorship of *Venice Preserv'd* and at the same time has claimed such purity for his own text that it is impossible to leave the matter as he has put it. Whilst not wishing to defend earlier texts I would point out that earlier editors worked at a time when editorial principles were different from those of to-day. It is unfortunate that Mr. Summers is seriously incorrect in his statement that his text "exactly follows the first quarto, 1682" (except, he says, for a number of misprints which he has corrected and noted). The number of unnoted divergences of his text from the first quarto is very high, and at the same time it is noteworthy that when his text does so diverge it frequently coincides with an eighteenth century text. I have used the British Museum copy of the first quarto (644. h. 77), and although it is well known that copies of the same edition may show slight variations, it is scarcely possible to imagine that it can be the explanation in this case. On one page of Mr. Summers's text for instance there are 22 variations of punctuation and capitals from the first quarto, and in 19 of these he coincides with the more corrupt 1727 text. At the same time I wish to pay tribute to the scholarly and valuable commentary in Mr. Summers's edition.

Q 1 = First edition quarto, 1682 (B. M. 644. h. 77).

Q 2 = Second edition quarto, 1696 (B. M. 644. h. 78).

Q 3 = Third edition quarto, 1704 (B. M. 643. i. 21).

EP = *A Collection of the Best English Ptoys*, vol. V, duodecimo in 8's, N. D. (?1710), probably printed for T. Johnson at The Hague (B. M. 1345. b. 20).

1712 = *The Works of Mr. Thomas Otway*, 2 vols, duodecimo, date of general title-page and special title-page for *Venice Preserv'd* 1712 (B. M. 644. a. 21).

1727 = *The Works of Mr. Thomas Otway*, 2 vols.; vol. i dated 1722, vol. ii, 1728; plays with separate title-pages differently dated, *Venice Preserv'd* 1727. (A. E. M.)

Noel = *Thomas Otway*, ed. Hon. Roden Noel, Mermaid series.

Summers = *The Complete Works of Thomas Otway*, 3 vols., Nonesuch Press.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

To Her GRACE tho

DUTCHESS o r P O R T S M O U T H .

Madam,

Were it possible for me to let the World know how entirely your Graces Goodness has devoted a poor man to your service; were there words enough in speech to express the mighty sense I have of your great bounty towards me; surely I should write and talk of it for ever: But your Grace has given me so large a Theam, and laid so very vast a foundation, that Imagination wants stock to build upon it. I am as one dumb when I would speak of it, and when I strive to write, I want a scale of thought sufficient to comprehend the height of it. Forgive me, then, Madam, if (as a poor Peasant once made a Present of an Apple to an Emperour^o) I bring this small Tribute, the humble growth of my little Garden, and lay it at your feet. Believe it is paid you with the utmost gratitude, believe that so long as I have thought to remember, how very much I owe your generous Nature, I will ever have a heart that shall be gratefull for it too: Your Grace, next Heaven, deserves it amply from me; That gave me life, but on a hard condition, till your extended favour taught me to prize the gift, and took the heavy burthen it was clogg'd with from me: I mean hard Fortune: When I had enemies, that with malicious power kept back and shaded me from those Royal Beams, whose warmth is all I have, or hope to live by; Your noble pity and compassion found me, where I was far cast backward from my blessing; down in the rear of Fortune, calVd me up, plac'd me in the shine, and I have felt its comfort. You have in that restored me to my native Eight, for a steady Faith, and Loyalty to my Prince, was all the Inheritance my Father left me, and however hardly my ill Fortune deal with me, 'tis what I prize so well that I ne'r pawn'd it yet, and hope I ne'r shall part with it. Nature and Fortune were certainly in league when you were born, and as the first look care to give you beauty enough to enslave the hearts of all the World, so the other resolv'd to doe its merit Justice, that none but a Monarch, fit to rule that World, should e'r possess it, and in it he had an Empire. The Young Prince^o you have given him, by his blooming Vertues, early declares the mighty stock he came from; and as you have takeji all the pious care of a dear Mother and a prudent Guardian to give him a noble and generous education; may it succeed according to his merits and your wishes: May he grow up to be a Bulwark to his illustrious Father, and a Patron to his Loyal Subjects, with Wisdom and Learning to assist him, whenever calVd to his Councils, to defend his right against the encroachments of Republicans in his Se7iates, to cherish such men as shall be able to vindicate the Royal Cause, that good and fit servants to the Crown, may never be lost for want of a Protectour. May He have courage and conduct, fit to fight his Battels abroad, and terrifie his Rebels at home; and that all these may be yet more sure, may He never, during the Spring-time of his years, when those growing Vertues ought with care to be cherish'd, in order to their ripening; may he never, meet with vitious Natures, or the tongues of faithless, sordid, insipid Flatterers, to blast 'em: To conclude; may He be as great as the hand of Fortune (with his Honour) shall be able to make him: And may your Grace, who are so good a Mistress, and so noble a Patroness, never meet with a less gratefull Servant, than,

Madam,

Your Graces entirely

Devoted Creature,

Thomas Otway.

[an Apple to an Emperour] Summers has a full note referring to Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, xxxii, who comments on the story connected with the Emperor Theodosius II, and to the story in *The Arabian Nights*.

[The Young Prince] Charles Lennox, created Duke of Richmond in 1675.

PROLOGUE.

*N these distracted times? when each man dreads
 / The bloody stratagems of busie heads;
 When we have fear'd three years we know not what,
 Till Witnesses begin to die^o o' th' rot,
 What made our Poet meddle with a Plot?
 Was't that he fanny'd, for the very sake
 And name of Plot, his trifling Play might taket
 For there's not in't one Inch-board Evidence,^o
 But 'tis, he says, to reason plain and sense,
 And that he thinks a plausible defence.
 Were Truth by Sense and Reason to be tri'd,
 Sure all our Swearers might be laid aside:
 No, of such Tools our Author has no need,
 To make his Plot, or may^o his Play succeed;
 He, of black Bills,^o has no prodigious Tales,
 Or Spanish Pilgrims^o cast a-shore in Wales;
 Here's not one murther'd Magistrate^o at least,
 Kept rank like Ven'son for a City feast,
 Grown four days stiff, the better to prepare
 And fit his ply ant limbs to ride in Chair:
 Yet here's an Army rais'd though under ground,
 But no man seen, nor one Commission found;
 Here is a Traitour too, that's very old,
 Turbulent, subtle, mischievous and bold,
 Bloody, revengefuU, and to crown his part,
 Loves fumbling with a Wench, with all his heart;
 Till after having many changes pass'd,
 In spite of Age (thanks Heaven^o) is hang'd at last:
 Next is a Senatour that keeps a Whore,
 In Venice none a higher office bore;
 To lewdness every night the Letcher ran,
 Shew me, all London, such another man,
 Match him at Mother Creswolds^o if you can.*

distracted times] See prefatory note, p. 237.

Witnesses . . . die] refers to the incredibly protracted enquiry into the authenticity of the Popish Plot.

Inch-board Evidence] Summers quotes excellent examples to explain this phrase: e.g., *The Late Famous Tryal of Mr. Hickeringill*, 1681, "For they produc'd (to prove this) a fellow that could make a demure long prayer as well as a thumping false oath . . . and he swore home (or, as we say, thro' an inch board) against records."

may] make Q 3.

black Bills] One of Titus Oates's stories related how "40,000 Black-bills, the Army of *Spanish Pilgrims* and Military commissions from General D'Oliva (S. J.)." See Summers.

Spanish Pilgrims] One of the alarms of the Popish Plot was the rumour that thousands of catholic pilgrims were coming from Spain to take part in the massacre of good protestant Englishmen. They seem to have been of the same origin as the Russian army that visited England in 1914.

murther'd Magistrate] Summers refers to the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had sworn to the truth of the document concerning the Plot. The story was told that the body after several days was borne away in a sedan chair.

Heaven] Qq 1, 2; t' Heav'n Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727. Mother Cresswolds] a noted bawd.

*Oh Poland, Poland!⁰ had it been thy lot,
T'have heard in time of this Venetian Plot,
Thou surely chosen hadst one King from thence,
And honoured them as thou hast England since.*

Poland] refers to Shaftesbury's ambition to become King of Poland.

E P I L O G U E

THe Text is done, and now for Application,
 And when that's ended pass your Approbation.
 Though the Conspiracy's prevented here,
 Methinks I see another hatching there;
 And there's a certain Faction join would sway,
 If they had strength enough and damn this Play,
 But this the Author bad me boldly say:
 // any take his^o plainness in ill part,
 He's glad on't from the bottome of his heart;
 Poets in honour of the Truth shou'd write,
 With the same Spirit brave men for it fight;
 And though against him causeless hatreds rise,"
 And dayly where he goes of late, he spies
 The scowles of sullen and revenge full eyes;
 'Tis what he knows with much contempt to bear,
 And serves a cause too good to let him fear:
 He fears no poison from an incens'd Drabb,
 No Ruffian's five-foot sword,^o nor Rascals stab;
 Nor any other snares of mischief laid,
 Not a Rose-alley Cudgel-Ambuscade,^o
 From any private cause where malice reigns,
 Or general Pique all Block-heads have to brains:
 Nothing shall daunt his Pen when Truth does call,
 No not the ^Picture-mangier at Guild-hall.
 The Rebel-Tribe, of which that Vermin's one,
 Have now set forward and their course begun;
 And while that Prince's figure they deface,
 As they before had massacred his Name,
 Durst their base fears but look him in the face,
 They'd use his Person as they've us'd his Fame;
 A face, in which such lineaments they rcade
 Of that great Martyr's, whose rich bloud they shed,
 That their rebellious hate they still retain,
 And in his Son would murder Him again:
 With indignation then, let each brave heart,
 Rouse and unite to take his injur'd part;
 Till Royal Love and Goodness call him home,⁹
 And Songs of Triumph meet him as he come;
 Till Heaven his Honour and our Peace restore,
 And Villains never wrong his Vertue more.

' The Ra&cal that
 cut the Duke of
 York's picture.

his] Qq 1. 2, EP; this Q 3, 1712, 1727.

five-foot sword] Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712; five foot-sword Q 1.

Rose-alley Cudgel-Ambuscade] refers to the attack on Dryden in Rose Street, Covent- garden, which was instigated by Rochester as reprisal for a satirical attack which he attributed to Dryden.

call him home]-The Duke of York was then in Scotland.

Personae Dramatis.

Duke of Venice, <i>Priuli,</i>⁰ Father to <i>Belvidera</i>, a Senatour. Antonio, A fine Speaker in the Senate, <i>Jaffeir,</i> <i>Pierre,</i> <i>Renault,</i> <i>Bedamar</i> ° <i>Spinosa,</i> <i>Theodore,</i> <i>Eliot,</i> <i>Revillido,</i>⁰ Conspiratours, <i>Durand,</i> <i>Mezzana,</i> <i>Bramveil,</i> <i>Tern on,</i> <i>Brabe,</i> <i>Belvidera,</i> <i>Aquilina,</i> Two Women, Attendants on <i>Belvidera</i>. Two Women, Servants to <i>Aquilina</i>. The Council of Ten. Officer. Guards. Friar. Executioner and Rable.	Mr. D. Williams. Mr. Boman.° Mr. Leigh. Mr. Better ton. Mr. Smith. Mr. Wiltshire. Mr. Gillo. Mr. Percival.
	Mrs. Barry. Mrs. Currer,

<i>Priuli</i>] Q 2; <i>Bedamar</i>] <i>Bedamar,</i> <i>Revillido</i>] <i>Revelhdo</i>	Q 1. <i>the Spanish Ambassador</i> Q 2.	Borrian] Bowman Q 2. Q 3, 1712, 1727.

VENICE PRESERVE

OR

A Plot Discovered.

BY THOMAS OTWAY

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Priuli and Jaffeir.

Priu. No more! I'll hear no more; be-gone and leave.⁰

J aft. Not hear me! by my sufferings⁰ but you shall!

My Lord, my Lord; I'm not that abject wretch

You think me: Patience! where's the distance throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak

In right, though proud oppression will not hear mee!

Priu. Have you not wrong'd me?

J aft. Could my Nature e're

Have brook'd Injustice, or the doing wrongs, I need not now thus low have bent my self,

To gain a Hearing from a Cruel father! 10 Wrong'd you?

Priu. Yes! wrong'd me, in the nicest point:

The Honour of my House; you have done me wrong;

You may remember: (For I now will speak, And urge its baseness:) When you first came home

From Travell, with such hopes, as made you look on

By all men's Eyes, a Youth of expectation; Pleas'd with your growing Virtue, I receiv'd you;

Courted, and sought to raise you to your Merits:

My House, my Table, nay my Fortune too, My very self, was yours; you might have us'd me ,²⁰

To your best service; like an open friend, I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;

When in requital of my best Endeavours, You treacherously practis'd to undo me, Seduc'd the weakness of my Age's Darling, My only Child, and stole her from my bosome:

Oh *Belvideral*

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her,

Childless you had been else, and in the Grave,

Your name Extinct, nor⁰ no more *Priu*li heard of.

You may remember, scarce five years are

Since in your Brigandine you sail'd to see The *Adriatick* wedded by our Duke, And I was with you: Your unskilfull Pilot Dash't us upon a Rock; when to your Boat You made for safety; entred first your self; The affrighted *Bclvidera* following next, As she stood trembling on the Vessel⁰ side,

Was by a Wave washt off into the Deep, When instantly I plung'd into the Sea, And Buffeting the Billows to her rescue,⁴⁰ Redeem'd her Life with half the loss of mine,

Like a rich Conquest in one Hand I bore her,

And with the other dasht the sawcy Waves, That throng'd and prest to rob me of my prize:

I brought her, gave her to your despairing Arms:

Indeed you thank't me; but a nobler gratitude

Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd me,

Till for her Life she paid me with her self.

Priu. You stole her from me, like a Theif you stole her,

nor] om. Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Vessel] Qq 1, 2; *Vessel's* Q 3, 1712, 1727; *vessel'* EP.

leave] Qq 1, 2; *leave me* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

sufferings] Q 1, EP; *suffering* Qq 2, 3, 1712, 1727.

At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose⁵⁰

To rifle me of all my Heart held dear.
May all your Joys in her prove false like mine;

A steril Fortune, and a barren Bed,
Attend you both: Continual discord make
Your Days and Nights bitter and grievous:
Still

May the hard hand of a vexatious Need
Oppress, and grind you; till at last you find

The Curse of Disobedience all your Portion.

Jaff. Half of your Curse you have bestowed in vain,
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithfull⁶⁰
Loves

With a young Boy, sweet as his mothers Beauty:

May he live to prove more Gentle than his Grandsire,

And happier than his Father!

Priu. Rather live
To bait⁰ thee for his bread, and din your ears

With hungry Cries: Whilst his unhappy Mother

Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk as if it would please you.

Priu. 'Twould by Heav'n.

Once she was dear indeed; the Drops that fell

From my sad heart, when she forgot her Duty,

The fountain of my Life was not⁵⁰
pretious:⁷⁰

But she is gone, and if I am a man

I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my Grave.

Priu. And she too with thee;

For, living here, you're but my curs'd Remembrancers

I once was happy.

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul

Is fond of *Belvidera*: You perceive

My Life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me;

Oh! could my Soul ever have known⁷⁹
satiety:

Were I that Theif, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,

bait] worry, importune.

But I might send her back to you with Contumely,

And court my fortune where she wou'd be kinder!

Priu. You dare not do't!—

Jaff. Indeed, my Lord, I dare not.

My Heart that awes me is too much my Master:

Three years are past since first our Vows were plighted,

During which time, the World must bear me witness,

I have treated *Belvidera* like your Daughter, The Daughter of a Senator of Venice;

Distinction, Place, Attendance and Observance,⁹⁰

Due to her Birth, she always has commanded;

Out of my little Fortune I have done this; Because (though hopeless e're to win your Nature)

The World might see, I lov'd her for her self,

Not as the Heiress of the great *Priuli*.—
Priu. No more!

Jaff. Yes! all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity

But's happier than me: for I have known The Luscious Sweets of Plenty; every night Have slept with soft content about my head,¹⁰⁰

And never waked but to a joyfull morning, Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn, Whose blossom scap'd, yet's withered in the ripening.

Priu. Home and be humble, study to retrench;

Discharge the lazy Vermin of thy Hall,

Those Pageants of thy Folly,

Reduce the glittering Trappings of thy Wife

To humble Weeds, fit for thy little state; Then to some suburb Cottage both retire; Drudge, to feed loathsome life; Get Brats, and Starve¹¹⁰

Home, home, I say.—[Exit *Priuli*.

Jaff. Yes, if my Heart would let me—

This proud, this swelling heart: Home I would go,

But that my Dores are hatefull to my eyes, Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping Creditors, Watchfull as Fowlers when their Game will spring;

I have now not 50 Ducats in the World,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with
Ruin.

Oh *Belvideral* oh she's my Wife——

And we will bear our wayward Fate together,

But ne're know Comfort more.

*Enter Pierre.*⁰

Pierr. My Friend good morrow! 120
How fares the honest Partner of my Heart?
What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?

Jaff. I'm thinking *Pierre*,⁰ how that
damn'd starving Quality

Call'd Honesty, got footing in the World.

Pierr. Why, pow'rfull Villainy first set
it up,

For its own ease and safety: Honest men
Are the soft easy Cushions on which Knaves
Repose and fatten: Were all mankind
Villains,

They'd starve each other; Lawyers wou'd
want practice,

Cut-Throats Rewards: Each man would kill
his Brother 330

Himself, none would be paid or hang'd for
Murder:

Honesty was a Cheat invented first
To bind the Hands of bold deserving
Rogues,

That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in
Power,

And lord it uncontroll'd above their Betters.

Jaff. Then Honesty is but a Notion.

Pierr. Nothing else,

Like wit, much talkt of, not to be defin'd:
He that pretends to most too, has least
share in't;

'Tis a ragged Virtue: Honesty! no more
on't.

Jaff. Sure thou art Honest?

Pierr. So indeed men think me. 140
But they're mistaken, *Jaffeir*: I am a Rogue
As well as they;

A fine gay bold fae'd Villain, as thou
seest me;

'Tis true, I pay my debts when they'r
contracted;

I steal from no man; would not cut a
Throat

To gain admission to a great man's purse,
Or a Whores bed; Fde not betray my
Friend,

Pierre] Qq 2, 3; *Pierr* Q 1.

To get his Place or Fortune: I scorn to
flatter

A Blown-up Fool above me, or Crush the
wretch beneath me,

Yet, *Jaffeir*, for all this, I am a Villain!

Jaff. A Villain——

Pierr. Yes a most notorious Villain: 150

To see the sufferings of my fellow Creatures,
And own my self a Man: To see our
Senators

Cheat the deluded people with a shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'r must
taste of;

They say, by them our hands are free from
Fetters,

Yet whom they please they lay in basest
bonds;

Bring whom they please to Infamy and
Sorrow;

Drive us like Wracks down the rough Tide
of Power,

Whilst no hold's left to save us from 159
Destruction;

All that bear this are Villains; and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great Call of Nature,
And check the Growth of these Domestick
spoilors,

That makes us slaves and tells⁰ us 'tis our
Charter.

Jaff. Oh *Aquilinal* Friend, to lose such
Beauty,

The Dearest Purchase of thy noble Labours;
She was thy Right by Conquest, as by
Love.

Pierr. Oh *Jaffeir* \ I'de so fixt my heart
upon her,

That wheresoe're I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For time to come, she was my only Joy
With which I wish't to sweeten future 170
Cares;

I .fancy'd pleasures, none but one that loves
And dotes as I did can Imagine like 'em:
When in the Extremity of all these Hopes,
In the most charming hour of Expectation,
Then when our Eager Wishes soar the
highest,

Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely
Game,

A Haggard Owl, a Worthless Kite of Prey,
With his foul wings say I'd in and spoyl'd
my Quarry.

makes . . . tells] Qq 1, 2; *make . . . tell* Q 3,
EP, 1712, 1727.

Jaff. I know the Wretch, and scorn him
as thou hat'st him.

Pierr. Curse on the Common Good that's
so protected,¹⁸⁰
Where every slave that heaps up wealth
enough
To do much Wrong, becomes a Lord of
Right:

I, who' beleiv'd no ill could e're come
near me,

Found in the Embraces of my *Aquilina*
A Wretched old but itching Senator;
A wealthy Fool, that had bought out my
Title,

A Rogue,⁰ that uses Beauty like a Lamb-
skin,

Barely to keep him warm: That filthy
Cuckoo too

Was in my absence crept into my Nest,
And spoyling all my Brood of noble
Pleasure.¹⁹⁰

Jaff. Didst thou not chace him thence?

Pierr. I did, and drove
The rank old bearded *Hirco*^o stinking
home:

The matter was complain'd of in the Senate,
I summon'd to appear, and censur'd basely,
For violating something they call *privi-
ledge*—

This was the Recompence of my service:
Would I'd been rather beaten by a Coward!
A Souldier's Mistress *Jaffeir's* his Religion,⁰
When that's prophan'd, all other Tyes are
broken,

That even dissolves all former bonds of
service,²⁰⁰

And from that hour I think myself as free
To be the Foe as e're the Friend of
Venice—

Nay, Dear Revenge, when e're thou call'st
I am ready.

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for
Virtue,

And grieve my friend as much as thou to
live

In such a wretched State as this of *Venice*;
Where all agree to spoil the Publick Good,
And Villains fatten with the brave man's
Labours.

Lambskin Q 1; *Lamb-skin* Q 3, 1712, 1727;
Lampskin Q 2.

Hirco from *hircus*, Lat., a he-goat.

A Souldier's . . . Religion] Qq 1, 2; the meaning
is brought out by Q 3, 1712, 1727, A Souldier's Mis-
tress, *Jaffeir*, is his Religion.

Pierr. WeVe neither safety, Unity, nor
Peace,²⁰⁹

For the foundation's lost of Common Good;
Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
The Laws (corrupted to their ends that
make 'em)

Serve but for Instruments of some new
Tyranny,

That every day starts up to enslave us
deeper:

Now could this glorious Cause but find out
friends

To do it right! oh *Jaffeir*! then might'st
thou

Not wear these seals of Woe upon thy Face,
The proud *Priuli* should be taught humanity,
And learn to value such a son as thou art.
I dare not speak! But my heart bleeds this
moment!²²⁰

Jaff. Curst be the Cause, though I thy
friend be part on't:

Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
For I am us'd to misery, and perhaps

May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.
Pierr. Too soon it will⁰ reach thy

knowledg⁰—

Jaff. Then from thee
Let it proceed. There's Virtue in thy Friend-
ship

Would make the saddest Tale of sorrow
pleasing,

Strengthen my Constancy, and welcome
Ruin.

Pierr. Then thou art ruin'd!

Jaff. That I long since knew,
I and ill Fortune have been long Acquaint-
ance.⁰²³⁰

Pierr. I past this very moment by thy
dores,

And found them guarded by a Troop of
Villains;

The sons of public Rapine were destroy-
ing:

They told me, by the sentence of the Law
They had Commission to seize all thy
fortune,

Nay more, *PriulVs* cruel hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a Ruffian with a horrid face
Lording it o're a pile of massy Plate,
Tumbled into a heap for publick sale:

it will] Qq 1, 2; 'twill Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

knowledg] knowledge Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Acquaintance] Qq 1, 2; acquainted Q 3, EP, 1712,
1727.

There was another making villainous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession ²⁴¹

Of all thy antient most domestick Ornaments,

Rich hangings, intermixt and wrought with gold;

The very bed, which on thy wedding night
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of *Belvidera*,
The scene of all thy Joys, was violated

By the course hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,

And thrown amongst the common Lumber.

Jaff. Now thanks Heav'n—

Pierr. Thank Heav'n! for what?

Jaff. That I am not worth a Ducat. ²⁵⁰

Pierr. Curse thy dull Stars, and the worse Fate of *Venice*,

Where Brothers, Friends, and Fathers, all are false;

Where there's no trust, no truth; where Innocence

Stoop's under vile Oppression; and Vice lords it:

Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous *Belvidera*, like a Wretch

That's doom'd to Banishment, came weeping forth,

Shining through Tears, like *April Sun's*⁰ in showers

That labour to orecome the Cloud that loads'm,

Whilst two young Virgins, on whose Arms ²⁶⁰
she lean'd,

Kindly lookt up, and at her Grief grew sad,

As if they catch't the Sorrows that fell from her:

Even the lewd Rabble that were gather'd round

To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;

Govern'd their roaring throats and grumbled pity:

I cou'd have hugg'd the greazy Rogues:
They pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story from my soul,

Since now I know the worst that can befall me:

Ah *Pierre!* I have a Heart, that could have born

April Sun's] Qq 1, 2; *April-Suns* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

The roughest Wrong my Fortune could have done me: ²⁷⁰

But when I think what *Belvidera* feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tasts of,
I own my self a Coward: Bear my weakness,

If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy bosome.
Oh! I shall drown thee with my Sorrows!

Pierr. Burn!

First burn, and Level *Venice* to thy Ruin,
What starve like Beggars Brats in frosty weather,

Under a Hedge, and whine our selves to Death!

Thou, or thy Cause, shall never want assistance, ²⁸⁰

Whilst I have blood or Fortune fit to serve thee;

Command my heart: Thou art every way its master.

Jaff. No: there's a secret Pride in bravely dying.

Pierr. Rats die in Holes and Corners, Dogs run mad;

Man knows a braver Remedy for sorrow:
Revenge! the Attribute of Gods, they stamp't it

With their great Image on our Natures; dye!

Consider well the Cause that calls upon thee:

And if thou art base enough, dye then: Remember

Thy *Belvidera* suffers: *Belvidera!* ²⁹⁰

Dye——Damn first——what be decently interr'd

In a Church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust

With stinking Rogues that rot in dirty wind-ing sheets,

Surfeit-slain Fools, the common Dung o'th' Soyl.

Jaff. Oh!

Pierr. Well said, out with't, Swear a little——

Jaff. Swear!

By Sea and Air! by Earth, by Heaven and Hell,

I will revenge my *Belvidera's* Tears!
Heark thee my Friend—*Priuli*—is—a Senator!

Pierr. A Dog!

Jaff. Agreed.

Pierr. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my heart.

No more: Where shall we meet at Night?

Pierr. VI tell thee; 300

On the *Ryalto* every Night at Twelve
I take my Evening's walk of Meditation,
There we two will meet, and talk of
pretious

Mischief——

Jaff. Farewell.

Pierr. At Twelve.

Jaff. At any hour, my plagues

Will keep me waking. {*Ex. Pierr.*

Tell me why, good Heav'n,

Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the
Spirit,

Aspiring thoughts, and Elegant desires
That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather
why 309

Did'st thou not form me sordid as my Fate,
Base minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
Why have I sence to know the Curse that's
on me?

Is this just dealing, Nature? *Belvidera!*

{*Enter Belvidera.*

Poor *Belvidera!*

Belvid. Lead me, lead me my Virgins!

To that kind Voice. My Lord, my Love, my
Refuge!

Happy my Eyes, when they behold thy
Face:

My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightful
joys.

Oh smile, as when our Loves were in their
Spring,

And cheer my fainting Soul.

Jaff. As when our Loves 320
Were in their Spring? has then my Fortune
chang'd?

Art thou not *Belvidera*, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my Arms first
found thee?

If thou art alter'd, where shall I have
harbour?

Where ease my loaded Heart? Oh! where
complain?

Belv. Does this appear like Change, or
Love decaying?

When thus I throw my self into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of a strong Truth:
Beat's not my heart, as 'twou'd alarm⁰ thine

alarm] Qq 1, 2; *alarum* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

To a new Charge of bliss; I joy more in
thee, 330

Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee
first,

And bless'd the Gods for all her Travel
past.

Jaff. Can there in Woman be such glori-
ous Faith?

Sure all ill stories of thy Sex are false;

Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made
thee

To temper Man: We had been Brutes with-
out you,

Angels are Painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n,
Amazing Brightness, Purity and Truth, 310
Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Belv. If Love be Treasure, wee'l be won-
drous rich:

I have so much, my heart will surely break
with't;

Vow's cannot express it, when I wou'd de-
clare

How great's my Joy, I am dumb with the
big thought;

I swell, and sigh, and labour with my long-
ing.

Oh lead me to some Desart wide and wild,
Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its vent: Where I may tell aloud
To the high Heaven's, and every list'ning
Planet,

With what a boundless stock my bosom's
fraught; 350

Where I may throw my eager Arms about
thee,

Give loose to Love with kisses, kindling
Joy,

And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera!* double I am^o a
Begger,

Undone by Fortune, and in debt to thee;
Want! worldly Want! that hungry meager
Fiend

Is at my heels, and chaces me in view;
Can'st thou bear Cold and Hunger? Can
these Limbs,

Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting
Poverty? 360

double I am) Qq 1, 2; *doubly I'm* Q 3, EP, 1712,
1727.

When banisht by our miseries abroad,
(As suddenly we shall be) to seek out
(In some far Climate where our Names are
strangers)

For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
When in a Bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our
heads;

Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou
then

Hush my Cares thus, and shelter me with
Love?

Belv. Oh I will love thee, even in Mad-
ness love thee:

Tho my distracted Senses should forsake
me, ³⁷⁰

I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
Should swage it self and be let loose to
thine.

Though the bare Earth be all our Resting-
place,

It's Root's our food, some Clift our Habita-
tion,

I'l make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head;
As⁰ thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with
sorrow,

Creep to thy Bosom, pou'r the balm of Love
Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee 'till
the Morning.

Jaff. Hear this you Heaven's, and wonder
how you made her! ³⁸⁰

Reign, reign ye Monarchs that divide the
World,

Busy Rebellion ner'e will let j'ou know
Tranquility and Happiness like mine;
Like gawdy Ships, th' obsequious Billows
fall

And rise again, to lift you in your Pride;
They wait but for a storm and then devour
you:

I, in my private Bark, already wreck't,
Like a poor Merchant driven on unknown
Land,

That had by chance packt up his choicest
Treasure

In one dear Casket, and sav'd only that? ³⁹⁰

Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store;
Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no
more. *[Exeunt.]*

As/ Qq 1-3, 1712; *And as* EP, 1727.

ACT II.

Enter Pierre and Aquilina.

Aquil. By all thy Wrongs, thou art dearer
to my Arms

Than all the Wealth of Venice: Prithee
stay,

And let us love to night.

Pierr' No: There's Fool,
There's Fool about thee: When a Woman
sells

Her Flesh to Fools, her Beauty's lost to me;
They leave a Taint, a sully where th'ave
past,

There's such a baneful Quality about 'em,
Even⁰ spoys Complexions with their own⁰
Nauseousness,

They infect all they touch; I cannot think
Of tasting any thing a Fool has pall'd.¹⁰

Aquil. I loath and scorn that Fool thou
mean'st, as much

Or more than thou can'st; But the Beast
has Gold

That makes him necessary: Power too,
To qualifie my Character, and poise me
Equal with peevish Virtue, that beholds
My Liberty with Envy: In their Hearts
Are⁰ loose as I am; But an ugly Power
Sits in their Faces, and frights Pleasures
from 'em.

Pierr. Much good may't do you, Madam,
with your Senator.

Aquil. My Senator! why, canst thou think
that Wretch ²⁰

E're fill'd thy *Aquilina's* Arms with Pleas-
ure?

Think'st thou, because I sometimes give
him leave

To foyle himself⁰ at what he is unfit for;
Because I force my self to endure and suffer
him,

Think'st thou I love -him? No, by all the
Joys

Thou ever gav'st me, his Presence is my
Pennance;

The worst thing an old Man can be's a
Lover,

A meer *Memento Mori* to poor woman.

Pierr. 1 *Peirr.* Q 1.

Even/ Qq 1, 2; *E'en* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

own/ om. Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Are/ Qq 1, 2; *They 're* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

foyle himself/ thrust.

I never lay by his decrepit side, ²⁹
But all that night I ponder'd on my Grave.
Pierr. Would he were well sent thither.

Aquil. That's my wish too:
For then, my *Pierre*, I might have cause
with pleasure
To play the Hypocrite: Oh! how I could
weep

Over the dying Dotard, and kiss him too,
In hopes to smother him quite; then, when
the time

Was come to pay my Sorrows at his Funeral,
For he has already made me Heir to
Treasures,
Would make me out-act a real Widows
whining:

How could I frame my face to fit my
mourning!

With wringing hands attend him to his
Grave. ⁴⁰

Fall swooning on his Hearse: Take mad
possession,

Even of the Dismal Vault, where he lay
bury'd,

There like th' *Ephcsian* Matron⁰ dwell, till
Thou,

My lovely Soldier, comest to my Deliver-
ance;

Then throwing up my Veil, with open Armes
And laughing Eyes, run to new dawning
Joy.

Pierr. No more! I have Friends to meet
me here to night,

And must be private. As you prize my
Friendship

Keep up^o your Coxcomb: Let him not pry
nor listen,

Nor fisk^o about the House as I have seen
him, ⁶⁰

Like a tame mumping⁰ Squirrel with a
bell on;

Currs will be abroad to bite him, if you do.

Aquil. What Friends to meet? may I not^o
be of your Council?

Pierr. How! a Woman ask Questions out
of Bed?

Go to your Senator, ask him what passes

Ephesian Matron] This story of wide circulation
occurs in the *Satyricon* of Petronius, and has been
traced back to the Chinese. Chapman based his
The Widow's Team on it.

Keep up] shut up.

fish] frisk.

mumping] munching.

may I not] Qq 1, 2; *mayn't* / Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Amongst his Brethren, hee'l hide nothing
from you;

But pump not me for Politicks. No more!
Give order that whoever in my name

Comes here, receive Admittance: so good
night.

Aquil. Must we ne're meet again! Em- ⁶⁰
brace no more!

Is Love so soon and utterly forgotten!

Pierr. As you hence-forward treat your
Fool, He think on't.

Aquil. 'Curst be all Fools, and doubly
curst my self,

The worst of Fools⁰——1 die if he forsakes
me;

And now^o to keep him, Heav'n or Hell
instruct me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE The Ryalto.

Enter Jaffier.

Jafi. I am here, and thus, the Shades of
Night around me,

I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with
me;——

For every step I tread, methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be
quiet: ⁷⁰

I've heard, how desperate Wretches, like my
self,

Have wander'd out at this dead time of
Night

To meet the Foe of Mankind in his walk:
Sure I am so Curst, that, tho' of Heav'n
forsaken,

No Minister of Darkness cares to Tempt
me.

Hell! Hell! why sleepest thou?

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. Sure I have⁰ stay'd too long:
The Clock has struck, and I may lose my
Proselyte.

Speak, who goes there?

Jaff. A Dog, that comes to howl
At yonder Moon: What's he that asks the
Question?

Pierr. A Friend to Dogs, for they are
honest ⁸⁰ Creatures,

And ne're betray their Masters; never Fawn

and doubly . . . Fools] om. 1727.

now] how 1727.

J have] Qq 1, 2; I've Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

On any that they love not: Well met,
Friend:

Jaffeir!

Jaff. The same. Oh *Pierre!*⁰ **Thou art**^o
come in season,

I was just going to Pray.

Pierr. Ah that's Mechanick,

Priests make a Trade on't, and yet starve
by it too:

No Praying, it spoils Business, and time's
precious;

Where's *Belvidera*?

Jaff. For a Day or two

I've lodg'd her privately, 'till I see farther
What Fortune will do with me? Prithee,
Friend,

If thou would'st have me fit to hear good⁹⁰
Council,

Speak not of *Belvidera*——

Pierr. Speak not of her.^o

Jaff. Oh no!

Pierr. Nor name her.^o May be I wish her
well.

Jaff. Who^o well?

Pierr. Thy Wife, thy lovely *Belvidera*,
I hope a man may wish his Friends Wife
well,

And no harm done!

Jaff. Y'are merry, *Pierre!*

Pierr. I am so:

Thou shalt smile too, and *Belvidera* smile;
We'll all re Joyce, here's something to buy
Pins,^o

Marriage is Chargeable.

Jaff. I but half wisht

To see the Devil, and he's here already.

Well!¹⁰⁰

What must this buy, Rebellion, Murder,
Treason?

Tell me which way I must be damn'd for
this.

Pierr. When last we parted, we had^o no
qualms like these,

But entertain'd each others thoughts like
Men,

Pierre] Peirre Q 1.

Thou art] Qq 1, 2; *thou'rt* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Speak . . . her.] Qq 1, 2; *Speak not of her?* Q 3,
EP, 1712; *Not of her?.* 1727.

Nor . . . her.] Qq 1, 2, EP; *Nor name her?* Q 3,
1712; *Not name hert* 1727.

Whoj Qq 1, 2; *Whom* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Pins'] Here Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727 read a S.D., [Gives
him a Purse.

we had] Qq 1, 2; *we'd* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Whose Souls were well acquainted. Is the
World

Reform'd since our last meeting? What new
miracles

Have happen'd? Has *Priuli's* heart re-
lent-ed?

Can he be honest?

Jaff. Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curses
Gall his old Age; Cramps, Aches, rack his
Bones;

And bitterest disquiet wring his Heart; no
Oh let him live 'till Life become his burden!
Let him groan^o under't long, linger an Age
In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find its ease, but late.

Pierr. Nay, could'st thou not

As well, my Friend, have stretcht the Curse
to all

The Senate round, as to one single Villain?

Jaff. But Curses stick not: Could I kill
with Cursing,

By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in
Venice

Should not be blasted; Senators should rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills; but their Wives
and Daughters i[>]

Dye of their own diseases. Oh for a Curse
To kill with!

Pierr. Daggers, Daggers, are much better!

Jaff. Ha!

Pierr. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they?

Pierr. Oh, a Thousand

May be dispos'd in honest hands in *Venice*.

Jaff. Thou talk'st in Clouds.

Pierr. But yet a Heart half wrong'd

As thine has bin,^o would find the meaning,
Jaffeir.

Jaff. A thousand Daggers, all in honest
hands;

And have not I a Friend will stick one
here?

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to
be cherisht

To a^o nobler purpose, I'd^o be that Friend,¹³⁰
But thou hast better Friends, Friends, whom
thy Wrongs

Have made thy Friends; Friends, worthy to
be call'd so;

groan] grown Q 2.

6m] been Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727. A variant
spelling. Ci. p. 150.

To a] Qq 1, 2; *Ta* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

I'd] Qq 1, 2; */ would* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

VI trust thee with a secret: There are Spirits

This hour at work. But as thou art a Man, Whom I have pickt and chosen from the World,

Swear, that thou wilt be true to what I utter,

And when I have^o told thee, that which only Gods

And Men like Gods are privy to, then swear,

No Chance or Change shall wrest it from thy Bosom.

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there need of Oaths?¹⁴⁰

(Green-sickness Girls lose Maiden-heads with such Counters)

For thou art^o so near my heart, that thou may'st see

Its bottom, sound its strength, and firmness to thee:

Is Coward, Fool, or Villian,^o in my face? If I seem none of these, I dare believe

Thou would'st not use me in a little Cause, For I am fit for Honour's toughest task;

Nor ever yet found fooling was my Province;

And for a villainous inglorious enterprize,¹⁵⁰ I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine

Before thee, set it to what Point thou wilt.

Pierr. Nay, It's a Cause thou wilt be fond of *Jaffeir*.

For it is founded on the noblest Basis, Our Liberties, our natural Inheritance;

There's no Religion, no Hypocrisie in't; Wee'l do the Business, and ne'r fast and

pray for't:

Openly act a deed, the World shall gaze With wonder at, and envy when it is^o done.

Jaff. For Liberty!

Pierr. For Liberty my Friend:

Thou shalt be freed from base *Priuli's*¹⁶⁰ Tyranny,

And thy sequestered Fortunes heal'd again. I shall be freed from opprobrious^o Wrongs,

That press me now, and bend my Spirit downward:

All Venice free, and every growing Merit

7 have Qq 1, 2; *I've* Q 8. EP. 1712, 1727.

thou art Qq 1, 2; *thou'rt* Q 3. EP. 1712, 1727.

Villian Q 1; *Villain* Qq 2, 3, 1727. A variant spelling.

it is Qq 1, 2; *'tis* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

opprobrious Qq 1, 2; *those opprobrious* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Succeed to its just Right: Fools shall be pull'd

From Wisdoms Seat; those baleful unclean Birds,

Those Lazy-Owls, who (perch'd near Fortunes Top)

Sit only watchful with their heavy Wings To cuff down new fledg'd Virtues, that would rise

To nobler heights, and make the Grove¹⁷⁰ harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do?

Pierr. CansV thou not kill a Senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him

For herding with that nest of Fools and Knaves;

By all my Wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge

Were to be had, and the brave Story warms me.

Pierr. Swear then!

Jaff. I do, by all those glittering Stars, And yond great Ruling Planet of the Night!

By all good Pow'rs above, and ill below! By Love and Friendship, dearer than my

Life!

No Pow'r or Death shall make me false to thee.¹⁸⁰

Pierr. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my Heart,

A Councel's held hard by, where the destruction

Of this great Empire's hatching: There I'll lead thee!

But be a Man, for thou art to mix with Men

Fit to disturb the Peace of all the World, And rule it when it's wildest——

Jaff. I give thee thanks

For this kind warning: Yes, I will be a Man,

And charge thee, *Pierre*, when er'e thou see'st my fears

Betray me less, to rip this Heart of mine Out of my Breast, and shew it for a

Cowards.¹⁹⁰

Come, let's begone, for from this hour I chase

All little thoughts, all tender humane Follies Out of my bosom: Vengeance shall have

room:

Cans't *Can'st* Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Revenge I
Picrr. And Liberty!
Jaff. Revenge! Revenge——

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Aquilina's house, the Greek Curtezan.

Enter Renault.

Renault. Why was my choice Ambition,
 the first⁰ ground
 A Wretch can build on? it's indeed at
 distance
 A good⁰ Prospect, tempting to the View,
 The Height delights us, and the Mountain
 Top
 Looks beautiful, because it's nigh to Heav'n,
 But wo ne're think how sandy's the Founda-
 tion. 200
 What Storm will batter, and what Tempest
 shake us!
 Who's there?

Enter Spinosa.

Spino. *Renault,* good morrow!'for by this
 time
 I think the Scale of Night has turn'd the
 ballance,
 And weighs up Morning: Has the Clock
 struck Twelve?
Rena. Yes, Clocks will go as they are
 set: But Man,
 Irregular Man's ne're constant, never cer-
 tain:
 I've spent at'least three pretious hours of
 darkness
 In waiting dull attendance; 'tis the Curse
 Of diligent Virtue to be mixt like mine,
 With giddy Tempers, Souls but half resolv'd.
Spin. Hell seize that Soul amongst us, it
 can frighten. 211
Rena. What's then the cause that I am
 here alone?
 Why are we not together?

Enter Eliot.

O Sir, welcome!
 You are an *Englishman*: When Treason's
 hatching
 One might have thought you'd not have
 been behind hand.
 In what Whore's lap have you been lolling?

[*first*] Qq 1, 2; [*worst*] Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.
 [*good*] Qq 1-3, 1712; [*goodly*] EP, 1727.

Give but an Englishman his Whore and
 ease,
 Beef and a Sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever.
Eliot. *Frenchman,* you are sawcy.
Rena. How!

Enter Bedamore the Ambassador, Theodore, Brainveil, Durand, Brabe, Revellido, Mezzana, Ternon, Retrosi, Conspirators.

Bedam. At difference, fy.
 Is this a time for quarrels? Thieves and
 Rogues 220
 Fall out and brawl: Should Men of your
 high calling,
 Men separated by the Choice of Providence,
 From the gross heap of Mankind, and set
 here
 In this great⁰ assembly as in one great
 Jewel,
 T'adorn the bravest purpose it er'e smil'd
 on;
 Should you like Boys wrangle for trifles?
Ren. Boys!
Beda. *Renault,* thy Hand!
Ren. I thought I'd given my Heart
 Long since to every Man that mingles
 here;
 But grieve to find it trusted with such
 Tempers,
 That can't forgive my froward Age its
 weakness. 230
Beda. *Eliot,* thou once had'st Vertue, I
 have seen
 Thy stubborn Temper bend with godlike
 Goodness,
 Not half thus courted: 'Tis thy Nations
 Glory,
 To hugg the Foe that offers brave Alliance.
 Once more embrace, my Friends—wee'l all
 embrace——
 United thus, we are the mighty Engin
 Must twist this rooted Empire from its
 Basis!
 Totters it not already?
Eliot. Would it were⁰ tumbling.
Bed. Nay it shall down: This Night we
 Seal its ruine.

Enter Pierre.

Oh *Pierre!* thou art welcome! 240
 Come to my breast, for by its hopes thou
 look'st

[*great*] om. Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.
 [*it were*] Qq 1, 2; [*'twere*] Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Lovelylily dreadful, and the Fate of Venice
Seems on thy Sword already. Oh my Mars!
The Poets that first feign'd a God of War
Sure prophesy'd of thee.

Pierr. Friends! was not *Brutus*,
(I mean that *Brutus*, who in open Senate
Stabb'd the first *Ccesar* that usurp'd the
World)

A Gallant Man?

Rena. Yes, and *Cateline* too;
Tho story wrong his Fame: for he con-
spir'd²⁴⁹

To prop the reeling Glory of his Country:
His Cause was good.

Beda. And ours as much above it,
As *Renault* thou art Superior to *Cethegus*,
Or *Pierre* to *Cassius*.

Pierr. Then to what we aim at
When do we start? or must we talk for
ever?

Beda. No *Pierre*, the Deed's near Birth:
Fate seems to have set
The Business up, and given it to our care,
I hope there's not a heart or hand amongst
us

But is firm and ready.

AIL All!

Wee'l die with *Bedamore*.

Beda. Oh Men,²⁵⁹
Matchless, as will your Glory be hereafter.
The Game is for a Matchless Prize, if
won;

If lost, disgraceful Ruine.

Ren. What can lose it?
The publick Stock's a Beggar; one *Venetian*
Trusts not another: Look into their Stores
Of general safety; Empty Magazines,
A tatter'd Fleet, a murmuring unpaid

Army,
Bankrupt Nobility, a harrast Commonalty,
A Facious, giddy, and divided Senate,
Is all the strength of *Venice*: Let's de-
stroy it;

Let's fill their Magazines with Arms to awe
them,²⁷⁰

Man out their Fleet, and make their Trade
maintain it;

Let loose the murmuring Army on their
Masters,

To pay themselves with plunder; Lop their
Nobles

To the base Roots, whence most of 'em first
sprung;

Enslave the Rowt, whom smarting will make
humble,

Turn out their droning Senate, and possess
That Seat of Empire which our Souls were
fram'd for.

Pierr. Ten thousand Men are Armed at
your Nod,

Commanded all by Leaders fit to guide
A Battle for the freedom of the World; so
This wretched State has starv'd them in its
service,

And by your bounty" quicken'd, they're re-
sol'v'd

To serve your Glory, and revenge their
own!

Th' have⁰ all their different Quarters in this
City,

Watch for th' Alarm, and grumble 'tis so
tardy.

Beda. I doubt not Friend, but thy un-
weary'd diligence
Has still kept waking, and it shall have
ease;

After this Night it is resolv'd we meet
Nomore,⁰ 'till *Venice* own us for her Lords.

Pierr. How lovely⁰ the *Adriatique* Whore,
Drest in her Flames, will shine! devouring²⁹¹
Flames!

Such as shall burn her to the watery
bottom⁰

And hiss in her Foundation.

Beda. Now if any
Amongst us that owns this glorious Cause,
Have friends or Interest, hee'd wish to save,
Let it be told, the general Doom is SeaPd;
But I'de forgo the Hopes of a Worlds
Empire,

Rather than wound the Bowels of my
Friend.

Pierr. I must confess you there have
toucht my weakness,

I have a Friend; hear it, such a Friend!³⁰⁰
My heart was ner'e shut to him: Nay, I'll
tell you,

He knows the very Business of this Hour;
But he re Joyces in the Cause, and loves it,
W'have chang'd a Vow to live and die to-
gether,

And He's at hand to ratify it here.

Ren. How! all betray'd?

Th' have] Qq 1, 2, 3, EP; *They've* 1712, 1727.

Nomore] Q 1; *No more* Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

lovely] Qq 1-3, 1712; *lovely* 1727; *lovely then* EP.
bottom] *botm* Q 1.

Pierr. No—I've dealt nobly with you;
 I've brought my All into the publick Stock;
 I had but one Friend, and him I share
 amongst you!
 Receive and Cherish him: Or if, when seen
 And searcht, you find him worthless, as my
 Tongue 310
 Has lodg'd this Secret in his faithful Breast,
 To ease your fears I wear a Dagger here
 Shall rip it out again, and give you rest.
 Come forth thou only Good I er'e could
 boast of.

Enter Jaffeir with a Dagger.

Beda. His Presence bears the show of
 manly Vertue.

Jaff. I know you'l wonder all, that thus
 uncall'd,

I dare approach this place of fatal Councils;
 But I am amongst you, and by Heav'n it
 glads me,
 To see so many Vertues thus united, 310
 To restore Justice and dethrown Oppression.
 Command this Sword, if you would have it
 quiet,

Into this Breast; but if you think it worthy
 To cut the Throats of reverend Rogues in
 Robes,

Send me into the curs'd assembld Senate;
 It shrinks not, tho I meet a Father there;
 Would you behold this City Flaming?

Here's

A hand shall bear a lighted Torch at noon
 To the Arsenal, and set its Gates on fire.

Ren. You talk this well, Sir.

Jaff. Nay—by Heav'n I do this.
 Come, come, I read⁰ distrust in all your
 faces, 330

You fear me a Villain, and indeed it's odd
 To hear a stranger talk thus at first meet-
 ing,

Of matters, that have been so well debated;
 But I come ripe with Wrongs as you with
 Councils;

I hate this Senate, am a Foe to Venice;
 A Friend to none, but Men resolv'd like me,
 To push on Mischief: Oh did you but
 know me,

I need not talk thus!

Beda. *Pierre!* I must embrace him,
 My heart beats to this Man as if it knew
 him.

Rena. I never lov'd these huggers:

read] tread 1727.

Jaff. Still I see s.o
 The cause delights me not. Your Friends
 survey me,
 As I were dang'rous—but I come Arm'd
 Against all doubts, and to your trust will
 give
 A Pledge, worth more than all the World
 can pay for.

My Belvidera! Ho! my Belvidera!

Bed. What wonder⁰ next?

Jaff. Let me entreat you,
 As I have henceforth hopes to call ye
 friends,

That all but the Ambassador, this
 Grave Guide of Councils, with my friend
 that owns me,

Withdraw a while to spare a Womans
 Blushes. 350

[Ex. all but Bed. Rena. Jaff. Pierr.

Beda. *Pierre,* whither will this Ceremony
 lead us?

Jaff. *My Belvidera! Belvidera!*

Enter Belvidera.

Bclvid. Who?

Who calls so loud at this late peacefull
 hour?

That Voice was wont to come in gentler
 whispers,

And fill my Ears with the soft breath of
 Love:

Thou hourly Image of my Thoughts, where
 art thou?

Jaff. Indeed 'tis late.

Belv. Oh! I have slept, and dreamt,
 And dreamt again: Where hast thou been
 thou Loyterer?

Tho my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have still
 been open'd;

Stretcht every way betwixt my broken
 slumbers, 360

To search if thou wert come to crown my
 Rest;

There's no repose without thee: Oh the
 day,

Too soon will break, and wake us to our
 sorrow;

Come, come to bed, and bid thy Cares good
 Night.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera!* we must change the
 Scene

In which the past Delights of Life were
 tasted:

wonder] Wonder's 1727.

The poor sleep little, we must learn to watch

Our labours late, and early every Morning,
Mid'st winter Frosts, thin° clad and fed
with sparing. '»»

Rise to our toils, and drudge away the day.

Belv. Alas! where am I! whither is't you lead me!

Methinks I read distraction in your face!
Something less gentle than the Fate you tell me:

You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold! «

Heaven's guard my Love, and bless his heart with Patience.

Jaff. That I have Patience, let our Fate bear witness,

Who has ordain'd it so, that thou and I
(Thou the divinest Good man e're possost,
And I the wretched'st of the Race of Man)
This very hour, without one tear, must³⁸⁰ part.

Belv. Part! must we part? Oh! am I then forsaken?

Will my Love cast me off? have my misfortunes

Offended him so highly, that hee'll leave me?
Why dragg you from me? whither are you going?

My Dear! my Life! my Love!

Jaff. Oh Friends!

Belv. Speak to me.

Jaff. Take her from my heart,
Shee'l gain such hold else, I shall ner'e get loose.

I charge thee take her, but with tender'st care,

Relieve her Troubles and assuage her sorrows.

Ren. Rise, Madam! and Command amongst your Servants!³⁹⁰

Jaff. To you, Sirs, and your Honours, I bequeath her,

And with her this, when I prove unworthy——[*Gives a dagger.*

You know the rest:—Then strike it to her heart;

And tell her, he, who three whole happy years

Lay in her Arms, and each kind Night repeated

The passionate Vows of still encreasing Love,

thin] EP, 1712, 1727; *then* Qq 1-3.

Sent that Reward for all her Truth and Sufferings.

Belv. Nay, take my Life, since he has sold it cheaply;

Or send me to some distant Clime your slave,

But let it be far off, least my complain-⁴⁰⁰ings

Should reach his guilty Ears, and shake his peace.

Jaff. No *Belvidcpi*, I've contriv'd thy honour,

Trust to my Faith, and be but Fortune kind

To me, as I'll preserve that faith unbroken,
When next we meet, I'll lift thee to a height,

Shall gather all the gazing World about thee,

To wonder what strange Virtue plac'd thee there.

But if we ner'e meet more——

Belv. Oh thou unkind one,
Never meet more! have I deserv'd this from⁴¹⁰ you?

Look on me, tell me, tell me,° speak thou dear deceiver,

Why am I separated from thy Love?

If I am false, accuse me; but if true,

Don't, prithee don't in poverty forsake me.
But pity the sad heart, that's torn with part-
ing.

Yet hear me! yet recall me——

[*Ex. Ren. Bed. and Belv.*

Jaff. Oh my Eyes!

Look not that way, but turn your selves awhile

Into my heart, and be wean'd all together.
My Friend, where art thou?

Pierr. Here, my Honour's Brother.

Jaff. Is *Bclvidera* gone?

Pierr. *Renault* has lead her⁴²⁰
Back to her own Apartment: but, by Heav'n!

Thou must not see her more till our work's over.

Jaff. No:

Pierr. Not for your life.

Jaff. Oh *Pierrej* wert thou but she,
How I could pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crackt with Love,

Till all my sinews with its fire extended,

tell me, tell me] Qq 1-3, 1712; *tell me* EP, 1727.

Fixt me upon the Rack of ardent longing;
Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Come like a panting Turtle to thy Breast,
On thy soft Bosom, hovering, bill and play,
Confess the cause why last I fled away; 41
'Own 'twas a fault, but swear to give it
o're,

And never follow false Ambition more.

[Ex. Ambo.]

ACT III.

Enter Aquilina and her Maid.

Aquil. Tell him I am gone to bed: Tell him I am not at home; tell him I've better Company with me, or any thing; tell him him in short I will not see him, the eternal troublesome vexatious Fool! He's worse Company than an ignorant Physitian—Fl not be disturb'd at these unseasonable hours.

Maid. But Madam! He's here already, just entcr'd the doors. 10

Aquil. Turn him out agen, you unnecessary, useless, giddy-brain'd Asse! if he will not begone, set the house a fire and burn us both: I had^o rather meet a Toad in my dish than that old hideous Animal in my Chamber to Night. [Enter Antonio.]

Anto. *Nacky, Nacky, Nacky*—how dost do *Nacky*? Hurry durry.^o I am come little *Nacky*; past eleven a Clock, a late hour; time in all Conscience to go to Bed, 20 *Nacky*—*Nacky* did I say? Ay, *Nacky*; *Aquilina, Una, Una, quilina, quilina, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina,*^o *Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky, Queen Nacky*—come let's to bed—you Fubbs, you Pugg you—you little Puss—Purree Tuzzey—I am a Senator.

Aquil. You are a Fool, I am sure.

Anto. May be so too sweet-heart. Never the worse Senator for all that. Come 30 *Nacky, Nacky*, let's have a Game at Rump,^o *Nacky*.

Aquil. You would do well Signior to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to my self, be sober and go home, Sir.

Anto. Home, *Madona*!

1 had] Qq 1, 2; I'd Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Hurry durry] of. p. 178 *supra*.

Naquilina] Q 1, EP, 1712, 1727; *Nanilina* Q 2; *Nauilina* Q 3.

Rump] romp.

Aquil. Ay home, Sir. Who am I?

Anto. *Madona*, as I take it you are my—you are—thou art my little *Nicky Nacky*— 40 that's all!

Aquil. I find you are resolv'd to be troublesome, and so to make short of the matter in few words, I hate you, detest you, loath you, I am weary of you, sick of you—hang you, you are an Old, silly, Impertinent, impotent, sollicitous Coxcomb, Crazy in your head, and lazy in your Body, love to be meddling with every thing, and if you had not Money, you are good for nothing. 60

Anto. Good for nothing! Hurry durry, I try that presently. Sixty one years Old, and good for nothing; that's brave. [To the *Maid*.] Come come come Mistress fiddle-faddle, turn you out for a season; go turn out I say, it is our will and pleasure to be private some moments—out, out when you are bid too—[Puts her out and locks the door.] Good for nothing you say.

Aquil. Why what arc you good for? 60

Anto. In the first place, Madam, I am Old, and consequently very wise, very wise, *Madona*, d'e mark that? in the second place take notice, if you please, that I am a Senator, and when I think fit can make Speeches *Madona*. Hurry durry, I can make a Speech in the Senate-house now and then—wou'd make your hair stand an end, *Madona*.

Aquil. What care I for your Speeches 70 in the Senate-house, if you wou'd be silent here, I should thank you.

Anto. Why, I can make Speeches to thee too, my lovely *Madona*; for Example—my cruel fair one, *Itakes out a Purse of Gold, and at every pawse shakes it.*] Since it is my Fate, that you should with your Servant angry prove; tho late at Night—I hope 'tis not too late with this to gain reception for my Love—there's for 80 thee my little *Nicky Nacky*—take it, here take it—I say take it, or I'll throw it at your head—how now, rebel!

Aquil. Truly, my Illustrious Senator, I must confess your Honour is at present most profoundly eloquent indeed.

Anto. Very well: Come, now let's sit down and think upon't a little—come sit I

say——sit down by me a little my Nicky Nacky, hah——[Sits down] Hurry w hurry——good for nothing——

Aquil. No Sir, if you please I can know my distance and stand.

Anto. Stand: How? Nacky, up and I down! Nay then let me exclaim with the Poet.

*Shew me a Case more pitiful who can,
A standing Woman, and a falling Man.*

Hurry durry——not sit down——see this ye Gods——You won't sit down? 100

Aquil. No Sir.

Anto. Then look you now, suppose, me a Bull, a Basaw-Bull, the Bull of Bulls, or any Bull. Thus up I get and with my brows thus bent——I broo, I say I broo, I broo, I broo. You won't sit down will you?——I broo——

[Bellows like a Bull and drives her about.]

Aquil. Well, Sir, I must endure this. Now your *[She sits down.]* honour has been a Bull, pray what Beast will your Worship no please to be next?

Anto. Now Tl be a Senator agen, and thy Lover little Nicky Nacky! *[He sits by her.]* Ah toad, toad, toad, toad! spit in my Face a little, Nacky——spit in my Face prithe, spit in my Face, never so little: spit but a little bit——spit, spit, spit, spit when you are bid I say; do, prithe spit——now, now, now, spit: what you won't spit, will you? Then I'll be a Dog. 120

Aquil. A Dog my Lord?

Anto. Ay a Dog——and I'll give thee this to^{ther} purse to let me be a Dog——and to^o use me like a Dog a little. Hurry durry——I will——here 'tis.——

[Gives the Purse.]

Aquil. Well, with all my heart. But let me beseech your Dogship to play your trick's over as fast as you can, that you may come to thinking the sooner, and be turn'd out of dores as you deserve. 130

Anto. Ay, ay——no matter for that——that shan't move me——*[He gets under the Table.]* Now, bough waugh waugh, bough waugh——*[Barks like a Dog.]*

Aquil. Hold, hold, hold Sir, I beseech you:

to ther] Q 1; t'other Qq 2, 3. EP, 1712, 1727.

to] Qq 1, 2; om. Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

what is't you do? If Curs bite, they must be kickt, Sir. Do you see, kickt thus.

Anto. Ay with all my heart: do kick,^o kick on, now I am under the Table, kick agen——kick harder——harder yet, bough i'o waugh waugh, waugh, bough——'odd, I'll have a snap at thy shins——bough waugh wough, waugh, bough——'odd she kicks bravely.——

Aquil. Nay then I'll go another way to work with you: and I think here's an Instrument fit for the purpose. *[Fetches a Whip and Bell.]* What, bite your Mistress, sirrah! out, out of dores, you Dog, to kennel and behang'd——bite your Mistress by the 150

Legs, you rogue.——*[She Whips him.]*
Anto. Nay prithe Nacky, now thou art too loving: Hurry durry, 'odd I'll be a Dog no longer.

Aquil. Nay, none of your fawning and grinning: But be gone, or here's the discipline: What bite your Mistress by the Legs you mungril? out of dores——hout hout, to kennel sirrah! go.

Anto. This is very barbarous usage 160 Nacky, very barbarous: look you, I will not go——I will not stir from the dore, that I resolve——hurry durry, what shut me out? *[She Whips him out.]*

Aquil. Ay, and if you come here any more to night I'll have my Foot-men lug you, you Curr: What bite your poor Mistress Nacky, sirrah!

Enter Maid.

Maid. Heav'ns Madam! What's the matter? *[He howls at the dore like a Dog.]* 170

Aquil. Call my Foot-men hither presently.

Enter two Foot-men.

Maid. They are here already Madam, the house is all alarm'd with a strange noise, that no body knows what to make of.

Aquil. Go all of you and turn that troublesome Beast in the next room out of my house——If I ever see him within these walls again, without my leave for his Admittance, you sneaking Rogues——I'll have you poison'd all, poison'd, like Rats: 180 every Corner of the house shall stink of one of you: Go, and learn hereafter to know my pleasure. So now for my Pierre:

do kick] Qq 1, 2; do, kick Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

*Thus when Godlike⁰ Lover was displeased;
We Sacrifice our Fool and he's appeas'd.
{Exeunt.*

SCENE The Second.

Enter Belvidera.

Belvid. I'm Sacrificed! I am sold! betray'd
to shame!
Inevitable Ruin has inclos'd me!
No sooner was I to my bed repair'd,
To weigh, and (weeping) ponder my condition,
But the old hoary Wretch, to whose false
Care
My Peace and Honour was intrusted, came
(Like *Tarquin*) gastely⁰ with infernal Lust.
Oh thou *Roman Lucrece*! thou could'st find
friends to vindicate thy Wrong;
I never had but one, and he's prov'd false;¹⁰
He that should guard my Virtue, has betray'd it;
Left me! undone me! Oh that I could hate
him!
Where shall I go! Oh whither whither wander?.

Enter Jaffier.

Jafi. Can *Belvidera* want a resting place
When these poor Arms are open to receive
her?
Oh 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires
Strong as my Love to thee; for every
moment
I am from thy sight, the Heart within my
Bosom
Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle
Whose Nurse had left it: Come, and with
the Songs
Of gentle Love persuade it to its peace.
Belvid. I fear the stubborn Wanderer will
not own me,
'Tis grown a Rebel to be rul'd no longer,
Scorns the Indulgent Bosom that first lull'd
it,
And like a Disobedient Child disdains
The soft Authority of *Belvidera*.

Jafi. There was a time——

Belv. Yes, yes, there was a time,
When *Belvidera's* tears, her crys, and sor-
rows,

Were not despis'd; when if she chanc'd to
sigh,
Or look⁰ but sad; — there was indeed a³⁰
time

When *Jaffier* would have ta'ne her in his
Arms,

Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
And never left her 'till he found the Cause.
But let her now weep Seas,
Cry, 'till she rend the Earth; sigh 'till she
burst

Her heart asunder; still he bears it all;
Deaf as the Wind, and as the Rocks un-
shaken.

Jafi. Have I been deaf? am I that Rock
unmov'd?

Against whose root, Tears beat, and sighes
are sent! »»

In vain have I beheld thy Sorrows calmly!
Witness against me Hcav'ns, have I done
this?

Then bear me in a Whirlwind back agen,
And let that angry dear one ne're forgive
me!

Oh thou too rashly censur'st of my Love!
Could'st thou but think how I have spent
this night,

Dark and alone, no pillow to my Head,
Rest in my Eyes, nor quiet in my Heart,
Thou would'st not *Belvidera*, sure thou
would'st not

Talk to me thus, but like a pitying Angel
Spreading thy wings come settle on my⁵⁰
breast,

And hatch warm comfort there e're sorrows
freeze it.

Bclv. Why, then poor Mourner, in what
baleful Corner

Hast thou been talking with that Witch
the Night?

On what cold stone hast thou been stretcht
along,

Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy
Head,

To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes!
Oh now I find the Cause my Love forsakes
me!

I am no longer fit to bear a share
In his Concernments: My weak female
Virtue

Must not be trusted; Tis too frail and
tender. °

Godlike] Qq 1, 2; the Godlike Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.
gastely] Q 1; ghastly Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

look] look'd 1727.

Jaff. Oh *Porcia*! *Porcia*! What a Soul was thine?

Belv. That *Porcia* was a Woman, 'and when *Brutus*

Big with the Fate of *Rome* (Heav'n guard thy safety!)

Conceal'd from her the Labours of his Mind,
She let him see, her Blood was great as his,
Flow'd from a Spring as noble, and a Heart
Fit to partake his Troubles, as his Love:
Fetch, fetch that Dagger back, the dreadful
dower

Thou gav'st last night in parting with me;
strike it

Here to my heart; and as the Blood flows⁷⁰
from it,

Judge if it run not pure as *Cato's* Daughter[^].

Jaff. Thou art too° good, and I indeed unworthy,

Unworthy so much Virtue: Teach me how
I may deserve such matchless Love as thine,

And see with what attention I'll obey thee.
Belv. Do not despise me: that's the All I ask.

Jaff. Despise thee! Hear me——

Belv. Oh thy charming Tongue
Is but too well acquainted with my weakness,

Knows, let it name but Love, my melting heart

Dissolves within my Breast; 'till with clos'd⁸⁰
Eyes

I reel into thy Arms, and all's forgotten.

Jaff. What shall I do?

Belv. Tell me! be just, and tell me
Why dwells that busy Cloud upon thy face?
Why am I made a stranger? why that sigh,^o
And I not know the Cause? Why when the
World

Is wrapt in Rest, why chooses then my Love
To wander up and down in horrid darkness,

Loathing his bed, and these desiring Arms?
Why are these Eyes Blood-shot, with tedious
watching?

Why starts he now? and looks as if he⁹⁰
wisht

His Fate were finisht? Tell me, ease my
fears,^o

too] to Q 2.

sigh] sight Q 2.

fears] fear; Qq 2, 3, EP; **Fear**; 1712, 1727.

Least when we next time meet, I want the
power

To search into the sickness of thy Mind,
But talk as wildly then as thou look'st now.

Jaff. Oh *Belvidera*!

Belv. Why was I last night deliver'd to a
Villain?

Jaff. Hah, a Villain!

Belv. Yes! to a Villain! Why at such an
hour

Meets that assembly all made up of
Wretches

That look as Hell had drawn 'em into
League? 100

Why, I in this Hand, and in that a Dagger,
Was I deliver'd with such dreadful Cere-
monies?

"To you, Sirs, and to your Honour I be-
queath her,

"And with her this: When e're I prove un-
worthy,

"You know the rest, then strike it to her
Heart?

Oh! why's that rest conceal'd from me?
must I

Be made the hostage of a hellish Trust?

For such I know I am; that's all my value!

But by the Love and Loyalty I owe thee,
I'll free thee from the Bondage of these¹¹⁰
Slaves;

Strait to the Senate, tell 'em all I know,
All that I think, all that my fears inform
me!

Jaff. Is this the *Roman* Virtue! this the
Blood

That boasts its purity with *Cato's* Daughter!
Would she have e're betray'd her *Brutus*?

Belv. No:

For *Brutus* trusted her: Wer't thou so
kind,

What would not *Belviderd* suffer for thee?

Jaff. I shall undo my self, and tell thee all.

Belv. Look not upon me, as I am Woman,
But as a Bone, thy Wife, thy Friend; who
long 120

Has had admission to thy heart, and there
Study'd the Virtues of thy gallant Nature;
Thy Constancy, thy Courage and thy Truth,
Have been my daily lesson: I have learnt
them,^o

Am bold as thou, can suffer or despise

learnt them] Qq 1, 2; learnt 'em Q 3, EP; learn'd
'em 1712, 1727.

The worst of Fates for thee; and with thee
share them.⁰

J aft. Oh you divinest Powers! look down
and hear

My Prayers! instruct me to reward this
Virtue!

Yet think a little, e're thou tempt me
further:

Think I have⁰ a Tale to tell, will shake thy¹³⁰
Nature,

Melt all this boasted Constancy thou talk'st
of

Into vile tears and despicable sorrows:

Then if thou should'st betray mel

Belv. Shall I swear?

J aft. No: do not swear: I would not
violate

Thy tender Nature with so rude a Bond:

But as thou hop'st to see me live my days,

And love thee long, lock this within thy
Breast;

I've bound my self by all the strictest Sacra-
ments,

Divine and humane——

Bclv. Speak!——

J aft. To kill thy Father——¹³⁹

Belv. My Father!

Jaff. Nay the Throats of the whole Senate
Shall bleed my *Belvidera*: He amongst us
That spares his Father, Brother, or his
Friend,

Is Damn'd: How rich and beauteous will
the face

Of Ruin look, when these wide streets run
blood;

I and the glorious Partner's of my Fortune
Shouting, and striding o're the prostrate
Dead;

Still to new waste; whilst thou, far off in
safety

Smiling, shalt see the wonders of our daring;
And when night comes, with Praise and
Love receive me.

Belv. Oh!

Jaff. Have a care, and shrink not even in
thought!¹⁵⁰

For if thou do'st——

Belv. I know it, thou wilt kill me.

Do, strike thy Sword into this bosom: Lay
me

Dead on the Earth, and then thou wilt be
safe:

them] Qq 1, 2; 'em Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

/ have] Qq 1, 2; I've Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Murder my Father! tho his Cruel Nature
Has persecuted me to my undoing,

Driven me to basest wants; Can I behold
him

With smiles of Vengeance, butchered in his
Age?

The sacred Fountain of my life destroy'd?
And canst thou shed the blood that gave me
being?

Nay, be a Traitor too, and sell thy Coun-
try ; ° ieo

Can thy great Heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hired Slaves, Bravoës, and Com-
mon stabbers,

Nose-slitters, Ally-lurking⁰ Villians!⁰ joyn
With such a Crew, and take a Ruffian's
Wages,

To cut the Throats of Wretches as they
sleep?

Jaff. Thou wrong'st me, *Belvidera*! I've
engag'd

With Men of Souls: fit to reform the ills
Of all Mankind: There's not a Heart
amongst them,

But's as^o stout as Death, yet honest as the
Nature

Of Man first made, e're Fraud and Vice were¹⁷⁰
fashions.

Belv. What's he, to whose curst hands last
night thou gav'st me?

Was that well done? Oh! I could tell a story
Would rowse thy Lyon Heart out of its Den,
And make it rage with terrifying fury.

Jaff. Speak on I charge thee!

Belv. Oh my Love! if e're

Thy *Belvidera*'s Peace deserv'd⁰ thy Care,
Remove me from this place: Last night,
last night!

Jaff. Distract me not, but give me all the
Truth.

Belv. No sooner wer't thou gone, and I
alone,

Left in the pow'r of that old Son of Mis-
chief ;¹⁸⁰

No sooner was I lain on my sad Bed,
But that vile Wretch approacht me; loose,
unbutton'd,

Ready for violation: Then my Heart

Country;] Qq 1, 2, 3, 1712; *Country?* EP, 1727.

Ally-lurking] cf. n. p. 242.

Villiam] Q 1; *Villains!* Q 2; *Villains*, Q 3, 1712,
1727; *villains*, EP. Variant spellings.

as] Qq 1, 2; *om.* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

deserv'd] deserve 1727.

Throbb'd with its fears: Oh how I wept and sigh'd,
And shrunk and trembled; wish'd in vain for him
That should protect me. Thou, alas! wert gone!

Jaff. Patience! sweet Heav'n, 'till I make vengeance sure.

Belv. He drew the hideous Dagger forth thou gav'st him,

And with upbraiding smiles he said, *behold* ¹⁸⁹
it;

This is the pledge of a false Husbands love:
And in my Arms then prest, and would have clasp'd me;

But with my Cries I scar'd his Coward heart,
Till he withdrew, and mutter'd vows to Hell.

These are thy Friends! with these thy Life,
thy Honour,
Thy Love all's^o stak't, and all will go to
ruine.

Jaff. No more: I charge thee keep this secret close;

Clear up thy sorrows, look as if thy wrongs
Were all forgot, and treat him like a Friend,
As no complaint were made. No more,
retire, ²⁰⁰

Retire my Life, and doubt not of my Honour;

I'll heal its failings, and deserve thy Love.

Belv. Oh should I part with thee, I fear thou wilt

In Anger leave me, and return no more:

Jaff. Return no more! I would not live without thee

Another Night to purchase the Creation.

Belv. When shall we meet again?

Jaff. Anon at Twelve!

I'll steal my sejf to thy expecting Arms,
Come like a Travell'd Dove, and bring thee Peace.

Belv. Indeed!

Jaff. By all our loves!

Belv. 'Tis hard to part: ²¹⁰

But sure no falsehood e're' lookt so fairly.

Farewell——Remember Twelve.

[*Ex.* *Belvid.*

Jaff. Let Heav'n forget me

When I remember not thy Truth, thy Love.

How curst is my Condition, toss'd and
jurl'd,

all'8l Qd 1, 2, EP; all Q 3, 1712, 1727.

e'rel Q 1; e'erQ2; ever Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

From every Corner; Fortune's Common Fool,

The jest of Rogues, an Instrumental Ass
For Villains to lay loads of Shame upon,
And drive about just for their ease and scorn.

Enter Pierre.

Pierr. Jaffair!

Jaff. Who calls!

Pierr. A Friend, t'cat could have wisht
T'have found thee otherwise employ'd: what,
hunt ²²⁰

A Wife on the dull foil!^o sure a stanch
Husband

Of all Hounds is the dullest? wilt thou
never,

Never be wean'd from Caudles and Con-
fections?

What feminine Tale hast thou been listen-
ing to,

Of unayr'd shirts; Catharrs and Tooth Ach
got

By thin-soPd shoos? Damnation! that a
Fellow

Chosen to be a Sharer in the Destruction
Of a whole People, should sneak thus in
Corners

To ease his fulsom Lusts, and Fool his Mind.

Jaff. May not a Man then trifle out an
hour ²³⁰

With a kind Woman and not wrong his
calling?

Pierr. Not in a Cause like ours.

Jaff. Then Friend our Cause

Is in a damn'd condition: For I'll tell thee,
That Canker-worm call'd *Letchcry* has
toucht it,

'Tis tainted vilely: would'st thou think it,
Renault,

(That mortify'd old wither'd Winter Rogue)
Loves simple Fornication like a Priest,

I found him out for watering at^o my Wife:
He visited Jier last night like a kind
Guardian:

Faith she has some Temptations, that's the
truth ont. ²⁴⁰

Pierr. He durst not wrong his Trust!

Jaff. 'Twas something late tho

To take the freedom of a Ladies Chamber.

Pierr. Was she in bed?

foil] Q 1; soil Qq 2, 3, EP; Soil 1712, 1727. Toil'
is the trail of a hunted animal.
watering at] lusting for.

Jafi. Yes faith in Virgin sheets
White as her Bosom, *Pierre*, disht neatly up,
Might tempt a weaker appetite to taste.
Oh how the old Fox stunk I warrant thee
When the rank fit was on him.

Pierr. Patience guide me!

He us'd no violence?

Jafi. No, no! out on't, violence!
Play'd with her neck; brusht her with his
Gray-beard,
Struggl'd and towz'd, tickl'd her 'till she
squeak'd a little 250
May be, or so—but not a jot of violence —

Pierr. Damn him.

Jafi. Ay, so say I: but hush, no more on't;
All hitherto is well, and I believe
My self no Monster yet: Tho no Man
knows
What Fate he's born to? sure 'tis near the
hour
We all should meet for our concluding
Orders:

Will the Ambassador be here in person?

Pierr. No: he has sent Commission to
that Villain, *Renault*,

To give the Executing Charge;
I'd have thee be a Man if possible 260
And keep thy temper; for a brave Revenge
Ne're comes too late.

Jafi. Fear not, I am cool as Patience:
Had he compleated my dishonour, rather
Then hazard the Success our hopes are ripe
for,

I'd bear it all with mortifying Vertue.

Pierr. He's yonder coming this way
through the Hall;
His thoughts⁰ seem full.

Jafi. Prithee retire, and leave me
With him alone; I'll put him to some tryal,
See how his rotten part will bear the touch-
ing.

Pierr. Be careful then. [*Ex. Pierre.*

Jafi. Nay, never doubt, but trust me. 20
What, be a Devil! take a Damning Oath
For shedding native blood! can there be a
sin

In merciful repentance? Oh this Villain.

Enter Renault.

Renault. Perverse! and peevish! what a
slave is Man!

thoughts] though Q 1.

To let his itching flesh thus get the better
of him!

Dispatch the Tool her Husband—that
were⁰ well.

Who's there?

Jafi. A Man.

Ren. My Friend, my near Ally!

The hostage of your faith, my beauteous
Charge, is very well.

Jafi. Sir, are you sure of that?

Stands she in perfect health? beats her pulse
even? 280

Neither too hot nor cold?

Ren. What means that question?

Jafi. Oh Women have fantastick Consti-
tutions,

Inconstant as their Wishes, always wavering,
And ne're fixt; was it not boldly done
Even at first sight to trust the Thing I
lov'd

(A tempting Treasure too!) with Youth so
fierce

And vigorous as thine? but thou art honest.

Ren. Who dares accuse me?

Jafi. Curst be him that doubts

Thy virtue, I have try'd it. and declare,
Were I to choose a Guardian of my Honour
I'd put it in thy keeping; for I know thee. 211

Ren. Know me!

Jafi. Ay, know thee: There's no falsehood
in thee.

Thou look'st just as thou art: Let us em-
brace.

Now would'st thou cut my Throat or I cut
thine?

Ren. You dare not do't.

Jafi. You lye Sir.

Ren. How!

Jafi. No more.

'Tis a base World, and must reform, that's
all.

*Enter Spinosa, Theodore, Eliot, Revellido,
Durand, Brainveil, and the rest of the
Conspirators.*

Ren. Spinosa! Theodore!

Spin. The same.

Ren. You are welcome!

Spin. You are trembling, Sir.

Ren. 'Tis a cold Night indeed, I am Aged,
Full of decay and natural infirmities; 300

[*Pierre re-enters,*
were] Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727; *we're* Q 1; *we'er* Q 2.

We shall be warm, my Friend, I hope to morrow.

Pierr. Twas not well done; thou shou'd'st have stroakt him
And° not have gall'd him.

Jaff. Damn him, let him chew on't.
Heav'n! where am I? beset with cursed Fiends,

That wait to Damn me: What a Devil's man,

When he forgets his nature——hush my heart.

Ren. My Friends, 'tis late: are we assembled all?

Where's *Theodore*?

Theo. At hand.

Ren. *Spinosa*.

Spin. Here.

Ren. *Brainveil*.

Brain. I am ready.

Ren. *Durand* and *Brabe*,

Dur. Command us,

We are both prepar'd!

Ren. *Mezzana*, *Revellido*, ³¹⁰

Ternon, *Retrosi*,⁰ Oh you are Men I find
Fit to behold your Fate, and meet her Summons,

To morrow's rising Sun must see you all
Deckt in your honours! are the Souldiers ready?

Omn. All, all.

Ren. You, *Durand*, with your thousand must possess

St. Marks; You, Captain, know your charge already;

'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace: you
Brabe with a hundred more must gain the *Secque*.

With the like number *Brainveil* to the ³²⁰
Procuralle.

Be all this done with the least tumult possible,

'Till in each place you post sufficient guards:
Then sheath your Swords in every breast you meet.

Jaff. Oh reverend Cruelty: Damn'd bloody Villain!

Ren. During this Execution, *Durand*, you
Must in the mid'st keep your *Battalia*⁰ fast,

And and Q 1, as if prose.

Ternon, *Retrosi* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727; *Ternon*
Retrosi Q 1, 2.

Battalia order of battle, disposition of forces.

And *Theodore* be sure to plant the Canon
That may Command the streets; whilst ³²⁸
Revellido,

Mezzana, *Ternon* and *Retros*, Guard you.
(This done!) weel give the General Alarm,
Apply Petards, and force the Ars'nal Gates;
Then fire the City round in several places,
Or with our Canon (if it dare resist)
Batter't to Ruin. But above all I charge you
Shed blood enough, spare neither Sex nor
Age,

Name nor Condition; if there live a Senator
After to morrow, tho the dullest Rogue
That er'e said nothing, we have lost our
ends;

If possible, lets kill the very Name
Of Senator, and bury it in blood. ³¹⁰

Jaff. Merciless, horrid slave! — Ay, blood
enough!

Shed blood enough, old *Renault*: how thou
charm'st me!

Ren. But one thing more, and then fare-
well till Fate

Join us again, or separate us ever:

First, let's embrace, Heav'n knows who next
shall thus

Wing ye together: But let's all remember
We wear no common Cause upon our
Swords,

Let each Man think that on his single
Virtue

Depends the Good and Fame of all the
rest;

Eternal Honour or perpetual Infamy. ³⁵⁰
Let's⁰ remember, through what dreadful

hazards

Propitious Fortune hitherto has led us,
How often on the brink of some discovery
Have⁰ we stood tottering, and° yet still
kept our ground

So well, the° busiest searchers ne'r could
follow

Those subtle Tracks which puzzled all sus-
pition:

You droop Sir.

Jaff. No: with a° most profound attention
I've hard⁰ it all, and wonder at thy vertue.

Let's Q 1, 2, 3, 1712; *Let us* EP, 1727.

Have have Q 1.

and om. Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

that Q 1, 2, EP; *that the* Q 3, 1712, 1727.

a om. Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

hard Q 1, 2; *heard* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727. Variant
spellings. > ,

Ren. Though there be yet few hours
 'twixt them and Ruin,
 Are not the Senate lull'd in full security, w^h
 Quiet and satisfy'd, as Fools are always!
 Never did so profound repose forerun
 Calamity so great: Nay our good Fortune
 Has blinded the most piercing of Mankind;
 Strengthen'd the fearfull'st, charm'd the
 most suspectful,
 Confounded the most subtle: for we live,
 We live my Friends, and quickly shall our
 Life

Prove fatal to these Tyrants: Let's con-
 sider

That we destroy Oppression, Avarice,
 A People nurst up equally with Vices ³⁷⁰
 And loathsome Lusts, which Nature most
 abhors,
 And such as without shame she cannot
 suffer.

Jaff. Oh *Bclvidera*, take me to thy Arms
 And shew me where's my Peace, for I've⁰
 lost it. [Ex. *Jaff.*

Ren. Without the least remorse then let's
 resolve
 With Fire and Sword t'exterminate these
 Tyrants,
 And when we shall behold those curst
 Tribunals,
 Stain'd by the Tears and sufferings of the
 Innocent,
 Burning with flames rather from Heav'n
 than ours, ³⁷⁹

The raging furious and unpitying Souldier
 Pulling his reeking Dagger from the bosoms
 Of gasping Wretches; Death in every
 Quarter,

With all that sad disorder can produce,
 To make a Spectacle of horror: Then,
 Then let's⁰ call to mind, my dearest Friends,
 That there's⁰ nothing pure upon the Earth,
 That the most valu'd things have most
 allays,⁰

And that in change of all those vile Enormi-
 ties,

Under whose weight this wretched Country
 labours,

The Means are only in our hands to Crown
 them. ³⁹⁰

I've] Qq 1, 2; *I have* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

let's] Qq 1, 2; *let us* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

there's] Qq 1, 2; *there is* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

allays] cf. p. 355 *infra*.

Plerr. And may those Powers above that
 arc propitious
 To gallant minds record this Cause, and
 bless it.

Ren. Thus happy, thus secure of all we
 wish for,
 Should there my Friends be found amongst
 us one

False to this florious Enterprize, what Fate,
 What Vengeance were enough for such a
 Villian?⁰

Eliot. Death here without repentance, Hell
 hereafter.

Ren. Let that be my lott, if as here I
 stand

Lifted by Fate amongst her darling Sons,
 Tho I had one only Brother, dear by all ⁴⁰⁰
 The strictest ties of Nature; tho one hour
 Had given us birth, one Fortune fed our
 wants,

One only love, and that but of each other,
 Still fili'd our minds: Could I have such a
 Friend

Joyn'd in this Cause, and had but ground to
 fear

Meant⁰ fowl play; may this right hand drop
 from me,

If I'd not hazard all my future peace,
 And stabb him to the heart before you: who
 Would not⁰ do less? Would'st not thou
Pierre the same?

Pierr. You have⁰ singled me, Sir, out for
 this hard question, ⁴¹⁰

As if 'twere started only for my sake!

Am I the thing you fear? Here, here's my
 bosom,

Search it with all your Swords! am I a
 Traytor?

Ren. No: but I fear your late commended
 Friend

Is little less: Come Sirs, 'tis now no time
 To trifle with our safety. Where's this
Jaffier?

Spino. He left the room just now in
 strange disorder.

Ren. Nay, there is danger in him: I ob-
 serv'd him,

During the time I took for Explanation,

Villian] Q 1; *Villain* Qq 2, 3, 1712, 1727; *villain*
 EP. Cf. p. 263 *supra*.

Meant] Qq 1, 2; *He meant* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Would not] Qq 1, 2; *Who would* Q 3, EP, 1712,
 1727.

You have] Qq 1, 2; *You've* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

He was transported from most deep atten-
tion ⁴²⁰

To a confusion which he could not smother.
His looks grew full of sadness and surprize,
All which betray'd a wavering Spirit in him,
That labour'd with reluctance and sorrow;
What's requisite for safety must be done
With speedy Execution: he remains
Yet in our power: I for my own part wear
A Dagger.

Pierr. Well.

Ren. And I could wish it!

Pierr. Where?

Ren. Bury'd in his heart.

Pierr. Away! w'are yet all friends;

No more of this, 'twill Breed ill blood
amongst us. ⁴³⁰

Spin. Let us all draw our Swords, and
search the house,
Pull him from the dark hole where he sits
brooding

O'er his cold fears, and each man kill his
share of him.

Pierr. Who talks of killing? who's he'll
shed the blood

That's, dear to me? is't you? or you? or
you Sir?

What not one speak? how you stand gaping
all

On your grave Oracle, your wooden God
there;

Yet not a word: Then Sir I'll tell you a
secret,

Suspition's but at best a Coward's Virtue!

[To Ren.

Ren. A Coward——[Handles his Sword.

Pier. Put, put° up thy° Sword, old Man,
Thy hand shakes at it; come let's heal this
breach, «i

I am too hot: we yet may live° Friends.

Spine. 'Till we are safe, our Friendship
cannot be so.

Pierr. Again: who's that?

Spino. 'Twas I.

Theo. And I.

Revell. And I.

Eliot. And all.

Ren. Who are on my side?

Spinos. Every honest Sword,
Let's die like men and not be sold like
Slaves.

Put, put] Qq 1, 2, EP; Put Q 3, 1712, 1727.

thy] Q 1, EP, 1712, 1727; the Qq 2, 3.

live] Qq 1, 2; all live Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Pierr. One such word more, by Heav'n
I'll to the Senate

And hang ye all, like Dogs in Clusters,
Why peep you Coward Swords half out
their shells?

Why do you not all brandish them like
mine? ⁴⁵⁰

You fear to die, and yet dare talk of Kill-
ing?

Ren. Go to the Senate and betray us,
hasten,°

Secure thy wretched life, we fear to die
Less than thou dar'st be honest.

Pierr. That's rank falsehood,
Fear'st not thou death? fy, there's a knavish
itch

In that salt blood, an utter foe to smart-
ing.

Had Jafier'a Wife prov'd kind, he had still
been true.

Foh — how that stinks?

Thou dy! thou kill my Friend! or thou, or
thou,

Or thou, with that lean wither'd wretched
Face! ⁴⁶⁰

Away! disperse all to your several Charges,
And meet to morrow where your honour
calls you,

I'll bring that man, whose blood you so much
thirst for,

And you shall see him venture for you
fairly——

Hence, hence, I say.

[Ex. Renault angrily.

Spino. I fear we have° been too° blame,
And done too much.

Theo. 'Twas too fair urg'd against the
man you lov'd.

Rev. Here, take our Swords and crush
'em with your feet.

Spino. Forgive us, gallant Friend.

Pierr. Nay, now y'have found

The way to melt and cast me as you will:
I'll fetch this Friend and give him to your
mercy: ⁴⁷¹

Nay he shall dye if you will take him from
me,

For your repose I'll quit my hearts Jewel;°
hasten] Qq 1, 2; haste Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

we have] Qq 1, 2; we've Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

too] Q 1; to Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727. Too blame
was a recognized form: cf. Shakespeare *I Henry IV*,
III.i, 'In faith my Lord You are too wilfull blame'

Jewel] Qq 1-3, 1712; best Jewel EP, 1727.

But would not have him torn away by
Villains
And spitefull villany.

Spino. No; may you both
For ever live and fill the world with fame!
Pierr. Now you are° too kind. Whence rose
all this discord?

Oh what a dangerous precipice have we
scap'd!
How near a fall was all we had° long been
building!

What an eternal blot had stain'd our glories,
If one the bravest and the best of men ⁴⁸¹
Had fallen a Sacrifice to rash suspicion [
Butcher'd by those whose Cause he came to
cherish:

Oh could you know him all as I have known
him,
How good he is, how just, how true, how
brave,
You wou'd not leave this place till you had
seen him;

Humbled your selves before him, kiss'd his
feet,
And gain'd remission for the worst of follies;
*Come but to morrow all your doubts)
shall end,*

*And to your Loves me better recom- I
mend,* 400

*That I've preserv'd your Fame, and,
sav'd my Friend.* J

[Exeunt omnes.]

The end of the third Act.

ACT IV.

Enter Jaffier and Belvidera.

Jaff. Where dost thou lead me? Every step
I move,
Methinks I tread upon some mangled Limb
Of a rack'd Friend: Oh my dear charming
ruine!

Where are we wandring?

Bel. To eternal Honour;
To doe a deed shall Chronicle thy name,
Among the glorious Legends of those few
That have sav'd sinking Nations:° thy
Renown

Shall be the future Song of all the Virgins,

you are] Qq 1, 2; *y'are* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

we had] Qq 1, 2; *we'd* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Nations] *Notions* 1727.

Who by their piety have been preserv'd
From horrid violation: Every Street 10
Shall be adorn'd with Statues to thy honour,
And at thy feet this great Inscription writ-
ten,

*Remember him that prop'd the fall of
Venice.*

Jaff. Rather, Remember him, who after all
The sacred Bonds of Oaths and holier
Friendship

In fond compassion to a Womans tears
Forgot his Manhood, Vertue, truth and
Honour,

To sacrifice the Bosom that reliev'd him.
Why wilt thou damn me?

Bel. Oh inconstant man!

How will you promise? How will you de-
ceive? a>

Do, return back, re-place me in my Bond-
age,

Tell all thy Friends how dangerously thou
lovest me;

And let thy Dagger doe its bloody office.
Oh that kind Dagger, *Jaffier*, how twill look
Stuck° through my heart, drench'd in my
blood to th'hilts!

Whilst these poor dying eyes shall with their
tears

No more torment thee, then thou wilt be
free:

Or if thou think'st it nobler, Let me live
Till I am° a Victim to the hjtefull lust
Of that Infernal Devil, that old Fiend 30
That's Damn'd himself and wou'd undoe
Mankind:

Last night, my Love!

Jaff. Name, name it not again.

It shews a beastly Image to my fancy;
Will wake me into madness. Oh the Villain!
That durst approach such purity as thine
On terms so vile: Destruction, swift destruc-
tion

Fall on my Coward-head, and make my
Name

The common scorn of Fools if I forgive him;
If I forgive him, if I not revenge
With utmost rage, and most unstaying fury,
Thy sufferings° thou dear darling of my life,
Love.° «

Stuck] Qq 1, 2; *Struck* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

I am] Qq 1, 2; *I'm* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

sufferings] Q 1; *suffering* Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Love] om. Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Bel. Delay no longer then, but to the Senate;
 And tell the dismalst Story e'r was^o uttered,
 Tell 'em what bloudshed, rapines, desolations,
 Have been prepar'd, how near's the fatal hour!
 Save thy poor Country, save the Reverend bloud
 Of'all its Nobles, which to morrows Dawn
 Must else see shed: Save the poor tender lives
 Of all those little Infants which the Swords
 Of murtherers are whetting for this moment;
 Think thou already heast^o their dying screams,
 Think that thou seest their sad distracted Mothers
 Kneeling before thy feet, and begging pity
 With torn dishevel'd hair and streaming eyes,
 Their naked mangled breasts besmeard with bloud,
 And even the Milk with which their fondled Babes,
 Softly they hush'd, dropping in anguish from 'em.
 Think thou seest this, and then consult thy heart.
Jaff. Oh!
Bel. Think too, If thou^o lose this present minute,
 What miseries the next day bring^o upon⁶⁰ thee.
 Imagine all the horrors of that night
 Murder and Rapine, Waste and Desolation,
 Confusedly ranging.^o Think what then may prove
 My Lot! the Ravisher may then come safe,
 And midst the terrour of the publick ruine
 Doe a damn'd deed; perhaps to lay a Train
 May^o catch thy life; then where will be revenge,
 The dear revenge that's due to such a wrong?

e> was] Q 1; e'er Q 2; e'er was EP; ever Q 3, 1712, 1727.

heast] Q 1, 1727; hear'st EP, 1712; heard'st Qq 2 3

thou] Qq 1, 2, EP; you Q 3, 1712, 1727.

bring] Qq 1-3, 1712; brings EP, 1727.

ranging] Qq 1, 2, EP; raging Q 3, 1712, 1727.

May] Qq 1-3, EP; To 1712, 1727.

Jaff. By all Heavens powers Prophetic truth dwells in thee,
 For every word thou speak'st strikes through my heart
 TO
 Like a new light, and shows it how't has wander'd;
 Just what th'hast made me, take me, *Bclvidera*,
 And lead me to the place where I'm to say
 This bitter Lesson, where I must betray
 My truth, my vertue^constancy and friends:
 Must I betray my friends?^o Ah take me quickly,
 Secure me well before that thought's renew'd;
 If I relapse once more, all's lost for ever.
Bel. Hast thou a friend more dear than *Belvidera*?
Jaff. No, th'art my Soul it self, wealth, friendship, honour,
 All present joys, and earnest of all future,
 Are summ'd in thee: methinks when in thy armes
 Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
 Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
 Why was such happiness not given me pure?
 Why dash'd with cruel wrongs, and bitter wantings?^o
 Come, lead me forward now like a tame Lamb
 To Sacrifice, thus in his fatal Garlands,
 Deck'd fine and pleas'd, The wanton^o skips and plays,
 Trots by the enticing flattering Priestess⁹⁰ side,
 And much transported with his^o little pride,
 Forgets his dear Companions of the plain
 Till by Her, bound, Hce's on the Altar layn
 Yet then too hardly bleats, such pleasure's in the pain.

Enter Officer and 6 Guards

Offic. Stand who goes there?

Bel. Friends.

Jaff. Friends, *Belvidera*! hide me from my Friends,

friends] Q 1; friend Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

wantings] Qq 1-3, EP; Warnings 1712, 1727.

wanton] wantons Q 2.

his] Qq 1, 2, EP; its Q 3, 1712, 1727.

By Heaven I'd rather see the face of Hell,
Than meet the man I love.

Offic. But what friends are you?

Bel. Friends to the Senate and the State
of Venice. ¹⁰⁰

Offic. My orders are to seize on all I find
At this late hour, and bring 'em to the
Council,

Who now are sitting.

Jaff. Sir, you shall be obey'd.

Hold, Brutes, stand off, none of your paws
upon me.

Now the Lot's cast, and Fate doe what thou
wilt. *[Exeunt guarded.]*

SCENE The Senate-house,

Where appear sitting, the Duke of Venice,
Priuli,⁰ Antonio, And Eight other Senators.

Duke, Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
Speak; why are we assembled here this
night?

What have you to inform us of, concerns
The State of Venice, honour, or its safety?

Priu. Could words express the story I have
to tell you,

Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad
tears

That fall from my old eyes; but there is
cause

We all should weep; tear off these purple
Robes,

And wrap our selves in Sack-cloth, sitting
down

On the sad Earth, and cry aloud to
Heaven. ^{'>}

Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to
come

E'r Venice be no more!

All Sent'— How!

Priu. Nay we stand

Upon the Very brink of gaping ruine,
Within this City's form'd a dark Con-
spiracy,

To massacre us all, our Wives and Children,
Kindred and Friends, our Palaces and
Temples

To lay in Ashes: nay the hour too, fixt;
The Swords, for ought I know, drawn even
this moment,

And the wild Waste begun: from unknown
hands

I had this warning; but if we are men ^{'>}
Let's not be tamely butcher'd, but doe some-
thing

That may inform the world in after Ages,
Our Virtue was not ruin'd though we were.
[A noise without.]

Room, room, make room for some
Prisoners——

2 *Senat.* Let's raise the City.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Priu. Speak there, what disturbance?

Offic. Two Prisoners have the Guard
seiz'd in the Streets,

Who say they come to inform this Reverend
Senate

About the present danger.

Enter Jaffeir and Belvidera guarded.

All. Give 'em entrance——

Well, who are you?

Jaff. A Villain.

Anto. Short and pithy.

The man speaks well.

Jaff. Would every man that hears me ³⁰
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

Duke. This rumour'd that a Plot has been
contriv'd

Against this State; that you have a share
in't too.

If you are a Villain, to redeem your
honour,

Unfold the truth and be restor'd with
Mercy.

Jaff. Think not that I to save my life
come hither,

I know its value better; but in pity

To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fix'd and seal'd. You see me here before
you,

The sworn and Covenanted foe of Venice.
But use me as my dealings may deserve ⁴¹
And I may prove a friend.

Duke. The Slave Capitulates,⁰
Give him the Tortures.

Jaff. That you dare not doe,
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing
Itch

To hear a story which you dread the truth
of.

Priuli Q 2; from here onwards Q 1 reads *Prinli*
nnd *Prin*.

Capitulates wishes to impose conditions. Cf. p.
385 *infra*.

Truth with⁰ the fear of smart shall ne'r
get from me.

Cowards are scar'd with threatriiiiigs.- Boys
are whipt

Into confessions: but a Steady mind

Acts of its^o self, ne'r asks the body Counsell.
Give him the Tortures. Name but such a
thing 60

Again; by Heaven I'll shut these lips for
ever,

Not all your Hacks, your Engines or your
Wheels

Shall force a groan away—that you may
guess at.

Anto. A bloody minded fellow I'll war-
rant;

A damn'd bloody minded fellow.

Duke. Name your Conditions.

Jaff. For my self full pardon,
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends
[*Delivers a list.*

Whose names are here inroll'd: Nay, let
their Crimes

Be ne'r so monstrous, I must have the
Oaths

And sacred promise of this Reverend Coun-
cil, 60

That in a full Assembly of the Senate

The thing I ask be ratifi'd. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All. Wee'l swear.

Duke. Propose the Oath.

Jaff. By all the hopes

Ye have of Peace and Happiness hereafter,
Swear.

All. We all swear.

Jaff. To grant me what I've ask'd,
Ye swear.

All. We Swear.

Jaff. And as ye keep the Oath,
May you and your posterity be blest
Or curst for ever.

All. Else be curst for ever. 69

Jaff.—Then here's the list, and with't the
full disclose of all that threatens you.

[*Delivers another paper.*

Now Fate thou hast caught me.

Anto. Why what a dreadfull Catalogue of
Cut-throats is here! I'll warrant you not
one of these fellows but has a face like a
Lion. I dare not so much as reade their
names over.

with/ Qq 1, 2; which Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

its/ Qq 1, 2; it Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Duke. Give orders⁰ that all diligent
search be made

To seize these men, their characters are
publick,

The paper intimates their Rendevouz⁸⁰

To be at the house of a fam'd Grecian
Curtezan

Call'd *Aquilina*; see that place secur'd.

Anto. What my Nicky Nacky, Hurry
Durry, Nicky Nacky in the Plot

— I'll make a Speech. Most noble Sena-
tors,

What headlong apprehension drives⁰ you on,
Right noble, wise and truly solid Senators,
To violate the Laws and right of Nations?
The Lady is a Lady of renown.

Tis true, she holds a house of fair Recep-
tion,

And though I say't my self, as many more
Can say as well as I.

2 *Senat.* My Lord, long Speeches

Are frivolous here, when dangers are so
near us:

We all well know your Interest in that
Lady,

The world talks loud on't.

Anto. Verily I have done,

I say no more.

Duke. But since he has declar'd

Himself concern'd, Pray, Captain, take great
caution

To treat the fair one, as becomes her Char-
acter,

And let her Bed-chamber be search'd with⁹⁹
decency,

You, *Jaffcir*, must with patience bear till
morning, to be our Prisoner.⁰

Jaff. Would the Chains of death

Had bound me fast e'r I had known this
minute,

I've done a deed will make my Story here-
after

Quoted in competition with all ill ones:

The History of my wickedness shall run
Down through the low traditions of the
vulgar,

And Boys be taught⁰ to tell the tale of
Jaffcir.

Duke. Captain, withdraw your Prisoner.
orders/ Qq 1, 2; order Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

apprehension drives/ Qq 1, 2; Apprehensions drive
Q 3, 1712, 1727; apprehensions drive EP.

to . . . Prisoner/ Qq 1, 2; as separate line Q 3,
EP, 1712, 1727.

taught/ Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727; thought Qq 1, 2.

Jaff. Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves
may lose me, ¹¹⁰
Where I may doze out what I've left of
life,
Forget my self and this days guilt and
falsehood.
Cruel remembrance how shall I appease
thee! *[Ex. guarded.]*

Noise without.

More Traitors; room, room, make room
there.

Duke. How's this? Guards?
Where are our Guards? shut up the Gates,
the Treason's already at our Doors.⁰

Enter Officer.

Offic. My Lords, more Traitors:
Sciz'd in the very act of Consultation;
Furnish'd with Arms and Instruments of ¹²⁰
mischief,
Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter Pierre,*⁰ *Renault, Theodore, Elliot,*
Revillido and other Conspirators, in jots,
guards.

Pierr. You, my^o Lords and Fathers,
(As you are pleas'd to call your selves) of
Venice;

If you sit here to guide the course of Justice,
Why these disgracefull chains upon the^o
limbs

That have so often labour'd in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumphs ye^o be-
stow

On those that bring you Conquests home
and Honours?

Duke. Go on, you shall be heard, Sir.

Anto. And be hang'd too, I hope.

Pierr. Are these the Trophies I've deserv'd ¹³⁰
for fighting

Your Battels with confederated Powers,
When winds and Seas conspir'd to overthrow
you?

And brought the Fleets of *Spain* to your
own Harbours,

When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in
your Palace,

already . . . Doors] Qq 1, 2, EP; as separate line
Q 3, 1712, 1727.

Pierre] Henceforward Q 1 reads *Peirre* and *Peirr.*
my] the 1727.

the] my 1727.

triumphs ye] *Triumph* you 1727.

And saw your Wife, th'*Adriatick*, plough'd
Like a lew'd Whore by bolder Prows than
yours

Stept not I forth, and taught your loose
*Venetians*⁰

The task of honour and the way to great-
ness,

Rais'd you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the terms of su'd for peace, ¹⁴⁰
And this my recompence? If I am^o a

Traitor,

Produce my charge; or shew the wretch
that's base enough⁰

And brave enough to tell me I am^o a
Traitor.

Duke. Know you one *Jaffeur*?

[All the conspirators murmur.]

Pierr. Yes, and know his Vertue.

His Justice, Truth, his general Worth and
Sufferings

From a hard father taught me first to love
him.

Enter Jaffeur guarded.

Duke. See him brought forth.

Pierr. My friend too bound? nay then
Our Fate has conquer'd us, and we must
fall,

Why droops the man whose welfare's so
much mine

They're but one thing? these Reverend
Tyrants, Jaffeur, IM

Call us all Traitors, art thou one, my
Brother?

Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veriest
slave

That e'r betray'd a generous trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruine.

All our fair hopes which morning was to
have crown'd

Has this curst tongue o'rthrown.

Pierr. So, then all's over:

Venice has lost her freedom; I my life;
No more, farewell.

Duke. Say; will you make confession
Of your vile deeds and trust the *Senates*
mercy?

Pierr. Curst be your Senate: Curst your ¹⁶⁰
Constitution:

The Curse of growing factions and division

Venetians] 1712, 1727; *Venetians*, Qq 2, 3, EP;
Venetians. Q 1.

I am] Qq 1, 2; *I'm* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

enough] *nough* 1727,

Still vex your Councils, shake your publick
safety,

And make the Robes of Government", you
wear,

Hatefull to you, as these base Chains to me.
Duke. Pardon or death?

Pierr. Death, honourable death.

Renault. Death's the best thing we ask or
you can give.

All Conspir. No shamefull bonds, but
honourable death.

Duke. Break up the Council: Captain,
guard your prisoners.

Jaffeur, y'are free, but these must wait for
judgment. [*Ex. all the Senators.*]

Pierr. Come, where's my Dungeon? lead
me to my straw: ¹⁷⁰

It will not be the first time I've lodg'd hard
To doe your Senate service.

Jaff. Hold one moment.

Pierr. Who's he disputes the Judgment of
the Senate?

Presumptuous Rebel——on——

[*Strikes Jaff.*]

Jaff. Hy Heaven you stir not.

I must be heard, I must have leave to
speak:

Thou hast disgrac'd me, *Pierre*, by a vile
blow:

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not
wrong me,

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy, ¹⁸⁰

With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repent-

ance,
But as there dwells a God-like nature in
thee

Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierr. What whining Monk art thou? what
holy cheat

That wou'dst encroach upon my credulous
ears

And cant'st thus vilely? hence. I know thee
not,

Dissemble and be nasty: leave me,° Hippo-
crite.

Jaff. Not know me, *Pierre*?

Pierr. No, know the° not: what art thou?

me] Qq 1, 2; om. Q 3, 1712, 1727.

know the] Q 1; *know thee* Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712; *I*
know thee 1727.

Jaff. *Jaffeur*, thy friend, thy once lov'd,
valu'd friend, ¹⁹⁰

Though now deservedly scorn'd, and us'd
most hardly.

Pierr. Thou *Jaffeur*! Thou my once lov'd,
valu'd friend!

By Heavens thou ly'st; the man, so call'd,
my friend,

Was generous, honest, faithfull, just and
valiant,

Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:

But thou a wretched base, false, worthless
Coward,

Poor even in Soul, and loathsome in thy
aspect,

All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts
detest thee.

Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round
me, ²⁰⁰

Like something banefull, that my nature's
chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these
tears I have not.

But still am honest, true, and hope too,
valiant;

My mind still full of thee: therefore still
noble,

Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy
heart

Detest me utterly: Oh look upon me
Look back and see my sad sincere sub-
mission!

How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst
my bosom;

Fond of its Gaol,° and labouring to be at
thee!

What shall I doe? what say to make thee
hear me? ²¹⁰

Pierr. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st
thou call thy self

Jaffeur,° that once lov'd, valued friend of
mine,

And swear thou hast not wrong'd me?
whence these chains?

Whence the° vile death, which I may meet
this moment?

Gaol] Qq 1, 2, 3; *gaol* EP; *Goal* 1712, 1727. A
common variant. Cf. p. 495 *infra*.

self Jaffeur] Q 2 presumably mistaking 'Jaffeur' for
a speech-heading reads *self* with a full-stop. Q 3,
followed by 1712 and 1727, to correct omits 'Jaffeur'
and reads *self* with a comma. EP reverts to Q 1
reading as in text.

the] this 1727.

Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff.—All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierr. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
The Council have propos'd: Thou and thy friends

May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierr. Life! ask my life! confess! record my self 220

A villain for the privilege to breath,
And carry up and down this cursed City
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burthensome to it self a few years longer,
To lose, it may be, at last in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false
as thou art!

No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,

And cannot part on better terms than now,
When onely men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's just—

Pierr. Swear by some other powers, 230
For thou hast broke that sacred Oath too lately.

Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,

Till to thy self at least, thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentments deal with me.

Pierr. Not leave me!

Jaff. No, thou shalt not force me from thee,

Use me reproachfully, and like a slave,
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs

On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,

Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty,
Ly at thy feet and kiss 'em though they spurn me, 240

Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou° relent,

And raise me to thy armes with dear forgiveness.

Pierr. Art thou not—

Jaff. What?

Pierr. A Traitor?

Jaff. Yes.

Pierr. A Villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Pierr. A Coward, a most scandalous Coward,

thou! Qq 1, 2, EP; *you* Q 3, 1712, 1727.

Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
Thy everlasting Fame, for shameless life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are Numberless.

Pierr. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?

Base as thou art⁰ false—

Jaff. No, 'tis to me that's granted,
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at, 250
In recompence for faith, and trust so broken.

Pierr. I scorn it more because preserv'd by thee,

And as when first my -foolish heart took pity

On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,

Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy State

Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plung'd thee,

To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I receiv'd in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths; and this, this dagger,

Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stoln, 260

So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,

Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion,

Friendship or interest with thee, though our years

Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it—farewell—for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Pierr. For my life, dispose it

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff. Oh, *Pierre!*

Pierr. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ake with gazing. 270

Pierr. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me.

And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.

Jaff. Amen.

He's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
thou art! Qq 1, 2; *thou'rt* Q 3, EP, 1727; *thour't* 1712

And here's the portion he has left me.

[Holds the dagger up.

This dagger, well remembered, with this dagger

I gave a solemn vow of dire importance,
Parted with this and *Belvidera* together;
Have a care, Mem'ry, drive that thought
no farther;

No, I'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
Treasure it up in° this wretched bosom,²⁸⁰
Where it may grow acquainted with my
heart,

That when they meet, they start not from
each other;

So; now for thinking: A blow, call'd Traitor,
Villain,

Coward, dishonourable coward, fogh!

Oh for a long sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busie Devil——

Enter Belvidera.

Bel. Whither shall I fly?

Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where's now the Roman Constancy I
boasted?

Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!
Not daring now to look up° to that dear
face²⁰⁰

Which us'd to smile even on my faults, but
down

Bending these miserable eyes to° earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much
Mercy.

Jaff. Mercy, kind Heaven has surely end-
less stores

Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted;
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt as I am,
Bow° the weight and groan beneath the
burthen,

Creep with a remnant of that strength th'
have left,

Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have
injur'd.

Oh *Belvidera*! I'm the wretchedst creature
E'r crawl'd on earth; now if thou hast⁰
Vertue help me,³⁰⁰

Take me into thy Armes, and speak the
words of peace

To my divided Soul, that wars within me,

in] Qq 1, 2; *within* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

up] om. 1727.

to] on 1727.

Bow] Qq 1, 2; *Bow with* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727—a
plausible emendation.

thou hast] Qq 1, 2; *thou'st* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

And raises every Sense to my confusion;
By Heav'n I am° tottering on° the very
brink

Of Peace; and thou art all the hold I've
left.

Bel. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most
mighty;

I know th' hast cause to mourn; to mourn,
my *Jaffeur*,

With endless cries, and never ceasing wait-
ings,

Th' hast lost——

Jaff. Oh I have⁰ lost what can't be
counted;³⁰⁰

My friend too, *Belvidera*, that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health re-
joyc'd in,

Has us'd me like a slave; shamefully us'd
me;

Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the
story,

What shall I doe? resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear and mem'ry, how I've
wrong'd him,

Distract my quiet with the very thought
on't,

And tear my heart to pieces in my bosome.

Bel. What has he done?

Jaff. Thou'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

Bel. Why?

Jaff. Oh he has us'd me! yet by Heaven
I bear it;

He has us'd me, *Belvidera*, but first swear³²⁰
That when I've told thee, thou'It ° not loath
me utterly,

Though vilest blots and stains appear upon
me;

But still at least with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction,
Not scorn me, *Belvidera*, as he has done.

Bel. Have I then e'r been false that now
I am° doubted?

Speak, whats the cause I am° grown into
distrust,

Why thought unfit to hear my Love's com-
plainings?⁰

Jaff. Oh!

Bel. Tell me.

I am] Qq 1, 2; *Vm* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

on] to 1727.

I have] Qq 1, 2, EP; *I've* Q 3, 1712, 1727.

thou'lt] Qq 1, 2; *thou wilt* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

1 am] Qq 1, 2; *I'm* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

complainings] Q 1; *complaining* Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Jafi. Bear my failings, for they are^o many.
Oh my dear Angel! in that friend I've lost
All my Soul's peace; for every thought of
him ³³¹

Strikes my Sense hard, and deads it in my
brains;

Wouldst thou believe it?

Bel. Speak.

Jafi. Before we parted,
E'r yet his Guards had led him to his
prison,

Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,
With eyes o'rflowing and a bleeding heart,
Humbling my self almost beneath my
nature;

As at his feet I kneel'd, and su'd for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dear-
ness,

In which w'have liv'd so many years to-
gether, ³⁴⁰

With a reproachfull hand, he dash'd a blow,
He struck me, *Belvidera*, by Heaven, he
struck me,

Buffeted, call'd me Traitor, Villain, Coward;
Am I a Coward? am I a Villain? tell me:
Th'art the best Judge, and mad'st me, if
I am so.

Damnation; Coward!

Bel. Oh! forgive him, *Jaficir*.

And if his sufferings wound thy heart al-
ready,

What will they doe to morrow?

Jafi. Hah!

Bel. To morrow,

When thou shalt see him stretch'd in all the
Agonies

Of a tormenting and a shamefull death, ³⁵⁰
His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,
Insulted o'r by a vile butchering villain;
What will thy heart doe then? Oh sure
'twill stream

Like my eyes now.

Jafi. What means thy dreadfull story?

Death, and to morrow? broken limbs and
bowels?

Insulted o'r by a vile butchering Villain?
By all my fears I shall start out to madness,
With barely guessing if the truth's hid
longer.

Bel. The faithless Senators, 'tis they've
decreed it: ³⁵⁹

They say according to our friends request,
they are Qq 1, 2; *they're* Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

They shall have death, and not ignoble
bondage:

Declare their promis'd mercy all as for-
feited,

False to their oaths, and deaf to inter-
cession;

Warrants are pass'd for publick death to
morrow.

Jafi. Death! doom'd to die! condemn'd
unheard! unpleaded!

Bel. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are
preparing,

To force confessions from their dying pangs;
Oh do not look so terribly upon me,
How your lips shake, and all your face dis-
orderd!

What means my Love? ³⁷⁰

Jafi. Leave me, I charge thee leave
me——strong temptations

Wake in my heart.

Bel. For what?

Jafi. No more, but leave me.

Bel. Why?

Jafi. Oh! by Heav'n I love thee with that
fondness

I would not have thee stay a moment
longer,

Near these curst hands: are they not cold
upon thee?

Bel. No, everlasting comfort's in thy
armes,

To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows deck'd with leaves of
roses.

[Pulls the dagger half^o out of his
bosom and puts it back agen.

Jafi. Alas thou thinkest not of the thorns
'tis fill'd with,

Fly e'r they call thee: there's a lurking ³⁸⁰
serpent

Ready to leap and sting thee to thy heart:
Art thou not terrifi'd?

Bel. No.

Jafi. Call to mind

What thou hast done, and whither thou
hast brought me.

Bel. Hah!

Jafi. Where's my friend? my friend, thou
smiling mischief?

Nay, shrink not, now 'tis too late, thou
shouldst have fled
half] om. 1727.

When thy Guilt first had cause, for dire
 revenge,
 Is up and raging for my friend. He groans,
 Hark how he groans, his screams are in
 my ears
 Already; see, th'have fixt him on the wheel,
 And now they tear him—Murther! per-
 jur'd Senate!³⁰⁰
 Murther—Oh!—hark thee, Traitor, thou
 hast done this;
 Thanks to thy tears and false perswading
 love,
 How her Eyes speak! Oh thou bewitching
 creature!

[*Fumbling for his Dagger.*
 Madness cannot hurt thee: Come, thou lit-
 tle trembler,
 Creep, even into my heart, and there lie
 safe;
 Tis thy own Cittadel—hah—yet stand
 off,
 Heaven must have Justice, and my broken
 vows
 Will sink me else beneath its reaching
 mercy;
 I'll wink and then 'tis done——.

Bel. What means the Lord
 Of me, my life and love, what's in thy
 bosom,⁴⁰⁰
 Thou graspst at so? nay, why am I thus
 treated?

[*Draws the dagger, offers to stab her.*
 What wilt thou doe? Ah, do not kill me,
Jaffier,

Pity these panting breasts, and trembling
 limbs,
 That us'd to clasp thee when thy looks were
 milder,⁰

That yet hang heavy on my unpurg'd Soul,
 And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

Jaff. No, *Belvidera*, when we parted last
 I gave this dagger with thee as in trust
 To be thy portion, If I e'r prov'd false.⁴⁰⁹
 On such condition was my truth believ'd:
 But now 'tis forfeited and must be paid for.
 [*Offers to stab her again.*

Bel. Oh, mercy!

[*Kneeling.*

[*milder*] Qq 1, 2, 3, 1712. The connection with the next line is not clear. Summers following 1727 prints a full-stop after *milder*, but this does not help. Noel plausibly suggests the loss of a line. EP supplies a line after *milder*, viz.: *Pity that had of un-repent'd sins; and if authentic it meets the need perfectly.*

Jaff. Nay, no struggling.

Bel. Now then kill me.

[*Leaps upon his neck and kisses him.*
 While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
 Kiss thy revengefull lips and die in joys
 Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

Jaff. I am, I am a Coward; witness't,
 Heaven,
 Witness it, Earth, and every being Witness;
 'Tis but one blow yet: by immortal Love,
 I cannot longer bear a thought to harm
 thee,

[*He throws away the dagger and embraces her.*

The Seal of providence is sure upon thee.
 And thou wert born for yet unheard of
 wonders:⁴²¹

Oh thou wert either born to save or damn
 me!

By all the power that's given thee o'r my
 soul,

By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
 By the victorious love that still waits on
 thee;

Fly to thy cruel Father: save my friend,
 Or all our future Quiet's lost for ever:
 Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend
 knees;

Speak to him with thy Eyes, and with thy
 tears,

Melt his^o hard heart, and wake dead nature
 in him,⁴³⁰

Crush him in th' Arms, and torture him with
 thy softness:

*Nor, till thy Prayers are granted, set him
 free,*

*But conquer him, as thou hast vanquish'd^o
 me.* [*Ex. ambo.*

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V.

Enter Priuli^o solus.

Priu. Why, cruel Heaven, have my un-
 happy days
 Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dis-
 honour

And deathless infamy is fall'n upon me.
 Was it my fault? Am I a traitour? No.

[*his*] Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727; *thy* Qq 1, 2.
 vanquish'd] Qq 1, 2; Conquer'd Q 3, EP, 17)2,
 1727.

[*Priuli*] Q 1 reads *Prinli* throughout the scene.

But then, my onely child, my daughter,
wedded;

There my best blood runs foul, and a
disease

Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory,
To make it rot and stink to after ages.

Curst be the fatal minute when I got her;
Or woud that I'd been any thing but man, 10
And rais'd an issue which wou'd ne'r have
wrong'd me.

The miserablist Creatures (man excepted)
Are not the less esteem'd, though their posterity

Degenerate from the vertues of their fathers;

The vilest Beasts are happy in their offsprings,

While onely man gets traitours, whores and
villains.

Curst be the names, and some swift blow
from Fate

Lay his head deep, where mine may be
forgotten.

Enter Belvidera in a long mourning Veil.

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhumane
father,

That, for three years, has left an onely child
Expos'd to all the outrages of Fate, 21
And cruel mine——oh!——

Priu. What child of sorrow
Art thou that com'st thus wrapt in weeds
of sadness,

And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a
grave? ,

Bel. A wretch, who from the very top of
happiness

Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up
again.

Priu. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst
tasted sorrows;

Would I could help thee.

Bel. 'Tis greatly in your power,
The world too, speaks you charitable, and I,
Who ne'r ask'd almes before, in that dear 31
hope

Am come a begging to you, Sir.

Priu. For what?

Bel. Oh, well regard me, is this voice a
strange one?

Consider too, when beggars once pretend
A case like mine, no little will content 'em.

Priu. What wouldst thou beg for?

Bel. Pity **and** forgiveness;

[Throws up her Veil.
By the kind tender names of child and
father,

Hear my complaints and take me to your
love.

Priu. My daughter?

Bel. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Vertuous and noble, faithfull to your 40
honour,

Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your armes; by all the joys she
gave you,

When in her blooming years she was your
treasure,

Look kindly on me; in my face behold
The lineaments of hers y'have kiss'd so
often,

Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off
Child.

Priu. Thou art my daughter.

Bel. Yes——And y'have oft told me
With smiles of love and chaste paternal
kisses,

I'd much resemblance of my mother.

Priu. Oh!

Hadst thou inherited her matchless vertues
I'd been too bless'd.⁰

Bel. Nay, do not call to memory 01
My disobedience, but let pity enter
Into your heart, and quite deface the im-
pression;

For could you think how mine's perplex,
what sadness

Fears and despairs distract the peace within
me,

Oh, you woud take me in your dear, dear
Armes,

Hover with strong compassion o'r your
young one,

To shelter me with a protecting wing,
From the black gather'd storm, that's just,
just breaking.

Priu. Don't talk thus.

Bel. Yes, I must, and you must hear too.
I have a husband.

Priu. Damn him.

Bel. Oh, do not curse him! 61
He woud not speak so hard a word towards
you

On any terms, oh! e'r^o he deal with me.

bless'd] a bless'd Q 2,

oh! e'r] Q 1; oh! e'er Q 2; howe'er Q 3, EP,
1712, 1727, which gives better sense.

Priu. Hah! what means my child?

Bel. Oh there's but this short moment
Twixt me and Fate, yet send me not-with
curses

Down to my grave, afford me one kind
blessing

Before we part: just take me in your armes
And recommend me with a prayer to
Heaven,

That I may dye in peace, and when Fm
dead——

Priu. How my Soul's catcht?

Bel. Lay me, I beg you, lay me ⁷⁰
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet
spared her.

Priu. By Heaven, my aking heart fore-
bodes much mischief,
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.

Bel. No, I'm contented.

Priu. Speak.

Bel. No matter.

Priu. Tell me.

By you, blest⁰ Heaven, my heart runs o'r
with fondness.

Bel. Oh!

Priu. Utter't.

Bel. Oh my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosome
To peirce⁰ the heart of your poor *Belvidera*.

Priu. Kill thee?

Bel. Yes, kill me, when he pass'd his faith
And covenant, against your State and ⁸¹
Senate,

He gave me up as hostage for his truth,
With me a dagger and a dire commission,⁰
When e'r he fail'd to plunge it through this
bosome.

I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T'attempt his heart, and bring it back to
honour,

Great love prevail'd and bless'd me with
success,

He came, confest, betray'd his dearest
friends

For promis'd mercy; now they're doom'd to
suffer,

Gall'd with remembrance of what then was ⁹⁰
sworn,

If they are lost, he vows t'appease the
Gods

With this poor life, and make my bloud
th'attonement.

Priu. Heavens!

Bel. Think you saw what pass'd at our
last parting;

Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth and tearing up his steps,
Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you saw his one
hand

Fix't on my throat, while the extended
other

Grasp'd a keen threatning dagger, oh 'twas
thus,

We last embrac'd, when, trembling with
revenge, ¹⁰⁰

He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my
bosome

Presented horrid death, cried out, my
friends,

Where are my friends? swore, wept, rag'd,
threatened, lov'd,

For he yet⁰ lov'd, and that dear love pre-
serv'd me,

To this last tryal of a father's pity.

I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand should do th'unfriendly
office;

If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the Senate, save the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, e'r mine be made the ¹¹⁰
sacrifice.

Priu. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Bel. Will you not, my father?

Weep not but answer me.

Priu. By Heaven, I will.

Not one of 'em but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past,
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my
life,

Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness
o'r thee,

Peace to thy heart. Farewel.

Bel. Go, and remember,

he yet] yet he 1727.

you, blest] Qq 1, 2; yon bless'd Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

peirce] Q 1; pierce Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.
commission, . . . bosome.] Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727;
Qq 1, 2 print a full-stop after commission and
comma after bosome.

Tis *Belvidera's* life her father pleads for. 120
[*Ex. severally.*]

Enter Antonio.

Hum, hum, hah,
Seignior *Priuli*, my Lord *Priuli*, my Lord,
my Lord, my Lord: Now, we Lords love
to call one another by our Titles. My Lord,
my Lord, my Lord——Pox on him, I am a
Lord as well as he, And so let him fiddle——
I'll warrant him he's gone to the Senate-
house, and I'll be there too, soon enough
for somebody. Odd——here's a tickling speech
about the Plot, I'll prove there's a Plot MO
with a Vengeance——would I had it without
book; let me see——

Most Reverend Senators,
That there is a Plot,⁰ surely by this time,
no man that hath eyes or understanding
in his head will presume to doubt, 'tis as
plain as the light in the Cowcumber——
no——hold there——Cowcumber does not
come in yet——'tis as⁰ plain as the light in
the Sun, or as the man in the Moon, even¹⁴⁰
at noon day; It is indeed a Pumpkin-Plot,
which, just as it was mellow, we have
gathered, and now we have gathered it,
prepar'd and dress'd it, shall we throw it
like a pickled Cowcumber out at the win-
dow? no: that it is not onely a bloudy,
horrid, execrable, damnable and audacious
Plot, but it is, as I may so say, a sawcy
Plot: and we all know, most Reverend
Fathers, that what⁰ is sawce for a Goose¹⁵⁰
is sawce for a Gander: Therefore, I say, as
those bloud-thirsty Ganders of the con-
spiracy would have destroyed us Geese of
the Senate, let us make haste to destroy
them, so I humbly move for hanging——hah,
hurry durry—I think this will doe, tho I
was something out, at first, about the Sun
and the Cowcumber.

Enter Aquilina.

Aquil. Good morrow, Senatour.

Anto. Nacky, my dear Nacky, morrow¹⁶⁰
Nacky, odd I am very brisk, very merry,
very pert, very jovial——ha a a a a——
kiss me, Nacky; how dost thou doe, my

a Plot] The whole of this speech pokes fun at
those who believed in the Popish Plot.

as] om. 1727.

what] which 1727.

little Tory, rory Strumpet, kiss me, I say,
hussy, kiss me.

Aquil. Kiss me, Nacky, hang you, Sir,
Coxcomb, hang you, Sir.

Anto. Hayty tayty, is it so indeed, with
all my heart, faith——*Hey then up go we,*⁰
faith——*hey then up go we, dum dum Ta*
derum dump. [Sings.

Aquil. Seignior.

Anto. Madona.

Aquil. Do you intend to die in your
bed——?

Anto. About threescore years hence, much
may be done, my dear.

Aquil. You'll be hang'd, Seignior.

Anto. Hang'd, sweet heart, prithee be
quiet, hang'd quoth-a, that's a merry con-¹⁸⁰
ceit, with all my heart, why thou jok'st,
Nacky, thou art given to joking, I'll swear;
well, I'll protest, Nacky, nay, I must pro-
test, and will protest that I love joking
dearly, man.⁰ And I love thee for joking,
and I'll kiss thee for joking, and towse
thee for joking, and odd, I have a devilish
mind to take thee aside about that business
for joking too, odd I have, and *Hey then*
*up go we, dum dum derum dump.*¹⁹⁰

[Sings.

Aquil. See you this, Sir?

[*Draws a dagger.*

Anto. O Laud, a dagger! Oh Laud! it is
naturally my aversion, I cannot endure the
sight on't, hide it, for Heavens sake, I can-
not look that way till it be gone——hide it,
hide it, oh, oh, hide it!

Aquil. Yes, in your heart, I'll hide it.

Anto. My heart; what, hide a dagger in
my heart's blood!

Aquil. Yes, in thy heart, thy throat, thou
pamper'd Devil;

Thou hast help'd to spoil my peace, and
I'll have vengeance²⁰⁰

On thy curst life, for all the bloody Senate,
The perjur'd faithless Senate: Where's my
Lord,

My happiness, my love, my God, my Hero,
Doom'd by thy accursed tongue, amongst
the rest,

Hey . . . we] the refrain of many songs of the
period.

man] *Man*, or *mun*, was used in this inexplicit
way as a form of address irrespective of gender. Cf.
p. 972.

T'a shamefull wrack? By all the rage that's
in me

I'll be whole years in murdering thee.-

Anto. Why, Nacky,
Wherefore so passionate? what have I done?
what's the matter, my dear Nacky? am not
I thy Love, thy Happiness, thy Lord, thy ²¹⁰
Hero, thy Senatour, and every thing in the
world, Nacky?

Aquil. Thoul think'st thou, thou art fit
to meet my joys;

To bear the eager clasps of my embraces?
Give me my *Pierre*, or——

Anto. Why, he's to be hang'd, little Nacky,
Trust up for Treason, and so forth, Child.

Aquil. Thou ly'st, stop down thy throat
that hellish sentence, ²²⁰

Or 'tis thy last: swear that my Love shall
live,

Or thou art dead.

. *Anto.* Ah h h h h.

Aquil. Swear to recall his doom,
Swear at my feet, and tremble at my fury.

Anto. I do, now if she would but kick a
little bit, one kick now

Ahhhh.

Aquil. Swear, or——

Anto. I doe, by these dear fragrant foots
And little toes, sweet as, eeee my Nacky ²³⁰
Nacky. Nacky.

Aquil. How!

Anto. Nothing but untie thy shoe-string
a little faith and troth,
That's all, that's all, as I hope to live, Nacky,
that's all.

Aquil. Nay, then——

Anto. Hold, hold, thy Love, thy Lord, thy
Hero

Shall be preserv'd and safe.

Aquil. Or may this Poniard
Rust in thy Heart.

Anto. With all my Soul.

Aquil. Farewell———[*Ex. Aquil.* 239

Anto. Adieu. Why what a bloody-minded
inveterate, termagant, Strumpet have I been
plagu'd with! ohhh yet more! nay then I
die, I die—I am dead already.

[*Stretches himself out.*

Enter Jaffair.

Jaff. Final destruction seize on all the
world:

Bend down, ye Heavens, and shutting round
this earth,

Crush the Vile Globe into its first confusion;
Scorch it, with Elemental flames, to one
curst Cindar,

And all us little creepers in't, call'd men, 28
Burn, burn to nothing: but let *Venice* burn
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell
Ne'r to extinguish, and let souls hereafter
Groan here, in all those pains which mine
feels now.

Enter Belvidera.

Bel. My Life———[*Meeting him.*

Jaff. My Plague———[*Turning from her.*

Bel. Nay then I see my ruine,

If I must die!

Jaff. No, Death's this day too busie,

Thy Father's ill time'd Mercy came too
late,

I thank thee for thy labours tho and him
too,

But all my poor betray'd unhappy friends
Have Summons to prepare for Fate's black
hour;

And yet I live.

Bel. Then be the next my doom.

I see thou hast pass'd my sentence in thy ²⁶⁰
heart,

And I'll no longer weep or plead against it,
But with the humblest, most obedient pa-
tience

Meet thy dear hands, and kiss 'em when
they wound me;

Indeed I am willing, but I beg thee doe it
With some remorse, and when⁰ thou giv'st
the blow,

View me with eyes of a relenting love,
And shew me pity, for 'twill sweeten Justice.

Jaff. Shew pity to thee?

Belv. Yes, and when thy hands,
Charg'd with my fate, come trembling to
the deed,

As thou hast done a thousand thousand dear
times, ²⁷⁰

To this poor breast, when kinder rage has
brought thee,

When our sting'd hearts have leap'd to meet
each other,

And melting kisses seal'd our lips together,
When joyes have left me gasping in thy
armes,

So let my death come now, and I'll not
shrink from't.

when/ Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727; where Qq 1, 2.

Jaff. Nay, *Belvidera*, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy,

But answer me to what I shall demand
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.

Bel. I will when I've done weeping—²⁸⁰

Jaff. Fie, no more on't—²⁸⁰

How long is't since the miserable day
We wedded first—

Bel. Oh h h.

Jaff. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they un man me too.

Bel. Heaven knows I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly
These streams will follow—

Jaff. Come, I'll kiss 'em dry then.

Bel. But, was't a miserable day?

Jaff. A curs'd one.

Bel. I thought it otherwise, and you've oft
sworn

In the transporting hours of warmest love
When sure you spoke the truth, you've
sworn you bless'd it.

Jaff. Twas a rash oath.

Bel. Then why am I not curs'd too? ²⁹⁰

Jaff. No, *Belvidera* by th'eternal truth,
I doat with too much fondness.

Bel. Still so kind?

Still then do you° love me?

Jaff. Nature, in her workings,
Inclines not with more ardour to Creation,
Than I doe now towards thee; man ne'r was
bless'd,

Since the first pair first met, as I have been.

Bel. Then sure you will not curse me.

Jaff. No, I'll bless thee.

I came on purpose, *Belvidera*, to bless thee.
'Tis now, I think, three years w'have° liv'd
together. ³⁰⁰

Bel. And may no fatal minute ever
part us,

Till, reverend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one Grave, as our last bed, to-
gether,

There sleep in peace till an eternal morn-
ing.

Jaff. When will that be? [*Sighing.*

Bel. I hope long Ages hence.

Jaff. Have I not hitherto (I beg thee
tell me

Thy very fears) us'd thee with tender'st
love?

Did e'r my Soul rise up in wrath against
thee?

Did I e'r frown when *Belvidera* smil'd,
Or, by the least unfriendly work, betray ³¹⁰

A bating passion? have I ever wrong'd thee?

Bel. No.

Jaff. Has my heart, or have my eyes e'r
wandred

To any other woman?

Bel. Never, never—I were° the worst of
false ones,° should I accuse thee.

I own I've been too happy, bless'd above
My Sexes Charter.

Jaff. Did I not say I came to bless thee?

Bel. Yes.

Jaff. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous
head, ³²⁰

Where everlasting sweets are always spring-
ing.

With a continual giving hand, Ipt peace,
Honour and safety always hover round her,
Feed her with plenty, let her eyes ne'r see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know
mourning,

Crown all her days with joy, her nights
with rest,

Harmless as her own thoughts, and prop°
her vertue,

To bear the loss of one that too much
lov'd,

And comfort her with patience in our part-
ing.

Bel. How, parting, parting!

Jaff. Yes, for ever parting, ³³⁰

I have sworn, *Belvidera*; by yon Heaven,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave
thee,

We part this hour for ever.

Bel. Oh call back

Your cruel blessings, stay with me and
curse me!

Jaff. No, 'Tis resolv'd.

Bel. Then hear me too, just Heaven,
Pour down your curses on this wretched
head

With never-ceasing Vengeance, let despair,
Danger or infamy, nay all surround me,

I were . . . thee] Qq 1-3, 1712 as text; EP, 1727
as a separate line.

ones] *one* Q 2.

prop] *proper* Q 2.

you] Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727; *you you* Qq 1, 2.

w'have] Qq 1, 2, 3, EP; *we've* 1712, 1727.

Starve me with wantings, let my eyes ne'r
see

A sight of comfort, nor my heart know
peace,³⁴⁰

But dash my days with sorrow, nights with
horrors

Wild as my own thoughts now, and let
loose fury

To make me mad enough for what I lose,
If I must lose him; if I must, I will not.

Oh turn and hear me!

Jaff. Now hold, heart, or never.

Bel. By all the tender days we have⁰
liv'd together,

By all our charming nights, and joyes that
crown'd 'em,

Pity my sad condition, speak, but speak.

Jaff. Oh h h.

Bel. By these armes that now cling round
thy neck,

By this dear kiss and by ten thousand more,
By these poor streaming eyes——

Jaff. Murther! unhold me:³⁵¹
By th'immortal destiny that doom'd me

[Draws his Dagger.

To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one
longer,

Resolve to let me go or see me fall——

Bel. Hold, Sir, be patient.

Jaff. Hark, the dismal Bell

[Passing-bell towles.

Towles out for death, I must attend its call
too,

For my poor friend, my dying Pierre ex-
pects me,

He sent a message to require I'd see him
Before he dy'd, and take his last forgive-
ness.

Farewell for ever.

Bel. Leave thy dagger with me.³⁶⁰
Bequeath me something——Not one kiss at
parting?

Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break?
[Going out looks back at her.

Jaff. Yet stay,

We have a Child, as yet, a tender Infant.
Be a kind mother to him when I am gone,
Breed him in virtue and the paths of

Honour,

But let him never know his father's story;
I charge thee guard him from the wrongs
my Fate

we', have] Qq 1, 2, 1712; *w'have* Q 3, EP; *we've*
1727.

May doe his future fortune or his name.

Now——nearer yet——

[Approaching each other.

Oh that my armes were rivetted

Thus round thee ever! But my friends, my
oath!³⁷⁰

This and no more.

[Kisses her.

Bel. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one you've ta'n care of,
I'll giv't him truly.

Jaff. So, now farewell.

Bel. For ever?

Jaff. Heaven knows for ever; all good
Angels guard thee.

Bel. All ill ones sure had charge of mc
this moment,

Curst be my days, and doubly curst my
nights,

Which I must now mourn out in widdow'd
tears;

Blasted be every herb and fruit and tree,
Curst be the rain that falls upon the
earth,

And may the general Curse reach man and
beast;³⁸⁰

Oh give me daggers, fire or water,
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown
the waves

Huzzing⁰ and booming round my sinking
head,

Till I descended to the peacefull bottome!
Oh there's all quiet, here all rage and fury.
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak
brain,

I long for thick substantial sleep: Hell, Hell,
Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Enter Priuli and Servants.

Who's there?

[They seize her.

Pri. Run, seize and bring her safely home,
Guard her as you would life: Alas poor
creature!³⁹¹

Bel. What? to my husband then conduct
me quickly,

Are all things ready? shall we dye most
gloriously?

Say not a word of this to my old father,
Murmuring streams, soft shades, and spring-
ing flowers,

Lutes, Laurells, Seas of Milk, and ships of
Amber.

l.Ex.

Huzzing] hissing.

Scene opening discovers a Scaffold and a Wheel prepar'd for the executing of Pierre, then enter Officers, Pierre and Guards, a Friar, executioner and a great Rabble.

Offic. Room room there——stand all by, make room for the Prisoner.

Pier. My friend not come yet?

Father. Why are you so obstinate? <to

Pierr. Why you so troublesome, that a poor wretch cannot⁰ dye in peace?

But you, like Ravens, will be croaking round him——

Fath. Yet, Heaven——

Pier. I tell thee Heaven and I are friends, I ne'r broke Peace with't yet, by cruel murders,

Rapine, or perjury, or vile deceiving, But liv'd in moral Justice towards all men, Nor am a foe to the most strong believers: How e'er my own short-sighted Faith confine me.

Fath. But an all-seeing Judge——

Pier. You say my conscience ¹⁴⁰ Must be mine accuser: I have search'd that Conscience,

And find no records there of crimes that scare me.

Fath. 'Tis strange you should want faith.

Pier. You want to lead

My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd⁰ Lion,

Check'd of its nobler vigour then, when⁰ baited,⁰

Down to obedient tameness, make it couch, And shew strange tricks which you call signs of Faith.

So silly Souls are gull'd and you get money. Away, no more: Captain, I would⁰ hereafter

This fellow wrote no lyes of my conversion, Because he has crept upon my troubled ⁴²¹ hours.

Enter Jaffair.

Jaff. Hold: Eyes, be dry; Heart, strengthen me to bear This hideous sight, and humble me, take⁰ cannot] Q 1; Cannot Q 2; Can't Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727. Only Q 1 reads *Why . . . peace?* as one line; other edd. read *Why . . . wretch* as a separate verse.

hamper'd] caught in toils.
vigour then, when] Qq 1, 2; Vigour; then when Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

baited] harassed.

I would] Qq 1, 2; I'd have Q 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

The last forgiveness of a dying friend, Betray'd by my vile falsehood, to his mine. Oh *Pierre!*

Pier. Yet nearer.

Jaff. Crawling on my knees, And prostrate on the earth, let me approach thee,

How shall I look up to thy injur'd face, That always us'd to smile, with friendship, on me?

It darts an air of so much manly virtue, ⁴³⁰ That I, methinks, look little in thy sight, And stripes are fitter for me than embraces.

Pier. Dear to my Armes, though thou hast undone my fame,

I cannot forget to love thee: prithee, *Jaffair*, Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee;

I am now preparing for the land of peace, And fain would have the charitable wishes Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.

Jaff. Good! I am the vilest creature, worse than e'r

Suffer'd the shamefull Fate thou art going ⁴⁴⁰ to taste of,

Why was I sent for to be us'd thus kindly? Call, call me villain, as I am, describe

The foul complexion of my hatefull deeds, Lead me to the Rack, and stretch me in thy stead,

I've crimes enough to give it its full load, And doe it credit: Thou wilt but spoil the use on't,

And honest men hereafter bear its figure About 'em, as a charm from treacherous friendship.

Offic. The time grows short, your friends are dead already.

Jaff. Dead! ⁴⁵⁰

Pier. Yes, dead, *Jaffair*, theyVe all dy'd like men too,

Worthy their Character.

Jaff. And what must I doe?

Pier. Oh, *Jaffair!*

Jaff. Speak, aloud thy burthen'd Soul, And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.

Pier. Friend! Could'st thou yet be a Friend, a generous friend,

I might hope Comfort from thy noble sorrows,

Heav'n knows I want a Friend.

me, take] Qq 1, 2; me: Take Q 3, 1712; me to take EP, 1727.

Jaff. And I a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting
Vertue,
Or think when he is to dye, my thoughts
are idle.

Pierr. No! live, I charge thee, *Jaffeir*.⁴⁶⁰
Jaff. Yes, I will live,
But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd
At such a rate, as *Venice* long shall groan
for.

Pierr. Wilt thou?
Jaff. I will, by Heav'n.
Pierr. Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee, oh—yet—shall I trust
thee?

Jaff. No; I've been false already.
Pier. Dost thou love me?
Jaff. Rip up my heart, and satisfie thy
doubtings.
Pier. Curse on this weakness.

[*He weeps.*]

Jaff. Tears! Amazement! Tears!
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something lab'ring in thy
bosom
That must have vent: Though I'm a Villain,⁴⁷⁰
tell me.

Pier. See'st thou that Engine?
[*Pointing to the Wheel.*]

Jaff. Why?
Pier. Is't fit^o a Souldier, who has liv'd
with Honour,
Fought Nations Quarrels, and bin^o Crown'd
with Conquest,

Be expos'd a common Carcass on a Wheel?
Jaff. Hah!

Pier. Speak! is't fitting?
Jaff. Fitting?

Pier. Yes, Is't fitting?
Jaff. What's to be done?

Pier. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's Noble, to preserve my
Memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attaint it.
Offic. The day grows late, Sir.

Pier. I'll make haste! oh *Jaffeir*,⁴⁸⁰
Though thou'st betray'd me, doe me some
way Justice.

Pier. Is't fit . . . *Jaff.* Fitting! These lines,
with slight spelling variations, are repeated in Qq 2,
8, 1712, 1727.

bin] Q 1; been Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712, 1727.

Jaff. No more of that: Thy wishes shall
be satisfied,
I have a Wife, and she shall bleed, my Child
too
Yield up his little Throat, and all t'appease
thee—

[*Going away Pier, holds him.*]

Pier. No—this—no more!
[*He whispers Jaffeir.*]

Jaff. Hah! is't then so?

Pier. Most certainly.

Jaff. I'll do't.

Pier. Remember.

Offic. Sir.

Pier. Come, now I'm ready.⁴⁹⁰

[*He and Jaffeir ascend the Scaffold.*]

Captain, you should be a Gentleman of
honour,
Keep off the Rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my Fate, and dye with
Decency.
Come!

*Takes⁹ off his Gown. Executioner pre-
pares to bind him.*

Path. Son!

Pier. Hence, Tempter.

Offic. Stand off, Priest.

Pier. I thank you, Sir,
You'll think on't? [To *Jaffeir*.⁵⁰⁰]

Jaff. 'Twon't grow stale before to mor-
row.

Pier. Now, *Jaffeir*! now I am going.
Now;—

[*Executioner having bound him.*]

Jaff. Have at thee,
Thou honest heart, then—here—
[*Stabs him.*]

And this is well too. [Then stabs himself.
Fath. Damnable Deed!

Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful.
This was done Nobly—We have de-
ceiv'd the Senate.

Jaff. Bravely.

Pier. Ha ha ha—oh oh—[Dies.⁵¹⁰]

Jaff. Now, ye^o curs'd Rulers,
Thus of the blood y' have shed I make Liba-
tion,⁵¹⁰

And sprinkl't mingling: May it rest'upon
you,

And all your Race: Be henceforth Peace a
stranger

Takes] Take Q 2.

ye] Q 1, 1712, 1727 ;, you Qq 2, 3, EP.

Within your Walls; let Plagues and Famine
waste

Your Generations——oh poor *Belvidera*!
Sir, I have a Wife, bear this in safety to her.
A Token that with my dying Breath I blest
her,

And the dear little Infant left behind me.
I am sick——I'm⁰ quiet——

[*Jaff. dyes.*

Offic. Bear this news to the Senate,
And guard their Bodies till there's farther
order:

Heav'n grant I dye so well——⁵²⁰

[*Scene shuts upon them.*

*Soft Musick. Enter Belvidera distracted, led
by two of her Women, Priuli and Servants.*

Priu. Strengthen her heart with Patience,
pitying Heav'n.

Belv. Come come come come come. Nay,
come to bed!

Prithee my Love. The Winds! hark how
they whistle!

And the Rain beats: oh how the weather
shrinks me!

You are angry now, who cares? pish, no
indeed.

Choose then, I say you shall not go, you
shall not;

Whip your ill nature; get you gone then! oh,
[*Jaffeir's Ghost rises.*

Are you return'd? See, Father, here he's
come agen,

Am I to blame to love him! Oh thou dear
one. [*Ghost sinks.*

Why do you fly me? are you angry still
then? ⁵³⁰

Jaffeir! where art thou? Father, why do
you doe thus?

Stand off, don't hide him from me. He's
here somewhere.

Stand off I say: what gone? remember't
Tyrant!

I may revenge my self for this trick one day.
[*Enter Officer and others.*

I'll do't——I'll do't. *Renault's* a nasty fel-
low.

Hang him, hang him, hang him.

Priu. News, what News?

[*Offic. whispers Priuli.*

Offic. Most sad, Sir.

I'm] I am 1727.

Jaffeir upon the Scaffold, to prevent
A shameful death, stab'd *Pierre*, and next
himself:

Both fell together.

Priu. Daughter.

Bel. Hah, look there!

*The Ghosts⁰ of Jaff. and Pier, rise to-
gether both bloody.*

My Husband bloody, and his friend too!
Murther! ⁶⁴⁰

Who has done this? speak to me thou sad
Vision, [*Ghosts sink.*

On these poor trembling Knees I beg it,
Vanisht——

Here they went down; Oh I'll dig, dig the
Den up.

You shan't delude me thus. *Ho!* *Jaffeir*,
Jaffeir.

Peep up and give me but a look. I have
him!

I've got him, Father: Oh now⁰ how I'll
smuggle⁰ him!

My Love! my Dear! my Blessing! help me,
help me!

They have hold on me, and drag me to the
bottom.

Nay——now they pull so hard——fare-
well——[*She dyes.*

Maid. She's dead.

Breathless and dead.

Priu. Then guard me from the sight on't:
Lead me into some place that's fit for
mourning; ⁵⁵¹

Where the free Air, Light and the chearfull
Sun

May never enter: Hang it round with
Black;

Set up one Taper that may last a day

As long as I've to live: And there all⁰ leave
me.

*Sparing no Tears when you this Tale
relate,*

But bid all cruel Fathers dread my Fate.
[*Curtain falls, Ex. omnes.*

FINIS.

Ghosts] Q 1, 1727; Ghost Qq 2, 3, EP, 1712

now] om. 1727.

smuggle] fondle, caress.

all] Q 1, EP, 1712, 1727; om. Qq 2, 3.

BURY-FAIR
A
C O M E D Y ,

AskiACTED by His
Majefty s Servants.

Written
By *THO. SRADWELL,*
Servant to His Majefty'

LONDON,
**Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown in
St, Paul's Church-yard; 1689.**

Thomas Shadwell (1642 ?-1692), poet laureate and butt of Dryden's sharpest satire, was a competent dramatist. He wrote nearly a score of plays between 1668 and 1692. He borrowed freely and was indebted mainly to Moliere and Shakespeare. *The Miser* is an adaptation of *L'Avarc*; *The Tempest* and *Timon of Athens* are based on Shakespeare. *Bury Fair* is not an adaptation, but it owes a good deal to *Les Precieuses Ridicules*.

An ardent admirer and follower of Ben Jonson he carried the comedy of humours into the restoration period. Whilst the comedy of manners was depicting society without moral concern Shadwell was scourging the folly and vices of his age with the lash of a satirist. In his later work the interest in virtue almost slips into sentimentalism.

Shadwell's most successful plays were his first, *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), *Epsom Wells* (1672), *The Squire of Alsatia* (1688) and *Bury Fair* (1689). In general his work is coarse. *The Squire of Alsatia* depicts the low life of London with unpleasant realism; but *Bury Fair* is not open to this criticism to the same extent. Based on provincial middle-class society it is in the main a farcical comedy; but a moral element is introduced in the character of Lord Bellamy and there are traces of the sentimentalism which in a later age was to sap the strength of English drama. The characters are alive and the play shows vivid depiction of life and vitality of dialogue.

The text is that of the first quarto edition of 1689, except where otherwise stated. It has been collated with the first collected *Works*, 4 vols., 1720.

Q 1 = First edition quarto, 1689 (A. E. M.).

Works = *The Dramatick Works of Thomas Shadwell*, 4 vol. duodecimo, 1720 (B. M. 644. a. 35).

Note: *The Works of Thomas Shadwell, Esq.*, 1693, is a collection of various editions of the plays bound up with a general title page. Q 1 is used in the case of this play.

Saintsbury = *Thomas Shadwell* (Mermaid Series), ed. George Saintsbury.

Summers = *Complete Works of Thomas Shadwell*, ed. M. Summers, 1927.

TO
C H A R L E S

EARL Of

DORSET and MIDDLESEX, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household,

Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, and one of the most Honourable Privy Council.

MY LORD,

/ Who have been so long and so continually obliged by your Lordship, have ever fresh Occasions of acknowledging your Favour and Bounty to me, and cannot be silent of the late great Honour^o you have done me, in making me the King's Servant; but must publish my Gratitude for that, and all the rest of the great Obligations I have receiv'd. Your Lordship not only makes use of your own Power, but of that which the King has entrusted you with, to do good to Mankind, which you ever delighted in. And as I am apt to believe, that no Man had ever a great Office conterr'd upon him with more Favour from his Prince, so I am well assured no Man ever receiv'd one with a more general liking of the People, than your Lordship. Nothing but the Service of so Great and Gracious a King, who so miraculously redeem'd us, and since makes all our Interests his own, could recompence you for the happy Retirement you might enjoy, and wherein you so much delight.

This Play, my Lord, I humbly submit to your Lordships Judgment. I can write nothing worthy of your Acceptance; but I hope your Lordship will give some Indulgence to this, since it was Written during eight Months painful Sickness, wherein all the several Days, in which I was able to Write any part of a Scene, amounted not to one Month, except some few which were employed in indispensable Business. This is indeed no Excuse in any one who does not Write for Necessities of Life.

The Play has met with a Kind Reception from all for ought I hear, but some of the late Loyal Poets, above whose Censure I esteem my self; and from some who are still so fond of the Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance,^o that they think it a Profanation to bring the very words into a Comedy.

These are so weak to mistake that for a Point of Divinity, which is indeed a Point of Law; and some of the most vigorous Maintainors of that Doctrine, have seen their Errour, and not only left off professing it, but have wisely and justly Contradicted it in their Practice, by assisting towards our late^o wonderful Deliverance. And sure there is no need of any great measure of understanding to find out, that, when the Compact on which Government is founded is broken, and those very Laws destroy'd, which were made to secure the People in their Estates, Liberty and Religion, the Law of Nature must take place, which not only permits, but obliges Mankind to Self-defence.

I never could Recant in the worst of Times, when my Ruine was design'd, and my Life was sought, and for near Ten years I was kept from the exercise of that Profession which

Honour . . . Servant] a reference to Shadwell's appointment as Poet Laureate.

Passive Obedience and Non-resistance] phrases in the mouths of the royal party in Charles II's reign. In 1675 an abortive attempt had been made to dominate Parliament by passing the Non-resistance Bill, which provided that all office holders and members of Parliament must take an oath of non-resistance to the Crown. In 1689 the successful resistance of the seven bishops to the dictates of James II was fresh in memory.

late . . . Deliverance] the accession of William III.

had afforded me a competent Subsistence, and surely I shall not now do it, when there is a Liberty of speaking Common Sense, which tho' not long since forbidden, is now grown Current.

I humbly beg your Lordship's Pardon for the trouble of this Epistle, who am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obliged

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

Drammatis Personse.

Lord Bellamy,
Mr. Wildish,
Mr. Oldwit,
Sir Humph. Noddy,
Mr. Trim,
La Roch,
Valet to Mr. Wildish,
Charles, Page to my Lord Bellamy,

Lady Fantast, Wife to Mr. Oldwit,
Mrs. Fantast, Daughter to my Lady Fantast
by a Former Husband,
Mrs. Gertrude, Oldwit's Daughter by a former
Wife,
Luce, Mrs. Fantast's Woman.
Four Ladies.
Butler.

Nicolas, Servant to La Roch.
Page to La Roch.

Milliner, Perfumer, Hosier, Goldsmith, Indian-Gown Man, two
Jack-Puddings, Gingerbread-Woman, Fruit Women, Country
Fellows and Wenches, Constable and his Guard, Servants and
Footmen.

Mr. Betterton.
Mr. Mountfort.
Mr. Underhill.
Mr. Noakes.
Mr. Bowman.
Mr. Leigh.
Mr. Bohen.^o
Mrs. Butler.^o

Mrs. Cory.
Mrs. Bout ell.
Mrs. Mountfort.

S C E N E S t. EDMUNDS-BURY.

Mrs. Butler] *Mr. Butler Works.*

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Mountfort.

FT~jO what hard Laws you Comzck Writers bind,
 J Who must at every turn new humour find;
 Tho' the great Masters of the former Age,
 Had all the choice of humour for the Stage:
 And they that plenteous Harvest reap'd so clean,
 Their Successors can little else but glean.
 Frolick,⁰ and Cockwood⁰ yet were good and new,
 And the Plain-dealer, and Sir Foplin⁰ you
 Have seen, and justly have applauded too.
 Our Author some new humour did produce,
 But look not for an unexhausted Cruse.
 The task each day grows harder than before;
 For as good Poets have brought forth great store,
 So Fellows of no Genius, with much Toil,
 Still Sweat for humour, which they always spoil:
 And by their hints good Comick Pens prevent,
 As Whelps stanch⁰ Hounds, by foyling⁰ of the scent.
 These wretched Poetitos,⁰ who got praise
 For writing most confounded Loyal Plays,
 With viler, courser Jests than at Bear-Garden,⁰
 And silly Grubstreet Songs worse than Tom Farthing.⁰
 If any Noble Patriot did excel
 His own, and Country's Rights defending well,
 These yelping Currs were straight loo'd⁰ on to bark,
 On the deserving Man to set a mark.
 These abject, fawning Parasites and Knaves,
 Since they were such, would have all others Slaves.
 'Twas precious Loyalty that was thought fit
 T' attone for want of Honesty and Wit.
 No wonder Common Sence was all cry'd down,
 And Noise and Nonsense swagger'd thro' the Town.
 Our^o Author then opprest, would have you know it,
 Was Silenc'd for a Non-comformist Poet:
 In those hard times he bore the utmost test,

Frolick] Sir Frederick Frolick in Etherege's *She wou'd if She cou'd*.

Cockwood] Lady Cockwood in the same play.

Foplin] Sir Fopling Flutter in *The Man of Mode*.

stanch] arrest, thwart.

foyling] spoiling by crossing, so that hounds are baffled.

Poetitos] poetasters.

Bear-Garden] see p. 125 *supra*.

Tom Farthing] N.E.D. explains as 'fool, simpleton,' but Summers disputes this and interprets more plausibly as 'a fellow who writes, or vends, a ballad for a farthing.'

loo'd] halloo'd, urged.

Our . . . opprest] Refers to the censorship exercised on Shadwell's *Lancashire Witches*, a play in which he introduced severe satire on the clergy and which was consequently the stoim-centre of partisan strife.

*And now he Swears he's Loyal as the best.
 Now Sirs, since Common Sence has won the day,
 Be kind to this as to his^o last years Play.
 His Friends stood firmly to him when distress'd;
 He hopes the number is not now decreas'd:
 He found esteem from those he valued most,
 Proud of his Friends, he of his Foes could boast.
 To all you Bury Sparks, he bid me say
 That every Part is Fiction in his Play;
 Particular Reflections there are none,
 Our Poet knows not one in all your Town.
 // any has so very little Wit)
 To think a Fop's dress can his Person fit, I
 E'en let him take it, and make much of it. J*

his . . . Play] *The Squire of Ahatia*, 1688.

BURY-FAIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.^o

Wildish and his Valet dressing him.

Val. Now I hope, Sir, you will acknowledge you see a sweet Town, clean, and finely Scituated, in a delicate Air; here I was Born, here I Suck'd my first Breath.

Wild. Thus every Coxcomb is big with the praise of the Country and Place of his Nativity.

Val. All the World says as much of St. Edmand's Bury.

Wild. There is indeed some Truth in 10 this; but 'tis not thou, but the Town, is in the right: for thou wou'dst have recommended the Air of the worst Town in the Hundreds^o of Essex, had'st thou Suck'd thy first breath in it, as thou say est. But one thing I can tell^o of thy Town, That it can produce a Blockhead.

Val. You may say what you please of me, Sir, but there are so many fine Gentlemen and Ladies, so Gallant, and so well bred,²⁰ we call it little London; and it out-does St. James's Square, and all the Squares, in Dressing and Breeding; nay, even the Court it self, under the Rose.

Wild. I doubt not, but they are given to out-do, as all Imitators are.

Val. Well, you London Wits, will never give any Man, nor any thing, a good Word.

Wild. You impudent Rascal! Wit, say you! What, do you call me Names? I so had as leive be call'd a Pick-pocket, as a Wit. A Wit is always a Merry, Idle, Wag-gish Fellow, of no Understanding: Parts indeed he has, but he had better be without 'em: Your solid Fop is a better Man; he'll be Diligent and Fawning, always in the way, and with his Blockhead do his business at last; but your Wit will either neglect all Opportunities for Pleasure, or if he brings his business into a hopeful way, he 'o will laugh at, or draw his Wit upon some great Man or other, and spoil all.

Val. Wou'd I were a Wit for all that.

Scene 1] Works adds: *Wildish's Lodging.*
Hundreds] The low damp lands of Essex near the coast were known as 'the Hundreds.'
tell] tell thee Works.

But to give you an Example of the Wit and Breeding of our Town; there is the Lady *Fantast*, and her Daughter.

Wild. The most perpetual, impertinent, prattling, conceited, affected Jades, that ever plagu'd Mankind.

Val. Mercy on me! Impertinent! Why,⁵⁰ they're the Flower of Bury. Is not the young Lady a Beauty too?

Wild. I must confess, God^o has given her one good Face; but by her most insupportable Affectation, she screws it into twenty bad ones. She has naturally a good Complexion, becoming good Features; and she, by Art, makes her Face look like a new White Wall with a Red Lettice.^o

Val. I hope, you'll grant Mr. *Oldwit* is⁶⁰ a fine Facetious, Witty, Old Gentleman, my Lady *Fantast's* Husband.

Wild. Almost as arrant an Ass, as thou art. He is a paltry Old-fashion'd Wit, and Punner of the last Age; that pretends to have been one of Ben^o Johnson's Sons, and to have seen Plays at the *Blackfryers*.

Val. You'll be Ston'd in the Streets, Sir, if you talk thus in Bury. I warrant, you will not allow Sir *Humphrey Noddy* to be⁷⁰ a Wit, and a fine Gentleman.

Wild. A Blunt, Noisy, Laughing, Roaring,^o Drinking Fellow; as troublesome as a Monky, and as Witless as a Jackdaw. He is, at best, but a Wag.

Val. Well, Sir, say what you please, he is a fine Gentleman, and will make a Man burst a Vein to keep him Company; he has Wit at will, that's certain.

Wild. If the Rogue had no more Money⁸⁰ at will, he'd dye in a Ditch.

Val. Will no body at Bury please you? What think you^o of Mr. *Triml* he's accounted the finest Gentleman in all Bury, for Breeding and Civility, and the like.

Wild. Now you have hit on't: He is a most Compleat, and finish'd Fop: Nature

Ood . . . ones] of. *Hamlet*, I. I. i. 149.
Lettice] lattice. A red lattice was used to denote an ale-house.

Ben . . . Sons] the coterie of poets who were the friends and followers of Ben Jonson.

Roaring] cf. p. 227 *supra*.
you] you Q 1.

has not been negligent, nor Art been Idle, in his Composition. He is very Wise, Reserve, full of Forms, and empty of Substance; all Ceremony, and no Sense; more troublesomely ill-bred with his Formality, than a High-shoo'd Peasant with his Roughness. Sir *Noddy* and he are two excellent Fops in Consort!

Val. Fops! Mercy upon me. You will be accounted a Mad-man, if you talk thus at *Bury*.

Wild. Yes, among Fools.

Val. Why, they are those that carry 100 all the Town before 'em.

Wild. No doubt on't, I never knew a Town yet, wherein the Fops do not carry all before 'em: They are a numerous, Impudent, and Noisy Party; while the Wise and Ingenious are Few, Modest and Re-eerv'd. There are Men of Wit, Honour, and Breeding; and Women of great Wit, Beauty, and Ingenuity, and Well-bred too, in this Town, which is really a sweet no Town; but these pretend to nothing: Your pretenders never have any thing in 'em.

Enter Mr. Trim

Val. Hold, Sir, here is Mr. *Trim*.

Trim: Sweet Mr. *Wildish!* I am your most humble Servant; and cannot but congratulate those auspicious Stars that brought you hither, to render this Town, and your Friends in it, happy by your presence.

[*Trim stands jetting⁰ out his Bum, and bowing all the while.* 120

Wild. You do me Honour, Sir.

Trim. Coming abroad to participate of the freshness of the Morning, among our *Bury* Gallants; the thrice fortunate encounter with one of your Train, put me in mind of paying that Tribute of my Service which I long have wish'd to pay: But my wishes have often been frustrated, for want of that happy opportunity of kissing your hands, which I now enjoy.

Wild. Your great Civilities are surprising; really your Generosity is as much be-

jetting] shooting, jerking. Cf. D'Urfey, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, i. 222: "Yet she gives her self Airs,/ And has got the Town Jett with her Bum too."

yond my expectation, as it is above my Merit. What an Engine⁰ is this Fop. [*aside.*

Trim. It is impossible that we of *Bury*, who I may say with modesty enough, have no small Fame for Breeding and Civility, can ever be so obnoxious to that Stupidity, or neglect of either, as not to value the great Honour done to us, and the co-honestation⁰ of us, by your arrival at ¹⁴⁰*Bury* at this time of the Fair: Which will add to the wonted-gavety and Splendour of the Place and Season.

Wild. You astonish me, with your most admirable Address, and Complaisance: and I think there lives not, among the race of Mankind, a person more skilful in all Decencies of Behaviour, compleatness of Expression, Gestures of Body, Modulations of Voice, and all those Arts of Modish Gallantry, which might render a man the Mirror of Courts, and the Wonder and Example of all other places, *aside.* A pox on this Fool in a Frame!

Val. Rarely done on both sides! Oh how their Tongues are hung!

Wild. Be pleas'd to sit.

Trim. Oh Lord, Sir, while you are on your Feet! Sure I can never live to be blotted with that odious Soloecism in Manners. ¹⁶⁰Nay, Sir, I beseech you.

They sit down; but Trim strives to sit down last.

Wild. Sir, you will catch cold.

Wildish makes signs to put his Hat on, and takes his own up. Trim strives again who shall put on his Hat last.

Trim. I had rather catch any thing, than the Infamy of ill Breeding.

Wild. Well, Sir, how stand Affairs at *Bury*?

Trim. Singularly well, Sir; the amenity of our Scituation, together with the equal Temperature of the Climate, produces in us that serenity of Mind, that *Bury* seems ¹⁷⁰to be the Habitation of the Graces and the Muses.

Wild. *Bury* indeed seems to be the Scene of Beauty, Wit and Breeding.

Trim. 'Tis a great Honour to us, to hear this pronounc'd by a Person, who is no less

Engine) contrivance.
[*cohone8tation*] honouring with your company.
N.E.D.

Eminent in Wit, than celebrated for Humanity, and Decency of Deportment.

Wild. A Pox on this Puppy! Two such more, wou'd drive me out of *Bury*, before I see my Mistress, the Creature of the World I am most passionately in Love with.¹⁸⁰

Trim. You, that make so noble a Figure among the nimble and quick Spirits of the Age, and are such a Top Wit,^o that all *England* rinds out your Fame!

Wild. Pr'y thee, Mr. *Trim*, what e're you do, don't call me a Wit; 'tis good for nothing in this Age, but to undo a Man: I iw shall be hunted for a Wild Beast. But pray, what Lady rides Admiral^o here at *Bury*?

Trim. O Lord! who shou'd, but Madam *Fantast*, the sweet Lady *Fan Last's* Daughter? a Paragon of Beauty, and a Mirror of Wit and Breeding! at once the Envy and Wonder of the Sex and Age! She bears the Flag of Wit and Breeding on the main Topsail of her Beauty. (A pretty Trope! **200**)

Wild. How does Mr. *Oldwit's* young Daughter? I saw her in *London* last *Easter-Term*: She is the prettiest Charming Creature my Eyes ever beheld!

Trim. She is indeed a pretty Bud of Beauty: and if she Blossoms under the Sun-shine of my Lady *Fantast's* Favour, and her Daughters Example, she will flourish; otherwise not.

Wild. Very concise and dogmatical. **20** *Aside.* You are a great Servant of Mrs. *Fantast's*. To him.

Trim. I, I am her humble Admirer, her Adorer: I call her *Dorinda*, and she honours me with the name of *Eugenius*. I visit her daily.

Wild. Nick-names and Visits! then there's somewhat more between you, ifaith Mr. *Trim*.

Trim. Upon my Honour, nothing but a **20** certain creeping correspondence;^o a Conversation^o that favours somewhat of Gallantry, mix'd now and then with Ombre,

Crimp, *Comet*, or *Incertain*;^o and sometimes we read an Author, or so.

Wild. Or so! Hark in your Ear.

Trim. Sir, I am astonish'd to think I should be obnoxious to that Infelicity to be so mistaken: and I must tell you, Sir, I scorn your words.²³⁰

Wild. I did not think it had been a Dishonour to a man to lye with a pretty woman.

Trim. I wou'd not for the whole World: Nor ever did. Mistake me not, unless I were Married.

Wild. What a Devil do we all run after 'em, and keep 'em company for, and Dance, and play the Fool, but in or dine ad?

Trim. I visit all the Ladies for their Conversation, for the excellence of their²⁴⁰ Conversation.

Wild. Conversation! That is so frivolous, it were not to be born, but for something else that shall be nameless: and I'll tell you one thing, Mr. *Trim*, That any Woman you keep company with, who does not think you have a mind to lye with her, will never forgive you, to my knowledge.

Trim. Their Conversation does infinitely transcend mens, I assure you: I have²⁰⁰ study'd the Sex.

Wild. I'll tell you one thing more: That you must never be alone with a Woman, but you must offer, or she knows you care not for her: Five to one but she grants: But if she does not care for you, but denies, she's certain by that you care for her, and will esteem you the better ever after.

Trim. Oh uncharitable Sentence!^o

Wild. Come, you and I'll sup together,²⁶⁰ and be merry; and two or three Bottles will make you freer, and more open-hearted.

Trim. I never Sup: We of the better Rank never Sup, at *Bury*,

Wild. How? not Sup!

Trim. No. [Enter Mr. *Oldwit*, and Sir *Humphrey Noddy*, stealing in.

Wild. Nor drink a Bottle?

Trim. Never between Meals. We do indeed divert our selves with some Milk-Pottage in the Evening; that's all.²⁷⁰

Sir. Hum. Now, now this Rogue's my

Ombre, *Crimp*, *Comet*, or *Incertain*] card games.
[Sentence] opinion, sentiment.

with] Works adds [Aside.

Top Wit] eminent wit. Cf. p. 318 *infra*,
rides Admiral] leads society. Cf. p. 310 *infra*,
creeping correspondence] diffident intercourse.
Conversation] intercourse, association.

Rival: I shall Tease him, ere I have done with him.

[*He plucks the Chair from under Trim; and gives him a Devilish fall: Oldwit and he laugh immoderately.*]

Oldw. Sir Humphrey, forbear; I pray forbear: You'll be the death of me.

Wild. How now? what, will not this Fool cut the other Fool over the Pate? Shall I have no Sport with 'em?

Old. I shall break a Vein, if I keep you company, you arch Wag you. Mr. ³⁰ Wildish, I am come to kiss your hands: you are welcome to Bury-Fair.

Wild. Sir, I am your most humble Servant: you honour⁰ me with this Visit.

Sir Hum. Dear Ned, let me kiss thee! Ah, Ned, that night I saw thee at Newmarket!

Wild. Which was the first night I ever saw the Puppy. [*aside.*]⁰

Sir Hum. I shall never forget it. Ah, 'twas the merriest Night I²⁹⁰

Wild. Ay, 'twas so: we talk'd of nothing but Cocks, Dogs, and Horses.

Sir Hum. Not a word. 'Twas the bravest Night! But I was too hard for, and out vapour'd⁰ all the Jockeys and Cockers;⁰ and after that I hunted over a bottle. Here Jowler; hey Venus 1 and we roared so till four in the Morning; that, Gad take me, between you and me, I was deaf on both Ears for three weeks after; I have scarce³⁰⁰ recover'd one Ear yet. I would give Fifty pound for such another night.

Trim. Sir, I must tell you, your Deportment is very undecent,⁰ and savours much of ill Breeding: And I wou'd desire you wou'd please to explain your self, in this particular.

Sir Hum. Puh! Waggers, meer Waggers. Dear Jack, kiss me: Honest Jack, I love to be familiar with my Friends. Jack, Jack,³¹⁰ dear Jack! nowns Jack I

Trim. Jack, Jack, Jack! Familiar! I must tell you, Sir, I cannot brook the Roughness of your Demeanour; the consequences whereof may produce those effects, as may not be agreeable to those decencies re-

quir'd in Conversation. But I shall at present take my leave, and visit Ladies, Sir,⁰ I kiss your hands.

Wild. Sir, your most humble Servant.³²⁰

Trim. Mr. Oldwit, I am your most faithful Servant.⁰

Old. Your Servant, sweet Mr. Trim. Well, Sir Humphrey Noddy, go thy ways; thou art the Archest Wit and Wag! I must forswear thy Company: thou'lt kill me else.

Sir Hum. Hang't, a pox on't, what is this World worth, without wit, and waggery, and Mirth? I love to be merry.

Wild. Plague on him; his Mirth is the ^æ melancholiest thing in the world. [*aside.*]

Sir Hum. You saw, Mr. Wildish, how I run down Fellows at Newmarket, with my Jest and my Tricks: They took me for a Put;⁰ but I outroar'd 'em all, i'faith, and could have put them all in a Mouse-hole.

Wild. How does my Lord, your dear Friend, and Patron?

Sir Hum. Oh, Sir, his Lordship is in good Health. He is no body without we poor⁰ ³⁴⁰ Man: he loves Wit, and good Company; I'll tell you, I'll tell you—

Old. Now we shall hear some Wit and Waggers!

Sir Hum. 'T'other-day we were a Hunting, and at a cold Scent; one of his Gentlemen being alighted, stood by a Plash of Water: I sneak'd behind, and push'd him, I vow to Gad, up to, the Knees.

[*Oldwit is big with Laughter, then roars out.*]

Old. Good, Good: Ha, ha, ha.³⁵⁰

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha. But, if you had seen his Lordship laugh: the Water trickled down his Honour's Cheeks: then one Jeremy stood staring; I called him loudly and suddenly, and held my Fingers thus: he turn'd suddenly, and hit his Nose such a Bump, that all the Blood gushed out. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Look you there: Ha, ha, ha. Well,³⁶⁰ well.

Sir Hum. But if you had seen his Honour Chuckle and Laugh, till he was black in the Face! I twirl'd another Fellows Hat over a little River, that was not Navigable; and

honour] honour Q 1.

aside] Q 1 assigns to the next line.

vapoured] bragged.

Cockers] cock-fighters.

undecent] Q 1; indecent Works.

Ladies, Sir] Q 1; Ladies—Sir Works.

Servant.] Works adds [Exit Trim.

Put] an ignorant yokel, duffer.

we poor] me, poor Works, Summers.

he was f orc'd to go a Mile about to fetch it: I thought my Lord wou'd have kiird himself! He desired me at last to forbear; he was not able to endure it.

Wild. My Lord is a very merry Man.

Sir Hum. Ay, Gad take me, as any's³⁷⁰ upon the face of the Earth. But, how goes Wit at London?

Old. You are the chief Genius, the high Wit of the Age.

Wild. Prithee, Mr. *Oldwit*, lay not that to my charge; you had as good accuse me of Felony.

Old. Ne're talk of that, your Pen has betray'd you; and we look upon you here, to be the choicest Wit of the Times.³⁸⁰

Sir Hum. And, i'faith, we can show you Wit at Bury too.

Wild. What, a Devil, you wont make a Wit of me, in sight of my Teeth, will you?

Old. No, Nature has made you a Wit. Why do you take it ill? I think it the greatest Honour can be done to a Man. I my self, simple as I stand here, was a Wit in the last Age: I was created *Ben RD Johnson's Son*, in the *Apollo*.⁰ I knew *Fletcher*, my Friend *Fletcher*, and his Maid *Joan*; Well, I shall never forget him, I have Supp'd with him, at his House, on the *Bankside*: He lov'd a fat Loyn of Pork of all things in the World: and *Joan*, his Maid, had her Beerglass of Sack; and we ail kiss'd her, i'faith, and were as merry as pass'd.⁰

Wild. This was enough to make any Man a Wit.⁴⁰⁰

Old. Puh! this was nothing. I was a Critick at *Blackfriars*; but at *Cambridge*, none so great as I, with *Jack Cleaveland*.⁰ But *Tom Randol*⁰ and I were Hand and Glove: *Tom* was a brave Fellow; the most Natural Poet!

Sir Hum. They were brave Fellows, but you Wits now a days, out-top them all.

Wild. Zounds, I will have nothing to do with Wit, I tell you!⁴¹⁰

[*Apollo*] The name of the room in the Devil Tavern frequented by Ben Jonson and his 'sons.' See *The Tatler*, no. 79.

as merry as pass'd] surpassingly merry.

[*Jack Cleaveland*] John Cleveland (1613-58), a famous Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, lecturer and poet.

[*Randol*] Thomas Randolph (1605-35), poet and dramatist, was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Old. Pshaw, pshaw! but 1^o was telling you, you have seen many pretty things, that were written in those Times, that were mine. For Example: One Mr. *Murial*,⁰ a Fellow of *Pembroke-Hall*, had .a' Horse dyed; I writ this upon it.

Now Cruel Mors
Has tan the Horse
Of Mr. *Murial*:
Ye Scholars all,⁴²⁰
Of *Pembroke-Hall*,
Come to his *Burial*.

Ha! hum! hum! Nay, I was good at Epitaphs, both of Man and Beast.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; admirable good, i'faith, Mr. *Oldwit*!

Wild. Why, this was Wit all over! You were an errant Wit!

Old. And that Translation too was mine.

*Mittitur*⁰ in disco mihi Piscis ab
Archiepisco-
Po, non ponatur⁰ quia potus non
mihi datur.⁴³⁰

[*Sir Hum.* sneaks behind, and pins him and *Wild*, together.

I sent a Fish,
In a great Dish,
To the Archbish.

Hop was not there,
Because he gave me no Beer.

Was not that Lucky? Ha? humh? anon?

Wild. Most incomparable:

Old. I was such a Rakehell, I wou'd needs be a Wit. My Friends soon perceiv'd I⁴⁴⁰ cou'd not be a Divine; so they sent me to the Inns of Court, and there, i'faith, I pepper'd the Court with Libels and Lam-poons: my Wit was so bitter, I scap'd the Pillory very narrowly, between you and I. But then, for good Language, and stroiff Lines, none out did me.

Wild. Why, thou wert a most Plaguy Wit indeed!

Old. Ay, Faith: and the Poets were so⁴⁰⁰ in awe of me! You must know, I was a devilish biting Fellow: Why, we had a

7] Q 1; as I Works.

[*Murial*] From the long account given by Summers, this Fellow of *Pembroke College* was evidently a notorious character.

[*Mittitur*] Works; *Mittitur* Q 1.

Po, non ponatur] Q 1; Po non ponatur, Works.

couple of your Poets here: Sir *Humphrey*, and⁹ I made nothing of 'em, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Gad take me, they were but silly Fellows: and yet, they say, they were Cock⁰ Poets.

Wild. That may very well be: we have Poets, as pretty Fops as any about Town; and are fitter for Subjects of Comedies,⁴⁶⁰ than Authors of any thing.

Enter Oldwit's Man.

Serv. Sir. my Lord *Bellamy* is come to Town: and my Lady bid me tell you, she has invited him to Dinner.

Old. Ha! my Lord come to *Bury*! Gad forgive me, what's the matter? ha?

Wild. What's this? what, are we link'd together?

Old. Oh, you wag, you wag; this is Sir *Humphrey*! Ha, ha, ha. You'l never give⁴⁷⁰ over.

Sir Hum. No, faith; not I.

Old. Go home: I'll follow you.

[Exit Servant.

Mr. *Wildish*, pray Honour my House at Dinner.

Wild. I will, my Lord *Bellamy's* my great Friend.

Old. You shall have Sir *Humphrey* too; i'faith, we'l be merry, and turn⁰ the⁴⁸⁰ House out of the Window.

Sir Hum. And I will Roar, Roar most exceedingly.

Old. Your humble Servant.

Sir Hum. Your Servant, Sir, we shall see you?
[Exit Hum. and Old.

Wild. I will wait on you. Here, *Roger* my Gloves, Handkerchief, and my Sword. My dear *Bellamy* in Town! This is a happiness I dream'd not of: I thought he had⁴⁹⁰ been retir'd from the World, and wou'd not come to so publick a place. You Puppy, these are your Wits, and fine Gentlemen, I have been Plagu'd with! A curse on 'em! What must I undergo, for the sake of my Love!

Vol. I took 'em, Sir, and so do most here, for fine Gentlemen; but I wonder Mr. *Oldwit* is so merry after his Disaster: And yet Sir *Humphrey* wou'd make a Man⁵⁰⁰ burst.

Humphrey, and] Q 1; *Humphrey and Works.*

Cock] chief, leading.

turn . . . Window] turn everything upside down.

Wild. What Disaster?

Val. Why, Sir, his eldest Daughter, a great Fortune by her Mother, (his first Wife; for he has had three) about four Months since, fled, the night before he was to have Marry'd her to a fine *Bury* Gentleman.

Wild. I heard so; but she has sent a Letter, to let him know, that she will not be⁵¹⁰ forc'd to Marry: And for that end, she will not appear till the day after she's at Age to dispose of her self; and that then she will; and is in the mean time safe, beyond his enquiry.

Val. The young⁰ Daughter is a great Fortune by her Mother, who was an Heiress.

Wild. He has had a lucky hand at Heiresses: but I must find out my dear⁵²⁰ *Bellamy*.
[Exeunt.

Scene, Lord Bellamy's Lodging,

Bellamy and Page

Bell. My Kinswoman, who recommended thee, *Charles*, to my Service, told me, thou wert a Young Gentleman of the *North*, whom she knew and was of Kin too, and that thou hadst left thy Guardian for harsh usage: And she engaged me to conceal and protect thee.

Charles. I can assure your Lordship, I have done nothing that can make you 10 blush to own me.

Bell. I believe thee, my Kinswoman made me give my word to inquire no farther; and I have kept it.

Cha. You have, my good Lord.

Bell. I see thy Education has been good, and find thou art a virtuous Boy, and so ready in thy Service; thy dilligence has almost out flown my thoughts; yet it has kept pace with my desires: and every 20 thing thou dost, thou seem'st to do with pleasure.

Char. I shou'd be wicked else, having so excellent a Lord and Master.

Bell. I use thee not as other Noblemen their⁰ Pages, who let Gentlemens Sons ride at the Tails of their Coaches, crouded with rascally Footmen: 'tis a *French* mode; they used formerly to give 'em the same Education with their Sons, which made their 30

young] young Q 1.

their] do their Works.

Fortunes; and 'twas a Preferment then, for a Gentleman's younger Son: Now, they are bred to Box and Dice, and Cheat with the Footmen; after they're out of Livery, perhaps they turn to the Recreation of the High-way; or the top of their Fortune is to take up in some Troop, and there's an end of 'em.

Cha. I must confess, your usage of me has been so Noble, that all the Service 'o of my Life, can never make return.

Bell. Thou art too grateful. Thou Charm'st me too with thy pretty Voice: I'll breed thee up to be my Friend. But, prethee, what's the reason that thou, who hast been ready to fly at my Command, hast seem'd to be uneasy, and unwilling, to take up to *Bury*?

Cha. 'Tis the publick time of the Fair, when Men of all Countries flock hither;⁵⁰ and, as I told your Lordship, I was afraid of being discover'd, and that my Guardian wou'd find me .out, and seize me: and, Heaven knows, I had rather Dye, than leave so good a Lord.

Bell. Kindest of Youths, I love thee so, I will not part with thee, let who will discover thee.

Char. My kind, good Lord, let me kiss⁶⁰ your hands.

Bell. Besides, thou notdst not be seen in the Fair; only I am to Dine at Mr. *Oldwit's* to day.

Cha. At Mr. *Oldwit's*! what do I hear?^[aside]

Bell. Thou art my little Friend; I come to make love to his Daughter: She knows me not; but I have seen her, and am extremely taken with her: the old man and I am agreed. I must entertain her with⁷⁰ some Music: I know thou'lt lend me thy Voice.

Cha. Oh Heaven and Earth! what killing words are these! Ah me!^[aside]

Bell. Why dost thou sigh?

Cha. If your Lordship Marries, as no Lady sure can resist you, I shall be cast off.

Bell. Prethee think not so, dear Boy; thou art too secure of my kindness for⁸⁰ that.

Cha. I ne'r shall please your Lady. Besides, the Ladies never can endure their Lords favourite Servants.

Bell. I give thee my Hand, I'll never part with thee, till thou quittest me.

Cha. I'll quit my Life when I do that. Oh fatal hour, wherein I saw those Eyes! How many years of Misery are like to hang upon it!^[aside]

Enter Wildish.

Bell. *Ned*, my dear *Ned*, welcome to⁹⁰ my Arms! This is a happy Surprise.

Wild. My dear *Bellamy*! my dear *Peer*! I cou'd not embrace a Mistress with more Ardour! I thought you had been so retir'd, I had lost you.

Bell. That was your fault: I have as pleasant a House and Seat, as most in *England*, that is thine as much as mine, *Ned*.

Wild. But 'tis in the Country; a pretty¹⁰⁰ Habitation for Birds and Cattel: but Man is a herded Animal, and made for Towns and Cities.

Bell. So many Pens of Wild Beasts upon two Legs, undermining, lying in wait, preying upon, informing against, and hanging one another: A Crowd of Fools, Knaves, Whores, and Hypocrites.

Wild. Hey, my Renegado Country-man: thou hadst once the Respect due to good¹¹⁰ Wine, fine Women, Music, Wit and Sense, and true Pleasure.

Bell. For good Wine; I could never be Drunk, but I did some mad thing or other, which made me asham'd to show my Face. For Women; those that were worth the having, were hard to come by, and harder to put off; besides, the immorality of the matter, gave me anxiety of Mind; I saw Men of Wit, when they came to under-¹²⁰standing, gave it over: and, when a thing must be done, 'tis best to do it quickly.

Wild. Thou may'st as well say, since we must dye, let's hang our selves now: No, that's time enough, when we are weary of living. At our years, leave Women and Conversation!

Bell. He that Debauches private Women, is a Knave, and injures others: And he that uses publick ones, is a Fool, and hurts¹²⁰ himself. And for Conversation, 'twas all run into Parties and Politicks, and become Dull and Dangerous: The Living were such Knaves, I was resolv'd t "> Converse with the Dead, in my Study.

Wild. But, in this late Scene of Action, the Knaves are pretty well Jaid open: and, for all those Parties, we cou'd meet "with choice Company, truly honest, and with whom good Wit and Sence was stirring,¹⁴⁰ and wou'd pass for currant.

Bell. Wit and Sence may pass in a Room with honest Fellows, but Noise, and Non-sence, always carry it in the World.

Wild. Pox on this dull Wisdom at our Age! 'tis as unseasonable as Snow in the *Dogdays*. Canst thou think, my dear Peer, that thy Philosophy can tame the Vigour of my Appetites?

Bell. I will no more suffer my Appe-¹⁵⁰ tites to Master me, than Fire and Water: they are good Ministers, while they can be kept under.

Wild. I'de not give a Farthing for an Appetite that can be Curb'd: My *Stoic*, I'd have my Appetites high mettled, and run away with me.

Bell. And I must always think a Man a Slave, till he has Conquer'd himself: for my part, I had almost as leive be in sub-¹⁶⁰ jection to anothers Appetites, as to my own.

Wild. This is Spleen, Wind⁰ in the Hypochondriacks pent: Why, thou wilt Prophesie at least.

Bell. Come, dear *Ned*, we'll debate this matter at more leisure: Time will make you of my mind: for I observe, all men of Wit Reclaim; and only Coxcombs persevere to the end of Debauchery. But prethee, what makes thee hereabouts? I'll lay¹⁷⁰ my Life, there's some Wench or other in the way.

Wild. May be, that may be somewhat; but at present I come to ease my self from the Swearing, Lying, Roaring, Vaporizing, Cozening Noise and Tumult of *New-Market*: But I thought thou hadst renounc'd all Crowds, and shou'd as soon have expected a Hermit here.

Bell. A little time may satisfie you I¹⁸⁰ have reason.

Wild. Ha! *Bell*, what pretty Boy is this? ha!

Bell. He is a Gentleman's Son, he serves

Wind . . . least] Cf. *Hudibras*, II . . . iii (ed. Waller, p. 171): As wind V th' Hypochondria' pent/ Is but a blast if downward sent;/ But if it upwards chance to fly./ Becomes new Light and Prophecy:/. *Hypochondriack*, more usually *hypochondria*, is the part of the abdomen lying under the ribs.

me at present. I'll tell the° more *entre nous*: But, in the mean time, he and my little Consort shall entertain you. [*Ex. Charles.*]

Wild. This is somewhat.

Bell. I will not live like an ordinary Hunting, Hawking Puppy; I'll have my¹⁹⁰ City Pleasures in the Country: of which good Musick being one; I'll⁰ spare some Rogues, some Dogs, and Horses, to have that good.

Enter Charles, "with Instruments.

Wild. I have been visited this Morning, by three most confounded Fops, that ever Plagued me yet; and they talk'd of nothing, but the Wit and Breeding of *Bury*: *Trim*, Sir *Humphrey Noddy*, and Mr. *Oldwit*.²⁰⁰

Bell. There are those things in *Bury*, but as 'tis in Religion; least among those who talk of them most, men are alwaies proudest of their foibles, and keep their Strength's⁰ conceal'd: If a fellow has but a difficulty of Speaking, or Stutters, his Tongue will never lye still.

Wild. A fellow that has one Leg shorter than another, will never stand still; but Hop, hop, hop, round, round, round.²¹⁰

Bell. Observe any Fellow that has a stinking Breath, as if a Voice were not intended to be heard but smelt, will speak in your very Nose: and turn around as often as you will, he turns with you, and your Nostrils must have it. Come begin.

SONG.

Wild. 'Tis very pretty; and delicately Sung.

Bell. Now I have got thee in the Country, I'll carry thee to my House, and make a²²⁰ Convert of thee.

Enter La Roch, a French Peruke-maker, with his Man.

Wild. Hey! *La Roch*, what makes you here?

La Roch. Serviteur, Monsieur; my Lor, vot Serviteur: I see your Laquais below, dat make me come up to kiss your hands.

Bell. How now, Monsieur Cutbeard? what makes you at *Bwry-Fair*?

the] Q 1; *thee* Works.

one; I'll] Q 1; *one*, I'll Works.

Strength's] Q 1; *Strengths* Works.

La Ro. Dis^o is de place dat is Fameux for de pretty Garl wid de cheveux blond,²³⁰ de farie hair: my Man and I come for buy de vite lock, indeed to gette de Monee to make de Pot Boyle, my Lor.

Wild. A thought comes intb my Head: It shall be so. I will have some Diversion, while I am here.

La Ro. Dat bee de last Peruke I sende your Lorship? Begar, is fine Aire, Curie delicate morbleu: You talke o' de C/ie-dreux,^o he is no bodee to mee; dere is²⁴⁰ no man can Travaille vid mee; Monsieur *Wildish* has gotte my Peruke on his Head: let me see, here is de Haire, de Curie de bouckle, ver good, ver good. If dat Foole *Chedreux* made de Peruke like mee, I vil be Hanga.

Wild. Hold, good Monsieur Snip-snap, I have another Employment for you: Were you ever here before?

La Ro. No.²⁵⁰

Wild. That's well. I must have you be a *French* Count. I remember we had a Count de Brion^o at London, pass'd upon the choicest Sparks, and best Bred Men and Ladies: I will have this Fellow pass upon the Fops of *Bury*, and amuse the wiser sort.

Bell. You will never be without some mad Frolick, or other: But this, certainly must be very pleasant.

Wild. Of all female Creatures, my²⁶⁰ aversion is to the Lady *Fantast*, and her Affected, Conceited, Disdainful Daughter: I will have this fellow personate a *French* Count, and make Love to the Daughter.

La Ro. Ha, ha, ha, de *French* Count! dat be ver well: ha, ha! Make de Love! begar, I come for make de Monee. Love! Morbleu, de *French* Count spende de Monee, de *French* Peruke-maker make de *French* Count, he loosee de Monee.²⁷⁰

Wild. You shall lose no Money, you Puppy, ny Man is acquainted with all this Country, and shall help your Man to buy the Wenches Hair, the pretty'st Wenches

in *England*; and if you be a *French* Count, you shall have the Wenches too; all the Town will run after you: you'll be courted by every body, feasted, and invited to Balls, and all Meetings; but the Lady *Fantast*, and her Daughter, will be mad²⁹⁰ after you.

La Ro. Ha, ha, ha; de *French* Count, ver well indeed, ha, ha: I make de *French* Count: begar, Monsieur, I have de Count of my Famillee, I am a Gentilman of *Fraunce*. Indeed my Parens did condiscient to lette me make de Peruke, for I delighted in it.

Wild. Go you Rogue, you shall do tin's, I am resolv'd on't, or I'll cut your²⁹⁰ Throat. You shall have Cloaths and Ornaments of me, here are wholesale men; three or four Suits for Footmen will do, and we'll help you to the men too. I'll bear all the Charges; I'll do it, if it cost me a Hundred pound.

Bell. Are you in earnest?

Wild. Ay, by Heaven, it shall be. You shall be call'd *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux*; you shall be entertain'd like a³⁰⁰ Prince: the Women will lye with you, as if the Devil were in them.

La Ro. Hah! dat be ver good indeed! I was not bred to make Peruke, it was for my diversion I did itte: I spent my time among de Gens de Quality in de Academy.

Wild. Yes, to Shave them, thou true Picture of a *French* Scoundrel. [*aside.*

La Ro. Dere I did appen to kille de Count for my Honneur.³¹⁰

Wild. Then there is a Count missing: you shall supply his place.

La Ro. I flay, dey seise on my Land and my Chatteaux; and begar, it vas ver well for me dat I did delight in make de Peruke ven I vas young indeed.

Wild. This good Breeding of yours Will qualifie you excellently! Why, you'll be Ador'd by the Ladies: But, of all, I charge you to Court Mrs. *Fantast*; commend³²⁰ her Wit and Breeding.

Bell. Suppose she fails in love with him in earnest!

Wild. I'd give a hundred pound to see that. Well, *Monsieur le Count*, let's to my Lodging, and fit you for this Enterprize.

La Ro. Hold, hold: if dey find me out,

Dis . . . hair] Cf. Ray, *English Proverbs*, 1737, p. 281: "Suffolk fair maids. It seems the God of Nature hath been bountiful in giving them beautiful complexions."

Chedreux] fcf. p. 135 *supra*.

Count de Brion] Hero of Gabriel De Bremond's novel translated from French in 1677 under title *The Cheating Gallant*] Or, *The False Count Brion*. He is a rascal who succeeds in imposing on London.

vil dey not wippe de *French Count*? Begar, I no love to be wippe.

Wild. Upon my Honour, I'll protect a you.

La Ro. Vel, vel; no more to be said: I am *Monsieur le Count de Cheveux*. *Scrvi-teur Monsieur my Lor, vot tres humble Servileur.* Fala ha la. *Sings.*

Wild. Come, my Lord, your humble Servant, we are to meet at Dinner: I must about⁰ this business, my Heart is set upon it; 'twill make an Admirable Farce.

Bell. Get thee gone, *Ned*, thou art a³⁴⁰ mad Fellow: I'll go and take a little Air.

La Ro. Allons *Monsieur*: Fa la la la la.

If my wise Conduct you please to rely on,

I'll make as good a Count, as
Count de *Brion*. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Gertrude.⁰

Gert. Well, I am weary of the Life I lead here; never poor Creature was so Teaz'd, as I am still, with my Stepmother, and her Daughter, the Old *Cucko* and the Young, that tire me continually with the same Notes of Wit and Breeding: And having themselves nothing but Folly and Affectation, are always reproaching me for want of both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Madam, my Lady Madam *Fan-10 tast*, having attir'd her self in her morning Habiliments, is Ambitious of the Honour of your Ladyship's company, to Survey the Fair.

Gert. Here's a foul Copy of one of 'em: I see, this Folly is Contagious.⁰ Tell her, I'll wait on her.

Luce. She will suddenly⁰ arrive at this Place, where she desires the⁰ Interview may be betwixt you.²⁰

Gert. I will haste for my Hoods and Gloves, and the rest of my Moveables, and be here instantly. *[Exit Gert.]*

Luce. A fine young Lady this, if she had about] be about Works.

Mrs. Gertrude.] A Room in Mr. *Oldwit's* House. *Enter Mrs. Gertrude.* Works.

Contagious] Works reads *[Aside.*

suddenly] immediately.

the] Q 1; an Works.

but half the Wit and Breeding of my Lady.

Enter Lady Fantast, and her Daughter Mrs. Fantast.

Madam, *Mrs. Gatty* will kiss your Ladyship's hands here incontinently.

L. Fan. Come, my sweet Daughter, consider what I have said. Thou art in thy³⁰ maturity of blooming Age; I have bred thee to the very Acjme and Perfection of *Bury Breeding*, which is inferiour to none in this our Island; Dancing, Singing, *Ghitar*, *French Master*: And I'll say that for thee, my Jewel, thou hast Sacrific'd all thy Endeavours to attain thy Education; which, corroborated by thy Acuteness of Parts, have render'd thee exactly accomplish'd, and together with the excellence of thy 'o Beauty, justly admir'd by the Amorous Males, and envy'd by the malicious Females.

Mrs. Fan. To all that, which the World calls Wit and Breeding, I have always had a natural tendency, a *pcnchen*, deriv'd, as the Learned say, *Ex traduce*,⁰ from your Ladyship: Besides the great Prevalence of your Ladyship's most shining Example, has perpetually Stimulated me, to the Sacrificing all my Endeavours towards the attaining of those inestimable Jewels; than which, nothing in the Universe can be so much a *mon gre*, as the *French* say. And for Beauty, Madam, the Stock I am enrich'd with, comes by emanation from your Ladyship; who has been long held a Paragon of Perfection: most *Charmant* most *Tuant*.

L. Fan. Ah, my dear Child: I! Alas, alas! Time has been, and yet I am not quite⁶⁰ gone; but thou hast those Attractions, which I bewail the want of: Poetry, Latin, and the French Tongue.

Mrs. Fan. I must confess, I have ever had a Tendress⁰ for the Muses, and have a due reverence for *Helicon*, and *Parnassus*, and the Graces: But Heroic Numbers upon Love and Honour, are most Ravissant, most Suprenant; and a Tragedy is so Touchant! I dye at a Tragedy; I'll swear I do.⁷⁰

Ex traduce] "This refers to the great scholastic controversy, whether the soul is specially created for each individual or derived by *traduction* from his ancestors." (Saintsbury.)

Tendress] Q 1; Tenderness Works.

L. Fan. I must confess, my dear, thy Wit has more of Notoriety, than thy Beauty; since the pretty various Diversions of thy Pen, have transmitted thy^o Fame of Wit, beyond the narrow limits of an Island. But it is now high time to manifest thy Judgment, in the disposal of thy Person; and thou hast rejected a Multitude of Lovers.

Mrs. Fan. I am so much indebted to Nature and Education, that I am resolv'd not unequally to dispose of that Person, which (without vanity I may say) Nature by its genuine Bounty, and Art by its friendly Additions, have rendred not disagreeable,^o or void of *Attraits*: But all want of Wit and Breeding, does affect me with that unconquerable *Chagrin*, that, eh Gud, I cannot suffer such Fellows.

L. Fan. Mine own dear Daughter, to a hair! And I must confess, we are troubled⁹⁰ enough with it in Mr. *Oldwit*, his Daughter, and his Companions: Had not my Joynture been somewhat intangled, I had never had him. But Mr. *Trim* is as fine a Gentleman, as the Sun in all his Circuit sees.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, my *Eugenius!* he is a finish'd piece of Humanity; but has not the Estate I Would have.

L. Fan. Sir *Humphrey Noddy*,

Mrs. Fan. Has a very good Estate, but¹⁰⁰ wants the Noble Accomplishments of my *Eugenim*, whom I intend to preserve for by Platonic Servant.

Enter Mrs. Gertrude.

Sweet Madam *Gatty*, I have some Minutes impatiently expected your arrival, that I might do my self the great Honour to kiss your Hands, and enjoy the favour of your Company into the Fair; which I see, out of my Window, begins to fill apace.

Gert. I got ready as soon as e're I¹¹⁰ cou'd, and am now come to wait on you.

L. Fan. Oh, fye, Daughter! will you never attain, by mine, and my dear Daughters Examples, to a more Polite way of Expression, and a Nicer form of Breeding? Fye, fye, I come to wait on you! You shou'd have said; I assure you, Madam, the honour is all on my side, and I cannot be ambitious

of a greater, than the enjoyment of the sweet Society of so excellent a Person,¹²⁰ This is Breeding.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, this had been a Propos: Observe my Lady.

Gert. Breeding! why, this had been a Flam,^o a meer Flam.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *Mondieu!* this had been delicate *et bien tournee*. Call generous Complements, Flams.

L. Fan. Thus you had shown true breeding.¹³⁰

Gert. Breeding! I know no breeding necessary, but Discretion to distinguish Company and Occasions, and Common Sense, to entertain Persons according to their Rank,^o besides making a Courtesie not aukwardly, and walking with one's Toes out.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud.

L. Fan. Let me tell you, you are a pert young Thing: you are a Curious Judge¹⁴⁰ indeed, of the Art of refin'd Conversation.

Gert. Art! Conversation ought to be free, easie, and natural.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud, eh Gud: Sweet Madam, despise hot Art. Can there be any Conversation well drest, as I may say, without *French* in the¹ first place, to Lard it?

Gert. Some Fops indeed think so, that use it in every Sentence.

L. Fan. Nothing is so Confident as Ig-¹⁵⁰ norance.

Mrs. Fan. *Ars° non habet Inimicum preter Ignorantem.*

L. Fan. Look you there: I have bred my Daughter a Linguist.

Gert. A Lady may look after the affairs of a Family, the demeanour of her Servants, take care of her Nursery, take all her Accounts every Week, obey her Husband, and discharge all the Offices of a good¹⁶⁰ Wife with her Native Tongue; and this is all I desire to arrive at; and this is to be of some use in a Generation, while your Fantastick Lady with all those Trappings and Ornaments you speak of, is good for no more than a Dancing Mare, to be led about and shown.

[*Flam*] may mean either trick, humbug, or affectation.

[*Rank*] Q 1; *Ranks* Works.

Ars . . . *Ignorantem*] 'Ignorance is the only enemy of art.' A dictum often quoted, usually with *Scientia* in place of *Ars*.

thy . . . Wit] Q 1; the *Fame* of thy Wit Works. disagreeable! 'agreeable' is cited as an affected gallicism in D'I'rfey, *Pilch* to *Purge Melancholy*, i. 279.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu!* pray forbear, sweet Madam, forbear; I am not able to hear this Blasphemy against true breeding.¹⁷⁰

Gert. It must needs be pretty *French* one learns of an *Irishman* at *Bury*. I believe 'tis a kind of bastard *French*.

L. Fan. Good Mrs. Gatty, you are very Confident.

Enter Oldwit, and hearkens unseen.

Mrs. Fan. Whatever you do, never speak against Art.

Gert. Art stiffens, and spoils Conversation, as Painting does Faces: if you hear never¹⁸⁰ so many florid Coxcombs, they speak all alike; and see never so many painted Women, they look all alike.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon dieu!* *Quel fascheux;* Ex^o *quovis ligno*, &c. Mercury's Statue is not made of every Wood.

L. Fan. Look you, I know your secret cogitations: Because you are so ill bred as to look like a Tallow thing, and will not improve your Complexion by Art, you¹⁰⁰ obliquely reflect upon me and my Daughter, for our melioration of Nature.

Gert. Come, come, Madam, if you be ready without a Complement, to go to the Fair, I am ready to go with you; but, by my troth, if you look for Complements, you must get them somewhere else. Come, I'll lead you. *Exit Gertrude.*

Mrs. Fan. Ill breeding, *au dernier point!* Oh, my Chagrin. I kiss your Ladships²⁰⁰ hands. *Exit Mrs. Fantast.*

L. Fan. Oh, Mr. Oldwit, wou'd you had been here, you wou'd have heard a fine deal of ill breeding from your Daughter Gatty.

Old. I was here at part of your discourse, and I heard nothing but good Sence from her.

L. Fan. Nay, she's like you.

Old. Gad take me, I am glad she is not like you.²¹⁰

L. Fan. I know your ill breeding; but 'tis a shame you have not better cultivated your Daughter as I have mine.

Old. Cultivate! A Pox on your affected stuff; shou'd I have made her an affected

Ass, to be laugh'd at, as you and your Daughter are?

L. Fan. Prodigy of Ignorance! my Daughter and I laugh'd at! Whom even the Court, when we are there, perpetually Gaze at²²⁰ and Admire; and all the Beauties and Gallants here make their Court to!

Old. A great many Flutterers do flock about you indeed, as small Birds wou'd about a Cast^o of Owls, to wonder at you.

L. Fan. This is most Stupendious.^o

Old. A Pox on this perpetual Noise about Wit and Breeding! You made my Daughter by my first Wife run away, with Teazing her, and perswading me to be such an²³⁰ Ass to press her to Marry one of your formal Fops, against her will; and now you are plaguing this poor Girl, to make her run away too, but I have agreed upon Articles with one that will soon rid you of her.

L. Fan. Most Exorbitant, and Amazing! 'Twere well, if beholding us cou'd do any good upon her.

Old. No doubt it will; as the sight^o of²⁴⁰ the Drunken Slaves did upon the *Spartan* Children. There's Wit, and Reading, for her. *[aside.]*

L. Fan. Were not we well fortify'd by Art and Nature, we might be obnoxious to the taint of your and her most unsavory Rusticity. While all the *Beau Mond*, as my Daughter says, are with us, in the Drawing-room, you have none but Ill-bred, Witless Drunkards with you, in your Smoaking-²⁰⁰ room. What punishment do I deserve, for making Alliance with so much Ill-breeding.

Old. What Plagues have I met with, in marry an Affected Old Lady; who, with her Daughter, take themselves to be Wits! Their Tongues^o never lye still: At Dinner, they must have the whole discourse; at dinner the Common Crier, were he there, cou'd not be heard; no, not another Woman.

Cast] couple. Originally applied to a pair of falcons, and by extension to other birds.

Stupendious] Q 1; *stupendous* Works. *the sight* . . . *Children* Plutarch, *Adversus Stoicos*, tells of this method of inculcating sobriety.

Their Tongues . . . Juvenall Juvenal, Sat. VI, 434 ff., describes the offensive blue-stocking who monopolizes conversation at table: *nee praeco loquatur*, not even the town-crier could be heard, when she was talking.

Ex . . . Wood] *Non ex quovis ligno Mercurius fit*: you cannot make a Mercury out of every kind of wood. A quotation from Apuleius (Summers); also attributed to Pythagoras.

There's my Friend *Juvenal*, for you: Wit aw and Breeding.

L. Fan. My Daughter and I no Wit, and you have it! this is most Astonishing! Ha, ha, ha. If ever you had Wit, it is obliterated, antiquated, and bury'd in the Grave of Oblivion.

Old. No Wit! Ounds, now you provoke me. Shall I, who was *Jack Fletcher's* Friend, *Ben Johnson's* Son, and afterward⁰ an Intimate Crony of *Jack Cleaveland*, and ²⁷⁰*Tom Randal*, have kept Company with Wits, and been accounted a Wit these Fifty Years, live to be Depos'd by you?

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Ha, ha, ha. I, that was a Judge at *Blackfriars*, writ before *Fletcher's* Works and *Cartwright's* taught even *Taylor*⁰ and the best of them to speak. I cannot go to *London* yet, but the Wits get me amongst them, and the Players will get me to Re-²⁸⁰hearsal to teach them, even the best of them: and you tp say I have no Wit, I say, you have not, nor ever had, any Beauty.

L. Fan. Nay, now Mr. *Oldwit*, I can bear no longer. Shall I, that in my Youth Charm'd all the Gallants of that time, even to Fascination; and in my Widowhood, but five years since, was Ador'd by Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and captivated several of their Hearts, be thus Calumniated! Know, I have more Beauty than you can make use of.

Old. Indeed, towards you, I am somewhat frigid; but some in the World know I have a Colt's Tooth.⁰

L. Fan. I shou'd serve you right, to have others find out my Colt's Tooth too, though thou canst not.

Old. Thy Tooth! the Devil of one ³⁰⁰thou hast, but what came out of *Bow-lane*: ° Three remaining Stumps there are, that look like three broken Pillars in a ruin'd

afterward] Q 1; *afterwards* Works.

Cartwright's] William Cartwright (1611-43), dramatist, scholar and clergyman, was one of the 'sons of Ben'

Taylor] Joseph Taylor (1586-?), succeeded Burbage as the chief tragic actor in the King's company.

Colt's Tooth] 'inclination to wantonness,' N.E.D. *Grose, Diet. Vulgar Tongue*: 'COLT'S TOOTH. An old fellow who marries, or keeps a young girl, is said to have a colt's tooth in his head.'

Bow-lane] the quarter where outfitters' shops were found.

Cloyster. And there's Wit for you now, and a Clinch⁰ to boot.

L. Fan. Poor Hailing Buffoon! there⁰ Wit! Well, there are some of another mind, concerning my Beatty.

Old. Pr'ythee take thy course with them: Whoever commits Adultery with thee, it ³¹⁰must be merely the Act of the Devil; there's nothing of the Flesh in it. What a Pox, you and your Daughter are notorious, for out-painting all the Christian Jezebels in *England*.

L. Fan. Tis false, rude Fellow: we only use a Wash,⁰ and lay on a little Red.

Old. No more does a Wall: but you, for your part, are fain to fill up the Chinks in your rivellPd Skin, as House-painters ³²⁰do the Cracks in Wainscot, with Putty. Pox on't, you woud by Art appear a Beauty, and are by Nature a meer Mummy. There's Wit for you again. Gad, I'll pepper you with Wit.

L. Fan. Did I not despise thee for thy want of Wit and Breeding, these barbarous Contumelies would exhaust Tears from my Eyes.

Old. If thou shou'dst cry, it would ³³⁰make streaks down thy Face; as the Tears of the Tankard do upon my fat Hosts Belly-pieces.⁰ There's Wit again for you.

L. Fan. Farewel Brute.

Exit Lady Fantast.

Old. Fare thee well. He that would have the Devil more Damn'd, let him get him to Marry a She Wit. Now, for the Fair. Here; who waits?

Enter a Servant.

Bid the Cook get Dinner within two Hours, at farthest. ³⁴⁰

Scene the Fair, with a great many Shops and Shows, and all sorts of People walking up and down.

Mrs. Fantast, and Gertrude, Mask'd.

Gert. 'Tis pleasant to observe the mixture of People here.

Mrs. Fan. Ah, how pleasant 'twould be, if

Clinch] a sharp repartee.

there] Q 1; *there's* Works.

Wash] cf. p. 125.

Belly-pieces] aprons. N.E.D. gives no other example.

none but the *Beau monde* made their promenade here! but I hate the *Canaille*.

Millener. What d'ye lack, Ladies? fine Mazarine Hoods,⁰ Fontanges,⁰ Girdles, Sable Tippets, choice of fine Gloves and Ribbands.

Hosier. Stockins, Silk Stockins; choice 10 of Silk Stockins: very fine Silk Stockins.

Perfumer. All sorts of Essences, Perfumes, Pulvilio's,⁰ Sweet-bags, Perfum'd Boxes for your Hoods and Gloves, all sorts of sweets for your Linnen, *Portugal* sweets⁰ to burn in your Chamber. What d'ye lack? What d'ye buy?

Gert. I have no such contempt for the common People: they come near Nature, and have no Art or Affectation; and 20 there are a thousand Fops made by Art, for one Fool by Nature.

Mrs. Fan. Oh fy! *Odi° profanum vulgus*, &c.

Indian Gownsmen. Fine morning Gowns, very rich *Indian* stuffs; choice of fine Atlasses;⁰ fine morning Gowns.

Goldsmith. Will you please to Raffle for a Tea-pot, a pair of Candlesticks, a couple of Sconces.²⁰

Enter Mr. Trim.

Trim. Not all the Clouds assembled in the Firmament, can hide, or can eclipse so muffle the Sun, but we poor Mortals know it shines, and feel the warm effects. Why shou'd *Dorinda* think to blunt her pointed Glories, or conceal the Radiant Lustre of her conquering Beams?

Mrs. Fantast. I see, to the quick-sighted *Eugenius*, nothing is obscure. Nor cou'd *Eugenius* in the Dark be hid: that golden 40 Tongue, and that sweet Eloquence would soon reveal him; as the Proscrib'd⁰ Senator was by his Perfumes betray'd.

Mazarine Hoods] Bailey, *English Diet.*, 2nd ed., 1736: 'MAZARINE Hood, a hood made after the fashion of that worn by the dutchess of Mazarine.'

Fontanges] high head-dresses, of French fashion. •*Pulvilio's*] cf. p. 13ft *supra*.

Portugal sweets] scents from Portugal.

Odi . . . &c] 'Odi profanum vulgus et arceo,' Horace, *Odes*, bk III. i. 1.

Atlasses] oriental satins. Cf. p. 442 *infra*.

Proscrib'd . . . betray'd] Summers explains by quoting Valerius Maximus, VI, cap. 8, § 5: "Adiunxit se his cladibus C. Plotius Plancus Munatii Planci consularis et censorii frater, qui, cum a triumviris proscriptus in regione Salernitana lateret, delicatior

Trim. How does the bright *Dorinda* make me blush, when she commends my Eloquence; and in that very Act so much exceeds me!

Mrs. Fantast. Fine! very fine! *bien tourne!* that thought's very *rechrcchce*. Observe, Madam: this is a true Witty and w well-bred Gentleman.

Gert. Now really, Madam, between you and me, this man appears to me a most extraordinary Shallow Coxcomb, as one can possibly see in a Summer's day.

Mrs. Fantast. Eh Gud, eh Gud! poor Soul, I pity thee: but, *assurcmnt*, nothing can be more engaging than the Wit and Breeding of *Eugenius*.

Trim. I see, there is no contending with⁶⁰ *Dorinda*: she will have the Ascendant over poor *Eugenius*; his small Pinnacle must strike Sail to her Admiral. Wit.^o

Gert. These Fops are very happy: for if an Archangel should tell 'em they were Fops, they would not believe it.^o

Trim. Let me present to the fair *Dorinda*^ hands a little offspring of my Brain, the Tribute of my Morning Service.

Mrs. Fantast. I was just going to pre-¹⁰ sent *Eugenius* with the Issue of my teeming Muse, who was deliver'd this morning of a Pastoral: I must needs say, she had a good time, for she had an easy Labour; *Aurora Musis arnica*. But pray let me read yours first.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Oh, Madam, does your Ladyship hear the News?

Mrs. Fantast. What News; *Luce*?

Luce. Oh, Madam, such news, as per- so haps may not be ungrateful to your Ladyships Ears. There is now, even now arriv'd a Noble *French* Count; the finest Person my eyes yet e'r beheld: I saw him, heard him speak; he speaks *English*. He has the prettiest Charming way! no Lady sure can e're resist him.

Trim. Who can this be?

uitae genere et odore unguenti occultam salutis custodiam detexit: istis enim uestigiis eorum, qui miseros persequabantur, sagax inducta cura abditum fugae eius cubile odorata est."

Admiral. Wit] Q 1; *Admiral*, Wit Works. *Admiral*, flagship, the vessel carrying the admiral. Cf. p. 299 *supra*.

it] Works adds [Aside.

Mrs. Fantast. Ha! a French Count? Oh Lord! I am afraid I am not in Order⁹⁰ enough; he'll certainly make addresses to me; how is my dress.

She lets fall Trim's Paper; he stoops to take it up, and offers it her; she neglects it.

Luce. Very French, and very exact.

Mrs. Fan. The report of me has certainly brought him hither. Heav'n a French Count, say you! Now we shall see Breeding in Perfection; and I am glad I shall have the opportunity of appearing before so great a Judge.

Gert. How do you know but this ~~100~~ French Count may be an errant Coxcomb?

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, Madam, I beseech you betray not your ill Breeding. A French Count a Coxcomb!" *Mon dieu.*

Trim. It is not, my Dorinda—

Mrs. Fan. When shall our Eyes be blest with the sight? when, think'st thou, will he make this place happy?

Luce. My eyes saluted him first upon the Change: his Landlord, who was with¹¹⁰ him, told me what he was; from thence I follow'd him to Cook-row, and so through the Fair to the Bowling-green. His Air, his Meen, and his Deportment charm'd me so, I could not leave him: there I saw him ride the Flying Horse, with his Equipage,⁰ which much delighted him.

Mrs. Fan. Shall we go to the Bowling-green? My expectation is on Tiptoes, ^{till}₁₂₀ I behold him.

Luce. That's a rare saying! I'll remember that. My expectation is on Tiptoes! Madam, he is gone ffrom thence, and said he woud be in the Fair presently.

Enter Sir Humphry Noddy.

Trim. This sudden indifference towards me seems abrupt and temerarious!

The Shop-keepers cry all their Goods again, one after another; and then all together

1 Woman. Fine mellow Pears; fine Burgamy⁰ Pears; fine Norwich⁰ Pears.

Equipage] cf. p. 134 *supra*.

Burgamy] more usually Bergamot; a fine sort of pear.

Norwich] I can find no reference even amongst the 80 kinds of pear described in Miller's *Gardener's Dictionary*, 1759.

2 Worn. Fine Ginger-bread: very good¹³⁰ Ginger-bread.

Sir Hum. Yonder's my Mistress; I know her, for all her Mask: I'll present Jher with a Fairing.

Sir Hum. *buys some Ginger-bread.*

Enter several Gentlemen; two Country Wenches, and two Country Fellows, and People of all sorts, and walk about the Fair.

Sir. Hum. Madam, 'tis not a Mask can conceal you from a Lover; whether I see you or no, my Heart will leap up to my Teeth when ever you come in presence; as a dead Body will bleed at the arrival of the Murthurer. Is not that well said, Mr. Trimf¹⁴⁰

[Gives Trim a devilish kick on the Shins.

Trim. 'Sdeath, my Shins!

Mrs. Fan. Mens Hearts seldom come so near their Mouths.

Sir Hum. Madam, let me present you with your first Fairing, a Heart.

Gert. Of Ginger-bread.

Sir Hum. Ay faith, pretty Lady.

Gert. Is it a true Image of your own? Did you sit for it?

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; a very good Jest! ¹⁵⁰ Udsbud, there's a pair of Gloves of the same mettle, to stop your pretty Mouth. And, Mr. Trim, here is a Wise Cap, befitting your Gravity, and the Solidity of your Parts, for you.

Trim. Sir, there⁰ is an old Adge, that says, Familiarity breeds Contempt: I am past those Juvenile Joques.

Sir Hum. Alas, poor old Gentleman! Come, Madam, walk,⁰ and let us see the ¹⁶⁰ diversions of the Fair: I warrant you, I'll make you merry.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, this Count! Did you see the Count?

Sir Hum. No; but I hear there's a flaming French Beau come to Town. Will your Lordship Raffle a bout or two?

Gert. The activity of this Monky is as ridiculous as the Gravity of that Baboon.

there . . . Adge] *there's an old Adage Works.*
walk . . . see] Q 1; *let us walk, and see Works.*

Enter Wildish, and walks.

Oh Heav'n, *Wildish* here! Down, down¹⁷⁰
my Heart: Thou foolish Heart, why-dost
thou flutter so? I see he is thus far a Man
of Honour: If all he says, in his Letters,
were as true! And yet I know not whether
I shou'd wish it.

Enter Lady Fantast.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, here is the rarest
News! Have you heard of the *French*
Count?

L. Fan. Ay, my Dear; and therefore am
come to bless my Eyes. His Fame is¹⁸⁰
diffus'd throughout the Town: they say, he
is the finest Gentleman that ever came to
Bury!

Wild. Good! It takes as I cou'd wish.

[*Wildish plucks Gertrude by the
Sleeve.*

Gert. How now, Sir, who are you?

Wild. One who has lost a Heart, and ap-
prehends you for it.

Gert. You are somewhat free of Carriage.⁰

Wild. Think not, my pretty Mad-cap,
that a piece of Velvet can conceal you:¹⁹⁰
Your Eyes strike at every one you level at,
like Lightning through a Cloud.

Gert. Very pretty! Shall I oblige Mr.
Trim with this fine expression? he'll give
you any Money for it.

Trim. Sir,—

Wild. Now is this Fop setting⁰ out his
Bum for a smart bout at Complement.

Trim. It is so great an Honour to our²⁰⁰
Town—

Wild. Sir, your most humble Servant.

[*Wildish turns quick upon his Toe,
and leaves Trim bowing.*

Trim. Is this his Breeding? Indeed, when
I left him, he led me not to the door of
his Lodging.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *mon Dieu!* here is that
London Wit, that is a *Laughter*, and *Scoffer!*
I hear he has made a *Lampoon* upon *Bury*.
I hate the Fellow.

L. Fan. He a *Wit!* Mr. *Trim* or Sir
Humphrey, wou'd make nothing of him.²¹⁰

Wild. Look you, my dear Mad-cap, I
must love you, and will love you; say what
you can, do what you can, I will always

Carriage! behaviour.

setting . . . Bum) cf. p. 208 l. 110 *supra*.

haunt you while I am alive, and never leave
you when I am dead.

Gert. Nay hold, good Mr. *Hothead*, I
doubt not but our Lives will differ so, that
we shall part when we are dead, Sir, what-
ever we do living: And a sure way to part
while we are alive, would be to Marry,²²⁰
which Heaven forbid; then it wou'd cer-
tainly follow to some purpose.

Wild. The Steel shall sooner willingly
desert the Loadstone, than I my pretty Miss.

Gert. You are not Sure in Earnest.

Wild. By Heav'n, and all the Powers—

Gert. I mind Vows in Love, no more
than Oaths in Anger. That I were sure once
that you were in love with me.

Wild. There is nothing to prove it to you,
which I will not undertake.²³¹

Gert. Your Hand upon't.

Wild. My Heart upon't; which here I
present you.

Gert. Now have I one to Domineer over.
Tremble; for I will make thee such an
Example, as shall be a Terror to thy Sex,
and revenge all the Insolencies committed
upon mine.

Wild. I am prepar'd for all thy Tyranny,
good *Semiramis*.²³¹

Gert. I will make thee fetch and carry,
and come at my foot, like a Spaniel.

Wild. And I will persevere so, I'll make
thee relent, tho thou wert a Devil.

Sir Hum. Come, Gentlemen and Ladies,
come down Guinea's apiece, and Raffle for
a Tea-pot: Come, *Jack Trim*, *Jack*; Mr.
Wildish, Ladies.

Trim. *Jack!* *Jack!* I ill Bred. For Com-
plaisance and Breeding sake, I'll do't.²⁵¹

Enter Lord Bellamy.

The Lord *Bellamy!* My Lord, I can assure
your Lordship, there is not a Person among
the race of Mankind—

Bell. Sir, I am your humble Servant. My
dear *Ned!* I see, here is all the good Com-
pany.

Wild. My dear Lord, I am glad you are
come: here is the best Company in *Bury*.

Bell. Tis a delicate Morning: I have been
sucking in the sweetest Air in *England*.²⁶¹

Sir Hum. My noble Lord, your most
humble Servant. Tis indeed very fine

Weather; it used to be *Bury-foul*, instead of *Bury-fair*. Is not that a pretty Clinch, Jack?

[*He gives him a rap on the Back.*]

Trim. Sir, let me tell you, there is a Spanish Proverb, which says, *Whego° de manos, whego de Villanos*.

Sir Hum. Do you call me Villain in Spanish? I shall reckon with you for that.

Bell. I'll put in for a Raffle with these ²⁷¹. Ladies. Come, Madame, will you Raffle for a Heart?

Gert. No, my Lord: that is usually a light, hollow thing, and not Sterling neither; I am for massy Plate, that will endure the touch.⁰

Bell. Mine will endure the strictest touch. If your Beauty be equal to your Shape and Wit, you Conquer all you look on.

Enter Charles.

Cha. What do I see! that is my Sister! ²⁸¹ He is already fix'd upon my Ruin, my Death. Sister, I ne'r till now cou'd wish thy Beauty less. If not discover'd, I am at least undone.

Bell. Come, *Charles*, thou shalt Raffle too: Here's a Guinea for him.

Enter Oldwit.

Old. My Lord, your Lordships most humble Servant.

Bell. Sir, I kiss your Hands.

Old. What a Pox, is this Puss my Wife ²⁹¹ here? I'll lay my Life she hears of the *French Count*: I was in hopes she wou'd have been sullen, and we might have had the House to ourselves. Come, come, off with your foolish Masks: My Lord, this is my Wife.

L. Fan. And this is my Daughter.

[*Bell, salutes her.*]

Bell. I dare swear she is. [*Aside.*]

Old. Mr. Wildish!

[*Wild, salutes L. Fan. and Mrs. Fan.*]
This, my Lord, is my Daughter. ³⁰¹

Bell. Madam, your Father has commanded me to do my self the honour of the World I am most ambitious of.

Gert. You are resolv'd, my Lord, your

Ambition shall be no danger to the Government.

Bell. I own no Government, but yours: Others, but rule the Body; you, the Mind.

Cha. How can I hear my own sad Funeral Peal? ³¹¹

Old. Mr. Wildish, my Daughter.

Wild. So, Madam, you have my Heart; 'tis flown, I cou'd not hold it: look to it, and make much on't, and see that it comes to no Damage; I shall require it whole, and safe.

Gert. 'Tis a light one, and always ready to whistle off° at any Game; and as ready to be lur'd back again: but, if I have it, I'll use it so, it shall be glad to be gone. ³²¹

Wild. That Beauty cannot harbour so much Cruelty. Oh, that this Kiss wou'd last to Eternity!

Gert. Raptures are no more signs of Love, than Huffing° is of Courage.

[*Sir Hum. steals to Old. as he leans upon his Cane, strikes it away, and flings him almost upon his Nose.*]

Old. Oh, you Arch Wag you! are you there? ha, ha, ha.

Sir Hum. Yes, that I am. Ha, ha, ha. Come, down with your Guinea. Now we have enough for a Tea-Pot, and a pair ³³¹ of Sconces.

Bell. She's delicately handsom as an Angel! what thinkest thou, my Boy?

Cha. With Submission, my good Lord, I think she is mortal; I am not surpriz'd with her Beauty. Look narrowly; does she not look like a Shrew?

Bell. No; she is all sweetness in perfection!

Cha. I wish° you find her not so: Fame ³⁴¹ whispers somewhat of that kind.

[*They throw the Dice in Order.*]

Enter the French Count, with his Equipage.

The Shopkeepers all cry their Things.

The Count stares about him, munching of Pears.

L. Fan. Daughter, Daughter; yonder comes the *French Count*! It must be he.

Mrs. Fan. *Mon Dieu*, it is he! Nay, if Quality or Breeding escapes my Eye, I have

whistle off] go off.

Huffing] swaggering.

wish] hope. Cf. p. 130 *supra*.

Whego . . . Villanos] Cf. French: *Jeu de main, jeu de vilain*. Saintsbury compares: *Hand play, Churl play. Juego, Span., play.*
touch] test, proof.

lost my Cunning. What an Air? what a Meen is there?

Count. Nicholas.

Nic. Monsieur? 350

Count. Take de notice of dose two Garle, vatch dem, dey have de very fine Ayre.

Mrs. Fan. His Person is *Charmant*, Tuant his Air, victorious his Meen: *Mon pauvre Coeur!*

Wild. I cou'd not wish better success.

Gert. A most Charmant, Tuant Meen, in eating Burgamies: he out-craunches^o a School-boy on a Holy-day. I'll lay my life, he is an errant Coxcomb. 360

Count. Page, sette my Cravat-string. Ver well, ver well.

L. Fan. He is an incomparable Person!

Bell. Thy Farce is like to take admirably: the Rogue looks very stately, and Fantastical!

Wild. No Gudgeons ever took their Baits more greedily.

Count. Monsieur, Serviter^o tres humble. Have you forgotte me? 370

Wild. Monsieur le Count de Cheveux!

Count. De same. I had de Honeur to wait upon you vid my Regiment of Cen d'Armes, on de right Attaque at *Luxemburgh*. Oh, my Lor Bellamy, I am surprise ver much! you did Charge my Regiment at de Battel of *Monts*. I will say no more of dat; but, Begar, you did make us turne de Back; vich de Regiment never did before, nor since; But is all one for dat, Serviteur tres humble. 380

Bell. The Rogue Acts it admirably!

Wild. You are welcom into *England*.

Count. I come to see de fine Lady, de grand Beautee *English*; which, Begar, is beyond all de Varle: yes indeed.

Bell. You have learnt the Language?

Count. I speak a littel. I did keepe de Company vid de *English* Officers; de ver brave Gentleman indeed, to learne de Language; for I did resolve to come dis plas, 390 for see de Beautee & de Wit of *England*.

Trim. Perhaps, you most auspicious Stars cou'd not have guided your wandring course to a more proper Region of the Earth, than this little City of *Bury*, for the full Satisfaction of both these Curiosities you are pleas'd to mention: nor is in all the Regions of Earth you have Survey'd, a Person more

devoted to your Service, than your most humble Servant *John Trim*. 400

Count. Monsieur *Jean Trim*, you do me de grand Honeur; Begar, me am your humble Serviteur. *Jerny bleau*,^o dis fellow be one great Fool indeed. [aside.]

Wild. That is the Lady and Daughter I told you of: this is the Lady's Husband.

Count. Is ver well: lette me alone for dat.

Mrs. Fan. A most admirable Person of a Man! his Eyes brillant, and *fierre*!^o my Heart is gone: he'may say, as *Ccesar* 410 did, *Veni, vidi, vici*.

L. Fan. My Eyes never beheld a Parallel.

Mrs. Fan. Eh Gud! how the French Nobless outshines our's! methinks, they look like Tailors to 'em.

Sir Hum. Monsieur, your most humble Servant: welcom to *Bury* as I may say.

Old. My Lord Count, you are heartily welcom to *Bury*: and I beg the honour of your Company at Dinner, at my House. 420

Count. Monsieurs, me kisse your hands: me did tinke to invite de Shief Majistrat, I don know vat you call him, Oh, is Alderman, to take de Collation vid me; butte me can no refuse de faveur.

Mrs. Fan. I am transported with Joy!

L. Fan. Daughter, speak to him in *French*; he seems already Captivated with your Looks.

Count. You are appy in de Conversa- 430 tion of de very fine Ladee; butte to lette you know my Skill, my Cunning, me vil gage a hundred Pistol,^o dat dat fine Ladee, and her ver pretty Sister, are de French Ladee.

Old. Ounds, this Count will make my damn'd affected Toad so proud, the Devil wou'd not live with her. French, and Sister, with a Pox!

L. Fan. We have often bewail'd the 'o not having had the honor to be born French.

Count. Pardon me; is impossible.

Mrs. Fan. *Mon joy, je parle vray*: we are meer English *assurance*.

Count. *Mon joy, je parle vray!* vat is dat Gibberish? Oh, lette me see; de Fader is de Lawyere, an she learne of him at de Temple: is de Law French. I am amaze!

Jerny bleau] an oath: *je rente Dieu*.

fierre] cf. p. 160 l. 479 *supra*.

Pistol] *pistole*, a French or Spanish coin worth about 17'.

out-craunches] *craunch*, munch.
Serviter] *Serviteur* Works.

French Looke, French Ayre, French meen, French movement of de Bodee! Mor- 450 bleau. Monsieur, I vill gage 4, 500° Pistol, dat dese two Sister vere bred in France, yes. Teste bleau, I can no be deceive.

Mrs. Fan. *Jee vous en prie*, do not; we never had the blessing to be in France; you do us too much honour. Alas, we are forc'd to be content with plain English Breeding: you will bring all my blood into a blush. I had indeed a *penchen* always to French.

Cou. Penchen! vat is dat? Oh, is Law⁴⁶⁰ French. You putte de very great Confusion upon me: I tought it was impossible to find dat Meen, Ayre, Wit, an Breeding, out of France.

Old. French! why, my Lord Count, this is my Wife, this is her Daughter.

Cou. Daughtcre! dis young Ladee have de Daughtere! Begar, you make my Head turn round, an mine Hair stand up: is impossible. Pardon me.⁴⁷⁰

L. Fan. My dear sweet Lord Count, you pose° me now with your grand Civilities: She is my Daughter; I was Marry'd indeed exceeding young.

Cou. Begar, Madam, den you be de pretty Modere, she de pretty Daughtcre, in de whole Varle. Oh mine Art, mine Art! dose Eyes, dat Ayre, ave kille me! I broughte de Art out of France, and I ave lost it in dis plas: is gone, Madam; an Morbleau,⁴⁸⁰ you see now de French Count vidout a Heart.

Trim. With what frigidity she looks on me! and with what warm Transport she seems to pierce the Frenchman through! *Varium*⁰ & *mutabile semper fœmina*.

Re-enter Bellamy, Wildish, and Gertrude.

Wild. What would you give for such a Servant?

Gert. Just as much as I wou'd for you: I had not so much as pitch 'd upon a Coun-⁴⁹⁰ try yet for my choice; but methinks France should be the last. I like not these Apish Counts; they're meer Kickshaws.

Bell. You judge right, Madam, of this Count at least.

4, 500] The Count's idiom for 'four or five hundred.' Cf. *two tree tovsand*, p. 316 1. 558 *infra*, *pone*] overwhelm, nonplus.

Varium . . . fœmina] Virgil, *ASneid*, IV. 569.

Gert. Indeed, he seems to me a very choice Coxcomb.

Cou. Oh, Madam, you have de fine Haire, de very fine Haire! dose tresses Conquer de Lovere; *Cupid* make his Net of dat⁵⁰⁰ Haire, to catche de Art: de couleur d'elicat, better den my Peruke is great deal: Begar, if I had dat Haire, I wou'd make two tree Peruke of dat.

Wild. Pox on you, you Rascal. You are no Barber, Sir; yoe° are a Count.

Cou. Have de Patiance: dat is, me could make de Peruke two tree; butte I vould make de Locket, de Bracelet, an de pretty Love⁵¹⁰ knack.

*They all cry their Wares. Enter several Jack Puddings,*⁰ and give Papers.

1 Pud. A very good Monster! a very pretty delicate Monster: the like ne'r seen in England! The Monster is just now beginning.

2 Pud. Pimper le Pimp,° the High German Juggler! pray walk in, and take your places; 'tis the last time of Showing this morning.

Cou. Vat is Pimp? Vat, does he lette a de Whore at de Fair?⁵²⁰

1 Pud. A most delicious dainty monster, the most delightful monster, the prettiest monster ever was seen! The most admirable! The most incomparable monster!

Cou. Ha, ha, ha. Begar, I like dis *Jean Pudding* very well; I vill talke vid him, Begar: he make me Laugh dis morning, he almost kille me.

Wild. You Rogue, remember you are a Count, and no Barber, Puppy.⁵³⁰

Mrs. Fan. You see his Wit and Judgment! he finds out good Breeding immediately!

Gert. Yes, he has found Wit in a *Jack Pudding*.

Cou. Morbleau, Madam, I have see de Marionette de *Jean Pudding* in France, dat have de great deal of Esprits, and of de

yoe] Q 1; you Works.

knack] trinket, trifle.

Jack Puddings] mountebanks.

Pimper le Pimp] a conjuror of the day. There are frequent references to him, and especially to his quack powder. Swift, *Tale of a Tub*: 'his powder pimperlump, after which it never failed of success.' D'Urfey, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. 297: "Here is the Rarity of the whole Fair/ *Ptmper-le-pimp*, and the wise Dancing Mare."

Wit: de very pretty man, and de very good Company; yes indeed.

Mrs. Fan. No doubt, Sir, Assujrement⁵⁴⁰ ouy. Look you, Mrs. Gatty.

[Sir Humphrey finds a Country Peasant leaning upon his Staff; he strikes it away, and he falls backward. Another Peasant knocks Sir Hum. down: he rises, and Draws. Several of the Mobile⁰ joyn with the Peasant: the Gentlemen Draw, and Rescue him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.

Cou. Begar, dat be very merry Gentilman; he have de great deal of Wit, assurance ouy. Teste bleau, de Insolence of Peasant English!

Wild. Death, let's in, and Rescue him.

Bell. Sir Humphrey, you have suffer'd for your Wit I see.

Old. Only a Head broken, that's all: the inside of your Head will often endanger⁵⁵⁰ the outside, Sir Humphrey.

Sir Hum. Pish, this is nothing. Pox on't, an accident; a meer Accident. Gad take me, I'll have my Jest, let what will come on't.

Cou. Insolent Peasan! Begar, me vill kille two tree thousand Peasant, Strike de Gentilman! Sire morbleau, me vill helpe you to kille de damn Peasant. 560

Old. Come, come to my House: my Daughters Woman shall lay you on a Plaster.

Cou. I vould be glad to putte my Cutto^o into de Body of de Peasant, dey have fright de Lady.

Bell. But, Monsieur le Count, our Peasants have Quarter-staves; and if Gentlemen go to run 'em through, they will knock 'em down: and we commend 'em for't. 570

Cou. De Peasant; begar, de Peasant be de Slave, de Dog, morbleu.

Bell. Our Peasants wear Shooes and Stockins, and lye warm; and have good Meat and Drink in their Houses.

Wild. Your King is a King of Dogs then: but how much greater is ours, who is a King of Men, and Free Men! Ours Governes the willing, he the unwilling.

Cou. Your King great as our King! 580

Mobile] the word of which *mob* is an abbreviation.

Cutto] a sword. Fr. *couteau*.

Jerny, your King can do noting, dere is de Law, de Parliament, I don know vat begar: my King can send for my Head wen he pleas; yes indeed, hum.

Old. My Lord Count, 'tis almost Dinner time.

Wild. The Rogue talks, as if he were of the Blood Royal.

Bell. Yes, like the next Successor.

Cou. Yes, Begar, he can send for my Head: and dat be very good for him. 590

Wild. But my King cannot send for my Head when he please.

Cou. Morbleu, dat be very good for you; yes indeed. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Oldwit, Lord Bellamy, Wildish, Sir Humphrey, Count, Trim.

Old. Come my Lord Count, my Lord Bellamy, and Gentlemen, may good Digestion wait on Appetite, and Health on both; as Mackbeth says: Ah, I love those old Wits.

Wild. You are a Wit in your Heart.

Old. Ay, faith, so I am; and I love to be merry at Meals. Ah, Wit is as necessary as good Wine at Table.

Sir Hum. Ay, faith, so 'tis: I summon 10 up all my Wit at Dinner.

Old. My Lords, and Gentlemen, we'll into my Smoaking-room, and sport about a Brimmer⁰; and Wit shall fly about like Hail-shot.^o Oh, the Wit that I have heard in that Room!

Bell. We will wait on you soon; but I have promis'd the Ladies an Entertainment, with a little Concert of Musick by my own Servants, who are ready now: and I de-²⁰ sire you will call the Ladies, Sir.

Old. If your Lordship please: but, faith, we had better be a Topping.

Sir Hum. Did you ever hear the Thetford Musick?⁰

Bell. Not I, Sir.

Sir Hum. 'Sbud, they are the best Musick in England: there's the best Shawm⁰ and

Brimmer] a cup brimful. Cf. p. 634 l. 8 *infra*.

Hail-shot] small shot which scatters when fired.

Thetford Musick] Thetford in Norfolk possessed noted fiddlers. Pepys tells how Charles II engaged them at Newmarket to entertain him with 'all the obscene songs they could think of.'

Shawm] a wind instrument, like an oboe.

Bandore,⁰ and a Fellow that Acts *Tom of Bet'lem*' to a Miracle! and they Sing³⁰ *Charon, Oh gentle Charon, and Come my Daphne, better than Singleton and Clayton*⁰ did.

Wild. Here's the pleasure of Country Conversation,⁰ *Bellamy*. Had not a man better be condemn'd to the Galleys, than endure it?

Bell. I am of your Opinion, *Ned*; and for that Reason, never have such Company at my House: If I have, 'tis but for 40 once; for Country Gentlemen, unless you repay their Visit, are too proud to see you twice: and I never Visit any, but such as I like very well.

[Sir Hum. Dumfounds⁰ the Count with a smart rap on the Shoulders.

Cou. Morblcu, vat is dat? Monsieur *Wildish*, did you hitte me?

Wild. Not I, Monsieur.

[Sir Hum. raps him again.

Cou. Nor you, my Lore?

Bell. Not I, Monsieur le Count.

Coun. Ventre bleu, is dere again! Sire,⁵⁰ vat you mean by dat, to strike me between de Head and de Shouldere?

Trim. My Lord, if your Honour had given your self the leisure circumspectly to have made Inquisition into any part of the History of my Life and Breeding, or into the sedate Composure and Serenity of Mind,^o you might easily have Collected that I am a Person that either never exercis'd myself in such Juvenile and Jocular Diversions;⁶⁰ or, at least, have totally abandon'd them.

Cou. Begar, dis be de very great Fop, Teste bleu, I no understanda him.

[Sir Hum. raps him again.

Agen? is de Diable. Ah, may foy, is dat merry Gentilman. Ha, ha, is very good Jest indeed; but, Begar, you hitte me too hard indeed.

Sir Hum. Nothing, nothing at all, my Lord Count, among Friends: I can't forbear

Bandore] a string instrument, like a guitar.
Tom of Bet'lem] a bedlamite, lunatic.
Singleton and Clayton] two of Charles II's musicians.

Conversation] intercourse, society.

Dumfounds] hits.

[Sir . . . again.] This seems to belong before *Ventre bleu*, etc.

Mind] Q 1; my *Mind* Works.

my Jest, i'faith; let's Kiss, and be better '> acquainted.

Cou. Vid all mine Art. (*Kiss.*) Ha! **who** Shave your Face? lette me see: he leave two, tree, four great Stumpe, dat pricke my Countenance. Oh fie! dese Barbiers English can do no ting: If I wou'd take de (*Snaps his fingers*) Trade, Begar, I vould starve dem all. *[Snaps his fingers again.*

Wild. Sirrah, Rogue, remember you are a Count still.³⁰

Cou. Is all one: I sometime take delight to Shave de Nobless of *France*, for my plaisir. *[Enter Charles with the Musick.*

Enter Oldwit, and Lady, Mrs. Fantast, and Gertrude, Women and Chamber-maids.

Old. Now, my Lord, let the Musick strike up; here are the Women: I long to be at Brimmers.

Sir Hum. Now for a fit of Mirth.

Bell. Come Charles, begin.

They Sing an Italian Song of two parts.

You must excuse it; 'tis Country Musick,⁹⁰ Madam.

Gert. Tis admirable! the Court has no better.

L. Fan. You must be putting in,⁰ with your ill Breeding! If any Traveller shou'd affirm that *Italy* afforded better, I shou'd humbly demand his Pardon.

Mrs. Fan. I am swallow'd up in Admiration! *je suis astonne!* I am only in doubt, whether the Harmonious Composition, or the elegant Performance, be most Char-¹⁰⁰ mant.

Cou. Dat is admirable bien diet, Madam!

Old. I had a Daughter that sung—— But, no more of her.

Char. What do I hear? I'll haste away: Farewel. *Exit Charles.*

Gert. I never heard a Voice and Manner so like my poor Sister's. I thought he had some resemblance of her, but that he's of another Complexion: But he was so bash-¹¹⁰ ful, he wou'd not show his Face.

Sir Hum. My Lord, can they sing *Lilly BurleroV* or have they e're a merry Song?

Bell. My Servants are **no** Fiddlers.

putting in] intervening.

Lilly Burlero] an immensely popular royalist long at the time of the Revolution. Purcell composed the catching air. See p. 626 l. 8 *infra*.

Old. Come, come, my Lords and Gentlemen, into my Smoaking Room: Women, go pack into the Drawing Room, and play at Toe Gleek,^o or Ombre; go.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, get the *French* Count with us, or I am Ruin'd. Oh, he is *le* the finest Personage, and most agreeable!

L. Fan. Good Mr. *Oldwit*, you will betray your ill Breeding: Entertain one of the *French* Nobless with Smoaking and Sotting!^o he shall^o with us. You show your Wit, and not a word of *French* among you!

Old. 'Sdeath, my Wit! dare you profane my Wit? Thou old, ill-bred, silly Creature, I'll teach thee better Breeding, and make thee submit to thy Lord and Master.¹³⁰

Cou. Sir, I beg your pardon; I am for de Ladee: I no Drink, I no smoke. Come, Madam, vee vill play at de petites jeux, or some ting or oder. Bogar, de smoke spoil my orangery^o and Pulvilio.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I love de Petites jeux extremement.

Trim. I am also for the Ladies; to whom I have ever Sacrific'd all my devoir: Madam, I kiss your hands.¹⁴⁰

Mrs. Fan. Pish! But as I was saying, Monsieur——

Trim. Ha! must I be Sacrific'd 'to that Kickshaw of a *Frenchman*? It shall not be long e're he receive a Chart el^o from me.

Sir Hum. Mr. *Oldwit* is so importunate, that I cannot leave him yet, i'faith; but I'll steal away, and pay my Duty to you.

Mrs. Fan. No, no, Sir *Humphrey*, no matter: the Count is an Accomplish'd¹⁵⁰ Gentleman. Monsieur, you were speaking——

Sir Hum. Say you so, Ud'sbud? the Count my Rival! I will take an occasion to kick that damn'd Count most exceedingly.

Old. Daughter, meet me half an hour

Toe Gleek] Explained rather unsatisfactorily by N.E.D. as 'some variety of gleek,' *gleek* being a card game played by three persons. No other instance is recorded. There are references in the 17th century to 'threepenny gleek' and 'twelvePENNY gleek.' Shadwell in *The Woman Captain*, IV, has '12^d Gleek.' May this passage have been written 'To d,' for 'Two-penny,' and been misread as 'Toe'? The Ms. forms of *e* and *d* were so much alike as often to be confused. Cf. note, p. 72 l. 297 *supra*.

Sotting] soaking, drinking deep.

shall] Q 1; *shall go* Works.

orangery] cf. p. 135 *supra*.

Chattel] cartel, a written challenge.

hence, without fail, in the great Dining Boom above.

Gert. I will, Sir.

Wild. Pray let it be within a quarter of MO an hour, for most important Reasons I will give you there.

Old. I have contriv'd an opportunity for your Lordship to be private with your Mistress, my Lord.

Bell. You infinitely oblige me, Sir.

Old. Come, now let's all into my Smoaking-room. Go, Womankind, pack away to your Cards, and your Tea.

[*Ex. Count and Ladies.*

Trim. Mr. *Oldwit*, I humbly take my¹⁷⁰ leave, to withdraw with the Ladies.

Old. No, faith, shall you not. Sir *Humphrey*, take him you by one Arm, and I'll take him by the other.

Trim. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, commit not a Rape upon me, I beseech you: I drink not between Meals. Did you know how averse I am——Sir, Sir, I would not be Intoxicated for the Universe: Sir, Sir.¹⁸⁰

Old. Come, my Lord, and Mr. *Wildish*.

{*Trim* talks all the while they hale him.

Bell. & Wild. We wait on you.

Bell. What are we Condemn'd to?

[*Exewit.*

Re-enter Lord Bellamy, *Wildish*, Sir *Humphrey*, and *Trim*.

Old. Here, where is this damn'd Butler? bring the Monteith,^o and Bottles. Well, Mr. *Wildish*, you are one of the top^o London Wits.

Wild. Not guilty, upon my Honour.

Old. No matter for that. But did you ever hear more Wit fly about a Dinner at *io* London? Such Broad-sides and such Merri-ment, my Lord?

Wild. Yes, indeed, a great deal of Wit did fly about the Room.

Sir Hum. Sir, your humble Servant. When my Lady ask'd me for a piece of Rabbet, you remember I told her it was a Rawbit, for 'twas not roasted; ha, ha, ha.

Trim. That was a good jest indeed.

Re-enter] The scene changes to *Oldwit*'s Smoking-room. Works correctly includes *Oldwit* in the list of entrants.

Monteith] a stand for holding wine glasses.

top . . . Wits] cf. p. 299 *supra*.

Sir Humphrey. She ask'd me, if I wou'd have any Custard? I told her, I was not as such a Fool to refuse it.

Old. And, when she ask'd me, Will you have any Woodcock,⁰ Husband, I answered No: I will have some Goose, Wife. She thought to have put the Woodcock upon me; and I put the Goose upon her, i'faith.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha: Very good! excellent 1
[*The Count*⁰ and he Laugh.

Trim. These Gentlemen, Mr. Wildish, are Witty, I must confess they want not Salt,²¹⁰ and are indeed very Jocose; but I wou'd gladly hear something from your self, and my Lords Honour, that favours more of Solidity, than what they hitherto have produced.

Wild. Are you always thus Witty, Sir Humphrey?

Sir Hum. Oh, ay. The Judges, when they come the Circuit, certainly send for me: they love my Company. 220

Bell. Do Judges love this way of Wit?

Sir Hum. Ever while you live; and your Serjeants, and Doctors of Divinity;⁰ the last time I Din'd in such company, I told a Story of a Doctor of Divinity, whose Wife us'd to entertain him with three Dishes every day; Bitter, Pout,⁰ and Tart. There was such a Laughing, they Roar'd out again: The Ladies Tyhee'd under their Napkins; I am the Son of a Whore, if²³⁰ the Tyhee did not take a reverend old Gentlewoman as she was a Drinking, and she squirted out⁰ the Beer out of her Nose, as an Indian does Tobacco. Ha, ha? ha.

Old. Prythce, dear Sir Humphrey, forbear; I am not able to bear it: I have laugh'd my self sore. Mr. Trim, what ails you? you are melancholy.

Trim. I must confess, Sir Humphrey is a man of neat concise parts, and exceeding so Jocular; but my way is to affect, being⁰ more grave and solid.

Old. Grave and solid! Come, come, you want a Bottle. Why, Sirrah, Butler, come

Woodcock] supposed to be an especially foolish bird. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. iii. 115.

The Count] Q 1; *Oldwit* Works. Clearly not the Count, who is off the stage.

Divinity] Q 1; *Divinity* too Works.

Pout] a kind of fish.

out] om. Works.

affect, being] Q 1; *affect being* Works.

quickly. You shall have a whisking⁰ Bumper.

Trim. Sir, I protest against Bumpers: I wou'd not drink a Bumper for the Universe.

Enter Butler, placing Glasses and Bottles.

Old. Rascal, make haste, you lazy Elephant, and, d'ye hear, bring me my²⁵⁰ Horn I use⁰ to Drench the Restive Drinkers with. I'll make you take your Dose.

Trim. That men shou'd cloud the Faculties of their noble Souls, and put their minds, as 'twere, into a Mist!

Wild. Wy, you can make a Joque, Sir Humphrey upon any thing.

Sir Hum. I seldom fail, thank God.

Wild. Let's hear now, upon the Wainscot.

Sir Hum. Pshaw waw! 'tis weak²⁸⁰ Wainscot.

Bell. How so? 'tis good Danish Oak.

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; you know, the weakest goes to the Wall; the Wainscot goes to the Wall; *Ergo*, weak Wainscot. Ha, ha.

Old. Ha, ha, ha: passing good!

Sir Hum. I am ready again: Reprieving Wainscot.

Wild. How so? the Devil can't find that out.²⁷⁰

Sir Hum. Ha, ha, ha; why, Wainscot saves many a Hanging:

Old. Ha, ha: admirable! for, if I had not Wainscoted my Rooms, I must have had Hangings. He'l kill me some time or other.

Bell. Upon the Window.

Sir Hum. Why 'tis a damn'd mutinous Window; for 'tis full of Quarrels;⁰ You shall never take me at a Why not.

Wild. Upon the Looking-glass. 280

Sir Hum. Why, 'tis an Ill-natur'd Looking-glass.

Wild. How so?

Sir Hum. Because it makes Reflections; ha, ha.

Wild. Upon the day.

Sir Hum. Upon the day. Hah, hum; why, 'tis a scabby day.

Wild. A scabby day?

Sir Hum. Ay, because the Sun's broken a» out.

Old. For the love of Heav'n, dear Friend,

whisking] very large, 'thumping'

use] Q 1; *ua'd* Works.

Quarrels] small panes.

not so fast: I cannot suffer it. Come, Sirrah, a Bumper.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, there are four Gentlemen come to wait on you.

Old. Who? Butler, remove the things into my Parlour: this Room's too little. [*Whisper.*⁰] Come, Gentlemen; I beseech you secure the Prisoner.³⁰⁰

[*They lay hold on him.*

Trim. Sir, you have Company enough, I beseech you, Sir; Sir,^o I disclaim Drink between Meals. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gertrude.*⁰

Gert. Wildish is not here yet; I am come somewhat before my time, to fly from the horrible Impertinence in the Drawing-Room. I'll lay my life, this French Count is some idle Scoundrel, and an Impostor.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. Madam, your most humble Servant: you have not stay'd long, I hope.³¹⁰

Gert. Not at all for you, I assure you, Sir: my Father appointed me——

Wild. Not this quarters hour yet, by my Watch.

Gert. It wants nothing by mine: but you Sparks have such vanity, that you are ready to turn every thing to your own advantage. Can you believe I come to meet you here?

Wild. Is it not fitter for your Youth and Beauty, to meet an honest young Fellow,³²⁰ who is in Love with you to Madness, than an Old Fellow with musty Sayings, old Proverbs, and wise Counsel?

Gert. Don't abuse my Father behind his back. He wise! No wiser than your self: He is a Bury Wit, as you are a London one.

Wild. I a Wit, Madam? You are resolv'd to use your Sovereign Power over me; and I'll show you my Passive Obedience.⁰ Do you Swagger like a Tyrant? you shall³³⁰ find I can bear like a Slave.

Gert. Yes, you can act a Slave for a time, in hopes of making me one ever after.

Wild. Ah, Madam, those eyes were made to Conquer, and preserve their Con-

[*Whisper*] om. Works.

Sir; Sir; Q 1; *JSir:* Works.

Enter Gertrude] This is a fresh scene in the great dining room. Cf. p. 318 l. 158 *supra*.

Passive Obedience] cf. p. 291 *supra*.

quests: where e're they come, they'll Govern always.

Gert. For all that, if I were Marry'd to you, which Heav'n avert, you wou'd, within three months, be apt to thing my Maids³¹⁰ eyes, though a Doudy, more Victorious.

Wild. It is impossible: I cou'd as soon prefer a farthing Candle to the Sun.

Gert. Nay, I shall never try.

Wild. I am resolv'd I'll never leave you: I will wait upon your Person, or watch about your House "continually.

Gert. But I'll command you from me; I'll try my Dominion.

Wild. In what ever I can, I will obey³⁵⁰ you": but you may as well command your Shadow from you, in the Sun-shine.

Gert. I'll call in aid, to remove you farther.

Wild. Not Bombs, or Cannons, can do that. While you are awake, I'll ne'r be from you; and when you sleep, I'll watch, and sigh, and sing my Complaints about your House.

Gert. Sure you dare not be thus bold!

Wild. By Heav'n, I cannot help it: and³⁶⁰ look to it; for this in Bury (as all little Towns are full of Tatling and Censure) will bring Scandal to you, at least, if it does not produce Love in you.

Gert. For Love, I am sure it shall not: and for Scandal, I'll remove.⁰

Wild. Where ever you go, you have fast hold on my Heart-strings, and will tug me along with you.

Gert. If I have, I'll tug you, I'll war-³⁷⁰ rant you, till I crack them. These are Flams:⁰ I'll to London; there I shall be lost to you, like a Hare in a Hare Warren, and you shall yelp no more after me.

Wild. You are so fair, so bright, above all others, that I shall follow you by your Track of Light, and never miss you.

Gert. Are there any Lovers thus Impudent, to think to procure Love by troubling one.³⁸⁰

Wild. Is it Impudence, to own your Power, and my Weakness? In short, Madam, I am resolv'd to haunt you worse than any Beau,^o and pelt you with Billets doux some Fifteen" times a day.

Gert. What, like one of those odious

remove] Q 1; *remove it* Works.

Flams] humbug. Cf. p. 307 *supra*.

Beau] Q 1; *Beaux* Works.

Creatures, will you Dress at me? and tye Cravats at me? and strut like a Turkey-cock, and prune yourself?

Wild. Even so; and stare, and goggle³⁰⁰ at you; and never have my Eyes off you, while I Side-box you in the Play-house.

Gert. What, where the Beaux draw up three Ranks deep every day?

Wild. Yes.

Gert. Well, and I'll never cast my Eyes upon you for a whole Play together.

Wild. That will be over acted; and cunning Intriguers will Censure you from that.

Gert. Very fine! But I assure you, if⁴⁰⁰ you joyn with the Beaux, you shall never be look'd upon by me: for there is not upon Earth a more odious sight, than those Boxes full of ugly Beaux. I observe, the Beaux now are the ugliest Hatchet-fac'd Fellows about Town.

Wild. Fellows of five and fifty, with grizly Beards, set up for Beaux: and among these will I herd, when you are at a Play, that I may Ogle you, Fair.⁴¹⁰

Gert. Then will I leave the Play.

Wild. So will I.

Gert. And to the Park.

Wild. So will I: where I will Side-glass you,° turn when you turn,——

Gert. Then will I leave the Park.

Wild. So will I, and follow you to the Mall.

Gert. You will not dare sure?

Wild. Yes I will: and strut up to you,⁴²⁰ with a Slur° and a Coupee;⁰ sing a silly new Song or two softly in your Ear, and put on an Air of Gayety, as if I had succeeded.

Gert. I'll soon shake you off, and go to the Drawing Room.

Wild. No sooner there, but I am with you: and 'tis as good a Scene of Ogling, as any.

Gert. Sure, I shall cast you off when I⁴³⁰ go to Church.

Wild. The Beaux are the most constant Church-men: you shall see Troops of 'em perk'd⁰ up in Galleries, setting their

Side-glass you] "That's the new word," according to Stanmore in Shadwell's *A True Widow*, I. i. There it is explained as letting down the side-glass of a coach to attract the attention of a passer-by.

Slur] a gliding dance.

Coupee] a dance movement involving a pause and bow.

perk'd] perched.

Cravats. There you shall be sure to find me: and I will stare you out of your Prayers. In short, my dear, sweet, pretty Madcap, I am resolv'd never to give thee over, while I have breath.

Gert. This is most amazing! Art not⁴⁴⁰ thou a very Impudent Fellow, to talk thus? Do you call this making Love? why, this is making War; worse than Blockades and Sieges, which they write of in Gazettes.

Wild. It is a gentle Siege; but I will never raise it. I may fall dead before your Fort.

Gert. And that you shall, before you take it.

What a dissembling Jade am I now⁴⁵⁰

Aside.

Wild. Then will I haunt you at noon, at dead of night——

Gert. You will come a faithful Humble⁰ Bee, and Hum, and Buz; as the *Rehearsal* says. *A noise of one coming up stairs.* Here comes some body! I'll not have the scandal upon me, of being taken alone with you.

Exit.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Wild. Oh, my Lord! I have had the Advantage of you, in stealing from you con-⁴⁶⁰ founded Company before you.

Bell. You have so; but there's great enquiry made after you.

Wild. We were bad enough with our Punning Fools; but that new Detachment of Drunkards and Visitants, made 'em compleatly the most confounded Company I ever was condemn'd to. Here are the fruits of the Country! Prethce, my Dear Peer, fling off this melancholy thought of Re-⁴⁷⁰ tirement, and let us enjoy thee again in *London*: let me not lose my dearest Friend, for a Fit of the Spleen, or two.

Bell. Dear *Ned*, if any thing cou'd tempt me to that noisie Town, thou, and some choice Friends, whose Conversation I extreamly value, might do it: but I am weary of it, and dote upon my quiet Retirement.

Wild. Man is not self-sufficient: he was⁴⁸⁰

Humble . . . says] Buckingham, *The Rehearsal*, IV. i: I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love./ With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;/ Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, buz./ And when to Melancholy Groves you come,/ An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;/.

made a Sociable Animal, and must have Conversation.⁰

Bell. And that, by a Man of a good Estate, as you and I have, may be had in the Country.

Wild. Merry Meetings may be had; but not so frequently, as your Sessions: and when you think you have a choice Company, in rushes some loud obstreperous Hunter, Hawker, or Jocky, good for nothing else, and Roars about Dogs, Kites, and Horses; and spoils that Meeting. To keep open House, and entertain the neighbouring Coxcombs is worse than being Host of an Inn: and to meet Company elsewhere, is to be poison'd with damn'd Wine.

Bell. I take care to meet none but good Company; and where-ever we meet, we take a course⁰ to have as good Wine from London, as any there: and at my own⁵⁰⁰ House, I will entertain none but good Company.

Wild. Then the Country Gentlemen, who are most of 'em ill Company, will hate you, and you will have no Interest.

Bell. He that esteems himself by another mans opinion, is an Ass. My Tenants I make much of.

Wild. But what can be the diversion of a Country Life? A man must be wak'd at⁵¹⁰ three in a Morning, by the crack'd Voices of Huntsmen, with damn'd Bugle Horns, and the confounded yelps of Curs: and for want of Friendship with Men, divert themselves with their Enmity to Beasts; and hunt as if the Devil were in 'em, till at dark night they are scarce able to dismount their Horses.

Bell. They are Fops,⁰ *Ned*, that make a business of Sport. I hunt with my Harriers half a dozen heats⁰ in a Morning, for Health and an Appetite: and, at Dinner time, let 'em be in never such full cry, I knock off.

Wild. There is some Reason in that; but your true Country Squire lives in Boots all the Winter, never talks or thinks of any

Conversation] cf. p. 317 *supra*.

take a course] take steps.

Fops] fools. The word had both the narrower modern meaning of 'dandy,' and the wider connotation.

heats] usually courses run in a race. N.E.D. gives no example of this transferred usage applied to hunting.

thing but Sports, as he calls 'em: and if an ill Day comes, saunters about his House, lolls upon Couches; sighs and groans, as⁵³⁰ if he were a Prisoner in the Fleet; and the best thing he can find to do, is to Smoke, and Drink, and play at Back-gammon, with the Parson.

Bell. These are of the strictest Order of Hunters, such as keep Journals of every Days hunting, and write long Letters of Foxchases from one end of England to the other. Tho these are Fops, *Ned*, a Reasonable man may enjoy himself very well in⁵⁴⁰ the Country.

Wild. How so?

Bell. I have a noble House, an Air pure, and uncorrupted.

Wild. Which are to be had in St. James's-Square and Hide-park.

Bell. I view my stately Fields and Meads, laden with Corn and Grass; my Herds of Kine, and Flocks of Sheep; my Breed of Horses; my Delicate Gardens full of all⁵⁵⁰ sorts of Fruits and Herbs; my River full of Fish, with Ponds, and a Decoy for Water Fowl, and plenty of Game of all kinds in my Fields and Woods; my Parks for Venison; my Cellar well furnish'd with all variety of excellent Drinks: and all my own, *Ned*.

Wild. All these things have we at London. The product of the best Cornfields at *Quccn-Hithe*,⁰ Hay, Straw, and Cattle,⁵⁶⁰ at *SmUhfield*,⁰ with Horses too: Where is such a Garden in Europe, as the *Stocks-Market*?⁰ Where such a River as the *Thames*? Such Ponds and Decoys, as in *Leaden-Hall-Market*,⁰ for your Fish and Fowl? Such Game as at the Poulterers? And instead of Parks, every Cook's Shop for Venison, without Hunting, and venturing Neck or Arms for it. And for Cellars, from *Temple-Bar* to *Aldgate*; and all that⁵⁷⁰ I have use of, my own too, since I have Money.

Bell. But I have pleasure in reading the

Queen-Hithe] a dock in Thames Street, London, especially used for grain and fish.

Smithfield] the cattle market.

Stocks-Market] a large market in the middle of the city, including what is now the site of the Mansion House; originally a meat market, later it included fruit, flowers and vegetables.

Leaden-Hall-Market] a general market, but notable for its fishmongers and poulterers.

Georgics, and contemplating the Works of Nature.

Wild. I contemplate the chief Works of Nature: fine Women; and the Juice of the Grape, well concocted by the Sun.

Bell. Your fine Women, are a Company of proud, vain, Fops and Jilts, abominably Daub'd and Painted; and I had rather kiss a Blackamoor, with a Natural Complexion, than any such: And, besides, many of them are so unsound, that making Love is become as dangerous as making War; and the Wounds and Scars are dishonorable to boot. Then, for your Wine, 'tis attended with such Surfeits, Qualms, Head-akes, late Hours, Quarrels and Uproars, that every Scene of Drunkenness is a very *Bedlam*,⁵⁸⁰

Wild. Poor *Bellamy*! thou wert never happy, since thou left'st off those Noble Maxims, *Beati non numcrant horas*, measure not your time by Hour-glasses, but by Wine-glasses. Oh, the sweet of a Brimmer at Midnight! The Night was made for Beasts to sleep in, and for Man to Watch in.

Bell. And if I have no other misfortune but the Head-ake, and Puking in the morning, to hear of this Friend breaking a⁶⁰⁰ Collar Bone with a fall, that having his Scull crack'd by the Watch, another run through the Lungs by drunken Bullies; and all this to Treasure up Diseases, if you shall arrive to a miserable Age.

Wild. Who would not be sick ten Days for one good Night, with Men of Wit and Sense?

Bell. There's no true Pleasure but in Health.⁶¹⁰

Wild. What shou'd a Man do with Health in damn'd Country Company, which a man ought either to be a very good Philosopher, or none at all, to endure?

Bell. What good does Wit and Sence do you? do what you can, the Fops will be at the top of Pleasures; and the Knaves will be at the head of all Business in spite of you; and will bear down the World, that a man who has Wit can be good for nothing.

Wild. That makes the business of the World so foolishly done.

Enter Gertrude, and Oldwit's Footman.

Gert. My Father is not here.

Foot. He commanded me to bid you meet him in this Room. [*She offers to retire.*]

Wild. Whither goes my pretty Tyrant? Tho' your Father be not here, here is (I am sure) one humble Servant of yours.

Bell. That I am sure of, Madam, who is resolv'd⁶³⁰ to lay himself at your Feet, there humbly to receive his Doom.

Wild. What the Devil docs he say? Is my best Friend my Rival? I hope, Madam, you are not in doubt, who that Servant is I spoke of?

Bell. What's this? Are we Rivals? This is the greatest misfortune that could have happen'd! Hold! perhaps it may be only his usual⁶⁴⁰ Gallantry to all young Women, Wou'd you cou'd see the Wounds you make in Hearts; then, Madam, mine wou'd expect your pity.

Gert. This is a very pretty Scene; runs smoothly off the Tongue, and is very well Acted: Can you do it over again?

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Oh, Mr. *Wildish*! I have been searching, and sending for you, all over the House. What? turn VI Flincher!⁶⁵⁰ Faith, I must have you down with me.

Wild. Here's my Lord's a Flincher too.

Old. I wink at that: I can give you some Reason for that, as we go. Daughter, you know what I have said to you of this Noble man: I cou'd not find out in all the Nation, such a Match. Do you mind me?

Gert. Yes, Sir——But, by your good favour, I'll find out for my self, for all that. [*aside.*]⁶⁶⁰

Wild. 'Tis evident! What damn'd misfortune cou'd have fallen out like this? .

Old. Come, faith, Mr. *Wildish*, you shan't scape so: Brimmers fly about handsomely; and we are a rare Company.

Wild. I must not discover my Love to this Old Fellow yet; I will knock⁶⁷⁰ him down, with two or three in a Hand.

[*Exit with Oldwit.*]

Gert. How I hate this kind of Fooling! A Woman never makes so silly a Figure, as when she is to look demurely, and stand to be made Love to. [*aside.*]

resolv'd] *tesolv'd* Q 1.

usual] *usual* Q 1.

Flincher] one who shirks drink.

knock . . . Hand] an obscure phrase. I suggest: make him drunk with two or three bumpers.

Bell. Madam', the several Letters I have address'd to your Ladyship's hands, and my good Orator your Father, tho' you never saw me, have let you know who I am; and then you'll guess what I have to say.

Gert. 'Tis true, my Lord, I do guess, and therefore your Lordship need not trouble your self to say it; for all Discourse, about that affair, runs to the same Tune.⁶⁸⁰

Bell. I never lov'd before; nor can I believe that any Man loves like me.

Gert. 'Tis all alike. "Madam, your Beauties! your excellent Accomplishments! your extraordinary Merits! Divine, &c. The lustre of your Eyes! and the rest. The honour to kiss your fair hands! &c. All this we have in Romances, and Love and Honour Plays. Trust me, my Lord, 'tis tedious."⁶⁹⁰

Bell. Cou'd I incline your gentle Heart to Love, then no Discourse of it wou'd seem so.

Gert. I can't tell that; but as things stand now, indeed it makes me smile, to think of a grave Mother, or, for want of her, a wise Father, putting a Daughter into a Room, like a Hare out of a Basket, and letting him^o loose; that is, to act the Part of a Lover before Marriage, and never⁷⁰⁰ think of it afterward. Then is she either to frown, be peevish, or sullen, and make no answers, or very scurvy ones; or else to blush, hold down her Head, tell the Sticks,^o and play with her Fan, and say, I have no thoughts of Marriage, I am too young, 'tis time enough.

Bell. But, Madam, a Lady of your Wit and Sence, knows 'tis the great end that Woman is design'd for; and 'tis in vain⁷¹⁰ for you to speak against Love; for every look, and every word of yours, inflames me more.

Gert. There's a word now, Inflames, and Chains, and Fetters! I warrant you; One wou'd think a man were a Martyr, or a Slave at *Algiers* at least. What conversation might Men and Women have, did not this foolish Love interpose!

Bell. 'Tis impossible for a Man to for-⁷²⁰ bear thinking, or talking of Love, in the presence of so Beautiful, so excellent a Lady.

him] Q 1; *her* Works.

tell the Sticks] count the sticks of her fan. Cf. p. 131 *supra*.

Gert. I cou'd expect no less: Beautiful! Excellent! &c. How sillily^o one looks, who must stand to hear her self Complemented! My Lord, you are a Man of Honour, and I will speak plainly to you: I am resolv'd against Love, therefore pray deal frankly with me: Disappoint the Old Gentleman, and let's not have one word of it betwixt⁷³⁰ us. My happiness or ruin depends upon your Breath. I am too young and giddy, to fix upon so solemn a business; and the pleasure I find in being free, cannot be bought at any rate.

Bell. Your Father, Madam, I hope may be a prevailing Advocate.

Gert. Hope is a very thin Diet, fit for Love in a Fever; but, to tell you true, I am apt to believe there is no such thing⁷⁴⁰ as love: but, if there be, I can assure you, you have gone the wrong way; for my Father is no Outwork of mine: you may take him, but you are ne'r the nearer me. I am a free Heiress of *England*, where Arbitrary^o Power is at an end, and I am resolv'd to choose for my self. How happily am I reliev'd!

Enter Count, and *Mrs.* Fantast.

Look you, my Lord, here are a pair of Turtles! The *French* Count has gotten an⁷⁵⁰ absolute Conquest. Let's retire, and hear the Love betwixt them: they'll divert us upon that subject, better than we can our selves.

{They retire and listen.

Bell. I must obey.

Mrs. Fan. Now Monsieur le Count, we are free: we were embarrass'd with Company below, that we cou'd not enjoy our selves; and some so ill bred, that, eh Gud, they caus'd such a *Chagrin* in me!

Cou. I am very appy in de occasion of⁷⁶⁰ kisse your And, in secret; indeed de *Bury* Ladies be ver fine, ver prettee, and do me de great honeur; butte, Madam, your Lustre does outshine dem, as the great Sun does de leetel Star dat twinkel, twinkel, in the Sky, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Monsieur, the ebat^o of your Wit will make any thing appear well: I must confess, I never have met such

sillily] Q 1; *silly* Works.

Arbitrary] *Arbitrry* Q 1.

ebat] frolic, sport.

brilliant Conversation, as from your most *no* agreeable person.

Cou. See bee de Victorious Ladee; butte, begar, see speake de dam *French* for all dat.

Aside.

Mrs. Fan. En veritie, you have Charm'd them all; but, mon foy, I hate the Impertinence of a numerous Assemblée.

Cou. Oh, Madam, dere is no plaisir in de Varle, as de retirement vid so bright a Nymph: and, Madam, I must telle dat, now you have steale me out of de Companee,⁷⁸⁰ you cannot but perceive me, dat I have de ver great and signal Passion for your Ladiship; and I have but de few littel opportunittee to say, dat, if you take no Compassion upon me, you breake mine Art; and I must kille my self vid de *French* Bayonett, if you make de scorn of me.

Mrs. Fan. I am not so ill bred to scorn one of the Nobless.

Gert. Pray forbear, my Lord, they will⁷⁹⁰ come to the point presently: wou'd you have us play the Fool thus?

Cou. If you have no scorn, de Indifference is fatal, and vill kille me too.

Mrs. Fan. Sincerement, Monsieur, a Lady cannot have indifference for a Person so bien fait, and whose Conversation is Ravisant.

Gert. She comes on handsomely.⁷⁹⁹

Cou. Ah, Madam! I kisse your sweet And, for dis great houeur: butte, Madam, if my Ambition might aspire at your Love, I vill be more appy ten Thousand time, den de great Monarch, Madam.

Mrs. Fan. You know very well what the Poet says:

Res est° Solliciti plena timoris amor.

Cou. Ver well, Madam, you be de most profound Ladee, and de great Scholar. Morbleu, she vill finde me out! Begar,⁸¹⁰ I can no read.

Aside.

Mrs. Fan. No, no assuremant, pretty well read in the Classic Authors. Or so. Monsieur Scudcry says very well: *Uamour est une grande chose.*

Cou. Hee bee ver pretty Poet too. Begar, she will puzzle me.

Aside.

Mrs. Fan. Poet! Monsieur, he writ Romances.⁰

Res est . . .] Ovid, *Reroides*, I. 12.

he writ *Romances*] "The Count, without in the least knowing it, was right and the lady wrong.

Cou. Ah, Madam, in *France* we calle⁸²⁰ de Romance, de Poesie.

Bell. Oh, Rogue! that's well come off.

Mrs. Fan. And, as Monsieur Balzac⁰ says, *Songez unpeu.*

Cou. Dat Balzac write de very good Romance.

Mrs. Fan. Indeed, I never heard that.

Cou. Je vous assure. A pox on her reading! [*Aside.*] But, Madam, let de Poet, de Philosoph, say vat dey vill, begar I am⁸⁸⁰ so much in Love vid your Person, dat if you vill no bee in Love vid my Person, begar, I must kille my self in two three day.

Mrs. Fan. Take time, Sir, I beseech you; we must consider on this affair.

Cou. Madame, I have no time to consider; de grand Monarch, my Maitre, wante me for a Lieutenant General, to make de War again *Holland* and *Flandre*, to⁸⁴⁰ burna de House, and to kille de Man, Voman, and Shilde, as de great Monarch does, for his Glory. And I vill speake one proud Vord for my self; he has not one Officier in his Armee dat burn, make de Ravage, and kille de Man, Voman and Shilde, better den my self; no indeed.

Mrs. Fan. Eh, *mon Dieu!* that is Sanglant cruelle.

Cou. Pardon mee, Madam, is de Disci- MO pline of War to putte de Village and de House in flame, and vid de Pistolet to shoot de Voman paph in de Eare vid big Bellees, and de oder vid de Shilde in dere Arm paph paph, ver dum, ver dum, paph, paph, and to putte de Pike an alf Pike into de littel Suck Shilde, and dey sprawl, sprawl, vid deir Arm and deir Leg, and make de ver pretty Shight; and take de littel Boy and de Garle, so high, soe high, soe high, and⁸⁶⁰ sticke, and sticke de Rapier into de Bodee. Madam.

Mrs. Fan. This is very Bloody.

Cou. Oh, no, Madam; dey bee de Enemee: de great Hero⁰ always burae and kille

But Mile, de Scudery published her famous books under the name of her brother George, the poet and fire-eater." (Saintsbury.)

Balzac] Jean-Louis Guez de Balzac (1597-1654), man of letters in the polished circle of the Hotel de Rambouillet.

Herol Q 1; *Heros* Works.

de Man, Vonlan, and Shilde, for deir Glory.

Mrs. Fan. If you Heroes be so'cruel, 'tis enough to fright a Lady.

Cou. Ah, Madam, 'tis de Enemee: 80
butte to de Maitress, de Heroes be gentle as de Lamb.

Gert. This Rascal must be an Impostor: I scarce believe he is a *French man*; tho' I have seen many a *French Coxcomb*, yet I never saw a *French Clown* before.

Bell. I will assure you, he is so: 'tis *Ned Wildish* his Frolick; and 'tis fit you know it, before the business go too far. I'll tell you more. 880

Gert. Oh, the farther the better: I love mischief heartily.

Mrs. Fan. If I shou'd agree to your Honourable Proposal, I must lose you presently.

Cou. Ah, Madam, 'tis for mine Honeur, you sail goe to my chatteau, my great House; for I have several, vid de great Royaltee.

Enter Lady Fantast, with several Ladies more.

L. Fan. These Ladies have entertain'd 890
your, and my Lord Count's absence, with some regret and *Chagrin*, suitable to the occasion.

1 La. Ah, Madam, did you design to ingross⁰ my Lord Count?

2 La. That was foul play, indeed, Madam. Well, he's a fine Person!

Lord Bellamy, and Gertrude appear,

Mrs. Fan. Quelle me Impertinence! Why wou'd you bring them, Madam? I shall be a great Woman; he is Captivated to the 900
last degree, he has ten thousand Pistols a year, and great Houses and Castles.

Gert. In the Air. [aside.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Fye; how her pittiful *English* Lord looks, in presence of my *French* Count.

1 La. Pray, my Lord, do my Husband the Honour to Dine with him to morrow.

2 La. If your Lordship be not ingag'd, be pleas'd to honour my House at a Colla- 910
tion this Night.

3 La. My Lord, your Lordship shall do
ingro88] monopolize. Cf. p. 478 *infra*.

my Husband⁰ a great Honour, to take a Repast with him.

4 La. My Lord Count——

Mrs. Fan. They arc all *Amoreuse*⁰ of him: his Eye is *Cupid's* Quiver, and his Beams the Darts.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. So, here's a very fair Assembly!

Mrs. Fan. He's engagee⁰ to Night, 920
Ladies.

Cou. Ladee all, you do me de very great honeur: I vish I could divide my self; but I am engagee to wait upon this Lady, and her pretty *Modere*. I find, she lovee mee, by dat Lye she makee for me. [aside.

Gert. I like your Frolick admirably, for all 'tis yours.

Wild. So well acquainted, to tell secrets, already! 930

Bell. They are very familiar: ha! 'tis most apparent!

Cou. *Serviteur*, my Lor: *Serviteur*, *Monsieur Wildish*. De Ladee make mush of de *French* Count: ma foy, you will see presentlee.

Enter Trim.

Trim. I am not a little afflicted, that I have been constrain'd to borrow my self so long, from your Ladyship's most——

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Fye! you smell of To- 940
bacco to a great degree.

Cou. Ah, Madam! take my *Peruke*, and smelle de *Pulvilio*: here, Madam.

[He plucks his *Peruke* off, and gives it; she smells to^o it.

Mrs. Fan. *Mon Dieu!* Obligoant! Here is *Breeding*, to divest himself of his chifcest Ornament, to gratifie my sense! 'tis very fine!

1 La. 'Tis admirable, I swear!

2 La. Delicate, I vow!

5 & 4 La. Very fine! 950

[The jour Ladies smell it.

Cou. Is de ver fine *Haire*, Ladee: I have a great deal of de best in *England* or *France*, in my Shop.

Gert. How? in your Shop! Do you keep Shop, Monsieur? How do you sell it?

Husband] *Husdand* Q 1.

Amoreuse] Q 1; *Amorous* Works.

engagee] Q 1; *engaged* Works.

smells to] a common idiom. Cf. p. 489 l. 206.

Cou. Morbleu, vat is dis? Begar, I vill bite my Tongue. Shop! Shop! I no understand *English*, Shop! Vat you call de place de Jentilman putte his Peruke? Oh, his Cabinet, his Closet.⁹⁶⁰

Mrs. Fan. Now you see, *Madam Gertrude*; wou'd you have him understand *English* like one of us? Je vous remercy; there's your Peruke again.

Trim. Sir, be pleas'd to read that Chartel, and give me such an Answer.

Enter Sir Humphrey Noddy.

Sir. Hum. Gentlemen and Ladies, I kiss all your hands.

Cou. Pox take de Note: Ventre bleu, I can no read; but I believe is a Shallenge.⁹⁷⁰

Sir. Hum. Madam, Udsbud, we have drunk your Health in Bumpers Supernaculum.⁰

Mrs. Fan. Oh, fye! stand off.

Cou. Hold: de Ladee no love de smell de Tobac.

Sir Hum. Are you there, i'faith? I hate the sight of a *French Dog*, and I will pluck him by the Nose.

Coil. If I draw, dey will parte mee. *om [aside.]* Morbleu, mine Honeur! mine Honeur.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Insolence! save the Count, save the Count.

IBell and Wild, part them. The Ladies shriek, and run to the corner of the Stage. Oldwit staggers amongst them drunk. The Women run out shrieking; with them, Ex. Trim, Sir Hum, Bellamy.

Oldwit Sings.

There were three Men came out of the West,

To make Salt-petre strong, &c.

Where are my Drunkards? where are my Drunkards? You flinchers, you sober Sots! Where is my *Jezebel*, my Cockatrice, my Clogdogdo,⁰ as honest *Tom Otter* says?⁹⁹⁰ A senceless Jade, with her Wit, and her Breeding: She steals away my Drunkards.

Supernaculum] without heel taps; 'not even a drop loft sufficient to wet one's nail,' *Grose, Diet. Vulgar Tongue.*

Clog dog do . . . Otter] *Tom Otter*, in *Jonson, Epicene*, IV. i, says, "A wife is a scurv'y ologdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia*." *Clogdogdo* seems to be a meaningless term of abuse.

Old Spouse, Mummy; thou that wrap'st thy self every Night in *Sear-cloths*!⁰

The Servants come in, and hold him.

Cou. Consider I did kille de Count, and have de Blood upon me. Vel, Monsieur, you vill take de care o de business; Morbleu, Pox take de Note, me can no read, me can no Fight: vat me can do vid de Shallange?

[aside.]

Wild. You have done rarely! let me¹⁰⁰⁰ alone; I'll protect you: but let's fly the fury of this Drunkard.

[Ex. with the Count.

Old. Where is my Goad? my damn'd for better for worse? She has stolen my Drunkards and my Wits from me. Where are my Drunkards? Rogues, let me go to my Drunkards, and my Wits, you Rogues.

There were three Men came out of the West,

To make Salt Petre strong;

*To turn it into Gun-powder*¹⁰¹⁰

For to Charge the King's Cannon.

[The Servants hale him out.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Wildish, Trim.

Wild. I am the Count's Friend, but he will not engage⁰ me: he says, he always Kills, for he never gives Quarter; and he will not be the occasion of my leaving⁰ my Country. He must into *France*, he is a great Officer, he has laid⁰ Horses, and will be ready to escape.

Trim. Is he so inveterate an Enemy?

Wild. Yes, and Fences like a Provost:⁰ he throws in his Passes quick as Light-¹⁰ning, and hits what Button he pleases.

Trim. Then, if I reap the Honour of the Field, my Lawrel will be greater. At the East end of the biggest Church, you say, a quarter of an hour hence: I will not fail. I kiss your Hands, Sir. How ever the unfortunate arrival of this Count, who has prodigiously insinuated himself into my Mistresses affections, may have ruffled and

Sear-cloths] cerecloth, a winding-sheet.

en {age} fight with.

leaving] *leaving* Q 1.

laid] stationed on the route.

Provont] an assistant to a fencing-master.

disorder'd the wonted serenity of my²⁰ Temper; yet in all occasions that may occur, I assure you, Sir, you shall ever find me Rational and Civil. Your humble Servant: the Time fleets quick away, and Honour calls. *Exit.*

Wild. This formal Coxcomb, I find, is stout; and the Count will find some trouble in him: but 'twill advance the Farce, to have the Ladies, who are stark mad after him, see or hear he's soundly Cudgell'd. so

Enter Sir Humphry.

Sir Humphry, if you make not haste, the Count will be before you: he'll wait alone, at the East end of the great Church.

Sir Hum. A Pox on him; does he Fence so devilishly, and never give Quarter? Bloody Rogue! But, what care I, I make no more account of this Count, than of a Jackanapes.

Wild. Never without a Conceit!

Sir Hum. Take me without a Jest? But⁴⁰ I'll be gone, and make the *French* Count dance a *Minouet*. Your Servant. *Exit,*

Enter Valet.

Wild. This fellow may be a Coward, by his Vapouring.⁰
Have you found the Count?

Val. Yes, Sir: very melancholy at your Lodging, where he has told me the secrets of his Heart: he bewail'd this unlucky Quarrel, which he apprehends so much, that, were he not sure, as he says, of the Love of Mrs. *Fantast*, he would leave his⁵¹ Countship, and run from *Bury* immediately. But he is now coming hither.

Wild. Well; go about your business, and say nothing yet. *Exit Valet.*

Enter Count.

Count. Veil, Monsieur, vat is become of dis business vid Monsieur *Jean Trim*?

Wild. I told him, I was your Friend, and I have appointed him a place to meet you in.⁶⁰

Cou. Begar, I vill no meet.

Wild. I have pass'd^o my -Honour, you shall be there.

Cou. Morbleu, I vill no be dere: Jerny, I vill telle you de secret. Dis fine Ladee Maitres *Fantast* is in Love vid me: Ventre

Vapouring! cf. p. 300 *mpra.*
pass'd! pledged.

bleu, I vill no fight; if I do, I am de very great Fool indeed, to lose de great Fortune; for if dis dam Rogue runne me trough de Bodee, me, lose de Maitress.

Wild. How, you Rogue? Lose her! you TO shall never have her: as great an aversion as I have to her, the Frolic shall not go so far.

Cou. Ma foy, you be mistake: de Frolic shall go more far; yes indeed. *Aside.* I vill no kille de Rogue, -or be hanga for de Rascal.

Wild. Don't trouble your self: I have given him that Character of you, that he trembles at you; he'll never dare come, so But we must be there, for our Honours sake.

Cou. Is de Coward indeed? *Aside.* Eh Morbleu, Monsieur, me fear no person dat veard de Head; but in dis case is no Prudence.

Wild. I have met Sir *Humphry*, and I have Challeng'd him to Fight with you, for the tweak he gave you by the Nose: and told him, I wou'd be your Second, w

Cou. Jerny, vat is dis? Begar, I vill no kille two: I vill no meet dat dam Rogue, ma foy.

Wild. I have appointed him; you must be there: I believe he is a Poultron; but you will be Cudgell'd by all the Men, and scorn'd by all the Women, if you take the Tweak by the Nose. Come along with me, I'll tell you more.

Cou. Is better to take de Cudgel upon 100 de Shouldere two tree four time, den to have de Rapier trough de Bodee one time: yes, a great deal better.

Wild. Allons: here's Company coming.

Exit Wild, and Count.

Enter Charles.

Cha. There goes the Rival to my Lord: Oh, may he prosper in his suit, and cure my Lord of his short Favor! I am sure, he can never be so mean, to love one who shall love another. But here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Bell. Not all the ill Fortune I have no ever met, can equal this; that he, whom I have lov'd so long, so true a Friend, so much a Man of Honour, shou'd be my Rival! I cannot blame him for it neither;

he has broken no Trust: and any Man, that looks upon her, must be subdu'd, as I am. But my hope is yet, she is unapt to Love. Oh, *Charles*, did'st thou see *Ned Wildish* this Evening?

Cha. Yes, my Lord: even now, he went *to* into the *Abby-yard*.

Bell. But, what says my Mistress to the Present, and the Letter, which I sent?

Cha. She was not at home. Here is your Golden Box, full of Jewels: It is the finest Present I ever saw made to a Lady. My Lord, I beseech your Lordship, let one of your Gentlemen carry 'em.

Bell. Is my service then become irksom¹³⁰ to you?

Cha. Oh, no, my Lord; pray frown not: I'll plunge into the Deep, I'll run into the Fire, to do you service. Pray be not angry.

Bell. I cannot tell what 'tis shou'd move thee to it; but thou art still averse to the proceeding of my Love.

Cha. I love you more than ever Servant lov'd a Lord: and 'tis my fear for you. My Cousin in *Northamptonshire* is of Kin to her, your Lordship knows; and I once¹⁴⁰ heard her say, she had too great a Spirit for a Wife.

Bell. She has all the Beauty and Wit, of her whole Sex in her; and none of all their Vanities. Did'st thou not Observe?

Cha. I did, my Lord, that which your Lordship did not.

Bell. Ha! what was that?

Cha. My Lord, I fear I shall offend.

Bell. Yes, if you tell me not.¹⁵⁰

Cha. Did you not perceive she made a difference in her looks, and entertain'd not every man with equal sweetness?

Bell. He stings me to the Heart! [*Aside.*] Explain your meaning.

Cha. I may mistake; but yet, methinks, there is one Gentleman, whom she beholds with greater favour, than what seems in-different.

Bell. It is her gayety of Temper: you *are* too Jealous.

Cha. It is for you, my Lord: pray pardon me. Alas! what Interest can I have, but yours? I shou'd be loth to be Officious.

Bell. What means the Youth? sure, young as he is, he is in Love with her; and Love will nourish even the highest Ambition: for why shou'd he be so concern'd? Where is

the Letter, which I order'd you to give my Mistress with the Present?¹⁷⁰

-Cha. It is here, my Lord. [*Gives him a Note.*] Sure, this will convince him.

Bell. Ha! what do I see? 'Tis *Wildish's* hand! To the fair hands of——How came you by this Note?

Cha. My Lord, the Note, Ha! 'Twas my mistake. I did, at the beginning of my Discourse, intend to show it to your Lordship; but found you wou'd be too much mov'd. It dropt from Mrs. *Gertrude*, after Dinner, and I took it up.¹⁸¹

Bell. Why did you not restore it?

Cha. I, knowing the Hand, thought I might do your Lordship service in showing it to you. Will you not read it?

Bell. Did you?

Cha. Oh yes, my Lord, knowing your Lordship was so highly concern'd; and found it so familiar——

Bell. It was Impertinent.¹⁹⁰

Cha. My Lord!

Bell. It was not honest.

Cha. My Lord, my noble Lord, pray pardon my misguided Zeal for you: impute it to my Youth, my small Experience, my mistake of Honour; Forgive me, or my Knees shall grow to the Earth.

Bell. Rise, and learn better: to open others Letters is mean, and dishonourable.

Cha. How glad am I to have Instruc-²⁰⁰ tion from you! You are a Man of strictest Honour! How shall I expiate my Fault, and gain your Pardon?

Bell. I pardon you, and will impute it to your want of Knowledge: and to make attonement for it, you shall return it to her, and make her what excuse you can: Go instantly, and find her, and give me the Present, with my Letter. [*Exit.*]

Cha. Into how sad, and how perplex'd a²¹⁰ case, has my too headstrong Passion brought me, which every day increases, while my hopes grow less? What prospect have I now, or glimps of Comfort? She, in a little time, must love as I do. What shall I say to her? She will discover me: She said, she never saw one yet so like her Sister, but for the colour of my Hair; I overheard her. What shall I do? Hold: If this Jealousie shou'd make him fight with²²⁰ *Wildish*, I am lost! I'll follow him; for,

sure, I shall be Valiant in his Cause. Oh, wicked rashness! *Exit.*

Wildish and Count, in the Abby-yard.

Wild. Tis a fine Moon-light night: these Fellows are Poultrons, and dare not come.

Count. Tis de grand pity dat de Coward should be suffer to live indeed, me would hang de Coward. Begar, is time to go

Wild. We must stay a little: if they come, I'll run Sir *Humphry* through the Lungs, aw while you whip the other through.

Cou. Jerny, vat, stay for de Coward? Begar, I scorn to stay for de Coward: ver well indeed, de man of Courage stay for de Coward! is no Raison for dat.

Wild. I see two coming toward us; they are them two.

Enter Bellamy and Charles.

Cou. Pox take him, he does Love de Tilt: Ma foy, is all one for dat; begar, I vill no meet dem: dey have affronte me, to make²⁴⁰ me vait so long time; and I vill putte de affront upon dem, and leave dem now dey be come. [*Walks hastily away.*]

Wild. Monsieur le Count, come back: What, will you leave me to two?

Cou. Hum, hum, hum; me vill no come back.

[*Wildish overtakes him, and lays hold on him.*]

Bell. Mr. *Wildish*.

Wild. My Lord.

Cou. O, begar is my Lor; de Coward vill no come.²⁵¹

Bell. I have somewhat to say to you, which concerns me nearly.

Wild. My Lord, I lately have perceiv'd something of you, that lyes heavy at my heart.

Bell. I never yet met with misfortune which cou'd equal this.

Wild. I know too well your meaning. I never yet had any Cross, which I with ease could not have born before. an.

Bell. We have been Friends.

Wild. Long Friends, and true.

Bell. I think so.

Wild. How, my Lord, do you but think so?

Bell. I never, till this day, had the least doubt. What pleasant Conversation, what

Endearments, what mutual Kindnesses, have pass'd betwixt us.²⁷⁰

Wild. And are you weary of my Friendship, that you resolve to break with me, by doubting it? How have I lov'd you present? with what 'regret have I sustain'd your absence? how often have we ventured our Lives for one another's Honour? And am I chang'd, my Lord?

Bell. Oh yes, Friend, we are both Chang'd: I have a Mistress now, so Charming, it is impossible that I shou'd Live without her.²⁸⁰

Wild. I have a Mistress too; so much above her Sex, so Fair, so Witty, so Engaging, that I must Enjoy her, or I perish I

Bell. How? Enjoy her! Take heed, Friend.

Wild. I mean all Honour to her.

Bell. Wou'd you possess the Mistress of 3'our Friend?

Wild. Wou'd you possess the Mistress of your Friend?

Bell. How, Sir? do you Eccho me?²⁹⁰

Wild. The Case, my Lord, is so. Once, there was nothing in the World so dear to me, as you; but, since I knew my Mistress, I wou'd quit all that is precious in the World, e're I wou'd lose her.

Bell. What do I hear! Sir, have you then possession of her?

Wild. A Sanguine man is never out of hope: I have her in Imagination now mc-thinks.³⁰⁰

Bell. Methinks, you go too fast, Sir; you know my Temper: Sir,^o how long do you think that I can bear a Rival?

Wild. I can consider nothing but her, and her, and only her.

Bell. You slight me, sir.

Wild. I hope I have more manners.

Cha. Oh, how I tremble! They will Fight, and I am lost for ever!

Cou. Dey seem in de Passion. If dey⁸¹⁰ two be mad, as to make de Duel, dey vill take me for de Second, against dat littel Jentilman, de Page; and I have seen de Page in *France* fence like de Diable: he vill putte his Rapier in my Bodee; me vill steal away. *Steals out.*

Bell. I am agreed upon Articles with her Father, who is her Guardian.

Wild. And I am endeavouring to agree upon Articles with her: which is a³²⁰ shorter way.

Temper: Sir,] Q 1; Temper, Sir; Works.

Bell. But 'tis not so fair a way.

Wild. How, not so fair?

Bell. No: nor can any man enjoy her, while I live.

Wild. 'Sdcath! what do you suy? Defend your self.

Bell. I am always ready to do that.

They fight. Charles runs out. Wildish drops his Sword; then strives to run in to Bell, who offers him his.

Cha. Help! help! murder, murder! help, help ¹ ₈₃₀

Bell. Hold, Sir; hold: you want a Sword; pray make use of mine.

Wild. You are generous, my Lord; my Life's yours, and so it was before, and whatsoever I cou'd call mine was so; except my Mistress.

Bell. Let us be still such Friends: there's not a man on Earth I value equal with you.

Enter Charles.

Cha. They are embracing! bless'd ³⁴⁰ Heav'n! I hope my Lord's not hurt.

Bell. What remains then, but we proceed like men of Reason; each take his way to gain the Divine Creature's Love? And, since one must be for ever miserable, let her be Arbitress of our two Fates.

Wild. You still possess the same Honour which you ever had; I am now your most unhappy, but most faithful Friend.

They embrace.

Enter the Count.

Cou. Is de Fight done? Oh, dey em- ³⁵⁰ brace, is no dangere.

Wild. You most impudent Cowardly Dog I if you had not run away, you might have parted us, and not have suffer'd Friends to Fight.

Kicks him.

Count. Hold, hold: is ver well, you kicke de French Count! Begar, you show de Breeding: Kicke de Count! you take me for de Barbier; ver fine, yes indeed.

Wild. Sirrah, you shall be Count no longer: this Frolic shall not turn to earnest.

Cou. I vill be gone, an gette de Ladee, for all dat. Adieu: Jerny, me vill no stay to be kicke.

Wild. My Lord, I must take off° this Rogue, my Honour may be question'd: for, take off| get rid of. Cf. p. 601 l. 23 infra.

tho I hate the Affected Creature, I wou'd not have this go on to a Marriage, or a Contract. I'll follow him'

Bell. You have reason: by what I over- ³⁷⁰ heard, 'twill come to one of them, if you prevent 'em not.

Exit Wildish.

Come *Charles*, come along with me: this Evening all the Company will be in the Fair, and there I must meet my Mistress.

Cha. What deadly sound is this! On every side I am lost! *Exeunt.*

Trim in the Church-yard; and Sir Humphry standing close under a Pillar of the Church.

Trim. I could not have imagin'd, that this French Count should be so devoid of Breeding, and the Decencies which be- ³⁸⁰

I come all Gentlemen, as to make me wait so long, upon so important an occasion.

Sir Hum. This damn'd French Count will stay here for ever, I think: A Pox on him, for a Blood-thirsty Rascal! But I will out-stay him, and face him down, that I waited here for him; and there may be hopes it may be taken up.⁰ Gad take me, he's a Murdrous Rogue, and I will not Fight! I durst have sworn he had been a Coward, ³⁹⁰

Trim. Will he never appear?

Enter La. Fantast, Mrs. Fantast, two Men Servaants.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, Madam, I am ruined, if my dear Count should Fight! my Passion is extream, as his for me.

L. Fan. I cannot blame thee, Daughter: he is the most Charming Person, that ever my eyes beheld!

M. Fan. Oh, Madam, should he fall, I never can survive him! *Helas, mon pauvre Cœur!* ⁴⁰⁰

L. Fan. Sir Humphrey was seen come⁰ into the Church-yard.

Trim. Here is Company: I must retire.

Sir Hum. Ounds, the Rogue will find me out! he comes upon me!

[He stands up close: Trim comes upon him.]

Trim. Ha! who's this?

Sir Hum. Oh pox is it he? *Jaek, Jack,* little *Jack*, nown⁰ *Jack*, my Lad!

taken up| believed.

come| Q 1; to come Works.

noun| mine own.

Trim. Jack! Jack! Jack! Sir, you are too familiar, and by your Apish Gesticula-⁴¹⁰ tions have endeavour'd to 'expose my Person on all occasions; for which, now we are opportunely met; I will Chastise you, as becomes a Gentleman.

Sir Hum. Why Jack! nown Jack! what, art thou mad? Pr'y thee kiss me.

Trim. I will salute you in another manner. *Strikes him with his Sword.*

Sir Hum. Why Jack, Jack, prethee leave fooling.⁴²⁰

Trim. Draw: or I will Sacrifice you to my just Revenge, this very individual Moment. Have at you.

Sir Hum. Hold, hold! this Rogue will kill me.

He draws. Trim pushes at him, and his Sword falls: Sir Humphrey takes it up.

Mrs. Fan. Oh Heaven! there they are Fighting! Run, run, and save the Count! Oh, save the——

She runs, and L. Fan. after her.

L. Fan. Oh, save the Count! save the Count!⁴³⁰

Sir. Hum. Take your Life; I give you your Life: and learn how you provoke me another time.

Mrs. Fan. Pish! are those two hero?

Sir. Hum. Take notice I give him his Life.

Mrs. Fan. Is this all? Madam, let's go.

L. Fan. Come on. *Exeunt hastily.*

Trim. Sir, you have good Fortune only, but no Valour, to boast of.

Sir Hum. Sir, I have disarm'd you,⁴⁴⁰ and there's an end on't.

Trim. You will return my Rapier, as becomes a Gentleman?

Sir Hum. Gad take me, not I, till you come in° the Fair: for ought I know, a Whim may take you to fight again.

Trim. Sure, I have a greater share of Honour, and a greater stock of Breeding, than to commit such an Error against him whom Fortune has presented with that⁴⁵⁰ advantage.

Sir Hum. Uds bud, I'll not trust you: follow me. But I am resolv'd to Cudgel this damnable Count,⁰ for a Coward.

Trim. And I likewise: and surely Cudgels

in] Q 1; into Works.

Count] Count Q 1.

will render him obnoxious to the Hate and Scorn of Madam Fantast.

Sir Hum. I'll lay him on.⁰ Come, follow me. *[Exit.*

Trim. That Persons shou'd frequent⁴⁶⁰ Bury, and suck in no more Breeding, is I must confess Prodigious! *[Exit.*

Scene, the Fair.

[They Cry their several Wares.

Enter Wildish: 7o him, the Count.

Wild. Where is this damn'd Count? Oh, here. Do you hear, Sirrah? I am told, you have succeeded so far with this Fantastick foolish Creature, that she will Marry you.

Count. Den, begar, I have make de French Count ver vel.

Wild. If you make any farther application, I will cut your Throat. But, in the first place, I will un-Count you, and cut off your Train,¹⁰ Sir.

Count. Vel, vel, vat you please: ma foy, she Love me ver vol. Sail I make de Fornication vid her? begar, I vil no Marry upon my Honeur.

Wild. I had rather you shou'd do that, than Marry her; but I will have no more Love to hor: and then carry on your Countship as much as you will; you may have your choice of others. But be sure to use the Cowards scurvily.²⁰

Count. I warrant you, I vil beate dem.

Wild. Then Cudgelling will ensue. *[Aside.*

Count. Jerny, he cutte my Troat! Begar, me make de great Laugh at dat: he no dare be hanga; me vil have de Ladee for all dis; me know de Law.

Enter four Ladies.

1 Lady. Oh, Monsieur le Count, Servitcur!

2 Lady. Monsieur, your humble Servant.

3 Lady. Monsieur, I am your's, I as-⁸⁰ sure you.

4 Lady. Oh, my Lord, we thought the Fair had lost you.

Count. Madams, me kisse all your Hande: me wou'd be two tree four Count for you saka; begar, me vil make two tree four Cuckold, and Marry de Ladee too.

lay him on] cudgel him.

[He walks forward, with two on each hand.]

Enter Gertrude.

Wild. Oh, my most cruel Mistress!

Gert. Oh, my most ungracious Serv-⁴⁰ant; can I come no where, but you must cross me with your unlucky Countenance?

Wild. You can come no where, but I will indcavour to Bless my self with the sight of your's, or I must die.

Gcr. Oh, that it were in my Power to make a Lover hang himself! then I wou'd Triumph for the rest of my poor deluded Sex. They talk of being Martyrs, and Dying, and Dying, and such stuff; but wou'd I⁵⁰ cou'd see one of 'em Die once: that wou'd be worth the seeing.

Wild. My pretty Charming Tyrant, sure you are not so bloody minded!

Gcr. Well, I am of opinion, that a Lady is no more to be accounted a Beauty, till she has kill'd her Man; than the Bullies think one a fine Gentleman, till he has kill'd his.

Wild. I must beg leave to be a little⁶⁰ more serious with you.

Ger. Never; why, you'l come to the Point then, which I can never endure: Love in Jest, is but just Tolerable; but serious Love is duller than a Rhyming Play.

Wild. My case is now more desperate than I thought: I have discover'd, that my greatest Friend, a man of Worth and Honour, is my Rival.

Ger. Ne'r the more the desperate for⁷⁰ that; 'twas full as desperate before; but, if you be a true Friend to him, give over troubling me.

Wild. How! have you then made choice of him?

Ger. Of neither: but, if I can be once rid of you, he is somewhat modester, and I doubt not but to shake him off. Here he comes.

Enter Lord Bellamy.

Wild. These free-spirited Ladies are⁸⁰ hard to be subdu'd: a Man may get Ten modest, meek, and shamefae'd Ladies, e're he can conquer one of these; they have not the Heart to deny.

Gcr. My Lord, I beseech your Lordship, no Love in the Fair.

Bell. How hard is my Condition; who have so Cruel a Mistress, and so deserving a Rival! and, which is most unfortunate, my greatest Friend too!⁹⁰

Wild. In the first part of my Character, you do me too much Honour: but in the later, you are Just.

Ger. So; here's a fine Subject for a Love and Honour Poet! But you are in no danger of him; for I am resolv'd to keep my self free, and incline to none: Me thinks 'tis Air I tread! how light I am without a yoke!

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Oh, my little Gaily! Ha, my¹⁰⁰ Lord! here's Flesh and Blood for you! will she not make a rare Bedfellow?

Gcr. Fy, Sir, what do you mean? Farewel. *[She walks out.]*

Old. You must both Sup with me, my Lord, and you, Sir. I have had Company with me; and we have had such a Discourse about Wit: they, of the New Wit; and I of the Old Wit, and my own things I writ in the last Age.¹¹⁰

Wild. Well, and you run 'em down, I make no doubt.

Enter Lady Fantast, and Mrs. Fantast.

La Fan.^o Servant, Ladies.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Monsieur Le Count*, I am o'rejoy'd, to see you safe!

Count. Safe, Madam! Begar, *Trim* and *Sir Noddy* be dc two great Coward indeed, and me beata dem like two Dogua; yes, fait.

Mrs. Fan. If your pretended passion $\cap$ have Reality, follow me to our House: you are in danger for my sake, and I will stick to you with my Life and Fortune; come instantly, there are Spies upon us. Madam, come away.

La. Fan. I come, dear Child.

Exit La. Fan. and Mrs. Fan.

Coun. Poor Rogua! she love me extrememant! Begar, *Monsieur Vildish* is an Ass, an me vil have de Ladee for all him.

Aside.

Old. What? a *French Barber* and¹³⁰ *Peruke-maker*, and no Count! Hang him, he wou'd not Drink, I thought there was no good in him.

La. Fan. I this speech seems to belong to Wildish.

Wild. I am to beg a Thousand Pardons of you: 'twas my Frolic, but 'tis gone too far; for, if you don't prevent it, he may marry *Mrs. Fantast.*

Old. Nay, faith, 'tis no great matter if he does: wou'd he cou'd marry the Mother too; for, under the Rose, never man was¹⁴⁰ so plagu'd with a couple of Impertinent, Fantastic Jades, as I with them: And to compleat the Affliction, they must pretend to Wit before me, and will allow me to have none!

Wild. That indeed is most unsuffcrable.

Old. Ay, is't not?

The Count is very busie talking with the four La die a. On Trim's Entrance, he makes up to him.

Enter Trim.

Wild. Now is your time, Count, to put an affront upon that Coward.

Count. Lette me alone for dat. Begar,¹⁵⁰ I am amaze, dat de Coward dare show his Face any where: Begar, I vill plucke you by de Nose, because you no dare meeta⁰ me.

Trim. And I will make that return which becometh a man of Honour to do in like cases.

He Cudgels him. The Ladies shriek, and run away.

Count. Jerny, vat is dis? vat you do? You Cane de Count I Begar, you show de Breeding. Hold, hold: vat you do? Mon-sieur Vildish, my Lor, stand by me.¹⁶⁰

He draws, and Trim lays him on: He runs away, and meets Sir Humphry on the other side of the Stage, who cudgels him too. He runs backward and forward, and is Cudgell'd on both sides. The Constable with a Guard Enters, and knocks Trim and Sir Humphry down, and the Count escapes.

Sir Hum. Are you there, you Coward?

Coun. Eh, Morbleu! vat is dis?

Bell. Now it works.

Oldw. Passing good, i'faith! Come, let's to my house. *Ex. Wild., Old. & Bell.*

Const. Come, Gentlemen, you shall go before the Alderman: he'll teach you to make a Disturbance⁰ in the Fair.

'meet a] mee a Q 1; meet a Works.

Disturbance] Disturbance Q 1.

Trim. Sweet Mr. Constable: Sir, Sir; Mr. Constable, Mr. Constable!¹⁷⁰
Const. Away with 'em, I say.

They hale 'em out. Exeunt.

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Oldwit, and Mrs. Gertrude.

Old. I shall have nothing but Uproars and Quarrels in my Family: *Trim* and *Sir Humphry* have quarrell'd with the Count, about Madam *Fankist*, with a Pox to her; and even now my Lord *Bellamy* and Mr. *Wildish* have fought about you, as the Page said, and I heard it.

Gert. How? Fought about me!

Old. So I say, I shall have my foolish Family the whole Discourse of this Tittle-¹⁰ Tattle Town. Look you, Daughter, I knew not of Mr. *Wildish's* Love to you; they have both very good Estates: but Mr. *Wildish* is a Wit, a great Wit, ifaith. I leave you to your Choice.

Gert. I thank you, Sir: then I chuse neither of 'em, nor any other.

Old. Thou art so wild, and such a skittish Filly, you must be Tam'd and Marry'd. Come, come, determine your choice suddenly,²⁰ which they have past⁰ their Honours shall determine them, or Battel and Murder may ensue about you.

Gert. I am not so vain, to believe that.

Old. Be not so foolish to believe otherwise. Look you, they are coming in, and you are to sit upon Life and Death: be an upright Judge, and do not delay Justice; I must have an end of this Suit presently.⁰ Farewel. *Exit.*³⁰

Gert. A very grave Judge shall I be, without doubt! But I think the Petticoat may vye for Wisdom and Sincerity, with the Long Robe,⁰ before our late Restauration.

Enter Charles.

Char. Madam, this Letter, which fell from your Ladiship accidentally, came into my Lords hands; and he commanded me to deliver it to you, unread, and unopen'd, tho he knew the Hand. *Exit.*

Gert. How? my Note fallen into his 'o

suddenly] cf. p. 308 *supra*,

past] cf. p. 328 *supra*,

presently] immediately.

Long Robe] of. p. 172 *supra*.

hands! How unlucky was this! Ha, gone! How strangety this Youth resembles my Sister *Philadelphia*! This is handsomely done of my Lord, and like a Man of Honour.

Enter Lord Bellamy, and Wildish: Charles steals in after them.

Wild. Madam, behold a pair of Rivals, hand in hand, and Friends.

Bell. Who come to prostrate themselves at your Feet, and must from your fair Mouth expect their Doom. 50

Char. Oh, she will chuse my Lord, and I must perish! *[Aside.]*

Wild. To whom ever you shall give leave to continue your Servant, the other will quietly Retire, and suffer his hard Fate with all the Patience that he can: But if I am Rejected, I shall be for ever miserable.

Bell. And to me, Heaven knows, not all the World besides, can recompence the loss of you. 60

Char. Ah me! *[Aside.]*

Gert. Are you resolv'd to be in Earnest, and wou'd you make me so? I have not yet determin'd to marry any one.

Wild. Must we then both sue on, and try by constant Service to obtain your Heart?

Gert. No, no: you will oblige me more, if you will both desist. I have that Joy in Freedom, that I cannot think of parting 70 with it yet.

Bell. You are born to Command, and always must be Free.

Wild. I love so, Madam, I must be your Slave for ever.

Gert. Yes, if you Love, so long I may keep you at my Command: but this same Whorson Marriage kills all Love, and makes best Friends fall out.

Bell. Nothing can ever make my Love 80 decrease.

Gert. Yes, if I love again: as Fire takes out Fire.

Wild. Not all your Cruelty can Tame my Love: which, if it be so Raging now, what wou'd your Kindness make it?

Gert. Oh, Marriage is a Sovereign Julep;⁰ and thirst grows less apace by Drinking.

Bell. Not where 'tis a Distemper, a Violent Fever; as all Love is, sure. 90

Julep an assuaging drink.

Gert. Too violent to last.

Wild. Madam, in short, if you do not determine which of us shall have leave to sue, implicitly you give it both of us.

Gert. Is that your Logic, Sir? No: in the first place, I never will give you leave to make the least Address to me more.

Char. Oh, I am lost!

Swoons, and falls down upon a Chair.

Bell. What's the matter?

Gert. Your Page is in a swoon: Help, 100 help! Open his Breast. Oh Heav'n! this is a Woman!

Bell. & Wild. A Woman!

Gert. She comes to herself.

Char. Oh, Madam, I am your Sister: for Heavens sake, conceal me!

[In whisper.]

Gert. Run up privately into my Chamber quickly. I am amaz'd! This is Prodigious!

Bell. A Woman! Madam, I was never so surpriz'd. 110

Gert. No doubt, you are surpriz'd; and so was she: I believe she is run out of doors in haste enough.

Bell. Accurs'd misfortune! I am undone for ever! I'll hasten and have a full account of all this matter. *Exit hastily.*

Gert. Aside.] I hope, he knew her not. My Sister! This is an admirable Lover! Let my wise Father keep him to himself, I have done with him. 120

Wild. Will you be pleas'd then to begin with me? I am the truest Lover of my Sex.

Gert. If you are, I'll keep you so: for, shou'd I think of Marrying you, I give up my Dominion. No, no: I will Domineer seven years first.

Wild. 'Sdeath Madam, seven years! What, do you take me for a Patriarch;⁰ serve seven years? They might stay, 130 who begun at Fourscore to get Sons and Daughters: but I have but a short time to live.

Gert. I am sure, if I shou'd Marry you, I shou'd have but a short time to Reign.

Wild. Consider, Madam.

Gert. I have consider'd: Farewel.

Exeunt.

[Patriarch . . . yearm] Jacob served seven years to win Rachel. See Genesis, xxix: 18-20.

Count, Mrs. Fantast.

Mrs. Fan. How glad I am, to see you safe! Your Life is beset, for my sake"; and I am bound in Honour to protect it. wo

Count. Madam, you have de great share of Honeur, and de great share of de Beautee; but for de Rival, I vill beat and kille dem all.

Mrs. Fan. They are a greater number, Monsieur, than you imagine.

Count. Begar, all dat look upon you are de Rival; butte dey dat make de Love, I vill make de Example: I had kille two of dem just now, but de Fair all rise upon¹⁵⁰ me, and make me make de Retreat.

Mrs. Fan. Heav'n grant you be not blessee, Monsieur.

Count. Me have no Wound, Madam, but vat you give me trough de Art; de Dangere of de Rival, Morbleu, me despise; me vill runne dem trough de Bodee dus, in Quart, Second, Tierce;⁶ hah, hah, hah. *He thrusts with his drawn Sword.* Butte you **can no** save my Life, if you no Love my Person,¹⁶⁰ and Marry vid my Person.

Mrs. Fan. Oh *je suis rouge*, you make me blush: I fear, you have decouvre more of my Tendress, than I wou'd have had you.

Count. Madamma, if you will make me your Husband, you stoppe all de insolance of de Rival, and make me appy beyond de Varle: else, me vill be bound in Honeur to kille two tree Rival every day, every day, Madam, and dat vill be Bloody¹⁷⁰ varke; butte is all one for dat, if you no Marry vid me, me am desperate.

M. Fan. Tho, I must confess, I never met such Charms in any Person; yet I shou'd be censur'd for being too precipitous, in agreeing so soon to your Honourable Proposals.

Count. Vee vill go into *France*, beyond de Censure, to de great Chatteau of min, as big as *Amptong Coor*, vid de great¹⁸⁰ Canaille, de great Park, & de grand Royalty, vid two tree grand Chatteau beside: butte it must be sodain; for de grand Monarque expecte me.

Enter Lady Fantast.

L. Fan. Come, Daughter, I have been acquainted before with my Lord Count's *Quart, Second, Tierce*] fencing terms.

Honourable Passion towards you; and he is a Person of undoubted Excellence: you have full Ten Thousand pounds; and I shall think your Fortune and your Per-¹⁹⁰son well bestow'd, upon a noble Gentleman of such grand Merit.

Count. Oh, fuire Madamma, you do me de great Honeur: me no care for de Monee, it is de Person; dis hope make me all on Flame. Madam, gette de Parson, de Minister, to dispatche de businesse presantlee.

L. Fan. Sir, it is fright: 'tis not de Canonical hour.⁰

Count. Is all one: de good Roman **20** Catolique Priest vill do it presantlee.

M. Fan. No, by no means; not till tomorrow, Madam.

Count. Breake de Gold,⁰ and make de Contract den now: dat vill breake de Art of all de Rival, and make dem sneake, like de pitiful Roga, Begar.

L. Fan. Let it be so, Daughter: if by any accident you shou'd lose the Count, we were²¹⁰ undone.

M. Fan. *Ouy sans doubt*, I shou'd be most miserable.

Enter Luce, and Page to the Count.

L. Fan. Oh, *Luce*, you are come in season.

Luce. My Lord Count, your Page is here to speak with you.

Count. Let him come in. Hey, Page. Let all be witness of de Contract; me vill be no Fourb, no Frippon.⁰ Upon de Knee me Swear to Marry dis Ladee Madam *Fantast*, to morrow in de morning.²²⁰

[*He kneels.*

L. Fan. Daughter, you must Promise: Come, never be asham'd of so transcendent a Choice.

M. Fan. I am Obedient: I swear to marry this Noble Person *Mounsieur 1e Count de Cheveux*, to morrow morning. [*She kneels.*

Count. Ah, Madamma, now breake de Gold, de Broad Piece:⁰ so, is done; and now, rise up ma cher Countess.

M. Fan. Eh, *mon Chere Count!*²³⁰

[*Canonical hour*] the time during which marriages may take place. Cf. p. 157 *supra*.

[*Breake de Gold*] To break a piece of gold signified formal engagement.

[*Fourb . . . Frippon*] a cheat . . . a rogue.

[*Broad Piece*] the 20s. piece, supplanted by the guinea piece in 1663. The 20s. piece was a thinner and broader coin.

L. Fan. Millions of Joys fall on you both.
I weep for Joy.

Nich. Master, they have got the Report now all over the Town, that you are a Barber, and Puke-maker; your Equipage⁰ is revolted: Mr. Wildish's Men talk it every where, and my Lord Bellamy's Men; and 'tis in every Body's mouth.

Count. Begar, dey be de Rogua, de Scoundrella: but begon from dis House,²⁴⁰ and be seen no more here; and say, you can no finde me. [Exit Page.

[A noise of some coming up Stairs.

M. Fan. Somebody's coming up; a Rival, I believe; Pray, go into my Closet.

Count. Where, where is de Closet? Begar, I you'd kille de Rival before your Face, but is not Decent, Madam.

M. Fan. Madam, I beseech you entertain 'em, while I retire with *Mon cher Count*.
[They retire into the Closet, where they peep out to listen.

Enter Trim.

Trim. Madam, I kiss your Ladiships²⁵⁰ fair hands.

L. Fan. Your Servant, sweet Mr. Trim.

Trim. Cou'd I think to have liv'd to have seen this inauspicious Day, who had so long admir'd the Beauty, and ador'd the Mind of my Divine *Dor in da*? That I, having devoted not only my Heart, but all the Actions of my Life to her Service, shou'd be thus Sacrific'd to a *Frenchman*]

L. Fan. 'Tis a most fatal Mistake:²⁶⁰ she bears a most profound Respect towards the worthy Mr. Trim.

Trim. At his first approach, her sad indifference appear'd in the Bud, which since has sprouted up to compleat Scorn; And all for this *Frenchman*^ this false Count, this Impostor!

L. Fan. How! False Count!

Count. Lette mo go: Begar, I vill runne him trough de Bodee.²⁷⁰

M. Fan. You shall not stir.

Trim. Yes; he is a false Count, and a true Barber and Puke-maker.

Count. Jerny, dam Rogue, make de great Lye of me! Lette me go, Madamma; me vill kille de Rogue, for dis affront.

M. Fan. I will not part with you out of my Arms.

Equipage] cf. p. 311 *supra*.

L. Fan. Sir, be **not** so temerarious: **he** is one of the Nobless, and his Nature's vindicative in Honour's Cause.²⁸⁰

Trim. Hang him, Snip-snap^o Rogue, I contemn him; I Challeng'd him: he is a Coward, and durst not answer my Charte! to meet me; for which, I exercis'd him plentifully with this numerical⁰ Cane.

Count. O de dam Lye Rogue! Begar, me must kille him, for mine Honeur. Morbleu, Madamma, me did beata dis Rascal, **like** de Spaniel Dogue, indeed.²⁹⁰

M. Fan. Let him Lye on: I'll revenge it.

L. Fan. You must pardon me, Sir, if I give not Credit to what you say: I am assur'd, he's as brave a Gentleman as e're drew Sword, and a great Commander.

Trim. I do averr, That he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: that's a Jest! My Daughter and I mistake in Breeding and Quality!³⁰⁰

Enter Sir Humphrey.

Sir Hum. Oh, Madam, I am come to vent my just Resentments, for the Slight your Daughter has put upon me for this damn'd Rascally Count, whom I tweak'd by the Nose last Night. I Challeng'd him: he dar'd not meet; but, by Cross-biting,⁰ made *Jack* here, little *Jack* and me meet, and fall out; and you saw me give him his Life.

Trim. If you hold your own at any rate, boast not once more: if you persist, you³¹⁰ will awaken my Fury till it may destroy you.

Sir Hum. Prcthee, *Jack*, hold thy peace: thou art the peevishest Fellow! But after all, this Count of yours is a Rogue, a Cheat; he's a Barber in *Pickadilly*.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: as if my Daughter and I cou'd take a Barber for a Count! **Ha, ha, ha.**

Sir Hum. Udsbud, this Fellow's a Barber: I can prove it upon him.²²⁰

Count. Oh, Madamma, me beg upon de Knee dat you vill lette me but kille dese two, and me vill kille no more, upon mine Honeur. De Devil can no makfc de Lye so.

Sir Hum. Nay, Gad take me, I don't much care; I have a good Estate, and I

Strip-snap] pert.
numerical] identical.
Cross-biting] cheating.

shall have Women enough Court me, where I need not apprehend a *French* Count, made of a Barber and a Peruke-maker; so a damn'd Coward too, that durst not meet me; but I Cudgel'd him so in the Fair, *Jack*, hah! that he will not be very Active awhile.

Count. Ah, Madam, dey provoke me beyonde de Patience.⁰

Mrs. Fan. Go in, I say; and let me alone with them. [*She locks him in.* I have over-heard you; and wonder much you dare Calumniate a Person of such Breeding, MO Quality, and Honour, as the Count! Your Lives were not worth a Farthing, if he heard you. Is this like Gentlemen?

Sir Hum. Honour! hang him, Scoundrel: Gad take me, I Cudgel'd him, till my Arm akes; a damn'd Cowardly Barber and Peruke-maker.

Trim. And I chastis'd him in like manner most exorbitantly.

M. Fan. You are insolent, thus to³⁵⁰ Traduce a Person of his Worth!

L. Fan. Call you this Breeding; to Challenge and abuse a Person of Quality in my House, for his Gallantry to my Daughter?

M. Fan. How dare you commit the insolence, to Challenge a Person whom I favour? and then to blacken his unspotted Fame? when I know you dare not meet him, and he cudgel'd you.

Trim. Admir'd *Dor in da*, the Faculties³⁶⁰ of whose noble Soul did use to shine more bright, than to be led into so gross an Error as to mistake a Barber for a Count——

M. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: My Lady and I mistake Breeding and Quality, and take a Barber for a Nobleman! *Mondicu*, this is Malice, meer Envy of my Favours.

L. Fan. If my Daughter and I can mistake in such material Points, who can be³⁷⁰ Judges?

Sir Hum. Nay, for my part, Madam, if you must love a Cudgel'd Barber, and take him for a valiant Count; make much of him, I shall desist: there are more Ladies, Heav'n be thanked.

Trim. Yes, Sir, there are more Ladies: but, if any man affirms, that my fair *Dorinda* has an Equal; I thus fling down my Glove, and do demand the Combat³⁸⁰

Patience] Pa iance Q 1.

for her Honour. This is a nice point of Honour I have hit. [*Aside.*

Sir Hum. Why, *Jack, Jack*, nown *Jack*; what, art thou Mad? *Jack, Jack!*

Trim. Prethce *Jack* me no *Jacks*; but speak with Honour of my Mistress, or Draw.

L. Fan. What, more Quarrels in my House!

Sir Hum. Prethce, *Jack*: why, I gave aw thee thy Life, Man. What, a Devil, if you be so peevish. Fare' you well. Ladies, youi humble Servant: and a Pox of all Cowardly *French* Peruke-makers, I say.^o

M. Fan. Quell insolance! I will not hear his Honour lessen'd so.

Trim. Tis an undoubted Verity, most inevitably true, that he is a Barber, Madam.

M. Fan. 'Tis false. 'Tis the basest malice to blacken men in absence: he is a Per- 400 son, in whom all Charms are met.

Trim. He Charms! Alas, *Dorinda*, whither do you stray?

M. Fan. Begon: avoid my Presence.

Trim. Can my *Dorinda*.——

M. Fan. I say, begon.

Trim. Will you not hear?

M. Fan. No.

Trim. I obey: I say no more at present. [*Exit.*

M. Fan. Monsieur, my dear Count⁴¹⁰ come forth.

Count. Ah, Madam ma Chere, mine Honeur! de Barbier! de Peruke-man! Mor-bleu, vy do dey no calle me de Tinkre, de Jugler, vat dey vill? If you please lette me kille dese two Rogua, you vill oblige me ver mush indeed, my dear Countess.

M. Fan. Wou'd you kill me, by bringing your self into that Danger? No; Let the happy Lovers, Love and Revel:⁴²⁰

——*Hi sunt de pace triumphi,
Bella gerent alios.*

L. Fan. Here's some coming: keep my Lord Count in your Lodging, till Three in the morning, I will have a Coach ready to carry you to be Marry'd.

Count. I beseech you, let me but kill one Rogua.

M. Fan. In, into the Closet.

Count. But one, Madam, Calle de⁴³⁰ Count, de Barbier! Jerny bleu, vat is dis? say] Works reads [*Aside.*

Enter Oldwit.

Old. Where is my most Wise and Subtle Spouse, with her Witty well Bred Daughter?

L. Fan. What have you to do with Wit, or Breeding?

Old. Such counterfeit Breeding and false Wit, as you, old doting Fop, with the most Affected and Fantastiek Thing your Daughter do possess, I utterly renounce.

L. Fan. What says the Antiquated Wit, 440 with his Shreds of old Poets?

Mrs. Fan. *Helas!* you be de very fine Judge indeed! Ha, ha, ha.

Old. Judge; ha, ha, ha! Have a care of losing your *English*, before you have gotten another Language. But, do you hear? In earnest, do you two think that you two have either Wit, or Breeding?

Mrs. Fan. Think! we know we have; and that you want both, is too evident by 450 your Question.

L. Fan. Yes, thou old Lumber⁰ full of Frillery,⁰ we have: while, Heav'n knows, you have neither.

Old. Ounds; what, I no Wit?

L. Fan. No.

Mrs. Fan. No.

Old. No, no! why, thou piece of Clock-work, thou hast no Teeth, no Hair, no Eye-brows, no Complexion, but what cost 460 thee Money: and, but for Iron Bodice, art as crooked as a Bugle Horn; and I have made an Epigram upon thee.

She's bent, like a Nine-pence; and had been quite broken,

Had not Nature intended the Devil a Token:

Sure, Heav'n in its Indignation hath made her,

And in her Mam's crooked Paunch Neck and Heels laid her.

There's Wit, old Sybil, for thee.

L. Fan. That Wit, you silly old Fumbler! You are an *Opprobrium* to the name of 470 Wit, thou ill-bred old Sot.

Mrs. Fan. You a Wit! Eh Gud! The very Spirit of *Grubstreet* Reigns in you.

Old. Thou young *Jezebel*, with nothing natural about thee! thou look'st as if thou wert painted by some leud^o Painter for

the Sign of Folly, with such turning up of Eyes, and screwing of Faces, with Convulsions in your Mouth:

She makes wry Mouths, and chews every word,

Like an old Sow, that simpereth with a new T———

You understand me. There's Wit for you both now, you Brace of Flirts.⁰ I no Wit, quoth they!

Mrs. Fan. If Rudeness, Railing, and 111 Breeding, may pass for Wit, you are plentifully endu'd; but I despise it.

L. Fan. An old Soaker, with a white Head, a red Face, a Brain clouded with Fumes', and empty of Wit, full of Whims "490 and Maggots.

Old. Come, come, you brace of Fop-doodles,⁰ where's your *French* Barber you are both so fond of; and you are to Marry, Mrs. Wit? A pox on him: if he cou'd Marry you both, with all my Heart.

L. Fan. What, have you gotten that silly story too? Ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. This is rais'd by some *London* Wit, some Laugher: They call it Sham-500 ming.^o

L. Fan. & *Mrs. Fan.* A Barber! Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Fan. Can we be deceiv'd in Quality and Breeding?

L. Fan. Not know a Mechanick, a Barber, from a noble Count! very likely.

Both Laugh.

Old. *mocking them.* Ha, ha, ha! You most abominable brace of Conceited, Affected Fools! What a Pox, my House will become Ridiculous, the Scorn and Laugh-510 ter of the whole Country: Here are Twenty People in Town, can prove he is a Barber.

L. Fan. Go, Doatard, go: A Barber! Ha, ha, ha!

M. Fan. O silly! a Barber! Ha, ha, ha. *Mondieu.*

Old. Ounds, you make me Mad, you most incorrigible pair of Fools. Well, for once, I'll take more care of you, than you of your self: I'll have this Rogue Barber, if 520 he be above ground, and make an Example of him. [*Exit.*⁰

Flirts] empty, giddy women. Not quite the modern meaning.

Fopdoodle8] fools, simpletons.

Shamming] 'Sham,' a hoax, and the verb 'to sham' were somewhat new words. Cf. p. 207 I. 884 Exit.1 om. Works.

Lumber] pawn-shop.

Frippery] old clothes.

leud] ignorant, bungling.

Enter Wildish.

Old. Here's one can tell you who your Count is.

Wild. Why, he is my Puke-maker, and he is my Barber: I put him upon this Frolick, thinking to make Sport in the time of the Fair; but never thought it wou'd have come to Earnest.

L. Fan. Ha, ha, ha: this is finely carry'd 530 on indeed 1

M. Fan. Envy, Malice! Believe a *London Wit* I a Jeerer! a Scoffer! a Shammer! ha, ha, ha.

Old. Ounds, 111 have no more Fooling about this Business: Produce this Barber, he came into my House, has not gone out since, and you must have hid him.

M. Fan. I hide a man in my Apartment! I defie you, insolent., 540

Old. I'll see; is he not behind the Bed? or in it? Hah, I cannot find him. He must be somewhere in these Rooms.

L. Fan. What can provoke you to abuse my Daughter thus?

M. Fan. Must I, who have been Admir'd (I may say Ador'd) for Virtue, have my Reputation question'd thus by you?

Old. Are you angry to be kept from marrying a Barber? 550

L. Fan. How dare you Domineer in my House thus?

Old. Stand by, Old Fool. Who is in this Closet? let me see. [*Breaks it open.* Oh, Sheep-biter,^o are you here?

L. Fan. Oh Heav'n, the Count here!

M. Fan. *Mon dicu!* how came you here?

Old. Come, Mr. Barber, instead of *Mon-sieur Le Count.*

Cou. Vat you mean? Begar, I vill 560 have de satisfaction: and, vere it not for de Reverence to de Ladee, Begar, me vou'd cut all your Troat, Morbleu.

Wild. Why, Sirrah, Rascal, are you not my Barber and Puke-maker? Did I not set you up for a Count? Is not that my Sute of Cloths?

Count. Do not provoke me to runne you **trough** de Bodee: me am amaze! Ventre bleu, Madam, dey be all starke mad; 570 dey Dream, and dey talk in deir Sleep: Jerny, me can no tell vat dey mean. Do

Sheep-biter] '*Sheep-biter, a poor sorry, sneaking, ill-lookt Fellow.*' *Diet. Canting Crew.*

dey Treat de *French Count* in *England* dus? Oh Brutal!

Wild. If you dare persist in this^o business, I will cut your Throat infallibly.

Count. Lette me alone: Begar, you no dare be Hanga.

M. Fan. Nay, then 'tis time to speak. Good Mr. Impudence, what have you to 580 say to my Husband?

Old. & Wild. Your Husband!

L. Fan. Yes, Sir, her Husband: So he is.

Count. Yes, vat you say to dis Ladee's Husban? Ha! Morbleu!

Old. Oh thou damnable betrayer of thy Daughter! I warrant you, I'll have a Trick for him, and have him in the Pillory: you shall see your Husband peep through Wood,^o I warrant you. Come, Sir, let's 590 go. *Exit Wild. & Old.*

M. Fan. He is gone with some wicked Design, or other: Let us fly.

Count. Me vill do vat you pleas; but *Monscur le Count* did never fly before.

L. Fan. Come, haste and escape, while he's gone out. *Exeunt*

Enter Mrs. Gertrude, and her Sister Philadelphia; and Lord Bellamy.

Phil. Had not my Sister, against my will, surprizt me with the sight of you; I no'r had seen your Eyes again, but had found '600 out some melancholy hole, and dy'd for shame.

Bell. I had been then compleatly miserable. She's excellently Fair!

Phil. With what Confusion must I look on you! I never shall behold you, but with a Face cover'd with blushes.

Bell. The infinite Honour you have done me, o'rewhelms me with such shame; that, being conscious how little I deserve, I 610 cannot bear it: But, Madam, I will never rise from hence, till you have pardon'd me for every Command I had the Impudence to lay upon you.

Phil. There is no colour for a Pardon: I owe you all the Thanks I am capable of expressing; and I can forgive all the World, but my self. I beseech your Lordship, impute the rashness of my Conduct to my Madness; that Madness which my Father 620

this] *rhis* Q 1.

peep through Wood] 'To look through the wood; to stand in the pillory.' *Grose, Diet. Vulgar Tongue.*

drove me to, who wou'd have forc'd me to marry a Fop I hated: You I had seen in public places often. What mov'd me to run to you, I know not; pray think the best.

Gert. Come, Sister, Comfort yourself; such things have been done: the knowledge of this is in a narrow compass: you differ from your self so in this habit, you cannot be known to have worn the other.

Bell. It is so much to my Advantage, 630 that I will enquire no farther of the Cause; but such it is, that makes me owe my Life, and all I have to you: which I shall prostrate at your Feet:

Phil. My Kinswoman, my Lady Loveland, had never assisted me in my rash design; but that, (Distracted) I know not how, the thought I wou'd have kill'd my self, had she not answer'd my desires.

Bell. A Thousand Blessings on her. 610

Phil. My Lord, I beseech you, do me the right to believe, That I intended to have dy'd e're you shou'd have discover'd me: for so, Heav'n knows, I did.

Bell. That was unkindly design'd, to lock up my chief Happiness.

Gert. Here are some coming; pray retire quickly. *Bell, and Phil, retire.* This is a happy turn! The House is in some Uproar, whate're's the matter. 650

EnJLer Lady Fantast, Mrs. Fantast, and four Ladies.

L. Fan. 'Tis true; this damn'd Count is a Barber! The Barber in *Cook-row* knows him, and has seen him often at *London*.

Mrs. Fan. I am undone for ever! Lost! Wretched! Miserable! Oh me! I will hide my Head within some Hole, and ne'r be seen again.

Gert. How? what, this man of Quality and Breeding, a Barber!

L. Fan. What's that to you, Minx? 650

Gert. Cou'd you mistake in Quality, and Breeding!

Mrs. Fan. Oh, *Impertinante!*

1 *La.* What, marry'd to a Barber!

Gert. How? Marry'd!

2 *La.* What pity 'tis?

Enter Count.

Mrs. Fan. Oh, I shall burst! He is not my Husband: I only said so, for fear my

Father-in-law **and** *Wildish* shou'd have Murder'd him in their Rage. 670

Count. Vat, you Renounce me? Begar, me vill make you know, dat me am your Husband.

Mrs. Fan. Avant, thou Impudent Fellow.

Gert. I cou'd burst my Spleen at this; but I have more serious business. *Exit.*

Enter Oldwit.

Count. Is all one, Morbleu, if you no lette me have your Person, me vill have your Monee, Testebleu.

Old. Say you so, Sirrah? I have con- 680 fin'd you from flying, and have Officers now to wait on you: and I will have your Ears, and have you whipt.

Count. Is all one for dat: me vill loose de two Eare, and be wippe two, tree, four time, for Ten Tousand pound; and, begar, me vill have de Portion, do vat you vill.

Old. Enter: here, take him away to Jayl!

[*Officers Enter, and hale the Count away.*]

3 *Lady.* 'Tis no great matter: she was a Proud, Fantastick Creature. 690

4 *Lady.* Nay, for my part, I am glad on't.

Enter Trim, and Sir Humphrey.

1 *Lady.* How sneakingly he looks! He is but a pitiful Fellow!

2 *Lady.* He looks like a Barber, methinks: Lord, that I shou'd not discover it before!

3 *Lady.* I think, I was bewitch'd, for my part.

4 *Lady.* That I shou'd ever take him to be a Count!

Trim. Madam, as in Duty bound, I 700 wish you happy in your Choice.

Sir Hum. Madam, much Joy to you, and your Count Barber: Ha, ha, ha!

M. Fan. I'll run away, and never see the Face of Man again. [*Exit.*]

L. Fan. Mr. *Oldwit*, farewell; Let me have my Coach, I'll never see *Bury*, or you, after this Hour.

Old. Who waits there? Bring the Coach and fix Horses to the Door; and, Grooms, 710 be ready instantly.

L. Fan. Farewel for ever.

Old. We'll Kiss at parting, faith. [*They kiss: she goes out in haste. Heav'n be prais'd, for this great Deliverance; no more*]

shall I be plagu'd with⁰ their damn'd Wit
and Breeding!

Enter Wildish.

Wild. What, on your Knees?

Old. Ay, faith: and never had more Reason
in my life. 720

*Enter⁰ Mrs. Gertrude, Conducting Philadel-
phia, and Lord Bellamy in.*

Gert. Pray, Sir, down on your Knees once
more.

Old. Say'et thou so, my Girl?

Gert. Do you know this Face?

Old. My Daughter! Oh Heav'n! Ten
Thousand Welcomes! as many Blessings on
thy Head! Rise, dear Child, where hast
thou been? when did'st thou come? which
way? I am o'rjoy'd!

Gert. Ask no Questions; 'tis no time to ⁷⁰
ask Questions: here she is.

Old. Canst thou forgive me, Child? I'll
ne'r endeavour more to force thy Inclina-
tions: Thou art free.

Phil. Tis I must ask your Pardon, Sir.

Old. Oh, name it not.

Bell. Now, Sir, can you part with what
you love so dearly! If so, I beg her on my
Knees?

Old. How's this? I am amaz'd! aston- ⁷⁰
ish'd! my Head turns round! How came this
about?

Bell. By Love and Fate, that Govern
every thing. I lov'd this Daughter, while she
was lost to you and me: and, if she will
accept of me, I have all I wish on Earth.

Old. Have I my Senses, my Lord?

Gert. Again asking Questions! Come,
come, do the Duty of a Father, and bestow
your Daughter, when she has, like a free ⁷⁵⁰
Woman, chosen for her self.

Old. My Head turns round! but come,
Daughter: are you willing, *Phil*?

Phil. Yes; here I will Obey.

[Gives her hand.

Old. All Joy be with you. I am not my
self!

Wild. Joy to my Friend. This is a happy
Turn!

with] with with Q 1.

*[Enter . . . in.] Works; placed after next line by
Q 1.*

Bell. I was Passionate to Marry the other
Sister, because I lov'd her; but I think it ⁷⁰⁰
more reasonable to Marry this, because she
loves me:

Old. Call all my Servants, lay down all
my Meat to the Fire, set all my Hogsheads
abroach: Call in the Fiddlers; let's Revel for
a Month at least.

Enter Servants.

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir, a little. Madam,
Madam. *[Pulls Gert. by the Sleeve.*

Gert. Have you any thing to say to me?

Wild. Can you find in your Heart to ⁷⁰
dispose of your Sister to my Friend, and
not of your Self to me?

Gert. Time enough to think on that, after
I have tam'd you, and brought you up to
hand⁰: you are too Wild for me, a great
deal.

Old. Come, Daughter, let me persuade
you: Let it be a general Night of Joy.

Gert. I think I had as good: he is the
most Importunate Lover, I shall never ⁷⁴⁰
be quiet for him. Well, I will Dissemble no
longer: here's my Hand.

Wild. And here's my Heart: which you
shall ever Reign in, while I live.

Gert. No Raptures. And know, for all
my vapouring, I can obey, as well as e'r a
meek, simpering Milksop on 'em all; and
have ever held *Non resistance*⁰ a Doctrine
fit for all Wives, tho for nobody else.

Old. Call in the Fiddlers: I am Trans- ⁷⁹⁰
ported! I am all Air! Sirrah, go you, and
set the Bells a going in both Churches:
Call in all my Neighbours, I'll have him
hang'd that's Sober to Night: let every
Room in my House Roar, that it may keep
the whole Town awake. Here are the Fid-
dles: fall to Dancing presently; lose no
time.

Let all this Night be spent in Mirth, and
Wine. *[Dance. 800*

Let's lose no part of it in beastly Sleep.
This is the happy'st Day of all my life;
I've found my Daughter, and have lost my
Wife.

FINIS.

to hand] under control.

Non resistance] rf., p. 291 supra.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Mountfort .

I Was^o our Authors Advocate last year,
And then ye very gentle did appear.
To him ye now should more Indulgence show,
Eight^o months he has been sick, and well we know
How very little a sick man can do. J
But could he Write with never so much Wit,
He must despair of seeing a full Pit:
Most of our constant Friends have left the Town,
Bravely to serve their King and Country gone.
Our unfrequented Theatre must mourn,
Till the Brave Youths Triumphantly return.
Soft Men of Peace enough are left at home,
Daily to cram our House, if they'd but come:
They eagerly elsewhere in throngs resort,
Crowding for Places in the well fill'd Court.
Here one who has been fifty years a Knave,
Strives for a Place, with one foot in the Grave.
Another there, who did what e're he could
Against the Sovereign Author of our good.
Some who rode Westward at least ten miles down,
Some made Blue Coats at him, and staid in Town.
All these would have preferment, as if they
Had to this Glorious Change prepar'd the way:
Thus there are more admirers to each place,
Than e're a Celebrated Beauty has.
And they who cannot that advancement gain,
They think their mighty Merits ought V attain,
Steal to some Grumbling Club, and there complain.
Pox on't, things go not well, Vll change my side,
I thought they would for my great Worth provide.
Pray have less Vanity, and learn more Wit,
Come here, we've Places for you all most fit
Within our empty Boxes and our Pit.
But you who use to hiss, pray keep away,
And try to Write before you damn a Play;
¹Twill then so hard a task to you appear,
You will not have the Heart to be severe.

I Was . . . year] Mrs. Mountfort spoke the Epilogue to *The Squire of Alsata*, 1688.
Eight . . . sick] cf. p. 291 *supra*, paragraph 2 of Dedication.

RE LAPSE;
O R,
Virtue in Danger:
Being the Sequel of
The fool *in* Jfaflnon,
COMEDY.
A C T E D A T

The *Theatre'Royal* in *Drury'lane* ;

princed for *Samuel Brifcoe* at the corner of *Charlts-Jlrcct*
in *Ruffet-ftreet Covent-Garden*. 1697.

Nret weekwell be Published' Familian Letters, the Second Volumn wrirren by the
R.g'isr Henerabit Jebnlate Earlt of Rao after the Dike of *Backingham*,
Si Geartheage theage the Howurble licry.'.', Lig with other Letters, by
a perfon ctillouar.

Sir John Vanbrugh (1664-1726) was famous as the royal architect as well as being a leading dramatist in his day. His best remembered plays are *The Relapse* produced at Drury Lane in 1696 and *The Provok'd Wife* (1697). He wrote eight more plays, several of which held the stage for many years; they are mostly adaptations from the French. He shows signs of decadence from the pure comedy of manners. In the world of Etherege and Congreve there is no morality, but Vanbrugh, recognizing morality, ignores it or explains it away. The dazzling wit and light irresponsibility of his gay predecessors give place to farcical action, coarseness in characterization and gross conduct. The accusation of immorality which may be shaken from the shoulders of Congreve falls justly on Vanbrugh. The sentiment and sententiousness of his characters bring them within the pale of the moralist, and the dramatist stands condemned. Millamant may plead freedom of the world of comic unreality; Amanda in *The Relapse* enjoys true love which is wrecked, whilst Lady Brute in *The Provok'd Wife* knowing the rights and wrongs of love chooses the wrong. Yet Heartful and Lady Fanciful in *The Provok'd Wife* are of the light-hearted fraternity of the comedy of manners; and Vanbrugh is akin to Wycherley in his boisterous activity and to some degree in his satire. Lord Foppington, taken from Sir Novelty Fashion in Cibber's *Love's Last Shift* (1695/6) of which *The Relapse* is a sequel, is a figure of satire, an amusing caricature of the Frenchified brainless fop.

His abundant vitality is most evident in the part of the play dealing with Sir Tunbelly Clumsy and his uncouth daughter Hoyden. The plot is made up of various threads that do not mingle into a whole. The purpose of Worthy is obscure; if he is to be taken seriously he is merely a despicable brute, and in any case he is somewhat pointless dramatically. The whole of the Loveless, Amanda, Worthy and Bcrinthia part of the plot is unpleasant.

Vanbrugh may lack lightness and dexterity, but his comedy, true to English tradition, is full of fun and buoyancy. His characters are not subtly portrayed but they are alive.

The text is that of the first quarto edition 1697, except where variations are noted. It has been collated with the second quarto and with the first collected edition of 1719.

Q 1 = First quarto edition, 1697 (B. M. P.B. 11774. f. 3).

Q 2 = Second quarto edition, 1698 (A. E. M.).

Plays = *Plays Written by Sir John Vanbrugh*, 2 vols., 1719 (Hull U. C. PR 3737 A2).

Hunt = *Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar*, ed. Leigh Hunt, 1840.

Ward = *Sir John Vanbrugh*, ed. by W. C. Ward, 2 vols.

Dobree = *Complete Works of Sir John Vanbrugh*, 1927, ed. by B. Dobree. A most excellent edition.

Mermaid = *Select Plays of Sir John Vanbrugh*, ed. A. E. H. Swain.

THE PREFACE.

To go about to excuse halfe the Defects this Abortive Brat is come into the World with, wou'd be to provoke the Town with a long useless Preface, when 'tis, I doubt, sufficiently sower'd already, by a tedious Play.

I do therefore (with all the Humility of a Repenting Sinner) confess, it wants every thing—but length; and in that, I hope the severest Critique, will be pleas'd to acknowledge, I have not been wanting. But my Modesty will sure attone for every thing, when the World shall know it is so great, I am even to this day insensible of those two shining Graces in the Play (which some part of the Town is pleas'd to Compliment me with) Blasphemy and Bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find 'em^o out. If there was^o any obscene Expressions upon the Stage, here they are in the Print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a Sylable, that cou'd (tho' by racking of Mysteries) be rang'd under that head; and yet I believe with a steady Faith, there is not one Woman of a real Reputation in Town, but when she has read it impartially over in her Closet, will find it so innocent, she'll think it no affront to her Prayer-Book, to lay it upon the same Shelf. So to them, (with all manner of Deference,) I intirely refer my Cause,^o and I'm confident they'll justify me, against those pretenders to good Manners, who at the same time, have so little respect for the Ladies, they wou'd extract a Bawdy Jest from an Ejaculation, to put 'em out of countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred Persons always my Enemies, since I'm sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough, to make 'em my Friends.

As for the Saints (your thorough-pae'd ones I mean, with^o screw'd Faces and wry Mouths) I despair of them, for they are Friends to no body. They love nothing, but their Altars and Themselves. They have too much Zeal to have any Charity: they make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners do in Wine; and are as quarrelsome in their Religion, as other People are in their Drink: so I hope no body will mind what they say. But if any Man (with flat plod^o Shoes, a little Band, Crazy Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiser than I, at the expence of being Forty years older) happens to be offended at a story of a Cock and a Bull, and a Priest and a Bull-Dog: I beg his Pardon with all my heart, which I hope I shall obtain, by eating my words, and making this publiek Recantation. I do therefore for his satisfaction, acknowledge, I Ly'd, when I said, they never quit their hold; for in that little time I have liv'd in the World, I thank God I have seen 'em fore'd to't,^o more than once; but next time I'll speak with more Caution and Truth; and only say, they have very good Teeth.

If I have offended any honest Gentlemen^o of the Town, whose Friendship or good Word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it; I hope they'll correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other design, in running a very great Risque, than to divert (if possible) some part of their Spleen, in spite of their Wives and their Taxes.

One word more about the Bawdy, and I have done. I own the first night this thing was acted, some indecencies had like to have happen'd, but 'twas not my fault.

The fine Gentleman^o of the Play, drinking his Mistresses Health in Nants^o Brandy, from six in the Morning, to the time he wadled on upon the Stage in the Evening, had toasted himself up, to such a pitch of Vigor, I confess I once gave *Amanda* for gone, and I am^o since (with all due Respect to Mrs Rogers) very sorry she scap't;^o for I am confident a certain Lady, (let no one take it to her self that's handsome) who highly blames the Play, for the barrenness of the conclusion wou'd then have allow'd it, a very natural Close.

'em] them Plays. This change is made in several other places but is not noted again.
was] were Plays.

Cause,] Came; Q 2.

mean, with] Q 2, Plays; mean) with Q 1.

plod] N.E.D. does not record the word as an adjective. Presumably heavy, suited to a plodding gait.

to't] to it Q 2, Plays.

Gentlemen] Q 1, Plays; Gentleman Q 2.

The fine Gentleman] Powell, who took the part of Worthy.

Nants] often used absolutely, meaning brandy. From Nantes in France.

/ am] am Plays.

scap't;] Plays; scap't); Qq 1, 2.

First Prologue,

Spoken by Miss Cross.⁰

L Adys, this Play in too much haste urns writ,
To be o'er-charg'd with either Plot or Wit;
'Twas Got, Conceived, and Born in six Weeks space,
And Wit, you know, 's as slow in growth—as Grace.
Sure it can ne'r be ripen'd to your Taste,
I doubt 'twill prove, our Author bred too fast.
For mark 'em well, who with the Muses Marry,
They rarely do Conceive, but they Miscarry.
Tis the hard Fate of those wh' are big with Rhime,
Still to be brought to Bed before their time.
Of our late Poets, Nature few has made,
The greatest part—are only so by Trade.
Still want of something, brings the scribbling Fit,
For want of Money, some of 'em have Writ,
And others do't you see—for want of Wit.
Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to Write,
So out they lug in wrcesty Nature's Spight,⁰
As some of you spruce Beaux do—when you Fight.
Yet let the ebb of Wit be ne'r so low,
Some glimpse of it, a Man may hope to shew,
Upon a Theme, so ample—as a Beau.
So, howsoe're true Courage may decay,
Perhaps there's not one Smock-Face^o here to day,
But's bold as Caesar—to attack a Play.
Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted Face
To do the thing with more Heroick Grace,
'Tis six to Four, y'attack the strongest place.
You are such Hotspurs, in this kind of venture,
Where there's no Breach, just there you needs must e
But be advis'd.
E'n give the Hero, and the Critique o'er,
For Nature sent you on another score,
She form'd her Beau, for nothing but her Whore.

Miss Crossi Ward remarks that 'Miss' implies that she was a very young pcirl.
So . . . Spight] So they diaw the sword of their wit despite restive nature, who
with real wit.
Smock-Face] an effeminate person,
enter.] Q 2; enter Q 1.

Prologue on the Third Day;

Spoken by Mrs. Verbruggen.

A Pologies for Plays, experience shews,
are things almost as useless—as the Beaux.
What e'er we say (like them) we neither move,
Your Friendship, Pity, Anger, nor your Love,
'Tis Interest turns the Globe: Let us but find,
The way to please you, and you'll soon be kind:
But to expect, you'd for our sakes approve,
Is just as tho' you for their sakes shou'd Love,
And that, we do confess, we think a Task,
Which (tho' they may impose) we never ought to ask.

This is an Age, where all things we improve,
But most of all, the Art of Making Love.
In former days, Women were only won,
By Merit, Truth, and constant Service done,
But Lovers now, are much more expert grown.
They seldom wait, Vapproach, by tedious Form,
They'r for Dispatch, for taking you by Storm,
Quick are their Sieges, furious are their Fires,
Fierce their Attacks, and boundless their Desires.
Before the Play's half ended, I'll engage,
To shew you Beaux-, come crowding on the Stage,
Who with so little pains, have always sped,
They'll undertake to look a Lady dead.
How I have⁰ shook, and trembling stood with awe,
When here, behind the Scenes, I've seen 'em draw⁰
——A Comb:^o that dead-doing Weapon to the Heart,
And turn each powder'd Hair into a Dart.
When I have seen 'em sally on the Stage,
Drest to the War, and ready to engage,⁰
T've mourn'd your Destiny——yet more their Fate,
To think, that after Victorys so great,
It shou'd so often prove, their hard mishap,
To sneak into a Lane——and get a Clap.
But hush; they'r here already, I'll retire,
And leave 'cm to you^o Ladys to admire.
They'll shew you Twenty thousand Airs^o and Graces,
They'll entertain you with their soft Grimaces,
Their Snuff-box, aukward Bows——and ugly Faces.

I have] have I, Plays.

draw] Q 2, Plays; draw Q 1.

A Cjomb] For the habit of combing wigs in public, cf. Congreve, *Way of the World*, p. 434 *infra*.

engage,] Q 2, Plays; engage. Q 1.

you] the Q 2, Plays.

Airs] Arts Q 2, Plays.

*In short, they'r after all, so much your Friends
That lest the Play shou'd Jail, the Authors⁰ ends,*

They have resolv'd] to make you some amends. Between each Act, (pcrform'd by nice

The Entertainment's——at their own Expence.

They'll Treat you—with an interlude of Fools.

Of which, that you may have the deeper Scnce,

Authors] Author Q 2, Plays, Dobre'e (who notes: "Q 1 misprints 'Authors'"). Ward, I think rightly, supports Q 1 and omits the comma after *fail*: i.e., fiail to achieve the author's object.

Rules)l Q 2, Plays; Rules, Q 1.

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

Mr. Cibber.	<i>Sir Novelty Fashion</i> , newly Created Lord <i>Foppington</i> .
Mrs. Kent. ^o	<i>Young Fashion</i> his Brother.
Mr. Verbruggcn.	<i>Loveless</i> , Husband to <i>Amanda</i> .
Mr. Powell.	<i>Worthy</i> , a Gentleman of the Town.
Mr. Bullock.	<i>Sir Tunbclly Clumsey</i> , a Country Gentleman.
Mr. Mills.	<i>Sir John Friendly</i> his neighbour.
Mr. Johnson.	<i>Coupler</i> , a Match-maker.
Mr. Simsott.	BU//, Chaplain to <i>Sir Tunbelly</i> .
Mr. Haynes.	<i>Serringe</i> ^o a Surgeon.
Mr. Dogget.	<i>Lory</i> , Servant to <i>Young Fashion</i> .
	<i>Shoomaker</i> , <i>Taylor</i> , <i>Perriwigmaker</i> , <i>etc.</i>

W o m e n.

Mrs. Rogers.	<i>Amanda</i> , Wife to <i>Loveless</i> .
Mrs. Verbruggcn.	<i>Berrinthia</i> , her Cousin, a young Widow.
Mrs. Cross.	<i>Miss Hoyden</i> , a great Fortune, Daughter to <i>Sir Tunbclly</i> .
Mrs. Powell.	<i>Nurse</i> , her Gouvernant.

Mrs. Kent] Qq 1, 2; Mr. Kent Plays. There are cases of an actress taking a man's part.
Serringe] an obsolete spelling of *Syringe*.

THE RELAPSE;

OR,

Virtue in Danger:
Being the Sequel of
The Fool in Fashion.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Loveless⁰ reading.

How true⁰ is that Philosophy, which says,
Our Heaven is seated in our Minds?⁰
Through all the Roving Pleasures of my
Youth,
(Where Nights and Days seem'd^o all con-
sum'd in Joy,
Where the false Face of Luxury
Display'd such Charms,
As might have shaken the most holy
Hermit,
And made him totter at his Altar;)
I never knew one Moment's Peace like this.
Here—in this little soft Retreat, 10
My Thoughts unbent from all the Cares of
Life,
Content with Fortune,
Eas'd from the grating Duties of Depend-
ance,
From Envy free, Ambition under foot,
The raging Flame of wild destructive Lust
Reduc'd to a warm pleasing Fire of lawful
Love,
My Life glides on, and all is well within.

Loveless] Plays; *Lovelace* Qq 1, 2. All three early-
editions read *Lovelace* in several passages of the
play.

How true . . .] In this scene the form is crude
blank verse. In some cases the verse could be regu-
larized by a change of line divisions, but the text
follows Q 1 without alteration. In the prose scenes
Q 1 here and there adopts the quaint practice of
the period and the lines are divided as if they were
verse. This is ignored (as in *Etherege*, *The Man of
Mode*; see p. 111 *supra*) and capitals which are given
to words merely because they are line initials are
printed in lower case. In this respect the text
follows Q 2.

Minds ?] *Minds!* Q 2, Plays.
seetn'd] *seem* Q 2, Plays.

Enter Amanda.

Lov. meeting her kindly.] How does the
happy Cause of my Content, my dear
Amanda?

You find me musing on my happy State,
And full of grateful Thoughts to Heaven,
and you. 20

Am. Those grateful Offerings Heaven
can't receive

With more Delight than I do:
Wou'd I cou'd share with it as well
The Dispensations of its Bliss,
That I might search its choicest Favours
out,

And shower 'em on your Head for ever.

Lo. The largest Boons that Heaven thinks
fit to grant,

To Things it has decreed shall crawl on
Earth,

Are *in* the Gift of Women⁰ form'd like
you.⁰

Perhaps, when Time shall be no more,⁰ 30
When the aspiring Soul shall take its flight,
And drop this pondrous Lump of Clay be-
hind it,

It may have Appetites we know not of,
And Pleasures as refin'd as its Desires—
But till that Day of Knowledge shall in-
struct me,

The utmost Blessing that my Thought can
reach,

Taking her in his Arms.] Is folded in my
Arms, and rooted in my Heart.

Am. There let it grow for ever.

Lov. Well said, *Amanda*——let it be for
ever——

Wou'd Heaven grant that———40

Women] *Woman* Q 2, Plays.

you.] Plays and modern editors; *you*, Qq 1, 2.
more.] Plays; *more*. Q 1; *more'*, Q 2.

Am. 'Twere all the Heaven I'd ask.
But we are clad in Black Mortality, and the
dark Curtain of^o Eternal Night, at last
must drop between us.

Lov. It must: that mournful Separation
we must see,
A bitter Pill it is to all; but doubles its un-
grateful Taste,

When Lovers are to swallow it.

Am. Perhaps, that Pain may only be my
Lott,

You possibly may be exempted from it;
Men find out softer

Ways to quench their Fires.

Lov. Can you then doubt my Constancy,
Amanda?

You'll find 'tis built upon a steady Basis——
The Rock of Reason now supports my
Love

01

On which it stands so fix'd,
The rudest Hurricane of wild Desire
Would, like the Breath of a soft slumbring
Babe,

Pass by, and never shake it.

Am. Yet still 'tis safer to avoid the Storm;
The strongest Vessels, if they put to Sea,
May possibly be lost.

Wou'd I cou'd keep you here, in this calm
Port, for ever!

Forgive the Weakness of a Woman, 60
I am uneasy at your going to stay so long
in Town,

I know its^o false insinuating Pleasures;

I know the Force of its Delusions;

I know the Strength of its Attacks;

I know the weak Defence of Nature;

I know you are a Man——and I — a Wife.

Lov. You know then all that needs to
give you Rest,

For Wife's the strongest Claim that you
can urge.

When you would plead your Title to my
Heart,

On this you may depend; therefore be
calm,

70

Banish your Fears, for they are Tray tors to
your Peace;

Beware of 'em, they are insinuating busie
Things

That Gossip to and fro, and do a World
of Mischief

Where they come: But you shall soon be
Mistress of 'em all,

I'll aid you with such Arms for their De-
struction,

They never shall erect their heads again.

You know the Business is indispensable,
that obliges

Me to go for *London*; and you have no
Reason, that I

know^o of, to believe I'm" glad of the
Occasion;

For my honest Conscience is my Wit-
ness."

80

I have found a due Succession of such
Charms

In my Retirement here with you;

I have never thrown one Roving Thought
that way;

But since, against my Will, I'm dragg'd
once more

To that uneasie Theatre of Noise;

I am resolv'd to make such use on't,

As shall convince you, 'tis an old-cast Mis-
tress,

Who has been so lavish of her Favours,
She's now grown Bankrupt of her Charms,
And has not one Allurement left to move
me.

90

Am. Her Bow, I do believe, is grown so
weak,

Her Arrows (at this distance) cannot hurt
you,

But in approaching 'em, you give 'cm
strength;

The Dart that has not far to fly,

Will put the best of Armour to a dangerous
Trial.

Lov. That Trial past, and y'are at Ease
for ever;

When you have seen the Helmet prov'd,
You'll apprehend no more, for him that
wears it.

Therefore to put a lasting Period to your
Fears,

know] Q 1; *Know* Q 2.

I'm] that I'm Q 2, Plays.

Witness.] Witness, Q 2, Plays.

off] Q 1; *Of* Q 2, Plays. This is one of many passages in which verse form is obscured by failure to print with correct line division. This edition leaves it to the reader to recognize the verse in such cases, which generally will not be noted. In this passage Hunt reads: *But we are clad in black mortality/ And the dark curtain of eternal night/ At last must drop between us. Love. It must. its]* 'tis Q 2.

I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into
Temptation, '106
I'll give you an Essay of all my Virtues,
My former boon Companions of the Bottle
Shall fairly try what Charms are left in
Wine:

I'll take my Place amongst 'em,
They shall hemm me in
Sing Praises to their God, and drink his
Glory.

Turn wild Enthusiasts for his sake,
And Beasts to do him Honour,
Whilst I a stubborn Atheist,
Sullenly look on, 110
Without one Reverend Glass to his Di-
vinity,⁰

That for my Temperance,
Then for my Constancy.——

Am. Ay, there take heed.

Lo. Indeed the Danger's small,

Am. And yet my Fears are great,

Lo. Why are you so timerous?

Am. Because you are so bold,

Lo. My Courage shou'd disperse your ap-
prehensions.

Am. My Apprehensions shou'd allarm
your Courage. 120

Lo. Fy, Fy, *Amanda*, it is not kind thus
to distrust me.

Am. And yet my Fears are founded on
my Love.

Lo. Your Love then, is not founded as it
ought,

For if you can believe 'tis possible,
I shou'd again relapse to my past Follies;
I must appear to you a thing,
Of such an undigested composition,
That but to think of me with Inclination,
Wou'd be a weakness in your Taste,
Your Virtue scarce cou'd answer. 130

Am. 'Twou'd be a weakness in my
Tongue;

My Prudence cou'd not answer,
If I shou'd press you farther with my Fears,
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with
'em.

Lo. Nor shall they trouble you much
longer,

A little time shall shew you they were
groundless:

This Winter shall be the Fiery-Tryal of my
Virtue;

Which when it once has past,

Tjivinity,] Divinity: Q 2.

You'll be con vine'd, 'twas of no false Allay,⁰
There all your Cares will end.——140
Am.———Pray Heaven they may.

Exeunt Hand in Hand.

SCENE, *Whitehall.*

Enter Young Fashion, Lory and Waterman.

Y. F. Come, pay the Waterman, and take
the Portmantle.

Lory. Faith Sir, I think the Waterman
had as good take the Portmantle and pay
himself.

Y. F. Why shure there's something left
in't!

Lo. But a solitary old Waistcoat, upon
Honour,⁰ Sir.

Y. F. Why, what's become of the Blue 10
Coat, Sirrah?

Lo. Sir, 'Twas eaten at *Gravesend*, the
Reckoning came to Thirty Shillings, and
your Privy Purse was worth but two Halfe
Crowns.

Y. F. 'Tis very well.

Wat. Pray Master will you please to dis-
patch me?

Y. F. Ay, here, a——Canst thou change
me a Guinea? 20

Lo. aside.'] Good.

Wat. Change a Guinea, Master; ha, ha,
your Honor's Pleas'd to Compliment.

Y. F. I'gad I don't know how I shall pay
thee then, for I have nothing but Gold
about me. •

Lo. aside.——Hum, Hum.

Y. F. What dost thou expect, Friend?

Wat. Why Master, so far against Wind
and Tide, is richly worth Half a Piece.⁰ 30

Y. F. Why, faith, I think thou art a good
conscionable Fellow. I'gad I begin to have
so good an opinion of thy Honesty, I care
not if I leave my Portmantle with thee, till
I send thee thy Money

Wat. Ha! God bless your Honour; I
shou'd be as willing to trust you, Master,
but that you are, as a Man may say, a
stranger to me, and these are nimble Times.
There are a great many Sharpers stirring. 40
{Taking up the Portmantle.} Well Master,

Allay] alloy. Cf. p. 267 *supra*.

Honour] my Honour Q 2. *Playa.*

Half a Piece] half a guinea. Cf. p. 755 *infra*.

when your Worship sends the Money,⁰ your Portnuaunt shall be forth coming; my Name's *Tugg*; my Wife keeps a Brandy-shop in *Drab-Alley* at *Wapping*.

Y. F. Very well; I'll send for't to Morrow,
(Exit Wat.

Lo. So'—Now Sir, I hope you'll own your self a Happy Man, You have out-liv'd all your Cares.⁰

Y. F. How so, Sir? 50

Lo. Why, you have nothing left to take care of.

Y. F. Yes Sirrah, I have my self and you to take care of still.

Lo. Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with some body else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Y. F. Why if thou canst tell me where to apply my self,⁰ I have at present so little Money and so much Humility about 60 me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

Lo. Why then, Sir, your Fool advises you to lay aside all Animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty your Elder Brother.

Y. F. Damn my Elder Brother.

Lo. With all my Heart, but get him to redeem your Annuity however.

Y. F. My Annuity? S'death he's such a Dog, he wou'd not give his Powder Puff ° 70 to redeem my Soul.—

Lo. Look you, Sir, you must wheedle" him, or you must starve.

Y. F. Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lo. Why? What will you do then?

Y. F. I'll go into the Army.

Lo. You can't take the Oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Y. F. Thou may'st as well say I can't 80 take Orders because I'm an Atheist.

Lo. Sir, I ask your Pardon, I find I did not know the strength of your Conscience, so well as I did the weakness of your Purse.

Y. F. Methinks, Sir, a person of your Experience should⁰ have known that the strength of the Conscience proceeds from the weakness of the Purse.

Money,] Q 2, Plays; Money. Q 1.

Cares,] Q 2, Plays; Cares', Q 1.

my self,] Q 2, Plays; my self Q 1.

Powder Puff) a device for blowing powder on to the hair.

should] Q 1, Plays; shou'd Q 2.

Lo. Sir, I am very glad to find you 90 have a Conscience, able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I desire you'l^o please to consider, that the Army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for a Person of your Generosity, (at least,⁰ as Rents now are paid) I shall see you stand in damnable need of some Auxiliary Guineas, for your⁰ *Menu Plaisirs*,⁰ I will therefore turn fool once more for your service, and advise you to go directly to 100 your Brother.

Y. F. Art thou then so impregnable a Blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a Farthing?

Lo. Not if you treat him, *De haut En bas*, as you use to do.

Y. F. Why, how wou'dst have me treat him?

Lo. Like a Trout, Tickle him.

Y. F. I can't Flatter.—110

Lo. Can you starve?

Y. F. Yes.—

Lo. I can't; Good by t'ye Sir—

(Going.

Y. F. Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wou'dst thou have me say to him?

Lo. Say nothing to him, apply your self to his Favourites, speak to his Periwig, his Cravat, his Feather, his Snuff-Box, and when you are well with thorn,—desire him to lend you a Thousand Pounds. I'll 120 ingage you prosper.

Y. F. S'death and Furies, why was that Coxcomb thrust into the World before me? 0 Fortune—Fortune—Thou art a Bitch by Gad—

[Exeunt.

SCENE A Dressing-Room.

Enter Lord Foppington in his Night-Gown.

L. F. Page.—Enter Page.

P. Sir.

L. F. Sir, Pray Sir do me the Favour to teach your Tongue the Title the King has thought fit to honour me with.

P. I ask your Lordships Pardon, my Lord.

you'l] you'll Q 2, Plays.

least,] Q 2; least. Q 1.

your] Q 2, Plays; you Q 1.

Menu Plaisirs] amusements.

L. F. O, you can pronounce the Word then, I thought it wou'd have choak'd you—D'ye hear? 10

P. My Lord.

L. F. Call *La Verole*,⁰ I wou'd Dress——
(Exit Page.

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a Man of Quality——Strike me dumb——My Lord——your Lordship——My Lord *Foppington*——*Ah cost quelque Chose de beau, que le Diable memporte.*——Why the Ladys were ready to pewk at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Navelty to recommend me to 'em——Sure whilst 20 I was but a Knight, I was a very nauseous Fellow——Well, 'tis Ten Thousand Pawnd well given——stap my Vitals——

Enter La Verole.

Me Lord, de Shoemaker, de Taylor, de Hosier, de Semstress, de Barber, be all ready, if your Lordship please to be Dress.⁰

L. F. Tis well, admit 'em.

L. V. Hey, Messieurs, Entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

L. F. So Gentleman, I hope you have all taken pains to shew your selves Masters 30 in your Professions.

Tay. I think I may presume to say, Sir,——

L. V. My Lord——You Clawnd you.

Tay. Why, is he made a Lord——My Lord, I ask your Lordships Pardon my Lord; I hope my Lord, your Lordship will please to own, I have brought your Lordship as accomplit a Suit of Cloaths, as ever Peer of *England* trode the Stage in; my Lord; 40 will your Lordship please to try 'em now.

L. F. Ay, but let my People dispose the Glasses so, that I may see my self before and behind, for I love to see my self all raund.——

Whilst he puts on his Cloaths,

Enter young Fashion and Lory.

Y. F. Hey-day, what the Devil have we here? Sure my Gentleman's grown a Favourite at Court, he has got so many People at his Levee.

La Verole] *La Varole* Q 2, Plays. *La varole*, or *violole*, small-pox.

to be Dress] Q 1; *to dress* Q 2, Plays.

Lo. Sir, these People come in order to 50 make him a Favorite at Court, they are to establish him with the Ladys.

Y. F. Good God, to what an ebb of Tast, are Women fallen, that it shou'd be in the power of a Lace't Coat to recommend a Gallant to 'em.——

Lo. Sir, Taylors and Periwigmakers are now become the Bawds of the Nation, 'tis they debauch all the Women.

Y. F. Thou say'st true, for there's that 60 Fop now, has not by Nature wherewithal to move a Cook-Maid, and by that time these Fellows have done with him, 'Igad he shall melt down a Countess.——

But now for my Reception, I'll ingage it shall be as cold a one, as a Courtiers⁰ to his Friend, who comes to put him in mind of his Promise.

L. Fop. to his Taylor.] Death and Eternal Tortures, Sir, I say the Packet's too high 70 by a Foot.

Tay. My Lord, if it had been an Inch lower, it would not have held your Lordships Pocket-Handkerchief.

L. F. Rat my Pocket-Handkerchief, have not I a Page to carry it? you may make him a Packet up to his Chin a purpose for it: But I will not have mine come so near my Face.

Tay. 'Tis not for me to dispute your so Lordships Fancy.

Y. F. to Lor.] His Lordship; Lory, did you observe that?

Lo. Yes Sir, I always thought 'twould end there. Now I hope you'll have a little more Respect for him.

YF. Respect, Damn him for a Coxcomb; now has he ruin'd his Estate to buy a Title, that he may be a Fool of the First Rate: But let's accost him.——[To L. F.] 90 Brother, I'm your humble Servant.

L. F. O Lard Tarn, I did not expect you in *England*; Brother, I am glad to see you.——[Turning to his Taylor.] Look you

Sir, I shall never be reconcil'd to this nauseous Packet, therefore pray get me another Suit with all manner of Expedition, for this is my Eternal Aversion; Mrs. *Callicoe*, Are not you of my Mind? 100

Semstress. O, directly my Lord, it can never be too low.——

Courtiers] *Courtier's* Q 2, Plays.

L. F. You are positively⁰ in the right on't, for the Packet becomes .no part of the Body but the Knee.

Sems. I hope your Lordship is pleas'd with your Stinkirk.⁰

L. F. In love with it, stap my Vitals; Bring your Bill, you shall be paid to Marrow.——110

Scms. I humbly thank your Honour——
(Exit *Scms*)

L. F. Hark thee, Shoemaker, these Shooes an't ugly but they don't fit me.

Shooe. My Lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

L. F. They hurt me just below the Instep.

Shoo, feeling his Foot.] My Lord, they don't hurt you there.

L. F. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shooe. My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll 120 be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

L. F. Why wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel.

Shooe. Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that Shooe does not hurt you; I think I understand my Trade.——

L. F. Now by all that's Great and Powerful, thou art an incomprehensible Coxcomb; but thou makest good Shooes, 130 and so I'll bear with thee.

Shooe. My Lord, I have workt for half the People of Quality in Town, these Twenty Years; and 'twere⁰ very hard I should not know when a Shooe hurts, and when it don't.

L. F. Well, prithee begone about thy Business.——(Exit *Shooe*)

To the Hosier.) Mr. Mend-Legs, a word with you; the Calves of these Stockins⁰ 140 are thicken'd a little too much. They make my Legs look like a Chairman's.——

Men. My Lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

Lord F. Ay, but you are not so good a Judge of these⁰ Things as I am, I have study'd 'em all my Life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a Crawn-piece Jess—(Aside.) If the Town takes notice

positively] *Qq* 1, 2; *passively* *Plays.*
Stinkirk] *Steenkirk* *Q* 2, *Plays.* A loose kind of cravat,

'twere] 'tin *Plays.*

Stocking] *Stockings* *Q* 2, *Plays.*

these] *those* *Q* 2, *Plays.*

my Legs are fallen away, 'twill be at- 130 tributed to the Violence of some new Intrigue (*To the Periwig-maker.*) Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the Fatigue of the Marning⁰ will be over.

Foretop. My Lord, I have done what I defie any Prince in *Europe* t'outdo;⁰ I have made you a Periwig so long, and so full of Hair, it will serve you for Hat⁰ and Cloak in all Weathers. 160

Lord F. Then thou hast made me thy Friend to Eternity; Come, comb it out.

Y. F. Well, *Lory*, what dost think on't? A very Friendly Reception from a Brother after 3 Years absence.

Lo. Why, Sir, it's⁰ your own fault, we seldom care for those that don't love what we love; if you would creep into his Heart, you must enter into his Pleasures—— Here have you⁰ stood ever since you 170 came in, and have not commended any one Thing that belongs to him.

Y. F. Nor never shall, whilst they belong to a Coxcomb.

Lo. Then, Sir, you must be content to pick a hungry Bone.

Y. F. No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the Marrow before I have done.

Lord F. Gad's curse; Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a "180 full Periwig?

For. Not a full one, my Lord? I don't know what your Lordship may please to call a full one, but I have cram'd 20 Ounces of Hair into it.

Lord F. What it may be by Weight, Sir, I shall not dispute, but by Tale, there are not 9 Hairs of a side.

For. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! why, as Gad shall judge me, your Honour's 190 Side-Face is redued to the tip of your Nose.

Lord F. My Side-Face may be in Eclipse for aught I know; But I'm sure, my Full-Face is like the Full-Moon.

For. Heavens bless my Eye-sight——
(*Rubbing his Eyes.*) Sure I look through

Marning] *Morning* *Q* 2, *Plays.*

t'outdo] to outdo *Q* 2, *Plays.*

Hat] a Hat *Q* 2, *Plays.*

it's] 'tis *Q* 2, *Plays.*

have you] you have *Q* 2, *Plays.*

the wrong end of the Perspective,⁰ for by my Faith, an't please your Honour, the broadest place I see in your Face, does **20** not seem to me to be two inches Diameter.

Lord F. If it did, it wou'd be just^o two inches too broad; Far^o a Periwig to a Man, shou'd be like a Mask to a Woman, nothing shou'd be seen but his Eyes——

For. My Lord, I have done; if you please to have more Hair in your Wig, I'll put it in.

Lord F. Passitively, yes.

For. Shall I take it back now, my **210** Lord?

Lord F. Noh: I'll wear it to day, tho it shew such a manstrous⁰ pair of Cheeks: Stap my Vitals, I shall be taken for a Trumpeter.

(Exit Foretop.

Y. F. Now your People of Business are gone, Brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an Hour's Audience of you.

Lord F. Faith, Tarn; I must beg you'l excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lards immediately; my **220** Lady Teasers Case is to come on to day, and I would not be absent for the Salvation of Mankind. Hey *Page*, is the Coach at the Door?

Page. Yes, my Lord.

L. F. You'l excuse me, Brother. (Going.

Y. F. Shall you be back at Dinner?

L. F. As Gad shall jidge me, I can't tell; for 'tis passible I may dine with some of aur^o House at *Ladkets*.⁰ **230**

Y. F. Shall I meet you there? For I must needs talk with you.

L. F. That I'm afraid may'nt be so praper; far the Lards I commonly eat with, are People of a nice Conversation, and you know, *Tam*, your Education has been a little at large; but if you'l stay here, you'l find a Family-Dinner. Hey Fellow! what is there for Dinner? There's Beef; I suppose, my Brother will eat Beof. Dear **240** *Tam*, I'm glad to see thee in *England*, stap my Vitals (Exit with his Equipage.⁰

Perspective] telescope.

wou'd be just] Q 1; would be just Q 2; would just be Plays.

Far] for Q 2, Plays.

manstrous] Q 1, Plays; monstrous Q 2.

aur] Q 1, Plays; our Q 2.

Lacketsl Locketts, a well known eating house. ,Cf. p. 122 *supra*.

Equipage) retinue. Cf. p. 134 *supra*.

Y. F. Hell and Furies, is 1 his to be borne?
Lo. Faith, Sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o'th' Pate my self.

Y. F. 'Tis enough; I will now shew thee the Excess of my Passion by being very calm: Come, *Lory*, lay your Loggerhead to mine, and in cool Blood let us contrive his Destruction. **250**

Lo. Here comes a Head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he wou'd but joyn in the Confederacy.

Enter Coupler.

Y. F. By this Light, old *Coupler* alive still; why, how now, Match-maker, art thou here still to plague the World with Matrimony? You old Bawd, how have you the Impudence to be hobling out of your Grave 20 Years after you are rotten 1

Coup. When you begin to rot, Sirrah, 260 you'l go off lik'a^o Pippin, One Winter will send you to the⁰ Devil. What Mischief brings you home again? Ha! You young Lascivious Rogue you. Let me put my Hand in^o your Bosom, Sirrah.

Y. F. Stand off, old *Sodom*.

C. Nay, prithee now don't be so coy.

Y. F. Keep your Hands to your self, you old Dog you, or I'll wring your Nose off.

C. Hast thou then been a Year in *20 Italy*, and brought home a Fool at last? By my Conscience, the Young Fellows of this Age profit no more by their going abroad, than they do by their going to Church. Sirrah, Sirrah, if you are not hang'd before you come to my Years, you'l⁰ know a Cock from a Hen. But come, I'm still a Friend to thy Person, tho I have a Contempt of thy Understanding; and therefore I wou'd willingly know thy Condi- 280 tion, that I may see whether thou stand'st⁰ in need of my Assistance, for Widows swarm, my Boy, the Town's infected with 'em.

Y. F. I stand in need of any Body's Assistance, that will help me to cut my elder Brother's Throat, without the Risque of being hang'd for him.

lik'a] like a Q 2, Plays.

the] rhe Q 1.

iwl] Qq 1. 2; into Plays.

you'l] you'll Q 2, Plays.

xstand'xt] standest Q 2, Plays.

C. Igad, Sirrah, I cou'd help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the 290 danger of being burnt in the hand for't.

F. F. Sayest thou so, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my Soul is thine.

C. Pox o'thy Soul, give me thy warm Body, Sirrah; I shall have a substantial Title to't when I tell thee my Project.

F. F. Out with it then, dear Dad, and take Possession as soon as thou wilt.

C. Say'st thou so my Hephestion? why then thus lies the Scene, but hold; who's 30 that? if we are heard we are undone.

F. F. What have you forgot, *Lory*?^o

C. Who, trusty *Lory*, is it thee?

Lo. At your service, Sir.

C. Give me thy hand, Old Boy, Fgad I did not know thee again, but I remember thy Honesty, tho I did not thy Face; I think thou had'st like to have been hang'd once or twice for thy Master.

L. Sir, I was very near once having 310 that Honour.

C. Well, Live and Hope, don't be discourag'd, Eat with him, and Drink with him, and do what he bids thee, and it may be thy Reward at last, as well as anothers. To Y. F. Well, Sir, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a Match for your Brother.

F. F. Sir, I am very much beholding^o to you, truly. 320

C. You may be, Sirrah, before the Wedding-day yet, the Lady is a great Heiress; Fifteen hundred Pound a year, and a great Bag of Money; the Match is concluded, the Writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be crack'd in a fortnight—Now you must know, Stripling, (with Respect to your Mother) your^o Brother's the Son of a Whore.

F. Good. 330

C. He has given me a Bond of a Thousand Pounds for helping him to this Fortune, and has promis'd me as much more in ready Money upon the day of Marriage, which I understand by a Friend, he ne'r designs to pay mo; if therefore you will be a generous young Dog, and secure me

Five thousand Pounds, I'll be a covetous old Rogue, and help you to the Lady.

F. F. I'gad, if thou canst bring this 340 about, I'll have thy Statue cast in Brass. But don't you doat, you old Pandor, you? when you talk at this rate?

C. That your youthful Parts shall judge of; This plump Patridge^o that I tell you of, lives in the Country, Fifty Miles off, with her Honoured Parents, in a lonely old House which no body comes near; she never goes abroad, nor sees company at home: to prevent all misfortunes, she 350 has her breeding within doors, the Parson of the Parish teaches her to Play upon the Base-Viol, the Clerk to sing, her Nurse to Dress, and her Father to Dance: In short, no body can give you admittance there but I, nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your Brother.

F. F. And how the Devil wilt thou do that?

C. Without tho Devil's aid, I warrant 360 thee. Thy Brother's Face, not one of the Family ever saw, the whole Business has been manag'd by me, and all the Letters go through my Hands: the last that was write to Sir *Tunbclly Clumsey* (for that's the old Gentleman's Name,) was to tell him, his Lordship wou'd be down in a Forth-night^o to Consummate. Now you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that Letter only to have the Romantick pleas- 370 ure of surprizing your Mistriss; fall desperately in Love, as soon as you see her; make that your Plea, for Marrying her immediately, and when the Fatigue of the Wedding-Night's over, you shall send me a swinging Purse of Gold, you Dog you.

F. F. I'Gad, Old Dad, I'll put my hand in thy Bosom now.—

C. Ah, you young hot lusty Thief, let me Muzzle you—(kissing.—Sirrah, let me 380 Muzzle you.

F. F. P'sha, the Old Letcher—(Aside.

C. Well, I'll warrant thou hast not a Farthing of Money in thy Pocket now; no, one^o may see it in thy Face—

Patridge] *Partridge* Q 2, Plays. *Patridge* is a dialect variant. Cf. p. 647 *infra*.

Forthnight] *Fortnight* Q 2, Plays. *Forthnight* is a variant spelling.

now; no, one] Q 2, Plays; now, no; one Q 1.

What . . . *Lory*?! Q 1, Plays. Q 2 brings out the moaning by pointing *What, have you forgot Lory?* beholding] beholden Q 2, Plays. Cf. p. 112 *supra*. Mother] your] Q 2, Plays; Mother. Your Q 1.

Y. F. Not a Souse,⁰ by *Jupiter*.

C. Must I advance then——well Sirrah, be at my Lodgings in halfe an hour, and I'll see what may be done; we'll Sign and Seal, and eat a Pullet, and when I have 390 given thee some farther Instructions, thou sha't hoyst Sail and begone.——*Kissing*.
——T'other Buss and so adieu.

Y. F. U'm, P'sha.

C. Ah, you young warm Dog you, what a delicious Night will the Bride have on't.
(*Exit Coupler*.)

Y. F. So *Lory*. Providence thou see'st at last, takes care of Men of Merit; we^o are in a fair way to be great People.

L. Ay Sir, if the Devil don't step be- '400 tween the Cup and the Lip, as he uses to do.

Y. F. Why faith he has play'd me many a damnd trick to spoil my Fortune, and I'gad I'm almost afraid he's at work about it again now, but if I shou'd tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

L. Indeed, Sir, I shou'd not.

Y. F. How dost know.——^o

L. Because, Sir, I have wondred at you 410 so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Y. F. No; What wou'dst thou say, if a Qualm of Conscience shou'd spoil my design.

Lo. I wou'd eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Y. F. Why faith *Lory*, tho I am a young Rake-hell, and have plaid many a Roguish trick; this is so full grown a Cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to't, I 440 have scruples.——

Lo. They are strong symptoms of death; if you find they increase, pray Sir make your Will.

Y. F. No, my Conscience shan't starve me neither. But thus far I will⁰ hearken to it; before I execute this Project. I'll⁰ try my Brother to the bottom, I'll speak to him with the temper of a Philosopher, my Reasons, (tho they press him home,) shall 430 yet be cloath'd with so much Modesty, not one of all the Truths they urge, shall

Souse] 'Not a souse; not a penny. French.' *Diet, of the Vulgar Tongue*, 2nd ed., 1788. Cf. the modern 'not a sou.' See p. 616 *infra*.

Merit; we] Q 2; *Merit: we Plays; Merit we* Q 1. *know.—*] *know?* Q 2, *Plays*.

I will] I'll Q 2, *Plays*

Project. I'll] *Project: I'll* Q 2; *Project, I'll* *Plays*.

be so naked to offend his Sight; if he has yet so much Humanity about him, as to assist me, (tho with a moderate aid,) I'll drop my Project at his Feet, and shew him I^o can——do for him, much more than what I ask, he'd do for me; This one Conclusive Tryal of him I resolve to make.——

Succeed or no, still Victory's my Lot, 440
If I subdue his Heart, 'tis well; if not
I shall subdue my Conscience to my Plot.
(*Exeunt*.)

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Loveless and Amanda.

Love. How do you like these Lodgings, my Dear? For my part I am so well pleas'd with 'em, I shall hardly remove, whilst we stay in Town, if you are satisfy'd.

Aman. I am satisfy'd with every thing that pleases you; else I had not come to Town at all.

Lov. O, a little of the noise and bustle of the World, sweetens the Pleasures of Retreat: We shall find tho Charms of our 10 Retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing prospect, will be my chief est Entertainment, whilst (much against my Will) I am oblig'd to stand surrounded with these empty Pleasures, which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

Lov. I own most of 'em are indeed but empty; nay, so empty, that one wou'd wonder by what Magick Power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for 20 their sakes.

Yet some there are we may speak kindlier of; There are Delights, (of which a private Life is destitute) which may divert an honest Man, and be a harmless Entertainment to a virtuous Woman. The Conversation of the Town is one; and truly, (with some small allowances) the Plays, I think, may be esteem'd another.

Aman. The Plays, I must confess, have '30 some small Charms, and wou'd have more, wou'd they restrain that loose olpscene encouragement to Vice, which shocks, if not
him I] him how I Q 2, *Plays*.

the Virtue of some Women, at least the Modesty of all.

Lov. But till that Reformation can be made, I wou'd not leave the wholesome Corn, for some intruding Tares that grow amongst it. Doubtless, the Moral of a well-wrought Scene, is of prevailing Force. 40
—Last night there happen'd one, that mov'd me strangely.

Avian. Pray, what was that?

Lov. Why 'twas about——but 'tis not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray let mc know it.

Lov. No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Lov. 'Twas a foolish thing: you'd perhaps grow jealous, shou'd I toll it you, tho without cause⁰ Heaven knows.

Aman. I shall begin to think I have Cause, if you persist in making it a secret.

Lov. I'll then convince you, you have none, by making it no longer so. Know then, I happen'd in the Play to find my very Character, only with the addition of a *Relapse*) which struck me so, I put a sudden stop to a most harmless Entertain- 60 ment, which till then, diverted me between the Acts. 'Twas to admire the workmanship of Nature, in the Face of a young Lady, that sate some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome.

Aman. So exquisitely handsome?

Lov. Why do you repeat my words, my Dear?

Aman. Because you seem'd to speak 'em with such pleasure, I thought I might 70 oblige you with their Eccho.

Lov. Then you are allarm'd, *Amanda*?

Aman. It is my Duty to be so, when you are in danger.

Lov. You are too quick in apprehending for me; ail will be well when you have heard me out. I do confess I gaz'd upon her; nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

Aman. Eagerly? that's with desire.

Lov. No, I desir'd her not; I view'd 80 her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of Love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice Distinctions.

Lov. I did take heed; for observing in :
cause] *a cause* Plays.

the Play, that⁰ he who seem'd to represent me there, was by an accident like this, unwarily surpriz'd into a Net, in which he lay a poor intangl'd Slave, and brought a Train of mischiefs on his Head; I snatcht my 90 pyles away: they pleaded hard for leave to look again, but I grew absolute, and they obey'd.

Aman. Were they the only things that were Inquisitive? had I been in your place, my Tongue, I fancy'd had been curious too, I shou'd have ask'd her Name, and where she liv'd, (yet still without Design:)⁰—— Who was she pray?^o

Lov. Indeed I cannot tell. 100

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that's Sacred then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her?

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why were you disturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no Cause?

Love. None certainly. 110

Aman. I thought I had.

Lov. But you thought wrong, *Amanda*! For turn the Case, and let it be your Story; shou'd⁰ you come home and tell me you had I seen a handsome Man, shou'd I grow jealous, because you had Eyes?

Aman. But shou'd I tell you, he were exquisitely so: That I had gaz'd on him with Admiration: That I had look'd with eager Eyes upon him, shou'd you not 120 think 'twere possible I might go one step farther,⁰ and enquire his Name?

Lov. aside. She has Reason on her side: I have talk'd too much: But I must turn it off another way. [*To Aman.*] Will you then make no difference, *Amanda*, between the Language of our Sex and yours? There is a Modesty restrains your Tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you 130 commend; but roving Flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think: You shou'd not therefore in so strict a sense take what I said to her Advantage.

Play, that] Q 2, Plays; *Play.* That Q 1.

Design:] Q 2, Plays; *Design:* Q 1.

she prayt] *she, I pray?* Q 2; *she, pray?* Plays.

shou'd] *should* Plays.

[farther] *further* Q 2, Plays.

Aman, Those flights of Flattery, Sir, are to our Faces only: When Women once are out of hearing, you are as modest in your Commendations as we are. But I shan't put you to the trouble of farther⁰ Exeuses, if you please this business shall rest here. 140 Only give me leave to wish both for your Peace and mine, that you may never meet this Miracle of Beauty more.

Lov. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, there's a young Lady at the Door in a Chair, desires to know whether your Ladj'ship sees Company. I think her Name is *Berinthia*.

Aman. O Dear! 'tis a Relation I have not seen these⁰ five Years. Pray her to walk 150 in. *[Exit Serv.]*

[To Lov.] Here's another Beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last; but I hear she's grown extremely handsome.

Lov. Don't you be jealous now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter Berinthia.

Lov. aside. Ha! By Heavens the very Woman.

Bcr. saluting Aman. Dear *Amanda*, I did not expect to meet with you in 160 Town.

Aman. Sweet Cousin, I'm over-joy'd to see you. *[To Lov.]* Mr. *Loveless*, here's a Relation and a Friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Lov. saluting Ber.] If my Wife never desires a harder thing, Madam, her Request will be easily granted.

Bcr. to Aman.] I think, Madam, I ought to wish you Joy. 170

Aman. Joy! Upon what?

Bcr. Upon your Marriage: You were a Widow when I saw you last.

Lov. You ought rather, Madam, to wish me Joy upon that, since I am the only Gainer.

Bcr. If she has got so good a Husband as the World reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the Complements⁰ of her Friends upon it. 180

[farther] Q 1, Plays; *further* Q 2.

these] Qq 1, 2; *this* Plays.

Complements] *Compliment* Plays.

Lov. I the^o World is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that Title, I hope 'tis so just to my Wife to own I derive it from her.

Bcr. Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are, (and deserve⁰ to be,) the happiest Pair that live in it.

Lov. I'm afraid we shall lose⁰ that Character, Madam, whenever you happen to change your Condition. 190

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* presents his humble Service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in Town. He's at the next door; and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Lov. Lord *Foppington*!——I know him not.

Bcr. Not his Dignity, perhaps, but you do his Person. 'Tis Sir *Novelty*; he has 200 bought a Barony in order to marry a great Fortune: His Patent has not been past eight⁰ and forty hours, and he has already sent how do'ye's to all the Town, to make 'cm acquainted with his Title.

Lov. Give my Service to his Lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the Honour he intends me. *[Exit.]*

Sure this Addition of Quality, must have so improv'd his Coxcomb, he can't but be 210 very good Company for a quarter of an hour.

Aman. Now it moves my Pity more than my Mirth, to see a Man whom Nature has made no Fool, be so very industrious to pass for an Ass.

Lov. No, there you are wrong, *Amanda*; you shou'd never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your Contempt. Pity those whom Nature abuses, but 220 never those who abuse Nature.

Bcr. Besides, the Town wou'd be robb'd of one of its chief⁰ Diversions, if it shou'd become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.

Aman. I cou'd never yet perceive the Town inclin'd to part with any of its di-

I the] Q 1; *Ay, the* Q 2; *If the* Plays, Ward. Possibly *If* is correct; but */* is a recognized variant spelling of *ay* from 16th to 18th centuries.

deserve] Q 2; *deserve* Q 1.

lose] Q 1, Plays; *loose* Q 2.

past eight] Q 1; *pass'd above* Eight Q 2, Plays.

chief] *chiefest* Q 2, Plays,

versions, for the sake of their being Crimes; but I have seen it very fond of some, I think had little else to recommend 'em.

Ber. I doubt, *Amanda*, you are grown ²⁰ its Enemy, you speak with so much warmth against it.

Aman. I must confess I am not much its Friend.

Ber. Then give me leave to make you mine, by not engaging in its Quarrel.

Aman. You have many stronger Claims than that, *Berinthia*, whenever you think fit to plead your Title.

Lov. You have done well to engage, ^{a 240} Second, my Dear; for here comes one will be apt to call you to an account for your Country-Principles.

Enter Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. to Lov.] Sir, I am your most humble Servant.

Lov. I wish you Joy, my Lord.

L. Fop. O Lard, Sir—Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to Tawn.

Aman. I wish your Lordship Joy.

L. Fop. O Heavens, Madam—²⁵⁰

Lov. My Lord this young Lady is a Relation of my Wives.⁰

Fop. saluting her.] The Beautifull'st Race of People upon Earth: Rat me. Dear Loveless, I'm overjoy'd to see you have brought⁰ your Family to Tawn again; I am, stap my Vitals— [*Aside*] Far⁰ I design to lye with your Wife. [*To Aman.*] Far ²⁶⁰ Gad's sake, Madam, haw has your Ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a Country Life?

Aman. My Life has been very far from that, my Lord; it has been a very quiet one.

L. Fop. Why, that's the Fatigue I speak of Madam: For 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me, the greatest Fatigue in the World. ²⁷⁰

Aman. Does not your Lordship love reading then?

L. Fop. Oh, passionately, Madam—But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your Lordship read without thinking?

Wives] Wife's Plays.

brought] Q 1; brought Q 2, Plays.

Far] Q 1; For Q 2, Plays.

L. Fop. O Lard—Can your Ladyship pray without Devotion—Madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think Books the best Entertainment in the World. ²⁸⁰

L. Fop. I am so much of your Ladyship's mind, Madam; That⁰ I have a private Gallery (where I walk sometimes) is furnish'd with nothing but Books and Looking-glasses. Madam, I have guilded 'em, and rang'd 'em so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the World to walk and look uponem.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat Library too; but 'tis I think the Inside of the Book,⁰ ²⁹⁰ shou'd recommend it most to us.

L. Fop. That I must confess I am nat^o altogether so fand of. Far to mind the inside of a Book, is to entertain ones self with the fore'd Product of another Man's Brain. Naw I think a Man of Quality and Breeding, may be much better diverted with the Natural Sprouts of his own. But to say the Truth, Madam, let a Man love reading never so well, when once he ³⁰⁰ comes to know this Tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing the Four and twenty hours, that 'twere Ten thousand pities he shou'd consume his time in that. Far Example, Madam, my Life: My Life, Madam, is a perpetual Stream of Pleasure, that glides through such a Variety of Entertainments, I believe the wisest of our Ancestors never had the least Conception of any of 'em. I rise, Madam, about Ten a-Clock. ³¹⁰ I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the World for the Complexion; nat that I pretend to be a Beau: But a Man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he make so nauseous a Figure in the Side-Bax, the Ladies shou'd be compell'd to turn their Eyes upon the Play. So at Ten a-Clack^o I say I rise. Naw if I find 'tis⁰ a good day, I resolve to take a turn in the Park, and see the Fine Women: So huddle on my ³²⁰ Cloaths, and get drest by One. If it be nasty Weather, I take a turn in the Chocolate-house; where, as you walk Madam, you have the prettiest Prospect in the World;

Madam; That] Madam, that Q 2, Plays.

the Book] a Book Q 2, Plays.

nat] not Q 2, Plays.

a-Clack] a-Clock Q 2, Plays.

'tis] it Plays.

you have Looking-glasses all round you.—
But I'm afraid I tire the Company?

Ber. Not at all. Pray go on.

L. Fop. Why then, Ladies, from thence I go to Dinner at *Lacket's*; where you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, stap 30 my Vitals, they shall⁰ compose you a Dish no bigger than a Saucer, shall come to Fifty shillings. Between eating my Dinner, (and washing my Mauth,^o Ladies) I spend my time, 'till I go to the Play; where, 'till Nine a-Clack, I entertain my self with looking upon the Company; and usually dispose of One hour more in leading 'em aut. So there's Twelve of the Four and twenty pretty well over. The other 340 Twelve, Madam, are dispos'd of in Two Articles: In the first Four, I toast my self drunk, and in t'other Eight, I sleep my self sober again. Thus, Ladies, you see my Life is an eternal raund^o O of Delights.

Lov. 'Tis a heavenly one, indeed.

Aman. But I thought,^o my Lord, you, *Beaux*, spent^o a great deal of your time in Intrigues: You have given us no Account of them yet. 350

L. Fop. aside] Soh; she wou'd enquire into my Amours—That's Jealousie—she begins to be in Love with me.

To Aman.] Why, Madam—as to time for my Intrigues, I usually make Detachments of it from my other Pleasures, according to the Exigency: Far your Ladyship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with Women of Quality, have rarely occasion far above half an hour at a 360 time: People of that Rank being under those Decorums, they can seldom give you a langer View than will just serve to shoot 'em flying. So that the Course of my other Pleasures, is not very much interrupted by my Amours.

Lov. But your Lordship is now become a Pillar of the State: You must attend the weighty Affairs of the Nation.

L. Fop. Sir—as to weighty Affairs.—30 I leave them to weighty Heads. I never intend mine shall be a Burthen to my Body.

shall] can Plays.

Mauth] Mouth Q 2, Plays.

raund] round Q 2, Plays.

J thought] om. Plays.

spe?it] spend Plays.

Lov. 0 but you'll find the House will expect your Attendance.

L. Fop. Sir you'll find the House will Compound for my Appearance.

Lov. But your Friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular Causes.

L. Fop. Not, Sir, if I come time enough, to give 'em my particular Vote. 380

Ber. But pray, my Lord, how do you dispose of your self on *Sundays*; for that, methinks, is a day^o shou'd hang wretchedly upon^o your hands.

L. Fop. Why Faith, Madam,—*Sunday*—is a vile Day I must confess. I intend to move for leave to bring in a Bill, That the Players^o may Work upon it, as well as the Hackney-Coaches. Tho' this I must say for the Government, it leaves us the 390 Churches to entertain us—But then again, they begin so abominable early, a Man must rise by Candle-light to get drest by the Psalm.

Ber. Pray which Church does your Lordship most oblige with your Presence?

L. Fop. Oh, Saint *James's*, Madam,—There's much the best Company.

Aman. Is there good Preaching too?

L. Fop. Why Faith, Madam,—I can't '400 tell. A Man must have very little to do there, that can give an account of the Sermon.

Ber. You can give us an account of the Ladies at least?

L. Fop. Or I deserve to be Excommunicated.—There is my Lady *Tattle*, my Lady *Prate*, my Lady *Titter*, my Lady *Leer*, my Lady *Giggle*, and my Lady *Grin*. These sit in the Front of the Boxes, and 410 all Church time, are the prettiest Company in the World, Stap my Vitals. [*To Aman.*] Mayn't we hope for the Honour to see your Ladyship added to our Society, Madam?

Aman. Alas, my Lord, I am the worst Company in the World at Church: I'm apt to mind the Prayers or the Sermon, or—

L. Fop. One is indeed strangely apt at 420 Church, to mind what one should not do. But I hope, Madam, at one time or other, I shall have the Honour to lead your Lady-

18 a day] om. Q 2, Plays.

upon] on Q 2, Plays.

the Players] Players Q 2, Plays.

ship to your Coach there. [*Aside.*] Me-thinks she seems strangely pleas'd with every thing I say to her.^q—Tis a vast pleasure to receive encouragement from a Woman, before her Husband's Face—I have a good mind to pursue my Conquest, and speak the thing plainly to her at '430 once.—I gad I'll do't, and that in so Cavallier a manner, she shall be surpris'd at it.

Ladies I'll take my leave, I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my Visit.

Aman. Your Lordship's too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

L. F. aside] That now was as much as if she had said—Pray lye with me. I'll let 440 her see I'm quick of Apprehension. *To Aman.*] O Lard, Madam, I had like to have forgot a Secret, I must needs tell your Ladyship. [*To Lov.*] *Ned* you must not be so Jealous now as to listen.

Lov. Not I, my Lord, I am too fashionable a Husband to pry into the Secrets of my Wife.

L. F. to Aman. squeezing her Hand.] I am in Love with you, to desperation, 450 strike me Speechless.

A. giving him a Box o'th' Ear.] Then thus I return your Passion; an Impudent Fool.

L. Fop. Gads Curse Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

Lov. Hay, What the Devil do you affront my Wife, Sir, nay then—

Aman. Ah! what has my Folly done? Help, Murder, help: Part 'em for Heav- 460 ens sake.

[They draw and Fight. The Women run shrieking for help.]

L. F. falling back, and leaning upon hi' Sword.] Ah—quite through the Body—Stap my Vitals.

Enter Servants.

Lov. running to him.] I hope I han't kill'd the Fool however.—Bare him up! Where's your Wound?

L. Fop. Just through the Guts.

Lov. Call a Surgeon there: Unbutton him quickly. 470

L. Fop. Ay pray make haste.

to her] Q 1, Plays; *unto her* Q 2.

Lov. This Mischief you may thank your self for.

L. Fop. I may so — Love's the Devil indeed, *Ned.*

Enter Seringe^o and Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. *Scringe*, Sir, was just going by the Door.

L. Fop. He's the welcom'st Man alive.

Scr. Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray Gentlemen stand by. Lord have Mercy 480 upon us, did you -never see a Man run through the Body before? Pray stand by.

L. Fop. Ah Mr. *Seringe*—I'm a dead Man.

Scr. A dead Man and I by—I shou'd laugh to see that, I gad.

Lov. Prithee don't stand prating, but look upon his Wound.

Scr. Why, what if I won't look upon his Wound this hour Sir? 490

Lov. Why then he'll bleed to Death, Sir.

Ser. Why, then I'll fetch him to Life again, Sir.

Lov. 'Slife he's run through the Guts I tell thee.

Ser. Wou'd he were run through the Heart, I shou'd get the more Credit by his Cure. Now I hope you're^o satisfy'd?—Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his Wound.*] Oons, 500 what a gash is here?—Why, Sir, a Man may drive a Coach and six Horses into your Body.

L. Fop. Ho—

Ser. Why, what the Devil, have you run the Gentleman through with a Sythe.—*Aside.*] A little prick, between the Skin and the Ribs, that's all.

Lov. Let me see his Wound.

Ser. Then you shall dress it, Sir, for if 510 any body looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the veriest Coxcomb I ever saw.

Ser. Sir, I am not Master of my Trade for nothing.

L. Fop. Surgeon.

Ser. Well, Sir.

L. Fop. Is there any hopes?

Seringe] Late editions, followed by *Hunt*, have *Syrinn*c. In the list of *dramatis persona*? it is *Ser-riwoc*: v. *supra*.

you're] you are Q 2, Plays,

Ser. Hopes?—1 can't tell.—What are you willing to give for your Cure? 520

L. Fop. Five hundred Pounds with pleasure.

Ser. Why then perhaps there may be hopes, But we must avoid farther⁰ delay. Here: help the Gentleman into a Chair, and carry him to my House presently, that's the properest place, [*aside*] to bubble⁰ him out of his Money. Come, a Chair, a Chair quickly—there, in with him.

[*They put him into a Chair.*]

L. Fop. Dear Loveless,—Adieu. If 1530 dye—I forgive thee, and if I live—I hope thou'lt⁰ do as much by me. I'm⁰ very sorry you and I shou'd Quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfy'd—I am.

Lov. I shall hardly think it worth my Prosecuting any farther,⁰ so you may be at rest, Sir,

L. Fop. Thou art a Generous Fellow, strike me Dumb. [*Aside.*] But thou 540 hast an impertinent Wife, stap my Vitals.

Ser. So, carry him off, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a Fever by and by, carry him off.

[*Exit Ser. with L. F.*]

Aman. Now on my Knees, my Dear, let me ask your Pardon for my Indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

Lov. O! there's no harm done: You serv'd him well. 550

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet resentment might have cost you.

Lov. O no matter, never trouble your self about that.

Ber. For Heaven's sake, what was't he did to you?

Aman. O nothing; he only squeezed me kindly by the Hand, and frankly offer'd me a Coxcombs Heart. I know I was too 560 blame⁰ to resent it as I did; since nothing but a Quarrel cou'd ensue. But the Fool so surpris'd me with his Insolence, I was not Mistress of my Fingers.

Ber. Now I dare Swear, he thinks you

[*farther*] further Q 2, Plays.

[*bubble*] cf. pp. 153 *supra* and 622 *infra*,

[*thou'lt*] thou wilt Q 2, Plays.

[*I'm*] I am Q 2, Plays.

[*too blame*] to blame Q 2. Plays. See n. p. 21. *supra*.

had 'em at great Command, they obey'd you so readily.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Save you, save you good People: I'm glad to find you all alive, I met a Wounded Peer carrying off: For Heav- 570 ens sake what was the matter?

Lov. O a Trifle: He wou'd have lain with my Wife before my Face, so she oblig'd him with a Box o'th' Ear, and I run him through the Body: That was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray Madam, how long has this noble Lord been an humble Servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't. So I suppose 'tis his Quality more than 580 his Love, has brought him into this Adventure. He thinks his Title an authentick Passport to every Woman's Heart, below the degree of a Peeress.

Wor. He's Coxcomb enough to think any thing. But I wou'd not have you brought into trouble for him: I hope there's no danger of his Life?

Lov. None at all: He's fallen into the hands of a Roguish Surgeon, 1^o perceive 590 designs to frighten a little Money out of him. But I saw his Wound, 'tis nothing; he may go to the Play to Night if he pleases.

Wor. I am glad you have Corrected him without farther Mischief. And now, Sir, if these Ladies have no farther Service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the place, I spoke to you of t'other day.

Lov. With all my Heart. [*Aside.*] Tho' I cou'd wish methinks, to stay "660 and gaze a little longer on that Creature. Good Godsl how Beautiful she is— But what have I to do with Beauty? I have already had my Portion, and must not covet more. [*To Wor.*] Come, Sir, when you please.

Wor. Ladies your Servant.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go.

L. to Wor. I'll overtake you, Sir, what⁰ 610 wou'd my Dear. [*Exit Wor.*]

Aman. Only a Woman's foolish Question. How do you like my Couzen here?

Lov. Jealous already, Amanda?

Surgeon, 71 Qq 1, 2; Surgeon, mho I Plays. Sir, what] Sir. What Q 2, Plays.

A man. Not at all; I ask you for another reason.

L. *aside.*] Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. [To Aman.] Why, I confess she's handsome. But you must not think I slight your Kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the Women who may claim that Character, she is the last wou'd triumph in my Heart.

Aman. I'm satisf'd.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At Night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I'm yours [kissing her], [Exit L.

Aman.⁰ *Aside*] I'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. 630 [To Ber.] Now dear *Berinthia*, let me enquire a little into your Affairs: For I do assure you I am enough your Friend, to interest^c my self in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such proofs on't; 1° shou'd. be very much to blame to doubt it. I am sorry I have no Secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a Confidence I 640 durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so Young and Beautiful as you shou'd live and have no Secrets?

Bar. What Secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. 0 Twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this Age have too much Honour to do any thing underhand; they do all above board. 650

Aman. That now methinks wou'd make me hate a Man.

Ber. But the Women of the Town are of another Mind: For by this means a Lady may (with the Expence of a few Coquet Glances) lead twenty Fools about in a String, for two or three Years together. Whereas, if she shou'd allow 'em greater Favours, and oblige 'em to Secresie, she wou'd not keep one of 'em a Fortnight, 660

Aman. There's something indeed in that to satisfy the vanity of a Woman, but I

can't comprehend how the Men find their account in it.

Ber. Their entertainment I must confess is a Riddle to me. For there's very few of 'em ever get farther, than a Bow and an Ogle. I have half a Score for my share, who follow me all over the Town; and at the Play, the Park, and the Church, do 870 (with their Eyes) say the violent'st things to me—But I never hear any more of 'em.

Aman. What can be the reason of that?

Ber. One reason is, they don't know how to go farther. They have had so little Practice they don't understand the Trade. But besides their Ignorance, you must know there is not one of my half Score Lovers but what follows half a Score Mistresses. Now their Affections being divided 680 amongst so many, are not strong enough for any one to make 'em pursue her to the purpose. Like a young Puppy in a Warren, they have a Flirt at all, and catch none.

Aman. Yet they seem to have a torrent of Love to dispose of.

Ber. They have so: But 'tis like the Rivers of a Modern Philosopher (whose Works, tho' a Woman, I have read) it sets out with a violent Stream, splits in a 690 thousand Branches, and is all lost in the Sands.

Aman. But do you think this River of Love runs all its course without doing any Mischief? Do you think it overflows nothing.

Ber. 0 yes, 'tis true it never breaks into any bodies⁰ Ground that has the least Fence about it; but it overflows all the Commons that lye in its way. And this is the ut- 700 most Achievement of those dreadful Champions in the Field of Love—the Beaux.⁰

Aman. But prithee, *Berinthia*, instruct me a little farther, for I'm⁰ so great a Novice, I am" almost asham'd on't. My Husband's leaving me whilst I was Young and Fond, threw me into that dlepth of Discontent, that ever since I have led so private and recluse a Life, my Ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain 710 wou'd be Instructed: Not (Heaven knows) that what you call Intrigues have any

Aman.] om. Q 1.

interest] Qq 1, 2; interest Plays. Interest myself, to concern myself; the earlier form from which interest developed.

on't; I] on't, 7 Q 2, Plays.

bodies] body's Plays.

the Beaux) thBeaux Q 1.

I'm] I am Plays

7 am] I'm Q 2, Plays.

Charms for me; my Love and Principles are too well fixt. The Practick part of all unlawful Love is——

Bcr. O 'tis abominable: But for the Speculative; that we must all confess is entertaining. The Conversation of all the Vertuous Women in the Town, turns upon that and new Cloaths. 720

Aman. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a World of Innocency I wou'd enquire, Whether you think those Women we call Women of Reputation, do really 'scape all other Men, as they do those shadows of 'em, the Beaux.

Bcr. O no *Amanda*; there are a sort of Men make dreadful work amongst 'em: Men that may be call'd, the Beaux Antipathy, for they agree in nothing but 730 walking upon two Legs.

These have Brains,

The Beau has none.

These are in Love with their Mistress,
The Beau with himself.

They take care of her Reputation,
He's industrious to destroy it.

They are decent,

He's a Fop.

They are Sound, 740

He's Rotten.

They are Men.

He's an Ass.

Aynan. If this be their Character, I fancy we had here e'en now a Pattern of 'em both.

Bcr. His Lordship and Mr. *Worthy*?

Aman. The same.

Bcr. As for the Lord, he's eminently so: And for the other I can assure you, 750 there's not a Man in Town who has a better Interest with the Women, that are worth having an Interest with. But 'tis all private: He's like a Back-stair Minister at Court, who, whilst the reputed Favorites are sauntering in the Bed-Chamber, is ruling the roast in the Closet.

Aman. He answers then the Opinion I had ever of him. Heavens! what a difference there is between a Man like him, 760 and that vain nauseous Fop, Sir *Novelty*. *Taking her hand.*] I must acquaint you with a Secret Couzen. 'Tis not that Fool alone, has talk'd to me of Love. *Worthy* has been tampering too: 'Tis true, he has

don't⁰ in vain: Not all his Charms or Art have Power to shake me: My Love, my Duty, and my Vertue, are such faithful Guards, I need not fear my Heart shou'd e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is 770 this. I find I did not start at his Proposal; as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. I therefore mention his⁰ Attempt, that I may learn from you, whence it proceeds; That Vice (which cannot change its Nature) shou'd so far change at least its shape, as that the self-same Crime propos'd from one shall seem a Monster gaping at your mine; when from another it shall look so kind; as tho' it were your 780 Friend, and never meant to harm you. Whence think you can this difference proceed, for 'tis not Love, Heaven knows.

Bcr. O no; I wou'd not for the World believe it were. But possibly, shou'd there a dreadful Sentence pass upon you, to undergo the Rage of both their Passions; the Pain you'd⁰ apprehend from one, might seem so trivial to the other; the danger wou'd not quite so much alarm you. 796

Aman. Fy, fy, *Bcrinthia*, you wou'd indeed alarm me, cou'd you incline me to a thought, that all the Merit of Mankind combin'd, cou'd shake that tender Love I bear my Husband: No, he sits triumphant in my Heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Bcr. But shou'd he Abdicate again, do you think you shou'd preserve the vacant Throne ten tedious Winters more in 800 hopes of his return?

Aman. Indeed I think I shou'd. Tho I confess, after those Obligations he has to me, shou'd he abandon me once more, my Heart wou'd grow extreemly urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him out for ever.

Bcr. Were I that thing they call a slighted Wife, somebody shou'd run the risque of being that thing they call—810 a Husband.

Aman. O fy, *Bcrinthia*, no Revenge shou'd ever be taken against a Husband: But to wrong his Bed is a Vengeance which of all Vengeance——

don't] *done* it Plays.

his] *this* Q 2, Plays.

you'd *you* Q 2, Plays.

Ber. Is the sweetest, ha, ha, ha. Don't I talk madly?

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very Innocent.

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I 820 know how to make Allowances for your Humour: You were always very entertaining Company; but I find since Marriage and Widowhood have shewn you the World a little, you are very much improv'd.

B. aside] A lack a day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

A man. For Heavens sake, *Berinthia*, tell me what way I shall take to persuade 830 you to come and live with mo?

Ber. Why, one way in the World there is;—and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is, to assure me——I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lye here to Night.

Ber. To Night?

Aman. Yes, to-night. 840

Ber. Why, the People where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Bar. Say you so, *Amanda*? Why, then they shall think what they please: For I'm a young Widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, *Amanda*, it's a delicious thing to be a young Widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in Love 850 with your Husband: but that is not every Woman's Case.

Aman. I hope 'twas yours, at least.

Ber. Mine, say ye?—Now have I a great mind to tell you a Lye, but I shoud do it so awkwardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en speak the Truth.

Ber. Shall I?—Then after all I did love him, *Amanda*—as a Nun does Penance.

Aman. Why did you not refuse to 860 marry him then?

Ber. Because my Mother wou'd have whipt me.

Aman. How did you live together?

Ber. Like Man and Wife, asunder. He lov'd the Country, I the Town.

He Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and Equipage.

He Eating and Drinking, I Carding and Playing.

He the sound of a Horn, I the squeak of a Fiddle.

We were dull Company at Table, worse abed. 870

Whenever we met, we gave one another the Spleen.

And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing, truly and sincerely,

Ber. What's that?

Aman. Notwithstanding all these Jars, did not his Death at last——extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes: Not that my present Pangs were so very violent, but the after-pains 880 were intolerable. I was fore'd to wear a Beastly Widow's Band a Twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women I find have different Inclinations.

Ber. Women I find keep different Company. When your Husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into some of my Acquaintance, 'twou'd have sav'd you many a Tear. But you go and live with a Grandmother, a Bishop, and an old Nurse; 890 which was enough to make any Woman break her heart for her Husband. Pray, *Amanda*, if ever you are a Widow again, keep your self so as I do.

Aman. Why do you then resolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O, no; I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me. 900

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I consider I'm a Woman, and form my Resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my Opinion is, form what Resolution you will, Matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm sure on't.

Aman. Why, do you think 'tis impossible for you to fall in Love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the Man you love can give you rest?

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you'll marry him.

Bcr. How do you know that?

A man. Why what can you do else?

Bcr. Nothing—but sit and cry. 920

Aman. Psha.

Bcr. Ah, poor *Amanda*; you have led a Country Life: But if you'll consult the Widows of this Town, they'll tell you, you should never take a Lease of a House you can hire for a Quarter's Warning.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Lord Foppington and Servant.

L. Fop. Hey, Fellow, let the Coach come to the Door.

Ser. Will your Lordship Venture so soon to expose your self to the Weather?

L. Fop. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose my self to the Ladies, tho' give me my Cloak however; for in that Side-Box, what between the Air that-comes in at the Door on one side, and the intolerable warmth of the Masks⁰ on 10 t'other: A° Man gets so many Heats and Colds, 'twa'd destroy the Constitution of a Harse.

Ser. putting on his Cloak.] I wish your Lordship wou'd please to keep House a little longer, I'm afraid your Honour does not well consider your Wound.

L. Fop. My Wound?—1 wou'd not be in Eclipse another Day, tho' I had as many Wounds in my Cuts as I have had in 20 my Heart.

Enter Young Fashion.

}'. Fash. Brother, your Servant, How do you find your self today?

L. Fop. So well, that I have ardc'r'd my Coach to the Door: So there's no great danger of Death this baut *Tarn*.

Y. Fas. I'm very glad of it.

L. Fop. aside.] That I believe's a Lye. Prithee, *Tarn*, tell me one thing. Did nat your Heart cut a Caper up to your 30

Ma'ks] These were no longer worn by respectable women.

t'other: A] *t'other, a Q 2, Plays.,*

Mauth, when you heard 1 was run through the Bady?

Y. Fas. Why do you think it shou'd?

L. Fop. Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my Father was shat through the Head.

Y. Fas. It then did very ill.

L. Fop. Prithee, why so?

Y. Fas. Because he us'd you very well.

L. Fop. Well?—naw strike me dumb 40 he starv'd me. He has let me want a Thausand Women, for want of a Thausand Pound.

Y. Fas. Then he hindred you from making a great many ill Bargains, for I think no Woman is worth Money, that will take Money.

L. Fop. If I were a younger Brother, I shou'd think so too.

Y. Fas. Why, is it possible you can 60 value a Woman that's to be bought.

L. Fop. Prithee, why not as well as a Pad-Nag?^o

T. Fas. Because a Woman has a Heart to dispose of; a Horse has none.

L. Fop. Look you *Tarn*, of all things that belong to a Woman, I have an Aversion to her Heart: Far when once a Woman has given you her Heart—you can never get rid of the rest of her Body. 60

Y. Fas. This is strange Doctrine: But pray in your Amours how is it with your own Heart?

L. Fop. Why, my Heart in my Amours—is like my Heart aut of my Amours: *a la glace*. My Bady *Tarn* is a Watch; and my Heart is the Pendulum to it; whilst the Finger runs raund to every Hour in the Circle, that still beats the same time. 70

Y. Fas. Then you are seldom much in Love?

L. Fop. Never, stap my Vitals.

Y. Fas. Why then did you make all this bustle about *Amanda*?

L. Fop. Because she was a Woman of an Insolent Vertue, and I thought my self pickt⁰ in Honour to debauch her.

Y. Fas. Very well. [*Aside.*] Here's a rare Fellow for you, to have the spend- '80 ing of Five Thousand Pounds a Year. But

Pad-Nag] a slow ambling nag.

pick't) *prickt Q 2; piqu'd* Plays. *Pick* is a variant spoiling of *pique*.

now for my business with him. [*To L. Fop.*] Brother, tho' I know to talk to you of business (especially of Money) is a Theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the Ladies: My Necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

L. Fop. The greatness of your Necessities *Tarn*, is the worst argument in the World for your being patiently heard. I 90 do believe you are going to make me a very good Speech, but, strike me Dumb, it has the worst beginning of any Speech I have heard this Twelve-month.

Y. Fas. I'm very sorry you think so.

L. Fop. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy Affair quickly, far 'tis a new Play, and I shall be so rumpled and squeez'd with pressing through the Crowd, to get to my Servant, the Women 100 will think I have lain all Night in my Cloaths.

Y. Fas. Why then (that I may not be the Author of so great a Misfortune) my Case in a Word is this. The necessary Expences of my Travels have so much exceeded the wretched Income of my Annuity, that I have been forc'd to Mortgage it for Five Hundred Pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist no me in redeeming it, I know no Remedy, but to go take^o a Purse.

L. Fop. Why, Faith *Tarn*—to give you my sence of the thing, I do think taking a Purse the best Remedy in the World; for if you succeed, you are reliev'd that way; if you are taken—you are reliev'd t'other.

Y. Fas. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a Humour, I hope I shall find 10 the effects on't.

L. Fop. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I shou'd give you Five Hundred Pounds?

Y. Fas. I do not ask it as a due, Brother, I am willing to receive it as a Favour.

L. Fop. Thou art willing to receive it anyhow, strike me speechless. But these are damn'd times to give Money in, Taxes are so great, Repairs so exorbitant, Tenants 130 such Rogues, and Periwigs so dear, that the Devil take me I am reduc'd to that extremity in my Cash, I have been forc'd^o

*go take] take Plays.
forc'd] forc'd Plays.*

to retrench in that one Article of sweet Powder, till I have brought it down to Five Guineas a Manth. Naw judge, *Tarn*, whether I can spare you Five Hundred Pounds.

Y. Fas. If you can't, I must starve, that's all. [*Aside*] Damn him.

L. Fop. All I can say is, you shou'd 140 have been a better Husband.^o

Y. Fas. Oons if you can't live upon Five Thousand a Year, how do you think I shou'd do't upon Two Hundred?

L. Fop. Don't be in a Passion *Tam*, far Passion is the most unbecoming thing in the World—to the Face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you Melancholy; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, 150 that a Running Horse^o does require more Attendance than a Coach-Horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

Y. Fas. Yes, she has made you older. [*Aside.*] Pox take her.

L. Fop. That is nat all, *Tam*.

Y. Fas. Why, what is there else?

L. Fop. Looking first upon himself, then upon his Brother.]—Ask the Ladies.

Y. Fas. Why, thou Essence-Bottle, thou 160 Musk-Cat, dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me, but what Fortune has given thee.^o

L. Fop. I do—stap my Vitals.

Y. Fas. Now, by all that's Great and Powerful, thou art the Prince of Cox-combs.

L. Fop. Sir,—I am praud of being at the Head of so prevailing 'a Party.

Y. Fas. Will nothing then provoke 170 thee?—Draw Coward.

L. Fop. Look you, *Tam*, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull Fellow, and here is one of the foolishhest Plats broke out, that I. have seen a long time. Your Paverty makes your Life so burthensome to you, you wou'd provoke me to a Quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my Lungs into my Estate, or to get your self run through the Guts, to put an end 180 to your Pain: But I will disappoint you in both your Designs; far with the Temper

Husband] manager; a 'good htisband' is a provident, economical person.

*Running Horse] race horse.
thee.] thief Q 2, Plays.*

of a Philasapher, and the Discretion of a Statesman,—1 will go to the Play with my Sword in my Scabbard.

[Exit. L. Fop.]

Y. Fas. Soh, Farcwel Snuff-Box. And now, Conscience, I defie thee. Lory,

Enter Lory.

Lory. Sir.

Y. Fas. Here's rare News, Lory: His Lordship has given me a Pill has purg'd off 190 all my Scruples.

Lo. Then my Heart's at ease again: For I have been in a lamentable fright, Sir, ever since your Conscience had the Impudence to intrude into your Company.

Y. Fas. Be at peace; it will come there no more: My Brother has given it a wring by the Nose, and I have kick'd it down Stairs. So run away to the Inn; get the Horses ready quickly, and bring 'em 20 to Old Coupler's, without a moment's delay.

Lo. Then, Sir, you are going strait about the Fortune?

Y. Fas. I am; away; Fly, Lory.

Lo. The happiest Day I ever saw. I'm upon the Wing already.

[Exeunt several ways,

SCENE, A Garden.

Enter Loveless and Servant.

Lov. Is my Wife wilhin?

Ser. No, Sir, she has been gone out this half hour.

Lov. 'Tis well; leave me.

Solus.

Sure Fate has yet some business to be done, Before Amanda's heart and mine must rest: Else, why amongst those Legions of her Sex, Which throng the World, Shou'd she pick out for her Companion The only one on Earth, 10 Whom Nature has endow'd for her undoing. Undoing was't, I said?—Who shall undo her?

Is not her Empire fix'd? Am I not hers? Did she not rescue me, a grovling Slave?⁰ When chain'd and bound by that black Tyrant Vice, I labour'd in his vilest Drudgery,⁰

Slave?] Slave, Plays.

Drudgery.] Drudgery? Plays.

Did she not ransom me, and set me free? Nay more:

When by my Follies sunk

To a poor tatter'd despicable Beggar, 20 Did she not lift me up to envied Fortune? Give me her self, and all that she possesseth Without a Thought of more return, Than what a poor repenting heart might make her.

Han't she done this? And if she has,

Am I not strongly bound to love her for it? To Love her!—Why, do 1 not love her then?

By Earth and Heaven I do.

Nay, I have demonstration that I do:

For I wou'd sacrifice my Life to serve her. 30

Yet hold:—If laying down my Life

Be demonstration of my Love,

What is't I feel in favour of Berlnthlal

For shou'd she be in danger, methinks I cou'd incline

To risque it for her Service too; and yet I do not love her.

How then subsists my Proof?—

—O, I have found it out.

What I wou'd do for one, is demonstration of my Love;

And if I'd do as much for t'other: If there⁰ is Demonstration of my Friendship—40 Ay—it must be so. I find I'm very much her Friend.

—Yet let me ask my self one puzzling Question more.

Whence springs this mighty Friendship all at once?

For our Acquaintance is of later Date.

Now Friendship's said to bo a Plant of tedious growth; its Root compos'd of tender Fibers, nice in their Taste, cautious in spreading, check'd with the least Corrup- 50 tion in the Soil; long e'er it take, and longer still e'er it appear to do so: Whilst mine is in a moment shot so high, and fix'd so fast, it seems beyond the Power of Storms to shake it. I doubt it thrives too fast. [Musing.]

Enter Berinthia.

—Ha, she here!—Nay, then take heed my heart, for there are dangers towards.

Bcr. What makes you look so thoughtful Sir? I hope you are not ill? 60

[f there] it there Plays, Hunt, Ward, Dobree.

Lov. I was debating, Madam, whether I was so or not; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a Matter to decide? I thought all people had been acquainted with their own Bodies, though few People know their own minds.

Lov. What, if the Distemper, I suspect, be in the Mind?

Ber. Why, then I'll undertake to pre- scribe you a Cure.

Lov. Alas, you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least then allow me to be a Physician.

Lov. Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther: For I have reason to believe, shoifd I put my self into your hands, you wou'd increase my Distemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have Reasons '80 from the Colledge not to be too quick in your Cure; but 'tis possible I might find ways to give you often ease, Sir.

Lov. Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my Case before you.

Ber. Whither⁰ you are sure of it or no, what risque do you run in trying?

Lov. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Lov. You might betray my Distemper 90 to my Wife.

Ber. And so lose all my Practice.

Lov. Will you then keep my Secret?

Ber. I will, if it don't burst me.

Lov. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Lov. By what?

Ber. By Woman.

Lov. That's swearing by my Deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you. 100

Ber. By Man, then.

Lov. I'm satisfy'd. Now hear my Symptoms, and give me your Advice. The first were these:

When 'twas my Chance to see you at the Play,
A randome Glance you threw, at first alarm'd me,
I cou'd not turn my eyes from whence the danger came:

I gaz'd upon you, 'till you shot again,
And then my Fears came on me.

Whither] a spelling variant of *Whether*, which Plays adopts.

My heart began to pant, my limbs to tremble, 110

My Blood grew thin; my Pulse beat quick,
My Eyes grew hot and dim, and all the frame of Nature

Shook with Apprehension.

'Tis true, some small Recruits of Resolution,
My Manhood brought to my Assistance,
And by their help I made a stand a while,
But found at last your Arrows flew so thick,
They cou'd not fail to pierce me;

So left the Field,

And fled for Shelter to *Amanda's Arms*. 120
What think you of these Symptoms, pray.

Ber. Feverish every one of 'em.

But what relief pray did your Wife afford you?

Lov. Why, instantly she let me blood; which for the present much asswag'd my Flame. But when I saw you, out it burst again, and rag'd with greater fury than before. Nay, since you now appear, 'tis so encreas'd, that in a moment if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to Ashes. [*Taking hold of her hand.*

Ber. *breaking from him.*] O Lard, let me go: 'Tis the Plague, and we shall all be infected.

Lov. *catching her in his Arms and kissing her.*] Then we'll dye together, my Charming Angel.

Ber. O Ged—the Devil's in you. Lord, let me go, here's some body coming.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lady's come home, and 140 desires to speak with you: She's in her Chamber.

Lov. Tell her I'm coming. [*Exit Serv. To Ber.*] But before I go, one Glass of Nectar more to Drink her Health.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens.

Lov. *kissing her.*] In matters of Love, a Woman's Oath is no more to be minded than a Man's. 150

Ber. Urn——

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Hal What's here? my old Mistress, and so close, I faith? I wou'd not spoil her sport for the Universe. [*He retires.*

Ber. O Ged^o—Now do I pray to Heaven,
[Exit Loveless running.]
 with all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil
 in Hell may take me, if ever—I was bet-
 ter pleas'd in my Life—This Man has
 bewitch'd me, that's certain. *[Sighing.]* Well,
 I am Condemn'd; but thanks to Heaven MO
 I feel my self each Moment more and more
 prepar'd for my Execution. Nay, to that
 degree, I don't perceive I have the least
 fear of Dying. No, I find, let the—Exe-
 cutioner be but a Man, and there's nothing
 will suffer with more Resolution than a
 Woman. Well, I never had but one In-
 trigue yet: but I confess I long to have
 another. Pray Heaven it end as the first
 did tho', that we may both grow weary 170
 at a time, for 'tis a Melancholy thing for
 Lovers to out-live one another.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. aside.] This Discovery's a lucky
 one, I hope to make a happy use on't.
 That Gentlewoman there is no Fool; so
 I shall be able to make her understand her
 Interest. *[To Ber.]* Your Servant Madam,
 I need not ask you how you do, you have
 got so good a Colour. 180

Ber. No better than I us'd to have I
 suppose?

Wor. A little more Blood in your Cheeks.

Ber. The Weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a Woman may have
 a Colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you Smile then?

Wor. Because the Weather's hot. 190
Ber. You'll never leave Roguing, I see
 that.

Wor. putting his Finger to his Nose.]
 You'll never leave—I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive
 at. Pray tell me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me it's the same thing?^o

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong. 200

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

O Qed—1 The early edd. print this speech as
 if it won't verso.

vie it's . . . thing]] me, it's . . . thing. Plays.
 This brings out the meaning.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will
 tell. But first I must put you in mind, That
 after what has past 'twixt you and I, very
 few things ought to be Secrets between us.

Ber. Why what Secrets do we hide? I
 know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid
 from you, and t'other you wou'd hide 20
 from me. You are fond of *Loveless*, which
 I have discover'd: And I am fond of his
 Wife—

Ber. Which I have discover'd.

Wor. Very well, now I confess your dis-
 covery to be true: What do you say to
 mine?

Ber. Why, I confess—I wou'd swear
 'twere false, if I thought you were Fool
 enough to believe me. 220

Wor. Now am I almost in Love with you
 again. Nay, I don't know but I might be
 quite so, had I made one short Campaign
 with *Amanda*. Therefore if you find 'twou'd
 tickle your Vanity, to bring me down once
 more to your Lure,^o e'en help me quickly
 to dispatch her business, that I may have
 nothing else to do, but to apply my self to
 yours.

Ber. Do you then think, Sir, I am 230
 old enough to be a Bawd?

Wor. No, But I think you are wise
 enough to—

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink *Amanda* with a Gal-
 lant, that she mayn't see who is her Hus-
 band's Mistress.

B. aside.] He has reason: The hint's a
 good one.

Wor. Well, Madam, What think you 240
 on't?

Ber. I think you are so much a deeper
 Politician in these Affairs than I am; that
 I ought to have a very great regard to your
 Advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in
 mind, that the most easie, safe, and pleasant
 Situation for your own Amour, is the House
 in which you now are; provided you keep
Amanda from any sort of Suspicion. That 250
 the way to do that is to engage her in an
 Intrigue of her own, making your self her
 Confident. And the way to bring her to
 Intrigue, is to make her Jealous of her

Lure] an imitation bird used as a device to bring
 down untrained hawks.

Husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the less you'll be suspected. This is my Scheme, in short; which if you follow as you shou'd do (my dear *Berinthia*) we may all four pass the Winter very pleasantly. 260

Ber. Well, I cou'd be glad to have no body's Sins to answer for but my own. But where there is a necessity—

Wor. Right as you say, where there is a necessity, a Christian is bound to help his Neighbour. So good *Berinthia*, lose no time, but let us begin the Dance as fast as we can.

Ber. Not till the Fiddles are in Tune, pray Sir. Your Ladies strings will be very apt 270 to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too hastily. But if you'll have patience to screw 'em to their⁰ pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be play'd upon.

Wor. Ay, and will make admirable Music too, or I'm mistaken; but have you had no private Closet Discourse with her yet about Males and Females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her Con- 280 stitution; for I know her Morals are the Devil against us.

Ber. I have had so much Discourse with her, that I believe were she once cur'd of her Fondness to her Husband, the Fortress of her Vertue wou'd not be so impregnable as she Fancies.

Wor. What? She runs I'll warrant you into that common mistake of Fond Wives, who conclude themselves Vertuous, be- 290 cause they can refuse a Man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think 'tis a presumptuous thing in a Woman, to assume the Name of Vertuous;⁰ till she has heartily hated her Husband, and been soundly in Love with somebody else. Whom, if she has withstood—then—much good may it do her.

Wor. Well, so much for her Vertue. 300 Now, one word of her Inclinations, and every one to their Post. What Opinion do you find she has of me?

Ber. What you cou'd with; she thinks you handsome and discreet.

their] the Q 2; a Plays.

Vertuous;! *Vertuous*, Q 2; *Virtuous* Plays.

Wor. Good, that's thinking half Seas over. One Tide more brings us into Port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, tho' still remember, there's a difficult Bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't ques- 310 tion I shall get well over it, by the help of such a Pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your Pilot, she'll do the best she can; so weigh Anchor and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I'm under Sail already. Adieu.

[Exit *W.*

Ber. Bon Voyage.

Sola.

So, here's fine Work. What a business have I undertaken,⁰ I'm a very pretty Gentlewoman truly; but there was no avoid- 320 ing it: He'd have ruin'd me if I had refus'd him. Besides, Faith, I begin to fancy there may be as much pleasure in carrying on another Bodies Intrigue, as ones own. This at least is certain, It exercises almost all the entertaining Faculties of a Woman. For there's employment for Hypocrisie, Invention, Deceit, Flattery, Mischief, and Lying.

Enter Amanda, her Woman following her.

Worn. If you please, Madam, only to say, whither⁰ you'll have me buy 'em or not? 330

Aman. Yes, no, go fiddle; I care not what you do: Prithee leave me.

Worn. I have done. [Exit. *Worn.*

Ber. What in the Name of JOVC'S the matter with you?

Aman. The matter *Berinthia*, I'm almost Mad, I'm plagu'd to Death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think shou'd plague a Wife, but her Husband? 310

Ber. O ho, is it come to that? We shall have you with your self a Widow by and by.

Aman. Wou'd I were any thing but what I am; a base ungrateful Man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus?

Ber. What, he has been Ogling now I'll warrant you?

Aman. Yes, he has been Ogling.

Ber. And so you are Jealous? Is that 350 all?

undertaken;} *undertaken* Q 2, Plays.

whither] *whether* Plays. Cf. p. 374 *supra*.

Aman. That all! Is Jealousie then nothing?

Ber. It shou'd be nothing, if I were in your Case.

Aman. Why, what wou'd you do?

Ber. I'd cure my self.

Aman. How?

Ber. Let Blood in the Fond Vein: Care as little for my Husband, as he did for me. 360
Aman. That wou'd not stop his course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the Wind's in the warm Corner. Look you, *Amanda*, you may build Castles in the Air, and Fume, and Fret, and grow Thin and Lean, and Pale and Ugly, if you please. But I tell you, no Man worth having, is true to his Wife, or can be true to his Wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he's 30 false to me? for I did but suspect him.

Ber. Think so? I know he's so.

Aman. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know?

Ber. Don't press me then to name Names; for that I have sworn I won't do.

Aman. Well I won't; but let me know all you can without Perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wise Woman's dying of the Pip; and 380 I hope you'll pluck up your Spirits, and shew upon occasion, you can be as good a Wife as the best of 'em.

Aman. Well, what a Woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. O, a Woman can do a great deal, if once she sets her mind to it. Therefore pray don't stand trifling any longer, and teasing your self with this and that, and your Love and your Vertue, and I know 390 not what. But resolve to hold up your Head, get a Tiptoe, and look over 'em all; for to my certain knowledge your Husband is a Pickering^o elsewhere.

Aman. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively; he fell in Love at the Play.

Aman. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but 400 she's no such an^o ugly thing neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Pickering] pickeering, plundering, and, by extension, dallying amorously.
such an] *such Plays*.

Ber. Truly I think so.

Aman. Hey ho.

Ber. What do you Sigh for now?

Aman. Oh my Heart!

B. aside.] Only the pangs of Nature; she's in Labour of her Love, Heaven send her a quick Delivery, I'm sure she has a good Midwife. 410

Aman. I'm very ill, I must go to my Chamber. Dear *Berinthia*, don't leave me a moment.

Ber. No. don't fear. [*Aside.*] I'll see you safe brought to Bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt Amanda leaning upon Berinthia.*]

SCENE, A Country House.

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

Y. Fas. So, here's our Inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into Possession. But methinks the Seat of our Family looks like *Noah's Ark*, as if the chief part on't were dcsign'd for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field.

Lo. Pray, Sir, don't let your Head run upon the Orders of Building here; get but the Heiress, let the Devil take the House.

Y. Fas. Get but the House, let the 10 Devil take the Heiress, I say, at least if she be as old *Coupler* describes her. But come we have no time to squander. Knock at the Door.

[*Lory knocks two or three times.* What the Devil have they got no Ears in this House: Knock harder.

Lo. I gad, Sir, this will prove some In-chanted Castle; we shall have the Gyant come out by and by with his Club, and beat our Brains out. 20

[*Knocks again.*]

Y. Fas. Hush; they come.

From within.] Who is there?

Lo. Open the Door and see: Is that your Country breeding?

Within.] Ay, but two words to a Bargain: *Tummas*, is the Blunderbus prim'd?

Y. Fas. Oons give 'em good words, *Lory*, we shall be shot here a Fortune catching.

Lo. I gad, Sir, I think y'are in the right on't. Ho, Mr. What d'y'e call 'um. 30

Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbus.] *Weall*, *Naw* what's yare business?

Y. Fas. Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir *Tunhelly*, with' your leave.

Ser. To wait upon Sir *Tunhelly*? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir *Tunhelly* pleases.

Y. Fas. But will you do me the favour, Sir, to know whether^o Sir *Tunhelly* pleases '40 or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy weas, and ask Sir *Tunhelly* if he pleases to be waited upon. And do'st hear. Call to Nurse, that she may lock up Miss *Hoyden* before the Geats open.

Y. Fas. D'y'e hear that *Lory*?

Lo. Ay, Sir, I'm afraid we shall find a difficult Job on't. Pray Heaven that Old 50 Rogue *Coupler* han't sent us to fetch Milk < out of the Gunroom.^o

Y. Fas. I'll warrant thee all will go well: See, the Door opens.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, with his Servants Arm'd,^o with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Sythes, &c.

Lo. running behind his Master.] O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, We are both dead Men.

Y. Fas. Take heed, Fool, thy Fear will ruine us.

Lo. My Fear, Sir 'Sdeath, Sir, I fear 60 nothing. [*Aside.*] Wou'd I were well up to the Chin in a Horse-Pond.

Sir Tun. Who is it here has any business with me?

Y. Fas. Sir, 'tis I, if your Name be Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey*.

Sir Tun. Sir, my Name is Sir *Tunbelly Clumsey*, whither you have any business with me or not. So you see I am not asham'd of my Name;—nor my Face 70 neither.

Y. Fas. Sir, you have no Cause, that I know of.

Sir Tun. Sir, if you have no cause neither, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your Name, I shall not ask you to come into my House; and when I know your Name;—'tis six to four I don't ask you neither.

Y. Fas. giving him a Letter.] Sir, I 80 hope you'll find this Letter an Authentick Passport.

Sir Tun. God's my Life, I ask your Lordship's Pardon ten Thousand times. [*To his Servants*^o] Here, run in a-doors quickly: Get a Scotch Coal Fire in the great Parlour; set all the Turkey-work Chairs in their places; get the great Brass Candlesticks out, and be sure stick the Sockets full of Laurel, run.^o [*Turning* '90 to *Y. Fas.*] My Lord, I ask your Lordship's pardon. [*To other Servants.*] And do you hear, run away to Nurse, bid her let Miss *Hoyden* loose again, and if it was not shifting-day,^o let her put on a clean Tucker quick.

[*Exeunt Servants confusedly.* To *Y. Fas.*] I hope your Honour will excuse the disorder of my Family, we are not us'd to receive Men of your Lordship's great Quality every day; pray where are 100 your Coaches, and Servants, my Lord?

Y. Fas. Sir, that I might give you and your fair Daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a kin to you, I left my Equipage to follow me, and came away Post, with only one Servant.

Sir Tun. Your Lordship does me too much honour, it was exposing your Person to too much Fatigue and Danger, I protest it was, but my Daughter shall en- 110 deavour to make you what amends she can; and tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it—*Hoyden* has Charms.

Y. Fas. Sir, I am not a stranger to them, tho' I am to her,^o Common Fame has done her Justice.

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am Common Fame's very grateful humble Servant. My Lord—my Girl's young, *Hoyden* is young, my Lord; but this I must say for her, what 120 she wants in Art, she has by Nature; what she wants in Experience, she has in Breeding; and what's wanting in her Age, is made good in her Constitution. So pray, my Lord, walk in; pray my Lord, walk in.

Y. Fas. Sir, I wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*

whether] whet he Q 1.

fetch . . . Gunroom] N.E.D. cites as a proverb, but gives no parallel.

Servants Arm'd,] Servants, Arm'd Q 2.

Servants] Servant Plays.

Laurel, run] Q 2, Plays; Laurel run Q 1.

shifting/day] day for changing linen.

her,] her. Q 2, Plays.

*Miss Hoyden Sola.*⁰

Sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well enough what other Girls do, for all they think to make a Fool of me; It's well I have a Husband a coming, or I 130 cod I'de Marry the Baker, I wou'd so. No body can knock at the gate, but presently I must be lockt up, and here's the young Greyhound Bitch can run loose about the house all day long she can, 'tis very well.

Nurse without, opening the Door.

Miss Hoyden, Miss, Miss, Miss; Miss Hoyden,

Enter Nurse.

Miss. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha? What do you din a Bodies Ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you? 140

Nurse. What do I din your Ears for? here's one come will din your Ears for you.

Miss. What care I who's come; I care not a Fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be lock'd up like the Ale-Cellar.

Nurse. That, Miss, is for fear you shou'd be drank, before you are Ripe.

Miss. O don't you trouble your head about that, I'm as Ripe as you, tho' not so f0 Mellow.

Nurse. Very well; now have I a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my Lord to Night.

Miss. My Lord? Why is my Husband come?

Nurse. Yes marry is he, and a goodly Person too.

Miss hugging Nurse.] O my dear *Nurse*, forgive me this once, and I'll never mis- 160 use you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the Back, and a great pinch by the Cheek.

Nurse. Ah the poor thing, see how it melts, it's as full of good Nature, as an Egg's full of Meat.

Miss. But, my dear *Nurse*, don't lie now, is he come by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Mm. O Lord! I'll go put on my Lac'd 10 Smock, tho' I'm whipt 'till the blood run down my heels for't. *[Exit running.]*

Miss Hoyden Sola.] Hunt and Ward read: SCENE IV.—A Room in the same.

Nurse. Eh—the Lord succour thee, how thou art delighted. *[Exit after her.]*

Enter Sir⁰ Tunbely, and Young Fashion. A Servant with Wine.

Sir Tun. My Lord, I am proud of the honour to see your Lordship within my Doors; and I humbly crave leave to bid you wellcome, in a Cup of Sack Wine.

Y. Fas. Sir, to your Daughters health.

[Drinks.]

Sir Tun. Ah poor Girl, she'll be scar'd 180 out of her wits on her Wedding Night; for, honestly speaking, she does not know a Man from a Woman, but by his Beard, and his Britches.

Y. Fas. Sir, I don't doubt but she has a Virtuous Education, which with the rest of her Merit, makes me long to see her mine. I wish you wou'd dispence with the Canonical hour, and let it be this very Night. 190

Sir Tun. O not so soon neither, that's shooting my Girl before you bid her stand. No, give her fair warning, we'll Sign and Seal to Night, if you please; and this Day sevensnight—let the Jade look to her Quarters.

Y. Fas. This Day sennight?—Why, what do you take me for a Ghost, Sir?° 'Slife, Sir, I'm made of Flesh and Blood, and Bones and Sinews, and can no more 200 live a week without your Daughter—Than I can live a Month with her. *[Aside.]*

Sir Tun. Oh, I'll warrant you my Hero, young Men are hot I know, but they don't boyl over at that rate, neither, besides, my Wenches⁰ Wedding Gown is not come home yet.

Y. Fas. O, no matter Sir, I'll take her in her shift. *[Aside.]* 1 A Pox of this Old Fellow, he'll delay the business 'till my 210 damn'd star finds me out, and discovers me. *[To Sir Tun.]* Pray, Sir, let it be done without Ceremony, 'twill save Money.

Sir Tun. Money?—Save Money when *Hoyden's* to be Married? Udswoons I'll give my Wench a Wedding Dinner, tho' I go to

Enter Sir ...] Hunt and Ward read: SCENE V.—Another Room in the same.

Why ... Qhost, Sir? Qq 1, 2, Plays; why, what do you take me for a ghost, sir? Ward. May not the sense be as follows?—Why, what do you take me for,—a ghost, sir?

Wenches] Wenches' Plays.

grass with the King of Assyria for't; and such a Dinner it shall be, as is not to be Cook'd in the Poaching of an Egg. Therefore, my Noble Lord, have a little Patience, we'll go and look over our Deeds and Settlements immediately; and as for your Bride, tho' you may be sharp set before she's quite ready, I'll engage for my Girl, she stays your stomach at last.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Miss Hoyden, and Nurse.

Nurse. Well Miss, how do you like your Husband that is to be?

Miss. O Lord, *Nurse*, I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce contain my self.

Nurse. O but you must have a care of being too fond, for Men now a days, hate a Woman that loves 'em.

Miss. Love him? why do you think I love him, *Nurse*? I Cod I wou'd not care if he were hang'd, so I were but once Married to him—No—that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to London; for when I am a Wife and a Lady both *Nurse*, I Cod I'll flant it with the best of 'em.

Nurse. Look, look, if his Honour be not coming again to you; now if I were sure you would behave your self handsomly, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together. so

Miss. That's my best *Nurse*, do as you wou'd be done by; trust us together this once, and if I don't shew my Breeding from the head to the foot of me, may I be twice Married, and die a Maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you, but if you disparage^o me—

Miss. Never fear, I'll shew him my parts I'll warrant him. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Sola. These Old Women are so wise when they get a poor Girl in their Clutches, but e'er it be long, I shall know what's what, as well as the best of 'em.

Enter Young Fashion.

Y. Fas. Your Servant, Madam, I'm glad [*disparage*] in the less usual sense of *bring discredit upon*.

to find you alone, for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss. Sir, (my Lord, I meant,) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a Civil Answer.

Y. Fas. You give me so obliging a one, 40 it encourages me to tell you in a few words, what I think both for your interest, and mine. Your Father, I suppose you know, has resolv'd to make me happy in being your Husband, and I hope I may depend upon your Consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss. Sir, I never disobey my Father in anything, but eating of green Goosberries.

Y. Fas. So good a Daughter must needs make^o an admirable Wife, I am therefore 50 impatient 'till you are mine; and hope you will so far consider the violence of my Love, that you won't have the Cruelty to defferr my Happiness, so long as your Father designs it.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how long is that?

Y. Fas. Madam, a thousand year—a whole week.

Miss. A week—why I shall be an old Woman by that time. 60

Y. Fas. And I an old Man, which you'll find a greater misfortune than t'other.

Miss. Why I thought 'twas^o to be to morrow morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure *Nurse* told me so.

Y. Fas. And it shall be to morrow morning still, if you'll consent?

Miss. If I'll consent? why I thought I was to obey you as my Husband?

Y. Fas. That's when we are Married, 70 'till then, I am to obey you.

Miss. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing, I'll obey you now, and when we are Married, you shall obey me.

Y. Fas. With all my heart, but I doubt we must get *Nurse* on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miss. No more we shan't indeed, for he Loves her better than he loves his Pulpit, 80 and wou'd always be a Preaching to her by his good will.

Y. Fas. Why then my dear little Bed-fellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

make] be Plays.
'twas] it was Plays.

Miss. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing.

Y. Fas. How's that?

Miss. Why tell her she's a wholsom Comely Woman—and give her half 90 a Crown.

Y. Fas. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss. O Gemmini, for half that, she'd Marry you her self; I'll run and call her.

[Exit Miss.]

Young Fashion Solus.

So, Matters go swimmingly, this is a rare Girl, I faith, I shall have a fine time on't with her at *London*; I'm much mistaken, if she don't prove a *March Hare* all the year round; what a scampring Chase will 100 she make on't,^o when she finds the whole Kennel of Beaux at her tail; hey to the Park, and the Play, and the Church, and the Devil; she'll shew 'em sport I'll warrant 'em. But no matter, she brings an Estate will afford me a separate maintenance.

Enter Miss, and Nurse.

Y. Fas. How do you do, good Mistress Nurse; I desir'd your young Lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary Care 110 and Conduct in her Education; pray accept of this small Acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my farther kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her Husband.

Nurse aside.] Gold by makings,^o your Honour's goodness is too great; alas, all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good Milk, and so your Honour wou'd have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suckt 120 it——Eh God's Blessing on the sweet face on't, how it us'd to hang at this poor Tett, and suck and squeeze, and kick and sprawl it wou'd, 'till the Belly on't was so full, it wou'd drop off like a Leech.

[Miss to Nurse, taking her angrily aside.]

Pray one word with you; prithee Nurse don't stand ripping up Old Stories, to make one asham'd before one's Love; do you think such a fine proper Gentleman as he,

on't] of it Plays.
by makings,] by mackings! Plays. A meaningless interjection, derived from *mack*, by *mark*, hence by *mackins*.

cares for a fiddlecome^o Tale of a draggle- 130 tail'd Girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good Opinion of a Woman; don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [To Y. Fas.] I hope your Honour will excuse my mismanners to whisper before you, it was only to give some Orders about the Family.

Y. Fas. O every thing, Madam, is to give way to Business; besides, good House- 140 wifry is a very commendable Quality in a young Lady.

Miss. Pray Sir, are the young Ladies good House'-wives at *London Town*, do they darn their own Linnen?

Y. Fas. O no, they study how to spend Money, not to save it.

Miss. I Cod I don't know but that may be better sport than t'other, ha, Nurse.

Y. Fas. Well, you shall have your 150 Choice when you come there.

Miss. Shall I?——then by my troth I'll get there as fast as I can. [To Nurse.] His Honour desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be Married to Morrow.

Nurse. To Morrow, my dear Madam?

Y. Fas. Yes, to Morrow sweet Nurse; privately; young Folks you know are impatient, and Sir *Tunbelly* wou'd make us stay a Week for a Wedding-Dinner, 160 Now all things being Sign'd, and Seal'd, and Agreed, I fancy there cou'd be no great harm in practising a Scene or two of Matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better assurance when we come to play it in publick.

Nurse. Nay, I must confess stoln pleasures are sweet, but if you shou'd be Married now, what will you do when Sir *Tunbelly* calls for you to be Wedd?^o 170

Miss. Why then we'll^o be Married again.

Nurse. What, twice my Child?

Miss. I Cod I don't care how often I'm Married, not I.

Y. Fas. Pray Nurse don't you be against your young Lady's good, for by this means she'll have the pleasure of two Wedding-Days. [Miss to Nurse softly.] And of two Wedding-Nights too, Nurse.

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender hearted 180

fiddlecome] silly, empty.

Wedd] wedded Plays.

we'll] we will Plays.

Fool, I find I can refuse nothing; so you shall e'en follow your own Inventions.

Miss. Shall I? [*Aside.*] O Lord, I cou'd leap over the Moon.

Y. Fas. Dear Nurse, this goodness of yours shan't go unrewarded; but now you must employ your power with Mr. Bull the Chaplain, that he may do us his Friendly Office too, and then we shall all be happy; do you think you can prevail 190 with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him?—or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miss. My Lord, she has had him upon the hip this seven year.

Y. Fas. I'm glad to hear it; however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat Livings in my Gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal. 200

Nurse. Nay, then I'll make him Marry more Folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss. Faith do Nurse, make him Marry you too, I'm sure he'll do't for a fat Living, for he loves Eating, more than he loves his Bible; and I have often heard him say, a fat Living was the best Meat in the World.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the Sauce too, or I'll bring his Gown to 210 a Cassock, I will so.

Y. Fas. Well Nurse, whilst you go and settle Matters with him, then your Lady and I will go take⁰ a walk in the Garden,

Nurse. I'll do your Honour's business in the catching up of a Garter. [*Exit Nurse.*

Y. Fas. Giving her his hand.] Come Madam, dare you venture your self alone with me?

Miss. O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think 220 you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amanda,⁰ and Berinthia.

A SONG.

I.

/ Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The Charming Cynthia cry'd;

take] and take Plays.

Enter Amanda . . .] Hunt and Ward read: SCENE II.—Loveless's Lodgings.

Take heed, for Love has Piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain Reply'd.

Once free and blest as you are now,
I triff'd with his Charms,

I pointed at his Little Bow,
And sported with his Arms: 230
'Till urg'd too far, Revenge he cries,
A Fatal Shaft he drew,
It took its passage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

IL

To tear it thence, I try'd in vain,

To strive, I quickly found,
Was only to encrease the Pain,
And to enlarge the Wound.

Ah! much too well I fear you know
What pain I'm to endure, 240
Since what your Eyes alone could do,
Your Heart alone can Cure.

And that (grant Heaven I may mistake)
I doubt is doom'd to bear
A Burthen⁰ for another's sake,
Who ill Rewards its Care.

Am. Well, now Berinthia I'm at leisure to hear what 'twas you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to Eccho the sighs and groans of a dying 250 Lover.

Am. Phu, will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part, I only tell you matter of fact, you may take it which way you like best, but if you'll follow the Women of the Town, you'll take it both ways; for when a Man offers himself to one of them, first she takes him in jest, 260 and then she takes him in earnest.

Am. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me, I scarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it, for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for more Reasons than I'll brag⁰ of; but quar- 270

Burthen} Burden Plays.

more Reasons than I'll brag] some Reasons that I'll brag Plays; some reasons that I'll not brag Mermaid.

rel or not, smile or frown, I must tell you what I have suffer'd upon your account.

Am.° Upon my account?

Ber. Yes, upon yours; I have been forc'd to sit still and hear you commended for two hours together, without one Compliment to my self; now don't you think a Woman had a blessed time of that?

Am. Alas! I shou'd have been unconcern'd at it, I never knew where the 280 pleasure lay of being prais'd by the Men; but pray who was this that commended me so?

Ber. One you have a mortal aversion to, Mr. *Worthy*, he us'd you like a Text, he took you all to pieces, but spoke so Learnedly upon every Point, one might see the Spirit of the Church was in him; if you are a Woman, you'd have been in an Exstasie to have hear'd how feelingly he 20 handled your Hair, your Eyes, your Nose, your Mouth, your Teeth, your Tongue, your Chin, your Neck, and so forth. Thus he Preach'd for an hour, but when he came to use an Application, he observ'd that all these without a Gallant were nothing—Now consider of what has been said, and Heaven give you grace to put it in practice.

Am. Alas! *Berinthia*, did I incline .to 300 a Gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a Man so nice as he, cou'd have the least concern for such a plain unpolisht thing as I am? It is impossible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

Am. Indeed that was not my design.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one, for I won't do't, I'll leave that to your Looking-glass. But to shew you I have some good 310 Nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

Am. You have a great mind to perswade me I am in Love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to perswade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Am. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor never shall be, so let that pass; but you were saying something you 30 would commend him for.

Ber. O you'd be glad to hear a good Character of him however.

Am. *Ber.* Q 1.

Am. Psha.

Ber. Psha,—Well 'tis a foolish undertaking for Women in these kind of Matters, to pretend to deceive one another—have not I been bred a Woman as well as you?

Am. What then? 230

Ber. Why then I understand my Trade so well, that when ever I am told of a Man I like, I cry psha; but that I may spare you the pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him; that though 'tis possible he may have had Women with as good faces as your Ladyship's (no discredit to it neither) yet you must know your cautious Behaviour, 340 with that reserve in your Humour, has given him his Death's wound; he mortally hates a Coquett, he says 'tis impossible to Love where we cannot esteem; and that no Woman can be esteem'd by a Man who has sense, if she makes her self cheap in the eye of a Fool. That Pride to a Woman, is as necessary as Humility to a Divine; and that far fetch'd, and dear bought, is meat for Gentlemen, as well 350 as for Ladies—in short, that every Woman who has Beauty, may set a price upon her self, and that by under-selling the Market, they ruine the Trade. This is his Doctrine, how do you like it?

Am. So well, that since I never intend to have a Gallant for my self, if I were to recommend one to a Friend, he shou'd be the Man.

Enter Worthy.

Bless me! he's here, pray Heaven he 360 did not hear me.

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your Reputation; your thoughts are as safe in his Heart, as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unseasonable time of Night, Ladys; I hope if I'm troublesom, you'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Am. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. *Loveless*^o is not come home yet, and he 30 usually keeps good hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to Night, for he told me about half an hour ago, he was going to Sup

with some Company, he doubted would keep him out 'till three or four a Clock in the morning, and desir'd I. wou'd let my Servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him; but my Fellow's a Blunder-head, so lest he shou'd 380 make some mistake, I thought it my duty to deliver the message my self.

Am. I'm very sorry he shou'd give you that trouble, Sir, But—

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, Madam, to keep him to play at Ombre with us?

Am. Cousin, you know you command my House.

Wor. to Ber.] And, Madam, you know 30 you command me, tho' I'm a very wretched Gamester.

Ber. 0 you play well enough to lose your Money, and that's all the Lady's require, so without any more Ceremony, let us go into the next Room, and call for the Cards.

Am. With all my heart.

[Exit Wor. leading Am.

Ber. sola.] Well, how this Business will end, Heaven knows; but she seems to 400 me to be in as fair a way—as a Boy is to be a Rogue, when he's put Clerk to an Attorney.

[Exit Berinthia.

SCENE Berinthia's Chamber.

Enter Loveless⁰ cautiously in the dark.

Lov. So, thus far all's well, I'm got into her Bed-Chamber, and I think no body has perceiv'd mo steal into the House; my Wife don't expect me home 'till four a Clock, so if Berinthia comes to Bed by Eleven, I shall have a Chase of five hours; let me see, where shall I hide my self? under her Bed? No; we shall have her Maid searching there for something or other, her Closet's a better place, and 10 I have a Master Key will open it, I'll e'en in there, and attack her just when she comes to her Prayers, that's the most likely to prove her Critical Minute, for then the Devil will be there to assist me.

[He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the door after him.

Loveless] Lovelace Qq 1, 2, Plays.

Enter Berinthia with a Candle in her Hand.

Ber. Well, sure I am the best Natur'd Woman in the World, I that love Cards so well (there is but one thing upon Earth I love better,) have pretended Letters to write, to give my Friends—a Tate a 20 Tate; however, I'm innocent, for Picquet is the Game I set 'em to; at her own peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now what shall I do with my self, I don't know how in the world to pass my time, wou'd Loveless⁰ were here to badiner a little; well, he's a Charming "Fellow, I don't wonder his Wife's so fond of him; what if I shou'd sit down and think of him 'till I fall 30 asleep, and dream of the Lord knows what; 0 but then if I shou'd dream we were Married, I shou'd be frighten'd⁰ out of my Wits.

[Seeing a Book.

What's this Book? I think I had best go Read. 0 Splenatique! it's a Sermon; well, I'll go into my Closet, and Read the Plotting-Sisters.⁰

[She opens the Closet, sees Loveless,⁰ and shrieks out.

O Lord, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost. 40

Enter Loveless⁰ running to her.

Lov. Peace, my Dear, it's no Ghost, take it in your Arms, you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of 'em.

Ber. Run in again, here's some body coming.

Enter her^o Maid.

Maid. Lord, Madam, what's the matter?

Ber. O Heav'ns! I'm almost frighten'd out of my wits, I thought verily I had seen a Ghost, and 'twas nothing but the white Curtain, with a black Hood pinn'd 50 up against it; you may be gone again, I am the fearful'st Fool. Exit

Loveless] Lovelace Qq 1, 2, Plays.

frighten'd] frighten'd Plays.

Plotting-Sisters] A Fond Husband: or, The Plotting Sisters, produced 1677, by Thomas D'Urfey.

Loveless] Lovelace Qq 1, 2, Plays.

Loveless] Lovelace Qq 1, 2, Plays, her] om. Plays.

*Exit Maid, Re-enter Loveless.*⁰

Lov. Is the Coast clear?

Ber. The Coast clear! I suppose you are clear, you'd never play such a trick as this else.

Lov. I'm very well pleas'd with my trick thus far, and shall be so 'till I have play'd it out, if it be'n't your fault; where's my Wife? 60

Ber. At Cards.

Lov. With whom?

Ber. With *Worthy*.

Lov. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. Are you so? some Husbands wou'd be of another mind, if he were at Cards with their Wives.

Lov. And they'd be in the right on't too. But I dare trust mine—Besides, I know he's in Love in another place, and he's 70 not one of those who Court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasie he is at being engag'd with us, but 'twas my malice, I fancy'd he was to meet his Mistress somewhere else, so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

Lov. What says *Amanda*, to my staying abroad so late? 80

Ber. Why she's as much out of humour as he, I believe they wish one another at the Devil.

Lov. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at Play, and soon thrown up the Cards; [*Offering to pull her into the Closet.*] Therefore my Dear Charming Angel, let us make a good⁰ use of our time.

Ber. Heavens, what do you mean?

Lov. Pray what do you think I mean? so

Ber. I don't know.

Lov. I'll shew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Lov. No, that wou'd make you blush worse than t'other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Lov. Faith I can't tell that, but if I do, it shall be in the dark. {*Pulling her.*

Ber. O Heavens! I wou'd not be in 100 the Dark with you for all the World.

Lov. I'll try that.

{*Puts out the Candles.*

Loveless] *Lovelace* Qq 1, 2, Plays.
a good] *good* Plays.

Ber. O Lord! are you mad, what shall I do for Light?

Lov. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a Chair to sit down?

Lov. Come into the Closet, Madam, there's Moon-shine upon the Couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull, for I will not go. 110

Lov. Then you must be carried.

{*Carrying her.*

Ber. Help, help, I'm Ravish'd, ruin'd, undone. O Lord, I shall never be able to bear it. {*Very softly.*

. SCENE *Sir Tunbely's House.*

Enter Miss Hoyden, Nurse, Y. Fashion, and Bull.

Y. Fash. This quick dispatch of yours, Mr. *Bull*, I take so kindly, it shall give you a claim to my Favour as long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss. And to mine too, I promise you.

Bull. I most humbly thank your Honours, and I hope, since it has been my Lott, to join you in the Holy Bands of Wedlock, you will so well Cultivate the Soil, which I have crav'd a Blessing on, That 10 your Children may swarm about you, like Bees about a Honey Comb.

Miss. I Cod with all my Heart, the more the merrier, I say; ha, Nurse?

Enter Lory taking his Master hastily aside.

Lory. One word with" you for Heaven's sake.

Y. Fash. What the Devil's the matter?

Lory. Sir, your Fortune's ruin'd; and I don't think your Life's worth a quarter of an Hours Purchase: Yonder's your 20 Brother arriv'd with two Coaches and six Horses, Twenty Footmen and Pages, a Coat worth Fourscore Pound, and a Perriwig down to his Knees, so judge what will become of your Lady's Heart.

Y. Fash. Death and Furies, 'tis impossible.

Lo. Fiends and Spectres, Sir, 'tis true.

Y. Fash. Is he in the House yet?

Lo. No, they are Capitulating⁰ with 30 him at the Gate; the Porter tells him, he's come to run away with Miss *Hoyden*, and has Cock'd the Blunderbuss at him; your [*Capitulating*] parleying. Cf. p. 271 *supra*.

Brother Swears Gad Damme, they are a parcel of Clawns, and he has⁰ a good mind to break off the Match; but they, have given the Word for Sir *Tunbely*, so I doubt all will come out presently. Pray Sir resolve what you'll do this moment, for I Gad they'l maul you. 40

F. *Fash*. Stay a little, [to Miss.] My Dear, hero's a troublesome business my Man tells me of, but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the Rogue. Here's an Impudent Fellow at the Gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my Name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss. O the Brazen fac'd Varlet, it's well we are Married, or may be we might 50 never a⁰ been so.

F. *Fash*. [Aside.] I Gad, like enough: Prithee, dear Doctor, run to Sir *Tunbely*, and stop him from going to the Gate, before I speak with him.

Bull. I fly, my good Lord——

[Exit. Bull.]

Nurse. An't please your Honour, my Lady and I had best lock our selves up 'till the danger be over.

F. *Fash*. Ay, by all means. 80

Miss. Not so fast, I won't be lock'd up any more. I'm Marry'd.

Y. *Fash*. Yes, pray my Dear do, 'till we have seiz'd this Rascal.

Miss. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.

[Exeunt Miss and Nurse.]

Y. *Fash*. O! here's Sir *Tunbely* coming [to Lo.] Hark you, Sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the Wedding's over.

Lo. The Devil it is, Sir. 70

Y. *Fash*. Not a word, all's safe: But Sir *Tunbely* don't know it, nor must not yet; so I am resolv'd to brazen the Business out, and have the Pleasure of turning the Impostor upon his Lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir *Tunbely*, Chap, and Servants Arm'd.

Y. *Fash*. Did you ever hear, Sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir *Tun*. Never, by the Mass, but we'll tickle him I'll warrant him. 80

F. *Fash*. They tell me, Sir, he has a has] had Plays.

a been] have been Plays.

great many People with him disguis'd like Servants.

Sir *Tun*. Ay, ay, Rogues, enough; but I'll soon raise the *Posse* upon 'em.

F. *Fash*. Sir, If you'll take my advice, we'll go a shorter way to work; I find who ever this Spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter 90 without Suspicion; and as soon as he is within the Gate, we'll whip up the Draw-bridge upon his Back; let fly the Blunderbuss to disperse his Crew,^o and so commit him to Goal.

Sir *Tun*. I Gad, your Lordship is an ingenious Person, and a Very great General; but shall we kill any of 'em or not?

F. *Fash*. No, no, fire over their Heads only to fright 'em, I'll warrant the Regi- 100 ment scours⁰ when the Collonel's a Prisoner.

Sir *Tun*. Then come along my Boys, and let your Courage be great——for your Danger is but small. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, the Gate.

Enter Lord Foppington and Followers.

L. *Fop*. A Pax of these Bumkinly People, will they open the Gate, or do they desire I should grow at their Mote side like a Willow? [to the Porter] Hey, Fellow—— Prithee do me the Favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thy self, to tell me whether thy Master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my Coach and be gone?

Por. Here's my Master himself now at 10 hand; he's of Age, he'll give you his Answer.

Enter Sir *Tunbely*, and Servants.⁰

Sir *Tun*. My most noble Lord, I crave your Pardon, for making your Honour wait so long, but my Orders to my Servants have been to admit no body, without my knowledge; for fear of some attempt⁰ upon my Daughter, the Times being full of Plots and Roguery.

L. *Fop*. Much Caution, I must con- 20

hit Crew] the Crew Plays.
scours] scampers, makes off.
Servants] his Servants Plays.
attempt] Attempts Q 2, Plays.

fess, is a sign of great Wisdom: But stop⁰ my Vitals, I have got a Cold enough to destroy a Porter,—he, hem—

Sir Tun. I am very sorry for't, indeed, my Lord; but if your Lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some Brown Sugar-Candy. My Lord, I'll shew you the way.

L. Fop. Sir, I follow you with Pleasure.

[Exeunt.]

[As Lord Foppington's Servants go to follow him in, they clap the Door against La Verrole.]

Servants within. Nay, hold you me so there, Sir.

La Ver. Jernie die,⁰ qu'esce que veut dire ca?

Sir Tun. within.———*Fire, Porter.*

Porter Fires,———*Have among ye, my Masters.*

La Ver. Ah Je suis mort——

[The Servants all run off.]

Port. Not one Souldier left, by the Mass.

SCENE Changes to the Hall.^o

Enter Sir Tunbelly, the Chaplain and Servants, with Lord Foppington Disarm'd.

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

L. Fop. What the Pax do you mean, Gentlemen, is it Fair time, that you are all drunk before Dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, Sirrah? here's an Impudent Rogue for you; Drunk or Sober, Bully, I'm a Justice of the Peace, and know how to deal with Strolers.

L. Fop. Strolers! 10

Sir Tun. Ay, Strolers; come give an account of your self, what's your Name, where do you live? Do you pay Scott and Lott? Are you a Williamite, or a Jacobite? Come.

L. Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent Questions?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em before I have done with you, you Rascal you. 20

L. Fop. Before Gad, all the Answer I can make thee to 'em, is, that thou art a

very extraordinary **old** Fellow; stop⁰ my Vitals——

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for Joking with Deputy Lieutenants, we'st⁰ know how to deal with you: Here, draw a Warrant for him immediately.

L. Fop. A Warrant——what the Devil is't thou would'st be at, Old Gentleman? a>

Sir Tun. I wou'd be at you, Sirrah, (if my Hands were not ty'd as a Magistrate) and with these two double Fists, beat your Teeth down your Throat, you Dog you.

L. Fop. And why would'st thou spoil my Face at that rate?

Sir Tun. For your design to Rob me of my Daughter, Villain.

L. Fop. Rab thee of thy Daughter 'o——Now do 1^o begin to believe I am a-Bed and a-sleep, and that all this is but a Dream,——If it be, 'twill be an agreeable surprise enough, to waken by and by; and instead of the impertinent Company of a Nasty Country Justice, find my self, perhaps, in the Arms of a Woman of Quality. *[To Sir Tun.]*——Prithee, Old Father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one Question? 50

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, 'till I know what it is.

L. Fop. Why, then it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington to come down and Marry thy Daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes Marry did I; and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall Marry my Daughter before she's a Day older.

L. Fop. Now give me thy Hand, dear Dad, I thought we should understand one 60 another at last.

Sir Tun. This Fellow's mad——here, bind him Hand and Foot.

[They bind him down.]

L. Fop. Nay, prithee, Knight, leave fooling, thy Jeast begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say, he's mad——Bread and Water, a Dark Room and a Whip, may bring him to his Senses again.

L. Fop. *[Aside.]* I Gad, If I don't waken quickly, by all^o I can see, this is like to 70

stop] stap Q 2, Plays.

*Jernie die] Jernie Q 2, Plays,
to the Hall] into a Hall Plays.*

stop] stap Q 2, Plays.

we'st] we Plays.

do I] I do Q 2, Plays.

all] all that Plays.

prove one of the most impertinent Dreams that ever I dreamt in my Life.

Enter Miss and Nurse. [*Miss going up to him.*]

Miss. Is this he that would have run away with me? fough, how he stinks of Sweets: Pray, Father, let him be drag'd through the Horse Pond.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] This must be my Wife by her Natural Inclination to her Husband.

Miss. Pray, Father, what do you intend to do with him, hang him? 80

Sir Tun. That, at least, Child.

Nurse. Ay, and its e'en too good for him too.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] *Madam la Gouvernante*, I presume; hitherto this appears to me, to be one of the most extraordinary Families that ever Man of Quality match'd into.

Sir Tun. What's become of my Lord, Daughter? 90

Miss. He's just coming, Sir.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] My Lord——What does he mean by that, now?

Enter Young Fashion, and Lory.

[*Seeing him.*] Stap my Vitals *Tam*, now the Dreams out.

Y. Fash. Is this the Fellow, Sir, that design'd to trick me of your Daughter?

Sir Tun. This is he, my Lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty Fellow to get a Fortune? 100

Y. Fash. I find by his Dress, he thought your Daughter might be taken with a Beau.

Miss. O gimmeni! Is this a Beau? let me see him again,—ha! I find a Beau's no such an ugly thing neither.

Y. Fash. I gad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to Goal.

[*To L. Fop.*] Sir, tho' your undertaking shews you are a Person of no extraordinary Modesty, I suppose you han't Confidence enough to expect much Favour from me?

L. Fop. Strike me dumb, *Tarn*, thou art a very impudent Fellow.

Nurs. Look if the Varlet has not the Frontery to call his Lordship plain *Thomas*.

To L. Fop. Q 2; *To h. Fash.* Q 1.

Bull. The business is, he would feign himself Mad, to avoid going to Goal. 120

L. F. [*Aside.*] That must be the Chaplain, by his Unfolding of Mysteries.

Sir Tun. Come, is the Warrant writ?

Cler.° Yes, Sir.

Sir Tun. Give me the Pen, I'll sign it——So, now Constable away with him.

L. Fop. Hold one moment.——Pray, Gentlemen; my Lord *Foppington*, shall I beg one Word with your Lordship?

Nurse. O ho, it's my Lord with him 130 now; see how Afflictions will humble Folks.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your Ear off.

L. Fop. I am not altogether so Hungry, as your Ladyship is pleas'd to imagine. [*To Y. Fash.*] Look you, *Tam*, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forget what's past, and accept of the Five Thousand Pounds I offer; thou may'st live in ex- 110 trem Splendour with it; stap my Vitals.

Y. Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a Disease than to Cure it; a quarter of that Sum would have secur'd your Mistress; twice as much won't redeem her.

[*Leaving him.*]

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

Y. Fash. Only the Rascal offer'd me a Bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he shall go with a Pox to him: Lead on, Constable. 150

L. Fop.° One word more, and I have done.

Sir Tun. Before Gad, thou art an impudent Fellow, to trouble the Court at this Rate, after thou art Condemn'd; but speak once for all.

L. Fop. Why then once for all, I have at last luckily call'd to mind, that there is a Gentleman of this Country, who, I believe cannot live far from this place, (if he were here) would satisfie you, I am 160 *Navclly*, Baron of *Foppington*, with Five Thousand Pounds a Year, and that Fellow there, a Rascal not worth a Groat.

Sir Tun. Very well; now who is this honest Gentleman you are so well acquainted with. [*To Y. Fash.*] Come, Sir, we shall hamper him.

L. Fop. 'Tis Sir *John Friendly*.

Sir Tun. So; he lives within half a Mile,

Cler. Clerk. Hunt

L. Fop. Q 2; *L. Fash.* Q 1.

and came down into the Country but 170 last Night; this bold-fac'd Fellow thought he had been at London still, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his Colours: I'll send for Sir John immediately: Here, Fellow, away presently, and desire my Neighbour he'll do me the favour to step over, upon an extraordinary occasion; and in the mean while you had best secure this Sharper in the Gate-House.

Const. An't please your Worship, he 180 may chance to give us the slip thence: If I were worthy to advise, I think the Dog-kennel's a surer place.

Sir Tun. With all my Heart, any where.

L. Fop. Nay, for Heaven's sake, Sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean Room, that I mayn't daub my Cloaths.

Sir Tun. O when you have Married my Daughter, her Estate will afford you new ones: Away with him. 190

L. Fop. A Dirty Country Justice, is a barbarous Magistrate; stap my Vitals.—

[Exit. Constable with Lord Foppington.

Y. Fash. [Aside.] I gad, I must prevent this Knight's coming, or the House will grow soon too hot to hold me. [To Sir Tun.] Sir, I fancy 'tis not worth while to trouble Sir John upon this impertinent Fellow's desire: I'll send and call the Messenger back.— 200

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart; for to be sure he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I met Sir John just lighting at the Gate, he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay, then it happens as one cou'd wish.

Y. Fash. [Aside.] The Devil it does: Lory, you see how things are, here will be a discovery presently, and we shall 210 have our Brains beat out; for my Brother will be sure to Swear he don't know me, therefore run into the Stable, take the two first Horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the Back Door, and we'll away immediately.

Lor. What, and leave your Lady, Sir?

Y. Fash. There's no Danger in that, as long as I have taken Possession, I shall know how to treat with 'em well enough, 220

if once I am out of their Reach: Away, I'll steal after thee.

[Exit Lory, his Master follows him out at one Door, as Sir John enters at t'other.

Enter Sir John.

Sir Tun. Sir John, you are the welcom't Man alive, I had just sent a Messenger to desire you'd step over, upon a very extraordinary occasion——we are all in Arms here.

Sir John. How so?

Sir Tun. Why you must know——a finical sort of a tawdry Fellow here (I don't 230 know who the Devil he is, not I) hearing I suppose, that the Match was concluded between my Lord Foppington, and my Girl Hoyden, comes impudently to the Gate, with a whole pack of Rogues in Liveries, and wou'd have past upon me for his Lordship; but what does I? I comes up to him boldly at the head of his Guards, takes him by the throat, strikes up his heels, binds him hand and foot, dis- 240 patches a Warrant, and Commits him Prisoner to the Dog-kennel.

Sir Jo. So, but how do you know but this was my Lord? for I was told he set out from London the Day before me, with a very fine Retinue, and intended to come directly hither.

Sir Tun. Why now to shew you how many Lyes People raise in that damn'd Town, he came two Nights ago Post, 250 with only one Servant, and is now in the House with me, but you don't know the Cream of the Jest yet; this same Rogue (that lies yonder neck and Heels among the Hounds) thinking you were out of the Country, quotes you for his Acquaintance, and said if you were here, you'd justify him to be Lord Foppington, and I know not what.

Sir Jo. Pray will you let me see him? 260

Sir Tun. Ay, that you shall presently——here, fetch the Prisoner.

[Exit Servant.

Sir Jo. I wish there be'nt some mistake in this^o business, where's my Lord, I know him very well?

Sir Tun. He was here just now; see for this] the Plays.

him, Doctor, tell him Sir *John* is here to wait upon him. *[Exit Chaplain,*

Sir Jo. I hope, Sir *Tunbely*, the young Lady is not Married yet. 270

Sir Tun. No, things won't be ready this week, but why do you say you hope she is not Married?

Sir Jo. Some foolish fancies only, perhaps I'm mistaken.

Re-enter Chaplain.

Bull. Sir, his Lordship is just Rid out to take the air.

Sir Tun. To take the air! is that his London Breeding to go take the air, when Gentlemen come to visit him? 280

Sir Jo. 'Tis possible he might want it, he might not be well, some sudden qualm perhaps.

Enter Constable, &c. with Lord Foppington.

L. Fop. Stap my Vitals, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir John running to him.] My dear Lord *Foppington*.

L. Fop. Dear *Friendly* thou art come in the Critical Minute, strike me dumb.

Sir Jo. Why, I little thought I shou'd 20 have found you in Fetters.

L. Fop. Why truly the World must do me the justice to confess I do use to appear a little more degage; but this Old Gentleman, not liking the freedom of my air, has been pleas'd to Skewer down my Arms like a Rabbit.

Sir Tun. Is it then possible that this shou'd be the true Lord *Foppington* at last? 300

L. Fop. Why what do you see in his face to make you doubt of it? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary Opinion of my Figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many Lords as I have done, you wou'd not think it impossible a Person of a worse Taille than mine, might be a modern Man of Quality.

Sir Tun. Unbind him, Slaves: my Lord, I'm struck dumb, I can only beg pardon 310 by Signs, but if a Sacrifice will appease you, you shafd have it? here, pursue this Tartar, bring him back—Away, I say, a Dog-oons—I'll cut off his Ears, and his Tail, I'll draw out all his Teeth, pull his Skin over his Head—and—and what shall I do more?

Sir Jo. He does indeed deserve to be made an Example of.

L. Fop. He does deserve to be Chartre,^o stap my Vitals. 320

Sir Tun. May I then hope I have your Honour's Pardon?

L. Fop. Sir, we Courtiers do nothing without a Bribe, that fair young Lady might do Miracles.

Sir Tun. *Hoyden*, come hither *Hoyden*.

L. Fop. *Hoyden* is her Name, Sir?

Sir Tun. Yes, my Lord.

L. Fop. The prettiest Name for a Song I ever heard. 330

Sir Tun. My Lord—here's my Girl, she's yours, she has a wholsom Body, and a Virtuous Mind, she's a Woman compleat, both in Flesh and in Spirit; she has a Bag of Mill'd Crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stitch'd fast to her tail, so go thy ways *Hoyden*.

L. Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a Gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy Man, I 340 bless Heaven, and if your Lordship will give me leave, I will like a good Christian at *Christmass*, be very drunk by way of thanksgiving; come, my Noble Peer, I believe Dinner's ready, if your Honour pleases to follow me, I'll lead you on to the attack of a Venison Pasty.

[Exit Sir Tun.

L. Fop. Sir, I wait upon you, will your Ladyship do me the favour of your Little Finger, Madam? 350

Miss. My Lord, I'll follow you presently, I have a little business with my Nurse.

L. Fop. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant; come *Sir John*, the Ladies have des *affaires*.

[Exeunt L. Fop and Sir John.

Miss. So Nurse, we are finely brought to Bed, what shall we do now?

Nurse. Ah dear Miss, we are all undone; Mr. *Bull*, you were us'd to help a Woman to a Remedy. 360

[Crying.

Bull. A lack a day, but it's past my Skill now, I can do nothing.

Nurse. Who wou'd have thought that ever your Invention shou'd have been drain'd so dry.

Chartre] Ward explains: *mis en chartre*, sent to jail. More probably *ch&tre*, castrated, is intended.

Miss. Well, I have often thought old folks fools, and now I'm sure they are so; I have found a way my self to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear Lady what's that? 370

Miss. Why, if you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what's past, I'll e'en Marry this Lord too.

Nurse. What! two Husbands, my Dear?

Miss. Why you have had three, good Nurse, you may hold your tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not altogether, sweet Child.

Miss. Psha, if you had, you'd ne'er a thought much on't. 380

Nurse. O but 'tis a Sin——sweeting.

Bull. Nay that's my business to speak to, Nurse; I do confess, to take two Husbands for the satisfaction of the Flesh, is to commit the Sin of Exorbitancy, but to do it for the Peace of the Spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of Physick; besides, to prevent a Parent's wrath, is to avoid the Sin of Disobedience; for when the Parent's angry, the Child is froward. 390 So that upon the whole Matter, I do think, tho' Miss shou'd Marry again, she may be sav'd.

Miss. I Cod and I will Marry again then, and so there's an end of the Story.

End of the Fourth A C T .

ACT V. SCENE London

Enter Coupler, Young Fashion, and Lory.

Coup. Well, and so Sir John coming in——

Y. Fas. And so Sir John coming in, I thought it might be manners in me to go out, which I did, and getting on Horseback as fast as I cou'd, rid away as if the Devil had been at the Reer of me; what has happen'd since, Heav'n knows.

Coup. I gad Sirrah, I know as well as Heaven. 10

Y. Fas! What do you know?

Coup. That you are a Cuckold.

Y. Fas. The Devil I am? by who?

Coup. By your Brother.

Y. Fas. My Brother! which way?

Coup. The old way, he has layn with your Wife.

Y. Fas. Hell and Furies, what dost thou mean?

Coup. I mean plainly, I speak no » Parable.

Y. Fas. Plainly! thou do'st not speak common sense, I cannot understand one word thou say'st.

Coup. You will do soon, youngster. In short, you left your Wife a Widow, and she Married again.

Y. Fas. It's a Lye.

Coup.——1 Cod if I were a young Fellow, I'de break your head, Sirrah. 20

Y. Fas. Dear Dad don't be angry, for I'm as Mad as Tom of Bedlam.

Coup. Then⁰ I had fitted you with a Wife, you shou'd have kept her.

Y. Fas. But is it possible the young Strumpet cou'd play me such a Trick?

Coup. A young Strumpet, Sir—can play twenty tricks.

Y. Fas. But prithee instruct me a little farther, whence comes thy Intelligence? 40

Coup. From your Brother, in this Letter, there you may Read it.

[Young Fashion Reads.]

Dear Coupler,

[Pulling off his Hat.] / have only time to tell thee in three Lines, or thereabouts, that here has been the Devil, that Rascal Tarn having stole the Letter thou hadst formerly writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbelly, form'd a damnable design upon my Mistress, and was in a fair way of 50 success when I arriv'd. But after having suffer'd some Indignities, (in which I have all daub'd my Embroider'd Coat) I put him to flight. I sent out a Party of Horse after him, in hopes to have made him my Prisoner, which if I had done, I wou'd have qualify'd him for the Seraglio, stap my Vitals.

The danger I have thus narrowly 'scapt, has made me fortifie my self against 60 further attempts, by entring immediately into an Association with the young Lady, by which we engage to stand by one another, as long as we both shall live.

In short, the Papers are SeaVd, and the Contract is Sign'd, so the business of the Lawyer is Acheve, but I defer the Divine

Then] so the early editions; probably Hunt reads When correctly.

part of the thing 'till I arrive at London; not being willing to Consummate in any other Bed but my own. 70

Postscript.

'Tis possible I may be in Tawne as soon as this Letter, jar I find the Lady is so violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the dispatch that is practicable, without disordering my Coach-Horses.

So, here's rare work, I faith.

Lory. I gad Miss Hoyden has lay'd about her bravely. 80

Coup. I think my Country Girl has play'd her part as well, as if she had been born and bred in St. James's Parish.

Y. Fas.—That Rogue the Chaplain.

Lor. And then that Jade the Nurse, Sir.

Y. Fas. And then that drunken Sot *Lory*, Sir, that cou'd not keep himself sober, to be a witness to the Marriage.

Lo. Sir—with respect—I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves 90 sober.

Y. Fas. Hold your prating Sirrah, or I'll break your head; dear *Coupler* what's to be done?

Coup. Nothing's to be done, 'till the Bride and Bridegroom come to Town.

Y. Fas. Bride, and Bridegroom? Death and Furies, I can't bear that thou should'st call 'em so.

Coup. Why what shall I call 'em, Dog 100 and Cat?

Y. Fas. Not for the World, that sounds more like Man and Wife than t'other.

Coup. Well, if you'll hear of 'em in no Language, we'll leave 'em for the Nurse and the Chaplain.

Y. Fas. The Devil and the Witch.

Coup. When they come to Town——

Lo. We shall have stormy weather.

Coup. Will you hold your tongues 110 Gentlemen, or not?

Lo. Mum.

Coup. I say when they come, we must find what stuff they are made of, whether the Church-Man be chiefly compos'd of the Flesh, or the Spirit; I presume the former——For as Chaplains now go, 'tis probable he eats three pound of Beef to the reading of one Chapter—This gives him Carnal desires, he wants Money, 120

Preferment, Wine, a Whore; therefore we must Invite him to Supper, give him fat Capons, Sack and Sugar, a Purse of Gold, and a plump Sister. Let this be done, and I'll warrant thee, my Boy, he speaks Truth like an Oracle.

Y. Fas. Thou art a profound Statesman I allow it, but how shall we gain the Nurse?

Coup. 0 never fear the Nurse, if once 130 you have got the Priest, for the Devil always Rides the Hag. Well, there's nothing more to be said of the Matter at this time, that I know of; so let us go and enquire, if there's any news of our People yet, perhaps they may be come. But let me tell you one thing by the way, Sirrah, I doubt you have been an idle Fellow, if thou had'st behav'd thy self as thou should'st have done, the Girl wou'd never have 140 left thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE Berinthia's Apartment.

Enter her Maid passing the Stage, followed by

Wor. Hem, Mrs. *Abigail*, is your Mistress to be spoken with?

Ab. By you, Sir, I believe she may.

Wor. Why 'tis by me I wou'd have her spoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [Exit *Ab.*

Worthy Solus.

One lift more I must perswade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. Well, a young Bawd and a handsome one for my Money, 'tis they do the Execution; I'll 10 never go to an old one, but when I have occasion for a Witch. Lewdness looks Heavily to a Woman, when an Angel appears in its Cause; but when a Hag is Advocate, she thinks it comes from the Devil. An Old Woman has something so terrible in her looks, that whilst she is perswading your Mistress to forget she has a Soul, she stares Hell and Damnation full in her face. 20

Enter Berinthia.

Ber. Well Sir, what News bring you?

Wor. No News, Madam, there's a Woman going to Cuckold her Husband.

Ber. Amanda?

Wor. I hope so.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there must be more than a God speed, or your Charity won't be worth a farthing.

Ber. Why han't I done enough al- 30 ready?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What's the matter?

Wor. The Lady has a scruple still, which you must remove.

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her Virtue——she says.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what she takes for her Virtue, it's some Relicks 40 of lawful Love; she is not yet fully satisfy'd her Husband has got another Mistress, which unless I can convince her of, I have open'd the Trenches in vain, for the Breach must be wider, before I dare storm the Town.

Ber. And so I'm to be your Engineer?

Wor. I'm sure you know best how to manage the Battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a 50 Mine? I have a thought just now come into my head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That wou'd be a thought indeed.

Ber.——Faith I'll do't, and thus the Execution of it shall be. We are all Invited to my Lord Foppington's to Night to Supper, he's come to Town with his Bride, and makes a Bali with an Entertainment of Musick. Now you must know, my undoer here, Loveless,^o says he must needs meet 60 me about some private business (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the Company. To which end, he has told his Wife one Lye, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn Truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her; that to my certain knowledge, her Husband has a Rendezvous with his Mistress this Afternoon; 70 and that if she'll give me her word, she'll be^o satisfied with the discovery, without making any violent Inquiry after the Woman, I'll direct her to a place, where she shall see 'em meet.

*Loveless] Plays; Lovelace Q 1, 2.
she'll be] she will be Plays.*

Now, Friend; this I fancy may help you to a Critical Minute. For Home she must go again to dress. You (with your good breeding) come to wait upon us to the Ball. Find her all alone: Her^o Spirit en- 80 flam'd against her Husband for his Treason; and her Flesh in a heat from some Contemplations upon the Treachery: Her Blood on a Fire; her Conscience in Ice; a Lover to draw, and the Devil to drive——Ah poor *Amanda*.

W. kneeling. Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee?

Ber. Thou Minister of darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the Devil at his '90 Devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable Berinthia— How I shall requite you—

Ber. O ne'er trouble your self about that: Virtue is its own Reward: There's a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays it self. Adieu.

Wor. Farewell, thou best of Women.

[Exeunt several ways.

Enter Amanda, meeting Berinthia.

Aman. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A Friend of yours. 100

Aman. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can spare him nothing but my Friendship; my Love already's all dispos'd of. Tho', I confess, to one ungrateful to my Bounty.

Ber. Why there's the Mystery: You have been so bountiful, you have cloy'd him. Fond Wives do by their Husbands, as 110 Barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs; Cram 'em with sweet-Meats till they spoil their Stomachs.

Aman. Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last Reconciliation; you wou'd have thought it were impossible, he ever shou'd have breath'd an Hour without me.

*Ber. Ay, but there you thought wrong again *Amanda*, you shou'd consider, that 120 in matters of Love, Mens Eyes are always bigger than their Bellies. They have violent Appetites, 'tis true: But they have soon din'd.*

Ball . . . Her] Ball, find her alt alone, her Q t, Plays.

Aman. Well; there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me more, than Mens Inconstancy.

Ber. Now there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they **and** we are compos'd of. For Nature has 130 made them Children, and us Babies.⁰ Now, *Amanda*; how we us'd our Babies, you may remember. We were mad to have 'em, as **soon** as we saw 'em; kist 'em to pieces, as soon as we got 'em. Then pull'd off their Cloaths, saw 'em naked, and so threw 'em away.

Aman. But do you think all Men are of this temper?

Ber. All but one. 140

Aman. Who is that?

Ber. *Worthy*.

Aman. Why he's weary of his Wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his Mistress.

Am. Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too? •

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my 150 Gallant; not if he were yours.

Am. Why do you think he shou'd be more Constant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by favour; he likes you **best**.

Aman. Suppose he does? That's no demonstration he wou'd be Constant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: But there are other Reasons to expect it: For you 160 must know after all, *Amanda*; the Inconstancy we commonly see in Men of Brains, does not so much proceed from the uncertainty of their temper, as from the Misfortunes of their Love. A Man sees perhaps a hundred Women he likes well enough for an Intrigue, and away. But possibly, through the whole Course of his Life, does not find above one, who is exactly what he could with her; now her, 'tis a thousand to 170 one, he never gets. Either she is not to be had at all, (tho' that seldom happens you'll say) or he wants those opportunities that are necessary to gain her. Either she likes some body else much better than him, or uses him like a Dog, because he likes no **body** so well as her: Still something or

Babies dolls.

other Fate claps in the way between them and the Woman they are capable of being fond of: And this makes them wander 180 about, from Mistress to Mistress, like a Pilgrim from Town to Town, who every Night must have a fresh Lodging, and's in haste to be gone in the Morning.

Aman. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the Man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer; that you being the Woman in the World, the most to his 190 Humour; 'tis not likely he wou'd quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. *Loveless* does so.

Ber. What does Mr. *Loveless* do?

Aman. Why? he runs after something for variety; I'm^o sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, Madam.

Aman. No, I'm^o sure on't: I'm^o not very 200 vain, *Berinthia*; and yet I'd^o lay my life, if I cou'd look into his Heart, he thinks I deserve to be preferr'd to a thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither; a Million to one, but she has the same Opinion of you. What wou'd you give to see her?

Aman. Hang her, dirty Trull; tho' I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of 210 my Jealousie.

Ber. All the Men of Sense about Town, say she's handsome.

Aman. They are as often out in those things as any People.

Ber. Then I'll give you farther proof—— All the Women about Town, say, she's a Fool: Now I hope you're convinc'd?

Aman. What e're she be, I'm satisfi'd he does not like her well enough, to bestow 220 any thing more, than a little outward Gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward Gallantry?——[*aside.*] I can't bear this, [to *Aman.*] Don't you think she's a Woman to be fobb'd off so. Come, I'm too much your Friend, to suffer you should be thus grosly impos'd upon, by a Man who does not deserve the least part

variety; I'm] variety, Tm Q 2.

I'm] I am Q 2, Plays.

I'd] I'll Plays.

about you, unless he knew how to set a greater value upon it. Therefore in one so word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her; now° within a quarter of an Hour, somewhere about that *Babylon* of Wickedness, *White-Hall*. And if you'll give me your word, that you'll be content with seeing her Mask'd in his Hand, without pulling her Headcloaths off, I'll step immediately to the Person, from whom I have my Intelligence, and send you word whereabouts you may stand to see 'em meet. My 240 Friend and I'll watch 'em from another place, and dodge 'em to their private Lodging: But don't you offer to follow 'em, lest you do it awkwardly, and spoil all. I'll come home to you again, as soon as I have earth'd⁰ 'em, and give you an account, in what Corner of the House, the Scene of their Lewdness lies,

Aman. If you can do this, *Berinthia*; He's
a Villain. 250

Ber. I can't help that, Men will be so.

Aman. Well! I'll follow your directions; for I shall never rest 'till I know the worst of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get your self ready then. Put on some of your Woman's Cloaths, a great Scarf and a Mask, and you shall presently receive Orders. [*calls within.*] Here, who's there? get me a Chair quickly. 260

Serv. There are Chairs at the Door, Madam.

Ber. Tis well, I'm coming.

Aman. But pray, *Berinthia*, before you go; tell me how I may know this filthy thing, if she should be so forward, (as I suppose she will) to come to the Rendezvous first, for me thinks I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why she's about my height; and 270 very well shap'd.

Aman. I thought she had been a little Crooked?

Ber. O no, she's as strait as I am. But we lose time, come away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Young Fashion, meeting Lory.

Y. Fash. Well, will the Doctor come?

Lo. Sir I sent a Porter to him as you order'd me. He found him with a Pipe of

her; now] her now, Q 2, Plays.
earth'd] Q 2, Plays; earth Q 1.

Tobacco and a great Tankard of Ale, which he said he wou'd dispatch while I cou'd 280 tell three, and be here.

Y. Fash. He does not suspect 'twas I that sent for him?

Lo. Not a° jott Sir; he Divines as little for himself, as he does for other Folks.

Y. Fash. Will he bring Nurse with him?

Lo. Yes.

Y. Fash. That's well; where's *Coupler*?

Lo. He's half way up the Stairs taking breath; he must play his Bellows a little, 290 before he can get to the top.

Enter Coupler.

Y. Fash. O here he is. Well Old Phytisick? The Doctor's coming.

Coup. Wou'd the Pox had the Doctor—I'm quite out of Wind, [*to Lo.*] Set me a Chair, Sirrah. Ah—[*sits down.*] [*to Y. Fash.*] Why the Plague can'st not thou lodge upon the ground Floor.

Y. Fash. Because I love to lye as near Heaven as I can. 300

Coup. Prithee let Heaven alone; neer affect tending that way: Thy Center's downwards.

Y. Fash. That's impossible. I have too much ill luck in this World, to be damn'd in the next.

Coup. Thou art out in thy Logick. Thy major is true, but thy minor is false; for thou art the luckiest fellow in the Universe.

Y. Fash. Make out that. 310

Coup. I'll do't: Last Night the Devil ran away with the Parson of Fat-goose Living.

Y. Fash. If he had run away with the Parish too, what's that to me?

Coup. I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This Living is worth five hundred pound a Year, and the Presentation of it is thine, if thou can'st prove thy° self a lawful Husband to Miss *Hoyden*?

Y. Fash. Say'st thou so, my Protector? 320 Then I Cad I shall have a Brace of Evidences here presently.

Coup. The Nurse and the Doctor?

Y. Fash. The same: The Devil himself won't have interest enough to make 'em withstand it.

Coup. That we shall see presently: Here they come?

Not a] Q 2, Plays; *Not, a* Q 1.
thy] Q 2, Plays; *they* Q 1.

Enter Nurse and Chaplain: They start back, seeing⁰ Young Fashion.

Nurse. Ah goodness, *Roger*, we- are be-tray'd. 330

Y. Fash. laying hold on 'em. Nay, nay, ne'er flinch for the matter; for I have you safe. Come, to your Tryals immediately: I have no time to give you Copies of your Indictment. There sits your Judge. [*Both kneeling.*] Pray, Sir, have compassion on us.

Nurse. I hope, Sir, my Years will move your pity, I am an aged Woman.

Coup. That is a moving Argument in- 340 deed.

Bull. I hope, Sir, my Character will be consider'd; I am Heaven's Ambassador.⁰

Coup. Did not you a Rogue of Sanctity?

Bull. Sir, (with respect to my Function) I do wear a Gown.

Coup. Did not you Marry this Vigorous young Fellow, to a plump young Buxom Wench? 350

N. to B. Don't confess, *Roger*, unless you are hard put to it indeed.

Coup. Come, out with't—Now is he chewing the Cud of his Roguery, and grinding a Lye between his Teeth.

Bull. Sir——I cannot positively say—— I say, Sir——positively I cannot say——

Coup. Come, no equivocations; no Roman turns upon us. Consider thou⁰ standest upon Protestant ground, which will slip 360 from under thee, like a Tyburn Cart; for in this Country, we have always ten hang-men for one Jesuit.

B. to Y. Fash. Pray, Sir, then will you but permit me to speak one word in private with Nurse.

Y. Fash. Thou art always for doing something in private with Nurse.

Coup. But pray let his betters be serv'd before him for once. I would do some- 370 thing in private with her my self: *Lory* Take care of this Reverend Gown-man in the next Room a little. Retire Priest.

[*Exit Lo. with Bull.*]

seeing] Q 2; seeig Q 1.

Bull. / *hope . . . Ambassador*] Q 2 misplaces after a *Gown*, thus giving Bull two consecutive speeches. Plays tries to correct by running them on as one speech.

thou] Q 2; than Q 1.

Now, Virgin, I must put the matter home to you a little: Do you think it might not be possible to make you speak truth.

Nurse. Alas! Sir, I don't know what you mean by Truth.

Coup. Nay, 'tis possible thou may'st be a stranger to it. 380

Y. Fash. Come, Nurse, you and I were better Friends when we saw one another last; and I still believe, you are a very good Woman in the Bottom. I did deceive you and your young Lady, 'tis true, but I always design'd to make a very good Husband to her, and to be a very good Friend to you. And 'tis possible in the end, she might have found her self happier, and you richer, than ever my Brother will 390 make you.

Nurse. Brother! Why is your Worship then his Lordship's Brother?

Y. Fash. I am, which you should have known, If I durst have staid to have told you; but I was fore'd to take Horse a little in haste you know.

Nurse. You were indeed, Sir, poor young Man, how he was bound to scaure⁰ for't. Now won't your Worship be angry, if I 400 confess the truth to you, when I found you were a Cheat (with respect be it spoken) I verily believ'd, Miss had got some pitiful Skip-jack⁰ Varlet or other to her Husband; or I had ne'er let her think of Marrying again.

Coup. But where was your Conscience all this while, Woman? Did not that stair in your Face, with huge Saucer Eyes, and a great Horn upon the Fore-head? Did '410 not you think you shou'd be damn'd for such a sin? Ha?

Y. Fash. Well said, Divinity, pass that home upon her.

Nurse. Why, in good truly Sir, I had some fearful thoughts on't, and cou'd never be brought to consent, 'till Mr. *Bull* said it was a *Peckadilla*, and he'd secure my Soul, for a Tythe Pigg.

Y. Fash. There was a Rogue for you. 420

Coup. And, he shall thrive accordingly: He shall have a good Living. Come, honest Nurse, I see you have Butter in your Com- pound; you can melt. Some compassion

scaure] see n. p. 197.

Skip-jack] whipper-snapper.

you can have of this handsome young Fellow.

Nurse. I have indeed, Sir.

Y. Fash. Why then I'll tell you, what you shall do for me. You know what a warm Living here is fallen; and that it must 40 be in the disposal of him, who has the disposal of *Miss*. Now if you and the Doctor will agree to prove my Marriage, I'll present him to it, upon Condition he makes you his Bride.

Nurse. Naw the Blessing of the Lord follow your good Worship both by Night and by Day. Let him be fetch'd in by the Ears; I'll soon bring his Nose to the Grind-stone.

C. aside. Wellsaid old Whiteleather.⁰ 40 Hey; bring in the Prisonner there.

Enter Lory with Bull.

Coup. Come, advance holy Man: Here's your Duck, does not think fit to retire with you into the Chancel at this time: But she has a proposal to make to you, in the face of the Congregation. Come, *Nurse*, speak for your self; you are of Age.

Nurse. *Roger*, are not you a wicked Man, *Roger*, to set your strength against a weak Woman; and perswade her it was no sin 40 to conceal *Miss's* Nuptials? My Conscience flies in my Face for it, thou Priest of *Bale*,⁰ and I find by woful experience, thy Absolution, is not worth an old Cassock. Therefore I am resolv'd to Confess the Truth to the whole World, tho' I die a Beggar for it. But his Worship overflows with his Mercy and his Bounty: He is not only pleas'd to forgive us our sins, but designs thou sha't squat thee down in *Fat-goose* Living, 460 and which is more than all; has prevail'd with me, to become the Wife of thy Bosom.

Y. Fash. All this I intend for you, Doctor. What you are to do for me; I need not tell you.

Bull. Your Worships goodness is unspeakable: Yet there is one thing, seems a point of Conscience: And Conscience is a tender Babe. If I shou'd bind my self, for the sake of this living, to Marry *Nurse*, and 40 maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be look'd on as a kind of Symony.

Whiteleather] whiteleather was leather specially prepared to give it a soft consistency and a light colour. The force of the appellation is not clear.

Bale] Baal Q 2.

Coup, rising up.] If it were Sacriledge, the Living's worth it: Therefore no more words, good Doctor. But with the [*giving Nurse to him*] Parish—here—take the Parsonage House. 'Tis true, 'tis a little out of Repair; some delapidations there are to be made good; the Windows are broke, the Wainscot is Warpt; the Ceilings are 480 peel'd, and the Walls are crack'd; but a little Glasing, Painting, Whitewash and Playster, will make it last thy time.

Bull. Well, Sir, if it must be so, I shan't contend: What Providence Orders, I submit to.

Nurse. And so do I, with all Humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good People: come my Turtle Doves, let us go help this poor Pidgeon to his 40 Wandring Mate again; and after Institution and Induction, you shall all go a Cooing together. [*Exeunt*]

Enter Amanda in a scarf, &c. as just return'd, her Woman following her.

Aman. Prithce what care I who has been here.

Worn. Madam, 'twas my Lady Bridle, and my Lady Tiptoe.

Aman. My Lady Fiddle, and my Lady Faddle. What do'st stand troubling me with the Visits of a parcel of impertinent 500 Women, when they are well seam'd with the small Pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their Faces—There are more Cocquets about this Town.

Wo. Madam, I suppose they only came to return your Ladiship's Visit, according to the Custom of the World.

Aman. Wou'd the World were on Fire, and you in the Middle on't. Be gone; leave me. [*Exit Woman*, 510]

Amanda sola.

At last I am convine'd. My Eyes are Testimonies of his Falshood. The Base, ungrateful, perjurd Villain—Good Gods—What slippery stuff are Men compos'd of?

Sure, the Account of their Creation's false, And 'twas the Womans Rib that they were form'd of;

But why am I thus angry?

This poor Relapse shou'd only move my scorn.

'Tis true: The roving flights of his unfinished Youth,
 Had strong Excuse,⁰ from the Plea of Nature; 520
 Reason had thrown the Reins loose on his Neck,
 And slipt him to unlimited desire.
 If therefore he went wrong,
 He had a Claim to my forgiveness, and I did him right.
 But since the Years of Manhood, Rein him in,
 And Reason well digested into Thought,
 Has pointed out the Course he ought to run;
 If now he strays?⁰

'Twou'd be as weak, and mean in me to pardon,
 As it has been in him t'offend. 530
 But hold:
 'Tis an ill Cause indeed, where nothing's to be said for't.
 My Beauty possibly is in the Wain;
 Perhaps sixteen has greater Charms for him:

Yes, there's the Secret: But let him know,
 My Quiver's not entirely empty'd yet,
 I still have Darts, and I can shoot 'em too;
 They're not so blunt, but they can enter still,
 The wants⁰ not in my power, but in my Will.

Virtue's his Friend, or through another's Heart, 540

I yet cou'd find the way, to make his smart.
[going off she meets Worthy.]

Ha! he here? Protect me Heav'n, for this looks Ominous.

Wor. You seem disorder'd, Madam; I hope there's no Misfortune happen'd to you?

Aman. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor. What e're it be disturbs you? I wou'd to Heaven 'twere in my Power to bear the pain, 'till I were able to remove the Cause. 530

Aman. I hope e'er long it will remove it self. At least, I have given it warning to be gone.

Excuse] Excuses 1776 ed. followed by Hunt and modern editors.

strays?] strays, Q 2, Plays.

wants] Q 1; Want's Q 2, Plays.

Wor.^o Wou'd I durst ask, where 'tis the Thorn torments you?

Forgive me, if I grow inquisitive?

'Tis only with desire to give you ease.

Aman. Alas! 'tis in a tender part. It can't be drawn, without a world of pain: Yet out it must;

For it begins to fester in my Heart. 560

Wor. If 'tis the sting of unrequited Love, remove it instantly:

I have a Balm will quickly heal the Wound.

Aman. You'll find the undertaking difficult:

The Surgeon, who already has attempted it, Has much tormented me.

Wor. I'll aid him with a gentler hand.

—If you will give me leave.

Aman. How soft so'ere the Hand may be, There still is Terror in the Operation.

Wor. Some⁰ few preparatives wou'd 570 make it easie, cou'd I perswade you to apply 'em. Make home Reflections, Madam, on your slighted Love. Weigh well, the strength and beauty of your Charms: Rouze up that Spirit Women ought to bear, and slight your God; if he neglects his Angel. With Arms of Ice, receive his cold Embraces, and keep your Fire, for those who come in Flames: Behold a Burning Lover at your Feet, his Feaver 580 raging in his Veins. See how he trembles, how he pants; see how he glows, how he Consumes: Extend the Arms of Mercy to his aid; his Zeal may give him Title to your Pity, altho' his Merit cannot claim your Love.

Aman. Of all my feeble Sex, sure I must be the weakest, shou'd I again presume to think on Love. *[Sighing.]*—Alas! my Heart has been too roughly treated. 590

Wor. 'Twill find the greater Bliss, in softer usage.

Aman. But where's that Usage to be found?

Wor. 'Tis here, within this faithful Breast, which if you doubt, I'll rip it up before

Wor.] War. Q 1.

Wor. Some . . .] This speech and those following are mainly blank verse, and Hunt so prints them. He also varies the divisions of some of the earlier verse passages in order to regularize the lines. He did not shrink from doctoring the text in the cause of verse regularity: e.g., he reads for 11. 598 ff., *And then, you'll see 'twas sound. Aman. With just such words,/ Honest as these, the worst of men deceived me.*

your Eyes; lay all its Secrets open to your view: and then, you'll see 'twas sound.

Aman. With just such honest words as these: The° worst of Men deceiv'd me. 600

Wor. He therefore merits, all Revenge can do; his fault is such, the extent and stretch of Vengeance, cannot reach it. O make me but your Instrument of Justice: You'll find me execute it with such Zeal, as shall convince you, I abhor the Crime.

Aman. The Rigour of an Executioner, has more the Face of Cruelty than Justice: And he who puts the Cord about the Wretches Neck, is seldom known to ex- 610 ceed him in his Morals.

Wor. What proof then can I give you of my Truth?

Aman. There is on Earth, but one.

Wor. And is that in my Power?

Aman. It is: And one that wou'd so thoroughly convince me, I shou'd be apt, to rate your Heart so high; I possibly might purchas't with a part of mine.

Wor. Then Heav'n thou art my 620 Friend, and I am blest; for if 'tis in my power, my Will I'm sure will reach it. No matter what the Terms may be, when such a Recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this Proof must be: What is it, will convince you of my Love?

Aman. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if, from this moment, you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant— You pause upon it, Sir—1 doubt, on 630 such hard terms, a Woman's Heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A Heart like yours, on any terms is worth it; 'Twas not on that I paus'd. But I was thinking, [*drawing nearer to her*] whether some things there may not be, which Women cannot grant without a blush, and yet which Men may take without offence, [*taking her Hand*] Your Hand, I fancy, may be of the number: O 640 pardon me, if I commit a Rape upon it, [*kissing it eagerly*] and thus devour it with my Kisses.

Aman. O Heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never whilst I have strength to hold you here, [*forcing her to sit down on a Couch.*] My Life, my Soul, my Goddess—O forgive me?

these: Thej these, the Q 2, Plays.

Aman. O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, or I am lost. 650

Wor. Stand Neuter, Gods, this once I do invoke you,

Aman. Then save me, Virtue, and the Glory's thine.

Wor. Nay, never strive.

Aman. I will; and Conquer too. My Forces rally bravely to my aid, [*breaking from him.*] and thus I gain the Day.

Word. Then mine as bravely double their Attacque; [*seizing her again*] And 660 thus I wrest it from you. Nay struggle not; for all's in vain: Or Death or Victory; I am determin'd.

Aman. And° so am I. [*rushing from him*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*offering again*] For Heaven's sake—

Aman. [*going*] Nay, then farewell. 669

Wor. [*kneeling and holding by her Cloaths.*] O stay, and see the Magick force of Love: Behold this raging Lyon at your Feet, struck dead with Fear, and tame as Charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.

Wor. Repentance for past Crimes, is just and easie; but sin no more's a Task too hard for Mortals. 679

Aman. Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use their best endeavours to perform it.

Wor. Endeavours we may use, but Flesh and Blood are got in t'other Scale; and they are pondrous things.

Aman. What e'er they are; there is a weight in Resolution sufficient for their Ballance. The Soul, I do confess, is usually so careless of its Charge, so soft, and so indulgent to desire, it leaves the Reins in 690 the wild Hand of Nature, who like a *Phaeton*, drives the fiery Chariot, and sets the World on Flame. Yet still the Sovereignty is in the Mind, when e're it pleases to exert its Force. Perhaps you may not think it worth your while, to take such mighty pains for my esteem, but that I leave to you.

You see the Price I set upon my Heart, Perhaps 'tis dear: But spight of all your Art' 700

And] and Q 1.

You'll find on Cheaper terms, we ne'er
shall part.⁰ [Exit Amanda.]

Worthy, *solus*.

Sure there's Divinity about her; and
sh'as dispenc'd some portion on't to me.
For what but now was the wild flame of
Love, or (to dissect that specious term)
The Vile, the gross desires of Flesh and
Blood, is in a moment turn'd to Adoration.
The Coarser Appetite of Nature's gone,
and 'tis methinks the Food of Angels I re-
quire, how long this influence may last, 710
Heaven knows. But in this moment of my
purity, I cou'd on her own terms, accept
her Heart. Yes, lovely Woman; I can ac-
cept it. For now 'tis doubly worth my Care.^o
Your Charms are much encreas'd, since
thus adorn'd. When Truth's extorted from
us, then we own the Robe of Virtue is a
graceful Habit.

Cou'd Women but our secret Councils
scan,
Cou'd they but reach the deep reserves
of Man, 720
They'd wear it on, that that of Love
might last,
For when they throw off one, we soon the
other Cast.
Their Sympathy is such——
The Fate of one, the other scarce can
fly;
They live together, and together dye.
[Exit.]

Enter Miss and Nurse.

Miss. But is it sure and certain, say you,
he's my Lords own Brother?

Nurse. As sure, as he's your Lawful
Husband. 729

Miss. I Cod if I had known that in time,
I don't know but I might have kept him:
for between you and I Nurse, he'd have
made a Husband worth two of this I have.
But which do you think you should fancy
most, Nurse?

Nurse. Why truly, in my poor Fancy,
Madam, your first Husband is the prettier
Gentleman.

Miss. I don't like my Lord's shapes,
Nurse. 740

[part] share, take sides with, and so, apparently,
agree.

Care.] Q 2, Plays; Care, Q 1.

Nurse. Why in good truly, as a Body
may say, he is but a slam.^o

Miss. What do you think now he puts me
in mind of? Don't you Remember, a long,
loose, shambling sort of a Horse my Father
call'd *Washy*?

Nurse. As like as two Twin Brothers.

Miss. I Cod, I have thought so a hun-
dred times; Faith I'm tir'd of him. 749

Nurse. Indeed, Madam, I think you had
e'en as good stand to your first Bargain.

Miss. O but, Nurse, we han't consider'd
the main thing yet. If I leave my Lord, I
must leave my Lady too; and when I rat-
tle about the Streets in my Coach, they'll
only say, there goes Mistress——Mistress
——Mistress what? What's this Mans
Name, I have Married, Nurse?

Nurse. Squire *Fashion*. • 759

Miss. Squire *Fashion* is it?——Well
Squire, that's better than nothing: Do you
think one cou'd not get him made a Knight,
Nurse?

Nurse. I don't know but one might,
Madam, when the King's in a good Hu-
mour.

Miss. I Cod, that wou'd do rarely. For
then he'd be as good a Man as my Father,
you know? 769

Nurse. Birlady, and that's as good as the
best of 'em.

Miss. So 'tis, Faith; for then I shall be
my Lady, and your Ladiship at every word,
and that's all I have to care for. Ha, Nurse,
but hark you me; one thing more, and then
I have done. I'm affraid, if I change my
Husband again, I shan't have so much
Money to throw about, Nurse?

Nurse. O, enough's as good as a Feast; 779
Besides, Madam, one don't know, but as
much may fall to your share with the
Younger Brother as with the Elder. For
tho' these Lords have a power of Wealth
indeed: Yet, as I have heard say, they give
it all to their Sluts and their Trulls, who
joggle it about in their Coaches, with a
Murrain to 'em, whilst poor Madam, sits
sighing and wishing, and knotting and Cry-

slani) N.E.D. suggests 'an ill-shaped person/ com-
paring the Yorkshire dialectal use for 'a slovenly
person/ and quoting Ray, 1891: 'a slam or slim
Fellow is a skragged, tall, rawhoned Fellow.'

ing, and has not a spare half Crown, to buy her a Practice of Piety.⁰ 790

Miss. O, but for that, don't deceive your self, Nurse. For this I must *[snapping her Fingers]* say for my Lord, and a—for him. He's as free as an open House at Christmas. For this very Morning, he told me, I shou'd have two hundred a Year to buy Pins. Now, Nurse, if he gives me two hundred a year to buy Pins; What do you think he'll give me to buy fine Petticoats? 800

Nurse. A, my dearest, he deceives thee faully; and he's no better than a Rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a Giberidge with 'em, wou'd confound a Gypsy. That which they call Pin-money, is to buy their Wives every thing in the varsal⁰ World, dawn^o to their very Shoe-tycs: Nay, I have heard Folks say, That some Ladies, if they will have Gallants, as they call 'um; are forc't to find them out of their 810 Pin-money too.

Miss. Has he serv'd me so, say ye?—Then I'll be his Wife no longer, so that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine Folk at's heels. I Cod, Nurse, these London Ladies will laugh 'till they Crack again, to see me slip my Collar, and run away from my Husband. But d'ye hear? Pray take care of one thing: When the business comes to break out; be sure you get be- 820 tween me and my Father, for you know his tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, Madam.

Enter Lord Foppington, Loveless, Worthy, Amanda, and Berinthia.

L. Fop. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all welcome, *[to Love.] Loveless—*That's my Wife; prithee do me the favour to salute⁰ her: and do'st hear, *[aside to him]* if thou hast a mind to try thy Fortune, to be reveng'd of me? I won't take it ill, stap my Vitals. 830

Lov. You need not fear, Sir, I'm too fond

Practice of Piety] a pious manual. Bunyan says that his wife inherited from her father *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and *The Practice of Piety*.

varml] universal, Cf. varsity for university.
dawn] drawn Q 2; dovvn Plays,
salute] kiss.

of my own Wife, to have the least Inclination to yours. *[all salute Miss.*

L. F. *[aside.]* I'd give you^o a thousand^o paund he wou'd make Love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, tho' his own Wife has not, *[viewing him.]*—He's a very beastly Fellow in my Opinion. 839

Miss, *[aside.]* What a power of fine Men there are in this London? He that kist me first, is a goodly Gentleman, I promise you: Sure those Wives have a rare time on't, that live here always?

Enter Sir Tun. with Musitians, Dancers, &c.

Sir Tun. Come; come in, good People, come in, come tune your Fiddles, tune your Fiddles. *[To the Hautboys]* Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come strike up.

[sing 8.

For this is Hoyden's Wedding-day,

And therefore we keep Holy-day, 850

And come to be merry.

Ha! there's my Wench I Faith: Touch and take, I'll warrant her: Shee'l breed like a tame Rabbet.

M. *[aside]* I Cod, I think my Father's gotten drunk before Supper:

Sir T. to L. and W.^o Gentlemen, you are welcome, *[saluting A. and B.]*^o Ladies by your leave. Ha—They bill like Turtles. Udsookers, they set my old Blood a-fire; 860 I shall Cuckold some body before Morning.

L. Fop. to Sir Tun. Sir you being Master of the Entertainment; will you desire the Company to sit?

Sir Tun. Oons, Sir;—I'm the happiest Man on this side the Ganges.

L. Fop. *[aside.]* This is a mighty unaccountable old Fellow, *[to Sir T.]* I said, Sir, it would be convenient to ask the 870 Company to sit.

Sir Tun. Sit?—With all my heart: Come, take your places, Ladies, take your places, Gentlemen: come sit down, sit down; a Pox of Ceremony, take your Places. *[they sit, and the Mask begins.*

give you] give Plays.

thousand] Thousand Q 2; thousand Plays.

[viewing him—] Q 2, Plays; viewing him— Q 1.

L. and W. l i.e., Loveless and Worthy.

A. and B. j i.e., Amanda and Berinthia,

Dialogue between Cupid and Hymen.

1.

Cupid.
 Thou Bane to my Empire, thou Spring of
 Contest,
 Thou source of all Discord, thou period to
 rest;
 Instruct me, what Wretches in Bondage
 can see,
 That the aim of their Life, is still pointed
 to thee. 880

2.

Hymen.
 Instruct me, thou little impertinent God,
 From whence all thy Subjects have taken
 the Mode,
 To grow fond of a Change, to what ever
 it be,
 And I'll tell the why those wou'd be
 bound, who are free?

Chorus.

For change, Ware for change, to what ever
 it be,
 We are neither contented, with Freedom
 nor Thee.
 Constancy's an empty sound,
 Heaven and Earth, and all go round,
 All the Works of Nature move,
 ' And the Joys of Life and Love 890
 Are in Variety.

3.

Cupid.
 Were Love the Reward of a pains taking
 Life,
 Had a Husband the art to be fond of his
 Wife,
 Were Virtue so plenty, a Wife cou'd afford,
 Them very hard times, to be true to her
 Lord,
 Some specious account, might be given of
 those,
 Who are ty'd by the Tail, to be led by the
 Nose.

4.

But since 'tis the Fate, of a Man and his
 Wife
 To consume all their Days in Contention
 and strife: 899

Since whatever the Bounty of Heaven may
 Create her,
 He's Morally sure, he shall heartily hate
 her,
 I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at
 large,
 And the volleys of Love on the Herd to
 discharge.

5.

Hymen.
 Some colour of Reason, thy Council might
 bear,
 Cou'd a Man have no more, than his Wife
 to his share:
 Or were I a Monarch, so cruelly just,
 To oblige a poor Wife, to be true to her
 Trust.
 But I have not pretended, for many Years
 past,
 By marrying of People, to make 'em grow
 Chast.

6.

I therefore advise thee to let me go on, 910
 Thou'lt find I'm the strength and support
 of thy Throne;
 For hadst thou but Eyes, thou^o wou'd'st
 quickly perceive it,
 How smoothly thy^o Dart
 Slips into the Heart
 Of a Woman that's Wed,
 Whilst the shivering Maid,
 Stands trembling and wishing, but dare not
 receive it.

Chorus.

For Change, &c.

The Mask ended, enter young Fashion,
 Coupler, and Bull.

Sir Tun. So, very fine, very fine I faith;
 this is something like a Wedding, now if
 Supper were but ready, I'de say a short **W**
 Grace, and if I had such a Bedfellow as
 Hoyden to Night—I'd say as short prayers.
 Seeing Y. Fash. How now?—what have
 we got here? a Ghost? Nay it must be so,
 for his Flesh and his Blood^o cou'd never
 have dar'd to appear before me. [To him.]
 Ah Rogue——

thou! thru Q 1.
 thy! the Q 2, Plays.
 his Blood! Blood Q 2, Plays.

L. Fop. Stap my Vitals, *Tarn* again.

Sir Tun. My Lord, will you cut his throat?
or shall I? 930

L. Fop. Leave him to me, Sir, if you please. *Prithee Tarn* be so ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy Business is here?

Y. Fash. Tis with your Bride.

L. Fop. Thau art the impudent'st Fellow that Nature has yet spawn'd into the World, strike me speechless.

Y. Fash. Why you know my Modesty wou'd have starv'd me, I sent it a beg- 940 ging to you, and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

L. Fop. And dost thou expect by an excess of assurance, to extart a maintenance fram me?

Y. Fash, taking Miss by the hand." I do intend to extort your Mistress from you, and that I hope will prove one.

L. Fop. I ever thought *Newgate* or *Bedlam* wou'd be his Fartune, and naw his 950 Fate's decided. *Prithee Loveless* dost know of ever a Mad Doctor hard by?

Y. Fash. There's one at your Elbow will Cure you presently.

To Bull. *Prithee* Doctor take him in hand quickly.

L. Fop. Shall I beg the favour of you, Sir, to pull your Fingers out of my Wife's Hand.

Y. Fash. His Wife! Look you there, 960 now I hope you are all satisfy'd he's Mad?

L. Fop. Naw is it nat passible far me to penetrate what species of fally it is thau art driving at.

Sir Tun. Here, here, here, let me beat out his brains, and that will decide all.

L. Fop. No, pray Sir hold, we'll destray him presently, accord⁰ing to Law.

Y. Fash, to Bull. Nay, then advance Doctor; come, you are a Man of Con- 970 science, answer boldly to the questions I shall ask; Did not you Marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman there saw her face?

Bull. Since the Truth must out, I did.

Y. Fash. Nurse, sweet Nurse, were not you a Witness to it?

Nurse. Since my Conscience bids me speak—1 was.

according| according Q 2, Plays.

Y. Fash, to Miss. Madam, am not I 980 your lawful Husband?

Miss. Truly I can't tell, but you Married me first.

Y. Fash. Now I hope you are all satisfy'd?

[*Sir Tun. offering to strike him, is held by Lov. and Wor.*

Ooons and Thunder you Lye.

L. Fop. Pray Sir be calm, the Battel is in disorder, but requires more Conduct than Courage to rally our Forces. Pray Dactor one word with you. [*To Bull aside.*] 990 Look you, Sir, tho' I will not presume to Calculate your Notions of Damnation, fram the description you give us of Hell, yet since there is at least a passibility, you may have a Pitchfark thrust in your back-side, methinks it shou'd not be worth your while to risque your Saul in the next World, far the sake of a beggarly younger Brather, who is nat able to make your Bady happy in this. 1000

Bull. Alas! my Lord, I have no Worldly ends, I speak the truth, Heaven knows.

L. Fop. Nay *Prithee* never engage Heaven in the Matter, for by all I can see, 'tis like to prove a business for the Devil.

Y. Fash. Come, pray Sir, all above-board, no corrupting of Evidences,⁰ if you please, this young Lady is my Lawful Wife, and I'll justifie it in all the Courts of *England*; so your Lordship (who always had a 1000 passion for variety) may go seek a new Mistress if you think fit.

L. Fop. I am struck dumb with his impudence, and cannot passively tell whether ever I shall speak again or nat.

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the business a little, I'll jerk the truth out of 'em presently; here, give me my Dog-whip.

Y. Fash. Look you, Old Gentleman, 1020 'tis in vain to make a noise, if you grow mutinous, I have some Friends within call, have Swords by their sides, above four foot long, therefore be calm, hear the Evidence patiently, and when the Jury have given their Verdict, pass Sentence according to Law; here's honest *Coupler* shall be Foreman, and ask as many questions as he pleases.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether 1030 Evidences,| Evidences; Q 2, Plays.

Nurse persists in her Evidence? the Parson I dare swear will never flinch from his.

Nurse to Sir Tun. kneeling.] I hope in Heaven your Worship will pardon me, I have serv'd you long and faithfully, but in this thing I was over-reach'd, your Worship however was deceived as well as I, and if the Wedding-Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to Bed to him^o with your own hands. 1040

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurse. Alas! if your Worship had seen how the poor thing beg'd, and pray'd, and clung and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you would say, I who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and Nurst it both wet and dry, must have had a heart of Adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well. 1050

Y. Fash. Foreman, I expect your Verdict.

Coup. Ladies, and Gentlemen, what's your Opinions?

All. A clear Case, a clear Case.

Coup. Then my young Folks, I wish you joy.

Sir Tun. to Y. Fash.] Come hither Strippling, if it be true then that thou hast Marry'd my Daughter, prithee tell me who thou art? 1060

Y. Fash. Sir, the best of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-Law; and the worst of it is, I am Brother to that Noble Peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou Brother to that Noble Peer?—Why then that Noble Peer, and thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurse, and the Priest—may all go and be damn'd together. [Exit Sir Tun.

to him] with him Q 2, Plays.

L. Fop. aside.] Now for my part, I think the wisest thing a Man can do 1070 with an aking Heart, is to put on a serene Countenance, for a Philosophical Air is the most becoming thing in the World to the face of a Person of Quality, I will therefore bear my disgrace like a Great Man, and let the People see I am above an affront. [To Y. Fash.] Dear *Tarn*, since Things are thus fallen aut, prithee give me leave to wish thee Jay, I do it *de bon Coeur*, strike me dumb, you have 1080 Marry'd a Woman Beautiful in her Person, Charming in her Ayr's, Prudent in her Conduct, Constant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Marality, Split my Wind-pipe.

Y. Fash. Your Lordship^o may keep up your Spirits with your Grimace if you please, I shall support mine with this Lady, and two Thousand Pound a year. [Taking Miss.] Come, Madam.

We once again you see are Man and Wife, 1090

And now perhaps the Bargain's struck for Life;

If I mistake, and we shou'd part again, At least you see you may have choice of Men:

Nay, shou'd the War at length such Havock make,

That Lovers shou'd grow scarce, yet for your sake,

Kind Heaven always will preserve a Beau,

[Pointing to L. Fop.] You'll find his Lordship ready to come to,

L. Fop. Her Ladyship shall stap my Vitals if I do. 1100

Lordship] Lordship Q 2, Plays.

EPILOGUE, Spoken by Lord Foppington.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

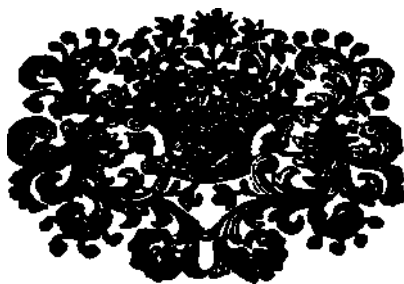
THEse People have regal'd you here to day
(In my Opinion) with a fancy Play;
In which the Author does presume to shew,
That Coxcomb, ab Origine——was Beau,
Truly I think the thing of so much weight,
That if some smart Chastisement ben't his Fate,
Gads Curse it may in time destroy the State.
I hold no one its Friend, I must confess,
Who wou'd discauntcnance your Men of dress.
Far give me leave t'abserve good Cloaths are Things,
Have ever been of great support to Kings;
All Treasons come fram Slovens, it is not
Within the reach of gentle Beaux to Platt.
They have no gaul, no spleen, no teeth, no stings,
Of all Gad's Creatures the most harmless things.
Through all Recard, no Prince was ever slain,
By one who had a Feather in his Brain.
They're Men of too refin'd an Education,
To squabble with a Court——for a vile dirty Nation.
I'm very pasitive, you never saw
A through Republican a finisht Beau.
Nor truly shall you very often see
A Jacobite much better drest than he;
In shart, through all the Courts that I have been in,
Your Men of mischief——still are in faule Linnen.
Did ever one yet dance the Tyburn Jigg,
With a free air, ar a well pawdefd Wigg?
Did ever Highway-man yet bid you stand,
With a sweet bawdy Snuff-bax^o in his hand;
Ar do you ever find they ask your Purse
As men of breeding do?—Ladys Gads Curse,
This Auther is a Dagg, and 'tis not fit
You shou'd allow him ev'n one grain of Wit.
To which, that his pretence 'may ne'er be na.m'd,
My humble motion is——he may be^o dam'd.

FINIS.

bawdy Snuff-bax] 'a snuff-box with a bawdy picture on the lid.' (Ward.)
be] de Q 1.

THE
"WAY of the WORLD
A
COMEDY.

Audire est Oper' prære procedere refte
2ui mechis non vnltis—Hor. Sat, 2. 1. I.
———*Metuat dots deprenfa.*———*Ibid.*



Printed in the YEAR 1710

William Congreve (1670-1729) carried to its height the comedy of manners inaugurated by Etherege, who in his turn owed something to Dryden. The comedy of manners, dealing with the refined and brilliant society rabble of the day, is concerned only with giving a picture of irresponsible gaiety dressed in a dazzling garment of wit. Morals and emotion have no place here; we see only the hard, bright surface of intellect, callous to feeling, careless of right and wrong. The effect is artificial, but the picture was none the less true within certain limits. The main limitation is the fact that though such fine ladies and gentlemen may have flashed through high society, this society was but the polished veneer on the solid, puritanical substance which constituted the bulk of the middle class community, indeed of the nation as a whole. Further this society was essentially metropolitan, and London is not England.

Congreve, himself a denizen of this gay and cynical world, wrote four comedies and one tragedy. *The Old Bachelor* appeared in 1693 and was immediately successful. *The Double Dealer*, 1693, a less consistently carefree comedy, failed to win the same applause; but in *Love for Love*, 1695, he recaptured his vein and with it popularity.

The Way of the World (March 1699/1700) is the quintessence of Congreve and of the comedy of manners; and yet it was received without enthusiasm. Artificial and gay, irresponsible and callous, the brilliant characters of this comedy move in a heady atmosphere of perpetual wit. There is little cohesion of plot and the whole purpose of the play is to give scope to those bright stars to shoot meteor-wise across the artificial firmament of fine society.

The first edition was a quarto, 1700; the second quarto, 1706, was described as the "Second Edition, Revised." Nicoll gives two editions of 1700. In 1710 appeared the *Works*, which is the basis of the present text. It has been collated with the first quarto, 1700, and the 1706 quarto.

Q 1 = First quarto, 1700 (B. M. 841. c. 9).

Q 2 = "Second Edition, Revised," quarto, 1706 (B. M. 11775. d. 9).

1710 = *Works*, 3 vols., 1710 (Hull U. C. PR 3360. D1392).

TO^o

Mr. CONGREVE,

Occasion'd by his

COMEDY

CALL'D

The WAY of the WORLD.

"W *HEN* Pleasure's jailing to the low Delight,
 In the vain Joys of the uncertain Sight,
No sense of Wit when rude Spectators know,
But in distorted Gesture, Farce and Show;
Flow could, Great Author, your Aspiring Mind
Dare to Write only to the Few Refin'd!
Yet tho' that nice Ambition you pursue,
'Tis not in Congreve's Power to please but few.
Implicitly devoted to his Fame,
Well-dress'd Barbarians know his awful Name;
Tho' senseless they're of Mirth, but when they laugh,
As they feel Wine, but when, 'till drunk, they quaff.

' *On you, from Fate, a lavish Portion fell*
In ev'ry way of Writing to excell.
Your Muse Applause to Arabella^o brings,
In Notes as sweet as Arabella Sings.
When e'er you draw an undissembled Woe,
With sweet Distress your Rural Numbers^o flow,
Pastoral the Complaint of ev'ry Swain,
Pastora still the Eccho of the Plain!
Or if your Muse describe, with warming Force,
The wounded Frenchman falling from his Horse;
And her own William glorious in the Strife,
Bestowing on the prostrate Foe his Life:
You the great Act as gen'rously rehearse,
And all the English Fury's in your Verse.
By your selected Scenes, and handsome Choice,
Ennobled Comedy exalts her Voice;
You check unjust Esteem and fond Desire,
And teach to Scorn, what else we should Admire;

TO . . . 1 Verses included first in 1710. -

Arabella] refers to Congreve's Pindarick Ode, *Upon a Lady's Singing*, afterwards entitled *On Mrs. Arabella Hunt Singing*.

Rural Numbers] refers to Congreve's *The Mourning Muse of Alexis*, a pastoral elegy mourning the death of Queen Mary under the name of Pastora.

*The just Impression taught by you we bear,
The Player acts the World, the World the Player,
Whom still that World unjustly disesteems,
Tho' he, alone, professes what he seems:
But when your Muse assumes her Tragick Part,
She conquers and she reigns in ev'ry Heart;
To mourn with her Men cheat their private Woe,
And gen'rous Pity's all the Grief they know;
The Widow, who impatient of Delay,
From the Town-joys must mask it to the Play,
Joyns with your Mourning-Bride's resistless Moan,
And weeps a Loss she slighted, when her own;
You give us Torment, and you give us Ease,
And vary our Afflictions as you please;
Is not a Heart so kind as yours in Pain,
To load your Friends with Cares you only feign;
Your Friends in Grief, compos'd your self, to leave?
But 'tis the only way you'll e'er deceive.
Then still, great Sir, your moving Pow'r employ,
To lull our Sorrow, and correct our Joy.*

R. STEELE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

R A L P H

Earl of MOUNTAGUE, &c.

My LORD,

Whether the World will arraign me of Vanity, or not, that I have presum'd to Dedicate this Comedy to Your Lordship, I am yet in Doubt: Tho' it may be it is some degree of Vanity even to doubt of it. One who has at any time had the Honour of Your Lordship's Conversation, cannot be suppos'd to think very meanly of that which he wou'd prefer to Your Perusal: Yet it were to incur the Imputation of too much Sufficiency, to pretend to such a Merit as might abide the Test of Your Lordship's Censure.

Whatever Value may be wanting to this Play while yet it is mine, will be sufficiently made up to it, when it is once become Your Lordship's; and it is my Security, that I cannot have overrated it more by my Dedication, than Your Lordship will dignifie it by Your Patronage.

That it succeeded on the Stage, was almost beyond my Expectation; for but little of it was prepar'd for that general Taste which seems now to be predominant in the Pallats of our Audience.

Those Characters which are meant to be ridicul'd^o in most of our Comedies, are of Fools so gross, that in my humble Opinion, they shou'd rather disturb than divert the well-natur'd and reflecting Part of an Audience; they are rather Objects of Charity than Contempt; and instead of moving our Mirth, they ought very often to excite our Compassion.

This Reflection mov'd me to design some Characters, which shou'd appear ridiculous not so much thro' a natural Folly (which is incorrigible, and therefore not proper for the Stage) as thro' an affected Wit; a Wit, which at the same time that it is affected, is also false. As there is some Difficulty in the Formation of a Character of this Nature, so there is some Hazard which attends the Progress of its Success, upon the Stage: For many come to a Play, so over-charg'd with Criticism, that they very often let fly their Censure, when thro' their Rashness they have mistaken their Aim. This I had Occasion lately to observe: For this Play had been acted two or three Days, before some of these hasty Judges cou'd find the leisure to distinguish betwixt the Character of a *Witwoud* and a *Truewit*.

I must beg Your Lordship's Pardon for this Digression from the true Course of this Epistle; but that it may not seem altogether impertinent, I beg, that I may plead the Occasion of it, in part of that Excuse of which I stand in need, for recommending this Comedy to Your Protection. It is only by the Countenance of Your Lordship, and the *Tew* so qualify'd, that such who write with Care and Pains can hope to be distinguish'd: For the Prostituted Name of *Poet* promiscuously levels all that bear it.

Terence, the most correct Writer in the World, had a *Scipio* and a *Lelius*, if not to assist him, at least to support him in his Reputation: And notwithstanding his extraordinary Merit, it may be, their Countenance was not more than necessary.

The Purity of his Stile, the Delicacy of his Turns, and the Justness of his Characters, were all of them Beauties, which the greater Part of his Audience were incapable of Tasting: Some of the coarsest Strokes of *Plautus*, so severely censur'd by *Horace*, were more likely to affect the Multitude; such, who come with expectation to laugh at the last Act of a Play, and are better entertain'd with two or three unseasonable Jests, than with the artful Solution of the *Fable*.

ridicul'd) Q 2, 1710; *ridiculous* Q 1.

As *Terence* excell'd in his Performances, so had he great Advantages to encourage his Undertakings; for he built most on the Foundations of *Menander*: His Plots were generally modell'd, and his Characters ready drawn to his Hand. He copied *Menander*; and *Menander* had no less Light in the Formation of his Characters, from the Observations of *Theophrastus*, of whom he was a Disciple; and *Theophrastus* it is known was not only the Disciple, but the immediate Successor of *Aristotle*, the first and greatest Judge of Poetry. These were great Models to design by; and the further Advantage which *Terence* possessed, towards giving his Plays the due Ornaments of Purity of Stile, and Justness of Manners, was not less Considerable, from the Freedom of Conversation, which was permitted him with *Lelius* and *Scipio*, two of the greatest and most polite Men of his Age. And indeed, the Privilege of such a Conversation, is the only certain Means of attaining to the Perfection of Dialogue.

If it has happen'd in any Part of this Comedy, that I have gain'd a Turn of Stile, or Expression more Correct, or at least more Corrigible than in those which I have formerly written, I must, with equal Pride and Gratitude, ascribe it to the Honour of Your Lordship's admitting me into Your Conversation, and that of a Society where every body else was so well worthy of You, in Your Retirement last Summer from the Town: For it was immediately after, that this Comedy was written. If I have fail'd in my Performance, it is only to be regretted, where there were so many, not inferior either to a *Scipio* or a *Lelius*, that there shou'd be one wanting, equal in Capacity to a *Terence*.

If I am not mistaken, Poetry is almost the only Art, which has not yet laid Claim to your Lordship's Patronage. Architecture, and Painting, to the great Honour of our Country, have flourish'd under Your Influence and Protection. In the mean time, Poetry, the eldest Sister of all Arts, and Parent of most, seems to have resign'd her Birth-right, by having neglected to pay her Duty to Your Lordship; and by permitting others of a later Extraction, to prepossess that Place in Your Esteem, to which none can pretend a better Title. Poetry, in its Nature, is sacred to the Good and Great; the Relation between them is reciprocal, and they are ever propitious to it. It is the Privilege of Poetry to address to them, and it is their Prerogative alone to give it Protection.

This receiv'd Maxim is a general Apology for all Writers who Consecrate their Labours to great Men: But I could wish, at this time, that this Address were exempted from the common Pretence of all Dedications; and that as I can distinguish Your Lordship even among the most Deserving, so this Offering might become remarkable by some particular Instance of Respect, which should assure Your Lordship, that I am, with all due sense of Your extream Worthiness and Humanity,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient
and most Oblig'd Humble Servant,

WILL. CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

OF those few Fools, who with ill Stars are curst,
 Sure scribbling Fools, call'd Poets, fare the worst:
 For they're a sort of Fools which Fortune makes,
 And after she has made 'em Fools, forsakes.
 With Nature's Oafs 'tis quite a diff'rent Case,
 For Fortune favours all her Idiot-Race:
 In her own Nest the Cuckow-Eggs we find,
 O'er which she broods to hatch the Changling-Kind.
 No Portion for her own she has to spare,
 So much she doats on her adopted Care.

Poets are Bubbles, by the Town drawn in,
 Suffered at first some trifling Stakes to win:
 But what unequal Hazards do they run !
 Each time they write they venture all they've won:
 The Squire that's butter'do still, is sure to be undone. J
 This Author, heretofore, has found your Favour,
 But pleads no Merit from his past Behaviour.
 To build on that might prove a vain Presumption,
 Shou'd Grants to Poets made, admit Resumption:
 And in Parnassus he must lose his Seat,
 If that be found a forfeited Estate.

He owns, with Toil, he wrought the following Scenes,
 But if they're naught ne'er spare him for his Pains:
 Damn him the more; have no Commiseration
 For Dulness on mature Deliberation,
 He swears he'll not resent one hiss'd-off Scene,
 Nor, like those peevish Wits, his Play maintain,
 Who, to assert their Sense, your Taste arraign.
 Some Plot we think he has, and some new Thought;
 Some Humour too, no Farce; but that's a Fault.
 Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect;
 For so Reform'd a Town, who dares Correct?
 To Please, this Time, has been his sole Pretence,
 He'll not instruct, lest it shou'd give Offence.
 Shou'd he by chance a Knave or Fool expose,
 That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.
 In short, our Play shall (with your Leave to shew it)
 Give you one Instance of a Passive Poet.^o
 Who to your Judgments yields all Resignation;
 So Save or Damn, after your own Discretion.

butter'd]

flattered.

Poet.] Qq 1, 2 1710.

Dramatis Personse.

MEN.

<i>Fainall</i> , In Love with <i>Mrs. Marwood</i> .	<i>Mr. Betterton</i> .
<i>Mirabell</i> , In Love with <i>Mrs. Millamant</i> .	<i>Mr. Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Witwoud</i> ,	<i>Mr. Bowen</i> .
<i>Petulant</i> , \ Followers of <i>Mrs. Millamant</i> .	f <i>Mr. Bowman</i> .
Sir <i>Wilfull Witwoud</i> , Half Brother to <i>Witwoud</i> , and Nephew to	
<i>Lady Wishfort</i> .	J
<i>Waitwell</i> , Servant to <i>Mirabell</i> .	<i>Mr. Bright</i> .

W O M E N .

<i>Lady Wishfort</i> , Enemy to <i>Mirabell</i> , for having falsly pretended	
Love to her.	J <i>Mrs. Leigh</i> .
<i>Mrs. Millamant</i> , A fine Lady, Neice ^o to <i>Lady Wishfort</i> , and loves	
<i>Mirabell</i> .	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Mrs. Marwood</i> , Friend to <i>Mr. Fainall</i> , and likes <i>Mirabell</i> .	<i>Mrs. Barry</i> .
<i>Mrs. Fainall</i> , Daughter to <i>Lady Wishfort</i> , and Wife to <i>Fainall</i> ,	
formerly Friend to <i>Mirabell</i> .	J <i>Mrs. Bowman</i>
<i>Foible</i> , Woman to <i>Lady Wishfort</i> .	<i>Mrs. Willis</i> .
<i>Mincing</i> , Woman to <i>Mrs. Millamant</i> .	<i>Mrs. Prince</i> .
Dancers, Footmen, and Attendants.	

S C E N E L O N D O N .

The Time equal to that of the Presentation.

Neiece] 1710; *Niece* Qq 1, 2. Both are common forms.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ACT I. SCENE I.^o

A *Chocolate-House*,

Mirabell and Fainall, [*Rising from Cards.*]
Betty waiting.

Mirabell.

You are a fortunate Man, Mr. *Fainall*.

Fain. Have we done?

Mira. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your Revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the Coldness of a losing Gamester lessens the Pleasure of the Winner. I'd no more play with a Man 10 that slighted his ill Fortune, than I'd make Love to a Woman who undervalu'd the Loss of her Reputation.

Mira. You have a Taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your Pleasures.

Fain. Prithee, why so reserv'd? Something has put you out of Humour.

Mira. Not at all: I happen to be grave to Day; and you are gay; that's all.

Fain. Confess, *Millamant* and you quar- 20
rell'd last Night, after I left you; my fair Cousin has some Humours that wou'd tempt the Patience of a Stoick. What, some Coxcomb came in, and was well receiv'd by her, while you were by.

Mira. Witwoud and *Petulant*; and what was worse, her Aunt, your Wife's Mother, my evil Genius; or to sum up all in her own Name, my old Lady *Wishfort* came in. 30

Fain. O there it is then—She has a lasting Passion for you, and with Reason.—What, then my Wife was there?

Mira. Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave Faces, whisper'd one another; then complain'd

SCENE I.] In Qq 1, 2 the acts are not divided into scenes, and consequently the wording at the points where scenes change and characters enter and leave is often different from that of 1710. The text follows 1710 and generally the variations are not noted.

aloud of the Vapours, and after fell into a profound Silence.

Fain They had • a mind to be rid of '40you.

Mira. FOB which good Reason I resolv'd not to stir. At last the good old Lady broke thro' her painful Taciturnity, with an Inveective against long Visits. I would not have understood her, but *Millamant* joining in the Argument, I rose and with a constraint Smile told her, I thought nothing was so easie as to know when a Visit began to be troublesome; she reden'd and I 50 withdrew, without expecting^o her Reply.

Fain. You were too blame^o to resent what she spoke only in Compliance with her Aunt.

Mira. She is more Mistress of her self, than to be under the necessity of such a Resignation

Fain. What? tho' half her Fortune depends upon her Marrying with my Lady's Approbation? 60

Mira. I was then in such a Humour, that I shou'd have been better pleas'd if she had been less discreet, tactful,

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last Night was one of their Cabal-Nights; they have 'em three times a Week, and meet by turns, at one another's Apartments, where they come together like the Coroner's Inquest, to sit upon the murder'd Reputations Of the 70 Week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the Male Sex shou'd be excepted; but some body mov'd that to avoid Scandal there might be one Man of the Community; upon which motion *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enroll'd Members.

Mira. And who may have been the Foundress of this sect? My Lady *Wishfort*, I warrant, who publishes her Detestation of Mankind; and full of the Vigour of Fifty '80 I five, declares for a Friend and *Ratafia*;^o I and let Posterity shift for it self, she'll breed I no more.

Fain. The Discovery of your sham Ad-

expecting] awaiting.

too blame] Of. p. 268 *supra*.

Ratafia] a cordial liqueur.

dresses to her, to conceal your Love to her Neice, has provok'd this Separation: Had you dissemb'd better, Things might have continued in the State of Nature.

Mira. I did as much as Man cou'd, with any reasonable Conscience; I proceeded 90 to the very last Act of Flattery with her, and was guilty of a Song in her Commendation. Nay, I got a Friend to put her into a Lampoon, and complement her with the Imputation of an Affair with a young Fellow, which I carry'd so far, that I told her the malicious Town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a Dropsie, persuaded her she was reported to be in Labour. The Devil's in't, '100 if an old Woman is to be flatter'd further, unless a Man shou'd endeavour downright personally to debauch her; and that my Vertue forbad me. But for the Discovery of this Amour. I am indebted to your Friend, or your Wife's Friend, Mrs. Marwood.

Fain. What shou'd provoke her to be your Enemy, unless she has made you Advances, which you have slighted? Women do not so easily forgive Omissions of that Nature.

Mira. She was always civil to me, 'till of late; I confess I am not one of those Coxcombs who are apt to interpret a Woman's good Manners to her Prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em ev'ry thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

Fain. You are gallant *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have Cruelty enough, not to satisfy a Lady's longing; you have too much Generosity, not to be tender of her Honour. Yet you speak with an Indifference which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a Negligence.

Mira. You pursue the Argument with a Distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a Concern for which the Lady is more indebted to you, than is your Wife.

Fain. Fie, fie Friend, if you grow serious I must leave you;—I'll look upon the Gamesters in the next Room.

Mira. Who are they?

Fain. *Petulant* and *Witwoud*—Bring me some Chocolate.^o

Mira. *Betty*, what says your Clock?

Chocolate, Sir After each of these words Q 1 1 reads [Exit.

Bet. Turn'd of the last Canonical Hour,^o Sir.^o

Mira. How pertinently the Jade answers me! Ha? almost one a Clock! [*Looking 140 on his Watch.*] O, y'are come—

SCENE II.

Mirabell and Footman.

Mira. Well; is the grand Affair over? You have been something tedious.

Serv. Sir, there's such Coupling at *Paneras*^o that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a Country Dance. Ours was the last Couple to lead up; and no Hopes appearing of Dispatch, besides, the Parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his Lungs wou'd have fail'd before it came to our Turn; so we drove round to *Duke's-10 Place*;^o and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mira. So, so, you are sure they are married.

Serv. Married and Bedded, Sir: I am Witness.

Mira. Have you the Certificate.

Serv. Here it is, Sir.

Mira. Has the Tailor brought *Waitwell's* a Cloaths home, and the new Liveries? 20

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mira. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the Consummation 'till farther Order; bid *Waitwell* shake his Ears, and Dame *Partlet* rustle up her Feathers, and meet me at One a Clock by *Rosamond's Pond*;^o that I may see her before she returns to her Lady: And as you tender your Ears be secret.

SCENE III.

Mirabell, Fainall, Betty.

Fain. Joy of your Success, *Mirabell*; you look pleas'd.

Mira. Ay; I have been engag'd in a Matter of some sort of Mirth, which is not yet ripe for Discovery. I am glad this is not a

Canonical Hour] Cf. p. 336 *supra*.

Paneras.] At St. Pancras Church marriages could take place at any time without a licence.

Duke's-Place.] "Aldgate, now Duke Street. St. James's Church here was notorious for irregular marriages, vulgarly called Fleet weddings." (Summers.)

Rosamond's Pond] In St. James's Park.

Cabal-Night, wonder, *Fainall*, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreetwill suffer your Wife to be of such a Party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, 10 most who are engag'd are Women and Relations; and for the Men, they are of a Kind too contemptible to give Scandal.

Mira. I am of another Opinion. The greater the Coxcomb, always the more the Scandal: For a Woman who is not a Fool, can have but one Reason for associating with a Man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see *Witwoud* entertain'd by *MULamantf* '20

Mira. Of her Understanding I am, if not of her Person.

Fain. You do her wrong; for to give her her Due, she has Wit.

Mira. She has Beauty enough to make any Man think so; and Complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate Lover, methinks you are a Man somewhat too discerning 30 in the Failings of your Mistress.

Mira. And for a discerning Man, somewhat too passionate a Lover for I like her with all her Faults; nay, like her for her Faults. Her Follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those Affectations which in another Woman wou'd be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, she once us'd me with that Insolence, that in Re- 40 venge I took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated her Failings; I stuy'd 'em, and got 'em by Rote. The Catalogue was so large, that I was not without Hopes, one Day or other to hate her heartily: To which end I so us'd my self to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my Design and Expectation, they gave me ev'ry Hour less and less Disturbance; 'till in a few Days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as 50 familiar to me as my own Frailties; and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her Charms, as you are with her Defects, and my Life on't, you are your own Man again.

Mira. Say you so?

Fain. I, I, I have Experience: I have a Wife, and so forth. 60

SCENE IV.

[To them] Messenger.

Mess. Is one Squire *Witwoud* here?

Bet. Yes; What's your Business?

Mess. I have a Letter for him, from his Brother Sir *Wilfull*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own Hands.

Bet. He's in the next Room, Friend—That way.

SCENE V.

Mirabell, *Fainall*, *Betty*.

Mira. What, is the chief of that noble Family in Town, Sir *Wilfidl Witwoud*?

Fain. He is expected to Day. Do you know him?

Mira. I have seen him, he promises to be an extraordinary Person; I think you have the Honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half Brother to this *Witwoud* by a former Wife, who was Sister to my Lady *Wishfort*, my Wife's Mother. 10 If you marry *Millamant*, you must call Cousins too.

Mira. I had rather be his Relation than his Acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to Town in order to Equip himself for Travel.

Mira. For Travel! Why the Man that I mean is above Forty.

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the Honour of *England*, that all *Europe* 20 should know that we have Blockheads of all Ages.

Mira. I wonder there is not an Act of Parliament to save the Credit of the Nation, and prohibit the Exportation of Fools.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to Trade with a little Loss, than to be quite eaten up, with being overstock'd.

Mira. Pray, are the Follies of this Knight-Errant, and those of the Squire his 30 Brother, any thing related?

Fain. Not at all; *Witwoud* grows by the Knight, like a Medlar grafted on a Crab. One will melt in your Mouth, and t'other set your Teeth on edge; one is all Pulp, and the other all Core.

Mira. So one will be Rotten before he be Ripe, and the other will be Rotten without ever being Ripe at all. - -

Fain. Sir *Wiljull* is an odd Mixture of 40 Bashfulness and Obstinacy.—But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the Monster in the Tempest; and much alter the same manner. To give t'other his due; he has something of good Nature, and does not always want Wit.

Mira. Not always; but as often as his Memory fails him, and his common Place of Comparisons. He is a Fool with a good Memory, and some few Scraps of other **BO Folks Wit. He is one whose Conversation can never be approv'd.** yet it is now and then to be endur'd. He has indeed one good Quality, he is not Exceptious; for he so passionately affects the Reputation of understanding Raillery, that he will construe an Affront info a Jest; and call downright Rudeness and ill Language, Satire and Fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finish his Picture, you have an Opportunity to do 60 it at full length. Behold the Original.

SCENE VI.

To them Witwoud.

Wit. Afford me your Compassion, my Dears; pity me, *Fainall*, *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mira. I do from my Soul.

Fain. Why, what's the Matter?

Wit. No Letters for me, *Bettyt*

Bet. Did not a^o Messenger bring you one but now, Sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Bet. No, Sir.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard;— 10 A Messenger, a Mule, a Beast of Burden, he has brought me a Letter from the Fool my Brother, as heavy as a Panegyrick in a Funeral Sermon, or a Copy of Commendatory Verses from one Poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a Forerunner of the Author, as an Epistle Dedicatory.

Mira. A Fool, and your Brother, *Witwoud!*

Wit. Ay, ay, my half Brother. My half a> Brother he is, no nearer upon Honour.

Mira. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a Fool.

Wit. Good, good, *Mirabell*, *le Drole!*
aj 1710; the Qq 1, 2.

Good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him;—*Fainall*, how does your Lady? Gad, I say any thing in the World to get this Fellow out of my Head. I beg Pardon that I shou'd ask a Man of Pleasure, and the Town, a Question at once so Foreign 30 and Domestick. But I Talk like an old Maid at a Marriage, I don't know what I say: But she's the best Woman in the World.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your Commendation wou'd go near to make me either Vain or Jealous.

Wit. No Man in Town lives well with a Wife but *Fainall*. Your Judgment, *Mirabell*?

Mira. You had better step and ask his Wife; if you wou'd be credibly inform'd. 40

Wit. *Mirabell*.

Mira. Ay.

Wit. My Dear, I ask Ten Thousand Pardons;—Gad I have forgot what I. was going to say to you.

Mira. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but prithee excuse me,—my Memory is such a Memory.

Mira. Have a care of such Apologies *Witwoud*;—for I never knew a Fool 50 but he affected to complain, either of the Spleen or his Memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant*?

Wit. He's reckoning his Mony,—my Mony it was—1 have no Luck to Day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at Play;—for you are sure to be too hard for him at Repartee: Since you monopolize the Wit that is between you, the Fortune must be his of Course. 60

Mira. I don't find that *Petulant* confesses the Superiority of Wit to be your Talent, *Witwoud*.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed Debates—*PetulanVs* my Friend, and a very honest Fellow, and a very pretty Fellow, and has a smattering—Faith and 'Troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small Wit: Nay, I'll do him Justice. I'm his Friend, I won't wrong 70 him.—And if he had any Judgment in the World,—he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the Merits of my Friend.

Fain. You don't take your Friend to be over-nicely bred.

Wit. No, no hang him, the Rogue has no Manners at all, that I must own—No more

Breeding than a Bum-baily, that I grant you,—'Tis pity; the Fellow has Fire and Life. 81

Mira. What, Courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that, —1 can't say as to that.—Yes, faith, in a Controversie he'll contradict any Body.

Mira. Tho' 'twere a Man whom he fear'd, or a Woman whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;—We have all our Failings; you are too hard upon him, you are 90 faith. Let me excuse him,—1 can defend most of his Faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the Truth on't, if he were my Brother, I cou'd not acquit him—That indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

Mira. Ay marry, what's that, *Witwoud*?

Wit. 0 pardon me—Expose the Infirmities of my Friend.—No, my Dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such Trifle. 101i

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his Wit will excuse that: A Wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a Woman constant; one argues a Decay of Parts, as t'other of Beauty.

Mira. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an Incentive to Argument, and keeps up Conversation. 110

Fain. Too illiterate.

Wit. That! that's his Happiness—His want of Learning gives him the more Opportunities to shew his natural Parts.

Mira. He wants Words.

Wit. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want of Words gives me the Pleasure very often to explain his Meaning.

Fain. He's Impudent.

Wit. No, that's not it. 130

Mira. Vain.

Wit. No.

Mira. What, he speaks unseasonable Truths sometimes, because he has not Wit enough to invent an Evasion.

Wit. Truths! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, since you will have it,—1 mean, he never speaks Truth at all,—That's all. He will lie like a Chambermaid, or a Woman of Quality's Porter. Now that is a Fault.

SCENE VII.

[To them] Coachman.

Coach. Is Master *Petulant* here, Mistress?
Bet. Yes.

Coach. Three Gentlewomen in a° Coach would speak with him.

Fain. 0 brave *Petulant*, Three!

Bet. I'll tell him.

Coach. You must bring Two Dishes of Chocolate and a Glass of Cinnamon-water.

SCENE VIII.

Mirabell, Fainall, Witwoud.

Wit. That should be for Two fasting Strumpets, and a Bawd troubled with Wind. Now you may know what the Three are.

Mira. You are very free with your Friend's Acquaintance.'

Wit. Ay, ay, Friendship without Freedom, is as dull as Love without Enjoyment, or wine without Toasting! but to tell you a Secret, these are Trulls whom he allows Coach-hire, and something more by the 10 Week, to call on him once a Day at publick Places.

Mira. How!

Wit. You shall see he won't go to 'em because there's no more Company here to take notice of him—Why this is nothing to what he us'd to do;—Before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself—

Fain. Pall for himself? What dost thou 20 mean?

Wit. Mean, why he wou'd slip you out of this Chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to him—As soon as your Back was turn'd—Whip he was gone;—Then trip to his Lodging, clap on a Hood and Scarf, and a Mask, slap into a Hackney-Coach, and drive hither to the Door again in a trice; where he wou'd send in for himself, that I mean, call for himself wait for 30 himself, nay and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a Letter for himself.

Mira. I confess this is something extraordinary—1 believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming; 0 I ask his Pardon.

a] the Qq 1, 2.

. SCENE IX. '.

Petulant, Mirabell, Fainair, Witwoud; Betty.

Bet. Sir, the Coach stays.

Pet. Well, well; I come—'Sbud a Man had as good be a profess'd Midwife, as a profess'd Whoremaster, at this rate; to be knock'd up and rais'd at all Hours, and in all Places. Poxon 'em, I won't come—D'y'e hear, tell 'em I won't come.—Let 'em snivel and cry their Hearts out.

Fain. You are very cruel, *Petulant*.

Pet. All's one, let it pass—I have a 10

Mira. I hope they are not Persons of Condition that you use at this rate.

Pet. Condition, Condition's a dry'd Fig, if I am not in Humour—By this Hand, if they were your—a—a—your What-dee-call-ems themselves, they must wait or rub off,^o want Appetite.

Mira. What-dee-call-'ems! What are they, Witwoudt 20

Wit. Empresses, my Dear—By your What-dee-call-'ems he means Sultana Queens.

Pet. Ay, *Roxolana's*.^o

Mira. Cry you Mercy.

Fain. Witwoud says they are—

Pet. What does he say th'are?

Wit. I; fine Ladies I say.

Pet. Pass on, *Witwoud*—Harkee, by this Light his Relations—Two Co-heiresses his Cousins, and an old Aunt, who loves Cat-30 terwauling better than a Conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha; I had a Mind to see how the Rogue would come off—Ha, ha, ha; Gad I can't be angry with him; if he had said they were my Mother and my Sisters.

Mira. No!

Wit. No; the Rogue's Wit and Readiness of Invention charm me, dear *Petulant*.

Bet. They are gone, Sir, in great Anger. 40

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps Complexion, saves Paint

Fain. This Contenance is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes Court to *Millamant*, and swear he has abandoned the whole Sex for her Sake.

Mira. Have you not left off your im-

rub off! run away.

Roxolana's! Refers to *Roxolana*, wife of the Sultan Soliman in *D'Avenant's Siege of Rhodes*.

udent Pretensions there yet? I shall cut your Throats sometime or other, *Petulant*, 50 about that Business.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that pass—There are other Throats to be cut.—

Mira. Meaning mine, Sir?

Pet. Not I—I mean no Body—I know nothing.—But there are Uncles and Nephews in the World—And they may be Rivals—What then? All's one for that—

Mira. How! Harkee *Petulant*, come hither—Explain, or I shall call your 60 Interpreter.

Pet. Explain; I know nothing—Why you have an Uncle, have you not, lately come to Town, and lodges by my Lady *Wishfort's*?

Mira. True.

Pet. Why that's enough—You and he are not Friends; and if he shou'd marry and have a Child, you may be disinherited, ha?

Mira. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this Truth? 70

Pet. All's one for that; why then say I know something.

Mira. Come, thou art an honest Fellow *Petulant*, and shalt make Love to my Mistress, thou sha't, Faith. What hast thou heard of my Uncle?

Pet. I, nothing I. If Throats are to be cut, let Swords clash; snug's the Word, I shrug and am silent.

Mira. O Raillery, Raillery, Come, I 80 know thou art in the Womens Secrets—What you're a Cabalist, I know you staid at *Millamant's* last Night, after I went. Was there any Mention made of my Uncle, or me? Tell me; if thou hadst but good Nature equal to thy Wit *Petulant*, *Tony Witwoud*, who is arrow thy Competitor in Fame, would shewas dim by thee as a dead Whiting's Eye^o by a Pearl of Orient; he would no more be seen by thee, than 90 *Mercury* is by the Sun: Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common Sense then, for the future?

Mira. Faith I'll dp what I can for thee, and I'll pray that *Hiav'n* may grant it thee in the mean time.

dead . . . Eye! Cf. Rochester, *To Chute a Friend but never Marry*: "About her Neck a valued Prize, A Necklace made of whiting Eyes."

Pet. Well, harkee.

Fain. *Petulant* and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a Rival as a Lover. 10

Wit. Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part—But that it is almost a Fashion to admire her, I should—Harkee—To tell you a Secret, but let it go no further—Between Friends, I shall never break my Heart for her.

Fain. How!

Wit. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain Woman.

Fain. I thought you had dy'd for her. no

Wit. Umh—No—

Fain. She has *Wit*.

Wit. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else—Now, Demme, I shou'd hate that if she were as handsome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

Fain. Why do you think so?

Wit. We staid pretty late there last Night; and heard something of an Uncle to *Mirabell*, who is lately come to Town,—and 120 is between him and the best part of his Estate; *Mirabell* and he are at some Distance, as my Lady *Wishfort* has been told; and you know she hates *Mirabell*, worse than a Quaker hates a Parrot, or than a Fishmonger hates" a hard Frost. Whether this Uncle has seen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot say; but there were Items of such a Treaty being in Embrio; and if it shou'd come to Life, poor *Mirabell* wou'd be in 130 some sort unfortunately fobb'd i'faith.

Fain. 'Tis impossible *Millamant* shou'd harken to it.

Wit. Faith, my Dear, I can't tell; she's a Woman and a kind of a Humorist.

Mira. And this is the Sum of what you cou'd collect last Night.

Pet. The Quintessence. May be *Witwoud* knows more, he stay'd longer—Besides they never mind him; they say any thing 140 before him.

Mira. I thought you had been the greatest Favourite.

Pet. *AY tete a tete*;° But not in publick, because I make Remarks.

Mira. You do?

Pet. Ay, ay, pox I'm malicious, Man. Now he's soft, you know, they are not in

tete a tete] 1710; teste a teste Q 1.

awe of him—The Fellow's well bred, he's what you call a—What-d'ye-call-'em.° 150 A fine Gentleman, but he's sillywitha

Mira. I thank you, I know as muchasmy Curiosity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall*?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a Turn before Dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park, the Ladies talk'd of being there.

Mira. I thought you were oblig'd to watch for your Brother Sir *WilfulVs* Arrival.

Wit. No, no, he comes to his Aunt's, 160 my Lady *Wishfort*) pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the Fool?

Pet. Beg him for his Estate; that I may. beg you afterwards; and so have but one Trouble with you both.

Wit. O rare *Petulant*) thou art as quick as Fire in a frosty Morning; thou shalt to the *Mall* with'us; and we'll be very severe.

Pet. Enough, I'm in a Humour to be 170 severe.

Mira. Are you? Pray then walk by your selves,—Let not us be accessary to your putting the Ladies out of Countenance, with your senseless *Ribaldry*; which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome Woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

Pet. What, what? Then let 'em either shew their Innocence by not understand- 180 ing what they hear, or else shew their Discretion by not hearing what they wou'd not be thought to understand.

Mira. But hast not thou then Sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most asham'd thy self, when thou hast put another out of Countenance.

Pet. Not I, by this Hand—1 always take Blushing either for a Sign of Guilt, or ill Breeding. 190

Mira. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the Error of your Judgment in defence of your Practice.

Where Modesty's ill Manners, 'tis but fit
That Impudence and Malice pass for Wit.

End of the First Act.

What-d'ye-call-'em] 1710; What-dee-call-'em Q 1.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*St. James's Park.**Mrs. Fainall and Mrs. Marwood.**Mrs. Fainall.*

Ay, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we must find the Means in our selves, and among our selves. Men are ever in Extreams; either doating or averse. While they are Lovers, if they have Fire and Sense, their Jealousies are insupportable: And when they cease to Love, (we ought to think at least) they loath; they look upon us with Horror and Distaste; they meet us like the Ghosts of what we 10 were, and as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy Circumstance of Life, that Love shou'd ever die before us; and that the Man so often shou'd out-live the Lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left, than never to have been lov'd. To pass our Youth in dull Indifference, to refuse the Sweetness of Life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous, as to wish to have been born 20 Old, because we one Day must be Old. For my part, my Youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my Possession.

Mrs. Fain. Then it seems you dissemble an Aversion to Mankind, only in compliance to my Mother's Humour.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no Taste of those insipid dry Discourses, with which our Sex of force must entertain themselves, apart from Men. We may '> affect Endearments to each other, profess eternal Friendships, and seem to dote like Lovers; but 'tis not in our Natures long to persevere. Love will resume his Empire in our Breasts, and every Heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful Tyrant.

Mrs. Fain. Bless me, how have I been deceiv'd! Why you profess a Libertine.

Mrs. Mar. You see my Friendship by '40 my Freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your Sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. Fain. Never.

Mrs. Mar. You hate Mankind?

Mrs. Fain. Heartily, Inveterately.

Mrs. Mar. Your Husband?

Mrs. Fain. Most transcendently; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. Mar. Give me your Hand upon it.

Mrs. Fain. There. 50

Mrs. Mar. I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. Fain. Is it possible? Dost thou hate those Vipers Men?

Mrs. Mar. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. Fain. There spoke the Spirit of an Amazon, a *Penlhesilea*.

Mrs. Mar. And yet I am thinking some- '60 times to carry my Aversion further.

Mrs. Fain. How?

Mrs. Mar. Faith by marrying; if I cou'd but find one that lov'd me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill Usage, I think I should do my self the Violence of undergoing the Ceremony.

Mrs. Fain. You wou'd not make him a Cuckold?

Mrs. Mar. No; but I'd make him be- 70 lieve I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. Fain. Why had not you as good do it?

Mrs. Mar. O if he shou'd ever discover it, he wou'd then know the worst, and be out of his Pain; but I wou'd have him ever to continue upon the Rack of Fear and Jealousie.

Mrs. Fain. Ingenious Mischief! Wou'd thou wert married to *Mirabell*. 80

Mrs. Mar. Wou'd I were.

Mrs. Fain. You change Colour.

Mrs. Mar. Because I hate him.

Mrs. Fain. So do I; but I can hear him nam'd. But what Reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. Mar. I never lov'd him; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

Mrs. Fain. By the Reason you give for your Aversion, one wou'd think it dis- 90 sembled; for you have laid a Fault to his Charge, of which his Enemies must acquit him.

Mrs. Mar. O then it seems you are one of his favourable Enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. Fain. Do I? I think I am a little sick O' the sudden.

Mrs. Mar. What ails you?

Mrs. Fain. My Husband. Don't you see 100 him? He turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

SCENE II.

[To them] Fainall and Mirabell.

Mrs. Mar. Ha, ha, ha; he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. Fain. For you, he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

Fain. My Dear.

Mrs. Fain. My Soul.

Fain. You don't look well to Day, Child.

Mrs. Fain. D'ye⁰ think so?

Mira. He is the only Man that does, Madam. 10

Mrs. Fain. The only Man that wou'd tell me so at least; and the only Man from whom I cou'd hear it without Mortification.

Fain. O my Dear I am satisfy'd of your Tenderness; I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an effect of my Concern.

Mrs. Fain. Mr. *Mirabell*, my Mother interrupted you in a pleasant Relation last Night: I wou'd fain hear it out. 20

Mira. The Persons concern'd in that Affair, have yet a tolerable Reputation.—I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be censorious.

Mrs. Fain. He has a Humour more prevailing than his Curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous Story, to avoid giving an Occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his Wife. This way Mr. *Mirabell*, and I dare promise you will oblige us both. 30

SCENE III.

Fainall, Mrs. Marwood.

Fain. Excellent Creature! Well, sure if I shou'd live to be rid of my Wife, I shou'd be a miserable Man.

Mrs. Mar. Ay!

Fain. For having only that one Hope, the accomplishment of it, of Consequence must put an end to all my Hopes; and what a Wretch is he who must survive his Hopes! Nothing remains when that Day comes, but to sit down and weep like Alexander, 10 when he wanted other Worlds to conquer.

Mrs. Mar. Will you not follow 'em?

Fain. Faith, I think not.

Mrs. Mar. Pray let us; I have a Reason.

Fain. You are not Jealous?

Mrs. Mar. Of whom?

D'ye! Q 2, 1710; Dee Q 1.

Fain. Of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. Mar. If I am, is it inconsistent with my Love to you that I am tender of your Honour? 20

Fain. You wou'd intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my Wife and him.

Mrs. Mar. I think she does not hate him to that degree she wou'd be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too Insensible.

Mrs. Mar. It may be you are deceiv'd.

Fain. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. Mar. What? 30

Fain. That I have been deceiv'd, Madam, and you are false.

Mrs. Mar. That I am false! What mean you?

Fain. To let you know I see through all your little Arts—Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissembl'd your Aversion. Your mutual Jealousies of one another, have made you clash 'till you have both struck Fire. I have seen the warm 40 Confession red'n'ing on your Cheeks, and sparkling from your Eyes.

Mrs. Mar. You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not—'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross Advances made him by my Wife; that by permitting her to be engag'd, I might continue unsuspected in my Pleasures; and take you oftner to my Arms in full Security. But cou'd you think, because the nodding 50 Husband wou'd not wake, that e'er the watchful Lover slept?

Mrs. Mar. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. With Infidelity, with loving another, with Love of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an Instance that can confirm your groundless Accusation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? 60 He is insensible, and your Resentment follows his Neglect. An Instance! The Injuries you have done him are a Proof: Your interposing in his Love. What cause had you to make Discoveries of his pretended Passion? To undeceive the credulous Aunt, and be the officious Obstacle of his Match with *Millamant*.

Mrs. Mar. My Obligations to my Lady urg'd me: I had profess'd a Friendship to 70

her; and cou'd not see her easie Nature so abus'd by that Dissembler.

Fain. What, was it Conscience then? Profess'd a Friendship! O the pious Friendships of the Female Sex!

Mrs. Mar. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty Vows of Men, whether professing Love to us, or mutual Faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha; you are my Wife's 80 Friend too.

Mrs. Mar. Shame and Ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her, thro' strict Fidelity to you, and sacrific'd my Friendship to keep my Love inviolate? And have you the Baseness to charge me with the Guilt, unmindful of the Merit! To you it shou'd be meritorious, that I have been vicious: And do you reflect that Guilt upon me, 90 which shou'd lie buried in your Bosom?

Fain. You misinterpret my Reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight Account you once cou'd make of strictest Ties, when set in Competition wth your Love to me.

Mrs. Mar. Tis false, you urg'd it with deliberate Malice—"Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your Guilt, not your Resentment, 100 begets your Rage. If yet you lov'd, you cou'd forgive a Jealousie: But you are stung to find you are discover'd.

Mrs. Mar. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd; be sure you shall. I can but be expos'd—If I do it my self I shall prevent your Baseness.

Fain. Why, what will you do?

Mrs. Mar. Disclose it to your Wife; own what has past between us. 110

Fain. Frenzy!

Mrs. Mar. By all my Wrongs I'll do't—I'll publish to the World the Injuries you have done me, both in my Fame and Fortune: With both I trusted you, you Bankrupt in Honour, as indigent of Wealth.

Fain. Your Fame I have preserv'd. Your Fortune has been bestow'd as the Prodigality of your Love would have it, in Pleasures which we both have shar'd. Yet, had 120 not you been false, I had e'er this repaid it—Tis true—had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have stoll'n their Marriage, my Lady had been incens'd be-

yond all Means of Reconcilement: *Millamant* had forfeited the Moiety of her Fortune; which then wou'd have descended to my Wife;—And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful Prize of a rich Widow's Wealth, and squander it on Love and 130 you?

Mrs. Mar. Deceit and frivolous Pretence.

Fain. Death, am I not married? What's Pretence? Am I not imprison'd, fetter'd? Have I not a Wife? Nay a Wife that was a Widow, a young Widow, a handsome Widow; and wou'd be again a Widow, but that I have a Heart of Proof, and something of a Constitution to bustle thro' the ways of Wedlock and this World. Will 140 you yet be reconcil'd to Truth and me?

Mrs. Mar. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent—I hate you, and shall for ever.

Fain. For loving you?

Mrs. Mar. I loath the Name of Love after such Usage; and next to the Guilt with which you wou'd asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewel.

Fain. Nay, we must not part thus. 150

Mrs. Mar. Let me go.

Fain. Come, I'm sorry.

Mrs. Mar. I care not—Let me go—Break my Hands, do—I'd leave 'em to get loose.

Fain. I wou'd not hurt you for the "World. Have I no other Hold to keep you here?

Mrs. Mar. Well, I have deserv'd it all.

Fain. You know I love you.

Mrs. Mar. Poor dissembling!—0 that MO—Well, it is not yet—

Fain. What? What is it not? What is it not yet? It is not yet too late—

Mrs. Mar. No, it is not yet too late—I have that Comfort.

Fain. It is, to love another.

Mrs. Mar. But not to loath, detest, abhor Mankind, my self and the whole treacherous World.

Fain. Nay, this is Extravagance—170 Come, I ask your Pardon—No Tears—, I was to blame, I cou'd not love you and be easie in my Doubts—Pray forbear—I believe you; I'm convinc'd I've done you wrong; and any way, ev'ry way will make amends;—I'll hate my Wife yet more, Damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere,

any where, to another World, I'll marry thee—Be pacify'd—Sdeath they 180 come, hide your Face, your Tears—You have a Mask, wear it a moment. This way, this way, be persuaded.

SCENE IV.° ,

Mirabell and Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. They are here yet.

Mira. They are turning into the other Walk.

Mrs. Fain. While I only hated my Husband, I cou'd bear to see him; but since I have despis'd him, he's too offensive.

Mira. O you shou'd hate with Prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Yes, for I have lov'd with Indiscretion.

Mira. You shou'd have just so much 10 Disgust for your Husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your Lover.

Mrs. Fain. You have been the Cause that I have lov'd without Bounds, and wou'd you set Limits to that Aversion, of which you have been the Occasion? Why did you make me marry this Man?

Mira. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous Actions? To save that Idol Reputation. If the Familiarities of 20 our Loves had produc'd that Consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where cou'd you have fix'd a Father's Name with Credit, but on a Husband? I knew *Fainall* to be a Man lavish of his Morals, an interested and professing Friend, a false and a designing Lover; yet one whose Wit and outward fair Behaviour, have gain'd a Reputation with the Town, enough to make that Woman stand excus'd, who has suffer'd her self to '30 be won by his Addresses. A better Man ought not to have been sacrific'd to the Occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the Purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your Remedy.

Mrs. Fain. I ought to stand in some Degree of Credit with you, *Mirabell*.

Mira. In Justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole Design, and put it in your Pow'r to ruin or advance my Fortune. 40

Mrs. Fain. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended Uncle?

SCENE IV.] 1710 reads SCENE III in error, and numbers the remainder of the scenes in this act wrongly.

Mira. Wait well, my Servant.

Mrs. Fain. He is an humble Servant to *Foible* my Mother's Woman, and may win her to your Interest.

Mira. Care is taken for that—She is won and worn by this time. They were married this Morning.

Mrs. Fain. Who? 50

Mira. *Waitwell* and *Foible*. I wou'd not tempt my Servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your Mother, in hopes to ruin me, shou'd consent to marry my pretended Uncle, he might, like *Mosca*^o in the *Fox*, stand upon Terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

Mrs. Fain. So, if my poor Mother is caught in a Contract, you will discover the Imposture betimes; and release her by 60 producing a Certificate of her Gallant's former Marriage.

Mira. Yes, upon Condition that she consent to my Marriage with her Neice, and surrender the Moiety of her Fortune in her Possession.

Mrs. Fain. She talk'd last Night of endeavouring at a Match between *Millamant* and your Uncle.

Mira. That was by *Foible*'s Direction, TO and my Instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fain. Well, I have an Opinion of your Success; for I believe my Lady will do any thing to get an Husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

Mira. Yes, I think the good Lady wou'd marry any thing that resembl'd a Man, 80 though 'twere no more than what a Butler could pinch out of a Napkin.

Mrs. Fain. Female Frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be Old, and feel the craving of a false Appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mira. An old Woman's Appetite is deprav'd like that of a Girl—'Tis the Green-Sickness of a second Childhood; and like the faint Offer of a latter Spring, serves 90 but to usher in the Fall; and withers in an affected Bloom.

Mrs. Fain. Here's your Mistress.

Mosca] The parasite in Jonson's *Volpone*; or the *Fox*. Being privy to his master's villainies, *Mosca* forces him to terms.

SCENE V.

[To them] Mrs. Millamant, Witwoud,
Mincing.

Mira. Here she comes i'faith full Sail, with her Fan spread and Streamers out, and a Shoal of Fools for Tenders—Ha, no, I cry her Mercy.

Mrs. Fain. I see but one poor empty Sculler; and he tows her Woman after him.

Mira. You seem to be unattended, Madam,—You us'd to have the *Beau-mond* Throng after you; and a Flock of gay fine Perukes hovering round you. '10

Wit. Like Moths about a Candle—1 had like to have lost my Comparison for want of Breath.

Milla. O I have deny'd my self Airs to Day. I have walk'd as fast through the Crowd—

Wit. As a Favourite just disgrae'd;⁰ and with as few Followers.

Milla. Dear Mr. Witwoud, Truce with your Similitudes: For I am as Sick of 'em— 21

Wit. As a Physician of a good Air—1 cannot help it, Madam, tho' 'tis against my self.

Milla. Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his Wit.

Wit. Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a Skreen before a great Fire. I confess I do blaze to Day, I am too bright.

Mrs. Fain. But dear Millamant, why so were you so long?

Milla. Long! Lord, have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living Thing I met for you; I have enquir'd after you, as after a new Fashion.

Wit. Madam, Truce with your Similitudes—No, you met her Husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mira. By your leave Witwoud, that were like enquiring after an old Fashion, to '40 ask a Husband for his Wife.

Wit. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Mrs. Fain. You were dress'd before I came abroad.

Milla. Ay, that's true—0 but then I had—Mincing, what had I? Why was I so long?

just disgrae'd] 1710; in disgrace Qq 1, 2.

Mine. O Mem, your Laship staid to peruse a Pecquet⁰ of Letters. 50

Milla. O ay, Letters—1 had Letters—I am persecuted with Letters—1 hate Letters—No Body knows how to write Letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—They serve one to pin up one's Hair.

Wit. Is that the way? Pray, Madam, do you pin up your Hair with all your Letters; I find I must keep Copies.

Milla. Only with those in Verse, Mr. 60 Witwoud. I never pin up my Hair with Prose. I fancy ones Hair wou'd not curl if it were pinn'd up with Prose.⁰ I think I try'd once, Mincing.

'Mine. O Mem, I shall never forget it.

Milla. Ay, poor Mincing tift⁰ and tift all the Morning.

Mine. 'Till I had the Cremp⁰ in my Fingers, I'll vow Mem. And all to no purpose. But when your Laship pins it up 70 with Poetry, it sits so pleasant the next Day as any Thing, and is so pure and so crips.⁰

Wit. Indeed, so crips?

Mine. You're such a Critick, Mr. Witwoud.

Milla. Miravell, Did you take Exceptions last Night? 0 ay, and went away—Now I think on't I'm angry—No, now I think on't I'm pleas'd—For I believe I gave you some Pain.

Mira. Does that please you? 80 Milla. Infinitely; I love to give Pain.

Mira. You wou'd affect a Cruelty which is not in your Nature; your true Vanity is in the Power of pleasing.

Milla. O I ask your Pardon for that—Ones Cruelty is ones Power, and when one parts with ones Cruelty, one parts with ones Power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mira. Ay, ay, suffer your Cruelty to ruin 90 the Object of your Power, to destroy your Lover—And then how vain, how lost a Thing you'll be? Nay, 'tis true: You are no longer handsome when you've lost your

Pecquet] Q 1; Parquet Q 2. 1710. Q 1 renders the mincing attempt of the waiting maid to be 'refan'd.' Later she suffers from Cremp.

I fancy . . . Prose] Q 1; om. Q 2, 1710.

tift] tift, to arrange, deck.

Cremp] Q t; Cramp Q 2, 1710.

crips] obs. form of crisp, curly.

Lover; your Beauty dies upon the Instant: For Beauty is the Lover's Gift; 'tis he bestows your Charms—Your Glass is all a Cheat. The Ugly and the Old, whom the Looking-glass mortifies, yet after Commendation can be flatter'd by it, and dis- 10 cover Beauties in it: For that reflects our Praises, rather than your Face.

Milla. O the Vanity of these Men! *Fainall*, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they cou'd not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the Lover's Gift—Lord, what is a Lover, that it can give? Why one makes Lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as 110 one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: And then if one pleases one makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of Lovers, Madam, than of making so many Card-matches.

Milla. One, no more owes ones Beauty to a Lover, than ones Wit to an Eccho: They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty Things if we are silent or unseen, 120 and want a Being.

Mir a. Yet, to those two vain empty Things, you owe two the greatest Pleasures of your Life.

Milla. How so?

Mir a. To your Lover you owe the Pleasure of hearing your selves prais'd; and to an Eccho the Pleasure of hearing your selves talk.

Wit But I know a Lady that loves 130 Talking so incessantly, she won't give an Eccho fair play; she has that everlasting Rotation of Tongue, that an Eccho must wait 'till she dies, before it can catch her last Words.

Milla. O Fiction; *Fainall*, let us leave these Men.

Mira. Draw off *Witwoud*.

[*Aside to Mrs. Fainall.*

Mrs. Fain. Immediately; I have a Word or two for Mr. *Witwoud*. 140

SCENE VI.

Millamant, Mirabell, Mincing.

Mira. I wou'd beg a little private Audience too—You had the Tyranny to deny

' me last Night; tho' you knew I came to impart a Secret to you that concern'd my Love.

Milla. You saw I was engag'd.

Mira. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a Herd of Fools; Things who visit you from their excessive Idleness; bestowing on your Easiness that Time, which is 10 the Incumbrance of their Lives. How can you find Delight in such Society? It is impossible they shou'd admire you, they are not capable: Or if they were, it shou'd be to you as a Mortification; for sure to please a Fool is some degree of Folly.

Milla. I please my self—Besides, sometimes to converse with Fools is for my Health.

Mira. Your Health! Is there a worse so Disease than the Conversation of Fools?

Milla. Yes, the Vapours; Fools are Physick for it, next '10 *Assa-fetida*.

Mira. You are not in a Course of Fools?

Milla. *Mirabell*, if you persist in this offensive Freedom—you'll displease me—I think I must resolve after all, not to have you—We shan't agree.

Mira. Not in our Physick it may be.

Milla. And yet our Distemper in all 30 likelihood will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by Advice, and so tedious to be told of ones Faults—I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you *Mirabell*—I'm resolv'd—I think—You may go—Ha, ha, ha. What wou'd you give, that you cou'd help loving me?

Mira. I wou'd give something that you 40 did not know, I cou'd not help it.

Milla. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

Mira. I say that a Man may as soon make a Friend by his Wit, or a Fortune by his Honesty, as win a Woman with Plain-dealing and Sincerity.

Milla. Sententious *Mirabell*! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise Face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the 50 Child in an old Tapestry Hanging.

Mira. You are merry, Madam, but I would persuade you for a Moment to be serious.

Milla. What, with that Face? No, if you

keep your Countenance, 'tis impossible I shou'd hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a Lovesick Face. Ha, ha, ha—Well I won't laugh, don't be peevish—Heigho! Now I'll be melan-60 choly, as melancholy as a Watch-light. Well *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me woo me now—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well;—1 see they are walking away.

Mira. Can you not find in the variety of your Disposition one Moment—

Milla. To hear you tell me *Foible's* Marry'd, and your Plot like to speed—No.

Mira. But how you came to know it—

Milla. Without the help⁰ of the Devil, 70 you can't imagine; unless she should tell me her self. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

SCENE VII.

Mirabell alone.

Mira. I have something more—Gone—Think of you! To think of a Whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a Whirlwind, were a Case of more steady Contemplation; a very Tranquility of Mind and Mansion. A Fellow that lives in a Windmill, has not a more whimsical Dwelling than the Heart of a Man that is lodg'd in a Woman. There is no Point' of the Compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not 10 turn'd; and by one as well as another; for Motion not Method is their Occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in Love, is to be made wise from the Dictates of Reason, and yet persevere to play the Fool by the force of Instinct.—0 here come my Pair of Turtles,—What, billing so sweetly! Is not *Valentine's* Day over with you yet?

SCENE VIII.

[To him] *Waitwell*, *Foible*.

Mira. Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why sure you think you were marry'd for your own Recreation, and not for my Conveniency.

Wait. Your Pardon, Sir. With Submission,

[Without the help] 1710; Unless by the help Qq 1,2.

we have indeed, been solacing in lawful Delights; but still with an Eye to Business, Sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your Directions as readily as my Instructions, Sir, your Affairs are in a prosperous way. 10

Mira. Give you Joy, Mrs. *Foible*.

Foib. O-las, Sir, I'm so ashame'd—I'm afraid my Lady has been in a Thousand Inquietudes for me. But I protest, Sir, I made as much haste as I could.

Wait. That she did indeed, Sir. It was my Fault that she did not make more.

Mira. That I believe.

Foib. But I told my Lady as you instructed me, Sir. That I had a prospect of 20 seeing Sir *Rowland* your Uncle; and that I wou'd put her Ladiship's Picture in my Pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her Beauty, that he burns with Impatience to lye at her Ladiship's Feet and worship the Original.

Mira. Excellent *Foible*! Matrimony has made you eloquent in Love.

Wait. I think she has profited, Sir. I 30 think so.

Foib. You have seen Madam *Millamant*, Sir?

Mira. Yes.

Foib. I told her, Sir, because I did not know that you might find an Opportunity; she had so much Company last Night.

Mira. Your Diligence will merit more— In the mean time— [Gives Money.

Foib. O dear Sir, your humble Servant. '40

Wait. Spouse.

Mira. Stand off Sir, not a Penny—Go on and prosper, *Foible*—The Lease shall be made good and the Farm stock'd, if we succeed.

Foib. I don't question your Generosity, Sir: And you need not doubt of Success. If you have no more Commands, Sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my Lady is at her Toilet, and can't dress 'till I come.—50 O dear, I'm sure that [Looking out.] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a Mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my Lady. I'll make haste home and prevent⁰ her. Your Servant Sir. B'w'y *Waitwell*.

prevent] forestall. Cf. p. 484 *infra*.

SCENE IX.

Mirabell, Waitwell.

Wait. Sir Rowland if you please. The Jade's so pert upon her Preferment she forgets her self.

Mira. Come Sir, will you endeavour to forget your self—and transform into Sir Rowland.

Wait. Why Sir; it will be impossible I shou'd remember my self—Marry'd, Knighted and attended all in one Day! Tis enough to make any Man forget 10 himself. The Difficulty will be how to recover my Acquaintance and Familiarity with my former self; and fall from my Transformation to a Reformation into *Waitwell*. Nay, I shan't be quite the same *Waitwell* neither—for now I remember me, I'm° marry'd, and can't be my own Man again.

*Ay there's my Grief; that's the sad
Change of Life;
To lose my Title, and yet keep my Wife.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Lady Wishfort's House.

Lady Wishfort at her Toilet, Peg waiting.

Lady.

Merciful, no news of *Foible* yet?

Peg. No, Madam.

Lady. I have no more Patience—If I have not fretted my self 'till I am pale again, there's no Veracity in me. Fetch me the Red—the Red, do you hear, Sweet-heart? An errant Ash colour, as I'm a Person. Look you how this Wench stirs! Why dost thou not fetch me a little Red? Didst thou not hear me, Mopus?° 10

Peg. The red *Ratafia* does your Ladship mean, or the Cherry-Brandy?

Lady. *Ratafia*, Fool. No, Fool. Not the *Ratafia*, Fool—Grant me Patience! I mean the *Spanish Paper*,° Idiot, Complexion Darling. Paint, Paint, Paint, dost thou understand that, Changeling, dangling thy Hands like Bobbins before thee? Why dost

thou not stir, Puppet? thou wooden Thing upon Wires. 20

Peg. Lord, Madam, your Ladship is so impatient—I cannot come at the Paint, Madam, Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carry'd the Key with her.

Lady. A Pox take you both—Fetch me the Cherry-Brandy then.

SCENE II.

Lady Wishfort.

I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmsick* the Curate's Wife, that's always breeding—Wench, come, come, Wench, what art thou doing, Sipping? Tasting? Save thee, dost'thou not know the Bottle?

SCENE III.

Lady Wishfort, Peg with a Bottle and China Cup.

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a Cup.

Lady. A Cup, save thee, and what a Cup hast thou brought! Dost thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *Acorn*? Why didst thou not bring thy Thimble? Hast thou ne'er a Brass-Thimble clinking in thy Pocket with a bit of Nutmeg?° I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill.—So—again. See who that is—[*One knocks.*] Set down the Bottle first. Here, here, under the Table 10 —What, wou'dst thou go with the Bottle in thy Hand like a Tapster. As I'm a Person, this Wench has liv'd in an Inn upon the Road, before she came to me, like *Mari-tornes* the *Asturian* in *Don Quixote*. No *Foible* yet?

Peg. No Madam, Mrs. *Marwood*.

Lady. O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in good *Marwood*.

SCENE IV.

[*To them*] Mrs. *Marwood*.

Mrs. Mar. I'm surpriz'd to find your Ladship in *dishabille* at this time of Day.

Lady. *Foible's* a lost Thing; has been abroad since Morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. Mar. I saw her but now, as I came

Nutmeg] carried as an amulet. Swift, *Polite Conversation*: "If you carry a Nutmeg in your Pocket, you'll certainly be marry'd to an old Man."

Vm] Q 2, 1710; I am Q 1.

Mopus] dullard.

Spanish Paper] a cosmetic preparation.

mask'd through the Park, in Conference with *Mirabell*.

Lady. With *Mirabell*! You call my Blood into my Face, with mentioning' that 10 Traitor. She durst not have the Confidence. I sent her to negotiate an Affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling Villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear Friend, I'm a Wretch of Wretches if I'm J detected.

Mrs. Mar. O Madam, you cannot suspect *Mrs. Foible's* Integrity.

Lady. O, he carries Poison in his 20 Tongue that wou'd corrupt Integrity it selfs If she has given him an Opportunity, she has as good as put her Integrity into his Hands. Ah dear *Marwood*, what's Integrity["] to an Opportunity?—Hark! I hear her —Dear Friend retire into my *Closet* that I may examine her with more Freedom— % and— You'll pardon me, dear Friend, I can make bold with you—There are Books over the Chimney—*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the 30 *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan's* Works to entertain you.—Go, you^o Thing, and send her in. [To *Peg*.

SCENE V.

Lady *Wishfort*, *Foible*.

Lady. O *Foible*, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

Foib. Madam, I have seen the Party.

Lady. But what hast thou done?

Foib. Nay, 'tis your Ladiship has done, and are to do; I have only promis'd. But a Man so enamour'd—so transported! Well, here^o it is, all that is left; all that is not kiss'd away—Well, if worshipping of Pictures be a Sin—Poor Sir *Rowland*, 10 I say.

Lady. The Miniature has been counted like—But hast thou not betray'd me, *Foible*? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless *Mirabell*?—What hadst thou to do with him in the Park? Answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foib. So, the Devil has been before-hand with me, what shall I say?—Alas, Madam, cou'd I help it, if I met that confident 20

Thing? Was I in Fault? If you had heard how he us'd me, and all upon your Ladiship's Account, I'm sure you wou'd not suspect my Fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst I cou'd have born: But he had a Fling at your Ladiship too; and then I cou'd not hold: But i'faith I gave him his own.

Lady. Me? What did the filthy Fellow say?

Foib. O Madam; 'tis a Shame to say 30 what he said—With his Taunts and his Fleers,^o tossing up his Nose. Humh (says he) what you are a hatching some Plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or Catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded Officer, I warrant—Half Pay is but thin Subsistence (says he)—Well, what Pension does your Lady propose? Let me sec (says he) what she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated (says he) 40

Lady. Ods my Life, I'll have him, I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a Drawer to have him poison'd in his Wine. I'll send for *Robin* from *Lockets*^o—Immediately.

Foib. Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him. Madam, starve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him 'disinherited. O you wou'd bless your self, to 50 hear what he said.

Lady. A Villain, superannuated!

Foib. Humh (says he) I hoar you ware laying Designs against me too (says he) and *Mrs. Millamant* is to marry my Uncle; (he does not suspect a Word of your Ladiship;) but (says he) I'll fit you for that, I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old Frillery^o too (says he) I'll handle you— 60

Lady. Audacious Villain! handle me, wou'd he durst—Frillery? old Frillery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd Fellow? I'll be marry'd to Morrow, I'll be contracted to Night.

Foib. The sooner the better, Madam.

Lady. Will Sir *Rowland* be here, say't thou? when, *Foible*?

Foib. Incontinently, Madam. No new

Fleers] cf. p. 131 *supra*.

Lockets] See n. p. 122 *supra*.

Frillery] an overdressed person. Orig. old clothes, the sense in which *Lndy Wishfort* uses it in 1. 77. Cf. p. 330 *supra*.

Oo you . . . *Peg*.] 1710. Qq 1, 2, omit here but read before *Dear Friend* 1. 26 *supra*.

Well, here . . . away—] Q 1; om. Q 2, 1710.

Sheriff's Wife expects the Return of her 70 Husband after Knighthood, with that Impatience in which Sir Rowland burns for the dear Hour of kissing your Ladiship's Hands⁰ after Dinner.

Lady. Frippery! superannuated Frippery! I'll Frippery the Villain; I'll reduce him to Frippery and Rags: A Tatterdemallion—I hope to see him hung with Tatters, like a Long-Lane^o Pent-house, or a Gibbet-Thief. A slander-mouth'd Railer: I warrant the 80 spendthrift Prodigal's in Debt as much as the Million Lottery, or the whole Court upon a Birth-Day. I'll spoil his Credit with his Tailor. Yes, he shall have my Neice with her Fortune, he shall.

Foib. He! I hope to see him lodge in Ludgate^o first, and angle into Black-Fryars for Brass Farthings, with an old Mitten.

Lady. Ay dear *Foible*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of 90 all Patience. I shall never recompose my Features, to receive Sir Rowland with any Oeconomy of Face. This Wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decay'd. Look *Foible*.

Foib. Your Ladiship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed Madam. There are some Cracks discernable in the white Vernish.

Lady. Let me see the Glass—Cracks, say'st thou? Why I am arrantly flea'd⁰ 100—I look like an old peel'd Wall. Thou must repair me, *Foible*, before Sir Rowland comes; or I shall never keep up to my Picture.

Foib. I warrant you, Madam; a little Art once made your Picture like you; and now a little of the same Art must make you like your Picture. Your Picture must sit for you, Madam.

Lady. But art thou sure Sir Rowland 110 will not fail to come? Or will a not fail when he does come? Will he be Importunate, *Foible*, and push? For if he should not be importunate—I shall never break Decorums—I shall die with Confusion, if

Hands] Q 1; *Hand* Q 2, 1710.

Long-Lane] a quarter where second-hand clothes were sold.

Ludgate] a debtors' prison, for better-class folk. A prisoner was on duty all day at a window opening on to Blackfriars begging for money. A mitten might be a suitable receptacle for largess. See *The Spectator*, no. 82.

flea'd] flayed.

I am fore'd to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I shall swoon if he should expect Advances. No, I hope Sir Rowland is better bred, than to put a Lady to the Necessity of breaking her Forms. I won't 120 be too coy neither.—I won't give him Despair—But a little Disdain is not amiss; a little Scorn is alluring.

Foib. A little Scorn becomes your Ladiship *Lady*. Yes, but Tenderness becomes me best—A sort of a Dyingness—You see that Picture has a sort of a—Ha *Foible*! A Swimminess⁰ in the Eyes—Yes, I'll look so—My Neice affects it; but she wants Features. Is Sir Rowland handsome? Let MO my Toilet⁰ be remov'd—I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir Rowland here. Is he hand-, some? Don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be surpriz'd. I'll be taken by Surprise.

Foib. By Storm, Madam. Sir Rowland's a brisk Man.

Lady. Is he! 0 then he'll importune, if he's a brisk Man. I shall save Decorums if Sir Rowland importunes. I have a mortal Terror at the Apprehension of offending 140 against Decorums. 0 I'm glad he's a brisk Man. Let my Things be remov'd, good *Foible*.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Fainall, Foible.

Mrs. Fain. 0 *Foible*, I have been in a Fright, lest⁰ I should come too late. That Devil, *Mar wood*, saw you in the Park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will discover it to my Lady.

Foib. Discover what, Madam? Q, 1

Mrs. Fain. Nav, nav, put not on that strange Face. I am privy to the whole Design, and know Waitwelt, to whom thou Wert this Morning marry'd is to person- 10 ate *Mirabell's* Uncle, and as such, winning my Lady, to involve her in those Difficulties from which *Mirabell* only must release her, by his making his Conditions to have my Cousin and her Fortune left to her own Disposal.

Foib. 0 dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. It was not my Confidence in your Ladiship that was deficient; but I thought the former

Swimminess] Q 1; *Swimmingness* Q 2, 1710.

Toilet] cf. p. 115 *supra*.

lest] Q 2, 1710; *least* Q 1.

good Correspondence between your Ladi- 20 ship and Mr. *Mirabell*, might have hinder'd his communicating this Seeret'.

Mrs. Fain. Dear *Foible*, forget that.

Foib. O dear Madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is such a sweet winning Gentleman—But your Ladiship is the Pattern of Generosity.

—Sweet Lady, to be so good! Mr. *Mirabell* cannot chuse but be grateful. I find your Ladiship has his Heart still. Now, Madam, I can safely tell your Ladiship 30 our Success, Mrs. *Marwood* had told my Lady; but I warrant I mahag'd my self. I turn'd it all for the better. I told my Lady that Mr. *Mirabell* rail'd at her. I laid horrid Things to his Charge, I'll vow; and my Lady is so incens'd, that she'll be contracted to Sir Rowland to Night, she says; —1 warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a Welsh Maiden-head. 40

Mrs. Fain. O rare *Foible*!

Foib. Madam, I beg your Ladiship to acquaint Mr. *Mirabell* of his Success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him —besides, I believe Madam *Marwood* watches me.—She has a Month's Mind;° but I know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her. —[Calls.]° John—remove my Lady's Toilet. Madam, your Servant. My Lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, 50 if I stay.

Mrs. Fain. I'll go with you up the back Stairs, lest I shou'd meet her.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. Marwood alone.

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this Importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this Wench is the *Pass-par-toute*, a very Master-Key to every Body's strong Box. My Friend *Fainall*, have you carry'd it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your Loathing is not from a want of Appetite then, but from a Surfeit. Else 10 you could never be so cool to fall from a Principal to be an Assistant; to procure for him! A Pattern of Generosity that I confess. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with

Month's Mind] fancy, longing desire.

Calls] 1710; Enter Footman Qq 1, 2.

your Match.—O Man, Man! Woman, Woman! The Devil's an Ass: If I were a Painter, I would draw him like an Idiot, a Driveler with a Bib and Bells. Man shou'd have his Head and Horns, and Woman the rest of him. Poor simple Fiend! Madam 20 *Marwood* has a Month's Mind, but he can't abide her.—'Twere better for him you had not been his Confessor in that Affair; without you could have kept his Counsel closer. I shall not prove another Pattern of Generosity; and stalk° for him, till he takes his Stand to aim at a Fortune,—he has not oblig'd me to that with those Excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good Lady, panting ripe; 30 with a Heart full of Hope, and a Head full of Care, like any Chymist upon the Day of Projection.°

SCENE VIII.

[To her] Lady Wishfort.

Lady. O dear *Marwood*, what shall I say for this rude Forgetfulness—But my dear Friend is all Goodness.

Mrs. Mar. No Apologies, dear Madam. I have been very well entertain'd.

Lady. As I'm a Person I am in a very Chaos to think I shou'd so forget my self —But I have such an Olio° of Affairs really I know not what to do—[Calls] —*Foible*—1 expect my Nephew Sir 10 *Wilfull* ev'ry Moment too:—Why *Foible* —He means to travel for Improvement.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Sir *Wilfull* shou'd rather think of marrying than travelling at his Years. I hear he is turn'd of forty.

Lady. O he's in less Danger of being spoil'd by his Travels—1 am against my Nephew's marrying too Young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquir'd Discretion to chuse for himself, 20

Mrs. Mar. Methinks Mrs. *Millamant* and he wou'd make a very fit Match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a Thing very usual with young Gentlemen.

Lady. I promise you I have thought on't —And since 'tis your Judgment, I'll think

and stalk . . . Fortune] Qq 1, 2; om. 1710.

Projection] an old chemical term meaning the crisis of an experiment.

Olio] medley, from Span, *olla*, a mixed dish or stew.

on't again. I assure you I will; I value your Judgment extreamly. On my Word I'll propose it.

SCENE IX.

[To them] Foible.

Lady. Come, come *Foible*—I had forgot my Nephew will be here before Dinner—I must make haste.

Foib. Mr. *Witwoud* and Mr. *Petulant* are come to dine with your Ladship.

Lady. O Dear, I can't appear 'till I am dress'd. Dear *Mar wood* shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em. I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear Friend excuse me.

SCENE X.

Mrs. *Marwood*, Mrs. *Millamant*, *Mincing*.

Milla. Sure never any thing was so Unbred as that odious Man.—*Marwood*, your Servant.

Mrs. Mar. You have a Colour, what's the matter?

Milla. That horrid Fellow *Petulant* has provok'd me into a Flame—I have broke my Fan—*Mincing*, lend me yours;—Is not all the Powder out of my Hair?

Mrs. Mar. No. What has he done? 10

Milla. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd—Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted ev'ry Thing that has been said. For my part, I thought *Witwoud* and he wou'd have quarrell'd.

Mine. I vow Mem, I thought once they wou'd have fitt.⁰

Milla. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing I'll⁰ swear, that one has not the Liberty of chusing one's Acquaintance as one does ones 20 Cloaths.

Mrs. Mar. If we had that Liberty, we shou'd be as weary of one Set of Acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one Suit, tho' never so fine. A Fool and a *Doily*⁰ Stuff wou'd now and then find Days of Grace, and be worn for Variety.

Milla. I could consent to wear 'em, if they

[fitt] fought.

I'll) Q 1; 7 Q 2, 1710.

Doily] "a woollen stuff, 'at once cheap and genteel,' introduced for summer wear in the latter part of the 17th c." N. E. D.

wou'd wear alike; but Fools never wear out —They are such *Drap-de-berry*⁰ Things! Without one cou'd give 'em to ones 31 Chamber-Maid after a Day or two.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the Play-house? A fine gay glossy⁰ Fool shou'd be given there, like a new masking Habit, after the Masquerade is over, and we have done with the Disguise. For a Fool's Visit is always a Disguise; and never admitted by a Woman of Wit, but to blind her Affair with a Lover of Sense. 40 If you wou'd but appear bare-fae'd now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as easily put off *Petulant* and *Witwoud*, as your Hood and Scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the Town has found it: The Secret is grown too big for the Pretence: 'Tis like Mrs. *Primly*'s great Belly; she may lace it down before, but it burnishes⁰ on her Hips. Indeed, *Milla-mant*, you can no more conceal it, than my Lady *Strammcl* can her Face, that goodly 50 Face,⁰ which in Defiance of her Rhenish-wine Tea, will not be comprehended in a Mask.

Milla. I'll take my Death, *Marwood*, you are more Censorious than a decay'd Beauty, or a discarded Toast; *Mincing*, tell the Men they may come up. My Aunt is not dressing here; their Folly is less provoking than your Malice.

SCENE XI.

Millamant, *Marwood*.

. *Milla.* The Town has found it. What has it found?⁰ That *Mirabell* loves me is no more a Secret, than it is a Secret that you discover'd it to my Aunt, or than the Reason why you discover'd it is a Secret.

Mrs. Mar. You are nett'l'd.

Milla. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, my Dear, you'll tear another Fan, if you don't mitigate those violent Airs. 10

Milla. O silly! Ha, ha, ha. I cou'd laugh

Drap-de-berry] a kind of cloth, of good quality. glossy] Q 1; glossy Q 2, 1710.

burnishes] grows plump.

goodly Face] her face was over fat despite her diet of Rhenish wine, which (says Summers) was 'taken to reduce corpulence and correct a high colour.'

What has it found?] So Qq 1, 2, 1710; but should it be assigned to *Marwood*?

immoderately. Poor *Mirabell*! His Constancy to me has quite destroy'd his Complaisance for all the World beside..I swear, I never enjoin'd it him, to be so coy— If I had the Vanity to think he wou'd obey me; I wou'd command him to shew more Gallantry—"Tis hardly well bred to be so particular on one Hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, 20 and so let him follow his own Way. Ha, ha, ha. Pardon me, dear Creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha; tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Mar. What pity 'tis, so much fine Raillery, and deliver'd with so significant Gesture, shou'd be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

Milla. Hse? Dear Creature I ask your Pardon—I swear I did not mind you. 30

Mrs. Mar. Mr. *Mirabell* and you both may think it a Thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you—

Milla. O dear, what? for it is the same thing, if I hear it—Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Mar. That I detest him, hate him, Madam.

Milla. O Madam, why so do I—And yet the Creature loves me, ha, ha, ha. How can one forbear laughing to think of it—40 I am a Sybil if I am not amaz'd to think what he can see in me. I'll take my Death, I think you are handsomer—and within a Year or two as young.—If you cou'd but stay for me, I shou'd overtake you—But that cannot be—Well, that Thought makes me melancholick^o—Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. Mar. Your merry Note may be chang'd sooner than you think.

Milla. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolv'd I'll have a Song to keep up my Spirits. 51

SCENE XII.

[*To them*] Mincing.

Mine. The Gentlemen stay but to Comb,^o Madam; and will wait on you.

Milla. Desire Mrs.—that is in the next Room to sing the Song I wou'd have learnt Yesterday. You shall hear it, Madam—Not that there's any great Matter in it—But 'tis agreeable to my Humour.

melancholick] 1710; *Mellancholy* Qq 1, 2.
Comb] to comb their wigs. Cf. p. 349 *supra*.

SONG.

Set by Mr. John Eccles.^o

I.

*Love's but the Frailty of the Mind,
When 'tis not with Ambition join'd;
A sickly Flame, which if not fed expires; >
And feeding, wastes in Self-consuming Fires.*

II.

*'Tis not to wound a wanton Boy
Or am'rous Youth, that gives the Joy;
But 'tis the Glory to have pierc'd a Swain,
For whom inferior Beauties sigh'd in vain.*

III.

*Then I alone the Conquest prize,
When I insult a Rival's Eyes:
If there's Delight in Love, 'tis when I see
That Heart which others bleed for, bleed
for me.*

SCENE XIII.

[*To them*] Petulant, Witwoud.

Milla. Is your Animosity compos'd, Gentlemen?

Wit. Raillery, Raillery, Madam, we have no Animosity—We hit off a little Wit now and then, but no Animosity—The falling out of Wits' is like the falling out of Lovers—We agree in the main, like Treble and Base. Ha, *Petulant*!

Pet. Ay in the main—But when I have a Humour to say 'tis contradict—10

Wit. Ay, when he has a Humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my Cue. Then we contradict one another like two Battle-dores; For Contradictions beget one another like *Jews*.

Pet. If he says Black's Black—If I have a Humour to say 'tis Blue—Let that pass—All's one for that. If I have a Humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Wit. Not positively must—But it may 20—It may.

Pet. Yes, it positively must, upon Proof positive.

Wit. Ay, upon Proof positive it must; but upon Proof presumptive it only may. That's a Logical Distinction now, Madam.

Eccles] Qq 1, 2 add: and Sung by Mrs. *Hodgson*.

Mrs. Mar. I perceive your Debates are of Importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one Thing, and Learning's another; but a Debate's a Debate, 30 that I assert.

Wit. *Petulan*Vs an Enemy to Learning; he relies altogether on his Parts.

Pet. No, I'm no Enemy to Learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. Mar. That's a Sign indeed its no Enemy to you.

Pet. No, no, it's no Enemy to any Body, but them that have it.

Milla. Well, an illiterate Man's my 40 Aversion.⁰ I wonder at the Impudence of any illiterate Man, to offer to make Love.

Wit. That I confess I wonder at too.

Milla. Ah! to marry an Ignorant I that can hardly Read or Write.

Pet. Why should a Man be any further from being Marry'd tho' he can't read, than⁰ he is from being Hang'd.⁰ The Ordinary's⁰ paid for setting the *Psalm*, and the Parish-Priest for reading the Ceremony. 50 And for the rest which is to follow in both Cases, a Man may do it without Book—— So all's one for that.

Milla. D'ye hear the Creature? Lord, here's Company, I'll be gone.

SCENE XIV.

Sir Wilfull Witwoud in a riding Dress, Mrs. Marwood, Petulant, Witwoud, Footman.

Wit. In the Name of *Bartlemew* and his Fair, what have we here?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis your Brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

Wit. Not I—Yes, I think it is he—I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

Foot. Sir, my Lady's dressing. Here's Company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time. 10

Sir Wil. Dressing! What, it's but Morning here I warrant with you in *London*; we shou'd count it towards Afternoon in our Parts, down in *Shropshire*—Why then belike my Aunt han't din'd yet—Ha, Friend?

Aversion.] Qq 1, 2; *Aversion*, 1710.

than] 1710; any more than Qq 1, 2.

Hang'd] a reference to the right to exemption from hanging through benefit of clergy, which was tested by the ability to read a neck-verse.

Ordinary] prison chaplain. Cf. p. 605 *infra*.

Foot. Your Aunt, Sir?

Sir Wil. My Aunt, Sir, yes my Aunt, Sir, and your Lady, Sir; your Lady is my Aunt, Sir—Why, what do'st thou not know me, Friend? Why then send some Body⁰ hither⁰ that does. How long hast thou liv'd with a thy Lady, Fellow, ha?

Foot. A Week, Sir; longer than any Body in the House, except my Lady's Woman.

Sir Wil. Why then belike thou dost not know thy Lady, if thou see'st her, ha Friend?

Foot. Why truly Sir, I cannot safely swear to her Face in a Morning, before she is 30 dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

Sir Wil. Well, prithee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, enquire her out, do'st hear, Fellow? And tell her, her Nephew, Sir Wilfull Witwoud, is in the House.

Foot. I shall, Sir.

Sir Wil. Hold ye, hear me, Friend; a Word with you in your Ear, prithee who are these Gallants? 41

Foot. Really, Sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

SCENE XV.

Sir Wilfull Witwoud, Petulant, Witwoud, Mrs. Marwood.

Sir Wil. Oons this Fellow knows less than a Starling; I don't think a'knows his own Name.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. Witwoud, your Brother is not behind hand in Forgetfulness—I fancy he has forgot you too.

Wit. I hope so—The Devil take him that remembers first, I say.

Sir Wil. Save you Gentlemen and Lady.

Mrs. Mar. For shame, Mr. Witwoud; 10 why won't you speak to him?—And you, Sir.

Wit. *Petulant* speak.

Pet. And you, Sir.

Sir Wil. No Offence, I hope.

[*Salutes* Marwood.]

Mrs. Mar. No sure, Sir.

Wit. This is a vile Dog, I see that al-

some Body] Q 2, 1710; *Somebody* Q 1. *hither*] 1710; here Qq 1, 2.

ready. No Offence! Ha, ha, ha, to him; to him, *Petulant*, smoke⁰ him.

Pet. It seems as if you had come a so Journey, Sir; hem, hem.

[*Surveying him round.*]

Sir Wil. Very likely, Sir, that it may seem so.

Pet. No Offence, I hope, Sir.

Wit. Smoke the Boots, the Boots; *Petulant*, the Boots; Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Wil. May be not, Sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, Sir.

Pet. Sir, I presume upon the Information of your Boots, 30

Sir Wil. Why, 'tis like you may, Sir: If you are not satisfy'd with the Information of my Boots, Sir, if you will step to the Stable, you may enquire further of my Horse, Sir.

Pet. Your Horse, Sir! Your Horse is an Ass, Sir!

Sir Wil. Do you speak by way of Offence, Sir?

Mrs. Mar. The Gentleman's merry 40 that's all, Sir—S'life, we shall have a Quarrel betwixt an Horse and an Ass, before they find one another out. You must not take any thing amiss from your Friends, Sir. You are among your Friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it—If I am not mistaken, you are Sir *Wilful Witwoud*.

Sir Wil. Right Lady; I am Sir *Wiljull Witwoud*, so I write my self; no Offence to any Body, I hope; and Nephew to the 50 Lady *Wishfort* of this Mansion.

Mrs. Mar. Don't you know this Gentleman, Sir?

Sir Wil. Hum! What, sure 'tis not—Yea by'r Lady, but 'tis—*Sheart* I know not whether 'tis or no—Yea but 'tis, by the *Rekin*. Brother *Anthony*! What *Tony*, i'faith! What do'st thou not know me? By'r Lady nor I thee, thou art so Becravated, and so Beperriwig'd—*Sheart* why do'st 60 not speak? Art thou o'erjoy'd?

Wit. Odso Brother, is it you? Your Servant, Brother.

Sir Wil. Your Servant! Why yours, Sir. Your Servant again—*Sheart*, and your Friend and Servant to that—And a—

smoke] *Diet, of Canting Crew*, 1608: "Smoke him . . . to affront a stranger at his coming in." The usual slang meaning is to smell a design, to suspect; cf. p. 139 *supra*.

(*puff*) and a Flap Dragon⁰ for your Service, Sir: And a Hare's Foot, and a Hare's Scut for your Service, Sir; an you be so cold and so courtly! 70

Wit. No Offence, I hope, Brother.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, Sir, but there is, and much Offence.—A Pox, is this your Inns O' Court Breeding, not to know your Friends and your Relations, your Elders, and your Betters?

Wit. Why, Brother *Wilfull* of *Salop*, you may be as short as a *Shrewsbury Cake*, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know Relations in Town. You think 80 you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a Call of Serjeants⁰—'Tis not the Fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear Brother.

Sir Wil. The Fashion's a Fool; and you're a Fop, dear Brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this—By'r Lady I conjectur'd you were a Fop, since you began to change the Stile of your Letters, and write in a scrap of '90 Paper gilt round the Edges, no bigger than a *Subpoena*. I might expect this when you left off Honour'd Brother; and hoping you are in good Health, and so forth—To begin with a Rat me, Knight, I'm so sick of a last Night's Debauch—O'ds Heart, and then tell a familiar Tale⁰ of a Cock and a Bull, and a Whore and a pottle, and so conclude—You cou'd write News before you were out of your Time, 100 when you liv'd with honest *Pumple-Nose* the Attorney of *FurnivaVs* Inn—You cou'd intreat to be remember'd then to your Friends round the *Rekin*. We could have Gazettes then, and *Dawks's* Letter,⁰ and the Weekly Bill,⁰ 'till of late Days.

Pet. 'Slife, *Witwoud*, were you ever an Attorney's Clerk? Of the Family of the *Furnivals*; Ha, ha, ha!

Flap Dragon] lit. a raisin in burning brandy. N.E.D. explains it in this passage as a type of something worthless.

Call of Serjeants] the calling to the bar of Serjeants, i.e., the highest degree of advocate, now abolished.

Tale . . . Bull] See p. 144 l. 285 *supra*.

Dawks's Letter] The news-letter published by Ichabod Dawks was one of the early English newspapers. It appeared in the last years of the 17th century.

Weekly Bill] see n. p. 471 *infra*.

Wit. Ay, ay, but that was but for a no while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own Power then. An Orphan, and this Fellow was my Guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that Man to come to London. He had the Disposalo^f me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound Prentice to a Felt-maker in *Shrewsbury*; this Fellow would have bound me to a Maker of Felts.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, and better than to be ∞ bound to a Maker of Fops; where, I suppose, you have serv'd your Time; and now you may set up for your self.

Mrs. Mar. You intend to Travel, Sir, as I'm inform'd.

Sir Wil. Belike I may, Madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt Seas, if my Mind hold.

Pet. And the Wind serve.

Sir Wil. Serve or not serve, I shan't 130 ask License of you, Sir; nor the Weather-Cock your Companion. I direct my Discourse to the Lady, Sir; 'Tis like my Aunt may have told you, Madam—Yes, I have settl'd my Concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see Foreign Parts. If an how^o that the Peace^o holds, whereby that is Taxes abate.

Mrs. Mar. I thought you had designed for France at all Adventures. wo

Sir Wil. I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a Resolution,—because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't: But I have Thoughts to tarry a small matter in Town, to learn somewhat of your Lingo first, before I cross the Seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French as they say, whereby to hold Discourse in Foreign Countries. 151

Mrs. Mar. Here's^o an Academy in Town for that use.

Sir Wil. There is? 'Tis like there may.

Mrs. Mar. No doubt you will return very much improv'd.

[*f* an how] *if*. A conversational intensive repetition. An is equivalent to *if*, and *how* is redundant. the Peace . . . abate] The Treaty of Ryswick, 1697, had established peace between England and France on a rather shaky basis, and William III was struggling unsuccessfully against an economical parliament to maintain his army.

Here's] 1710; Here is Qq 1, 2.

Wit. Yes, refin'd like a Dutch Skipper from a Whale-fishing.

SCENE XVI.

[*To them*] Lady Wishfort and Fainall.

Lady. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir Wil. Aunt, your Servant.

Fain. Sir Wilfull, your most faithful Servant.

Sir Wil. Cousin Fainall, give me your Hand.

Lady. Cousin Witwoud, your Servant; Mr. I Petulant, your Servant—Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any Thing after your Journey, Nephew, before you 10 eat? Dinner's almost ready.

Sir Wil. I'm very well I thank you, Aunt—However, I thank you for your courteous Offer. 'Sheart I was afraid you wou'd have been in the Fashion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your Relations. Here's your Cousin Tony, belike, I mayn't call him Brother for fear of Offence.

Lady. O he's a Rallier, Nephew—My Cousin's a Wit: And your great Wits al- 20 ways rally their best Friends to chuse. When you have been Abroad, Nephew, you'll understand Raillery better.

[*Fain, and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.*

Sir Wil. Why then let him hold his Tongue in the mean Time; and rail when that Day comes.

SCENE XVII.

[*To them*] Mincing.

Mine. Mem, I come to acquaint your Laship that Dinner is impatient.

Sir Wil. Impatient? Why then belike it won't stay 'till I pull off my Boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a pair of Slippers?—My Man's with his Horses, I warrant.

Lady. Fie, fie, Nephew, you wou'd not pull off your Boots here—Go down into the Hall—Dinner shall stay for you—10 My Nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, Madam,—Gentlemen will you walk? Marwood?

Mrs. Mar. I'll follow you, Madam,— I Before Sir Wilfull is ready.

SCENE XVIII.

Marwood, Fainall ..

Fain. Why then *Foible's* a Bawd, an Errant, Rank⁰ Match-making Bawd. And I it seems am a Husband, a Rank-Husband; and my Wife a very Errant, Rank-Wife,—all in the Way of the *World*. 'Sdeath to be a Cuckold by Anticipation,⁰ a Cuckold in Embrio? Sure I was born with budding Antlers like a young Satyr, or a Citizen's Child. 'Sdeath to be Out-witted, to be Out-jilted—Out-Matrimony'd,—If I had 10 kept my Speed like a Stag, 'twere somewhat,—but to crawl after, with my Horns like a Snail, and be out-stripp'd by my Wife —'tis Scurvy Wedlock.

Mrs. Mar. Then shake it off, you have often wish'd for an Opportunity to part;—and now you have it. But first prevent their Plot,—the half of *Millamant's* Fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a Foe, to *Mirabell*. 20

Fain. Dam him, that had been mine had you not made that fond Discovery—That had been forfeited, had they been Married. My Wife had added Lustre to my Horns, by that Encrease of Fortune, I cou'd have worn 'em tipt with Gold, tho' my Forehead had been furnish'd like a Deputy-Lieutenant's-Hall.

Mrs. Mar. They may prove a Cap of Maintenance to you still, if you can away 30 with your Wife. And she's no worse than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her Game, before she was Marry'd.

Fain. Hum! That may be—She might throw⁰ up her Cards; but Ile be hang'd if she did not put Pam^o in her Pocket!

Mrs. Mar. You Married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected; why should '40 you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The Means, the Means.

Mrs. Mar. Discover to my Lady your Wife's Conduct; threaten to part with her—My Lady loves her, and will come to

Rank] 1710; *Rank*, Qq 1, 2.

a Cuckold by Anticipation] 1710; *an Anticipated Cuckold* Qq 1, 2.

She might throw . . . Pocket] Qq 1, 2; om. 1710.

Pam] the knave of clubs: the highest trump in the game of five-card loo. Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, iii. 61.

any Composition to save her Reputation. Take the Opportunity of breaking it, just upon the Discovery of this Imposture. My Lady will be enrag'd beyond Bounds, and sacrifice Neice, and Fortune, and all at 50 that Conjunction. And let me alone to keep her warm; if she should flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain. Faith this has an Appearance.

Mrs. Mar. I'm sorry I hinted to my Lady to endeavour a Match between *Millamant* and Sir *Wilfull*, that may be an Obstacle.

Fain. 0 for that matter leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane*: after Dinner, I'll set 60 his Hand in.

Mrs. Mar. Well, how do you stand affected towards your Lady?

Fain. Why faith I'm thinking of it.—Let me see—1 am Marry'd already; so that's over—My Wife has plaid the Jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never lov'd her, or if I had, why that wou'd have been over too by this time—Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's 70 an end of Jealousie. Weary of her, I am and shall be—No, there's no end of that; No, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my Repose. Now for my Reputation,—As to my own, I Marry'd not for it; so that's out of the Question.—And as to my Part in my Wife's—Why she had parted with hers before; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me; 'tis against all rule of Play, that I should 80 lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

Mrs. Mar. Besides you forget, Marriage is honourable.

Fain. Hum! Faith and that's well thought I on; Marriage is honourable, as you say; and if so, wherefore should Cuckoldom be a Discredit, being deriv'd from so honourable a Root?

Mrs. Mar. Nay I know not; if the 90 Root be honourable, why not the Branches?

Fain. So, so, why this Point's clear.—Well, how do we proceed?

Mm. Mar. I will contrive a Letter which shall be deliver'd to my Lady at the time when that Rascal who is to act Sir Rowland is with her. It shall come as from an unknown Hand—for the less I appear to I know of the Truth, the better I can play

the Incendiary. Besides, I wou'd not have 100. *Foible* provok'd if I cou'd help it,—because you know she knows some Passages—Nay I expect all will come out—But let the Mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discovert.

Fain. If the worst come to the worst,—I'll turn my Wife to Grass—I have already a Deed of Settlement of the best Part of her Estate; which I wheadl'd out of her; and that you shall partake at least. 110

Mrs. Mar. I hope you are con vine'd that I hate *Mirabell* now: You'll⁰ be no more Jealous?

Fain. Jealous, no,—by this Kiss—let Husbands be Jealous; but let the Lover still believe: Or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his Pleasure, and prepare the Joy that follows, when he proves his Mistress true. But let Husbands Doubts convert to endless Jealousie; or if they have Belief, ¹⁰ let it corrupt to Superstition, and blind Credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the Badge, but I'll disown the Order. And since I take my Leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common Motto to their common Crest.

All Husbands must, or Pain, or Shame, endure;

The Wise too jealous are, Fools too secure.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[SCENE Continues.]

Lady Wishfort and Foible.

Lady. Is Sir Rowland coming say'st thou, *Foible*? and are things in Order?

Foib. Yes, Madam. I have put Wax-Lights in the Sconces; and plac'd the Footmen in a Row in the Hall, in their best Liveries, with the Coachman and Postilion to fill up the Equipage.⁰

Lady. Have you pullvill'd⁰ the Coachman and Postilion, that they may not stink of the Stable,—when Sir Rowland comes by? 10

Foib. Yes, Madam.

Lady. And are the Dancers and the

Musick ready, that he may be entertain'd in all Points with Correspondence to his Passion?

Foib. All is ready, Madam.

Lady. And—well—and how do I look, *Foible*?

Foib. Most killing well, Madam.

Lady. Well, and how shall I receive 20 him? In what Figure shall I give his Heart the first Impression? There is a great deal in the first Impression. Shall I sit?—No, I won't sit—I'll walk—ay I'll walk from the Door upon his Entrance; and then turn full upon him—No, that will be too sudden. I'll lye—ay, I'll lye down—I'll receive him in my little Dressing-Room, there's a Couch—Yes, yes, I'll give the first Impression on a Couch—I won't³⁰ lye neither, but loll and lean upon one Elbow; with one Foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way—Yes—and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start **and** be surpriz'd, and rise to meet him in a pretty Disorder—Yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a Levee from a Couch in some Confusion—It shews the Foot to advantage, and furnishes with Blushes, and re-composing

Airs beyond Comparison. Hark! There's a Couch. 41

Foib. 'Tis he, Madam.

Lady. O dear, has my Nephew made his Addresses to *Millamant*? I order'd him.

Foib. Sir Wilfull is set in to Drinking, Madam, in the Parlour.

Lady. Ods my Life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go—When they are together, then come to me *Foible*, that I 50 may not be too long alone with Sir Rowland.

SCENE II.

Mrs. Millamant, Mrs. Fainall, Foible.

Foib. Madam, I stay'd here, to tell your Ladiship that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half Hour for an Opportunity to talk with you. Tho' my Lady's Orders were to leave you and Sir Wilfull together. Shall I tell *Mr. Mirabell* that you are at leisure?

Milla. No—What wou'd the dear Man have? I am thoughtful, and wou'd amuse i my self,—bid him come another time.

Mirabell now: You'll] 1710; *Mirabell*. now you'll Q 1; *Mirabell*, now you'll Q 2.
Equipage] cf. p. 134 *supra*,
pulvill'd] cf. p. 139 *supra*.

*There never^o yet was Woman made, 10
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.*

[Repeating and walking about.

That's hard!

Mrs. Fain. You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to day, Millamant, and the Poets.

Milla. He? Ay, and filthy Verses—So I am.

Foib. Sir Wilfull is coming, Madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

Milla. Ay, if you please, *Foible*, send him away,—Or send him hither,—just as you 20 will, dear *Foible*.—I think I'll see him—Shall I? Ay, let the Wretch come.

Thyrsis,^o *a Youth of the Inspired Train.*

[Repeating.

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir Wilfull—Thou hast Philosophy to undergo a Fool, thou art marry'd and hast Patience—I would confer with my own Thoughts.

Mrs. Fain. I am oblig'd to you, that you would make me your Proxy in this Affair; but I have Business of my own. 30

SCENE III.

[To them] Sir Wilfull.

Mrs. Fain. O Sir Wilfull; you are come at the Critical Instant. There's your Mistress up to the Ears in Love and Contemplation, pursue your Point, now or never.

Sir Wil. Yes; my Aunt will have it so,—I would gladly have been encourag'd with a Bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted;—*[This while Milla. walks about Repeating to her self.]* But I hope, after a time, I 10 shall break my Mind—that is upon further Acquaintance—So for the present; Cousin, I'll take my leave—If so be you'll be so kind to make my Excuse, I'll return to my Company—

Mrs. Fain. O fie, Sir Wilfull! What, you must not be daunted.

Sir Wil. Daunted, no that's not it, it is hot so much for that—for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 20 'tis sufficient 'till further Acquaintance, that's all—your Servant.

Mrs. Fain. Nay, I'll swear you shall never

There never . . .] Suckling's poem beginning with these lines.

Thyrsis . . .] First line of Waller's *The Story of Phcebus and Daphne*, *Applied*.

lose so favourable an Opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the Door.

SCENE IV.

Sir Wilfull, Millamant.

Sir. Wil. Nay, nay Cousin,—I have forgot my Gloves,—What d'ye do? 'Sheart a'has lock'd the Door indeed, I think—Nay, Cousin *Fainall*, open the Door—Pshaw, what a Vixon Trick is this?—Nay, now a'has seen me too—Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it were—I think this Door's enchanted—

Milla. *[Repeating.]*

*1 prithee^o spare me, gentle Boy,
Press me no more for that slight Toy. 10*

Sir. Wit. Anan? Cousin, your Servant.

Milla. That foolish Trifle of a Heart—
Sir Wilfull!

Sir Wil. Yes—your Servant. No Offence I hope, Cousin.

Milla. *[Repeating.]*

*1 swear it will not do its Part,
Tho' thou dost thine, employ'st thy
Power and Art.*

Natural, easie Suckling!

Sir Wil. Anan? Suckling? No such Suckling neither, Cousin, nor Stripling: I thank Heav'n I'm no Minor. 21

Milla. Ah Rustick, ruder than *Gothick*.

Sir Wil. Well, well, I shall understand your *Lingo* one of these Days, Cousin, in the mean while I must answer in plain English.

Milla. Have you any Business with me, Sir Wilfull?

Sir Wil. Not at present, Cousin,—Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know 30 if that how you were dispos'd to fetch a Walk this Evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a Walk with you.

Milla. A Walk? What then?

Sir Wil. Nay nothing—Only for the Walk's sake, that's all—

Milla. I nauseate Walking; 'tis a Country Diversion, I loath the Country and every thing that relates to it. 40

Sir Wil. Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye,

I prithee . . .] First lines of a Song by Suckling. Millamant completes the quotation of the stanza in her next two speeches.

you do? Nay, 'tis like you may—Here are choice of Pastimes here in Town, as Plays and the like, that must be confess'd indeed.—

Milla. Ah *Vetourdie!* I hate the Town too.

Sir Wil. Dear Heart, that's much—Hah! that you should hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the Town, and others can't away with the 50 Country,—'tis like you may be one of those, Cousin.

Milla. Ha, ha, ha. Yes, 'tis like I may. —You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir Wil. Not at present, Cousin.—'Tis like when I have an Opportunity to be more private,—I may break my Mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess—However that's as time shall try,—But spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say. 51

Milla. If it is of no great Importance, *Sir Wilfull*, you will oblige me to leave me: I have just now a little Business.—

Sir Wil. Enough, enough, Cousin: Yes, yes, all a case—When you're dispos'd, when you're dispos'd. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that,—Yes, yes, if your Concerns call you, there's no haste; it will 70 keep cold as they say—Cousin, your Servant. —I think this Door's lock'd.

Milla. You may go this way, *Sir.*

Sir Wil. Your Servant, then with your leave I'll return to my Company.

Milla. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha.

*Like Phoebus*⁰ *sung the no less am'rous Boy.*

SCENE V.

Millamant, Mirabell.

Mira.—*Like Daphne she, as Lovely and as Coy.*

Do you lock your self up from me, to make my Search more curious? Or is this pretty Artifice contriv'd, to signifie that here the Chace must end, and my Pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further?—

Milla. Vanity! No—I'll fly and be follow'd to the last Moment, tho' I am upon the very Verge of Matrimony, I expect you should sollicit me as much as if I were 10 wavering at the Grate of a Monastery, with

Like Phoebus . . .] The third line of Waller's The Story of Phoebus, etc., quoted p. 440 supra.

one Foot over the Threshold. I'll be sollicit to the very last, nay and afterwards.

Mira. What, after the last?

Milla. O, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduc'd to an inglorious Ease; and freed from the agreeable Fatigues of Sollicitation.

Mira. But do not you know, that when Favours are conferr'd upon instant and 20 tedious Sollicitation, that they diminish in their Value, and that both the Giver loses the Grace, and the Receiver lessens his Pleasure?

• *Milla.* It may be in Things of common Application; but never sure in Love. O, I hate a Lover, that can dare to think he draws a Moment's Air, independent on the Bounty of his Mistress. There is not so impudent a Thing in Nature, as the 30 sawcy Look of an assured Man, confident of Success. The Pedantick Arrogance of a very Husband, has not so Pragmatical an Air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my Will and Pleasure.

Mira. Would you have 'em both before Marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other 'till after Grace?

Milla. Ah don't be impertinent—My '40 dear Liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful Solitude, my darling Contemplation, must I bid you then Adieu? Ay-h adieu—: My Morning Thoughts, agreeable Wakings, indolent Slumbers, all ye *douceurs*, ye *Somcils du Matin*, adieu—I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—Positively *Mirabell*, I'll lye a-bed in a Morning as long as I please.

Mira. Then I'll get up in a Morning 50 as early as I please.

Milla. Ah! Idle Creature, get up when you will—And d'ye hear, I won't be cali'd Names after I'm Marry'd; positively I won't be cali'd Names.

Mira. Names!

Milla. Ay, as Wife, Spouse, my Dear, Joy, Jewel, Love, Sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous Cant, in which Men and their Wives are so fulsomly familiar,—60 I shall never bear that—Good *Mirabell* don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before Folks, like my Lady *Fadler* and *Sir Francis*: Nor go to *Hide-Park* together the first Sunday in a new Chariot, to provoke

Eyes and Whispers; And then never be seen **there** together again; as if we were **proud** of one another the first *Week*, and **asham'd** of one another ever⁰ after. Let us never Visit together, nor go to a Play 70 together, but let us be very strange and well bred: Let us be as strange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all.

Mira, Have you any more Conditions to offer? Hitherto your Demands are pretty reasonable.

Milla. Trifles,—As Liberty to pay and receive Visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive Letters, without In- 80 terrogatories or wry Faces on your part; to wear what I please; and chuse Conversation with regard only to my own Taste; to have no Obligation upon me to converse with Wits that I don't like, because they are your Acquaintance; or to be intimate with Fools, because they may be your Relations. Come to Dinner when I please, dine in my Dressing-Room when I'm out of Humour, without giving a Reason. To have my 90 Closet inviolate; to be sole Empress of my Tea-Table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly where-ever I am, you shall always knock at the Door before you come in. These Articles subscrib'd, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a Wife.

Mira. Your Bill of Fare is something advanc'd in this latter Account. Well, have 100 I Liberty to offer Conditions—That when you are dwindled into a Wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarg'd into a Husband.

Milla. You have free leave, propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

Mira. I thank you. *Inprimis* then, I covenant that your Acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn Confident, or Intimate of your own Sex; no she Friend to skreen her Affairs under your Countenance, and tempt you to make Trial of a mutual Secresie. No Decoy-Duck to wheedle you a *fop*—*scrambling* to the Play in a Mask—Then bring you home in a pretended Fright, when you think you shall be found out—And rail at me for missing the **Play**, and disappointing the Frolick which

you had to pick me up and prove my Constancy.

Milla. Detestable *Inprimis*! I go to the 120 Play in a Mask!

Mira. *Item*, I Article, that you continue to like your own Face, as long as I shall: And while it passes currant⁰ with me, that you endeavour not to new Coin it. To which end, together with all Vizards for the Day, I prohibit all Masks for the Night, made of Oil'd-skins and I know not what—Hog's Bones, Hare's Gall, Pig Water, and the Marrow of a roasted Cat. In short, I for- 130 bid all Commerce with the Gentlewoman in *what-d'ye-call-it* Court. *Item*, I shut my Doors against all Bauds with Baskets, and penny-worths of *Muslin, China, Fans, At' lasses,*⁰ &c.—*Item*, when you shall be Breeding—

Milla. Ah! Name it not.

Mira. Which may be presum'd, with a Blessing on our Endeavours—

Milla. Odious Endeavours! 140

Mira. I denounce against all strait Lacing, squeezing for a Shape, 'till you mould my Boy's Head like a Sugar-loaf; and instead of a Man-Child, make me Father to a Crooked-billet.⁰ Lastly, to the Dominion of the *Tea-Table* I submit.—But with *proviso*, that you exceed not in your Province; but restrain your self to native and simple *Tea-Table* Drinks, as *Tea, Chocolate, and Coffee*. As likewise to Genuine and Au- 150 thoriz'd *Tea-Table* Talk—Such as mending of Fashions, spoiling Reputations, railing at absent Friends, and so forth—But that on no Account you encroach upon the Mens Prerogative, and presume to drink Healths, or toast Fellows; for prevention of which, I banish all *Foreign Forces*, all Auxiliaries to the *Tea-Table*, as *Orange-Brandy, all Anniseed, Cinamon, Citron and Barbados-Waters,*⁰ together with *Ratafia*⁰ and the 160 most noble Spirit of *Clary*.⁰—But for *Couslip-Wine, Poppy-Water,* and all *Dormitives*, those I allow.—These *Proviso's*

current] 1710; *Current* Q 1.

Atlassea] atlas was a fine oriental silk-satin.

Crooked-billet] crooked stick.

Barbado'fi-Waters] a cordial flavoured with orange and lemon peel.

Ratafia] see n. p. 415 *supra*.

Clary] a sweetened and spiced mixture of wine.

admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying Husband.

Milla. O horrid *Proviso's!* filthy strong Waters! I toast Fellows, Odious Men! I hate your odious *Proviso's*.

Mir a. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your Hand upon the Contract? and here comes 170 one to be a Witness to the Sealing of the Deed.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Mrs. Fainall.*

Milla. Fainall, what shall I do? Shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. Fain. Ay, ay, take him, take him, what shou'd you do?

Milla. Well then—I'll take my Death I'm in a horrid Fright—*Fainall,* I shall never say it—Well—1 think—I'll endure you.

Mrs. Fain. Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in Plain Terms: For I am 10 sure you have a Mind to him.

Milla. Are you? I think I have—and the horrid Man looks as if he thought so too—Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you—1 won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd—Here kiss my Hand tho'—So, hold your Tongue now, don't⁰ say a Word.

Mrs. Fain. Mirabell, there's a Necessity for your Obedience;—You have neither 20 time to talk nor stay. My Mother is coming; and in my Conscience if she shou'd see you, wou'd fall into Fits, and may be not recover, time enough to return to Sir Rowland; who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair Way to succeed. Therefore spare your Extacies for another Occasion, and slip down the back Stairs, where *Foible* waits to consult you.

Milla. Ay, go, go. In the mean time 30 I suppose you have said something to please me.

Mira. I am all Obedience.

SCENE VII.

Millamant, *Mrs. Fainall.*

Mrs. Fain. Yonder Sir *Wilfull's* drunk; and so noisie that my Mother has been don't) 1710; and don't Qq 1, 2.

fore'd to leave Sir Rowland to appease him; but he answers her only with Singing and Drinking—What they may have done by this time I know not; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Milla. Well, if *Mirabell* should not make a good Husband, I am a lost thing;—for I find I love him violently. 10

Mrs. Fain. So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you.—If you doubt him, you had best take up with Sir *Wilfull*.

Milla. How can you name that superannuated Lubber? foh!

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] *Witwoud from drinking.*

Mrs. Fain. So, is the Fray made up, that you have left 'em?

Wit. Left 'em? I could stay no longer—I have laugh'd like ten Christnings—1 am tipsie with laughing—If I had staid any longer I should have burst,—1 must have been let out and piee'd in the Sides like 'an unsiz'd⁰ Camlet⁰—Yes, yes, the Fray is compos'd; my Lady came in like a *Noli prosequi*, and stopt the Proceedings. 10

Milla. What was the Dispute?

Wit. That's the Jest; there was no Dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for Rage; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another like two roasting Apples.

SCENE IX.

[*To them*] *Petulant Drunk.*

Wit. Now *Petulant?* all's over, all's well? God my Head begins to whim⁰ it about—Why dost thou not speak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a Fish.

Pet. Look you, *Mrs. Millamant*—if you can love me, dear Nymph—say it—and that's the Conclusion—pass on, or pass off,—that's all.

Wit. Thou hast utter'd *Volumes, Folio's,*

unsized] ill fitting. *Summers's* reading *unfix'd* has no authority.

Camlet] a garment made of camlet, a rich material of wool or silk.

whim) swim, be dizzy.

in less than *Decimo Sexto*, my dear 10
Lacedemonian.^o Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art
an Epitomizer of Words.

Pet. Witwoud—You are an Annihilator
of Sense.

Wit. Thou art a Retailer of Phrases; and
dost deal in Remnants of Remnants, like a
Maker of Pincushions—thou art in truth
(metaphorically speaking) a Speaker of
Short-hand.

Pet. Thou art (without a Figure) just 20
one half of an Ass, and *Baldwin*^o yonder,
thy half Brother, is the rest—A *Gemini* of
Asses split, would make just four of you.

Wit. Thou dost bite, my dear Mustard-
seed; kiss me for that.

Pet. Stand off—I'll kiss no more Males,
—1 have kiss'd your *Twin* yonder in a
humour of Reconciliation, 'till he (*hiccup*)
rises upon my Stomach like a Radish.

Milla. Eh! filthy Creature—what was 30
the Quarrel?

Pet. There was no Quarrel—there might
have been a Quarrel.

Wit. If there had been Words enow be-
tween 'em to have express'd Provocation,
they had gone together by the Ears like a
pair of Castanets.

Pet. You were the Quarrel.

Milla. Me!

Pet. If I have a Humour to quarrel, I 40
can make less Matters conclude Premises,—
If you are not handsom, what then; If I
have a Humour to prove it?—If I shall have
my Reward, say so; if not, fight for your
Face the next time your self—I'll go
sleep.

Wit. Do, wrap thy self up like a *Wood-
louse*, and dream Revenge—And hear me,
if thou canst learn to write by to Morrow
Morning, pen me a Challenge—I'll carry it
for thee. 51

Pet. Carry your Mistress's *Monkey* a
Spider,—go flea Dogs, and read Romances
—I'll go to Bed to my Maid.

Mrs. Fain. He's horridly Drunk—how
came you all in this Pickle?

Wit. A Plot, a Plot, to get rid of the

Lacedemonian] one who is laconic, sparing of
words.

Baldwin] the name of the Ass in the tale of
Reynard the Fox.

Knight,—Your Husband's Advice; but he
sneak'd off.

SCENE X.

Sir Wilfull Drunk] *Lady Wishfort*, *Witwoud*,
Millamant, *Mrs. Fainall*.

Lady. Out upon't, out upon't, at Years of
Discretion, and comport your self at this
Rantipole^o rate.

Sir Wil. No Offence, Aunt.

Lady. Offence? As I'm a Person, I'm
asham'd of you—Fogh! how you stink of
Wine! D'y'e think my Neice will ever en-
dure such a *Borachio*!^o you're an absolute
Borachio.

Sir Wil. Borachio! 10

Lady. At a time when you shou'd com-
mence an Amour, and put your best Foot
foremost—

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, an you grutch me your
Liquor, make a Bill—Give me more
Drink, and take my Purse.

Sings.

Prithee fill me the Glass

'Till it laugh in my Face,

With Ale that is Potent and Mellow;

He that whines for a Lass 20

Is an ignorant Ass,

For a Bumper has not its Fellow.

But if you wou'd have me marry my Cousin,
—say the Word, and I'll do't—*Wilfull*
will do't, that's the Word—*Wilfull* will
do't, that's my Crest—my Motto I have
forgot.

Lady. My Nephew's a little overtaken,
Cousin—but 'tis with drinking your
Health—0' my Word you are oblig'd to 30
him—

Sir Wil. In *Vino Veritas*, Aunt:—if I
drunk your Health to Day, Cousin,—1 am
a *Borachio*. But if you have a Mind to be
marry'd, say the Word, and send for the
Piper, *Wilfull* will do't. If not, dust it away,^o
and let's have t'other Round—*Tony*, Ods-
heart where's *Tony*—*Tony's* an honest
Fellow, but he spits after a Bumper, and
that's a Fault, 40

Rantipole] rakish. A rantipole originally is a 'rude
wild boy or girl,' *Diet, of the Canting Crew*, 1890.
Borachio] a leathern bottle, hence a drunkard.
dust it away] drink about (*Grose*).

Sings.

*We'll drink and we'll never ha' done Boys,
Put the Glass then around with the Sun
Boys,
Let Apollo's Example invite us;
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
And that makes him so bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.*

The Sun's a good Pimple, an honest Soaker, he has a Cellar at your *Antipodes*. If I travel, Aunt, I touch at your *Antipodes*—your *Antipodes* are a good rascally sort 50 of topsie turvy Fellows—If I had a Bumper I'd stand upon my Head and drink a Health to 'em—A Match or no Match, Cousin, with the hard Name—Aunt, *Wilfull* will do't. If she has her Maidenhead let her look to't; if she has not, let her keep her own Counsel in the mean time, and cry out at the Nine Months End.

Milla. Your Pardon, Madam, I can stay no longer—Sir *Wilfull* grows very powerful, Egh! how he smells! I shall be over- 61 come if I stay. Come, Cousin.

SCENE XL

Lady Wishfort, Sir Wilfull Witwoud,
Mr. Witwoud, Foible.⁰

Lady. Smells! he would poison a Tallow-Chandler and his Family-. Beastly Creature, I know not what to do with him.—Travel quoth a; ay travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the *Saracens*, or the *Tartars*, or the *Turks*—for thou art not fit to live in a Christian Commonwealth, thou beastly Pagan.

Sir Wil. *Turks*, no; no *Turks*, Aunt: Your *Turks* are Infidels, and believe not in the 10 Grape. Your *Mahometan*, your *Mussulman* is a dry Stinkard—No Offence, Aunt. My Map says that your *Turk* is not so honest a Man as your Christian—1 cannot find by the Map that your *Mufti* is Orthodox—Whereby it is a plain Case, that Orthodox is a hard Word, Aunt, and (*hiccup*) Greek for Claret.

Sings.

*To Drink is a Christian Diversion.
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian: 20
Let Mahometan Fools*

Foible in Qq 1, 2, Foible enters after *Ah, Tony!*, 1. 27 *infra*.

*Live by Heathenish Rules,
And be damn'd over Tea-Cups and Coffee.
But let British Lads sing,
Crown a Health to the King,
And a Fig for your Sultan and Sophy.⁰*

Ah, Tony! [*Foible whispers*⁰ *Lady W.*
Lady. Sir Rowland impatient? Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly Tumbrel? —Go lie down and sleep, you Sot—'30 Or as I'm a Person, I'll have you bastinado'd with Broom-sticks. Call up the *Wenches*.⁰

Sir Wil. *Ahey?* *Wenches*, where are the *Wenches*?

Lady. Dear Cousin *Witwoud* get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an Affair of moment that invades me with some Precipitation—You will oblige me to all Futurity. 40

Wit. Come, Knight—Pox on him, I don't know what to say to him—Will you go to a Cock-match?

Sir Wil. With a *Wench*, *Tony*? Is she a shake-bag,⁰ *Sirrah*? Let^o me bite your Cheek for that.

Wit. Horrible! He has a Breath like a Bagpipe—Ay, ay, come will you march, my *Salopian*?

Sir Wil. Lead on, little *Tony*—I'll fol- 50 low thee my *Anthony*, my *Tantony*, *Sirrah* thou shalt be my *Tantony*,⁰ and I'll be thy *Pig*.

—And a Fig for your Sultan and Sophy.

[*Exit Singing with Witwoud*.⁰

Lady. This will never do. It will never make a Match.—At least before he has been abroad.

Sophy] *Shah*.

Foible whispers] Enter *Foible*, and whispers Qq 1, 2.

Wenches.] Qq 1, 2. *Wenches with Broom-sticks*. 1710; clearly a compositor's importation from the previous line. Here Qq 1, 2 read Exit *Foib*. and Exit *Foible*.

shake-bag] See p. 983 *infra*.

Let . . . Cheek] a form of endearment, because he appreciates the joke. Cf. Shakespeare, *Rom. and Juliet*, I. i. iv. 81: 'I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.'

Tantony . . . Pig] *Tantony*, short for St. Antony, the hermit who was a swineherd. Hence an *Anthony* or *Tantony* pig was the favourite or smallest pig in the litter. See *Diet, of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1788.

[*Exit . . . Witwoud*.] Qq 1, 2; om. 1710.

SCENE XII.

Lady Wishfort, Waitwell' *disguds'd* as for
Sir Rowland.

Lady. Dear Sir Rowland, I am confounded with Confusion at the Retrospection of my own Rudeness,—I have more Pardons to ask than the *Pope* distributes in the Year of *Jubile*. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an Alliance,—we may unbend the Severity of *Decorum*—and dispense with a little Ceremony.

Wait. My Impatience, Madam, is the Effect of my Transport;—and 'till I 10 have the Possession of your adorable Person, I am tantaliz'd on the Rack;⁰ and do but hang, Madam, on the Tenter of Expectation.

Lady. You have Excess of Gallantry, Sir Rowland; and press things to a Conclusion, with a most prevailing Vehemence.—But a Day or two for Decency of Marriage.—

Wait. For Decency of Funeral, Madam. The Delay will break my Heart—or if '20 that should fail, I shall be Poison'd. My Nephew will get an inkling of my Designs, and poison me,—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the World with that Satisfaction.—That would be some Comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be reveng'd on that unnatural Viper.

Lady. Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the 30 saving of your Life, and the accomplishment of your Revenge—Not that I respect my self; tho' he has been a perfidious Wretch to me.

Lady. O Sir Rowland, the Hours that he has dy'd away at my Feet, the Tears that he has shed, the Oaths that he has sworn, the Palpitations that he has felt, the Trances and the Tremblings, the Ardors 40 and the Ecstasies, the Kneelings, and the Risings, the Hcart-heavings and the Hand-gripings, the Pangs and the Pathetick Regards of his protesting Eyes I Oh no Memory can Register.

Wait. What, my Rival! Is the Rebel my Rival? a'dies.

Lady. No, don't kill him at once, Sir
the Rack Q 2, 1710; *a rack* Q 1.

Rowland, starve him gradually Inch by Inch. 50

Wait. I'll do't. In three Weeks he shall be bare-foot; in a Month out at Knees with begging an Alms,—he shall starve upward and upward, 'till he has nothing living but his Head, and then go out in a Stink like a Candle's End upon a Save-all.^o

Lady. Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way,—You are no Novice in the Labyrinth of Love—You have the Clue—But as I am a Person, Sir Rowland, you must eo not attribute my yielding to any sinister Appetite, or Indigestion .of Widow-hood; nor impute my Complacency to any Lethargy of Continence—I hope you do not think me prone to any Iteration of Nuptials.—

Wait. Far be it from me—

Lady. If you do, I protest I must recede—or think that I have made a Prostitution of Decorums, but in the Vehemence of Compassion, and to save the Life of a 70 Person of so much Importance}—

Wait. I esteem it so—

Lady. Or else you wrong my Condescension—

Wait. I do not, I do not—

Lady. Indeed you do.

Wait. I do not, fair Shrine of Virtue.

Lady. If you think the least Scruple of Carnality was an Ingredient—

Wait. Dear Madam, no. You are all 80 *Camphire*^o and *Frankincense*, all *Chastity* and *Odour*.

Lady. Or that—

SCENE XIII.

[*To thorn*] Foible.

Foib. Madam, the Dancers are ready, and there's one with a Letter, who must deliver it into your own Hands.

Lady. Sir Rowland, will you give me leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a Person who would suffer Racks in Honour's Cause, dear Sir Rowland, and will wait on you incessantly.

Save-all] a kind of old-fashioned candlestick used to burn candle ends.

Camphire] camphor, Supposed to be an antaphrodisiac.

SCENE XIV.

Waitwell, Foible.

Wait. Fie, fie!—What a Slavery have I undergone; Spouse, hast thou any *Cordial*, I want *Spirits*.

Foib. What a washy Rogue art thou, to pant thus for a Quarter of an Hours Lying and Swearing to a fine Lady?

Wait. O, she is the Antidote to Desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't—I shall have no Appetite to Iteration of Nuptials—this eight and forty Hours—By 10 this Hand I'd rather be a Chair-man in the Dog-days—than act Sir Rowland 'till this time to Morrow.

SCENE XV.

[To them] Lady with a Letter.

Lady. Call in the Dancers;—Sir Rowland, we'll sit, if you please, and see the Entertainment. [Dance.]

Now with your Permission, Sir Rowland, I will peruse my Letter—I would open it in your Presence, because I would not make you uneasie. If it should make you uneasie I would burn it—speak if it does—but you may see, the Superscription is like a Woman's Hand.⁰ 10

Foib. By Heav'n! Mrs. Marwood's I know it,—my Heart akes—get it from her—[To him.]

Wait. A Woman's Hand? No, Madam, that's no Woman's Hand, I see that already. That's some Body whose Throat must be cut.

Lady. Nay, Sir Rowland, since you give me a Proof of your Passion by your Jealousie, I promise you I'll make a Return, by a frank Communication—You 20 shall see it—we'll open it together—look you here.

Reads.—Madam, though unknown to you, [Look you there, 'tis from no Body that I know.]—/ have that Honour for your Character, that I think my self oblig'd to let you know you are abus'd. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland is a Cheat and a Rascal—

Oh Heav'ns! what's this? 30
Foib. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd.

Wait. How, how, let me see, let me see the Superscription . . . Hand] 1710. by the Superscription it is like a Woman's hand Qq 1, 2.

—[reading]⁰ A Rascal and disguis'd, and suborn'd for that Imposture,—O Villany! O Villany!—by the Contrivance of—

Lady. I shall faint, I shall die, I shall die,⁰ oh!

Foib. Say, 'tis your Nephew's Hand.—Quickly, his Plot, swear, swear it.—

[To him.]

Wait. Here's a Villain! Madam, don't '40 you perceive it, don't you see it?

Lady. Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

Wait. I told you at first I knew the Hand—A Woman's Hand? The Rascal writes a sort of a large Hand; your Roman Hand—I saw there was a Throat to be cut presently. If he were my Son, as he is my Nephew, I'd pistol him—

Foib. O Treachery! But are you sure, 50 Sir Rowland, it is his Writing?

Wait. Sure? Am I here? do I live? do I love this Pearl of India? I have twenty Letters in my Pocket from him, in the same Character.

Lady. How!

Foib. O what Luck it is, Sir Rowland, that you were present at this Juncture! This was the Business that brought Mr. Mirabell disguis'd to Madam Millamant this After- 60 noon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his Face.

Lady. How, how!—I heard the Villain was in the House indeed; and now I remember, my Neice went away abruptly, when Sir Wilfull was to have made his Addresses.

Foib. Then, then Madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her in her Chamber; but I would not tell your Ladiship to discompose you TO when you were to receive Sir Rowland.

Wait. Enough, his Date is short.

Foib. No, good Sir Rowland, don't incur the Law.

Wait. Law! I care not for Law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good Cause—My Lady shall be satisfy'd of my Truth and Innocence, tho' it cost me my Life.

Lady. No, dear Sir Rowland, don't fight, if you should be kill'd I must never shew 80 my Face; or hang'd,—O consider my Repu-

[reading]] reading run into the text of Waitwell's speech Qq 1, 2, 1710; but it is clearly a S.D.

/ shall die, I shall die,} Q 1; / shall die, Q 2, 1710.

tation, Sir Rowland--No you shan't fight,—I'll go in and examine my Neice; I'll make her confess. I conjure you Sir Rowland by all your Love not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd Madam, I obey. But some Proof you must let me give you;—I'll go for a black Box, which contains the Writings of my whole Estate, and deliver that into your Hands. 90

Lady. Ay dear Sir Rowland, that will be some Comfort, bring the black Box.

Wait. And may I presume to bring a Contract to be sign'd this Night? May I hope so far?

Lady. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy Discovery.

Wait. Dead or alive I'll come—and married we will be in spight of Treachery; 100 ay and get an Heir that shall defeat the last remaining Glimpse of Hope in my abandon'd Nephew. Come, my Buxom Widow:

*E'er long you shall substantial Proof receive
That I'm an arrant Knight—*

Foib. Or arrant Knave.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

[SCENE Continues]

Lady Wishfort and Foible.

Lady.

Out of my House, out of my House, thou *Viper*, thou *Serpent*, that I have foster'd; thou bosom *Traitress*, that I rais'd from nothing—Begone, begone, begone, go, go, —That I took from washing of old Gause and weaving of dead Hair, with a bleak blue Nose, over a Chafing-dish of starv'd Embers, and Dining behind a *Traverse*⁰ Bag, in a shop no bigger than a Bird-Cage,—go, go, starve again, do, do. 10

Foib. Dear Madam, I'll beg Pardon on my Knees.

Lady. Away, out, out, go set up for your self again—do, drive a Trade, do, with your Three-penny-worth of small Ware, flaunting upon a Packthread, under a Brandy-sellers Bulk,⁰ or against a dead

Traverse] *Trover's* Qq 1, 2, 1710; a curtain.

Bulk] the stall projecting in front of a shop.

*Wall*⁰ by a *Ballad-monger*. Go, hang out an old *Frisoner-gorget*,⁰ with a Yard of Yel-low *Colbertain*⁰ again; do; an old 20 gnaw'd Mask, two Rows of Pins and a Child's Fiddle; A Glass Necklace with the Beads broken, and a Quilted Night-cap with one Ear. Go, go, drive a Trade,—These were your Commodities, you treacherous Trull, this was the^o Merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my House, plac'd you next my self, and made you Governante of my whole Family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feather'd your Nest? 31

Foib. No, no, dear Madam. Do but hear me, have but a Moment's Patience—I'll confess all. Mr. *Mirabell* seduc'd me; I am not the first that he has wheadled with his dissembling Tongue; Your Ladiship's own Wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor Ignorant, defend my self? O Madam, if you knew but what he promis'd me, and how he assur'd me your Ladi- 40 ship should come to no Damage—Or else the Wealth of the *Indies* should not have brib'd me to conspire against so Good, so Sweet, so Kind a Lady as you have been to me.

Lady. No Damage? What to betray me, to marry me to a Cast-serving-Man; to make me a Receptacle, an Hospital for a decay'd Pimp? No Damage? Oh thou frontless Impudence, more than a big-belly'd Attress. ex

Foib. Pray do but hear me Madam, he could not marry your Ladiship, Madam—No indeed his Marriage was to have been void in Law; for he was marry'd to me first, to secure your Ladiship. He could not have bedded your Ladiship; for if he had consummated with your Ladiship, he must have run the risque of the Law, and been put upon his Clergy⁰—Yes indeed, I en- 60 I quir'd of^o the Law in that case before I would meddle or make.⁰

Lady. What, then I have been your

dead Wall] a wall unbroken by features.

Frisoner-gorget] a collar covering neck and breast, made of frison, a kind of woollen stuff.

Colbertain] a kind of net lace.

the] 1710; your Qq 1, 2.

put . . . *Clergy*] put to the necessity of pleading benefit of clergy to get off the penalties of his felony.

I meddle or make] interfere; a proverbial phrase.

Property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems,—while you were catering for *Mirabell*; I have been Broaker for you? What, have you made a passive Bawd of me?—this exceeds all Precedent; I am brought to fine Uses, to become a Botcher of second-hand Marriages between *Abigails* and *Andrews*! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll 71 baste⁰ you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's-Place*^o you, as I'm a Person. Your Turtle is in Custody already: You shall Coo in the same Cage, if there be Constable or Warrant in the Parish.

Foib. O that ever I was born, O that I was ever marry'd,—a Bride, ay I shall be a *Bridewell*-^o*Bride*. Oh!

SCENE I I.

Mrs. Fainall, Foible.

Mrs. Fain. Poor *Foible*, what's the matter?

Foib. O Madam, my Lady's gone for a Constable; Lshall be had to a Justice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat Hemp; poor *Waitwell*'s gone to Prison already.

Mrs. Fain. Have a good Heart, *Foible*, *MirawclVs* gone to give Security for him. This is all *Marwood*'⁸ and my Husband's doing.

Foib. Yes, yes, I know it, Madam; she 10 was in my Lady's Closet, and overheard all that you said to me before Dinner. She sent the Letter to my Lady; and that missing Effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this Plot to arrest *Waitwell*, when he pretended to go for the Papers; and in the mean time Mrs. *Marwood* declared all to my Lady.

Mrs. Fain. Was there no Mention made of me in the Letter?—My Mother does not suspect my being in the Confederacy? I 20 fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' she has told my Husband.

Foib. Yes, Madam; but my Lady did not see that Part: We stifled the Letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous Devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your Ladiship then?

Mrs. Fain. Ay, all's out, my Affair with *Mirabell*, every thing discover'd. This is the last Day of our living together, that's my Comfort. 30

baste] sew together, join.

Duke's-Place] see n. p. 416 *supra*.

Bridewell] a penitentiary for unruly apprentices, vagrants and immoral women.

Foib. Indeed Madam, and so 'tis a Comfort if you knew all,—he has been even with your Ladiship; which I cou'd have told you long enough since, but I love to keep Peace and Quietness by my good Will: I had rather bring Friends together, than set 'em at Distance. But Mrs. *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their Parents thought for.

Mrs. Fain. Say'st thou so, *Foible*? Canst 40 thou prove this?

Foib. I can take my Oath of it, Madam, so can Mrs. *Mincing*; we have had many a fair Word from Madam *Marwood*, to conceal something that passed in our Chamber one Evening when you were at 1 *Hide-Park*;—and we were thought to have gone a Walking: But we went up unawares, —tho' we were sworn to Secresie too; Madam *Marwood* took a Book and swore 50 us upon it: But it was but a Book of Poems,⁰—So^o long as it was not a Bible-Oath, we may break it with a safe Conscience.

Mrs. Fain. This Discovery is the most opportune Thing I cou'd wish. Now *Mincing*?

SCENE I I I.

[To them] *Mincing*.

Mine. My Lady wou'd speak with Mrs. *Foible*, *Mem.* Mr. *Mirabell* is with her; he has set your Spouse at liberty, Mrs. *Foible*, and wou'd have you hide your self in my Lady's Closet, 'till my old Lady's Anger is abated. O, my old Lady is in a perilous Passion, at something Mr. *Fainall* has said; he swears, and my old Lady cries. There's a fearful Hurricane I vow. He says *Mem*, how that he'll have my Lady's Fortune 10 made over to him, or he'll be divorce'd.

Mrs. Fain. Does your Lady or *Mirabell* know that?

Mine. Yes *Mem*, they have sent me to see if Sir *Wilfull* be sober, and to bring him to them. My Lady is resolved to have him I think, rather than lose such a vast Sum as Six Thousand Pound. O, come Mrs. *Foible*, I hear my old Lady.

Mrs. Fain. *Foible*, you, must tell *Mine*- '20

of Poems] 1710; of Verses and Poems Qq 1, 2.

So] Q 2, 1710; So as Q 1.

inff, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foib. Yes, yes, Madam.

Mine. O yes *Mem*, I'll vouch any thing for your Ladiship's Service, be what it will.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Fainall, Lady Wishfort, Marwood.

Lady. O my dear Friend, how can I enumerate the Benefits that I have receiv'd from your Goodness? To you I owe the timely Discovery of the false Vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the Detection of the Impostor Sir *Rowland*. And now you are become an Intercessor with my Son-in-Law, to save the Honour of my House, and compound for the Frailties of my Daughter. Well Friend, You are enough to reconcile 10 me to the bad World, or else I would retire to Desarts and Solitudes; and feed harmless Sheep by Groves and purling Streams. Dear *Marwood*, let us leave the World, and retire by our selves and be Shepherdesses.

Mrs. Mar. Let us first dispatch the Affair in Hand, Madam. We shall have Leisure to think of Retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the Treaty.

Lady. O Daughter, Daughter, is it possible thou should'st be my Child, Bone of my Bone, and Flesh of my Flesh, and as I may say, another Me, and yet transgress the most minute Particle of severe Virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to Iniquity, who have been cast in the direct Mold of Virtue? I have not only been a Mold but a Pattern for you, and a Model for you, after you were brought into the World. so

Mrs. Fain. I don't understand your Ladiship.

Lady. Not understand? Why have you not been Naught?⁰ Have you not been Sophisticated?⁰ Not understand? Here I am ruin'd to compound for your *Caprices* and your *Cuckoldoms*. I must pawn my Plate and my Jewels, and ruin my Neice, and all little enough—

Mrs. Fain. I am wrong'd and abus'd, 40 and so are you. 'Tis a false Accusation, as false as Hell, as false as your Friend there,

Naught] immoral.
Sophisticated] corrupted.

ay or your Friend's Friend, my false Husband.

Mrs. Mar. My Friend, *Mrs. Fainall* Your Husband my Friend, what do you mean?

Mrs. Fain. I know what I mean, Madam, I and so do you; and so shall the World at a j Time convenient.

Mrs. Mar. I am sorry to see you so 50 passionate, Madam. More Temper⁰ would look more like Innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my Zeal to serve your Ladiship and Family, should admit of Misconstruction, or make me liable to Affronts. You will pardon me, Madam, if I meddle no more with an Affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

Lady. O dear Friend, I am so asham'd that you should meet with such Returns; 60 —You ought to ask Pardon on your Knees, ungrateful Creature; she deserves more from you, than all your Life can accomplish—0 don't leave me destitute in this Perplexity;—No, stick to me, my good Genius.

Mrs. Fain. I tell you, Madam, you're abus'd—Stick to you? ay, like a Leach, to suck your best Blood—she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn 70 a Bodkin, nor piart with a Brass Counter, in Composition for me. I defie 'em all. Let 'em prove their Aspersions: I know my own Innocence, and dare stand⁰ a Trial.

SCENE V.

Lady Wishfort, Marwood.

Lady. Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,—and I promise you, her Education has been unexceptionable—I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own Care to initiate her very Infancy in the Rudiments of Virtue, and to impress upon her tender Years a young Odium and Aversion to the very sight of Men,—ay Friend, she would ha' shriek'd if she had but 10 seen a Man, 'till she was in her Teens. As I'm a Person 'tis true—She was never suffer'd to play with a Male-Child, tho' but in Coats; Nay her very Babies⁰ were of the *Feminine Gender*,—0, she never look'd

Temper] moderation.
stand] 1710; *stand* by Qq 1, 2.
Babies] dolls. Cf. p. 394 *supra*.

a Man in the Face but her own Father, or the Chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a Woman, by the help of his long Garments, and his sleek Face; 'till she was going in her Fifteen. 20

Mrs. Mar. 'Twas much she should be deceiv'd so long.

Lady. I warrant you, or she would never have born to have been catechiz'd by him; and have heard his long Lectures against Singing and Dancing, and such Debaucheries; and going to filthy Plays; and prophane Musick-meetings, where the lewd Trebles squeek nothing but Bawdy, and the Bases roar Blasphemy. O, she would have so swoon'd at the Sight or Name of an obscene Play-Book—and can I think after all this, that my Daughter can be Naught? What, a Whore? And thought it Excommunication to set her Foot within the Door of a Play-house. O dear⁰ Friend, I can't believe it, no, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. Mar. Prove it, Madam? What, and have your Name prostituted in a publick 40 Court; yours and your Daughter's Reputation worry'd at the Bar by a Pack of bawling Lawyers? To be usher'd in with an O Yes of Scandal; and have your Case open'd by an old fumbling Leacher in a Quoi^f like a Man Midwife, to bring your Daughter's Infamy to Light; to be a Theme for legal Punsters, and Quiblers by the Statute; and become a Jest, against a Rule of Court, where there is no Precedent for 50 a Jest in any Record; not even in *Dooms-day-Book*: To discompose the Gravity of the Bench, and provoke naughty Interrogatories in more naughty Law *Latin*; while the good Judge, tickl'd with the Proceeding, simpers under a Grey Beard, and figes⁰ off and on his Cushion as if he had swallow'd *Cantharides*, or sate upon *Cow-Itch*'

Lady. O, 'tis very hard!

Mrs. Mar. And then to have my young 60 Revellers of the *Temple* take Notes,⁰ like

0 dear] 1710; *0 my dear* Qq 1, 2.

Quoi^f] the white cap worn by a serjeant at the bar.

figes] 1710; *fidges* Qq 1, 2. *Fidge*, to fidget.

Cow-Itch] cowage, a medicinal herb, the pod of which is covered with sharp, irritating hairs.

Notes . . . Conventicle] Summers cites several passages showing that it was a duty of apprentices to take notes in church of the sermon.

Prentices at a Conventicle; **and** after talk it over⁰ again in Commons,⁰ or before Drawers in an Eating-House.

Lady. Worse and worse.

Mrs. Mar. Nay this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the Short-hand Writers to the publick Press; and from thence be transferr'd to the Hands nay 70 into the Throats and Lungs of Hawkers, with Voices more licentious than the loud Flounder-man's⁰ or the^o Woman that crys Grey-pease: And this you must hear 'till you are stunn'd; nay, you must hear nothing else for some Days.

Lady. O, 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear Friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll Compound. I'll give up all, my self and my all, my Neice and her all—any 80 thing, every thing for Composition.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, Madam, I advise nothing, I only lay before you, as a Friend, the Inconveniencies which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. *Fainall*, if he will be satisfy'd to huddle up all in Silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather Congratulate than Condole with you.

SCENE VI.

Fainall, Lady Wishfort, Mrs. Marwood.

Lady. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood: No, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, Madam; I have suffer'd my self to be overcome by the Importunity of this Lady your Friend; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper Estate during Life; on Condition you oblige your self never to marry, under such Penalty as I think convenient.

Lady. Never to marry? 10

Fain. No more Sir Rowlands,—the next Imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. Mar. That Condition, I dare answer, my Lady will consent to, without Difficulty; she has already but too much experienc'd

it over] 1710; *it all cover* Qq 1, 2.

in Commons] at dinner in hall.

Flounder-man's] a hawker of fish, of flounders. Summers quotes Davies. *Dram. Misc.* to show that this is a topical reference to a well-known fish hawker.

or the . . . Grey-pease] Qq 1, 2; om. 1710.

the Perfidiousness of Men. Besides, Madam, when we retire to our Pastoral Solitude we shall bid adieu to all other Thoughts.

Lady. Ay, that's true; but in case of Necessity; as of Health, or some such 20 Emergency——

Fain. O, if you are prescribe Marriage, you shall be considered; I will only reserve to my self the Power to chuse for you. If your Physick be wholesome, it matters not who is your Apothecary. Next, my Wife shall settle on me the Remainder of her Fortune, not made over already; and for her Maintenance depend entirely on my Discretion. 30

Lady. This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the Barbarity of a *Muscovite* Husband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his *Czarish*° Majesty's Retinue, in a Winter Evening's Conference over Brandy and Pepper, amongst other Secrets of Matrimony and Policy, as they are at present practis'd in the Northern Hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, 40 I will be endow'd, in right of my Wife, with that six thousand Pound, which is the Moiety of Mrs. *Millaman*'s Fortune in your Possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last Will and Testament of your deceas'd Husband, Sir *Jonathan Wishjort*) by her Disobedience in Contracting her self against your Consent or Knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd Matched with Sir *Wilfull Witwoud*, which you, 50 like a careful Aunt, had provided for her.

Lady. My Nephew was *non Compos*; and could not make his Addresses.

Fain. I come to make Demands—I'll hear no Objections.

Lady. You will grant me Time to consider?

Fain. Yes, while the Instrument is drawing, to which you must set your Hand 'till more sufficient Deeds can be perfected: 60 which I will take Care shall be done with all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the said Instrument, and 'till my Return you may balance this Matter in your own Discretion.

Czarish . . . Retinue] Peter the Great had visited England in 1697.

SCENE VII.

Lady Wishfort, Mrs. Marwood.

Lady. This Insolence is beyond all Precedent, all Parallel; must I be subject to this merciless Villain?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis severe indeed, Madam, that you shou'd smart for your Daughter's Wantonness.

Lady. 'Twas against my Consent that she marry'd this Barbarian, but she wou'd have him, tho' her Year was not out.—Ah! her first Husband, my Son *Languish*, wou'd 10 not have carry'd it thus. Well, that was my Choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a Witness——I shall be mad, dear Friend, is there no Comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this Rebel-rate?—Here comes two more of my *Egyptian* Plagues too.

SCENE VIII.

[*To them*] *Millamant, Sir Wilfull.*

Sir Wil. Aunt, your Servant.

Lady. Out *Caterpillar*, call not me Aunt; I know thee not.

Sir Wil. I confess I have been a little in Disguise,⁰ as they say,—'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What wou'd you have? I hope I committed no Offence, Aunt—and if I did I am willing to make Satisfaction; and what can a Man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a 10 Pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more Words. For what's to come, to pleasure you I'm willing to marry my Cousin. So pray let's all be Friends, she and I are agreed upon the Matter before a Witness.

Lady. How's this, dear Neice? Have I any Comfort? Can this be true?

Milla. I am content to be a Sacrifice to your Repose, Madam; and to convince 20 you that I had no Hand in the Plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my Commands on *Mirabell* to come in Person, and be a Witness that I give my Hand to this Flower of *Knighthood*] and for the Contract that pass'd between *Mirabell* and me, I have oblig'd him to make a Resignation of it in your Ladiship's Presence;—He

| *in Disguise*] drunk.

is without, and waits your leave for Admittance, so

Lady. Well, I'll swear I am something revived at this Testimony of your Obedience; but I cannot admit that Traitor,—I fear I cannot fortifie my self to support his Appearance. He is as terrible to me as a *Gorgon*; if I see him I fear I shall turn to Stone, petrifie incessantly.

Milla. If you disoblige him he may resent your Refusal, and insist upon the Contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will '40 be offensive to you.

Lady. Are you sure it will be the last time?—If I were sure of that—shall I never see him again?

Milla. Sir Wilfull, you and he are to Travel together, are you not?

Sir Wil. 'Sheart the Gentleman's a Civil Gentleman, Aunt, let him come in; why we are sworn Brothers and Fellow-Travelers.—We are to be *Pylades* and *Orestes*, he and I—He is to be my Interpreter 51 in Foreign Parts. He has been Overseas once already; and with proviso that I marry my Cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me Company.—'Sheart, I'll call him in,—an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him.

[*Goes to the Door and hems.*]

Mrs. Mar. This is precious Fooling, if it wou'd pass; but I'll know the Bottom of it. 60

Lady. O dear *Marwood*, you are not going?

Mar. Not far, Madam; I'll return immediately.

SCENE IX.°

Lady Wishfort, Millamant, Sir Wilfull, Mirabell.

Sir Wil. Look up, Man, I'll stand by you, 'sbud an she do frown, she can't kill you;—Besides—harkee she dare not frown desperately, because her Face is none of her own; 'Sheart, and⁰ she shou'd her Forehead wou'd wrinkle like the Coat of a Cream-cheese; but mum for that, Fellow-Traveller.

Mira. If a deep Sense of the many Injuries I have offer'd to so good a Lady,

SCENE IX] 1710 misprints as Scene VIII, and consequently numbers the remaining scenes wrongly. and] an, if.

with a sincere Remorse, and a hearty 10 Contrition, can but obtain the least Glance of Compassion, I am too happy,—Ah Madam, there was a time—But let it be forgotten—I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high Place I once held, of sighing at your Feet; nay kill me not, by turning from me in Disdain—I come not to plead for Favour;—Nay not for Pardon; I am a Suppliant only for Pity°—I am going where I never shall behold you more—20

Sir Wil. How, Fellow-Traveller!—You shall go by your self then.

Mira. Let me be pitied first; and afterwards forgotten—I ask no more.

Sir Wil. By'r Lady a very reasonable Request, and will cost you nothing, Aunt,—Come, come, forgive and forget Aunt, why you must an you are a Christian.

Mira. Consider Madam, in reality, you cou'd not receive much Prejudice; it was 30 an innocent Device; tho' I confess it had a Face of Guiltiness,—it was at most an Artifice which Love contriv'd—And Errors which Love produces have ever been accounted *Venial*. At least think it is Punishment enough, that I have lost what in my Heart I hold most dear, that to your cruel Indignation, I have offer'd up this Beauty, and with her my Peace and Quiet; nay all my Hopes of future Comfort. 40

Sir Wil. An he does not move me, wou'd I may⁰ never be *O' the Quorum*,⁰—An it° were not as good a Deed as to drink, to give her to him again,—I wou'd I might never take Shipping—Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly; I shall melt, I can tell you that. My Contract went no farther than a little Mouth-Glew,⁰ and that's hardly dry;—One doleful Sigh more from my Fcllow-Traveller and 'tis dissolv'd. 50

Lady. Well Nephew, upon your Account—Ah, he has a false insinuating Tongue—Well Sir, I will stifle my just Resentment at my Nephew's Request.—I will endeavour what I can to forget,—

Pity] 1710; *your pity* Qq 1, 2.

may] 1710; *might* Qq 1, 2.

O' the Quorum] on the bench of justices.

An it . . . drink] proverbial. Cf. Shakespeare, *I Henry IV*, I. 1. i. 32: "And 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee."

Mouth-Glew] a mixture of glue and sugar, used by moistening with the tongue; not a very strong adhesive.

but on *proviso* that you resign the Contract with my Neice immediately.

Mir a. It is in Writing and with tapers of Concern; but I have sent my Servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all 60 Acknowledgments for your transcendent Goodness.

Lady. Oh, he has Witchcraft in his Eyes and Tongue;—When I did not see him I cou'd have brib'd a Villain to his Assassination; but his Appearance rakes the Embers which have so long lain smother'd in my Breast.——[*Aside.*

SCENE X.

[*To them*] Fainall, Mrs. Marwood.

Fain. Your Date of Deliberation, Madam, is expir'd. Here is the Instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

Lady. If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My Neice exerts a lawful Claim, having match'd her self by my Direction to Sir Wilfull.

Fain. That Sham is too gross to pass on me—tho' 'tis impos'd on you, Madam.

Milla. Sir, I have given my Consent. 10

Mira. And, Sir, I have resign'd my Pretensions.

Sir Wil. And, Sir, I assert my Right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, Sir, and of your Instrument. S'heart an you talk of an Instrument Sir, I have an old Fox⁰ by my Thigh shall hack your Instrument of *Ram Vellam*⁰ to Shreds, Sir. It shall not be sufficient for a *Mittimus*⁰ or a Tailor's Measure; therefore withdraw your Instrument Sir, or by'r Lady I shall draw mine, 21

Lady. Hold, Nephew, hold.

Milla. Good Sir Wilfull respite your Valour.

Fain. Indeed? Are you provided of your Guard, with your single Beef-eater there? But I'm prepared for you; and insist upon my first Proposal. You shall submit your own Estate to my Management, and absolutely make over my Wife's to my sole 30 use; as pursuant to the Purport and Tenor of this other Covenant.—I suppose, Madam, your Consent is not requisite in this Case; nor, Mr. *Mirabell*, your Resigna-

tion; nor, Sir *Wilfull*, your Right—You may draw your Fox if you please Sir, and make a *Bear-Garden* flourish somewhere else: For here it will not avail. This, my Lady *Wishfort*, must be subscrib'd, or your Darling Daughter's turn'd a-drift, like a 40 leaky Hulk to sink or swim, as she and the Current of this lewd Town can agree.

Lady. Is there no Means, no Remedy, to stop my Ruin? Ungrateful Wretch! dost thou not owe thy Being, thy Subsistance to my Daughter's Fortune?

Fain. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my Possession.

Mira. But that you wou'd not accept of a Remedy from my Hands?—I own I 50 have not deserv'd you shou'd owe any Obligation to me; or else perhaps I cou'd advise,——

Lady. O what? what? to save me and my Child from Ruin, from Want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay I'll consent to any Thing to come, to be deliver'd from this Tyranny.

Mira. Ay Madam; but that is too late, my Reward is intercepted. You have dispos'd of her, who only cou'd have made 60 me a Compensation for all my Services;—But be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this Savage manner.

Lady. How! Dear Mr. *MiraLell*, can you be so generous at last! But it is not possible. Harkee, I'll break my Nephew's Match, you shall have my Neice yet, and all her Fortune; if you can but save me from this imminent Danger. 70

Mira. Will you? I take you at your Word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two Criminals to appear.

Lady. Ay, ay, any body, any body.

Mira. Foible is one, and a Penitent.

SCENE XI.

[*To them*] Mrs. Fainall, Foible, Mincing.

Mrs. Mar. O My Shame! these corrupt things are brought⁰ hither to expose me.

[*Mira.* and *Lady go to Mrs. Fain.*
and Foib.

[*To Fain.*

Fain. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World*. That shall not urge me to relinquish or

brought| 1710; bought and brought Qq 1, 2.

Fox] slang for a sword.

Ram Vellam] vellum of sheep's skin.

Mittimus] warrant for arrest.

abate one Tittle of my Terms, no, I will insist the more.

Foib. Yos indeed Madam, I'll take my Bible-oath of it.

Mine. And so will I *Mem.* 10

Lady. O *Mar wood*, *Mar wood*, art thou false? my Friend deceive me? Hast thou been a wicked Accomplice with that profligate Man?

Mrs. Mar. Have you so much Ingratitude and Injustice, to give Credit against your Friend, to the Aspersions of Two such mercenary Truls?

Mine. Mercenary, *Mem*? I scorn your Words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. 20 *Fainall* in the blue Garret; by the same Token, you swore us to *Secresie* upon *Messalinas's Poems*.⁰ Mercenary? No, if we wou'd have been Mercenary, we shou'd have held our Tongues; you wou'd have brib'd us sufficiently.

Fain. Go, you are an insignificant Thing. —Well, what are you the better for this! Is this Mr. *Mirabell's* Expedient? I'll be put off no longer—You, Thing, that⁰ 30 was a Wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy Shame: Your Body shall be Naked as your Reputation.

Mrs. Fain. I despise you, and defie your Malice—You have aspers'd me wrongfully—1 have prov'd your Falsehood—Go you and your treacherous—1 will not name it, but starve together—Perish.

Fain. Not while you are worth a Groat, 40 indeed my Dear. Madam, I'll be fool'd no longer.

Lady. Ah Mr. *Mirabell*, this is small Comfort, the Detection of this Affair.

Mira. O in good time—Your leave for the other Offender and Penitent to appear, Madam.

SCENE XII.

[To them] Waitwell with a Box of Writings.

Lady. O Sir *Rowland*—Well, Rascal,

Wait. What your Ladiship pleases.—1

Messalinas's Poems] Summers has searched in vain for a work of such tantalizing title. Dobree solves this bibliographical mystery very plausibly by interpreting the title as Mincing's accidental rendering of *Miscellaneous Poems*.

You, Thing, that] 1710; You thing that Q 1; You , Thing that Q 2.

have brought the Black-Box at last, Madam.

Mira. Give it me. Madam, you remember your Promise.

Lady. Ay, dear Sir.

Mira. Where are the Gentlemen?

Wait. At hand Sir, rubbing their Eyes, —just risen from Sleep. 10

Fain. S'death what's this to me? I'll not wait your private Concerns.

SCENE XIII.

[To them] Petulant, Witwoud.

Pet. How now? what's the matter? who's Hand's out?

Wit. Hey day! what arc you all got together, like Players at the End of the last Act?

Mira. You may remember, Gentlemen, I once requested your Hands as Witnesses to a certain Parchment.

Wit. Ay I do, my Hand I remember—*Petulant* set his Mark. 10

Mira. You wrong him, his Name is fairly written, as shall appear—You do not remember, Gentlemen, any thing of what that Parchment contained—[Undoing the Box.

Wit. No.

Pet. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

Mira. Very well, now you shall know—Madam, your Promise.

Lady. Ay, ay, Sir, upon my Honour.

Mira. Mr. *Fainall*, it is now Time that 20 you shou'd know, that your Lady, while she was at her own Disposal, and before you had by your Insinuations wheadl'd her out of a pretended Settlement of the greatest Part of her Fortune—

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mira. Yes, Sir. I say that this Lady while a Widow, having it seems receiv'd some Cautions respecting your Inconstancy and Tyranny of Temper, which from her own so partial Opinion and Fondness of you she cou'd never have suspected—she did, I say, by the wholesome Advice of Friends and of Sages learn'd in the Laws of this Land, deliver this same as her Act and Deed to me in Trust, and to the Uses within mention'd. You may read if you please—[Holding out the Parchment.] tho' perhaps what is written on the Back may serve your Occasions. 40

Fain. Very likely, Sir. What's here? Dana-
nation?

[*Reads.*] *A Deed of Conveyance of the
whole Estate real of Arabella Languish,
Widow, in Trust to Edward Mirabell.*
Confusion!

Mira. Even so, Sir, 'tis *the Way of the
World*, Sir; of the Widows of the World.
I suppose this Deed may bear an elder
Date than what, you have obtain'd from 50
your Lady.

Fain. Perfidious Fiend! then thus I'll be
reveng'd.— [*Offers to run at Mrs. Fain.*

Sir Wil. Hold, Sir, now you may make
your *Bear-Garden Flourish* somewhere else,
Sir.

Fain. *Mirabell*, you shall hear of this, Sir,
be sure you shall.—Let me pass, Oaf.
[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Fain. Madam, you seem to stifle 60
your Resentment: You had better give it
Vent.

Mrs. Mar. Yes, it shall have Vent—and
to your Confusion, or I'll perish in the
Attempt.

S C E N E S Last.

Lady Wishfort, Millamant, *Mirabell*, Mrs.
Fainall, Sir *Wilfull*, *Petulant*, *Witwoud*,
Foible, *Mincing*, *Waitwell*.

Lady. O Daughter, Daughter, 'tis plain
thou hast inherited thy Mother's Prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cau-
tious Friend, to whose Advice all is owing.

Lady. Well Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept
your Promise—and I must perform mine.
—First I pardon for your sake Sir *Row-
land* there and *Foible*—The next thing
is to break the Matter to my Nephew—
and how to do that—10

Mira. For that, Madam, give your self no
Trouble,—let me have your Consent—
Sir *Wilfull* is my Friend; he has had Com-
passion upon Lovers, and generously en-
gag'd a Volunteer in this Action, for our
Service; and now designs to prosecute his
Travels.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, Aunt, I have no mind to
marry. My Cousin's a fine Lady, and the
Gentleman loves her, and she loves him, 20

[*Exit.*] Qq 1, 2; om. 1710.

and they deserve one another; my Resolu-
tion is to see Foreign Parts—I have set
on't—and when I'm set on't, I must
do't. And if these two Gentlemen wou'd
travel too, I think they may be spar'd.

Pet. For my part, I say little—I think
things are best off or on.

Wit. I gad I understand nothing of the
matter,—I'm in a Maze yet, like a Dog in a
Dancing-School. 30

Lady. Well Sir, take her, and with her
all the Joy I can give you.

Millia. Why does not the Man take me?
Wou'd you have me give my self to you
over again?

Mira. Ay, and over and over again;
[*Kisses her hand.*

I wou'd⁰ have you as often as possibly I
can. Well, Heav'n grant I love you not too
well, that's all my Fear.

Sir Wil. 'Sheart you'll have time enough 40
to toy after you're marry'd; or if you will
toy now, let us have a Dance in the mean
time; that we who are not Lovers may have
some other Employment, besides looking on.

Mira. With all my Heart, dear Sir *Wilfull*.
What shall we do for Musick?

Foib. O Sir, some that were provided for
Sir *Rowland*[^] Entertainment are yet within
Call. [A Dance.

Lady. As I am a Person I can hold 50
out no longer;—I have wasted my Spirits
so to Day already, that I am ready to sink
under the Fatigue; and I cannot but have
some Fears upon me yet, that my Son
Fainall will pursue some desperate Course.

Mira. Madam, disquiet not your self on
that account; to my Knowledge his Cir-
cumstances are such, he must of Force
comply. For my part I will contribute all
that in me lyes to a Reunion: In the 60
mean time, Madam, [To Mrs. Fain.³ let
me before these Witnesses restore to you
this Deed of Trust; it may be a Means,
well manag'd, to make you live easily to-
gether.

*From hence let those be warn'd, who mean
to wed;*

*Lest mutual Falshood stain the Bridal-Bed:
For each Deceiver to his Cost may find,
That Marriage Frauds too oft are paid in
kind.* [*Exeunt Omnes.*

1 wou'd] 1710 and Q 2 (subst.); for I wou'd Q 1.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

After our Epilogue this Crowd dismisses,
thinking how this Play'll be pull'd to Pieces.
But pray consider, e'er you doom its Fall,
How hard a thing 'twou'd be, to please you all.
There are some Criticks so with Spleen diseas'd,
They scarcely come inclining to be Pleas'd:
And sure he must have more than mortal Skill,
Who pleases any one against his Will.
Then, all bad Poets we are sure are Foes,
And how their Number's swell'd the Town well knows:
In shoals, I've mark'd 'em judging in the Pit;
Tho' they're on no Pretence for Judgment fit,
But that they have been Damn'd for Want of Wit. J
Since when, they by their own Offences taught,
Set up for Spies on Plays, and finding Fault.
Others there are, whose Malice we'd prevent; ")
Such, who watch Plays, with scurrilous Intent
To mark out who by Characters are meant.
And tho' no perfect Likeness they can trace;
Yet each pretends to know the Copy'd Face.
These, with false Glosses feed their own Ill-nature,
And turn to Libel, what was meant a Satire.
May such malicious Fops this Fortune find,
To think themselves alone the Fools design'd:
If any are so arrogantly Vain,
To think they singly can support a Scene,
And furnish Fool enough to entertain.
For well the Learn'd and the Judicious know,
That Satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,
As any one abstracted Fop to show.
For, as when Painters form a matchless Face,
They from each Fair one catch some diffrent Grace;
And shining Features in one Portrait blend,
To which no single Beauty must pretend:
So Poets oft, do in one Piece expose
Whole Belles Assemblies of Cocquets and Beaux.

T H E
Beaux Stratagem.

COMEDY.

As it is Afted at the
QUEENs THEATRE
IN THE
H A Y-M A R K E T.

B Y
Her M A J E S T Y's Sworn Comedians.

Written by Mr. Farquhar, Author of the Recruiting-Officer.

LONDON

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT. at the *Crofs-Keyt* new
Nandos Coffee-Houfe in *Fleetfireet*.

George Farquhar (1678-1707), deserting the intention of entering the church, went on to the stage and at an early age became a dramatist. In the eight years of his short dramatic career, during which he also served in the army, Farquhar wrote eight plays.

Knowing the middle class of society he depicted life with vivacity and good humour. He deserted the witty and refined circles of the comedy of manners and gives us rattling stories of adventure and pictures of bourgeois life that smack of reality very different from the airy cobwebs spun by the wit of Etherege and Congreve. His characters and adventures are of flesh and blood, and in his drama he carries us a step towards the realistic fiction of Fielding and Smollett.

His first play, *Love and a Bottle*, is said to have been written when he was under twenty. It was produced by Wilks, always his friend and helper, in 1699. To mention only his more important plays, *The Constant Couple* followed in the same year, *Sir Harry Wildair* in **1701**, *The Recruiting Officer* in **1706**, and *The Beaux Stratagem* in March **1706/7**. He wrote this last play with the hand of death upon him and lived only just long enough to know of the great success with which it was produced.

The text is that of the first edition quarto unless otherwise stated.

The following are the first five editions. They have been collated and all variants of any importance are noted.

Q 1 = First edition quarto, undated [1707] (B. M. 11775. g. 17).

Q 2 = Second edition, quarto, undated [1707] (A. E. M.).

O 1 = Octavo, 1710 (Hull U. C. PR 3436 A2).

Com. = *The Comedies of Mr. George Farquhar*, undated [1710]. First collected ed. (**B. M. 11771. f. 3**).

Works = *The Works of the late Ingenious Mr. George Farquhar, Second Edition*, undated [1711] (Hull U. C. PR 3435).

Stonehill = *Complete Works of George Farquhar*, edited C. Stonehill, 2 vols. Nonesuch Press. A most excellent edition.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

T H E Reader may find some Faults in this Play, which my Illness prevented the amending of, but there is great Amends made in the Representation, which cannot be match'd, no more than the friendly and indefatigable Care of Mr. *Wilks*, to whom I chiefly owe the Success of the Play.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS

WHEN Strife disturbs or Sloth Corrupts an Age,
Keen Satyr is the Business of the Stage.
When the Plain-Dealer writ, he lash'd those Crimes
Which then infested most——The Modish Tunes:
But now, when Faction sleeps and Sloth is fled,
And all our Youth in Active Fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN'S fair extensive Round,
The Trumps of Fame the Notes of UNION sound;
When ANNA's Scepter points the Laws their Course,
And Her Example gives her Precepts Force:
There scarce is room for Satyr, all our Lays
Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise:
But as in Grounds best cultivated, Tares
And Poppies rise among the Golden Ears;
Our Products so, fit for the Field or School,
Must mix with Nature's Favourite Plant——A Fool:
A Weed that has to twenty Summer's ran,
Shoots up in Stalk, and Vegetates to Man.
Simpling⁰ our Author goes from Field to Field,
And culls such Fools, as may Diversion yield;
And, Thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
For Rain, or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.
Follies, to Night we shew, ne'er lash'd before,
Yet, such as Nature shews you every hour;
Nor can the Pictures⁰ give a Just Offence,
For Fools are made for Jests to Men of Sense.

Simpling] collecting simples, or medicinal herbs. Pictures] O 1; Picture's Qq 1, 2, Cora.

EPILOGUE,

Design' d to be spoke in the Beaux Stratagem.

IF to our Play Your Judgment cant be kind,
 Let its expiring Author⁰ Pity find.
 Survey his mournful Case with melting Eyes,
 Nor let the Bard be dam'd before he dies.
 Forbear you Fair on his last Scene to frown,
 But his true Exit with a Plaudit Crown;
 Then shall the dying Poet cease to Fear,
 The dreadful Knell, while your Applause he hears.
 At Leuctra⁰ so, the Conqu'ring Theban dyd,
 Claim'd his Friends⁰ Praises, but their Tears deny'd;
 Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death he greatly thought
 Conquest with loss of Life but cheaply bought.
 The Difference this, the Greek urns one wou'd fight⁰
 As brave, tho' not so gay as Serjeant Kite;
 Ye Sons of Will's⁰ what's that to those who write?
 To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his Bays,
 You may the Bard above the Hero raise,
 Since yours is greater than Athenian Praise.

expiring Author] Farquhar who was dying at the time of the production of the play is supposed to have died on the day of the third peifoimancee.

Leuctra] Epaminondas the Theban was victorious at Leuctra, but it wns at the subsequent battle of Mantinea that he died at the moment of victory. See Diodorus Siculus xv. 87.

Friends'l Friends Works; Friend's Qq 1, 2, O 1, Com.

fight] Q 1, O 1; fight, Q 2, Works; fight. Com.

Will'r] Will's coffee-house, a lendezvous of the wits. See p. 493 l. 15.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Aimwell</i> , 1 Two Gentlemen of Broken Fortunes, the first as	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Archer</i> , Master, and the second as Servant.	Mr. <i>Wilks</i> .
<i>Count Bellair</i> , A French Officer, Prisoner at <i>Litchfield</i> .	Mr. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Sullen</i> , A Country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife. -	Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Freeman</i> , A Gentleman from <i>London</i> .	Mr. <i>Keen</i> .
<i>Foigard</i> , A Priest, Chaplain to the French Officers.	Mr. <i>Bowcn</i> .
<i>Gibbet</i> , A High-way-man.	Mr. <i>Gibber</i> .
<i>Hounslow</i> ,	
<i>Bagshot</i> ,	
} His	Companions.
<i>Bonniface</i> , Landlord of the Inn.	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Scrub</i> , Servant to Mr. <i>Sullen</i> .	Mr. <i>Norris</i> .

WOMEN.

<i>Lady Bountiful</i> , An old civil Country Gentlewoman, that cures all her Neighbours of all Distempers, and foolishly fond of her Son <i>Sullen</i> .	Mrs. <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Dorinda</i> , <i>Lady Bountiful</i> 's Daughter.	Mrs. <i>Bradshaw</i> .
<i>Mrs. Sullen</i> , Her Daughter-in-law.	Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
<i>Gipsey</i> , Maid to the Ladies.	Mrs. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Cherry</i> , The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn.	Mrs. <i>Signal</i> .

SCENE, *Litchfield*.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Inn.*

Enter Boniface running.

Bon. Chamberlain, Maid, Cherry, Daughter Cherry, all asleep, all dead?

Enter Cherry running.

Cherry. Here, here, Why d'y'e baul so, Father? d'y'e think we have no Ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young Minx;—The Company of the *War-rington* Coach has stood in the Hall this Hour, and no Body to shew them to their Chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait farther;⁰ 10 there's neither Red-Coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another Inn to Night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the Coachmen⁰ should overturn them to Morrow—Coming, coming: Here's the *London* Coach arriv'd.

Enter several People with Trunks, Band-boxes, and other Luggage, and cross the Stage.

Bon. Welcome, Ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, Gentlemen—20 Chamberlain, shew the *Lyon* and the *Rose*. *[Exit with the Company.]*

Enter Aimwell in riding Habit, Archer as Footman carrying a Portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things, go to the Stable, and see my Horses well rubb'd.

Archer. I shall, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Aim. You're my Landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will. Boniface, pretty well known upon this Road, as the saying is. 30

Aim. O Mr. Boniface, your Servant.

wait farther] Qq 1, 2; *wait Father* O 1; *wait. Father Com., Works.*

Coachmen] Q 1; *Coachman* Q 2, O 1, *Com., Works.*

Bon. O Sir—What will your Honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for Ale, I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my Cellar Ten Tun of the best Ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as Oil, sweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and strong as Brandy; and will 40 be just Fourteen Year old the Fifth Day of next *March* old Stile.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of my Children: I'll shew you such Ale—Here, Tapster, broach Number 1706. as the saying is;—Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*;—I have liv'd in *Litchfield* Man and Boy about Eight and 50 fifty Years, and I believe have not consum'd Eight and fifty Ounces of Meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your Sense by your Bulk.

Bon. Not in my Life, Sir, I have fed purely upon Ale; I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always sleep upon Ale.

Enter Tapster with a Bottle and Glass.
Now, Sir, you shall see *[filling it out]* your Worship's Health; ha! delicious, de- 60 licious,—fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth Ten Shillings a Quart.

Aim. *[Drinks.]* 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this Ale, Landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty Years, upon my Credit, Sir; but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the saying is. 70

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the Ale take its natural Course, Sir, she was for qualifying it every now and then with a Dram, as the saying is; and an honest Gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a Present of a dozen Bottles of *Usquebaugh*—But the poor

Woman was never well after: But howe're, I was obliged to the Gentleman, you 80 know.

Aim. Why, was it the Usquebaugh that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady *Bountyjul* said so,—She, good Lady, did what could be done, she cured her of Three Tympanies,^o but the Fourth carry'd her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady *Bountyjul*, you mention'd? 90

Bon. Ods my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health. [*Drinks*] My Lady *Bountyjul* is one of the best of Women; Her last Husband Sir *Charles Bountyjul* left her worth a Thousand Pound a Year; and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable Uses for the Good of her Neighbours; she cures Rheumatisms, Ruptures, and broken Shins in Men, Green Sickness, Obstructions, and Fits of the Mother^o in Women;— 100 The Kings-Evil, Chin-Cough,^o and Chil-blains in Children; in short, she has cured more People in and about *Litchfield* within Ten Years than the Doctors have kill'd in Twenty; and that's a bold Word.

Aim. Has the Lady been any other way useful in her Generation?

Bon. Yes, Sir, She has a Daughter by Sir *Charles*, the finest Woman in all our Country, and the greatest Fortune. She has 110 a Son too by her first Husband Squire *Sullen*, who marry'd a fine Lady from *London* t'other Day; if you please, Sir, we'll drink his Health?

Aim. What sort of a Man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, Faith: But he's a Man of a great Estate, and values no Body.

Aim. A Sportsman, I suppose. 120

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleasure, he plays at Whisk,^o and smoaks his Pipe Eight and forty Hours together sometimes.

Aim. And marry'd, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir, —But he's a—He wants it, here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his Forehead.*]

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Tympanies] distension of the abdomen.
the Mother] hysteria. Cf. p. 118 *supra*.
Chin-Cough] whooping-cough.
Whisk] whist.

Bon. That's none of my Business, he's my Landlord, and so a Man you know, wou'd not,—But—Icod, he's no better 130 than—Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his Rent at Quarter day, I have a good running Trade, I have but one Daughter, and I can give her—But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Bonniface*, pray what other Company have you in Town?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies, and then 140 we have the *French* Officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those Gentlemen: Pray how do you like their Company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em, they're full of Money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, Sir, that we pay'd good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing 150 to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my House.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French* Gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em;—Does your Master stay long in Town, as the saying is? [*To Archer.*]

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from *London*?

Arch. No. 160

Bon. Going to *London*, may hap?

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd Fellow this. I beg your Worship's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute. [*Exit.*]

Aim. The Coast's clear, I see,—Now my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield*.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! prithee leave Canting, 170 you need not change your Stile with your Dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis still my Maxim, that there is no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty.

Aim. The World confesses it every Day in its Practice, tho' Men won't own it for their Opinion: Who did that worthy Lord,

my Brother, single out of the Side-box i'> to sup with him t'other Night?

Arch. *Jack Handycraft*, a handsom, well dress'd, mannerly, sharpening Rogue, who keeps the best Company in Town.

Aim. Right, and pray who marry'd my Lady *Manslaughter* t'other Day, the great Fortune?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profess'd Pick-pocket, and a good Bowler;^o but he makes a handsom Figure, and rides in 190 his Coach, that he formerly used to ride behind.

Aim. But did you observe poor *Jack Generous* in the Park last Week?

Arch. Yes, with his Autumnal Perriwig, shading his melancholly Face, his Coat older than any thing but its Fashion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his useless Teeth; and tho' the Mall was crowded with Company, 20 yet was poor *Jack* as single and solitary as a Lyon in a Desart.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

Arch. And that's enough; Men must not be poor, Idleness is the Root of all Evil; the World's wide enough, let 'em bustle; Fortune has taken the weak under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry. 210

Aim. Upon which Topick we proceed, and I think luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any Man swear now that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinsick Value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsick Value, who can strike our Fortunes out of our selves, whose worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government; we have Heads 20 to get Money, and Hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our Hearts, I grant 'ye, they are as willing Tits^o as any within Twenty Degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they have brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

Arch. That's more than you cou'd ex- 20

Bowler] N.E.D. interprets as a player of bowls. Might it not mean a deep drinker?

Tit] nags.

pect already. But what Money have we left?

Aim. But Two hundred Pound.

Arch. And our Horses, Cloaths, Rings, &c. why we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People; and let me tell you, besides, that this Two hundred Pound, with the experience that we are now Masters of, is a better Estate than the Ten Thousand^o we have spent. — Our Friends 240 indeed began to suspect that our Pockets were low; but we came off with flying Colours, shew'd^o no signs of want either in Word or Deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good Pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and I warrant you, our Friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why Faith, if this Prospect fails, it must e'en come to that, I am for 260 venturing one of the Hundreds if you will upon this Knight-Errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the t'other to carry us to some Counterscarp, where we may die as we liv'd in a Blaze.

Aim. With all my Heart; and we have liv'd justly, *Archer*, we can't say that we have spent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right, so much Pleasure for so 260 much Money, we have had our Penyworths, and had I Millions, I wou'd go to the same Market again. O *London, London!* well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful; Past Pleasures, for ought I know are best, such as we are sure of, those to come may disappoint us.

Aim. It has^o often griev'd the Heart of me, to see how some inhumane Wretches murder their kind Fortunes; those that 270 by sacrificing all to one Appetite, shall starve all the rest.—You shall have some that live only in their Palates, and in their sense of tasting shall drown the other Four: Others are only Epicures in Appearances, such who shall starve their Nights to make a Figure a Days, and famish their own to feed the Eyes of others: A contrary Sort confine their Pleasures to the

Thousand] Q 1 misplaces after *besides*; Q 2, *Com.*, Works om. Text follows O 1.

shew'd] *shewing* Q 2.

has] *has so* Q 2.

dark, and contract their spacious Acres 280 to the circuit of a Muff-string. ..

Arch. Right; but they find the *Indies* in that Spot where they consume 'em, and I think your kind Keepers⁰ have much the best on't; for they indulge the most Senses by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing, and Feeling amply gratify'd; and some Philosophers will tell you, that from such a Commerce there arises a sixth Sense that gives infinitely more Pleasure than the 20 other five put together.

Aim. And to pass to the other Extremity, of all Keepers, I think those the worst that keep their Money.

Arch. Those are the most miserable Wights in being, they destroy the Rights of Nature, and disappoint the Blessings of Providence: Give me a Man that keeps his Five Senses keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out 30 in their just order and strength, with his Reason as Commander at the Head of 'em, that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least Appearance of Disadvantage or Danger:—For my part I can stick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reason holds good; I can be charm'd with *Sappho's* singing without falling in Love 310 with her Face; I love Hunting, but wou'd not, like *Acteon*, be eaten up by my own Dogs; I love a fine House, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine Woman.

Aim. In that last particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're such an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our Sport; you can't counterfeit the Passion without feeling it. 820

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the Country Ladies;—And let me tell you *Frank*, the Fool in that Passion shall outdoe the Knave at any time.

Arch. Well, I won't dispute it now, you Command for the Day, and so I submit;—At *Nottingham* you know I am to be Master.

Aim. And at *Lincoln* I again. 330

Arch. Then at *Norwich* I mount, which,

Keepers] i.e., of mistresses. Cf. Dryden's play, *The Kind Keeper*. Cf. p. 123 *supra*.

I think, shall be our last Stage; for if we fail there, we'll imbark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Vemis*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A Match! [*Enter Bonniface.*] Mum,

Bon. What will your Worship please to have for Supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire. 340

Aim. Good Supper-meat, I must confess,—I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate Pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, Sirrah, do you know who you are?

Bon. Please to bespeak something else, I have every thing in the House.

Aim. Have you any Veal?

Bon. Veal! Sir, we had a delicate Loin of Veal on *Wednesday* last. 350

Aim. Have you got any Fish or Wild-fowl?

Bon. As for Fish, truly Sir, we are an inland Town, and indifferently provided with Fish, that's the Truth ont,^o and then for Wildfowl,—We have a delicate Couple of Rabbets.

Aim. Get me the Rabbets fricasy'd.

Bon. Fricasy'd! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with Onions. 360

Arch. Pshaw! damn you Onions.

Aim. Again, Sirrah!—Well, Landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small Charge⁰ of Money, and Your House is so full of Strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your Custody than mine; for when this Fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing.—Here, Sirrah, reach me the strong Box.

Arch. Yes, Sir,—This will give us 30 a Reputation. [*Aside.*] [*Brings the Box.*]

Aim. Here, Landlord, the Locks are sealed down both for your Security and mine; it holds somewhat above Two hundred Pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after Supper; but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a Minute's warning; for my Affairs are a little dubious at present, perhaps I may be gone in half an Hour, perhaps I may be your Guest till the 380 best part of that be spent; and pray order your Ostler to keep my Horses always saddled; but one thing above the rest I

ont] Q 1; on't Q 2, O 1, Com., Works.
Charge] sum.

must beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it;—For he's the most insufferable Sot—Here, Sirrah, light me to my Chamber. *[Exit lighted by Archer.]*

Bon. Cherry, Daughter Cherry?

Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'y'e call, Father? 390

Bon. Ay, Child, you must lay by this Box for the Gentleman, 'tis full of Money.

Cher. Money! all that Money! why, sure Father the Gentleman comes to be chosen Parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him, he talks of keeping his Horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent. 460

Cher. Ay, ten to one, Father, he's a High-way-man.

Bon. A High-way-man! upon my Life, Girl, you have hit it, and this Box is some new purchased⁰ Booty.—Now cou'd we find him out, the Money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our Gang?

Bon: What Horses have they?

Cher. The Master rides upon a Black.

Bon. A Black! ten to one the Man 410 upon the black Mare; and since he don't belong to our Fraternity,⁰ we may betray him with a safe Conscience; I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own.—Look'y'e, Child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work, Proofs we must have, the Gentleman's Servant loves Drink, I'll ply him that way, and ten to one loves a Wench; you must work him t'other way. 420

Cher. Father, wou'd you have me give my Secret for his?

Bon. Consider, Child, there's Two hundred Pound to Boot. *[Ringing without.]* Coming, coming. Child, mind your Business.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it.—My Mother was a good, "generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her good Nature 40 might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I

jnrxchaxed) stolen.

Fraternity) a euphemistic reference to the particular gang of highwaymen with whom he collaborated.

think I can call him no more, would be' tray his Guegt, and debauch his Daughter into the bargain,——By a Footman too!

Enter Archer.

Arch. What Footman, pray, Mistress, is so happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't. 440

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the Minute I came in, I was a considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cher. Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners; if you kept a 450 little more distance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, Sauce-box.

[Going.]

Cher. A pretty Fellow! I like his Pride, ——Sir, pray, Sir, you see, Sir, *[Archer returns.]* I have the Credit to be intrusted with your Master's Fortune here, which sets me a Degree above his Footman; I hope, Sir, you an't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the 460 Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.—S'death, Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.⁰

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some Women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body.—Prithee, instruct me, I wou'd fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make Love 40 to any body before? •

Arch. Never to a Person of your Figure, I can assure you, Madam, my Addresses have been always confin'd to People within my own Sphere, I never aspir'd so high before.

*But you° look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,*

'em] *'them* Q 2.

But you . . . 1 Early editions print only the first two lines and the direction A Song.]. The words as printed are taken from the Works, 4th edition, which is dated on the general title 1718 (*sic*) and on the separate title for the piny 1736.

*That a Man would swear you're right,
As Arm was e'er laid over. 480*

*Such an Air
You freely wear
To ensnare,
As makes each Guest a Lover!*

*Since then, my Dear, I'm your guest,
Prithee give me of the best
Of what is ready drest:
Since then, my Dear, & c.*

Cher. What can I think of this man?
[*Aside.*] Will you give me that Song, 40
Sir?

Arch. Ay, my Dear, take it while 'tis
warm. [*Kisses her.*] Death and Fire! her
Lips are Honey-combs.

Cher. And I wish that there had been
Bees too, to have stung you for your Im-
pudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of *Cupids*, my
little *Venus*, that has done the Business
much better. 500

Cher. This Fellow is misbegotten as well
as I. [*Aside.*] What's your Name, Sir?

Arch. Name! I gad, I have forgot it.

[*Aside.*] **Oh! Martin.**

Cher. Where were you born?

Arch. **In St. Martin's Parish.**

Cher. What was your Father?

Arch. **St. Martin's Parish.**

Cher. Then, Friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not. 510

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a Footman.

Arch. That you're an Angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my Hand.

Arch. **Give me a Kiss.** [*Kisses her.* 520

*Call without*⁰, Cherry, Cherry.

Cher. I'mm⁰—My Father calls; you
plaguy Devil, how durst you stop my

[*I'mm*] Qq 1, 2, O 1; I'm Com., Works. Evidently the spelling is intended to represent the loss of breath Cherry refers to. Perhaps she was trying to call out 'I'm coming' to her father.

Breath so?—Offer to follow me one
step, if you dare.

Arch. A fair Challenge by this Light;
this is a pretty fair opening of an Adven-
ture; but we are Knight-Errants, and so
Fortune be our Guide. [*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

A.CT II.

SCENE, A Gallery in Lady Bountyful's
House. *Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.*

Dor. Morrow, my dear Sister; are you
for the Church this Morning?

Mrs. Sull. Any where to Pray; for
Heaven alone can help me: But, I think,
Dorinda, there's no Form of Prayer in the
Liturgy against bad Husbands.

Dor. But there's a Form of Law in
Doctors-Commons;^o and I swear, *Sister Sul-
len*, rathe' than see you thus continually
discontented. I would advise you to ap-
ply to that: For besides the part that I
bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Sis-
ter to the Husband, and Friend to the
Wife; your Example gives me such an
Impression of Matrimony, that I shall be
apt to condemn my Person to a long Va-
cation all its Life.—But supposing,
Madam, that you brought it to a Case
of Separation, what can you urge against
your Husband? My Brother is, first, the 20
most constant Man alive.

Mrs. Sull. The most constant Husband, I
grant'ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sull. No, he always sleeps with
me.

Dor. He allows you a Maintenance suit-
able to your Quality.

Mrs. Sull. A Maintenance! Do you take
me, Madam, for an hospital⁰ Child, that 30
I must sit down, and bless my Benefactors
for Meat, Drink and Clothes? As I take it,
Madam, I brought your Brother Ten thou-

Doctors-Commons! The hall of the college of doc-
tors of civil law in London, now abolished. In their
buildings were held the courts dealing with ecclesi-
astical, matrimonial, testamentary and certain other
causes. Here the reference is to the question of
divorce.

[*hospital*] charitable institution, not merely for the
sick. Cf. Christ's Hospital.

sand Pounds, out of which, I might expect some pretty things, call'd Pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the Pleasures that the Country affords.

Mrs. Sull. Country Pleasures! Racks and Torments! dost think, Child, that my Limbs were made for leaping of Ditches, 40 and clambing over Stiles; or that my Parents wisely foreseeing my future Happiness in Country-pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural Accomplishments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whisk, and smoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of spreading of Plaisters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and stilling Rosemary-Water with the good old Gentlewoman, my Mother-in-Law. 50

Dor. I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish indeed that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taste a little less refin'd: But, pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philosophers that labour'd so much in hunting after Pleasure, to place it at last in a Country Life?

Mrs. Sail. Because they wanted Money, Child, to find out the Pleasures of the 60 Town: Did you ever see a Poet or Philosopher worth Ten thousand Pound; if you can shew me such a Man, I'll lay you Fifty Pound you'll find him somewhere within the weekly Bills! °—Not that I disapprove rural Pleasures, as the Poets have painted them; in their Landschaft^o every *Phillis* has her *Coridon*, every murmuring Stream, and every flowry Mead gives fresh Alarms to Love.—Besides, you'll find, 70 that their Couples were never marry'd:—But yonder I see my *Coridon*, and a sweet Swain it is, Heaven knows.—Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother;^o and between both is he not a sad Brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best Judge.

Mrs. Sull. O Sister, Sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent Sot, one 80 that's always musing, but never thinks:—There's some Diversion in a talking Block-

within . . . Bills] i.e., living in London. Refers to the London area for which official returns of deaths were published. Cf. p. 436 *supra* and p. 839 *infra*.

Landschape] Qq 1, 2, O 1, Com.; *Landscape*. Works. Both forms of spelling are found.

Brother;] *Brother*, Q 2.

head; and since a Woman must wear Chains, I wou'd have the Pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now you shall see, but take this by the way;—He came home this Morning at his Usual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a sweet Dream of something else, by tumbling over the Tea-table, which he broke all to pieces, 90 after his Man and he had rowl'd about the Room like sick Passengers in a Storm, he comes flounce into Bed, dead as a Salmon into a Fishmonger's Basket; his Feet cold as Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greasy as his Flanel Night-cap.—Oh, Matrimony!—He tosses up the Clothes with a barbarous swing over his Shoulders, disorders the whole Oeconomy of my Bed, 100 leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Nose.—O the Pleasure of counting the melancholly Clock by a snoring Husband!—But now, Sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sull. My Head akes consumedly.

Mrs. Sull. Will you be pleas'd, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it 110 may do your Head good.

Sull. No.

Dor. Coffee? Brother.

Sull. Pshaw.

Mrs. Sull. Will you please to dress and go to Church with me, the Air may help you.

Sull. Scrub.

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir.

Sull. What Day o'th Week is this? 120

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your Worship.

Sull. Sunday! bring me a Dram, and d'ye hear, set out the Venison°-Pasty, and a Tankard of strong Beer upon the Hall-Table, I'll go to breakfast. [Goituj.

Dor. Stay, stay, Brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naught^o last Night, and must make your Wife Reparation; come, come, Brother, won't you ask Pardon? 130

Venison] *enison* Q 1.
vaufth] *naughty* Com. *Naught* is a recognized Miiiant spelling.

Sull For what?

Dor. For being drunk last Night.-

Sull I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sull But I can't, Sir.

'Sull Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sull But I must tell you, Sir, that this is not to be born.

Sull I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sull What is the Reason, Sir, that you use me thus inhumanely? 140

Sull Scrub?

Scrub. Sir.

Sull Get things ready to shave my Head.
[Exit.

Mrs. Sull Have a care of coming near his Temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the Edge of your Razor.—Inveterate Stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a Spleen as his? O Sister, Sister! I shall never ha' Good of the Beast till I get 150 him to Town; *London*, dear *London* is the Place for managings and breaking a Husband.

Dor. And has not a Husband the same Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs. Sull. No, no, Child, 'tis a standing Maxim in conjugal Discipline, that when a Man wou'd enslave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, 160 she wheedles her Booby up to Town.—A Man dare not play the Tyrant in *London*, because there are so many Examples to encourage the Subject to revel, O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda*! a fine Woman may do any thing in *London*: O my Conscience, she may raise an Army of Forty thousand Men.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, you have a mind to be trying your Power that way here in 170 *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your Colours already.

Mrs. Sull The *French* are a People that can't live without their Gallantries.

Dor. And some *English* that I know, Sister, are not averse to such Amusements.

Mrs. Sull Well, Sister, since the Truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think one way to rouse my Lethargick sotish⁰ Husband, is, to give him a 180 Rival; Security begets Negligence in all People, and Men must be alarm'd to make

sotish) Q 1; *sottish* Q 2.

'em alert in their Duty: Women are like Pictures of no Value in the Hands of a Fool, till he hears Men of Sense bid high for the Purchase.

Dor. This might do, Sister, if my Brother's Understanding were to be convince'd into a Passion for you; but I fancy there's a natural Aversion of his side; 100 and I fancy, Sister, that you don't come much behind him if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sull. I own it, we are united Contradictions, Fire and Water: But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other Wives, to humour the censorious Mob, and give the World an Appearance of living well with my Husband, cou'd I bring him but to dissemble a little Kindness to keep me in Countenance. 200

Dor. But how do you know, Sister, but that instead of rousing your Husband by this Artifice to a counterfeit Kindness, he should awake in a real Fury.

Mrs. Sull. Let him:—If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave my self between ye.

Mrs. Sull You must assist me. 210

Dor. What, against my own Brother!

Mrs. Sull He's but half a Brother, and I'm your entire Friend: If I go a step beyond the Bounds of Honour, leave me; till then I expect you should go along with me in every thing, while I trust my Honour in your Hands, you may trust your Brother's in mine,—The Count is to dine here to Day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, Sister, that 220 I can't like that Man.

Mrs. Sull You like nothing, your time is not come; Love and Death have their Fatalities, and strike home one time or other:—You'll pay for all one Day, I warrant ye.—But, come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almost Church-time.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, The Inn.

Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.

Aim. And was she the Daughter of the House?

Arch. The Landlord is so blind as to

think so; but I dare swear she has better Blood in her Veins.

Aim. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the Baggage has a pert *Je ne scai quoi*, she reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubled with Vapours.

Aim. By which Discoveries I guess that 10 you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, Faith, the Lady gives her self Airs, forsooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one Word more o'that, and I'll declare my self, spoil your Sport there, and every where else; look'ye, *Aimwell*, every Man in his own Sphere.

Aim. Right; and therefore you must 20 pimp for your Master.

Arch. In the usual Forms, good Sir, after I have serv'd my self.——But to our Business:——You are so well dress'd, *Tom*, and make so handsome a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that Impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which 30 may turn to Advantage: The Appearance of a Stranger in a Country Church draws as many Gazers as a blazing Star; no sooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whispers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a moment;——Who is he? whence comes he? do you know him?——

Then I, Sir, tips me the Verger with half a Crown; he pockets the Simony, and Inducts me into the best Pue in the 40 Church, I pull out my Snuff-box, turn my self round, bow to the Bishop, or the Doan, if he be the commanding Officer; single out a Beauty, rivet both my Eyes to hers, set my Nose a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and shew the whole Church my concern by my endeavouring to hide it; after the Sermon, the whole Town gives me to her for a Lover, and by persuading the Lady that I am a dying for 50 her, the Tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in Love with me?

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Torn*, without a Precedent; but instead of riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune, that's our Business at present.

Aim. Pshaw, no Woman can be a Beauty

without a Fortune.—Let me alone, for I am a Mark'sman.⁰

Arch. *Tom.* 60

Aim. Ay.

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Aim. Um——I was there at the Coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a Blessing by going to Church now?

Aim. Blessing! nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a Wife. *[Exit.]*

Arch. Truly the Man is not very un- 70 reasonable in his Demands.

[Exit at the opposite Door.]

Enter Boniface and Cherry.

Bon. Well Daughter, as the saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confess?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young you know, Father, and I don't understand Wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the say'ing is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young, you'r^o Mother was useless at 80 five and twenty; not wheedle! would you make your Mother a Whore and me a Cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you his Silence confesses it, and his Master spends his money so freely, and is so much a Gentleman every manner of way that he must be a Highwayman.

Enter Gibbet in a Cloak.

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the Coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News? 90

Gib. No matter, ask no questions, my^o dear *Cherry* [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds as good as any that ever hang'd or sav'd a Rogue; lay 'em by with the rest, and here——Three wedding or mourning Rings, 'tis much the same you know——Here, two Silver-hilted Swords; I took those from Fellows that never shew any part of their Swords but

Mark'sman] Q 1; *Mark'sman* Q 2, 0 1; *Mark'sman* Com., Works.

young, you'r] Q 1; *young; your* Q 2; *young, your* O 1; *youngt Your* Com., Works.

questions, my] Q 1; *Questions, all fair and honourable, here, my* Q % Com.; *Questions, all fair and honourable: Herd, my* O 1; *Questions, all fair and honourable; here, my* Works.

the Hilts: Here is a Diamond Necklace 100 which the Lady hid in the privatcst place in the Coach, but I found it out: This Gold Watch I took from a Pawn-broker's Wife; it was left in her Hands by a Person of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Case.

Cher. But who had you the Money from?

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her;— From a poor Lady just elop'd from her Husband, she had made up her Cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as 110 she cou'd drive; she told me of her Husband's barbarous Usage, and so I loft her half a Crown: But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a Present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A Pot of Cercuse,⁰ my Child, that I took out of a Lady's under Pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you *Jade*, your *Betters* do; 120 I'm sure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Handkerchief.— Here, take my Cloak, and go, secure the Premises.⁰

Cher. I will secure 'em. [Exit.

Bon. But, heark'ye, where's *Hounslow* and *Bar/shot*?

Gib. They'll be here to Night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o'the Pad on this Road? 130

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the House just now.

Gib. The Devil! how d'ye smook^o 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gib. That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his Master's Chamber; he pretends to be Servant to the other, we'll call him out, and pump him a little. 140

Gib. With all my Heart.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, Mr. *Martin*?⁰

Enter Martin combing a Perry wig, and singing.

Gib. The Roads are consumed deep; I'm as dirty as old *Brentford* at *Christmas*. —A good pretty Fellow that; .who's Servant are you, Friend?

Cereuse] a white paint used as a cosmetic.

Premises] i.e., the thing's just detailed.

smook] detect. Of. p. 139 *supra*.

Martin?] *Martin* Q. 2.

Arch. Mv Master's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much.—The Fellow has 150 been at the Bar by his Evasions:—But pray Sir, what is your Master's Name?

Arch. Tall, all dall; [*sings and combs the Perrywig.*] This is the most obstinate Curl—

Gib. I ask you his Name?

Arch. Name, Sir,—Tall, all dal—I never ask'd him his Name in my Life. Tall, all dall.

Bon. What think you now? 160

Gib. Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But, pray, Friend, which way does your Master travel?

Arch. A Horseback.

Gib. Very well again, an old Offender, right;—But, I mean does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, Sir: Tall, all.

Gib. I'm afraid my Fate will be a contrary way. 170

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Martin* you're very arch.—This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and wou'd be glad of your Company, that's all.—Come, Captain, you'll stay to Night, I suppose; I'll shew you a Chamber—Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewel, Friend—[Exit.

Arch. Captain, your Servant.—Captain! a pretty Fellow; s'death, I wonder 180 that the Officers of the Army don't conspire to beat all Scoundrels in Red, but their own.

Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone! and *Martin* here! I hope he did not listen; I wou'd have the Merit of the discovery all my own, because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

Arch. Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whip'd out^o Trooper, I suppose. 190

Cher. All's safe, I find.

Arch. Come, my Dear, have you con'd over the Catechise I taught you last Night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is Love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes

whip'd out] whipped out of the army with contumely.

I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, and apt Scholar. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where ²⁰ does Love enter?

Cher. Into the Eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell'ye.

Arch. What are the Objects⁰ of that Passion?

Cher. Youth, Beauty, and clean Linen.

Arch. The Reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in Nature, and the third at Court. ²¹⁰

Arch. That's my Dear: What are the Signs and Tokens of that Passion?

Cher. A stealing Look, a stammering Tongue, Words improbable, Designs impossible, and Actions impracticable.

•*Arch.* That's my good Child, kiss me.—What must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress.

Cher. He miist adore the Person that disdains him, he must bribe the^o Chamber- ²⁰ maid that betrays him, and court the Footman that laughs at him;—He must, he must—

Arch. Nay, Child, I must whip you if you don't mind your Lesson; he must treat his—

Cher. O, ay, he must treat his Enemies with Respect, his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with Contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must dc- ²⁰ sire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his Ruine, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine? come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see, and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

Arch. Mighty well.—And why is ²⁰ Love pictur'd blind?

Cher. Because the Painters out of the weakness or privilege of their Art chose to hide those Eyes that they cou'd not draw.

Arch. That's, my⁰ dear little Scholar, kiss

the Objects] Com., Works; *Objects* Qq 1, 2, O 1. *the*] *th* Q 1.

That's, my] Qq 1, 2, O 1; *That's my* Com., Works.

me again.—And why shou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

Cher. Because that a Child is the end of Love.

Arch. And so ends Love's Cate- 250 chism.—And now, my Dear, we'll go in, and make my Master's Bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*,—You have taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn't by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your Discourse and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be nonsense in me to believe you a Foot- 260 man any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in this Garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it:—Own your Condition, swear you love me, and then—

Arch. And then we shall go make the Bed.

Cher. Yes. ²⁷⁰

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a Gentleman, my Education was liberal; but I went to *London* a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who stript me of my Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my Hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you Master of two thousand Pound. ²⁸⁰

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand Pound that I have this Minute in my own Custody; so throw off your Livery this Instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

Arch. What said you? A Parson!

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! no, no, but—two thousand Pound you say?

Cher. And better. ²⁹⁰

Arch. S'death, what shall I do—but heark'e, Child, what need you make me Master of your self and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your Hands.⁰

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I wou'd marry you, but—

Hands.] Q 1, Com.; *hands.* Works; *Hands?* O 1; *Hand* Q 2.

Cher. O sweet, Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught, wou'd you perswade me that any Gentleman who 300 cou'd bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery, wou'd refuse two thousand Pound let^o the Condition be what it wou'd—no, no, Sir,—but I hope you'll Pardon the Freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform my self of the Respect that I ought to pay you.

[*Going.*^o

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*—hold, hold, and have you actually two thousand Pound.

Cher. Sir, I have my Secrets as well as 310 you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free, and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will—in the mean while be satisfy'd that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you,^o but beware of my Father.—

[*Exit.*^o

Arch. So—we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his—let me see,—two thousand Pound! if the *Wench* wou'd promise to 30 dye when the Money were spent, I gad, one wou'd marry her, but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live—Lord knows how long?^o then ah Innkeeper's Daughter; ay that's the Devil—there my Pride brings me off.

*For whatsoe'er the Sages charge on Pride
The Angels Fall, and twenty Faults beside,
On Earth I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal
Calling,*

*Pride saves Man oft, and Woman too from
Falling.*

330

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, A Gallery in *Lady Bountiful's House.*^o

Enter Mrs. Sullen, Dorinda.

Mrs. Sull. Ha, ha, ha, my dear Sister, let me embrace thee, now we are Friends in—
Pound let] Q 1, Com.; Pound, let Q 2, O 1, Works.

[*Going.*] om. Works.

you,] you; Q 2, O 1.

[*Exit.*] om. Qq 1, 2, O 1, Com., Works.

long?] Q 1, Works; long. Q 2; long! O 1, Com.

SCENE . . . House.] O 1 subst.; Qq 1, 2, Com., Works read: SCENE continues. This is a mistake as the previous scene is The Inn, and in the next it "changes to the Inn."

deed! for I shall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine—now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the Subjects of the Sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw! now you spoil all, 10 why shou'd not we be as free in our Friendships as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confident already, has avow'd his Passion, toasted your Health, call'd you ten thousand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air and every thing, in a Description that warms their Mirth to a second Enjoyment.

Dor. Your Hand, Sister, I an't well.

Mrs. Sull. So,—she's breeding already— 20 come Child up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we saw at Church just now?

Dor. The Man's well enough.

Mrs. Sull. Well enough! is he not a Demigod, a *Narcissus*, a Star, the Man i'th the Moon?

Dor. O Sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sull. Shall I send to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalick Plaister to put to the Soals of your Feet, or shall so I send to the Gentleman for something for you?—Come, unlace your Steas, unbosome your self—the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I saw him when he first came into Church.

Dor. I saw him too, Sister, and with an Air that shone, methought like Rays about his Person.

Mrs. Sull. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward Coquett Behaviour, 40 no Airs to set him off, no study'd Looks nor artful Posture,—but Nature did it all—

Mrs. Sull. Better^o and better—one Touch more—come.—

Dor. But then his Looks—did you observe his Eyes?

Mrs. Sull. Yes, yes, I did—his Eyes, well, what of his Eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandring; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any 50 thing but me—and then his Looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with Pride dye at my Feet, tho' he scorn'd Slavery any where else.

Better] better Q 1.

Mrs. Sull. The Physick works purely⁰—
How d'ye find your self now, my Dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my dear—⁰
here comes our Mercury! [*Enter Scrub.*]
Well, *Scrub*, what News of the Gentle- 60
man?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a
Packet of News.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the first place I enquir'd who
the Gentleman was?^o they told me he was
a Stranger.^o Secondly, I ask'd what the
Gentleman was,^o they answer'd and said,
that they never saw him before. Thirdly,
I enquir'd what Countryman he was,^o 70
they reply'd 'twas more than they knew.
Fourthly, I demanded whence he came,^o
their Answer was, they cou'd not tell. And
Fifthly, I ask'd whither he went,^o and they
reply'd they knew nothing of the matter,—
and this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. Sull. But what do the People say,
can't they guess?

Scrub. Why^o some think he's a Spy, some
guess he's a Mountebank, some say one 80
thing, some another; but for my own part,
I believe he's a Jesuit.

Dor. A Jesuit! why a Jesuit?

Scrub. Because^o he keeps his Horses al-
ways ready saddled, and his Footman talks
French.

Mrs. Sull. His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman
were Gabbering French like two intreating
Ducks in a Mill-Pond, and I believe they 90
talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of Livery has the Foot-
man?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him
for a Captain, he's so bedizen'd with Lace,^o
and then he has Tops to his Shoes, up to
his Mid Leg, a silver headed Cane dangling
at his Nuckles,—he carries his Hands in his
Pockets just so—[*Walks in the French Air*]

purely] excellently. Cf. p. 696 *infra*,
wast] Q 1, Com., Works; was; Q 2; was: O 1.
Stranger.] Stranger, Q 1.
was,] Q 1, O 1; was; Q 2; was? Com., Works.
came,] Q 1, O 1; came; Q 2; came? Com.,
Works.

went,] Q 1, O 1; went; Q 2; went? Com., Works.
Scrub. Why] Q 2; Scrub, why Q 1.
Because] Q 2; because Q 1.
Lace,] Lace; Q 2.

and has a fine long Perriwig ty'd up in a 100
Bag—Lord, Madam, he's clear another
sort of Man than I.

Mrs. Sull. That may easily be—but
what shall we do now, Sister?

Dor. I have it—This Fellow has a world
of Simplicity, and some Cunning, the first
hides the latter by abundance—*Scrub.*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who
this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it would be a 111
Satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted
with his Footman, and invite him hither to
drink a Bottle of your Ale, because you're
Butler to day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butler every
Sunday.

Mrs. Sull. O brave, Sister, O my Con-
science, you understand the Mathematicks
already—'tis the best Plot in the World,^o 121
your Mother, you know, will be gone to
Church,^o my Spouse will be got to the
Ale-house with his Scoundrels, and the
House will be our own—so we drop in by
Accident and ask the Fellow some Ques-
tions our selves. In the Country you know
any Stranger is Company, and we're glad to
take up with the Butler in a Country Dance,
and happy if he'll do us the Favour, 130

Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me, I
never refus'd your Ladyship the Favour in
my Life.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

Dor. Scrub. We'll excuse your waiting
—Go where we order'd you.

Scrub. I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Inn.

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you're a Marks-
man.

Aim. A Marksman! who so blind cou'd
be, as not discern a Swan among the
Ravens.

Arch. Well, but heark'ee, *Aimwell.*

World,] Q 1; World; Q 2, O 1, Com., Works.
Church,] Church; Q 2.

Aim. *Aimwell!* call me *Oroondates*,⁰ *Cesario*, *Amadis*,^o all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll¹ answer. 0 *Archer*, I read her thousands in her Looks, 10 she look'd like *Ceres* in her Harvest, Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves and Purling Streams play'd on her plenteous Face.

Arch. Her Face! her Pocket, you mean; the Corn, Wine and Oil lies there. In short, she has ten thousand Pound, that's the English on't.

Aim. Her Eyes——

Arch. Are Demi-Cannons^o to be sure, so 20 I won't stand their Battery. [*Going.*]

Aim. Pray excuse me, my Passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ee⁰ think these Roman tick Airs will do our Business? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have something more Romantick by half.

Aim. Your Adventures!

Arch. Yes, so
The Nymph that with her twice ten hundred Pounds

With brazen Engine hot, and Quoif clear starch'd

Can fire the Guest in warming of the Bed——

There's a Touch of Sublime *Milton* for you, and the Subject but an Inn-keeper's Daughter; I can play with a Girl as an Angler do's with his Fish; he keeps it at the end of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and so whips it into his Basket. 41

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the saying is—yonder's an honest Fellow below, my Lady

Oroondates] an heroic character in *Cassandre* (1644-50), a lengthy prose romance by La Calprenède. John Banks wrote a tragedy (1677), *The Rival Kings: or The Loves of Oroondates and Statura*.

Amadis] The centre of a romance cycle translated from Spanish into French by Essars, who published the first section in 1540, and into English by Anthony Munday (1595). It became a mine from which much material for romantic fiction was taken for many years in France and England.

Demi-Cannons] a kind of heavy gun of large calibre.

d'ee] Q 1, O 1; d'ye Q 2, Com., Works.

BountifuVs Butler, who begs the Honour that you wou'd go Home with him and see his Cellar.

Arch. Do my *Baisemains*⁰ to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do my self the Honour to wait on him immediately.

[*Exit Bon.*]

Aim. What do I hear? soft *Orpheus* Play, and fair *Toftida*⁰ sing? 51

Arch. Pshaw! damn your Raptures, I tell you here's a Pump going to be put into the Vessel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You say there's another Lady very handsome there.

Aim. Yes, faith.

Arch. I am^o in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time. 60

Arch. No, no, Friend, all her Corn, Wine and Oil is ingross'd⁰ to my Market.—And once more I warn you to keep your Anchorage clear of mine, for if you fall foul of me, by this Light you shall go to the Bottom.—What! make Prize of my little⁰ Frigat, while I am upon the Cruise for you. [*Exit.*]

Enter Boniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't—Landlord, have you any tolerable Company in the 70 House, I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below; as the saying is, that arrived about an Hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every where; will you make him a Complement from me, and tell him I should be glad of his Company.

Bon. Who shall I tell him, Sir, wou'd.^o——

Aim. Ha! that Stroak was well thrown 80 in——I'm only a Traveller like himself, and wou'd be -glad of his Company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your Commands, as the saying is. [*Exit.*]

Baisemains] hand kissing; hence compliments, respects.

Toftida] Mrs. Tofts, a famous singer of the day. 7 am] Q 1; I'm Q 2, Com., Works; I'am O 1. ingross'd] monopolized, cornered. Cf. p. 326 *supra*. little] lite Q 1.

you.] you Q 1.
wou'd. —] Q 1; wou'd — Q 2; wou'd ... f O 1; wou'd? — Com., Works.

Enter Archer.

Arch. S'Death! I had forgot, what Title will you give your self?

Aim. My Brother's to be sure, he wou'd never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his Honour this bout—you know the rest of your Cue. 90

Arch. Ay, ay. *[Exit⁰*

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never saw me before, I hope.⁰ *[Aside.*

Aim. And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any Gentleman—but my Landlord——100

Aim. O, Sir, I ask your Pardon, you're the Captain he told me of.

Gib. At your Service, Sir.

Aim. What Regiment, may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

Aim. Very old, if your Coat be Regimental, *[Aside]* You have serv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations, 'twas 110 my Lot to be sent into the worst Service, I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know——Besides 'twas for the good of my Country that I shou'd be abroad—Any thing for the good of one's Country—I'm a Roman⁰ for that.

Aim. One of the first,⁰ I'll lay my Life *[Aside.]* You found the West Indies very hot, Sir?

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me. 120

Aim. Pray, Sir, han't I seen your Face at Will's Coffee-house?

[Exit] Q 2, 1736; Q 1 reads *[Exit. Bon. after Cue; Com. Works [Exit Bon. after Cue; O 1 [Exit Bon after Ay, ay.*

I hope] 1738 prints a dash before I to make the *[Aside,* apply only to the last two words. Stonchill adopts.

Roman] N.E.D. cites Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue* (ed. 1796): "A soldier in the footguards who gives up his pay to his captain for leave to work; serving like an ancient Roman, for glory and the love of his country."

One . . . first] a rather obscure phrase. The commentators disagree but make profound suggestions. Is it more than an ironical way of saying: "A magnificent Roman, he is, I am sure—one of the best"?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at White's too.

Aim. And where is your Company now. Captain?

Gib. They an't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to Night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the Country—the Devil's 130 in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about.

Aim. Is your Company to quarter in Litchfield?

Gib. In this House, Sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha, we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Aim. You're merry, Sir. 140

Gib. Ay, Sir, you must excuse me, Sir, I understand the World, especially, the Art of Travelling; I don't care, Sir, for answering Questions directly upon the Road—for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. *[Aside.*

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are Highway-men upon this Quarter, not, Sir, that I cou'd suspect a Gentleman of 150 your Figure——But truly, Sir, I have got such a way of Evasion upon the Road, that I don't care for speaking Truth to any Man.

Aim. Your Caution may be necessary——Then I presume you're no Captain?

Gib. Not I, Sir, Captain is a good travelling Name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish Inquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel, it gives a Man an Air of something, and makes 160 the Drawers obedient—And thus far I am a Captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, Sir, what is your true Profession?

Gib. O, Sir, you must excuse me——upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it safe to tell you.

Aim. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word I commend you. *[Enter Boniface.]* Well, Mr. Bonnijacc, what's the News? 170

Bon. There's another Gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were two, wou'd be glad to make the third Man if you wou'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A Clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it.

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Priest and Chaplain 180 to the French Officers in Town.

Aim. Is he a French-man?

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Brussels*.

Gib. A French-man, and a Priest! I won't be seen in his Company, Sir; I have a Value for my Reputation, Sir.

Aim. Nay, but Captain, since we are by our selves—Can he speak English, Landlord.

Bon. Very well, Sir, you may know 180 him, as the saying is, to be, a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir, but he's a Master of Languages, as the saying is, he talks Latin, it do's^o me good to hear him talk Latin.

Aim. Then you understand Latin, Mr. *Bonniface*?

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the saying is, but 200 he talks it so very fast that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Save you, Gentlemen's,^o both.

Aim. A French-man! Sir, your most humble Servant.

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your most faithful Shervant, and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good Eng- 200 lish, but you have a mighty Twang of the Foreigner.

Foig. My English is very vel for the vords, but we Foregners you know cannot bring our Tongues about the Pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A Foreigner! a down-right Teague^o by this Light. [*Aside.*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor.

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I 200 was borned at *Brussels*, I am a subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy.

do's] Q 1, O 1; *does* Q 2, Com. Works.

Gentlemen] Q 1, Com., Works; *Gentlemen* 8 Q 2, 01.

Teague] a Paddy, an Irishman.

Gib. What King of *Spain*,^o Sir, speak.

Foig. Upon my Shoul Joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation that is not easily put out of Countenance. 230

Aim. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Dispute.—Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the-Table, as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—pray—that Door—

Foig. No, no fait, the Captain must lead.

Aim. No, Doctor, the Church is our Guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is.—

[*Exit foremost, they follow.*]

SCENE, *Changes to a Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and hugging one another, Scrub with a Tankard in his Hand, Gipsy listning at a distance.

Scrub. Tall, all dall—Come, my dear Boy—Let's have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the Family;—But will you be sure to keep the Secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my Honour, as I'm a Gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough.—You must know then that my Master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; he fought a Duel t'other day in 10 *London*, wounded his Man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not: He never was in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this Place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [*Exit.*]

Scrub. And where were you when your Master fought?

Arch. We never know of our Masters 20 Quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our Masters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants,

King of Spain] *Stonehill*: "in 1707 the War of the Spanish Succession was still in progress; and it was doubtful whether Philip, grandson of Louis XIV, or Archduke Charles of Austria was to be King."

and in half an Hour you shall have the whole County in Arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for:—But if you should chance to talk now of my Business?

Scrub. Talk! ay, Sir, had I not learn't 31 the knack of holding my Tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure there are Secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, ay;—But I'll say no more. —Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here—

Arch. With all my Heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh—Here's your Ladies Healths; you have three, I think, and so be sure there must be Secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ay, Friend; I wish I had a Friend—

Arch. Am not I your Friend? come, you and I will be sworn Brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this Minute.—Give me a kiss—And now Brother *Scrub*—50
Scrub. And now, Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a Secret that will make your Hair stand on end:—You must know, that I am consumedly in Love.

Arch. That's a terrible Secret, that's the Truth on't.

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipsey*, that was with us just now in the Cellar, is the arrantest Whore that ever wore a Petticoat; and I'm dying for love of her. 60

Arch. Ha, ha, ha—Are you in love with her Person, or her Vertue, Brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. I should like Vertue best, because it is more durable than Beauty; for Vertue holds good with some Women long, and many a Day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Vertue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a 70 Bastard, I shou'd have her all to my self; but I dare not put it upon that Lay,^o for fear of being sent for a Soldier.—Pray, Brother, how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that same Pressing Act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*;—Tis the worst that ever was made for us: Formerly I remember the good Days, when we cou'd

Lay] equivalent to our slang terms *line* or *tack*.

dun our Masters for our Wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a War- 80 rant to cany 'em before a Justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the Justices won't give their own Servants a bad Example. Now this is my Misfortune—1 dare not speak in the House, while that Jade *Gipsey* dings about like a Fury—Once I had the better end of the Staff. 90

Arch. And how comes the Change now?

Scrub. Why, the Mother of all this Mischieff is a Priest.

Arch. A Priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say Grace to the *French* Officers, and eat up our Provisions—There's not a Day goes over his Head without Dinner or Supper in this House. 100

Arch. How came he so familiar in the Family?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd here all his Life; and tells Lies as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle.

Arch. And this Priest, I'm afraid has converted the Affections of your *Gipsey*.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend:—For I'm afraid he has 110 made her a Whore and a Papist.—But this is not all; there's the *French* Count and Mrs. *Sullen*, they're in the Confederacy, and for some private Ends of their own to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother *Scrub*; I suppose the Maiden Lady has her Lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know;—She's the best on 'em, that's the Truth on't: But they 120 take care to prevent my Curiosity, by giving me so much Business, that I'm a perfect Slave.—What d'ye think is my Place in this Family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you—I'll tell you —Of a *Monday*, I drive the Coach; of a *Tuesday*, I drive the Plough; on *Wednesday*, I follow the Hounds; a *Thursday*, I dun the Tenants; on *Fry day*, I go to 130 Market; on *Saturday*, I draw Warrants; and a *Sunday*, I draw beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a Pleasure in Life, you have enough on't,... my dear Brother——But what Ladies arc those?

*Scrub.*⁰ Ours, ours; that upon the right Hand is *Mrs. Sullen*, and the other is *Mrs. Dorinda*.——Don't mind 'em, sit still, Man——

Enter Mrs. Sullen, and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sull. I have heard my Brother 140 talk of my Lord *Aimwell*, but they say that his Brother is the finer Gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, Sister.

Mrs. Sull. He's vastly rich, but very close, they say.

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breast, I warrant him: I have heard say, that People may be guess'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants; I cou'd wish we might talk to 150 that Fellow.

Mrs. Sull. So do I; for, I think he's a very pretty Fellow: Come this way, I'll throw out a Lure for him presently.

[They walk a turn towards the opposite side of the Stage, Mrs. Sullen drops her Glove, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.]

Arch. Corn, Wine, and Oil, indeed——But, I think, the Wife has the greatest plenty of Flesh and Blood; she should be my Choice——Ah, a, say you so——Madam——Your Ladyship's Glove.

Mrs. Sull. O, Sir, I thank you——what 160 a handsom Bow the Fellow has?

Dor. Bow! why I have known several Footmen come down from *London* set up here for Dancing-Masters, and carry off the best Fortunes in the Country.

Arch. *[Aside.]* That Project, for ought I know, had been better than ours, Brother *Scrub*——Why don't you introduce me.

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange Gentleman's Servant that you see at Church to 170 Day; I understood he came from *London*, and so I invited him to the Cellar, that he might show me the newest Flourish in whetting my Knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your Ladyship's Liqueur⁰ is a little too

Scrub.] O 1, Works; *Arch.* Qq 1. 2, Com.
Liquor.] Q 1; *Liquor* Q 2, O 1, Com., Works.

potent for the Constitution of your humble Servant. 180

Mrs. Sull. What, "then you don't usually drink Ale?

Arch. No, Madam, my constant Drink is Tea, or a little Wine and Water; 'tis prescribe me by the Physician for a Remedy against the Spleen.

Scrub. O la, O la!——a Footman have the Spleen.——

Mrs. Sull. I thought that Distemper had been only proper to people of Quality. 100

Arch. Madam, like all other Fashions it wears out, and so descends to their Servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholly Particles in the Blood, occasion'd by the Stagnation of Wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks——How long, pray, have you serv'd your present Master?

Arch. Not long; my Life has been 20 mostly spent in the Service of the Ladies.

Mrs. Sull. And pray, which Service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay best; the Honour of serving them is sufficient Wages; there is a Charm in their looks that delivers a Pleasure with their Commands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination.

Mrs. Sull. That Flight was above the pitch of a Livery; and, Sir, wou'd not 20 you be satisfied to serve a Lady again?

Arch. As a Groom of the Chamber, Madam, but not as a Footman.

Mrs. Sull. I suppose you serv'd as Footman before.

Arch. For that Reason I wou'd not serve in that Post again; for my Memory is too weak for the load of Messages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in *London*; my Lady *Howd'yc*, the last Mistress I 20 serv'd call'd me up one Morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble Service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyship yesterday, and left word with *Mrs. Rebecca*, that the Preliminaries of the Affair she knows of, are stopt till we know the concurrence of the Person that I know of, for which there are Circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old Place; but that in the 230 mean time there is a Person about her Ladyship, that from several Hints and Sur-

mises, was accessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more Importance.

Mrs. Sull. } Ha, ha, ha! where are you
Dor. } going, Sir?

Arch. Why, I han't half done.—The whole Howd'ye was about half an Hour 20 long; so I hapned to misplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable——

Dor. The pleasantest Fellow, Sister, I ever saw.—But, Friend, if your Master be marry'd,——I presume you still serve a Lady.

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a marry'd Family; the Commands of the Master and Mistress are always so^o contrary, that 'tis impossible to 20 please both.

Dor. There's a main point gain'd.—My Lord is not marry'd, I find. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Sul. But, I wonder, Friend, that in so many good Services, you had not a better Provision made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, Madam.—I had a Lieutenancy offer'd me three or four Times; but that is not Bread, Madam—I live much better as I do. 260

Scrub. Madam, he sings rarely.—I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but alack a day, I'm nothing to my Brother *Martin*.

Dor. Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with a, Song?

Arch. Are you for Passion, or Humour?

Scrub. O le! he has the purest^o Ballad about a Trifle^o——

Mrs. Sull. A Trifle! pray, Sir, let's have it.

Arch. I'm asham'd to offer you a Trifle, 271 Madam: But since you command me—

[*Sings to the Tunc of Sir Simon the King.*]

A Trifling Song^o you shall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended:
All Trifling People draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

so] Q 2; o Q 1.

purest] See p. 477 *supra*.

Trifle] Q 2; Trifle Q 1.

A . . . Song . . .] Onus in full first in Comedies, 1728. Qq 1, 2, O 1, Com., Works print only the first two lines.

Were it not for Trifles, a few,
That lately have come into Play,
The Men wou'd want something to do.
And the Women want something to say. 280

What makes Men trifling in Dressing?
Because the Ladies (they know)
Admire, by often Possessing,
That eminent Trifle a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain:
No sooner the Virgin is Rifled,
But a Trifle shall part 'em again.

What mortal Man wou'd be able
At *White's* half an hour to sit? 290
Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
Without talking of Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles secure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see:
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you would go to the Place
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will show you his Grace^o
Makes Promises Trifles indeed. 300

A Coach with six Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin:
But, ye gods! how oft do we find,
A scandalous Trifle within?

A Flask of Champaign, People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad:
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle egad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in sorrow: 310
A Peace is a Trifle to-day,
Who knows what may happen to-morrow?

A Black Coat, a Trifle may cloak.
Or to hide it, the Red may endeavour:
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle, they say,
The Reason, pray carry along,

his Grace] "the Duke of Ormoncl, who disappointed Farquhar of a commission" (Stonehill).

Because at ev'ry new Play,
The House they with Trifles do throng, 320

But with People's Malice to Trifle,
And to set us all on a Foot:
The Author of this is a Trifle
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

Mrs. Sull. Very well, Sir, we're obliged to you.—Something for a pair of Gloves.

[Offering him Money.]

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused: My Master, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take Money from any other Hand without injuring his Honour, and disobeying his 330 Commands. [Exit.]

Dor. This is surprising: Did you ever see so pretty a well bred Fellow?

Mrs. Sull. The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, he may be some Gentleman, a Friend of my Lords,⁰ that his Lordship has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Discretion to bear him Company in this Dress, and who, ten 310 to one was his Second too.

Mrs. Sull. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so:—For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. Sull. The Count happened to be the most agreeable Man upon the Place; and so I chose him to serve me in my Design upon my Husband.—But I shou'd like this Fellow better in a Design upon my self.

Dor. But now, Sister, for an Interview 350 with this Lord, and this Gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. Sull. Patience! you Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd.⁰ —Wou'd you prevent⁰ their Desires, and give the Fellows no wishing-time.⁰ —Look'ye, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Aimwell* loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it.—My Business comes now upon the Tapis— 360 Have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sull. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something

Lords] Q 1, O 1, Com.; *Lord's* Q 2, Works.

enter'd] begun, started. Cf. p. 121 *supra*,

prevent] forestall. Cf. p. 428 *supra*,

wishing-time] a period of wishing before getting.

to himself, promis'd to be guided by me:
But here he comes—

Enter Sullen.

Sull. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sull. The singing in you're⁰ Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day. 370

Sull. You're impertinent.

Mrs. Sull. I was ever so, since I became one Flesh with you.

Sull. One Flesh! rather two Carcasses join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. Sull. Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

Dor. So, this is fine Encouragement for me.

Sull. Yes, my Wife shews you what 380 you must do.

Mrs. Sull. And my Husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sull. S'death, why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sull. S'death, why can't you talk?

Sull. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sull. Do you think to any purpose?

Sull. Sister, heark'ye;⁰ [Whispers.] I shan't be home till it be late. [Exit.]

Mrs. Sull. What did he whisper to ye? 390

Dor. That he wou'd go round the back way, come into the Closet, and listen as I directed him.—But let me beg you once more, dear Sister, to drop this Project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to Kindness, you may provoke him to a Rage; and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sull. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you: But here comes the 40 Count, vanish. [Exit Dorinda.]

Enter Count⁰ Bellair.

Don't you wonder, *Monsieur le Count*, that I was not at Church this Afternoon?

Count. I more wonder, Madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare to lift those

you're] Q 1, Com.; *your* Q 2, O 1, Works.

heark'ye] Q 1, O 1; *hark 'ye* Q 2; *heark'e* Com., Works.

Enter Count] Here ed. 1736 reads: "This Scene printed in *Italick*, with the entire Part of the *Count*, was cut out by the Author, after the first Night's Representation; and where he shou'd enter in the last Scene of the fifth Act, it is added to the Part of *Foigard*." The italic continues to the end of the act.

Eyes to Heaven that are guilty 6i so much killing.

Mrs. Bull. If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes with the Power of killing, the Virtue of making a Cure, I hope the one 410 may atone for the other.

Co. O largely, Madam; wou'd your Ladyship be as ready to apply the Remedy as to give the Wound?—Consider, Madam, I am doubly a Prisoner; first to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes; my first Chains are easy, there a Ransom may redeem me, but from your fetters I never shall get free.

Mrs. Sull. Alas, Sir, why shou'd you 420 complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains my self? you know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, must^o be tied up in that particular that might give you ease: I am like you, a Prisoner of War—Of War indeed:—I have given my Parole of Honour; wou'd you break yours to gain your Liberty?

Co. Most certainly I wou'd, were I a Prisoner among the *Turks*; dis is your Case; you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the 430 worst of *Turks*, a Husband.

Mrs. Sull. There lies my Foible, I confess; no Fortifications, no Courage, Conduct, nor Vigilancy can pretend to defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Governour forces the Garrison to Mutiny.

Co. And where de Besieger is resolv'd to die before de Place—Here will I fix; [*Kneels.*] With Tears, Vows, and Prayers assault your Heart, and never rise till 440 you surrender; or if I must storm—Love and St. *Michael*—And so I begin the Attack—

Mrs. Sull. Stand off—Sure he hears me not—And I cou'd almost wish he—did not.—The Fellow makes love very prettily. [*Aside.*] But, Sir, why shou'd you put such a Value upon my Person, when you see it despi'd by one that knows it so much better. 450

Co. He knows it not, tho' he possesses it; if he but knew the Value of the Jewel he is Master of, he wou'd always wear it next his Heart, and sleep with it in his Arms.

Mrs. Sull. But since he throws me unregarded from him.

Count. And one that knows your Value must] Q 2 and later edd.; most Q 1.

well, comes by, and takes you up, is it not Justice.^o 460

[*Goes to lay hold on her.*]

Enter Sullen with his Sword drawn,

Sull. Hold,^o Villain, hold.

Mrs. Sull. [*Presenting a Pistol.*] Do you hold.

Sull. What! Murther your Husband, to defend your Bully.

Mrs. Sull. Bully! for shame, Mr. *Sullen*; Bullies wear long Swords, the Gentleman has none, he's a Prisoner you know—I was aware of your Outrage, and prepar'd this to receive your Violence, and, if 470 Occasion were, to preserve my self against the Force of this other Gentleman.

Count. O Madam, your Eyes be better Fire Arms than your Pistol, they nev're miss.

Sull. What! court my Wife to my Face!

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Mr. *Sullen*, put up, suspend your Fury for a Minute.

Sull. To give you time to invent an Excuse. 480

Mrs. Sull. I need none.

Sull. No, for I heard every Sillable of your Discourse.

Coun. Ay! and begar, I tink de Dialogue was vera pretty.

Mrs. Sull. Then I suppose, Sir, you heard something of your own Barbarity.

Sull. Barbarity! oons what does the Woman^o call Barbarity? do I ever meddle with you? 490

Mrs. Sull. No.

Sull. As for you, Sir, I shall take another time.

Count. Ah, begar, and so must I.

Sull. Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own, and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome. 500

Mrs. Sull. Sir, I thank you kindly, you wou'd allow me the Sin but rob me of the Pleasure——No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the Crime without the Satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't.^o

Justice.] Justice? Com.

Hold] hold Q 1.

Woman] Q 2 and later edd.; *Women* Q 1.
for't] for it Q 2.

Sull. Then will you grant me this, my Dear? let any Body else do you the Favour but that French-man, for I mortally hate his whole Generation. *[Exit.]*

Count. Ah, Sir, that be ungrateful, for 510
begar, I love some of your's, Madam.—
[Approaching her.]

Mrs. Sull. No, Sir.—

Count. No, Sir,—Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir,—I believ'd your Addresses to me were no more than an Amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my Complaisance, and to convince you that you ought, you must know, that I brought you 520
hither only to make you instrumental in setting me right with my Husband, for he was planted to listen by my Appointment.

Count. By your Appointment?

Mrs. Sull. Certainly.

Count. And so, Madam, while I was telling twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.

Mrs. Sull. I ask your Pardon, Sir, but 530
I hope this will give you a Taste of the Vertue of the English Ladies.

Count. Begar, Madam, your Vertue be vera Great, but Garzoon your Honeste be^o vera little.

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. Sull. Nay, now you're angry, Sir.

Count. Angry! fair *Dorinda* [*Sings Dorinda the Opera Tune, and addresses to Dorinda.*] Madam, when your Ladyship want a Fool, send for me, fair *Dorinda*, 540
Revenge,^o &C. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Sull. There goes the true Humour of his Nation, Resentment with good Maimers, and the height of Anger in a Song.—
Well Sister, you must be Judge, for you have heard the Trial.

Dor. And I bring in my Brother Guilty.

Mrs. Sull. But I must bear the Punishment,—'Tis hard Sister.

Dor. I own it—but you must have 550
Patience.

Mrs. Sull. Patience! the Cant of Custom—Providence sends no Evil without a Remedy—shou'd I lie groaning under a Yoke I can shake off, I were accessary to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than self-Murder.

Dor. But how can you shake off the Yoke—Your Divisions^o don't come within the Reach of the Law for a Divorce. 560

Mrs. Sull. Law! what Law can search into the remote Abyss of Nature, what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Disaffections? of Wedlock—can a Jury sum up the endless Aversions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgment upon Antipathies.

Dor. They never pretended^o Sister, they never meddle but in case of Uncleaness.

Mrs. Sull. Uncleaness! O Sister, casual 570
Violation is a transient Injury, and may possibly be repair'd, but can radical Hatreds be ever reconcil'd—No, no, Sister, Nature is the first Lawgiver, and when she has set Tempers opposite, not all the golden Links of Wedlock, nor Iron Manacles of Law can keep 'um^o fast.

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,

*But such as Heaven ordain'd it first to be,
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife* 580

*As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.
View all the Works of Providence above,
The Stars with Harmony and Concord move;*

*View all the Works of Providence below,
The Fire, the^o Water, Earth, and Air, we know*

*All in one Plant agree to make it grow.
Must Man the chifest Work of Art Divine,
Be doom'd in endless Discord to repine.
No, we shou'd injure Heaven by that surmise*

Omnipotence is just, were Man but wise, 590

End of the Third Act.

Divisions] dissensions.

unaccountable Disaffections] Com., 1736; *unaccountable, Disaffections* Qq 1, 2, O 1, Works.
pretended] pretend it Q 2 (probably correct).

'urn] 'em Q 2, Works.

Fire, the] Q 2, Com., Works; *Fire* the Q 1, O 1.

be] Com., Works; *de* Qa 1, 2, O 1.

Dorinda, Revenge] Stonehill notes: "I take this to be the eleventh song in Swiney's *Camilla*, though it does not deal with revenge, *Fair Dorinda, happy happy may't thou ever be*, originally sung by the Baroness as *Lavinia*. In the third act, *Dorinda* herself sings a song about revenge, and the *Count* may have hummed bits from both."

ACT IV.

SCENE continues.

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs. Sull. Were I born an humble Turk, where Women have no Soul nor Property there⁰ I must sit contented—But in *England*, a Country whose Women are it's Glory, must Women be abus'd, where Women rule, must Women be enslav'd? nay, cheated into Slavery, mock'd by a Promise of comfortable Society into a Wilderness of Solitude—1 dare not keep the Thought about me—O, here comes something to divert me—

Enter a Country Woman.

Worn. I come an't please your Ladyships,⁰ you're my Lady Bountiful, an't ye?
Mrs. Sull. Well, good Woman go on.

Worn. I come seventeen long Mail to have a Cure for my Husband's sore Leg.

Mrs. Sull. Your Husband! what Woman, cure your Husband!

Worn. Ay, poor Man, for his Sore Leg won't let him stir from Home. 20

Mrs. Sull. There, I confess, you have given me a Reason. Well good Woman, I'll tell you what you must do—You must lay your Husbands⁰ Leg upon a Table, and with a Chopping-knife, you must lay it open as broad as you can, then you must take out the Bone, and beat the Flesh soundly with a rowling-pin, then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace and Ginger, some sweet Herbs, and season it very well, then rowl 30 it up like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

Worn. Heavens reward your Ladyship—I have two⁰ little Babies too that are pitious bad with the Graips, an't please ye.

Mrs. Sull. Put a little Pepper and Salt in their Bellies, good Woman. I beg your Ladyship's [*Enter Lady Bountiful.*] Pardon for taking your Business out of your Hands, I have been a tampering here a little 40 with one of your Patients.

L. Boun. Come, good Woman, don't *Property there* Q 1; *Property, there* Q 2, O 1, Com., Works.
Ladyships Q 1; *Ladyship* Q 2, O 1, Com., Works.
Husbands Q 1, O 1; *Husband's* Q 2, Com., Works.
two too Q 2, Works.

mind this mad Creature, I am the Person that you want, I suppose—What would you have, Woman?

Mrs. Sull. She wants something for her Husband's sore leg.

L. Boun. What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

Worn. It come first as one might say 50 with a sort of Dizziness in his Foot, then he had a kind of a Laziness in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it swell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

Mrs. Sull. Ha,⁰ ha, ha.

L. Boun. How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People? 60

Mrs. Sull. Because my own make me sad, Madam.

L. Boun. The worst Reason in the world, Daughter, your own Misfortunes should teach you to pity others.

Mrs. Sull. But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike, her Husband is sick, and mine, alas, is in Health.

L. Boun. What! would you wish your Husband sick? 70

Mrs. Sull. Not of a sore Leg, of all things.

L. Boun. Well, good Woman, go to the Pantrey, get your Belly-full of Victuals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet-drink for your Husband—But d'ye hear Goody,' you must not let your Husband move too much.

Worn. No, no, Madam, the poor Man's inclinable enough to lye still. [*Exit.*]

L. Boun. Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' 80 you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts.

Mrs. Sull. Miracles, indeed, if they have cur'd any Body, but, I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther toward the Miracle than your Prescription.

L. Boun. Fancy helps in some Cases, but there's your Husband who has as little Fancy as any Body, I brought him from Death's-door. 90

Mrs. Sull. I suppose, Madam you made him drink plentifully of Asse's Milk.

Ha Q 2; *ha* Q 1.

Enter Dor. runs to Mrs. Sull.

Dor. News, dear Sister, news, news.

Enter Archer running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful—Pray which is the old Lady of you three?

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O, Madam, the Fame of your Ladyship's Charity, Goodness, Benevolence, Skill and Ability have drawn me hither 100 to implore your Ladyship's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Master, who is this Moment breathing his last.

L. Boun. Your Master! where is he?

Arch. At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handsome House to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Court-yard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what, but down he fell, and no there he lies.

L. Boun. Here, *Scrub*, *Gipsey*, all run, get my easie Chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyship for this charitable Act.

L. Boun. Is your Master us'd to these Fits?

Arch. O yes, Madam, frequently—1 100 have known him have five or six of a Night.

L. Boun. What's his Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying, a Minute's Care or Neglect may save or destroy his Life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor Gentleman! come Friend, show me the way, I'll see him brought in by self. [*Exit with Archer.*]

Dor. O Sister my Heart flutters about 100 strangely, I can hardly forbear running to his Assistance.

Mrs. Sull. And I'll lay my Life, he deserves your Assistance more than he wants it; did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you. Love's his Dis-temper, and you must be the Physitian; put on all your Charms, summon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks against his Breast, 140 and down with him.

Dor. O Sister, I'm but a young Gunner,

I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the Piece shou'd recoil and hurt my self.

Mrs. Sull. Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear Sister, you have miss'd your Mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a Chair, carry'd by Archer and Scrub, L. Bountiful, Gipsey.

Aimwell counterfeiting a Swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the 130 Hartshorn-drops—*Gipsey* a Glass of fair Water, his Fit's very strong—Bless me, how his Hands are clinch'd.

Arch. For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us—Pray, Madam, [*To Dorinda.*] Take his Hand and open it if you can, whilst I hold his Head.

[*Dorinda takes his Hand.*]

Dor. Poor, Gentleman,—Oh—he has got my Hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully—160

L. Boun. Tis the Violence of his Convulsion, Child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these Cases—he'll bite if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my Hand, my Hand.

L. Boun. What's the matter with the foolish Girl? I have got this Hand open, you see, with a great deal of Ease.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daugh- 100 ter's Hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that way.

Mrs. Sull. I find, Friend, you're^o very learned in these sorts of Fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them my self, I find my self extreemly ill at this Minute.

[*Looking hard at Mrs. Sull.*]

Mrs. Sull. [*Aside.*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you. 180

L. Boun. His Fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, Madam,—Pray, young Lady, open his Breast, and give him Air.

L. Boun. Where did his Illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To Day at Church, Madam.

L. Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my Lady. He was you're] your Q 2.

of a sudden touch'd with something in 190 his Eyes, which at the first he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleasure.

L. Bonn. Wind, nothing but Wind.

Arch. By soft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it; there form'd it so beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay pleasing Colours, that his transported Appetite seiz'd the fair Idea, and straight convey'd it to his 200 Heart. That hospitable Seat of Life sent all its sanguine Spirits forth to meet, and open'd all its sluicy Gates to take the Stranger in.

L. Bonn. Your Master shou'd never go without a Bottle to smell to—Oh!—He recovers—The Lavender Water—Some Feathers to burn under his Nose—Hungary-water⁰ to rub his Temples—O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, Sir, hem 200—*Gipsy*, bring the Cordial-water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amaze.*

Dor. How d'ye, Sir?

Aim. Where am I? [*Rising.*
Sure I have pass'd the Gulph of silent Death,

And now I land on the *Elittian* Shore—
Behold the Goddess of those happy Plains,
Fair *Proserpine*—Let me adore thy bright Divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda and kisses her Hand.*

Mrs. Sull. So, so, so, I knew where the Fit wou'd end.

Aim. Euridicc perhaps—How cou'd thy 200 *Orpheus* keep his word,
And not look back upon thee;
No Treasure but thy self cou'd sure have brib'd him

To look one Minute off thee.

L. Boun. Delirious, poor Gentleman.

Arch. Very Delirious, Madam, very Delirious.

Aim. *Martin's* Voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord—How do's your Lordship? 230

L. Boun. Lord! did you mind that, Girls.

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good Hands, Sir,—You

Hungary-water } made from rosemary flowers and lavender infuseU in spirit of wine. Used as a restorative and also applied for 'the rheumatic' (see Swift, *Journal to Stella*, Mar. 29, 1712) and abrasions {*The Tatler*, no. 266).

were taken just now with one of your old Fits under the Trees just by this good Lady's House, her Ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to your self, as you see——

Aim. I am so confounded with Shame, 239 Madam, that I can now only beg Pardon—And refer my Acknowledgements for your Ladyship's Care, till an Opportunity offers of making some Amends——I dare be no longer troublesome——*Martin*, give two Guineas to the Servants. [*Going.*

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the Air, you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[*Here Archer talks to L. Bountiful in dumb shew.*

Aim. That I shall ever be, Madam, 249 my present Illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my Grave.

Mrs. Sull. Don't despair, Sir, I have known several in your Distemper shake it off, with a Fortnight's Physick.

L. Boun. Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse if you go into the Air—Your good Manners shan't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, Sir,—Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country 260—Here, Sir, my Service t'ye—You shall taste my Water; 'tis a Cordial I can assure you, and of my own making——drink it off, Sir, [*Aimwell drinks.*] And how d'ye find you self now, Sir.

Aim. Somewhat better—Tho' very faint still.

L. Boun. Ay, ay, People are always faint after these Fits—Come Girls, you shall show the Gentleman the House, 'tis but an 20 old Family Building, Sir, but you had better walk about and cool by Degrees than venture immediately into the Air——You'll find some tolerable Pictures—*Dorinda*, show the Gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I must go to the poor Woman below.

Dor. This way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies shall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he understands Pictures verj' well. 280

Mrs. Sull. Sir, we understand Originals, as well as he do's Pictures, so he may come along.

[*Ex. Dor. Mrs. Sull. Aim. Arch.*

Aim. leads Dor. Enter Foigard and Scrub, meeting.

Foig. Save you, Master Scrub.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a Priest, I abhor the French, and I defie the Devil——Sir, I'm a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery. 289

Foig. Master Scrub, you wou'd put me down in Politicks, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs. Shipsey.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her, she's sick, Sir, she's gone abroad, Sir, she's—dead two Months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipsej.

Gip. How now, Impudence; how dare you talk so saucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, dont take it ill; for the Common-people of England are not so civil to Strangers,, as———300

Scrub. You lie, you lie—Tis the Common People that are civilest to Strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to——Get you out, I say.

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You won't, Sauce-box——Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn last Night?

Scrub. The Captain! Ah, the Devil, there she hampers me again;——The Cap- 300 tain has me on one side, and the Priest on t'other:——So between the Gown and the Sword, I have a fine time on't.——But, Cedunt Arma togas. [Going.

Gip. What, Sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my Dear, I won't march——But I'll walk——And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[Goes behind the side-Scene, and listens.

Gip. Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarously treated, that's the Truth 300 on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. Gipsej, upon my Shoul, now, Gra, his Complains wou'd mollifie the Marrow in° your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: In Conclusion, Joy, he's afflicted, a la Francois, and a Stranger wou'd not know whider to cry, or to laugh with 300 him.

in] of Q 2

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

Foig. Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs. Sullen's Closet when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? it wou'd be both a Sin and a shame, Doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty Lewidores, Joy, for your shame; and I will give you an Ab- 310 solution for the Shin.

Gip. But won't that Money look like a Bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it.——If you receive the Money beforehand, 'twill be Logice a Bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

Gip. Well, Doctor, I'll take it Logice.——But what must I do with my Con- 30 science, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Priest, Gra; and your Conscience is under my Hands.

Gip. But shou'd I put the Count into the Closet——

Foig. Vel, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Closhet; one may go to Prayers in a Closhet.

Gip. But if the Lady shou'd come into 360 her Chamber, and go to Bod?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the Parties shou'd meet, Doctor?

Foig. Vel den——The Parties must be responsible.——Do you be after putting the Count in the Closet; and leave the Shins wid themselves.——I will come with the Count to instruct you in your Chamber. 30

Gip. Well, Doctor, your Religion is so pure——Methinks I'm so easie after an Absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security, that I'm resolv'd to die a Martyr to't.——Here's the Key of the Garden-door, come in the back way when 'tis late, —I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my Hand, I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me. [Exeunt. 380

Enter Scrub.

Scrifb. What Witchcraft now have these two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here?——There's twenty Lewidores, I

heard that, and saw the Purse: But I must give room to my Betters.

Enter Aimwell leading Dorinda, and making Love in dumb Show——Mrs. Sull. and Archer.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sir, [To Archer.] how d'y'e like that Piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda*.——You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* comes disguis'd to make Love——300

Mrs. Sull. But what think you there of **Alexander's Battles?**

Arch. We want only a *Le Brun*^o Madam, to draw greater Battles, and a greater General of our own.——The *Danube*, Madam, would make a greater Figure in a Picture than the *Granicus*^o; we have our *Ramelies* to match their *Arbcla*^o.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there? 400

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his Exile.

Mrs. Sull. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious Love, Madam. [Bowing.] His Misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sull. Was he successful in his Amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark.——He was too much a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sull. If he were secret, I pity him. 410

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. Sull. How d'y'e like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. *Venus*! I protest, Madam, I took it for your Picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sull. Oh, what a Charm is Flattery! if you would see my Picture, there it is, over that Cabinet;——How d'y'e like it? 420

Arch. I must admire any thing, Madam, that has the least Resemblance of you——But, methinks, Madam——

[He looks at the Picture and Mrs. Sullen three or four times, by turns. Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs. Sull. A famous Hand, Sir.

[Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.]

Le Brun] 1619-1690: a French painter.

Granicus] a river of Asia Minor flowing into the Sea of Marmara.

Arbela] the scene of Alexander the Great's decisive victory over Darius.

Arch. A famous Hand, Madam——Your Eyes, indeed, are¹ featured there; but where's the sparkling Moisture shining^o fluid, in which they swim. The Picture indeed has your Dimples; but where's the 40 Swarm of killing *Cupids* that shou'd ambush there? the Lips too are figur'd out; but where's the Carnation Dew, the pouting Ripeness that tempts the Taste in the Original?

Mrs. Sull. Had it been my Lot to have match'd with such a Man!

Arch. Your Breasts too, presumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! *Apropos*, Madam, in the very next Picture is 440 *Salmoneus*, that was struck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* Thunder; I hope you serv'd the Painter so, Madam?

Mrs. Sull. Had my Eyes the power of Thunder, they shou'd employ their Lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest Bed in that Room, Madam, I suppose 'tis your Ladyship's Bed-Chamber. 450

Mrs. Sull. And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the Quilt is the richest that ever I saw:——I can't at this Distance, Madam, distinguish the Figures of the Embroidery; will you give me leave, Madam——

Mrs. Sull. The Devil take his Impudence.——Sure if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not offer it.——I have a great mind to try.——[Going.] [Returns.] S'death, 460 what am I doing?——And alone too!——Sister, Sister? [Runs out.]

Arch. I'll follow her close——

**For where a French-maw durst attempt to storm,
A Briton sure may well the Work perform.** [Going.]

Enter Scrub.

Scnib. Martin, Brother Martin.

Arch. O, brother *Scrub*, I beg your Pardon, I was not a going; here's a Guinea, my Master order'd you.

Scrub. A Guinea, hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! 470 eh—by this Light it is a Guinea; but I suppose you expect One and twenty Shillings in change.

Moisture shining] Q 1, O 1; *Moisture, shining* Q 2, Com., Works.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for *Gipsey*.

Scrub. A Guinea for her, I, Faggot and Fire for the Witch.—Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll discover a Plot.

Arch. A Plot!

Scrub. Ay, Sir, a Plot, and ° a horrid 480 Plot.—First, it must be a Plot because there's a Woman in't; ° secondly, it must be a Plot because there's a Priest in't; thirdly, it must be a Plot because there's *French Gold* in't; and fourthly, it must be a Plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, Brother *Scrub*.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for 490 where there's a Priest and a Woman, there's always a Mystery and a Riddle.—This I know, that here has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one Hand, and an Absolution in the other; and *Gipsey* has sold her self to the Devil; I saw the Price paid down, my Eyes shall take their Oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about *Gipsey*.

Scrub. That's not all; I cou'd hear but a Word here and there; but I remember 500 they mention'd a Count, a Closet, a back Door, and a Key.

Arch. The Count! did you hear nothing of Mrs. *Sullen*?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way; but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to no Body, Brother?

Scrub. Told! No, Sir, I thank you for 510 that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word pro nor con, till we have a Peace.

Arch. You're i'th right, Brother *Scrub*; here's a Treaty a foot between the Count and the Lady.—The Priest and the Chamber-maid are the Plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard but I find a way to be included in the Treaty.—Where's the Doctor now?

Scrub. He and *Gipsey* are this moment 520 devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Closet.

Aim. [From without.] *Martin, Martin.*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

and] Qq 1, 2, O 1; om. Com., Works.
in't] in it Q 2.

Scrub. But you forget the other Guinea, Brother *Martin*.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my Heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my Soul. [Exeunt severally.] I'cod, I'll spoil your Plotting, Mrs. *Gipsey*; and if you shou'd 530 set the Captain upon me, these two Guineas will buy me off, [Exit.

Enter Mrs. *Sullen* and *Dorinda* meeting.

Mrs. Sull. Well, Sister.

Dor. And well, Sister.

Mrs. Sull. What's become of my Lord?

Dor. What's become of his Servant?

Mrs. Sull. Servant! he's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman by fifty Degrees than his Master.

Dor. O'my Conscience, I fancy you 50 cou'd beg that Fellow at the Gallows-foot.

Mrs. Sull. O'my Conscience, I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a Friend of yours in his Boom.

Dor. You desir'd me, Sister to leave you, when you transgress'd the Bounds of Honour.

Mrs. Sull. Thou dear censorious Country-Girl—What dost mean? you can't think of the Man without the Bedfellow, I find, 550

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought, ° while the Mind is conversant with Flesh and Blood, it must conform to the Humours of the Company.

Mrs. Sull. How a little Love and good Company improves a Woman; why, Child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to.—My Lord has told me that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and 560 truly I begin to think the Man is sincere.

Mrs. Sull. You're in the right, *Dorinda*, ° Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our Daily Bread; and she's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as she that believes him in any thing else—But I'll lay you a Guinea, that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done—What did your Fellow say to ye? ° 570

Mrs. Sull. My Fellow took the Picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* her self.

thought,] Q 1, Com., Works; thought; Q 2, O 1.
Dorinda,] Q 1, O 1, Com.; Dorinda; Q 2, Works.
to'yeff] Q 1, O 1; to ye? Q 2, Com., Works.

Mrs. Sull. Common Cant! had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a Footman in good earnest.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his Knees to me.

Mrs. Sull. And mine was upon his Tip- 580 toes to me.

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. Sull. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sull. Mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my Hand Ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sull. Mine has all that Pleasure 590 to come.

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage.

Mrs. Sull. O lard! I D'y'e call that a moving thing?

Dor. The sharpest Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Sister,—Why, my Ten thousand Pounds may lie brooding here this seven Years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill natur'd Clown like yours:—Whereas, If I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will 600 be Title, Place and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the drawing-Room, Splendor, Equipage, Noise and Flambeaux—Hey, my Lady *Aimwell's* Servants there—Lights, Lights to the Stairs—My Lady *Aimwell's* Coach put forward—Stand by, make room for her Ladyship Are not these things moving?—What! melancholly of a sudden?

Mrs. Sull. Happy, happy Sister? your 610 Angel has been watchful for your Happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his Charge.—Long smiling Years of circling Joys for you, but not one Hour for me! [*Weeps.*]

Dor. Come, my Dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. Sull. O *Dorinda*, I own my self a Woman, full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul,—easie and yielding to soft De- 620 sires; a spacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge. And must the fair Apartment of my Breast be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your Husband, I suppose.

Mrs. Sull. Husband! no,—Even Husband is too soft a Name for him.—But, come, I expect my Brother here to Night or to

Morrow; he was abroad when my Father marry'd me; perhaps he'll find a way to 630 make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make your self easy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Mrs. Sull. You mistake me, Sister—It happens with us, as among the Men, the greatest Talkers are the greatest Cowards; and there's a Reason for it; those Spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more Mischief if they took another Course; 640 —Tho' to confess the Truth, I do love that Fellow;—And if I met him drest as he shou'd be, and I undrest as I shou'd be—Look'ye,⁰ Sister, I have no supernatural Gifts;—I can't swear I cou'd resist the Temptation,—tho' I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do. [*Ex. Mrs. Sull. and Dor.*]

SCENE changes to the Inn.⁰

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.

Arch. And the awkward⁰ Kindness of the good motherly old Gentlewoman—

Aim. And the coming Easiness of the young one—S'death, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those Principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. S'death, if you love her a hair's 10 breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle Evenings at *While's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, and be stinted to bear looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards; because our impotent Pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the mercenary Drabs.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to some Purse-proud Coxcomb for a scandalous Bottle, where 20 we must not pretend to our share of the Discourse, because we can't pay our Club⁰ o'th Reckoning;—dam it, I had rather

Look'ye] Q 1, O 1; *Look ye* Q 2; *Look'e* Com., Works.

SCENE . . . Inn.] Q 1; om. Qq 1, 2, Com., Works.

awkard] a common eighteenth-century spelling. Cf. p. 760 *infra*.

Club] share of the expense.

sponge upon *Morris*,⁰ and sup upon a Dish of *Bohee* scor'd behind the Door.

Aim. And there expose our want of Sense by talking Criticisms, as we shou'd our want of Money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be oblig'd to sneak into the 30 side-Box, and between both Houses steal two Acts⁰ of a Play, and because we han't Money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

Aim. And Ten thousand such rascally Tricks,—had we outliv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance.—But now——

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this.—Strike while the Iron is hot.—40 This Priest is the luckiest part of our Adventure;—He shall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I shou'd not like a Woman that can be so fond of a *Frenchman*.

Arch. Alas, Sir, Necessity has no Law; the Lady may be in Distress; perhaps she has a confounded Husband, and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love.—1 gad, I have so good an Opinion 50 of her, and of my self, that I begin to fancy strange things; and we must say this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed of our selves, that they do stick to their Men, as they do to their *Magna Charta*.—If the Plot lies as I suspect,—I must put on the Gentleman.—But here comes the Doctor.—1 shall be ready. [*Exit*.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Sauve you, noble Friend.

Aim. O Sir, your Servant; pray Doctor, 60 may I crave your Name?

Foig. Fat Naam is upon me? my Naam is *Foigard*, Joy.

Aim. *Foigard*, a very good Name for a Clergyman: Pray,—Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

Foig. *Ireland*! No Joy.—Fat sort of Place is dat saam *Ireland*? dey say de People are catcht dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of 'em when they're 70

old;—as for Example. [*Takes Foigard by the Shoulder.*] Sir, I arrest you as a Traytor against the Government; you're a Subject of *England*, and this Morning shew'd me a Commission, by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the *French Army*: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, Noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England*, de Son of a *Burgomaster* of *Brussels*, a Subject of *England*! Ubooboo——

Aim. The Son of a Bogtrotter in *Ireland*; Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

Foig. And is my Tongue all your Evidensh, Joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, Joy, for I vill never 90 spake *English* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other Evidence—— Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow.

[*Enter Archer.*

Arch. [*In a Brogue.*] Saave you, my dear Cussen, how do's^o your Health?

Foig. Ah! upon my Shoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynheer*, Ick wet neat watt hey zacht, Ick universton ewe neat, sacramant. 100

Aim. Altering your Language won't do, Sir,⁰ this Fellow knows your Person, and will swear to your Face.

Foig. Faace! fey, is dear a Brogue upon my Faash, too?

Arch. Upon my Soulvation dere ish Joy——But Cussen *Mack-shane* vil you not put a remembrance upon me.

Foig. *Mack-shane*! by St. *Paatrick*, dat is^o Naame, shure enough. [*Aside*, 110

Aim. I fancy *Archer*, you have it.

Foig. The Devil hang you, Joy—— By fat Acquaintance are you my Cussen.

Arch. O, de Devil hang your shelf, Joy, you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your foster Moder's Son was marry'd upon my Nurse's Chister, Joy, and so we are Irish Cussens.

Foig. De Devil taak the Relation! vel, Joy, and fat School was it? 120

[*Morris*] a coffee-house. *Stonehill* cites a reference in *Sir Harry Wildair*, V. iv.

steal two Acts] As payment for a side-box was demanded only after the second act of a play, it was possible to see so much and sneak out.

do's] Q 1, O 1, Com.; *does* Q 2, Works.

Sir] *Sir*; Q 2.

is] Qq 1, 2; *ish* Com., Works: *is my* O 1.

Arch. I tinks it vas——Aay——'Twas *Tipperary*.

Foig. No, no, Joy, it vas *Kilkenny*.

Aim. That's enough for us——Self-Confession——Come, Sir, we must deliver you into the Hands of the next Magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to Gaol,⁰ you're try'd next Assizes, and away you go swing into Purgatory.

Foig. And is it so wid you, Cussen? 130

Arch. It vil be sho wid you, Cussen, if you don't immediately confess the Secret between you and Mrs. *Gipsey*——Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret, take your Choice.

Foig. The Gallows! upon my Shoul I hate that saam Gallow, for it is a Diseash dat is fatal to our Family——Vel den, dere is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs. *Shullen* wou'd spaak wid the Count in her Cham- 140 ber at Midnight, and dere is no Haarm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plash, my shelf.

Arch. As I guess'd——Have you com-municated the matter to the Count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right agen; why then, Doctor,——you shall conduct me to the Lady instead of the Count.

Foig. Fat my Cussen to the Lady! 100 upon my Shoul, gra, dat is too much upon the Brogue.

Arch. Come, come, Doctor, consider we have got a Rope about your Neck, and if you offer to squeek,⁰ we'll stop your Wind-pipe, most certainly,⁰ we shall have another Job for you in a Day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's Company coming this way, let's into my Chamber, and there conceal our A(Jair farther. 160

Arch. Come, my dear Cussen, come along. [Exeunt.

Enter Boniface, Hounslow and Bagshot at one Door, Gibbet at the opposite.

Gib. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for our Enterprise.

Houns. Dark as Hell.

Bag. And blows like the Devil; our Land-lord here has show'd us the Window where

Gaol Goal Q 2. Both forms are found as variant spellings. Cf. note p. 274 *supra*, squeek/ peach, tell on.

certainly,] Q 1, Com.; certainly; Q 2, O 1, Works.

we must break in, and tells us the Plate stands in the Wainscoat Cupboard in the Parlour. 170

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the saying is, Knives and Forks, and Cups, and Canns, and Tumblers, and Tankards——There's one Tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me, it was a Present to the Squire from his Godmother, and smells of Nutmeg and Toast like an *East India Ship*.

Houns. Then you say we must divide at the Stair-head?

Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the saying 180 is——At one end of that Gallery lies my Lady *Bountifull* and her Daughter, and at the other Mrs. *Sullen*——As for the Squire——

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd^o him, and he's more than half seas over already——But such a Parcel of Scoundrels are got about him now, that I gad I was asham'd to be seen in their Company.

Bon. Tis now Twelve, as the saying 190 is——Gentlemen, you must set out at One.

Gib. *Hounslow*, do you and *Bagshot* see our Arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

Baa } we will [Exeunt.

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Scrub* is a Coward.

Bon. A Chicken, as the saying is——You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies. 200

Gib. And I can assure you, Friend, there's a great deal of Address and good Manners in robbing a Lady, I am the most a Gentleman that way that ever travell'd the Road——But, my dear *Bonny*, this Prize will be a Galleon, a *Vigo*^o Business—I warrant you we shall bring off three or four thousand Pound.

Bon. In Plate, Jewels and Money, as the saying is, you may. 210

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defie thee,^o I'll get up to Town, sell off my Horse and Arms, buy my self some pretty Employment in the Houshold, and be as snug,

enter'd] cf. p. 484 *supra*.

Vigo] In 1702 the English and Dutch fleets destroyed or captured a number of French warships and Spanish galleons laden with treasure in the port of *Vigo*.

thee,] Q 1, O 1, Com.; thee; Q 2, Works

and as honest as any Courtier of 'um° all.

Bon. And what think' you then-'of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib. Look'ee,⁰ my dear *Bonny*—*Cherry* is the Goddess I adore, as the Song goes; 20 but it is a Maxim that Man and Wife shou'd. never have it in their Power to hang one another, for if they should, the Lord have Mercy on 'urn both. *lExeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE continues. *Knocking*⁰ without.

Enter Bonniface.

Bon. Coming, coming—A Coach and six foaming Horses at this time o'Night! Some great Man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other People.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Ch. What, Fellow! a Publick-house, and a Bed when other People Sleep.

Bon. Sir, I an't a Bed, as the saying is.

Sir Ch. Is Mr. *Sullen's* Family a Bed, thinks?

Bon. All but the Squire himself, Sir, 10 as the saying is, he's in the House.

Sir Ch. What Company has he?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the Constable, Mr. *Gage* the Exciseman, the Hunchback'd-barber,⁰ and two or three other Gentlemen.

Sir Ch. I find my Sister's Letters gave me the true Picture of her Spouse.

Enter Sullen Drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the Squire.

Sull. The Puppies left me asleep——
Sir. 20

Sir Ch. Well, Sir.

Sull. Sir, I'm an unfortunate Man—I have three thousand Pound a Year, and I can't get a Man to drink a Cup of Ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard.

'urn] Qq 1, 2, O 1; *'em* Com., Works.

Look'ee] Look'e Q 2, Works.

continues. *Knocking]* Q 2, Com., Works; continues *Knocking* Q 1, O 1.

Hunchback'd-barber] Q 1; *Hunchback'd Barber* Q 2; *Hunch-back'd-Barber* O 1; *Hunch-back'd Barber* Works.

Sull. Ay, Sir—And unless you have pitty upon me, and smoke one Pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my Wife, and I had rather go to the° Devil by half. 30

Sir Ch. But, I presume, Sir, you won't see your Wife to Night, she'll be gone to Bed—you don't use to lye with your Wife in that Pickle?

Sull. What! not lye with my Wife! why, Sir, do you take me for an Atheist or a Rake.°

Sir Ch. If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lye from her.

Sull. I think so too, Friend——But° 40 I'm a Justice of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

Sir Ch. Law! as I take it, Mr. Justice, no Body observes Law for Law's Sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sull. But if the Law orders me to send you to Goal,⁰ you must ly there, my Friend.

Sir Ch. Not unless I commit a Crime 50 to deserve it.

Sull. A Crime! Oons an't I marry'd?

Sir Ch. Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you must disown it for a Law.

Sull. Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, Sir—But, Sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the Truth of this Matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, Sir, 60 I'm afraid the Line of your Understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sull. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea of Truth, but if a good Parcel of Land can intitle a Man to a little Truth, I have as much as any Hein the Country.

Bon. I never heard your Worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sull. Because I never met with a Man 70 that I lik'd before——

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one Question, are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

Sir Ch. You and your Wife, Mr. Guts, may be one Flesh, because ye are nothing

go to the] Q 2, O 1, Com., Works; *go the* Q 1.

Hake.] Q 1, Com., Works; *Rake]* Q 2, O 1.

Goal] Qq 1, 2, O 1; *Oaol* Com., Works. See p. 495 *supra.*

else—but rational Creatures have minds that must be united.

Sull. Minds.⁰

Sir Ch. Ay, Minds, Sir,^o don't you 80 think that the Mind takes place of the Body?

Sull. In some People.

Sir Ch. Then the Interest of the Master must be consulted before that of his Servant.

Sull. Sir, you shall dine with me to Morrow.—Oons I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Ch. Sir, I know that my two 90 Hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the Actions of Life, but I could not say so much, if they were always at Cuffs.

Sull. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Ch. Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sull. Will you take her, Sir?

Sir Ch. With till my Heart. 100

Sull. You shall have her to Morrow Morning, and a Venison-pasty into the Bargain.

Sir Ch. You'll let me have her Fortune too?

Sull. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel at her Fortune—I only hate the Woman, Sir, and none but the Woman shall go.

Sir Ch. But her Fortune, Sir—110

Sull. Can you play at Whisk, Sir?

Sir Ch. No, truly, Sir.

Sull. Nor at All-fours.^o

Sir Ch. Neither!

Sull. Oons! where was this Man bred. [Aside.] Burn me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two a Clock.

Sir Ch. For half an Hour, Sir, if you please—But you must consider 'tis late.

Sull. Late! that's the Reason I can't go 120 to Bed.—Come, Sir.—[Exeunt.

Enter Cherry, runs across the Stage and knocks at Aim well's Chamber-door. Enter Aimwell in his Night-cap and Gown.

Aim. What's the matter, you tremble, Child, you're frightened.

[Minds.] Q 1, O 1; Minds! Q 2, Com., Works.

[Sir.] Q 1, O 1; Sir; Q 2, Com., Works.

[All-fours] a game of cards for two.

Cher. No wonder, Sir—but in short, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's House.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any Body else 130 with the News.

Cher. No, no, Sir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other things to your Man Martin; but I have search'd the whole House and can't find him; where is he?

Aim. No matter, Child, will you guide me immediately to the House?

Cher. With all my Heart, Sir,^o my Lady Bountiful is my Godmother; and I love 140 Mrs. Dorinda so well—

Aim. Dorinda! The Name inspires me, the Glory and the Danger shall be all my own—Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Changes to a Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Mrs. Sull. Dor. undress'd, a Table and Lights.

Dor. Tis very late, Sister, no News of your Spouse yet?

Mrs. Sull. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his Company.

Dor. Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to Bed, I suppose.

Mrs. Sull. I don't know what to do? hey-hoe. 10

Dor. That's a desiring Sigh, Sister.

Mrs. Sull. This is a languishing Hour, Sister.

Dor. And might prove a Critical Minute, if the pretty Fellow were here.

Mrs. Sull. Here! what, in my Bed-chamber, at two a Clock o'th'Morning, I undress'd, the Family asleep, my hated Husband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet—O gad, Sister! 20

Dor. Thoughts are free, Sister, and them I allow you—So, my Dear, good Night.

Mrs. Sull. A good Rest to my dear Dorinda—Thoughts free! are they so? why then suppose him here, dress'd like a

[Sir.] Q 1, Com.; Sir; Q 2, O 1, Works.

youthful, gay and burning Bridegroom. [*Here Archer steals out of the Closet.*] with Tongue enchanting' Eyes bewitching, Knees imploring. [*Turns a little o' one side, and sees Archer in the Posture she de- 30 scribes.*] Ah! [*Shreeks, and runs to the other Side of the Stage*] Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit?—What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

Arch. A Man, a Man, Madam. [*Rising.*

Mrs. Sull. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you Demonstration this Minute. [*Takes her hand.*

Mrs. Sull. What, Sir! do you intend to be rude? 40

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you please.

Mrs. Sull. In the Name of Wonder, Whence came ye?

Arch. From the Skies, Madam—I'm a Jupiter in Love, and you shall be my Alcmena.⁰

Mrs. Sull. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the Window, Madam, your Cozen Cupid lent me his Wings, and your Sister Venus open'd the Casement, 50

Mrs. Sull. I'm struck dumb with Admiration.⁰

Arch. And I with wonder.

[*Looks passionately at her.*

Mrs. Sull. What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks—The teeming Jolly Spring Smiles in her blooming Face, and when she was conceiv'd, her Mother smelt to Roses, look'd on Lillies—*Allies unfold their white, their fragrant Charms,*

When the warm Sun thus Darts into their Arms. 60

[*Runs to her.*

Mrs. Sull. Ah! [*Shreeks.*]

Arch. Oons, Madam, what d'ye mean? you'll raise the House.

Mrs. Sull. Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I bear this—What! approach me with the Freedoms of a Keeper; I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be Impudence [*Kneels*] I leave to your partial self; no panting Pilgrim after a tedious, painful Voyage, 70 e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion.

Alcmena] Afimena Q 1.

Admiration] wonder.

Keeper] see p. 468 *supra*.

Mrs. Sull. Now, now, I'm ruin'd, if he kneels! [*Aside*] rise thou prostrate Engineer,⁰ not all thy undermining Skill shall reach my Heart—Rise, and know, I am a Woman without my Sex, I can love to all the Tenderness of Wishes, Sighs and Tears—But go no farther—Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, 80 I can speak my Frailty, confess my Weakness even for you—But—

Arch. For me! [*Going to lay hold on her.*

Mrs. Sull. Hold, Sir, build not upon that—For my most mortal hatred follows if you disobey what I command you now—leave⁰ me this Minute—If he denies, I'm lost. [*Aside.*

Arch. Then you'll promise—

Mrs. Sull. Any thing another time. 90

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sull. To Morrow when you will.

Arch. Your Lips must seal the Promise.

Mrs. Sull. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must [*Kisses her*] Raptures and Paradise! and why not now, my Angel? the Time, the Place, Silence and Secresy, all conspire—And the now conscious Stars have preordain'd this Moment for my Happiness. 100 [*Takes her in his Arms.*⁰

Mrs. Sull. You will not, cannot sure.

Arch. If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not Mortals of to Morrow's Dawn, this Night shall crown my Joys.

Mrs. Sull. My Sex's Pride assist me.

Arch. My Sex's Strength help me.

Mrs. Sull. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll dye with you. [*Carrying her off.*

Mrs. Sull. Thieves, Thieves, Mur- 100 ther—

Enter Scrub in his Breeches, and one Shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murther, Popery.

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in rutting time.

[*Draws and offers to Stab Scrub.*

Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O, Pray, Sir, spare all I have and take my Life.

Mrs. Sidl. [*Holding Archer's Hand.*] What do's the Fellow mean?

Engineer] undermining, in military parlance, is one of the functions of an engineer.

leave] eave Q 1.

his Arms] O 1, Com., Works; *her Arms* Qq 1, 2.

Scrub. O, Madam, down upon your Knees, your Marrow-bones——He's one 120 of 'urn.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the Rogues—I beg your Pardon, Sir, one of the honest Gentlemen that just now are broke into the House.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sull. I hope, you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might 130 ha' spar'd,^o but your crying Thieves has wak'd this dreaming Fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, Sir, take all we have.

Mrs. Sull. The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of *Bedlam*.

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they're broke in to the House with Fire and Sword, I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this Minute, 140

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under Favour, Sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sull. What shall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your Ladyship a good Night.

Mrs. Sull. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone,^o just now upon pain of your immortal Hatred.

Mrs. Sull. Nay, but pray, Sir—150
[Takes hold of him.]

Arch. Ha ha, ha, now comes my turn to be ravish'd.—You see now, Madam, you must use Men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the benefit of his Courage, unless you'll take his Love along with it.—How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With Sword and Pistol, Sir.

Arch. Hush——I see a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery.—Madam, 160 be assur'd I will protect you, or lose my Life.

Mrs. Sull. Your Life! no, Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore, now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own Safety for the sake of yours, I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em.^o 170

Mrs. Sull. Yes, yes, since I have scap'd your Hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, Brother *Scrub*, don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee. [Kisses *Archer*.]

Arch. This way—Here—

[*Archer and Scrub hide behind the Bed.*]

Enter Gibbet with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand and a Pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

Mrs. Sull. Who are you, Sir? what 180 wou'd you have? d'y'e come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack a day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a Noise, I'll shoot you thro'° the Head; but don't be afraid, Madam. [Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the *Tabic*] These Rings, Madam, don't be concern'd, Madam, I have a profound Respect for you, Madam; your Keys, Madam, don't be frighted, Madam, I'm 190 the most of a Gentleman. [Searching her Pockets.] This Necklace, Madam, I never was rude to a Lady;—I have a Veneration—for this Necklace——

[Here *Archer* having come round and seiz'd the Pistols, takes *Gibbet* by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.]

Arch. Hold, profane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! Pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub*?

Scrub. Five and Forty, Sir. 200

Arch. Then I must kill the Villain to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold, hold, Sir, we are but three upon my Honour.

Arch. *Scrub*, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, Sir; kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipsey's* Chamber, there

spar'd, Q 1; spar'd; Q 2, O 1, Com., Works.
gone,] Q 1; gone Q 2, O 1, Com., Works.

'cm.] 'emt Q 2.
thro'] through Q 2.

you'll find the Doctor; bring him hither presently. *[Exit Scrub running. 20]*
Come, Rogue, if you have a short Prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no Prayer at all; the Government has provided a Chaplain to say Prayers for us on these Occasions.

Mrs. Sull. Pray, Sir, don't kill him;—You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The Dog shall die, Madam, for being the Occasion of my disappointment.——*Sirrah, this Moment is your last. 20*

Gib. Sir, I'll give you Two hundred Pound to spare my Life.

Arch. Have you no more Rascal?^o

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command Four hundred; but I must reserve Two of 'em to save my Life at the Sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor, I suppose *Scrub* and you between you may manage him.——
Lay hold of him, Doctor.

[Foig. lays hold of Gibbet.]

Gib. What! turn'd over to the Priest *20* already.——Look'ye, Doctor, you come before your time; Pant condemn'd yet, I thank'ye.

Foig. Come, my dear Joy, I will secure your Body and your Shoul too; I will make you a good Catholick, and give you an Absolution.

Gib. Absolution! can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor?

Foig. No, Joy.——*240*

Gib. Then you and your Absolution may go to the Devil.

Arch. Convey him into the Cellar, there bind him:—Take the Pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the Head,——and come back to us with all the speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay, come, Doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him.

Mrs. Sull. But how came the Doctor? *20*

Arch. In short, Madam—*[Shreeking with-out.]* S'death! the Rogues are at work with the other Ladies.——I'm vex'd I parted with the Pistol; but I must fly to their Assistance.——Will you stay here, Madam, or venture your self with me.

Mrs. Sull. O, with you, dear Sir, with you. *[Takes him by the Arm and Exeunt.]*

Rascal(?) Rascal: Q 1.

SCENE, *Changes to another Apartment in the same House.*

Enter Hounslow dragging in Lady Bounty-full, and Bagshot hailing in Dorinda; the Rogues with Swords drawn.

Houn. Come, come, your Jewels, Mistress.

Bag. Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman.

Enter Aim well and Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, Villains; I durst engage an Army in such a Cause.

[He engages 'em both.]

Dor. O, Madam, had I but a Sword to help the brave Man?

L. Boun. There's three or four hanging up in the Hall; but they won't draw. *10*
I'll go fetch one however. *[Exit.]*

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my Lord, every Man his Bird, pray.

[They engage Man to Man, the Rogues are thrown and dimm'd.]

Cher. What! the Rogues taken! then they'll impeach my Father; I must give him timely Notice. *[Runs out.]*

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues?

Aim. No, no, we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your Garter? *20*

[To Mrs. Sullen who stands by him.]

Mrs. Sull. The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a Breath.——Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the Rogue's Destiny, a Rope to hang himself.——Come, my Lord,——This is but a scandalous sort of an Office, *[Binding the Rogues together.]* if our Adventures shou'd end in this sort of Hangman-work; but I hope there is 30 something in prospect that——*[Enter Scrub.]* Well, *Scrub*, have you secur'd your Tartar?

Scrub. Yes, Sir, I left the Priest and him disputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray carry these Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controversy.

[Delivers the Prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.]

Mrs. Bull. Pray, Sister, how came my Lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the Gentle- 'o man here?

Mrs. Sull. I'll tell you the greatest piece of Villainy——

[They talk in dumb show.

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your Adventures than the House-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my Adventure, yours is the principal.—Press her this Minute to marry you,—now while she's hurry'd between the Palpitation of her Fear, and 50 the Joy of her Deliverance, now while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood——Throw your self at her Feet; speak some *Romantick* Nonsense or other;——Address her like *Alexander* in the height of his Victory, confound her Senses, bear down her Reason, and away with her——The Priest is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work. -

Enter Lady Bountifull.

Aim. But how shall I get off without 60 being observ'd?

Arch. You a Lover! and not find a way to get off—Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, *Archer*.

Arch. S'death, I'm glad on't; this Wound will do the Business——I'll amuse the old Lady and, *Mrs. Sullen* about dressing my Wound, while you carry off *Dor* in *da*.

L. Boun. Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the 70 Services——

Arch. Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Complements, I'm wounded, Madam.

MrfTi/,} How I wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no Hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure.—

[Makes Love in dumb show.

L. Boun. Let me see j'our Arm, Sir.—I must have some Powder-sugar to stop 80 the Blood——O me! an ugly Gash upon my Word, Sir, you must go into Bed.

Arch. Ay, my Lady a Bed wou'd do very well.—Madam *[To Mrs. Sull.]* Will you do me the Favour to conduct me to a Chamber?

L. Boun. Do, do, Daughter——while I get the Lint and the Probe and the Plaister ready.

[Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you 90 obey your Mother's Commands.

Mrs. Sull. How can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you after what is past, have the Confidence to deny me?——Was not this Blood shed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for your Protection.—Look'ye, Madam, I'm none of your *Romantick* Fools, that fight Grants and Monsters for nothing; my 100 Valour is down right Swiss; I'm a Soldier of Fortune and must be paid.

Mrs. Sull. Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your Services.

Arch. Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. Sull. How! at the Expence of my Honour.

Arch. Honour! can Honour consist with Ingratitude? if you wou'd deal like a 110 Woman of Honour, do like a Man of Honour, d'ye think I wou'd deny you in such a Case? *[Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you that your Brother is below at the Gate?

Mrs. Sidl. My Brother? Heavens be prais'd.—Sir, he shall thank you for your Services, he has it in his Power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam? 120

Mrs. Sull. Sir *Charles Freeman*.—You'll excuse me, Sir; I must go and receive him.

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*! S'death and Hell!——My old Acquaintance. Now unless *Aimwell* has made good use of his time, all our fair Machine goes souse into the Sea like the *Edistonc*.⁰ *[Exit.*

SCENE, *Changes to the Gallery in the same House.*

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my Lord, you have con- quor'd; your late generous Action will I° hope, plead for my easie yielding, tho' I

Edistonc] The first Eddvstone lighthouse was swept mrov by a gale in 1703.

will I/ Q 1, O 1; will, I Q 2, Com., Works.

must own your Lordship had a Friend in the Fort before.

Aim. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her Tongue.—Here, Doctor——

[Enter Foigard with a Book.

Foig. Are you prepar'd boat?

Dor. I'm ready: But, first, my Lord one word;——1 have a frightful Example 10 of a hasty Marriage in my own Family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my Lord, consider a little——

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my Honour or my Love?

Dor. Neither: I do believe you equally Just as Brave.—And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to chuse, I shou'd not cast a look upon the Multitude if you were absent.—But my Lord, I'm a 20 Woman; Colours, Concealments may hide a thousand Faults in me;——Therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know my self in any thing except my Love.

Aim. Such Goodness who cou'd injure; I find my self unequal to the Task of Villain; she has gain'd my Soul, and made it honest like her own;——1 cannot, cannot hurt her. [Aside] Doctor, retire. 30

[Exit Foigard.

Madam, behold your Lover and your Proselite, and judge of my Passion by my Conversion.—I'm all a Lie, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms; I'm all Counterfeit except my Passion.

Dor. Forbid it Heaven! a Counterfeit!

Aim. I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a scandalous Design to prey upon your Fortune:—But the Beauties of your Mind and Person have 40 so won me from my self, that like a trusty Servant, I prefer the Interest of my Mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure I have had the Dream of some poor Mariner, a sleepy image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd in Storms.——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the Man whose Title I usurp'd, but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune. 50

Dor. Matchless Honesty——Once I was proud, Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am prouder that you want it: Now I can shew my Love was justly levell'd, and had no Aim but Love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard at one Door, Gipseey at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir, we shannot;⁰ won't you now, Sir? you must excuse me,—I'll wait on you presently.

[Exit with Gipseey.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, now, dis is 60 foolish. [Exit.

Aim. Gone! and bid the Priest depart.——It has an ominous look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, *Tom*——shall I wish you Joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons, Man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O, *Archer*, my Honesty, I fear has ruin'd me. 70

Arch. How!

Aim. I have discover'd my self.

Arch. Discover'd! and without my Consent? what! have I embark'd my small Remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my Partnership?

Aim. O, *Archer*, I own my Fault.

Arch. After Conviction—'Tis then too late for Pardon.—You may remember, 80 Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd⁰ this Folly—As you begun, so end it.—Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune single.—So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear *Archer*, but a Minute.

Arch. Stay! what to be despis'd, expos'd and laugh'd at—No, I wou'd sooner change Conditions with the worst of the Rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful Smile from the proud Knight that once I treated as my equal. 90

Aim. What Knight?

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*, Brother to the Lady that I had almost——But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed Night's Work, and so I leave you to make your best on't. [Going.

Aim. *Freeman*!——One Word, *Archer*. Still I have Hopes; methought she receiv'd my Confession with Pleasure.

Arch. S'death! who doubts it? 100

Aim. She consented after to the Match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

shannot] Q 1, O 1; sha'not Com., Works; shall not Q 2.

propon'ri] popou'd Q 1.

Arch. To her self, I warrant her, as you shou'd have been.

Aim. By all my Hopes, she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter Dorinda mighty gay.

Dor. Come, my dear Lord,—I fly with Impatience to your Arms.—The Minutes of my Absence was a tedious Year. Where's this tedious Priest? 110

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons a brave Girl.

Dor. I suppose, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.

Dor. Come, Priest, do your Office.

Arch. Make hast, make hast,^o couple 'em any way. [*Takes Aimwell's Hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you—

Dor. My Mind's alter'd, I won't. 120

Arch. Eh——

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, and sho is my shelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, Madam?

Dor. Look'ye, Sir, one generous Action deserves another—This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my Justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In short, Sir, you are the B Person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; and I wish your Lordship Joy. Now,^o Priest, you may be gone; if my Lord is pleas'd now with the Match, let his Lordship marry me in the face of the World.

Aim. *Arch.* What do's^o she mean?

Dor. Here's a Witness for my Truth.

[*Enter Sir Ch. and Mrs. Sull.*]

Sir Charles. My^o dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wish you Joy. 110

Aim. Of what?

Sir Ch. Of your Honour and Estate: Your Brother died the Day before I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Brussels*; among the rest I did my self the Honour.

Arch. Hark'ye, Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Ch. 'Tis Truth upon my Honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that 150 form'd this Accident.

Arch. Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize—

[*Taking Dorinda's Hand.*]

Arch. And double Thanks to the noble *Sir Charles Freeman*. My Lord, I wish you Joy. My Lady I wish you Joy.—I Gad, *Sir Freeman*, you're the honest est Fellow living.—S'death, I'm grown strange airy 160 upon this matter—My Lord, how d'ye?—a word, my Lord; don't you remember something of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moyety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think will amount to Five thousand Pound.

Aim. Not a Penny, *Archer*; You wou'd ha' cut my Throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your Throat B again, if you shou'd deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expected; and to end the Dispute, the Lady's Fortune is Ten thousand Pound; we'll divide Stakes; take the Ten thousand Pound, or the Lady.

Dor. How! is your Lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam, his Lordship knows very well, that I'll take the Money; I leave you to his Lordship, and so we're 180 both provided for.

[*Enter Count Bellair. Co. Mcsdames, & Massieurs,*^o I am your Servant trice humble: I hear you be rob, here.

Aim. The Ladies have been in some danger, Sir.

Co. And Bcgar, our Inn be rob too.

Aim. Our Inn! by whom?

Count. By the Landlord, begar—Garzoon he has rob himself and run away. 190

Arch. Rob'd himself!

Count. Ay, begar, and me too of a hundred^o Pound.

Arch. A hundred Pound.

Count. Yes, that I ow'd him.

Aim. Our Money's gone, *Frank*.

Arch. Rot the Money, my Wench is *Massieurs*! Qq 1, 2, Com.; *Messieurs* O 1, Works. *hundre*] *hundred* Q 2.

hast . . . hast] Qq 1, 2, O 1; *haste . . . haste* Corn., Works.

Now] *now* Q 1.

do's] Q 1. O 1, Com.; *does* Q 2, Works.

Sir Charles. My] *Sir Charles*, my Q 2.

gone——*Scavez vous quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cherry?*

Enter a Fellow with a Strong 'Box and a Letter.

Fell. Is there one *Martin* here? 'x >

Arch. Ay, ay,——who wants him?

Fell. I have a Box here and Letter for him.

Arch. [*Taking the Box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here? *Legerdemain!* by this Light, my Lord, our Money again; but this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum——O, 'tis for the Publick good, and must be communicated to the Company. 210

Mr. MARTIN.

My Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues that are taken to Night is gone off, but if you can procure him a Pardon he will maake° great Discoveries that may be useful to the Country; cou'd I have met you instead of your Master to Night, I wou'd have deliver'd myself into your Hands with a Sum that much exceeds that in your strong Box, which 20 I have sent you, with an assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend till Death.

CHERRY BONNIFACB.

there's a Billet-doux for you——As for the Father I think he ought to be encouraged, and for the Daughter,——Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her Service instead of Gipsej.

Aim. I can assure you, Madam, your 20 Deliverance was owing to her Discovery.

Dor. Your Command, my Lord, will do without the Obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good Company meets opportunely in favour of a Design I have in behalf of my unfortunate Sister, I intend to part her from her Husband——Gentlemen will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! S'dcath who wou'd 20 not.

Count. Assist! Garzoon, we all assest.

Enter Sullen.

Suit. What's all this?——They tell me Spouse that you had like to have been rob'd.

Pardon . . . maake] Q 1; Pardon he will make Q 2, Com.; Pardon, he'll make Works.

Mrs. Sull. Truly, Spouse, I was pretty near it——Had not these two Gentlemen interpos'd.

Sull. How came these Gentlemen here?

Mrs. Sull. That's his way of returning 250 Thanks you must know.

Count. Garzoon, the Question be a propo for all dat.

Sir Ch. You promis'd last Night, Sir, that you wou'd deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

Sull. Humph.

Arch. Humph. What do you mean by humph——Sir, you shall deliver her——In short, Sir, we have sav'd you and your 260 Family, and if you are not civil we'll unbind the Rogues, join with 'um and set fire to your House——What do's° the Man mean? not part with his Wife!

Count. Ay, Garzoon de Man no understan Common Justice.

Mrs. Sull. Hold, Gentlemen, all things here must move by consent, Compulsion wou'd Spoil us, let my Dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it be- 20 between us.

Sull. Let me know first who are to be our Judges——Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir Ch. I am *Sir Charles Freeman*, come to take away your Wife.

Sull. And you, good Sir.

Aim. *Charles Viscount Aimwell*, come to take away your Sister.

Sull. And you pray, Sir?

Arch. *Francis Archer, Esq;* come—280

Sull. To take away my Mother, I hope——Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome, I never met with three more obliging People since I was born——And now, my Dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

Arch. And the last for five Pound.

Mrs. Sull. Spouse.

SuU. Ribb.°

Mrs. Sull. How long have we been 290 marry'd?

Sull. By the Almanak° fourteen Months——But by my Account fourteen Years.

Mrs. Sull. 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

Count. Garzoon, their Account will agree.

do°8] does Q 2, Works.

Ribb] Fib Com., Works.

Almanak] Q 1, O 1; Almanack Q 2, Com., Works.

Mrs. Sull Pray, Spouse, what did you marry for?

Sull To get an Heir to my Estate.

Sir Ch. And have you succeeded? 30

Sull No. '

Arch. The Condition fails of his side
——Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. Sull To support the Weakness of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleasures of an agreeable Society.

Sir Ch. Are your Expectations answer'd?

Mrs. Sull No.

Count. A clear Case, a clear Case. 310

Sir Ch. What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment.⁰

Mrs. Sull In the first Place I can't drink Ale with him.

Sull Nor can I drink Tea with her.

Mrs. Sull I can't hunt with you.

Sull Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sull I hate Cocking and Racing.

• Sull And I abhor Ombre and Piquet.

Mrs. Sull Your Silence is intolerable. 30

Sull Your Prating is worse.

Mrs. Sull Have we not been a perpetual Offence to each other——A gnawing Vulture at the Heart.

Sull A frightful Goblin to the Sight.

Mrs. Sull A Porcupine to the Feeling.

Sull Perpetual Wormwood to the Taste.

Mrs. Sull Is there on Earth a thing we cou'd agree in?

Sull Yes——To part. 330

Mrs. Sull With all my Heart.

Sull Your Hand.

Mrs. Sull Here.

Sull These Hands join'd us, these shall part us——away——

Mrs. Sull North.

Sull South.

Mrs. Sull East.

Sull West——far as the Poles asunder.

Count. Begar the Ceremony be vera 340 pretty.

Sir Ch. Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only my Sister's Fortune to make us easie.

Sull Sir Charles, you love your Sister, and I love her Fortune; every one to his Fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sull Not a Stiver.

Arch. Then I find, Madam, you must e'en go to your Prison again. 350

Count. What is the Portion.

Sir Ch. Ten thousand Pound, Sir.

Count. Garzoon, I'll pay it, and she shall go home wid me.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, French all over—Do you know, Sir, what ten thousand Pound English is?

Count. No, begar, not justement.

Arch. Why, Sir, 'tis a hundred thousand Livres. 360

Count. A hundre tousand Livres——A Garzoon, me canno' do't, your Beauties and their Fortunes are both too much for me.

Arch. Then I will——This Nights Adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all——For Captain Gibbet in his Walk had made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your Study and Eseritore, and had taken out all the Writings of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage⁰ with his Lady, Bills, Bonds, 370 Leases, Receipts to an infinite Value, I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir Charles.

[Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.

Sull How, my Writings! my Head akes consumedly——Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate⁰ my Sister's Wedding, and my Divorce, you may command my House——but my Head akes consum- 380 edly——Scrub, bring me a Dram.

Arch. Madam, [To Mrs. Sull.] there's a Country Dance to the Trifle that I sung to Day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up.

[Here a Dance.

Arch. 'Twou'd be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better pleas'd, the Couple Join'd, or the Couple Parted? the one rejoycing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery. 390

Both happy in their several States we find,
Those parted by consent, and those con-
join'd.

Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee,
Consent is Law enough to set you free.

FINIS.

[Contentment.] Q 1, Com.; [Contentment?] Q 2,
O 1, Works.

[Marriage] [Marriage] Q 1.
celebrate] celebraate Q 1.

C A T O.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Afted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,
B Y
Her M A J E S T Y's Servants.

By Mr. ADDISON.

*Ecce Speftaculum dignum, ad quod refpiciat' intentus operi fuo
T)eus ! Ecce par 'Deo dignum, vir fort is cum mald fortunb
compofitus ! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupi-
ter puichrius, ft convert ere animum velit, quam ut fpeftet
Gat orient' jam parti bus nonfemel fraftis, nihilominus inter ru-
inas publctas ereftum. Sen' de Divin. Prov.*

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

LONDON:

Printed for J. T O N S O N , at *Shake/pears Head over-*
agamft Catherine-Street in the Strand. M D C C X I H .

Joseph Addison (1672-1719) was the typical exponent of the new upper-middle-class morality and culture which in the first quarter of the eighteenth century succeeded the licentious manners and culture of the Restoration age. Moderate, urbane, polished Addison was well fitted to express the new humanism of the coffee-houses. He will always be remembered as the creator with Steele of *The Spectator* and in particular for the circle of Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends.

Addison touched life at many points and rose to high political place as Secretary of State. As a literary man he practised as journalist, essayist, poet and dramatist. Whatever he undertook he handled with scholarship and accomplishment but he had neither the greatness of spirit nor the literary power to create a masterpiece. The essay was a form suited to his capacity and therein he is supreme.

Colo is said to have been mainly composed by 1703, but it was produced at Drury Lane only in April, 1713. Frigidly competent and classically correct *Cato* met the demand of the Augustans. It is a not unsuccessful attempt to achieve the form of French grand tragedy which had reached its height in Racine, but the poetry and human passion are lacking. Its theme gained it a certain political reclamation at a time when faction was rife. As Johnson said, "The Whigs applauded every line in which Liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap, to show that the satire was unfelt." It held the stage for long and a century later *Biographica Dramatica* (1812) could speak tenderly of "its faults, if such it has," and aver that "it must ever be allowed to stand foremost in the list of our dramatic poems." Today it is an interesting fossil.

The text is that of the first edition quarto, 1713. The play was reprinted several times in the same year. I have collated the second, third, fourth, fifth and eighth editions.

Q 1 = First edition quarto, 1713 (Bod. Malone 114 (6)).

Q 2 = Second edition quarto, 1713 (A. E. M.).

Q 3 = Third edition quarto, 1713 (B. M. 643. i. 18).

Q 4 = Fourth edition quarto, 1713 (B. M. 11775. e. 1).

Q 5 = Fifth edition quarto, 1713 (A. E. M.).

8th ed. = Eighth edition duodecimo, 1713 (A. E. M.).

Q 2 appears to be a new impression from the type of Q 1 with very few corrections. Q 5 is in the main reset, but there are several traces of the old type having been re-used.

P R O L O G U E ,

By Mr. POPE

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
 To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and Be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to stream thro' every Age;
Tyrants no more their Savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move
The Hero's Glory, or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
Here Tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your Breasts with Ancient Ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman Drops from British Eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plato Thought, and God-like Cato Was:
No common Object to your Sight displays,
But what with Pleasure Heav'n it self surveys;
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State!
While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,⁰
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Caesar 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,
Ignobly Vain, and impotently Great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State;
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye;
The World's great Victor past unheeded by;
Her Last good Man dejected Rome adof'd,
And honour'd Caesar's less than Cato's Sword.

While . . . Laws] of. Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, 1. 209, where he uses the line to describe Addison in his famous satirical passage on Atticus.

*Britains attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,
And show yo.u have the Virtue to be movd.
With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning Arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation, and Italian Song,
Dare to have Sense your selves; Assert the Stage,⁰
Be justly warm'd with your own Native Rage.
Such Plays alone should please a British Ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*

Stage,] Stage; Q 2.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N .

Cato.	Mr. Booth.
Lucius, a Senator.	Mr. Keen.
Sempronius, a Senator.	Mr. Mills.
Juba, Prince of Numidia.	Mr. Wilks.
Syphax, General of the Numidians.	Mr. Gibber.
Fortius,	Mr. Powell.
Marcus, } Sons of Cato.	Mr. Ryan.
Decius, Ambassador from Cæsar.	Mr. Bowman.
Mutineers, Guards, &c.	

W O M E N .

Marcia, Daughter to Cato.	Mrs. Oldfield.
Lucia, Daughter to Lucius.	Mrs. Porter.

SCENE a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

CA TO

ACT I. SCENE I.

Portius, Marcus.

Por. The Dawn is over-cast, the Morning
low'rs,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
The great, th' important Day; big with the
Fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*.—Our Father's
Death
Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
And close the Scene of Blood. Already
Ccesar
Has ravaged more than half the Globe, and
sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive
Sword:
Should he go further, Numbers would be
wanting
To form new Battels,^o and support his
Crimes. 10
Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works!

Marc. Thy steddly Temper, *Portius*,
Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and
Caesar,

In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy;
I'm tortured, ev'n to Madness, when I think
On the proud Victor: ev'ry time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my View——I see
Th' Insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field
Strow'd with dome's Citizens, and drench'd
in Slaughter,

His Horse's Hoofs wet with Patrician
Blood. 20

Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen Curse,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of
Heav'n,

Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the
Man

Who owes his Greatness to his Country's
Ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious
Greatness,
And mixt with too much Horrour to be
envy'd:

How does the Lustre of our Father's Ac-
tions,

Battels] armies or divisions.

Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover
him,

Break out, and burn with more triumphant
Brightness!

His Suff'rings shine, and spread a Glory
round him; 30

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome*.
His Sword ne'er fell but on the Guilty
Head;

Oppression, Tyranny, and Pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon
'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can
Cato do

Against a World, a base degenerate World,
That court's the Yoke, and bows the Neck
to *Ccesar*?

Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
A poor Epitome of *Roman* Greatness. 40
And, cover'd with *Numidian* Guards, directs
A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
Remnants of mighty Battels fought in vain.
By Heav'n's, such Virtues, join'd with such
Success,

Distract my very Soul: Our Father's
Fortune

Wou'd almost tempt us to renounce his Pre-
cepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has
told us:

The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes, and pcrplext with
Errors;

Our Understanding traces 'em in vain, 50
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings
run,

Nor where the regular Confusion ends.

Marc. These are Suggestions of a Mind at
Ease:

Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the
Griefs

That wring my Soul, thou cou'dst not talk
thus coldly.

Passion unputy'd, and successful Love,
Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
My other Griefs. Were but my *Lucia*
kind!——

Por. Thou see'st not that thy Brother is
thy Rival: 60
But I must hide it for I know thy Temper.

[*Aside.*]

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy Virtue's on the
Proof:

Put forth thy utmost Strength, work ev'ry
Nerve,

And call up all thy Father in thy Soul:
To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy
Heart

On this weak Side, where most our Nature
fails,

Would be a Conquest worthy *Cato's* Son.

Marc. *Portius*, the Council⁰ which I can-
not take,

Instead of healing, but upbraids my Weak-
ness.

Bid me for Honour plunge into a War 70
Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death,
Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
To follow Glory, and confess his Father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Great-
ness;

'Tis second Life, it grows into the Soul,
Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulse,
I feel it here: My Resolution melts——

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian*
Prince!

With how much Care he forms himself to
Glory, 80

And breaks the Fierceness of his Native
Temper

To copy out our Father's bright Example.
He loves our Sister *Marcia*, greatly loves
her,

His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all be-
tray it:

But still the smother'd Fondness burns
within him.

When most it swells and labours for a Vent,
The Sense of Honour and Desire of Fame
Drive the big Passion back into his Heart.
What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* Heir
Reproach great *Cato's* Son, and show the
World 90

A Virtue wanting in a *Roman* Soul?

Marc. *Portius*, no more! your Words
leave Stings behind 'em.

When-e're did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, show

Council the spellings of *counsel* and *council* were somewhat indiscriminate in the eighteenth century. See p. 563 *infra*.

A Virtue that has cast me at a Distance,
And thrown me out in the Pursuits of
Honour?

Por. *Marcus*, I know thy generous Temper
well;

Fling but th' Appearance of Dishonour on it,
It strait takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc. A Brother's Sufferings claim a
Brother's Pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold
my Eyes 100
Ev'n whilst I speak.—Do they not swim
in Tears?

Were but my Heart as naked to thy View,
Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with Re-
bukes, instead
Of kind condoling Cares and friendly Sor-
row?

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the Way
to ease

Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou
best of Friends!

Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that
swells 110

With sudden Gusts, and sinks as soon in
Calms,

The Sport of Passions——But *Sempronius*
comes:

He must not find this Softness hanging on
me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Sempronius solus.

Conspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold Youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a Language foreign to my
Heart.⁰

Sempronius, Portius.

Semp. Good Morrow *Portius*! let us once
embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are
free.

To-Morrow shou'd we thus express our
Friendship,

Each might receive a Slave into his Arms:
This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the
last

That e're shall rise on *Roman* Liberty. 10

[*Heart*] 8th ed. reads [*Aside*]

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd I 'Tis not in Mortals to command Success,
together But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll de-
serve it. [Exit.

To this poor Hall his little *Roman* Senate,
(The Leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty Torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her Gods,
before it,
Or must at length give up the World to
Ccesar.

Scmp. Not all the Pomp and Majesty of
Rome

Can raise her Senate more than *Cato's*
Presence.

His Virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious
Fear, 20

And make ev'n *Ccesar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest: O my
Portius,

Could I but call that wondrous Man my
Father,

Wou'd but thy Sister *Marcia* be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows: I might be bless'd
indeed!

Por. Alas! *Sempronius*, wou'dst thou talk
of Love

To *Marcia*, whilst her Father's Life's in
Danger?

Thou might'st as well court the pale tremb-
ling Vestal,

When she beholds the holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the Wonders of
thy Race, 30

The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take
heed, my *Portius*!

The World has all its Eyes on *Cato's* Son.
Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to View,

And shows thee in the fairest point of Light,
To make thy Virtues or thy Faults con-
spicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my
Lingring here

On this important Hour—I'll strait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate, to weigh th' Events of
War,

I'll animate the Soldier's⁰ drooping Cour-
age, 40

With Love of Freedom, and Contempt of
Life.

I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's
Cause,

And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.

Soldier's] the early edd. misprint for *Soldiers*'.

Sempronius solus.

Curse on the Stripling! how he Ape's his
Sire?

Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian*
Genius

Is well disposed to Mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd, 50
And ev'ry Moment quickned to the Course.
Cato has used me 111: He has refused
His Daughter *Marcia* to my ardent Vows.
Besides, his baffled Arms and ruined Cause
Are Bars to my Ambition. *Cæsar's* Favour,
That show's down Greatness on his Friends,
will raise me

To *Rome's* first Honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But *Syphax* comes!—

SCENE III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph.—*Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've sounded my *Numidians*, Man by Man,
And find 'em ripe for a Revolt: They all
Complain aloud of *Cato's* Discipline,
And wait but the Command to change their
Master.

Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no
Time to waste;

Ev'n whilst we speak, our Conqueror comes
on,

And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.

! Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active Soul,
Wit h what a dreadful Course he rushes on 10
From War to War: In vain has Nature
form'd

Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage;
He bound's o'er all, victorious in his March,

! The *Alpes* and *Pydencans* sink before him;
Through Winds, and Waves, and Storms,
he works his way,

Impatient for the Battel: One Day more
Will set the Victor thundring at our Gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young

Juba?

That still wou'd recommend thee more to
Ccesar,

And challenge better Terms—

Syph.——Alas! he's lost, 20
He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his Thoughts are full

Of *Cato's* Virtues——But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry Instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn Principles

Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* Temper,
And struck th' Infection into all his Soul.

Scmp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry Motive.

Juba's Surrender, since his Father's Death,
Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar's* Hands, 30
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!

Cato has piercing Eyes, and will discern
Our Frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with Art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal

My Thoughts in Passion ('tis the surest way;)

I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my Country,

And mouth at *Cæsar* till I shake the Senate.

Your cold Hypocrisis's a stale Device, 40
A worn-out Trick: Wouldst thou be thought in Earnest?

Cloath thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury!

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct Grey-hairs,

And teach the wily *African* Deceit!

Semp. Once more, be sure to try thy Skill on *Juba*.

Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* Soldiers,

Inflame the Mutiny, and underhand Blow up their Discontents, till they break

out

Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*. 49

Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in Haste:
O think what anxious Moments pass between

The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.

Oh! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death!

Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
On ev'ry Thought, 'till the concluding Stroke

Determines all, and closes our Design.
[Exit.

Syphax solus.

I'll try if y c f l can reduce to Reason
This head-strong Youth, and make him spurn BX *Cato*. 60
The Time is short, *Cæsar* comes rushing on us——

But hold! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.

I have observed of late thy Looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy Cares, and Discontent;

Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,

What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,

And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,

Nor carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart.
I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me. 10

Jub. Why do'st thou cast out such ungen'rous Terms

Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World?

Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before 'em,

And own the Force of their Superior Virtue?
Is there a Nation in the Wilds of *Africk*,
Amidst our barren Rocks and burning Sands,

That does not tremble at the *Roman* Name?

Syph. Gods! where's the Worth that sets this People up

Above your own *Numidia's* tawny Sons!

Do they with tougher Sinews bend the
Bow? 20

Or flies the Javelin swifter to its Mark,
Launch'd from the Vigour of a *Roman*
Arm?

Who like our active *African* instructs
The fiery Steed, and trains him to his
Hand?

Or guide's in Troops th' embattled Ele-
phant,

Loaden with War? These, these are Arts,
my Prince,

In which your *Zama* does not stoop to
Rome.

Jub. These all are Virtues of a meaner
Rank,
Perfection that are placed in Bones and
Nerves.

A *Roman* Soul is bent on higher Views: 30
To civilize the rude unpolish'd World;
And lay it under the Restraint of Laws;
To make Man mild and sociable to Man;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts;
Th' Embellishments of Life: Virtues like
these

Make Human Nature shine, reform the
Soul,

And break our fierce Barbarians into Men.
Syph. Patience kind Heav'ns!—Excuse an
old Man's warmth.

What are these wond'rous civilizing Arts, 40
This *Roman* Polish, and this smooth Be-
haviour,

That render Man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our Passions,
To set our Looks at variance with our
Thoughts,

To check the Starts and Sallies of the Soul,
And break off all its Commerce with the
Tongue;

In short, to change us into other Creatures
Than what our Nature and the Gods de-
sign'd us?

Jub. To strike thee Dumb: Turn up thy
Eyes to *Cato*!

There may'st thou see to what a Godlike
Height 50

The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his
Friends,

He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and
Ease,

He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil
and Heat;

And when his Fortune sets before him all
The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can
wish,

His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an
African

That traverses our vast *Numidian* Deserts 60
In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
But better practises these boasted Virtues.
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the
Chase,

Amidst the running Stream he slakes his
Thirst,

Toil's all the Day, and at th' approach of
Night

On the first friendly Bank he throws him
down,

Or rests his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
And if the following Day he chance to find
A new Repast, or an untasted Spring, 70
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Jub. Thy Prejudices, *Syphax*, won't dis-
cern

What Virtues grow from Ignorance and
Choice,

Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal
Glory

Look down on Pleasures and the Baits of
Sense;

Where shall we find the Man that bears
Affliction,

Great and Majestick in his Grievs, like
Cato?

Heav'ns, with what Strength, what Steadi-
ness of Mind,

He Triumphs in the midst of all his Suffer-
ings! 80

How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the Weight
upon him!

Syph. 'Tis Pride, rank Pride, and Haughti-
ness of Soul:

I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.

Had not your Royal Father thought so
highly

Of *Roman* Virtue, and of *Cato's* Cause,
He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand in-
glorious:

Nor would his slaughter'd Army now have
lain

On *Africk's* Sands, disfigur'd with their
Wounds,

To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of
Numidia. 90

Jub. Why do'st thou call my Sorrows up
afresh?

My Father's Name brings Tears into my
Eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your
Father's ills!

Jub. What wou'dst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon *Cato*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I shou'd be more than twice
an Orphan

By such a Loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. *Marcia's*
Charms

Work in your Heart unseen, and plead for
Cato. 100

No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. *Syphax*, your Zeal becomes impor-
tunate;

I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Least it should take more Freedom than I'll
give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never used
me thus.

Alas, he's Dead! But can you e'er forget
The tender Sorrows, and the Pangs of
Nature,

The fond Embraces, and repeated Blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last
Farewel? 110

Still must I cherish the dear sad Remem-
brance,

At once to torture and to please my Soul.

The good old King, at parting, wrung my
Hand,

(His Eyes brim-full of Tears) then sighing
cry'd,

Prithee be careful of my Son!—his Grief
Swell'd up so high he cou'd not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy Story melts away my Soul.
That best of Fathers! how shall I discharge
The Gratitude and Duty, which I owe him!

Syph. By laying up his Councils in your
Heart. 120

Jub. His Councils bade me yield to thy
Directions:

Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest Terms,
Vent all thy Passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a Summer-Sea,

When not a Breath of Wind flie's o'er its
Surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to
your Safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wou'dst; but tell
me how?

Syph. Fly from the Fate that follows
Caesar's Foes.

Jub. My Father scorn'd to do't.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die "ten thousand thousand
Deaths, 130

Than wound my Honour.

Syph. Rather say your Love.

Jub. *Syphax*, I've promis'd to preserve
my Temper.

Why wilt thou urge me to confess a Flame,
I long have stifled, and wou'd fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, 'tis hard to
conquer Love,

But easie^o to divert and break its Force:
Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
Light up another Flame, and put out this.

The glowing Dames of *Zama's* Royal Court
Have Faces flusht with more exalted
Charms. 140

The Sun, that rolls his Chariot o'er their
Heads,

Works up more Fire and Colour in their
Cheeks:

Were you with these, my Prince, you'd
soon forget

The pale unripen'd Beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a Sett of Features, or Com-
plexion,

The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the
Sense.

The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her Sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)

But still the lovely Maid improves her
Charms' 151

With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. *Caio's* Soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While Winning Mildness and attractive
Smiles

Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming
Grace

Soften the Rigour of her Father's Virtues.

'tis hard . . . But ea'ie] tho' hard . . . 'Tis easie
8th ed.

Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her Praise!
But on my Knees I beg you wou'd consider —

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she!—She moves this Way: 160
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair Daughter,
My Heart beats thick——1 prithee *Syphax* leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand Curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this Woman with a single Glance Undo, what I've been lab'ring all this while.
[Exit.]

Juba, Marcia, Lucia.

Jub. Hail charming Maid, how does thy Beauty smooth
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile!
At Sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows;
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' Approach of *Coesar*. 170

Mar. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think my Presence
Unbent your Thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to Arms,
While, warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe,
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wishes follow me to Battell!
The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arm,
Add Strength and Weight to my descending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempest on the Foe.

Marc. My Prayers and Wishes always shall attend 180
The Friends of *Rome*, the glorious Cause of Virtue,
And Men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy Godlike Father, Transplanting, one by one, into my Life
His bright Perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Marc. My Father never at a Time like this
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste
Such precious Moments.

Jub. Thy Reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous Maid; I'll hasten to my Troops, 190
And fire their languid Souls with *Cato's* Virtue;

If e're° I lead them to the Field, when all
The War shall stand ranged in its just Array,
And dreadful Pomp: Then will I think on thee!

O lovely Maid, Then will I think on Thee!
And, in the shock of charging Hosts, remember

What glorious Deeds shou'd grace the Man, who hopes
For *Marcia's* Love. *[Exit.]*

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe:
How cou'd you chide the young good-natured Prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an Air, 200
A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
His Air, his Voice, his Looks, and honest Soul
Speak all so movingly in his Behalf,
I dare not trust my self to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a Passion,
And steel your Heart to such a World of Charms?

Mar. How, *Lucia*, wou'dst thou have me sink away
In pleasing Dreams, and lose my self in Love,
When ev'ry moment *Cato's* Life's at Stake?
Cesar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge, 21
And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head:

Shou'd not the sad Occasion swallow up
My other Cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this Constancy of Mind,
Who have so many Grievs to try its Force?

Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest
Mould,
Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak Sex:
Pity and Love, by turns, oppress my Heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, disburthen all thy Cares on
me, 221
And let me share thy most retired Distress;
Tell me who raises up this Conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them,
when I tell thee

They're *Marcia's* Brothers, and the Sons
of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their
Sister's Eyes:
And often have reveal'd their Passion to me.
But tell me, whose Address thou favour'st
most?

I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?

Mar. For neither——230
And yet for both——The Youths have equal
Share

In *Marcia's* Wishes, and divide their Sister:
But tell me which of them is *Lucia's*
Choice?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my
Esteem,
But in my Love——Why wilt thou make
me name him?

Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish
Passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not
what.⁰

Mar. O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me
which

I must hereafter call my happy Brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, cou'd you
blame my Choice? 240

O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my Soul!
With what a graceful Tenderness he loves I
And breath's the softest, the sincerest Vows!
Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweet-
ness

Dwell ever on his Tongue, and smooth his
Thoughts.

Marcus is over-warm, his fond Complaints
Have so much Earnestness and Passion in
them,

I hear him with a secret kind of Dread,⁰
And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.

what.] what——8th ed.

Dread] honour 8th ed.

Mar. Alas poor Youth! how can'st thou
throw him from thee? 250
Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he
bears thee;

When'er he speaks of thee, his Heart's in
Flames,

He sends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one
transported.

Unhappy Youth! how will thy Coldness
raise

Tempests and Storms in his afflicted Bosom!
I dread the Consequence——

Luc. You seem to plead
Against your Brother *Portius*——

Mar. Heav'n forbid!

Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful Lover,
The same Compassion wou'd have fall'n
on him. 280

Luc. Was ever Virgin Love distress like
mine!

Portius himself oft falls in Tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill Success.

Then bids me hide the Motions of my
Heart,

Nor show which Way it turns. So much he
fears

The sad Effects, that it would have on
Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's
fired,
And wou'd not plunge his Brother in Des-
pair, *

But waits for happier Times, and kinder
Moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find my self in-
volved 2T0

In endless Grievs and Labyrinths of Woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia's* Family,

And sow Dissention in the Hearts of
Brothers.

Tormenting Thought! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our
Sorrows,

But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things.
Our Lives, discolour'd⁰ with our present
Woes,

May still grow bright, and smile with hap-
pier Hours.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul
with Stains 279

Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Lives, discolour'd] Lives discolour'd Q 5, 8th ed.

Work's it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
Till by Degrees, the floating Mirrour shines,
Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border
grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows.
[Exeunt.

End of the First Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Senate.

Sem. ROME still survives in this assembled Senate!

Let us remember we are *Cato's* Friends,
And act like Men who claim that glorious Title.

Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' Occasion of our Meeting. Heark! he comes 1
[A Sound of Trumpets.
May all the Guardian Gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council.
Ccesar's Approach has summon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her fate from our Resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring Man? 10
Success still follows him, and backs his Crimes:
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has since Receiv'd his Yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
Why should I mention *Juba's* Overthrow,
And *Scipio's* Death? *Numidia's* burning Sands
Still smook with Blood. Tis time we should decree
What Course to take. Our Foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n *Libya's* sultry Desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last? 20
Or are your Hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By Time and ill Success to a Submission?
Sempronius speak.
Semp. My Voice is still for War.

Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, Slav'ry or Death!

No, let us rise at once, gird on our Swords,
And, at the Head of our remaining Troops,
Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array

Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him.

Perhaps some Arm, more lucky than the rest, 30

May reach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage.

Rise, Fathers, rise; 'tis *Rome* demands your Help;

Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd Citizens,
Or share their Fate: The Corps of half her Senate

Manure the Fields of *Thessaly*, while we Sit here, delib'rating in cold Debates,
If we should sacrifice our Lives to Honour,
Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains.
Rouse up for Shame! our Brothers of *Pharsalia*

Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud—
To Battel! 40

Great *Pompey's* Shade complaint that we are slow,

And *Scipio's* Ghost walk's unrevenged amongst us.

Cato. Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal

Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason:

True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits
That Justice warrant's, and that Wisdom guide's,

All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction.
Are not the Lives of those, who draw the Sword

In *Rome's* Defence, entrusted to our Care?
Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter, 50

Might not th' impartial World with Reason say°

We lavisht at our Deaths the Blood of Thousands

To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious?

Lucius, we next would know what's your Opinion.

Luc. My Thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on Peace.

say] Qq 1, 2, 8th ed.; say, Qq 3, 4, 5.

Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World
With Widows and with Orphans: *Scythia*
mourn's

Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest
Regions

Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of
Rome:

Tis time to sneath the Sword, and spare
Mankind. 60

It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,
The Gods declare against us, and repel

Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to
Battel,

(Prompted by blind Revenge and wild De-
spair)

Were to refuse th' Awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heav'n's Determination.

Already have we shown our Love to *Rome*,
Now let us show Submission to the Gods.

We took up Arms, not to revenge our
selves,

But free the Common-wealth; when this
End fail's, 70

Arms have no further Use: Our Country's
Cause,

That drew our Swords, now wrests 'em from
our Hands,

And bid's us not delight in *Roman* Blood,
Unprofitably shed; what Men could do

Is done already: Heav'n and Earth will
witness,

If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth Discourse and mild
Behaviour oft

Conceal a Traytor——Something whispers
me

All is not right——*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*.

[*Aside to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor Rash nor Diffi-
dent : 80

Immod'rate Valour swell's into a Fault,
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,

Betray's like Treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs,

Are grown thus desp'rate. We have Bul-
warks round us;

Within our Walls are Troops enur'd to Toil
In *Africk's* Heats, and season'd to the Sun;

Numidia's spacious Kingdom lie's behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.

While there is Hope, do not distrust the
Gods; 90

But wait at least till *Cæsar's* near Approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late

To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
Why should *Rome* fall a Moment ere her
time?

No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
In, its full Length, and spin it to the last.

So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty;
And let me perish, but, in *Cato's* Judgment,

A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage. 100

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Fathers, {his Moment as I watch'd
the Gates,

Lodg'd on my Post, a Herald is arrived
From *Cæsar's* Camp, and with him comes

old *Decius*,
The *Roman* Knight; he carry's in his Looks

Impatience, and demands to speak with
Cato.

Cato. By your Permission, Fathers, bid
him enter. [Exit Marcus.

Decius was once my Friend, but other
Prospects

Have loos'd those Ties, and bound him fast
to *Cæsar*.

His Message may determine our Resolves.

Enter Decius..

Dec. *Cæsar* sends Health to *Cato*——
Cato. Could he send it. 110

To *Cato's* slaughter'd Friends, it would be
welcome.

Are not your Orders to address the Senate?
Dec. My Business is with *Cato*: *Cæsar*

see's
The Streights to which you're driv'n; and

as he know's
Cato's high Worth, is anxious for his Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fate of
Rome:

Would he save *Cato*? Bid him spare his
Country.

Tell your Dictator this, and tell him *Cato*
Disdain's a Life, which he has Pow'r to

offer.
Dec. *Rome* and Her Senators submit to

Cæsar; 120
Her Gen'als and her Consuls are no more,

Who check'd his Conquests, and denied his
Triumphs.

Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar's* Friend?
Cato. Those very Reasons, thou hast

urged, forbid it.
Dec. *Cato*, I've Orders to expostulate,

And reason with you as from Friend to Friend:

Think on the Storm that gather's o'er your Head,

And threaten's ev'ry Hour to burst upon it;

Still may you stand high in your Country's Honours,

Do but comply, and make your Peace with *Cæsar*. 130

Rome will rejoice, and cast its Eyes on *Cato*,

As on the Second of Mankind.

Cato. No more!

I must not think of Life on such Conditions.

Dec. *Cæsar* is well acquainted with your Virtues,

And therefore sets this Value on your Life:

Let him but know the Price of *Cato's* Friendship,

And name your Terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his Legions,

Restore the Common-wealth to Liberty,

Submit his Actions to the Publick Censure,

And stand the Judgment of a *Roman* Senate. 140

Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend.

Dec. *Cato*, the World talk's loudly of your Wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato's* Voice was ne'er employ'd

To clear the Guilty, and to varnish Crimes,

My self will mount the *Rostrum* in his Favour,

And strive to gain his Pardon from the People.

Dec. A Stile like this become's a Conqueror.

Cato. *Decius*, a Stile like this become's a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar's* Foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*, he's a Friend to Virtue. 150

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*;

And at the Head of your own little Senate;

You don't now thunder in the Capitol,

With all the Mouths of *Rome* to second you.

Cato. Let him consider That who drives us hither:

Tis *Cæsar's* Sword has made *Rome's* Senate little,

And thinn'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye

Behold's this Man in a false glaring Light, Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him;

Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black 160

With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,

That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.

I know thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch Beset with Ills, and cover'd with Misfortunes;

But, by the Gods I swear, Millions of Worlds

Shou'd never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Do's *Cato* send this Answer back to *Cæsar*,

For all his gen'rous Cares, and proffer'd Friendship?

Cato. His Cares for me are insolent and vain:

Presumptuous Man! The Gods take Care of *Cato*. 170

Wou'd *Cæsar* show the Greatness of his Soul,

Bid him employ his Care for these my Friends,

And make good use of his ill gotten Pow'r, By sheltring Men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart make's you forget

That you're a Man. You rush on your Destruction.

But I have done. When I relate hereafter The Tale of this unhappy Embassie

All *Rome* will be in Tears. [*Exit Decius.*]

Semp. *Cato*, we thank thee.

The mighty Genius of Immortal *Rome* MO

Speak's in thy Voice, thy Soul breath's

Liberty:

Cæsar will shrink to hear the Words thou utter'st,

And shudder in the midst of all his Conquests.

Luc. The Senate own's its Gratitude to *Cato*,

Who with so great a Soul consult's its Safety,

And guard's our Lives, while he neglect's his own.

That you're] *You are* 8th ed.

Semp. *Sempronius* give's no Thanks on this Account.

Lucius seem's fond of Life; but what is Life?

'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun; 'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone, Life grow's insipid, and has lost its Relish. O cou'd my dying Hand but lodge a Sword In *Cæsar's* Bosom, and revenge my Country,

By Heaves I cou'd enjoy the Pangs of Death, And Smile in Agony.

Luc. Others perhaps May serve their Country with as warm a Zeal,

Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much Rage.

Semp. This sober Conduct is a mighty Vertue

In luke-warm Patriots

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*, All here are Friends to *Rome*, and to each other.

Let us not weaken still the weaker Side, By our Divisions.

Semp. *Cato*, my Resentments Are sacrificed to *Rome*——I stand re-proved.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your Opinion. *Cæsar's* Behaviour has convinced the Senate We ought to hold it out till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out till Death; but, *Cato*,

My private Voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my Friends, and strive to fill

This little Interval, this Pause of Life, (While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)

With Resolution, Friendship, Roman Brav'ry,

And all the Virtues we can crowd into it; That Heav'n may say, it ought to be prolonged.

Fathers, farewell——The young *Numidian* Prince

Comes forward, and expects to know our Councils.

[*Ex. Senators.*]

Enter Juba.

Cato. *Juba*, the Roman Senate has resolv'd,

Till Time give better Prospects, still to keep The Sword unsheath'd, and turn its Edge on *Cæsar*. 221

Jub. The Resolution fit's a Roman Senate.

But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy Patience, And condescend to hear a young Man speak.

My Father, when some Days before his Death

He order'd me to march for *Utica*

(Alas, I thought not then his Death so near!)

Wep't o'er me, press'd me in his aged Arms, And, as his Grievs gave way, My Son, said he,

Whatever Fortune shall befall thy Father, Be *Cato's* Friend; he'll train thee up to Great 231

And Virtuous Deeds: Do but observe him well,

Thou'lt shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy Father was a worthy Prince,

And merited, alas! a better Fate;

But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Juba. My Father's Fate,

In spite of all the Fortitude, that shine's Before my Face, in *Cato's* great Example, Subdue's my Soul, and fill's my Eyes with Tears.

Cato. It is an honest Sorrow, and becomes thee. 240

Juba. My Father drew Respect from foreign Climes:

The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their Friend;

Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame report's,

Behind the hidden Sources of the Nile, In distant Worlds, on t'other side the Sun: Oft have their black Ambassadors appear'd, Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the Greatness of my Father,

But point out new Alliances to *Cato*. 250 Had we not better leave this *Utica*,

To arm *Numidia* in our Cause, and court

Th'Assistance of my Father's pow'rful
Friends?

Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about
him;

Their swarthy Hosts would darken all our
Plains,

Doubling the native Horrour of the War,
And making Death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the Sword of *Cæsart*
Reduced, like *Hannibal*, to seek Relief 260
From Court to Court, and wander up and
down,

A Vagabond in *Africk*!

Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward Cares
Wou'd fain preserve a Life of so much
Value.

My Heart is wounded, when I see such
Virtue

Afflicted by the Weight of such Misfortunes.

Cato. Thy Nobleness of Soul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that Valour^o soar's
above

What the World calls Misfortune and Afflic-
tion.

These are not Ills; else wou'd they never
fall 270

On Heav'n's first Fav'rites, and the best of
Men:

The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms
about us,

That give Mankind Occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into
Practice

Virtues, that shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons, and the Calms of
Life.

Jub. I'm charm'd when e'er thou talk'st!
I pant for Virtue!

And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love Watchings, Absti-
nence, and Toil,

Laborious Virtues all? Learn them from
Cato: 280

Success and Fortune must thou learn from
Cæsar.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can
fall on *Juba*,

The whole Success, at which my Heart
aspires,

Depends on *Cato*.

Valour] *Value* Q 5.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?

Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.

Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at
nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince;
make not my Ear

A Stranger to thy Thoughts.

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;

Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask

That *Cato* will refuse!

Jub. I fear to name it. 200

Marcia——inherits all her Father's Vir-
tues.

Cato. What wou'dst thou say?

Jub. Cato, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I wou'd not
hear a Word

Shou'd lessen thee in my Esteem: Remem-
ber

The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exact's Severity from all our Thoughts:

It is not now a Time to talk of aught

But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death.
[Exit.

Enter Syphax.

Syph. How's this, my Prince! What,
cover'd with Confusion?

You look as if yon^o stern Philosopher 300
Had just now chid you.

Jub. Syphax, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him

The Weakness of my Soul, my Love for
Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper Person to entrust
A Love-Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,
My foolish Heart! Was ever Wretch like

Jubat

Syph. Alas, my Prince how are you
changed of late!

I've known young *Juba* rise, before the
Sun, 309

To beat the Thicket where the Tyger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts:

How did the Colour mount into your
Cheeks,

yon] *you* Q 5.

When first you rous'd him to the Chace!
 I've seen you
 Ev'n in the *Lybian* Dog-days hunt him
 down,
 Then charge him close, provoke him to the
 Rage
 Of Fangs and Claws, and stooping from
 your Horse
 Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.
Jub. Prithce, no more!

Syph. How wou'd the old King smile
 To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd
 with Gold,
 And throw the shaggy Spoils about your
 Shoulders! 320

Jub. *Syphax* this old Man's Talk (tho'
 Honey flow'd
 In ev'ry Word) wou'd now lose all its
 Sweetness.

Cato& displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!
Syph. Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you
 good Advice.

Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, *Syphax*?
 By Heav'n's, thou turn'st me all into Atten-
 tion.

Syph. *Marcia* might still be yours.

Jub. As how, Dear *Syphax*?

Syph. *Juba* command's *Numidia*'s hardy
 Troops,
 Mounted on Steeds, unused to the Re-
 straint
 Of Curbs or Bits, and fleetier than the
 Winds: 330
 Give but the Word, we'll snatch this Dam-
 sel up,
 And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest Thoughts
 Rise up in Man! wou'dst thou seduce my
 Youth
 To do an Act that wou'd destroy my
 Honour?

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my Beard to
 hear you talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
 That draws in raw and unexperienced Men
 To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a
 Shadow.

Jub. Wou'dst thou degrade thy Prince into
 a Ruffian?

Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these
 great Men, 340
 Whose Virtues you admire, were all such
 Ruffians.

This Dread of Nations, this Almighty
Rome,

That comprehends in her wide Empire's
 Bounds

All under Heav'n, was founded on a Rape.
 Your *Scipios*'s, *Cæsar*'s, *Pompey*'s, and your
Cato's,

(These Gods on Earth) are all the spurious
 Brood

Of violated Maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I fear that hoary Head of
 thine

About's too much in our *Numidian* Wiles.

Syph. Indeed my Prince, you want to
 know the World, 350

You have not read Mankind, your Youth
 admire's

The Throws^o and Swellings of a *Roman*
 Soul,

Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of
 Virtue.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes
 Man perfidious,

May *Juba* ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
 This Arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a
 Traitor,

A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [Aside.

Jub. *Cato* shall know the Baseness of thy
 Soul.

Syph. I must appease this Storm, or perish
 in it. [Aside. 300

Young Prince, behold these Locks, that are
 grown white

Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battels.

Jub. Those Locks shall ne'er protect thy
 Insolence.

Syph. Must one rash Word, th' Infirmary
 of Age,

Throw down the Merit of my better Years?
 This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!

Curse on the Boy! How steadily he hears
 me! [Aside.

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my Fore-
 fathers

Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numddian*'s
 Crown

Hangs doubtful yet, whose Head it shall
 enclose, 370

Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince
 with Scorn?

[Throws] the older spelling of *throes*.

Syph. Why will you rive my Heart with
such Expressions?

Do's not old *Syphax* follow you to War?
What are his Aims? Why do's he load with
Darts
His trembling Hand, and crush beneath a
Cask
His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aspires
to?

Is it not this? to shed the slow Remains,
His last poor Ebb of Blood in your De-
fence?

Jub. Syphax, no more! I wou'd not hear
you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my
Faith to *Juba*, 380
My royal Master's Son, is call'd in ques-
tion?

My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be
dumb:

But whilst I live I must not hold my
Tongue,
And languish out old Age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into
my Heart,

I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph. What greater Instance can I give?
I've offer'd

To do an Action which my Soul abhor's,
And gain you whom you love at any Price.

Jub. Was this thy Motive? I have been
too hasty. 390

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has
call'd me Traytor.

Jub. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call
thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you
call'd me Traytor:

Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to
Cato.

Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain
to *Cato*?

That *Syphax* loves you, and wou'd sacrifice
His Life, nay more, his Honour in your
Service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but
indeed

Thy Zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far. 399
Honour's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aid's and strengthens Virtue, where it
meets her,

And imitates her Actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By Heav'n's
I'm ravisht when you talk thus, tho' you
chide me.

Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious Zeal to serve my King
The ruling Principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.
Happy the People who preserve their Hon-
our 410

By the same Duties that oblige their
Prince!

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak
thy self.

Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Na-
tions

For Breach of publick Vows. Our *Punick*
Faith

Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away
Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Repu-
tation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old
Syphax weep

To hear you talk——but Mis with Tears
of Joy.

If e're your Father's Crown adorn your
Brows, 420

Numidia will be blest by *Cafo*'s Lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy Hand! we'll mutually
forget

The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardness
of Age:

Thy Prince esteems thy Worth, and loves
thy Person.

If e're the Scepter comes into my Hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my King-
dom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my Age
with Kindness?

My Joy grows burdensome, I shaVt sup-
port it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try
to find

Some blest Occasion that may set me right
In *Cato*'s Thoughts. I'd rather have that
Man 431

Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Ad-
mirers.

[Exit.

Syphax solus.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget
Affronts;

Old Age is slow in both——A false old Traytor!

Those Words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee dear:

My Heart had still some foolish Fondness for thee:

But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the Winds:——

Cæsar, I'm wholly thine——

Enter Sempronius.

Syph. All hail, *Sempronius*!
Well, *Cato's* Senate is resolv'd to wait
The Fury of a Siege, before it yields. 440

Semp. *Syphax*, we both were on the Verge of Fate:

Lucius declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd

To *Cato* by a Messenger from *Cæsar*.
Shou'd they submit, ere our Designs are ripe,

We both must perish in the common Wreck,
Lost in a gen'ral undistinguish'd Ruin.

Syph. But how stands *Cato*?

Semp. Thou hast seen Mount *Atlas*:
While Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,

And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmoved, and glorie's in its Height. 450

Such is that haughty Man; his tow'ring Soul,

'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,

Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Syph. But what's this Messenger?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a Means to let the Victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his Friends.

But let me now examine in my Turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?

Syph. Yes, but it is to *Cato*.

I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reason on him,
Sooth'd and carress'd, been angry, sooth'd again, 460

Lay'd Safety, Life, and Int'rest in his Sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no Matter, we shall do without him.

He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph,
And serve to trip before the Victor's Chariot.

Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba's* Cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou wou'dst have her!

Semp. *Syphax*, I love that Woman; tho' I curse

Her and my self, yet spight of me, I love her. 470

Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.
But are thy Troops prepared for a Revolt?
Do's the Sedition catch from Man to Man,
And run among their Ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready.

The factious Leaders are our Friends, that spread

Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers.

They count their toilsome Marches, long Fatigues,

Unusual Fastings, and will bear no more
This Medly of Philosophy and War. 480

Within an Hour they'll storm the Senate-House.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* Troops

Within the Square, to exercise their Arms,
And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction

Pou'rs in upon him thus from every Side.

So, where our wide *Numidian* Wasts extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,

Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play, 490

Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.

The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprise, }
Sees the dry Desart all around him rise, }
And, smother 'd in the dusty Whirlwind }
Dies. }

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Marcus and Portius.

Marc. Thanks to my Stars, I have not ranged about

The Wilds of Life, 'ere I cou'd find a Friend;

Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,

And early taught me, by her secret Force,
To love thy Person, 'ere I knew thy Merit;
Till, what was Instinct, grew up into Friend-
ship.

Port. Marcus, the Friendships of the
World are oft
Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleas-
ure;

Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis,
And such a Friendship end's not but with
Life. 10

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my Soul in
all its Weakness;

Then prithee spare me on its tender Side,
Indulge me but in Love, my other Passions
Shall rise and fall by Virtue's nicest Rules.

Port. When Love's well timed, 'tis not a
Fault to love.

The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and
the Wise,
Sink in the soft Captivity together.

I woud' not urge thee to dismiss thy Pas-
sion,

(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its
Force,

Till better Times may make it look more
graceful.

Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who
never felt

Th' impatient Throbbs and Longings of a
Soul,

That pant's, and reache's after distant
Good.

A Lover do's not live by vulgar Time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* Absence
Life hang's upon me, and become's a Bur-
den;

And yet when I behold the charming Maid
I'm ten-times more undone; while Hope,
and Fear,

And Grief, and Rage, and Love, rise up
at once,

And with Variety of Pain distract me. 30

Port. What can thy *Portius* do to give
thee Help?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the Fair
One's Presence;

Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to
her

With all the Strength and Heats of Elo-
quence

Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy Brother languish's to Death,
And fade's away, and wither's in his Bloom ;

That he forgets his Sleep, and loath's his
Food,
That Youth, and Health, and War are joy-
less to him:

Describe his anxious Days, and restless
Nights, 40

And all the Torments that thou see'st me
suffer.

Port. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an
Office

That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st
my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my
Woes?

And wilt thou not reach out a friendly
Arm,

To raise me from amidst this Plunge of
Sorrows?

Port. Marcus, thou can'st not ask what
I'd refuse.

But here believe me I've a thousand Rea-
sons——

Marc. I know thou'lt say my Passion's
out of Season,

That *Cato's* great Example and Misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my
Thoughts. 51

But what's all this to one who loves like
me!

Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my Soul I wish
Thou didst but know thy self what 'tis to
love!

Then woud'st thou pity and assist thy
Brother.

Port. What shou'd I do! If I disclose my
Passion

Our Friendship's at an end: If I conceal it,
The World will call me false to a Friend
and Brother. [*Aside.*]

Marc. But see where *Lucia* at her wonted
Hour,

Amid the cool of yon high Marble Arch, 60
Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze! Observe her,
Portius!

That Face, that Shape, those Eyes, that
Heav'n of Beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou
can'st.

Port. She sees us, and advances——

Marc. I'll withdraw,

And leave you for a while. Remember,
Portius,

Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy
Tongue, [*Exit.*]

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your Brother Marcus here?

Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence?

Port. Oh, *Lucia*, Language is too faint to show 69

His Rage of Love; it prey's upon his Life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His Passions and his Virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigur'd in him.

Heav'ns! wou'd one think 'twere possible for Love

To make such Ravage in a noble Soul!

Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd! my Heart bleeds for him;

Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,

A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,

And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me. 80

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock

Of Love and Friendship! think betimes, my *Portius*,

Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure

Our mutual Bliss, wou'd raise to such a Height

Thy Brother's Grievs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Port. Alas, poor Youth! what dost thou think, my *Lucia*?

His gen'rous, open, undesigning Heart

Has beg'd his Rival to solicit for him.

Then do not strike him dead with a Denial,

But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul 90

With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope:

Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy Hours,

And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us——

Luc. No, *Portius*, no! I see thy Sister's Tears,

Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death,

In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Loves.

And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,

To Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,

Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,

While such a Cloud of Mischiefs hang's about us. 100

But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out

From all my Thoughts, as far—as I am able

Port. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck!—Recall

Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips?

The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.

May all the Vengeance, that was ever pour'd

On perjur'd Heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it! [After a Pause.

Port. Fixt in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee;

Like one just blasted by a Stroak from Heav'n, no

Who pant's for Breath, and stiffen's, yet alive,

In dreadful Looks: A Monument of Wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest Part,

I feel the Woman breaking in upon me, And melt about my Heart! my Tears will flow.

But oh I'll think no more! the Hand of Fate

Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Port. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid!

Luc. Oh stop those Sounds,

Those killing Sounds! Why dost thou frown upon me?

My Blood run's cold, my Heart forget's to heave, 120

And Life its self goe's out at thy Displeasure.

The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves, But oh! I cannot bear thy Hate and live!

Port. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force.

I've been deluded, led into a Dream Of fancied Bliss. O *Lucia*, cruel Maid!

Thy dreadful Vows, loaden with Death, still
sound's

In my stunn'd Ears. What shall I say or
do?

Quick, let us part! Perdition's in thy Pres-
ence,

And Horror dwells about thee!—Hah, she
faints! 130

Wretch that I am! what has my Rashness
done!

Lucia, thou injur'd Innocence! thou best
And lovely'st of thy Sex! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* rushe's on his Sword to join thee.

—Her Imprecations reach not to the
Tomb,

They shut not out Society in Death.—

But Hah! She moves! Life wander's up and
down

Through all her Face, and light's up ev'ry
Charm.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well!—to frown
on her

That lives upon thy Smiles! to call in
Doubt 140

The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,
That love's thee more than ever Woman
lov'd!

—What do I say? My half-recover'd
Sense

Forget's the Vow in which my Soul is
bound.

Destruction stand's betwixt us! We must
part.

Port. Name not the Word, my frighted
Thoughts run back,

And startle into Madness at the Sound.

Luc. What wou'dst thou have me do?
Consider well

The Train of Ills our Love wou'd draw
behind it.

Think, *Portius*, think, thou see'st thy dying
Brother 150

Stabb'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with
Blood,

Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful
Sire

Sternly demand's the Cause, th' accursed
Cause,

That robb's him of his Son! poor *Marcia*
tremble's,

Then teares her Hair, and frantick in her
Griefs

Call's out on *Lucia*!. What cou'd *Lucia* an-
swer?

Or how stand up in such a Scene of Sorrow!

Port. To my Confusion, and Eternal
Grief,

I must approve the Sentence that destroys
me.

The Mist that hung about my Mind dear's
up; 160

And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st
more fair,

More amiable, and risest in thy Charms.

Lovly'st of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,
Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round
thee,

Bright'ning each other! Thou art all Divine!

Luc. *Portius*, no more! thy Words shoot
thro' my Heart,

Melt my Resolves, and turn me all to
Love.

Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy
Eyes?

Why heaves thy Heart? Why swells thy
Soul with Sorrow? 170

It softens me too much—Farewell, my
Portius,

Farewell, tho' Death is in the Word, For-
ever!

Port. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What do'st thou
say? For-ever!

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, *Portius*, thy
Success

Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, Fare-
well,

Oh, how shall I repeat the Word! For-ever!

Port. Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' un-
steady Flame

Hang's quiv'ring on a Point, leap's off by
Fits,

And fall's again, as loath to quit its Hold
—Thou must not go, my Soul still hover's

o'er thee 180

And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shake

To hear of Parting, think what *Lucia* suf-
fer's!

Port. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've
met

The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd for Storm of Ills fall's
on me,

It beat's down all my Strength. I cannot
bear it.

We must not part.

Luc. What do'st thou say? Not part?

Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made?

Are there not Heav'ns and Gods and Thunders o'er us!

—But see thy Brother *Marcus* bend's this way! 190

I sicken at the Sight. Once more, Farewell, Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st

Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine.

[Exit.

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what Hopes? how stands She? Am I doom'd

To Life or Death?

Port. What wou'dst thou have me say?

Marc. What mean's this pensive Posture? thou appear'st

Like one amazed and terrified.

Port. I've Reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast Looks, and thy disorder'd Thoughts

Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Success My Cause has found.

Port. I'm griev'd I undertook it. 200

Mar. What? do's the barb'rous Maid insult my Heart,

My akeing Heart! and triumph in my Pains?

That I cou'd cast her from my Thoughts for ever!

Port. Away! you're too suspicious in your Grievs;

Lucia, though sworn never to think of Love, Compassionate's your Pains, and pitie's you.

Marc. Compassionate's my Pains, and pitie's me!

What is Compassion when 'tis void of Love! Fool that I was to chuse so-cold a Friend To urge my Cause! Compassionate's my Pains! 210

Prithce what Art, what Rhet'rick did'st thou use

To gain this mighty Boon? She pitie's me! To one that ask's the warm Returns of Love,

Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death—

Port. Marcus, no more! have I deserv'd this Treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O *Portius*, O forgive me!

A Soul exasperated in Ills falls out

With ev'ry thing, its Friend, its self—But hah!

What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War?

What new Alarm?

Port. A second, louder yet, 220 Swells in the Winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious Cause to fall in Battel!

Lucia, thou hast-undone me! thy Disdain Has broke my Heart: 'tis Death must give me Ease.

Port. Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato's* Life

Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my Heart

Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory. [Exeunt.

Enter Sempronius with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Semp. At length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blow's high,

Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up In it's full Fury, and direct it right, 230 'Till it has spent it self on *Cato's* Head.

Mean while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem

One of the Number, that whate'er arrive, My Friends and Fellow-Soldiers may be safe. [Exit.^o

1 *Lead.* We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our Friend,

Sempronius is as brave a Man as *Cato*.

But heark! he Enters. Bear up boldly to him;

Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast:

This Day will end our Toils, and give us Rest; 239

Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our Friend.

Enter Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid Sons of War,

That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,

And to their General send a brave Defiance?

Semp. Curse on their Dastard Souls, they stand astonish'd! [Aside.

[Exit.] Q 5, 8th ed.; om. Qq 1, 2, 3, 4.

Cato. Perfidious Men! and will you thus dishonour

Your past Exploits, and sully all your Wars?

Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for Rome,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the Spoil

Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces? 250

Fired with such Motives you do well to join

With *Cato's* Foes, and follow *Cæsar's* Banners.

Why did I 'scape the invenom'd Aspic's Rage,

And all the fiery Monsters of the Desert,
To see this Day?' Why cou'd not *Cato* fall
Without your Guilt? Behold, ungrateful⁰
Men,

Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injured strike the Blow.

Which of you all suspect's that he is wrong'd, 259

Or think's he suffer's greater Ills than *Cato*?
Am I distinguished from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares!

Painful Pre-eminence!

Scmp. By Heav'ns they droop!
Confusion to the Villains! All is lost.

[*Aside.*

Cato. Have you forgotten *Lybia's* burning Wast,

Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,

Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison?

Who was the first to explore th' untrodden Path,

When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?

Or, fainting in the long laborious March, 270
When on the Banks of an unlook'd for Stream

You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted?

Semp. If some penurious Source by chance appear'd,

Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to *Cato*,

Behold, ungrateful! Behold ungrateful Q 5.

Did not he dash th' untasted Moisture from him?

Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,

And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow

In the same sultry Winds, and scorching Heats? 280

Cato. Hence worthless Men! Hence! and complain to *Cæsar*

You could not undergo the Toils of War,
Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy Men! they weep!

Fear, and Remorse, and Sorrow for their Crime,

Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest Men, give up your Leaders,

And Pardon shall descend on all the rest.
Semp. Cato, commit these Wretches to my Care.

First let 'em each be broken on the Rack. 290
Then, with what Life remain's, impaled, and left

To writhe at leisure round the bloody Stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind.

The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,

When they look up and see their Fellow-Traitors

Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the Fate

Of wretched Men?

Semp. How! wou'dst thou clear Rebellion!

Lucius, (good Man) pitie's the poor Offenders

That wou'd imbrue their Hands in *Cato's* Blood. 300

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius!*—See they suffer Death,

But in their Deaths remember they are Men.

Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.

Lucius, the base degenerate Age requires Severity and Justice in its Rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending World,

Command's Obedience, and give's Force to
Laws.

When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals
perish,

The Gods behold their Punishment with
Pleasure,

And lay th' uplifted Thunder-Bolt aside, 310
Semp. Cato, I execute thy Will with
Pleasure.

Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to
Liberty.

Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the
Rights,

The gen'rous Plan of Power deliver'd down,
From Age to Age, by your renown'd Fore-

• fathers,
(So dearly bought, the Price of so much
Blood)

O let it never perish in your Hands!

But piously transmit it to your Children.

Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,

And make our Lives in thy Possession
happy, 820

Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence.

Exe. Cato, &c.

*Sempronius and the Leaders of the
Mutiny.*

1 *Lead.* *Sempronius*, you have acted like
your Self,

One would have thought you had been half
in Earnest.

Semp. Villain, stand off! base grov'ling
worthless Wretches,

Mongrils in Faction, poor faint-hearted
Traitors!

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far,
Sempronius:

Throw off the Mask, there are none here
but Friends.

Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry
Slaves presume

To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeed's,
They're thrown neglected by: But if it
fail's, 330

They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall
do.

Here, take these factious Monsters, dragg
'em forth

To sudden Death.

Enter Guards.

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this—

Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck
out their Tongues,

Least with their dying Breath they sow
Sedition.

[Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.]

Enter Syphax.

Syph. Our first Design, my Friend, has
proved abortive;

Still there remains an After-game to play:
My Troops are mounted; their *Numidian*
Steeds

Snuff up the Wind, and long to scow'r the
Desart:

Let but *Sempronius* head us in our Flight, 310
We'll force the Gate where *Marcus* keeps

his Guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our
Passage.

A Day will bring us into *Ca'sar's* Camp.

Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my
Purpose.

Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind!

Syph. How? will *Sempronius* turn a
Woman's Slave!

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel
the soft

Unmanly Warmth, and Tenderness of Love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty
Maid,

And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Pas-
sion: 350

When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thy
self, *Sempronius.*

What hinder's then, but that thou find
her out,

And hurry her away by manly Force?
Semp. But how to gain Admission? for
Access

Is giv'n to none but *Juba*, and her Brothers.
Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba's* Dress, and
Juba's Guards:

The Doors will open, when *Numidia's*
Prince

Seem's to appear before the Slaves, that
watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns, what a Thought is there!
Marcia's my own! 360

How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,

With glowing Beauty, and disorder'd
Charms,

While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,

Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face!
 So *Pluto*, seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
 To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted
 Maid,
 There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beau-
 teous Prize,
 Nor envy'd *Jove* his Sun-shine and his
 Skies.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lucia and Marcia.

LMC Now tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from
 thy Soul,

If thou believ'st it possible for Woman
 To suffer greater Ills than *Lucia* suffers?

Marc. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big
 swolnⁿ Heart

Vent all its Grievs, and give a Loose to
 Sorrow:

Marcia cou'd answer thee in Sighs, keep
 Pace

With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for
 Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be
 belov'd

By *Juba*, and thy Father's Friend *Sem-
 pronius*;

But which of these has Pow'r to charm like
Portius! 10

Marc. Still must I beg thee not to name
Sempronius?

Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous Man:
Juba to all the Brav'ry of a Heroe

Adds softest Love, and more than Female
 Sweetness;

Juba might make the proudest of our Sex,
 Any of Woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not *Marcia*? Come, you
 strive in vain

To hide your Thoughts from one, who
 know's too well

The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc. While *Cato* live's, his Daughter has
 no Right 20

To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this Father give you to
Sempronius?

Marc. I dare not think he will: but if he
 shou'd—

big 8iuoln] *big-swoln* 8th ed.

Why wilt thou add to all the Grievs I suffer
 Imaginary Ills, and fancy'd Tortures?

I hear the Sound of Feet! they march this
 Way!

Let us retire, and try if we can drown
 Each softer Thought in Sense of present
 Danger.

When Love once plead's Admission to our
 Hearts

(In spite of all the Virtue we can boast) 30
 The Woman that Deliberates is lost.

[Exeunt.

*Enter Sempronius, dress'd like Juba, with
 Numidian Guards.*

Semp. The Deer is lodg'd. I've trackt her
 to her Covert.

Be sure you mind the Word, and when I
 give it,

Rush in at once, and seize upon your Prey.
 Let not her Cries or Tears have Force to
 move you.

—How will the young *Numidian* rave, to
 see

His Mistress lost? If aught cou'd glad my
 Soul,

Beyond th' Enjoyment of so bright a Prize,
 'Twou'd be to torture that young, gay, Bar-
 barbarian.

—But hark, what Noise! Death to my
 Hopes! 'tis he, 40

'Tis *Juba's* self! there is but one Way
 left—

He must be murder'd, and a Passage cut
 Through those his Guards—Hah, Dastards,
 do you tremble!

Or act like Men, or by yon azure
 Heav'n—

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this that
 dares usurp

The Guards and Habits of *Numidia's*
 Prince?

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy
 Arrogance,

Presumptuous Youth!

Jub. What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

Semp. My Sword shall answer thee. Have
 at thy Heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud,
 barbrous^o Man! 50

*[Semp. falls. His Guards surrender,
 barbrous] barbarous Q 5.*

Semp. Curse on my Stars! Am I then
doom'd to fall

By a Boy's Hand? disfigur'd in a vife
Numidian Dress, and for a worthless
Woman?

Gods, I'm Distracted! This my Close of
Life!

O for a Peal of Thunder that wou'd make
Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n, and *Cato*
tremble! [*Dies.*

Juba. With what a Spring his furious Soul
broke loose,
And left the Limbs still quiv'ring on the
Ground!

Hence let us carry off those Slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all 80
This dark Design, this Mystery of Fate.

[*Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.*

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the Clash of Swords; my
troubled Heart

Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its Sor-
rows,

It throb's with Fear, and ake's at ev'ry
Sound.

O *Marcia*, shou'd thy Brothers for my
Sake!—

1 die away with Horror at the Thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, see! here's Blood! here's
Blood and Murder!

Hah! a *Numidian*! Heav'ns preserve the
Prince:

The Face lie's muffled up within the Gar-
ment.

But hah! Death to my Sight! a Diadem, 70
And Purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he,
Juba, the loveliest Youth that ever warm'd
a Virgin's Heart, *Juba* lie's dead before us!

Lac. Now *Marcia*, now call up to thy
Assistance

Thy wonted Strength, and Constancy of
Mind;

Thou can'st not put it to a greater Tryal.

Marc. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at
my Patience.

Have .1 not cause to rave, and beat my
Breast,

To rend my Heart with Grief, and run dis-
tracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give
thee Comfort? 80

Mar. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter
Ills:

Behold a Sight, that strike's all Comfort
dead.

Enter Juba listning.

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair,
That Man, that best of Men, deserv'd it
from me.

Juba. What do I hear? and was the false
Sempronius

That best of Men? O had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had
been happy!

Luc. Here will I stand, Companion in thy
Woes,

And help thee with my Tears; when I be-
hold 90

A Loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tor-
tured Breast.

This empty World, to me a joyless Desart,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia*
happy.

Juba. I'm on the Rack! Was he so near
her Heart?

Marc. Oh he was all made up of Love and
Charms,

Whatever Maid cou'd wish, or Man admire:
Delight of ev'ry Eye! When he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladdned all that saw
him;

But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman*
blush'd 100

To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

Juba. I shall run Mad——

Marc. O *Juba!* *Juba!* *Juba!*

Juba. What means that Voice? did she
not call on *Juba*?

Marc. Why do I think on what he was!
he's dead!

He's dead, and never knew how much I
lov'd him.

Lucia, who know's but his poor bleeding
Heart

Amidst its Agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the last Words he utter'd call'd me
Cruel!

Alas, he knew not, hapless Youth, he knew
not

Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and
Juba! 110

Juba. Where am I! do I live! or am in-
deed

What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elisium* round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!

Nor Modesty nor Virtue here forbid

A last Embrace, while thus——

Juba. See, *Marcia*, see,^o

The happy *Juba* live's! he live's to catch

That dear Embrace, and to return it too

With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love.

Marc. With Pleasure and Amaze, I stand transported!

Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and Alive at once!

If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch, 121

Disguised like *Juba* on a curs'd Design.

The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out,

Thy Father know's it all. I cou'd not bear

To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,

But flew, in all the haste of Love, to find thee.

I found thee weeping, and confess this once, Am wrap'd^o with Joy to sec my *Marcia*'s Tears.

Marc. I've been surprized in an unguarded Hour,

But must not now go back: The Love, that lay 130

Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke through all

Its weak Restraints, and burn's in its full Lustre,

I cannot, if I wou'd, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in Extasie! and do'st thou love,

Thou charming Maid?

Marc. And do'st thou live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is Life indeed! Life worth preserving!

Such Life as *Juba* never felt till now!

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,

I did not know my self how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate Mistake!

Marc. O happy *Marcial* 140

Jub. My Joy! my best Beloved! my only Wish!

See, *Marcia*, see,] 8th ed. adds S.D. [Throwing himself before her.

wrap'd] an erroneous spelling of *rapt*, found in the eighteenth century.

How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!

Marc. *Lucia*, thy Arm! Oh let me rest upon it!——

The Vital Blood, that, had forsook my Heart,

Return's again in such tumultuous Tides, It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my Apartment.

O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,

But Fate has wrested the Confession from me;

Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour, Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for thee,

And make the Gods propitious to our Love.

[*Ex. Marc.* and *Luc.*

Jub. I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream. 152

Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all Thy past Unkindness. I absolve my Stars.

What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd Towns

And Provinces to swell the Victor's Triumph?

Juba will never at his Fate repine,

Let *Cæsar* have the World, if *Marcia*'s mine, [Exit.

A March at a Distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish't! What, the bold *Sempronius*!

That still broke foremost through the Croud of Patriots, 160

As with a Hurricane of Zeal transported,

And virtuous ev'n to madness——

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius*,

Our civil Discords have produced such Crimes,

Such monstrous Crimes, I am surprized at nothing.

——O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad World! The Day-Light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where *Portius* come's! What mean's this Haste?

Why are thy Looks thus changed?

Port. My Heart is griev'd.

1 bring such News as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* Blood?

Port. Not so. 170

The Traytor *Syphax*, as within the Square

He exercised his Troops, the Signal giv'n,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* Horse
To the South Gate, where *Marcus* holds the Watch.

I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He toss'd has Arm aloft, and proudly told me,

He wou'd not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.

Cato. Perfidious Men! But haste my Son, and see

Thy Brother *Marcus* act's a *Roman's* Part.
[Exit *Portius*.

—*Lucius*, the Torrent bears too hard upon me: 180

Justice give's Way to Force: the conquer'd World

Is *Cæsar's*: *Cato* has no Business in it.

Luc. While Pride, Oppression, and Injustice reign,

The World will still demand her *Cato's* Presence.

In Pity to Mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
And reconcile thy Mighty Soul to Life.

Cato. Wou'd *Lucius* have me live to swell the Number

Of *Cæsar's* Slaves, or by a base Submission
Give up the Cause of *Rome*, and own a Tyrant?

Luc. The Victor never will impose on *Cato* 190

Ungen'rous Terms. His Enemies confess
The Virtues of Humanity are *Cæsar's*.

Cato. Curse on his Virtues! They've undone his Country.

Such Popular Humanity is Treason——
But see young *Juba!* the good Youth appears

Full of the Guilt of his perfidious Subjects.

Lac. Alas, poor Prince! his Fate deserves Compassion.

Enter *Juba.*'

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear

Before thy Presence, *Cato*.

Cato. What's thy Crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian*.

Cato And a brave one too, 200

Thou hast a *Roman* Soul.

Jub. Hast thou not heard

Of my false Countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young Prince,
Falshood and Fraud shoot up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes——*Rome* has its *Cæsars*.

Jub. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the Distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give Applause where 'tis deserv'd; •

Thy Virtue, Prince, has stood the Test of Fortune,

Like purest Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,

Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Juba. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd Heart 210

O'erflows with secret Joy: I'd rather gain
Thy Praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* Empire.

Enter *Portius* hastily.^o

Port. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief
' on Grief!

My Brother *Marcus*——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?

Has he forsook his Post? has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Port. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him

Born on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers,

Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.

Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends, 220

He stood the Shock of a whole Host of Foes,

Till obstinately Brave, and bent on Death,
Opprest with Multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Port. Nor did he fall before

His Sword had pierc'd through the false Heart of *Syphax*:

Yonder he lie's. I saw the hoary Traytor
Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.

Enter *Portius* hastily.] Re-enter *Portius*. 8th ed.

——*Portius*, when I am dead, besure⁰ thou place
His Urne near mine.

Port. Long may they keep asunder! 230

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy Soul with all its
Patience;
See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches!
The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome my Son! Here lay him
down, my Friends,
Full in my Sight, that I may view at
leisure
The bloody Coarse, and count those glorious Wounds.
How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by
Virtue!
Who wou'd not be that Youth? what Pity
is it
That we can die but once to serve our
Country! 240
Why sit'a this Sadness on your Brows, my
'Friends?
I shou'd have blush'd if *Cato's* House had
stood
Secure, and flourished in a Civil War.

——*Portius*, behold thy Brother, and remember
Thy Life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Juba. Was ever Man like this! [*Aside.*

Cato. Alas my Friends!

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private
Loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our
Tears.

The Mistress of the World, the Seat of
Empire,

The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the
Earth, 251

And set the Nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

Juba. Behold that upright Man! *Rome*
fills his Eyes

With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own
dead Son. {*Aside.*

besure] an obsolete form of the phrase *be sure*.
See p. 842 *infra*.

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* Virtue has
subdu'd,

The Sun's whole Course, the Day and Year,
are *Cæsar's*.

For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:

Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh my
Friends! 260

How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
The *Roman* Empire fall'n! O curst Ambition!

Fall'n into *Cæsar's* Hands! Our great Fore-
Fathers

Had left him nought to Conquer but his
Country.

Juba. While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will blush
to see

Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire.

Cato. *Cæsar* ashamed! Has not he seen
Pharsalia!

Luc. Cato, 'tis Time thou save thy self
and us.

Cato. Lose not a Thought on me. I'm
out of Danger.

Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's
Hand. 270

Cæsar shall never say I've conquer'd *Cato*.
But oh! my Friends, your Safety fills my
Heart

With anxious Thoughts: A thousand secret
Terrors,

Rise in my Soul: How shall I save my
Friends!

'Tis now, O *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Cæsar has Mercy, if we ask it of
him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him
know

Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did
it.

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I my self, with Tears, request it of
him, 280

The Virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish'd.

Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy Sake.
Shou'd I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,

Or seek the Conqueror?——

Juba. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have Life, may Heav'n abandon
Juba!

Cato. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foresee
aright,
Will one Day make thee Great; at-fime,
hereafter,
Twill be no Crime to have been *Cato's*
Friend.

Portius, draw near! My Son, thou oft
hast seen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted State, 290
Wrestling with Vice and Faction: Now
thou see'st me

Spent, overpower'd, despairing of Success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,⁰
Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own
Hands,

And all our frugal Ancestors were bless'd
In humble Virtues, and a Rural Life.
There live retired, pray for the Peace of
Rome,

Content thy self to be Obscurely good.
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear
Sway, 800

The Post of Honour is a private Station.

Port. I hope, my Father does not recom-
mend

A Life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my Friends! if there be
any of you

That dares⁰ not trust the Victor's Clem-
ency,

Know there are Ships prepared by my
Command,

(Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds)
That shall convey you to the wisht-for
Port.

Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do
for you?

The Conqueror draws near. Once more
Farewel! 310

If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.
There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue
fired,

[*Pointing to the Body of⁰ his dead*
Son.

Who greatly in his Country's Cause ex-
pired,

Sabine Field] *Cato* *Censorius*, the great-great-
grandfather of *Cato*, the protagonist of this play,
often worked on the small farm which he owned in
the *Sabine* territory.

That dares] *Who dare* 8th ed,
the *Body of*] *ora*, 8th ed.

Shall know he Conquer'd. The firm Patriot
there

(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his
Care)

Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune,
crost,

Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not lost.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture:
In his Hand Plato's Book on the Immortal-
ity of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the
Table by him.

It must be so—*Plato*, thou reason'st
well!——

Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond
Desire,

This Longing after Immortality?

Or whence this secret Dread, and inward
Horror,

Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the
Soul

Back on her self, and startles at Destruc-
tion?

'Tis the Divinity that stir's within us;

'Tis Heav'n its self, that point's out an
Hereafter,

And intimate's Eternity to Man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being, 11

Through what new Scenes and Changes
must we pass!

The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lie's be-
fore me;

But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness, rest
upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above
us,

(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in
Virtue;

And that which he delights in must be
happy.

But when! or where!—This World was
made for *Cæsar*.

I'm weary of Conjectures——This must
end 'em. 20

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and
Life,

My Bane and Antidote are both before me:

This in a Moment brings me to an End:
 But this inform's me I shall never die.
 The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smile's
 At the drawn Dagger, and defie's its Point.
 The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in
 Years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements, 30
 The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of
 Worlds.

What means this Heaviness that hangs
 upon me?
 This Lethargy that creeps through all my
 Senses?
 Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with
 Care,
 Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour
 her.
 That my awaken'd Soul may take her
 Flight,
 Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with
 Life,
 An Off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or
 Fear
 Disturb Man's Rest: *Cato* knows neither
 of 'em,
 Indiff'rent in his Choice to sleep or die. 40

Enter Portius.

But hah! how's this, my Son? Why this
 Intrusion?
 Were not my Orders that I wou'd be private?
 Why am I disobey'd?
Port. Alas, my Father!
 What means this Sword? this Instrument of
 Death?
 Let me convey it hence!
Cato. Rash Youth, forbear!
Port. O let the Pray'rs, th' Entreaties of
 your Friends,
 Their Tears, their common Danger wrest it
 from you.

young Man!—] Qq 1, 2. Here Qq 3, 4, 5, 8th
 ed. interpolate two speeches:—

Port. Look not thus sternly on me
 You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm Master of my self.
 Now, Caesar, let thy Troops beset our Gates,
 And barr each Avenue, thy gath'ring Fleets
 O'er-spread the Sea, and stop up ev'ry Port;
Cato shall open to himself a Passage,
 And mock Thy Hopes—

Cato. Wou'd'st thou betray me? Wou'd'st
 thou give me up

A Slave, a Captive, into *Cæsar's* Hands?
 Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father, 50
 Or know, young Man!—°

Port. O Sir, forgive your Son,
 Whose Grief hangs heavy on him! O my
 Father!

How am I sure it is not the last Time
 I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeased,
 O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
 And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech
 you

To quit the dreadful Purpose of your
 Soul.

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and
 dutiful. *[Embracing him.*
 Weep not, my Son. All will be well again.
 The righteous Gods, whom I have sought
 to please, 60
 Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his Chil-
 dren.

Port. Your Words give Comfort to my
 drooping Heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my
 Conduct.

Thy Father will not act what misbecome's
 him.

But go, my Son, and see if aught be want-
 ing

Among thy Father's Friends; see them
 embarqued;

And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend
 them.

My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care,
 and asks

The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep.
[Exit.

Port. My Thoughts are more at Ease, my
 Heart revives. 70

Enter Marcia.

O *Marcia*, O my Sister, still there's Hope!
 Our Father will not cast away a Life
 So needful to us all, and to his Country.
 He is retired to Rest, and seems to cherish
 Thoughts full of Peace. He has dispatcht
 me hence

With Orders, that bespeak a Mind com-
 posed,

And studious for the Safety of his
 Friends.

Marcia, take care that none disturb his Slumbers. *[Exit.]*

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Good,⁰
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose, 80
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And show Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your Father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?

Marc. *Lucia*, speak low, he is retired to Rest.

Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning Hope
Rise in my Soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,

In every View, in every Thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God; 90
He knows not how to wink at humane Frailty,⁰

Or pardon Weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the Foes of *Rome*,

He is all Goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his Friends.
Fill'd with Domestick Tenderness, the best,
The kindest Father! I have ever found him
Easie, and good, and bounteous to my Wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his Consent alone can make us bless'd.

Marcia, we both are equally involv'd 100
In the same intricate, perplex'd, Distress.
The cruel Hand of Fate, that has destroy'd
Thy Brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament——

Marc. And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth!

Luc. Has set my Soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my Vow. But who knows *Cato*'s Thoughts?

Who know's how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,

Or how he has determin'd of thy self?

Marc. Let him but live! commit the rest to Heav'n.

Good] Qq 1, 2; *Just* Qq 3, 4, 5, 8th ed.

humane Frailty] Q 5; *humne Frailty* Qq 1, 4;
humne Frail ty Qq 2, 3.

Enter Lucius.

Luc.^o Sweet are the Slumbers of the Virtuous Man! 110

O *Marcia*, I have seen thy Godlike Father:
Some Pow'r invisible support's his Soul,
And bear's it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,

He smiled, and cry'd, *Ccesar* thou can'st not hurt me.

Marc. His Mind still labour's with some dreadful Thought.

Luc. *Lucia*, why all this Grief, these Floods of Sorrow?

Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are safe
While *Cato* lives——His Presence will protect us. 121

Enter Juba.

Juba. *Lucius*, the Horsemen are return'd from viewing

The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes,

Who now encamp within a short Hour's March.

On the high Point of yon bright Western Tower

We kenn them from afar, the setting Sun
Plays on their shining Arms and burnish'd Helmets,

And cover's all the Field with Gleams of Fire.

Luc. *Marcia*, 'tis time we shou'd awake thy Father.

Cæsar is still disposed to give us Terms, 110
And waits at Distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy Looks speak somewhat of Importance.

What Tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see

Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes.

Port. As I was hasting to the Port, where now

My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,

Accuse the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arrived

*Luc*l Refers to Lucius, not Lucia; and so to the end of the act.

From *Pompcy's* Son, who through the
 Realms of *Spain*
 Call's out for Vengeance on his Father's
 Death,
 And rouse's the whole Nation up to Arms.
 Were *Cato* at their Head, once more might
Rome 141
 Assert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.
 But heark! What mean's that Groan! 0
 give me way,
 And let me fly into my Father's Presence.

[Exit.⁰

Luc. Cato, amidst his Slumbers, thinks on
Rome,
 And in the wild Disorder of his Soul
 Mourn's o'er his Country; Hah! a second
 Groan!——
 Heav'n guard us all——
Marc. Alas, 'tis not' the Voice
 Of one who sleep's! 'tis agonizing Pain,
 'Tis Death is in that Sound——

Re-enter Portius.

Port. 0 Sight of Woe! 150
 O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fal'n upon his Sword——

Luc. 0 *Portius*,
 Hide all the Horrors of thy mournful
 Tale,
 And let us guess the rest.⁰

Port. I've rais'd him up,
 And placed him in his Chair, where pale,
 and faint,
 He gasp's for Breath, and, as his Life flow's
 from him,
 Demand's to see his Friends.

His weeping Servants,
 Obsequious to his Orders, bear him hither.
 [The Back Scene opens, and discovers
Cato.

Marc. 0 Heav'n assist me in this dreadful
 Hour

To pay the last sad Duties to my Father. 160
Juba. These are thy Triumphs, thy Ex-
 ploits, 0 *Caesar*!

Lac. Now is *Rome* fall'n indeed!——

[Cato brought forward in his Chair.

Cato. Here set me down——
Portius come near me——are my Friends
 embark'd?
 Can any thing be thought of for their
 Service?

[Exit.] 8th ed.; om. Qq 1-5.

rest.] Q 5, 8th ed.; rest Qq 1-4.

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
 ——0 *Lucius*, art thou here?——Thou
 art too good!——

Let this our Friendship live between our
 Children;

Make *Portius* happy in thy Daughter *Lucia*.
 Alas poor Man, he weeps!——*Marcia*, my
 Daughter——

——O bend me forward!——*Juba* loves
 thee, *Marcia.* 170

A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* sur-
 vived,

Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with
 a King,

But *Ccesar's* Arms have thrown down all
 Distinction;

Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Ro-*
man——

——I'm sick to Death——0 when shall I
 get loose

From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt
 and Sorrow!——

——And yet methinks a Beam of Light
 breaks in

On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear
 I've been too hasty. O ye Pow'rs, that
 search

The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost
 Thoughts, 10

If I have done amiss, impute it not!——
 The best may Erre, but you are Good,
 and——oh! [Dies.

Luc. There fled the greatest Soul that
 ever warm'd

A *Roman* Breast. 0 *Cato*! O my Friend!
 Thy Will shall be religiously observ'd.
 But let us bear this awful Corps to *Cæsar*,
 And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand
 A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his
 Friends.

From hence, let fierce contending Nations
 know 190

What dire Effects from Civil Discord
 flow.

'Tis this that shakes our Country with
 Alarms,

And gives up *Rome* a Prey to *Roman*
 Arms,

Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,
 And robb's the Guilty Word of *Cato's* Life.

[Exeunt Omnes.

End of the Fifth Act

EPILOGUE

By Dr. GARTH

Spoken by Mrs. Porter.

WHAT odd fantastick Things we Women do!
Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers woof }
But die a Maid, yet have the Choice of Two!
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost;
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of Virginity shou'd well be weigh'd;
Too oft they w^cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves—you may: }
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say,
We hate you when you're easily said Nay. }
How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd, as you your selves wou'd chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell;
He sighs with most Success that settles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and six.
Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the Power of Charms;
What Pains to get the Gaudy Thing you hate,
To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State!
At Plays you ogle, at the Ring^o you bow;
Even Churches are no Sanctuaries now.
There, golden Idols all your Vows receive;
She is no Goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains.
Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time.
The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's Son.

FINIS

the Ring] in Hyde Park. Cf. n. p. 135 *supra*.

THE
Confcious Lovers.
A
C O M E D Y

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal in Dmy-Lane,
By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by
Sir **RICHARD STEELE.**

*Illud Genus Narrations, quod in Perfonis pofitum efl,
debet habere Sermonis fefflivitatem, Animorum Diffl'
mUitudincnt) Gravitatem, Lenitatem, Spem, metum,
Suspicionem, Defiderium, Diffimulationem, Afiferi-
cordiaM) Re rum Varietates, Fortune Commutationem,
Jnfferatumhcommodum, Subitam Lctiliam, Jucundum
Exitum Rerum. Cic. Rhetor ad Hcrcnn. Lib. I.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON at ~~Shakepear's~~ Head over'.
againntt Katharine-Street in the Strand' 1723

Richard Steele (1672-1729) owes his chief fame to his work in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, and his work as a contemporary and colleague of Addison. To these two is rightly given the credit for a large share in moulding English prose and reflecting if not also moulding English middle class opinion in their day. Steele was essentially a moralist, and this quality is noticeable in his plays. His avowed aim was to purify the drama and in the words of the Prologue to this play to "moralize the stage." He may be regarded as an early exponent of what later developed into sentimental comedy. His other plays are *The Funeral* (1701), *The Lying Lover* (1703), and *The Tender Husband* (1705). *The Conscious Lovers* was produced in 1722.

The text follows the first edition, an 8vo of 1723. It has been collated with the edition 12mo, 1735, and the *Dramatick Works*, in which the plays have their own title pages with separate dates, the date of this play being 1747. These editions are denoted in the textual apparatus as follows:

0 1 = 8vo 1723, first edition (A. E. M.)

1735 = 12mo 1735 (A. E. M.).

1747 = *Dramatick Works* (A. E. M.).

The second edition octavo, also 1723, has not been collated. Another edition in 1723, small 8vo (or 12mo in 8's), imprinted LONDON for T. Johnson, was probably a pirated Hague reprint (B. M. 11771. aa. 5).

Source.—The play is based on the *Andria* of Terence, but Steele has not been bound slavishly. He was certainly original in introducing a protest against duelling. The extent of the debt to Terence is dealt with *passim* by Aitken in the Mermaid edition.

TO THE
KING.

May it please Your Majesty,

After having aspir'd to the Highest and most Laudable Ambition, that of following the Cause of Liberty, I should not have humbly petition'd Your Majesty for a Direction of the Theatre, had I not believ'd Success in that Province an Happiness much to be wish'd by an Honest Man, and highly conducing to the Prosperity of the Commonwealth. It is in this View I lay before Your Majesty a Comedy, which the Audience, in Justice to themselves, has supported and encouraged, and is the Prelude of what, by Your Majesty's Influence and Favour, may be attempted in future Representations.

The Imperial Mantle, the Royal Vestment, and the shining Diadem, are what strike ordinary Minds; But Your Majesty's Native Goodness, Your Passion for Justice, and Her constant Assessor Mercy, is what continually surrounds you, in the View of intelligent Spirits, and gives Hope to the Suppliant, who sees he has more than succeeded in giving Your Majesty an Opportunity of doing Good. Our King is above the Greatness of Royalty, and every Act of His Will which makes another Man happy, has ten times more Charms in it, than one that makes Himself appear rais'd above the Condition of others; but even this carries Unhappiness with it; for, Calm Dominion, Equal Grandeur and Familiar Greatness do not easily affect the Imagination of the Vulgar, who cannot see Power but in Terror; and as Fear moves mean Spirits, and Love prompts Great ones to obey, the Insinuations of Malecontents are directed accordingly; and the unhappy People are insnar'd, from Want of Reflection, into Disrespectful Ideas of their Gracious and Amiable Sovereign; and then only begin to apprehend the Greatness of their Master, when they have incurr'd his Displeasure.

As Your Majesty was invited to the Throne of a Willing People, for their own sakes, and has ever enjoy'd it with Contempt of the Ostentation of it, we beseech You to Protect us who revere Your Title as we love Your Person. 'Tis to be a Savage to be a Rebel, and they who have fall'n from You have not so much forfeited their Allegiance, as lost their Humanity. And therefore, if it were only to preserve my self from the Imputation of being amongst the Insensible, and Abandon'd, I would beg Permission in the most publick manner possible, to profess my self, with the utmost Sincerity and Zeal,

SIRE,

Your MAJESTY'S

*Most Devoted Subject
and Servant,*

RICHARD STEELE.

THE PREFACE.

This Comedy has been receiv'd with universal Acceptance, for it was in every Part excellently perform'd; and there needs no other Applause of the Actors, but that they excell'd according to the Dignity and Difficulty of the Character they represented. But this great Favour done to the Work in Acting, renders the Expectation still the greater from the Author, to keep up the Spirit in the Representation of the Closet, or any other Circumstance of the Reader, whether alone or in Company: To which I can only say, that it must be remember'd a Play is to be Seen, and is made to be Represented with the Advantage of Action, nor can appear but with half the Spirit, without it; for the greatest Effect of a Play in reading is to excite the Reader to go see it; and when he does so, it is then a Play has the Effect of Example and Precept.

The chief Design of this was to be an innocent Performance, and the Audience have abundantly show'd how ready they are to support what is visibly intended that way; nor do I make any Difficulty to acknowledge, that the whole was writ for the sake of the Scene of the Fourth Act, wherein Mr. *Bevil*° evades the Quarrel with his Friend, and hope it may have some Effect upon the *Goths* and *Vandals* that frequent the Theatres, or a more polite Audience may supply their Absence.

But this Incident, and the Case of the Father and Daughter, are esteem'd by some People no Subjects of Comedy; but I cannot be of their Mind; for any thing that has its Foundation in Happiness and Success, must be allow'd to be the Object of Comedy, and sure it must be an Improvement of it, to introduce a Joy too exquisite for Laughter, that can have no Spring but in Delight which is the Case of this young Lady. I must therefore contend, that the Tears which were shed on that Occasion flow'd from Reason and Good Sense, and that Men ought not to be laugh'd at for weeping, till we are come to a more clear Notion of what is to be imputed to the Hardness of the Head, and the Softness of the Heart; and I think it was very politely said of Mr. *Wilks* to one who told him there was a *General* weeping for *Indiana*, I'll warrant he'll fight ne'er the worse for that. To be apt to give way to the Impressions of Humanity is the Excellence of a right Disposition, and the natural Working of a well-turn'd Spirit. But as I have suffer'd by Criticks who are got no farther than to enquire whether they ought to be pleas'd or not, I would willingly find them properer Matter for their Employment, and revive here a Song which was omitted for want of a Performer, and design'd for the Entertainment of *Indiana* • Sig. *Carbonelli* instead of it play'd on the Fiddle, and it is for want of a Singer that such advantageous things are said of an Instrument which were design'd for a Voice. The Song is the Distress of a Love-sick Maid, and may be a fit Entertainment for some small Criticks to examine whether the Passion is just, or the Distress Male or Female.

I.

*From Place to Place forlorn I go,
With dovmcast Eyes a silent Shade;
Forbidden to declare my Woe;
To Speak, till spoken to, afraid.*

II.

*My inward Pangs, my secret Grief,
My soft consenting Looks betray:
He Loves, but gives me no Relief:
Why speaks not he who may?*

It remains to say a Word concerning *Terence*, and I am extremely surpris'd to find what Mr. *Cibber* told me, prove a Truth, That what I valued my self so much upon, the Translation of him, should be imputed to me as a Reproach. Mr. *Cibber's* Zeal for the Work, his Care and Application in instructing the Actors, and altering the Disposition of the Scenes, when I was, through Sickness, unable to cultivate such Things my self, has been a very obliging Favour and Friendship to me. For this Reason, I was very hardly persuaded to throw away *Terence's* celebrated Funeral, and take only the bare Authority of the young Man's Character, and how I have work'd it into an *Englishman*, and made Use of the same Circumstances^o of discovering a Daughter, when we least hop'd for one, is humbly submitted to the Learned Reader.

Circumstances] *Circumstance* 1735.

PROLOGUE ,

By Mr. WELSTED.'

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO win your Hearts, and to secure your Praise,
The Comic-Writers strive by various Ways:
By subtil Stratagems they act their Game,
And leave untry'd no Avenue to Fame.
One writes the Spouse a beating from his Wife;
And says, Each stroke was Copy'd from the Life.
Some fix all Wit and Humour in Grimace,
Here, One gay Shew and costly Habits tries,
And make a Livelyhood of Pinkey's⁰ Face:
Confiding to the Judgment of your Eyes:
Another smuts his Scene (a cunning Shaver)
Sure of the Rakes and of the Wenches Favour.
Oft have these Arts prevail'd; and one may guess,
If practis'd o'er again, would find Success.
But the bold Sage, the Poet of To-night,
By new and desp'rate Rules resolv'd to Write;
Fain would he give Triore just Applauses Rise,
And please by Wit that scorns the Aids of Vice;
The Praise he seeks, from worthier Motives springs,
Such Praise, as Praise to those that give, it brings.

And Your Aid, most humbly sought, then Britons lend,
And Ldb'ral Mirth, like LibWal Men, defend:
No more let Ribaldry, with Licence writ,
Usurp the Name of Eloquence or Wit;
No more let lawless Farce uncensur'd go.
The lewd dull Gleanings of a Smithfield Show.
'Tis yours, with Breeding to refine the Age,
To Chasten Wit, and Moralize the Stage.

Ye Modest, Wise and Good, ye Fair, ye Brave,
To-night the Champion of your Virtues save,
Redeem from long Contempt the Comic Name,
And Judge Politely for your Countrey's Fame.

WELSTED1 a minor poet who scarcely deserved the attack Pope made on him.
Pinkey'til William Pinkethman, the comedian.

Dramatis Personse.

M E N .

<i>Sir John Bevil.</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Mr. Sealand.</i>	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Bevil jun. in Love with Indiana.</i>	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Myrtle, in Love with Lucinda.</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Cimberton, a Coxcomb.</i>	<i>Mr. Griffin.</i>
<i>Humphrey,⁰ an old Servant to Sir John.</i>	<i>Mr. Shepard.</i>
<i>Tom, Servant to Bevil jun.</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Daniel, a Country Boy, Servant to Indiana.</i>	<i>A/r.Theo.Cibber.</i>

W O M E N .

<i>Mrs. Sealand, second Wife to Sealand.</i>	<i>Mrs. Moore.</i>
<i>Isabella, Sister to Sealand.</i>	<i>Mrs. Thurmond.⁰</i>
<i>Indiana, Sealand's Daughter by his first Wife.</i>	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Lucinda, Sealand's Daughter by his second Wife.</i>	<i>Mrs. Booth.</i>
<i>Phillis, Maid to Lucinda.</i>	<i>Mrs. Younger.</i>

S C E N E LONDON'.

Humphrey] 1735, 1747; *Humphry* O 1.
Thurmond] O 1, 1747; *Thurmond* 1735.

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

BY RICHARD STEELE

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Sir John Bevil's House.

Enter Sir John Bevil, and Humphrey.

Sir John Bevil. Have you order'd that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

Humph. Yes, Sir: I believ'd you had something of Moment to say to me.

Sir J. Bev. Let me see, *Humphrey*; I think it is now full forty Years since I first took thee, to be about my Self.

Humph. I thank you, Sir, it has been an easy forty Years; and I have pass'd 'em without much Sickness, Care, or Labour, 11

Sir J. Bev. Thou hast a brave Constitution; you are a Year or two older than I am, Sirrah.

Humph. You have ever been of that mind, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. You Knave, you know it; I took thee for thy Gravity and Sobriety, in my wild Years.

Humph. Ah Sir! our Manners were 20 form'd from our different Fortunes, not our different Age. Wealth gave a Loose to your Youth, and Poverty put a Restraint upon mine.

Sir J. Bev. Well, *Humphrey*, you know I have been a kind Master to you; I have us'd you, for the ingenuous Nature I observ'd in you from the beginning, more like an humble Friend than a Servant.

Humph. I humbly beg you'll be so tender of me, as to explain your Commands, Sir, 31 without any farther Preparation.

Sir J. Bev. I'll tell thee then. In the first Place, this Wedding of my Son's,⁰ in all Probability, (shut the Door) will never be at all.

Humph. How, Sir! not be at all? for what reason is it carry'd on in Appearance?⁰

Sir J. Bev. Honest *Humphrey*, have patience; and I'll tell thee all in order. I 40

have my self, in some part of my Life, liv'd (indeed) with Freedom, but, I hope, without Reproach: Now, I thought Liberty wou'd be as little injurious to my Son; therefore, as soon as he grew towards Man, I indulg'd him in living after his own manner: I knew not how, otherwise, to judge of his Inclination; for what can be concluded from a Behaviour under Restraint and Fear? But what charms me above all 50 Expression is, that my Son has never in the least Action, the most distant Hint or Word, valued himself upon that great Estate of his Mother's, which, according to our Marriage Settlement, he has had ever since he came to Age.

Humph. No, Sir; on the contrary, he seems afraid of appearing to enjoy it, before you or any belonging to you——He is as dependant and resign'd to your Will, 60 as if he had not a Farthing but what must come from your immediate Bounty——You have ever acted like a good and generous Father, and he like an obedient and grateful Son.

Sir J. Bev. Nay, his Carriage is so easy to all with whom he converses, that he is never assuming, never prefers himself to others, nor ever is guilty of that rough Sincerity which a Man is not call'd to, and 70 certainly disoblige most of his Acquaintance; to be short, *Humphrey*, his Reputation was so fair in the World, that Old *Sealand*, the great *India* Merchant, has offer'd his only Daughter, and sole Heiress to that vast Estate of his, as a Wife for him; you may be sure I made no Difficulties, the Match was agreed on, and this very Day named for the Wedding.

Humph. What hinders the Proceeding? 80

Sir J. Bev. Don't interrupt me. You know, I was last *Thursday* at the Masquerade; my Son, you may remember, soon found us out——He knew his Grandfather's Habit, which I then wore; and tho' it was the Mode, in the last Age,[^] yet the Maskers, you know, follow'd us as if we

Son's] O 1, 1747; *Sons* 1735.

Appearance?] O 1, 1747; *Appearance.* 1735.

had been the most monstrous Figures in that whole Assembly.

Humph. I remember indeed a young 90 Man of Quality in the Habit of a Clown, that was particularly troublesome.

Sir J. Bev. Right—He was too much what he seem'd to be. You remember how impertinently he follow'd, and teiz'd us, and wou'd know who we were.

Humph. I know he has a mind to come into that Particular. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Bev. Ay, he follow'd us, till the Gentleman who led the Lady in the *Indian* Mantle presented that gay Creature to 101 the Rustick, and bid him (like *Cymon* in the Fable) grow Polite, by falling in Love, and let that worthy old Gentleman alone, meaning me: The Clown was not reform'd, but rudely persisted, and offer'd to force off my Mask; with that the Gentleman throwing off his own, appear'd to be my Son, and in his Concern for me, tore off that of the Nobleman; at this they seiz'd each other; no the Company call'd the Guards: and in the Surprise, the Lady swoon'd away: Upon which my Son quitted his Adversary, and had now no Care but of the Lady,—when raising her in his Arms, Art thou gone, cry'd he, for ever—forbid it Heav'n! —She revives at his known Voice,—and with the most familiar tho' modest Gesture hangs in Safety over his Shoulder weeping, but wept as in the Arms of one 120 before whom she could give her self a Loose,^o were she not under Observation: while she hides her Face in his Neck, he carefully conveys her from the Company.

Humph. I have observ'd this Accident has dwelt upon you very strongly.

Sir J. Bev. Her uncommon Air, her noble Modesty, the Dignity of her Person, and the Occasion it self, drew the whole Assembly together; and I soon heard it buzz'd 130 about, she was the adopted Daughter of a famous Sea-Officer, who had serv'd in *France*. Now this unexpected and publick Discovery of my Son's so deep Concern for her—

Humph. Was what I suppose alarm'd Mr. *Sealand*, in behalf of his Daughter, to break off the Match.

Sir J. Bev. You are right—He came to me yesterday, and said, he thought him—
give her self a Loose let herself go.

self disengag'd from the Bargain; being 141 credibly informed my Son was already marry'd, or worse, to the Lady at the Masquerade. I palliated matters, and insisted on our Agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct Breach between us.

Humph. Well, Sir; and what Notice have you taken of all this to my young Master?

Sir J. Bev. That's what I wanted to 150 debate with you—I have said nothing to him yet—But look you, *Humphrey*—if there is so much in this Amour of his, that he denies upon my Summons to marry, I have cause enough to be offended; and then by my insisting upon his marrying to-day, I shall know how far he is engag'd to this Lady in Masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my Measures; in the mean time I would have you 160 find out how far that Rogue his Man is let into his Secret—He, I know, will play Tricks as much to cross me, as to serve his Master.

Humph. Why do you think so of him, Sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you, at your Son's Age.

Sir J. Bev. I see it in the Rascal's Looks. But I have dwelt on these things too long; I'll go to my Son immediately, and while 170 I'm gone, your Part is to convince his Rogue *Tom* that I am in Earnest. I'll leave him to you. [*Exit Sir John Bevil.*

Humph. Well, tho' this Father and Son live as well together as possible, yet their fear of giving each other Pain, is attended with constant mutual Uneasiness. I'm sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both: But they know I love 'em, and that makes the Task less 180 painful however—Oh, here's the Prince of poor Coxcombs, the Representative of All the better fed than taught.—Ho! ho! *Tom*, whither so gay and so airy this Morn-ing?

Enter Tom, Singing.

Tom. Sir, we Servants of Single Gentlemen are another kind of People than you domestick ordinary Drudges that do Business: We are rais'd above you: The Pleasures of Board-Wages, Tavern-Dinners, and

many a clear Gain; Vails,⁰ alas! you 191
never heard or dreamt of.

Humph. Thou hast Follies and Vices
enough for a Man of Ten thousand a Year,
tho' 'tis but as t'other Day that I sent for
you to Town, to put you into Mr. *Sea-*
land's Family, that you might learn a little
before I put you to my young Master, who
is too gentle for training such a rude Thing
as you were into proper Obedience—200
You then pull'd off your Hat to every one
you met in the Street, like a bashful great
aukward Cub as you were. But your great
Oaken Cudgel when you were a Booby, be-
came you much better than that dangling
Stick at your Button now you are a Fop.
That's fit for nothing, except it hangs there
to be ready for your Master's Hand when
you are impertinent.

Tom. Uncle *Humphrey*, you know my 210
Master scorns to strike his Servants. You
talk as if the World was now, just as it
was when my old Master and you were
in your Youth—when you went to dinner
because it was so much a Clock, when the
great Blow was given in the Hall at the
Pantry-door, and all the Family came out
of their Holes in such strange Dresses and
formal Faces as you see in the Pictures in
our long Gallery in the Country. 220

Humph. Why, you wild Rogue!

Tom. You could not fall to your Dinner
till a formal Fellow in a black Gown said
something over the Meat, as if the Cook
had not made it ready enough.

Humph. Sirrah, who do you prate after?
—Despising Men of Sacred Characters! I
hope you never heard my good young Mas-
ter talk so like a Profligate?

Tom. Sir, I say you put upon me, 230
when I first came to Town, about being
Orderly, and the Doctrine of wearing
Shams⁰ to make Linnen last clean a Fort-
night, keeping my Cloths⁰ fresh, and wear-
ing a Frock within Doors.

Humph. Sirrah, I gave you those Lessons,
because I suppos'd at that time your Master
and you might have din'd at home every
Day, and cost you nothing; then you might
have made a good Family Servant. But 240

Vails] tips, gratuities.

Shams] a false shirt front or dicky; also false
sleeves to put over a dirty shirt; or false sleeves
with ruffles to put over a plain one.

Cloths] O 1; *Clothes* 1735, 1747.

the Gang you have frequented since at
Chocolate Houses and Taverns, in a contin-
ual round of Noise and Extravagance—

Tom. I don't know what you heavy In-
mates call Noise and Extravagance; but we
Gentlemen, who are well fed, and cut a
Figure, Sir, think it a fine Life, and that we
must be very pretty Fellows who are kept
only to be looked at.

Humph. Very well, Sir,—I hope the 250
Fashion of being lewd and extravagant, de-
spising of Decency and Order, is almost at
an End, since it is arrived at Persons of
your Quality.

Tom. Master *Humphrey*, Ha! Ha! you
were an unhappy Lad to be sent up to
Town in such Queer Days as you were:
Why now, Sir, the Lacquies are the Men
of Pleasure of the Age; the Top-Gamesters;
and many a lac'd Coat about Town have
had their Education in our Party-241
colour'd Regiment,—We are false Lovers;
have a Taste of Musick, Poetry, Billet-
deux, Dress, Politicks; ruin^o Damsels, and
when we are weary of this lewd Town, and
have a mind to take up, whip into our
Masters Wigs and Linnen, and marry
Fortunes.

Humph. Hey-day!

Tom. Nay, Sir, our Order is carry'd up 270
to the highest Dignities and Distinctions;
step but into the *Painted Chamber*⁰—and
by our Titles you'd take us all for Men of
Quality—then again come down to the
Court of Requests, and you see^o us all lay-
ing our broken Heads together for the Good
of the Nation: and tho' we never carry a
Question *Nemine Contradicente*, yet this I
I can say with a safe Conscience, (and I
wish every Gentleman of our Cloth could 280
lay his Hand upon his Heart and say the
same) that I never took so much as a single
Mug of Beer for my Vote in all my Life.

Humph. Sirrah, there is no enduring your
Extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer.

Politicks; ruin] 1735, 1747; *Politicks, ruin* O 1.

Painted Chamber] Aitken notes: "In the old Royal
Palace at Westminster, the House of Lords was
formed out of the ancient Court of Requests, and
the old Painted Chamber separated the Lords from
the Commons." He goes on to refer to Steele's
description in *Spectator* No. 88 of the habit of
servants when awaiting their masters at Westmin-
ster of debating public affairs and of adopting their
masters' names.

see] O 1; *shall see* 1735, 1747.

I wanted to see you, to enquire how things go with your Master, as far as you understand them; I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

Tom. Ay, Sir, he knows it, and is dress'd as gay as the Sun; but, between you 291 and I, my Dear, he has a very heavy Heart under all that Gayety. As soon as he was dress'd I retir'd, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to and fro in the Room, then went into his Closet; when he came out, he gave me this for his Mistress, whose Maid you know——

Humph. Is passionately fond of your 300 fine Person.

Tom. The poor Fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the World, and the Plays, Opera's, and *Ridotto's*,⁰ for the Winter; the Parks and *Bellsize*^e for our Summer Diversions; and Lard! says she, you are so wild—but you have a world of Humour—

Humph. Coxcomb! Well, but why don't you run with your Master's Letter to Mrs. *Lucinda*, as he order'd you? 310

Tom. Because Mrs. *Lucinda* is not so easily come at as you think for.

Humph. Not easily come at? Why Sirrah, are not her Father and my old Master agreed, that she and Mr. *Bevil* are to be One Flesh before to-morrow Morning?

Tom. It's no Matter for that; her Mother, it seems, Mrs. *Scaland*, has not agreed to it: and you must know, Mr. *Humphrey*, that in that Family the Grey Mare is the better Horse. 321

Humph. What do'st thou mean?

Tom. In one Word, Mrs. *Sealand* pretends to have a Will of her own, and has provided a Relation of hers, a stiff, starch'd Philosopher, and a wise Fool for her Daughter; for which Reason, for these ten Days past, she has suffer'd no Message nor Letter from my Master to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this Intelligence? 331

Tom. From a foolish fond Soul, that can keep nothing from me——One that will

⁰ *Ridotto's*] A *ridotto* was an entertainment, introduced at the opera house in the Haymarket in 1722. It consisted of music and dancing partly in the pit and partly on the stage.

^e *Bellsize*] Entertainment gardens in north London, of the kind made famous afterwards by Ranelagh and Vauxhall.

deliver this Letter too, if she is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What! Her pretty Hand-maid, Mrs. *Phillis*?

Tom. Even she, Sir; this is the very Hour, you know, she usually comes hither, under a Pretence of a Visit to your Housekeeper forsooth, but in reality to have a Glance 341 at——

Humph. Your sweet Face, I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in Nature; you must know, I love to fret, and play with the little Wanton——

Humph. Play with the little Wanton! What will this World come to!

Tom. I met her, this Morning, in a new Manteau and Petticoat, not a bit the 350 worse for her Lady's wearing; and she has always new Thoughts and new Airs with new Cloaths——then she never fails to steal some Glance or Gesture from every Visitant at their House; and is indeed the whole Town of Coquets at second hand. But here she comes; in one Motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the Words in the World can.

Humph. Then I hope, dear Sir, when 360 your own Affair is over, you will be so good as to mind your Master's with her.

Tom. Dear *Humphrey*, you know my Master is my Friend, and those are People I never forget.——

Humph. Sawciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [Exit.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Oh, Mr. *Thomas*, is Mrs. *Sugar-key* at home?—Lard, one is almost asham'd to pass along the Streets. The Town is 370 quite empty, and no Body of Fashion left in it; and the ordinary People do so stare to see any thing (dress'd like a Woman of Condition) as it were on the same Floor with them pass by. Alas! Alas! it is a sad thing to walk. Oh Fortune! Fortune!

Tom. What! a sad thing to walk? Why, Madam *Phillis*, do you wish your self lame?

Phil. No, Mr. *Tom*, but I wish I were generally carry'd in a Coach or Chair, and of a Fortune neither to stand nor go, but 381 to totter, or slide, to be shortsighted, or stare, to flier in the Face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me;

and, if I was rich, I cou'd twire° and loll as well as the best of them. Oh *Tom! Tom!* is it not a pity, that you shou'd be so great a Coxcomb, and I so great a Coquet, and yet be such poor Devils as we are?

Tom. Mrs. *Phillis*, I am your humble 390
Servant for that——

Phil. Yes, Mr. *Thomas*, I know how much you are my humble Servant, and know what you said to Mrs. *Judy*, upon seeing her in one of her Lady's Cast Manteaus; That any one wou'd have thought her the Lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy—for now only it was becoming:—To my Lady it was only a Covering, to Mrs. *Judy* it was a Habit. 400
This you said, after some Body or other. Oh, *Tom! Tom!* thou art as false and as base, as the best Gentleman of them all: but, you Wretch, talk to me no more on the old odious Subject. Don't, I say.

Tom. I know not how to resist your Commands, Madam.

[In a submissive Tone, retiring.]

Phil. Commands about Parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

Tom. Oh, I have her; I have nettled 410
and put her into the right Temper to be wrought upon, and set a prating. *[Aside.]*——Why truly, to be plain with you, Mrs. *Phillis*, I can take little Comfort of late in frequenting your House.

Phil. Pray, Mr. *Thomas*, what is it all of a sudden offends your Nicety at our House?

Tom. I don't care to speak Particulars, but I dislike the Whole.

Phil. I thank you, Sir, I am a Part of 420
that Whole.

Tom. Mistake me not, good *Phillis*.

Phil. Good *Phillis!* Saucy enough. But however——

Tom. I say, it is that thou art a Part, which gives me Pain for the Disposition of the Whole. You must know, Madam, to be serious, I am a Man, at the Bottom, 6f
prodigious nice Honour. You are too much expos'd to Company at your House: To 40
be plain, I don't like so many, that wou'd be your Mistress's Lovers, whispering to you.

Phil. Don't think to put that upon me. You say this, because I wrung you to the Heart, when I touch'd your guilty Conscience about *Judy*.

twire] make eyes. Cf. *tweers*, p. 130 *supra*.

Tom. Ah *Phillis! Phillis!* if you but knew my Heart!

Phil. I know too much on't.

Tom. Nay then, poor *Crispo's* Fate° 440
and mine are one—Therefore give me Leave to say, or sing at least, as he does upon the same Occasion——

Se vedette, &c. [sings.]

Phil. What, do you think I'm to be fob'd off with a Song? I don't question but you have sung the same to Mrs. *Judy* too.

Tom. Don't disparage your Charms, good *Phillis*, with Jealousy of so worthless an Object; besides, she is a poor Hussey, and if you doubt the Sincerity of my Love, 450
you will allow me true to my Interest. You are a Fortune, *Phillis*——

Phil. What wou'd the Fop be at now? In good time indeed, you shall be setting up for a Fortune!

Tom. Dear Mrs. *Phillis*, you have such a Spirit that we shall never be dull in Marriage, when we come together. But I tell you, you are a Fortune, and you have an Estate in my Hands. 460

[He pulls out a Purse, she eyes it.]

Phil. What Pretence have I to what is in your Hands, Mr. *Tom*?

Tom. As thus: there are Hours, you know, when a Lady is neither pleas'd or displeas'd, neither sick or well, when she lolls or loiters, when she's without Desires, from having more of every thing than she knows° what to do with.

Phil. Well, what then?

Tom. When she has not Life enough 40
to keep her bright Eyes quite open, to look at her own dear Image in the Glass.

Phil. Explain thy self, and don't be so fond of thy own prating.

Tom. There are also prosperous and good-natur'd Moments, as when a Knot or a Patch is happily fix'd; when the Complexion particularly flourishes.

Phil. Well, what then? I have not Patience ! 480

Tom. Why then——or on the like Occa-

Crispo's Fate] Refers to *Crispo* (1722), an opera by G. B. Bononcini, one of a family of musicians. It is uncertain whether *Griselda* (1722), another opera produced in London at this time, is correctly attributed to him or to his brother Marc Antonio. He lived for a dozen years in England, from 1720 to about 1732. See p. 566 *infra*.

knows] 1735, 1747; *know* O 1.

sions—we Servants who have Skill to know how to time Business, see when such a pretty folded thing as this [*shewet a Letter*] may be presented, laid, or dropp'd, as best suits the present Humour. And, Madam, because it is a long wearisome Journey to run through all the several Stages of a Lady's Temper, my Master, who is the most reasonable Man in the World, presents you this to bear your Charges on the Road.

[*Gives her the Purse.*]

Phil. Now you think me a corrupt Hussey.

Tom. Oh fie, I only think you'll take the Letter.

Phil. Nay, I know you do, but I know my own Innocence; I take it for my Mistress's Sake.

Tom. I know it, my Pretty One, I know it.

Phil. Yes, I say I do it, because I wou'd not have my Mistress deluded by one 500 who gives no Proof of his Passion; but I'll talk more of this, as you see me on my Way home——No, *Tom*, I assure thee, I take this Trash of thy Master's, not for the Value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true Respect for my Mistress. I remember a Verse to the Purpose.

They may be false who Languish and Complain,

But they who part with Money never feign.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Bevil Junior's Lodgings.

Bevii junior, Reading.

Bev. jun. These Moral Writers practise Virtue after Death: This charming Vision of *Mirza*!⁰ Such an Author consulted in a Morning, sets the Spirit for the Vicissitudes of the Day, better than the Glass does a Man's Person: But what a Day have I to go thro'! to put on an Easy Look with an Aking Heart.——If this Lady my Father urges me to marry should not refuse me, my Dilemma is insupportable. But why 10 should I fear it? is not she in equal Distress with me? has not the Letter, I have sent her this Morning, confest my Inclination to another? Nay, have I not moral Assurances of her Engagements too, to my
[*Vision of Mirza*] See *The Spectator*, no. 159.

Friend *Myrtle*.⁰ It's impossible but she must give in to it: For, sure to be deny'd is a Favour any Man may pretend to. It must be so——Well then, with the Assurance of being rejected, I think I may 20 confidently say to my Father, I am ready to marry her——Then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at, tho' it is) an honest Dissimulation.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir *John Bevil*, Sir, is in the next Room.

Bev. jun. Dunce! Why did not you bring him in?

Tom. I told him, Sir, you were in your Closet. 30

Bev. jun. I thought you had known, Sir, it was my Duty to see my Father any where. [*Going himself to the Door.*]

Tom. The Devil's in my Master! he has always more Wit than I have. [*Aside.*]

Bevil Jun. introducing Sir John.

Bev. jun. Sir, you are the most Gallant, the most Complaisant of all Parents——Sure 'tis not a Compliment to say these Lodgings are yours——Why wou'd you not walk in, Sir? 40

Sir J. Bev. I was loth to interrupt you unseasonably on your Wedding-day.

Bev. jun. One to whom I am beholden for my Birth-day, might have used less Ceremony.

Sir J. Bev. Well, Son, I have Intelligence you have writ to your Mistress this Morning: It would please my Curiosity to know the Contents of a Wedding-day Letter; for Courtship must then be over. 50

Bev. jun. I assure you, Sir, there was no Insolence in it, upon the Prospect of such a vast Fortune's being added to our Family; but much Acknowledgment of the Lady's greater Desert.

Sir J. Bev. But, dear *Jack*, are you in earnest in all this? And will you really marry her?

Bev. jun. Did I ever disobey any Command of yours, Sir? nay, any Inclination 60 that I saw you bent upon?

Sir J. Bev. Why, I can't say you have, Son; but methinks in this whole Business, you have not been so warm as I could have
[*Myrtle*.] *Myrtle*? 1735, 1747.

wish'd you: You have visited her, it's true, but you have not been particular. Every one knows you can say and do as handsome Things as any Man; but you have done nothing, but liv'd in the General; been Complaisant only. TO

Bev. jun. As I am every prepar'd to marry if you bid me, so I am ready to let it alone if you will have me.

[*Humphrey enters unobserved.*]

Sir J. Bev. Look you there now! why what am I to think of this so absolute and so indifferent a Resignation?

Bev. jun. Think? that I am still your Son, Sir,—Sir—you have been married, and I have not. And you have, Sir, found the Inconvenience there is, when 80 a Man weds with too much Love in his Head. I have been told, Sir, that at the Time you married, you made a mighty Bustle on the Occasion. There was challenging and fighting, scaling Walls—locking up the Lady—and the Gallant under an Arrest for fear of killing all his Rivals—Now, Sir, I suppose you having found the ill Consequences of these strong Passions and Prejudices, in preference of one Woman to another, in Case of a Man's becoming a Widower—

Sir J. Bev. How is this!

Bev. jun. I say Sir, Experience has made you wiser in your Care of me—for, Sir, since you lost my dear Mother, your time has been so heavy, so lonely, and so tasteless, that you are so good as to guard me against the like Unhappiness, by marrying me prudentially by way of Bargain and 100 Sale. For, as you well judge, a Woman that is espous'd for a Fortune, is yet a better Bargain, if she dies; for then a Man still enjoys what he did marry, the Money; and is disencumber'd of what he did not marry, the Woman.

Sir J. Bev. But pray, Sir, do you think *Lucinda* then a Woman of such little Merit?

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir, I don't carry 110 it so far neither; I am rather afraid I shall like her too well; she has, for one of her Fortune, a great many needless and superfluous good Qualities.

Sir J. Bev. I am afraid, Son, there's some-

thing I don't see yet, something that's smother'd under all this Rallery.⁰

Bev. jun. Not in the least, Sir: If the Lady is dress'd and ready, you see I am. I suppose the Lawyers are ready too. 120

Hum. This may grow warm, if I don't interpose. [*Aside.*] Sir, Mr. *Sealand* is at the Coffee house, and has sent to speak with you.

Sir J. Bev. Oh! that's well! Then I warrant the Lawyers are ready. Son, you'll be in the Way, you say—

Bev. jun. If you please, Sir, I'll take a Chair, and go to Mr. *Scaland's*, where the young Lady and I will wait your Leisure, 130

Sir J. Bev. By no means—The old Fellow will be so vain, if he sees—

Bev. jun. Ay—But the young Lady, Sir, will think me so indifferent—

Humph. Ay—there you are right—press your Readiness to go to the Bride—he won't let you. [*Aside to Bev. jun.*]

Bev. jun. Are you sure of that?

[*Aside to Humph.*]

Humph. How he likes being prevented.

[*Aside.*]

Sir J. Bev. No, no: You are an Hour 140 or two too early. [*Looking on his Watch.*]

Bev. jun. You'll allow me, Sir, to think it too late to visit a beautiful, virtuous young Woman, in the Pride and Bloom of Life, ready to give her self to my Arms: and to place her Happiness or Misery, for the future, in being agreeable or displeasing to me, is a—Call a Chair.

Sir J. Bev. No, no, no, dear *Jack*; this *Sealand* is a moody old Fellow: There's 150 no dealing with some People, but by managing with Indifference. We must leave to him the Conduct of this Day. It is the last of his commanding his Daughter.

Bev. jun. Sir, he can't take it ill, that I am impatient to be hers.

Sir J. Bev. Pray let me govern in this Matter: you can't tell how humoursome old Fellows are:—There's no offering Reason to some of 'em, especially when they are 160 Rich—If my Son should see him, before I've brought old *Sealand* into better Temper, the Match would be impracticable.

[*Aside.*]

Rallery] O 1, 1747; *Raillery* 1735. These are variant spellings. The former represents the pronunciation. Cf. *rally*, p. 125 *supra*.

Humph. Pray, Sir, let me beg you, to let Mr. Bevil go.—See, whether he will or not. [*aside to Sir John*]—[*then'to Bev.*] **Pray**, Sir, command your self; since you see my Master is positive, it is better you should not go.

Bev. jun. My Father commands me, as 170 to the Object of my Affections; but I hope he will not, as to the Warmth and Height of them.

Sir J. Bev. So! I must even leave things as I found them: And in the mean time, at least, keep Old *Sealand* out of his sight.—Well, Son, I'll go my self and take orders in your Affair—You'll be in the way, I suppose, if I send to you—I'll leave your Old Friend with you.—180 *Humphrey*— don't let him stir, d'ye hear: Your Servant, your Servant. [*Ex. Sir John.*]

Humph. I have a sad time on't, Sir, between you and my Master—I see you are unwilling, and I know his violent Inclinations for the Match—I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common Good—Heav'n grant a good End of this matter: But there is a Lady, Sir, that gives your Father much Trouble 190 and Sorrow—You'll pardon me.

Bev. jun. *Humphrey*, I know thou art a Friend to both; and in that Confidence, I dare tell thee—That Lady—is a Woman of Honour and Virtue.' You may assure your self, I never will Marry without my Father's Consent: But give me leave to say too, this Declaration does not come up to a Promise, that I will take whomsoever he pleases. 200

Humph. Come Sir, I wholly understand you: You would engage my Services to free you from this Woman, whom my Master intends you, to make way, in time, for the Woman you have really a mind to.

Bev. jun. Honest *Humphrey*, you have always been an useful Friend to my Father, and my self; I beg you continue your good Offices, and don't let us come to the Necessity of a Dispute; for, if we should dispute, I must either part with more than Life, or lose the best of Fathers.

Humph. My dear Master, were I but worthy to know this Secret, that so near concerns you, my Life, my All should be engag'd to serve you. This,⁰ Sir, I dare

you. This] 1735, 1747; *you, Thin* O 1.

promise, that I am sure I will and can be secret: your Trust, at worst, but leaves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you, I will at once be plain, and tell you so. 20

Bev. jun. That's all I ask: Thou hast made it now my Interest to trust thee— Be patient then, and hear the Story of my Heart.

Humph. I am all Attention, Sir.

Bev. jun. You may remember, *Humphrey*, that in my last Travels, my Father grew uneasy at my making so long a Stay at *Toulon*.

Humph. I remember it; he was apprehensive some Woman had laid hold of you.

Bev. jun. His Fears were just; for there I first saw this Lady: She is of *English* Birth: Her Father's Name was *Danvers*, a Younger Brother of an Ancient Family, and originally an Eminent Merchant of *Bristol*; who, upon repeated Misfortunes, was reduced to go privately to the *Indies*. In this Retreat Providence again grew favourable to his Industry, and, in six Years time, 20 restored him to his former Fortunes: On this he sent Directions over, that his Wife and little Family should follow him to the *Indies*. His Wife, impatient to obey such welcome Orders, would not wait the leisure of a Convoy, but, took the first occasion of a single Ship, and with her Husband's Sister only, and this Daughter, then scarce seven Years old, undertook the fatal Voyage: For here, poor Creature, she lost 20 her Liberty, and Life; she, and her Family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a Privateer from *Toulon*. Being thus made a Prisoner, though, as such, not ill treated, yet the Fright, the Shock, and cruel Disappointment, seiz'd, with such Violence upon her unhealthy Frame, she sicken'd, pined and died at Sea.

Humph. Poor Soul! O the helpless Infant! 280

Bev. Her Sister yet surviv'd, and had the Care of her: The Captain too proved to have Humanity, and became a Father to her; for having himself married an *English* Woman, and being Childless, he brought home into *Toulon* this her little Countrywoman; presenting her, with all her dead Mother's Moveables of Value, to his Wife, to be educated as his own adopted Daughter. 270

Humph. Fortune here seem'd, again, to smile on her.

Bev. Only to make her Frowns more terrible: For, in his Height of Fortune, this Captain too, her Benefactor, unfortunately was kill'd at Sea, and dying intestate, his Estate fell wholly to an Advocate his Brother, who coming soon to take Possession, there found (among his other Riches) this blooming Virgin, at his Mercy. 280

Humph. He durst not, sure, abuse his Power!

Bev. No wonder if his pamper'd Blood was fired at the Sight of her—in short, he lov'd: but, when all Arts and gentle Means had fail'd to move, he offer'd too his Menaces in vain, denouncing Vengeance on her Cruelty; demanding her to account for all her Maintenance, from her Childhood; seiz'd on her little Fortune, as his own 290 Inheritance, and was dragging her by Violence to Prison; when Providence at the Instant interpos'd, and, sent me, by Miracle, to relieve her.

Humph. 'Twas Providence indeed; But pray, Sir, after all this Trouble, how came this Lady at last to *England*!

Bev. The disappointed Advocate, finding she had so unexpected a Support, on cooler Thoughts, descended to a Composition; 30 which I, without her Knowledge, secretly discharg'd.

Humph. That generous Concealment made the Obligation double.

Bev. Having thus obtained her Liberty, I prevail'd, not without some Difficulty, to see her safe to *England*; where no sooner arrived, but my Father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal Match that hangs upon my Quiet. 31

Humph. I find, Sir, you are irrecoverably fix'd upon this Lady.

Bev. As my vital Life dwells in my Heart—and yet you see—what I do to please my Father: Walk in this Pageantry of Dress, this splendid Covering of Sorrow—But, *Humphrey* you have your Lesson.

Humph. Now, Sir, I have but one material Question—

Bev. Ask it freely.

Humph. Is it, then, your own Passion for this secret Lady, or hers for you, that gives

you this Aversion to the Match your Father has proposed you?

Bev. I shall appear, *Humphrey*, more Romantick in my Answer, than in all the rest of my Story: For tho' I doat on her to death, and have no little Reason to 380 believe she has the same Thoughts for me; yet in all my Acquaintance, and utmost Privacies with her, I never once directly told her, that I loved.

Humph. How was it possible to avoid it?

Bev. My tender Obligations to my Father have laid so inviolable a Restraint upon my Conduct, that 'till I have his Consent to speak, I am determin'd, on that Subject, to be dumb for ever—340

Humph. Well Sir, to your Praise be it spoken, you are certainly the most unfashionable Lover in *Great-Britain*.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. *Myrtle's* at the next door, and, if you are at Leisure, will be glad to wait on you.

Bev. Whenever he pleases—hold, *Tom*! did you receive no Answer to my Letter?

Tom. Sir, I was desir'd to call again; for I was told, her Mother would not let 30 her be out of her Sight; but about an Hour hence, Mrs. *Phillis*^d said, I should certainly have one.

Bev. Very well.

Humph. Sir, I will take another Opportunity: in the mean time, I only think it proper to tell you, that from a Secret I know, you may appear to your Father as forward as you please, to marry *Lucinda*, without the least Hazard of its coming to 360 a Conclusion—Sir, your most obedient Servant.

Bev. Honest *Humphrey*, continue but my Friend, in this Exigence, and you shall always find me yours. [*Exit Humph.*] I long to hear how my Letter has succeeded with *Lucinda*—but I think, it cannot fail: for, at worst, were it possible she could take it ill, her Resentment of my Indifference may as probably occasion a Delay, as her taking it right.——Poor 371 *Myrtle*, what Terrors must he be in all this while?⁰——Since he knows she is offer'd

^a *Phillis* 1747; *Lettice* of O 1 and 1735 seems to be a mistake.

^{while?} O 1, 1747; *while!* 1735.

to me, and refused to him, there is no conversing, or taking any measures, with him, for his own Service — ' - But I ought to bear with my Friend, and use him as one in Adversity;

All his Disquiets by my own I prove,
The greatest Grief's Perplexity in Love, 380
[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First A C T.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues,*

Enter Bevil jun. and Tom.

Tom. Sir, Mr. Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Very well,—do you step again, and wait for an Answer to my Letter.

Enter Myrtle.

Bev. jun. Well *Charles*, why so much Care in thy Countenance? Is there any thing in this World⁰ deserves it? You, who used to be so Gay, so Open, so Vacant!⁰

Myrt. I think we have of late chang'd Complexions. You, who us'd to be much the graver Man, are now all Air in your Be-10 haviour—But the Cause of my Concern, may, for ought I know, be the same Object that gives you all this Satisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very Day (and your Dress confirms me in it) to be married to *Lucinda*.

Bev. jun. You are not misinform'd.—Nay, put not on the Terrors of a Rival, till you hear me out. I shall disoblige the best of Fathers, if I don't seem ready to marry 20 *Lucinda*: And you know I have ever told you, you might make use of my secret Resolution never to marry her, for your own service, as you please. But I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refusing, or complying, unless you help me to escape the Match.

Myrt. Escape? Sir, neither her Merit or^o her Fortune are below your Acceptance.—Escaping, do you call it! 30

Bev. jun. Dear Sir, do you wish I should desire the Match?

Myrt. No—but such is my humorous

this World] 0 1; the World 1735, 1747.

Vacant] care-free.

or] 0 1; nor 1735, 1747.

and sickly state of Mind, since it has been able to relish nothing but *Lucinda*, that tho' I must owe my Happiness to your Aversion to this Marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with Levity or Unconcern.

Bev. jun. Pardon me, Sir; I shall transgress that way no more. She has Understand- 40 ing, Beauty, Shape, Complexion, Wit—

Myrt. Nay, dear *Bevil*, don't speak of her as if you lov'd her, neither.

Bev. jun. Why then, to give you Ease at once, tho' I allow *Lucinda* to have good Sense, Wit, Beauty and Virtue; I know another, in whom these Qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

Myrt. There you spoke like a reasonable and good-natur'd Friend. When you 50 acknowledge her Merit, and own your Prepossession for another, at once, you gratify my Fondness, and cure my Jealousie.

Bev. jun. But all this while you take no notice, you have no Apprehension of another Man, that has twice the Fortune of either of us.

Myrt. *Chnberton*! Hang him, a Formal, Philosophical, Pedantick Coxcomb—For the Sot, with all those crude notions of 60 divers things, under the direction of great Vanity, and very little Judgment, shews his strongest Bias is Avarice; which is so predominant in him, that he will examine the Limbs of his Mistress with the Caution of a Jockey, and pays no more Compliment to her personal Charms, than if she were a meor breeding Animal.

Bev. jun. Are you sure that is not affected? I have known some Women 70 sooner set on fire by that sort of Negligence, than by—

Myrt. No, no; hang him, the Rogue has no Art, it is pure simple Insolence and Stupidity.

Bev. jun. Yet, with all this, I don't take him for a Fool.

Myrt. I own the Man is not a Natural; he has a very quick Sense, tho' very slow Understanding.—He says indeed many 80 things, that want only the circumstances of Time and Place to be very just and agreeable.

Bev. jun. Well, you may be sure of me, if you can disappoint him; but my Intelligence says, the Mother has actually sent for the Conveyancer, to draw Articles for

his Marriage with *Lucinda*; tho' those for mine with her, are, by her Father's Order, ready for signing: but it seems she has 'not thought fit to consult either him or his Daughter in the matter.

Myrt. Pshaw! A poor troublesome Woman—Neither *Lucinda* nor her Father will ever be brought to comply with it,—besides, I am sure *Cimbrton* can make no Settlement upon her, without the Concurrence of his great Uncle Sir *Geoffry* in the West.

Bev. jun. Well Sir, and I can tell you, 100 that's the very Point that is now laid before her Council;^o to know whether a firm Settlement can be made, without this Uncle's actual joyning in it.—Now pray consider, Sir, when my affair with *Lucinda* comes, as it soon must, to an open Rupture, how are you sure that *Cimberton's* Fortune may not then tempt her Father too, to hear his Proposals?

Myrt. There you are right indeed, that no must be provided against.—Do you know who are her Council?

Be v. jun. Yes, for your Service I have found out that too, they are Serjeant *Bramble* and Old *Target*—by the way, they are neither of 'em known in the Family; now I was thinking why you might not put a couple of false Council upon her, to delay and confound matters a little—besides, it may probably let you into the *W* bottom of her whole Design against you.

Myrt. As how pray?

Bev. jun. Why, can't you slip on a Black Whig^o and a Gown, and be Old *Bramble* your self?

Myrt Ha! I don't dislike it—but what shall I do for a Brother in the Case?

Bev. jun. What think you of my Fellow, *Tom*? the Rogue's intelligent, and is a good Mimick; all his part will be but to flut- *W* ter heartily, for that's Old *Target's* Case—Nay, it would be an immoral thing to mock him, were it not that his Impertinence is the occasion of its breaking out to that

Council] O 1; *Counsel* 1735, 1747. The modern appropriation of the spellings *counsel* and *council* to different meanings had not been established in the eighteenth century. Cf. p. 133 *supra*, and p. 514 *infra*.

Whig] O 1; *Wig* 1735, 1747.

degree—the Conduct of the Scene **will** chiefly lye upon you.

Myrt. I like it of all things; if you'll send *Tom* to my Chambers, I will give him full Instructions: This will certainly give me occasion to raise Difficulties, to 140 puzzle, or confound her Project for a while, at least.

Bev. jun. I'll warrant you Success: so far we are right then: And now, *Charles*, your apprehension of my marrying her, is all you have to get over.

Myrt. Dear *Bevill* tho' I know you are my Friend, yet when I abstract my self from my own interest in the thing, I know no Objection she can make to you, or you 150 to her, and therefore hope——

Bev. jun. Dear *Myrtle*, I am as much obliged to you for the Cause of your Suspicion, as I am offended at the Effect: but be assured, I am taking measures for your certain Security, and that all things with regard to me will end in your entire Satisfaction.

Myrt. Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can; tho' I 160 cannot but remember that I have more than Life at stake on your Fidelity.

[*Going.*

Bev. jun. Then depend upon it, you have no Chance against you.

Myrt. Nay, no Ceremony, you know I must be going. [*Exit Myrt.*

Bev. Well! this is another Instance of the Perplexities which arise too, in faithful Friendship: We must often, in this Life, go on in our good Offices, even under the 170 Displeasure of those to whom we do them, in Compassion to their Weaknesses and Mistakes—But all this while poor *Indiana* is tortured with the Doubt of me! she has no Support or Comfort, but in my Fidelity, yet sees me daily press'd to Marriage with another! How painful, in such a Crisis, must be every Hour she thinks on me?^o I'll let her see, at least, my Conduct to her is not chang'd: I'll take this Op- 180 portunity to visit her; for tho' the Religious Vow, I have made to my Father, restrains me from ever marrying, without his Approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous Woman, that is the pure Delight of my Eyes, and the guiltless Joy

met] O 1, 1747; *met* 1735.

of my Heart: But the best Condition of human Life is but a gentler Misery.

To hope for perfect Happiness is vain,
And Love has ever its Allays of Pain, 190
{Exit.

Enter Isabella, and Indiana in her own Lodgings,

Isab. Yes—I say 'tis Artifice, dear Child; I say to thee again and again, 'tis all Skill and Management.

Ind. Will you persuade me there can be an ill Design, in supporting me in the Condition of a Woman of Quality? attended, dress'd, and lodg'd like one; in my Appearance abroad, and my Furniture at home, every way in the most sumptuous manner, and he that does it has an Artifice, a 20 Design in it?

Isab. Yes, yes.

Ind. And all this without so much as explaining to me, that all about me comes from him!

Isab. Ay, Ay,—the more for that—that keeps the Title to all you have, the more in Him.

Ind. The more in Him I — He scorns the Thought———210

Isab. Then He——He——He——

Ind. Well, be not so eager.—If he is an ill Man, let us look into his Stratagems. Here is another of them. [*Shewing a Letter.*] Here's two hundred and fifty Pound in Bank Notes, with these Words, To pay for the Set of Dressing-plate, which will be brought home To-morrow.' Why dear Aunt, now here's another Piece of Skill for you, which I own I cannot comprehend——20 and it is with a bleeding Heart I hear you say any thing to the Disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present, I look upon him as one to whom I owe my Life, and the Support of it; Then again, as the Man who loves me with Sincerity and Honour. When his Eyes are cast another way, and I dare survey him, my Heart is painfully divided between Shame and Love——Oh! cou'd I tell you:——230

Isab. Ah! You need not: I imagine all this for you.

Ind. This is my State of Mind in his Presence; and when he is absent, you are ever dinning my Ears with Notions of the

Arts of Men; that his hidden Bounty, his respectful Conduct, his careful Provision for me, after his preserving me from utmost Misery, are certain Signs he means nothing, but to make I know not what 20 of me?

Isab. Oh! You have a sweet Opinion of him, truly.

Ind. I have, when I am with him, ten thousand Things, besides my Sex's natural Decency and Shame, to suppress my Heart, that yearns to thank, to praise, to say it loves him: I say, thus it is with me while I see him; and in his Absence I am entertain'd with nothing but your Endeavours 250 to tear this amiable Image from my Heart; and, in its stead, to place a base Dissembler, an artful Invader of my Happiness, my Innocence, my Honour.

Isab. Ah poor Soul! has not his Plot taken? don't you die for him? has not the way he has taken, been the most proper with you? Oh! ho! He has Sense, and has judg'd the thing right.

Ind. Go on then, since nothing can 260 answer you: say what you will of him. Heigh! ho!

Isab. Heigh! ho! indeed! It is better to say so, as you are now, than as many others are. There are, among the Destroyers of Women, the Gentle, the Generous, the Mild, the Affable, the Humble, who all, soon after their Success in their Designs, turn to the contrary of those Characters. I will own to you, Mr. Bevil carries his 20 Hypocrisy the best of any Man living, but still he is a Man, and therefore a Hypocrite. They have usurp'd an Exemption from Shame, for any Baseness, any Cruelty towards us. They embrace without Love; they make Vows, without Conscience of Obligation; they are Partners, nay, Seducers to the Crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

Ind. That's truly observ'd. [*Aside.*] But 280 what's all this to Bevil?

Isab. This it is to Bevil, and all Mankind. Trust not those, who will think the worse of you for your Confidence in them. Serpents, who lie in wait for Doves. Won't you be on your Guard against those who would betray you? Won't you doubt those who would condemn you for believing 'em? Take it from me: Fair and natural Dealing is to

invite Injuries, 'tis bleating to escape 290
Wolves who would devour you! Such is the
World,—and such (since the Behaviour of
one Man to my self) have I believ'd all the
rest of the Sex. [Aside.

Ind. I will not doubt the Truth of *Bevil*,
I will not doubt it; He has not spoke it by
an Organ that is given to lying: His Eyes
are all that have ever told me that he
was mine: I know his Virtue, I know his
filial Piety, and ought to trust his Man- 300
agement with a Father, to whom he has
uncommon Obligations. What have I to be
concern'd for? my Lesson is very short.
If he takes me for ever, my purpose of
Life is only to please him. If he leaves me
(which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it
nobly; and I shall have nothing to do but
to learn to die, after worse than Death has
happen'd to me.

Isab. Ay do, persist in your Credulity! 30
flatter your self that a Man of his Figure
and Fortune will make himself the Jest of
the Town, and marry a handsome Beggar
for Love.

Ind. The Town I I must tell you, Madam,
the Fools that laugh at Mr. *Bevil*, will but
make themselves more ridiculous; his Ac-
tions are the Result of Thinking, and he
has Sense enough to make even Virtue
fashionable. 320

Isab. O' my Conscience he has turn'd her
Head—Come, come; if he were the
honest Fool you take him for, why has he
kept you here these three Weeks, without
sending you to *Bristol*, in search of your
Father, your Family, and your Relations?

Ind. I am convinc'd he still designs it;
and that nothing keeps him here, but the
Necessity of not coming to a Breach
with his Father, in regard to the Match 330
he has propos'd him: Beside, has he not
writ to *Bristol*? and has not he Advice that
my Father has not been heard of there,
almost these twenty Years?

Isab. All Sham, meer Evasion; he is
afraid, if he should carry you thither, your
honest Relations may take you out of his
hands, and so blow up all his wicked Hopes
at once.

Ind. Wicked Hopes! did I ever give 340
him any such?

Isab. Has he ever given you any honest

ones? can you say, in your Conscience, he
has ever once offer'd to marry you?

Ind. No! but by his Behaviour I am con-
vince'd he will offer it, the Moment 'tis in
his Power, or consistent with his Honour,
to make such a Promise good to me.

Isab. His Honour!

Ind. I will rely upon it; therefore 350
desire you will not make my Life uneasy,
by these ungrateful Jealousies of one, to
whom I am, and wish to be oblig'd: For
from his Integrity alone, I have resolv'd to
hope for Happiness.

Isab. Nay, I have done my Duty; if you
won't see, at your Peril be it—

Ind. Let it be—This is his hour of
visiting me.

Isab. Oh! to be sure, keep up your 360
Form; don't see him in a Bed-chamber:
This is pure Prudence, when she is liable,
where-ever he meets her, to be convey'd
where-e'er he pleases. [Apart.

Ind. All the rest of my Life is but wait-
ing till he comes: I live only when I'm
with him. [Exit.

Isab. Well, go thy ways, thou willful
Innocent! I once had almost as much Love
for a Man, who poorly left me, to marry 370
an Estate—And I am now, against my
Will, what they call an Old Maid—but
I will not let the Peevishness of that Con-
dition grow upon me—only keep up the
Suspicion of it, to prevent this Creature's
being any other than a Virgin, except upon
proper Terms. [Exit.

Re-enter Indiana speaking to a Servant.

Ind. Desire Mr. *Bevil* to walk in—De-
sign! impossible! A base designing Mind
could never think of what he hourly puts 380
in practice—And yet, since the late
Rumour of his Marriage, he seems more
reserv'd than formerly—he sends in too,
before he sees me, to know if I am at
leisure—such new respect may cover
Coldness in the Heart—it certainly makes
me thoughtful—I'll know the worst, at
once; I'll lay such fair Occasions in his way,
that it shall be impossible to avoid an
Explanation—for these Doubts are 390
insupportable!—But see! he comes, and
clears them all.

Enter Bevil.^o

Bev. Madam, your most Obedient—I am afraid I broke in upon your Rest last Night—'twas very late before we parted; but 'twas your own Fault: I never saw you in such agreeable Humour.

Ind. I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never saw you^o better Company. 400

Bev. Me, Madam! you rally; I said very little.

Ind. But, I am afraid, you heard me say a great deal; and when a Woman is in the talking Vein, the most agreeable thing a Man can do, you know, is to have Patience, to hear her.

Bev. Then it's pity, Madam, you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another. 410

Ind. If I had your Talent, or Power, to make my Actions speak for me, I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the Agreeable.

Bev. If I might be vain of any thing, in my Power, Madam, 'tis that my Understanding, from all your Sex, has mark'd you out, as the most deserving Object of my Esteem.

Ind. Should I think I deserve this, 420 'twere enough to make my Vanity forfeit the very Esteem you offer me.

Bev. How so, Madam?

Ind. Because Esteem is the Result of Reason, and to deserve it from good Sense, the Height of Human Glory: Nay, I had rather a Man of Honour should pay me that, than all the Homage of a sincere and humble Love.

Bev. jun. You certainly distinguish 430 right, Madam; Love often kindles from external Merit only—

Ind. But Esteem arises from a higher Source, the Merit of the Soul—

Bev. jun. True—And great Souls only can deserve it. [*Bowing respectfully.*]

Ind. Now, I think, they are greater still, that can so charitably part with it.

Bev. jun. Now, Madam, you make me vain, since the utmost Pride, and Pleas- 440 ure of my Life is, that I esteem you—as I ought.

Ind. [*Aside.*] As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves, nor kills my Hope.

Bev. jun. But Madam, we grow grave me thinks—Let's find some other Subject—Pray how did you like the Opera last Night?

Ind. First give me leave to thank you, 450 for my Tickets.

Bev. jun. O! your Servant, Madam—But pray tell me, you now, who are never partial to the Fashion, I fancy, must be the properest Judge of a mighty Dispute among the Ladies, that is, whether *Crispo* or *Griselda*^o is the more agreeable Entertainment.

Ind. With submission now, I cannot be a proper Judge of this Question. 460

Bev. jun. How so, Madam?

Ind. Because I find I have a Partiality for one of them.

Bev. jun. Pray which is that?

Ind. I do not know—there's something in that Rural Cottage of *Griselda*, her forlorn Condition, her Poverty, her Solitude, her Resignation, her Innocent Slumbers, and that lulling *Dolce Sogno* that's sung over her; it had an Effect upon me, that—in 40 short I never was so well deceiv'd, at any of them.

Bev. jun. Oh! Now then, I can account for the Dispute: *Griselda*, it seems, is the Distress of an injur'd Innocent Woman: *Crispo*, that only of a Man in the same Condition; therefore the Men are mostly concern'd for *Crispo*, and, by a Natural Indulgence, both Sexes for *Griselda*.

Ind. So that Judgment, you think, 480 ought to be for one, tho' Fancy and Complaisance have got ground for the other. Well! I believe you will never give me leave to dispute with you on any Subject; for I own, *Crispo* has its Charms for me too: Though in the main, all the Pleasure the best Opera gives us, is but meer Sensation.—Methinks it's Pity the Mind can't have a little more Share in the Entertainment.—The Musick's certainly fine; 490 but, in my Thoughts, there's none of your Composers come up to Old *Shakespear* and *Otway*.

Bev. jun. How Madam! why if a Woman *Crispo* or *Griselda*] See n. p. 557 *supra*.

of your Sense were to say this in the Drawing-Room.—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Signior Carbonelli^o says he waits your Commands, in the next Room.

Bev. jun. A propos! You were saying Yesterday, Madam, you had a mind to 500 hear him—will you give him leave to entertain you now?

Ind. By all means: desire the Gentleman to walk in. [*Ex. Servant.*]

Bev. jun. I fancy you will find something in this Hand, that is uncommon.

Ind. You are always finding ways, Mr. Bevil, to make Life seem less tedious to me.—

Enter Musick Master.

When the Gentleman pleases. 510

After a Sonata is play'd, Bevil^o waits on the Master to the Door, &c.

Bev. jun. You smile, Madam, to see me so Complaisant to one, whom I pay for his Visit: Now, I own, I think it is not enough barely to pay those, whose Talents are superior to our own (I mean such Talents, as would become our Condition, if we had them.) Methinks we ought to do something more, than barely gratify them, for what they do at our Command, only because their Fortune is below us. 520

Ind. You say I smile: I assure you it was a Smile of Approbation; for indeed, I cannot but think it the distinguishing part of a Gentleman, to make his Superiority of Fortune as easy to his Inferiors, as he can.—Now once more to try him. [*Aside.*] —1 was saying just now, I believed you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say, it will always be so: However I must have your Opinion upon a Sub- 590 ject, which created a Debate between my Aunt and me, just before you came hither; she would needs have it, that no Man ever does any extraordinary Kindness or Service for a Woman, but for his own sake.

Bev. jun. Well Madam! Indeed I can't but be of her Mind.

Ind. What, tho' he should maintain, and

Carbonelli] A violinist recently come to England. He is referred to in the Preface: v. p. 548.

Bevil] O 1; Bevil junior 1735, 1747.

support her, without demanding any thing of her, on her part? 540

Bev. jun. Why, Madam, is making an Expence, in the Service of a Valuable Woman (for such I must suppose her) though she should never do him any Favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such Service, such a mighty Heroick Business?

Ind. Certainly! I should think he must be a Man of an uncommon Mold.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, why so? 'tis 550 but, at best, a better Taste in Expence: To bestow upon one, whom he may think one of the Ornaments of the whole Creation, to be conscious, that from his Superfluity, an Innocent, a Virtuous Spirit is supported above the Temptations and Sorrows of Life! That he sees Satisfaction, Health and Gladness in her Countenance, while he enjoys the Happiness of seeing her (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too ab- 560 stracted, too insensible) I say, if he is allowed to delight in that Prospect; alas! what mighty matter is there, in all this?

Ind. No mighty matter, in so disinterested a Friendship!

Bev. jun. Disinterested! I can't think him so; your Hero, Madam, is no more, than what every Gentleman ought to be, and I believe very many are—He is only one, who takes more delight in Reflections, 570 than in Sensations: He is more pleased with Thinking, than Eating; that's the utmost you can say of him—Why, Madam, a greater Expence, than all this, Men lay out upon an unnecessary Stable of Horses.

Ind. Can you be sincere, in what you say?

Bev. jun. You may depend upon it, if you know any such Man, he does not love Dogs inordinately.

Ind. No, that he does not. 580

Bev. jun. Nor Cards, nor Dice.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor Bottle Companions.

Ind. No.

Bev. jun. Nor loose Women.

Ind. No, I'm sure he does not.

Bev. jun. Take my Word then, if your admired Hero is not liable to any of these kind of Demands, there's no such Preheminence in this, as you imagine: Nay this 590 way of Expence you speak of, is what exalts and raises him, that has a Taste for it:

And, at the same time, his Delight is incapable of Satiety, Disgust, or Penitence.

Ind. But still I insist his having no private Interest in the Action, makes it Prodigious, almost Incredible.

Bev. jun. Dear Madam, I never knew you more mistaken: Why, who can be more an Usurer, than he, who lays out his Money 600 in such Valuable Purchases? If Pleasure be worth purchasing, how great a Pleasure is it to him, who has a true Taste of Life, to ease an Aking Heart, to see the humane Countenance lighted up, into Smiles of Joy, on the Receipt of a Bit of Oar,^o which is superfluous, and otherwise useless in a Man's own Pocket? What could a Man do better with his Cash? This is the Effect of an humane^o Disposition, where there is 610 only a general Tye of Nature, and common Necessity. What then must it be, when we serve an Object of Merit, of Admiration!

Ind. Well! the more you argue against it, the more I shall admire the Generosity.

Bev. jun. Nay, nay^o—Then, Madam, 'tis time to fly, after a Declaration, that my Opinion strengthens my Adversary's Argument—I had best hasten to my Appointment with Mr. *Myrtle*, and be—620 gone, while we are Friends, and—before things are brought to an Extremity—

[Exit carelessly.]

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Well, Madam, what think you of **him** now pray?

Ind. I protest, I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested, in what he does for me. On my Heart, he has no other View, but the meer Pleasure of doing it, and has neither Good or Bad Designs upon me.

Isab. Ah! dear Neice!^o don't be in 630 fear of both! I'll warrant you, you will know time enough, that he is not indifferent.

Ind. You please me, when you tell me so: For, if he has any Wishes towards me, I know he will not pursue them, but with Honour.

Isab. I wish, I were as confident of one, as t'other—I saw the respectful Downcast

of his Eye, when you catcht him gazing 640 at you during the Musick: He, I warrant, was surpriz'd, as if he had been taken stealing your Watch. O! the undissembled Guilty Look!

Ind. But did you observe any such thing, Really? I thought he look'd most Charmingly Graceful! How engaging is Modesty, in a Man, when one knows there is a great Mind within—So tender a Confusion! and yet, in other Respects, so much himself, 650 so collected, so dauntless, so determin'd!

Isab. Ah! Neice! there is a sort of Bashfulness, which is the best Engine to carry on a shameless Purpose: some Men's Modesty serves their Wickedness, as Hypocrisy gains the Respect due to Piety: But I will own to you, there is one hopeful Symptom, if there could be such a thing, as a disinterested Lover; But it's all a Perplexity, till—till—till—660

Ind. Till what?

Isab. Till I know whether Mr. *Myrtle* and Mr. *Bevil* are really Friends, or Foes—And that I will be convinced of, before I sleep: For you shall not be deceiv'd.

Ind. I'm sure, I never shall, if your Fears can guard me: In the mean time, I'll wrap my self up, in the Integrity of my own Heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As Conscious Honour all his Actions steers: 670

So Conscious Innocence dispels my Fears. [Ex.]

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, Sealand's House.

Enter Tom meeting Phillis.

Tom. Well, *Phillis*!—what, with a Face, as if you had never seen me before—What a Work have I to do now? She has seen some new Visitant, at their House, whose Airs she has catch'd, and is resolv'd to practise them upon me. Numberless are the Changes she'll dance thro', before she'll answer this plain Question; *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my Master's Letter to your Lady? Nay, I know her too well, to ask 10 an Account of it, in an ordinary Way; I'll be in my Airs as well as she. [Aside.]—Well, Madam, as unhappy as you are, at

[Oar] O 1, 1735; Ore 1747.
[humane] O 1; human 1735, 1747.
[Nay, nay] O 1; Nay 1735, 1747.
[Neice] O 1, 1747; Niece 1735.

present, pleased to make me, I would not, in the general, be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this Instant. *{Looking stedfastly at her.*

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self? 21

Tom. I am indeed—The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with, is my Fortune, and I am glad of my Poverty; Perhaps, if I were rich, I should overlook the finest Woman in the World, that wants nothing but Riches, to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said? But, I'll have a great deal more,"before I'll say one Word. *[Aside.* 30

Tom. I should, perhaps, have been stupidly above her, had I not been her Equal; and by not being her Equal, never had Opportunity of being her Slave. I am my Master's Servant, for Hire; I am my Mistress's, from Choice; wou'd she but approve my Passion.

Phil. I think, it's the first Time I ever heard you speak of it, with any Sense of the Anguish, if you really do suffer any. 40

Tom. Ah! *Phillis*, can you doubt, after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I'm at Leisure, you may tell me, When you fell in Love with me; How you fell in Love with me; and what you have suffer'd, or are ready to suffer for me.

Tom. Oh! the unmerciful Jade! when I'm in haste about my Master's Letter—50 But, I must go thro' it. *[Aside.]*—Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what Occasion⁰ I was first surpriz'd. It was on the first of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. *Sealand's* Service; I was then a Hobble-de-Hoy, and you a pretty little tight Girl, a favourite Handmaid of the Housekeeper. —At that Time, we neither of us knew what was in us: I remember, I was 60 order'd to get out of the Window, one pair of Stairs, to rub. the Sashes clean, — the Person employ'd, on the innerside, was your

Occasion] Aitken points out that such an episode is to be found from Steele's pen in *The Guardian* of 20th June, 1713.

Charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phil. I think, I remember the silly Accident : What made ye, you Oaf, ready to fall down into the Street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you— You could not guess what surpriz'd me. 70 You took no Delight, when you immediately grew wanton, in your Conquest, and put your Lips close, and breath'd upon the Glass, and when my Lips approach'd, a dirty Cloth you rubb'd against my Face, and hid your beauteous Form; when I again drew near, you spit, and rubb'd, and smil'd at my Undoing.

Phil. What silly Thoughts you Men have!

Tom. We were *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* 80 —but ten times harder was my Fate; *Pyramus* could peep only through a Wall, I saw her, saw my *Thisbe* in all her Beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred Walls between, for there was more, there was her Will against me— Would she but yet relent!—Oh, *Phillis!* *Phillis!* shorten my Torment, and declare you pity me.

Phil. I believe, it's very sufferable; the Pain is not so exquisite, but that you 90 may bear it, a little longer.

Tom. Oh! my charming *Phillis*, if all depended on my Fair One's Will, I could with Glory suffer—But, dearest Creature, consider our miserable State.

Phil. How! Miserable!

Tom. We are miserable to be in Love, and under the Command of others than those we love—with that generous Passion in the Heart, to be sent to and fro on 100 Errands, call'd, check'd and rated for the meanest Trifles. Oh, *Phillis!* you don't know how many *China* Cups, and Glasses, my Passion for you has made me break: You have broke my Fortune, as well as my Heart.

Phil. Well, Mr. *Thomas*, I cannot but own to you, that I believe, your Master write and you speak the best of any Men in the World. Never was Woman so well 110 pleas'd with a Letter, as my young Lady was with his, and this is an Answer to it.

[Gives him a Letter.

Tom. This was well done, my Dearest; consider, we must strike out some pretty Livelyhood for our selves, by closing their Affairs: It will be nothing for them to give

us a little Being of our own, some small Tenement, out of their large Possessions: whatever they give us, 'twill" be more than what they keep for themselves: one 120 Acre, with *Phillis*, wou'd be worth a whole County without her.

Phil. O, could I but believe you!

Tom. If not the Utterance, believe the Touch of my Lips. *[Kisses her.]*

Phil. There's no contradicting you; how closely you argue, *Tom!*

Tom. And will closer, in due time. But I must hasten with this Letter, to hasten towards the Possession of you.—Then, 130 *Phillis*, consider, how I must be reveng'd, look to it, of all your Skittishness, shy Looks, and at best but coy Compliances.

Phil. Oh! *Tom*, you grow wanton, and sensual, as my Lady calls it, I must not endure it; Oh! Foh! you are a Man, an odious filthy Male Creature; you should behave, if you had a right Sense, or were a Man of Sense, like Mr. *Cimberton*, with Distance, and Indifference; or let me see 140 some other becoming hard Word, with seeming in-in-inadvertency, and not rush on one as if you were seizing a Prey. But Hush—the Ladies are coming—Good⁰ *Tom*, don't kiss me above once, and be gone—Lard, we have been Fooling and Toying, and not consider'd the main Business of our Masters and Mistresses.

Tom. Why, their Business is to be Fooling and Toying, as soon as the Parch- 150 ments are ready.

Phil. Well remember'd—Parchments—my Lady, to my Knowledge, is preparing Writings between her Coxcomb Cousin *Cimberton*, and my Mistress; though my Master has an Eye to the Parchments already prepar'd between your Master Mr. *Bevil*, and my Mistress; and I believe, my Mistress herself has sign'd, and seal'd, in her Heart, to Mr. *Myrtle*.—Did I not bid 160 you kiss me but once, and be gone? but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth Creature, how should I! *[Kissing her Hand.]*

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my Hand only, I'll take my Leave of you like a great Lady, and you a Man of Quality. *[They Salute formally.]*

'twill] O 1, 1747; will 1735.

Good] 1735, 1747; God O 1.

Tom. Pox of all this State.

[Offers to kiss her more closely.]

Phil. No, prythee, *Tom*, mind your 170 Business. We must follow that Interest which will take; but endeavour at that which will be most for us, and we like most—O here's my young Mistress! *[Tom taps her Neck behind, and kisses his Fingers.]* Go, ye liquorish Fool,

[Exit Tom.]

' Enter *Lucinda*.

Luc. Who was that you was hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with. 180

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your Ladyship's Service, to carry your Ladyship's Letter to his Master: I could hardly get the Rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little Love for his Master?

Phil. No; but he has^o so much Love for his Mistress.

Luc. But, I thought, I heard him kiss you. Why do you suffer that? 190

Phil. Why, Madam, we Vulgar take it to be a Sign of Love; we Servants, we poor People, that have nothing but our Persons to bestow, or treat for, are fore'd to deal, and bargain by way of Sample; and therefore, as we have no Parchments, or Wax necessary in our Agreements, we squeeze with our Hands, and seal with our Lips, to ratifie Vows and Promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another, 200 without such Earnest down?

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you Gentry, to come together without Deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pert merry Hussy.

Phil. I wish, Madam, your Lover and you were as happy, as *Tom* and your Servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done, Madam; and I 210 won't ask you, what you intend to do with Mr. *Myrtle*, what your Father will do with Mr. *Bevil*, nor what you all, especially my Lady, mean by admitting Mr. *Cimberton* as particularly here, as if he were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as People of Quality are.

has] O 1; hath 1735, 1747.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different Beds in the same House. 220

Luc. Pshaw! I have a very great Value for Mr. *Bevil*, but have absolutely put an End to his Pretensions, in the Letter I gave you for him: But, my Father, in his Heart, still has a mind to him, were it not for this Woman they talk of; and, I am apt to imagine he is married to her, or never designs to marry at all.

Phil. Then Mr. *Myrtle*—

Luc. He had my Parents Leave to 230 apply to me, and by that has won me, and my Affections: who is to have this Body of mine, without 'em, it seems, is nothing to me; my Mother says, it's indecent for me to let my Thoughts stray about the Person of my Husband: nay, she says, a Maid, rigidly^o Virtuous, tho' she may have been where her Lover was a thousand times, should not have made Observations enough, to know him from another Man, 240 when she sees him in a third Place.

Phil. That is more than the Severity of a Nun, for not to see, when one may, is hardly possible; not to see when one can't, is very easy: at this rate, Madam, there a great many whom you have not seen, who—

Luc. Mamma says, the first time you see your Husband should be at that Instant he is made so; when your Father, with the help of the Minister, gives you to him; 250 then you are to see him, then you are to Observe and take Notice of him, because then you are to Obey him.

Phil. But does not my Lady remember, you are to Love, as well as Obey?

Luc. To Love is a Passion, 'tis a Desire, and we must have no Desires. Oh! I cannot endure the Reflection! With what Insensibility on my Part, with what more than Patience, have I been expos'd, and 260 offer'd to some awkward Booby or other, in every County of *Great Britain*?

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder, I never heard you speak of it before, with this Indignation.

Luc. Every Corner of the Land has presented me with a wealthy Coxcomb. As fast as one Treaty has gone off, another has come on, till my Name and Person have been the Tittle Tattle of the whole 20 rigidly) O 1; rightly 1735, 1747.

Town: What is this World come to! No Shame left! To be barter'd for, like the Beasts of the Fields, and that, in such an Instance, as coming together, to an intire Familiarity, and Union of Soul and Body; Oh! and this, without being so much as Well-wishers to each other, but for encrease of Fortune.

Phil. But, Madam, all these Vexations will end, very soon, in one for all: Mr. 280 *Cimber-ton* is your Mother's Kinsman, and three hundred Years an older Gentleman than any Lover you ever had; for which Reason, with that of his prodigious large Estate, she is resolved on him, and has sent to consult the Lawyers accordingly. Nay, has (whether you know it or no) been in Treaty with Sir *Geofiry*, who, to join in the Settlement, has accepted of a Sum to do it, and is every Moment 290 expected in Town for that Purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this Intelligence?

Phil. By an Art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the Waiting-maids in *Great-Britain*; the Art of List'ning, Madam, for your Ladyship's Service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do; leave me, leave me, *Phillis*, be gone: Here, here, I'll turn you out. My Mother says I must not converse with my Serv- 300 ants; tho' I must converse with no one else. [*Exit Phillis.*] How unhappy are we, who are born to great Fortunes! No one looks at us, with Indifference, or acts towards us on the Foot of Plain Dealing; yet, by all I have been heretofore offer'd to, or treated for, I have been us'd with the most agreeable of all Abuses, Flattery; but now, by this Flegmatick Fool, I am us'd as nothing, or a meer Tiling; He, 310 forsooth! is too wise, too learned to have any regard to Desires, and, I know not what the learned Oaf calls Sentiments of Love and Passion—Here he comes with my Mother—It's much if he looks at me; or if he does, takes no more Notice of me, than of any other Moveable in the Room.

Enter Mrs. Sealand, and Mr. Cimber-ton.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned Taste of yours, and the æ worthy Regard you have to our own ancient and honourable House, in consulting a

Means, to keep the Blood as pure, and as regularly descended as may be.

Cim. Why, really Madam,—the young Women of this Age are treated with Discourses of such a Tendency, and their Imaginations so bewildered in Flesh and Blood, that a Man of Reason can't talk to be understood: They have no Ideas of 330 Happiness, but what are more gross than the Gratification of Hunger and Thirst.

Luc. With how much Reflection he is a Coxcomb ? *[Aside.]*

Cim. And in Truth, Madam, I have consider'd it, as a most brutal Custom, that Persons, of the first Character in the World, should go as ordinarily, and with as little Shame, to Bed, as to Dinner with one another. They proceed to the Propaga- 340 gation of the Species, as openly, as to the Preservation of the Individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to Bed to thee, must have no Shame, I'm sure.

[Aside.]

Mrs. Seal. Oh Cousin *Cimberton!* Cousin *Cimberton!* how abstracted, how refin'd, is your Sense of Things! But, indeed, it is too true, there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best govern'd Families, my Master and Lady are gone to Bed; one does 350 not know but it might have been said of one's self. *[Hiding her Face with her Fan.]*

Cim. *Lycurgus*, Madam, instituted otherwise; among the *Lacedemonians*, the whole Female World was pregnant, but none, but the Mothers themselves, knew by whom; their Meetings were secret, and the Amorous Congress always by Stealth; and no such professed Doings between the Sexes, as are tolerated among us, under the au- 360 dacious Word, Marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh! had I liv'd, in those Days, and been a Matron of *Sparta*, one might, with less Indecency, have had ten Children, according to that modest Institution, than one, under the Confusion of our modern, barefae'd manner.

Luc. And yet, poor Woman, she has gone thro' the whole Ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy Proof of it. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of Busi- 371 ness. That Girl walking about the Room there is to be your Wife. She has, I confess, no Ideas, no Sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking Mother.

Cimb. T have observ'd her; her lively Look, free Air, and disengag'd Countenance speak her very—

Luc. Very, What?

Cimb. If you please, Madam — to set 380 her a little that way.

Mrs. Seal. *Lucinda*, say nothing to him, you are not a Match for him; when you are married, you may speak to such a Husband, when you're spoken to. But, I am disposing of you, above your self, every way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but observe the Inconveniences I expose my self to, in hopes that your Ladyship will be the 390 Consort of my better Part: As for the young Woman, she is rather an Impediment, than a Help, to a Man of Letters and Speculation. Madam, there is no Reflection, no Philosophy, can, at all times, subdue the Sensitive Life, but the Animal shall sometimes carry away the Man: Ha! ay, the Vermilion of her Lips.

Luc. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough—Pant of her 400 Bosom.

Luc. Sir; Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward Chest.

Luc. Intolerable!

Cimb. High Health.

Luc. The grave, easy Impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud Heart.

Luc. Stupid Coxcomb!

Cimb. I say, Madam, her Impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out 40 all Attractions—her Arms—her Neck—what a Spring in her Step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you strange Unaccountable!

Cimb. What an Elasticity in her Veins and Arteries!

Luc. I have no Veins, no Arteries.

Mrs. Seal. Oh, Child, hear him, he talks finely, he's a Scholar, he knows what you have. 420

Cimb. The speaking Invitation of her Shape, the Gathering of her self up, and the Indignation you see in the pretty little thing—now, I am considering her, on this Occasion, but as one that is to be pregnant.

Luc. The familiar, learned, unseasonable Puppy! *[Aside.]*

Cimb. And pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly. I fear, I shan't, for many Years,

have Discretion enough to give her one 430
fallow Season.

LAIC. Monster! there's no bearing it. The
hideous Sot!—there's no enduring it, to
be thus survey'd like a Steed at Sale.

Cimb. At Sale! she's very illiterate—
But she's very well limb'd too; turn her in;
I see what she is.

[Exit Lucinda in a Rage.]

Mrs. Seal. Go, you Creature, I am
asham'd of you.

Cimb. No harm done—you know, 440
Madam, the better sort of People, as I
observ'd to you, treat by their Lawyers of
Weddings *[adjusting himself at the Glass]*
and the Woman in the Bargain, like the
Mansion-House in the Sale of the Estate,
is thrown in, and what that is, whether
good or bad, is not at all consider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make
no Demand for her Youth, and Beauty, and
every other Accomplishment, as the com- 450
mon World think 'em, because she is not
Polite.

Cimb. Madam, I know, your exalted
Understanding, abstracted, as it is, from
vulgar Prejudices, will not be offended,
when I declare to you, I Marry to have an
Heir to my Estate, and not to beget a
Colony, or a Plantation: This young
Woman's Beauty, and Constitution, will de-
mand Provision for a tenth Child at least. 480

Mrs. Seal. With all that Wit, and Learn-
ing, how considerate! What an Oeconomist!
[aside.]—Sir, I cannot make her any
other than she is; or say she is much better
than the other young Women of this Age,
or fit for much, besides being a Mother; but
I have given Directions for the Marriage
Settlements, and Sir *Geoffrey Cimberton's*
Council is to meet ours here, at this Hour,
concerning his joyning in the Deed, which 470
when executed, makes you capable of set-
tling what is due to *Lucinda's* Fortune. Her
self, as I told you, I say nothing of.

Cimb. No, no, no, indeed, Madam, it is
not usual, and I must depend upon my own
Reflection, and Philosophy, not to overstock
my Family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her, Cousin
Cimberton; but she is, for ought I see, as
well as the Daughter of any body else. 480

Cimb. That is very true, Madam.

Enter a Servant, who whispers Mrs. Sealand.

Mrs. Seal. The Lawyers are come, and
now we are to hear what they have re-
solv'd as to the point whether it's necessary
that Sir *Geoffry* should join in the Settle-
ment, as being what they call in the Re-
mainder. But, good Cousin, you must have
Patience with 'em. These Lawyers, I am
told, are of a different kind, one is what
they call a Chamber-Council, the other a 490
Pleader: The Conveyancer is slow, from an
Imperfection in his Speech, and therefore
shun'd the Bar, but extremely Passionate,
and impatient of Contradiction: The other
is as warm as he; but has a Tongue so
voluble, and a Head so conceited, he will
suffer no body to speak but himself.

Cimb. You mean old Serjeant *Target*, and
Counsellor *Bramble*? I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The same: shew in the 500
Gentlemen. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Re-enter Servant, introducing Myrtle and
Tom, disguis'd as Bramble and Target.*

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the Party
concern'd, Mr. *Cimberton*; and I hope
you have consider'd of the matter.

Tar. Yes, Madam, we have agreed that
it must be by Indent—dent—dent—
dent—

Bram. Yes, Madam, Mr. Serjeant and my
self have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform
you, that it must be an Indenture Tri- 510
partite, and Tripartite let it be, for Sir
Geoffry must needs be a Party; old *Cimber-
ton*, in the Year 1619, says, in that ancient
Roll, in Mr. Serjeant's Hands, as recourse
thereto being had, will more at large, ap-
pear—

Tar. Yes, and by the Deeds in your
Hands, it appears, that—

Bram. Mr. Serjeant, I beg of you to make
no Inferences upon what is in our Custody;
but speak to the Titles in your own Deeds 521
—I shall not show that Deed till my
Client is in Town.

Cimb. You know best your own Methods.

Mrs. Seal. The single Question is, whether
the Intail is such, that my Cousin Sir
Geoffry is necessary in this Affair?

Bram. Yes, as to the Lordship of
Tretrvplet, but not as to the Messuage of
Grimgribber. 530

Tar. I say that Gr—gr—that Gr—gr—

Grimgribber, *Grimgribber* is in us. That is to say the remainder thereof, as well as that of *Tr——tr—— Triplet*.

Bram. You go upon the Deed of Sir *Ralph*, made in the middle of the last Century, precedent to that in which old *Cimberton* made over the Remainder, and made it pass to the Heirs general, by which your Client comes in; and I question 540 whether the Remainder even of *Tretriplet* is in him—But we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable Consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as *Grimgribber* is, at the rate as we guard against the Contingent of Mr. *Cimberton* having no Son—Then we know Sir *Geoffry* is the first of the Collateral Male Line in this Family—Yet———550

Tar. Sir, *Gr——gr——ber* is——

Bram. I apprehend you very well, and your Argument might be of Force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its Parts—But, Sir, I see very plain⁰ what you are going into—1 tell you, it is as probable a Contingent that Sir *Geoffry* may die before Mr. *Cimberton*, as that he may outlive him.

Tar. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, wo but I must say——

Bram. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that Argument; but that will go no farther than as to the Claimants under old *Cimberton*,—1 am of Opinion, that according to the Instruction of Sir *Ralph*, he could not dock the Entail, and then create a new Estate for the Heirs General.⁰

Tar. Sir, I have not patience to be told that, when *Gr——gr——ber*——570

Bram. I will allow it you, Mr. Serjeant; but there must be the word Heirs for ever, to make such an Estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial, tho' you are Council for my side of the Question—Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him—But Gentlemen, I believe you have both consider'd this mat- 580 tor and are firm in your different Opinions: 'Twere better therefore you proceeded according to the particular Sense of each of

you, and gave your Thoughts distinctly in Writing—And do you see, Sirs, pray let me have a Copy of what you say, in *English*.

Bram. Why, what is all we have been saying?—In *English*! Oh! but I forgot my self, you're a Wit—But however, to please you, Sir, you shall have it, in as plain 590 terms, as the Law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it, Sir, without delay.

Bram. That, Sir, the Law will not admit of: the Courts are sitting at *Westminster*, and I am this moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 'twould be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least, the rest would take it ill else—Therefore, I must leave 600 what I have said to Mr. Serjeant's Consideration, and I will digest his Arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again, Sir.

[Exit Bramble.

Tar. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. *Bramble* is very quick—He parted a little abruptly.

Tar. He could not bear my Argument, I pincht him to the quick about that *Gr——gr——ber*. 610

Mrs. Seal. I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you—1 shall send to you, Mr. Serjeant, as soon as Sir *Geoffry* comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

Tar. I shall be at my Chambers, at my usual Hours. [Exit.

Cimb. Madam, if you please, I'll now attend you to the Tea-Table, where I shall hear from your Ladyship, Reason, and good Sense, after all this Law and Gibberish, 621

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful thing, Sir, that Men of Professions do not study to talk the Substance of what they have to say, in the Language of the rest of the World: Sure, they'd find their Account in it.

Cimb. They might, perhaps, Madam, with People of your good Sense; but, with the generality 'twould never do: The Vulgar would have no respect for Truth and 630 Knowledge, if, they were exposed to naked View.

Truth is too simple, of all Art bereav'd:

plain] O 1; plainly 1735, 1747.

Heirs General] O 1; Heirs in General 1735, 1747.

Since the World will—why let it be de-
ceiv'd.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Bevil Junior's Lodgings.*

*Bevil jun. with a Letter in his Hand,
follow'd by Tom.*

Tom. Upon my Life, Sir, I know nothing of the matter: I never open'd my Lips to Mr. *Myrtle*, about any thing of your Honours Letter to Madam *Lucinda*.

Bev. What's the Fool in such a fright for? I don't suppose you did: What I would know is, whether Mr. *Myrtle* shew'd any Suspicion, or ask'd you any Questions, to lead you to say casually, that you had carry'd any such Letter, for me, this Morning,
11

Tom. Why, Sir, if he did ask me any Questions, how could I help it?

Bev. I don't say you could, Oaf! I am not questioning you, but him: What did he say to you?

Tom. Why, Sir, when I came to his Chambers, to be dress'd for the Lawyer's Part, your Honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he ask'd me, if I had been at Mr. 20 *Sealand's* this Morning?—So I told him, Sir, I often went thither—because, Sir, if I had not said that, he might have thought, there was something more, in my going now, than at another time.

Bev. Very well!—The Fellow's Caution, I find, has given him this Jealousy. [*aside.*] Did he ask you no other Questions?

Tom. Yes, Sir—now I remember, as 30 we came away in the Hackney Coach, from Mr. *Sealand's*, *Tom*, says he, as I came in to your Master, this Morning, he bad you go for an Answer to a Letter he had sent. Pray did you bring him any? says he—Ah! says I, Sir, your Honour is pleas'd to joke with me, you have a mind to know whether I can keep a Secret, or no?

Bev. And so, by shewing him you could, you told him you had one? 40

Tom. Sir———[*confus'd.*

Bev. What mean Actions does Jealousy

make a Man stoop to? How poorly has he us'd Art, with a Servant, to make him betray his own Master? Well! and when did he give you this Letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it, before he pull'd off his Lawyer's Gown, at his own Chambers.

Bev. Very well; and what did he say, when you brought him my Answer to it? 50

Tom. He look'd a little out of Humour, Sir, and said, It was very well.

Bev. I knew he would be grave upon't, —wait without.

Tom. Humh! 'gad, I don't like this; I am afraid we are all in the wrong Box here.— [*Exit Tom.*

Bev. I put on a Serenity, while my Fellow was present: But I have never been more thoroughly disturb'd; This hot 60 Man! to write me a Challenge, on supposed artificial Dealing, when I profess'd my self his Friend! I can live contented without Glory; but I cannot suffer Shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider *Lucinda's* Letter again. [*Reads.*

SIR,

I Hope it is consistent with the Laws a Woman ought to impose upon her self, to acknowledge, that your manner of declining a Treaty of Marriage, in our Family, and desiring the Refusal may come from me, has something more engaging in it, than the Courtship of him, who, I fear, will fall to my Lot; except your Friend exerts himself, for our common Safety, and Happiness: I have Reasons for desiring Mr. *Myrtle* may not know of this Letter, till hereafter, and am your most oblig'd humble Servant,
Lucinda Sealand. 80

Well, but the Postscript.

[*Reads.*

I won't, upon second Thoughts, hide any thing from you. But, my Reason for concealing this is, that Mr. *Myrtle* has a Jealousy in his Temper, which gives me some Terrors; but my Esteem for him inclines me to hope that only an ill Effect, which sometimes accompanies a Tender Love; and what may be cur'd, by a careful and unblameable Conduct. 90

Thus has this Lady made me her Friend and Confident, and put her self, in a kind, under my Protection: I cannot tell him immediately the Purport of her Letter, ex-

cept I could cure him of the violent and untractable Passion of Jealousy, and so serve him, and her, by'disobeying her, in the Article of Secrecy, more than I should by complying with her Directions——But then this Duelling, which Custom has ¹⁰⁰impost upon every Man, who would live with Reputation and Honour in the World:——How must I preserve my self from Imputations there? He'll, forsooth, call it, or think it Fear, if I explain without Fighting——But his Letter—I'll read it again.——

SIR,

*You have us'd me basely, in correspond-
ing, and carrying on a Treaty, where you no
told me you were indifferent: I have
chang'd my Sword, since I saw you; which
Advertisement I thought proper to send you
against the next Meeting, between you, and
the injur'd*

Charles Myrtle.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle, Sir: would your Honour please to see him?

Bev. Why you stupid Creature! Let Mr. Myrtle wait at my Lodgings! Shew him up. [*Exit Tom.*] Well! I am resolv'd upon ¹⁰my Carriage to him——He is in Love, and in every circumstance of Life a little distrustful, which I must allow for—but here he is.

Enter Tom introducing Myrtle.

Sir, I am extremely oblig'd to you for this Honour,——But, Sir, You with your very discerning Face, leave the Room. [*Exit Tom.*] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your Commands with me?

Myrt. The Time, the Place, our long 130 Acquaintance, and many other Circumstances, which affect me on this Occasion, oblige me, without farther Ceremony, or Conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the Receipt of my Letter, but also comply with the Request in it. I must have farther Notice taken of my Message than these half Lines,——I have yours,——I shall be at home.——140

Bev. Sir, I own, I have received a Letter from you, in a very unusual Style; But as I design every thing, in this Matter, shall

be your own Action, your own Seeking, I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleas'd to confirm, Face to Face, and I have already forgot the Contents of your Epistle.

Myrt. This cool Manner is very agreeable to the Abuse you have already made of my Simplicity and Frankness; and I 150 see your Moderation tends to your own Advantage, and not mine; to your own Safety, not Consideration of your Friend.

Bev. My own Safety, Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. Your own Safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Look you, Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at——But, Sir, you know, I have often dared to disapprove of the Decisions a Tyrant Custom has introduc'd, to the 160 Breach of all Laws, both Divine and Human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil, it would be a good first Principle, in those who have so tender a Conscience that way, to have as much Abhorrence of doing Injuries, as—

Bevil. As what?

Myrt. As Fear of answering for 'em.

Bev. As Fear of answering for 'em! But that Apprehension is Just or Blameable, 170 according to the Object of that Fear.——I have often told you in Confidence of Heart, I abhorr'd the Daring to offend the Author of Life, and rushing into his Presence.——I say, by the very same Act, to commit the Crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his Tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this Coolness, this Gravity, this Shew of Conscience, shall never cheat me of my 180 Mistress. You have, indeed, the best Excuse for Life, the Hopes of possessing *Lucinda*: But consider, Sir, I have as much Reason to be weary of it, if I am to lose her; and my first Attempt to recover her, shall be to let her see the Dauntless Man, who is to be her Guardian and Protector.

Bev. Sir, shew me but the least Glimpse of Argument, that I am authoriz'd, by my own Hand, to vindicate any lawless In- 190 suit of this nature, and I will shew thee—to chastize thee—hardly deserves the Name of Courage—flight, inconsiderate Man! —There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such Terror in quick Anger; and you shall, you know not why, be cool, as you have, you know not why, been warm.

Myrt. Is the Woman one loves, so little an Occasion of Anger? You perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have 200 your Ready, your Commodious, your Foreign Trinket,, for your loose Hours; and from your Fortune, your specious outward Carriage, and other lucky Circumstances, as easie a Way to the Possession of a Woman of Honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarm'd, to be distracted, with Anxiety and Terror of losing more than Life: Your Marriage,"happy Man! goes on like common Business, and in the interim, you have your Rambling Captive, your 211 *Indian Princess*, for your soft Moments of Dalliance, your Convenient, your Ready *Indiana*.

Bev. You have touch'd me beyond the Patience of a Man; and I'm excusable, in the Guard of Innocence (or from the Infirmary of Human Nature, which can bear no more) to accept your Invitation, and observe your Letter——Sir, 111 attend 220 you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call, Sir? I thought you did: I heard you speak aloud.

Bev. Yes, go call a Coach.

Tom. Sir,——Master——Mr. *Myrtle*,——Friends——Gentlemen——what d'ye mean? I am but a Servant, or——

Bev. Call a Coach. [*Exit Tom.*]

[*A long Pause, walking sullenly by each other.*]

[*Aside*] Shall I (though provok'd to the Uttermost) recover my self at the En- 230 trance of a third Person, and that my Servant too, and not have Respect enough to all I have ever been receiving from Infancy, the Obligation to the best of Fathers, to an unhappy Virgin too, whose Life depends on mine. [*Shutting the Door.*]

[*To Myrtle.*] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect my self, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash Man as you think of me, keep longer unexplain'd the false 240 Appearances, under which your Infirmary of Temper makes you suffer; when, perhaps, too much Regard to a false Point of Honour, makes me prolong that Suffering.

Myrt. I am sure, Mr. *Bevil* cannot

doubt, but I had rather⁰ have Satisfaction from his Innocence, than his Sword.

Bev. Why then would you ask it first that Way?

Myrt. Consider, you kept your Temper 250 your self no longer than till I spoke to the Disadvantage of her you lov'd.

Bev. True. But let me tell you, I have sav'd you from the most exquisite Distress, even tho' you had succeeded in the Dispute: I know you so well, that I am sure, to have found this Letter about a Man you had kill'd, would have been worse than Death to your self——Read it——. When he is thoroughly⁰ mortify'd, and Shame 260 has got the better of Jealousie, when he has seen himself throughly, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining *Lucinda*.

Myrt. With what a Superiority has he turn'd the Injury on me, as the Aggressor? I begin to fear, I have been too far transported—A *Treaty in our Family!* is not that saying too much? I shall relapse—But, I find (on the Postscript) *something like Jealousie* —with what Face can I see 270 my Benefactor? my Advocate? whom I have treated like a Betrayer.——Oh! *Bevil*, with what Words shall I——

Bev. There needs none; to convince, is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you——

Bev. You have o'erpaid the Inquietude you gave me, in the Change I see in you towards me: Alas! what Machines are we! thy Face is alter'd to that of another 280 Man; to that of my Companion, my Friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitant Wretch!

Bev. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many Friends have died, by the Hands of Friends, for want of Temper; and you must give me Leave to say again, and again, how much I am beholden to that Superior Spirit you have subdu'd me with——what had be- 290 come of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of Reason?

Bev. I congratulate to us both the Escape from our selves, and hope the Memory of it will make us Dearer Friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear *Bevil*, your Friendly Conduct

rather] 1735, 1747; other O 1.

thoroughly) O 1; throughly 1735, 1747.

has convinc'd me that there is nothing manly, but what is conducted by Reason, and agreeable to the Practice of Virtue 300 and Justice. And yet, how many have been sacrificed to that Idol, the Unreasonable Opinion of Men! Nay, they are so ridiculous in it, that they often use their Swords against each other, with Dissembled Anger, and Real Fear.

Betray'd by Honour, and compell'd by Shame,

They hazard Being, to preserve a Name:
Nor dare enquire into the dread Mistake,
Till plung'd in sad Eternity they Wake, 310
[Exeunt.

SCENE St. James's Park.

Enter Sir John Bevil, and Mr. Sealand.

Sir J. Bev. Give me leave, however, *Mr. Sealand*, as we are upon a Treaty for Unit- ing our Families,⁰ to mention only the Business of an ancient House——Genealogy and Descent are to be of some Consideration, in an Affair of this sort——

Mr. Seal. Genealogy, and Descent!——
Sir, there has been in our Family a very large one. There was *Galfrid* the Father of *Edward*, the Father of *Ptolemey*, the Fa- 10 ther of *Crassus*, the Father of Earl *Richard*, the Father of *Henry* the Marquis, the Father of Duke *John*——

Sir J. Bev. What, do you rave, *Mr. Sealand*? all these great Names in your Family?

Mr. Seal. These? yes, Sir——I have heard my Father name 'em all, and more.

Sir J. Bev. Ay, Sir?——and did he say they were all in your Family? 20

Mr. Seal. Yes, Sir, he kept 'em all——he was the greatest Cocker in *England*——he said, Duke *John* won him many Battles, and never lost one.

Sir J. Bev. Oh Sir, your Servant, you are laughing at my laying any Stress upon Descent——but I must tell you Sir, I never knew any one, but he that wanted that Advantage, turn it into Ridicule.

Mr. Seal. And I never knew any one, 30 who had many better Advantages, put that into his Account——But, Sir *John*, value your self as you please upon your ancient House, I am to talk freely of every thing,

our Families] O 1, 1747; *Families* 1735.

you are pleas'd to put into your Bill of Rates, on this Occasion——yet, Sir, I have made no Objections to your Son's Family——'Tis his Morals, that I doubt.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I can't help saying, that what might injure a Citizen's Credit, may 40 be no Stain to a Gentleman's Honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir *John* the Honour of a Gentleman is liable to be tainted, by as small a matter as the Credit of a Trader; we are talking of a Marriage, and in such a Case, the Father of a young Woman will not think it an Addition, to the Honour, or Credit of her Lover—that he is a Keeper——

Sir J. Bev. *Mr. Sealand*, don't take upon you, to spoil my Son's Marriage, with any Woman else. 51

Mr. Seal. Sir *John*, let him apply to any Woman else, and have as many Mistresses as he pleases——

Sir J. Bev. My Son, Sir, is a discreet and sober Gentleman——

Mr. Seal. Sir, I never saw a Man that wench'd soberly and discreetly, that ever left it off——the Decency obscur'd in the Practice, hides, even from the Sinner, the 60 Iniquity of it. They pursue it, not that their Appetites hurry 'em away; but, I warrant you, because, 'tis their Opinion, they may do it.

Sir J. Bev. Were what you suspect a Truth——do you design to keep your Daughter a Virgin, 'till you find a Man unblemish'd that way?

Mr. Seal. Sir, as much a Cit as you take me for—I know the Town, and the World 70 —and give me leave to say, that we Merchants are a Species of Gentry, that have grown into the World this last Century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed Folks, that have always thought your selves so much above us; For your trading, forsooth! is extended no farther, than a Load of Hay, or a fat Ox——You are pleasant People, indeed; because you are generally bred up to be lazy, 80 therefore, I warrant you, Industry is dishonourable.

Sir J. Bev. Be not offended, Sir; let us go back to our Point.

Mr. Seal. Oh! not at all offended—but I don't love to leave any part of the Account unclos'd——look you, Sir *John*, Comparisons are odious, and more particularly

so, on Occasions of this Kind, when we **are** projecting Races, that are to be made out 90 of both Sides of the Comparisons.

Sir J. Bev. But, my Son, Sir, is, in the Eye of the World, a Gentleman of Merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you, I think him so. —But, Sir *John*, I am a Man exercis'd, and experience in Chances, and Disasters; I lost, in my earlier Years, a very fine Wife, and with her a poor little Infant; this makes me, perhaps, over cautious, to preserve the second Bounty of Providence 100 to me, and be as careful, as I can, of this Child—you'll pardon me, my poor Girl, Sir, is as valuable to me, as your boasted Son, to you.

Sir J. Bev. Why, that's one very good Reason, *Mr. Sealand*, why I wish my Son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is *nothing*, but this strange Lady here, this *Incognita*, that can be objected to him—here and there a 110 Man falls in Love with an artful Creature, and gives up all the Motives of Life, to that one Passion.

Sir J. Bev. A Man of my Son's Understanding, cannot be suppos'd to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wise Men have been so enslav'd; and, when a Man marries with one of them upon his Hands, whether mov'd from the Demand of the World, 120 or slighter Reasons; such a Husband soils⁰ with his Wife for a Month perhaps—then Good B'w'y' Madam—the Show's over—ah! *John Dryden* points out such a Husband to a Hair, where he says, 'And while abroad so prodigal the Dolt is, 'Poor Spouse at home as ragged as a Colt is. Now in plain Terms, Sir, I shall not care to have my poor Girl turn'd a grazing, and that must be the Case, when—130

Sir J. Bev. But pray consider, Sir, my Son—

Mr. Seal. Look you, Sir, I'll make the Matter short: This unknown Lady, as I told you, is all the Objection I have to him: But, one way or other, he is, or has been, certainly engag'd to her—I am therefore resolv'd, this very Afternoon, to visit her: Now from her Behaviour, or Appearance, I shall soon be let into, what 140 I may fear, or hope for.

soilsj cohabit.

Sir J. Bev. Sir, I am very confident, there can be Nothing enquir'd into, relating to my Son, that will not, upon being understood, turn to his Advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that, as sincerely, as you believe it—Sir *John Bevil*, when I am satisfied, in this great Point, if your Son's Conduct answers the Character you give him, I shall wish your Alliance more than 150 that of any Gentleman in *Great Britain*, and so your Servant. [*Exit.*]

Sir J. Bev. He is gone, in a Way but barely Civil; but his great Wealth, and the Merit of his only Child, the Heiress of it, are not to be lost for a little Peevishness—

Enter Humphrey.

Oh! *Humphrey*, you are come in a seasonable Minute; I want to talk to thee, and to tell thee, that my Head and Heart are MO on the Rack, about my Son.

Humph. Sir, you may trust his Discretion, I am sure you may.

Sir J. Bev. Why, I do believe I may, and yet I'm in a thousand Fears, when I lay this vast Wealth before me: When I consider his Prepossessions, either generous, to a Folly, in an honourable Love; or abandon'd, past Redemption, in a vicious One; and, from the one or the other, his In- 10 sensibility to the fairest Prospect, towards doubling our Estate: a Father, who knows how useful Wealth is, and how necessary, even to those who despise it, I say a Father, *Humphrey*, a Father cannot bear it.

Humph. Be not transported, Sir; you will grow incapable of taking any Resolution, in your perplexity.

Sir J. Bev. Yet, as angry as I am with him, I would not have him surpriz'd in 180 any thing—This Mercantile rough Man may go grosly into the Examination of this matter, and talk to the Gentlewoman so as to—

Humph. No, I hope, not in an abrupt manner.

Sir J. Bev. No, I hope not! Why, dost thou know any thing of her, or of him, or of any thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. My dear Master, I know so 190 much; that I told him this very Day, you

had Reason to be secretly out of Humour about her.

Sir J. Bev. Did you go so far?—Well, what said he to that?

Humph. His Words were, looking upon me stedfastly: *Humphrey*, says he, That Woman is a Woman of Honour.

Sir J. Bev. How! Do you think he is married to her, or designs to marry her? 200

Humph. I can say nothing to the latter—But he says, he can marry no one without your Consent, while you are living.

Sir J. Bev. If he said so much, I know he scorns to break his Word with me.

Humph. I am sure of that.

Sir J. Bev. You are sure of that—Well! that's some Comfort—Then I have nothing to do but to see the bottom of this matter, during this present Ruffle 210
Oh, *Humphrey*—

Humph. You are not ill, I hope, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. Yes, a Man is very ill, that's^o in a very ill Humour: To be a Father, is to be in Care for one, whom you oftner disoblige, than please, by that very Care—Oh! that Sons could know the Duty to a Father, before they themselves are Fathers?—But, perhaps, you'll say now, that I am one of the happiest Fathers in 20 the World; but, I assure you, that of the very happiest is not a Condition to be envied.

Humph. Sir, your Pain arises, not from the Thing it self, but your particular Sense of it—You are overfond, nay, give me leave to say, you are unjustly apprehensive from your Fondness: My Master *Bevil* never disoblig'd you, and he will, I know he will, do every thing you ought to 20 expect.

Sir J. Bev. He won't take all this Money with this Girl—For ought I know, he will, forsooth, have so much Moderation, as to think he ought not to force his Liking for any Consideration.

Humph. He is to marry her, not you; he is to live with her, not you, Sir.

Sir J. Bev. I know not what to think: But, I know, nothing can be more miser- 240 able than to be in this Doubt.—Follow me; I must come to some Resolution.

[*Exeunt.*

that's) O 1; that is 1735, 1747.

SCENE, *Bevil junior's Lodgings.*

Enter Tom and Phillis.

Tom. Well, Madam, if you must speak with Mr. *Myrtle*, you shall; he is now with my Master in the Library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a Present, nor I so handsomly take any thing from him, before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It win be very decent, indeed, for me to retire, and leave my Mistress with another Man. 10

Phil. He is a Gentleman, and will treat one properly—

Tom. I believe so— but, however, I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you: I'll call him to you.

[*Exit Tom.*

Phil. What a deal of Pother, and Sputter here is, between my Mistress, and Mr. *Myrtle*, from meer Punctilio? I could any hour of the Day get her to her Lover, and would do it—But she, forsooth, will 20 allow no Plot to get him; but, if he can come to her, I know she would be glad of it: I must therefore do her an acceptable Violence, and surprize her into his Arms. I am sure I go by the best Rule imaginable: If she were my Maid, I should think her the best Servant in the World for doing so by me.

Enter Myrtle and Tom.

Oh Sir! You and Mr. *Bevil* are fine Gentlemen, to let a Lady remain under such 30 Difficulties as my poor Mistress, and no Attempt to set her at Liberty, or release her from the Danger of being instantly married to *Cimberton*.

Myrt. *Tom* has been telling—But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done—when a Man can't come at his Mistress!—Why, can't you fire our House, or the next House to us, to make us run out and you take us?

Myrt. How, Mrs. *Phillis*—41

Phil. Ay—let me see that Rogue deny to fire a House, make a Riot, or any other little thing, when there were no other Way to come at me.

Tom. I am oblig'd to you, Madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every day of People's hanging thianselves for Love, and

won't they venture the Hazard of being hang'd for Love?—Oh! were I a Man——

Myrt. What manly thing would you 51 have me undertake? according to your Ladyship's Notion of a Man.

Phil. Only be at once, what, one Time or other, you may be, and wish to be, or must be.

Myrt. Dear Girl, talk plainly to me, and consider, I, in my Condition, can't be in very good Humour—you say, to be at once what I must be. 60

Phil. Ay, ay,——I mean no more than to be an old Man; I saw you do it very well at the Masquerade: In a Word, old Sir *Geoffry Cimberton* is every Hour expected in Town, to join in the Deeds and Settlements for marrying Mr. *Cimberton*——He is half blind, half lame, half deaf, half dumb; tho', as to his Passions and Desires, he is as warm and ridiculous as when in the Heat of Youth.——70

Tom. Come to the Business, and don't keep the Gentleman in Suspence for the Pleasure of being courted, as you serve me.

Phil. I saw you at the Masquerade act such a one to Perfection; Go, and put on that very Habit, and come to our House as Sir *Geoffry*. There is not one there, but my self, knows his Person; I was born in the Parish where he is Lord of the Mannor.^o I have seen him often and often at 80 Church in the Country. Do not hesitate; but come thither; they will think you bring a certain Security against Mr. *Myrtle*, and you bring Mr. *Myrtle*; leave the rest to me, I leave this with you, and expect——They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever, if you lose this Opportunity.——1 must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear *Phillis*!

[*Catches and kisses her, and gives her Money.*]

Phil. O Fie I my Kisses are not my own; you have committed Violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right Owner. [*Tom kisses her.*] Come, see me down Stairs, [*to Tom*] and leave the Lover to think of his last Game for the Prize. [*Exeunt Tom and Phillis.*]

Myrt. I think I will instantly attempt this wild "Expedient"——The Extrava-
Mannor] O 1; *Manor* 1735, 1747.

gance of it will make me less suspected, 100 and it will give me Opportunity to assert my own Right to *Lucinda*, without whom I cannot live: But I am so mortify'd at this Conduct of mine, towards poor *Bevil*; He must think meanly of me——I know not how to reassume my self, and be in Spirit enough, for such an Adventure as this——Yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near *Lucinda*, under Her present Perplexities; and sure——no

The next Delight to Transport, with the Fair,
Is to relieve her, in her hours of Care.

[*Exit.*]

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sealand's House.*

Enter Phillis, with Lights, before Myrtle, disguis'd like old Sir Geoffry, supported by Mrs. Sealand, Lucinda, and Cimberton.

Mrs. Seal. Now I have seen you thus far, Sir *Geoffry*, will you excuse me a Moment, while I give my necessary Orders for your Accommodation? [*Ex. Mrs. Seal.*]

Myrt. I have not seen you, Cousin *Cimberton*, since you were ten Years old; and as it is incumbent on you, to keep up our Name and Family, I shall, upon very reasonable Terms, join with you, in a Settlement to that purpose. Tho' I must tell 10 you, Cousin this is the first Merchant that has married into our House.

Luc. Deuce on 'em! am I a Merchant, because my Father is? [*Aside.*]

Myrt. But is he directly a Trader, at this time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the Disgrace, Sir; he trades to all parts of the World.

Myrt. We never had one of our Family before, who descended from Persons that 20 did any thing.

Cimb. Sir, since it is a Girl that they have, I am, for the Honour of my Family, willing to take it in again; and to sink her into our Name, and no harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently, and generously resolv'd——Is this the young thing?

Cimb. Yes, Sir.

Phil. Good Madam, don't be out of

Humour, but let them run to the utmost 30 of their Extravagancer—Hear ..them out.

Myrt. Can't I see her nearer? My Eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beside, I am sure the Unkle has something worth your Notice. I'll take care to get off the young one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one, for your good. *[Exit.*

Cimb. Madam, this old Gentleman, your Great Unkle, desires to be introduced to 40 you, and to see you nearer!——Approach, Sir.

Myrt. By your leave, young Lady——*[Puts on Spectacles.]—Cousin Cimberton!* She has exactly that sort of Neck, and Bosom, for which my Sister Gertrude was so much admired, in the Year sixty one, before the *French Dresses* first discovered any thing in Women, below the Chin.

Luc. *[Aside.]* What a very odd Situa- 50 tion am I in? TW I cannot but be diverted, at the extravagance of their Humours, equally unsuitable to their Age—Chin, quotha——I don't believe my passionate Lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Myrt. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better Glass——

[Pulls out a large one.

Enter Phillis to Cimberton.

Phil. Sir, my Lady desires to shew the Apartment to you, that she intends for 60 Sir Geoffrey.^o

Cimb. Well Sir! by that time you have sufficiently gazed, and sunned your self in the Beauties of my Spouse there, I will wait on you again. *[Ex. Cimb. and Phil.*

Myr. Were it not, Madam, that I might be troublesome, there is something of Importance, tho' we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something, in this old TO Fellow methinks, that raises my Curiosity.'

Myr. To be free, Madam, I as heartily condemn this Kinsman of mine, as you do, and am sorry to see so much Beauty and Merit devoted, by your Parents, to so insensible a Possessor.

Luc. Surprising!—I hope then, Sir, you will not contribute to the Wrong you are Sir Geoffrey] 1735, 1747; Geoffrey O 1.

so generous as to^o pity, whatever may be the Interest of your Family. so

Myr. This Hand of mine shall never be employ'd, to sign any thing, against your Good and Happiness.

Luc. I am sorry, Sir, it is not in my Power to make you proper Acknowledgments; but there is a Gentleman in the World, whose Gratitude will, I am sure, be worthy of the Favour.

Myr. All the Thanks I desire, Madam, are in your Power to give. 90

Luc. Name them, and Command them.

Myr. Only, Madam, that the first time you are alone with your Lover, you will, with open Arms, receive him.

Luc. As willingly as his Heart could wish it.

Myr. Thus then he claims your Promise! 0 *Lucinda!*

Luc. O! a Cheat! a Cheat! a Cheat!

Myr. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your Lover, Myrtle himself, Madam. 101

Luc. O bless me! what a Rashness, and Folly to surprize me so——But hush——my Mother——

Enter Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, and Phillis.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the matter?

Luc. O Madam! as soon as you left the Room, my Uncle fell into a sudden Fit, and—and—so I cry'd out for help, to support him, and conduct him to his Chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done! Alas! Sir, how do you find your self? 111

Myr. Never was taken, in so odd a way in my Life——pray lead me! Oh! I was talking here——*(pray carry me)* to my Cousin Cimberton's young Lady——

Mrs. Seal. *[Aside]* My Cousin Cimberton'a young Lady! How zealous he is, even in his Extremity, for the Match! a right Cimberton.

[Cimberton and Lucinda lead him, as one in Pain, &c.

Cymb. Pox! Uncle, you will pull my Ear off. 121

Luc. Pray Uncle! you will squeeze me to Death.

Mrs. Seal. No matter, no matter——he knows not what he does. Come, Sir, shall I help you out?

as to) O 1; to 1735, 1747.

Myrt. By no means; I'll trouble no body, but my young Cousins here.

[*They lead him off.*]

Phil. But pray, Madam, does your Ladyship intend that Mr. *Cimberton* shall really marry my young Mistress at last? I don't 131 think he likes her.

Mrs. Seal. That's not material! Men of his Speculation are above Desires—but be it^o as it may; now I have given old Sir *Gcofiry* the Trouble of coming up to Sign and Seal, with what Countenance can I be off?

Phil. As well as with twenty others, Madam; It is the Glory and Honour of 140 a Great Fortune, to live in continual Treaties, and still to break off: it looks Groat, Madam.

Mrs. Seal. True, *Phillis*——yet to return our Blood again into the *Cimberton's*, is an Honour not to be rejected——but were not you saying, that Sir *John BeviVs* Creature *Humphrey* has been with Mr. *Sealand*?

Phil. Yes, Madam; I overheard them agree, that Mr. *Sealand* should go him-asi self, and visit this unknown Lady that Mr. *Bevil* is so great with; and if he found nothing there to fright him, that Mr. *Bevil* should still marry my young Mistress.

Mrs. Seal. How! nay then he shall find she is my Daughter, as well as his: I'll follow him this Instant, and take the whole Family along with me: The disputed Power of Disposing of my own Daughter shall 160 be at an end this very Night——I'll live no longer in Anxiety for a little Hussey, that hurts my Appearance, wherever I carry her: and, for whose sake, I seem to be^o at all regarded, and that in the best of my Days.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, if she were married, your Ladyship might very well be taken for Mr. *Sealand's* Daughter.

Mrs. Seal. Nay, when the Chit has 170 not been with me, I have heard the Men say as much——I'll no longer cut off the greatest Pleasure of a Woman's Life, (the shining in Assemblies) by her Forward Antic-be it/ O 1; be 1735, 1747.

6c) O 1; be not 1735, 1747. There is no need to abandon O 1, which means "it is only as her mother that anyone takes any notice of me at all." One must admit that the wording is clumsy.

ipation of the Respect, that's due to her Superior——she shall down to *Cimberton-Hall*——she shall——she shall.

Phil. I hope, Madam, I shall stay with your Ladyship.

Mrs. Seal. Thou shalt, *Phillis*, and I'll 180 place thee then more about me.——But order Chairs immediately——I'll be gone this Minute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Charing-Cross.

Enter Mr. Sealand, and Humphrey.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. *Humphrey*, that you agree with me, that it is for our Common Good, I should look thoroughly into this Matter.

Humph. I am, indeed, of that Opinion; for there is no Artifice, nothing concealed, in our Family, which ought in Justice to be known; I need not desire you, Sir, to treat the Lady with Care and Respect.

Mr. Seal. Master *Humphrey*——I shall 10 not be rude, tho' I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the Matter at once, to see how she will bear, upon a Surprise.

Humph. That's the Door, Sir I wish you Success——[*While Humphrey speaks, Sealand consults his Table-Book*] I am less concern'd what happens there, because I hear Mr. *Myrtle* is well lodg'd, as old Sir *Geoffry*, so I am willing to let this Gentleman employ himself here, to give them a> time at home: for I am sure, 'tis necessary for the Quiet of our Family, *Lucinda* were disposed of, out of it, since Mr. *BeviVs* Inclination is so much otherwise engaged.

[*Exit.*]

Mr. Seal. I think this is the Door——[*Knocks*] I'll carry this Matter with an Air of Authority, to enquire, tho' I make an Errand, to begin Discourse. [*Knocks again, and Enter a Foot-Boy.*] So young Man! is your Lady within? 30

Boy. Alack, Sir! I am but a Country Boy——I dant know, whether she is, or noa: but an you'll stay a bit, I'll goa, and ask the Gentlewoman that's with her.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah, tho' you are a Country Boy, you can see, can't you? you know whether sjjq. is at home, when you see her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'mnot sucha Country Lad neither, Masterthink she's at 40

home, because I see her: I have been in Town but a Month, and I lost one Place already, for believing my own Eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why, Sirrah! have you learnt to lie already?

Boy. Ah! Master! things that are Lies in the Country, are not Lies at London—I begin to know my Business a little better than so—but an you please to walk in, I'll call a Gentlewoman to you, that can tell 50 you for certain—she can make bold to ask my Lady her self.

Mr. Seal. O! then, she is within, I find, tho' you dare not say so.

Boy. Nay, nay! that's neither here, nor there: what's matter, whether she is within or no, if she has not a mind to see any Body.

Mr. Seal. I can't tell, Sirrah, whether you are Arch, or Simple, but however get 60 me a direct Answer, and here's a Shilling for you.

Boy. Will you please to walk in, I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I see you will be fit for your Business, in time, Child. But I expect to meet with nothing but Extraordinaries, in such a House.

Boy. Such a House! Sir, you han't seen it yet: Pray walk in. 70

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Indiana's House.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What Anxiety do I feel for this poor Creature! What will be the End of her? Such a languishing unreserv'd Passion, for a Man, that at last must certainly leave, or ruin her! and perhaps both! then the Aggravation of the Distress is, that she does not believe he will—not but, I must own, if they are both what they would seem, they are made for one another, as much as Adam and Eve were, for there is no 10 other, of their Kind, but themselves.

Enter Boy.

So Daniel! what News with you?

Boy. Madam, there's a Gentleman below would speak with my Lady.

hab. Sirrah! don't you know Mr. Bevil yet?

Boy. Madam, 'tis not the Gentleman who comes every Day, and asks for you, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no. 20

hab. Ha! that's a Particular I did not know before: Well! be it who it will, let him come up to me.

[*Ex. Boy; and re-enters with Mr. Seal.* Isabella looks amaz'd!

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surpriz'd, to see a perfect Stranger make a Visit, and——

Isab. I am indeed surpriz'd!—I see he does not know me.

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here, Madam; in troth you seem to have so every thing in Plenty—a Thousand a Year, I warrant you, upon this pretty Nest of Rooms, and the dainty One within them.

[*Aside, and looking about.*]

Isab. [*Apart.*] Twenty Years, it seems, have less Effect in the Alteration of a Man of Thirty, than of a Girl of Fourteen—he's almost still the same; but alas! I find, by other Men, as well as himself, I am not what I was—As soon as he spoke, I was con vine'd 'twas He—How shall I contain 40 my Surprize and Satisfaction! he must not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any Disturbance; But there is a young Lady here, with whom I have a particular Business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that Favour.

Isab. Why, Sir, have you had any Notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you. 50

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

Isab. Well, Sir! you shall see her:—I find he knows nothing yet, nor shall from me: I am resolv'd, I will observe this Interlude, this Sport of Nature, and of Fortune.—You shall see her presently, Sir; For now I am as a-Mother, and will trust her with you. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Seal. As a Mother! right; that's 60 the old Phrase, for one of those Commode Ladies, who lend out Beauty, for Hire, to young Gentlemen that have pressing Occasions. But here comes the precious Lady herself. In troth a very sightly Woman——

Enter Indiana.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have some Affair that requires your speaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes, Madam: There came to my Hands a Bill drawn by Mr. *Becvil*, which is payable tomorrow; and he, in 70 the Intercourse of Business, sent it to me, who have Cash of his, and desired me to send a Servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the Money my self.

Ind. Sir! was that necessary?

Mr. Seal. No, Madam; but, to be free with you, the Fame of your Beauty, and the Regard, which Mr. *Bevil* is a little too well known to have for you, excited my Curiosity.

bid. Too well known to have for me! Your sober Appearance, Sir, which my Friend describ'd, made me expect no Rudeness, or Absurdity, at least—Who's there? Sir, if you pay the Money to a Servant, 'twill be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended; I came hither on an Innocent, nay a Virtuous Design; and, if you will have Patience to hear me, it may be as useful to you, 90 as you are in a Friendship with Mr. *Bevil*, as to my only Daughter, whom I was this Day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope, Sir, I have mistaken you; I am composed again; be free, say on—what I am afraid to hear—

[Aside.

Mr. Seal. I fear'd, indeed, an unwarranted Passion here, but I did not think it was in Abuse of so worthy an Object, so accomplished a Lady, as your Sense and Mien 10 bespeak—but the Youth of our Age care not what Merit and Virtue they bring to Shame, so they gratify—

Ind. Sir—you are going into very great Errors—but, as you are pleas'd to say "you see something in me that has chang'd, at least, the Colour of your Suspicions; so has your Appearance alter'd mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any way concerned you, to enquire into my 110 Affairs, and Character.

Mr. Seal. How sensibly! with what an Air she Talks!

[Aside.

Ind. Good Sir, be seated—and tell me tenderly—keep all your Suspicions con-
Aside.] 1735; om. O 1, 1747.

cerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way—acquaint me why the Care of your Daughter obliges a Person of your seeming Worth and Fortune, to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—*[weeping.]* But I beg your Pardon—tho' I am an Orphan, your Child is not; and your Concern for her, it seems, has brought you hither—I'll be composed—pray go on, Sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. *Bevil* be such a Monster, to injure such a Woman?

Ind. No, Sir—you wrong him—he has not injur'd me—my Support is from his Bounty. 130

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when Gluttons give high Prices for Delicates, they are prodigious Bountiful.

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that Error—but my own Fears tell me all—You are the Gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy Daughter he is design'd a° Husband, by his good Father; and he has, perhaps, consented to the Overture: He was here this Morning, dress'd beyond his 140 usual Plainness, nay most sumptuously—and he is to be, perhaps, this Night a Bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended such: But, Madam, on your Account, I have determin'd to defer my Daughter's Marriage, till I am satisfied from your own Mouth, of what Nature are the Obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His Actions, Sir, his Eyes have 150 only made me think, he design'd to make me the Partner of his Heart. The Goodness and Gentleness of his Demeanour made me misinterpret all—Twas my own Hope, my own Passion, that deluded me—he never made one Amorous Advance to me—His large Heart, and bestowing Hand, have only helpt the Miserable: Nor know I why, but from his mere Delight in Virtue, that I have been his Care, the Object on 160 which to indulge and please himself, with pouring Favours.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I, as well as you, am methinks afraid of entering into the Matter I came about; but 'tis the same thing, as if we had talk'd never so distinctly—he ne'er shall have a Daughter of mine.

a] O 1, 1747; on 1735.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me, you wrong your self and him——10
Let not me, miserable tho' I may be, do Injury to my Benefactor——No, Sir, my Treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his Virtues——If to bestow, without a Prospect of Return; if to delight in supporting, what might, perhaps, be thought an Object of Desire, with no other View than to be her Guard against those who would not be so disinterested; if these Actions, Sir, can in a careful Parent's Eye com- 180 mend him to a Daughter, give yours, Sir, give her to my honest, generous *Bevil*——What have I to do, but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a Lunatick in Chains, or hid in Darkness, mutter in distracted Starts, and broken Accents, my strange, strange Story!

Mr. Seal. Take Comfort, Madam.

Ind. All my Comfort must be to expostulate in Madness, to relieve with Frenzy 190 my Despair, and shrieking to demand of Fate, why—why was I born to such Variety of Sorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least Occasion——

Ind. No——'twas Heaven's high Will, I should be such—to be plunder'd in my Cradle! Toss'd on the Seas! and even there, an Infant Captive! to lose my Mother, hear but of my Father—to be adopted! lose 20 my Adopter! then plung'd again in worse Calamities!

Mr. Seal. An Infant Captive!

Ind. Yet then! to find the most Charming of Mankind, once more to set me free, (from what I thought the last Distress) to load me with his Services, his Bounties, and his Favours; to support my very Life, in a way, that stole, at the same time, my very Soul it self from me. 210

Mr. Seal. And has young *Bevil* been this worthy Man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very Man to take another! without leaving me the Right, the Pretence of easing my fond Heart with Tears! For oh! I can't reproach him, though the same Hand that rais'd me to this Height, now throws me down the Precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear Lady! O yet one Moment's Patience: my Heart grows full 20 with your Affliction: But yet, there's something in your Story that——

Ind. My Portion here is Bitterness, and Sorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think so: Pray answer me: Does *Bevil* know your Name, and Family?

Ind. Alas! too well! O, could I be any other Thing, than what I am—I'll tear away all Traces of my former Self, my 20 little Ornaments, the Remains of my first State, the Hints of what I ought to have been——

[In her Disorder she throws away a Bracelet,^o which Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.

Mr. Sea. Ha! what's this? my Eyes are not deceiv'd? It is, it is the same! the very Bracelet which I bequeath'd my Wife, at our last mournful Parting.

Ind. What said you, Sir! Your Wife! Whither does my Fancy carry me? What means this unfelt Motion at my Heart? 20 And yet again my Fortune but deludes me; for if I err not, Sir, your Name is *Sealand*: But my lost Father's Name was——

Mr. Seal. *Danvers*! was it not?

Ind. What new Amazement! That is indeed my Family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my Misfortunes drove me to the *Indies*, for Reasons too tedious now to mention, I chang'd my Name of *Danvers* into *Sealand*. 250

Enter Isabella.

I sab. If yet there wants an Explanation of your Wonder, examine well this Face, (yours, Sir, I well remember) gaze on, and read, in me, your Sister *Isabella*!

Mr. Seal. My Sister!

I sab. But here's a Claim more tender yet——your *Indiana*, Sir, your long lost Daughter.

Mr. Seal. O my Child! my Child!

Ind. All-Gracious Heaven! is it Possi- 260 ble! do I embrace my Father.

Seal. And do I hold thee——These Passions are too strong for Utterance——Rise, rise, my Child, and give my Tears their Way——O my Sister!

[Embracing her.

Isab. Now, dearest Neice, my groundless Fears, my painful Cares no more shall vex thee. If I have wrong'd thy noble Lover

a Bracelet] O 1; her Bracelet 1735, 1747.

with too hard Suspicions; my just Concern for thee, I hope, will plead my Pardon, 270

Mr. Seal. O! make him then the full Amends, and be your self the Messenger of Joy: Fly this Instant! tell him all these wondrous Turns of Providence in his Favour! Tell him I have now a Daughter to bestow, which he no longer will decline: that this Day he still shall be a Bridegroom: nor shall a Fortune, the Merit which his Father⁰ seeks, be wanting: tell him the Reward of all his Virtues waits 280 on his Acceptance. *[Exit Isab. My dearest Indiana]*

[Turns, and embraces her.]

Ind. Have I than at last a Father's Sanction on my Love! His bounteous Hand to give, and make my Heart a Present worthy of *Bevil's* Generosity?

Mr. Seal. O my Child! how are our Sorrows past o'erpaid by such a Meeting! Though I have lost so many Years of soft paternal Dalliance with thee, Yet, in one 290 Day, to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect Happiness! is ample! ample Reparation! And yet again the Merit of thy Lover.

Ind. O! had I Spirits left to tell you of his Actions! how strongly Filial Duty has suppressed his Love; and how Concealment still has doubled all his Obligations; the Pride, the Joy of his Alliance, Sir, would warm your Heart, as he has conquer'd mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is Love, when 301 born of Virtue! I burn to embrace him——

Ind. See, Sir, my Aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your Wishes.

Enter Isabella, with Sir John Bevil, Bevil jun. Mrs. Sealand, Cimberton, Myrtle, and Lucinda.

Sir J. Bev. [Entring] Where! where's this Scene of Wonder!——*Mr. Sealand*, I congratulate, on this Occasion, our mutual Happiness——Your good Sister, Sir, has, with the Story of your Daughter's Fortune, fill'd us with Surprize and Joy! Now all 311 Exceptions are remov'd; my Son has now avow'd his Love, and turn'd all former Jealousies and Doubts to Approbation, and, *Father] Fathet Q 1.*

I am told, your Goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a Fortune equal to his Father's Hopes, can make this Object worthy his Acceptance.

Bev. jun. I hear your Mention, Sir, of 320 Fortune with Pleasure only, as it may prove the Means to reconcile the best of Fathers to my Love——Let him be Provident, but let me be Happy——My ever-destin'd, my acknowledg'd Wife!

[Embracing Indiana.]

Ind. Wife!——O! my ever loved! my Lord! my Master!

Sir J. Bev. I congratulate my self, as well as you, that I had a Son, who could, under such Disadvantages, discover your great 330 Merit.

Mr. Seal. O! *Sir John*! how vain, how weak is Humane⁰ Prudence? What Care, what Foresight, what Imagination could contrive such blest Events, to make our Children happy, as Providence in one short Hour has laid before us?

Cimb. [To Mrs. Sealand] I am afraid, Madam, *Mr. Sealand* is a little too busy for our Affair, if you please we'll take another Opportunity. 341

Mrs. Seal. Let us have patience, Sir.

Cimb. But we make *Sir Geoffry* wait, Madam.

Myrt. O Sir! I am not in haste.

[During this, Bev. jun. presents Lucinda to Indiana.]

Mr. Seal. But here! here's our general Benefactor! Excellent young Man, that could be, at once, a Lover to her Beauty, and a Parent to her Virtue.

Bev. jun. If you think That an Obliga- 350 tion, Sir, give me leave to overpay my self, in the only Instance, that can now add to my Felicity, by begging you to bestow this Lady on *Mr. Myrtle*.

Mr. Seal. She is his without reserve, (I beg he may be sent for)——*Mr. Cimberton*, notwithstanding you never had my Consent, yet there is, since I last saw you, another Objection to your Marriage with my Daughter. 360

Cimb. I hope, Sir, your Lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth, Sir! nothing but what was conceald from my self; another Daughter *Humane* O 1; *human* 1735, 1747.

ter, **who** has an undoubted Title to half my Estate.

Cimb. How! Mr. *Sealarid*] -why then if half Mrs. *bucinda's* Fortune is gone, you can't say, that any of my Estate is settled **upon** her: I was in Treaty for the whole; 370 but if that is not to be come at, to be sure, there can be no Bargain,———Sir,——— I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good Lady, my Cousin, and beg Pardon for the Trouble I have given this **Old** Gentleman.

Myrt. That you have, Mr. *Cimberton*, with all'my Heart.

[*Discovers himself,*

Omn. Mr. *Myrtlel*

Myrt. And I beg Pardon of the whole 380 Company, that I assumed the Person of Sir *Geofiry*, only to be present at the Danger of this Lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost Exigence to assert my Right to her: Which if her Parents will ratifie, as they once favour'd my Pretentions, no Abatement of Fortune shall lessen her Value to me.

Luc. Generous Man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you can overlook the 390 Injury of being in Treaty with one, who as

meanly⁰ left her, as you have generously asserted your Right in her, she is Yours.

Luc. Mr. *Myrtle*, tho' you have ever had my Heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I bring you less.

Myrt. We have much more than we want, and I am glad any Event has contributed to the Discovery of our real Inclinations to each other. 400

Mrs. Seal. Well! however I'm glad the Girl's disposedjof any way. [*Aside.*

Bev. Myrtlel no longer Rivals now, but Brothers.

Myrt. Dear *Bevill* you are born to triumph over me! but now our Competition ceases: I re Joyce in the Preheminence of your Virtue, and your Alliance adds Charms to *Lucinda*.

Sir J. Bev. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, 410 you have set the World a fair Example: Your Happiness is owing to your Constancy and Merit: And the several Difficulties you have struggled with, evidently shew

Whate'er the generous Mind it self denies,
The secret Care of Providence supplies.

[*Exeunt,*

as meanly] O 1; *has meanly* 1735, 1747.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. WELSTED.

Intended to be Spoken by *Indiana*.

OUR Author, whom Intreaties cannot move,
Spight of the Dear Coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not frustrate {so he plainly means)
By a loose Epilogue, his decent Scenes.
Is it not, Sirs, hard Fate I meet To-day,
To keep me Rigid Still beyond the Play? }
And yet I'm saïd a World of Pains that way. }
I now can look, I now can move at Ease,
Nor need I torture these poor Limbs, to please ;
Nor with the Hand or Foot attempt Surprise,
Nor wrest my Features, nor fatigue my Eyes:
Bless me! What freakish Gambols have I play'df
What Motions try'd, and wanton Looks betray'df
Out of pure Kindness all! to Over-rule
The threatened Hiss, and screen some scribbling Fool.
With more Respect I'm entertain'd To-night:
Our Author thinks, I can with Ease delight.
My Artless Looks while modest Graces arm,
He says, I need but to appear; and charm.
A Wife so form'd, by these Examples bred,
Pours Joy and Gladness 'round the Marriage Bed;
Soft Source of Comfort, kind Relief from Care,
And 'tis her least Perfection to be Fair.
The Nymph with *Indiana's* Worth who vies,
A Nation will behold with *Bevil's* Eyes.

FINIS.

THE
B E G G A R's
O P E R A .

As it is Afted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

Written by Mr. *G A r*

Nos bæc novimus effe nihil. Mart'

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N :

To which is *Added*

The O U V E R T U R E in SCORE;
And the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG,

LONDON:

printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-OffiCe.
in Wild- Court, near Lincoln's-Inn'Fields.

M.DCCXXVIII,
[Price 1S. 6d]

John Gay (1685-1732) practised poetry in various forms and mixed with the wits of the Augustan age. According to Pope's story Swift, mindful of Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, an amusing burlesque pastoral, suggested "once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate Pastoral might make." *The Beggar's Opera* was written and despite the diffidence of friends and theatre managers it was a triumphant success. It was produced in January, 1727/8.

Ostensibly a burlesque of Italian opera it was in the tradition of such dramatic burlesques as *The Rehearsal* and Gay's own play *The What D'Ye Call It* (1714/5). Gay pleads that his satire is general, and it is true that it is directed against a dramatic genre as well as social and political abuses at large. But when Peachum barter other folks' property and other men's lives for gold the resemblance to Walpole, notorious for his human purchases, was too strong to be unrecognised. Peachum and Lockit squabble over the plunder, and was not the quarrel between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Townshend fresh in memory? Anyhow the first-night audience recognised the satire and thundered applause at the song, *When you censure the Age* (No. xxx). Walpole was present and when all eyes were directed to him in his box he turned the point with sangfroid by encoring it with his single voice (*Biographica Dramatica*). Who could fail to see the thrusts? Who could mistake the application of such names as Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Bob Booty, Mrs. Peachum's especial favourite?

The general satire is terrific. Lawyers, ladies, marriage, trade alike come under the lash. Lawyers strive for nothing but robbing; ladies are drinkers and strumpets; marriage is a bond of conflict; maidens, if they exist, seek but to seduce or swindle. Murder and gambling are the respectable pursuits of fine gentlemen; and only "money ... is the true fuller's earth for reputations."

And yet the whole action passes in a fairyland of moral unreality, so that the bewitching sweetness of the simple folk airs is not out of place in this world of unspeakable rascality. We are carried along in a state of complete moral anaesthesia delighted by the fun and the musical beauty. When the play was recently restored to the English stage at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, most of the audience no doubt failed to see the point of the satire, but the exquisite production exploited what was best in the play and made up for the loss, so that the revival was deservedly one of the theatrical successes of our day.

The partly satirical and partly sentimental sequel, *Polly* (1729), was relatively a failure, and Gay's other dramatic works are negligible.

The text is that of the second edition octavo 1728, which is the first to contain music scores. It has been collated with the first edition octavo, 1728. The second edition appears not to have been reset but to be printed from the same type with the music interpolated. I notice slight differences between the B.M. copy of the second edition and my own: these are noted. The text has also been collated with "The Third Edition" quarto, 1729, with the octavo of 1733 also called "The Third Edition," and with the editions of 1754 and 1772.

0 1 = First edition octavo, 1728 (B.M. C.71.d.10)

0 2A = Second edition octavo, 1728 (A.E.M.)

0 2B = Second edition octavo, 1728 (B.M. 11775.C.46)

Q = First quarto, "The Third Edition", 1729 (B.M. 79.C.30)

0 3 = Third octavo, "The Third Edition", 1733 (B.M. 11775.C.48)

0 7 = Seventh octavo edition, 1754 (Hull U.C. PR.3473.B4)

1772 = Plays, 1772 (A.E.M.)

A T A B L E O F T H E S O N G S

ACT I.

A I R 1. <i>Through all the Employments of Life.</i>	page 601°
2. <i>'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind.</i>	p. 602
3. <i>/f any Wench Venus's Girdle wear.</i>	p. 603
4. <i>/f Love the Virgin's Heart invade.</i>	ibid.
5. <i>A Maid is like the golden Oar.</i>	p. 604
6. <i>Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre.</i>	p. 605
7. <i>Our Polly is a sad Slut! nor heeds what we have taught her.</i>	p. 606
8. <i>Can Love be controuil'd by Advice?</i>	ibid.
9. <i>O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist.</i>	p. 607
10. <i>I, like a Ship in Storms, was tost.</i>	ibid.
11. <i>A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir.</i>	p. 608
12. <i>Oh, ponder well! be not severe.</i>	p. 609
13. <i>The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,</i>	ibid.
14. <i>Pretty Polly, say.</i>	p. 610
15. <i>My Heart was so free.</i>	ibid.
16. <i>Were I laid on Greenland's Coast.</i>	p. 611
17. <i>O what Pain it is to part!</i>	ibid.
18. <i>The Miser thus a Shilling sees.</i>	ibid.

ACT II.

A I R 19. <i>Fill ev'ry Glass, for Wine inspires us.</i>	p. 612
20. <i>Let us take the Road.</i>	p. 613
21. <i>/f the Heart of a Man is deprest with Cares.</i>	ibid.
22. <i>Youth's the Season made for Joys.</i>	p. 614
23. <i>Before the Barn-door crowing.</i>	p. 615
24. <i>The Gamesters and Lawyers arc Jugglers alike.</i>	ibid.
25. <i>At the Tree I shall suffer with pleasure.</i>	p. 616
26. <i>Man may escape from Rope and Gun.</i>	p. 617
27. <i>Thus when a good Huswife sees a Rat.</i>	ibid.
28. <i>How cruel are the Traytors.</i>	p. 618
29. <i>The first time at the Looking-glass.</i>	ibid.
30. <i>When you censure the Age.</i>	p. 619
31. <i>Is then his Fate decreed, Sir?</i>	p. 620
32. <i>You'll think e'er many Days ensue.</i>	ibid.
33. <i>// you at an Office solicit your Due.</i>	ibid.
34. <i>Thus when the Swallow, seeking Prey.</i>	p. 621
35. <i>How happy could I be with either.</i>	ibid.
36. <i>I'm bubbled.</i>	p. 622
37. <i>Cease your Funning.</i>	ibid.
38. <i>Why how now, Madam Flirt.</i>	ibid.
39. <i>No Power on Earth can e'er divide.</i>	p. 623
40. <i>/ like the Fox shall grieve.</i>	ibid.

page 601] The page numbers have been altered to suit this edition.

A C T III.

- A I R** 41. *When young at the Bar you first taught me to score.*
 42. *My love is all Madness and Folly.*
 43. *Thus Gamesters united in Friendship are found.*
 44. *The Modes of the Court so common are grown.*
 45. *What Gudgeons are we Men!*
 46. *In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, fa, la, la, &c.*
 47. *I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tost.*
 48. *When a Wife's in her Pout.*
 49. *A Curse attends that Woman's Love.*
 50. *Among the Men, Coquets we find.*
 51. *Come, sweet Lass.*
 52. *Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes.*
 53. *Which way shall I turn me?—How can I decide.*
 54. *When my Hero in Court appears.*
 55. *When he holds up his Hand arraigned for his Life.*
 56. *Our selves, like the Great, to secure a Retreat.*
 57. *The Charge is prepar'd; the Lawyers are met.*
 58. *O cruel, cruel, cruel Case.*
 59. *Of all the Friends in time of Grief.*
 60. *Since I must swing,——/ scorn, I scorn to wince or whine.*
 61. *But now again my Spirits sink.*
 62. *But Valour the stronger grows.*
 63. */f thus——A Man can die.*
 64. *So I drink off this Bumper.——And now I can stand the Test.*
 65. *But can I leave my pretty Hussies.*
 66. *Their Eyes, their Lips, their Busses.*
 67. *Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree.*
 68. *Would I might be hang'd!*
 69. *Thus I stand like the Turk, with his Doxies around.*

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 ibid.
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Dramatis Persons.

MEN.

Peachum.	Mr. <i>Hippesley</i> .
Lockit.	Mr. <i>Hall</i> .
Macheath.	Mr. <i>Walker</i> .
Filch.	Mr. <i>Clark</i> .
Jemmy Twitcher.	Mr. <i>II. Bullock</i> ,
<i>Crook-finger'd Jack</i> .	Mr. <i>Houghton</i> .
Wat Dreary.	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Robin of Bagshot.	Mr. <i>Lacy</i> .
<i>Nimming Ned</i> .	Mr. <i>Pit</i> .
Harry Paddington.	Mr. <i>Eaton</i> .
Mat of the Mint.	Mr. <i>Spiller</i> .
Ben Budge	Mr. <i>Morgan</i> .
<i>Beggar</i> .	Mr. <i>Chapman</i> .
<i>Player</i> .	Mr. <i>Milward</i> .

Macheath's Gang.

Constables, Draxoer, Turnkey, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Peachum.	Mrs. <i>Martin</i> .
Polly Peachum.	Miss <i>Fenton</i> .
Lucy Lockit.	Mrs. <i>Egleton</i> .
Diana Trapes.	Mrs. <i>Martin</i> ,
Mrs. Coaxer.	Mrs. <i>Holiday</i> .
Dolly Trull.	Mrs. <i>Lacy</i> .
Mrs. Vixen.	Mrs. <i>Rice</i> .
Betty Doxy.	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
Jenny Diver.	Mrs. <i>Clarke</i> .
Mrs. Slammekin.	Mrs. <i>Morgan</i> .
Suky Tawdry.	Mrs. <i>Palin</i> .
Molly Brazen.	I Mrs. <i>Bailee</i> .

Women of the Tourn.

Peachum} The names of most of the characters have an ulterior significance. Peachum, the peacher, Lockit, Macheath, Filch, etc., are obvious. For Ninwngg Ned, of. *mm*, to steal, p. 619 *infra*. Harry Paddington's name is reminiscent of Tyburn which is in the parish of Paddington: 'to dance the Paddington frisk' meant to be hanged (Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue*). For Ben Budge, of. *budge*, a thieves' spy. Jenny Diver is connected with *diver*, slang for a pickpocket; for Betty Doxy, of. p. 636 *infra*. Grose gives *Slammekin* as "a female sloven; ... a careless trapes."

The Names of the Lilliputians.

Mr. Peachuni.		Mary	Shaftoe.
Lockit.		Lames	Bencraft.
Macheath.		Elizabeth	Binks.
Filch.		James	Weeks,
Jemmy Twitcher.		Henry	Woodward.
Crook-finger'd Jack.		James	Weeks.
Wat Dreary.		James	Weeks.
Robin of Bagshot.		John	Wilson.
Nimming Ned.	Macheath's Gang.	James	Bencraft.
Harry Padington.		Fisher	Tench Charke.
Mat of the Mint.		John	Verhuyck.
Ben Budge.		Henry	Woodward.
Beggar.		Henry	Woodward.
Player.		Fisher	Tench Charke.

Constables, Drawer, Turnkey, &c.

Mrs. Peachum.		Esther	Wherrit.
Polly Peachum.		Elizabeth	Rogers.
Lucy Lockit.		Susanna	Rogers.
Diana Trapes.		Esther	Wherrit.
Mrs. Coaxer.		Margaret	Lowe.
Dolly Trull.		Sarah	Foxwell.
Mrs. Vixen.		Mary	Vincent.
Botty Doxy.		Mary	Weyman.
Jenny Diver.	Women of the Town,	Margaret	Gold.
Mrs. Slammekin.		Esther	Wherrit.
Suky Tawdry.		Beatrice	Boitar.
Molly Brazen.		L. Susanna	Cann.

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR. PLAYER,

Beggar. If Poverty be a Title to Poetry, I am sure Nobody can dispute mine. I own my self of the Company of Beggars; and I make one at their Weekly Festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small Yearly Salary for my Catches, and am welcome to a Dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most Poets; can say.

Player. As we live by the Muses, 'tis but Gratitude in us to encourage Poetical Merit where-ever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other Ladies, pay no Distinction to Dress, and never partially mistake the Pertness of Embroidery for Wit, nor the Modesty of Want for Dulness. Be the Author who he will, we push his Play as far as it will go. So (though you are in Want) I wish you Success heartily.

Beggar. This Piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the Marriage of *James Chanter* and *Moll Lay*, two most excellent Ballad-Singers. I have introduce'd the Similes that are in all your celebrated *Operas*: The *Swallow*, the *Moth*, the *Bee*, the *Ship*, the *Flower*, &c. Besides, I have a Prison Scene, which the Ladies always reckon charmingly pathetick. As to the Parts, I have observ'd such a nice Impartiality to our two Ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take Offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no Recitative: Excepting this, as I have consented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it must be allow'd an Opera in all its forms. The piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great Room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your Charity in bringing it now on the Stage.

Player. But I see 'tis time for us to withdraw; the Actors are preparing to begin. Play away the Overture. [Exeunt.

OUVERTURE. In SCORE

Compos'd by Dr. PEPUSCH.

the organ part

Allegro

Allegro

Allegro

Alte

Nun

Haut. 1. und 2. Mal

Haut. 3. Mal

Handwritten musical notation for a three-part setting of "Nun danket alle Gott". The page contains three systems of staves. Each system has three staves: a vocal staff (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass), a piano staff (Piano), and a violin staff (Violin). The notation is in G major and 3/4 time. The first system is marked "Moderato". The second system is marked "Allegro". The third system is marked "Allegro" and includes the instruction "piano Viol. Solo".

Handwritten musical score for three staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff has a marking "Haut" above it. The second staff has a marking "basso" below it. The third staff has a marking "basso" below it. The score is divided into three systems, each with three staves. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Handwritten musical score for three staves, continuing the musical notation from the previous page. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The first staff has a marking "Haut" above it. The second staff has a marking "basso" below it. The third staff has a marking "basso" below it. The score is divided into three systems, each with three staves. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Peachum' House.

Peachum sitting at a Table with a large Book of Accounts before him.

AIR I. An old Woman clothed in Gray, &c.



Through all the Employments of Life
Each Neighbour abuses his Brother;
Whore and Rogue they call Husband and
Wife:

All Professions be-rogue one another.
The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
The Lawyer bc-knaves the Divine;
And the° Statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

A Lawyer is an honest Employment, so is mine. Like me too he acts in a double 10 Capacity, both against Rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should protect and encourage Cheats, since we live by them.⁰

And the ... as mine] Said to be Pope's lines, the original by Gay having read: 'And there's many arrive to be great, / By a trade not more honest than mine.' See Fitzgerald, *Hist. of the English Stage*, II. 28, who gives the information on rather vague authority. It is also stated that the first song was written by Lord Chesterfield; Song VI, *Virgins are like the fair flower*, by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; and Song XXX, *When you censure the age*, by Swift; also that Song XXIV, *The Gamesters and Lawyers*, was "supposed to be written by Mr. Fortescue, then Master of the Rolls."
them] 'em 1772.

SCENE II.°

Peachum, Filch.

Filch. Sir, Black Moil hath sent word her Tryal comes on in the Afternoon, and she hopes you will order Matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, she may plead her Belly at worst; to my Knowledge she hath taken care of that Security. But as the Wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the Evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty. 10

Peach. A lazy Dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his Hand. Thia is Death without Reprieve. I may venture to Book him. [writes] For Tom Gagg, forty Pounds. 'Let Betty Sly know that I'll save hor from Transportation, for I can got more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more Goods into our Lock⁰ to-year° than any five of 20 Ihe Gang; and in truth, 'tis a pity to lose so good a Customer.

Peach. If none of the Gang take° her off, she may, in the common course of Business, live a Twelve-month longer. I love to let Women scape. A good Sportsman always lets the Hen Partridges fly, because the breed of the Game depends upon them. Besides, here the Law allows us no Reward; there is nothing to be got by the Death 30 of Women——except our Wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine Woman! 'Twas to her I was oblig'd for my Education, and (to say a bold Word) she hath train'd up more young Fellows to the Business than the Gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy Observation is right. We and the Surgeons are more beholden to Women than all the Professions besidrs. 40

Scene II.] 1772 om. scene divisions.

Lock] v. author's note, p. 626.

to-year] this year 1772. An obsolete form of this year; cf. to-day. Cf. p. 115 *supra*.

take] takes 1772. Take off, get rid of.

A I R I I . The bonny gray-ey'd Morn, &c.



Filch.

'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind,
By her we first were taught the wheedling
Arts:

Her very Eyes can cheat; when most she's
kind,

She tricks us of our Money with our
Hearts.

For her, like Wolves by night we roam for
Prey,

And practise ev'ry' Fraud to bribe her
Charms;

For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
And Beauty must be fee'd into our Arms.

Peach. But make haste to Newgate, Boy,
and let my Friends know what I intend; 50
for I love to make them easy one way or
other.

Filch. When a Gentleman is long kept in
suspence, Penitence may break his Spirit
ever after. Besides, Certainty gives a Man
a good Air upon his Tryal, and makes him
risque another without Fear^o or Scruple.
But I'll away, for 'tis a Pleasure to be the
Messenger of Comfort to Friends in Afflic-
tion. 60

SCENE III.

Peachum.

But 'tis now high time to look about me
for a decent Execution^o against next Ses-
sions. I hate a lazy Rogue, by whom one
can get nothing 'till he is hang'd. A Register
of the Gang, [reading] Crook-finger'd Jack.
A Year and a half in the Service; Let me
see how much the Stock owes to his Indus-
try; one, two, three, four, five Gold
Watches, and seven Silver ones. A mighty

Fear) Feat O 2.

Execution] Exeuction O 2.

clean-handed Fellow! Sixteen Snuff-boxes, 10
five of them of true Gold. Six dozen of
Handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted Swords,
half a dozen of Shirts, three Tye-Perriwigs,
and a Piece of Broad Cloth. Considering
these are only the Fruits of his leisure
Hours, I don't know a prettier Fellow, for
no Man alive hath a more engaging Pres-
ence of Mind upon the Road. *Wat Dreary*,
alias *Brown Will*, an irregular Dog, who
hath an underhand 'way of disposing of^o 20
his Goods. I'll try him only for a Sessions
or two longer upon his good Behaviour.
Harry Paddington, a poor petty-larceny Ras-
cal, without the least Genius; that Fellow,
though he were to live these six Months,
will never come to the Gallows with any
Credit. Slippery *Sam*; he goes off the next
Sessions, for the Villain hath the Impudence
to have views of following his Trade as a
Taylor, which he calls an honest Em- 30
ployment. *Mat of the Mint*; lifted^o not
above a Month ago, a promising sturdy
Fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat
too bold and hasty, and may raise good
Contributions on the Publick, if he does
not cut himself short by Murder. *Tom*.
Tipple, a guzzling soaking Sot, who is al-
ways^o too drunk to stand himself, or to
make others stand. A Cart^o is absolutely
necessary for him. *Robin of Bagshot*, alias 40
Gorgon, alias *Bluff Bob*, alias *Carbuncle*,
alias *Bob Booty*.

SCENE IV.

Peachum, Mrs. Peachum.

Mrs. Peach. What of *Bob Booty*, Hus-
band? I hope nothing bad hath betided him.
You know, my Dear, he's a favourite Cus-
tomer of mine. 'Twas he made me a Present
of this Ring.

Peach. I have set his Name down in the
Black-List, that's all, my Dear; he spends
his Life among Women, and as soon as his
Money is gone, one or other of the Ladies
will hang him for the Reward, and there's 10
forty Pound^o lost to us for-ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my Dear, I never
meddle in matters of Death; I always leave >

off] om. 1772.

lifted] ? promoted.

always] *alway* 1772.

Cart] a hangman's cart.

Pound] pounds 1772.

those Affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad Judges in these cases, for they are so partial to the Brave that they think every Man handsome who is going to the Camp or the Gallows.

A I R I I I . Cold and Raw, & c.



If any Wench Venus's Girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly; »
Lillies and Roses will quickly appear,
And her Face look wond'rous smuggly.⁰
Beneath the left Ear so fit but a Cord,
(A Rope so charming a Zone is!)
The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a
Lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adonis!

But really, Husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of Men than at present. We have not had a Murder among them all, these 30 seven Months. And truly, my Dear, that is a great Blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the Woman always a whimpering about Murder for? No Gentleman is ever look'd upon the worse for killing a Man in his own Defence; and if Business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a Gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my 40 Dear, you must excuse me, for No-body can help the Frailty of an over-scrupulous Conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a Crime as a Man can be guilty of. How many fine Gentlemen have we in Newgate every Year, purely upon that Article! If they have wherewithal to persuade the Jury to bring it in Manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? So, my Dear, have done upon this 50 Subject. Was Captain Macheath here this Morning, for the Bank-notes he left with you last Week?

smuggly] smugly O 7.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my Dear; and though the Bank hath stopt Payment, he was so cheerful and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer Gentleman upon the Road than the Captain! If he comes from *Bagshot* at any reasonable Hour he hath promis'd to make one this Evening with *Polly* and me, and 60 *Bob Booty*, at a Party of Quadrille. Pray, my Dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good Company ever to grow rich. *Mary-bone* and the Chocolate-houses are his undoing. The Man that proposes to get Money by Play should have the Education of a fine Gentleman, and be train'd up to it from his Youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really, I am sorry upon *Polly's* Account the Captain hath not 70 more Discretion. What business hath he to keep Company with Lords and Gentlemen? he should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon *Polly's* Account! What, a Plague, docs the Woman mean?—Upon *Polly's* Account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain *Macheath* is very fond of the Girl.

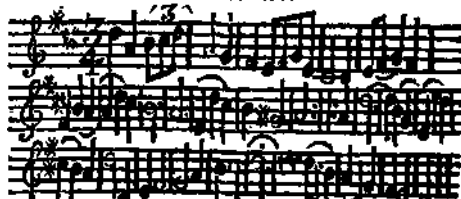
Peach. And what then? 80

Mrs. Peach. If I have any Skill in the Ways of Women, I am sure *Polly* thinks him a very pretty Man.

Peach. And what then? You would not be so mad to have the Wench marry him! Gamesters and Highwaymen are generally very good to their Whores, but they are very Devils to their Wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if *Polly* should be in love, how should we help her, or how can 90 she help herself? Poor Girl, I am in the utmost Concern about her.

A I R I V . Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd? &c.



If Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How, like a Moth, the simple Maid
Still plays about the Flame!

*If soon she be not made a Wife,
Her Honour's singed, and then for Life,
She's—what I dare not namey*

Peach. Look ye, Wife. A handsome Wench in our way of Business is as profitable as 100 at the Bar of a *Temple* Coffee-House, who looks upon it as her Livelihood to grant every Liberty but one. You see I would indulge the Girl as far as prudently we can. In any thing, but Marriage! After that, my Dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her Husband's Power? For a Husband hath the absolute Power over all a Wife's Secrets but her own. If the Girl had the Discretion of a Court Lady, who can no have a dozen young Fellows at her Ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but *Polly* is Tinder, and a Spark will at once set her on a Flame. Married! If the Wench does not know her own Profit, sure she knows her own Pleasure better than to make herself a Property! My Daughter to me should be, like a Court Lady to a Minister of State, a Key to the whole Gang. Married! If the Affair is 120 not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the Example of our Neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. May-hap, my Dear, you may injure the Girl. She loves to imitate the fine Ladies, and she may only allow the Captain Liberties in the View of Interest.

Peach. But 'tis your Duty, my Dear, to warn the Girl against her Ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her Beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and I sift her. In the mean time, Wife, rip out the Coronets and Marks of these dozen of Cambric Handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this Afternoon to a Chap^o in the City.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Peachum.

Never was a Man more out of the way in an Argument than my Husband! Why must our *Polly*, forsooth, differ from her Sex, and love only her Husband? And why must *Polly's* Marriage, contrary to all Observation, make her the less followed by other Men? All Men are Thieves in Love, *Chap*] dealer, purchaser.

and like a Woman the better for being another's Property.

AIR V. Of all the simple Things we do,
&c.



*A Maid is like the golden Oar,^o 10
Which hath Guineas intrinsical in't,
Whose Worth is never known, before
It is try'd and imprest in the Mint.
A Wife's like a Guinea in Gold,
Stamp'd with the Name of her Spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is
sold;
And is current in every House.*

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Peachum, Filch.

Mrs. Peach. Come hither *Filch*. I am as fond of this Child, as though' my Mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a Hand at picking a Pocket as a Woman, and is as nimble-finger'd as a Juggler. If an unlucky Session does not cut the Rope of thy Life, I pronounce, Boy, thou wilt be a great man in History. Where was your Post last Night, my Boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the Opera, Madam; 10 and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great Hurry in getting Chairs and Coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These seven Handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Colour'd ones, I see. They are of sure Sale from our Ware-house at *Redriff* among the Seamen.

Filch. And this Snuff-box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in Gold! A pretty Encouragement this to a young Beginner. 20

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming Gold Watch. Pox take the Taylors for making the Fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was fore'd to make my

Oar] Ore O 7.

Escape under a Coach. Really, Madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the Flower of my Youth, so that every now and then (since I was pumpt)^o I have thoughts of taking up^o and going to Sea.

Mrs. Peach. You should go to *Hockley 30 in the Hole*, and to *Marybonc, Child*, to learn Valour. These are^o the Schools that have bred so many brave Men. I thought, Boy, by this time, thou hadst lost Fear as well as Shame. Poor Lad! how little does he know as yet of the *Old-Baily!* For the first Fact^o I'll insure thee from being hang'd; and going to Sea, *Filch*, will come time enough upon a Sentence of Transportation. But now, since you have noth- 40 ing better to do, ev'n go to your Book, and learn your Catechism; for really a Man makes but an ill Figure in the Ordinary's^o Paper, who cannot give a satisfactory Answer to his Questions. But, hark you, my Lad. Don't tell me a Lye; for you know I hate a Liar. Do you know of any thing that hath past between Captain *Macheath* and our *Polly*?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me; 50 for I must either tell a Lye to you or to Miss *Polly*; for I promis'd her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the Honour of our Family is concern'd—

Filch. I shall lead a sad Life with Miss *Polly*, if ever she come to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own Honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my Hus- 60 band and *Polly*. Come, *Filch*, you shall go with me into my own Boom, and tell me the whole Story. I'll give thee a Glass of a most delicious Cordial^o that I keep for my own drinking.

[pumpt] put under the pump: "a piece of discipline administered to a pickpocket caught in the fact, when there is no pond at hand." Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue*.

[taking up] reforming.

These are . . . Men.] Notorious places of low prize-fighting, baiting, etc., were the Bear Garden at *Hockley-in-the-Hole* (in Clerkenwell) and Figg's Theatre on a waste patch in *Marylebone*, off Oxford Street. For the former, see *Spectator*, no. 436. Fact] crime.

Ordinary's] the prison chaplain, cf. p. 435 *supra*. a Glass . . . Cordial] Oo 2, 3; a most delicious Glass of a Cordial O 1.

SCENE VII.

Peachum, Polly.

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine Ladies how to make the most of my self and of my Man too. A Woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a Court or at an Assembly. We have it in our Natures, Papa. If I allow Captain *Macheath* some trifling Liberties, I have this Watch and other visible Marks of his Favour to show for it. A Girl who cannot grant some Things, and refuse 10 what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her Beauty, and soon be thrown upon the Common.

AIR VI. What shall I do to show how much I love her, &c.



*Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,
Which in the Garden enamels the
Ground;*

*Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.*

But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,

*To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet
sweet,)*

*There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all
enduring,* 20

*Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under
feet.*

Peach. You know, *Polly*, I am not against your toying and trifling with a Customer in the way of Business, or to get out a Secret, or so. But if I find out that you have play'd the fool and are married, you *Jade* you, I'll cut your Throat, *Hussy*. Now you know my Mind.

SCENE VIII.

Peachum, Polly, Mrs. Peachum.

AIR VII. Oh London is a fine Town.



Mrs. Peachum, in a very great Passion.

*Our Polly is a sad Slut! nor heeds what
we have taught her.*

*I wonder any Man alive will ever rear a
Daughter!*

*For she must have both Hoods and Gowns,
and Hoops to swell her Pride,*

*With Scarfs and Stays, and Gloves and
Lace; and she will have Men beside;*

*And when she's drest with Care and Cost,
all-tempting, fine and gay,*

*As Men should serve a Cowcumber,^o she
flings herself away.*

Our Polly is a sad Slut, &c.

You Baggage! you Hussy! you inconsiderate Jade! had you been hang'd, it would not have vex'd me, for that might have 10 been your Misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by Choice! The Wench is married, Husband.

Peach. Married! The Captain is a bold Man, and will risque any thing for Money; to be sure he believes her a Fortune. Do you think your Mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

Mrs. Peach. I knew she was always a 20 proud Slut; and now the Wench hath play'd the Fool and married, because forsooth she would do like the Gentry. Can you support the Expence of a Husband, Hussy, in gaming, drinking and whoring? have you Money enough to carry on the daily Quarrels of Man and Wife about who shall squander most? There are not many Husbans and Wives, who can bear the Charges of plaguing one another in a handsome 30 way. If you must be married, could you introduce no-body into our Family but a

Cowcumber] Oo 1, 2, 3, Q; Cucumber O 7.

Highwayman? Why, thou foolish Jade, thou wilt be as ill-us'd, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a Lord!

Peach. Let not your Anger, my Dear, break through the Rules of Decency, for the Captain looks upon himself in the Military Capacity, as a Gentleman by his Profession. Besides what he hath already, I 40 know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent Chances for a Wife. Tell me Hussy, are you ruin'd or no?

Mrs. Peach. With *Polly's Fortune*, she might very well have gone off to a Person of Distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting Slut!

Peach. What, is the Wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out 50 an Answer from you. Are you really bound Wife to him, or are you only upon liking?

[Pinches her.

Polly. Oh!

[Screaming.

Mrs. Peach. How the Mother is to be pitied who hath handsome Daughters! Locks, Bolts, Bars, and Lectures of Morality are nothing to them: They break through them all. They have as much Pleasure in cheating a Father and Mother, as in cheating at Cards. 60

Peach. Why, *Polly*, I shall soon know if you are married, by *Macheath's* keeping from our House.

AIR VIII. Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.



Polly. Can Love be controul'd by Advice?

Will Cupid our Mothers obey?

*Though my Heart were as frozen as Ice,
At his Flame 'twould have melted away.*

*When he kist me so closely he prest,
'Twas so sweet that I must have com-
ply'd:*

*So I thought it both safest and best 70
To marry, for fear you should chide.*

Mrs. Peach. Then all the Hopes of **our** Family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And *Macheath* may hang his Father and Mother-in-Law, in hope to get into their Daughter's Fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the Fashion) coolly and deliberately for Honour or Money. But, I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and 80 worse! I thought the Girl had been better bred. Oh Husband, Husband! her Folly makes me mad! my Head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—Oh!

[Faints.

Peach. See, Wench, to what a Condition you have redu'd your poor Mother! a Glass of Cordial, this instant. How the poor Woman takes it to Heart!

TPolly goes out, and returns with it.

Ah, Hussy, now this is the only Comfort your Mother has left! 90

Polly. Give her another Glass, Sir; my Mama drinks double the Quantity whenever she is out of Order. This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The Girl shows such a Readiness, and so much Concern, that I could almost find in my Heart to forgive her.

A I R I X. O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been.



O Polly, you might have toy'd and kist.

By keeping Men off, you keep them on.

Polly. But he so teaz'd me, 100

And he so pleas'd me,

What I did, you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a Highwayman.—You sorry Slut!

Peach. A Word with you, Wife. 'Tis no new thing for a Wench to take Man without consent of Parents. You know 'tis the Frailty of Woman, my Dear.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the Sex is frail. But the first time a Woman is frail, she 110 should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her

Fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make your self a little easy; I have a Thought shall soon set all Matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, *Polly*? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best 120 of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, *Polly*; as far as one Woman can forgive another, I forgive thee.—Your Father is too fond of you, Hussy.

Polly. Then all my Sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely Speech in troth, for a Wench who is just married!

A I R X. *Thomas*, I cannot, &c.



Polly. /, like a Ship in Storms, was tost; Yet afraid to put in to Land;

For seiz'd in the Port the Vessel's lost, 130 Whose Treasure is contreband.

The Waves are laid,

My Duty's paid.

O Joy beyond Expression!

Thus, safe a-shore,

I ask no more,

My All is in my Possession.

Peach. I hear Customers in t'other Room; Go, talk with 'em, *Polly*; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone.—But, 140 heark ye, Child, if 'tis the Gentleman who was here Yesterday about the Repeating-Watch; say, you believe we can't get Intelligence of it, till to-morrow. For I lent it to *Suky Straddle*, to make a Figure with it to-night at a Tavern in *Drury-Lane*. If t'other Gentleman calls for the Silver-hilted Sword; you know *Beetle-brow'd Jemmy* hath it on, and he doth not come from *Tunbridge* till *Tuesday Night*; so that it 150 cannot be had till then.

SCENE IX.

Peachum, Mrs. Peachum..

Peach. Dear Wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your Passion run away with your Senses. *Polly*, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

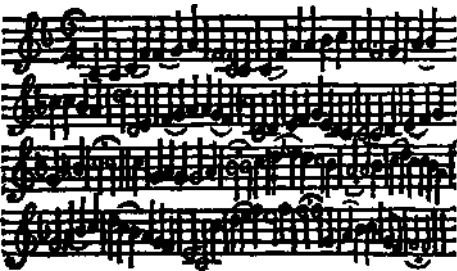
Mrs. Peach. If she had had only an Intrigue with the Fellow, why the very best Families have excus'd and huddled up a Frailty of that sort. Tis Marriage, Husband, that makes it a Blemish.

Peach. But Money, Wife, is the true 10 Fuller's Earth for Reputations, there is not a Spot or a Stain but what it can take out. A ricli Rogue now-a-days is fit Company for any Gentleman; and the World, my Dear, hath not such a Contempt for Roguery as you imagine. I tell you, Wife, I can make this Match turn to our Advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, Husband, that Captain Macheath is worth Money, 20 but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three Wives already, and then if he should dye in a Session or two, *Polly's* Dower would come into Dispute.

Peach. That, indeed, is a Point which ought to be consider'd.

AIR XI. A Soldier and a Sailor. .



A Fox may steal your Hens, Sir,
A Whore your Health and Pence, Sir,
Your Daughter rob your Chest, Sir,
Your Wife may steal your Rest, Sir, 30
A Thief your Goods and Plate.

But this is all but picking,
With Rest, Pence, Chest and Chicken;
It ever was decreed, Sir,
If Lawyer's Hand is fee'd, Sir,
He steals your whole Estate.

The Lawyers are bitter Enemies to those in our Way. They don't care that any Body should get a Clandestine Livelihood but themselves. 40

SCENE X.

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum, Polly.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming *Ned*. He brought in a Damask Window-Curtain, a Hoop-Petticoat, a Pair of Silver Candlesticks, a Perriwig, and one Silk Stocking, from the Fire that happen'd last Night.

Peach. There is not a Fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more Goods out of the Fire than *Ned*. But now, *Polly*, to your Affair; for Matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it 10 seems?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live, Child?

Polly. Like other Women, Sir, upon the Industry of my Husband.

Mrs. Peach. What, is the Wench tum'd Fool? A Highwayman's Wife, like a Soldier's, hath as little of his Pay, as of his Company. 20

Peach. And had not you the common Views of a-Gentlewoman in your Marriage, *Polly*?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Peach. Of a Jointure, and of being a Widow.

Polly. But I love him, Sir: how then could I have Thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! Why, that is the whole Scheme and Intention of all 30 Marriage Articles. The comfortable Estate of Widow-hood, is the only Hope that keeps up a Wife's Spirits. Where is the Woman who would scruple to be a Wife, if she had it in her Power to be a Widow whenever she pleas'd? If you have any Views of this sort, *Polly*, I shall think the Match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your Advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself. 40

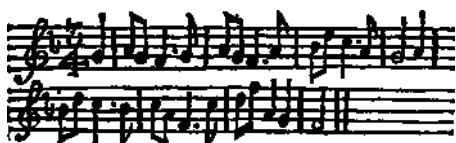
Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next Sessions, and then at once you are made a rich Widow.

Polly. What, murder the Man I love! The Blood runs cold at my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Peach. Fye, Polly! What hath Murder to do in the Affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say, the Captain himself would like that we should get the 50 Reward for his Death sooner than a Stranger. Why, *Polly*, the Captain knows, that as 'tis his Employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take Robbers; every Man in his Business. So that there is no Malice in the Case.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, Husband, now you have nick'd the Matter.⁰ To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me give her. 60

A I R X I I . Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.



Polly. Oh, ponder well! be not severe;
So save a wretched Wife!
For on the Rope that hangs my Dear
Depends poor Polly's Life.

Mrs. Peach. But your Duty to your Parents, 'Hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a Wife give for such an Opportunity!

Polly. What is a Jointure, what is Widow-hood to me? I know my Heart, 70 I cannot survive him.

A I R X I I I . Le printemps rappelle aux armes.



*The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Her Lover dying,*

nick'd the Matter] hit the nail on the head, got to the heart of the matter.

*The Turtle thus with plaintive crying,
Laments her Dove.*

*Down she drops quite spent with sighing,
Pair'd in Death, as pair'd in Love.*

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor *Polly*.

Mrs. Peach. What, is the Fool in Love in earnest then? I hate thee for being 80 particular:⁰ Why, Wench, thou art a Shame to thy very Sex.

Polly. But hear me, Mother.—If you ever lov'd—

Mrs. Peach. Those cursed Play-books she reads have been her Ruin. One Word more, Hussy, and I shall knock your Brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, *Polly*, for fear of Mischief, and consider of what is 90 propos'd to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, Hussy. Hang your Husband, and be dutiful.

SCENE XL

Mrs. Peachum, Peachum.

[*Polly* *listning*.

Mrs. Peach. The Thing, Husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of Intelligence we must take other Measures, and have him peach'd the next Session without her Consent. If she will not know her Duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my Dear, it grieves one's Heart to take off a great Man. When I consider his Personal Bravery, his fine Stratagem, how much we have already ' > got by him, and how much more we may get, me thinks I can't find in my Heart to have a Hand in his Death. I wish you could have made *Polly* undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in a Case of Necessity—our own Lives are in danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we must comply with the Customs of the World, and make Gratitude give way to Interest.—He shall be taken off. 20

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage *Polly*.

Peach. And I'll prepare Matters for the *Old-Baily*.

particular] cf. p. 873 *infra*.

SCENE XII.

Polly.

Now I'm a Wretch, indeed.—Me-thinks I see him already in the Cart, sweeter and more lovely than the Nosegay in his Hand!—I hear the Crowd extolling his Resolution and Intrepidity!—What Vollies of Sighs are sent from the Windows of *Holborn*, that so comely a Youth should be brought to disgrace!—I see him at the Tree! The whole Circle are in Tears!—even Butchers weep!—*Jack Ketch*⁰ him- 10 self hesitates to perform his Duty, and would be glad to lose his Fee, by a Reprieve. What then will become of *Polly*!—As yet I may inform him of their Design, and aid him in his Escape.—It shall be so.—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar my self from his dear dear Conversation! That too will distract me.—If he keep out of the way, my Papa and Mama may in time relent, and we may be 20 happy.—If he stays, he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lye conceaPd in my Room, 'till the Dusk of the Evening: If they are abroad I'll this Instant let him out, lest some Accident should prevent him.

[Exit, and returns.

SCENE XIII.

Polly, Macheath.

AIR XIV. Pretty Parrot, say—



Mach.

*Pretty Polly, say,
When I was away,*

Jack Ketch] a name for a hangman, after the hangman of that name who filled the office in 1682. See Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue*.

*Did your Fancy never stray
To some newer Lover?*

Polly.

*Without Disguise,
Heaving Sighs,
Doating Eyes,
My constant Heart discover.
Fondly let me loll!*

Mach.

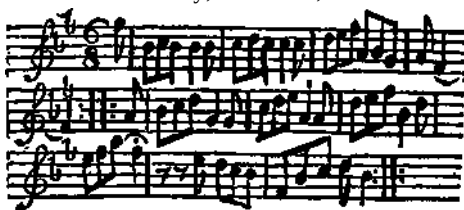
O pretty, pretty Poll. 10

Polly. And arc you as fond as ever, my Dear?

Mach. Suspect my Honour, my Courage, suspect any thing but my Love.—May my Pistols miss Fire, and my Mare slip her Shoulder while I am pursu'd, if I ever forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my Dear, I have no Reason to doubt you, for I find in the Romance you lent me, none of the great Heroes 20 were ever false in Love.

AIR XV. Pray, Fair One, be kind—

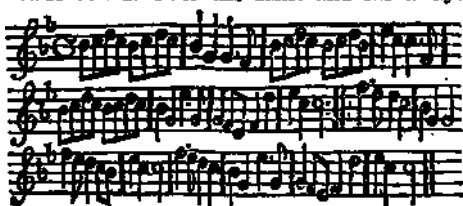


Mach.

*My Heart was so free,
It rov'd like the Bee,
'Till Polly my Passion required;
I sipt each Flower,
I chang'd ev'ry Hour,
But here ev'ry Flower is united.*

Polly. Were you sentene'd to Transportation, sure, my Dear, you could not leave me behind you — could you? 30

Mach. Is there any Power, any Force that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a Pension out of the Hands of a Courtier, a Fee from a Lawyer, a pretty Woman from a Looking-glass, or any Woman from *Quadrille*.—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR XVI. *Over the Hills and far away.*

*Were I laid on Greenland's Coast,
And in my Arms embraced my
Lass;
Warm amidst eternal Frost, 40
Too soon the Half Year's Night
would pass.*

*Polly. Were I sold on Indian Soil,
Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry Toil,
When on my Charmer's Breast re-
pos'd.*

*Mach. And I would love you all the Day,
Polly. Every Night would kiss and play,
Mach. If with me you'd fondly stray
Polly. Over the Hills and far away.*

*Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But 50
oh! — how shall I speak it? I must be torn
from thee. We must part.*

Mach. How! Part!

*Polly. We must, we must. — My Papa
and Mama are set against thy Life. They
now, even now are in Search after thee.
They are preparing Evidence against thee.
Thy Life depends upon a Moment.*

AIR XVII. *Gin thou wert mine awn
thing —*

*O what Pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee, can I leave thee? 60
O what Pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But lest Death my Love should thwart,*

*And bring thee to the fatal Cart,
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding Heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.*

One Kiss and then — one Kiss — begone —
farewell.

*Mach. My Hand, my Heart, my Dear,
is so riveted⁰ to thine, that I cannot un- 70
loose my Hold.*

*Polly. But my Papa may intercept thee,
and then I should lose the very glimmer-
ing of Hope. A few Weeks, perhaps, may
reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from
thee?*

Mach. Must I then go?

*Polly. And will not Absence change your
Love?*

*Mach. If you doubt it, let me stay — 80
and be hang'd.*

*Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble! —
Go — but when Safety will give you leave,
you will be sure to see me again; for 'till
then Polly is wretched.*

AIR XVIII. *O the Broom, &c.*

*Mach. The Miser thus a Shilling sees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With Sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.*

[Parting, and looking back at each
other with fondness; he at one
Door, she at the other.

*Polly. The Boy, thus, when his Sparrow's
flown, 90
The Bird in Silence eyes;
But soon as out of Sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Tavern near Newgate.

*Jemmy Twitcher, Crook finger'd Jack, Wat
Dreaity, Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned,
riveted] Oo 1, 2, 3; riveted Q, O 7.*

Henry Paddington, Matt *of the Mint*, Ben Budge, and the rest of the Gang, at the Table, with Wine, Brandy and Tobacco.

Ben. But pr'ythee, *Matt*, what is become of thy Brother *Tom*? I have not seen him since my Return from Transportation.

Matt. Poor Brother *Tom* had an Accident this time Twelve-month, and so clever a made Fellow he was, that I could not save him from those fleaing⁰ Rascals the Surgeons; and now, poor Man, he is among the Otamys⁰ at Surgeon's Hall.

Ben. So it seems, his Time was come, 10

Jem. But the present Time is ours, and no Body alive hath more. Why are the Laws levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of Mankind? What we win, Gentlemen, is our own by the Law of Arms, and the Right of Conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another Set of practical Philosophers, who to a Man are above the Fear of Death?

Wat. Sound Men, and true! 20

Robin. Of try'd Courage, and indefatigable Industry!

Ned. Who is there here that would not dye for his Friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him for his Interest?

Mat. Show me a Gang of Courtiers that can say as much.

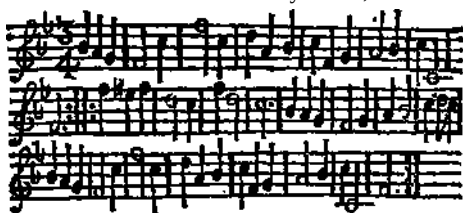
Ben. We are for a just Partition of the World, for every Man hath a Right to 30 enjoy Life.

Mat. We retrench the Superfluities of Mankind. The World is avaritious, and I hate Avarice. A covetous fellow, like a Jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the Robbers of Mankind, for Money was made for the Free-hearted and Generous, and where is the Injury of taking from another, what he hath not the Heart to 40 make use of?

Jem. Our several Stations for the Day are fixt. Good luck attend us all. Fill the Glasses.

[fleaing] variant of *flaying*, *fleeing*. Cf. p. 431 *supra*.
Otamys] slang for *skeletons*.

A I R X I X . Fill ev'ry Glass, &c.



Mat. Fill ev'ry Glass, for Wine inspires us,

And fires us

With Courage, Lore and Joy.

Women and Wine should Life employ.

Is there ought else on Earth desirous?

Chorus. Fill ev'ry Glass, &c. 50

SCENE II.

To them enter Machoath,

Mach. Gentlemen, well met. My Heart hath been with you this Hour; but an unexpected Affair hath detain'd me. No Ceremony, I beg you.

Matt. We were just breaking up to go upon Duty. Am I to have the Honour of taking the Air with you, Sir, this Evening upon the Heath? I drink a Dram now and then with the Stage-Coachmen in the way of Friendship and Intelligence; and I 10 know that about this Time there will be Passengers upon the Western Road, who are worth speaking with.

Mach. I was to have been of that Party
—but—

Matt. But what, Sir?

Mach. Is there any man who suspects my Courage?

Matt. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mach. My Honour and Truth to the 20 Gang?

Matt. I'll be answerable for it.

Mach. In the Division of our Booty, have I ever shown the least Marks of Avarice or Injustice?

Matt. By these Questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mach. I have a fixt Confidence, Gentlemen, in you all, as Men of Honour, and 30

as such I value and respect you. *Peachum* is a Man that is useful to us.

Matt. Is he about to play us any foul Play? I'll shoot him through the Head.

Mach. I beg you, Gentlemen, act with Conduct and Discretion. A Pistol is your last resort.

Matt. He knows nothing of this Meeting.

Mach. Business cannot go on without him. He is a Man who knows the World, 40 and is a necessary Agent to us. We have had a slight Difference, and till it is accommodated I shall be oblig'd to keep out of his way. Any private Dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my Friends. You must continue to act under his Direction, for the moment we break loose from him, our Gang is ruin'd.

Matt. As a Bawd to a Whore, I grant you, he is to us of great Convenience. 50

Mach. Make him believe I have quitted the Gang, which I can never do but with Life. At our private Quarters I will continue to meet you. A Week or so will probably reconcile us.

Matt. Your Instructions shall be observ'd. Tis now high time for us to repair to our several Duties; so till the Evening at our Quarters in *Moor-fields* we bid you farewell. 80

Mach. I shall wish my self with you. Success attend you.

[Sits down melancholy at the Table.]

A I R X X . March in *Rinaldo*, with Drums and Trumpets.



Matt. Let us take the Road.

Hark! I hear the sound of Coaches!
The hour of Attack approaches,
To your Arms, brave Boys, and load,
See the Ball I hold!

Let the Chymists toil like Asses,
Our Fire their Fire surpasses,
And turns all our Lead to Gold.

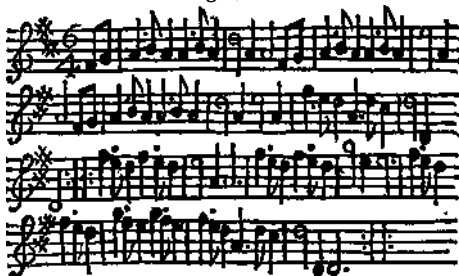
I The Gang, rang'd in the Front of the Stage, load their Pistols, and stick them under their Girdles; then go off singing the first Part in Chorus.

SCENE III.

Macheath, *Drawer*.

Mach. What a Fool is a fond Wench! *Polly* is most confoundedly bit.—I love the Sex. And a Man who loves Money, might as well be contented with one Guinea, as I with one Woman. The Town perhaps hath been as much oblig'd to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted Ladies, as to any Recruiting Officer in the Army. If it were not for us and the other Gentlemen of the Sword, *Drury-Lane* would be 10 uninhabited.

A I R X X I . Would you have a Young Virgin, &c.



If the Heart of a Man is deprest with Cares,
The Mist is dispel'd when a Woman ap-pears;
Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears,
Roses and Lillies her Cheeks disclose, .
But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those.

Press her,
Caress her
With Blisses, 20
Her Kisses

Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

I must have Women. There is nothing unbends the Mind like them. Money is not
appears] appears O 2A.

so strong a Cordial for the Time. Drawer.⁰
 —[Enter Drawer.] Is the Porter gone for
 all the Ladies,⁰ according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every Minute.
 But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as
Hockley in the Hole,⁰ for three of the 30
 Ladies, for one in *Vinegar Yard*,⁰ and for
 the rest of them somewhere about *Lewk-
 ner's Lane*. Sure some of them are below, for
 I hear the Barr Bell. As they come I will
 show them up. Coming, Coming.

SCENE IV.

Macheath, Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs.
 Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs.
 Slammekin, Suky Tawdry, and Molly
 Brazen.

Mach. Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are wel-
 come. You look charmingly to-day. I hope
 you don't want the Repairs of Quality, and
 lay on Paint.—Dolly Trull! kiss me, you
 Slut; are you as amorous as ever, Hussy?
 You are always so taken up with stealing
 Hearts, that you don't allow your self Time
 to steal any thing else.—Ah Dolly, thou
 wilt ever be a Coquette!—Mrs. Vixen,
 I'm yours, I always lov'd a Woman of 10
 Wit and Spirit; they make charming Mis-
 tresses, but plaguy Wives.—Betty
 Doxy! Come hither, Hussy. Do you drink
 as hard as ever? You had better stick to
 good wholesome Beer; for in troth, Betty,
 Strong-Waters⁰ will in time ruin your Con-
 stitution. You should leave those to your
 Betters.—What! and my pretty Jenny
 Diver too! As prim and demure as ever!
 There is not any Prude, though ever so 20
 high bred, hath a more sanctify'd Look,
 with a more mischievous Heart. Ah! thou
 art a dear artful Hypocrite.—Mrs.
 Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever!
 all you fine Ladies, who know your own
 Beauty, affect an Undress.—But see,
 here's Suky Tawdry come to contradict
 what I was saying. Every thing she gets
 one way she lays out upon her Back. Why,
 Suky, you must keep at least a dozen 30

Drawer.] Drawer O 2A.

Ladies.] Ladies O 2A.

Hockley in the Hole] See p. 605 *supra*. A haunt of
 criminals of all sorts.

Vinegar Yard, Lewkner's Lane] bad quarters near
 Drury Lane.

Strong-Waters] spirits.

Tally-men. Molly Brazen! [She kisses
 him.] That's well done. I love a free-
 hearted Wench. Thou hast a most agree-
 able Assurance, Girl, and art as willing as a
 Turtle.—But hark! I hear musick.
 The Harper is at the Door. If Musick be
 the Food of Love, play on. E'er you seat
 your selves, Ladies, what think you of a
 Dance? Come in. [Enter Harper.] Play the
 French Tune, that Mrs.^o Slammekin was 40
 so fond of.

[A Dance a la ronde in the French
 Manner; near the End of it this
 Song and Chorus.

AIR XXII. Cotillon.



Youth's the Season made for Joys,
 Love is then our Duty,
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her Beauty.

Let's be gay,
 While we may,
 Beauty's a Flower, despi'd in decay.
 Youth's the Season &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day, 50
 Ours is not to-morrow.
 Love with Youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but Sorrow.
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the Wing,
 Life never knows the return of Spring.
 Chorus. Let us drink &c.

Mach. Now, pray Ladies, take your
 Places. Here Fellow. [Pays the Harper.]
 Bid the Drawer bring us more Wine. [Ex. 60
 Harper.] If any of the Ladies chuse Ginn,
 I hope they will be so free to call for it.
 Jenny. You look as if you meant me.
 Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir,
 I never drink Strong-Waters, but when I
 have the Cholic.

Mach. Just the Excuse of the fine Ladies!
 Why, a Lady of Quality is never without
 the Cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have
 had good Success of late in your Visits 70
 among the Mercers.

Mrs.] Mr. O 7.

Coax. We have so many Interlopers——Yet with Industry, one may still have a little Picking. I carried a silver flower'd Lutestring, and a Piece of black Padesoy⁰ to Mr. *Peachum's* -Lock but last Week.

Vix. There's *Molly Brazen* hath the Ogle of a Rattle-Snake. She rivetted a Linnen-draper's Eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd⁰ of three Pieces of Cambric be- 80 fore he could look off.

Braz. Oh dear Madam!——But sure nothing can come up to your handling of Laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding Tongue! To cheat a Man is nothing; but the Woman must have fine Parts indeed who cheats a Woman!

Vix. Lace, Madam, lyes in a small Compass, and is of easy Conveyance.⁰ But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your 90 Friends.

Coax. If any Woman hath more Art than another, to be sure, 'tis *Jenny Diver*. Though her Fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his Pocket as coolly, as if Money were her only Pleasure. Now that is a Command of the Passions uncommon in a Woman!

Jenny. I never go to the Tavern with a Man, but in the View of Business. I 100 have other Hours, and other sort of Men for my Pleasure. But had I your Address, Madam——

Mack. Have done with your Compliments, Ladies; and drink about: You are not so fond of me, *Jenny*, as you use to be.

Jenny. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to show my Fondness among so many Rivals. 'Tis your own Choice, and not the warmth of my Inclination that will determine you. 110

AIR XXIII. All in a misty Morning, &c.



Lutestring, Padesoy] kinds of silk stuff. Cf. pp. 862 and 1010 *infra*,
nick'd] robbed; v. n. p. 209 *supra*.
Conveyance] theft.

*Before the Barn-door crowing,
 The Cock by Hens attended,
 His Eyes around him throwing,
 Stands for a while suspended.
 Then One he singles from the Crew,
 And cheers the happy Hen;
 With how do you do, and how do you do,
 And how do you do again.*

Mach. Ah *Jenny*! thou art a dear Slut.
Trull. Pray, Madam, were you ever in 120 keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I ha'nt been so long upon the Town, but I have met with some good Fortune as well as my Neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the Question; 'twas only in the way of Conversation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a Fool, I might have liv'd very hand- 130' somely with my last Friend. But upon his missing five Guineas, he turn'd me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your best sort of Keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew; and bating their Religion, to 140 Women they are a good sort of People.

Tawd. Now for my part, I own I like an old Fellow: for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A spruce Prentice, let me tell you, Ladies, is no ill thing, they bleed freely. I have sent at least two or three dozen of them in my time to the Plantations.

Jen. But to be sure, Sir, with so much good Fortune as you have had upon the 150 Road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mach. The Road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the Gaming-Table hath been my ruin.

AIR XXIV. When once I lay with another Man's Wife, &c.



*Jen. The Gamesters and Lawyers are Jug-
glers alike, .
/f they meddle your All is in
danger.
Like Gypsies, if once they can finger
a Souse,
Your Pockets they pick, and they
pilfer your House,
And give your Estate to a Stranger.*

A Man° of Courage should never put 160
any Thing to the Risque, but his Life.
These are the Tools of a Man of Honour.
Cards and Dice are only fit for cowardly
Cheats, who prey upon their Friends.
[*She laves up his Pistol. Tawdry
takes up the other.*

*Tawd. This, Sir, is fitter for your Hand.
Besides your Loss of Money, 'tis a Loss
to the Ladies. Gaming takes you off from
Women. How fond could I be of you! but
before Company, 'tis ill bred.*

Mach. Wanton Hussies! 170

*Jen. I must and will have a Kiss to give
my Wine a zest.*

[*They take him about the Neck,
and make Signs to Peachum and
Constables, who rush in upon him.*

SCENE V.

To them, Peachum and Constables.

Peach. I seize you, Sir, as my Prisoner.

Mach. Was this well done, Jenny?—

Women are Decoy Ducks; who can trust
them! Beasts, Jades, Jilts, Harpies, Furies,
Whores!

*Peach. Your Case, Mr. Macheath, is not
particular. The greatest Heroes have been
ruin'd by Women. But, to do them jus-
tice, I must own they are a pretty sort of
Creatures, if we could trust them. You 10
must now, Sir, take your leave of the
Ladies, and if they have a Mind to make
you a Visit, they will be sure to find you
at home. The Gentleman, Ladies, lodges
in Newgate. Constables, wait upon the Cap-
tain to his Lodgings.*

Souse] sous, halfpenny. Cf. p. 361 *supra*.

A Man . . . Life] om. O 1. *Risque* has a comma
after it in O 2B, Q; but not in O 2A, O 3.

A I R X X V . When first I laid Siege to
my *Chloris*, &c.

*Mac. At the Tree I shall suffer with
pleasure,
At the Tree I shall suffer with
pleasure,
Let me go where I will,
In all kinds of III, 20
/ shall find no such Furies as
these are.*

*Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the Reckon-
ing shall be discharg'd.*

[*Exit Macheath, guarded with
Peachum and Constables.*

SCENE VI.

The Women remain.

*Vix. Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr.
Peachum may have made a private Bar-
gain with you and Suky Tawdry for be-
traying the Captain, as we were all assist-
ing, we ought all to share alike.*

*Coax. I think Mr. Peachum, after so
long an acquaintance, might have trusted
me as well as Jenny Diver.*

*Slam. I am sure at least three Men of
his hanging, and in a Year's time too, 10
(if he did me justice) should be set down
to my account.*

*Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair.
For you know one of them was taken in
Bed with me.*

*Jenny. As far as a Bowl of Punch or a
Treat,⁰ I believe Mrs. Suky will join with
me.—As for any thing else, Ladies, you
cannot in conscience expect it.*

Slam. Dear Madam—20

Trull. I would not for the World—

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me—

Trull. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam—

*Slam. Nay, then I must stay here all
Night—*

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exe.° with great Ceremony.*

Treat] Threat O 7.

Exe.] Exeunt O 1.

SCENE VII. *Newgate.*

Lockit, Turnkeys, Mackheath, Constables.

Lock. Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a Lodger of mine this Year and half. You know the custom, Sir. Garnish,⁰ Captain, Garnish. Hand me down those Fetters there.

Mach. Those, Mr. *Lockit*, seem to be the heaviest of the whole sett. With your leave, I should like the further pair better.

Lock. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our Prisoners. When a Gentleman uses me with Civility, I always do the best I can to please him.——Hand them down I say.—We have them of all Prices, from one Guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every Gentleman should please himself.

Mach. I understand you, Sir. [*Gives Money.*] The Fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few Fortunes can bear the Expence of getting off handsomly, 20 or of dying like a Gentleman.

Lock. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better.——Take down the further Pair. Do but examine them, Sir.——Never was better work.——How genteely they are made!——They will fit as easy as a Glove, and the nicest Man in *England* might not be asham'd to wear them. [*He puts on the Chains.*] If I had the best Gentleman in the Land in my Custody I could not so equip him more handsomly. And so, Sir——I now leave you to your private

Meditations.

SCENE VIII.

Macheath.

AIR XXVI. 'Courtiers, Courtiers think it no harm, &c.



*Man may escape from Rope and Gun;
Nay, some have outliv'd the Doctor's Pill;*

[*Garnish*] money levied from a newly arrived prisoner for the benefit of the older residents.

*Who takes a Woman must be undone,
That Basilisk is sure to kill.*

*The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the
Sweets,*

*So he that tastes Woman, Woman, Woman,
He that tastes Woman, Ruin meets.*

To what a woful plight have I brought my self! Here must I (all day long, 'till I am hang'd) be confin'd to hear the Re- 10 proaches of a Wench who lays her Ruin at my Door.——I am in the Custody of her Father, and to be sure if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my Execution.——But I promis'd the Wench Marriage.——What signifies a Promise to a Woman? Does not Man in Marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, Women will 20 believe us; for they look upon a Promise as an Excuse for following their own Inclinations.——But here comes *Lucy*, and I cannot get from her——Wou'd I were deaf I

SCENE IX.

Macheath, Lucy.

Lucy. You base Man you,——how can you look me in the Face after what hath past between us?——See here, perfidious Wretch, how I am fore'd to bear about the load of Infamy you have laid upon me——O *Macheath*! thou hast robb'd me of my Quiet——to see thee tortur'd would give me pleasure.

AIR XXVII. A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.



*Thus when a good Huswife sees a Rat
In her Trap in the Morning taken, 10
With pleasure her Heart goes pit a pat,
In Revenge for her loss of Bacon.*

*Then she throws him
To the Dog or Cat,
To be worried, crush'd and shaken.*

Mac. Have you no Bowels, no Tender-ness, my dear *Lucy*, to see a Husband in these Circumstances?

Lucy. A Husband!

Mac. In ev'ry respect but the Form, 20 and that, my Dear, may be said over us at any time.—Friends should not insist upon Ceremonies. From a Man of Honour, his Word is as good as his Bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the Pleasure of all you fine Men to insult the Women you have ruin'd.

AIR XXVIII. *Twas when the Sea
was roaring, &c.*



*How cruel are the Traytors,
Who lye and swear in jest,
To cheat unguarded Creatures*

* *Of Virtue, Fame, and Rest! 30
Whoever steals a Shilling,
Through Shame the Guilt conceals:
In Love the perjur'd Villain
With Boasts the Theft reveals.*

Mac. The very first Opportunity, my Dear, (have but Patience) you shall be my Wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating Monster! And so you think I know nothing of the Affair of Miss *Polly Peachum*.——1 could tear thy 40 Eyes out!

Mac. Sure *Lucy*, you can't be such a Fool as to be jealous of *Polly*!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you Brute, you?

Mac. Married 1 Very good. The Wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good Opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the House; I chat with the Girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as 00 all Gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert my self; and now the silly Jade

hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear *Lucy*, these violent Passions may be of ill consequence to a Woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your Assurance, you know that Miss *Polly* hath put it out of your power to do me the 60 Justice you promis'd me.

Mac. A jealous Woman believes ev'ry thing her Passion suggests. To convince you of my Sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary, I shall have no Scruples of making you my Wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hang'd, and so get rid of them both.

Mac. I am ready, my dear *Lucy*, to 70 give you satisfaction——if you think there is any in Marriage.—What can a Man of Honour say more?

Lucy. So then it seems, you are not married to Miss *Polly*.

Mac. You know, *Lucy*, the Girl is prodigiously conceited. No Man can say a civil thing* to her, but (like other fine Ladies) her Vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever. 80

AIR XXIX. *The Sun had loos'd his
weary Teams, &c.*



The first time at the Looking-glass

*The Mother sets her Daughter,
The Image strikes the smiling Lass
With Self-love ever after.*

*Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,
Thinks ev'ry Charm grows stronger.*

*But alas, vain Maid, all Eyes but your
own*

Can see you are not younger.

When Women consider their own Beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their 90 demands; for they expect their Lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my Father——perhaps this way we may light upon the Ordinary,

who shall try if you will be as good as your Word.—For 1 long to be made an honest Woman.

SCENE X.

Pcachum, Lockit *with an Account-Book.*

Lock. In this last Affair, Brother Pcachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in *Macheath*.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an Execution.—But as to that Article, pray how stands our last Year's account?

Lock. If you will run your Eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

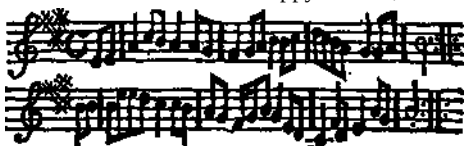
Peach. This long Arrear of the Government is very hard upon us! Can it be 10 expected that we should hang our Acquaintance for nothing, when our Betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the People in employment pay better, I promise them for the future, I shall let other Rogues live besides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, Brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with Contempt, 20 as if our Profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect indeed, our Employment may be reckon'd dishonest, because, like Great Statesmen, we encourage those who betray their Friends.

Lock. Such Language, Brother, any where else, might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR XXX. How happy are we, &c.



When you^o censure the Age,
Be cautious and sage, 30
Lest the Courtiers offended should be:
If you mention Vice or Bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the Tribe;
Each crys—That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's Name,

When you . . .] see n. p. 601 *supra*.

I see. Sure, Brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair proceeding in *Ned's* case: for he told me in the Condemn'd Hold, that for Value receiv'd, you had promis'd him a Session or two longer without Molestation. 41

Lock. Mr. *Peachum*,—This is the first time my Honour was ever call'd in Question.

Peach. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lock. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm, Brother.

Lock. He that attacks my Honour, attacks my Livelyhood.—And this Usage—Sir—is not to be born.^o 51

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her Information-Money, for the apprehending of curl-pated *Hugh*. Indeed, indeed, Brother, we must punctually pay our Spies, or we shall have no Information.

Lock. Is this Language to me, Sirrah—who have sav'd you from the Gallows, Sirrah! [Collaring each other. 51

Peach. If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the World of an arrant Rascal.

Lock. This Hand shall do the office of the Halter you deserve, and throttle you—you Dog!—

Peach. Brother, Brother,—We are both in the Wrong—We shall be both Losers in the Dispute—for you know we have it in our Power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate. 71

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual Interest; 'tis for the Interest of the World we should agree. If I said any thing, Brother, to the Prejudice of your Character, I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother *Peachum*—I can forgive as well as resent.—Give me your Hand. Suspicion does not become a Friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justifie yourself: But I must now 81 step home, for I expect the Gentleman about this Snuff-box, that *Filch* nimm'd^o two Nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour.

born] borne 1772.

nimm'd] pinched, stole.

SCENE XL

Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you, Hussy?

Lucy. My Tears might answer that Question.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a Spaniel, over the Fellow that hath abus'd you.

Lucy. One can't help Love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my Power to obey you, and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your Husband's 10 Death like a reasonable Woman. 'Tis not the fashion, now-a-days, so much as to affect Sorrow upon these Occasions. No Woman would ever marry, if she had not the Chance of Mortality for a Release. Act like a Woman of Spirit, Hussy, and thank your Father for what he is doing.

AIR XXXI. Of a noble Race was Shenkin.



Lucy. Is then his Fate decreed, Sir?

Such a Man can I think of
quitting?

When first we met, so moves me
yet

O see how my Heart is splitting!

Lock. Look ye, Lucy—There is no saving him.—So, I think, you must ev'n do like other Widows—Buy your self Weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR XXXII.

You'll think e'er many Days ensue
This Sentence not severe;
I hang your Husband, Child, 'tis true,

But with him hang your Care.

Twang dang dillo dee. 30

Like a good Wife, go moan over your dying Husband. That, Child, is your Duty—Consider, Girl, you can't have the Man and the Money too—so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

SCENE XII.

Lucy, Macheath.

Lucy. Though the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my Dear, you will, upon the first opportunity, quiet my Scruples—Oh Sir!—my Father's hard Heart is not to be soften'd, and I am in the utmost Despair.

Mac. But if I could raise a small Sum—Would not twenty Guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the Arguments in the way of Business, the Perquisite is the 10 most prevailing.—Your Father's Perquisites for the Escape of Prisoners must amount to a considerable Sum in the Year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

AIR XXXIII. London Ladies.



If you at an Office solicit your Due,
And would not have Matters neglected;
You must quicken the Clerk with the Perquisite too,

To do what his Duty directed.
Or would you the Frowns of a Lady prevent, 20

She too has this palpable Failing,
The Perquisite softens her into Consent;
That Reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What Love or Money can do shall be done: for all my Comfort depends upon your Safety.

SCENE XIII.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Polly. Where is my dear Husband? Was a Rope ever intended for this Neck!—O let me throw my Arms about it, and throttle thee with Love!—Why dost thou turn away from me?—'Tis thy *Polly*—'Tis thy Wife.

Mac. Was ever such an unfortunate Rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another Villain! 10

Polly. O *Macheath!* was it for this we parted? Taken! Imprison'd! Try'd! Hang'd!—cruel Reflection! I'll stay with thee 'till Death—no Force shall tear thy dear Wife from thee now.—What means my Love?—Not one kind Word! not one kind Look! think what thy *Polly* suffers to see thee in this Condition.

AIR XXXIV. All in the Downs, &c.



Thus when the Swallow, seeking Prey,
Within the Sash° is closely pent, 20
His Consort, with bemoaning Lay,
Without sits pining for th' Event.
Her chatVring Lovers all around her skim;
She heeds them not (pood Bird!) her Souls
with him.

Mac. I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The Wench is distracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilk'd of my Virtue? Can I have no Reparation? Sure Men were born to lye, and Women to believe them! O Villain! Villain! 30

Polly. Am I not thy Wife?—Thy Neg-

Sash] window.

I lect of me, thy Aversion to me too severely proves it.—Look on me.—Tell me, am I not thy Wife?

Lucy. Perfidious Wretch!

Polly. Barbarous Husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hang'd five Months ago, I had been happy.

Polly. And I too—If you had been kind to me 'till Death, it would not have 40 vex'd me—And that's no very unreasonable Request, (though from a Wife) to a Man who hath not above seven or eight Days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two Wives, Monster?

Mac. If Women's Tongues can cease for an Answer—hear me.

Lucy. I won't.—Flesh and Blood can't bear my Usage. 50

Polly. Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

AIR XXXV. Have you heard of a frolicksome Ditty, &c.



Mac. How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear Charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a Word will I say;
But tol de rol, &c.

Polly. Sure, my Dear, there ought to be some Preference shown to a Wife! At least she may claim the Appearance of it. 80 He must be distracted with his Misfortunes, or he could not use me thus!

Lucy. O Villain, Villain! thou hast deceiv'd me—1 could even inform against thee with Pleasure. Not a Prude wishes more heartily to have Facts against her intimate' Acquaintance, than I now wish to have Facts against thee. I would have her Satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXVI. Irish Trot.



Polly. *Ym bubbled.*⁰ 70

Lucy.——I'm bubbled.

Polly. *Oh how I am troubled!*

Lucy. *Bambouzled, and bit!*

Polly.——My Distresses are doubled.

Lucy. *When you come to the Tree, should the Hangman refuse,*

These Fingers, with Pleasure, could fasten the Noose.

Polly. *Vm bubbled, &c.*

Mac. Be pacified, my dear *Lucy*——This is all a Fetch⁰ of-Polly's, to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I 80 am hang'd, she would fain have the Credit of being thought my Widow——Really, *Polly*, this is no time for a Dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of Marriage, I am thinking of Hanging.

Poll. And hast thou the Heart to persist in disowning me?

Mac. And hast thou the Heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, *Polly*, dost thou seek to aggravate my 90 Misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miss *Peachum*, you but expose your self. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a Gentleman in his Circumstances.

AIR XXXVII.



Polly. *Cease your Funning;
Force or Cunning*

*bubbled] cheated. Cf. p. 153 supra.
Fetch] dodge.*

Never shall my Heart trapan.

All these Sallies

Are but Malice 100

To seduce my constant Man.

'Tis most certain,

By their flirting

Women oft' have Envy shown:

Plcas'd, to ruin

Others wooing;

Never happy in their own!

Polly. Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some Reserve with the Husband, while his no Wife is present.

Mac. But seriously, *Polly*, this is carrying the Joke a little too far.

Lacy. If you are determine, Madam, to raise a Disturbance in the Prison, I shall be oblig'd to send for the Turnkey to show you the Door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Polly. Give me leave to tell you, Madam; These forward Airs don't become you in 120 the least, Madam. And my Duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my Husband, Madam.

AIR XXXVIII. Good-morrow, Gossip
Joan.

Lucy. *Why how now, Madam Flirt?*

If you thus must chatter;

And are for flinging Dirt,

Let's try who best can spatter;

Madam Flirt!

Polly. *Why how now, saucy Jade;*

Sure the Wench is Topsy! 130

How can you see me made

[To him.

The Scoff of such a Gipsy?

Saucy Jade!

[To her.

SCENE XIV.

Lucy, Macheath, Polly, Peachum.

Peach. Where's my Wench? Ah Hussy! Hussy!—Come you home, you Slut; and when your Fellow is hang'd, hang yourself, to make your Family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear Father, do not tear me from him—I must speak; I have more to say to him—Oh! twist thy Fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all Women are alike! If 10 ever they commit the Folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves—Away—Not a Word more—You are my Prisoner now, Hussy.

AIR XXXIX. Irish Howl.



Polly. No Power on Earth can e'er divide
The Knot that Sacred Love hath
tyd.

When Parents draw against our
Mind,

The True-love's Knot they faster
bind.

Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—
oh, oh, &c.

[Holding Macheath, Peachum pull-
ing her.]

SCENE XV.

Lucy, Macheath.

Mac. I am naturally compassionate, Wife; so that I could not use the Wench as she deserv'd; which made you at first suspect⁰ there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my Dear, I was strangely puzzled.

Mac. If that had been the Case, her Father would never have brought me into this Circumstance—No, *Lucy*,—I had rather dye than be false to thee. 10
suspect] ftusspect O 1.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you say this from your Heart! For I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hang'd than in the Arms of another.

Mac. But couldst thou bear to see me hang'd?

Lucy. O Macheath, I can never live to see that Day.

Mac. You see, *Lucy*; in the Account of Love you are in my debt, and you must 20 now be convine'd, that I rather chuse to die than be another's.—Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my Life to thee—If you refuse to assist me, *Peachum* and your Father will immediately put me beyond all means of Escape.

Lucy. My Father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the Prisoners: and I fancy he is now taking his Nap in his own Room—If I can procure the Keys, 30 shall I go off with thee, my Dear?

Mac. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lye conceal'd. As soon as the Search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee—'Till then my Heart is thy Prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear Husband—owe thy Life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful—flut that *Polly* runs in my Head strangely. 40

Mac. A Moment of time may make us unhappy for-ever.

AIR XL. The Lass of Pace's Mill, &c.



Lucy. I like the Fox shall grieve,

Whose Mate hath left her side,
Whom Hounds, from Morn to Eve,
Chase o'er the Country wide.

Where can my Lover hide?

Where cheat the wary Pack?

If Love be not his Guide,

He never will come back! 50

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Newgate.*

Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. To be sure, Wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this Escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been *Peachum* and his Daughter *Polly*, and to be sure they know the Ways of *Newgate* as well as if they had been born and bred in the Place all their Lives. Why must all your Suspicion light upon me?

Lock. *Lucy, Lucy*, I will have none 10 of these shuffling Answers.

Lucy. Well then—If I know any Thing of him I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your Temper, *Lucy*, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, Sir,—I do wish I may be burnt. I do—And what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?—How much did he come down with? Come 20 Hussy, don't cheat your Father; and I shall not be angry with you—Perhaps, you have made a better Bargain with him than I could have done—How much, my good Girl?

Lucy. You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and would have given Money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah *Lucy*! thy Education might have put thee more upon thy Guard; 30 for a Girl in the Bar of an Ale-house is always besieg'd.

Lucy. Dear Sir, mention not my Education—for 'twas to that I owe my Ruin.

AIR XLI. If Love's a sweet Passion,&c.



When young at the Bar you first taught me, to score,

And bid me be free of my Lips, and no more;

I was kiss'd by the Parson, the Squire, and the Sot.

When the Guest was departed, the Kiss was forgot.

But his Kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,

That I languish'd and pirid 'till I granted the rest. 40

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair Confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous Villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape, Hussy—Have you?

Lucy. When a Woman loves; a kind Look, a tender Word can persuade her to anything—And I could ask no other Bribe.

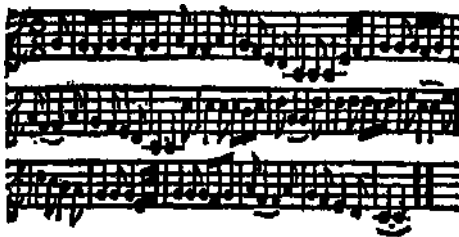
Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar 50 Slut, *Lucy*.—If you would not be look'd upon as a Fool, you should never do any thing but upon the Foot of Interest. Those that act otherwise are their own Bubbles.

Lucy. But Love, Sir, is a Misfortune that may happen to the most discreet Woman,⁰ and in Love we are all Fools alike—Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinc'd that *Polly Peachum* is actually his Wife.—Did I let him escape, 60 (Fool that I was!) to go to her?—*Polly* will wheedle herself into his Money, and then *Peachum* will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruin'd, because, forsooth, you must be in Love!—a very pretty Excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy Strumpet:—I gave him his Life, and that Creature enjoys the Sweets of it. —Ungrateful Macheath! 70

AIR XLII. South-Sea Ballad.



Woman] Women O 7.

*My Love is all Madness and Folly,
Alone I lye,
Toss, tumble, and cry,
What a happy Creature is Polly!
Was e'er such a Wretch as I!
With Rage I redden like Scarlet,
That my dear inconstant Varlet,
Stark blind to my Charms,
Is lost in the Arms
Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot! 80
Stark blind to my Charms,
Is lost in the Arms
Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot!
This, this my Resentment alarms.*

Lock. And so, after all this Mischief, I must stay here to be entertain'd with your catterwauling, Mistress Puss!—Out of my Sight, wanton Strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into Reason, with now and then a little handsome Discipline to 90 bring you to your Senses.—Go.

SCENE II.

Lockit.

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this Affair; but I'll be even with him.—The Dog is leaky in his Liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the Secret from him, and turn this Affair to my own Advantage. — Lions, Wolves, and Vulturs don't live together in Herds, Drovers or Flocks. — Of all Animals of Prey, Man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his Neighbour, and yet we herd together. 10 — *Peachum* is my Companion, my Friend — According to the Custom of the World, indeed, he may quote thousands of Precedents for cheating me — And shall not I make use of the Privilege of Friendship to make him a Return?

AIR XL 111. *Packington's Pound.*



*Thus Gamesters united in Friendship are found,
Though they know that their Industry all is a Cheat;
They flock to their Prey at the Dice-Box' 8 Sound,
And join to promote one another's Deceit.
But if by mishap 21
They fail of a Chap,^o
To keep in their Hands, they each other entrap.
Like Pikes, lank with Hunger, who miss of their Ends,
They bite their Companions, and prey on their Friends.*

Now, *Peachum*, you and I, like honest Tradesmen, are to have a fair Tryal which of us two can over-reach the other.—*Lucy.*— [*Enter Lucy.*] Are there any of *Peachum's* People now in the House? 30
Lucy. *Filch*, Sir, is drinking a Quartern of Strong-Waters in the next Room with Black *Moll*.

Lock. Bid him come to me.

SCENE III.

Lockit, Filch.

Lock. Why, Boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half starv'd; like a shotten Herring.^o

Filch. One had need have the Constitution of a Horse to go thorough the Business.—Since the favourite Child-getter was disabled by a Mis-hap, I have pick'd up a little Money by helping the Ladies to a Pregnancy against their being call'd^o down to Sentence.—But if a Man cannot get an honest Livelyhood any easier way, I 10 am sure, 'tis what I can't undertake for another Session.

Lock. Truly, if that great Man should tip off,^o 'twould be an irreparable Loss. The Vigor and Prowess of a Knight-Errant never sav'd half the Ladies in Distress that he hath done.—But, Boy, can'st thou tell me where thy Master is to be found?

fail . . . Chapl] Evidently means: lack someone to cheat. I do not find an exact parallel, but *chap* is doubtless a slang extension of the 18th-century sense of customer, someone to deal with. Cf. n. p 604 *supra*.

shotten Herring] one that has shot its roe, therefore thin. Cf. Shakespeare, *J. Hen.* IV, II. iv. 143. *rafl'd*] O 1, O 2B, Q; *called* O 2A, O 3. *tip off*] die.

Filch. At his 'Lock, Sir, at the *Crooked Billet*. 20

Lock. Very well.—I have nothing more with you. [*Ex. Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important Affairs to settle with him; and in the way of those Transactions, I'll artfully get into his Secret.—So that *Macheath* shall not remain a Day longer out of my Clutches.

SCENE IV. A *Gaming-House*.

Macheath in a fine *famish' d Coat*, Ben Budge, *Matt* of the *Mint*.

Mac. I am sorry, Gentlemen, the Road was so barren of Money. When my Friends are in Difficulties, I am always glad that my Fortune can be serviceable to them. [*Gives them Money.*] You see, Gentlemen, I am not a meer Court Friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIV. *Lillibullero*.



The Modes of the Court so common are grovm,

That a true Friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for Interest is but a Loan, 10

Which they let out for what they can get.

'Tis true, you find

Some Friends so kind,

Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend.

In sorrowful Ditty,

They promise, they pity,

But shift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

But we, Gentlemen, have still Honour enough to break through the Corruptions of the World.—And while I can serve 20 you, you may command me.

'A Cant Word, signifying, a Warehouse where stolen Goods are deposited. [Gay's note.]

Ben. It grieves my Heart that so generous a Man should be involv'd in such Difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill Company, and herd with Gamesters.

Matt. See the Partiality of Mankind! — One Man may steal a Horse, better than another look over a Hedge—Of all Mechanics, of all servile Handycrafts-men, a Gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many 30 of the Quality are of the Profession, he is admitted amongst the politest Company. I wonder we are not more respected.

Mach. There will be deep Play to-night at *Marybone*, and consequently Money may be pick'd up upon the Road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the Hint who is worth Setting.⁰

Matt. The Fellow with a brown Coat with a narrow Gold Binding, I am told, is 40 never without Money.

Mach. What do you mean, *Matt*? — Sure you will not think of meddling with him! — He's a good honest kind of a Fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be sure, Sir, we will put our selves under your Direction.

Mach. Have an Eye upon the Money-Lenders.—A *Rouleau*,⁰ or two, would prove a pretty sort of an Expedition. I 50 hate Extortion.

Matt. Those *Rouleaus* are very pretty Things.—I hate your Bank Bills.—There is such a Hazard in putting them off.⁰

Mach. There is a certain Man of Distinction, who in his Time hath nick'd me out of a great deal of the Ready.⁰ He is in my Cash,⁰ *Ben*;—I'll point him out to you this Evening, and you shall draw 60 upon him for the Debt.—The Company are met; I hear the Dice-box in the other Room. So, Gentlemen, your Servant. You'll meet me at *Marybone*.

Setting planning to rob.

Rouleau.] "A number of guineas, from twenty to fifty or more, wrapped up in paper, for the more ready circulation at gaming tables: sometimes they are inclosed in ivory boxes made to hold exactly, 20, 50, or 100 guineas." *Diet. Vulgar Tongue*.

putting them off getting rid of them.

the Ready cash.

in my Cash in debt to me (presumably). I can however find no exact parallel.

SCENE V. Pcachum's Lock.

A Tabic with Wine, Brandy, Pipes and Tobacco.

Peachum, Lockit.

Lock. The Coronation Account, Brother *Peachum*, is of so intricate a Nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

Peach. It consists indeed of a great Variety of Articles.—It was worth to our People, in Fees of different Kinds, above ten Instalments.—This is part of the Account, Brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. A Lady's Tail⁰ of rich Brocade—that, I see, is disposed of. 10

Peach. To Mrs. *Diana Trapes*, the Tally-woman,⁰ and she will make a good Hand on't in Shoes and Slippers, to trick out young Ladies, upon their going into Keeping.—

Lock. But I don't see any Article of the Jewels.

Peach. Those are so well known, that they must be sent abroad—You'll find them enter'd under the Article of Export- so ation.—As for the Snuff-Boxes, Watches, Swords, &c.—I thought it best to enter them under their several Heads.

Lock. Seven and twenty Women's Pockets compleat; with the several things therein contain'd; all Seal'd, Number'd, and enter'd.

Peach. But, Brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this Affair.

— We should have the whole Day before us.— ao Besides, the Account of the last Half Year's Plate is in a Book by it self, which lies at the other Office.

Lock. Bring us then more Liquor.—To-day shall be for Pleasure—To-morrow for Business.—Ah Brother, those Daughters of ours are two slippery Hussies— Keep a watchful Eye upon *Polly*, and *Macheath* in a Day or two shall be our own again. *0

Tail train of a gown.

Tally-woman] a dealer in clothes, etc., who sells on credit for weekly payments, according to Bailey, *Diet.* 1736. *Diet. Canting Crew* (c. 1698) explains that it is a broker who lets clothes on hire. Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue*, explains more nearly to the present example: "Brokers that let out clothes to the women of the town." Cf. p. 628 l. 59 *infra*.

AIR XLV. Down in the North Country,
&c.

Lock. What Gudgeons are we Men!
Every Woman's easy Prey.

Though we have felt the Hook,
agen
We bite and they betray.

The Bird that hath been trap,
When he hears his calling Mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry Grate.

Peach. But what signifies catching the Bird, if your Daughter *Lucy* will set <> open the Door of the Cage?

Lock. If Men were answerable for the Follies and Frailties of their Wives and Daughters, no Friends could keep a good Correspondence⁰ together for two Days.— This is unkind of you, Brothor; for among good Friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. *Diana Trapes* wants to speak with you. 60

Peach. Shall we admit her, Brother *Lockit*?

Lock. By all means—She's a good Customer, and a fine-spoken Woman—And a Woman who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the Conversation.

Peach. Desire her to walk in.

[Exit Servant.]

SCENE VI.

Peachum, Lockit, Mrs. Trapes.

Peach. Dear Mrs. Dye, your Servant— One may know by your Kiss, that your Ginn is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious⁰ in my Liquors.

keep . . . Correspondence] keep on good terms. Cf. p. 208 l. 982

curious] particular, fastidious.

Lock. There is no perfum'd Breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the Flavour of those Lips—Han't I, Mrs. *Dye*?

Trapes. Fill it up.—I take as large Draughts of Liquor, as I did of Love.—10 I hate a Flincher in either.

A I R X L V I . A Shepherd kept Sheep, &c.



In the Days of my Youth I could bill like a Dove, fa, la, la, &c.

Like a Sparrow at all times was ready for Love, fa, la, la, &c.

The Life of all Mortals in Kissing should pass,

Lip to Lip while we're young—then the Lip to the Glass, fa, &c.

But now, Mr. *Peachum*, to our Business.—If you have Blacks of any kind, brought in of late; Mantoes—Velvet Scarfs—Petticoats—Let it be what it will—I am your Chap—for all my Ladies are very fond 20 of Mourning.

Peach. Why, look ye, Mrs. *Dye*—you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the Gentlemen, who venture their Lives for the Goods, little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard Times oblige me to go very near in my Dealing.—To be sure, of late Years I have been a great Sufferer by the Parliament.—Three thousand Pounds would hardly make me amends.—The 30 Act for destroying the Mint, was a severe Cut upon our Business—Till then, if a Customer stept out of the way—we knew where to have her—No doubt you know Mrs. *Coaxer*—there's a Wench now ('till to-day) with a good Suit of Cloaths of mine upon her Back, and I could never set Eyes upon her for three Months together.—Since the Act too against Imprisonment for small Sums, my Loss there too hath been 40 very considerable, and it must be so, when a Lady can borrow a handsome Petticoat, or a clean Gown, and I not have the least

Hank^o upon her I And, o' my Conscience, now-a-days most Ladies take a Delight in cheating, when they can do it with Safety.

Peach. Madam, you had a handsome Gold Watch of us t'other Day for seven Guineas.—Considering we must have our Profit—To a Gentleman upon the 50 Road, a Gold Watch will be scarce worth the taking.

Trap. Consider, Mr. *Peachum*, that Watch was remarkable, and not of very safe Sale.—If you have any black Velvet Scarfs—they are a handsome Winter-wear; and take with most Gentlemen who deal with my Customers.—Tis I that put^o the Ladies upon a good Foot. 'Tis not Youth or Beauty that fixes their Price. 60 The Gentlemen always pay according to their Dress, from half a Crown to two Guineas; and yet those Hussies make nothing of bilking of me.—Then too, allowing for Accidents.—1 have eleven fine Customers now down under the Surgeon's Hands,—what with Fees and other Expences, there are great Goings-out, and no Comings-in, and not a Farthing to pay for at least a Month's cloathing.—We run 70 great Risques—great Risques indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs. *Coaxer*.

Trap. Yes, Sir.—To be sure I stript her of a Suit of my own Cloaths about two hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her Shift, with a Lover of hers at my House. She call'd him up Stairs, as he was going to *Marybone* in a Hackney Coach.—And I hope, for her own sake and 80 mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the Ladies.

Lock. What Captain?

Trap. He thought I, did not know him—An intimate Acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Peachum*—Only Captain *Macheath*—as fine as a Lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. *Dye*, you shall set your own Price upon any of the 90 Goods you like—We have at least half a dozen Velvet Scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a Present of this Suit of Night-cloaths for

Hank] hold.

put . . . Foot] set the ladies up, by fitting them out smartly.

your own wearing?—But are you sure it is Captain Macheath?

Trap. Though he thinks I have forgot him; no Body knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's Money in my Time at second-hand, for he al- 10 ways lov'd to have his Ladies well drest.

Peach. Mr. Lockit and I have a little business with the Captain;—You understand me—and we will satisfy^o you for Mrs. Coaxcr⁸ Debt.

Lock. Depend upon it — we will deal like Men of Honour.

Trap. I don't enquire after your Affairs — so whatever happens, I wash my Hands on't.— It hath always been my Maxim, 110 that one Friend should assist another— But if you please—I'll take one of the Scarfs home with me. 'Tis always good to have something in Hand.

SCENE VII. Newgate.

Lucy.

Jealousy, Rage, Love and Fear are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and shatter'd with distresses!

AIR XLVII. One Evening, having lost my Way, &c.



I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tost,
Now high, now low, with each Billow
born,
With her Rudder broke, and her Anchor
lost,
Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lye rolling and tossing all
Night,
That Polly lyes sporting on Seas of De-
light ! 10

satisfj/e) O 1, O 2B; satisfy O 2A, O3; satisfie Q.

*Revenge, Revenge, Revenge,
Shall appease my restless Sprite.^o*

I have the Rats-bane ready.—I run no Risque; for I can lay her Death upon the Ginn, and so many dye of that naturally that I shall never be call'd in Question.— But say, I were to be hang'd—I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater Comfort, than the poyson-
ing that Slut. 20

Enter Filch.

Filch. Madam, here's our Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Show her in.

SCENE VIII.

Lucy, Polly.

Lucy. Dear Madam, your Servant.—I hope you will pardon my Passion, when I was so happy to see you last.—I was so over-run with the Spleen, that I was perfectly out of my self. And really when one hath the Spleen, every thing is to be excus'd by a Friend.

AIR XLV 111. Now *Roger*, I'll tell thee, because thou'rt my Son.



When a Wife's in her Pout,
(As she's sometimes, no doubt;)

The good Husband as meek as a Lamfy
Her Vapours to still, 11
First grants her her Will,
And the quieting Draught is a Dram.
Poor Man!^o And the quieting Draught is a
Dram.

—1 wish all our Quarrels might have so comfortable a Reconciliation.

Sprite] Spirit O 7.

Poor Man!] O 7 prints at the end of the previous line.

Polly. I have no Excuse for my own Behaviour, Madam, but my Misfortunes.— And really, Madam, I suffer too upon your Account. 20

Lucy. But, Miss *Polly*—in the way of Friendship, will you give me leave to propose a Glass of Cordial to you?

Polly. Strong-Waters are apt to give me the Head-ache——I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest Lady in the Land could have better in her Closet, for her own private drinking.—You seem mighty low in Spirits, my Dear. 30

Polly. I am sorry, Madam, my Health will not allow me to accept of your Offer.—I should not have left you in the rude Manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my Papa haul'd me away so unexpectedly—I was indeed somewhat provok'd, and perhaps might use some Expressions that were disrespectful.—But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much Contempt and Cruelty, that I de- 40 serv'd your Pity, rather than your Resentment.

Lucy. But since his Escape, no doubt all Matters are made up again.—Ah *Polly*! *Polly*! 'tis I am the unhappy Wife; and he loves you as if you were only his Mistress.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the Object of your Jealousy.—A Man is always afraid of a Woman who loves him too well——so 50 that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our Cases, my dear *Polly*, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR XLIX. 0 Bessy Bell.



Polly.

*A Curse attends that Woman's Love,
Who always would be pleasing.*

Lucy.

*The Pertness of the, billing Dove,
Like tickling, is but teasing.*

Polly.

What then in Love can Woman dot 60

Lucy.

/f we grow fond they shun us.

Polly.

And when we fly them, they pursue:o

Lucy.

But leave us when they've won us.

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both Sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting.—But my Heart is particular, and contradicts my own Observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress *Lucy*, by his last Behaviour,^o I think I ought to envy you.—When I was fore'd from him, he 70 did not shew the least Tenderness.—But perhaps, he hath a Heart not capable of it.

AIR L. Would Fate to me *Belinda* give.



*Among the Men, Coquets we find,
Who Court by turns all Woman-kind;
And we grant all their Hearts desir'd,
When they are flatter'd, and admir'd.*

The Coquets of both Sexes are Self-lovers, and that is a Love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear *Lucy*, our Husband is one of those. 80

Lucy. Away with these melancholy Reflections,—indeed, my dear *Polly*, we are both of us a Cup too low.—Let me prevail upon you, to accept of my Offer.

pursue:] Oo 2, 3; pursue. O 1.

Behaviour,] Oo 2, 3; Behaviour; O 1.

AIR LI. Come, sweet Lass.



*Come, sweet Lass,
Let's banish Sorrow
'Till To-morrow;
Come, sweet Lass,
Let's take a chirping Glass.
Wine can clear 90
The Vapours of Despair;
And make us light as Air;
Then drink, and banish Care.*

I can't bear, Child, to see you in such low Spirits.—And I must persuade you to what I know will do you good.—I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical Strumpet. *{Aside.*

SCENE IX.

Polly.

Polly. All this wheedling of *Lucy* cannot be for nothing.—At this time too! when I know she hates me!—The Dissembling of a Woman is always the Fore-runner of Mischief.—By pouring Strong-Waters down my Throat, she thinks to pump some Secrets out of me.—I'll be upon my Guard, and won't taste a Drop of her Liquor, I'm resolv'd.

SCENE X.

Lucy, with Strong-Waters. Polly.

Lucy. Come, Miss *Polly.*

Polly. Indeed, Child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose.—You must, my Dear, excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss *Polly*, you are so squeamishly affected about taking a Cup of Strong-Waters as a Lady before Company. I vow, *Polly*, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me.—Brandy and Men (though Women love them never so well) 10

are always taken by us with some Reluctance—unless 'tis in private.

Polly. I protest, Madam, it goes against me.—What do I see! *Macheath* again in Custody!—Now every glimm'ring of Happiness is lost.

{Drops the Glass of Liquor on the Ground.

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the Wench hath escap'd: for by this Event, 'tis plain, she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd. 20 *{Aside. °*

SCENE XI.

Locket, Macheath, Peachum, Lucy, Polly.

Lock. Set your Heart to rest, Captain.—You have neither the Chance of Love or Money for another Escape,—for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your Tryal immediately.

Peach. Away, Hussies!—This is not a time for a Man to be hamper'd with his Wives.—You see, the Gentleman is in Chains already.

Lucy. O Husband, Husband, my Heart 10 long'd to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear Husband look upon his *Polly*? Why hadst thou not flown to me for Protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

AIR LII. The last time I went o'er the Moor.



Polly.

*Hither, dear Husband, turn your Eyes.
Lucy.*

Bestow one Glance to cheer me.

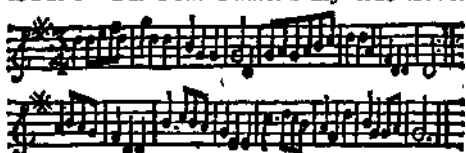
Aside.] 0 1; om. Oo 2, 3, Q.

Polly.
Think with that Look, thy Polly dyes.
 Lucy.
O shun me not—but hear me. 20
 Polly.
'Tis Polly sues.
 Lucy.
 ————'Tis Lucy speaks.
 Polly.
Is thus true Love requited?
 Lucy.
' My Heart is bursting.
 Polly.
 ————*Mine too breaks.*
 Lucy.
Must I
 Polly.
 ————*Must I be slighted?*

Mach. What would you have me say,
 Ladies?——You see, this Affair will soon
 be at an end, without my disoblighing 30
 either of you.

Peach. But the settling this Point, Cap-
 tain, might prevent a Law-suit between
 your two Widows.

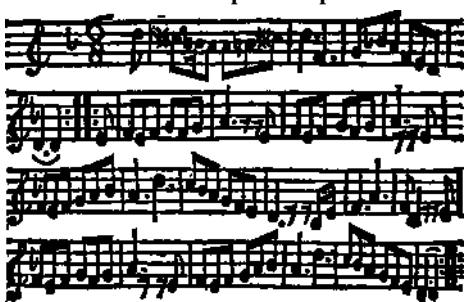
AIR LIII. *Tom Tinker's my true Love.*



Mach.
Which way shall I turn me——How can I
- decide?
Wives, the Day of our Death, are as fond
as a Bride.
One Wife is too much for most Husbands
to hear,
But two at a time there's no Mortal can
bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I
will,
What would comfort the one, t'other Wife
would take ill. 40

Polly. But if his own Misfortunes have
 made him insensible to mine——A Fa-
 ther sure will be more compassionate——
 Dear, dear Sir, sink the material Evidence,
 and bring him off at his Tryal——Polly
 upon her Knees begs it of you.

AIR LIV. *I am a poor Shepherd undone.*



When my Hero in Court appears,
And stands arraign'd for his Life;
Then think of poor Polly's Tears;
For Ah! Poor Polly's his Wife. 50
Like the Sailor he holds up his Hand,
Distress on the dashing Wave.
To die a dry Death at Land,
Is as bad as a watry Grave.
And alas, poor Polly/
Alack, and well-a-day!
Before I was in Love,
Oh! every Month was May.

Lucy. If *Pcachum's* Heart is harden'd;
 sure you, Sir, will have more Compassion 60
 on a Daughter.——I know the Evidence
 is in your Power.——How then can you
 be a Tyrant to me? [Kneeling.]

AIR LV. *Ianthe the lovely, &c.*

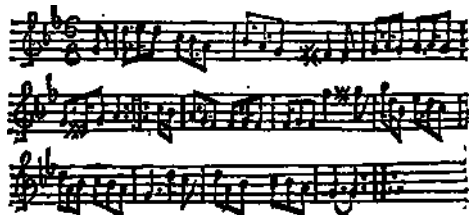


When he holds up his Hand arraign'd for
his Life,
O think of your Daughter, and think I'm
his Wife!
What are Canons, or Bombs, or clashing of
Swords?
For Death is more certain by Witnesses
Words.

*Then nail up their Lips; that dread Thunder allay;
And each Month of my Life will hereafter be May.*

*Lock. Macheath's time is come, Lucy, 70
——We know our own Affairs, therefore let us have no more Whimpering or Whining.⁰*

AIR LVI.^o A Cobler there was, &c.



*Our selves, like the Great, to secure a Retreat,
When Matters require it, must give up our Gang:*

*And good reason why,
Or, instead of the Fry,
Ev'n Peachum and I,
Like poor petty Rascals, might hang, hang;
Like poor petty Rascals, might hang. 80*

*Peach. Set your Heart at rest, Polly.——
Your Husband is to dye to-day.——
Therefore, if you are not already providod,
'tis high time to look about for another.
There's Comfort for you, you Slut.*

Lock. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the Old Baity.

AIR LVII. Bonny Dundee.



*Mach.
The Charge is prepar'd; the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all rang'd (a terrible Show!)
Whining.] O 1, Q; Whining, Oo 2, 3.
AIR LVI.] This song om. O 1.*

*I go, undismayd.——For Death is a Debt, 90
A Debt on demand.——So, take what I owe.*

Then farewell, my Love — Dear Charmers, adieu.

Contented I die——'TIB the better for you.

Here ends all Dispute the rest of our Lives,⁰

For this way at once I please all my Wives.

Now, Gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

SCENE XII.

Lucy, Polly, Filch.

*Polly. Follow them, Filch, to the Court.
And when the Tryal is over, bring me a particular Account of his Behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd. — You'll find me hore with Miss Lucy. [Ex Filch.] But why is all this Musick?*

Lucy. The Prisoners, whose Tryals are put off till next Session, are diverting themselves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing so charming as Musick! I'm fond of it to distraction!——But alas!——now, all Mirth seems an Insult upon my Affliction.——Let us retire, my dear Lucy, and indulge our Sorrows.——The noisy Crew, you see, are coming upon us. [Exeunt.

A Dance of Prisoners in Chains, &c.

SCENE XIII.

The Condemn'd Hold.

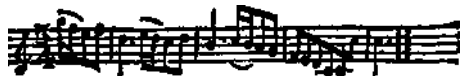
Macheath, in a melancholy Posture.

AIR LVIII. Happy Groves.

*O cruel, cruel, cruel Case!
Must I suffer this Disgrace?*

Lives.] Oo 2, 3; Lives. O 1.

AIR LIX. Of all the Girls that are so smart.



*Of all the Friends in time of Grief,
When threatning Death looks grimmer,
Not one so sure can bring Relief,
As this best Friend, a Brimmer.*

[Drinks.

AIR LX. Britons strike home.



*Since I must swing, - -I scorn, I scorn to
wince or whine.* [Rises.

AIR LXI. Chevy Chase.



*But now again my Spirits sink;
III raise them high with Wine.*
[Drinks a Glass of Wine.

AIR LXII. To old Sir Simon the King.



But Valour the stronger grows, 10
The stronger Liquor we're drinking.
And how can we feel our Woes,
When we've last the Trouble of Thinking?
[Drinks.

AIR LXIII. Joy to great Cæsar.

*If thus- -A Man can die
Much bolder with Brandy.*
[Pours out a Bumper of Brandy.

AIR LXIV. There was an old Woman.



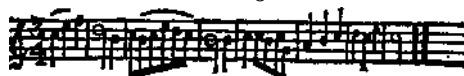
*So I drink off this Bumper.—And now
I can stand the Test.*
*And my Comrades shall see, that I die as
brave as the Best.* [Drinks.

AIR LXV. Did you ever hear of a gallant Sailor.



*But can I leave my pretty Hmsies,
Without one Tear, or tender Sigh?*

AIR LXVI. Why are mine Eyes still flowing.



*Their Eyes, their Lips, their Busses so
Recall my Love.—Ah must I die!*

AIR LXVII. Green Sleeves.



*Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree,
To curb Vice in others, as well as me,
I wonder we han't better Company,
Upon Tyburn Tree!*
*But Gold from Law can take out the
Sting;*
*And if rich Men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the Land, such Numbers to
string
Upon Tyburn Tree!*
*Jailor. Some Friends of yours, Captain, 30
desire to be admitted.—I leave you
together.*

SCENE XIV.

Macheath, Ben Budge, Mat of the Mint.

Mach. For my having broke Prison, you see, Gentlemen, I am order'd immediate Execution.—The Sheriffs Officers, I believe, are now at the Door.—That *Jemmy Twitcher* should peach me, I own

surpriz'd me! —Tis a plain Proof that the World is all alike, and that even our Gang can no more trust one another than other People. Therefore, I beg you, Gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for in all prob-10 ability you may live some Months longer.

Mat. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your Misfortune.——But 'tis what we must all come to.

Mach. *Peachum* and *Lockit*, you know, are infamous Scoundrels. Their Lives are as much in your Power, as yours are in theirs.——Remember your dying Friend!——Tis my last Request.——Bring those Vil-
lains to the Gallows before you, and I 20 am satisfied.

Malt. We'll do't.

Jailor. Miss *Polly* and Miss *Lucy* intreat a Word with you.

Mach. Gentlemen, adieu.

SCENE XV.

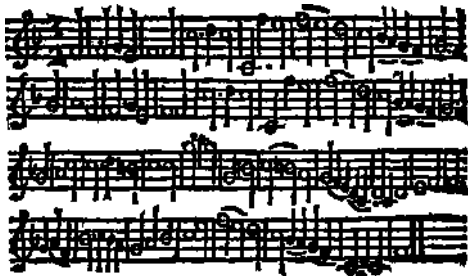
Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Mach. My dear *Lucy*——My dear *Polly*——Whatsoever hath past between us is now at an end.——If you are fond of marrying again, the best Advice I can give you, is to Ship yourselves off for the *West-Indies*, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a Husband a-piece; or by good Luck, two or three, as you like best.

Polly. How can I support this Sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so 10 much as a great Man in Distress.

AIR LXVIII. All you that must take a Leap, (&C.



Lucy.

Would I might be hang'd!

Polly.

..... *And I would so too!*

Lucy.

To be hang'd with you.

Polly.

..... *My Dear, with you.*

Mach.

O Leave me to Thought! I fear! I doubt! I tremble! I droop!——See, my Courage is out. [Turns up the empty Bottle.

Polly.

No token of Love?

Mach.

..... *See, my Courage is out.* [Turns up the empty Pot.

Lucy.

No token of Love? 20

Polly.

..... *Adieu.*

Lucy.

..... *Farewell.*

Mach.

But hark! I hear the Toll of the Bell.

Chorus.

Tol de rol lol, &c.

Jailor. Four Women more, Captain, with a Child a-piece!° See, here they come.

[Enter Women and Children.

Mach. What——four Wives more!

——This is too much.——Here——tell the Sheriffs Officers I am ready.

{Exit Macheath guarded.

SCENE XVI.

To them, Enter Player and Beggar.

Play. But, honest Friend, I hope you don't intend that *Macheath* shall be really executed.

Beg. Most certainly, Sir.——To make the Piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical Justice.——*Macheath* is to be hang'd; and for the other Personages of the Drama, the Audience must have suppos'd they were all either hang'd or transported. 10

Play. Why then, Friend, this is a downright deep Tragedy. The Catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.

a-piece] O 2A, O 3; *a-peice* O 1, O 2B.

Beg. Your Objection, Sir, is very just; and is easily remov'd. For you must allow, that in this kind of Drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about—So—you Rabble there—run and cry a Reprieve—let the Prisoner be brought 20 back to his Wives in Triumph.

Play. All this we must do, to comply with the Taste of the Town.

Beg. Through the whole Piece you may observe such a similitude of Manners in high and low Life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable Vices) the fine Gentlemen imitate the Gentlemen of the Road, or the Gentlemen of the Road the fine Gentlemen.—Had the 30 Play remain'd, as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent Moral. 'Twould have shown that the lower Sort of People have their Vices in a degree as well as the Rich: And that they are punish'd for them.

SCENE XVII.

To them, Macheath with Rabble, &c.

Mach. So, it seems, I am not left to my Choice, but must have a Wife at last.—Look ye, my Dears, we will have no Controversie now. Let us give this Day to Mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my Wife will testifie her Joy by a Dance.

All. Come, a Dance—a Dance.

Mach. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a Partner to each of you. 10 And (if I may without Offence) for this time, I take Polly for mine.—And for Life, you Slut,—for we were really marry'd.—As for the rest.—But at present keep your own Secret. {To Polly.

A DANCE.

AIR LXIX. Lumps of Pudding, &c.



Thus I stand like the Turk, with his
Doxies^o around;
From all Sides their Glances his Passion
confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his Inconstancy
burns,
And the different Beauties subdue him by
turns:
Each calls forth her Charms, to provoke his
Desires: 20
Though willing to all; with but one he re-
tires.
But think of this Maxim, and put off your
Sorrow,
The Wretch of To-day, may be happy To-
morrow.
Chorus. But think of this Maxim, &c.
Doxies] wenches, strumpets.

THE
London Merchant:
OR, THE
H I S X O R Y
O F
GEORGE *BARNWELL.*

AS it as A£ted at the
Theatre-Royal *in Drury-Lane'*

8 V
His MAJESTY'S Servants.

By Mr. *L I L L O.*

Learn to be -wife from others Harm,
And you /hall do full well.
Old Ballad of the Lady's Fall.

The THIRD EDITION Revis'd.

LONDON;'

Printed for JOHN GRAY, at the *Croft-Keys* in the
Poultry. MDCCXXI. [Price *Is*]

George Lillo (1693-1739) was the author of eight plays of which three call for note: *The London Merchant* (1731), *Fatal Curiosity* (1736) and *Arden of Feversham*, produced only in 1759. All these are domestic tragedies, reviving for the eighteenth century a popular Elizabethan type of drama exemplified by *Arden of Feversham* (c. 1585), on which Lillo based his play, or Heywoods *Woman Kill'd with Kindness* (c. 1603).

In these dramas Lillo aims at a realistic presentation of tragic passions in commonplace middle-class life. The democratic movement which was elevating the middle class to a commanding social and political position was accompanied by a change in English culture. A new literature with a middle-class outlook was growing up. Sir Andrew Freeport typifies the new ruling class, whose interests and morality literature will subserve.

Lillo depicts the familiar aspects of life. *The London Merchant*, based on an old ballad, glorifies the noble merchant, awards praise to the virtuous apprentice, and applauds respectable morality whilst showing the dreadful end befalling the idle apprentice who is lured from the path of rectitude. To give colour to the reality of this improving if shocking tale Lillo discards the verse form which had suited elevated themes of tragedy and writes in prose, but his prose is rhetorical and stiff, often falling into a rhythm akin to blank verse. In *Fatal Curiosity* and *Arden of Feversham* however he returns' definitely to blank verse.

The didactic purpose is manifest and it was probably largely on that score that the play, first, produced at Drury Lane in 1731, won so great a success. Today the form and mood alike are outworn, but the tragedy remains as a monument of its age and as a faithful reflection of an important phase of eighteenth century English bourgeois culture. It might have been expected that Lillo's attempt would have had a revivifying effect on English drama. But this was not so. Edward Moore achieved a notable dramatic success in his domestic tragedy *The Gamester* (1753), but the return to familiar middle-class life which made the eighteenth century novel so powerful was missed by dramatists. There were a few attempts at domestic drama, but it needed Ibsen to show how real tragedy could be made out of the stuff of everyday life.

The text is based on the third edition duodecimo, 1731.

There were three editions in 1731, two octavo, one duodecimo, in addition to an octavo printed probably in Holland, although it bears London, with no bookseller's name, on the title-page.

Ward, in his *Lillo's London Merchant and Fatal Curiosity*, 1906, refers to seven octavo editions, the fourth in 1732, and the seventh in 1740.

I have collated the first three editions. Ward's statement that the second edition is identical with the first, except for the title-page and one word in the text in Act V, where *unalterable* is changed to *unutterable*, will be seen from the notes to be inaccurate. Where I note a variant reading in O 1 it may be assumed, unless the contrary is stated, that O 2 and D 3 conform.

Ward apparently did not know the third edition and regarded the fourth as the first main revision. Although I have not seen the fourth edition I gather from Ward's apparently careful collation that it is based chiefly on the third which was the important revision.

I give variants from later editions than the third only in exceptional cases.

The important later addition is the execution scene at the end of Act V. This is taken from O 7, "the first accessible edition containing it," according to Ward.

O 1 = First edition octavo, 1731 (Professor A. NicolFs copy).

O 2 = Second edition octavo, 1731 (B. M. 11775. f. 19).

D 3 = Third edition duodecimo, 1731 (A. E. M.).

H = Octavo edition, printed (?) Holland, 1731 (A. E. M.).

O 4 = Fourth edition octavo, 1732.

O 7 = Seventh edition octavo, 1740 (B. M. 11777. g. 2).

1810 = *Lillo's Dramatick Works*, 2 vols., second ed. 1810 (A. E. M.).

Ward = *The London Merchant and Fatal Curiosity* by George Lillo, ed. A. W. Ward, 1906.

TO

Sir John Eyles, Bar.

Member of Parliament for, and Alderman of the City of *London*, and Sub-Governor of the *South-Sea Company*.

SIR,

If Tragick Poetry be, as Mr. *Dryden* has some where said, the most excellent and most useful Kind of Writing, the more extensively useful the Moral of any Tragedy is, the more excellent that Piece must be of its Kind.

I hope I shall not be thought to insinuate that this, to which I have presumed to prefix your Name, is such; that depends on its Fitness to answer the End of Tragedy, the exciting of the Passions, in order to the correcting such of them as are criminal, either in their Nature, or through their Excess. Whether the following Scenes do this in any tojrable Degree, is, with the Deference that becomes one who would not be thought vain, submitted to your candid and impartial Judgment.

What I wou'd infer is this, I think, evident Truth; that Tragedy is so far from losing its Dignity by being accommodated to the Circumstances of the Generality of Mankind, that it is more truly august in Proportion to the Extent of its Influence, and the Numbers that are properly affected by it. As it is more truly great to be the Instrument of Good to many, who stand in need of our Assistance, than to a very small Part of that Number.

If Princes, &c. were alone liable to Misfortunes, arising from Vice, or Weakness in themselves, or others, there wou'd be good Reason for confining the Characters in Tragedy to those of superior Rank; but, since the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reasonable than to proportion the Remedy to the Disease.

I am far from denying that Tragedies, founded on any instructive and extraordinary Events in History, or well-invented Fables,⁰ where the Persons introduced are of the highest Rank, are without their Use, even to the Bulk of the Audience. The strong Contrast⁰ between a *Tamerlane* and a *Bajazet*, may have its Weight with an unsteady People, and contribute to the fixing of them in the Interest of a Prince of the Character of the former, when, thro' their own Levity, or the Arts of designing Men, they are render'd factious and uneasy, tho' they have the highest Reason to be satisfied. The Sentiments and Example of a *Cato*, may inspire his Spectators with a just Sense of the Value of Liberty, when they see that honest Patriot prefer Death to an Obligation from a Tyrant, who wou'd sacrifice the Constitution of his Country, and the Liberties of Mankind, to his Ambition or Revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to enlarge the Province of the graver Kind of Poetry, and should be glad to see it carried on by some abler Hand. Plays, founded on moral Tales in private Life, may be of admirable Use, by carrying Conviction to the Mind, with such irresistable Force, as to engage all the Faculties and Powers of the Soul in the Cause of Virtue, by stifling Vice in its first Principles. They who imagine this to be too much to be attributed to Tragedy, must be Strangers to the Energy of that noble Species of Poetry. *Shakespeare*, who has given such amazing Proofs of his Genius, in that as well as in Comedy, in his *Hamlet*, has the following Lines.

*Had he the Motive and the Cause for Passion
That I have; he wou'd drown the Stage with Tears,
And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech;*

well-invented Fables] a *well-invented Fable* Oo 1, 2.
Contrast] *Contract* O 1.

*Make mad the Guilty, and appall⁰ the Free,
 Confound the Ign'rant, and amaze indeed
 'The very-Faculty of Eyes and Ears.*

And farther, in the same Speech,

*I've heard that guilty Creatures at a Play,
 Have, by the very cunning of the Scene,
 Been so struck to the Soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.*

Prodigious! yet strictly just. But I shan't take up your valuable Time with my Remarks; only give me Leave just to observe, that he seems so firmly persuaded of the Power of a well wrote Piece to produce the Effect here ascribed to it, as to make *Hamlet* venture his Soul on the Event, and rather trust that, than a Messenger from the other World, tho' it assumed, as he expresses it, his *noble Father's Form*, and assured him, *that it was his Spirit. I'll have, says Hamlet, Grounds more relative.*

—————*The Play's the Thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.*

Such Plays are the best Answers to them who deny the Lawfulness of the Stage.

Considering the Novelty of this Attempt, I thought it wou'd be expected from me to say something in its Excuse; and I was unwilling to lose the Opportunity of saying something of the Usefulness of Tragedy in general, and what may be reasonably expected from the farther Improvement of this excellent Kind of Poetry.

SIR, I hope you will not think I have said too much of an Art, a mean Specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your Favour and Protection. A Mind, conscious of superior Worth, as much despises Flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in my self an Inclination to so contemptible a Vice, I should not have chose Sir JOHN EYLES for my Patron. And indeed the best writ Pancgyrick, tho' strictly true, must place you in a Light, much inferior to that in which you have long been fix'd, by the Love and Esteem of your Fellow Citizens; whose Choice of you for one of their Representatives in Parliament, has sufficiently declared their Sense of your Merit. Nor hath the Knowledge of your Worth been confined to the City. The Proprietors in the *South-Sea Company*, in which are included Numbers of Persons, as considerable for their Rank, Fortune, and Understanding, as any in the Kingdom, gave the greatest Proof of their Confidence, in your Capacity and Probity, when they chose you Sub-Governor of their Company, at a Time when their Affairs were in the utmost Confusion, and their Properties in the greatest Danger. Neither⁰ is the Court insensible of your Importance. I shall not therefore attempt your Character, nor pretend to add any Thing to a Reputation so well established.

Whatever others may think of a Dedication, wherein there is so much said of other Things, and so little of the Person to whom it is address'd, I have Reason to believe that you will the more easily pardon it on that very Account.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient

humble Servant,

GEORGE LILLO.

P R O L O G U E .

Spoke by Mr. C I B B E R , Jun.

THE Tragick Muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distrest, and Scenes of Royal Woe;
In awful Pomp, Majestick, to relate
The Fall of Nations, or some Heroe's Fate:
That Scepter'd Chiefs may by Example know
The strange Vicissitude of Things below:
What Dangers on Security attend;
How Pride and Cruelty in Ruin end:
Hence Providence Supream to know; and own
Humanity adds Glory to a Throne.

In ev'ry former Age, and foreign Tongue,
With Native Grandeur⁰ thus the Goddess sung.
Upon our Stage indeed, with wish'd Success,
You've sometimes seen her in a humbler Dress;
Great only in Distress. When she complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving Strains,
The Brilliant Drops, that fall from each bright Eye,
The absent Pomp, with brighter Jems, supply.

Forgive us then, if we attempt to show,
In artless Strains, a Tale of private Woe.
A London Prentice ruin'd is our Theme,
Drawn from the fam'd old Song, that bears his Name.
We hope your Taste is not so high to scorn
A moral Tale, estaem'd ere^o you were born;
Which for a Century of rolling Years,
Has fill'd a thousand-thousand Eyes with Tears.

If thoughtless Youth to warn, and shame the Age
From Vice destructive, well becomes the Stage;
If this Example Innocence insure,⁰
Prevent⁹ our Guilt, or by Reflection cure;
If Millwood's dreadful Crimes⁰ and sad Despair,
Commend the Virtue of the Good and Fair,
Tho' Art be wanting, and our Numbers fail,
Indulge th' Attempt in Justice to the Tale.

Grandeur] Grandure O 1.

ere] e'er Oo 1, 2.

insure] secure O 1.

Prevent] Ward states O 1 reads Prevents. Two copies of O 1 which have been consulted read Prevent.
Crimes] Guilt O 1.

Dramatis Persona?.

M E N .

Thorowgood,
Barnwell, *Uncle to* George,
George Barnwell,
Trueman,
Blunt,

Mr. *Bridgwater.*
Mr. *Roberts.*
Mr. *Cibber*, Jun.
Mr. *W. Mills.*
Mr. *R. Witherilt.*⁰

W O M E N .

Maria,
Millwood,
Lucy,

Mrs. *Cibber.*
Mrs. *Butler.*
Mrs. *Charke.*

Officers with their Attendants, Keeper, and Footmen.

S C E N E London, *and an adjacent Village.*

Witherilt] Oo 1, 2; Witherhilt D 3.

THE LONDON MERCHANT: OR, THE HISTORY OF GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's House.

Enter Thorowgood and Trueman.

Tr. Sir, the Packet from *Genoa* is arriv'd.

[Gives Letters.

Thor. Heav'n be prais'd, the Storm that threaten'd our Royal Mistress, pure Religion, Liberty, and Laws, is for a Time diverted; the haughty and revengeful *Spaniard*, disappointed of the Loan on which he depended from *Genoa*, must now attend the slow Return of Wealth from his new World, to supply his empty Coffers, ere he can execute his purpos'd Invasion of our 10 happy Island; by which Means Time is gain'd to make such Preparations on our Part, as may, Heav'n concurring, prevent his Malice, or turn the meditated Mischief on himself.

Tr. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the Safety of his Country is concern'd. Sir, may I know by what Means—if I am too bold.—

Thor. Your Curiosity is laudable; and I 20 gratify it with the greater Pleasure, because from thence you may learn, how honest Merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the Safety of their Country; as they do at all Times to its Happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any Action that has the Appearance of Vice or Meanness in it, upon reflecting upon⁰ the Dignity of our Profession, you may, with honest Scorn, reject whatever is unworthy 30 of it.

Tr. Shou'd *Barnwell*, or I, who have the Benefit of your Example, by our ill Conduct, bring any Imputation on that honourable Name, we must be left without Excuse.

Thor. You complement, young Man.—
[Trueman bows respectfully.] Nay, I'm not offended. As the Name of Merchant never degrades the Gentleman, so by no 40 Means does it exclude him; only take Heed

upon} on O 1.

not to purchase the Character of Complaisant at the Expence of your Sincerity. —But to answer your Question,—The Bank of *Genoa* had agreed, at excessive Interest, and on good Security, to advance the King of *Spain* a Sum of money, sufficient to equip his vast Armado; of which our peerless *Elizabeth*, (more than in Name the Mother of her People) being well 50 informed, sent *Walsingham*, her wise and faithful Secretary, to consult the Merchants of this loyal City; who all agreed to direct their several Agents to influence, if possible, the *Genoese* to break their Contract with the *Spanish* Court. Tis done, the State and Bank of *Genoa*, having maturely weigh'd and rightly judg'd of their true Interest, prefer the Friendship of the Merchants of *London*, to that of a Monarch, who 60 proudly stiles himself King of both *Indies*.

Tr. Happy Success of prudent Councils! What an Expence of Blood and Treasure is here saved? Excellent Queen! O how unlike those⁰ Princes, who make⁰ the Danger of foreign' Enemies a Pretence to oppress their Subjects, by Taxes great and grievous to be born.

Thor. Not so our gracious Queen, whose richest Exchequer is her People's Love, as 70 their Happiness her greatest Glory.

Tr. On these Terms to defend us, is to make our Protection a Benefit worthy her who confers it, and well worth our Acceptance. Sir, have you any Commands for me at this Time?

Thor. Only⁰ look carefully over the Files, to see whether there are any Tradesmens Bills unpaid; if⁰ there are, send⁰ and discharge 'em. We must not let Artificers lose 80 their Time, so useful to the Publick and their Families, in unnecessary Attendance.

[Exit Trueman.]

those} to former O 1.

make} made O 1.

Only} Only to O 1.

if} and if O 1.

send} to send O 1.

*Enter Maria.*⁰

Thor. Well, *Maria*, have you given Orders for the Entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the Guests. Let there be plenty, and of the best; that the Courtiers may^o at least commend our Hospitality.

Ma. Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known Generosity by an 90 ill-tim'd Parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless Caution, I have no cause to doubt your Prudence.

Ma. Sir, I find my self unfit for Conversation; I^o should but increase the Number of the Company, without adding to their Satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my Child, this Melancholy must not be indulged.

Ma. Company will but increase it: I 100 wish you would dispense with my Absence; Solitude best suits my present Temper.

Thor. You are not insensible that it is chiefly on your Account these noble Lords do me the Honour so frequently to grace my Board; shou'd you be absent, the Disappointment may make them repent their Condescension, and think their Labour lost.

Ma. He that shall think his Time or 110 Honour lost in visiting you, can set no real Value on your Daughter's Company, whose only Merit is, that she is yours. The Man of Quality, who chuses to converse with a Gentleman and Merchant of your Worth and Character, may confer Honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, *Maria*, I need not tell you that a young Gentleman may prefer your Conversation to mine, yet intend 120 me no Disrespect at all; for tho' he may lose no Honour in my Company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more Pleasure in yours. I remember the Time, when the Company of the greatest and wisest Man in the Kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me

of an Opportunity of enjoying your Mother's.

Ma. Your's, no doubt, was as agreeable 130 to her; for generous Minds know no Pleasure in Society but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou know'st I have no Heir, no Child but thee; the Fruits of many Years successful Industry must all be thine, now it would give me Pleasure great as my Love, to see on whom you would bestow it. I am daily solicited by Men of the greatest Rank and Merit for Leave to address you; but I have hitherto declin'd it, in hopes 140 that by Observation, I shou'd learn which way your Inclination tends; for, as I know Love to be essential to Happiness in the Marriage State, I had rather my Approbation should confirm your Choice, than direct it.

Ma. What can I say? How shall I answer, as I ought, this Tenderness, so uncommon, even in the best of Parents: But you are without Example; yet had you been less 150 indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the Croud of Courtiers, that visit here, with equal Esteem, but equal Indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess; yet had you asserted your Authority, and insisted on a Parent's Right to be obey'd, I had submitted, and to my Duty sacrificed my Peace.

Thor. From your perfect Obedience in every other Instance, I fear'd as much; 160 and therefore wou'd leave you without a Byass in an Affair wherein your Happiness is so immediately concern'd.

Ma. Whether from a Want of that just Ambition that wou'd become your Daughter, or from some other Cause I know not; but I find high Birth and Titles don't recommend the Man, who owns them, to my Affections.

Thor. I would not that they shou'd, 170 unless his Merit recommends him more. A noble Birth and Fortune, tho' they make not a bad Man good, yet they are a real Advantage to a worthy one, and place his Virtues in the fairest Light.

Ma. I cannot answer for my Inclinations; but they shall ever be submitted to your Wisdom and Authority; and as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, Love^o shall never make me act contrary 180

love, Love] love, so Love Oo 1, 2.

Exit Trueman. Enter Maria.] 0 1 uses the French style of denoting exits and entrances by giving a new scene with the names of all present. The variations on this account throughout the play are not generally noted.

Courtier' may] Courtiers, tho' they should deny us Citizens Politeness, may Oo 1, 2,

Conversation; I] Conversation at present, I O 1.

to my Duty. Sir, have I your Permission to retire?

Thor. I'll see you to your Chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A Room in Millwood's House.

*Millwood at her Toilet.*⁰ *Lucy waiting.*

Mill. How do I look to Day, *Lucy*?

Lucy. O, killingly, Madam!—A little more Red, and you'll be irresistible I— But why this more than ordinary Care of your Dress and Complexion? What new Conquest are you aiming at?

Mill. A Conquest wou'd be new indeed!

Lucy. Not to you, who make 'em every Day,—but to me—Well! 'tis what I'm never to expect,—unfortunate as I 10 am:—But your Wit and Beauty—

Mill. First made me a Wretch, and still continue me so.—Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish Hypocrites in their Affairs with us. We are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their Satisfaction.

Lucy. You are certainly, Madam, on the wrong Side in this Argument: Is not the 20 Expence all theirs? And I am sure it is our own Fault if we ha'n't⁰ our Share of the Pleasure.

Mill. We are but Slaves to Men.—

Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are Slaves most certainly; for we lay them under Contribution.

Mill. Slaves have no Property; no, not even in themselves.—All is the Victors.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in 30 your Principles, Madam.

Mill. I would have my Conquests compleat, like those of the *Spaniards* in the new World; who first plunder'd the Natives of all the Wealth they had, and then condemn'd the Wretches to the Mines for Life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your Scheme of Government: I should think it must more politick as well as just, to find 40 my subjects an easier Employment.

Mill. It's a general Maxim among the knowing Part of Mankind, that a Woman without Virtue, like a Man without Honour at her Toilet] om. O 1. ha'n't] hav'n't Oo 1, 2.

or Honesty, is capable of any Action, tho' never so vile: And yet what Pains will they not take, what Arts not use, to seduce us from our Innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own Opinions? Then is it not just, the Villains, 50 to their Cost, should find us so.—But Guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their Guard; therefore we can take Advantage only of the young and innocent Part of the Sex, who having ne'er injured Women, apprehend no Injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed.

Mill. Such a one, I think I have found. —As I've passed thro' the City, I have often observ'd him receiving and paying 60 considerable Sums of Money; from thence I conclude he is employ'd in Affairs of Consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome?

Mill. Ay, ay, the Stripling is well made, and has a good Face.⁰

Lucy. About—

Mill. Eighteen.—

Lucy. Innocent, Handsome, and about Eighteen!—You'll be vastly happy.—70 Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to your self these two or three Years.

Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner, having⁰ long had a Design on him; and meeting him Yesterday, I made a full Stop, and gazing wishfully on his Face, ask'd him his Name: He blush'd, and bowing very low, answer'd, *George Barnwell*. I beg'd his Pardon for the Freedom I had taken, and told him, that he 80 was the Person I had long wish'd to see, and to whom I had an Affair of Importance to communicate, at a proper Time and Place. He named a Tavern; I talked of Honour and Reputation, and invited him to my House: He swallow'd the Bait, promis'd to come, and this is the Time I expect him, [knocking at the Door.] Some Body knocks —d'ye hear, I am at Home to no Body to Day, but him. *Exit Lucy.*

Mill. Less Affairs must give Way to 91 those of more Consequence; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great Importance to me and him too, before I have done with him.—Now after

and has . . . Face] om. O 1.

sooner, having] The sense is improved by adopting the pointing of 1810—sooner. Having.

what Manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—what manner of Person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful: therefore I must take Care not to put him out of Countenance,⁰ at first.—But 100 then, if I have any Skill in Physiognomy, he is amorous, and, with a little Assistance, will soon get the better of his Modesty.—I'll e'en^o trust to Nature, who does Wonders in these Matters.—If to seem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be Art in a Woman—I know nothing of Nature.

Enter Barnwell, bowing very low. Lucy at a Distance.

Mill. Sir! the Surprize and Joy!—110

Barn. Madam—

Mill. This is such a Favour,—

[Advancing,

Barn. Pardon me, Madam,—

Mill. So unhop'd for,—*[Still advances.*

[Barnwell salutes her, and retires in Confusion.

Mill. To see you here.—Excuse the Confusion.—

Barn. I fear I am too bold.—

Mill. Alass, Sir! I may justly apprehend you think^o me so.—Please, Sir, to sit.—I am as much at a Loss how to receive 120 this Honour as I ought, as I am surpriz'd at your Goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me: I promis'd to come.

Mill. That is the more surprizing; few Men are such religious Observers of their Word.

Barn. All, who are honest, are.

Mill. To one another; but we simple^o Women are seldom thought of Consequence enough to gain a Place in your Remcm- 130 brance.

[Laying her Hand on his, as by Accident.

Barn. Her Disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her Hand on mine.—Heaven! how she trembles!—What can this mean! *[Aside.*

Mill. The Interest I have in all that relates to you, (the Reason of which you shall

put . . . Countenance,] shock him Oo 1, 2.

e'en] om. Oo 1, 2.

I may . . . think] All my Apprehensions proceed from my Fears of your thinking Oo 1, 2.

simply silly Oo 1, 2.

know hereafter) excites my Curiosity; and, were I sure you would pardon my Presumption, I should desire to know your real 140 Sentiments on a very particular Subject.^o

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor Thoughts on any Subject;—I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold.

Barn. No, indeed.

Mill. What then are your Thoughts of Love?

Barn. If you mean the Love of Women, I have not thought of it at all.^o My Youth 150 and Circumstances make such Thoughts improper in me yet: But if you mean the general Love we owe to Mankind, I think no one has more of it in his Temper than my self. I don't know that Person in the World, whose Happiness I don't wish, and wou'd n't promote, were it in my Power. —In an especial Manner I love my Uncle,

and my Master, but, above all, my Friend.

Mill. You have a Friend then, whom 160 you love?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often bless'd with your Company and Conversation.

Barn. We live in one House,^o and both serve the same worthy Merchant.

Mill. Happy, happy youth! who e'er thou art, I envy thee, and so must all, who see and know this Youth.—What have I lost, by being form'd a Woman——! I hate 170 my Sex, my self.—Had I been a Man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your Friendship, as he who now enjoys it: But as it is,—Oh!—

Barn. I never observ'd Women before, or this is sure the most beautiful of her Sex, *[Aside,] You seem disorder'd, Madam! May I know the Cause?*

Mill. Do not ask me,—I can never speak it, whatever is the Cause;—180 wish for things impossible.—I wou'd be a Servant, bound to the same Master,^o to live in one House with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her Words and Actions are!—And the Effect they have on me is as strange.—I feel Desires I never knew before;—I must

particular Subject] particular Affair Oo 1, 2.

at all] all Oo 1, 2.

House] House together O 1.

Master] Master as you are Oo 1, 2.

be gone, while I have Power to go, [*Aside.*]
Madam, I humbly take my Leave.

Mill. You will not sure leave me so 190
soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have
prepared a poor Supper, at which I promis-
ed my self your Company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the Hon-
our you design'd me; but my Duty to my
Master calls me hence. I never yet neg-
lected his Service: He is so gentle, and so
good a Master, that should I wrong him, 200
tho' he might forgive me, I never should
forgive my self.

Mill. Am I refus'd, by the first Man, the
second Favour I ever stoop'd to ask?—Go
then thou proud hard-hearted Youth.—
But know, you are the only Man that cou'd
be found, who would let me sue twice for
greater Favours.

Barn. What shall I do!—How shall
I go or stay! 210

Mill. Yet do not,—do not leave me.
I with my Sex's Pride wou'd meet
your Scorn:—But when I look upon you,
—when I behold those Eyes,—Oh!
spare my Tongue, and let my Blushes (this
Flood of Tears to that will force its Way)
declare⁰ what Woman's Modesty should
hide.

Barn. Oh, Heavens! she loves me, worth-
less as I am; her Looks, her Words, her 220
flowing Tears confess it:—And can I
leave her then?—Oh never,—never.
—Madam, dry up your⁰ Tears.—You
shall command me always;—I will stay
here for ever, if you'd have me.

Lucy. So! She has weeded⁰ him out of
his Virtue of Obedience already, and will
strip him of all the rest, one after another,
till she has left him as few as her Ladyship,
or my self. [*Aside.* 230

Mill. Now you are kind, indeed; but I
mean not to detain you always: I would
have you shake off all slavish Obedience to
your Master; but you may serve him still.

Blushes . . . declare } *Blushes speak.*—*This Flood*
of Tears to that will force their way, and declare—
O 1.

weeded } those O 1.
weeded } wheedled Oo 1, 2.

• *Lucy.* Serve him still!—Aye, or he'll
have no Opportunity of fingering his Cash,
and then he'll not serve your End, I'll be
sworn. [*Aside.*

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. Madam, Supper's on the Table.

Mill. Come, Sir, you'll excuse all Do- 240
fects. My- Thoughts were too much em-
ployed on my Guest to observe the Enter-
tainment. [*Exeunt Barnwell and Millwood.*

Blunt. What's⁰ all this Preparation, this
elegant Supper, Variety of Wines, and Mu-
sick, for the Entertainment of that young
Fellow?

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. What is our Mistress turn'd Fool
at last? She's in Love with him, I sup- 250
pose.

Lucy. I suppose not,—but she designs
to make him in Love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He
seems under Age, and can't be suppos'd
to have much Money.

Lucy. But his Master has; and that's the
same thing, as she'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a
handsome young Fellow; while she's en- 260
deavouring to ensnare him, she may be
caught her self.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would
certainly be the Consequence; for, I con-
fess, there is something in Youth and Inno-
cence that moves me mightily.

Blunt. Yes, so does the Smoothness and
Plumpness of a Partridge⁰ move a mighty
Desire in the Hawk to be the Destruction
of it. 270

Lucy. Why Birds are their Prey, as Men
are ours; though, as you observ'd, we are
sometimes caught our selves:—But that I
dare say will never be the Case with our
Mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you
know we all depend upon her: Should she
trifle away her Time with a young Fellow,
that there's nothing to be got by we must
all starve. 280

Lucy. There's no Danger of that, for I am
sure she has no View in this Affair, but
Interest.

What's } What is O 1.

Partridge } Oo 1, 2; *Partridge* D 3. Cf. p. 360 *supra*.

Blunt. Well, and what Hopes are there of Success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be.—'Tis true, the Youth has his Scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his Conscience.—O, the Lad is in a hopeful Way, depend upon't. 290
Exeunt.

Scene III, draws and discovers Barnwell and Millwood at Supper. An Entertainment of Musick and Singing. After which they come forward.

Barn. What can I answer!—All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

Mill. We are both so, and yet the Fault is in our selves.

Barn. To ease our present Anguish, by plunging into Guilt, is to buy a Moment's Pleasure with an Age of Pain.

Mill. I should have thought the Joys of Love as lasting as they are great; if ours 10 prove otherwise, 'tis your Inconstancy must make them so.

Barn. The Law of Heaven will not be revers'd; and that requires us to govern our Passions.

Mill. To give us Sense of Beauty, and Desires, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is Cruelty to Nature.—Have we Passions only to torment us!

Barn. To hear you talk,——tho' in 20 the Cause of Vice,——to gaze upon your Beauty,——press your Hand, and see your Snow-white Bosom heave and fall,——enflames my Wishes;——my Pulse beats high,——my Senses all are in a Hurry, and I am on the Rack of wild Desire.—Yet for a Moment's guilty Pleasure, shall I lose my Innocence, my Peace of Mind, and Hopes of solid Happiness?

Mill. Chimeras all,——80

——Come on with me and prove,
No Joy's like Woman kind, no Heav'n^o
like Love.

Barn. I would not,——yet must on.—
*Reluctant thus, the Merchant quits his Ease,
And trusts to Rocks, and Sands, and stormy
Seas;*

no Heav'n] nor Heav'n O 1.

*In Hopes some unknown golden Coast to
find,
Commits himself, tho' doubtful, to the
Wind,
Longs much for Joys to come,—yet
mourns those left behind.*

[Exeunt.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in Thorowgood's House.
Enter Barnwell.*

Barn. How strange are all Things round me? Like some Thief, who treads forbidden Ground, and fain wou'd lurk unseen,^o fearful I enter each Apartment of this well known House. To guilty Love, as if that were^o too little, already have I added breach of Trust.—A Thief!—Can I know my self that wretched Thing, and look my honest Friend and injured Master in the Face?—Tho' Hypocrisy may a while 10 conceal my Guilt, at length it will be known, and publick Shame and Ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my Life? ever to speak a Language foreign to my Heart; hourly to add to the Number of my Crimes, in order to conceal 'em.—Sure such was the Condition of the grand Apostate, when first he lost his Purity; like me disconsolate he wander'd, and while yet in Heaven, bore all his future Hell about a> him.

Enter Trueman.

Tr. Barnwell! Oh how I rejoice to see you safe! so will our Master and his gentle Daughter; who, during your Absence, often enquir'd after you.

Barn. Wou'd he were gone, his officious Love will pry into the Secrets of my Soul.
[Aside.

Tr. Unless you knew the Pain the whole Family has felt on your Account, you can't conceive how much you are belov'd; 30 but why thus cold and silent? when my Heart is full of Joy for your Return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? what have I done? how am I altered since you saw me last? Or rather what have you

and fain . . . unseen] om. O 1.
were] was Oo 1, 2.

done? and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done indeed? [*Aside.*

Tr. Not speak nor look upon me.

Barn. By my Face, he will discover all I do would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*

Tr. I cannot bear this Usage from a Friend, one whom till now I ever found so loving, whom yet I love, tho' this Unkindness strikes at the Root of Friendship, and might destroy it in any Breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well, [*Turning to him.* Sleep has been a Stranger to these Eyes since you beheld them last. 50

Tr. Heavy they look indeed, and swoln with Tears;—now they o'erflow;—rightly did my sympathizing Heart forbode last Night when thou wast absent, something fatal to our Peace.

Barn. Your Friendship engages you too far. My Troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone, you have no Interest in them, nor ought your Concern for me give you a Moment's Pain. 60

Tr. You speak as if you knew of Friendship nothing but the Name. Before I saw your Grief I felt it. Since we parted last I have slept no more than you, but pensive in my Chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious Night in Wishes for your Safety and Return; e'en now, tho' ignorant of the Cause, your Sorrow wounds me to the Heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus, Friend- 70 ship and all Engagements cease, as Circumstances and Occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both, that now you lov'd me less.

Tr. Sure I but dream! without a Cause would *Barnwell* use me thus, ungenerous and ungrateful Youth, farewell,—I shall endeavour to follow your Advice,—[*Going*] Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash, and 80 angry when the Cause demands Compassion. Some unforeseen Calamity may have befallen him too great to bear.

Barn. What Part am I reduc'd to act?—'tis vile and base to move his Temper thus, the best of Friends and Men.

Tr. I am to blame, prithee forgive me *Barnwell*. Try to compose your ruffled Mind, and let me know the Cause that

thus transports you from your self; my 90 friendly Counsel may restore your Peace.

Barn. All that is possible for Man to do for Man, your generous Friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

Tr. Something dreadful is labouring in your Breast, O give it vent and let me share your Grief, 'twill ease your Pain shou'd it admit no cure; and make it lighter by the Part I bear.

Barn. Vain Supposition! my Woes in- 100 crease by being observ'd, shou'd the Cause be known; they would exceed all Bounds.

Tr. So well I know thy honest Heart, Guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. O Torture insupportable! [*Aside.*

Tr. Then why am I excluded, have I a Thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated Subject, I'll never enter more beneath this Roof, nor see your Face again.—110

Tr. 'Tis strange,—but I have done, say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you!—I am not that Monster yet.

Tr. Shall our Friendship still continue?

Barn. It's a Blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on Terms; and but upon Conditions can confirm it.

Tr. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, tho' you shou'd 120 wonder at my Conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

Tr. 'Tis hard, but upon any Conditions I must be your Friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours.

[*Embracing.*

Tr. Be ever so, and may Heaven restore your Peace.

Barn. Will Yesterday return?—We have heard the glorious Sun, that till then in- 130 cessant roll'd, once stopp'd his rapid Course, and once went back: The Dead have risen; and parched Rocks pour'd forth a liquid Stream to quench a Peoples Thirst: The Sea divided, and form'd Walls of Water, while a whole Nation pass'd in safety thro' its sandy Bosom: Hungry Lions have refus'd their Prey: And Men unhurt have walk'd amidst consuming Flames; but never yet did Time once past, return. 140

Tr. Tho' the continued Chain of Time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but

uninterrupted must keep on its Course, till lost in Eternity it ends there where it first begun; yet as Heav'n can repair whatever Evils Time can bring upon us, we⁰ ought never to despair. But Business requires our Attendance; Business the Youth's best Preservative from 111, as Idleness his worst of Snares. Will you go with me? 150

Barn. I'll take a little Time to reflect on what has past, and follow you.

Exit Trueman.

Barn. I might have trusted *Trueman*, and engaged him to apply to my^o Uncle to repair^o the Wrong I have done my Master; but what of *Millwood*? must I expose her too? ungenerous and base! then Heav'n requires it not.—But Heaven requires that I forsake her. What! never see her more! Does Heaven require that,—I hope I 160 may see her, and Heaven not be offended. Presumptuous Hope,—dearly already have I prov'd my Frailty; should I once more tempt Heav'n, I may be left to fall never to rise again.—Yet shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the Cause? She who loves me with such a boundless Passion;—Can Cruelty be Duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure.—The 170 love of Life and fear of Shame, oppos'd by Inclination strong as Death or Shame, like Wind and Tide in raging Conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt.—How then can I determine?⁰

Enter Thorowgood.

Thor. Without a Cause assign'd, or Notice given, to absent your self last Night was a Fault, young Man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented; that modest Blush, the Confusion so visible" in 180 your Face, speak Grief and Shame: When we have offended Heaven, it requires no more; and shall Man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease: If my Pardon or Love be of moment to your Peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This Goodness has o'ercome me. [*Aside.*] O Sir! you know not the Nature and Extent of my Offence; and I shou'd

we] he who trusts Heaven O 1.

Trueman. . . . to my] D 3; *Trueman* to have applied to my O 1; *Trueman*, who wou'd apply to my O 2.

repair] have repaired O 1.

determine?] determines. O 1.

abuse your mistaken Bounty to receive it.^o 190 Tho' I had rather die than speak my Shame; tho' Racks could not have forced the guilty Secret from my Breast, your Kindness has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be, this Concern shews you're convine'd, and I am satisfied. How painful is the Sense of Guilt to an ingenuous Mind?—some youthful Folly, which it were prudent not to enquire into.—When we consider the frail Condition of Humanity, it may raise our 200 Pity, not our Wonder, that Youth should go astray; when Reason, weak at the best, oppos'd⁰ to Inclination, scarce form'd, and wholly unassisted by Experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the Slave of Sense. The State of Youth is much to be deplored; and the more so because they see it not; being⁰ then to Danger most expos'd, when they are least prepar'd for their Defence.

[*Aside.*]^o 210

Barn. It will be known, and you recall your Pardon and abhor me.

Thor. I never will. Yet^o be upon your Guard in this gay thoughtless Season of your Life; when⁰ the Sense of Pleasure's quick, and Passion high, the voluptuous Appetites raging and fierce demand the strongest Curb; take heed of a Relapse: When Vice becomes habitual, the very Power of leaving it is lost. 220

Barn. Hear me^o on my Knees confess.

Thor. Not^o a Syllable more upon this Subject; it were not Mercy but Cruelty, to hear what must give you such Torment to reveal.

Barn. This Generosity amazes and distracts me.

Thor. This Remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended; whatever is your Fault, of this I'm certain, 'twas harder for you to offend than me to 230 pardon.

Exit Thorowgood.

Barn. Villain, Villain, Villain! basely to wrong so excellent a Man: Shou'd I again return to Folly,—detested Thought;

—but what of *Millwood* then?—

it] 'em O 1.

best, oppos'd] best when oppos'd O 1.

being] they being O 1.

[*Aside.*] om. O 1.

will. Yet] will; so Heav'n confirm to me the Pardon of my Offences. Yet O 1.

when] now, when O 1.

me] me then O 1.

Not] I will not hear O 1.

Why, I renounce her;- -I give her up;
 -the Struggle's over, and Virtue has
 prevail'd. Reason may convince, but Grati-
 tude compels. This unlook'd for Generosity
 has sav'd me from Destruction. {*Going.* 240

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two Ladies, from your Uncle
 in the Country, desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be? [*Aside.*] Tell
 them I'll wait upon 'em. *Exit Footman.*

Barn. Methinks I dread to see 'em.——
 Now every Thing alarms me.——Guilt,
 what a Coward hast thou made me?°

SCENE II.

Another Room in Thorowgood's House.

*Millwood and Lucy discover'd. Enter
 Foot man.*

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you imme-
 diately.

Mill. 'Tis very well.——I thank you.
 [*Exit Footman*]

Enter Barnwell.

Barn. Confusion! *Millwood!*

Mill. That angry Look tells me that here
 I'm an unwelcome Guest; I fear'd as much,
 ——the Unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter Ruin
 content you?

Mill. Unkind and cruel! I lost myself, 10
 your Happiness is now my only Care.

Barn. How did you gain Admission?

Mill. Saying we were desir'd by your
 Uncle to visit and deliver a Message to
 you, we were receiv'd by the Family with-
 out Suspicion, and with much Respect con-
 ducted⁰ here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more; I'm
 come to take my Leave for ever. Such is 20
 the Malice of my Fate. I go hopeless, de-
 spairing ever to return. This Hour is all I
 have left me. One short Hour is all I have
 to bestow on Love and you, for whom I
 thought the longest Life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever?

*Now . . . made met] Guilt, what a Coward hast
 thou made mc?—Now every Thunq alarms me O 1 and
 O 2 (subst.).*

conducted] directed Oo 1, 2,

Mill. It must be so;- -yet think not
 that Time or Absence shall ever⁰ put a
 Period to my Grief, or make me love you
 less; tho' I must leave you, yet condemn 30
 me not.

Barn. Condemn you? No, I approve your
 Resolution, and rejoice to hear it; 'tis
 just——'tis necessary,——I have well
 weigh'd, and found it so.

Lucy. I'm afraid the young Man has more
 Sense than she thought he had. [*Aside.*]

Barn. Before you came, I had determin'd
 never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion! [*Aside.* 40]

Lucy. Ay! we are all out; this is a Turn
 so unexpected, that I shall make nothing
 of my Part; they must e'en play the Scene
 betwixt themselves. [*Aside.*]

Mill. 'Twas some Relief to think, tho'
 absent, you would love me still; but to
 find, tho' Fortune had been indulgent,⁰ that
 you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolv'd
 to cast me off.——This, as I never cou'd
 expect, I have not learnt to bear. 50

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame in me
 a Resolution, that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have Reason for what I do, but
 you have none.

Barn. Can we want a Reason for parting,
 who have so many to wish we never had met.

Mill. Look on me *Barnwell*, am I de-
 form'd or old, that Satiety so soon suc-
 ceeds Enjoyment? nay, look again, am I
 not she whom Yesterday you thought the 60
 fairest and the kindest of her Sex? whose
 Hand, trembling with Extacy, you prest
 and moulded thus, while on my Eyes you
 gazed with such delight, as if Desire in-
 circas'd by being fed.

Barn. No more, let me repent my former
 Follies, if possible, without remembering
 what they were.

Mill. Why?

Barn. Such is my Frailty that 'tis dan- 70
 gerous.

Mill. Where is the Danger, since we are
 to part?

Barn. The Thought of that already is too
 painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may
 hope at least you do not hate me?

shall ever] evershall O 1.

indulgent] kind O 1.

Barn. No,—no,—I never said I did,—O my Heart!—

Mill. Perhaps you pity me? . 80

Barn. I do,—I do,—indeed I do.

Mill. You'll think upon me?

Barn. Doubt it not while I can think at all.

Mill. You may judge an Embrace at parting too great a Favour,—though it would be the last. [*He draws back.*] A Look shall then suffice,—farewell,—for ever.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*]

, *Barn.* If to resolve to suffer be to conquer,—I have conquer'd.—Painful Victory! 90

Re-enter Millwood and Lucy.

Mill. One Thing I had forgot,—I never must return to my own House again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your Mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second Intrusion; I only came to give you this Caution, and that perhaps was needless.

Barn. I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it. 100

Mill. My Friend, your Arm. [*To Lucy.*] Now I am gone for ever. [*Going.*]

Barn. One Thing more;—sure there's no Danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise?—

Mill. Alas! [*Weeping.*]

Lucy. We are right I find, that's my Cue. [*Aside*] Ah; dear Sir, she's going she knows not whither;⁰ but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well; why will you thus expose yourself to needless Troubles?

Lucy. Nay, there's no help for it: She must quit the Town immediately, and the Kingdom as soon as possible; it was no small Matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my Friend; since he for whose dear Sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me. 120 Whene'er I wander through Wilds⁰ and Desarts, benightSd and forlorn, that Thought shall give me Comfort.

Barn. For my Sake! O tell me how;

whither] *whether* Oo 1, 2. Merely spelling variants. Cf. n. p. 374 *supra* and Act I I I. iii. 27 *infra*.

Wilds] O 7; *Wiles* Oo 1, 2, D 3.

which way am I so curs'd as to bring such Ruin on thee?

Mill. No matter,—I am contented with my Lot.

Barn. Leave me not in this Incertainty.

Mill. I have said too much. 130

Barn. How, how am I the Cause of your Undoing?

Mill. To know it will⁰ but increase your Troubles.

Barn. My Troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, Sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond Expression. 140

Mill. Remember, Sir, that I desir'd you not to hear it.

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking Expectation.

Lucy. Why, you must know, my Lady here was an only Child; but her Parents dying while she was young, left her and her Fortune (no inconsiderable one, I assure you) to the Care of a Gentleman, who has a good Estate of his own. 150

Mill. Ay, ay, the barbarous Man is rich enough;—but what are Riches when compar'd to Love?

Lucy. For a while he perform'd the Office of a faithful Guardian, settled her in a House, hir'd her Servants;—but you have seen in what Manner she liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows. 160

Lucy. All Things went on as one cou'd wish, till, some Time ago, his Wife dying, he fell violently in love with his Charge, and wou'd fain have marry'd her: Now the Man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a Man, but I don't know how it was, she cou'd never endure him; in short, her ill Usage so provok'd him, that he brought in an Account of his Executorship; wherein he makes her Debtor to 170 him.——

Mill. A Trifle in it self, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by his unjust Account, he had stripp'd of all before.

Lucy. Now she having neither Money, nor Friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as her self, he compell'd her to pass his

To . . . will] 'Twill O 1.

Account, and give Bond for the Sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his Courtship, till being inform'd by his Spies (truly I suspect some in her own Family) that you were entertain'd at her House, and stay'd with her all Night, he came this Morning raving and storming like a Madman; talks no more of Marriage; so there's no Hopes of making up Matters that Way, but vows her Ruin, unless she'll allow him the same Favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruin'd, or find her Refuge in another's Arms?

Mill. He gave me but an Hour to resolve in; that's happily spent with you;—and now I go.—

Barn. To be expos'd to all the Rigours of the various Seasons; the Summer's parching Heat, and Winter's Cold, unhous'd, to wander, friendless, thro' the inhospitable World, in Misery and Want; attended with Fear and Danger, and pursu'd by Malice and Revenge, wou'dst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, —nothing to prevent it?

Lucy. 'Tis really a Pity, there can be no Way found out.

Barn. O where are all my Resolutions now? like early Vapours, or the Morning Dew, chas'd by the Sun's warm Beams they're vanish'd and lost, as tho' they had never been. 210

Lucy. Now I advis'd her, Sir, to comply with the Gentleman, that wou'd not only put an End to her Troubles, but make her Fortune at once.

Barn. Tormenting Fiend, away.—I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her sav'd by him; I will myself prevent her Ruin, tho' with my own. A Moment's Patience, —I'll return immediately. [Exit Barnwell. 20]

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mill. That, I must confess, was a Danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without Money. You know a House of Entertainment, like mine, is not kept without Expence.⁰

Lucy. That's very true; but then you without Expence] with nothing O 1.

should be reasonable in your Demands; 'tis pity to discourage a young Man. 230
.. *Mill.* Leave that to me.⁰

Re-enter Barnwell, with a Bag of Money.⁰

Barn. What am I about to do?—Now you, who boast your Reason all-sufficient, suppose your selves in my Condition, and determine for me; whether it's right to let her suffer for my Faults, or, by this small Addition to my Guilt, prevent the ill Effects of what is past.

Lucy. These young Sinners think every Thing in the Ways of Wickedness so of strange, —but I cou'd tell him that this is nothing but what's very common; for one Vice as naturally begets another, as a Father a Son:—But he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough. [Aside.⁰

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your Deliverance; return to your House and live in Peace and Safety.

Mill. So I may hope to see you there again. 250

Barn. Answer me not, —but fly, —lest,⁰ in the Agonies of my Remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to Want and Misery.

Mill. Say but you'll come.

Barn. You are my Fate, my Heaven, or my Hell; only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please.

[Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.

Barn. What have I done?—Were my Resolutions founded on Reason, and sincerely made, —Why then has Heaven suffer'd me to fall? I sought not the Occasion; and if my Heart deceives me not, Compassion and Generosity were my Motives. —Is Virtue inconsistent with itself, or are Vice and Virtue only empty Names? Or do they depend on Accidents, beyond our Power to produce, or to prevent, —wherein we have no Part, and yet must be determin'd by the Event?—But why 20 should I attempt to reason? All is Confusion, Horror, and Remorse;—I find I am lost, cast down from all my late erected Hopes, and plunged again in Guilt, yet scarce know⁰ how or why:

Mill. Leave that to me.] om. 0 1.

with . . . Money] om. Oo 1, 2.

[Aside.] om. Oo 1, 2.

lest] least O 1.

know] Oo 1, 2; known D 3.

*Such undistinguish'd Horrors make my
Brain,
. . . Like Hell, the Seat of Darkness, and
of Pain.* [Exit.

The End of the Second Act,

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's House.⁰

Enter Thorowgood and Trueman.

Thor. Methinks I wou'd not have you only learn the Method of Merchandize, and practise it hereafter, merely as a Means of getting Wealth; 'twill be well worth your Pains to study it as a Science, to see^o how it is founded in Reason, and the Nature of Things; how it promotes^o Humanity, as it has open'd and yet keeps up an Intercourse between Nations, far remote from one another in Situation, Customs and Religion; 10 promoting Arts, Industry, Peace and Plenty; by mutual Benefits diffusing mutual Love from Pole to Pole.

Tr. Something of this I have consider'd, and hope, by your Assistance, to extend my Thoughts much farther. I have observ'd those Countries, where Trade is promoted and encouraged, do not make Discoveries to destroy, but to improve Mankind; by Love and Friendship, to tame the fierce, 20 and polish the most savage; to teach them the Advantages of honest Traffick, by taking from them, with their own Consent, their useless Superfluities, and giving them, in Return, what, from their Ignorance in manual Arts, their Situation, or some other Accident, they stand in need of.

Thor. 'Tis justly observ'd. The populous East, luxuriant, abounds with glittering Gems, bright Pearls, aromatick Spices, so and Health-restoring Drugs: The late found Western World's rich Earth^o glows with unnumber'd Veins of Gold and Silver Ore. On every Climate, and on every Country, Heaven has bestowed some good peculiar to it self. It is the industrious Merchant's Business to collect the various Blessings of each Soil and Climate, and, with the Prod-

uct of the whole, to enrich his native Country.—Well! I have examin'd your 40 Accounts: They are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter'd.—I commend your Diligence. Method in Business is the surest Guide. He who neglects it, frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplex'd, uncertain, and in Danger. Are *Barnwell's* Accounts ready for my Inspection? he docs not use to be the last on these Occasions.

Tr. Upon receiving your Orders he re- 50 tir'd, I thought in some Confusion.—If you please, I'll go and hasten him.—I hope he has n't been guilty of any Neglect.

Thor. I'm now going to the *Exchange*; let him know, at my Return, I expect to find him ready. [Exeunt.

Enter Maria with a Book, sits and reads.

Ma. How forcible is Truth? The weakest Mind, inspir'd with Love of that, fix'd and collected in it self, with Indifference beholds the united Force of Earth and Hell op- 60 posing: Such Souls are rais'd above the Sense of Pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The Martyr cheaply purchases his Heaven; small are his Sufferings, great is his Reward: Not so the Wretch, who combats Love with Duty; when the Mind, weaken'd and dissolv'd by the soft Passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes its own Desires.—What is an Hour, a Day, a Year of Pain, to a whole Life of 70 Tortures, such as these?

Enter Trueman.

Tr. 0, *Barnwell!*——0, my Friend, how art thou fallen?

Ma. Ha! *Barnwell!* What of him? Speak, say what of *Barnwell*.

Tr. 'Tis not to be conceal'd: I've News to tell of him that^o will afflict your generous Father, your self, and all who knew him.

Ma. Defend us Heaven!

Tr. I cannot speak it.—See there, 80 [Gives a Letter, Maria reads.

Trueman,
*I Know my Absence will surprize my hon-
our'd Master, and your self; and the more,
when you shall understand that the Reason
of my withdrawing, is my hairing embezzled*

that] hat D 3.

A Room . . . House.] om. Oo 1, 2.
Science, to see] Science.—See O 1.
how it promotes] How it has promoted O 1.
World's rich Earth] World O 1.

part of the Cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you that I intend never to return again: Though this might have been known, by examining my Accounts; yet to prevent 90 that unnecessary Trouble, and to cut off all fruitless Expectations of my Return, I have left this from the lost

George Barnwell.

Tr. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my Wonder equal to my Grief.—Never had Youth a higher Sense of Virtue; Justly he thought, and as he thought he practised; never was Life ~~100~~ more regular than his; an Understanding uncommon at his Years; an open, generous Manliness of Temper, his Manners easy, unaffected and engaging.

Ma. This and much more you might have said with Truth. He was the Delight of every Eye, and Joy of every Heart that knew him.

Tr. Since such he was, and was my Friend, can I support his Loss?—See the no fairest and happiest Maid this wealthy City boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy Fate, poor ruin'd *Barnwell!*

Ma. Trueman, Do you think a Soul so delicate as his, so sensible of Shame, can e'er submit to live a Slave to Vice?

Tr. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this Act of his, so contrary to his Nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable Necessity. 120

Ma. Is there no Means yet to preserve him?

Tr. O! that there were.—But few Men recover Reputation lost, a Merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, tho' I should find him, ever be brought to look his injur'd Master in the Face.

Ma. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my Father know it.

Tr. That's impossible. 130

Ma. What's the Sum?

Tr. 'Tis considerable: I've mark'd it here, to show it, with the Letter, to your Father, at his Return.

Ma. If I should supply the Money, could you so dispose of that, and the Account, as to conceal this unhappy Mismanagement from my Father?

Tr. Nothing more easy.—But can you intend it? Will you save a helpless 140 Wretch from Ruin? Oh! 'twere an Act worthy such exalted Virtue as Maria's.—Sure Heaven, in Mercy to my Friend, inspired the generous Thought.

Ma. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a Happiness at a much dearer Price; but how shall he be found?

Tr. Trust to my Diligence for that. In the mean Time, I'll conceal his Absence from your Father, or find such Excuses 150 for it, that the real Cause shall never be suspected.

Ma. In attempting to save from Shame, one whom we hope may yet return to Virtue, to Heaven, and you, the only Witnesses⁰ of this Action, I appeal, whether I do^o any Thing misbecoming my Sex and Character.

Tr. Earth must approve the Deed, and Heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Ma. If Heaven succeeds^o it, I am well a160 rewarded. A Virgin's Fame is sullied by Suspicion's lightest^o Breath; and therefore as this must be a Secret from my Father, and the World, for *Barnwell's* sake, for mine lot it be so to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Millwood's House.

Enter Lucy and Blunt.

Lucy. Well! what do you think of *Millwood's* Conduct now!

Blunt. I own it is surprizing; I don't know which to admire most, her feign'd, or his real Passion; though I have sometimes been afraid that her Avarice would discover her; but his Youth and want of Experience make it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his Love. To do him Justice, notwithstanding his Youth, he 10 don't want Understanding; but you Men are much easier imposed on, in these Affairs, than your Vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all, as much in Love with me, as *Barnwell* is with *Millwood*, and I'll engage to make as great a Fool of him.

only Witnesses] Judge^e Oo 1, 2.
do] have, done O 1.
succeeds] succeed O 1.
lightest] slightest Oo 1, 2.

Blunt. And all Circumstances considered, to make as much Money of him too?

Lucy. I can't answer for that. Her 20 Artifice in making him rob his Master at first, and the various Stratagems, by which she has obliged him to continue⁰ that Course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider that the Money was his Master's.

Lacy. There was the Difficulty of it. Had it been his own, it had been nothing. Were the World his, she might have it for a Smile: But those golden Days are done; 30 he's ruin'd, and *Millwood's* Hopes of farther Profits there, are at an End.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being call'd, by his Master, to make up his Accounts, he was fore'd to quit his House and Service, and wisely flics to *Millwood* for Relief and Entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before! How did she receive him? 40

Lacy. As you wou'd expect. She wonder'd what he meant, was astonish'd at his Impudence, and with an Air of Modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily, that she never saw him before, that she put me out of Countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed I But how did *Barnwell* behave?

Lucy. He griev'd, and, at length, enrag'd at this barbarous Treatment, was prepar- 50 ing to be gone; when, making⁰ toward the Door, he show'd⁰ a Sum^o of Money, which he had brought⁰ from his Master's, the last he's ever like to have from thence.

Blunt. But then *Millwood*?

Lucy. Ay, she, with her usual Address, return'd to her old Arts of lying, swearing and dissembling: Hung on his Neck, and wept, and swore 'twas meant in Jest; till the amorous Youth,⁰ melted into Tears, 60 threw the Money into her Lap, and swore he had rather die, than think her false.

Blunt. Strange Infatuation!

Lacy. But what follow'd was stranger still. As Doubts and Fears follow'd by

Reconcilement, ever increase Love where the Passion is sincere; so in him it caus'd so wild a Transport of excessive Fondness, such Joy, such Grief, such Pleasure, and such Anguish, that Nature in him seem'd 70 sinking with the Weight, and the charm'd Soul dispos'd to quit his Breast for hers.

—Just then, when every Passion with lawless Anarchy prevail'd, and Reason was in the raging Tempest lost, the cruel, artful *Millwood* prevail'd upon the wretched⁰ Youth to promise——what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amaz'd! what can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so, to hear it is 90 to attempt the Life of his nearest Relation, and best Benefactor.—

Blunt. His Uncle, whom we have often heard him speak of, as a Gentleman of a large Estate and fair Character in the Country, where he lives.

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possess'd of the last dear Purchase of his Ruin, but her Avarice, insatiate as the Grave, demanded⁰ this horrid Sacrifice——*Barn-90 well's* near Relation, and unsuspected Virtue must give too easy Means to seize the good Man's Treasure; whose Blood must seal the dreadful Secret, and prevent the Terrors of her guilty Fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she cou'd perswade him to do an Act like that? He is, by Nature, honest, grateful, compassionate, and generous: And though his Love, and her artful Perswasions, have wrought him to 100 practise what he most abhors; yet we all can witness for him, with what Reluctance he has still comply'd: So many Tears he shed o'er each Offence, as might, if possible, sanctify Theft, and make a Merit of a Crime.

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming the Murder of his Uncle, he started into Rage; and, breaking from her Arms, (where she till then had held him, with well dissembled 110 Love and false Endearments) call'd her, cruel, Monster,⁰ Devil, and told her she was born for his Destruction.—She thought it not for her Purpose to meet his Rage with Rage, but affected a most passionate Fit of Grief; rail'd at her Fate, and curs'd

wretched] O 1; wretched D 3.

demand'd] demands O 1.

cruel', Monster] cruel Monster O 1.

continue] continue in Oo 1, 2.

when, making] and, making O 1.

he show'd] show'd Oo 1, 2.

Sum] Bag O 1.

brought] stol'n O 1.

Master's] Master O 1.

amorous Youth] easy Fool O 1.

her wayward Stars, that still her Wants shou'd force her to press him. to act such Deeds, as she must needs abhor, as well as he;° but told him Necessity had no Law, 120 and Love no Bounds; that therefore he never truly lov'd, but meant, in her Necessity, to forsake her;—then kneel'd and swore, that since, by his Refusal, he had given her Cause to doubt his Love, she never wou'd see him more; unless, to prove it true, he robb'd his Uncle to supply her Wants, and murder'd him, to keep it from Discovery.

Blunt. I am astonish'd! What said he? 130

Lucy. Speechless he stood; but in his Face you might have read, that various Passions tore his very Soul. Oft he, in Anguish, threw his Eyes towards Heaven, and then as often bent their Beams on her; then wept and groan'd, and beat his troubled Breast; at length, with Horror, not to be express'd; he cry'd, Thou cursed Fair? have I not given dreadful Proofs of Love! What drew me from my youthful Inno- 140 cence, to stain my then unspotted Soul; but Love? What caused me to rob my worthy⁰ gentle Master, but cursed Love? What makes me now a Fugitive from his Service, loath'd by my self, and seorn'd by all the World, but Love? What fills my Eyes with Tears, my Soul with Torture, never felt on this side Death before? Why, Love, Love, Love. And why, above all, do I resolve (for tearing his Hair, he cry'd 150 I do resolve) to kill my Uncle.

Blunt. Was she not mov'd? It makes me weep to hear the sad Relation.

Lucy. Yes, with Joy, that she had gain'd her Point.—She gave him no Time to cool, but urg'd him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone; if he performs it, and escapes, there's more Money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him. 160

Blunt. Tis time the World was rid of such a Monster.

Lucy. If we don't do our Endeavours to prevent this Murder, we are as bad as she.

Blunt. I'm afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not.—Her Barbarity to *Barnwell* makes me hate her. We have run too great a Length with her already.

as he;] O 1; as he? O 2, D 3.
worthy] om. O 1.

I did not think her **or** my **self** so wicked, as I find, upon Reflection, we are. 170

Blunt. 'Tis true, we have all been too much so.—But there is something so horrid in Murder, that all other Crimes seem nothing, when compared to that. I wou'd not be involv'd in the Guilt of that for all the World.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows;—therefore let us clear our selves, by doing all that is in our Power to prevent it. I have just thought of a Way, that, to me, seems MO probable. Will you join with me to detect this curs'd Design?

Blunt. With all my Heart. He° who knows of a Murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the Eye of the Law, and Reason, is a Murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no Time; I'll acquaint you with the Particulars as we go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Walk at some Distance from a Country Seat.

Enter Barnwell.

Barn. A dismal Gloom obscures the Face of Day; either the Sun has slip'd behind a Cloud, or journeys down the West of Heaven, with more than common Speed, to avoid the Sight of what I'm doom'd to act. Since I set forth on this accurs'd Design, where'er I tread, methinks, the solid Earth trembles beneath my Feet. Yonder limpid Stream, whose hoary Fall has made a natural Cascade, as I pass'd by, in doleful 10 Accents seem'd to murmur, Murder. The Earth, the Air, and Water, seem'd⁰ concern'd; but that's not strange, the World is punish'd, and Nature feels a Shock,⁰ when Providence permits a good Man's Fall! —Just Heaven! Then what should I be! for him that was my Father's only Brother, and since his Death has been to me a Father; who took me up an Infant, and an Orphan; rear'd me with tenderest Care, 20 and still indulged me with most paternal Fondness;—yet here I stand avow'd his destin'd Murderer:—I stiffen with

Heart. He] *Heart.*—How else shall I clear my self? *He* O 1.

seem'd] *seem* Oo 1, 2.

a Shock] *the Shock* Oo 1, 2.

Horror at my **own** Impiety;—'tis yet **un-**perform'd.—What if I quit my bloody Purpose, and fly the- Place! [*Going, then stops.*]—But whether, O whether, shall I fly !—My Masters once friendly Doors are ever shut against me; and without Money *Millwood* will never see me more, 30 and Life is not to be endured without her:—She's got such firm Possession of my Heart, and governs there with such dcspotick Sway;—Aye, there's the Cause of all my Sin and Sorrow:—Tis more than Love; 'tis the Fever of the Soul, and Madness of Desire.—In vain does Nature, Reason, Conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous Passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to Lust, to Theft, 40 and Murder.—Oh Conscience! feeble Guide to Virtue, who only shows us when we go astray, but wants the Power to stop us in our Course.—Ha! in yonder shady Walk I sec my Uncle.—He's alone.—Now for my Disguise.—[*Plucks out a Vizor.*] This is his Hour of private Meditation. Thus daily he prepares his Soul for Heaven,—whilst I—But what have I to do with Heaven!—Ha! No Struggles, 50 Conscience.—

*Hence! Hence, Remorse, and ev'ry
Thought that's good;
The Storm that Lust began, must end in
Blood.
[Puts on the Vizor, draws a Pistol,
and [Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A close Walk in a Wood.

Enter Uncle.

Un, If I was superstitious, I shou'd fear some Danger lurk'd unseen, or Death were nigh:—A heavy Melancholy clouds my Spirits; my Imagination is fill'd with gashly Forms of dreary Graves, and Bodies chang'd by Death; when the pale lengthen'd Visage attacks⁰ each weeping Eye, and fills the musing Soul, at once, with Grief and Horror, Pity and Aversion. I will indulge the Thought. The wise Man prepares himself 10 for Death, by making it familiar to his

attacks] D 3; *attacks* Oo 1, 2; *attracts* O 7. In any case the meaning of the passage is obscure.

Mind. When strong Reflections hold the Mirror near, and the Living in the Dead behold their future Selves, how does each inordinate Passion and Desire cease or sicken at the View? The Mind scarce moves; the Blood, curdling, and chill'd, creeps slowly thro' the Veins: Fix'd, still, and motionless we stand, so^o like the solemn Object of our Thoughts, we are almost at 90 present—what we must be hereafter; till Curiosity awakes the Soul, and sets it on Inquiry.—

Enter George Barnwell at a Distance.

Uncle. O Death, thou strange mysterious Power, seen every Day, yet never understood by the incommunicative Dead, what art thou?—The extensive Mind of Man, that with a Thought circles the Earth's vast Globe, sinks to the Centre, or ascends above the Stars; that Worlds⁰ exotick finds, or 30 thinks it finds, thy thick Clouds attempts to pass in vain; lost and bewildcr'd in the horrid Gloom; defeated she returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain, but of Labour lost.

[During this speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the Pistol, and draws it back again.⁰

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible!

[throwing down the Pistol. Uncle starts and attempts to draw his Sword.⁰

Uncle. A Man so near me, arm'd and masqu'd!—

Barn. Nay, then there's no Retreat.

[Plucks a Poniard from his Bosom, and stabs him.

Uncle. Oh! I am slain! All gracious 40 Heaven regard the Prayer of thy dying Servant. Bless, with thy choicest Blessings, my dearest Nephew; forgive my Murderer, and take away^o my fleeting Soul to endless Mercy..

[Barnwell throws off his Mask, runs to him, and, kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.

we stand, so] om. O 1.

Worlds] World's O 1.

back again.] bark again; at last he drops it,—at which his Uncle starts, and draws his Sword. Oo 1, 2.

throwmq . . . Sword] om. here Oo 1, 2. See previous note.

away] om. Oo 1, 2.

Barn. Expiring Saint! Oh, murder'd, martyr'd Uncle! Lift up your dying Eyes, and view your Nephew in your Murderer.—O do not look so tenderly upon me.—Let Indignation lighten from your Eyes, 50 and blast me ere you die.—By Heaven he weeps in Pity of my Woes.—Tears, —Tears, for Blood.—The Murder'd, in the Agonies of Death, weeps for his Murderer.—O, speak your pious Purpose, —pronounce my Pardon then, and take me with you.—He wou'd, but cannot.—O why, with such fond Affection do you press my murdering Hand?—What! will you kiss me? [*Kisses him.* 60

Uncle. (*Groans and dies.*)

Barn. Life, that hover'd on his Lips but till he had sealed my Pardon, in that Kiss expir'd.⁰ He's gone for ever,—and oh! I follow—[*Swoons away upon his Uncle's dead Body.*] Do I still live to press the suffering Bosom of the Earth?—Do I still breath, and taint with my infectious Breath the wholesome Air?—Let Heaven, from its high Throne, in Justice TO or in Mercy, now look down on that dear murdered Saint: and me the Murderer; and, if his Vengeance spares,—let Pity strike and end my wretched Being.—Murder the worst of Crimes, and Parricide the worst of Murders, and this the worst of Parricides. *Cain*, who stands on Record from the Birth of Time, and must to its last final Period, as accurs'd, slew a Brother favour'd above him:—Detested 80 *Nero*, by another's Hand, dispatch'd a Mother, that he fear'd and hated:—But I, with my own Hand, have murder'd a Brother, Mother, Father, and a Friend; most loving and belov'd.—This execrable Act of mine's without a Parallel.—O may it ever stand alone, the last of Murders, as it is the worst.

*The rich Man thus, in Torment and Despair,
Prer'd his vain, but charitable Prayer.* 90

*The Fool, his own Soul lost, wou'd fain be wise
For others Good; but Heaven his Suit denies.*

Life . . . expir'd] om. O 1.

*By Laws and Means well known we stand or fall;
And one eternal Rule remains for all.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's House.

Enter Maria.

Ma. How falsly do they judge who censure or applaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here. I know I am unhappy, yet cannot charge myself with any Crime, more than the common Frailties of our Kind, that shou'd provoke just Heaven to mark me out for Sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsly to accuse our selves, Heaven must abhor; then it is just and right that Innocence should suffer; for Heaven must 10 be just in all its Ways.—Perhaps by that they are kept from moral Evils, much worse than penal, or more improv'd in Virtue: Or may not the lesser Ills that they sustain, be made⁰ the Means of greater Good to others? Might all the joyless Days and sleepless Nights that I have past, but purchase Peace for thee,

*Thou dear, dear Cause of all my Grief and Pain,
Small were the Loss, and infinite the Gain:
Tho' to the Grave, in secret Love, hat.
pinee . . . geon,
So Life, and Fame, and Happi and
were thine. eited*

Enter Trueman. ^e 110

Ma. What News of *Barnwell*? *I,* a *Tr.* None.—I have sought him w^v the greatest Diligence, but all in vain.

Ma. Does⁰ my Father yet suspect the Cause of his Absence?⁰

Tr. All appear'd so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever shou'd; but his Absence will no longer be conceaFd. Your 30 Father's wise; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly Excuses I wou'd make for *Barnwell*; yet, I am afraid, he

made] om. O 1.

DOCK] Doth O 1.

Absence] absenting himself O 1.

regards 'em only as such, without suffering them to influence his Judgment.

Ma. How does the unhappy Youth defeat all our Designs to serve him, yet I can never repent what we have done. Shou'd he return, 'twill make his Reconciliation with my Father easier, and preserve him from 40 future Reproach from a malicious unfor- giving World.

Enter Thorowgood and Lucy.

Thor. This Woman here has given me a sad, and (bating some Circumstances) too probable Account of *Barnwell's* Defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, Sir, that my frank Confession of my former unhappy Course of Life shou'd cause you to suspect my Truth on this Occasion.

Thor. It is not that; your Confession 50 has in it all the Appearance of Truth, [*To them.*] Among many other Particulars, she informs me that *Barnwell* has been influence to break his Trust, and wrong me, at several Times, of considerable Sums of Money; now, as I know this to be false, I wou'd fain doubt the whole of her Relation,——too dreadful——to be willingly believ'd.

Ma. Sir, your Pardon; I find my self 60 on a sudden so indispos'd, that I must retire.——Providence opposes all Attempts O save him.——Poor ruin'd *Barnwell!*——Wretched lost *Maria!*

[*Aside. Exit Maria.*]

Thor. How am I distress'd on every Side?

for that unhappy Youth, fear for the of a much valued Friend,—and then Child—the only Joy and Hope of my ning Life.—Her Melancholy increases rly, and gives me painful Apprehen- 70 AS of her Loss.——O *Trueman!* this

Lerson informs me, that your Friend, at the Instigation of an impious Woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable Uncle.

Tr. O execrable Deed! I am blasted with the Horror of the Thought!

Lucy. This Delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think I know not; that he ever wrong'd me, I know is false; the rest may be so too, there's all my 80 Hope.

Tr. Trust not to that, rather suppose all true than lose a Moment's Time; even now the horrid Deed may be a doing;——dread-

ful Imagination!——or it may be done, and we are vainly debating on the Means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This Earnestness convinces me that he knows more than he has yet discover'd. What ho? without there? who waits? 90

Enter a Servant.

Thor. Order the Groom to saddle the swiftest Horse, and prepare⁰ to set out with Speed. An Affair of Life and Death demands his Diligence. [*Exit Servant.*] For you, whose Behaviour on this Occasion I have no Time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther Assistance. Return and observe this *Millwood* till I come. I have your Directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit Lucy.*] *Trueman,* 100 you I am sure wou'd not be idle on this Occasion. [*Exit Thorowgood.*]

Tr. He only, who is a Friend, can judge of my Distress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Millwood's House.

Enter Millwood.

Mill. I wish I knew the Event of his Design;——the Attempt without Success would ruin him.——Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The Mischief being only intended, his Friends, in pity of his Youth, turn all their Rage on me. I should have thought of that before.——Suppose the Deed done, then, and then only, I shall be secure; or what if he returns without attempting it at all? 10

Enter Barnwell bloody.

Mill. But he is here, and I have done him wrong; his bloody Hands show he has done the Deed, but show he wants the Prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? Whether shall I fly to avoid the swift unerring Hand of Justice?

Mill. Dismiss your⁰ Fears? though Thousands had pursued you to the Door, yet being enter'd here, you are safe as Inno- 20 cence; I have such a Cavern, by Art so⁰

prepare] prepare himself O 1.

your] those O 1.

Art 80] O 1; Art, so O 2, D 3.

cunningly contriv'd, that the piercing Eyes of Jealousy and Revenge may search in vain, nor find the Entrance to the safe Retreat, there will I hide you if any Danger's near.

Barn. O hide me from my self if it be possible; for while I bear my Conscience in my Bosom, though I were hid where Man's Eye never saw, nor Light e'er dawn'd, 30 'twere all in vain. For oh! that inmate, that impartial Judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for Murder, and execute me with never ending Torments. Behold these Hands all crimson'd o'er with my dear Uncle's Blood! Here's a Sight to make a Statue start with Horror, or turn a living Man into a Statue.

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own Shadow; or, what's 40 less than a Shadow, your Conscience.

Barn. Tho' to Man unknown I did the accursed Act, what can we hide from Heaven's all-seeing^o Eye?

Mill. No more of this Stuff;—what Advantage have you made of his Death? or what Advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the Keys of his Treasure? Those, no doubt, were about him; what Gold, what Jewels, or what else of Value 50 have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added Sacrilege to Murder? Oh! had you seen him as his Life flowed from him in a Crimson Flood, and heard him praying for me by the double Name of Nephew and of Murderer; (alas, alas! he knew not then that his Nephew was his Murderer) how wou'd you have wish'd as I did, though you had a thousand Years of Life to come, to have given 60 them all to have lengthen'd his one Hour. But being dead, I fled the Sight of what my Hands had done; nor cou'd I, to have gain'd the Empire of the World, have violated, by Theft, his sacred Corps.

Mill. Whining preposterous canting Villain, to murder your Uncle, rob him of Life, Nature's first, last, dear Prerogative, after which there's no Injury; then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring 70 to me your Penury and Guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my Reputation, nay, my Life, to entertain you?

ok!] om. O 1.
all-seeing] omniscient O 1.

Barn. O Millwood!—this from thee;—but I have done,—if you hate me, if you wish me dead; then are you happy,—for oh! 'tis sure my Grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his Madness he will discover all, and involve me in his Ruin; we are both 80 on a Precipice from whence there's no Retreat for both,—then to preserve my self.—[Pauses.] There is no other Way, —'tis dreadful,—but Reflection comes too late when Danger's pressing,—and there's no room for Choice.—It must be done.
[Aside, rings a Bell.]

Enter a Servant.

Mill. Fetch me an Officer and seize this Villain, he has confess'd himself a Murderer; should I let him escape, I justly 90 might be thought as bad as he.

[Exit Servant.]

Barn. O Millwood! sure you do^o not, cannot mean it. Stop the Messenger; upon my Knees, I beg you call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this Instant deliver my self into the Hands of Justice; indeed I will, for Death is all I wish: But thy Ingratitude so tears my wounded Soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than Death with Torture. 100

Mill. Call it what you will, I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your Death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a Pitch of Wickedness that seats the Author beyond the reach of Vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal Dungeon, hard-galling Fetters, an awful Trial, and ignominious Death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorr'd.—After Death to be no suspended between Heaven and Earth, a dreadful Spectacle, the Warning and Horror of a gaping Croud. This I cou'd bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it but come from any Hand but thine.

Enter Blunt, Officer and Attendants.

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a Murderer! here, Sir, take this Youth into your Custody, I accuse him of Murder, and will appear to make good my Charge.

[They seize him.]

[Aside, rings a Bell.] [Stamps. Oo 1, 2.
you do] thou dost Oo 1, 2.

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain; I'll not accuse her, the Hand of Heav'n is in it, and this the Punishment of Lust and Parricide; yet' Heav'n, that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live, perhaps to punish others;—tremendous Mercy! so Fiends are curs'd with Immortality, to be the Executioners of Heaven.

*Be warn'd ye Youths, who see my sad Despair,
Avoid lewd Women, False as they are Fair;*

*By Reason guided, honest Joys pursue, }
The Fair to Honour, and to Virtue true, } 0*

*Just to her self, will ne'er be false to you.
By my Example, learn to shun my Fate,
(How wretched is the Man who's wise too late?)*

Ere Innocence, and Fame and Life be lost,—

Here purchase Wisdom, cheaply, at my Cost.

[Exeunt Barnwell, Officers and Attendants.]

Mill. Where's *Lucy*? why is she absent at such a Time?

Blunt. Wou'd I had been so too. *Lucy* will soon be here, and, I hope, to thy Confusion,⁰ thou Devil!

Mill. Insolent! This to me?

Blunt. The worst that we know of the Devil is, that he first seduces to Sin, and then betrays to Punishment.

[Exit Blunt.]

Mill. They disapprove of my Conduct then,⁰ and mean to take this Opportunity to set up for themselves.—My Ruin is resolved;—I see my Danger, but scorn both it and them.—I was not born to fall by 150 such weak Instruments. *[Going.]*

Enter Thorowgood.

Thor. Where is this Scandal of her own Sex, and Curse of ours?

Mill. What means this Insolence? Who do you seek?

Thor. *Millwood.*

Mill. Well, you have found her then. *I am Millwood.*

*Lucy . . . Confusion] om. Oo 1, 2.
then] om. O 1.*

Thor. Then you are the most impious Wretch that e'er the Sun beheld. 160

Mill. From your Appearance, I shou'd have expected Wisdom and Moderation, but your Manners bely your Aspect. What is your Business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am *Barnwell's* Master.

Mill. Then you are Master to a Villain; which, I think, is-not much to your Credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy Arts, as my Credit is superior to thy 170 Malice, I need not have blush'd⁰ to own him.

Mill. My Arts!—I don't understand you, Sir! If he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my Servant, or yours?—You shou'd have taught him better.

Thor. Why shou'd I wonder to find such uncommon Impudence in one arriv'd to such a Height of Wickedness? When Innocence is banish'd, Modesty soon follows. Know, Sorceress, I'm not ignorant of 180 any of the Arts⁰ by which you first deceiv'd the unwary Youth: I know how, Step by Step, you've led him on, (reluctant and unwilling) from Crime to Crime, to this last horrid Act, which you contriv'd, and, by your cursed Wiles, even forced him to commit.⁰

Mill. Ha! *Lucy* has got the Advantage,⁰ and accused me first; unless I can turn the Accusation, and fix it upon her and *Blunt*, I am lost. *[Aside, 190]*

Thor. Had I known your cruel Design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punish'd as the Law directs, is all that now remains. Poor Satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compar'd to you, must suffer too. But Heaven, who knows our Frame, and graciously distinguishes between Frailty and Presumption, will make a Difference, tho' Man cannot, who sees not the Heart, but only judges by the outward Action. 200

Mill. I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our Servants. I was surpriz'd at such ill Treatment, without Cause, from a Gentleman of your Appearance,⁰ and therefore too 'hastily return'd it; for which I ask your Pardon. I now perceive you have been so far impos'd on, as to think me engaged in

have blush'd] blush Oo 1, 2.

the Arts] your Arts Oo 1, 2.

commit] commit, and then betray'd him O 1.

Advantage] Advantage of me O 1.

*without . . . Appearance] from a Gentleman of
your Appearance, without Cause O 1.*

a former Correspondence with your Servant, and, some Way or other, accessory to his Undoing. 210

Thor. I charge you as the Cause, the sole Cause of all his Guilt, and all his Suffering; of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful Death shall put a dreadful Period to his Life and Miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange; but who's secure from Scandal and Detraction? So far from contributing to his Ruin, I never spoke to him till since that fatal Accident, which I do lament as much as you: 'Tis true, I have a Servant, on whose Account he has of late frequented my House; if she has abus'd my good Opinion of her, am I to blame? Has n't *Barnwell* done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

Mill. I have been inform'd he had a violent Passion for her, and she for him; but till now^o I always thought it innocent; I know her poor, and given to expensive Pleasures. Now who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous Youth to commit this Murder, to supply her Extravagancies;——it must be so. I now recollect a thousand Circumstances that confirm it: I'll have her and a Man Servant, that I suspect as an Accomplice, secured immediately. I hope, Sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded Suspicions of me, and join to punish the real Contrivers of this bloody Deed. 20

[*Offers to go.*]

Thor. Madam, you pass not this Way: I see your Design, but shall protect them from your Malice.

Mill. I hope you will not use your Influence, and the Credit of your Name, to screen such guilty Wretches. Consider, Sir, the Wickedness of perswading a thoughtless Youth to such a Crime.

Thor. I do,——and of betraying him 250 till was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my Innocence. She who loves him, tho'" she contriv'd the Murder, would never have deliver'd him into the Hand^o of Justice, as I (struck with Horror at^o his Crimes) have done.

Thor. How shou'd an unexperienc'd Youth

escape her Snares? The powerful Magick of her Wit and Form, might betray the 260 wisest to simple Dotage, and fire the Blood that Age had froze long since. Even I, that with just Prejudice came prepar'd, had, by her artful Story, been deceiv'd, but that my strong Conviction of her Guilt makes even a Doubt impossible. Those whom subtilly you wou'd accuse, you know are your Accusers; and what proves unanswerably, their Innocence, and your Guilt; they accus'd you before the Deed was done, 20 and did all that was in their Power to have prevented it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinc'd; but I have such a Proof, which, when produced, will silence all Objections.

[*Exit Millwood.*]

Enter Lucy, Trueman, Blunt, Officers, &c.

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place your selves, some on one Side of that Door, and some on the other; watch her Entrance, and act as your Prudence shall direct you.—— This Way——[*to Thorowgood*] and note 280 her Behaviour; I have observ'd her, she's driven to the last Extremity, and is forming some desperate Resolution.——I guess at her Design.——

Enter Millwood with a Pistol,——Trueman secures her.

Tr. Here thy Power of doing Mischief ends; deceitful, cruel, bloody Woman!

Mill. Fool, Hypocrite, Villain,——Man! thou can'st not call me that.

Tr. To call thee Woman, were to wrong the Sex,^o thou Devil! 200

Mill. That imaginary Being is an Emblem of thy cursed Sex collected. A Mirrour, wherein each particular Man may see his own Likeness, and that of all Mankind.

Thor. Think not by aggravating the Faults^o of others to extenuate thy own, of which the Abuse of such uncommon Perfections of Mind and Body is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous Sex, who robb'd me of 'em, 30 ere I knew their Worth, then left me, too late, to count their Value by their Loss.

till vow] om. Oo 1, 2.

Hand] Hand' Oo 1, 2.

Horror at] the Horror of Oo 1, 2.

the Sex] thy ser O 4.

Faults] Fault Oo 1, 2.

Another and another Spoiler came, and all my Gain was Poverty and Reproach. My Soul disdain'd, and yet disdains Dependance and Contempt. Riches, no Matter by what Means obtain'd, I saw secur'd the worst of Men from both; I found it therefore necessary to be rich; and, to that End, I summon'd all my Arts. You call 'em wicked, 310 be it so, they were such as my Conversation with your Sex had furnish'd me withal.

Thor. Sure none but the worst of Men convers'd with thee.

Mill. Men of all Degrees and all Professions I have known, yet found no Difference, but in their several Capacities; all were alike wicked to the utmost of their Power. In Pride, Contention, Avarice, Cruelty, and Revenge, the Reverend Priest- 320 hood were my unerring Guides. From Suburb-Magistrates, who live by ruin'd Reputations, as the unhospitable Natives of Cornwall do by Ship-wrecks, I leaned, that to charge my innocent Neighbours with my Crimes, was to merit their Protection; for to skreen the Guilty, is the less scandalous, when many are suspected; and Detraction, like Darkness and Death, blackens all Objects, and levels all Distinction. Such are 330 your venal Magistrates, who favour none but such as, by their Office, they are sworn to punish: With them not to be guilty, is the worst of Crimes; and large Fees privately paid, is every needful Virtue.

Thor. Your Practice has sufficiently discover your Contempt of Laws, both human and divine; no wonder then that you shou'd hate the Officers of both.

Mill. I know you, and I hate you all; 340 I expect⁰ no Mercy, and I^o ask for none; I^o follow'd my Inclinations, and that the best of you does every Day. All Actions seem⁰ alike natural and indifferent to Man and Beast; who devour, or are devour'd, as they meet with others weaker or stronger than themselves.

Thor. What Pity it is, a Mind so comprehensive, daring and inquisitive, shou'd

I know . . . expect] I hate you all, I know you, and expect O 1.

and I] nay, 1 O 1.

none; I] none; 1 have done nothing that I am sorry for; 1 O 1.

seem] are O 1.

be a Stranger to Religion's sweet and 350 powerful⁰ Charms.

Mill. I am not Fool enough to be an Atheist; though I have known enough of Mens Hypocrisy to make a thousand simple Women so. Whatever Religion is in it self, as practis'd by Mankind, it has caus'd the Evils, you say, it was design'd to cure. War, Plague, and Famine, has not destroy'd so many of the human Race, as this pretended Piety has done; and with such barbarous 360 Cruelty, as if the only Way to honour Heaven, were to turn the present World into Hell.

Thor. Truth is Truth, tho' from an Enemy, and spoke in Malice. You bloody, blind, and superstitious Bigots, how will you answer this?

Mill. What are your Laws, of which you make your Boast, but the Fool's Wisdom, and the Coward's Valour; the Instru- 370 ment and Skreen of all your Villanies, by which you punish in others what you act your selves, or wou'd have acted, had you been in their Circumstances. The Judge, who condemns the poor Man for being a Thief, had been a Thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceiv'd, harrassing, plaguing, and destroying one another; but Women are your universal Prey. 380

Women, by whom you are, the Source of Joy,

With cruel Arts you labour to destroy:

A thousand Ways our Ruin you pursue,

Yet blame in us those Arts, first taught by you.

*Oh! may, from hence, each violated Maid,
By flattering, faithless, barb'rous Man be-
tray'd;*

*When robb'd of Innocence, and Virgin
Fame,*

*From your Destruction raise a nobler
Name;*

*To right their Sex's Wrongs devote their
Mind,*

*And future Millwoods prove⁰ to plague
Mankind. 390*

The End of the Fourth Act.

*and powerful] but powerful O 1.
prove] prave D 3.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room in a Prison,**Enter Thorowgood, Blunt and Lucy.*

Thor. I have recommended to *Barnwell* a Reverend Divine, whose Judgment and Integrity I am well acquainted with; nor has *Millwood* been neglected, but she, unhappy Woman, still obstinate, refuses his Assistance.

Lucy. This pious Charity to the Afflicted well becomes your Character; yet pardon me, Sir, if I wonder you were not at their Trial. 10

Thor. I knew it was impossible to save him, and I and my Family bear so great a Part in his Distress, that to have been present wou'd have aggravated our Sorrows without relieving his.

Blunt. It was mournful indeed. *Barnwell* a Youth and modest Deportment, as he past, drew Tears from every Eye: When placed at the Bar, and arraigned before the Reverend Judges, with many Tears and interrupting Sobs he confest and aggravated his Offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on *Millwood*, the shameless Author of his Ruin; who dauntless and unconcern'd stood by his Side, viewing with visible Pride and Contempt the vast Assembly, who all with sympathizing Sorrow wept for the wretched Youth. *Millwood*, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her Innocence, and made an artful and a bold so Defence; but finding all in vain, the impartial Jury and the learned Bench concurring to find her guilty, how did she curse her self, poor *Barnwell*, us, her Judges, all Mankind; but what cou'd that avail; she was condemn'd, and is this Day to suffer with him.

Thor. The Time draws on, I am going to visit *Barnwell*, as you are *Millwood*.

Lucy. We have not wrong'd her, yet I do dread this Interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful, and unforgiving. To be the branded Instruments of Vengeance, to suffer in her Shame, and sympathize with her in all she suffers, is the Tribute we must pay for our former ill spent Lives, and long Confederacy with her in Wickedness.

Thor. Happy for you it ended when it did. What you have done against *Millwood*

I know proceeded from a just Abhorrence 50 of her Crimes, free from Interest, Malice, or Revenge. Proselytes to Virtue should be encourag'd. Pursue your purpos'd^o Reformation, and know me hereafter for your Friend.

Lucy. This is a Blessing as unhop'd for as unmerited, but Heaven that snatched us from impending Ruin, sure intends you as its Instrument to secure us from Apostacy.

Thor. With Gratitude to impute your 60 Deliverance to Heaven is just. Many, less virtuously dispos'd than *Barnwell* was, have never fallen in the Manner he has done;—may not such owe their Safety rather to Providence than to themselves. With Pity and Compassion let us judge him. Great were his Faults, but strong was the Temptation. Let his Ruin learn us Diffidence, Humanity and Circumspection; for we, who wonder at his Fate, perhaps had we, like 70 him, been tried, like him, we had fallen too.

SCENE II.

*A Dungeon, a Table and Lamp.
Barnwell reading.*

Enter Thorowgood at a Distance.^o

Thor. There see^o the bitter Fruits of Passion's detested Reign, and sensual Appetite indulg'd. Severe Reflections, Penitence and Tears.

Barn. My honoured injured Master, whose Goodness has covered me a thousand Times with Shame, forgive this last unwilling Disrespect,—indeed I saw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well, I hope you were better employ'd in viewing of your self; Your 10 Journey's long, your Time for Preparation almost spent. I sent a Reverend Divine to teach you to improve it, and shou'd be glad to hear of his Success.

Barn. The Word of Truth, which he recommended for my constant Companion in this my sad Retirement, has at length remov'd the Doubts I labour'd under. From thence I've learn'd the infinite Extent of heavenly Mercy; that my Offences, tho 20 great, are not unpardonable; and that 'tis not my Interest only, but my Duty to be-

purpos'd] proposed Oo 1, 2.

at a Distance] om. O 1.

There see] See there Oo 1, 2.

lieve and to rejoice in that Hope——So shall Heaven receive the Glory, and future Penitents the Profit of my Example.

Thor. Proceed.⁰

Barn. 'Tis wonderful, that Words shou'd charm Despair, speak Peace and Pardon to a Murderer's Conscience; but Truth and Mercy flow in every Sentence, attended 30 with Force and Energy divine. How shall I describe my present State of Mind? I hope in doubt, and trembling I rejoice; I feel my Grief increase, even as my Fears give way. Joy and Gratitude now supply more Tears, than the Horror and Anguish of Despair before.

Thor. These are the genuine Signs of true Repentance, the only Preparatory, the certain⁰ Way to everlasting Peace.—O 40 the Joy it gives to see a Soul form'd and prepared for Heaven! For this the faithful Minister devotes himself to Meditation, Abstinence and Prayer, shunning the vain Delights of sensual Joys, and daily dies that others may live for ever. For this he turns the sacred Volumes o'er, and spends his Life in painful Search of Truth. The Love of Riches, and the Lust of Power, he looks on with just Contempt and Detestation; 50 who only counts for Wealth the Souls he wins; and whose highest Ambition is to serve Mankind. If the Reward of all his Pains be to preserve one Soul from wandering, or turn one from the Error of his Ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little Labours over paid?

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous Kindness? but tho' I cannot, Heaven can and will reward you. 60

Thor. To see thee thus, is Joy too great for Words. Farewell,——Heaven strengthen thee.——Farewell.

Barn. O! Sir, there's something I would⁰ say, if my sad swelling Heart would give me leave.

Thor. Give it vent a while, and try.

Barn. I had a Friend,——'tis true I am unworthy, yet methinks your generous Example might persuade,——Cou'd I not 70 see him once, before I go from whence there's no return?

Proceed] Go on.—How happy am I who live to see this? O 1.

the certain] certain O 1.

would] cou'd O 1.

Thor. He's coming, and as much thy Friend as ever; but I'll not anticipate his Sorrow, too soon he'll sec the sad Effect of his contagious Ruin. This Torrent of Domestick Misery bears too hard upon me, I must retire to indulge a Weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*—Much lov'd—and much lamented Youth—80 Farewell—Heaven strengthen thee—Eternally Farewell.

Barn. The best of Masters and of Men —Farewell——while I live let me not want your Prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not;——thy Peace being made with Heaven, Death's already vanquish'd; bear a little longer the Pains that attend this transitory Life, and cease from Pain for ever. [*Exit Thorowgood.* 90

Barn. Perhaps I shall.⁰ I find a Power within that bears my Soul above the Fears of Death, and, spight of conscious Shame and Guilt, gives me a Taste of Pleasure more than mortal.

Enter Trueman and Keeper.

Keeper. Sir, there's the Prisoner.

[*Exit Keeper.*

Barn. *Trueman!*——My Friend, whom I so wisht to see, yet now he's here I dare not look upon him. [*Weeps.*

Tr. O *Barnwell!* *Barnwell!* 100

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! for Death, but not for this, was I prepared.

Tr. What have I suffer'd since I saw you last?——what Pain has Absence given me?——But oh! to see thee thus!——

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the Anguish of thy generous Soul,——but I was born to murder all who love me.

[*Both weep.*

Tr. I came not to reproach you;—I thought to bring you Comfort,——but 110 I'm deceiv'd, for I have none to give,——I came to share thy Sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My Sense of Guilt indeed you cannot know; 'tis what the Good and Innocent, like you, can ne'er conceive; but other Grievs, at present, I have none, but what I feel for you. In your Sorrow I read you love me still; but yet, methinks, 'tis strange, when I consider what I am. 120

Tr. No more of that, I can remember

Perhaps I shall] om. O 1.

nothing but thy Virtues, thy honest, tender Friendship, our former happy State and present Misery.—⁰ had you trusted me when first the fair Seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas, thou know'st not what a Wretch⁰ I've been! Breach of Friendship was my first and least Offence; so far was I lost to Goodness, so devoted to the Author 130 of^o my Ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee,—I think,—I shou'd have done it.

Tr. Prithce, aggravate thy Faults no more.

Barn. I think I should!—thus Good and Generous as you are, I shou'd have murder'd you!

Tr. We have not yet embrac'd, and may be interrupted. Come to my Arms. 140

Barn. Never, never will I taste such Joys on Earth; never will I so sooth my just Remorse. Are those honest Arms and faithful Bosom, fit to embrace and to support a Murderer. These Iron Fetters only shall clasp, and flinty Pavement bear me, [*Throwing himself on the Ground*] even these too good for such a bloody Monster.

Tr. Shall Fortune sever those whom Friendship join'd!—Thy Miseries can-^o not lay thee so low, but Love will find thee, here^o will we offer to stern Calamity, —this Place^o the Altar, and our selves the Sacrifice.—Our mutual Groans shall echo to each other thro' the dreary Vault. Our Sighs shall number the Moments as they pass, and mingling Tears communicate such Anguish, as Words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so, [*rising*] ^o Since you 160 propose an Interchange of Woe, pour all your Grievs into my Breast, and in exchange take mine. [*Embracing*] Where's now the Anguish that you promis'd? You've taken mine, and make me no Return. Sure Peace and Comfort dwell within these Arms, and Sorrow can't approach me while I'm here; —This too is the Work of Heaven,

which,^o having before spoke Peace and Pardon to me, now sends thee to confirm 170 it—⁰ take, take some of the Joy that overflows my Breast!

Tr. I do, I do. Almighty Power, how have you made us capable to bear, at once, the Extreams of Pleasure and of Pain.

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Sir.

Tr. I come.

[*Exit Keeper.*

Barn. Must you leave me?—Death would soon have parted us for ever.

Tr. O, my *Barnwell*, there's yet another 180 task behind:—Again your Heart must bleed for others Woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you, I thought was all I had to do on Earth! What is there more for me to do or suffer?

Tr. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known, *Maria*.—

Barn. Our Master's fair and virtuous Daughter!—

Tr. The same. 190

Barn. No Misfortune, I hope, has reach'd that lovely Maid! Preserve her, Heaven, from every Ill, to show Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

Tr. Thy, thy Misfortunes, my unhappy Friend, have reach'd her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. I know he doth abhor a Lie, and would not trifle with his dying Friend, 200 —This is, indeed, the Bitterness of Death! [*Aside.*

Tr. You must remember, for we all observ'd it, for some Time past, a heavy Melancholy weigh'd her down. Disconsolate she seem'd, and pin'd and languish'd from a Cause unknown; till hearing of your dreadful Fate, the long stifled Flame blaz'd out. She wept, she wrung her Hands, and tore her Hair, and, in the Transport of her 210 Grief, discover'd her own lost State, whilst she lamented yours.

Barn. Will all the Pain I feel restore thy Ease, lovely unhappy Maid? [*Weeping*] Why did not^o you let me die and never know it?

Tr. It was impossible;—she makes no Secret of her Passion for you, and is deter-

which] who. Oo 1, 2.
did not] did n't O 1.

Wretch] Wreth D 3.
off] O 1; o D 3.
thee, here] thee, [Lies down by him.] Upon this rugged Couch then let us lie for well it suits our most deplorable Condition.—Here O 1.

Place] Earth O 1.
[rising]] om. O 1.

min'd to see you ere you die;—she waits for me to introduce her. [*Exit Trueman.* 220

Barn. Vain busy Thoughts be -still!—What avails it to think on what I might have been?—I now am,—What I've made my self.

Enter Trueman with Maria.

Tr. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal Scene: This is the Seat of Misery and Guilt.—Here awful Justice reserves her publick Victims.—This is the Entrance to shameful Death.

Ma. To this sad Place, then no im- 230 proper Guest, the abandon'd lost *Maria* brings Despair, and see the Subject and the Cause of all this World of Woe.—Silent and motionless he stands, as if his Soul had quitted her Abode, and the lifeless Form alone was left behind; yet that so perfect, that Beauty and Death, ever at Enmity, now seem united there.

Barn. I groan, but murmur not.—Just Heaven, I am your own; do with me 240 what you please.

Ma. Why are your streaming Eyes still fix'd below? As tho' thoud'st give the greedy Earth thy Sorrows, and rob me of my Due. Were Happiness within your Power, you should bestow it where you pleas'd; but in your Misery I must and will partake.

Barn. Oh! say not so, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my Fate.—Consider what 250 you are:—How vast your Fortune, and how bright your Fame:—Have Pity on your Youth, your Beauty, and unequalled Virtue, for which so many noble Peers have sigh'd in vain. Bless with your Charms some honourable Lord. Adorn with your Beauty; and, by your Example, improve the *English* Court, that justly claims such Merit; so shall I quickly be to you—as though I had never been. 260

Ma. When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reason, Choice, Virtue, all forbid it.—Let Women, like *Millwood*, if there be more such Women, smile in Prosperity, and in Adversity forsake.—Be it the Pride of Virtue to repair, or to partake, the Ruin such have made.

Tr. Lovely, ill-fated Maid! Was there ever such generous Distress before? How

must this pierce his grateful Heart, and 20 aggravate his Woes?

Barn. Ere I knew Guilt or Shame, when Fortune smiFd, and when my youthful Hopes were at the highest; if then to have rais'd my Thoughts to you, had been Pre-sumption in me, never to have been pardon'd, think how much beneath your self you condescend to regard me now.

Ma. Let her blush, who, proffering^o Love, invades the Freedom of your Sex's 280 Choice, and meanly sues in Hopes of a Return.—Your inevitable Fate hath render'd Hope impossible as vain—Then why should I fear to avow a Passion so just and so disinterested?

Tr. If any should take Occasion, from *Millwood's* Crimes, to libel the best and fairest Part of the Creation, here let them see their Error. The most distant Hopes of such a tender Passion, from so bright a 290 Maid, might add to the Happiness of the most happy, and make the greatest proud. Yet here 'tis lavish'd in vain: Tho' by the rich Present, the generous Donor is undone, he, on whom it is bestow'd, receives no Benefit.

Barn. So the Aromatick Spices of the East, which all the Living covet and esteem, are, with unavailing Kindness, wasted on the Dead, 'x >

Ma. Yes, fruitless is my Love, and un-availing all my Sighs and Tears.—Can they save thee from approaching Death?—from such a Death?—O terrible Idea!—What is her Misery and Distress, who sees the first last Object of her Love, for whom alone she'd live, for whom she'd die a thousand, thousand Deaths, if it were possible, expiring in her Arms?—Yet she is happy, when compar'd to me.—310 Were Millions of Worlds mine, I'd gladly give them in exchange for her Condition.—The most consummate Woe is light to mine. The last of Curses to other miserable Maids, is all I ask—for my Relief,^o and that's deny'd me.

Tr. Time and Reflection cure all Ills.

Ma. All but this;—his dreadful Catastrophe Virtue her self abhors.—To give a Holiday to suburb Slaves, and passing 320 entertain the savage Herd, who, elbowing

proffering professing O 1.
for my Relief om. O 1.

each other for a Sight, pursue and press upon him like his Fate.——A Mind with Piety and Resolution arm'd, may smile on Death.——But publick Ignominy,——everlasting Shame:——Shame the Death of Souls,——to die a thousand Times, and yet survive even Death it self, in never dying Infamy——is this to be endured?——Can I, who live in him, and must, 330 each Hour of my devoted Life, feel all these Woes renew'd,——can I endure this?——

Tr. Grief has so impair'd her Spirits, she pants, as in the Agonies of Death.

Barn. Preserve her, Heaven, and restore her Peace, nor let her Death be added to my Crimes. [*Bell tolls.*] I am summon'd to my Fate.

Enter Keeper and Officers.

Keeper. Sir, the Officers attend you;⁰——
Millwood⁰ already summon'd. 340

Barn. Tell 'em I'm ready——And now, my Friend, farewell. [*Embracing.*] Support and comfort the best you can this Mourning Fair.——No more.——Forget not to pray for me,——[*Turning to Maria.*] Would you, bright Excellence, permit me the Honour of a chaste Embrace,——the last Happiness this World cou'd give were mine, [*She^o inclines towards him; they embrace.*] Exalted Goodness!——0 turn 350 your Eyes from Earth, and me, to Heaven, where Virtue, like yours, is ever heard.——Pray for the Peace of my departing Soul.——Early my Race of Wickedness began, and soon I^o reach'd the Summit!——Ere Nature has finish'd her Work, and stamp'd me Man, just at the Time that others begin to stray,——my Course is finish'd; though short my Span of Life, and few my Days; yet count my Crimes for 360 Years, and I have liv'd whole Ages. Thus Justice, in Compassion to Mankind, cuts off a Wretch like me, by one such Example to secure Thousands from future Ruin. Justice and Mercy⁰ are in Heaven the same: Its utmost Severity is Mercy to the whole,——thereby to cure Man's Folly and Presump-

Sir . . . you;] *The Officers attend you, Sir.* O 1. Millwood] *Mrs. Millwood is O 1; Millwood is O 2. She]* See D 3.
I] D 3, 0 7; has Oo 1, 2.

Justice and Mercy . . . ineffectual] O 1 reads between Ages and Thus in 1. 361.

tion, which else wou'd render even infinite Mercy vain and ineffectual.

If any Youth, like you, in future Times, 370 Shall mourn my Fate, tho' he abhor my Crimes;

Or tender Maid, like you, my Tale shall hear,

And to my Sorrows give a pitying Tear: To each such melting Eye, and throbbing Heart,

Would gracious Heaven this Benefit impart,

Never to know my Guilt, nor feel my Pain,

Then must you own, you ought not to complain;

Since you nor weep,—nor shall I die in vain.

[*Exit Barnwell and Officers.*]

SCENE the Last.

The Place^o of Execution. The Gallows and Ladders at the farther End of the Stage. A Crowd of Spectators. Blunt and Lucy

Lucy. Heavens! What a Throng!

Blunt. How terrible is Death, when thus prepar'd!

Lucy. Support them, Heaven; thou only can support them; all other Help is vain.

Officer within. Make Way there; make Way, and give the Prisoners Room.

Lucy. They are here; observe them well. How humble and composed young Barnwell seems? But Millwood looks wild, ruffled 10 with Passion, confounded and amazed.

Enter Barnwell, Millwood, Officers and Executioners.

Barnwell. See, Millwood, see our Journey's at an End. Life, like a Tale that's told, is past away; that short but dark and unknown Passage, Death, is all the Space 'tween us and endless Joys, or Woes eternal.

Millwood. Is this the end of all my flattering Hopes? Were Youth and Beauty given me for a Curse, and Wisdom only to insure my Ruin? They were, they were. Heaven, 20 thou hast done thy worst. Or if thou hast in store some untried Plague, somewhat that's

The Place . . .] The whole of this scene was omitted from all editions before O 5.

worse than Shame, Despair and Death, unpitied Death, confirmed Despair and Soul confounding Shame; something' that Men and Angels can't describe, and only Fiends, who bear it, can conceive; now, pour it now on' this devoted Head, that I may feel the worst thou canst inflict and bid Defiance to thy utmost Power. 30

Barn. Yet, ere we pass the dreadful Gulph of Death, yet ere you're plunged in everlasting-Woe, O bend your stubborn Knees and harder Heart, humbly to deprecate the Wrath divine. Who knows but Heaven, in your dying Moments, may bestow that Grace and Mercy which your Life despised.

Mill. Why name you Mercy to a Wretch like me? Mercy's beyond my Hope, almost beyond my Wish. I can't repent, nor ask 40 to be forgiven.

Barn. O think what 'tis to be for ever, ever miserable; nor with vain Pride oppose a Power, that's able to destroy you.

Mill. That will destroy me: I feel it will. A Deluge of Wrath is pouring on my Soul. Chains, Darkness, Wheels, Racks, sharp stinging Scorpions, molten Lead, and seas of Sulphur, are light to what I feel.

Barn. O! add not to your vast Account 50 Despair: A Sin more injurious to Heaven, than all you've yet committed.

Mill. O! I have sin'd beyond the Reach of Mercy.

Barn. O say not so: 'tis Blasphemy to think it. As yon bright Roof is higher than the Earth, so and much more does Heaven's Goodness pass our Apprehension. O what created Being shall presume to circumscribe Mercy, that knows no Bounds? 60

Mill. This yields no Hope. Tho' Mercy may be boundless yet 'tis free: And I was doom'd, before the World began, to endless Pains, and thou to Joys eternal.

Barn. O! gracious Heaven! extend thy Pity to her: Let thy rich Mercy flow in plenteous Streams to chase her Fears and heal her wounded Soul.

Mill. It will not be. Your Prayers are lost in Air, or else returned perhaps with double Blessing to your Bosom, but me they help not.

Barn. Yet hear me, *Millwood!*

Mill. Away, I will not hear thee: I tell thee, Youth, I am by Heaven devoted a dreadful Instance of its Power to punish.

(*Barnwell seems to pray.*) If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself not me. How doth his fervent Soul mount with his Words, and both ascend to Heaven! That Heaven, whose 90 Gates are shut with adamant Bars against my Prayers, had I the Will to pray—I cannot bear it—Sure 'tis the worst of Torments to behold others enjoy that Bliss that we must never taste.

Officer. The utmost Limit of your Time's expired.

Mill. Incompassed with Horror whither must I go? I wou'd not live—nor die—That I cou'd cease to be!—or ne'er had been! 90

Barn. Since Peace and Comfort are denied her here, may she find Mercy where she least expects it, and this be all her Hell.—From our Example may all be taught to fly the first Approach of Vice; but, if o'er-taken

By strong Temptation, Weakness, or Surprise,

Lament their Guilt and by Repentance rise,

Th' impenitent alone die unjorgiven;
To sin's like Man, and to forgive like Heaven. {*Exeunt.* 100

Enter Blunt and Lucy.

Lucy. Heart-breaking Sight.—O wretched, wretched *Millwood!*

Tr. You came from her then: How is she disposed to meet her Fate?

Blunt. Who can describe unutterable⁰ Woe?

Lucy. She goes to Death encompassed with Horror, loathing Life, and yet afraid to die; no Tongue can tell her Anguish and Despair. 110

Tr. Heaven be better to her than her Fears; may she prove a Warning to others, a Monument of Mercy in her self.

Lucy. O Sorrow insupportable! break, break my Heart.

Tr. In vain

With bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes we show,

A human gen'rous Sense of others Woe; Unless we mark what drew their Ruin on.

And by avoiding that—prevent our own. 120

FINIS.

unutterable] unalterable O 1.

EPILOGUE

Written by COLMEY CIBBKB, Esq, Poet Laurcal.⁰

And spoko by Mrs. (-IBBER.

*SINCE Fate has robb'd me of the hapless Youth,
For whom my Heart had hoarded up its Truth;
By all the Laws of Love and Honour, now,
I'm free again to chuse,——and one of you.*

*But soft,——With Caution first I'll round me peep;
Maids, in my Case, shou'd look, before they leap:
Here's Choice enough, of various Sorts, and Hue,
The Cit, the Wit, the Rake cock'd up in Cue, }
The fair spruce Mercer, and the tawney Jew. }*

*Suppose I search the sober Gallery;——No,
There's none but Prentices,——and Cuckolds all a Row; }
And these, I doubt, are those that make 'em so. }*
[Pointing to the Boxes.

*'Tis very well, enjoy the Jest:——But you, }
Fine powdered Sparks;—nay, Fm told 'tis true, }
Your happy Spouses——can make Cuckolds too. }*
*Twixt you and them, the Difference this perhaps,
The Ctt's asham'd whene'er his Duck he traps;
But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your Hats, and take no Shame at all.*

*What if some favour'd Poet I cou'd meet?
Whose Love wou'd lay his Lawrels at my Feet.
No,——Painted Passion real Love abhors,——
His Flame wou'd prove the Suit of Creditors.*

*Not to detain you then with longer Pause, }
In short, my Heart to this Conclusion draws, }
I yield it to the Hand that's loudest in Applause. }*

Poet Laurcal] om. O 1.

SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND

C O M E D Y .

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden*,

By Dr. *H O A D L E R*.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER
in the *Strand*.

MDCCXLVII.

[Price is.62

Benjamin Hoadly (1706-1757), F. R. S., was a distinguished scientist and court physician. His claim to literary fame rests on his only play, *The Suspicious Husband*, produced at Covent Garden in 1747.

By that date comedy had become weakened by the element of sentimentalism for which Steele had been largely responsible in his attempt to "moralize the stage." The chief dramatic figure of the fourth decade of the century was Fielding, whose powerful comic sense and commonsense had resisted sentimentalism with a great measure of success, though even he was to fall a prey to it in his last novel, *Amelia*.

The Suspicious Husband stands out as an interesting and auspicious landmark in the middle of the century. It is not without a strain of sentimentalism but the figure of Ranger, which suited so admirably the genius of Garrick the actor, is a real figure of comedy. A gay profligate he ranges through the intricate, but cleverly managed, plot with ruthless lightheadedness and an abundant flow of spirits.

Ranger makes the play, and to a large extent no doubt Garrick made Ranger. But the result was a great success. None of the other characters is deeply conceived. Strickland is a conventional jealous husband and his wife is colourless. The four lovers are puppets and Jack Meggot is only a peg on which to hang satire. Yet they suffice to make a creditable comedy. The dialogue lacks the wit of Congreve or Sheridan, but it is unusually lively for a play of this period.

The text is that of the second edition octavo, 1747, collated with the first edition of the same date. They appear to be printed from the same type, with a few corrections which make the second edition a better text.

Nicoll records three editions octavo 1747, a duodecimo in 1749, and Dublin duodecimo editions in 1760 and 1776. 1749 follows O 2 closely and agrees with it rather than with O 1.

O 1 = First edition octavo, 1747 (A. E. M.).

O 2 = Second edition octavo, 1747 (A. E. M.).

1749 = Duodecimo edition, 1749 (B. M. 11775. 1). 45).

T H E K I N G

SIR,

YOUR Majesty's Goodness in permitting your Royal Name to stand before the following Piece, is an Instance of the greatest Condescension of a Great Mind. And this Permission, after having honoured the Performance of it with your Royal Presence, the more sensibly touches Me, as it will naturally lead every one to this Reflexion, That so great an Honour would not have been allowed it, had it not appeared free from all Offence against the Rules of Good-Manners and Decency.

Thus, whilst your Majesty sits as a watchful Arbiter of the greatest Affairs that ever perplexed *Europe*, You can descend to the innocent Amusements of Life; and take a Pleasure in favouring an Attempt to add to their Number.

We see with Joy, in your Majesty, an undeniable Proof, That the true Greatness and Lustre of a Prince is founded, not upon the Magnificence of Pomp and Shew, and Power, but upon the whole Tenor of a Conduct formed for securing and confirming the Rights and Happiness of his Subjects. This, being built upon publick Facts, will always remain plainly legible in the Annals of History, when the Traces of the most delicate Flattery shall be all lost and gone.

When the Records of our Country shall barely tell the World the glorious Appearance in this Nation, upon a late trying Occasion; and say—That, upon a violent Attack^o made upon your Crown, all Orders and Degrees, all Sects and Parties amongst us, rose up, as One Man; not contenting Themselves to offer their Lives and Fortunes in the Sounds of formal Addresses; but actually pouring out their Treasures, and hazarding their Persons——That your whole People did not think Themselves safe without Your Safety; nor their Religion, Laws, and Properties secure, but in the Security of your Royal Person and Government——When this shall be told——This alone, This Voice of the Publick, expressed in Deeds, will be the highest Panegyrick; greater, and truer Praise, than all the Words which Invention and Art can put together——But I forget myself, and my Duty.

I ought not, upon the present Occasion, to interrupt your Cares for the Publick, any farther, than to express my deep Sense of your Royal Favour and Condescension; and to send up my warmest Vows——That your Majesty may long enjoy the Fruits of a Conduct in Government, which is the Security to your Subjects of all that is valuable upon Earth!——That you may live through a Course of many Years, the Delight of your happy People; the Example to all the Princes around you, of political Truth and Justice, superior to all the little Arts of Fraud and Perfidy——And that the Succession to the Crown of these -Realms, in your Royal Line, may never fail to establish, and continue the Blessings we enjoy, to our latest Posterity. I am,

May it ylcase your Majesty,

*Your Majesty's most devoted and
obedient Subject and Servant,*

BENJAMIN HOADLY.

Attack] the 1745 rebellion.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

WHILE other Culprits brave it to the last;
Nor beg for Mercy till the Judgment's past:
Poets alone, as conscious of their Crimes,
Open their Trials with imploring Rhymes.
Thus cram'd with Flat fry and low Submission,
Each trite dull Prologue is the Bard's Petition.
A stale Device to calm the Critick's Fury,
And bribe at once the Judges and the Jury.
But what avail such poor repeated Arts?
The whimp'ring Scribbler ne'er can touch your Hearts:
Nor ought an ill-tim'd Pity to take place——
Fast as they rise destroy th' increasing Race:
The Vermin else will run the Nation o'er——
By saving One, you breed a Million more.
Tho' disappointed Authors rail and rage,
At fancy'd Parties, and a senseless Age,
Yet still has Justice triumph'd on the Stage.
Thus speaks and thinks the Author of to-day,
And saying this, has little more to say.
He asks no Friend his partial Zeal to shew,
Nor fears the groundless Censures of a Foe;
He knows no Friendship can protect the Fool,
Nor will an Audience be a Party's Tool.
'Tis inconsistent with a, free-born Spirit,
To side with Folly, or to injure Merit.
By your Decision he must fall or stand,
Nor, tho' he feels the Lash, will blame the Hand.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N .

Mr. Strickland,
Frankly,
Bellamy,
Ranger,
Jack Meggot,
Buckle,
Tester,
Servant to Ranger,
Simon,
Chairmen, Footmen, &c.

Mr. Bridgwater.
Mr. Ryan.
Mr. Havard.
Mr. Garrick.
Mr. Woodward.
Air. Anderson.
Mr. Vaughan.
Mr. Bencraft.
Mr. James.

W O M E N .

Mrs. Strickland,
Clarinda,
Jacintha,
Lucetta,
Landlady,
Miliener,
Maid,

Mrs. Hale.
Mrs. Pritchard.
Mrs. Vincent.
Miss Hippisley.
Mrs. James.
Miss Haughton.
Miss Ferguson.

S C E N E , *LO N D O N.*°

L O N D O N] Here O 1 inserts a list of three errata which are embodied in the text and noted.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ranger's *CJiambrrs in the Temple.*

Enter Ranger.

ONCE more I am got safe to the *Temple*—let me reflect a little—I have set up all Night. I have my Head full of bad Wine, and the Noise of Oaths, Dice, and the damn'd tingling of Tavern Bells; my Spirits jaded, and my Eyes sunk into my Head: and all this for the Conversation⁰ of a Company of Fellows I despise. Their Wit lies only in Obscenity, their Mirth in Noise, and their Delight in a Box and Dice. 10 Honest *Ranger*, take my Word for it, thou art a mighty silly Fellow.

Enter Servant, with a Wig dress'd.

Where have you been, Rascal? If I had not had the Key in my Pocket, I must have waited at the Door in this dainty Dress.

Serv. I was only below combing out your Honour's Wig.

Rang. [*Pulling off his Wig.*] Well, give me my Cap.—Why, how like a raking Dog do you look, compar'd to that spruce, 20 sober Gentleman—Go, you batter'd Devil, and be made fit to be seen.

[*Throwing his Wig to the Servant.*⁰

Serv. Cod, my Master's very merry this Morning. [*Exit.*

Rang. And now for the Law.

[*Sits down and reads.*⁰

*Tell me no more,*⁰ *I am deceiv'd,*

That Cloc's false and common.

By Hcavn, I all along believ'd

She was a very Woman.

As such I We'd, as such car ess'd; 30

She still was constant, when possess:

She could do more for no Man.

Honest *Congreve* was a Man after my own Heart.

*Servant passes over the Stage.*⁰

Have you been for the Money this Morning, as I order'd you?

[*Conversation*] companionship, intercourse.

[*Throwing . . . Servant.*] om. O 1.

[*Sits . . . reads*] Reads O 1.

Tell me no more . . .] a song by *Congreve* in South-eme's *The Maid's Last Prayer*.

Servant . . . Stagel *Enter Servant* O 1.

Serv. No, Sir. You^o bad me go before you was up—I did not know your Honour meant before you went to Bed.

Rang. None of your Jokes, I pray; but 40 to Business—Go to the Coffee-house, and enquire if there has been any Letter or Message left for me.

Serv. I shall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Rang, [*repeating.*⁰] *You think she's false, I am sure she's kind,*

I take her Body, you her Mind;

Which has the better Bargain?

Oh, that I had such a soft, deceitful Fair to lull my Senses to their desir'd Sleep— [*Knocking at the Door.*] Come in. 50

Enter Simon.

Rang. Oh, Master *Simon*, is it you? How long have you been in Town?

Simon. Just come, Sir, and but for a little time neither; and yet I have as many Messages as if we were to stay the whole Year round. Here they are, all of them. [*Pulls out a Number of Cards.*] And among them one for your Honour.

Rang. [*Reads.*] *Clarinda's Compliments to her Cousin Ranger, and should be 60 glad to see him for ever so little a time that he can be spar'd from the more weighty Business of the Law.*—Hal hal ha! the same merry Girl I ever knew her.

Simon. My Lady is never sad, Sir.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Rang. Pr'ythee, *Simon*, open the Door.

Enter Millener.

Well, Child—and who are you?

Millc. Sir, my Mistress gives her Service to you, and has sent you home the Linnen you bespoke. 70

Rang. Well, *Simon*, my Service to your Lady, and let her know I will most certainly wait upon her—I am a little busy, *Simon*—and so—

Simon. Ah, you're a Wag, Master *Ranger*, you're a Wag—but Mum for that! [*Exit.*

Rang. I swear, my Dear, you have the prettiest pair of Eyes—the loveliest pouting Lips—I never saw you before.

Sir. You] Sir, you O 1.

[*repeating 1*] om. O 1.

Mille. No, Sir—I was always in the 80 Shop.

Rang. Was you so? Well, and what does your Mistress say?—The Devil fetch me, Child, you look'd so prettily, that I could not mind one Word you said.

Mille. Lard, Sir, you are such another Gentleman! Why, she says she is sorry she could not send them sooner. Shall I lay them down?

Rang. No, Child. Give 'em me I Dear 90 little smiling Angel—

Watches, and kisses her.

Mille. I beg, Sir, you would be civil.

Rang. Civil? Egad, I think I am very civil. *[Kisses her again.]*

Enter Servant, and Bellamy.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Bellamy.

Rang. Damn your Impertinence—Oh, Mr. Bellamy, your Servant.

Mille. What shall I say to my Mistress?

Rang. Bid her make half a dozen more; but besure you bring them home your- 100 self. *[Exit Millener.]* Pshah! Pox! Mr. Bellamy, how should you like to be serv'd so yourself.

Bella. How can you, *Ranger*, for a Minute's Pleasure, give an innocent Girl the Pain of Heart I am confident she felt?—There was a modest Blush upon her Cheek convinces me she is⁰ honest.

Rang. May be so. I was resolv'd to try, however. 110

Bella. Fy, *Ranger*,—will you never think?

Rang. Yes, but I can't be always thinking. The Law is a damnable dry Study, Mr. Bellamy, and without something now and then to amuse, and relax, it would be too much for my Brain, I promise ye—But I am a mighty sober Fellow grown— Here have I been at it these three Hours— but the Wenches will never let me alone—120

Bella. Three Hours!—Why, do you usually study in such Shoes and Stockings?

Rang. Rat your inquisitive Eyes. *Ex pede Herculem.* Egad, you have me! The Truth is, I am but this Moment return'd from the Tavern. What, *Frankly* here too!

is was O 1.
honest chaste.

Enter Frankly.

Frank. My Boy *Ranger*, I am heartily glad to see you. *Bellamy*, let me embrace you. You are the Person I want. I have been at your Lodgings, and was directed 130 hither.

Rang. It is to him then I am oblig'd for this Visit: But with all my Heart—He is the only Man, to whom I don't care how much I am oblig'd.

Bella. Your very humble Servant, Sir.

Frank. You know, *Ranger*, I want no Inducement to be with you. But—You look sadly—What—No merciless Jade has— Has she? 140

Rang. No, no. Sound as a Roach,⁰ my Lad. I only got a little too much Liquor last Night, which I have not slept off yet.

Bella. Thus, *Frankly*, it is every Day. All the Morning his Head akes, at Noon he begins to clear up, towards Evening he is good Company, and all Night he is carefully providing for the same Course the next Day.

Rang. Why, I must own, my ghostly 150 Father, I did relapse a little last Night, just to furnish out a decent Confession for the Day.

Frank. And he is now doing Penance for it. Were you his Confessor indeed, you could not well desire more.

Rang. *Charles*, he sets up for a Confessor with the worst Grace in the World. Here has he been reproving me for being but decently civil to my Millener. Plague! be- 160 cause the Coldness of his Constitution makes him insensible of a fine Woman's Charms, every body else must be so too.

Bella. I am no less sensible of their Charms than you are; tho' I cannot kiss every Woman I meet, or fall in Love, as you call it, with every Face which has the Bloom of Youth upon it. I would only have you a little more frugal of your Pleasures.

Frank. My dear Friend, this is very 170 pretty talking. But let me tell you, it is in the Power of the very first Glance from a fine Woman utterly to disconcert all your Philosophy.

Bella. It must be from a fine Woman then: and not such, as are generally re-

Sound as a Roach] a proverbial phrase. Cf. p. 836 *infra*.

puted so—And it must be a thorough Acquaintance with her too, that will ever make an Impression on my Heart.

Rang. Would I could see it once! For 180 when a Man has been all his Life hoarding up a Stock, without allowing himself common Necessaries; it tickles me to the Soul to see him lay it all out upon a wrong Bottom,⁰ and become a Bankrupt at last.

Bella. Well, I don't care how soon you see it. For the Minute I find a Woman capable of Friendship, Love, and Tenderness, with Good-sense enough to be always easy, and Good-nature enough to like 190 me: I will immediately put it to the Trial, which of us shall have the greatest Share of Happiness from the Sex, You or I.

Rang. By marrying her, I suppose! Capable of Friendship, Love, and Tenderness, ha, ha, ha! That a Man of your Sense should talk so. If she be capable of Love 'tis all I require of my Mistress; and as every Woman, who is young, is capable of Love, I am very reasonably in Love 20 with every young Woman I meet.—My Lord Coke,⁰ in a Case I read this Morning, speaks my Sense.

Both. My Lord Coke!

Rang. Yes, my Lord Coke! What he says of one Woman, I say of the whole Sex. I take their Bodies, you their Minds; which has the better Bargain?

Frank. There is no arguing with so great a Lawyer. Suppose therefore we adjourn 20 the Debate to some other time. I have some serious Business with Mr. Bellamy, and you want Sleep I am sure.

Rang. Sleep! mere Loss of Time, and Hindrance of Business—We Men of Spirit, Sir, are above it.

Bella. Whither shall we go?

Frank. Into the Park. My Chariot is at the Door.

Bella. Then if my Servant calls, you'll 20 send him after us. [Exeunt.

Rang. I will. [Looking on the Card.] Clarinda's Compliments⁰—A pox of this Head of mine! Never once to ask where she was to be found. It's plain she is not one of us,

Bottom] financial basis.

Coke] Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634), a famous judge and writer of legal treatises.

Sense] very Sense O 1.

Compliments] Service O 1, but altered in Errata.

or I shou'd not have been so remiss in my Inquiries.—No matter—I shall meet her in my Walks.

Servant enters.

Serv. There is no Letter nor Message, Sir. 230

Rang. Then my Things, to dress.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter Mrs. Strictland, and Jacintha, meeting.

Mrs. Strict. Good-morrow, my dear Jacintha.

Jacin. Good-morrow to you, Madam. I have brought my Work, and intend to sit with you this Morning. I hope you have got the better of your Fatigue. Where is Clarinda? I should be glad if she wou'd come, and work with us.

Mrs. Strict. She work! She is too fine a Lady to do any thing. She is not stirring 10 yet—we must let her have her Rest. People of her waste of Spirits require more time to recruit again.

Jacin. It is pity she should be ever tir'd with what is so agreeable to every body else. I am prodigiously pleas'd with her Company.

Mrs. Strict. And when you are better acquainted, you will be still more pleas'd with her. You must rally her upon her 20 Partner at Bath: for, I fancy, Part of her Rest has been disturbed on his Account.

Jacin. Was he really a pretty Fellow?

Mrs. Strict. That I can't tell. I did not dance myself, and so did not much mind him. You must have the whole Story from herself.

Jacin. Oh, I warrant ye, I get it all out. None are so proper to make Discoveries in Love as those who are in the Secret them- 20 selves.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Madam, Mr. Strictland is inquiring for you. Here has been Mr. Buckle with a Letter from his Master, which has made him very angry.

Jacin. Mr. Bellamy said indeed he would

try him once more, but I fear it will prove in vain. Tell your Master I am here. [*Exit Lucetta.*] What signifies Fortune, when it only makes us Slaves to other People? 40

Mrs. Strict. Do not be uneasy, my *Jacintha*. You shall always find a Friend in me: But as for *Mr. Strictland*, I know not what ill Temper hangs about him lately. Nothing satisfies him. You saw how he receiv'd us when we came off our Journey. Tho' *Clarinda* was so good Company; he° was barely civil to her, and downright rude to me.

Jacin. I cannot help saying I did ob- 50 serve it.

Mrs. Strict. I saw you did. Hush! he's here.

Enter Mr. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. Oh, your Servant, Madam! Here, I have receiv'd a Letter from *Mr. Bellamy*, wherein he desires I would once more hear what he has to say—You know my Sentiments—Nay, so does he.

Jacin. For Heaven's sake consider, Sir. This is no new Affair, no sudden start of 60 Passion—We have known each other long. My Father valued and lov'd him, and I am sure were he alive, I should have his Consent.

Mr. Strict. Don't tell me. Your Father would not have you marry against his Will; neither will I, against mine: I am your Father now.

Jacin. And you take a fatherly Care of me. TO

Mr. Strict. I wish I had never had any thing to do with you.

Jacin. You may easily get rid of the Trouble.

Mr. Strict. By listening, I suppose, to the young Gentleman's Proposals.

Jacin. Which are very reasonable in my Opinion.

Mr. Strict. Oh, very modest ones truly; and a very modest Gentleman it is that 80 proposes them! A Fool, to expect a Lady of Thirty Thousand Pounds Fortune should, by the Care and Prudence of her Guardian, be thrown away upon a young Fellow not worth three Hundred a Year. He thinks being in Love is an Excuse for all this; but

*Journey. Tho'] Journey; tho' O 1.
Company; he] Company. He O 1.*

I am not in Love. What does he think will excuse me?

Mrs. Strict. Well, but *Mr. Strictland*, I think the Gentleman should be heard, 90

Mr. Strict. Well, well! Seven o' Clock's the time, and if the Man has had the good Fortune, since I saw him last, to persuade somebody, or other, to give him a better Estate, I give him my Consent—not else. His Servant waits below. You may tell him I shall be at home. [*Exit Jacin.*] But where is your Friend, your other Half, all this while? I thought you could not have breath'd a Minute without your *Clarinda*. 100

Mrs. Strict. Why, the Truth is, I was going to see. what makes her keep her Chamber so long.

Mr. Strict. Look ye, *Mrs. Strictland*, you have been asking me for Money this Morning. In plain Terms, not one Shilling shall pass through these Fingers, till you have clear'd my House of this *Clarinda*.

Mrs. Strict. How can her innocent Gaiety have offended you? She is a Woman of 110 Honour, and has as many good Qualities—

Mr. Strict. As Women of Honour generally have. I know it, and therefore am uneasy.

Mrs. Strict. But, Sir,——

Mr. Strict. But, Madam,—*Clarinda*, nor e'er a Rake of fashion in *England*, shall live in my Family to debauch it.

Mrs. Strict. Sir, she treated me with so 120 much Civility in the Country, that I thought I could not do less than invite her to spend as much time with me in Town, as her Engagements would permit. I little imagin'd you could have been displeas'd at my having so agreeable a Companion.

Mr. Strict. There was a Time when I was Company enough for leisure Hours.

Mrs. Strict. There was a Time when every Word of mine was sure of meeting with 130 a Smile: But those happy Days, I know not why, have long been over.

Mr. Strict. I cannot bear a Rival, even of your own Sex. I hate the very Name of female Friends. No two of you can ever be an Hour by yourselves, but one or both are the worse for it.

Mrs. Strict. Dear *Mr. Strictland*——

Mr. Strict. This I know—and will not suffer. 140

Mrs. Strict. It grieves me, Sir, to see you so much in earnest: But to convince you how willing I am to make you easy in every thing, it shall be my Request to her to remove immediately.

Mr. Strict. Do it then—hark ye?—Your Request, why yours? It's mine.—My Command—Tell her so—I will be Master in my own Family, and I care not who knows it. 150

Mrs. Strict. You fright me, Sir.—But it shall be as you please. *[In Tears.]*

[Goes out.]

Mr. Strict. Ha! have I not gone too far? I am not Master of myself—*Mrs. Strictland*—*[She returns.]* Understand me right. I do not mean, by what I have said, that I suspect your Innocence: But by crushing this growing Friendship all at once, I may prevent a Train of Mischief which you do not foresee. I was perhaps too harsh, 160 therefore do it in your own way—But let me see the House fairly rid of her.

[Exit Mr. Strictland.]

Mrs. Strict. His Earnestness in this Affair amazes me. I am sorry I made this Visit to *Clarinda*—and yet I'll answer for her Honour.—What can I say to her? Necessity must plead in my Excuse—For at all Events, *Mr. Strictland* must be obey'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

St. James's Park.

Enter Bellamy and Frankly.

Frank. Now, *Bellamy*, I may unfold the Secret of my Heart to you with greater Freedom; for tho' *Ranger* has Honour, I am not in a Humour to be laugh'd at. I must have one, that will bear with my Impertinence, sooth me into Hope, and, like a Friend indeed, with Tenderness advise me.

Bella. I thought you appeared more grave than usual.

Frank. Oh! *Bellamy*, my Soul is so full 10 of Joy, of Pain, Hope, Despair, and Extasy, that no Word but Love is capable of expressing what I feel.

Bella. Is Love the Secret *Ranger* is not fit to hear? In my mind, he wou'd prove the more able Counsellor. And is all the gay

Indifference of my Friend at last reduced to Love?

Frank. Even so—Never was Prude more resolute in Chastity and Ill-nature, than 20 I was fix'd in Indifference: But Love has rais'd me from that inactive State above the Being of a Man.

Bella. Faith, *Charles*, I begin to think it has—But pray, bring this Rapture into order a little, and tell me regularly, how, where, and when.

Frank. If I was not most unreasonably in Love, those horrid Questions would stop my Mouth at once. But as I am arm'd 30 against Reason—I answer—at *Bath*—on *Tuesday*, she danced and caught me.

Bella. Danced?—and was that all? But who is she? What is her Name? her Fortune? where does she live?

Frank. Hold! hold! not so many hard Questions. Have a little Mercy. I know but little of her, that's certain. But all I do know you shall have. That Evening was the first of her appearing at *Bath*. The 40 Moment I saw her I resolved to ask the Favour of her Hand. But the easy Freedom with which she gave it, and her unaffected Good-humour during the whole Night, gain'd such a Power over my Heart, as none of her Sex could ever boast before. I waited on her home, and the next Morning, when I went to make the usual Compliments, the Bird was flown. She had set out for *London* two Hours before; and in a Chariot and 50 Six—you Rogue.

Bella. But was it her own, *Chariest*

Frank. That I don't know; but it looks better than being drag'd to Town in the Stage. That day and the next I spent in Inquiries. I waited on the Ladies who came with her. They knew nothing of her. So, without learning either her Name or Fortune, I e'en call'd for my Boots, and rode 60 Post after her.

Bella. And how do you find yourself after your Journey?

Frank. Why, as yet, I own, I am but upon a cold Scent. But a Woman of her Sprightliness and Gentility cannot but frequent all publick Places; and when once she is found, the Pleasure of the Chase will over-pay the Pains of rousing^o her.—

Oh! *Bellamy*, there was something pe-
rousing] driving game from cover.

cularly charming in her, that seem'd to TO claim my farther Acquaintance: and if in the other more familiar Parts of Life she shine with that superior Lustre"; and at last I win her to my Arms, how shall I bless my Resolution in pursuing her!

Bella. But if at last she should prove unworthy——

Frank. I would endeavour to forget her.

Bella. Promise me that, *Charles*, [*Takes his Hand.*] and I allow——But we are 80 interrupted.

Enter Jack Meggot.

Jack Meg. Whom have we here? my old Friend *Frankly*? Thou art grown a meer Antique since I saw thee? How hast thou done these five hundred Years?

Frack. Even as you see me; well, and at your Service, ever.

Jack Meg. Ha! who's that?

Frank. A Friend of mine. Mr. *Bellamy*, this is *Jacky Meggot*, Sir, as honest a 90 Fellow as any in Life.

Jack Meg. Pho! prithee! Pox! *Charles*——Don't be silly——Sir, I am your humble——Any one who is a Friend of my *Frankly's* I am proud of embracing.

Bella. Sir, I shall endeavour to deserve your Civility.

Jack Meg. Oh! Sir,— Well! *Charles*, what? Dumb? Come, come; you may talk tho' you have nothing to say, as I do — 100 Let us hear, where have you been?

Frank. Why, for this last Week, *Jack*, I have been at *Bath*.

Jack Meg. *Bath*! the most ridiculous Place in Life!—amongst Tradesmens Wives that hate their Husbands, and People of Quality that had rather go to the Devil than stay at home. People of no Taste——no *Goust*——and for *Divertimenti*, if° it were not for the Puppet-show, *La Virtu* no would be dead amongst them.——But the News, *Charles*,——the Ladies,——I fear, your Time hung heavy on your Hands, by the small Stay you made there.

Frank. Faith, and so it did, *Jack*. The Ladfes are grown such Idiots in Love——The Cards have so debauch'd their five Senses, that Love, almighty Love himself, is utterly neglected.

Jack Meg. It is the strangest thing in 120 *Divertimenti*, ifj *Divertimenti*. /f O 1.

Life, but it is just so with us abroad. Faith! *Charles*! To tell you a Secret, which I don't care, if all the World knows. I am almost surfeited with the Services of the Ladies; the modest ones I mean. The vast Variety of Duties they expect——as dressing up to the Fashion, losing fashionably, keeping fashionable Hours, drinking fashionable Liquors, and fifty other such irregular Nice-ties so ruin a Man's Pocket and Consti- 130 tution, that foregad! he must have the Estate of a Duke, and the Strength of a Gondolier, who would list himself into their Service!

Frank. A free Confession truly, *Jack*, for one of your Coat.

Bella. The Ladies are oblig'd to you.

Enter Buckle, with a Letter to Bellamy.

Jack Meg. Oh! Lard! *Charles*! I have had the greatest Misfortune in Life, since I saw you——Poor *Otho*! that I brought 140 from *Rome* with me, is dead.

Frank. Well! well! get you another, and all will be well again.

Jack Meg. No! the Rogue broke me so much *China*, and gnaw'd⁰ my *Spanish* Leather Shoes so filthily, that when he was dead, I began not to endure him.

Bella. Exactly at Seven! Run back, and assure him I will not fail. [*Exit Buckle.*] Dead? Pray, who was the Gentleman? 150

Jack Meg. This Gentleman was my Monkey, Sir,——an odd sort of a Fellow that used to divert me,——and pleased every body so at *Rome*, that he always made one in our *Convcrsationi*——But Mr. *Bellamy*, I saw a Servant, I hope no Engagement. For you two positively shall dine with me. I have the finest *Macaroni* in Life. Oblige me so far.

Bella. Sir——your Servant! what say 160 you, *Frankly*?

Jack Meg. Pho! Pox! *Charles*! you shall go. My Aunts think you begin to neglect them; and old Maids, you know, are the most jealous Creatures in Life.

Frank. *Ranger* swears they can't be Maids, they are so good-natur'd! Well! I agree, on Condition I may eat what I please, and go away just when I will.

Jack Meg. Ay! ay! you shall do just 170 gnaw'dj O 1 reads *knaw'd*, but corrects to *gnaw'd* in the errata list.

what you will. But how shall we do? My Post-Chaise won't carry us all.

Frank. My Chariot is here; and I will conduct Mr. *Bellamy*.

Bella. Mr. *Meggot*—I beg pardon, I can't possibly dine out of Town! I have an Engagement early in the Evening.—

Jack Meg. Out of Town! No, my Dear; I live just by. I see one of the *Dilettanti*,^o I would not miss speaking to for the 180 Universe. And so I expect you at Three.

[*Exit.*

Frank. Ha! ha! ha! and so you thought you had at least fifty Miles to go Post for a Spoonful of *Macaroni*.

Bella. I suppose then, he is just come out of the Country.

Frank. Nor that neither. I would venture a Wager, from his own House hither, or to an Auction or two of old dirty Pictures, is the utmost of his Travels to-day: Or he 100 may have been in Pursuit, perhaps, of a new Cargo of *Venetian* Tooth-picks.

Bella. A special Acquaintance I have made to-day.

Frank. For all this, *Bellamy*, he has a Heart worthy your Friendship. He spends his Estate freely, and you cannot oblige him more, than by shewing him how he can be of Service to you.

Bella. Now you say something. It is 200 the Heart, *Frankly*, I value in a Man.

Frank. Right!—and there is a Heart even in a Woman's Breast that is worth the Purchase, or my Judgment has deceiv'd me. Dear *Bellamy*, I know your Concern for me. See her first, and then blame me, if you can.

Bella. So far from blaming you, *Charles*, that if my Endeavours can be serviceable, I will beat the Bushes with you.^o 210

Frank. That I am afraid will not do. For you know less of her than I. But if in your Walks you meet a finer Woman than ordinary, let her not escape till I have seen her.—Wheresoe'er she is, she cannot long lie hid. [*Exeunt.*

Dilettanti] The Society of *Dilettanti*, amateurs of art, was founded in 1733.

beat . . . you] help you. The phrase, taken from bat-fowling, means to assist in work whilst another takes the advantage: one beat the bush, whilst the other took the bird.

ACT II. SCENE I.

St. James's Park.

Enter Clarinda, Jacintha and Mrs. Strickland.

Jacin. Ay! ay! we both stand condemn'd out of our own Mouths.

Clar. Why—I cannot but own—I never had a thought of any Man that troubled me, but of him.

Mrs. Strict. Then I dare swear, by this time, you heartily repent your leaving *Bath* so soon.

Clar. Indeed you are mistaken. I have not had one Scruple since. 10

Jacin. Why, what one Inducement can he have ever to think of you again?

Clar. Oh! the greatest of all Inducements, Curiosity. Let me assure you, a Woman's surest Hold over a Man is to keep him in Incertainty. As soon as ever you put him out of Doubt, you put him out of your Power: But when once a Woman has awak'd his Curiosity, she may lead him a Dance of many a troublesome Mile with- 20 out the least Fear of losing him at last.

Jacin. Now do I heartily wish he may have Spirit enough to follow, and use you as you deserve. Such a Spirit, with but a little Knowledge of our Sox, might put that Heart of yours into a strange Flutter.

Clar. I care not how soon. I long to meet with such a Follow. Our modern Beaux are such jointed Babies^o in Love, they have no Feeling. They are entirely insensible 30 either of Pain or Pleasure, but from their own dear Persons: And according as we flatter, or affront their Beauty, they admire or forsake ours. They are not worthy even our Displeasure; and, in short, abusing them is but so much ill-nature merely thrown away. But the Man of Sense, who values himself upon his high Abilities: Or the Man of Wit, who thinks a Woman beneath his Conversation— To see such the 40 Subjects of our Power, the Slaves of our Frowns and Smiles, is glorious indeed!

Mrs. Strict. No Men of Sense, or Wit either, if they be truly so, ever did, or ever can think a Woman of Merit beneath their Wisdom to converse with.

Babies] dolls. Cf. p. 394 *supra*.

Jacin. Nor will such a Woman value herself upon making such a Lover uneasy.

Clar. Amazing! Why, every-Woman can give Ease? You cannot be in earnest. 50

Mrs. Strict. I can assure you she is, and has put in practice the Doctrine she has been teaching.

Clar. Impossible! Who ever heard the Name of Love mention'd without an Idea of Torment? But pray let us hear.

Jacin. Nay, there is nothing to hear that I know of.

Clar. So I suspected, indeed! The Novel is not likely to be long, when the Lady 60 is so well prepaid for the *Denouement*.

Jacin. The Novel, as you call it, is not so short as you may imagine. I and my Spark have been long acquainted. As he was continually with my Father, I soon perceiv'd he lov'd me, and the Manner of his expressing that Love was what pleas'd and won me most.

Clar. Well! and how was it? The old Bait? Flattery? Dear Flattery, I warrant ye. 70

Jacin. No, indeed,—I had not the Pleasure of hearing my Person, Wit, and Beauty painted out with forced Praises; but I had a more sensible Delight in perceiving the Drift of his whole Behaviour was to make ev'ry Hour of my Time pass away agreeably.

Clar. The Rustick! What, did he never say a handsom thing of your Person?

Mrs. Strict. He did, it seems, what 80 pleas'd her better. He flatter'd her good Sense as much as a less cunning Lover would have done her Beauty.

Clar. On my Conscience, you are well match'd.

Jacin. So well, that if my Guardian denies me Happiness, (and this Evening he is to pass his final Sentence) nothing is left but to break my Prison, and fly into my Lover's Arms for Safety. 90

Cla. Hey Day! O' my Conscience thou art a brave Girl. Thou art the very first Prude, that ever had Honesty enough to avow her Passion for a Man.

Jacin. And thou art the first finish'd Coquet who ever had any Honesty at all.

Mrs. Strict. Come, come! You are both too good for either of those Characters.

Clar. And my dear Mrs. *Strickland*, here is the first young married Woman of 100 Spirit, who has an ill-natur'd Fellow for a Husband, and never once thinks of using him as he deserves.—Good Heaven! If I had such a Husband—

Mrs. Strict. You would be just as unhappy as I am.

Clar. But come now—Confess—Do not you long to be a Widow?

Mrs. Strict. Would I were any thing but what I am! no

Clar. Then go the nearest Way about it. I'd break that stout Heart of his in less than a Fortnight. I'd make him know—

Mrs. Strict. Pray be silent. You know my Resolution.

Clar. I know you have no Resolution.

Mrs. Strict. You are a mad Creature, but I forgive you.

Clar. It is all meant kindly, I assure you. But since you won't be persuaded to your 120 Good; I will think of making you easy in your Submission as soon as ever I can. I dare say, I may have the same Lodging I had last Year. I can know immediately—I see my Chair: And so Ladies both, adieu!

[Exit Clarinda.]

Jacin. Come, Mrs. *Strickland*, we shall but just have time to get home before Mr. *Bellamy* comes.

Mrs. Strict. Let us return then to our common Prison. You must forgive my 130 Ill-nature, *Jacintha*, if I almost wish Mr. *Strickland* may refuse to join your Hand where your Heart is given.

Jacin. Lord! Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. Strict. Self-interest only, Child! Me-thinks your Company in the Country would soften all my Sorrows, and I could bear them patiently.

Re-enter Clarinda.

Clar. Dear Mrs. *Strickland*—I am so confus'd, and so out of Breath—140

Mrs. Strict. Why, what is the Matter?

Jacin. I protest you fright me.

Clar. Oh! I have no time to recover myself. I° am so frighten'd and so pleas'd. In short then, the dear Man is here?

Mr'. Strict. Here—Lord—Where?

myself. I] ?myself, / O 1.

Clar. I met him this InstaNnt. I saw him at a Distance, turn'd short; and ran hither directly. Let us go home. I tell you, he follows me. 150

Mrs. Strict. Why, had you not better stay, and let him speak to you?

Clar. Ay! But—then—He won't know where I live, without my telling him.

Mrs. Strict. Como, then. Ha! ha! ha!

Jacin. Ah! Poor *Clarhida!*—*Allons done.*
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Sure that must be she! Her Shape and easy Air cannot be so exactly copied by another.—Now, you young Rogue, *Cupid*, guide me directly to her, as you would 160 the surest Arrow in your Quiver. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street before Mr. Strictland's Door.

Re-enter Clarinda, Jacintha, and Mrs. Strictland.

Clar. Lord!—Dear *Jacintha*—for Heaven's sake make haste. He'll overtake us before we get in.

Jacin. Overtake us? Why, he is not in Sight.

Clar. Is not he? Ha! sure I have not dropt my Twee°—[I would not have him lose Sight of me neither. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Strict. Here he is—

Clar. In—In—In then. 10

Jacin. [*Laughing.*] What, without your Twee?

Clar. Pshah! I have lost nothing.—In—I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt into the House. Clarinda last.*]

Enter Frankly.

Frank. It is impossible I should be deceiv'd: My Eyes, and the quick Pulses at my Heart assure me it is she. Ha! 'tis she, by Heaven! and the Door left open too—A fair Invitation, by all the Rules of Love—[*Exit.* 20

Twee] a small case of instruments: Fr. *etui.*

SCENE III.

Changes to an Apartment in Mr. Strictland's House.

Enter Clarinda, Frankly following her.

Frank. I hope, Madam, you will excuse the Boldness of this Intrusion, since it is owing to your own Behaviour that I am fore'd to it.

Clar. To my Behaviour, Sir?

Frank. You cannot but remember me at Bath, Madam, where I so lately had the Favour of your Hand—

Clar. I do remember, Sir; but I little expected any wrong Interpretation of my 10 Behaviour from one, who had so much the Appearance of a Gentleman.

Frank. What I saw of your Behaviour was so just, it would admit of no Misinterpretation. I only fear'd, whatever Reason you had to conceal your Name from me at Bath, you might have the same to do it now; and tho' my Happiness was so nearly concern'd, I rather chose to venture thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisi- 20 tive.

Clar. Sir, there seems to be so much Civility in your Rudeness, that I can easily forgive it; tho' I don't see how your Happiness is at all concern'd.

Frank. No, Madam! I believe you are the only Lady, who could, with the Qualifications you are Mistress of, be insensible of the Power they give you over the Happiness of our Sex. 30

Clar. How vain should we Women be, if you Gentlemen were but wise! If you did not all of you say the same things to every Woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe some of you were in earnest.

Frank. Could you have the least Sense of what I feel whilst I am speaking, you would know me to be in earnest, and what I say to be the Dictates of a Heart that ad- 40 mires you; may° I not say that°—

Clar. Sir, this is carrying the—

Frank. When I danced with you at Bath, I was charm'd with your whole Behaviour, and felt the same tender Admiration: But my Hope of seeing you afterwards kept in my Passion 'till a more proper Time should

*you; may] you. May O 1.
that] om. O 1.*

offer. You cannot therefore blame me now, if, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an inexcusable Modesty to prevent 50 my making use of this second Opportunity.

Clar. This Behaviour, Sir, is so different from the Gaiety of your Conversation then, that I am at a loss how to answer you.

Frank. There is nothing, Madam, which could take off from the Gaiety with which your Presence inspires every Heart, but the Fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than as I am, when I know not, but you may leave *London* as abruptly as you did 60 *Bath*?

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Madam, the Tea is ready, and my Mistress waits for you.

Clar. Very well, I come—*[Exit Lucetta.]* You see, Sir, I am call'd away; but I hope you will excuse it, when I leave you with an Assurance, that the Business which brings me to Town will keep me here some time.

Frank. How generous it is in you thus 70 to ease the Heart, that knew not how to ask for such a Favour—I fear to offend—But this House, I suppose, is yours.

Clar. You will hear of me, if not find me here.

Frank. I then take my Leave. *[Exit.]*

Clar. I'm undone!—He has me!

Enter Mrs. Strickland.

Mrs. Strick. Well! How do you find yourself?

Clar. I do find—that if he goes on, as 80 he has begun, I shall certainly have him without giving him the least Uneasiness.

Mrs. Strick. A very terrible Prospect, indeed!

Clar. But I must teize him a little.—Where is *Jacintha*? How will she laugh at me, if I become a Pupil of hers, and learn to give Ease? No! positively I shall never do it.

Mrs. Strick. Poor *Jacintha* has met with 90 what I fear'd, from Mr. *Strickland's* Temper—An utter Denial. I know not why, but he really grows more and more ill-natur'd.

Clar. Well! now do I heartily wish my Affairs were in his Power a little, that I might have a few Difficulties to surmount.

I love Difficulties—and yet, I don't know—it⁰ is as well as it is.

Mrs. Strick. Ha, ha, ha! Come, the Tea waits. *[Exeunt. 100]*

Enter Mr. Strickland.

Mr. Strick. These Doings in my House distract me t! a fine Gentleman—when I inquir'd who he was; why, he came to *Clarinda*. I met a Footman too, and he came to *Clarinda*. I shall not be easy till she is decap'd. My wife had the Character of a virtuous Woman—and they have not been long acquainted. But then they were by themselves at *Bath*! That hurts—that hurts.—They must be watch'd—110 they must—I know them, I know all their Wiles, and the best of them are but Hypocrites. Ha!—*[Lucetta passes over the Stage.]* Suppose I bribe the Maid—She is of their Council⁰—The Manager of their Secrets—It shall be so—Money will do it, and I shall know all that passes. *Lucetta!*

Lucet. Sir.

Mr. Strick. *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Sir. If he should suspect, and 120 search me now, I'm undone. *[Aside.]*

Mr. Strick. She is a sly Girl, and may be serviceable. *[Aside.]* *Lucetta*, you are a good Girl, and have an honest Face. I like it. It looks as if it carried no Deceit in it—*[Yet if she should be false, she can do me most harm. [Aside.]*

Lucet. Pray, Sir, speak out.

Mr. Strick. *[Aside.]* No! she is a Woman, and it is the highest Imprudence to trust 130 her.

Lucet. I am not able to understand you.

Mr. Strick. I am glad of it. I would not have you understand me.

Lucet. Then what did you call me for? *[If he should be in Love with my Face, it would be rare Sport. [Aside.]*

Mr. Strick. *[Aside.]* *Tester*, ay, *Tester* is the proper Person—*Lucetta*, tell *Tester* I want him. 140

Lucet. Yes, Sir.—*[Aside]* Mighty odd, this! It gives me time however, to send *Buckle* with this Letter to his Master.

[Exit Lucetta.]

know—it⁰ know, it O 1.

Council] Counsel O 1. Cf. p. 563 *supra*.

Mr. Strict. Could I but be once well satisfied that my Wife had really finish'd me, I believe I should be as quiet, as if I were sure of the contrary.—But whilst I am in doubt, I am miserable. •

Enter Tester.

Tester. Does your Honour please to want me? MO

Mr. Strict. Ay, *Tester.*—I need not fear. The Honesty of his Service and the Goodness of his Look make me secure. I will trust him. [*Aside.*]*—Tester,* I think I have been a tolerable good Master to you.

Tester. Yes, Sir,—very tolerable.

Mr. Strict. [*Aside.*] I like his Simplicity well. It promises Honesty—I have a Secret, *Tester,* to impart to you—A thing of the greatest Importance. Look upon me, and 160 don't stand picking your Fingers.

Tester. Yes, Sir.—No, Sir.

Mr. Strict. But will not his Simplicity expose him the more to *Lucetta's* Cunning? Yes, yes! she will worm the Secret out of him. I had better trust her with it at once.—So—I will. [*Aside.*] *Tester,* go, send *Lw-cetta* hither.

Tester. Yes, Sir.—Here she is.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Lucetta, my Master wants you. 170

Mr. Strict. Get you down, *Tester.*

Tester. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Tester.*

Lucet. If you want me, Sir, I beg you I would make haste, for I have a thousand things to do.

Mr. Strict. Well! well! What I have to say will not take up much time, could I but persuade you to be honest.

Lucet. Why, Sir, I hope you don't suspect my Honesty? 180

Mr. Strict. Well! well! I believe you honest. [*Shuts the Door.*

Lucet. What can be at the bottom of all this? [*Aside.*

Mr. Strict. So! We cannot be too private. Come hither, Hussy! nearer yet.

Lucet. Laud! Sir! You are not going to be rude. I vow, I will call out.

Mr. Strict. Hold your Tongue. Does the Baggage laugh at me? [*Aside.*] She does 100—She mocks me, and will reveal it to my Wife; and her Insolence upon it will be more insupportable to me than Cuckoldom

itself. I have not Leisure now, *Lucetta*—Some other time—Hush! Did not the Bell ring? Yes, yes; my Wife wants you. Go, go, go to her. [*Pushes her out.*] There is no Hell on Earth like being a Slave to Suspicion. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Piazza, Covent-Garden.

Enter Bellamy and Jack Meggot.

Bella. Nay, nay, I would not put your Family into any Confusion.

Jack Meg. None in Life, my Dear, I assure you. I will go and order every thing this Instant for her Reception.

Bella. You are too obliging, Sir; but you need not be in this hurry, for I am in no Certainty when I shall trouble you: I only know that my *Jacintha* has taken such a Resolution. 10

Jack Meg. Therefore we should be pre-paid; for when once a Lady has such a Resolution in her Head, she is upon the rack till she executes it. Foregad!⁰ *Mr. Bellamy,* this must be a Girl of Fire.

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Buxom and lively as the bounding Doe.—Fair as Painting can express, or youthful Poets fancy when they Love. Tol de rol, lol! [*Singing and Dancing.*

Bella. Who is this you talk thus rapturously of?

Frank. Who should it be, but—I shall know her Name to Morrow.

[*Sings and Dances.*

Jack Meg. What is the matter, ho! Is the Man mad?

Frank. Even so, Gentlemen, as mad as Love and Joy can make me.

Bella. But inform us whence this Joy proceeds.

Frank. Joy! Joy! my Lads! She's 30 found! My *Perdita*! My Charmer!

Jack Meg. Egad! her Charms have bewitch'd the Man I think.—But who is she?

Bella. Come, come, tell us, who is this Wonder?

Frank. But will you say nothing?

Bella. Nothing, as I live. it. Foregad! it, foregad! O 1.

Frank. Nor you?

Jack Meg. I'll be as silent as the 40 Grave—

Frank. With a Tombstone upon it, to tell every one whose Dust it carries.

Jack Meg. I'll be as secret as a debauch'd Prude—

Frank. Whose Sanctity every one suspects.

Jack, Jack, 'tis not in thy Nature. Keeping a Secret is worse to thee than keeping thy Accounts. But to leave fooling, listen to me, both, that I may whisper it into your 50 Ears, that Echo may not catch the sinking Sound—I cannot tell who she is, 'faith—Tol de rol, lol—

Jack Meg. Mad! mad! very mad!

Frank. All I know of her is, that she is a charming Woman, and has given me liberty to visit her again—*Bellamy*, 'tis she, the lovely she.

[*Aside.*

Bella. So I did suppose. [*To Frankly.*

Jack Meg. Poor *Charles*! For Heaven's 60 sake, Mr. *Bellamy*, persuade him home to his Chamber—[Whilst I prepare every Ching for you at home. Adieu!—[*Aside, to Bellamy.*] B'ye⁰ *Charles*! ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Frank. Oh, Love!"thou art a Gift worthy of a God indeed! Dear *Bellamy*, nothing now could add to my Pleasure, but to see my Friend as deep in Love as I am.

Bella. I shew my Heart is capable of Love, by the Friendship it bears to you. TO

Frank. The Light of Friendship looks but dim before the brighter Flame of Love. Love is the Spring of Chearfulness and Joy. Why, how dull and phlegmatick do you shew to me now? Whilst I am all Life; light as feather'd *Mercury*.—You dull, and cold as Earth and Water; I light and warm as Air and Fire.—These are the only Elements in Love's World! Why, *Bellamy*, for Shame! get thee a Mistress, and be 80 sociable.

Bella. *Frankly*, I am now going to—

'*Frank.* Why that Face now? Your humble Servant, Sir. My Flood of Joy shall not be stopt by your melancholy Fits,⁰ I assure you. [*Going.*]

Bella. Stay, *Frankly*, I beg you stay. What would you say now, if I really were in Love?

Frank. Why, faith, thou hast such 90

Adieu! . . . B'ye] [*Aside,*] *Adieu!*—B'ye O 1.

Fits] 1749; *Fists* Oo 1, 2.

romantick Notions of Sense and Honour, that I know not what to say.

Bella. To confess the Truth then, I am in Love.

Frank. And do you confess it as if it were a Sin? Proclaim it loud. Glory in it. Boast of it as your greatest Virtue. Swear it with a Lover's Oath, and I will believe you.

Bella. Why then, by the bright Eyes of her I love? 100

Frank. Well said!

Bella. By'all that's tender, amiable, and soft in Woman—

Frank. Bravo!

Bella. I swear, I am as true an *Enamorado* as ever tagg'd a Rhyme.

Frank. And art thou then thoroughly in Love? Come to my Arms, thou dear Companion of my Joys—

[*They embrace.*

Enter Ranger.

Rang. Why—Hey!—Is there never a Wench to be got for Love or Money? 111

Bella. Pshah! *Ranger* here!

Rang. Yes, *Ranger* is here, and perhaps does not come so impertinently as you may imagine. Faith! I think I have the knack of finding out Secrets. Nay, never look so queer—Here is a Letter, Mr. *Bellamy*, that seems to promise you better Diversion than your hugging one another.

Bella. What do you mean? 120

Rang. Do you deal much in these Paper Tokens?

Bella. Oh! the dear kind Creature! It is from her herself. [*To Frankly.*⁰

Rang. What, is it a Pair of lac'd Shoes she wants? Or have the Boys broke her Windows?

Bella. Hold your prophane Tongue!

Frank. Nay, prithee *Bellamy*, don't keep it to yourself, as if her whole Affections ⁰ were contain'd in those few Lines.

Range. Prithee, let him alone to his silent Raptures. But it is, as I always said—Your grave Men ever are the greatest Whore-masters.

Bella. I cannot be disoblig'd now, say what you will. But how came this into your Hands?

Rang. Your Servant *Buckle* and I chang'd

[*To Frankly.*] om. O 1.

those] these O 1.

Commissions. He went on my Errand, uo i and I came on his.

Bella. S'death! I want him this very Instant.

Rang. He will be here presently! But I demand to know what I have brought you?

Frank. Ay! ay! Out with it! You know wo never blab, and may be of Service.

Bella. Twelve o' Clock! oh! the dear Hour.

Rang. Why, it is a pretty convenient 150 Time, indeed.

Bella. By all that's happy, she promises in this Letter here—to leave her Guardian this very Night—and run away with me.

Rang. How is this?

Bella. Nay, I know not how myself—she says at the Bottom—Your Servant has full Instructions from Lucetta, how to equip me for my Expedition—I will 160 not trust myself home with you to-night, because I know it is inconvenient; therefore I beg you wou'd procure me a Lodging; it is no matter how far off my Guardians—Yours, Jaecintha.

Rang. Carry her to a Bagnio,^o and there you may lodge with her.

Frank. Why, this must be a Girl of Spirit, Faith!

Bella. And Beauty equal to her Spright- 170 liness. I love her, and she loves me—She has thirty Thousand to her Fortune.

(*Rang.* The Devil she has!

Bella. And never plays at Cards.—

Rang. Nor does any one thing like any^o other Woman, I suppose.

Frank. Not so, I hope, neither.

Bella. Oh! Frankly, *Ranger*, I never felt such Ease before. The Secret's out, and you don't laugh at me. 180

Frank. Laugh at thee?—for loving a Woman of thirty thousand Pound? Thou art a most unaccountable Fellow.

Rang. How the Devil could he work her up to this? I never could have had the Face to have done it. But—I know not how.—There is a Degree of Assurance in you modest Gentlemen, which we impudent Fellows never can come up to—

Bella. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. You 190

i should not abuse me now, *Ranger*, but do all you can to assist me.

Rang. Why, look ye, *Bellamy*, I am a damnable unlucky Fellow—and so will have nothing to do in this Affair. I'll take care to be out of the way, so as to do you no harm. That is all I can answer for, and so Success attend you. [*Going.*] I cannot leave you quite to yourself neither, for if this should prove a Round-house^o Affair, 200 as I make no doubt it will, I believe I may have more Interest there than you; and so, Sir, you may hear of me at—

[*Whispers.*]

Bella. For shame, *Ranger*! The^o most noted Gaming-house in Town.

Rang. Forgive me this once, my Boy. I must go. Faith, to pay a Debt of Honour to some of the greatest Rascals in the Nation. [*Exit.*]

Frank. But where do you design to 210 lodge her?

Bella. At Mr. Meggot's — He is already gone to prepare for her Reception.

Frank. The properest Place in the World. His Aunts will entertain her with Honour.

Bella. And the Newness of our Aequaintance will prevent its being suspected.—*Frankly*, give me your Hand. This is a very critical Time—

Frank. Pho! none of your musty Re- 220 flexions now! When a Man is in Love to the very Brink of Matrimony, what the Devil has he to do with *Plutarch* and *Seneca*? Here is your Servant with a Face full of Business—I'll leave you together—I shall be at the *King's Arms*, where, if you want my Assistance, you may find me.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Buckle.

Bella. So — *Buckle* — you seem to have your Hands full.

Buck. Not fuller than my Head, Sir, 230 I promise you. You have had your Letter, I hope.

Bella. Yes, and in it she refers me to you for my Instructions.

Buck. Why, the Affair stands thus — As Mr. *Strickland* sees the Doors lock'd and barr'd every Night himself, and takes the Keys up with him; it is impossible for us

Bagnio] brothel.

any] any one O 1.

Round-house] lock-up, prison.

Ranger! The] *Ranger, the* O 1.

to escape any way but thro' the Window: for which Purpose I have a Ladder of 240 Ropes.

Bella. Good——

Buck. And because a Hoop, as the Ladies wear them now, is not the most decent Dress to come down a Ladder in—I have in this other Bundle a Suit of Boys Cloaths, which I believe will fit her. At least, it will serve the Time she will want it—You will soon be for pulling it off, I suppose.

Bella. Why, you are in Spirits, you 250 Rogue.

Back. These I am now to convey to *Lucetta*—Have you any thing to say, Sir?

Bella. Nothing, but that I will not fail at the Hour appointed—Bring me word to Mr. *Meggot's* how you go on. Succeed in this, and it shall make your Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Mr. Strickland's House.

Enter Bellamy in a Chairman's Coat.

Bella. How tediously have the Minutes past these last few Hours! and the envious Rogues will fly, no Lightning quicker, when we would have them stay.—Hold! let me not mistake.—This is the House. [*Pulls out his Watch.*] By Heaven! it is not yet the Hour—I hear somebody coming. The Moon's so bright—I had better not be here, 'till the happy Instant comes.

[*Exit.*

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Wine is no Antidote to Love, but 10 rather feeds the Flame. Now am I such an amorous Puppy, that I cannot walk straight Home, but must come out of my way to take a View of my Queen's Palace by Moonlight.—Ay, here stands the Temple where my Goddess is adored! the Door opens!

[*Retires.*

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. [*Under the Window.*] Madam, Madam, hist! Madam—How shall I make her hear?—

Jacintha in Boys Cloaths at the Window.

Jacin. Who is there?—What's the Mat-20 ter?—

Lucet. It is I, Madam. You must not pretend to stir 'till I give the Word—You'll be discover'd if you do.—

Frank. [*Aside.*] What do I see! a Man. My Heart misgives me!—

Lucet. My Master is below sitting up for Mrs. *Clarinda*. He raves as if he was mad about her being out so late.

Frankly. [*Aside.*] Here is some Intrigue, 30 or other. I must see more of this, before I give further way to Love.

Lucet. One Minute he is in the Street—the next he is in the Kitchen. Now he will lock her out, and then he'll wait himself, and see what Figure she makes when she vouchsafes to venture home.

Jacin. I long to have it over. Get me but once out of this House!

Frank. [*Aside.*] Cowardly Rascal! 40 Would I were in his Place.

Lucet. If I can but fix him any where, I can let you out myself.—You have the Ladder ready in Case of Necessity.

Jacin. Yes! yes! [*Exit Lucetta.*

Frank. [*Aside.*] The Ladder! This must lead to some Discovery. I shall watch you, my young Gentleman. I shall.

Enter Clarinda, and Servant.

Clar. This Whisk⁰ is a most enticing Devil. I am afraid I am too late for Mr. *Strickland's* sober Hours.

Jacin. Ha! I hear a Noise!

Clar. No! I see a Light in *Jacintha's* Window. You may go home. [*Giving the Servant Money.*] I am safe.

Jacin. Sure it must be he! Mr. *Bellamy*.—Sir!

Frank. [*Aside.*] Does not he call to me?

Clar. [*Aside.*] Ha! who's that? I am frighted out of my Wits.—A Man!—60

Jacin. Is it you?

Frank. Yes! yes! 'tis I! 'tis I!

Jacin. Listen at the Door.

Frank. I will, 'tis open—There is no Noise—All's quiet.

Clar. Sure it is my Spark—and talking to *Jacintha*. [*Aside.*]

Whisk] *whist.* Cf. p. 486 *supra*.

[*Aside.*] om. O 1.

Frank. You may come down the Ladder-quick.

Jacin. Catch it then; and hold it. 70

Frank. I have it. Now I shall see what sort of Mettle my young Spark is made of.

[*Aside.*

Clar. With a Ladder too! I'll assure you. But I must see the end of it. [*Aside.*

Jacin. Hark! did not somebody speak!

Frank. No! no! Be not fearful—'Sdeath! we are discover'd.

[*Frankly and Clarinda retire.*

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. Hist! hist! are you ready?

Jacin. Yes, may I venture?

Lucet. Now is your Time. He is in high 80 Conference with his Privy-Counsellor Mr.

Tester. You may come down the Back Stairs, and I'll let you out. [*Exit Lucet.*

Jacin. I will, I will, and am heartily glad of it. [*Exit Jacintha.*

Frank. [*Advancing*] May be so— But you and I shall have a few Words before you get off so cleanly.

Clar. [*Advancing.*] How lucky it was I came home at this Instant. I shall spoil 90 his Sport, I believe. Do you know me, Sir?

Frank. I am amaz'd! You here! This was unexpected indeed!

Clar. Why, I believe I do come a little unexpectedly; but I shall amaze you more—I know the whole Course of your Amour; all the Process of your mighty Passion from its first Rise—

Frank. What is all this!—

Clar. To the very Conclusion, which 100 you vainly hope to effect this Night.

Frank. By Heaven, Madam, I know not what you mean. I came hither purely to contemplate on your Beauties.

Clar. Any Beauties, Sir, I find will serve your Turn. Did I not hear you talk to her at the Window?

Frank. Her!

Clar. Blush, blush for Shame; but be assur'd you have seen the last both of no *Jacintha and me.* [*Exit.*

Frank. *Jacintha!* Hear me, Madam—She is gone. This must certainly be *Bellamy's* Mistress, and I have fairly ruin'd all his Scheme. This it is to be in Luck.

Enter Bellamy, behind.

Bella. Ha! A Man under the Window!

Frank. No, here she comes, and I may convey her to him.

Enter Jacintha, and runs to Frankly.

Jacin. I have at last got to you: Let's haste away—Oh! 120

Frank. Be not frighten'd, Lady.

Jacin. Oh! I am abus'd, betray'd!

Bella. Betray'd! *Frankly!*

Frank. *Bellamy!*

Bella. I can scarce believe it, tho' I see it. Draw—

Frank. Hear me, *Bellamy*—Lady.

Jacin. Stay—do not fight.

Frank. I am innocent; it is all a Mistake.

Jacin. For my Sake, be quiet—We shall 130 be discover'd. The Family is alarm'd.

Bella. You are obey'd— Mr. *Frankly*, there is but one Way—

Frank. I understand you. Any time but now. You will certainly be discover'd. Tomorrow—at your Chambers.—

Bella. Till then, farewell.

[*Exeunt Bella, and Jacin.*

Frank. Then, when he is cool, I may be heard; and the real, tho' suspicious Account of this Matter may be believ'd. Yet 140 amidst all this Perplexity, it pleases me to find my fair *incognita* is jealous of my Love.

Mr. Strict, [within.] Where's *Lucetta*? Search every Place.

Frank. Hark! the Cry is up—I must be gone. [*Exit Frankly.*

Enter Mr. Strictland, Tester, and Servants.

Mr. Strict. She's gone! She's lost! I am cheated! Pursue her!° Seek her!

Tester. Sir, all her Cloaths are in her 150 Chamber.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. *Clarinda* said she was in Boys Cloaths.

Mr. Strict. Ay, ay! I know it— *Bellamy* has her—Come along—Pursue her.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Ranger.

Ring. Hark!—Was not the Noise this Way—No—There is no Game stirring. This same Goddess, *Diana*, shines so bright *Pursue her!] Pursuer! O 1, corrected in Errata.*

with her Chastity, that egad! I believe the Wenches are asham'd to look her in the 160 Face. Now am I in an admirable Mood for a Frolick! I have Wine in my Head, and Money in my Pocket, and so am furnish'd out for the Cannonading any Countess in Christendom! Ha! What have we here! a Ladder! This cannot be placed here for nothing—and a Window open!—Is it Love, or Mischief now that is going on within?—I care not which—I am in a right Cue for either. Up I go—Stay, 170 —Do I not run a greater Chance of spoiling Sport than I do of making any? That I hate as much as I love the other—There can be no harm in seeing how the Land lies—I'll up. [*Goes up softly.*]—All is hush!—Ha! a Light! and a Woman, by all that's lucky, neither old, nor crooked—I'll in—Ha! she is gone again! I will after her. [*Gets in at the Window.*] And for fear of the Squawls of Virtue, and the 180 Pursuit of the Family, I will make sure of the Ladder. Now, Fortune be my Guide.

[*Exit with the Ladder.*]

SCENE II.

Mrs. Strictland's Dressing-Room.

Enter Mrs. Strictland, follow'd by Lucetta.

Mrs. Strict. Well! I am in great Hopes she will escape.

Lucet. Never fear, Madam. The Lovers have the start of him, and I warrant, they keep it.

Mrs. Strict. Were Mr. *Strictland* ever to suspect my being privy to her Flight, I know not what might be the Consequence.

Lucet. Then you had better be undressing—He may return immediately.——10

[*As she is sitting down to the Toilet, Ranger enters behind.*]

Rang. Young and beautiful.——[*Aside.*]

Lucet. I have watch'd him pretty narrowly of late, and never once suspected till this Morning—

Mrs. Strict. And who gave you Authority to watch his Actions, or pry into his Secrets?

Lucet. I hope, Madam, you are not angry. I thought it might have been of Service to you to know my Master was jealous.

Rang. And her Husband jealous! If she 20 does but send away the Maid, I am happy.

Mrs. Strict. [*Angrily.*] Leave me!

Lucet. This it is to meddle with other Peoples Affairs. [*Exit in Anger.*]

Rang. What a lucky Dog I am! I never made a Gentleman a Cuckold before. Now, Impudence, assist me.

Mrs. Strict. [*Rising.*] Provoking! I am sure I never have deserv'd it of him.

Rang. Oh! Cuckold him by all means, 30 Madam, I am your Man! [*She shrieks.*] Oh, fy, Madam! If you squawl so cursedly, you will be discover'd.

Mrs. Strict. Discover'd! What mean you, Sir? Do you come to abuse me?

Rang. I'll do my Endeavours, Madam: You can have no more.

Mrs. Strict. Whence came you? How got you here?

Rang. Dear Madam, so long as I am 40 here, what signifies how I got here, or whence I came? But that I may satisfy your Curiosity. First, as to your whence came you? I answer, out of the Street: And to your How got you here? I say, in at the Window. It stood so invitingly open, it was irresistible. But, Madam — You was^o going to undress. I beg I may not incommode you.

Mrs. Strict. This is the most consum- 50 mate Piece of Impudence!——

Rang. For Heaven's sake, have one Drop of Pity for a poor young Fellow, who long has lov'd you.

Mrs. Strict. What would the Fellow have?

Rang. Your Husband's Usage will excuse you to the World.

Mrs. Strict. I cannot bear this Insolence! Help! help!

Rang. Oh! hold that clamorous Tongue! 60 Madam, speak one Word more, and I am gone, positively gone?

Mrs. Strict. Gone! So I would have you.

Rang. Lord! Madam, you are so hasty.

Mrs. Strict. Shall I not speak, when a Thief, a Robber breaks into my House at Midnight? Help! help!

Rang. Ha! no one hears. Now, *Cupid*, assist me! Look ye, Madam, I never could make fine Speeches, and cringe, and bow, 70 and fawn, and flatter, and lye. I have said more to you already, than I ever said to a Woman in such Circumstances in all my

You was/ a regular 18th-century form.

Life. But since I find you will yield to no Persuasion to your Good—I will gently force you to be grateful. [*Throws down his Hat, and seizes her.*] Come, come! unbend that Brow, and look more kindly on me!

Mrs. Strict. For Shame, Sir—Thus on my Knees, let me beg for Mercy. [*Kneeling, 80*

Rang. And thus, on mine, let me beg the same. [*He kneels, catches, and kisses her.*

Air. Strict, [*within.*] Take away her Sword! She'll hurt herself!

Mrs. Strict. Oh! Heavens! that is my Husband's Voice!

Rang. [*Rising.*] The Devil it is!

Mr. Strict, [*within*] Take away her Sword, I say; and then I can close with her.

Mrs. Strict. He is upon the Stairs, now 90 coming up. I am undone, if he sees you.

Rang. Pox on him! I must decamp then. Which Way?

Mrs. Strict. Thro' this Passage into the next Chamber.

Rang. And so into the Street. With all my Heart. You may be perfectly easy, Madam. Mum's the Word. I never blab.— [*Aside.*] I shall not leave off so, but wait till the last Moment. ' [*Exit Ranger. 100*

Mrs. Strict. So, he is gone? What could I have said, if he had been discover'd!

Enter Mr. Strictland, driving in Jacintha, Lucetta following.

Mr. Strict. Once more, my pretty masculine Madam, you are welcome home. And I hope to keep you somewhat closer than I have done: for to-morrow Morning, eight O' Clock, is the latest Hour you shall stay in this lewd Town.

Jacin. Oh, Sir! when once a Girl is equip'd with a hearty Resolution, it is not your 110 Worship's Sagacity, nor the great Chain at your Gate can hinder her from doing what she has a Mind.

Mr. Strict. Oh, Lord! Lord! How this Love improves a young Lady's Modesty!

Jacin. Am I to blame to seek for Happiness any where, when you are resolv'd to make me miserable here!

Mr. Strict. I have this Night prevented your making yourself so; and will endeavour to do it for the future. I have you safe now' and the Devil shall not get you out of my Clutches again. I have lock'd the Doors and barr'd them, I warrant you. So,

here— [*Giving her a Candle.*] Troop to your Chamber, and to Bed, whilst you are well. Go— [*He treads on Ranger's Hat.*] What's here? A Hat! A Man's Hat in my Wife's Dressing-Room!

[*Looking at the Hat.*

Mrs. Strict. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? 130

Mr. Strict. [*Taking up the Hat, and looking at Mrs. Strictland.*] Ha! By Hell! I see 'tis true.

Mrs. Strict. My Fears confound me. I dare not tell the Truth, and know not how to frame a Lye!

Mr. Strict. Mrs. Strictland! Mrs. Strictland! How came this Hat into your Chamber!

Lucet. [*Aside.*] Are you that way disposed, my fine Lady, and will not trust me?

Mr. Strict. Speak, Wretch, speak.—

Jacin. I could not have suspected this.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Strict. Why dost thou not speak?

Mrs. Strict. Sir—

Mr. Strict. Guilt—'tis Guilt that ties your Tongue!

Lucet. I must bring her off, however.— No Chamber-maid can help it.—150

[*Aside.*

Mr. Strict. My Fears are just, and I am miserable—Thou worst of Women!

Mrs. Strict. I know my Innocence, and can bear this no longer,

Mr. Strict. I know you are false,—and 'tis I who will bear my Injuries no longer.

[*Both walk about in a Passion.*

Lucet. [*To Jacintha aside.*] Is not the Hat yours? Own it, Madam. •

[*Takes away Jacintha's Hat, and Exit.*

Mrs. Strict. What Ground? what Cause have you for Jealousy, when you yourself can witness, your leaving me was accidental; your Return uncertain; and expected even sooner than it happen'd? The Abuse is gross and palpable.

Mr. Strict. Why, this is true!

Mrs. Strict. Indeed, Jacintha, I am innocent.

Mr. Strict. And yet this Hat must belong to somebody.

Jacin. Dear Mrs. Strictland, be not 170 concern'd when he has diverted himself a little longer with it—

Mr. Strict, Ha!—

Jacin. I suppose he will give me my Hat again?

Mr. Strict. Your Hat?

Jacin. Yes, my Hat. You brush'd it from my Side yourself, and then trod upon it; whether on purpose to abuse this Lady, or no, you best know yourself. 180

Mr. Strict. It cannot be—It's all a Lye.

Jacin. Believe so still—with all my Heart—But the Hat is mine.

[Snatches it, and puts it on.

Mrs. Strict. Why did she look so?

Jacin. Your Violence of Temper is too much for her. You use her Ill, and then suspect her for that Confusion which you yourself occasion.

Mr. Strict. Why, did not you set me right at first? 190

Jacin. Your hard Usage of me, Sir, is a sufficient Reason why I should not be much concern'd to undeceive you at all. 'Tis for your Lady's sake, I do it now; who deserves much better of you than to be thus expos'd for every slight Suspicion. See where she sits—Go to her.

Mrs. Strict. [Rising.] Indeed, Mr. Strictland, I have a Soul as much above—

Mr. Strict. Whew! now you have both 200 found your Tongues, and I must bear their eternal Rattle!

Jacin. For Shame! Sir, Go to her, and—

Mr. Strict. Well! well! what shall I say? I forgive—all is over. I, I, I forgive!

Mrs. Strict. Forgive? What do you mean?

Jacin. Forgive her? is that all? Consider, Sir—

Mr. Strict. Hold—hold your confounded Tongues, and I'll do any thing. I'll ask 210 Pardon—or forgive—or any thing. Good now, be quiet—I ask your Pardon—there—[Kisses her.] For you, Madam—I am infinitely oblig'd to you, and I could find in my Heart to make you a Return in kind, by marrying you to a Beggar,—but I have more Conscience. Come, come; to your Chamber. — Here, take this Candle;—

Enter Lucetta pertly.

Lucet. Sir, if you please, I will light 220 my young Lady to Bed.

Mr. Strict. No! no! no such thing, good Madam. She shall have nothing but her Pillow to consult this Night, I assure you.

— So, in, in. [The Ladies take leave.] [Exit Jacintha.] Good Night, kind Madam.

Lucet. Pox of the jealous Fool! We might both have escap'd out of the Window purely.^o [Aside.

Mr. Strict. Go, get you down; and, do 230 you hear? order the Coach to be ready in the Morning at Eight exactly. [Exit Lucetta.] [Locks the Door after her.] So she is safe till to-morrow, and then for the Country; and when she is there, I can manage as I think fit.

Mrs. Strict. Dear Mr. Strictland—

Mr. Strict. I am not in a Humour, Mrs. Strictland, fit to talk with you.—Go to Bed, I will endeavour to get the better 240 of my Temper, if I can—I'll follow you! [Exit Mrs. Strictland.] How despicable have I made myself! [Exit.

SCENE III.

Another Chamber.

Enter Ranger.

Rang. All seems hush'd again, and I may venture out. I may as well sneak off whilst I am in a whole Skin. And shall so much Love and Claret as I am in possession of, only lull me to Sleep, when it might so much better keep me waking? Forbid it, Fortune; and forbid it, Love. This is a Chamber, perhaps of some bewitching Female, and I may yet be happy. Ha! a Light! The Door opens. A Boy! Pox on 10 him. [He retires.]

Enter Jacintha, with a Candle.

Jacin. I have been listening at the Door; and from their Silence, I conclude they are peaceably gone to Bed together.

Rang. [Aside] A pretty Boy, faith! He seems uneasy.

Jacin. [Sitting down.] What an unlucky Night has this proved to me! Every Circumstance has fall'n out unhappily.

Rang. He talks aloud. I'll listen. 20 [Aside.

Jacin. But what most amazes me is, that Clarinda should betray me!

Rang. Clarinda? she must be a Woman! well! what of her? [Aside.

purely] perfectly. Cf. p. 477 *supra*.

Jacin. My Guardian else would never have suspected my Disguise.

Rang. [*Aside.*] Disguise! Ha! it must be so. What Eyes she has? What a dull Rogue was I not to suspect this sooner?

Jacin. Ha! I had forgot—the Lad—30 der is at the Window still, and I will boldly venture by myself. [*Rising briskly, sees Ranger.*] Ha! a Man! and well drest! Ha! Mrs. *Strictland*, are you then at last dishonest?⁰

Rang. [*Aside.*] By all my Wishes she is a charming Woman! Lucky Rascal!

Jacin. But I will, if possible, conceal her Shame, and stand the brunt of his Impertinence. 40

Rang. What shall I say to her? No matter! any thing soft will do the Business. [*Aside.*]

Jacin. Who are you?

Rang. A Man, young Gentleman.

Jacin. And what would you have?

Rang. A Woman.

Jacin. You are very free, Sir. Here are none for you.

Rang. Ay, but there is one, and a fair 50 one too; the most charming Creature Nature ever set her Hand to; and you are the dear little Pilot, that must direct me to her Heart.

Jacin. What mean you, Sir? It is an Office I am not¹ accusom'd to.

Rang. You won't have far to go, however. I never make my Errands tedious! It is to your own Heart, Dear Madam, I would have you whisper in my behalf. Nay, 60 never start. Think you such Beauty could ever be conceal'd from Eyes so well acquainted with its Charms?

Jacin. What will become of me! If I cry out, Mrs. *Strictland* is undone. That⁰ is my last Resort. [*Aside.*]

Rang. Pardon, dear Lady, the Boldness of this Visit, which your Guardian's Care has fore'd me to. — But I long have lov'd you, long doated on that beauteous Face, and 70 follow'd you from place to place, tho', perhaps, unknown and unregarded.

Jacin. Here's a special⁰ Fellow! [*Aside.*]

Rang. Turn then an Eye of Pity on my Sufferings; and by Heaven—one tender

Look from those piercing Eyes—one Touch of this soft Hand——

[*Going to take her Hand.*]

Jacin. Hold, Sir—No nearer.

Rang. Would more than repay whole Years of Pain. 80

Jacin. Hear me. But keep your Distance, or I raise the Family.——

Rang. Blessings on her Tongue, only for prattling to me. [*Aside.*]

Jacin. Oh! for a Moment's Courage, and I shall shame him from his Purpose.

[*Aside.*] If I were certain so much Gallantry had been shewn on my account only——

Rang. You wrong your Beauty to think that any other could have Power to draw 90 me hither. By all the little Loves that play about your Lips, I swear——

Jacin. You came to me, and me alone?

Rang. By all the thousand Graces that inhabit there, you, and only you, have drawn me hither.

Jacin. Well said.

Rang. By Heaven she comes! ah! honest *Ranger*, I never knew thee fail!——

[*Aside.*]

Jacin. Pray, Sir, where did you leave 100 this Hat?

Rang. That Hat!——That Hat.——It's my Hat—I dropt it in the next Chamber as I was looking for yours.

Jacin. How mean and despicable do you look now?

Rang. So! so! I am in a pretty Pickle!

[*Aside.*]

Jacin. You know by this, that I am acquainted with every thing that has pass'd within: and how ill it agrees with what 110 you have profess'd to me.——Let me advise you, Sir, to be gone immediately. Thro' that Window you may easily get into the Street——One Scream of mine; the least Noise at that Door will wake the House.

Rang. Say you so? [*Aside.*]

Jacin. Believe me, Sir, an injur'd Husband is not so easily appeas'd, and a suspected Wife that is jealous of her Honour——

Rang. Is the Devil, and so let's hear no 120 more of her. Look ye, Madam, [*Getting between- the Door and her.*] I have but one Argument left, and that is a strong one. Look on me well, I am as handsom, a strong, well-made Fellow, as any about Town, and since we are alone, as I take it,

dishonest] unchaste. Cf. p. 680 l. 108 *supra*,
undone. *That*] undone, *that* O l.
special] extraordinary.

we can have no occasion to be more private.
[Going to lay hold of her.]

Jacin. I have a Reputation, Sir, and will maintain it.

Rang. You have a bewitching Pair of 130 Eyes.

Jacin. Consider my Virtue. *[Struggling.]*

Rang. Consider your Beauty and my Desires.

Jacin. If I were a Man, you dar'd not use me thus.

Rang. I should not have the same Temptation.

Jacin. Hear me, Sir. I will be heard.
[Breaks from him.] There is a Man who 140 will make you repent this usage of me.—
 Oh! *Bellamy*, where art thou now?

Rang. *Bellamy!*

Jacin. Were he here, you durst not thus affront me. *[Bursting out a Crying.]*

Rang. His Mistress, on my Soul! *[Aside.]* You can love, Madam; you can love, I find. Her Tears affect me strangely. *[Aside.]*

Jacin. I am not asham'd to own my Passion for a Man of Virtue and Honour. 150 I love and glory in it.

Rang. Oh! brave! and you can write Letters, you can. I will not trust myself Home with you this Evening, because I know it is inconvenient.

Jacin. Ha!

Rang. Therefore I beg you would procure me a Lodging; it's no matter how far off my Guardians. Yours, *Jacintha*.

Jacin. The very Words of my Letter! 100 I am amaz'd. Do you know Mr. *Bellamy*?

Rang. There is not a Man on Earth I have so great a Value for: and he must have some Value for me too, or he would never have shewn me your pretty Epistle. Think of that, fair Lady. The Ladder is at the Window. And so, Madam, I hope delivering you safe into his Arms will, in some Measure, expiate the Crime I have been guilty of to you. 170

Jacin. Good Heaven, how fortunate is this!

Rang. I believe I make myself appear more wicked than I really am. For, damn me, if I do not feel more Satisfaction in the Thoughts of restoring you to my Friend, than I could have Pleasure in any Favour your Bounty could have bestow'd.

Jacin. Your Generosity transports me.

Rang. Let us lose no time then, the 180 Ladder's ready—Where was you to lodge?
Jacin. At Mr. *Meggot's*.

Rang. At my Friend *Jacky's*? better and better still.

Jacin. Are you acquainted with him too?

Rang. Ay, ay! Why, did I not tell you at first that I was one of your old Acquaintance? I know all about you, you see; tho' the Devil fetch me if ever I saw you before. Now, Madam—190

Jacin. And'now, Sir,—Have with you.

Rang. Then thou art a Girl of Spirit. And tho' I long to hug you for trusting yourself with me, I will not beg a single Kiss, till *Bellamy* himself shall give me leave. He must fight well that takes you from me.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Piazza.

Enter Bellamy and Frankly.

Bella. Psha! What impertinent Devil put it into your Head to meddle with my Affairs?

Frank. You know I went thither in Pursuit of another.

Bella. I know nothing you had to do there at all.

Frank. I thought, Mr. *Bellamy*, you were a Lover.

Bella. I am so; and therefore should 10 be forgiven this sudden Warmth.

Frank. And therefore should forgive the fond Impertinence of a Lover.

Bella. Jealousy, you know, is as natural an Incident to Love—

Frank. As Curiosity. By one Piece of silly Curiosity I have gone nigh to ruin both myself and you. Let not then your Jealousy compleat our Misfortunes! I fear I have lost a Mistress as well as you. Then let 20 us not quarrel. All may come right again.

Bella. It is impossible. She is gone, remov'd for ever from my sight. She is in the Country by this time.

Frank. How did you lose her after we parted?

Bella. By too great Confidence. When I got her to my Chair, the Chairmen were not to be found—And safe as I thought in our Disguise, I actually put her into 30

the Chair, when Mr. *Strickland* and his Servants were in sight; which I had no sooner done, than they surrounded us, over-power'd me, and carry'd her away.

Frank. Unfortunate indeed! Could you not make a second Attempt?

Bella. I had design'd it. But when I came to the Door, I found the Ladder remov'd; and hearing no Noise, seeing no Lights, nor being able to make any Body answer: I 40 concluded all Attempts as impracticable as now I find them. Ha! I see *Lucetta* coming. Then they may be still in Town.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucetta, welcome! What News of *Jacintha*?

Lueet. News, Sir! You fright me out of my Senses! Why, is she not with you?

Bella. What do you mean? 'With me! I have not seen her since I lost her last Night. 50

Lucet. Good Heav'n! then she is undone for ever.

Frank. Why, what's the matter?

Bella. Speak out—I'm all Amazement.

Lucet. She is escap'd without any of us knowing how. Nobody mist her till Morn-ing. We all thought she went away with you. But Heav'n knows now what may have happen'd.

Bella. Somebody must have accom- 60 pany'd her in her Flight.

Lucet. We know of Nobody. We are all in Confusion at home. My Master swears Revenge on you. My Mistress says a Stranger has her.

Bella. A Stranger!

Lucet. But Mrs. *Clarinda*—

Bella. *Clarinda*! Who is she?

Lucet. [To *Frankly*.] The Lady, Sir, you saw at our House last Night. 70

Frank. Ha! what of her?

Lucet. She says, she is sure 6ne *Frankly* is the Man. She saw them together, and knows it to be true.

Frank. Damn'd Fortune! [Aside.]

Lucet. Sure this is not Mr. *Frankly*.

Frank. Nothing will convince him now. [Aside.]

Bella. [Looking at *Frankly*.] Ha! 'tis Truth—I see it is true. [Aside.] *Lucetta*, run up to *Buckle*, and take him with you 80 to search wherever you can. [Puts her out.]

Now, Mr. *Frankly*, I have found you.—You have used me so ill, that you force me to forget you are ray Friend.

Frank. What do you mean?

Bella. Draw.

Frank. Are you mad? By Heavens! I am innocent.

Bella. I have heard you, and will no longer be impos'd on—Defend yourself. 90

Frank. Nay, if you are so hot, I draw to defend myself, as I would against a Madman.

Enter Ranger.

Rang. What the Devil, Swords at Noon-day! Have among you, faith! [Parts them.] What's here, *Bellamy*?—Yes, gad, you are *Bellamy*, and you are *Frankly*. Put up, put up both of you—or else—I am a devilish Fellow when once my Sword is out.

Bella. We shall have a time—

Rang. [Pushing *Bellamy* one way.] A 100 time for what?

Frank. I shall be always as ready to defend my Innocence as now.

Rang. [Pushing *Frankly* t'other way.] Innocence! ay, to be sure!—at your Age! —A mighty innocent Fellow, no doubt. But what in the name of Common-sense is it that ails you both? Are you mad? The last time I saw you, you were hugging and kissing; and now you are cutting one an- 110 other's Throats—I never knew any good come of one Fellow's beslaving another—But I shall put you into better Humour, I warrant you. *Bellamy*, *Frankly*, listen both of you—Such Fortune—Such a Scheme—

Bella. Pr'ythee, leave fooling! What, art'° drunk?

Frank. He is always so, I think.

Rang. And who gave you the Privilege 120 of thinking? Drunk! no! I am not drunk —Topsy, perhaps, with my good Fortune—Merry, and in Spirits—Tho' I have not Fire enough to run my Friend thro' the Body. Not drunk, tho' *Jack Meggot* and I have box'd it about°—*Champaign* was the Word for two° whole Hours, by *Shrewsbury* Clock.

art'] art O 1.

box'd it about] "Box it about Boys, Drink briskly round," *Diet. Canting Crew*, c. 1690.

two . . . Clock] See Shakespeare, I *Henry IV*, V. iv. 151.

Bella. Jack Meggot!—Why, I left him at One going to Bed.

Rang. That may be, but I made a shift 130 to rouse him and his Family, by Four this Morning. Ounds! I pick'd up a Wench and carried her to his House.

Bella. Ha!

Rang. Such a Variety of Adventures—Nay, you shall hear. But before I begin, *Bellamy*, you shall promise me half a dozen Kisses before-hand, for the Devil fetch me, if that little Jade, *Jacintha*, would give me one, tho' I press'd hard. 140

Bella. Who, *Jacintha*? Press to kiss *Jacintha*?

Rang. Kiss her! ay! why not? Is she not a Woman, and made to be kiss'd?

Bella. Kiss her!—I shall run distracted!

Rang. How could I help it, when I had her alone, you Rogue, in her Bed-chamber at Midnight? If I had been to be sacrificed, I should have done it.

Bella. Bed-chamber, at Midnight! I 150 can hold no longer.—Draw.

Frank. Be easy, *Bellamy*. [Interposing.

Bella. He has been at some of his damn'd Tricks with her.

Frank. Hear him out.

Rang. 'Sdeath! how could I know she was his Mistress? But I tell this Story most miserably. I should have told you first, I was in another Lady's Chamber. By the Lord, I got in at the Window by a Lad- 160 der of Ropes.

Frank. Ha! another Lady?

Rang. Another. And stole in upon her, whilst she was undressing; beautiful as an Angel, blooming and young—

Frank. What, in the same House?

Bella. What is this to *Jacintha*? Ease me of my Pain.

Rang. Ay, ay, in the same House, on the same Floor. The sweetest, little Angel— 170 But I design to have another Touch^o with her.

Frank. 'Sdeath! but you shall have a Touch with me first.

Bella. Stay, *Frankly*. [Interposing.

Rang. Why, what strange Madness has possess'd you both, that Nobody must kiss a pretty Wench but yourselves.

Touch! go, turn.

Bella. But what became of *Jacintha*?

Rang. Oonds! what have you done that 180 you must monopolize kissing?

Frank. Prithee, honest *Ranger*, ease me of the Pain I am in. Was her Name *Clarinda*?

Bella. Speak, in plain Words, where *Jacintha* is, where to be found—Dear Boy, tell me.

Rang. Ay, now it is, honest *Ranger*; and dear Boy, tell me—and a Minute ago, my Throat was to be cut.—I could find in my Heart not to open my Lips. But here 190 comes Jack Meggot, who will let you into all the Secret, tho' he design'd to keep it from you, in half the time that I can, tho' I had ever so great a mind to tell it you.

Enter Jack Meggot.

Jack Meg. 'So, save ye! save ye, Lads! We have been frighten'd out of our Wits for you. Not hearing of Mr. *Bellamy*, poor *Jacintha* is ready to sink for fear of any Accident.

Bella. Is she at your House? 200

Jack Meg. Why, did not you know that? We dispatch'd Master *Ranger* to you three Hours ago.

Rang. Ay, plague! but I had Business of my own, and so I could not come. Hark ye, *Frankly*, is your Girl Maid, Wife, or Widow?

Frank. A Maid, I hope.

Rang. The odds are against you, *Charles*. —But mine is married, you Rogue, and 210 her Husband jealous.—The Devil is in it, if I do not yet reap some Reward for my last Night's Service.

Bella. He has certainly been at Mrs. *Strickland* herself. But, *Frankly*, I dare not look on you.

Frank. This one Embrace cancels all Thoughts of Enmity.

Bella. Thou generous Man!—But I must haste to ease *Jacintha* of her Fears. 220

[Exit.

Frank. And I to make up Matters with *Clarinda*. [Exit.

Rang. And I to some kind Wench or other, *Jack*. But where I shall find her, Heav'n knows. And so, my Service to your Monkey.

Jack Meg. Adieu, Rattlepate. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Hall of Mr. Strictland's House.

Enter Mrs. Strictland and Clarinda.

Mrs. Strict. But, why in such a hurry, my Dear? Stay till your Servants can go along with you.

Clar. Oh, no matter! They'll follow with my Things. It is but a little way off, and my Chair will guard me. After my staying out so late last Night, I am sure Mr. *Strictland* will think every Minute an Age whilst I am in his House.

Mrs. Strict. I am as much amaz'd at his 10 suspecting your Innocence as my own: And every time I think of it, I blush at my present Behaviour to you.

Clar. No Ceremony, dear Child.

Mrs. Strict. No, Clarinda, I am too well acquainted with your good Humour. But I fear in the Eye of a malicious World, it may look like a Confirmation of his Suspicion.

Clar. My Dear, if the World will speak 20 ill of me, for the little innocent Gaiety, which I think the peculiar Happiness of my Temper, I know no way to prevent it; and am only sorry the World is so ill-natur'd: But I shall not part with my Mirth, I assure them, so long as I know it innocent. I wish, my Dear, this may be the greatest Uneasiness your Husband's Jealousy ever gives you.

Mrs. Strict. I hope he never again may 30 have such Occasion, as he had last Night.

Clar. You are so unfashionable a Wife! —Why, last Night's Accident would have made half the Wives in *London* easy for Life. Has not his Jealousy discover'd itself openly? And are not you innocent? There is nothing but your foolish Temper that prevents his being absolutely in your Power.

Mrs. Strict. *Clarinda*, this is too serious 40 an Affair to laugh at. Let me advise you, take care of Mr. *Frankly*, observe his Temper well; and if he has the least Taint of Jealousy, cast him off, and never trust to keeping him in your Power.

Clar. You will hear little more of *Frankly*, I believe. Here is Mr. *Strictland*.

Enter Mr. Strictland and Lucetta.

Mr. Strict. *Lucetta* says you want me, Madam.

Clar. I troubled you, Sir, only that I 50 might return you Thanks for the Civilities I have receiv'd in your Family, before I took my leave.

Mr. Strict. Keep them to yourself, dear Madam. As it is at my Request that you leave my House, your Thanks upon that Occasion are not very desirable.

Clar. Oh, Sir, you need not fear. My Thanks were only for your Civilities. They will not overburden you. But I'll conform to your Humour, Sir, and part with as little Ceremony——

Mr. Strict. As we met.

Clar. The Brute! [*Aside.*] My Dear, Good-b'ye, we may meet again.

[*To Mrs. Strictland.*]

Mr. Strict. If you dare trust me with your Hand.

Clar. *Lucetta*, remember my Instructions. 1 Now, Sir, have with you.

[*Mr. Strictland leads Clarinda out.*]

Mrs. Strict. Are her Instructions cruel 70 or kind, *Lucetta*? For I suppose they relate to Mr. *Frankly*.

Lueet. You have a mind to try, if I can 1 keep a Secret, as well as yourself, Madam. I But I will shew you I am fit to be trusted by keeping this, tho' it signifies nothing.

Mrs. Strict. This Answer is not so civil, I think.

Lucet. I beg pardon, Madam. I meant it 80 not to offend.

Mrs. Strict. Pray let us have no more such. I neither desire, nor want your Assistance.

Re-enter Mr. Strictland.

Mr. Strict. She is gone. I feel myself somewhat easier already. Since I have begun the Day with Gallantry, Madam, shall I conduct you up?

Mrs. Strict. There is something, Sir, which gives you secret Uneasiness. I wish—— 90

Mr. Strict. Perhaps so, Madam, and perhaps it may soon be no Secret at all.

[*Leads her out.*]

Lucet. Would I were once well settled with my young Lady; for at present, this is but an odd sort of a queer Family. Last Night's Affair puzzles me. A Hat there was that belong'd to none of us, that's certain. Madam was in a Fright, that is as certain; and I brought all off. *Jacintha* escap'd, no one of us knows how. The 100 good Man's Jealousy was yesterday groundless; yet to-day, in my Mind, he is very much in the right. Mighty odd, all this! Somebody knocks! If this should be *Clarinda's* Spark, I have an odd Message for him too.

[She opens the Door.]

Enter Frankly.

Frank. So, my pretty Handmaid. Meeting with you gives me some Hopes. May I speak with *Clarinda*?

Lucet. Whom do you want, Sir. 110

Frank. *Clarinda*, Child. The young Lady I was admitted to yesterday.

Lucet. *Clarinda*?—No such Person lives here, I assure you.

Frank. Where then?

Lucet. I don't know indeed, Sir.

Frank. Will you enquire within?

Lucet. Nobody knows in this House, Sir, you will find.

Frank. What do you mean? She is a Friend of *Jacintha's*, your Lady. I will take my Oath she was here last Night; and you yourself spoke of her being here this Morning—Not know!

Lucet. No. None of us know. She went away of a sudden—no one of us can imagine whither.

Frank. Why, Faith, Child, thou hast a tolerable Face, and hast deliver'd this Denial very handsomly. But let me tell you, 130 your damn'd Impertinence this Morning had lik'd to have cost me my life. Now, therefore, make me amends. I come from Mr. *Bellamy*. I come with my Purse full of Gold (that persuasive Rhetorick) to win you to let me see, and speak to this *Clarinda* once again.

Lucet. She is not here, Sir.

Frank. Direct me to her. 10

Lucet. No! I can't do that neither.

Enter Mr. Strictland behind.

Mr. Strict. I heard a knocking at the Door, and a Man's Voice—Ha!—

[Aside,

Frank. Deliver this Letter to her.

Mr. Strict. By all my Fears, a Letter!

[Aside.

Lucet. I don't know but I may be tempted to do that.

Frank. Take it then—and with it this.

[Kisses her, and gives her Money.]

Mr. Strict. Um! there are two Bribes in a Breath! What a Jade she is? *[Aside.^o 150*

Lucet. Ay! this Gentleman understands Reason!

Frank. And be assured you oblige your Mistress, while you are serving me.

Mr. Strict. Her Mistress?—Damn'd Sex! and damn'd Wife, that art an Epitome of that Sex! *[Aside.^o*

Frank. And if you can procure me an Answer, your Fee shall be enlarg'd.

[Exit Frank.]

Lucet. The next step is to get her to 100 read this Letter.

Mr. Strict. *[Syiatchcs the Letter.]* No Noise—but stand silent there, whilst I read this.

[Breaks it open, and drops the Case.]

Madam, The Gaiety of a Heart happy as mine was yesterday, may, I hope, easily excuse the unseasonable Visit I made your House last Night.—Death and the Devil! Confusion! I shall run distracted. It is too much! There was a Man then to whom 100 the Hat belong'd; and I was gull'd, abused, cheated, impos'd on by a Chit, a Girl—Oh Woman! Woman!—But I will be calm, search it coolly to the Bottom, and have a full Revenge.—

Lucet. *[Aside.]* So here's fine Work! He'll make himself very ridiculous tho'!

Mr. Strict. *[Reads on.]* I know my Innocence will appear so manifestly that I need only appeal to the Lady who accompanied you at Bath. Your very humble Servant, good, innocent, fine Madam *Clarinda*—And I do not doubt but her Good-nature, *[Bawd! Bawd!]* will not let you persist in injuring your obedient humble Servant,

Charles Frankly.

[Aside.] om. O 1.

Now, who can say my Jealousy lack'd Foundation, or my Suspicion of fine Madam's innocent Gaiety was unjust.—Gaiety? why ay! 'twas Gaiety brought him hither. 190 Gaiety makes her a Bawd.—My Wife may be a Whore in Gaiety. What a Number of Sins become fashionable under the Notion of Gaiety.—What? You receiv'd this Epistle in Gaiety too; and were to deliver it to my Wife. I suppose, when the gay Fit came next upon her.—Why! you impudent young Strumpet, do you laugh at me!

Lucet. I wou'd, if I dared, and heartily— Be pleas'd, Sir, only to look at that Piece 20 of Paper that lies there.

Mr. Strict. Ha!

Lucet. I have not touched it, Sir. It is the Case that Letter came in, and the Direction will inform you whom I was to deliver it to.

Mr. Strict. This is directed to *Clarindaf*

Liicct. Oh! is it so? Now read it over again, and all your foolsh Doubts will vanish. • 20

Mr. Strict. I have no Doubts at all. I am satisfied that you, *Jacintha*, *Clarinda*, my Wife, all are—

Lucet. Lud! Lud! you would make a Body mad?

Mr. Strict. Hold your impertinent Tongue.

Lucet. You'll find the thing to be just as I say, Sir.

Mr. Strict. Be gone. [*Exit Lucetta.*] They must be poor at the Work, indeed: if 220 they did not lend one another their Names. 'Tis plain, 'tis evident: And I am miserable. But for my Wife, she shall not stay one Night longer in my House. Separation, Shame, Contempt shall be her Portion. I am determin'd in the thing; and when once it is over, I may perhaps be easy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Clarinda, in a Chair, Ranger following.

Rang. Harkye, Chairmen? Damn your confounded Trot. Go slower.

Clar. Here, stop.

Rang. By Heavens! the Monsters hear Reason, and obey.

Clar. [*Letting down the Window.*] What troublesome fellow was that?

1 *Chairvi.* Some Rake, I warrant, that cannot carry himself home, and wants us to do it for him. 10

Clar. There—And pray do you take care I be not troubled with him.

[*Goes in.*]

Rang. That's as much as to say now, Pray follow me. Madam, you are a charming Woman, and I will do it—

1 *Chairm.* Stand off, Sir.

Rang. Prithee, honest Fellow—what—what Writing is that?

[*Endeavouring to get in.*]

2 *Chairm.* You come not in here!

Rang. Lodgings to be let! a pretty 20 convenient Inscription, and the Sign of a good modest Family! There may be Lodgings for Gentlemen as well as Ladies. Harkye, Rogues? I'll lay you all the Silver I have in my Pocket, there, it is, I get in there in spite of your Teeth, ye Pimps.

[*Throws down Money, and goes in.*]

1 *Chairm.* What, have you let the Gentleman in?

2 *Chairm.* I'll tell you what, Partner, he certainly slipt by whilst we were picking 30 up the Money. Come, take up. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Clarinda " *Lodgings.*

A Noise without between **Ranger and Landlady.** *Clarinda enters laughing, a Maid following.*

Clar. My Madcap Cousin *Ranger*, as I live, I am sure he does not know me.— If I cou'd but hide my Face now, what Sport I shou'd have! A Mask, a Mask! run and see if you can find a Mask.

Maid. I believe there is one above.

Clar. Run, run and fetch it. [*Exit Maid.* Here he comes! [*Enter Ranger and Landlady.*] How unlucky this is!

[*Turning from 'cm.*]

Landl. What's your Business here, un- 10 mannerly Sir?

Rang. Well, let's see these Lodgings that are to be let.—Gad, a very pretty neat Tenement!—But harkye, is it real and natural, all that, or only patch'd up and

new-painted this Summer-season, against the Town fills?

Landl. What does the saucy Fellow mean with his double Tenders⁰ here? Get you down———20

Enter Maid 'with a Mask.

Maid, Here is a very dirty one.

[Aside to Clarinda.

Clar. No matter—now we shall see a little what he wou'd be at. *[Aside.*

Landl. This is an honest House.—For all your lac'd Wastecoats, I'll have you thrown down Neck and Heels.

Rang. Phoh! not in such a Hurry, good old Lady—A Mask!—Nay, with all my Heart. It saves a World of Blushing—Have you ne'er a one for me?—I am 30 apt to be asham'd myself on these Occasions.

Landl. Get you down, I say

Rang. Not if I guess right, old Lady. Madam, *[To Clarinda, who makes Signs to the Landlady to retire.]* look ye there now! that a Woman shou'd live to your Age, and know so little of the matter. Be gone. *[Exit Landlady.]* By her Forwardness, this should be a Whore of Quality. My 40 Boy *Range*, thou art in luck to-day.—She won't speak, I find—then I will. *[Aside.]* Delicate Lodgings truly, Madam; and very neatly furnish'd.—A very convenient Room this, I must needs own, to entertain a mix'd Company.—But my dear charming Creature, does not that Door open to a more commodious Apartment for the Happiness of a private Friend, or so? The prettiest Brass Lock.—Fast, um! 50 that won't do. 'Sdeath, you are a beautiful Woman! I am sure you are. Prithee let me see your Face. It is your Interest, Child.—The longer you delay, the more I shall expect. Therefore, *[Taking her Hand.]* my dear, soft, kind, new Acquaintance, thus let me take your Hand, and whilst you gently wish the other, let Day-light in upon me: Let me softly hold you to me, that with my longing Lips I may receive the warmest, 60 best Impression. *[She unmask.] Clarinda!*

Clar. Ha! ha! Your Servant, Cousin *Ranger!*—Ha, ha, ha.

Rang. Oh! your humble Servant, Madam! *double Tenders]* double entendres. to retire] om. O 1.

you had liked to have been beholden to your Mask, Cousin! I must brazen it out. *[Aside.*

Clar. Ha! ha! ha! you were not so happy in your Disguise, Sir. The pretty Stagger in your Gate, that happy Disposition of 70 your Wig, the genteel Negligence of your whole Person, and those pretty Flowers of modish Gallantry made it impossible to mistake you, my sweet Cuz. Ha, ha.

Rang. Oh! I knew you too, but' I fancied you had taken a particular liking to my Person, and had a mind to sink the Relation under that little Piece of black Velvet! And, Egad, you never find me behind-hand in a Frolick. But since it is otherwise, my 80 merry good-humour'd Cousin, I am as heartily glad to see you in Town, as I should be to meet any of my old Bottle Acquaintance.

Clar. And on my Side I am as happy in meeting your Worship, as I should be in a Rencounter with e'er a Petticoat in *Christendom.*

Rang. And if you have any Occasion for a dangling Gallant to *Vauxhall*, *Rane- 90 lagh,*^o or even the poor neglected Park, you are so unlike the rest of your virtuous Sisters of the Petticoat, that I will venture myself with you.

Clar. Take care what you promise; for who knows but this Face you were pleas'd to say so many pretty things of, before you saw it, may raise so many Rivals among your kept Mistress's, and Rep's⁰ of Quality.

Rang. Hold! hold! a Truce with your 100 Satire, sweet Cuz; or if Scandal must bo the Topick of every virtuous Woman's Conversation—Call for your Tea-Water—And let it be in its proper Element. Come, your Tea; your Tea.

Enter Landlady.

Clar. With all my Heart—Who's there? Get Tea. Upon⁰ Condition that you stay till it /omes.

Rang. That is according as you behave, Madam. 110

Clar. Oh! Sir, I am very sensible of the Favour.

Rang. Nay! you may, I assure you; for *Vauxhall*, *Ranelagh]* popular pleasure gardens.

Rep's] rips, loose characters.

Tea. Upon] Tea upon O 1.

there is but one Woman of Virtue besides yourself, I would stay with ten Minutes, (and I have not known her above these twelve Hours). The Insipidity, or the Rancour of their Discourse, is insufferable. 'Sdeath! I had rather take the Air with my Grandmother! 120

Clar. Ha! ha! ha! the Ladies are highly oblig'd to you, I vow.

Rang. I tell you what. The Lady I speak of was oblig'd to me, and the generous Girl is ready to own it.

Clar. And pray, when was it you did Virtue this considerable Service?

Rang. But this last Night, the Devil fetch me! A romuntick Whim of mine convey'd me into her Chamber, where I found her, 130 young and beautiful, alone, at midnight, dress'd like a soft *Adonis*, her lovely Hair all loose about her Shoulders—

Clar. In Boys Cloaths! (this is worth attending to). [*Aside.*]

Rang. Gad? I no more suspected her being a Woman, than I did your being my Cater-Cousin.^o

Clar. How did you discover it at last?

Rang. Why, faith, she very modestly 140 dropt me a Hint of it herself.

Clar. Herself! (if this should be *Jacintha*). [*Aside.*]

Rang. Ay! 'foregad, did she! which I imagin'd a good Sign, at midnight. Ha, Cousin? So I e'en invented a long Story of a Passion I had for her, (tho' I had never seen her before) you know my old Way; and said so many such tender Things—

Clar. As you said to me just now. 150

Rang. Pshah! quite in another Stile, I assure you. It was Midnight, and I was in a right Cue.

Clar. Well! And what did she answer to all these Protestations?

Rang. Why, instead of running into my Arms at once, as I expected—

Clar. To be sure.

Rang. 'Gad! like a freehearted honest Girl, she frankly told me, She lik'd an- 160 other better than she lik'd me; that I had something in my Face that shew'd I was a Gentleman: and she would e'en trust her-

self with me, if **I would give her my Word**, I would convey her to her Spark.

Clar. Oh, brave! And how did you bear this?

Rang. Why, curse me, if I am ever angry with a Woman for not having a Passion for me; I only hate your Sex's vain Pre- 170 tence of having no Passion at all. 'Gad! I loved the good-natur'd Girl for it; took her at her Word; stole her out of the Window: and this Morning made a very honest Fellow happy in the Possession of her. '

Clar. And her Name is *Jacintha*.

Rang. Ha!

Clar. Your Amours are no Secrets, Sir: You see you might as well have told me all, the whole of last Night's Adventure; wo 180 for you find, I know.

Rang. All? Why, what do you know?

Clar. Nay, nothing. I only know, that a Gentleman's Hat cannot be dropt in a Lady's Chamber—

Rang. The Devil!

Clar. But a Husband is such an odd, impertinent, aukward Creature, that he will be stumbling over it.

Rang. Here has been fine Work, 190 [*Aside.*] But how, in the Name of Wonder, should you know all this?

Clar. By being in the same House.

Rang. In the same House?

Clar. Ay, in the same House. A Witness of the Confusion you have made.

Rang. Frankly's *Clarinda*, by all that's fortunate. It must be so. [*Aside.*]

Clar. And let me tell you, Sir, that even the dull, low-spirited Diversions you 200 ridicule in us tame Creatures, are preferable to the romantick Exploits that only Wine can raise you to.

Rang. Yes, Cousin! But I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*]

Clar. If you reflect, Cousin, you will find a great deal of Wit in shocking a Lady's Modesty, disturbing her Quiet, tainting her Reputation, and ruining the Peace of a whole Family. 210

Rang. To be sure.

Clar. These are the° high-mettled Pleasures of you° Men of Spirit, that the Insipidity of the Virtuous can never arrive at. And can you in reality think your *Bur-*

the! your O 1.

you! your O 1.

Cater-Cousin] a word, of doubtful origin, meaning cousinship of a kind-implying intimacy but not close blood relationship.

gundy, and your *Bacchus*, your *Venus*, and your *Loves* an Excuse for all this? Fy, Cousin, fy.

Rang. No, Cousin.

Clar. What, dumb? I am glad you have 220 Modesty enough left not to go about to excuse yourself.

Rang. It is as you say. When we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on the Follies we commit, we are asham'd and sorry; and yet the very next Minute, we run again into the very same Absurdities.

Clar. What? Moralizing, Cousin! Ha! ha! ha!

Rang. What you know is not half, not 230 a hundredth Part of the Mischief of my last Night's Frolick. And yet, the very next Petticoat I saw this Morning, I must follow it, and be damn'd to me. Tho' for ought I know, poor *Frankly's* Life may depend upon it.

Clar. Whose Life, Sir?

Rang. And here do I stand prating to you now.

Clar. Pray, good Cousin, explain your- 240 self.

Rang. Good Cousin! She has it. [*Aside.*] Why, whilst I was making off with the Wench, *Bellamy* and he were quarrelling about her: And tho' *Jaciniha* and I made all the haste we could, we did not get to them before—

Clar. Before what? (I'm frighten'd out of my Wits.)

Rang. Not that *Frankly* car'd three 250 Half-pence for the Girl.

Clar. But there was no Mischief done, I hope.

Rang. Pho! a slight Scratch. Nothing at all, as the Surgeon said: Tho' he was but a queer looking Son of a Bitch of a Surgeon neither.

Clar. Good God! Why, he should have the best that can be found in *London*.

Rang. Ay, indeed, so he should. That 260 was what I was going for, when I saw you. [*Sits down.*] They are all at *Jack Meggot's* hard by, and you will keep me here.

Clar. I keep you here! For Heaven's sake begone.

Rang. Your Tea is a damn'd while a coming.

Clar. You shall have no Tea now, I assure you.

Rang. Nay! One Dish. 270

Clar. No, positively, you shall not stay.

Rang. Your Commands are absolute, Madam. [*Going.*]

Clar. Then *Frankly* is true, and I am only to blame.

Rang. [*Returns.*] But I beg ten thousand - Pardons, Cousin, that I should forget to salute^o you.

Clar. Pshah! How can you trifle at such a Time as this? 280

Rang. A Trifle! Wrong not your Beauty.

Clar. Lord! How teizing you are? There.

Ranger. [*Kisses her.*] Poor thing! how uneasy she is! Nay, no Ceremony. You shall not stir a Step with me.

Clar. I do not intend it. This is downright provoking. [*Exit Ranger.*]^o Who's there?

Enter Landlady.

Landl. Madam, did your Ladyship call?

Clar. Does one Mr. *Meggot* live in this 290 Neighbourhood?

Landl. Yes, Madam, a fine Gentleman, and keeps a noble House, and a World of Company.

Clar. Very well. I don't want his History. I wonder my Servants are not come yet.

Landl. Lack-a-day, Madam, they are all below.

Clar. Send up one then with a Card to 'me. I must know the Truth of this Affair 300 immediately. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Mr. Strickland's House. Mr. and Mrs. Strickland discover'd; she weeping, and he writing at a Table.

Mrs. Strickland.

Heigh! Ho!

Mr. Strict. What can possibly be the Occasion of that Sigh, Madam? You have yourself agreed to a Maintenance, and a Maintenance no Dutchess need be asham'd of.

Mrs. Strict. But the Extremities of Provocation that drove me to that Agreement—

Mr. Strict. Were the Effect of your own

salute] kiss.

[*Exit Ranger.*] om. O 1, which reads [*Exit*, at the end of the previous speech.

Follies. Why do you disturb me? 10

[Writes on.

Mrs. *Strict*. I would not willingly give you a Moment's Uneasiness. I but desire a fair and equal Hearing: And if I satisfy you not in every Point, then abandon me, discard me to the World, and its malicious Tongues.

Mr. *Strict*. What was it you said?—Damn this Pen.

Mrs. *Strict*. I say, Mr. *Strictland*, I would only———20

Mr. *Strict*. You would only!——You would only repeat what you have been saying this Hour, *I am innocent*; and when I shew'd you the Letter I had taken from your Maid, what was then your poor Evasion, but that *it was to Clarinda, and you were innocent*?

Mrs. *Strict*. Heaven knows I am innocent.

Mr. *Strict*. But I know your *Clarinda*, your Woman of Honour is your Blind, 30 your Cover, your——But why do I distract myself about a Woman I have no longer any Concerns with? Here, Madam, is your Fate. A Letter to your Brother in the Country.

Mrs. *Strict*. Sir———

Mr. *Strict*. I have told him what a Sister he is to receive, and how bid her welcome.

Mrs. *Strict*. Then my Ruin is compleat. My Brother! 40

Mr. *Strict*. I must vindicate my own Honour. Else what will the World say?

Mrs. *Strict*. That Brother was my only Hope, my only Ground of Patience. In his Retirement I hoped my Name might have been safe, and slept, till by some happy Means you might at length have known me innocent, and pitied me.

Mr. *Strict*. Retirement! pretty Soul! No! No! That Face was never made for Retirement. It is another Sort of Retiring you are fittest for.—Ha! Hark! What's that. [A Knocking at the Door.] Two gentle Taps——And why but two? Was that the Signal, Madam? Stir not on your Life.

Mrs. *Strict*. Give me Resolution, Heaven, to bear this Usage, and keep it secret from the World. [Aside.

Mr. *Strict*. I will have no Signs, no Items. No Hem to tell him I am here! Ha! an- 60 other Tap. The Gentleman is in haste, I find. [Opens the Door, and Enter Tester.]

Tester! why did you not come in, Rascal? [Beats him.] All Vexations meet to cross me.

Tester. Lard, Sir! What do you strike me for? My Mistress order'd me never to come in where she was, without first knocking at the Door.

Mr. *Strict*. Oh, cunning Devil! Tester is 70 too honest to be trusted!

Mrs. *Strict*. Unhappy Man! Will nothing undeceive him? [Aside.

Tester. Sir, here is a Letter.

Mr. *Strict*. To my Wife?

Tester. No, Sir, to you. The Servant waits below.

Mr. *Strict*. Art sure it is a Servant?

Tester. Sir. [Staring.] It is Mr. Buckle, Sir. 80

Mr. *Strict*. I am mad. I know not what I say, or do, or think. But let's read.

[Reads to himself.

Sir, We cannot bear to reflect that Mrs. *Strictland* may possibly be ruin'd in your Esteem, and in the Voice of the World, only by the Confusion which our Affair has made in your Family, without offering all within our Power to clear the Misunderstanding between you. If you will give yourself the Trouble but to step to Mr. Meggot's, 90 where all the Parties will be; we doubt not but we can entirely satisfy your most flagrant Suspicions, to the Honour of Mrs. *Strictland*, and the Quiet of your Lives.

Jacintha, John Bellamy.

Hey! Here is the whole Gang witnessing for one another. They think I am an Ass, and will be led by the Nose to believe every thing. Call me a Chair. [Exit Tester.]⁰ Yes, I will go to this Rendezvous of 100 Enemies—I will——and find out all her Plots, her Artifices and Contrivances. It will clear my Conduct to her Brother, and all her Friends. [Exit Mr. *Strictland*.]⁰

Mrs. *Strict*. Gone, so abruptly! What can that Letter be about? No Matter. There is no Way left to make us easy but by my Disgrace, and I must learn to suffer. Time and Innocence will teach me to bear it patiently. 110

[Exit Tester. 11 om. O 1.

Exit Mr. *Strictland*] Exeunt Mr. *Strictland* and Tester. O 1.

Enter Lucetta.

Lucet. *Mrs. Bellamy*, Madam (for my young Lady is married) begs you would follow *Mr. Strictland* to *Mr. Meggot's*. She makes no doubt but she shall be able to make you and my Master easy.

Mrs. Strict. But how came she to know any thing of the Matter?

Lucet. I have been with them, Madam. I could not bear to see so good a Lady so ill treated. 120

Mrs. Strict. I am indced, *Lucetta*, ill treated. But I hope this Day will be the last of it.

Lucet. Madam *Clarinda* and *Mr. Frankly* will be there: And the young Gentleman, Madam, who was with you in this Room last Night.

Mrs. Strict. Ha! if He is there, there may be Hopes; and it is worth the trying.

Lucet. Dear Lady——Let me call a 130 Chair.

Mrs. Strict. I go with you. I cannot be more wretched than I am. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Meggot's House.

Enter Frankly, Ranger, Bellamy, Jacintha, and Meggot.

Frank. Oh, *Ranger*! This is News indeed. Your Cousin, and a Lady of such Fortune!

Rang. I have done the Business for you. I tell you she's your own. She loves you.

Frank. Words are too faint to tell the Joy, I feel.

Rang. I have put that Heart of hers into such a Flutter, that I'll lay a hundred Guineas, with the Assistance which this Lady has promis'd me, I fix her yours 10 directly.

Jacin. Ay, ay, *Mr. Frankly*, we have a Design upon her which cannot fail. But you must obey Orders.

Frank. Most willingly. But remember, dear Lady, I have more than Life at Stake.

Jacin. Away then into the next Room; for she is this Instant coming hither.

Frank. Hither? You surprize me more and more. 20

Jacin. Here is a Message from her, by

which she desires leave to wait on me this Afternoon.

Rang. Only for the Chance of seeing you here, I assure ye.

Frank. Let me hug thee, tho' I know not how to believe it.

Rang. Pshah! Prithee, do not stifle me! It is a busy Day, a very busy Day.

Jack Meg. Thou art the most unac- 30 countable Creature in Life.

Rang. But ihe most lucky one, *Jack*, if I succeed for *Frankly*, as I have for *Bellamy*; and my Heart whispers me I shall. Come in, most noble *Mr. Buckle*: And what have you to propose?

Enter Buckle.

Buckle. A Lady, Madam, in a Chair, says her Name is *Clarinda*.

Jacin. Desire her to walk up.

Bella. How could you let her wait? 40 [*Exit Buckle.*] You must excuse him, Madam. *Buckle* is a true Bachelor's Servant, and knows no Manners.

Jacin. Away, away, *Mr. Frankly*, and stay till I call you. A Rap with my Fan shall be the Signal. [*Exit Frankly.*] We make very free with your House, *Mr. Meggot*.

Jack Meg. Oh! You could not oblige me more!

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Dear *Mrs. Bellamy*, pity my Con- 50 fusion. I am to wish you Joy, and ask your Pardon all in a Breath. I know not what to say. I am quite asham'd of my last Night's Behaviour.

Jacin. Come, come, *Clarinda*, it is all well! All is over and forgot. *Mr. Bellamy*. [*Salute.*]

Clar. I wish you Joy, Sir, with all my Heart, and should have been very sorry if any Folly of mine had prevented it.

Bella. Madam, I am oblig'd to you. 60

Clar. [*Aside.*] I see nothing of *Mr. Frankly*! My Heart misgives me.

Rang. And so: You came hither purely out of Friendship, Good-nature, and Humility.

Clar. Purely.

Rang. To confess your Offences, to beg Pardon, and to make Reparation.

[*Salute.*] *om.* O 1.

Clar. Purely. Is this any thing so extraordinary? 70

Jack Meg. The most so of any thing in Life, I think.

Rang. A very whimsical Business for so fine a Lady, and an Errand you seldom went on before, I fancy, my dear Cousin.

Jacin. Never, I dare swear, if I may judge by the aukward Concern she shews in delivering it.

Clar. Concern? Lard! well! I protest, you are all exceeding pretty Company! Being 80 settled for Life, *Jacintha*, gives an ease to the Mind, that brightens Conversation strangely.

Jacin. I am sorry, with all my Heart, you are not in the same Condition; for as you are, my Dear, you are horridly *chagrine*.⁰

Rang. But with a little of our Help, Madam, the Lady may recover, and be very good Company.

Clar. Hum! What does he mean, Mr. 90 *Bellamy*?

Bella. Ask him, Madam.

Clar. Indeed I shall not give myself the Trouble.

Jacin. Then you know what he means.

Clar. Something impertinent, I suppose, not worth explaining.

Jacin. It is something you won't let him explain, I find.

Enter a Servant, and whispers Meggot.

Jack Meg. Very well! Desire him to 100 walk into the Parlour. Madam, the Gentleman is below.

Jacin. Then, every one to your Posts. You know your Cues.

Rang. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Clar. All gone! I am glad of it, for I want to speak to you.

Jacin. And I, my dear *Clarinda*, have something which I do not know how to tell you. But it must be known, sooner or no later.

Clar. What's the matter?

Jacin. Poor Mr. *Frankly*—

Clar. You fright me out of my Senses!

Jacin. Has no Wounds, but what you can cure! Ha! ha! ha!

Clar. Pshah! I am angry!

Jacin. Pshah! You are pleas'd! And will be more so, when I tell you this Man, whom *chagrine* out of humour, melancholy.

Fortune has thrown in your Way, is, in 120 Rank and Temper, the Man in the World, who suits you best for a Husband.

Clar. Husband! I say, Husband indeed! Where will this end? [*Aside.*]

Jacin. His very Soul is yours, and he only waits an Opportunity of telling you so. He is in the next Room. Shall I call him in?

Clar. My dear Girl, hold!

Jacin. How foolish is this Coyness now, *Clarinda*? If the Men were here indeed, 130 something might be said.—And so, Mr. *Frankly*!

Clar. How can you be so teasing?

Jacin. Nay, I am in downright Earnest. And to shew you how particular I have been in my Enquiries, tho' I know you have a Spirit above regarding the modish, paltry way of a *Smilhfield* Bargain—His Fortune—

Clar. I don't care what his Fortune is. 140

Jacin. Don't ye so? Then you are farther gone than I thought you were.

Clar. No, Psha! Prithee! I don't mean so neither.

Jacin. I don't care what you mean. But you won't like him the worse, I hope, for having a Fortune superior to your own. Now, shall I call him in?

Clar. Pho! dear Girl—Some other time.

Jacin. [*Raps with her Fan.*] That's the 150 Signal, and here ho is. You shall not stir. I positively will leave you together.

[*Exit Jacintha.*]

Clar. I tremble all over.

Enter Frankly.

Frank. Pardon this Freedom, Madam,— But I hope our having so luckily met with a common Friend in Mrs. *Bellamy*—

Clar. Sir!

Frank. Makes any farther Apology for my Behaviour last Night absolutely unnecessary. 160

Clar. So far, Mr. *Frankly*, that I think the Apology should be rather on my side, for the impertinent Bustle I made about her.

Frank. This Behaviour gives me Hopes, Madam. Pardon the Construction—But from the little Bustle you made about the Lady, may I not hope, you was not quite indifferent about the Gentleman?

Clar. Have a care of being too sanguine 170

in your Hopes. Might not a Love of **Power**, or the Satisfaction of shewing that Power, or the dear Pleasure of abusing that Power; might not these have been Foundation enough for more than what I did?

Frank. Charming Woman!—With most of your Sex, I grant, they might, but not with you. Whatever Power your Beauty gives, your Good-nature will allow you no other use of it, than to oblige. 180

Clar. This is the Height of Compliment, Mr. *Frankly*.

Frank. Not in my Opinion, I assure you, Madam; and I am now going to put it to the Trial.

Clar. [*Aside.*] What is he going to say now?

Frank. [*Aside.*] What is it that ails me, that I cannot speak? Psha! he here!

Enter Ranger.

Clar. Interrupted! impertinent! 190

Rang. There's is no sight so ridiculous as a Pair of your true Lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a Passion secret from one another, that is no Secret to all the House beside. And if you don't make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the Town within these two Hours.

Clar. What do you mean?

Frank. *Ranger*—200

Rang. Do you be quiet, can't ye! [*Aside.*] But it is over, I suppose, Cousin, and you have given him your Consent.

Clar. Sir, the Liberties you are pleas'd to take with me—

Rang. Oh! in your Airs still, are you? Why then, Mr. *Frankly*, there is a certain Letter of yours, Sir, to this Lady—

Clar. A Letter to me!

Rang. Ay! to you, Madam. 210

Frank. Ha! what of that Letter?

Rang. It is only fallen into Mr. *Strickland's* Hands, that is all; and he has read it.

Frank. Read it!

Rang. Ay! read it to all his Family at home, and to all the Company below: And if some Stop be not put to it, it will be read in all the Coffee-houses in Town.

Frank. A Stop! This Sword shall put a Stop to it, or I will perish in the At- 220 tempt.

Rang. But will that Sword put a Stop to

the Talk of the Town—Only make it talk the faster, take my Word for it.

Clar. This is all a Trick.

Rang. Is it so? you shall soon see that, my fine Cousin. [*Exit Ranger.*]

Frank. It is but too true, I fear. There is such a Letter which I gave *Lucetta*. Can you forgive me? Was I much to blame, 230 when I could neither see, nor hear of you?

Clar. [*Tenderly.*] You give yourself, Mr. *Frankly*, a Thousand more Uneasinesses than you need about me.

Frank. If this Uneasiness but convinces you how much I love you—Interrupted again!

Clar. [*Aside.*] This is downright Malice.

Enter Ranger, followed by Jacintha, Mr. Strickland, Bellamy, and Meggot.

Rang. Enter, enter, Gentlemen and Lady.

Clar. Mr. *Strickland* here! What is all 240 this?

Rang. Now you shall see whether this is a Trick or no.

Jacin. Do not be uneasy, my Dear; we will explain it to you.

Frank. I cannot bear this trifling, *Ranger*, when my Heart is on the rack.

Rang. Come this way then, and learn.

[*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger retire. Mr. Strickland, Bellamy, and Meggot advance.*]

Mr. Strict. Why, I know not well what to say. This has a Face. This Letter may 250 as well agree with *Clarinda* as with my Wife, as you have told the Story; and *Lucetta* explain'd it so—But she for a Sixpenny Piece would have constru'd it the other way.

Jack Meg. But Sir, if we produce this Mr. *Frankly* to you, and he owns himself the Author of this Letter.

Bella. And if *Clarinda* likewise be brought before your Face to encourage his Ad- 260 dresses, there can be no farther Room for Doubt.

Mr. Strict. No! let that appear, and I shall—I think I shall be satisfied—But yet, it cannot be—

Bella. Why not? Hear me, Sir.

[*They talk.*]

[*Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger advance.*]

Jacin. In short, *Clarinda*, unless the Af-

fair is made up directly: a Separation, with all the Obloquy on her Side, must be the Consequence. 270

Clar. Poor Mrs. *Strickland*, I pity her; but for him, he deserves all he feels were it ten times what it is.

Jacin. It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear with his Impertinence.

Clar. With all my Heart. You will do what you please with me.

Frank. Generous Creature!

Mr. Strict. Ha! here she is, and with her the very Man I saw deliver the Letter to 280 *Lucetta*—I do begin to fear I have made myself a Fool—Now for the proof.—Here is a Letter, Sir, which has given me great Disturbance, and these Gentlemen assure me it was writ by you.

Frank. That Letter, Sir, upon my Honour I left this Morning with *Lucetta*, for this Lady.

Mr. Strict. For that Lady! and, *Frankly*, the Name at the bottom is not feign'd, 290 but your real Name.

Frank. *Frankly* is my Name.

Mr. Strict. I see, I feel myself ridiculous.

Jacin. Now, *Mr. Strickland*—I hope—

Jack Meg. Ay! ay! a clear Case.

Mr. Strict. I am satisfied, and will go this Instant to Mrs. *Strickland*.

Rang. Why then the Devil fetch me, if this would satisfy me.

Mr. Strict. What's that? 300

Rang. Nay, nothing. It is no Affair of mine.

Bella. What do you mean, *Ranger*?

Mr. Strict. Ay! what do you mean? I will know before I stir.

Rang. With all my Heart, Sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted Matter between them?

Frank. *Ranger*, you know I can resent.

Mr. Strict. Go on.—I will defend you, 310 let who will resent it.

Rang. Why then, Sir, I declare myself your Friend: and were I as you—nothing but their immediate Marriage should convince me.

Mr. Strict. Sir, You're right, and are my Friend, indeed. Give me your Hand.

Rang. Nay, were I to hear her say, I, *Clarinda*, take thee *Charles*, I would not believe them 'till I saw them a-bed to- 320 gether. Now resent it as you will.

Mr. Strict. Ay, Sir, as you will. But nothing less shall convince me; and so, my fine Lady, if you are in earnest—

Clar. Sure, *Mr. Strickland*—

Mr. Strict. Nay, no flouncing! You cannot escape.

Rang. Why, *Frankly*, has't no Soul?

Frank. I pity her Confusion.

Rang. Pity her Confusion?—the Man's 330 a Fool—Here, take her Hand—

Frank. Thus on my Knees then, let me ravish with your Hand, your Heart.

Clar. Ravish it you cannot; for it is with all my Heart I give it you.

Mr. Strict. I am satisfied.

Clar. And so am I, now it once is over.

Rang. And so am I, my dainty Cousin—And I wish you Joy of a Man, your whole Sex would go to Cuffs for, if they knew 340 him but half so well as I do—Ha! She here? This is more than I bargain'd for.

[*Aside.*

Jacintha leads in Mrs. Strickland.

Mr. Strict. [*Embracing Mrs. Strickland.*] Madam, reproach me not with my Folly, and you shall never hear of it again.

Mrs. Strict. Reproach you? No! if ever you hear the least Reflection pass my Lips, forsake me in that Instant. Or, what would yet be worse, suspect it again.

Mr. Strict. It is enough. I am asham'd 350 to talk to thee.—This Letter which I wrote to your Brother, thus I tear in Pieces, and with it part for ever with my Jealousy.

Mrs. Strict. This is a Joy, indeed! as great as unexpected. Yet there is one thing wanting to make it lasting.

Rang. What the Devil is coming now? 360

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Strict. Be assur'd, every other Suspicion of me was as unjust as your last; tho' perhaps you had more Foundations 360 for your Fears.

Rang. She won't tell, sure, for her own sake.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Strict. All must be clear'd before my Heart will be at Ease.

Rang. It looks plaguy like it, tho'!

[*Aside.*

Mr. Strict. What mean you! I am all Attention.

Mrs. Strict. There was a Man, as you suspected, in my Chamber last Night, 370

Mr. Strict. Ha! take care, I shall relapse.

Mrs. Strict. That Gentleman was he——

Rang. Here is a Devil for you! [*Aside.* *Mrs. Strict.* Let him explain the rest.

Rang. A Frolick! a meer Frolick! on my Life.

Mr. Strict. A Frolick! Zounds!

[*They interpose.*

Rang. Nay don't let us quarrel the very Moment you declar'd yourself my Friend, 380 There was no Harm done, I promise you. Nay, never frown. After I have told my Story: any Satisfaction you are pleas'd to ask, I shall be ready to give.

Mr. Strict. Be quick then, and ease me of my Pain.

Rang. Why then, as I was strolling about last Night,—upon the Look-out, I must confess—Chance, and Chance only convey'd me to your House: where I espied 390 a Ladder of Ropes most invitingly fasten'd to the Window.

Jacin. Which Ladder I had fasten'd for my Escape.

Mr. Strict. Proceed.

Rang. Up mounted I, and up I should have gone, if it had been into the Garret. I open'd one Door, then another, and, to my great Surprise, the whole House was silent. At last, I stole into a Room where 400 this Lady was undressing.

Mr. Strict. 'Sdeath and the Devil! you did not dare, sure——

Rang. I don't know whether I had dared, or no: if I had not heard the Maid say something of her Master's being jealous. Oh!—Damn me, thought I, then the Work is half done to my Hands.

Jacin. Do you mind that, *Mr. Strictlandf*

Mr. Strict. I do—I do, most feelingly. 410

Rang. The Maid grew saucy, and, most conveniently to my Wishes, was turn'd out of the Room; and if you had not the best Wife in the World——

Mr. Strict. Ounds! Sir, but what Right have you——

Rang. What Right, Sir? If you will be jealous of your Wife without a Cause; If you will be out at that time of Night, when you might have been so much better em- 420 ploy'd at home: We young Fellows think we have a Right——

Mr. Strict. No joking, I beseech you. You know not what I feel.

Rang. Then seriously, I was mad, or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be very rude to this Lady; for which I ask both her Pardon and yours! I am an odd sort of a Fellow, perhaps: But I am above telling you, or any Man, a Lye—Damn 430 me if I am not.

Mr. Strict. I must, I cannot but believe you; and for the future, Madam, you shall find here a Heart ready to love and trust you. No Tears, I beg. I cannot bear them.

Mrs. Strict. I cannot speak, and yet there is a Favour, Sir——

Mr. Strict. I understand you—And, as a Proof of the Sincerity with which I speak, I beg it as a Favour of this Lady, in particular, [*To Clarinda.*] and of all the Company in general, to return to my House immediately: where every thing, *Mr. Bellamy*, shall be settled to your entire Satisfaction.—No Thanks, I have not deserv'd them.

Jack Meg. I beg your Pardon, Sir. The Fiddles are ready. *Mrs. Bellamy* has promis'd me her Hand, and I won't part with one of you till Midnight; and if you are as 450 well satisfied as you pretend to be, let our Friend *Rattle* here begin the Ball with *Mrs. Strictland*; for he seems to be the Hero of the Day.

Mr. Strict. As you and the Company please.

Rang. Why, this is honest. Continue but in this Humour, and Faith! Sir, you may trust me to run about your House like a Spaniel — I cannot sufficiently admire 460 at the Whimsicalness of my good Fortune, in being so instrumental to this general Happiness—*Bellamy*, *Frankly*, I wish you Joy with all my Heart (tho' I had rather you should be married than I, for all that). Never did Matrimony appear to me with a Smile upon her Face, 'till this Instant.

Sure Joys for ever wait each happy Pair,
When Sense the Man, and Virtue
crowns the Fair;

And kind Compliance proves their
mutual Care. 470

[*A Dance.*

admire] wonder.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

T'HO' the young Smarts, I see begin to sneer,
And the old Sinners cast a wicked Leer;
Be not alarm'd, ye Fair—You've nought to fear.
No wanton Hint, no loose ambiguous Sense,
Shall flatter vicious Taste at your Expence.
Leaving for once these shameless Arts in vogue:
We give a Fable for the Epilogue.

AN Ass there was, our Author bid me say,
Who needs must write—He did—And wrote a Play.
The Parts were cast to various Beasts and Fowl:
Their Stage a Barn;—The Manager an Owl!
The House was cramm'd at Six, with Friends and Foes;
Rakes, Wits, and Crilicks, Citizens and Beaux.
These Characters appeared in different Shapes
Of Tigers, Foxes, Horses, Bulls and Apes;
With others too, of lower Rank and Station:—
A perfect Abstract of the Brute-Creation!
Each, as he felt, mark'd out the Author's Faults,
And thus the Connoisseurs express'd their Thoughts.
The Critick-curs first snarl'd—The Rules are broke!
Time, Place, and Action, sacrific'd to Joke!
The Goats cry'd out, 'Twas formal, dull, and chaste—
Not writ for Beasts of Gallantry and Taste!
The Horned-Cattle were in piteous taking,
At Fornication, Rapes, and Cuckold-making!
The Tigers swore, He wanted Fire and Passion.
The Apes condemn'd—because it was the Fashion!
The generous Steeds allow'd him proper Merit:
Here mark'd his Faults, and there approv'd his Spirit.
While Brother-Bards bray'd forth with usual Spleen,
And, as they heard, exploded every Scene.
When Reynard's Thoughts were ask'd, the shrugging Sage,
Fam'd for Hypocrisy, and worn with Age,
Condemn'd the shameless Licence of the Stage!
At which the Monkey skipp'd from Box to Box,
And whisper'd round, the Judgment of the Fox;
Abus'd the Moderns; talk'd of Rome and Greece;
Bilk'd ev'ry Box-keeper; and damn'd the Piece.

Now ev'ry Fable has a Moral to it—
Be Churchman, Statesman, any thing—but **Poet**.
In Law, or Physick, Quack in what you will;
Cant, and Grimace conceal the want of Skill!
Secure in these, his Gravity may pass—
But here no Artifice can hide the **Ass**.

FINIS.

D O U G L A S :

T R A G E D Y .

At it is acted at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N .

Non ego fan vates, fed prifci confcint aevi.



L O N D O N ;

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.

MDCCLVII.

John Home (1722-1808), a young Scottish minister, captivated Edinburgh with his first tragedy *Douglas* when it was produced in 1756, and scored another success when it was taken to Covent Garden in 1757.

English tragedy had been barren during the first half of the eighteenth century. Neo-classical unrealities, exemplified at the best in *Cato* and a long list of tragedies derived from French classical drama or post-Restoration models, had continued for a generation, and the attempts of Lillo and Moore to infuse reality, and the untiring zeal with which Garrick restored Shakespeare to the stage were alike unavailing to revivify tragic drama.

Douglas is a notable attempt to give it life from the springs of romance. Based on a ballad story, and composed against a background of Scottish scenery, this tale of idealized chivalry, written in an artificially noble language, may seem stilted and unconvincing to-day, but on his contemporaries Home rose as a new sun, almost another Shakespeare. Whatever censure we may direct against it we must recognise the qualities of incident, characterization and dramatic structure and the comparative freshness which mark it out as a real landmark in the century.

It is interesting that Scottish puritanism was so shocked by the idea of a minister turning dramatist that Home was hounded out of the church. He turned to drama and wrote five more plays, all tragedies; but never again did he catch the power which makes *Douglas* a remarkable work. Disappointed by the failure of his last play *Alfred* (1778) he produced no more during the remaining thirty years of his life.

The text is taken from the first edition octavo, printed in Edinburgh in 1757, and has been collated with the first collected *Dramatic Works*, duodecimo, 1760. Nicoll also records a second octavo of 1757, and a third of 1783. Home seems to have had a personal interest in the editing of the *Dramatic Works* so that the text has special validity. He wrote a Dedication for it and the copy here used is inscribed as a gift copy from the Author to Lady Marchmont.

Variations of capitals, spelling and punctuation, which are few, have not been noted; but other differences of text are given.

0 1 = First edition octavo, 1757, Edinburgh (Aberdeen Univ. Lib. copy).

0 2 = Second edition octavo, 1757, London (Sheffield Univ. Lib. copy).

Works = *Dramatic Works*, 1760 (Hull U. C. PR 3516 A1).

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SPARKS.

*I*N antient times, when Britain's trade was arms,
And the lov'd music of her youth, alarms;
A god-like race sustain'd fair England's fame:
Who has not heard of gallant Piercy's name?
Ay, and of Douglas? Such illustrious foes
In rival Rome and Carthage never rose!
From age to age bright shone the British fire,
And every hero was a hero's sire.
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up sprung the Phoenix from his parent's tomb.
But whilst these generous rivals fought and fell,
Those generous rivals lov'd each other well:
Tho' many a bloody field was lost and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
When Picrcy wrong'd defy'd his prince or peers,
Fast came the Douglas, with his Scottish spears;
And, when proud Douglas made his King his foe,
For Douglas, Piercy bent his English bow.
Expell'd their native homes by adverse fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:
Then blaz'd the castle, at the midnight hour,
For him whose arms had shook its firmest tow'r.

*This night a Douglas your protection claims;
A wife! a mother! Pity's softest names;
The story of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your suppliant all she begs, a tear.
In confidence she begs; and hopes to find
Each English breast, like noble Piercy's kind.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE,

As represented at LONDON

Lord RANDOLPH,	Mr. RIDOUT.
GLENALVON,	Mr. SMITH.
NORVAL, DOUGLAS, ⁰	Mr. BARRY.
OLD NORVAL, ⁰	Mr. SPARKS.
SERVANTS.	

W O M E N

MATILDA, Lady RANDOLPH,	Mrs. WOFFINGTON.
ANNA,	Mrs. VINCENT.

Douglas] Norval is called Douglas in Act V. At the beginning of Act II he is called Stranger.
Old Norval] Works; *Stranger* Oo 1, 2. But he is not called Stranger in the text; though in a S. D. on p. 733 l. 224 he is so called. To add to the confusion O 1 names Young Norval (i.e., Douglas) the Stranger. In Act II Old Norval is called the Prisoner.

PROLOGUE.⁰

Spoken at EDINBURGH.

IN days of classic fame, when Persia's Lord
Oppos'd his millions to the Grecian sword,
Flourish'd the state of Athens, small her store,
Rugged her soil, and rocky was her shore,
Like Caledonia's-; yet she gain'd a name
That stands unrival'd in the rolls of fame.

Such proud pre-eminence not valour gave,
(For who than Sparta's dauntless sons more brave?)
But learning, and the love' of every art,
That Virgin Pallas and the Muse impart.

Above the rest the Tragic Muse admir'd
Each Attic breast, with noblest passions fir'd.
In peace their poets with their heroes shar'd
Glory, the hero's, and the bard's reward.
The Tragic Muse each glorious record kept,
And, o'er the Kings she conquered, Athens wept.'

Here let me cease, impatient for the scene,
To you I need not praise the Tragic Queen:
Oft has this audience soft compassion shown
To woes of heroes, heroes not their own.
This night our scenes no common tear demand,
He comes, the hero of your native land!
Douglas, a name thro' all the world renown'd,
A name that rouses like the trumpet's sound!
Oft have your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas follow'd thro' the bloody strife;
Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,
And, Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.

Listen attentive to the various tale,
Mark if the author's kindred feelings fail;
Sway'd by alternate hopes, alternate fears,
He waits the test of your congenial tears.
If they shall flow, back to the Muse he flies,
And bids your heroes in succession rise;
Collects the wand'ring warriors as they roam,
Douglas assures them of a welcome-home.

Prologue.] This Prologue om. O 2.

' See the PERSAI of Aeschylus. [Note in original.]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE,

As represented at EDINBURGH.

Lord RANDOLPH,
GLENALVON,
NORVAL, DOUGLAS,⁰
OLD NORVAL,⁰
SERVANTS, & C.

Mr. YOUNGER.
Mr. LOVE.
Mr. DIGGS.
Mr. HAYMAN.

W O M E N .

MATILDA, Lady RANDOLPH,
ANNA,

Mrs. WARD.
Mrs. HOPKINS.

Douglas] v. n. p. 718 *supra*.

Old Norval] v. n. p. 718 *swpra*.

DOUGLAS:

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

The court of a castle surrounded with woods.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy
gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws
forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting
heart,
Farewel a while: I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit
dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning
oak,
Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
O Douglas! Douglas I if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art, 10
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant
lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to
mourn;
Who' perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear has never
heard.
O disregard me not; tho' I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies 20
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
But Randolph comes, whom fate has made
my Lord,
To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Enter Lord Randolph.

*Lord Randolph.*⁰ Again these weeds of
woe! say, do'st thou well
To feed a passion which consumes thy life?
The living claim some duty; vainly thou
Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

Lady Randolph. Silent, alas! is he for
whom I mourn:

Lord Randolph om. Oo 1, 2, Works.

Childless, without memorial of his name,
He only now in my remembrance lives. 30
This fatal⁰ day stirs my time-settled sorrow,
Xrpublejs-afdash Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

Lord Randolph. When was it pure of sad-
ness! These black weeds

Express the wonted colour of thy mind,
For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years
Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred
ties:

Clouds, all the while have hung upon thy
brow,

Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy.
Time, that wears out the trace of deepest
anguish,

As the⁰ sea smooths the prints made in the
sand, 40

Has past o'er thee in vain.

Lady Randolph. If time⁰ to come
Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my Lord,
Thou canst not blame me. When our Scot-
tish youth

Vy'd with each other for my luckless love,
Oft I besought them, I implor'd them all
Not to assail me with my father's aid,
Nor blend their better destiny with mine.

For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,
And froze affection in my chilly breast.

At last my Sire, rous'd with the base at-
tempt 50

To force me from him, which thou rend-
red'st vain,

To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,
Besought me to commiserate his age,
And vow'd he should not, could not die in
peace,

Unless he saw me wedded, and secur'd
From violence and outrage. Then, my Lord!
In my extreme distress I call'd on thee,
Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire
To lead a single, solitary life,
And begg'd thy Nobleness, not to demand 60
Her for a wife whose heart was dead to
love.

This fatal . . . gleam of joy.] 8 11. om. O 2.

As the . . . sand] om. O 2.

// time . . . cure] 25 11. om. O 2.

How thou persisted'st after this, thou know'st.

And must confess that I am not unjust,
Nor more to thee than to myself injurious.

Lord Randolph. That I confess; yet ever must regret

The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not

Composed of grief and tenderness alone,
But had'st⁰ a spark of other passions in thee,
Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire
Of admiration, dear to woman kind; 70
These might contend with, and allay thy grief,

As meeting tides and currents smooth our firth.

Lady Randolph. To such a cause the human mind oft owes

Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.

Lord Randolph. Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm:

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:
For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

Lady Randolph. Oh! rake not up the ashes of my fathers:

Implacable resentment was their crime, 80
And grievous has the expiation been.

Contending with the Douglas, gallant lives
Of either house were lost; my ancestors
Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat

On Tiviot's pleasant banks; and now, of them

No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,
I had not been the last of all my race.

Lord Randolph. Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words.

I never ask'd of thee that ardent love,
Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns. 90

Decent affection and complacent kindness
Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain.
Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:

If I should perish by the Danish sword,
Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

Lady Randolph. Thou do'st not think so: woeful as I am

I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
But whither go'st thou now?

But had'st... envy not.] 7 11. om. O 2.

Lord Randolph. Straight to the camp,
Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands 100
Of expectation, and impatient asks
Each who arrives, if he is come to tell
The Danes are landed.

Lady Randolph. O, may adverse winds,
Far from the coast of Scotland, drive their fleet!

And every soldier of both hosts return
In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

Lord Randolph. Thou speak'st a woman's,
hear a warrior's wish:
Right from their native land, the stormy north,

May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
Immoveable in Caledonia's strand! 110
Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,

And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

Lady Randolph. War I detest: but war
with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks
are strange,

Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.

A river here, there an ideal line,
By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.

On each side dwells a people similar,
As twins are to each other; valiant both; 120
Both for their valour famous thro' the world.

Yet will they not unite their kindred firms,
And, if they must have war, wage distant war,

But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport;
When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,

The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land; 130
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

Lord Randolph. I'll hear no more: this melody would make

A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,
Sit down and weep the conquests he has made;

Yea, (like a monk), sing rest and peace in heav'n

To souls of warriors in his battles slain.

Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty
light.

[Exit

Enter Anna.

Anna, Forgive the rashness of your
Anna's love:
Urg'd by affection, I have thus presum'd 140
To interrupt your solitary thoughts;
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,
And lose in sadness.

Lady Randolph. So to lose my hours
Is all the use I wish to make of time.

Ann. To blame thee, Lady, suits not with
my state:

But sure I am, since death first prey'd on
man,

Never did sister thus a brother mourn.

What had your sorrows been if you had
lost,

In early youth, the husband of your heart?

Lady Randolph. Oh! 150

Anna. Have I distress'd you with officious
love,

And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's
fate?

Forgive me, Lady: humble tho' I am,

The mind I bear partakes not of my
fortune:

So fervently I love you, that to dry

These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

Lady Randolph. What power directed thy
unconscious tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name—

Anna. I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress
tremble,

I will speak so no more; but silent mix 160
My tears with her's.

Lady Randolph. No, thou shalt not be
silent.

I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt
be

Henceforth th'instructed partner of my
woes.

But what avails it? Can thy feeble pity
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing
time?

Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive?

Anna. What means my noble mistress?

Lady Randolph. Didst thou not ask what
had my sorrows been?—

If I in early youth had lost a husband?—
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd, 170
Mangl'd with wounds, the husband of my
youth;

And in some cavern of the ocean lies

My child and his.—

Anna. 0! Lady, most rever'd!
The tale wrapt up in your amazing words
Deign to unfold.

Lady Randolph. Alas! an antient feud,
Hereditary evil, was the source

Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed,

That my brave brother should in battle
save

The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friend-
ship, 180

To see the vaunted sister of his friend

Impatient, Douglas to Balarmo came,

Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he
gain'd;

Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:
My brother's presence authoris'd our
marriage.

Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings
of down,

Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd Lord
was call'd

To fight his father's battles; and with him,
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.

Scarce were they gone, when my stern Sire
was told 190

That the false stranger was Lord Douglas'
son.

Frantic with rage, the Baron drew his
sword,

And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,
Kneeling beneath his sword, fault'ring I
took

An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would

Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity,

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave

Thy onward path! altho' the earth should
gape,

And from the gulph of hell destruction cry
To take dissimulation's winding way. 200

Anna. Alas! how few of woman's fearful
kind

Durst own a truth so hardy!

Lady Randolph. The first truth
Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,
This precious moral, from my tragic
tale.—

In a few days the dreadful tidings came

That Douglas and my'brother both were slain.

My Lord! my life! my husband!—mighty ,God!

What had I done to merit such affliction?
Ann. My dearest Lady! many a tale of tears

I've listen'd to; but never did I hear 210
 A tale so sad as this.

Lady Randolph. In the first days
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself—
 As women wish to be who love their Lords.
 But who durst tell my father? The good priest

Who join'd our hands, my brother's antient tutor,

With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:
 They two alone were privy to the marriage.
 On silence and concealment I resolv'd,
 Till time should make my father's fortune mine.

That very night on which my son was born, 220

My nurse, the only confidant I had,
 Set out with him to reach her sister's house:
 But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen
 Or heard of, *Anna*, since that fatal hour.
 My murder'd child I — had thy fond mother fear'd

The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,
 Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,
 And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

Anna. Not seen nor heard of! then per-haps he lives.

Lady Randolph. No. It was dark Decem-ber: wind and rain 230
 Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay
 The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood
 My faithful servant perish'd with my child.
 O hapless son! of a most hapless sire!—

But they are both at rest; and I alone
 Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,

Like a guilt-troubl'd ghost, my painful rounds:

Nor has despiteful fate permitted me
 The comfort of a solitary sorrow.
 Tho' dead to love, I was compell'd to wed 240

Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;

And *Randolph* now possesses the domains,

That by Sir Malcolm's death on me de-volv'd;

Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n

A Baron's title, and a Baron's power.
 Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail 'd

The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.
 And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,

Which shines and disappears; alas! my child!

How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope 250

Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd.
 Year after year hath worn her hope away;
 But left still undiminish'd her desire.

Anna. The hand, that spins th'uneven thread of life,

May smooth the length that's yet to come of your's.

Lady Randolph. Not in this world: I have consider'd well

Its various evils, and on whom they fall.
 Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself?
 And sweet affection prove the spring of woe.

O! had I died when my lov'd husband fell! 260

Had some good angel op'd to me the book
 Of providence, and let me read my life,
 My heart had broke when I beheld the sum
 Of ills, which one by one I have endur'd.

Anna. That God, whose ministers good angels are,

Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.
 But we must leave this theme: *Glenalvon* comes:

I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,
 And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

Lady Randolph. I will avoid him. An ungracious person 270

Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

Anna. Why speaks my Lady thus of *Randolph's* heir?

Lady Randolph. Because he's not the heir of *Randolph's* virtues.
 Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
 An artificial image of himself:

And he with ease can vary to the taste
 Of different men, its features. Self-deny'd,
 And master of his appetites he seems:
 But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,

Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for
prey. 280

Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.

Yet is he brave and politic in war,
And stands aloft in these unruly times.
Why I describe him thus I'll tell hereafter:
Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

[Exit Lady Randolph.

Anna. O happiness! where art thou to be
found?

I see thou dwellest not with birth and
beauty,

Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth
arrayed:

Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue
dwell; 290

Else had this gentle Lady miss'd thee not.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glenalvon. What dost thou muse on,
meditating maid?

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend
to heaven.

Anna. Wou'd that I were, e'en as thou
say'st) a seer,

To have my doubts by heav'nly vision
clear'd!

Glenalvon. What dost thou doubt of?
what hast thou to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy
beauty,

Cannot be question'd: think of these good
gifts;

And then thy contemplations will be
pleasing. 300

Anna. Let women view yon monument
of woe,

Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?
But I must follow: this revolving day
Awakes the memory of her antient woes.

[Exit Anna.

Glenalvon solus.

So!—Lady Randolph shuns me; by and
by

I'll woo her as the lion wooes his brides.
The deed's a-doing now, that makes me
lord

Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power.
The season is most apt; my sounding steps
Will not be heard amidst the din of
arms. 310

Randolph has liv'd too long: his better fate
Had the ascendant once, and kept me
down:

When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he
came,

Rescu'd, and had the Lady for his labour;
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!
Heaven is my witness that I do not love
To sow in peril, and let others reap

The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe:
By love, or something like it, stung, in-
flam'd,

Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife, 320
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him
of it.

The way of woman's will I do not know:
But well I know the Baron's wrath is
deadly.

I will not live in fear: the man I dread
Is as a Dane to me; ay, and the man
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
Nor bar but he; she has no kinsman near;
No brother in his sister's quarrel bold;
And for the righteous cause, a stranger's
cause,

I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. 330

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A Court, &c.

*Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door,
and Lady Randolph and Anna at another.*

Lady Randolph. What means this clam-
our? Stranger! speak secure;

Hast thou been wrong'd? have these rude
men presum'd

To vex the weary traveller on his way?

First Servant. By us no stranger ever
suffer'd wrong:

This man with outcry wild has call'd us
forth;

So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter Lord Randolph and young man, with
their swords drawn and bloody.*

Lady Randolph. Not vain the Stranger's
fears! how fares⁰ my Lord?

Lord Randolph. That it fares well, thanks
to this gallant youth,

[*fares*] O 2, Works; [*fairs*] O 1.

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!

As down the winding dale I walk'd "alone, 10
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me:

Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous Stranger come,

Like my good angel in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.

They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,

The fiercest two; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field. 20
Speak, Lady Randolph: upon Beauty's tongue

Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.

Speak, noble Dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

Lady Randolph. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave
Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.

Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should thank? 30

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

Lord Randolph. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd not:

But I must know who my deliverer is.
(to the Stranger.)

Stranger. A low born man, of parentage obscure,

Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Randolph. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobl'd

By the great King of Kings! thou art ordain'd

And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of Nature! blush not, flower of modesty 40
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Stranger. My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills,

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,

Whose constant cares were to increase his store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike Lord:
And heaven soon granted what my Sire deny'd.

This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light, 50

A band of fierce Barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled

For safety, and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,

Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends;

Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe. 60
We fought and conquer'd. E're a sword was drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,

Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.

Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard

That our good King had summon'd his bold Peers

To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps;—
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master. 70

Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,

And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Randolph. He is as wise as brave.
Was ever tale

With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish King,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd. 80

Ha! my Matilda! wherefore starts that
tear?

Lady Randolph. I cannot say: for various
affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;
Yet each of them may well command a
tear.

I joy that thou art safe, and I° admire
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought
thy safety;
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his
own.

Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his
sword

90
To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.
In this attempt unknown he might have
perish'd,

And gain'd, with all his valour, but "oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no
more

Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope
He stands conspicuous; fame and great
renown

Are brought within the compass of his
sword.

On this my mind reflected, whilst you
, spoke,
And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of
heaven.

Lord Randolph. Pious and grateful ever
are thy thoughts! 100
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st
the way.

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norval. I know not how to thank you.
Rude I am

In speech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my Lord,
There's something in my breast which
makes me bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy
favour.

Lady Randolph. I will be sworn thou
wilt not. Thou shalt be

My Knight; and ever, as thou didst to-
day, 110

With happy valour guard the life of Ran-
dolph.

Lord Randolph. Well hast thou spoke.
Let me forbid reply. [To Norval.

I] om. O 2.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp.

Some of my train I see are speeding
hither,

Impatient doubtless of their Lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall
see

The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the
air 120

With brandish'd swords.

Norval. Let us begone, my Lord.

Lord Randolph. [To *Lady Randolph.*

About the time that the declining sun
Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,
Expect us to return. This night once more
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.
Free is his heart who for his country fights:
He in the eve of battle may resign
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,
When danger to a soldier's soul endears 130
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt Randolph and Norval.*

*Lady Randolph and Anna.*⁰

Lady Randolph. His parting words have
struck a fatal truth.

O Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has heav'n annex'd to those swift passing
hours

Of love and fondness! Then my bosom's
flame

Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of
fear,

Return'd, and with redoubled ardour
blaz'd.

Anna. May gracious heav'n pour the
sweet balm of peace 140

Into the wounds that fester in your breast!
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady Randolph. One only cure can heav'n
itself bestow;—

A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so?

At every happy parent I repine!
How blest the mother of yon gallant
Norval!

She for a living husband bore her pains,
Anna} Here O 2 reads *Scene II.*

And heard him bless her when a man was
born:
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast; 150
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing I
boy:

She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Anna. Alas! alas! why will you thus
resume

Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant
youth

Would for a while have won you from your
woe.

On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive
eye 160

Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

Lady Randolph. Delighted, say'st thou?

Oh! even there mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.

I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant
stranger,

And pair'd with him in features and in
shape;

In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have
number'd.

Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy
fell 169

On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his
home,

And like an orphan cast upon my care.

I will protect thee, (said I to myself)

With all my power, and grace with all my
favour.

Anna. Sure heav'n will bless so generous
a resolve.

You must, my noble Dame, exert your
power:

You must awake: devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval. I

Lady Randolph. Glenalvon's false and I
crafty head will work

Against a rival in his kinsman's love, 180
If I deter him not: I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware

How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.

I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

Tis pleasing to admire! most apt was I

To this affection in my better days;

Tho' now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd
Within the narrow compass of my woe.

Have you not sometimes seen an early
flower

Open its bud, 'and spread its silken leaves, 190
To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;
Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its
leaves,

And, tho' still living, die to scent and
beauty!

Emblem of me: affliction, like a storm,
Hath kill'd 'the forward blossom of my
heart.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glenalvon. Where is my dearest kinsman,
noble Randolph?

Lady Randolph. Have you not heard,
Glenalvon, of the base——

Glenalvon. I have: and that the villains
may not 'scape,

With a strong band I have begirt the
wood.

If they lurk there, alive they shall betaken, 200
And torture force from them th'important
secret,

Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their
swords,

Or if——

Lady Randolph. That care becomes a
kinsman's love.

I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear.

[Exit Anna.]

Glenalvon. To him your counsels always
are commands.

Lady Randolph. I have not found so:
thou art known to me.

Glenalvon. Known!

Lady Randolph. And most certain is my
cause of knowledge.

Glenalvon. What do you know? By the
most blessed cross,

You much amaze me. No created being,
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenal-
von. 210

Lady Randolph. Is guilt so bold! and dost
thou make a merit

Of thy pretended meekness! This to me,
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse
than that,

An outcast beggar, and unpitied too!

For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

Glenalvon. Thy virtue awes me. First of womankind!

Permit me yet to say, that the fond man,
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's
bounds, 220

If he is brought by love to misery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:
For mortals know that love is still their
lord,

And o'er their vain resolves advances still:
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds,
moves

Thro' the dry heath before the fanning
wind.

Lady Randolph. Reserve these accents for
some other ear.

To love's apology I listen not. 230
Mark thou my words; for it is meet thou
should'st.

His brave deliverer Randolph here retains.
Perhaps his presence may not please thee
well:

But, at thy peril, practise ought against
him:

Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake
And loosen the good root he has in Ran-
dolph;

Whose favourites I know thou has sup-
planted.

Thou look'st at me, as if thou fain would'st
pry

Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.
I give this early caution, and put on 240
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.
The friendless Stranger my protection
claims:

His friend I am, and be not thou his foe.
[Exit.

*Manet Glenalvon.*⁰

Child that I was, to start at my own
shadow,
And be the shallow fool of coward con-
science!

I am not what I have been; what I should
be.

The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd
My marble death. Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends, and religious tales,
I should conclude there was an arm above, 250
Glenalvon] Here O 2 reads *Scene III.*

That fought against me, and malignant
turn'd,

To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.
Why, rape and murder are not simple
means!

Th'imperfect rape to Randolph gave a
spouse;

And the intended murder introduc'd
A favourite to hide the sun from me;
And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!

This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd
him!

Tis certain she contemns me; nay com-
mands me,

And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er
me, 260

In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd?
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame chastity?
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are
More fierce than hate, ambition, and re-
venge,

Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires,
And policy remorseless! Chance may spoil
A single aim; but perseverance must
Prosper at last. For chance and fate are
words:

Persistent wisdom is the fate of man.
Darkly a project peers upon my mind, 270
Like the red moon when rising in the east,
Cross'd and divided by strange-COLOUR'S.
clouds.

I'll seek the slave who came with Norval
hither,

And for his cowardice was spurn'd from
him.

I've known a follower's rankled bosom
breed

Venom most fatal to his heedless Lord.

[Exit.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A Court, &c. as before.

Enter Anna.

Anna. Thy vassals, Grief! great Nature's
order break,
And change the noon-tide to the midnight
hour.

Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps, I will walk
forth,

And taste the air that breathes on yonder
bank.

Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers
Of gracious heaven who love the human
race,
Angels and seraphs who delight in goodness!
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend!
There from her fancy chace those dismal
forms
That haunt her waking; her sad spirit
charm 10
With images celestial, such as please
The bless'd above upon their golden beds.

Enter Servant.

Servant. One of the vile assassins is
secur'd.
We found the villain lurking in the wood:
With dreadful imprecations he denies
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd
In the most secret places of his garment;
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

Anna. Let me look on them. Ha! here is
a heart, 20
The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the
wretch. *[Exit Anna.]*

Enter Servants with a Prisoner.

Prisoner. I know no more than does the
child unborn
Of what you charge me with.

First Servant. You say so, Sir!
But torture soon shall make you speak the
truth.

Behold the Lady of Lord Randolph comes:
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

Enter^o Lady Randolph and Anna.

Anna. Summon your utmost fortitude,
before
You speak with him. Your dignity, your
fame,
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret, 30
Which in a moment from your lips may
fly.

Lady Randolph. Thou shalt behold me,
with a desperate heart,
Hear how my infant perish'd. See he kneels.

[The Prisoner kneels.]

Prisoner. Heav'n bless that countenance,
so sweet and mild!

Enter] Here O 2 reads Scene II.

A judge like thee makes innocence more
bold.

O save me, Lady! from these cruel men,
Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who
'accuse

Me of intended murder. As I hope
For mercy at the judgment seat of God,
The tender Lamb, that never nipt the grass, 40
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

Lady^o Randolph. Of this man's guilt what
proof can ye produce?

First Servant. We found him lurking in
the hollow Glynn.
When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd, he
fled.

We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence
And what he was: he said, he came from
far,

And was upon his journey to the camp.
Not satisfy'd with this, we search'd his
cloaths,

And found these jewels; whose rich value
plead

Most powerfully against him. Hard he
seems 50

And old in villainy. Permit us try
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

Prisoner. O gentle Lady! by your Lord's
dear life!

Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er
assail;

And by your children's welfare, spare my
age!

Let not the iron tear my antient joints,
And my grey hairs bring to the grave with
pain.

Lady Randolph. Account for these: thine
own they cannot be:

For these I say: be stedfast to the truth;
Detected falshood is most certain death, 60

*[Anna removes the Servants and
returns.]*

Prisoner. Alas! I'm sore beset! let never
man,

For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!
Eternal justice is in this most just!

I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady Randolph. O! Anna hear!—
once more I charge thee speak

The truth direct: for these to me fortel
And certify a part of thy narration;

With which if the remainder tallies not,
Lady] O 2, Works; Lord O 1.

An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Prisoner. Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to you as just 70

As if you were the minister of heaven,
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.

SOME eighteen years ago, I rented land
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's Lord;
But falling to decay, his servants seiz'd
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine,

(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)

Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side
Receiv'd us: there hard labour, and the skill 80

In fishing, which was formerly my sport,
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,
One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:
Red came the river down, and loud and oft

The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
To where the circling eddy of a pool,
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within 90
My reach whatever floating thing the stream
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person lost:

But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and round,

A basket: soon I drew it to the bank,
And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady Randolph. Was he alive?

Prisoner. He was.

Lady Randolph. Inhuman
that thou art!

How could'st thou kill what waves and
tempests spar'd?

Prisoner. I am not so inhuman.

Lady Randolph. Didst thou not?

Anna. My noble Mistress, you are mov'd
too much: 100

This man has not the aspect of stern
murder,

Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear
Good tidings of your kinsman's long lost
child.

Prisoner. The needy man, who has known
better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,

Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch
upon

To do such deeds, as makes the prosperous
men

Lift up their hands and wonder who could
do them.

And such a man was I; a man declin'd,
Who saw no end of black adversity: 110
Yet for the wealth of kingdoms, I would
not

Have touch'd that infant, with a hand of
harm.

Lady Randolph. Ha! dost thou say so?
Then perhaps he lives!

Prisoner. Not many days ago he was
alive.

Lady Randolph. O! God of heav'n! Did
he then die so lately?

Prisoner. I did not say he died; I hope
he lives.

Not many days ago these eyes beheld
Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and
beauty.

Lady Randolph. Where is he now?

Prisoner. Alas! I know not where.

Lady Randolph. Oh fate! I fear thee still.
Thou riddler, speak 120

Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

Anna. Permit me, ever honour'd! Keen
impatience,

Tho' hard to be restrain'd, defeats it-
self.—

Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue,

To the last hour that thou didst keep the
child.

Prisoner. Fear not my faith, tho' I must
speak my shame.

Within the cradle, where the infant lay,
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and
jewels:

Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,
From all the world, this wonderful event, 130
And like a peasant breed the noble child.
That none might mark the change of our
estate,

We left the country, travell'd to the
North,

Bought flocks and herds, and gradually
brought forth

Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye
-Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.

For one by one all our own children died,
And he, the Stranger, sole remain'd the
heir

Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I,
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy, 140
Have trusted him,- now in the dawn of
youth,

With his own secret: but my anxious wife,
Foreboding evil, never would consent.
Mean while the stripling grew in years and
beauty;

And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,
Not as the offspring of our cottage blood;
For nature will break out: mild with the
mild,

But with the froward he was fierce as fire,
And night and day he talk'd of war and
arms.

I set myself against his warlike bent; 150
But all in vain: for when a desperate band
Of robbers from the savage mountains
came——

Lady Randolph. Eternal Providence!
What is thy name?

Prisoner. My name is Norval; and my
name he bears.

Lady Randolph. 'Tis he; 'tis he himself!
It is my son!

O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw!
No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

Anna. Just are your transports: ne'er was
woman's heart
Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated
Dame!

But yet remember that you are beheld 160
By servile eyes; your gestures may be seen
Impassion'd strange; perhaps your words
o'erheard.

Lady Randolph. Well dost thou counsel,
Anna: heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state re-
quires!

Anna. The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful
man

Must be dismiss'd in safety, 'ere my
Lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

Prisoner. If I, amidst astonishment and
fear,

Have of your words and gestures rightly
judg'd, 170

Thou art the daughter of my antient
master;

The child I rescu'd from the flood is thine.

Lady Randolph. With thee dissimulation
now were vain.

I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm;
The child thou rescu'dst from the flood is
mine.

Prisoner. Bless'd be the hour that made
me a poor man!

My poverty hath sav'd my master's
house!

Lady Randolph. Thy words surprize me:
sure thou dost not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: such love
from thee

Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aright 180
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Prisoner. Sir Malcolm of our Barons was
the flower;

The fastest friend, the best, the kindest
master;

But ah! he knew not of my sad estate.
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old
Lord

Grew desperate and reckless of the
world;

And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I
blame: 190

May heav'n so judge me as I judg'd my
master!

And God so love me as I love his race!
Lady Randolph. His race shall yet reward
thee.^o On thy faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's
house.

Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron?

Prisoner. I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady Randolph. 'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his youth: 200
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
Till I shall call upon thee to declare,
Before the King and Nobles, what thou now
To me hast told. No more but this, and
thou

Shalt live in honour all thy future days:
Thy son so long shall call thee father still,
And all the land shall bless the man, who
sav'd

The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.
thee] the 0 1.

Remember well my words: if thou should'st meet

Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so; 210

And mention nothing of his nobler father.

Prisoner. Fear not that I shall mar so fair an harvest,

By putting in my sickle 'ere 'tis ripe.

Why did I leave my home and antient dame?

To find the youth to tell him all I knew,

And make him wear these jewels in his arms;

Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so bring

To light the secret of his noble birth.

[*Lady Randolph goes towards the Servants.*

Lady Randolph. This man is not th'assassin you suspected,

Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against him. 220

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.

Tis meet that you should put him on his way,

Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.

[*Exeunt Prisoner^o and Servants.*

Lady Randolph and Anna.^o

Lady Randolph. My faithful Anna! dost thou share my joy?

I know thou dost. Unparallell'd event!

Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm

Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father!

Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks 230

For such a gift! What does my Anna think

Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?

How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,

Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown him,

And tower'd up to the region of his sire!

Anna. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!

Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

Prisoner Stranger Oo 1, 2, Works.

Anna Here O 2 reads *Scene III.*

Lady Randolph. The ready story of his birth believ'd

Suppress my fancy quite; nor did he owe 240 To any likeness my so sudden favour:

But now I long to see his face again,

Examine every feature, and find out The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.

But most of all I long to let him know Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,

And tell him all the story of his father.

Anna. With wary caution you must bear yourself

In public, lest your tenderness break forth, And in observers stir conjectures strange. 250

For, if a cherub in the shape of woman Should walk this world, yet defamation would,

Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train— To-day the Baron started at your tears.

Lady Randolph. He did so, Anna! well thy Mistress knows,

If the least circumstance, mote of offence, Should touch the Baron's eye, his sight would be

With jealousy disorder'd. But the more

It docs behove me instant to declare

The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights. 260

This night I purpose with my son to meet, Reveal the secret, and consult with him:

For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.

As he does now, so look'd his noble father, Array'd in nature's ease: his mien, his speech,

Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.

But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,

Up rose the Hero: on his piercing eye Sat Observation: on each glance of thought

Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt 271 Pursues the flash.

Anna. That demon haunts you still: Behold Glenalvon.

Lady Randolph. Now I shun him not.

This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval; Perhaps too far: at least my nicer fears

For Douglas thus interpret.

Enter Glenalvon.

Glenalvon.

Noble Dame!

The hov'ring Dane at last his men hath landed:

No band of pirates; but a mighty host,

That come to settle where their valour
conquers;

To win a country, or to lose themselves, 280
Lady Randolph. But whence comes this
intelligence, Glenalvon?

Glenalvon. A nimble courier sent from
yonder camp,

To hasten up the chieftains of the north,
Inform'd me, as he past, that the fierce
Dane

Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,
Near to that place where the sea-rock im-
mense,

Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land.

Lady Randolph. Then must this western
army march to join

The warlike troops that guard Edina's
tow'rs.

Glenalvon. Beyond all question. If im-
pairing time 290

Has not effac'd the image of a place,
Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild
Which lies to westward of that mighty
rock,

And seems by nature formed for the camp
Of water-wafted armies, whose chief
strength

Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike
horse:

If martial skill directs the Danish lords,
There inaccessible their army lies

To our swift scow'ring horse, the bloody
field

Must man to man, and foot to foot, be
fought. 300

Lady Randolph. How many mothers
shall bewail their sons!

How many widows weep their husbands
slain I

Ye dames of Denmark! ev'n for you I feel,
Who sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,
Long look for lords that never shall return.

Glenalvon. Oft has th'unconquer'd Cale-
donian sword

Widow'd the north. The children of the
slain

Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers'
fate.

The monster war, with her infernal brood,
Loud yelling fury, and life-ending pain, 310
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.

Scorn is more grievous than the pains of
death:

Reproach more piercing than the pointed
sword.

Lady Randolph. I scorn thee not, but
when I ought to scorn;

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue
Against audacious vice asserts herself."

I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more
apt

Than I to praise thine eminence in arms,
And be the echo of thy martial fame.

No longer vainly feed a guilty passion: 320
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, glory.

Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault.
And let thy valour be the shield of Ran-
dolph.

Glenalvon. One instant stay, and hear an
alter'd man.

When beauty pleads for virtue, vice abash'd
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.
I am your convert; time will shew how
truly:

Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.
That youth, for whom your ardent zeal
to-day,

Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend, 330
And turn death from him, with a guardian
arm.

Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not
At the tumultuous uproar of the field.

Lady Randolph. Act thus, Glenalvon,
and I am thy friend:

But that's thy least reward. Believe me,
Sir,

The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

[Exit *Lady Randolph.*

Glenalvon solus.

Amen! and virtue is its own reward!—
I think that I have hit the very tone 340
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,
How pleasing^o art thou to the taste of
man,

And woman also! flattery direct
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operation: 'tis my key,
And opes the wicket of the human heart.
How far I have succeeded now I know not.
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue
Is lull'd a while: 'tis her alone I fear:

Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in
faith 350

pleasinf]] Oo 1, 2; pleasant Works.

And amity, uncertain is my tenure.
 Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and
 death,
 By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.
 I am not idle: but the ebbs and flows
 Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.
 That slave of Norval's I have found most
 apt:
 I shew'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his
 soul

To say and swear whatever I suggest.
 Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,
 'Twixt man and woman, which I have ob-
 serv'd 360

To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,
 Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of
 virtue.

In raising Randolph's jealousy I may
 But point him to the truth. He seldom errs
 Who thinks the worst he can of woman-
 kind.

The End of the THIRD Act.

ACT IV.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter Lord Randolph attended.

Lord Randolph. Summon an hundred
 horse, by break of day;
 To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady Randolph. Alas! my Lord! I've
 heard unwelcome news;
 The Danes are landed.

Lord Randolph. Ay, no inroad this
 Of the Northumbrian bent to take a spoil:
 No sportive war, no tournament essay,
 Of some young knight resolv'd to break a
 spear,
 And stain with hostile blood his maiden
 arms.

The Danes are landed: we must beat them
 back,
 Or live the slaves of Denmark.

Lady Randolph. Dreadful times! 10
Lord Randolph. The fenceless villages are
 all forsaken; .

The trembling mothers; and their children
 lodg'd
 In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the
 men

Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,
 They but retire more awful to return.

Lady Randolph. Immense, as fame reports
 the Danish host——

Lord Randolph. Were it as numerous as
 loud fame reports,

An army knit like ours wou'd pierce it
 thro':

Brothers, that shrink not from each other's
 side,

And fond companions, fill our warlike files: 20
 For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,
 The husband, and the fearless father arm.
 In vulgar breasts heroic ardor burns,
 And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

Lady Randolph. Men's minds are tem-
 per'd, like their swords, for war;

Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink
 They joy to rear erect their daring forms.
 Hence, early graves; hence, the lone widow's
 life;

And the sad mother's grief-embitter'd age.
 Where is our gallant guest?

Lord Randolph. Down in the vale 30
 I left him, managing a fiery steed,
 Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength
 and skill

Of every rider. But behold he comes,
 In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

Enter Norval and Glenalvon.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,
 And lead my troops that ly° in yonder
 vale:

Private I travel to the royal camp:
 Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young
 man!

Where didst thou learn so to discourse of
 war,

And in such terms as I o'erheard to-day? 40
 War is no village science, nor its phrase
 A language taught amongst the shepherd
 swains.

Norval. Small is the skill my Lord de-
 lights to praise

In him he favours.—Hear from whence it
 came.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most re-
 mote

And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,

lyl 0 1; *lie* Works.

Who was the wonder of our wand'ring
swains..

Austere and lonely, cruel to himself, 50
Did they report him; the cold earth his
bed,

Water his drink, his food the shepherd's
alms.

I went to see him, and my heart was
touch'd

With rev'rence and with⁰ pity. Mild he
spake,

And, entering on discourse, such stories told
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.

For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the
Peers

Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo⁰ led,
Against th'usurping Infidel displayed 60
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy
Land.

Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man
wou'd shake

His years away, and act his young en-
counters:

Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit
him down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green
turf

He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Described the motions, and explained the
use

Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd
line, TO

The square, the crescent, and the phalanx
firm.

For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Lord Randolph. Why did this soldier in
a desert hide

Those qualities that should have grac'd a
camp?

Norval. That too at last I learn'd. Un-
happy man!

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely
won,

A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they
fought: 80

*rev'rence and with] 0 1, Works; reverence and O 2.
Godfredo] Godfrey of Bouillon, leader of the first
Crusade, and hero of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered.*

The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
Declar'd his name and lineage! Mighty
God!

The soldier cried, my brother! Oh! my
brother!

Lady Randolph. His brother!

Norval. Yes; of the same parents born;
His only brother. They exchang'd forgive-
ness:

And happy, in my mind, was he that died:
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.

In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Or on some nameless stream's untrodden
banks,

And ruminates all day his dreadful fate, 90
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's
ghost;

And oft each night forsakes his sullen
couch,

To make sad orisons for him he slew.

Lady Randolph. To what mysterious woes
are mortals born!

In this dire tragedy were there no more
Unhappy persons? did the parents live?

Norval. No; they were dead: kind heav'n
had clos'd their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's
blood.

Lord Randolph. Hard is his fate; for he
was not to blame! 100

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undeserved doom;
Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence
these sounds?

[Trumpet8 at a distance.]

Enter an Officer.

Officer. My Lord, the trumpets of the
troops of Lorn:

The valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

Lord Randolph. Mine antient guest! does
he the warriors lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old Knight
to arms?

Officer. No; worn with warfare, he resigns
the sword.

His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,
Now leads his kindred bands.

Lord Randolph. Glenalvon, go. no
With hospitality's most strong request
Intreat the chief. *[Exit Glenalvon.]*

Officer. My Lord, requests are vain.
He urges on, impatient of delay,

Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

Lady Randolph. May victory sit on the warrior's plume!

Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;

Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,
By mountains inaccessible secur'd:

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,
Eager to bleed in battles not his own. 120

Such were the heroes of the antient world:
Contemners they of indolence and gain;

But still for love of glory, and of arms,
Prone to encounter peril, and to lift

Against each strong antagonist the spear.
I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[*Exit Randolph.*]

Manent^o *Lady Randolph and Norval.*

Lady Randolph. The soldier's loftiness,
the pride and pomp

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,
Transport thy youthful mind.

Norval. Ah! should they not?
Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house! 130

I might have been a shepherd all my days,
And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.
Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;
And, if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

Lady Randolph. There is a gen'rous spirit
in thy breast,

That could have well sustain'd a prouder
fortune.

This way with me; under yon spreading
beech,

Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,
I will amaze thee with a wond'rous tale.

Norval. Let there be danger, Lady, with
the secret, 140

That I may hug it to my grateful heart,
And prove my faith. Command my sword,
my life:

These are the sole possessions of poor
Norval.

Lady Randolph. Know'st thou these
gems?

Norval. Durst I believe mine eyes
I'd say I knew them, and they were my
father's.

Lady Randolph. Thy father's, say'st thou!
ah! they were thy father's!

Manent] Works; *Manet* Oo 1, 2.

Norval. I saw them once, and curiously
inquir'd

Of both my parents, whence such splendor
came?

But I was check'd, and more could never
learn.

Lady Randolph. Then learn of me, thou
art not Norval's son. 150

Norval. Not Norval's son!

Lady Randolph. Nor of a shepherd
sprung.

Norval. Lady, who am I then?

Lady Randolph. Noble thou art;
For noble was thy Sire!

Norval. I will believe——

0! tell me farther! Say who was my father?

Lady Randolph. Douglas!

Norval. Lord Douglas, whom to day
I saw?

Lady Randolph. His younger brother.

Norval. And in yonder camp?

Lady Randolph. Alas!

Norval. You make me tremble—Sighs
and tears!

Lives my brave father?

Lady Randolph. Ah! too brave indeed!

He fell in battle 'ere thyself was born.

Norval. Ah me unhappy! 'ere I saw the
light? 160

But does my mother live? I may conclude,
From my own fate, her portion has been
sorrow.

Lady Randolph. She lives; but wastes
her life in constant woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

Norval. You that are skill'd so well in
the sad story

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion

Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd!
0! tell me who, and where my mother is!

Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she
bends 170

Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;
And desolate, implores of heav'n the aid

Her son should give. It is, it must be so——

Your countenance confesses that she's
wretched.

0! tell me her condition! Can the
sword——

Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

Lady Randolph. Thy virtue ends her woe.

—My son, my sont

I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas!

[Falls upon his neck.

Norval. O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is my fate!

Art thou my mother? Ever let me kneel! 130

Lady Randolph. Image of Douglas! Fruit of fatal love!

All that I owe thy Sire, I pay to thee.

Norval. Respect and admiration still possess me,

Checking the love and fondness of a son.

Yet I was filial to my humble parents.

But did my Sire surpass the rest of men,

As thou excellest all of womankind?

Lady Randolph. Arise, my son! In me thou dost behold

The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:

The autumn of my days is come already; 100

For sorrow made my summer haste away.

Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father:

His eyes were like the eagle's, yet sometimes

Liker the dove's; and, he pleas'd, he won

All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

Norval. How did he fall? Sure 'twas a bloody field

When Douglas died. O I have much to ask!

Lady Randolph. Hereafter thou shalt hear the lengthen'd tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes.

At present this: thou art the rightful heir 200

Of yonder castle, and the wide domains

Which now Lord Randolph, as my husband, holds.

But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power

To right thee still: before the King I'll kneel,

And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

Norval. The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

Lady Randolph. But we shall need both friends and favour, boy,

To' wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe

Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think

My tale will move each gentle heart to pity, 210

My life incline the virtuous to believe.

Norval. To be the son of Douglas is to me Inheritance enough. Declare my birth, ,

And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

Lady Randolph. Thou dost not know what perils and injustice

Await the poor man's valour. O! my son!

The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,

Having no lacquey but pale poverty.

Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas!

Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child. 220

The wanton heir of some inglorious chief

Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports;

Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!

Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:

But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs

Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs

That we should part before yon chiefs return.

Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand

Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,

Anxious to see thee, dictated before 230

This casual opportunity arose

Of private conference. Its purport mark;

For as I there appoint we meet again.

Leave me, my son! and frame thy manners still

To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

Norval. I will remember. Where is Norval now?

That good old man.

Lady Randolph. At hand conceal'd he lies,

An useful witness. But beware, my son,

Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast

Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone 240

To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.

Norval. Has he indeed? Then let yon false Glenalvon

Beware of me.

[Exit Douglas.]

Manet Lady Randolph

There burst the smother'd flame!

O! thou all righteous and eternal King!

Who father of the fatherless art call'd,

Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord!

Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,

Which in the breasts of his forefathers burn'd:

Set him on high like them, that he may shine

The star and glory of his native land! 250

Then let the minister of death descend,

And bear my willing spirit to its place.

Yonder they come. How do bad women
find

Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?
When I, by reason, and by justice urg'd,
Full hardly can dissemble with these men
In nature's pious cause.

Enter Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.

Lord Randolph. Yon gallant chief,
Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

Lady Randolph. Be not, my Lord, by his
example sway'd:

Arrange the business of to-morrow now, 260
And, when you enter, speak of war no more.

[Exit Lady Randolph.]

Manent Lord Randolph and Glenalvon.

Lord Randolph. 'Tis so, by heav'n! her
mien, her voice, her eye,

And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.
Glenalvon. He parted from her now: be-
hind the mount,

Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

Lord Randolph. For sad, sequester'd virtue
she's renown'd!

Glenalvon. Most true, my Lord.

Lord Randolph. Yet this distinguish'd
Dame

Invites a youth, the acquaintance of a day,
Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.

This assignation, *[shews a letter]* the as-
sassin freed, 270

Her manifest affection for the youth,
Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,
Whose gentle consort all for love had
wedded;

Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd
me.

Let no man, after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not; tho' she
brings

A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry,
For let her seem, like the night's shadowy
queen,

Cold and contemplative;—He cannot trust
her:

She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow
on him; 280

The worst of sorrows, and the worst of
shames!

Glenalvon. Yield not, my Lord, to such
afflicting thoughts;

But let the spirit of an husband sleep,
Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.

This billet must to blooming Norval go:
At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;
I'll give it him refitted for his master.

In the close thicket take your secret stand;
The moon shines bright, and your own eyes
may judge

Of their behaviour.

Lord Randolph. Thou dost counsel
well. 300

Glenalvon. Permit me now to make one
slight essay.

Of all the trophies which vain mortals
boast,

By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,
The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,
Is woman's captive heart. Successful love
With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind;
And the proud conqueror in triumph moves
Air-born, exalted above vulgar men.

Lord Randolph. And what avails this
maxim?

Glenalvon. Much, my Lord!

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval, 310

And with ironical derisive counsel

Explore his spirit. If he is no more

Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonish'd from
me:

But if he be the fav'rite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's spear.

Lord Randolph. 'Tis shrewdly thought.

Glenalvon. When we grow loud, draw
near. But let my Lord
His rising wrath restrain.

[Exit Randolph.]

Manet Glenalvon.

'Tis strange, by heav'n! 320

That she should run full tilt her fond
career,

To one so little known. She too that seem'd
Pure as the winter stream, when ice em-
boss'd

Whitens its course. Even I did think her
chaste,

Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!
Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's
thoughts? *Norval appears.*

His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd.

Has Norval seen the troops?

Norval. The setting sun,

With yellow radiance lightened all the vale, 330
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd
helm,

Corslet, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded
beams.

The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they
seem'd,

An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glenalvon. Thou talk'st it well; no leader
of our host,

In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious
war.

Norval. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's
name,

My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful ad-
miration 340

Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glenalvon. You wrong yourself, brave
Sir; your martial deeds

Have rank'd you with the great: but mark
me *Norval*;

Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your
youth

Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel
you.

Give them all honour; seem not to com-
mand:

Else they will scarcely brook your late
sprung power,

Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns, 350

Norval. Sir, I have been accusom'd all
my days

To hear and speak the plain and simple
truth:

And tho' I have been told, that there are
men

Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak
their scorn,

Yet in such language I am little skill'd.

Therefore I thank *Glenalvon* for his
counsel,

Altho' it sounded harshly. Why remind

Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my
power

With such contemptuous terms?

Glenalvon. I did not mean

To gall your pride, which now I see is
great. 350

Norval. My pride!

greats great, 0 1.

Glenalvon. Suppress it as you wish to
prosper.

Your pride's excessive. Yet for Randolph's
sake

I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born

men,

Will high-born men endure a shepherd's
scorn?

Norval. A shepherd's scorn!

Glenalvon. Yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,

As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for

me;°

What will become of you?

Norval. If this were told——*I Aside.* 370

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous
self?

Glenalvon. Ha! Dost thou threaten me?

Norval. Didst thou not hear?

Glenalvon. Unwillingly I did; a nobler
foe

Had not been question'd thus, But such as
thee——

Norval. Whom dost thou think me?

Glenalvon. *Norval.*

Norval. So I am——

And who is *Norval* in *Glenalvon*'s eyes?

Glenalvon. A peasant's son, a wand'ring
beggar-boy;

At best no more, even if he speaks the
truth.

Norval. False as thou art, dost thou sus-
pect my truth?

Glenalvon. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie;
and false as hell 380

Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to
Randolph.

Norval. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and
bedrid old,

Perhaps I should revile: But as I am

I have no tongue to° rail. The humble
Norval

Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,

And make thee sink too soon beneath my
sword,

I'd tell thee——what thou art. I know thee
well.

As if . . . for me] om. Works.

to] om. Works.

Glenalvon. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norval. Villain, no more: 390
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause:
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.

Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord Randolph. Hold, I command you both. The man that stirs
Makes me his foe.

Norval. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glenalvon. Hear him, my Lord; he's wondrous condescending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

Norval. Now you may scoff in safety.

[Sheaths his sword.]

Lord Randolph. Speak not thus, 40
Taunting each other; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Norval. Nay, my good Lord, tho' I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.

I blush to speak; I will not, cannot speak
Th'opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord; 410
Honour, sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,

Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord Randolph. Thus far I'll mediate
with impartial voice:

The antient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.

Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms

Repel the bold invader; then decide

The private quarrel.

Glenalvon.

I agree to this. 420

Norval. And I.

Enter Servant.

Servant. The banquet waits.

Lord Randolph. We come.

[Exit Randolph.]

Glenalvon.

Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkl'd hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle Dame.

Norval. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment;

When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

The Wood.

Enter Douglas.⁰

This is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.

How sweet and solemn is this mid-night scene!

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.

The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;

The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in ought believ'd, 10
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world **unknown**.

Enter Old Norval.

Norval. Tis he. But what if he should chide me hence?

His just reproach I fear.

[Douglas turns and sees him.]

Forgive, forgive,
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son.

Douglas. Kneel not to me: thou art my father still:

Thy wish'd-for presence now compleats my joy.

Douglas] So Young Norval is named in Act V.

Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,

And ever honour'd wjth thy „Douglas live. 20
Old Norval. And dost thou call me father? 0 my son!

I think that I could die to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime

Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Douglas. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cote,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget

When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove 30
The poor man's friend; and, when my vassals bow,

Norval shall smooth the crested pride of
Douglas.

Norval. Let me but live to see thine exaltation!

Yet grievous are my fears. 0 leave this place,

And those unfriendly towers.

Douglas. Why should I leave them?

Norval. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Douglas. How know'st thou that?

Norval. I will inform you how.
When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path 40
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,

I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came;
Unseen I lurk'd, and overhead them name
Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,

And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,

And of the Lady: threat'ning was their speech,

Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery;

And ever and anon they vow'd revenge. 50

Douglas. Revenge! for what?

Norval. For being what you are;
Sir Malcolm's heir: how else have you offended?

When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,

And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.

But I could think of none: at last perplex'd
I issued forth, encompassing the tower
With many a weary step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,

Let not your too courageous spirit scorn 60
The caution which I give.

Douglas. I scorn it not.
My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's base-ness:

But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanor: him I'll trust.

Norval. I fear you will too far.

Douglas. Here in this place
I wait my mother's coming: she shall know
What thou hast told: her counsel I will follow:

And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart; your presence may prevent 70

Our interview.

Norval. My blessing rest upon thee!
0 may heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;

Turning mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,

All upon mine!

[Exit *Old Norval.*

Douglas. He loves me like a parent;
And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!

Once on the cold, and winter shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me, 80
Never to thrive, child of another soil:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.

Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host!

To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!

May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic
Dane,

To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out I will accept; 90
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

[Enter Lady Randolph.

Lady Randolph. My son! I heard a
voice——

Douglas.———The voice was mine.

Lady Randolph. Didst thou complain
aloud to nature's ear,

That thus in dusky shades, at mid-night
hours,

By stealth the mother and the son should
meet?

[Embracing him.

Douglas. No; on this happy day, this
better birth-day,

My thoughts and words are all of hope and
joy.

Lady Randolph. Sad fear and melancholy
still divide

The empire of my breast with hope and
joy.

Now hear what I advise.

Douglas. First, let me tell 100

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

Lady Randolph. My heart forbodes some
evil!

Douglas. 'Tis not good.——

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation: oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threatnings; you they some-
times nam'd.

Twas strange, they said, a wonderful dis-
cov'ry;

And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Lady Randolph. Defend us gracious God!
we are betray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy
birth; 110

It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his
own;

And he will be reveng'd. Perhaps even now,
Arm'd and prepaid for murder, they but
wait

A darker and more silent hour, to break
Into the chamber where they think thou
sleep'st.

This moment, this, heav'n hath ordain'd to
save thee!

Fly to the camp, my son!

Douglas. And leave you here?

No: to the castle let us go together,
Call up the antient servants of your house, 120
Who in their youth did eat your father's
bread.

Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's
house.

Lady Randolph. O Nature, Nature! what
can check thy force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring
Douglas!

But rush not on destruction: save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm, 130
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the
river.

Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten
way,

Which running eastward leads thee to the
camp.

Instant demand admittance to Lord Doug-
las.

Shew him these jewels, which his brother
wore.

Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the
truth,

Which I by certain proof will soon con-
firm.

Douglas. I yield me and obey: but yet
my heart

Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me
stay 140

And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm
atchiev'd.

Our foes are two: no more: let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

Lady Randolph. If thou regard'st thy
mother, or rever'st

Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no
more.

One thing I have to say before we part;
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found,
my child,

In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see 150
Which way the current of thy temper sets:
To day I've^o found thee. Oh! my long lost
hope!

I' ve] I have Works.

If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the
light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father
fell.

If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world! my son, remember
me!

Douglas. What shall I say? how can I
give you comfort?

The God of battles of my life dispose 160
As may be best for you! for whose dear
sake

I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name
That which I boast sounds amongst martial
men.

How will inglorious caution suit my claim?
The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am.
On the invaders heads I'll prove my birth.
Till friends and foes confess the genuine
strain.

If in this strife I fall, blame not your son, 170
Who if he lives not honour'd, must not live.

Lady Randolph. I will not utter what my
bosom feels.

Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewel, my son! my counsels are but vain.

[Embracing.

And as high heav'n hath will'd it all must
be.

[Separate.

Lady Randolph. Gaze not on me, thou
wilt mistake the path;
I'll point it out again.

[Just as they are separating, enter
from the wood Lord Randolph and
Glenalvon.]

Lord Randolph. Not in her presence.
Now—

Glenalvon. I'm prepar'd.

Lord Randolph. No: I command thee
stay.

I go alone: it never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man. 180
The noblest vengeance is the most com-
pleat.

[Exit Lord Randolph.

[Glenalvon makes some steps to the
same side of the stage, listens and
speaks.]

Glenalvon. Demons of death come settle
on my sword,

And to a double slaughter guide it home!
The lover and the husband both must die.

[Lord Randolph behind the scenes.]

Lord Randolph. Draw, villain! draw.

Douglas. Assail me not, Lord Randolph;
Not as thou lov'st thyself.

[Clashing of swords.]

Glenalvon [running out.] Now is the
time.

Enter Lady Randolph at the opposite side
of the stage, faint and breathless.

Lady Randolph. Lord Randolph, hear
me; all shall be thine own:

But spare! Oh spare my son!

Enter Douglas with a sword in each hand.

Douglas.⁰ My mother's voice!
I can protect thee still.

Lady Randolph. He lives, he lives:
For this, for this to heaven eternal praise! 190
But sure I saw thee fall.

Douglas. It was Glenalvon.
Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's
sword,

The villain came behind me; but I slew
him.

Lady Randolph. Behind thee! Ah; thou'rt
wounded! O my child,

How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose
thee now?

Douglas. Do not despair: I feel a little
faintness;

I hope it will not last.

[Leans upon his sword.]

Lady Randolph. There is no hope!
And we must part! the hand of death is
on thee!

O my beloved child! O Douglas, Douglas!⁰

Douglas. Too soon we part; I have not
long been Douglas. 200

O destiny! hardly thou deal'st with me:
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

Lady Randolph. Has heav'n preserv'd
thee for an end like this?

Douglas. O had I fallen as my brave
fathers fell,

Turning with great effort⁰ the tide of battle!
Like them I should have smil'd and wel-
com'd death.

Douglas] om. O 1, Works.

Douglas!] O 2 reads S. D.—[Douglas growing more
and more faint.]
great effort] fatal arm. O 2.

But thus to perish by a villain's hand!
Cut off from nature's and from glory's
course,

Which never mortal was so fond to run. aw
Lady Randolph, Hear justice! hear!
stretch thy avenging arm.^o

[*Douglas falls.*]

Douglas. Unknown I die; no tongue shall
speak of me.—

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have
prov'd,

And think life only wanting to my fame:
But who shall comfort thee?

Lady Randolph. Despair! despair!

Douglas. O had it pleas'd high heaven
to let me live

A little while!—my eyes that gaze on
thee

Grow dim apace! my mother—O! my
mother.^o

[*Dies.*]

Enter Lord Randolph and Anna.

Lord Randolph. Thy words, the words of
truth, have pierc'd my heart. 220
I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.
Oh! if my brave deliverer survives
The traitor's sword—

Anna. Alas! look there, my Lord.

Lord Randolph. The mother and her son!

How curst I am!

Was I the cause? No: I was not the
cause.

Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul
To frantic jealousy.

Anna. My Lady lives:
The agony of grief hath but suppress
A while her powers.

Lord Randolph. But my deliverer's dead!
The world did once esteem Lord Randolph
well. 230

Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd:
And, in my early days, glory I gain'd
Beneath the holy banner of the cross.

Now past the noon of life, shame comes
upon me;

Reproach, and infamy, and public hate.
Are near at hand: for all mankind will
think

That Randolph basely stab'd Sir Malcolm's
heir.

O! my mother.] om. O 2.

[*Lady Randolph recovering.*

Lady Randolph. Where am I now? still
in this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine,^o
My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's
strength,

With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of
sorrow;

And train'd me on to be the object now,
On which Omnipotence displays itself,
Making a spectacle, a tale of me,
To awe its vassal, man.

Lord Randolph. O misery!

Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim
My innocence.

Lady Randolph. Thy innocence!

Lord Randolph. My guilt
Is innocence compar'd with what thou
think'st it.

Lady Randolph. Of thee I think not:
what have I to do

With thee or any thing? My son! my
son! 250

My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour! My fond
heart

O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I
thought

Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's
childhood,

And bear my brother's and my husband's
name:

Now all my hopes are dead! A little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long I

What am I now?—I know.—But I shall be
That only whilst I please; for such a son 290
And such a husband make a woman bold.

[*Runs out.*

Lord Randolph. Follow her, Anna: I my-
self would follow,

But in this rage she must abhor my pres-
ence.

[*Exit Anna.*

Enter Old Norval.

Norval. I hear^o the voice of woe; heaven
guard my child!

Lord Randolph. Already is the idle gap-
ing crowd,

mine,] O 1; mine. O 2, Works.
hear] heard O 2.

The spiteful vulgar come to gaze on Randolph.

Begone.

Norval. I fear thee not. I will not go.
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, Lord,
With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help

To crush down to the ground this lovely plant. 270

O noblest youth that ever yet was born!
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,

That ever bless'd the world! Wretch that I am,

Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!

Yet never was by all thy virtues won
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,
Which⁰ timely known, had rais'd thee far above

The villain's snare! Oh! I am punish'd now!

These are the hairs that should have
strew'd the ground, 230
And not the locks of Douglas.

*{Tears his hair, and throws himself
upon the body of Douglas.*

Lord Randolph. I know thee now: thy
boldness I forgive;

My crest is fallen. For thee I will appoint
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.
I will reward, altho' I cannot punish.

Curst, curst Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,
Tho' slain and baffled⁰ by the hand he hated.
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,
Cursing his conqueror, the felon dy'd.

Enter Anna.

Anna. My Lord, my Lord!

Lord Randolph. Speak: I can hear of
horror. 290

Which] O 1; *Which, Works.*
baffled] see p. 210 *supra*.

Anna. Horror indeed!

Lord Randolph. Matilda?

Anna. Is no more;

She ran, she flew like light'ning up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls
Ingulph'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,
And headlong down.—

Lord Randolph. Twas I! alas! 'twas I
That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her
down

The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

Anna. O had you seen her last despairing
look! 300

Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head
And her white hands to heaven, seeming
to say,

Why am I fore'd to this? she plung'd her-
self

Into the empty air.

Lord Randolph. I will not vent,
In vain complaints, the passion of my
soul.

Peace in this world I never can enjoy.
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph
gave.

They speak aloud, and with the voice of
fate

Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go 310
Straight to the battle, where the man that
makes

Me turn aside must threaten worse than
death.

Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this
ring,

Full warrant of my power. Let every rite
With cost and pomp upon their funerals
wait:

For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.⁰

*A N Epilogue I ask'd; but not one word
Our bard will write. He vows, 'tis most absurd
With comic wit to contradict the strain
Of tragedy, and make your sorrows vain.
Sadly he says, that pity is the best,
The noblest passion of the human breast:
For when its sacred streams the heart o'erflow,
In gushes pleasure with the tide of woe;
And when its waves retire, like those of Nile,
They leave behind them such a golden soil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the sweet blossoms of affection blow.
These were his words:—void of delusive art
I felt them; for he spoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chase away celestial melancholy.*

EPILOGUE.] O 2 reads: Spoken by Mr. BARRY.

H I G H L I F E BELOW STAIRS.

A
F A R C E
OF
T W O A C T S .

At it is ~~performed at~~ At

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

O imitatores, Strom pecus HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. NEWBERY, at *the and Sun* in *St. Pauls Church-Yard*; R. BAILYE, at *Lichfield*; J. LEAKS and W. F R E D E R I C K , a t *Bath*; B. COLLINS at *Saisbury*; and S. STABLER at *Turk*.

M D C C I X .

[Price One Shilling.]

James Townley (1714-1778) was a clergyman and high master of Merchant Taylors' School. He wrote three farces of which only the first, *High Life Below Stairs*, has been printed. It was produced at Drury Lane in October, 1759, and met with great success. For many years Townley concealed the fact of his authorship.

The idea of servants aping their employers is to be found in *The Spectator*, no. 88; and the Advertisement to the play and Lovel's final speech make clear the author's didactic aim. It is curious now to think that the servant class should have been so greatly provoked that they organised opposition to the play and in Edinburgh they raised riot in the theatre and even threatened the lives of some of the performers (*Biographia Dramatica*). The same theme is touched on in Garrick's *Miss in her Teens*, 1746/7 and in Steele's *The Conscious Lovers*.

Despite the moral intention, and the slightly sentimental quality of the good master and faithful servant theme, the play is full of amusing incident. The comedy may be of a farcical character, though Goldsmith's criticism of the play implies that he did not find it farcical enough. There is genuine comedy in situations and dialogue, and also in the satire. In showing up the absurd behaviour of the servants the dramatist is exposing by reflection the manners of the masters and mistresses whom they ape.

Not only was the piece successful in its day, but it held the stage for long as a stock piece.

The first edition octavo, 1759, is the basis of the text. Four editions octavo appeared in 1759 and Nicoll records a ninth in 1775, one in 1787 and an eleventh in 1795.

The first and third octavo have been collated, but there is little variation. The third is almost certainly a reprint without resetting, but with some correction.

0 1 = First edition octavo, 1759 (A. E. M.).

O 3 = Third edition octavo, 1759 (Hull U. C. PR 3736.T64.H6).

Dramatis Personæ.

LOVEL, <i>a young West-Indian of Fortune,</i>		Mr. OBRIEN.
FREEMAN, <i>his Friend,</i>		Mr. PACKER.
PHILIP,	} <i>Servants to Lovel.</i>	Mr. YATES.
TOM:,		Mr. MOZEEN.
COACHMAN,		Mr. CLOUGH.
KINGSTON, <i>a Slack,</i>		Mr. MOODY.
KITTY,		Mrs. CLIVE.
COOK,		Mrs. BRADSHAW.
CLOE, <i>a Slack,</i>	} <i>Visitors.</i>	Mrs. SMITH.
DUKE'S <i>Servant,</i>		Mr. PALMER.
Sir HARRY'S <i>Servant,</i>		Mr. KING.
Lady BAB'S <i>Maid,</i>		Miss HIPPISELEY.
Lady CHARLOTTE'S <i>Maid,</i>		Mrs. BEN NET.
ROBERT, <i>Servant to Freeman,</i>		Mr. ACKMAN.
FIDLER,		Mr. ATKINS.

S C E N E , *London.*

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

It was a real Desire to do good, amongst a very large and useful Body of People, that gave Rise to this little Piece. The Author thought the Stage, where the Bad might be disgraced, and the Good rewarded, the most ready and effectual Method for this Purpose: And, as he never wrote before in the Dramatic Way, and was unwilling to be known, he was happy in recommending the Performance, by the Assistance of a Friend, to the Care and Judgment of Mr. GARRICK.

Nov. 5, 1759.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Freeman's House.*

Freeman and Lovel, entering.

Freeman. A Country Boy! ha, ha, ha. How long has this Scheme been in your Head?

Lovel. Some time—I am now convinc'd of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my Servants.

Freeman. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse Set of Servants in the 10 Parish of St. James's, than in your Kitchen.

Lovel. 'Tis with some Difficulty I believe it now, Mr. Freeman; tho', I must own, my Expences often make me stare—*Philip*, I am sure, is an honest Fellow; and I will swear for my Blacks—if there is a Rogue among my Folks, it is that surly Dog *Tom*.

Freeman. You are mistaken in every one. *Philip* is an hypocritical Rascal: *Tom* has a good deal of surly Honesty about him: 20 and for your Blacks, they are as bad as your Whites.

Lovel. Prithee, *Freeman*, how came you to be so well acquainted with my People? None of the Wenches are handsome enough to move the Affections of a middle-aged Gentleman as you are. Ha, ha, ha.

Freeman. You are a young Man, Mr. Lovel, and take a Pride in a Number of idle, unnecessary Servants, who are the 30 Plague and Reproach of this Kingdom.

Lovel. Charles, You are an old-fashion'd Fellow. Servants a Plague and Reproach! ha, ha, ha. I would have forty more, if my House would hold them. Why, Man, in *Jamaica*, before I was ten Years old, I had an hundred Blacks kissing my Feet every Day.

Freeman. You Gentry of the Western Isles are high mettled ones, and love 40 Pomp and' Parade—I have seen it delight your Soul, when the People in the Street have stared at your Equipage;^o especially

Equipage] see p. 134 *supra*.

if they whispered loud enough to be heard, "That is 'Squire Lovel, the great West "Indian." Ha, ha, ha.

Lovel. I should be very sorry if we were as splenetic as you Northern Islanders, who are devoured with Melancholy and Fog. Ha, ha, ha. No, Sir, we are Children of 50 the Sun, and are born to diffuse the bounteous Favours which our noble Parent is pleased to bestow on us.

Freeman. I wish you had more of your noble Parent's Regularity, and less of his Fire. As it is, you consume so fast, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty Years old.

Lovel. But in that fifty we live two hundred, my Dear; mark that. — But to 60 Business—I am resolv'd upon my Frolick. —I will know whether my Servants are Rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the Rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my Impertinence.—Pray tell me; is not your *Robert* acquainted with my People? Perhaps he may give a little Light into the thing.

Freeman. To tell you the Truth, Mr. Lovel, your Servants are so abandoned, 70 that I have forbid him your House—However, if you have a Mind to ask him any Question, he shall be forth coming.

Lovel. Let us have him.

Freeman. You shall; but it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for, though he is a very honest Fellow, yet he is so much of a Servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the Disadvantage of another——Who waits? [*Enter Servant.*] 80 Send *Robert* to me——[*Exit Servant.*] And what was it determined you upon this Project at last?

Lovel. This Letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my Curiosity.—Read it.

[*Gives the Letter.*]

Freeman. I should know something of this Hand— [*Reads.*]

To Peregrine Lovel, Esq. 90
"Please your Honour,

"I take the Liberty to acquaint your Honour, that you are sadly cheated by your Servants. — Your Honour will find it as I say. — I am not willing to be known, whereof if I am, it may bring one into Trouble.

"So no more, from your Honours

"Servant to command."

— Odd and honest! Well — and now 100 what are the Steps you intend to take?—

[Returns the Letter.

Lovel. I shall immediately apply to my Friend the Manager for a Disguise — Under the Form of a gawky Country Boy, I will be an Eye-witness of my Servants Behaviour—you must assist me, Mr. Freeman.

Freeman. As how, Mr. *hovel*.

hovel. My Plan is this—I gave it out, that I was going to my Burrough in 110 Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a Servant in great Form, and lay at Basingstoke. —

Freeman. Well?—

hovel. I order'd the Fellow to make the best of his Way down into the Country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turn'd back, and am just come to Town: *Ecce Signum!*—

[Points to his Boots.

Freeman. It is now one o'Clock. 120

hovel. This very Afternoon I shall pay my People a visit.

Freeman. How will you get in?

hovel. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to *Philip* as one of your Tenant's Sons, who wants to be made a good Servant of.

Freeman. They will certainly discover you.

hovel. Never fear, I'll be so countrify'd 130 that you shall not know me.—As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my Departure with a drinking Bout, if they are what you describe them.—

Freeman. Shall you be able to play your Part?

hovel. I am surpriz'd, Mr. Freeman, that you, who have known me from my In- 140 fancy, should not remember my Abilities

in that Way. But you old Fellows have short Memories.

Freeman. What should I remember?

hovel. How I played *Daniel* in the *Conscious hovers* at School, and afterwards arrived at the distinguished Character of the mighty Mr. *Scrub*. —

[Mimicking.

*Freeman.*⁰ Ha, ha, ha! That is very well.

— Enough.—Here is *Robert*. 150

•Enter Robert.

Your Honour order'd me to wait on you.

Freeman. I did, *Robert*.—*Robert?*

Robert. Sir—

Freeman. Come here — You know, *Robert*, I have a good Opinion of your Integrity.

Robert. I have always endeavour'd that your Honour should.

Freeman. Pray have not you some Acquaintance among Mr. *hovel's* People? 160

Robert. A little, please your Honour.

Freeman. How do they behave? — We have nobody but Friends—you may speak out.

hovel. Aye, *Robert*, speak out.

Robert. I hope your Honours will not insist on my saying any Thing in an Affair of this Kind.

hovel. Oh, but we do insist — If you know any Thing.— 170

Robert. Sir, I am but a Servant myself, and it would not become me to speak ill of a Brother Servant.

Freeman. Psha! This is false Honesty—speak out.

Robert. Don't oblige me, good Sir.—Consider, Sir, a Servant's Bread depends upon his *Carackter*.

hovel. But if a Servant uses me ill—

Robert. Alas! Sir, what is one Man's 180 Poison is another Man's Meat.

Freeman. You see how they trim for one another.

Robert. Service, Sir, is no Inheritance.—A Servant that is not approved in one Place, may give Satisfaction in another. Every Body must live, your Honour.

hovel. *Robert*, I like your Heartiness, as well as your Caution; but in my Case, it

Scrub] the servant in *The Beaux Stratagem*.

Freeman] O 3; *Lovel* O 1.

is necessary that I should know the 190 Truth.

Robert. The Truth, Sir, is not to be spoken at all Times, it may bring one into Trouble, whereof if——

Freeman. (*Musing.*) "Whereof if" — —Pray, Mr. Lovel, let me see that Letter again [*Lovel gives the Letter.*] — Aye — it must be so — *Robert!*

Robert. Sir?

Freeman. Do you know any Thing of 20 this Letter?

Robert. Letter, your Honour?

Freeman. Yes, Letter.

Robert. I have seen the Hand before.

Lovel. He blushes.

Freeman. I ask you, if you were concern'd in writing this Letter. — You never told me a Lie yet, and I expect the Truth from you now.

Robert. Pray your Honour, don't ask 210 me.

Freeman. Did you write it? — answer me.——

Robert. I cannot deny it. [*Bowing.*]

Lovel. What induced you to it?

Robert. I will tell Truth. — I have seen such Waste and Extravagance, and Riot, and Drunkenness in your Kitchen, Sir, that, as my Master's Friend, I could not help discovering it to you. 220

Lovel. Go on.

Robert. I am sorry to say it to your Honour; but your Honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your Servants; especially by *Philip*, who is a—— very bad Man.

Lovel. *Philip?* An ungrateful Dog! — Well?

Robert. I could not presume to speak to your Honour, and therefore I resolved, 20 though but a poor Scribe, to write your Honour a Letter.

Lovel. *Robert,* I am greatly indebted to you. — Here—— [*Offers Money.*]

Robert. On any other Account than this I should be proud to receive your Honour's Bounty, but now I beg to be excused —

[*Refuses the Money.*]

Lovel. Thou hast a noble Heart, *Robert*, and I'll not forget you. — *Freeman*, he must be in the Secret. — Wait your Master's 20 Orders.——

Robert. I will, your Honour. [*Exit.*]

Freeman. Well, Sir, are you convinced now?

Lovel. Convinced? yes, and I'll be among the Scoundrels before Night — You or *Robert* must contrive some Way or other to get me introduce'd to *Philip*, as one of your Cottager's Boys out of *Essex*.

Freeman. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a 250 fine Figure.

Lovel. They shall make a fine Figure. — It must be done this Afternoon; walk with me across the Park, and I'll tell you the whole. — My Name shall be *Jemmy*. — And I am come to be a Gentleman's Servant — and will do my best, and hope to get a good *Carackter*. [*Mimicking.*]

Freeman. But what will you do if you find them Rascals? 260

Lovel. Discover myself, and blow them all to the Devil. — Come along.——

Freeman. Ha, ha, ha! — Bravo — *Jemmy* — Bravo, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Park.*

Duke's Servant.

What Wretches are ordinary Servants that go on in the same vulgar Track ev'ry Day! Eating, working, and sleeping! — But we, who have the Honour to serve the Nobility, are of another Species. We are above the common Forms, have Servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our Masters.——Ha!——My dear Sir *Harry* !——

(*Enter Sir Harry's Servant.*)

—How have you done these thousand 10 Years?

Sir Harry. My Lord Duke! — your Grace's most obedient Servant.

Duke. Well, Baronet, and where have you been?

Sir Harry. At *Newmarket*, my Lord — We have had dev'lish fine Sport.

Duke. And a good Appearance I hear. — Pox take it, I should have been there, but our old Duchess died, and we were obliged 20 to keep House, for the Decency of the Thing.

Sir Harry. I pick'd up fifteen Pieces.^o

Duke. Psha! a Trifle!

[*Pieces*] guineas, or pounds. Cf. p. 355 *supra*

Sir Harry. The, Viscount's People have been bloodily taken in this Meeting.

Duke. Credit me, Baronet[^]—they know nothing of the Turf.

Sir Harry. I assure you, my Lord, they lost every Match; for *Crab* was beat 30 hollow, *Careless* threw his Rider, and *Miss Slammerkin*⁰ had the Distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. — Taste this Snuff, *Sir Harry.* [Offers his Box.

Sir Harry. Tis, good Rappee.⁰

Duke. Right *Strasburg*, I assure you, and of my own importing.

Sir Harry. Aye?

Duke. The City People adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my 40 own Snuff. — I wish my Lord would do the same; but he is so indolent. — When did you see the Girls? I saw *Lady Bab* this Morning; but, 'fore Gad, whether it be Love or Reading, she looked as pale as a Penitent.

Sir Harry. I have just had this Card from *Lovel'a* People — (*Reads.*) "*Philip* and *Mrs. Kitty* present their Compliments to *Sir Harry*, and desire the Honour of his 50 "Company this Evening, to be of a smart "Party, and to eat a Bit of Supper."

Duke. I have the same Invitation — Their Master, it seems, is gone to his Borough.

Sir Harry. You'll be with us, my Lord? — *Philip's* a Blood. —

Duke. A Buck of the first Head;⁰ I'll tell you a secret, he's going to be married.

Sir Harry. To whom? 60

Duke. To *Kitty.*

Sir Harry. No!

Duke. Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir Harry. Then we may depend upon your Grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our House breaks up in a tolerable Time, I'll be with you. — Have You any Thing for us?

Sir Harry. Yes, a little Bit of Poetry 70 *Slammerkin*] v. n. p. 535 supra.

Rappee] a kind of snuff.

Buck of the first Head] N.E.D. quotes Goldsmith, *Nat. Hist.*: "The buck is called ... the fifth year, a buck of the first Head." Here, presumably, a particularly fine buck or swell: "a blood or choice spirit" (*Grose, Diet. Vulgar Tongue*).

Sir] *Sii Oo* 1, 3.

— I must be at the Cocoa-tree myself till Eight.

Duke. Heigho! — I am quite out of Spirits—I had a damn'd Debauch last Night, Baronet. — Lord *Francis*, *Bob* the Bishop, and I tipt off four Bottles of *Burgundy* a-piece—Ha! there are two fine Girls coming, *Faith* — *Lady Bab* — aye, and *Lady Charlotte.* — [Takes out his Glass.

Sir Harry. Well not join them. 80

Duke. Oh, yes—*Bab* is a fine Wench, notwithstanding her Complexion; though I should be glad she would keep her Teeth cleaner—Your *English Women* are damn'd negligent about their Teeth. — How is your *Charlotte* in that Particular?

Sir Harry. My *Charlotte*?

Duke. Aye, the World says, you are to have her.

Sir Harry. I own I did keep her Company; but we are off, my Lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir Harry. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick Pair of Legs.

Duke. Oh, damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir Harry. Besides, she is a Fool, and miss'd her Opportunity with the old Countess.

Duke. I am afraid, Baronet, you love Money.—Rot it, I never save a Shilling 100 — Indeed I am sure of a Place in the Excise — *Lady Charlotte* is to be of the Party to Night; how do you manage that?

Sir Harry. Why, we do meet at a third Place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. Alamode, ha?—Here they are.

Sir Harry. Let us retire. [They retire.

Enter Lady Bab's Maid and Lady Charlotte's Maid.

Lady Bab. Oh! fie! *Lady Charlotte*, you are quite indelicate! I'm sorry for your no taste.'

Lady Charlotte. Well, I say it again, I love *Vaux Hall*.

Lady Bab. O my Stars! Why, there is no body there but filthy Citizens.

Lady Charlotte. We were in Hopes the raising the Price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha.

Lady Bab. Ha, ha, ha,—*Bunelow* for my Money. 120

Runelow] *Ranelagh*.

Lady Charlotte. Now you talk of *Rune-low*, when did you see the Colonel, *Lady Bab*.

Lady Bab. The Colonel? I hate the *Fellow*.—He had the Assurance to talk of a Creature in *Glocestershire* before my Face.

Lady Charlotte. He is a pretty Man for all that — Soldiers you know, have their Mistresses every where.

Lady Bab. I despise him—How goes on 130 your Affair with the Baronet?

Lady Charlotte. The Baronet is a stupid Wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him—You are to be at *LoveVs* tonight, *Lady Bab*

Lady Bab. Unless I alter my Mind—I don't admire visiting these Commoners, *Lady Charlotte*.

Lady Charlotte. Oh, but Mrs. Kitty has Taste. 140

Lady Bab. She affects it.

Lady Charlotte. The Duke is fond of her, and he has Judgment.

Lady Bab. The Duke might shew his Judgment much better.

[*Holding up her Head.*

Lady Charlotte. There he is and the Baronet too—Take no notice of them—We'll rally them by-and-by.

Lady Bab. Dull Souls! Let us set up a loud Laugh and leave 'em. 150

Lady Charlotte. Ay;—Let us be gone; for the common People do so stare at us—We shall certainly be mobb'd.

Both. Ha, ha, ha. — Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

Duke and Sir Harry come forward.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us—I must follow—

Sir Harry. No, no.

Duke. I must,—I must have a Party of Raillery with them, a bon mot or so.—*Sir Harry*, you'll excuse me,—Adieu, I'll be 160 with you in the Evening, if possible; though, hark ye, there is a Bill depending in our House, which the Ministry make a Point of our attending; and so you know, Mum! we must mind the Stops of the Great Fiddle.—Adieu. [*Ex.*

Sir Harry. What a Coxcomb this is! and the Fellow can't read. It was but the other Day that he was Cowboy in the Country, then was bound Prentice to a Perriwig-170 maker, got into my Lord Duke's Family,

and now sets up for a fine Gentleman. 0 *Tempora 0 Mores!*

Re-enter Duke'a Servant.

Duke. Sir Harry, prithee what are we to do at *Lovel's* when we come there?

Sir Harry. We shall have the Fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The Fiddles! I have done with Dancing ever since the last fit of the Gout. I'll tell you what, my dear Boy, I posi- 180 tively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—

[*Makes a Motion as if with the Dice-box.*

Sir Harry. Fie, my Lord Duke.

Duke. Look ye, Baronet, I insist on it.—Who the Devil of any Fashion, can possibly spend an Evening without it?—But I shall lose the Girls,—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha.—Well, let there be Fiddles.

Sir Harry. But, my dear Lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.—190

Duke. Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the rest do. — Tol, lol, lol.

[*Exit, singing and dancing.*

Sir Harry [solus]. He had the Assurance, last Winter to court a Tradesman's Daughter in the City, with Two Thousand Pounds to her Fortune,—and got me to write his Love-letters. He pretended to be an Ensign in a marching Regiment; so wheedled the old Folks into Consent, and would have carried the Girl off, but was 200 unluckily prevented by the Washerwoman, who happened to be his first Cousin.

(*Enter Philip.*)

—Mr. *Philip*, your Servant.

Philip. You are welcome to *England*, *Sir Harry*; I hope you received the Card, and will do us the Honour of your Company —My Master is gone into *Devonshire* —We'll have a roaring Night.

Sir Harry. I'll certainly wait on you.

Philip. The Girls will be with us. 210

Sir Harry. Is this a Wedding Supper, *Philip*?

Philip. What do you mean, *Sir Harry*?

Sir Harry. The Duke tells me so.

Philip. The Duke is a Fool.

Sir Harry. Take Care what you say; his Grace is a Bruiser.

Philip. I am a Pupil of the same Acad-

emy, and not afraid of him, I assure you:—Sir *Harry*, we'll have a noble Batch 220 I have such Wine for you! -

Sir Harry. I am your Man, *Phil*.

Philip. Egad the Cellar shall bleed: I have some *Burgundy* that is fit for an Emperor—My Master would have given his Ears for some of it t'other Day, to treat my Lord What-d'y'e-call-him with; but I told him it was all gone; ha? Charity begins at home, ha?—Odso, here is Mr. *Freeman*, my Master's intimate Friend; 20 he is a dry one.—Don't let us be seen together—He'll suspect something.

Sir Harry. I am gone.

Philip. Away, away—Remember, *Burgundy* is the Word.

Sir Harry. Right—Long Corks! ha, *Phil*? [*Mimicks the drawing of a Cork.*]—Your's. [*Exit.*]

Philip. Now for a Cast^o of my Office—A Starch Phiz, a canting Phrase, and as 240 many Lies as necessary—Hem!

Enter Freeman.

Freeman. Oh! *Philip*—How do you do, *Philip*?—You have lost your Master, I find.

Philip. It is a Loss indeed, Sir—So good a Gentleman!—He must be nearly got into *Devonshire* by this Time—Sir, your Servant. [*Going.*]

Freeman. Why in such a Hurry, *Philip*?

Philip. I shall leave the House as little 250 as possible, now his Honour is away.

Freeman. You are in the right, *Philip*.

Philip. Servants at such Times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, Sir.

Freeman. True; the Master's Absence is the Time to try a good Servant in.

Philip. It is so, Sir: Sir, your Servant. [*Going.*]

Freeman. Oh! Mr. *Philip*—pray stay—you must do me a Piece of Service.

Philip. You command me, Sir—260 [*Bows.*]

Freeman. I look upon you, *Philip*, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest [*Philip bows*] Rascals in the World. [*Aside.*]

Philip. Your Honour is pleased to compliment.

Cast specimen; cf. p. 213 *supra*. 'Cast of his office' is a regular expression.

Freeman. There is a Tenant of mine in *Essex*, a very honest Man—Poor Fellow, he has a great Number of Children; and they have sent me one of 'em; a tall, gawkie Boy, to make a Servant of; but my 270 Folks say they can do nothing with him.

Philip. Let me have him, Sir.

Freeman. In Truth, he is an unlick'd Cub.

Philip. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, Sir.—Now my Master is absent, I shall, have a good deal of Time upon my Hands; and I hate to be idle, Sir: in two Months I'll engage to finish him.

Freeman. I don't doubt it. [*Aside.* 280]

Philip. Sir, I have Twenty Pupils in the Parish of *St. James's*; and for a Table, or a Side-board, or behind an Equipage, or in the Delivery of a Message, or any thing—

Freeman. What have you for Entrance?

Philip. I always leave it to Gentlemen's Generosity.

Freeman. Here is a Guinea—I beg he may be taken Care of.

Philip. That he shall, I promise you 290 [*Aside.*] Your Honour knows me.

Freeman. Thoroughly. [*Aside.*]

Philip. When can I see him, Sir?

Freeman. Now directly—call at my House, and take him in your Hand.

Philip. Sir, I will be with you in a Minute—I will but step into the Market, to let the Tradesmen know they must not trust any of our Servants, now they are at Board-wages—Humh! 300

Freeman. How happy is Mr. *hovel* in so excellent a Servant. [*Exit.*]

Philip. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my Master's prudent Friends, who dines with him three times a Week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five Guineas at Christmas—Damn all such sneaking Scoundrels, I say. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Servant's Hall in Lovel's House.*

Kingston and Coachman, drunk and sleepy.

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Kingston. Some body knocks—Coachy, go—go to the Door, Coachy.—

Coachman. I'll not go—do you go—you black Dog.

Kingston. Devil shall fetch me, if I go.

[*Knocking.*

Coachman. Why then let 'em stay—I'll not go—Damme—Aye, knock the Door down, and let yourself in.

[*Knocking.*

Kingston. Ay, ay, knock again—knock again—10

Coachman. Master is gone into Devonshire—So he can't be there—So I'll go to sleep.—

Kingston. So will I—I'll go to sleep too.

Coachman. You lie, Devil—You shall not go to sleep till I am asleep—I am King of the Kitchen.

Kingston. No, you are not King; but when you are drunk you are sulky as a Hell.—Here is Cooky coming—She is King and Queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Some body has knock'd at the Door twenty times, and nobody hears—Why Coachman—*Kingston*—Ye drunken Bears, why don't one of you go to the Door.

Coachman. You go Cook; you go—

Cook. Hang me, if I go—

Kingston. Yes, yes, Cooky go; *Mollsy,* *Pollsy* go.—30

Cook. Out you Black Toad—It is none of my Business, and go I will not.

[*Sits down.*

Enter Philip with Lovel disguised.

Philip. I might have staid at the Door all Night, as the little Man in the Play says, if I had not had the Key of the Door in my Pocket—What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two Bears.

Philip. Ah, hah! my Lads, what finish'd already? These are the very best of 40 Servants—Poor Fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their Master's good Journey—ha, ha, ha.

Lovel. No doubt on't. [*Aside.*

Philip. Yo ho, get to bed, you Dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by—They are as fast as a Church—*Jemmy.*

Lovel. Anon?

Philip. Do you love drinking? 50

Lovel. Yes,—I loves Ale.

Philip.—You Dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lovel. Burgrumdyt what's that?

Philip. Cook, wake those honest Gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lovel. I think I could wake 'em, Sir, if I might—Heh—

Philip. Do *Jemmy*, wake 'em *Jemmy*—'60 ha, ha, ha.

Lovel. Hip,—Mr. Coachman.

[*Gives him a great Slap on the Face.*

Coachman. Oh! oh! What? Zounds! Oh!—Damn you!—

Lovel. What Blackey, Blackey.

[*Pulls him by the Nose.*

Kingston. Oh! oh!—What now! Curse you! Oh—Cot tam you.

Lovel. Ha, ha, ha.

Philip. Ha, ha, ha,—Well done *Jemmy.*—Cook, see those gentry to bed. 70

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed.—

Coachman. She shan't see us to bed—We'll see ourselves to bed.

Kingston. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exeunt, reeling.*

Philip. You see how we live, Boy.

Lovel. Yes, I sees how you live.—

Philip. Let the Supper be elegant, Cook.

Cook. Who pays for it? 80

Philip. My Master to be sure: Who else? ha, ha, ha. He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha.

Lovel. Humh.

[*Aside.*

Philip. Each of us must take a Part, and sink it in our next weekly Bills; that is the Way.

Lovel. Soh!

[*Aside.*

Cook. Prithee *Philip*, what Boy is this?

Philip. A Boy of Freeman's recom- 90 mending.

Lovel. Yes, I'm 'Squire Freeman's Boy, —Heh—

Cook. Freeman is a stingy Hound; and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three Times a Week, and I never saw the Colour of his Money yet.

Lovel. Ha, ha, ha, That is Good—Freeman shall have it.

[*Aside.*

Cook. I must step to the Tallow- 100 Chandler's, to dispose of some of my Perquisites; and then I'll set about Supper.—

Philip. Well said, Cook, that is right, the Perquisite is the Thing, Cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe, 'whererare you Cloe.—
[Calk.

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Yes, Mistress.—

Cook. Take that Box, and follow me.

[Exit.

Cloe. Yes, Mistress; [Takes the Box.]—Who is this? [seeing Lovel.] Hee, hee, 110 hee, O chi!—This is pretty Boy—Hee, hee, hee.—Oh—This is pretty Red Hair, hee, hee, hee—You shall be in love with me by-and-by—Hee, hee.

[Exit, chucking Lovel under the Chin.

Lovel. A very pretty Amour. [Aside.] Oh la! What a fine Room is this—Is this the Dining Room, pray Sir?

Philip. No, our Drinking Room.

Lovel. La! la! What a fine Lady here is.—This is Madam, I suppose. 130

Enter Kitty.

Philip. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kitty. I have been disposing of some of his Honour's Shirts, and other Linnen, which it is a Shame his Honour should wear any longer.—Mother Barter is above and waits to know if you have any Commands for her.

Philip. I shall dispose of my Wardrobe to-morrow.

Kitty. Who have we here? 130
[Lovel bows.

Philip. A Boy of Freeman'S a poor silly Fool.—

Lovel. Thank you—[Aside.

Philip. I intend the Entertainment this Evening as a Compliment to you, Kitty.

Kitty. I am your humble, Mr. *Philip.*

Philip. But I beg I may see none of your Airs, or hear any of your French Gibberish with the Duke.

Kitty. Don't be jealous, *Phil.* 140
[Fawningly.

Philip. I intend, before our Marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and with the five hundred Pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant Fellow's Family—

Lovel. A Dog! [Aside]—0 la, la, what, have you got five hundred Pounds?

Philip. Peace, Blockhead—

- *Kitty.* I'll tell you what you shall do, *Phil.* 150

Philip. Aye, what shall I do?

Kitty. You shall set up a Chocolate-house, my Dear—

Philip. Yes, and be cuckolded—

[Apart.

Kitty. You know my Education was a very genteel one—I was Half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a Native—Comment vous porter vous, Mounsieur.
[Awkardly.⁰

Philip. Psha! Psha!—

Kitty. One is nothing without French 160—I shall shine in the Bar—Do you speak French, Boy?

Lovel. Anon—

Kitty. Anon—0 the Fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do, and let me new mould you a little—you must be a good Boy, and wait upon the Gentlemen to Night.

[She ties and powders his Hair.

Lovel. Yes, a'n't please you, I'll do my best.

Kitty. His Best! O the Natural!—170 This is a strange Head of Hair of thine, Boy—It is so coarse, and so carrotty.

Lovel. All my Brothers and Sisters be red in the Pole.

Philip—Kitty. Ha, ha, ha!—

[Loud Laugh.

Kitty. There—Now you are something like—Come, *Philip*, give the Boy a Lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the Servant's Guide.

Philip. Come, Sir, first, Hold up your 180 Head—very well—Turn out your Toes, Sir—very well—Now call Coach—

Lovel. What is call Coach?

Philip. Thus, Sir: Coach, Coach, Coach.
[Loud.

Lovel. Coach, Coach, Coach.

[Imitating.

Philip. Admirable! the Knave has a good Ear—Now, Sir, tell me a Lie.

Lovel. Oh la! I never told a Lie in all my Life.

Philip. Then it is high Time you should 190
Awkardly] cf. p. 493 *Supra*.

begin now; what is a Servant good for that can't tell a Lie?

Kitty. And stand in it—Now I'll lecture him [*Takes out a Book*] This is *The Servants' Guide to Wealth*, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly Servant to several Noblemen, and now an Officer in the Customs. Necessary for all Servants.

Philip. Mind, Sir, what excellent Rules the Book contains, and remember them 200 well—Come, Kitty, begin——

Kitty. (*Reads.*) Advice to the Footman:

"Let it for ever be your Plan

"To be the Master, not the Man, }

"And do—as little as you can. }

hovel. He, he, he! — Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Kitty.

"At Market, never think it Stealing,

"To keep with Tradesmen proper Dealing ; }

"All Stewards have a Fellow-feeling. 210 }

Philip. You will understand that better one Day or other, Boy.

Kitty. To the Groom:

"Never allow your Master able

"To judge of Matters in the Stable.

"If he should roughly speak his Mind, }

"Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd, }

"Lame the best Horse, or break his Wind. }

hovel. Oddines! that's good—he, he, he;

Kitty. To the Coachman: 220

"If your good Master on you doats,

"Ne'er leave his House to serve a Stranger,

"But pocket Hay, and Straw, and Oats,

"And let the Horses eat the Manger.

hovel. Eat the Manger! he, he, he!

Kitty. I won't give you too much at a Time—Here Boy, take the Book, and read it every Night and Morning before you say your Prayers.

Philip. Ha, ha, ha! — very good — But 230 now for Business.

Kitty. Right—I'll go and get out one of the Damask Table-cloths, and some Napkins; and be sure, *Phil*, your Side-board is very smart. [*Exit*]

Philip. That it shall—Come, *Jemmy*——

[*Exit*]

hovel. Soh!—Soh!——It works well.

[*Exit*]

END of the First Act

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Servants Hall, with the Supper and Side-board set out*

Philip, Kitty, and Lovel.

Kitty. Well, *Phil*, what think you? Don't we look very smart?——Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Philip. 'Tis all very well; but——

Kitty. But what?

Philip. Why, I wish we could get that snarling Cur, *Tom*, to make one.

Kitty. What is the matter with him?

Philip. I don't know——He's a queer 10 Son of a——

Kitty. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred Fellows, that prefers his Master's Interest to his own.

Philip.——Here he is.

(*Enter Tom.*)

—And why won't you make one to-night, *Tom*? — Here's Cook and Coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one. 20

Philip. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your Master pay for it.

Philip. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest——Ha, ha, ha.

Tom. A little honestest than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kitty. Harkyee, you Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy——

hovel. This is worth listening to. 30

[*Aside.*]

Tom. What, Madam, you are afraid for your Cully, are you?

Kitty. Cully, Sirrah, Cully? Afraid, Sirrah, afraid of what? [*Goes up to Tom.*]

Philip. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

[*Goes up on the other side.*]

hovel. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

[*Goes up too.*]

Tom. I value none of you—I know your Tricks.

Philip. What do you know, Sirrah?

Kitty. Ay, what do you know? 40

hovel. Ay, Sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in Fee with every Tradesman belonging to the

House.—And that you, Mr. *Clodpole*, are in a fair Way to be hang'd.

[*Strikes Lovel.*

Philip. What do you strike the Boy for?

Lovel. It is an honest Blow. [*Aside.*

Tom. I'll strike him again.—Tis such as you that bring a Scandal upon us all.

Kitty. Come, none of your Impudence, 50
Tom.

Tom. Egad, Madam, the Gentry may well complain, when they get such Servants as you in their Houses.—There's your good Friend, Mother *Barter*, the old-cloaths Woman, the greatest Thief in Town, just now gone out with her Apron full of his Honour's Linnen.

Kitty. Well, Sir, and did you never
—ha! 60

Tom. No, never: I have liv'd with his Honour four Years, and never took the Value of That [*Snapping his Fingers.*]—His Honour is a Prince; gives noble Wages, and keeps noble Company, and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your Fingers.—Shame on you!—

Lovel. The Fellow I thought a Rogue is the only honest Servant in my House, 70

[*Aside.*

Kitty. Out you mealy-mouth'd Cur!

Philip. Well, go, tell his Honour, do—
ha, ha, ha.

Tom. I scorn that—Damn an Informer!—but yet, I hope his Honour will find you two out, one Day or other—That's all.—

[*Exit.*

Kitty. This Fellow must be taken care of.

Philip. I'll do his Business for him, when his Honour comes to Town.

Lovel. You lie you Scoundrel, you will 80
not. [*Aside.*]—0 la, here is a fine Gentleman.

Enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. Ah! ma chere Mademseille! Com-
ment vous portez vous? [*Salute.*

Kitty. Fort bien, je vous remercier.
Monsieur.

Philip. Now we shall have Nonsense by
wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, *Philip*?

Philip. Your Grace's humble Servant. 90

Duke. But my dear *Kitty*—

{*Talk apart.*

Philip. *Jemmy.*

Lovel. Anon?

Philip. Come along with me, and I will
make you free of the Cellar.

Lovel. Yes—I will—But won't you ask
he to drink?

Philip. No, no; he will have his Share
by and by.—Come along.

Lovel. Yes. [*Exeunt Philip and Lovel.* 100

Kitty. Indeed I thought your Grace an
Age in coming.

Duke. Upon Honour, our House is but
this Moment up.—You have a damn'd
vile Collection of Pictures I observe, above
stairs, *Kitty*—Your 'Squire has no
Taste—

Kitty. No Taste? That's impossible, for
he has laid out a vast deal of Money.

Duke. There is not an original Picture no
in the whole Collection—Where could he
pick 'em up?

Kitty. He employs three or four Men to
buy for him, and he always pays for
Originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre Eau de Luce°
—My Head aches confoundedly [*She
gives a Smelling-bottle.*]—*Kitty*, my dear,
I hear you are going to be married.—

Kitty. Pardonnez moi, for that.—120
Duke. If you get a Boy, I'll be Godfather,
Faith.—

Kitty. How you rattle, *Duke*!—I am
thinking, my Lord, when I had the Honour
to see you last.

Duke. At the Play, Mademseille.—

Kitty. Your Grace loves a Play?

Duke. No—It is a dull old-fashioned
Entertainment—I hate it.—

Kitty. Well, give me a good tragedy. 130

Duke. It must not be a modern one then
—You are devilish handsome, *Kate*—Kiss
me—
[*Offers to kiss her.*

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

Sir Harry. Oh ho, are you thereabouts,
my Lord *Duke*? That may do very well by
and by—However you'll never find me be-
hind-hand. [*Offers to kiss her.*

Duke. Stand off, you are a Commoner—
Nothing under Nobility approaches *Kitty*.

Sir Harry. You are so devilish proud 140
of your Nobility—Now I think, we have

Eau de Luce] a preparation of alcohol, ammonia
and oil of amber used as smelling salts.

more true Nobility than you—Let me tell you, Sir, a Knight of the Shire——

Duke. A Knight of the Shire! ha, ha, ha! a mighty Honour, truly, to represent all the Fools in the County.

Kitty. O lud! this is charming to see two Noblemen quarrel.

Sir Harry. Why any Fool may be born to a Title, but only a wise Man can make 150 himself honourable.

Kitty. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good Morillity.

Duke. I hope you make some Difference between Hereditary Honours and the Huzzas of a Mob.

Kitty. Very smart, my Lord—Now, Sir Harry——

Sir Harry. If you make use of your Hereditary Honours to screen you from 160 Debt——

Duke. Zounds! Sir, what do you mean by that?

Kitty. Hold, hold, I shall have some fine old Noble Blood spilt here—Ha' done, Sir Harry——

Sir Harry. Not I—Why he is always valuing himself upon his Upper House.

Duke. We have Dignity. [Slow.]

Sir Harry. But what becomes of your 170 Dignity if we refuse the Supplies? [Quick.]

Kitty. Peace, Peace—Here's Lady Bab——

(Enter Lady Bab's Servant in a Chair.)

Dear Lady Bab——

Lady Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your Servant—I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the Chair down Stairs. Well, and how do you do?—My Lord Duke, your Servant—and Sir Harry too—your's.

Duke. Your Ladyship's devoted——

Lady Bab. I am afraid I have tres- 180 passed in Point of Time——[Looks on her Watch]——But I got into my fav'rite Author.

Duke. Yes, I found her Ladyship at her Studies this Morning——Some wicked Poem——

Lady Bab. Oh you Wretch!— I never rei'd but one Book.

Kitty. What is your Ladyship so fond of? 190

Lady Bab. *Shikspur.* Did you never read *Shikspur*

Kitty. *Shikspur* *Shikspur*— Who wrote it?—No, I never read *Shikspur*.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense Pleasure to come.

Kitty. Well then, I'll read it over one Afternoon or other. — Here's Lady Charlotte——

(Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid in a Chair.)

—Dear Lady Charlotte.——200

Lady Charlotte. Oh, Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reach'd your House——Such a Fit of the Cholic seiz'd me— Oh, Lady Bab, how long has your Ladyship been here?—My Chairmen were such Drones—My Lord Duke, the Pink of all good Breeding.

Duke. Oh Mam— [Bowing.]

Lady Charlotte. And Sir Harry——Your Servant, Sir Harry. [Formally, 210]

Sir Harry. Madam, your Servant—I am sorry to hear your Ladyship has been ill.——

Lady Charlotte. You must give me leave to doubt the Sincerity of that Sorrow, Sir—Remember the Park.——

Sir Harry. The Park? I'll explain that Affair, Madam.

Lady Charlotte. I want none of your Explanations. [Scornfully, 220]

Sir Harry. Dear Lady Charlotte!——

Lady Charlotte. No, Sir; I have observ'd your Coolness of late, and despise you—A trumpety Baronet!

Sir Harry. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but Nobility—That sly Dog the Marquiss——

Lady Charlotte. None of your Reflections, Sir—The Marquiss is a Person of Honour, and above enquiring after a 230 Lady's Fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir Harry. I—I—Madam?—I scorn such a thing—I assure you, Madam, I never—That is to say—Egad I am confounded—My Lord Duke, what shall I say to her—Pray help me out.—— [Aside.]

Duke. Ask her to shew her Legs—Ha, ha, ha. [Aside.]

Enter Philip and Lovel, loaded with Bottles.

Philip. Here, my little Peer—Here is Wine that will ennoble your Blood— 240 Both your Ladyships most humble Servant.

LoveL (*Affecting to be drunk.*) Both your Ladyships most humble Servant.—

Kitty. Why, *Philip*, you -have made the Boy drunk.

Philip. I have made him free of the Cellar. Ha, ha, ha.

LoveL. Yes, I am free—I am very free.—

Philip. He has had a Smack of every 250 Sort of Wine, from humble Port to Imperial Tokay.

LoveL. Yes, I have been drinking Ko-kay.—

Kitty. Go, get you some Sleep, Child, that you may wait on his Lordship by-and-by.

LoveL. Thank you, Madam—I will certainly wait on their Lordships and their Ladyships too. [*Aside, and exit.* 280

Philip. Well, Ladies, what say you to a Dance, and then to Supper? Have you had your Tea?

All. A Dance, a Dance—No Tea—No Tea.

Philip. Here, *Fidler* [*calls.*] I have provided a very good Hand, you see.

(*Enter Fidler, with a wooden Leg.*)

Sir Harry. Not so well legg'd, Mr. *Philip*.
All. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Le drole!—*Harkye*, Mr.—20 which Leg do you beat Time with?

All. Ha, ha, ha. [*Loud Laugh.*

Sir Harry. What can you play, Domine?

Fidler. Any thing, an't please your Honour, from a° Jig to a Sonata.

Philip. Come here—Where are all our People? [*Enter Coachman, Cook, Kingston, Cloe.*] I'll couple you—My Lord Duke will take *Kitty*—*Lady Bab* will do me the Honour of her Hand; *Sir Harry* and *Lady* 280 *Charlotte*—*Coachman* and *Cook*, and the two Devils dance together—Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. With Submission, the Country Dances by-and-by.

Lady Charlotte. Ay, ay; *French Dances* before Supper, and Country Dances after—I beg the Duke and Mrs. *Kitty* may give us a Minuet.

Duke. Dear *Lady Charlotte*, consider my poor Gout—*Sir Harry* will oblige us. 290
[*Sir Harry bows.*

a} a a Oo 1, 3.

All. —Minuet, *Sir Harry* — Minuet, *Sir Harry* —

Fidler. What Minuet would your Honours please to have?

Kitty. What Minuet?—Let me see—
Play *Marshal Thingumbob's* Minuet.

[*A Minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty, awkward and conceited.*

Lady Charlotte. Mrs. *Kitty* dances sweetly.

Philip. And *Sir Harry* delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a Commoner, 300

Philip. Come now to Supper—A Gentleman and a Lady—Here, *Fidler* [*gives Money.*] Wait without.

Fidler. Yes, an't please your Honour.

[*Exit, with a Tankard.*

[*They sit down.*]

Philip: We will set the Wine on the Table—Here is Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a Bottle of Tokay for the Ladies—There are Tickets on every Bottle—If any Gentleman chuses Port—

Duke. Port?—Tis only fit for a Dram. 310

Kitty. *Lady Bab*, what shall I send you? —*Lady Charlotte*, pray be free; the more free, the more welcome, as they say in my Country.—The Gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves.

[*A Pause.*

Duke. *Lady Charlotte*, "Hob or Nob!"°

Lady Charlotte. Done, my Lord—In Burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your Sweetheart and mine, and the Friends of the Company. 320

[*They drink. A Pause.*

Philip. Come, Ladies and Gentlemen, a Bumper all round—I have a Health for you—"Here is to the Amendment of our "Masters and Mistresses."

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

[*Loud Laugh. A Pause.*

Kitty. Ladies, pray what is your Opinion of a single Gentleman's Service?

Lady Charlotte. Do you mean an old single Gentleman?

"Hob or Nob!" [*Grose, Diet. Vulgar Tongue:* "HOB OR NOB. Will you hob or nob with me? a question formerly in fashion at polite tables, signifying a request or challenge to drink a glass of wine with the proposer; if the party challenged answered Nob, they were to chuse whether white or red."

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. 330

[Loud Laugh.

Philip. My Lord Duke, your Toast.

Duke. Lady Betty—

Philip. Oh no—A Health and a Sentiment.

Duke. A Health and a Sentiment?—
No, no, let us have a Song—Sir Harry,
your Song.—

Sir Harry. Would you have it?—Well
then—Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you
—Will you honour my Muse?—340

All. A Song, a Song, ay, ay, Sir Harry &
Song—Sir Harry's Song.—

Duke. A Song to be sure, — but first,—
Preludio—[Kisses Kitty.]—Pray
Gentlemen put it about.

[Kissing round—Kingston kisses
Cloe heartily.

Sir Harry. See how the Devils kiss!

Kitty. I am really hoarse; but—Hem—I
must clear up my my Pipes—Hem—
This is Sir Harry's Song; being a new Song,
entitled and called, 350

The Fellow Servant, or All in a Livery.

[Kitty Sings.]

I.

*Come here Fellow Servant, and listen to
me,*

*I'll shew you how those of superior Degree
Are only Dependants, no better than we.*

*Chorus, Both high and low in this do
agree,*

*'Tis here Fellow Servant,
And there Fellow Servant,
And all in a Livery.*

II.

*See yonder fine Spark in Embroidery drest,
Who bows to the Great, and if they smile,
is blest; 360*

What is he? I'faith, but a Servant at best.

Cho. Both high, &c.

III.

*Nature made all alike, no Distinction she
craves,*

*So we laugh at the great World, its Fools
and its Knaves,*

*For we are all Servants, but they are all
Slaves.*

Cho. Both high, &c.

TV.

*The fat shining Glutton, looks up to the
Shelf,*

*The wrinkled lean Miser bows down to his
Pelf,*

*And the curlpat'd Beau is a Slave to him'
self.*

Cho. Both high, &c. 370

V.

*The gay sparkling Belle, who the whole
Town alarms,*

*And with Eyes, Lips, and Neck, sets the
Smarts all in Arms,*

*Is a Vassal herself, a mere Drudge to her
Charms.*

Cho. Both high, &c.

VI.

*Then we'll drink like our Betters, and laugh,
sing, and love;*

*And when sick of one Place, to another we'll
move,*

*For with Little and Great, the best Joy is
to rove.*

*Chorus, Both high and low, in this do
agree,*

*That 'tis here Fellow Servant,
And there Fellow Servant, 330
And all in a Livery.*

Philip. How do you like it, my Lord
Duke?

Duke. It is a damn'd vile composition—
Philip. How so?

Duke. O very low! Very low indeed.

Sir Harry. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir Harry. That is very conceited. 389

Duke. What is conceited, you Scoundrel?

Sir Harry. Scoundrel! You are a Rascal
—I'll pull you by the Nose—

[All rise.

Duke. Look ye, Friend; don't give your-
self Airs, and make a Disturbance among
the Ladies.—If you are a Gentleman,
name your Weapons.

Sir Harry. Weapons! What you will—
Pistols—

Duke. Done—Behind Montague House.⁰

Sir Harry. Done—With Seconds. 400

[Behind Montague House] a favourite place for
duels. Behind the present British Museum. See p.
207 *supra*.

Duke. Done.—

Philip. Oh for Shame, Gentlemen—My Lord Duke,—Sir Harry, the ladies! fie!
[Duke and Sir Harry "affect to sing.

A violent Knocking.

Philip. What the Devil can that be, Kitty?

Kitty. Who can it possibly be?

Philip. Kingston, run up Stairs and peep.
[Exit Kingston] It sounds like my Master's Rap—Pray Heaven it is not he?—
[Enter Kingston] Well Kingston, what 410 is it?

Kingston. It is Master and Mr. Freeman I peep'd thro' the Key Hole, and saw them by the Lamp Light—Tom has just let them in.—

Philip. The Devil he has? What can have brought him back!

Kitty. No Matter what—Away with the Things.—

Philip. Away with the Wine—Away 420 with the Plate—Here Coachman, Cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a Hand—Out with the Candles—Away, away.

[They carry away the Table, &c.

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do? [They all run about in Confusion.

Kitty. Run up Stairs, Ladies.

Philip. No, no, no.—He'll see you then—

Sir Harry. What the Devil had I to do here! 430

Duke. Pox take it, face it out.

Sir Harry. Oh no; these West-Indians are very fiery.

Philip. I would not have him see any of you for the World.

hovel [without]. Philip.—Where's Philip.

Philip. Oh the Devil! he's certainly coming down Stairs—Sir Harry, run down into the Cellar—My Lord Duke, get into the Pantry—Away, away. 440

Kitty. No, no; do you put their Ladyships into the Pantry, and I'll take his Grace into the Coal-hole.

Visitors. Any where, any where—Up the Chimney if you will.

Philip. There—in with you.

[They all go into the Pantry.

hovel [without]. Philip.—Philip.—

Philip. Coming, Sir,—[Aloud.]—Kitty,

have you never a good Book to be reading Of? 450

Kitty. Yes; here is one.

Philip. Egad, his is Black Monday with us—Sit down—Seem to read your Book—Here he is, as drunk as a Piper—
[They sit down.

Enter Lovel with Pistols, affecting to be drunk, Freeman following.

hovel. Philip, the Son of Alexander the Great, where are all my Myrmidons?—What the Devil makes you up so early this Morning?

Philip. He is very drunk indeed—[Aside.]—Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good 460 Book your Honour.

Freeman. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say—ha, ha, ha.

hovel. Come, sit down, Freeman,—Lie you there, [lays his Pistols down.] I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.—

Philip.—A good Servant is never afraid of being caught, Sir.—

hovel. I have some Accounts that I must settle. 470

Philip. Accounts, Sir! to Night?

hovel. Yes; to-night—I find myself perfectly clear—you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Philip. Your Honour will go into the Parlour?

hovel. No, I'll settle 'em all here.

Kitty. Your Honour must not sit here.—

hovel. Why not?

Kitty. You will certain take Cold, Sir; 480 the Room has not been washed above an Hour.

hovel. What a cursed Lie that is! [Aside.

Duke. Philip.—Philip.—Philip.

[Peeping out.

Philip. Pox take you!—Hold your Tongue.—[Aside.

Freeman. You have just nick'd them in the very Minute. [Aside to Lovel.

hovel. I find I have—Mum [Aside to Freeman.] Get some Wine Philip—490 [Exit Philip.]—Tho' I must eat something before I drink—Kitty, what have you got in the Pantry?

Kitty. In the Pantry? Lard, your honour! We are at Board Wages.—

Freeman. I could eat a Morsel of cold Meat.

hovel. You shall have it—Here—
[Rises].—Open the Pantry Door—I'll
be about your Board Wages!—I have 500
treated you often, now you shall treat
your Master.—

Kitty. If I may be believed, Sir, there is
not a Scrap of any Thing in the World in
the Pantry. **[Opposing him.]**

hovel. Well, then we must be contented,
Freeman.—Let us have a Crust of Bread
and a Bottle of Wine. *[Sits down again.]*

Kitty. Sir, had not my Master better go
to-bed.—510

**[Makes Signs to Freeman that Lovel
is drunk.]**

hovel-Bcdl. Not I—I'll sit here all
Night—'Tis very pleasant; and nothing
like variety in Life.—

Sir Harry. (Peeping.) Mrs. Kitty, Mrs.
Kitty—

Kitty. Peace, on your Life. *[Aside.]*

hovel. Kitty, what Voice is that?

Kitty. Nobody's, Sir.—Hem—

(Philip brings Wine.)

hovel.^o Soh—Very well—Now do you
two march off—March off, I say.—

Philip. We can't think of leaving your 520
Honour—For egad if we do, we are un-
done. *[Aside.]*

hovel. Begone—My Service to you
Freeman.—This is good Stuff.—

Freeman. Excellent.

[Somebody in the Pantry sneezes.]

Kitty. We are undone; undone. *[Aside.]*

Philip. Oh! That is the Duke's damn'd
Rappee. *[Aside.]*

hovel. Didn't you hear a Noise, Charles?

Freeman. Somebody sneez'd, I thought, 531

hovel. Damn it! There are Thieves in the
House—I'll be among 'em.—

[Takes a Pistol.]

Kitty. Lack-a-day, Sir, it was only the
Cat—They sometimes sneeze for all the
World like a Christian—Here, *Jack, Jack*
—He has got a Cold, Sir,—Puss,—
Puss.—

hovel. A Cold? Then I'll cure him—
Here *Jack, Jack,*—Puss, Puss.—540

Kitty. Your Honour won't be so rash
—Pray your Honour, don't.—

[Opposing.]

Lovel om. Oo 1, 3, thus attributing the speech
to Kitty. This is clearly wrong.

hovel. Stand off—Here *Freeman*—
Here's a Barrel for Business, with a Brace
of Slugs, and well prim'd, as you see—
Freeman—I'll hold you five to four—

Nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the Cat
thro' the Key-hole of that Pantry Door—

Freeman. Try, try, but I think it im-
possible.—550

hovel. I am a damn'd good Marksman.
**[Cocks the Pistol, and points it at the
Pantry Door.]—Now for it! [A violent
Shriek, and all is discovered.]—Who the
Devil are all these? One,—two,—three,
—four.—**

Philip. They are particular Friends of
mine, Sir. Servants to some Noblemen in
the Neighbourhood.

hovel. I told you there were Thieves 560
in the House.

Freeman. Ha, ha, ha.

Philip. I assure your Honour they have
been entertained at our own Expence, upon
my Word.

Kitty. Yes, indeed, your Honour, if it was
the last Word I had to speak.—

hovel. Take up that Bottle—**[Philip
takes up a Bottle with a Ticket to it, and
is going off.]—**Bring it back—Do you 570
usually entertain your Company with
Tokay, Monsieur?

Philip. I, Sir, treat with Wine!

hovel. O yes, from humble Port to im-
perial *Tokay* too. Yes, I loves *Kokay!*^o

[Mimicking himself.]

Philip. How!—*Jemmy* my Master!

Kitty. *Jemmy!* the Devil!—

Philip. Your Honour is at present in liquor
— But in the Morning, when your Honour
is recovered, I will set all to rights 580
again.—

*hovel. (Changing his Countenance, and
turning his Wig.)* We'll set all to rights
now—There, I am sober, at your Service
—What have you to say, *Philip?* *[Philip
starts.]* You may well start—Go, get out
of my Sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the Honour to be
known to you, but I have the Honour to
serve his Grace the Duke of—590

hovel. And the Impudence familiarly
to assume his Title—Your Grace will give
me leave to tell you, "That is, the *Door*" —
and if you ever enter there again, I assure
Yes, I loves *Kokay!* 0 3; om. O 1.

you, my Lord Duke, I will break every Bone in your Grace's Skin—Begone—I beg their Ladyship's pardon, perhaps they cannot go without Chairs—Ha, ha, ha.

Freeman. Ha, ha, ha. [*Sir Harry steals off.*]

Duke. Low bred Fellows! [*Exit.*]

Lady Charlotte. I thought how this 601 Visit would turn out. [*Exit.*]

Lady Bab. They are downright Hottentots. [*Exit.*]

Philip and Kitty. I hope your Honour will not take away our Bread.

Lovel. "Five hundred Pounds will set you "up in a Chocolate⁰ House—You'll shine "in the Bar, Madam"—I have been an Eye-witness of your Roguery, Extravagance, and Ingratitude. 611

Philip and Kitty. Oh, Sir!—Good, Sir!

Lovel. You, Madam, may stay here till To-morrow Morning—And there, Madam, is the Book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "Night and Morning before you "say your Prayers."

Kitty. I am ruin'd and undone.—

[*Exit.*]

Lovel. But you, Sir, for your Villainy, 620 and (what I hate worse) your Hypocrisy, shall not stay a Minute longer in this House; and here comes an honest Man to shew you the Way out—Your Keys, Sir.—[*Philip gives Keys.*]

Enter Tom.

—*Tom,* I respect and value you—You are an honest Servant, and shall never want Encouragement—Be so good, *Tom*, as to see that Gentleman out of my House [*Points to Philip*]—and then take 630 of the Cellar and Plate.

Chocolate/ Cholate Oo 1, 3.

Tom. I thank your Honour; but I would not rise on the Ruin of a Fellow-servant.

Lovel. No Remonstrances, *Tom*; it shall be as I say.—

Philip. What a cursed Fool have I been?

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Lovel. Well, *Charles*, I must thank you for my Frolick—It has been a wholesome one to me—Have I done right?

Freeman. Entirely.—No Judge could wo have determin'd better—As you punish'd the bad, it was but Justice to reward the good.—

Lovel. A faithful Servant is a worthy Character.

Freeman. And can never receive too much Encouragement.

Lovel. Right.

Freeman. You have made *Tom* very happy. 650

Lovel. And I intend to make your *Robert* so too—Every honest Servant should be made happy.

Freeman. But what an insufferable Piece of Assurance is it in some of these Fellows to affect and imitate their Masters' Manners?

Lovel. What Manners must those be, which they can imitate?

Freeman. True. 660

Lovel. If Persons of Rank would act up to their Standard, it would be impossible that these Wretches⁰ could ape them—But when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the Power of any low Fellow⁰ to follow their Example.

The END.

these Wretches] O 1; *their Servants* O 3.

Fellow] O 1; *Creature* O 3.

All in the Wrong:

C O M E D Y ,

Performed at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E .

In amore hæc omnia infunt vitia ; injuriæ,
Sufpiciones, inimicitiae, induciae,
Bellum, pax rurfum.

TERENCE.

Above is from the *Works*, 1786. Title p. 176l included "LONDON: Printed for P. VAILLANT, facing Southampton-Street in the Strand. MDCCLXI. (Price 1s. 6d.)"

Arthur Murphy (1727-1805) was a prolific writer. In addition to being author of 22 plays he was journalist, critic and biographer, and practised as a barrister.

Starting his dramatic career as a writer of successful farces, such as *The Apprentice* (1756) and *The Upholsterer* (1758), he turned to serious drama. In this vein he produced some rather dull but typical tragedies, e.g., *The Orphan of China* (1759), based on Voltaire, and after an interval *Zenobia* (1768), *The Grecian Daughter* (1772) and *Ahuma* (1773). In the interval he wrote his most interesting comedies, *The Way to Keep Him* (1760) and *All in the Wrong* (1761).

These last two comedies show a definite revolt against sentimentalism, though the prevailing influence is not quite unnoticeable, and revert to the comedy of manners. True to type *All in the Wrong* is quite artificial. In order to weave a complex pattern on the theme of jealousy the dramatist introduces three couples, one married, two affianced, and ties them into a knot of misunderstood circumstance. With great skill he handles the puppets but when at length it is time to resolve the complication he has tied the knot so tight that a satisfactory *denouement* is impossible and he cuts it somewhat arbitrarily. Evidently Murphy was himself conscious of the unsatisfactoriness of the ending. He rewrote the last act and by introducing the admirable chair episode strengthened it considerably. The version of the text is the revised form, and the early form of Act V is printed as an appendix.

The comedy maintains interest and moves with plenty of fun. With something of the gaiety of an earlier day a spirit of irresponsibility and laughter keeps the play bright. The jealousy motif is frequent in comedy: within a few years, when the list of good comedies was very limited, we have Hoadly's *Suspicious Husband* (1747), Colman's *Jealous Wife* (1761) and *All in the Wrong* (also in 1761). As a treatment of this theme there can be no question that *All in the Wrong* is the strongest and fullest. Thinness of characterization weakens the first, whilst Colman's jealous wife is such a bully and her husband such a pusillanimous wretch that his final acquisition of power is out of keeping with the whole. Murphy alone realised that love is a condition of jealousy, and that even lovers can be comic figures if they are foolish enough to submit to the domination of the green-eyed monster.

The text is based on the collected *Works*, 1786, vol. iii, collated with the first edition, octavo, 1761, and the octavo of 1775.

1761 = First edition octavo, 1761 (A. E. M.).

1775 = Second edition octavo, 1775 (Hull U. C. PR 3605 M9 A4).

1786 = *The Works of Arthur Murphy, Esq.*, 7 vols. 1786 (A. E. M.).

The two octavos were printed for the same bookseller and show very slight variations. 1775 corrects and also introduces a few errors. Except in one or two cases it has been unnecessary to refer to it in the notes. Absence of reference implies similarity to 1761 in annotated passages.

Nicoll refers to duodecimo editions 1762 (Dublin), 1765 (Cork), 1765 (Dublin). I have not seen these.

Differences of punctuation are not noted generally. The punctuation of 1761 octavo is less modern in principle than 1786.

This play has a bibliographical interest as showing that there were eighteenth century dramatists who cared about verbal minutiae. The modernization of the punctuation might be the printer's work, but not so the mass of verbal alterations, culminating in the rewriting of Act V. In his Preface to the *Works* Murphy states that he has made "a careful revisal of his scattered works, wishing to see them in a more correct form." It is not suggested that other dramatists had not revised. For instance Fielding rehandled *Tom Thumb* drastically.

ADVERTISEMENT.⁰

The first hint of this Comedy was suggested by the *Cocu Imaginaire* of *Moliere*, who took the idea of his piece from an Italian writer. Though jealousy, in all its appearances, has been frequently exhibited on the English stage, yet it was imagined that a plan, which should delineate all the varieties of that passion, whether subsisting between lovers or in the matrimonial life, and blend them together in one piece, would not be unacceptable to the public. If therefore there is atonement made for the want of originality of character by the decency of the dialogue, the novelty of the fable, and the complication of the incidents, the author has compassed all that he proposed to himself in the ensuing scenes; which, with pleasure he finds, were the occasion of producing the too long concealed powers of Miss *Haughton*, and of shewing, in a distinguished light, the exquisite acting of Mr. *Obrien*.

LINCOLN'S INN, NOV. 15,
1761.

Advertisement] The Advertisement om. 1786.

PROLOGUE.⁰

Written and spoken by SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

TO-night, be it known to Box, Gall'ry, and Pit,
Will be open'd the best' Summer-Warehouse for Wit;
The New Manufacture, Foote and Co. Undertakers;
Play, Pantomime, Opera, Farce,—by the Makers!
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe
To Shakespeare, and Southern, to Otway, and Rowe.
Though our judgment may err, yet our justice is shewn,
For we promise to mangle no works but our own.
And moreover on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry.
For Roscius,⁰ who knew we were mirth-loving souls,
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and bowls.
Resolv'd that in buskins no hero shall stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the Tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse!—and in short we're undone,
Unless you're contented with Frolic and Fun.

If tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh-mill,
There should be but one female inclin'd to sit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party should shun to catch cold at Vauxhall;
/f at Sadler's sweet Wells the made wine^o should be thick,
The cheese-cakes turn sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick;
If the fume of the pipes should oppress you in June,
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
I hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury;
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure you;^o
Domestic and foreign, and all kinds of wares;
English cloths, Irish linnen, and French petenlairs!⁰

If for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be made;
If from dealings too large, we plunge deeply in debt,
And WHEREAS issue out in the Muses Gazette;
We'll on you our assigns for CERTIFICATES call;
Though insolvent, we're honest, and give up our all.

⁰ Mr. Garrick, at this time, had let his playhouse for the summer months.

PROLOGUE} The Prologue om. 1761.
made wine} home-made wine.
you} the rime seems to demand ye.

Roscus} Garrick.
petenlairs} short dressing gowns.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

Sir JOHN RESTLESS,
BEVERLEY,
Sir WILLIAM BELLMONT,
Young BELLMONT,
BLANDFORD,
ROBERT, **Servant to Sir JOHN**,
BRUSH, **Servant to BEVERLY**,

Mr. YATES.
Mr. O'BRIEN.
Mr. BURTON.
Mr. PACKER.
Mr. BRANSBY.
Mr. BLAKES.
Mr. WESTON.

WOMEN.

Lady RESTLESS,
BELINDA,
CLARISSA,
TATTLE,
TIPPET,
MARMALET,

Miss HAUGHTON.
Mrs. YATES.
Mrs. PALMER.
Mrs. BRADSHAW.
Miss HIPPIISLEY.
Miss MILLS.

ALL IN THE WRONG.

A COMEDY

ACT the FIRST.

SCENE the Park.

Enter Sir John Restless and Robert, from a house in the side scene.

Sir John. Sir John Restless! Sir John Restless! thou hast played the fool with a vengeance. What devil whispered thee to marry such a woman?—Robert, you have been a faithful servant,^o and I value you. Did your lady go out at this door here into the park, or did she go out at the street door?

Robert. This door, Sir.

Sir John. Robert, I will never live in a 10 house again that has two doors to it.

Robert. Sir!

Sir John. I will give warning to my landlord instantly. The eyes of Argus are not sufficient to watch the motions of a wife, where there is a street door, and a back door, to favour her escapes.

Robert. Upon my word, Sir, I wish—you will pardon my boldness, Sir,—I wish you would shake off this uneasiness that preys 20 upon your spirits. It grieves me to the heart,—it does, indeed, Sir, to see you in this way: banish your suspicions: ° you have conceived some strange aversion, I am afraid, to my lady, Sir.

Sir John. No, Robert; no aversion: in spite of me I doat upon her still.

Robert. Then why will you not think generously, Sir, of the person you love? My lady, I dare be sworn— 30

Sir John. Is false to me. That embitters my whole life. I love her, and she repays me with ingratitude, with perfidy, with falsehood, with—

Robert. I dare be sworn, Sir, she is a woman of honour.

Sir John. Robert, I have considered you as a friend in my house: don't you betray me too: don't attempt to justify her. °

servant] servant in my family, Robert, 1761.

suspicions] suspicions, Sir 1761.

attempt to justify her.] justify her—don't— 1761.

Robert. Dear Sir, if you will but give 40 me leave: you have been an indulgent master to me, and I am only concerned for your welfare. You married my lady for love, and I have heard you so warm in her praise: why will you go back from those sentiments?

Sir John. Yes, I married her for love—Oh! love! love! what mischief dost thou not occasion in this world? Yes, Robert, I married her for love. When first I saw her, I 50 was not so much struck with her beauty, as with that air of an ingenuous mind that appeared in her countenance; her features did not so much charm me with their symmetry, as that expression of sweetness, that smile that indicated affability, modesty, and compliance. But, honest Robert, I was deceived: I was not a month married, when I saw her practising those very smiles at her glass: I saw through the artifice; > plainly saw there was nothing natural in her manner, but all forced, all studied, put on with her head-dress: I was alarmed; I resolved to watch her from that moment, and I have seen such things!

Robert. Upon my word, Sir, I believe you wrong her, and wrong yourself: you build on groundless surmizes; you make yourself unhappy, and my lady too; and by being constantly uneasy, and never shewing her 70 the least love, you'll forgive me, Sir,—you fill her mind with strange suspicions, and so the mischief is done.^o

Sir John. Suspicions, Robert?

Robert. Yes, Sir, strange suspicions!—My lady finds herself treated with no degree of tenderness; she infers that your inclinations are fixed elsewhere, and so she is become—you will pardon my blunt honesty—she is become downright jealous,—as jealous as 80 yourself, Sir.

Sir John. Oh! Robert, you are little read in the arts of women; you little know the intricacies of their conduct; the mazes through which they walk, shifting, turning,

so . . . done.] so— 1764.

winding, running into devious paths, but tending all through a labyrinth to the temple of Venus. You cannot see,^o that all her pretences to suspect me of infidelity are merely a counter-plot to cover her own 90 loose designs: it is but a gauze covering, though; it is seen through, and only serves to shew her guilt the more.

Robert. Upon my word, Sir John, I cannot see—

Sir John. No, Robert; I know you can't. Her suspicions of me all make against her; they are^o female stratagems, and yet it is but too true that she still is near my heart. Oh! Robert, Robert, when I have watched 100 her at a play, or elsewhere; when I have counted her oglings, and her whisperings, her stolen glances, and her artful leer, with the cunning of her sex, she has pretended to be as watchful of me: dissembling, false, deceitful woman!

Robert And yet, I dare assure you—

Sir John. No more; I am not to be deceived; I know her thoroughly, and now,—now—has not she escaped out of my house, even now? 111

Robert. But with no bad design.

Sir John. I am the best judge of that: which way did she go?

Robert. Across the Park, Sir; that way, towards^o the Horse-guards.

Sir John. Towards the Horse-guards!—there,—there,—there, the thing is evident: you may go in, Robert.

Robert. Indeed, Sir, I—120

Sir John. Go in, I say; go in.

Robert. There is no persuading him'to his own good. [Exit.

Sir John alone. Gone towards the Horse-guards! my head aches; my forehead burns; I am cutting my horns. Gone towards the Horse-guards!—I'll pursue her thither; if I find her, the time,^o the place, all will^o inform against her. Sir John! Sir John; you were a madman to marry such a 130 woman. [Exit.

see,] see, Robert, 1761.

are] are but 1761.

way, towards] way, Sir—towards 1761.

her, the time] her, her usual artifice will fail her—the time 1761.

all will] will all 1761.

Enter Beverley and Bellmont, at opposite sides.

Beverley. Ha! my dear Bellmont? A fellow sufferer in love is a companion well met.^o

Bellmont. Beverley! I rejoice to see you.

Beverley. Well! I suppose the same cause has brought us both into the park: both come to sigh our^o amorous vows in the friendly gloom of yonder walk. Belinda keeps a perpetual war of love and grief, 140 and hope and fear in my heart: and let me see—(lays his hand on Bellmont's breast) how fares all here? I fancy my sister is a little busy with you.^o

Bellmont. Busy! she makes a perfect riot there. Not one wink the whole night. Oh! Clarissa,^o her form so animated! her eyes so—

Beverley. Prithee! truce; I have not leisure to attend to her praise: a sister's 150 praise too! the^o greatest merit I ever could see in Clarissa is, that she loves you freely and sincerely.

Bellmont. And to be even with you, Sir, your Belinda! upon my soul, notwithstanding all your lavish praises, her highest perfection, in my mind, is her sensibility to the merit of my friend.

Beverley. Oh! Bellmont!^o such a girl!

Scarce can I to heav'n excuse 160

The devotion which I use

Unto that adored dame!

But^o tell me honestly now, do you think she has ever betrayed the least regard for me?

Bellmont. How can you,^o who have such convincing proofs, how can you ask such a question? That uneasiness of yours, that iniquitude of mind—

Beverley. Prithee^o don't fix that character upon me. 171

A fellow . . . met] om. 1761.

our] om. 1761.

with you] here 1761.

Clarissa,] Clarissa, Clarissa! 1761.

the] Faith, the 1761.

Bellmont!] Bellmont, don't talk prophanely—1761.

But] But, my dear Bellmont 1761.

you,] you, Beverley, 1761.

Prithee] Prithee now 1761.

Bellmont. It is your character, my dear Beverley: instead⁰ of enjoying the object before you, you are ever looking back to something past, or conjecturing about something to come, and are your own self tormentor.

Beverley. No, no, no; don't be so severe.⁰ I hate the very notion of such a temper: the thing is, when a man loves tenderly 180 as I do, sollicitude and anxiety are natural; and when Belinda's father opposes my warmest wishes——

Bellmont. Why yes, the good Mr. Blandford is willing to give her in marriage to me.

Beverley. The senseless old dotard!

Bellmont. Thank you for the compliment! and my father, the wise Sir William Belmont——

Beverley. Is a tyrannical, positive, 190 headstrong——

Bellmont. There again I thank you. But in short the old couple, Belinda's father and mine, have both agreed upon the match. They⁰ insist upon compliance from their children; so that according to their wise heads,⁰ I am to be married, off-hand to Belinda,⁰ and you and your sister, poor Clarissa, are to be left to shift for yourselves. 200

Beverley. Racks and torment!

Bellmont. Racks and torment!—Seas of milk and ships of amber, man!—We are sailing to our wished for harbour, in spite of their machinations. I have settled the whole affair with Clarissa.

Beverley. Have you?

Bellmont. I have, and to-morrow morning makes me possessor of her charms.

Beverley. My dear boy give us your 20 hand: and then, thou dear rogue, and then Belinda's mine! Loll-toll-lo!l——⁰

Bellmont. Well may you be in raptures, Sir; for here, here, here they both come.

Enter Belinda, and Clarissa.

Beverley. Grace was⁰ in all her steps; heav'n in her eye;
In every gesture dignity and love.——

instead] and instead 1761.

be so severe] say so 1761.

match. They] match, and they 1761.

their wise heads] them 1761.

Belinda] your mistress 1761.

Loll-toll-lo!l——] (sings) Loll-toll-lo!l—— 1761.

Grace was . . .]Paradise Lost, viii. 488,9.

Belinda. A poetical reception truly!—But can't your passion inspire you to a composition of your own, Mr. Beverley?

Beverley. It inspires me with senti- 220 ments, Madam, which I can't find words to express. Suckling,⁰ Waller, Landsdown, and all our dealers in love-verses, give but a faint image of a heart touched like mine.

Belinda. Poor gentleman! what a terrible taking you are in! But if the sonneteers cannot give an image of you, Sir, have you had recourse to a painter, as you promised me?

Beverley. I have, Belinda, and here,—230 here is the humble portrait of your adorer.

Belinda, (takes the picture) Well! there is a likeness; but after all, there is a better painter than this gentleman, whoever he be.

Beverley. A better!—now she is discontented, (*aside*) Where, Madam, can a better be found?—If money can purchase him——

Belinda. Oh! Sir, when he draws for money he never succeeds. But when pure 240 inclination prompts him, then his colouring is warm indeed. He gives a portrait that endears the original.—

Beverley. Such an artist is worth the Indies!

Belinda. You need not go so far to seek him: he has done your business already. The limner I mean is a certain little blind god, called Love, and he has stamped such an impression of you here— 250

Beverley. Madam, your most obedient: and I can tell you, that the very same gentleman has been at work for you too.——

Bellmont. (who has been talking apart with Clarissa) Oh! he has had a world of business upon his hands, for we two have been agreeing what havock he has made with us.

Clarissa. Yes, but we are but in a kind of fool's paradise here: all our schemes are 260 but mere castle-building, which your father, Mr. Bellmont, and my dear Belinda,—yours too are most obstinately determined to destroy.

Bellmont. Why, as you say, they are determined that I shall have the honour of Belinda's hand in the country-dance of matrimony.

Suckling] Sucklin 1761.

Beverley. And without considering that I, like another partner better. 270

Belinda. Without considering' that I may forlorn as I am, and my sister, there—who is as well inclined to a matrimonial game of romps as any girl in Christendom, must both of us sit down, and bind our brows with willow,⁰ in spite of our strongest inclinations to mingle in the groupe.

Bellmont. But we have planned our own happiness, and with a little resolution we shall be successful in the end I warrant 280 you.⁰ *Clarissa,*⁰ let us take a turn this way, and leave that love-sick pair to themselves: they are only fit company for each other, and we may⁰ find wherewithal to entertain ourselves.

Clarissa. Let us try:⁰ turn this way.

Belinda. Are⁰ you going to leave us, *Clarissa*?

Clarissa. Only just sauntering into this side-walk: we shan't lose one another, 290

Belinda. You⁰ are such a tender couple! you are not tired I see of saying pretty soft things to each other. Well! well! take your own way.

Clarissa. And if I guess right, you are glad to be left together.⁰

Belinda. Who I?

Clarissa. Yes, you; the coy *Belinda*!⁰

Belinda. Not I truly: let us walk together.

Clarissa. No, no, by no means: you 300 shall be indulged. Adieu!—we shall be within call.

[*Exeunt Bellmont and Clarissa.*

Beverley. My sister is generously⁰ in love with *Bellmont*: I wish *Belinda* would act as openly towards me.⁰ (*aside*)

and . . . willow] and lead apes in hell 1761. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, 11. i. 224 ff. for a reference to the sorrowful appropriateness of a willow garland to a forlorn lover. In the same scene 1. 43 occurs the phrase to lead apes into hell: i.e., the fate of those who die old maids. The reading of 1781 is inappropriate in so far as it concerns *Beverley*, as the phrase seems to have been applied to women.

you] ye 1761.

Clarissa] *Clarissa*, my angel 1761.

may] can 1761.

try:] om. 1761.

Are] What are 1761.

You] Oh I you 1761.

together] together—*Belinda* 1761.

Yes . . . *Belinda*!] You, my dear— 1761.

generously] frankly 1761.

me.] me—I wish she has not a lurking inclination for *Bellmont*. 1761.

Belinda. Well, Sir!—Thoughtful! I'll⁰ call Mr. *Bellmont* back, if that is the case.

Beverley. She will call him⁰ back, (*aside*)

Belinda. Am⁰ I to entertain you, or you me? 310

Beverley. Madam!

Belinda. Madam!—ha! ha! why you look as if you were frightened: are you afraid of being left alone with me?

Beverley. Oh! *Belinda*, you know that is the happiness⁰ of my life;—but—

Belinda. But what, Sir?

Beverley. Have I done any thing⁰ to offend you?

Belinda. To offend me? 320

Beverley. I⁰ should have been of the party last night; I own I should; it was a sufficient inducement to^a me that you was to be there; it was my fault, and you I see are piqued at it.

Belinda. I piqued!

Beverley. I see you are; and the company perceived it⁰ last night. I have heard it all: in mere resentment you directed all your discourse to Mr. *Bellmont*. 330

Belinda. If I did it was merely accidental.

Beverley. No, it was deliberately done: forgive my rash folly in refusing the invitation: I meant no manner of harm.

Belinda. Who imagines you did, Sir?—

Beverley. I beg your pardon, *Belinda*: you take offence too lightly.⁰

Belinda. Ha. ha! what have you taken into your head now? This uneasiness is of your own making: I have taken nothing 340 ill, Sir.

Beverley. You could not but take it ill; but by all that's amiable about you, I meant not to incur your displeasure: forgive that abrupt answer I sent: I should have made a handsomer apology.

Belinda. Apology!—you was engaged, was not you?⁰

I'll] Oh! I'll 1761.

him] Mr. *Bellmont* 1761.

Am] Well, Sir; am 1761.

Have . . . any thing] I am afraid I have done something 1761.

/] Yes, *Belinda*; I 1761.

to] for 1761.

the company . . . it] and you was so 1761.

lightly] 1786 misprints lightly.

you . . . you] what occasion was there for any thing more!—you said you was pre-engaged, did not you 1761.

Beverley. I said so; I own it, and beg your pardon——350

Belinda. Beg my pardon! for what? Ha! ha!

Beverley. I only meant——

Belinda. Ha! ha! can you think I see any thing in your message to be offended at, Sir?

Beverley. I was wrong: I beg your pardon.⁰ Where you were concerned, I own I should have expressed myself with more delicacy, than those hasty words, I am 360 engaged, and can't wait upon you to-night. I should have told you that my heart was with you, though necessity dragged me another way: this⁰ omission you resented. I could learn, since, what⁰ spirits you were in the whole evening, though I enjoyed nothing in your absence. I could hear the sallies of your wit, the sprightlincss of your conversation, and on whom your eyes were fixed the whole night. 370

Belinda. They were fixed upon Mr, Bellmont, you think!

Beverley. Ay! and fixed with delight upon him, negotiating⁰ the business of love before the whole company.

Belinda. Upon my word, Sir, whoever is your author, you are misinformed.⁰ You alarm⁰ me with these fancies, and you know I have often told you that you are of too refining a temper: you create for yourself 380. imaginary misunderstandings, and then are ever entering into explanations. But this⁰ watching for intelligence, from the spies and misrepresented of conversation, betrays strong⁰ symptoms of jealousy. I⁰ would not be married to a jealous man for the world.

Beverley. Now she's⁰ seeking occasion to break off. (*aside*) Jealousy, Ma'am, can never get admission into my breast. I am of too generous a temper: a certain 390 delicacy I own I have; I value the opinion of my friends, and when there are circumstances of a doubtful aspect, I am glad to

/ was . . . pardon.] om. 1761.

this] but this 1761.

what] the 1761.

negotiating] seemed negotiating 1761.

you are misinformed] he has misinformed you 1781.

You alarm] and let me tell you, you alarm 1761.

But this] I assure you, Mr. Beverley, this 1761.

strong] the 1761.

/ and I 1761.

she's] she is 1761.

set things in their true light. And if⁰ I do so with others, surely with you, on whom my happiness depends, to desire a favourable interpretation of my words and actions cannot be improper.⁰

Belinda. But these little humours may grow up, and gather into the fixed dis- 400 ease of jealousy at last. (*Lady Restless crosses the stage, and rings a bell at the door*) And there now,—there goes a lady who is a victim to her own fretful imagination.

Beverley. Who is the lady pray?——

Belinda. My Lady Restless. Walk this way, and I will give you her whole character. I am not acquainted with her Ladyship, but I have heard much of her. 410 This way.⁰ [*Exeunt Belinda and Beverley.*

Lady Restless, (ringing at the door) What do these servants mean? There is something going forward here. I will be let in, or I will know the reason why. (*rings again*) But in the mean time, Sir John can let any body he pleases out at the street door: I'll run up the steps here, and observe.

[*Exit.*

Tattle opens the door, Marmalet follows her.

Tattle. Who rung this bell?—I don't see any body; and yet I am sure the bell 420 rung. Well, Mrs. Marmalet you will be going, I see.

Marmalet. Yes, Mrs. Tattle; I am obliged to leave you. I'll step⁰ across the Park, and I shall soon reach⁰ Grosvenor Square. When shall I see you at our house?

Tattle. Heaven⁰ knows when I shall be able to get out; my Lady leads us all such lives! I wish⁰ I had such another place as you have of it. 430

Marmalet. I have⁰ nothing to complain of.

Tattle. No, that you have not: when⁰ shall I get such a gown as that you have on by my Lady? She will never fling off

if] surely, Belinda, if 1781.

actions . . . improper.] actions——1781.

This way.] this way—this way——1761.

I am . . . step] I must be going; I'll run 1761.

reach] get to 1761.

Heaven] Oh! the Lord 1761

I wish] Oh! I wish 1761.

/ have] Heaven be praised! I have 1761.

when] Lord! when 1761.

such a thing, and give it to a poor servant? Worry, worry, worry herself, and every body else too.

Re-enter Lady Restless.

Lady Restless. No; there is nobody stirring that way. What do I see? A hussy 440 coming out of my house!

Marmalet. Well, I must begone, Mrs. Tattle: fare you well.

Lady Restless. She is dizen'd out too! why did not you open the door, Tattle, when I rung?

Tattle. I came as soon as possible, Madam.

Lady Restless. Who have you with you here? What is your business, Mistress? 40
{to *Marmalet*}

Marmalet. My business, Madam!

Lady Restless. In confusion too! The case is plain. You come here after Sir John, I suppose.

Marmalet. I come after Sir John, Madam!

Lady Restless. Guilt in her face! yes, after Sir John: and, Tattle, you are in the plot against me; you were favouring her escape, were you?

Tattle. I favour her escape, Madam! 460 What occasion for that? This is Mrs. Marmalet, Madam, an acquaintance of mine, Madam, as good a kind of body as any at all.

Lady Restless. Oh! very fine, mistress! you bring your creatures after the vile man, do you?

Marmalet. I assure you, Madam, I am a very honest girl.

Lady Restless. Oh! I dare say so. Where did you get that gown? 471

Marmalet. La! Ma'am! I came by it honestly, my Lady Conquest gave it to me. I live with my Lady Conquest, Madam.

Lady Restless. What a complexion she has! How long have you lived in London?

Marmalet. Three years, Madam.

Lady Restless. In London three years with that complexion! it can't be: perhaps she is painted: all these creatures paint. 480 You are all so many painted dolls, (*rubs*

too!) too! Madam is! 1761.

What . . . for that? —there is no occasion for that.— 1761.

as good . . . at all.] that is come to see me— 1761.

her face with a white handkerchief) No, it does not come off. So, Mrs. Tattle, you bring your fresh country girls here to my house, do you?

Tattle. Upon my credit, Ma'am—

Lady Restless. Don't tell me: I see through this affair. Go you about your business, mistress, and let me never see you about my doors again: go, go your 490 ways.⁰

Marmalet. Lord, Ma'am, I shan't trouble your house. Mrs. Tattle, a good day. Here's a deal to-do, indeed! I have as good a house as her's to go to, whatever she may think of herself.⁰ [*Exit.*]

Lady Restless. There, there, there; see there; she goes off in a huff! the way with them all. Ay! I see how it is, Tattle: you false, ungrateful—that gown was never 500 given her by a woman, she had that from Sir John. Where is Sir John?

Tattle. Sir John an't at home, Ma'am.

Lady Restless. Where is he? Where is he gone? When did he go out?

Tattle. I really don't know, Ma'am.

Lady Restless. Tattle, I know you fib now. But I'll sift this to the bottom. I'll write to my Lady Conquest to know the truth about that girl that was here but 510 now.

Tattle. You will find I told you truth, Madam.

Lady Restless. Very well, Mrs. Pert. I'll go and write this moment. Send Robert,⁰ to give me an account of his master. Sir John, Sir John, you will distract me.

[*Exeunt.*⁰]

Re-enter Belinda and Beverley.

Belinda. Ay! but that quickness, that extreme sensibility is what I am afraid of. I positively would not have a jealous 520 husband for the world.

Beverley. By heaven! no earthly circumstance shall ever make me think injuriously of you. Jealousy!—ha! ha!—it is the most ridiculous passion!—ha! ha!

Belinda. You may laugh, Sir; but I know your over-refining temper too well, and I

go, go your ways.] go—go—1761.

whatever . . . herself.] om. 1761.

Robert,] Robert to me 1761.

Exeunt] 1761; *Exit* 1786.

absolutely will have it in our marriage-articles, that I must not be plagued with your suspicions. 530

Beverley. I subscribe, Ma'am.

Belinda. I will have no enquiries where I'm going to visit; no following me from place to place: and if we should chance to meet, and you should perceive a man of wit, or a pretty fellow, speaking to me, I will not have you fidgetting about on your chair, knitting your brow, and looking at your watch—"My dear, is it not time to go home?"—my love, the coach is waiting:" 540—and then, if you are prevailed upon to stay, I will not have you converse with a "Yes, Sir," and a "No, Sir," for the rest of the evening, and then wrangle with me in the carriage all the way home, and not be commonly civil to me for the rest of the night. I positively will have none of this.

Beverley. Agreed, Ma'am, agreed—

Belinda. And^o you shan't tell me you are going out of town, and then steal^o privately to the play, or to Ranelagh, merely to be a spy upon me. I^o positively will admit no curiosity about my letters. If you were to open a letter of mine, I should never forgive you. I do verily believe, if you were to open my letters I should hate you.

Beverley. I subscribe to every thing you can ask. You shall have what female friends you please; lose^o your money to whom 560 you please; dance with what beau you please; ride out with whom you please; go to what china-shop you please; and, in short, do what you please, without my attempting to bribe your footman, or your maid for secret intelligence.^o

Belinda. Oh! Lud! Oh! Lud! that is in the very strain of jealousy. Deliver^o me! there is my father yonder, and Sir William Bellmont with him. Fly this instant, fly, 570 Mr. Beverley, down that walk; any where.

Beverley. You promise then—

Belinda. Don't talk to me now: what would you be at? I am yours, and only

And] And then 1761.

steal] sneak in 1761.

me. I] me—and I 1761.

lose] loose 1761.

for . . . intelligence] to——1761.

Deliver] Heaven deliver 1761.

yours; unalterably so. Fly—**begone, leave** me this moment.^o

Beverley. I obey;^o I am gone. [*Exit.*

Belinda. Now are they putting their wise heads together to thwart all my schemes of happiness: but love, imperious love, 590 will have it otherwise.

Enter Mr. Blandford and Sir William Bellmont.

Mr. Blandford. Sir William, since we have agreed upon every thing—

Sir William. Why yes, Mr. Blandford, I think every thing is settled.

Mr. Blandford. Why then we have only to acquaint the young people with our intentions, and so conclude the affair without delay.^o

Sir William. That is all, Sir. 590

Mr. Blandford. As to my girl, I don't mind her nonsense about Beverley: she must do as I will have her.

Sir William. And my son too, he must follow my directions. As^o to his telling me of his love for Clarissa, it is all a joke with^o me. Children must do as their parents will have them.

Mr. Blandford. Ay!^o so they must; and so they shall. Hey! here is my daughter. 600 So Belinda!—Well, my girl, Sir William and I have agreed, and you^o are to prepare for marriage, that's all.

Belinda. With Mr. Beverley, Sir?

Blandford. Mr. Beverley!

Belinda. You know you encouraged him yourself, Sir.

Blandford. Well, well! I have changed my mind on that head: my friend, Sir William, here offers you his son. Do as I advise^o 610 you: have a care, Belinda, how you disobey my commands.^o

Belinda. But, Sir—

Blandford. But, Madam, I must and^o will be obeyed. You don't like him, you say: but I like him, and that's sufficient for you. ' ¹

begone . . . moment.] Mr. Beverley, be gone, and leave me——1761.

obey] obey, madam 1761.

without delay] om. 1761.

As] 1761; At 1786.

with] to 1761.

Ay!] Ay! ay! 1761.

you] so you 1761.

advise] would have 1761.

how . . . commands] om. 1761.

must and] om. 1761.

Sir William. And so it is, Mr. Blandford. If my son pretended to have a will of his own, I should let him know to the contrary.

Belinda. And can you, Sir William, 620 against our inclination force us both?

Blandford. Hold your tongue, Belinda; don't provoke me. What makes you from home? Go your ways back⁰ directly, and settle your mind. I^o tell you once for all I will have my own way. Come,⁰ Sir William, we will step to the lawyer's chambers. Go home, Belinda, and be observant of my commands. Come, Sir William. What did you say? (to Belinda)⁰ You mutiny, 630 do you? Don't provoke me. You know, Belinda, I am an odd sort of a man when provok'd. Look ye here: mind what I say; I won't reason with you about the matter; my power is absolute, and if you offer to rebel, you shall have no husband at all with my consent. I'll cut you off with a shilling; I'll see you starve; beg an alms; live miserable; die wretched; in short, suffer any calamity without the least 640 compassion from me. If I find⁰ you an undutiful girl, I cast you off for ever.⁰ So there's one word for all.

[Exit: Sir William follows him.⁰

Belinda. What will become of me?—his inhumanity overcomes me quite—I can never consent: the very sight of this picture is enough to forbid it. Oh! Beverley, you are master⁰ of my heart. I'll go this instant—and—heavens I I can scarce move. I am ready to faint.⁰ 650

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. No tidings of her far or near.

Belinda. How I tremble!—I shall fall—no help?

Sir John. What do I see!—a young lady in distress!

Belinda. Oh!—

(faints in his arms, and drops the picture.)

back] back to Queen's-Square 1761.

mind. I] mind; for I 1761.

Come] Come along 1761.

(to Belinda) om. 1761.

find] should find 1761.

girl . . . ; ever.] girl at last— 1761.

Sir . . . him.] om. 1761.

master] the master 1761.

I am . . . faint] om. 1761.

Sir John. She is fallen into a fit. Would my servants were in the way.

Lady Restless, (at her window.)

Lady Restless. Where can this barbarous man be gone to?—How!⁰—under my 660 very window!

Sir John. How cold she is!—quite cold—(lays his hand to her cheek)

Lady Restless. How familiar he is with her.

Sir John. And yet she looks beautiful still.

Lady Restless. Does she so?

Sir John. Her eyes open—how lovely they look!

Lady Restless. Traitor!

Sir John. Her cheek begins to colour. 670 Well, young lady, how fare you now, my dear?

Lady Restless. My dear too!

Belinda. Heavens! where am I?—^o

Sir John. Repose yourself awhile, or will you step into my house?

Lady Restless. No, truly, shan't she. Vile man! but I will spoil your sport. I will come down to you directly, and flash confusion in your face. 680

[Exit from above.

Sir John. Where do you live, Madam?

Belinda. In Queen's-square, Sir, by the side of the Park.⁰

Sir John. I will wait upon you: trust yourself with me. You look much better now. Lean on my arm. There, there, I will conduct you. [Exeunt.

Enter Lady Restless.

Lady Restless. Now I'll make one among ye. How!^o fled! gone! which way? Is not that he, yonder?—No—he went into my 690 house, I dare say, as I came down stairs. Tattle, Tattle, Robert. Will no body answer?

Enter Tattle.

Lady Restless. Where is Sir John?

Tattle. La! Ma'am, how should I know?

Lady Restless. Did not he go in this moment?

How!] Ha! 1761.

am It—] am If—In a strange gentleman's arms all this time! 1761.

by . . . Park] om. 1761.

How!] ha! 1761.

Tattle. No, Ma'am.

Lady Restless. To be sure you will say so. I'll follow him through the world, or 70 I'll find him out. So, so,—what is here?—This is her picture, I suppose. I will make sure of this at least: this will discover her to me, tho' she has escaped now. Cruel,⁰ false, deceitful man! [Exit.

Tattle. Poor lady! I believe her head is turned, for my part. Well! I am determined I'll look out for another place, that's a sure thing I will.

End 0] the FIRST ACT.

ACT the SECOND.

Scene⁰ Sir John's House.

Enter Sir John and Robert.

Sir John. Robert, where is your lady?

Robert. In her own room, Sir.

Sir John. Any body with her?

Robert. I can't say, Sir: my lady is not well.

Sir John. Not well! fatigued with rioting about this town, I suppose. How long has she been at home?

Robert. About an hour, Sir.

Sir John. About an hour!—very well, 10 Robert, you may retire. (*Exit Robert*) Now will I question her closely. So—so—so—she comes, leaning on her maid: finely dissembled! finely dissembled! But this pretended illness shall not shelter her from my strict enquiry. Soft a moment! If I could overhear what passes between 'em, it might load to the truth. I'll work by stratagem. The hypocrite!⁰ how she acts her part!

[Exit.

Enter Lady Restless and Tattle.

Tattle. How are you now, Madam? 20

Lady Restless. Somewhat better, Tattle. Reach that chair. Tattle, tell me honestly, does that girl live with Lady Conquest?

Tattle. She does, Madam, upon my veracity.

Lady Restless. Very well! you will be obstinate, I see, but I shall know the truth

presently, I shall have an answer from her Ladyship, and then all will come out.

Tattle. You will hear nothing, Ma'am, so but what I have told you already.

Lady Restless. Tattle, Tattle, I took you up in the country in hopes gratitude would make you my friend. But you are as bad as the rest of them. Conceal all you know:⁰ it is of very little consequence. I now see through the whole affair. Though it is the picture of a man, yet I am not to be deceived: I understand it all. This is some former gallant: the creature gave this to 40 Sir John as a proof that she had no affection for any one but himself. What art he must have had to induce her to this!—I have found him out at last.

Sir John, (peeping in)

Sir John. What does she say?

Lady Restless. I have seen enough to convince me what kind of^o man he is. The fate of us poor women is hard: we all wish for husbands, and they are the torment⁰ of our lives. 50

Tattle. There is too much truth in what you say, Ma'am.

Sir John. You join her, do you, Mrs. Iniquity?

Lady Restless. What a pity it is, Tattle, that poor women should be under severer restraints than the men are!

Sir John. You repine for want of freedom, do you?

Lady Restless. Cruel laws of wedlock! 60 The tyrant-husband may triumph in his infidelity. He may^o securely trample upon all laws of decency and order: it^o redounds to his credit; gives him a fashionable air of vice, while a poor woman is obliged to submit to his cruelty. She⁰ remains tied to him for life, even though she has reason to entertain a mortal hatred for him.

Sir John. Oh! very well argued, Madam!

Lady Restless. What a pity it is, Tattle, 70 that we cannot change our husbands, as we do our ear-rings or our gloves!

Sir John. There is a woman of spirit!

know] know, do 1761.

kind of] a 1761.

torment] torments 1761.

infidelity. He may] infidelity, may 1781.

order: it] order, and it 1761.

She] and 1781.

Cruel] The cruel 1761.

Scene] SCENE in 1761.

The hypocrite!] Oh! the hypocrite! 1761.

Lady Restless. Tattle! will you own the truth to me about that girl?

Tattle. I really have told you the truth, Madam.

Lady Restless. You won't discover, I see: very well! you may go down stairs.

Tattle. I assure your Ladyship—80

Lady Restless. Go down stairs.

Tattle. Yes, Ma'am. [Exit.⁰

Lady Restless. Would I had never seen my husband's face!

Sir John. I am even with you: I have as good wishes for you, I assure you.

Lady Restless. This picture here—Oh the base man!

Sir John. The picture of her gallant, I suppose. 90

Lady Restless. This is really a handsome picture: what a charming countenance! it is perfumed I fancy: the scent is agreeable.

Sir John. The jade, how eagerly she kisses it!

Lady Restless. Why had I not⁰ such a dear, dear man, instead of the brute, the monster—

Sir John. Monster!—She does not 100 mince the matter: plain⁰ downright English! I must contain my rage, and steal upon her meditations—So—so—so—

[Enters⁰ on tiptoe.

Lady Restless. There is no falshood in this look.

Sir John (looking over her shoulder). Oh! what a handsome dog she has chosen for herself!

Lady Restless. With you, I could be for ever happy! 110

Sir John. You could, could you?

(Snatches the picture.)

Lady Restless, (screams out.) Mercy on me!—Oh! is it you, Sir?

Sir John. Now, Madam, now false one, have I caught you?

Lady Restless. You are come home at last, I find, Sir.

Sir John. My Lady Restless, my Lady Restless, what can you say for yourself now? 120

[Exit.] 1761; om. 1780.

/ not] not I 1781.

plain] but speaks plain 1761.

Enters] Enter 1761.

Lady Restless. What can I say for myself, Sir John?

Sir John. Ay! Madam! this picture—

Lady Restless. Yes, Sir, that picture!

Sir John. Will be evidence⁰—

Lady Restless. Of your shame, Sir John.

Sir John. Of my shame!—'tis very true what she says: yes, Madam, it will be an evidence of my shame; I feel that but too sensibly. But on your part⁰—130

Lady Restless. You own it then, do you?—

Sir John. Own it! I must own it, Madam; though confusion cover me, I must own it: it is what you have deserved at my hands.

Lady Restless. I deserve it, Sir John! find⁰ excuses if you will. Cruel, cruel man! —to make me this return at last. I cannot bear it. Oh! oh! (cries) Such black injustice!⁰ 140

Sir John. You⁰ may weep; but your tears are lost: they fall without effect. I now renounce you for ever. This picture will justify me to the wide world; it will shew what a base woman you have been.

Lady Restless. What does the man mean?

Sir John. The picture of your gallant, Madam! the darling of your amorous hours, who gratifies your luxurious appetites abroad, and—150

Lady Restless. Scurrilous wretch! Oh! Sir, you are at your old stratagem I find: recrimination, you think, will serve your turn.

Sir John. It is a pity, you know, Madam, that a woman should be tied to a man for life, even though she has a mortal hatred for him.

Lady Restless. Artful hypocrite!

Sir John. That she can't change her 160 husband as she does her ear-rings or her gloves.

Lady Restless. Sir⁰ John, this is your old device: this won't avail you.

Sir John. Had the original of this fallen to your lot, you could kiss the picture for

evidence] an evidence 1761.

on your part] om. 1761.

find] but find 1761.

Such . . . injustice!] om. 1761.

You] Oh! you 1761.

Sir] Po! Sir 1761.

ever.⁰ You can gloat upon it, Madam, glue your very lips to it.

Lady Restless. Shallow artifice!

Sir John. With him you could be for 170 ever happy.

Lady Restless. This is all in vain, Sir John.

Sir John. Had such a dear, dear man fallen to your lot, instead of the brute, the monster—Am I a monster? I am, and you have made me so. The world shall know your infamy.

Lady Restless. Oh! brave it out, Sir, brave it out to the last: harmless, innocent 180 man! you have nothing to blush for, nothing to be ashamed of: you have no intrigues, no private amours abroad. I have not seen any thing, not I.

Sir John. Madam, I have seen, and I now see your paramour.

Lady Restless. That⁰ air of confidence will be of great use to you, Sir. You⁰ have no convenient to meet you under my very window, to loll softly in your arms! 190

Sir John. Hey! how!

Lady Restless. Her arm thrown carelessly round your neck! Your hand tenderly applied to her cheek.

Sir John. 'Sdeath! that's unlucky—she will turn it against me. (*aside*)

Lady Restless. You are in confusion, are you, Sir? But why should you? You meant no harm—"You are safe with me, my dear"—will you step into my house, my love?""—Yes, Sir, you would fain bring her into my very house.

Sir John. My Lady Restless, this evasion is mean and paulty. You beheld a young lady in distress.

Lady Restless. I know it,⁰ and you, tender-hearted man, could caress her out of mere⁰ compassion: you could gaze wantonly⁰ out of charity; from⁰ pure benevolence of disposition you could⁰ convey her to 210 some convenient dwelling. Oh! Sir John, Sir John!

ever.] After this 1761 gives a speech to Lady Restless: Oh! Sir John.—

That] Oh! that 1761.

Sir. You] Sir—for you 1761.

7 . . . it] Oh! I know it, Sir 1761.

mere] 1775, 1788; *meer* 1761.

you . . . wantonly] gaze wantonly on her 1761.

from] and, out of 1761.

you could] om. 1761.

Sir John. Madam, this well acted passion—

Lady Restless. Don't imagine she has escaped me, Sir,

Sir John. You⁰ may talk and rave, Ma'am; but depend upon it, I shall spare no pains to do myself justice on this occasion. Nor will I rest till—220

Lady Restless. Oh! fie upon you, Sir John: these artifices—

Sir John. Nor will I rest, Madam, until I have found, by means of this instrument here in my hand, who your darling is. I will go about it⁰ streight. Ungrateful, treacherous woman! [*Exit.*

Lady Restless. Yes, go,⁰ under that pretext, in pursuit of your licentious pleasures! This ever has been his scheme to cloak 230 his wicked practices: abandoned man! to face me down too, after what my eyes so plainly beheld! I wish I could wring that secret out of Tattle. I'll step to my own room directly, and try by menaces, by wheedling, by fair means, by foul means, by every means, to wrest it from her. [*Exit.*

Scene⁰ the Park.

Enter Sir John and Robert.⁰

Sir John. Come hither, Robert. Look at this picture.

Robert. Yes, Sir.

Sir John. Let me watch his countenance. Well! well! dost thou know it, Robert?

Robert. Tis a mighty handsome picture, Sir.

Sir John. A handsome picture!—

(*aside*)

Robert. The finest lady in the land need not desire a handsomer man, Sir. 10

Sir John. How well he knows the purposes of it!—Well! well! honest Robert, tell me: well—who is it?—tell me.

Robert. Sir!

Sir John. You know whose picture it⁰ is: I know you do. Well! well! who—who—who is it?

You] Oh! you 1761.

it] om. 1761.

go] go now 1761.

Scene] SCENE changes to 1761.

Robert] ROBERT after him 1761.

it] that 1761.

Robert. Upon my word, Sir, it is more than I can tell.^o

Sir John. Not know! I' am convinced 20 you do.^o So own the truth: don't be a villain; don't.

Robert As I am an honest man, Sir—

Sir John. Be an honest man then, and tell me. Did you never see such a smooth faced, fiery eyed, warm-complexioned, taper young fellow here about my house?

Robert. Never, Sir.

Sir John. Not with my wife!—to drink chocolate of a morning, tea of an eve— 30 ning? Come, honest Robert, I'll give you a lease of a good farm. What^o say you? A lease for your life—well! well!—you may take your wife's life into the bargain. Well!

Robert. Believe me, Sir John, I never saw—

Sir John. I'll add your child's life. Come speak out—your own life, your wife's life, and your child's! now! now! a lease for three lives!^o Now, Robert! 40

Robert. As I hope for mercy I never saw any such a gentleman.^o

Sir John. Robert, Robert, you are bribed by my wife.

Robert. No, as I am a sinner, Sir.

Sir John. And the worst of sinners you will be, if you are a confederate in this plot against my peace and honour. Reflect on that, Robert.

Enter a Footman.

Footman. Pray does not Sir John Rest- 50 less live somewhere hereabout?

Sir John. He does, friend; what is your business with him?

Footman. My business is with his lady.

Sir John. I guessed as much, (*aside*)

Footman. I have a letter here for my Lady Restless, Sir.

Sir John. A letter for my Lady!—from whom, pray?

Footman. From my Lord Conquest. 60

Sir John. My Lord Conquest! very well, friend: you may give the letter to me. I am Sir John Restless: that there is my

it . . . tell.] I don't know— 1761.

/] but I 1761.

do] know 1761.

farm. What] farm—come, what 1761.

lives!] lives you have— 1761.

a gentleman] person 1761.

house. Let me have the letter: I will take care of it.

Footman. I was ordered to deliver it into my Lady's own hand.

Sir John. The devil you was! I must have the letter. I'll buy it of the rascal. (*aside*) Here take this for your trouble, TO friend, (*gives him money*) And I'll take care of the letter.

Footman. I humbly thank your Honour. [*Exit.*]

Sir John. Now, now, now; let me see what this is. Now my Lady Restless! now false one, now. (*reads*)

"Madam,

"My Lady Conquest being gone into the "country for a few days, I have judged "it proper to send a speedy answer to 80 "yours, and to assure you, for your peace "of mind, that you need not entertain the "least suspicion of Marmalet, my Lady's "woman. She has lived some years in my^o "family, and I know her by experience to "be an honest, trusty girl, incapable of mak- "ing^o mischief between your Ladyship and "Sir John.

"I have the honour to be,

"Madam, your very humble servant, 90
CONQUEST."

So! so! so!—Marmalet is a trusty girl! one that will not make mischief between man and wife! that is to say, she^o will discover nothing against my Lady Restless! for her peace of mind he lets Madam know all this too! she may go on boldly now; my^o Lady Conquest is gone into the country, Marmalet is trusty, and my Lord has given her the most speedy notice. Very 100 well! very well! proofs thicken upon proofs. Shall I go directly and challenge his Lordship?—No—no—that won't do. Watch him closely, that will do better. If I could have a word in private with the maid—Robert, Robert, come hither. Step to my Lord Conquest's—but with caution proceed—enquire there for Marmalet, the maid.

Robert. I 'know her, Sir.

Sir John. He knows her! (*aside*) 110

my] our 1761.

incapable of making] and one that would not make 1761.

she] now that she 1761.

my] for my 1761.

Robert. She visits our Tattle, Sir.

Sir John. Visits our Tattle!—it is a plain case, (*aside*) Enquire for that girl: but with caution: tell⁰ her to meet me privately; unknown to any body; in the dusk of the evening; in the Bird-Cage walk, yonder.

Robert. I will, Sir.

Sir John. And don't let Tattle see her. Tattle has engaged her in her mistress's 120 interest. I see how it is. Don't let any of my servants see her: go directly, Robert. Now shall I judge what regard you have for me. But, hark ye:^o Come hither! a word with you. Should it be known that this girl converses with me; should my Lady have the least item of it, they will be^o upon their guard. Let^o her come wrapped up in darkness: concealed from every observer, with a mask on. Ay, let 130 it be with a mask.⁰

Robert. A mask, Sir John? Won't that make her be remarked the more?

Sir John. No, no, let her come masked; I will make every thing sure. Robert, bring this about for me, and I am' your friend for ever.

Robert. I will do my endeavour, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Sir John. I'll now take a turn round the Park, and try if I can find the minion 140 this picture belongs to. [*Exit.*

Enter Beverley and Bellmont.

Beverley. Yes, they had almost surprized us: but at sight of her father, Belinda gave the word,⁰ and away I darted down towards the canal.⁰

Bellmont. Was Sir William with him?^o

Beverley. Yes; they had been plotting our ruin.^o But we shall out-officer them, it is to be hoped.⁰

Bellmont. Yes, and it is also to be 150 feared that we shall not.

Beverley. Hey! you alarm me: no new mine sprung!

caution: tell] caution, tho'—and tell 1761.

ye:] ye, Robert!— 1761.

will be] are 1761.

Let] You must be cautious, therefore—4et 1761.

Ay . . . mask] om. 1761.

canal.] canal, yonder— 1761.

him?] him then?— 1761.

ruin.] destruction together— 1761.

hoped] hoped, my boy 1761.

Bellmont. Nothing⁰ but the old story. Our wise fathers⁰ are determined. At the turning of yonder corner they came both full tilt upon Clarissa and me.

Beverley. Well, and how! what passed?

Bellmont. Why they were scarcely civil to your sister. Sir William fixed his surly 160 eye upon me for some⁰ time: at last he began:^o you will run counter to my will, I sec: you will be ever dangling after that girl: but Mr. Blandford and I have agreed upon the match: and then he peremptorily commanded me to take my leave of Clarissa, and fix my heart upon your Belinda.⁰

Beverley. And did you so?

Bellmont. And did you so? How can you ask such a question? Sir, says I, I must 170 see the lady home, and off I marched, arm in arm, with her, my father bawling after me, and I bowing to him, "Sir, your humble "servant, I wish you a good morning, Sir." He continued calling out: I kissed my hand to him; and so we made our escape.

Beverley. And where have you left Clarissa?⁰

Bellmont. At home; at your house.

Beverley. Well! and do you^o both con- 180 tinue in the same mind; is to-morrow to be your wedding-day?

Bellmont. Now are you conjuring up a, thousand horrid fancies to torment yourself.⁰ But don't be alarmed, my dear Beverley. I shall leave you your Belinda, and content myself with the honour of being your brother-in-law.

Beverley. Sir, the honour will be to me— But uneasy!—ha, ha!—no—n o—I 190 am not uneasy, nor shall I ever be so again.

Bellmont. Keep that⁰ resolution, if you can. Do you dine with us at the club?

Beverley. With all my heart: I'll attend you.

[*Nothing*] No, nothing new; 1761.

[*Our wise fathers*] The old folks 1761.

[*some*] a 1761.

[*at last he began:*] then calling me to him, Sir, says he, 1761.

[*Clarissa . . . Belinda.*] her that moment. 1761.

[*Clarissa*] her 1761.

[*you*] ye 1761.

[*Bellmont.* Keep that . . . attend you.] Bel. I wish you would keep that resolution—where do you dine? Bev. Will you dine with me?—Bel. I can't; 'tis club-day—Bev. Faith, so it is—I'll attend you— 1761.

, *Bellmont*. That's right; let us turn towards the Mall, and saunter there till dinner.

Beverley. No, I° can't go—that way yet. I must enquire how *Belinda* does, and what 190 her father said to her. I° have not seen her since we parted in the morning.

Bellmont. And now, according to custom, you will make her an apology for leaving her, when there was an absolute necessity for it, and you'll fall to an explanation of circumstances that require no explanation at all, and refine upon things, and torment yourself and her into the bargain.⁰

Beverley. Nay, if you begin with your railery, I am off: your servant; *a l'hon- 210* new. *Exit*.

Bellmont. (*alone*) Poor *Beverley*!—Tho' a handsome fellow, and of agreeable talents, he has such a strange diffidence in himself, and such a solicitude to please, that he is every moment of his life most ingeniously elaborating his own uneasiness.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Not yet, not yet; nobody like it as yet. Ha! who is that hovering about my house?—If that should be he now! 220 —I'll examine him nearer—Pray, Sir—what the devil shall I say?—Pray, Sir—

' Bellmont. Sir!

'Sir John. I beg pardon for troubling you, Sir; but pray what o'clock is it by your watch?

Bellmont. By my watch, Sir!—I'll let you know in a moment.

Sir John. Let me examine him now—230 (*looks at him, and then at the picture*)

Bellmont. Egad, I am afraid my watch is not right: it must be later, (*looking at his watch*)

Sir John. It is not like him—
(*comparing the picture⁰*)

Bellmont. It does not go, I am afraid.
(*puts it to his ear*)

Sir John. The eye—no!

Bellmont. Why, Sir, by my watch it wants a quarter of three.

Sir John. It is not he: and yet—no—no—no—I am still to seek.

her. J] her; for I 1781.

and torment . . . bargain.] and—1761.
the picture] them both 1761.

Enter Beverley.

Beverley. *Bellmont*! Another word with 240 you.⁰

Sir John. Here comes another; they are all swarming about my house.

Beverley. I have seen her; I have seen *Belinda*, my boy: she will be with *Clarissa* in the Park immediately after dinner, you rogue.

Sir John. I want to see his face; this may be the original.

Beverley. Her father has been rating 250 her in his usual manner; but your marriage with my sister will settle every thing.

Sir John. I'll walk round him. (*sings*) Loll toll loll—(*looks at him*)—ha! it has his air. (*sings*) Loll toll loll,—and it has his eye! Loll toll loll—(*walks to and fro*)

Beverley. Prithee, *Bellmont*, don't be such a dangling lover, but consummate at once,⁰ for the sake of your friend.

Sir John. It has his nose for all the 260 world.

Bellmont. Do you° spirit your sister up to keep her resolution, and to-morrow puts you out of all pain.

Sir John. Loll toll loll—it has his complexion; the same glowing, hot, amorous complexion. (*sings and looks uneasy*)

Beverley. Who is this gentleman?⁰

Bellmont. An odd° fellow he seems to be.

Sir John. Loll toll loll—it has his 270 shoulders. Loll toll loll—Ay, and I fancy the mopl upon the cheek too. I wish I could view him nearer: loll toll loll!

Beverley. He° seems mad, I think. Where are his keepers?⁰

Sir John. Begging your pardon, Sir—Pray (*looking at him and the picture*)—Pray, Sir, can you tell whether we shall have a Spanish war?

Beverley. Not I truly, Sir. (*to Bell- 280 mont*) Here is a politician out of his senses.⁰

Bellmont. He has been talking to me too: he is too well dressed for a poet.

Bellmont! . . . you.] Hip! *Bellmont*—well overtaken—a word with you—1761.

once,] once, prithee do, 1761.

Do you! I'll tell you what, *Beverley*, do you 1761. gentleman?] gentleman walking here?— 1761.

An odd! Faith, I don't know—an odd 1761.

He! The man 1761.

Where . . . keepers?] om. 1761.

truly . . . senses.] truly; did you ever see such an odd fellow, *Bellmont*?— 1761.

Beverley. Not, if he has had a good subscription.

Sir John. He has the mole sure enough.
(*aside*)

Beverley. Let us step this way, to avoid this impertinent blockhead.⁰

Sir John. Ay! he wants to sneak off. Guilt! guilt! conscious guilt! I'll make sure of 290 him.° Pray, Sir,—I beg your pardon—Is not your name Wildair?

Beverley. No, Sir, *Beverley* at your service.

Sir John. Have you no relation of that name?

Beverley. None.

Sir John. You are very like a gentleman of that name—a friend of mine, whose picture I have here—Will you give me leave 300 just to—

(*compares him with the picture*)

Beverley. An odd adventure this, *Bellmont*.

Bellmont. Very odd, indeed.

Beverley. Do you find any likeness, Sir?

Sir John. Your head a little more that way, if you please. Ay! ay! it is he. Yes, a° plain case, this is my man, or rather,—this is my wife's man.

Beverley. Did you ever know any thing 310 so whimsical?⁰

Bellmont. Never—ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. They are both laughing at me. Ay! and I shall be laughed at by the whole town, pointed at, hooted at, and gazed at!

Beverley. What do I see? 'Sdeath, the setting of that picture is like what I gave to⁰ *Belinda*. Distraction!⁰ if it is the same—

(*drawing near him*)

Sir John. He makes his approach, and means, I suppose, to snatch it out of my 320 hand. But I'll prevent⁰ him, and so into my pocket it goes. There, lie safe there.

Beverley. Confusion!⁰ he puts it up in a hurry. Will you be so good, Sir, as to favour me with a—

(*aside*)] ora. 1761.
way . . . blockhead.] way—I have more to say to you— 1761.

him.] him tho'— 1761.

Yes, a] 'tis a 1761.

so whimsical?] like thist—ha, ha! 1761.

to] om. 1761.

Distraction!] Zoons! 1761.

prevent] be before-hand with 1761.

Confusion!] Zoons! 1761.

Sir John. Sir, I wish you a good day.

Beverley. With a sight of that picture for a moment?

Sir John. The picture, Sir—Po!—a mere daub. 330

Beverley. A motive of° curiosity, Sir—

Sir John. It is not worth your seeing. I wish you a good day.

Beverley. I shall take it as a favour.

Sir Jones. A paltry thing. I have not a moment to spare; my family is° waiting dinner. Sir, I wish you a good morning.

(*runs into his house*)

Beverley. Death and fire! *Bellmont*, my picture!

Bellmont. Oh! no—no such thing. 340

Beverley. But I am sure of it. If *Belinda*—

Bellmont. What relapsing into suspicion⁰ again!

Beverley. Sir, I have reason to suspect.⁰ She slights me, disdains me, treats me with contempt.

Bellmont. But I tell you, that unhappy temper of yours—Prithee, man, leave teasing yourself, and let us adjourn to dinner, 350

Beverley. No, Sir; I shan't dine at all. I am not well.

Bellmont. Ridiculous! how can you be so absurd? I'll bett you twenty pounds that is not your picture.

Beverley. Done; I take it.

Bellmont. With all my heart; and I'll tell you more; if it' be your's, I will give you leave to be as jealous of her as you please. Come, now let us adjourn.⁰ 360

Beverley. I attend you. In the evening we shall know the truth. If it be that I gave *Belinda*, she is false, and I am miserable.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir John, (peeping after them) There he goes; there he goes! the destroyer of my peace and happiness!—I'll follow him, and make sure that he has given me the right name;⁰ and then, my Lady Restless, the

A motive of] Mere 1761.

is] om. 1761.

suspicion] uneasiness and suspicion 1761.

suspect] be uneasy 1761.

adjourn] to dinner 1761.

the right name] his name rightly 1761.

mine is sprung, and⁰ I have done with you⁰
for ever. 370

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT the THIRD.

The former Scene continues.

Enter Belinda and Clarissa.

Belinda. But have you really fixed every thing, Clarissa?

Clarissa. Positively, and to-morrow morning makes me his.

Belinda. To-morrow morning!

Clarissa. Yes, to-morrow morning I release Mr. Bellmont from his fetters, and resign my person to him.

Belinda. Why, that is what we⁰ poor women, after all" the victories of our 10 charms, all the triumphs of our beauty, and all the murders of our eyes, must come to at last.

Clarissa. Well, and in that we but imitate the men. Don't we read of them conquering whole kingdoms, and then submitting at last to be governed by the vanquished.

Belinda. Very true, Clarissa; and I don't know but⁰ you are a heroine equal in fame to any of them; nay superior: for your 20 scheme, I take it, is not to unpeople the world.

Clarissa. Prithee,⁰ don't talk so wildly. To⁰ tell you the truth, now 'that I have settled the affair, I begin to be alarmed at what I have done.

Belinda. Oh! dear, dear affectation!

Clarissa. Actually now, positively, I am terrified to death.

Belinda. To⁰ be sure:—our sex must 30 play its tricks, and summon up all its fantastic train of doubts and fears. But courage, my dear, don't be frightened, for the same sex within that heart of yours will urge you on, and never let you be at rest, till you have procured yourself a tyrant for life.

Clarissa. A tyrant, Belinda! I think more generously of Mr. Bellmont, than to imagine

the mine is sprung, and] om. 1761.

you] 1761; *your* 1786.

we] all *we* 1761.

I . . . but] upon my word *I think* 1761.

Prithee,] *Prithee*, *Belinda*, 1761.

wildly. *To]* wildly; *for*, *to* 1761.

To] *Hat ha!*—*to* 1761.

he will usurp to himself an ill use of his 40 power.

Belinda. To deal candidly⁰ I am of your opinion. But tell me now, am not⁰ I a very good girl, to resign such a man to you?

Clarissa. Why, indeed, I must confess the obligation.

Belinda. Ay! but to resign him for one whose temper does not promise that⁰ I shall live under so mild a government. 50

Clarissa. How do you mean?

Belinda. Why, Mr. Beverley's strange caprices, suspicions, and unaccountable whimsies, are enough to alarm' one upon the brink of matrimony.

Clarissa. Well, I vow I can't help thinking, Belinda, that you are a little subject to vain surmises and suspicions yourself.

Belinda. Now,⁰ you are an insincere girl. You know I am of a temper too generous, 60 too open——

Clarissa. I grant all that, but by this constant repetition of the same doubts, I should not wonder to see you most heartily jealous of him in the end.⁰

Belinda. Jealous!—Oh heavens!—jealous indeed!

Clarissa. Well, I say no more. As⁰ to my brother, here he comes, and let him speak for himself. 70

Enter Beverley and Bellmont.

Bellmont. Well argued, Sir: you will have it your own way, and I give up the point.⁰ Ladies your most obedient. I hope we have not transgressed our time.

Belinda. Not in the least; you are both very exact. True as the dial to the sun.

Beverley, (in a peevish manner.) Although it be not shone upon.

Belinda. Although it be not shone upon, Mr. Beverley! why with that dejected air, pray Sir?

Bellmont. There again now!⁰ you two 80 are going to commence wrangling lovers

candidly] *candidly* with *you* 1761.

am not] *a'n't* 1761.

that] om. 1761.

Now] *Come now* 1761.

in the end] om. 1761.

more. *As]* *more;* and *as* 1761.

Well . . . point] *Well*, upon my soul, *Beverley*, you make me laugh at you—but come, there's an end of that matter——1761.

There . . . now!] *Oh!* *Lord!* 1761.

once more. A-propos, Belinda—now Beverley, you shall see—be so good, Ma'am as to let me see this gentleman's picture.

Belinda. His picture! what can you want it for? You shall have it.

(*searching her pocket.*)

Bellmont. Now, Beverley, do you confess how wrong you have been?

Beverley. Why,° I begin to see my mistake.⁰ Say not a word to her; she'll never 90 forgive me, if you discover my infirmity.⁰

(*apart*)

Belinda. It is not in that pocket: it must be here.

(*searches*⁰)

Bellmont. You have been sad company on account of this strange suspicion.

Beverley. I own it; let it drop; say no more.

(*aside*)

Belinda. Well! I protest and vow—where can it be?⁰ Come, gentlemen, this is some trick of yours: you have it among ye. 100 Mr. Bellmont, Mr. Beverley, pray return it to me.⁰

Beverley. No, Ma'am, it is no trick of ours, (*angrily*)

Belinda. As I live and breathe I have not got it.

Beverley. What think you now, Bellmont?

Bellmont. She'll find it presently, man; don't shew your humours: be upon your no guard; you'll undo yourself else. Clarissa, shall you and I saunder down this walk?

Clarissa. My brother seems out of humour: what is° the matter now?

Bellmont. I'll Hell you presently: let us step this way. [*Exit with Clarissa.*⁰

Belinda. Well, I declare, I don't know what is come of this odious picture.

Beverley. This odious picture! how she expresses it!° 120

Belinda. You may look grave, Sir, but I have it not.

Beverley. I know you have not, Ma'am; and though you may° imagine—

Why,] Why faith 1761.

see my mistake] think I was wrong 1761.

if . . . infirmity] else 1761.

searches] searches the other 1761.

where can it be?] what can become of it 1761.

to me] om. 1761.

what is] what's 1761.

Exit with Clarissa.] Exeunt. 1761.

how . . . it!] Oh! Belinda.— 1761.

though you may] don't 1761.

Belinda. Imagine! what do you mean?—Imagine what?

Beverley. Don't imagine that I am to be led blindfold as you please.

Belinda. Heavens!⁰ with what gravity that was said! 150

Beverley. I am not to be deceived; I can see all round me.

Belinda. You can?

Beverley. I can, Madam.

Belinda. Well, and how do you like your prospect?

Beverley. Oh! you may think to pass it off in raillery:⁰ but that picture I have this day seen in the hands of another; in the hands of the very° gentleman to 140 whom you gave it.

Belinda. To whom I gave it?—have a care, Sir; this is another symptom of your jealous temper.

Beverley. But I tell you, Madam, I saw it in his hand.

Belinda. Who is the gentleman?—What's his name?

Beverley. His name, Madam!—'sdeath! I forgot that circumstance. Though I 150 don't know his name, Madam, I know his person, and that is sufficient.⁰

Belinda. Go on, Sir; you° are making yourself very ridiculous in this matter.—Ha! ha!—

Beverley. You may laugh, Madam, but it is no laughing matter, that let me° assure you.

Belinda. Oh! brave—follow your own notions. I gave it away: I have scorned 160 your present. Ha! ha!—Poor Mr. Beverley!

Beverley. I don't doubt you, Ma'am: I believe you did give it away.

Belinda. Mighty well. Sir, think so if you please. I shall leave you to your own imagination: it will find wherewithal to entertain you. Ha! ha! the self-tormenting Beverley!⁰ yonder I see Clarissa and Mr. Bellmont. I will join them this instant.

Heavens!] Oh! heavens! 1761.

Oh! . . . raillery:] Oh! you begin to banter-- 1761.

in . . . very] the 1761.

Beverley. His . . . sufficient.] Bev. That I can't say—I——1761.

Go . . . you] Well, upon my word you 1761.

that let me] I 1761.

the self-tormenting Beverley!] your servant, Sir, 1761.

Your servant, Sir. Amuse yourself with no your own fancies—ha! ha! [Exit.

Beverley, (alone) Plague and distraction!⁰—I can't tell what to make of this. She carries it off with an air of confidence. And yet if that be my picture, which I saw this morning, then it is plain I am only laughed at by her. The dupe of her caprice!—I cannot bear it.⁰

Enter Belinda, Clarissa, and Bellmont.⁰

Belinda. Observe him now. Let us walk by him without taking any notice.⁰ Let 180 us talk of any thing rather than be silent. What a charming evening!

Clarissa. And how gay the Park looks!—mind the gentleman!

Belinda. Take no notice; I beg you wont. Suppose we were to shew ourselves in the Mall, Clarissa, and walk our charms there, as the French express it?

Bellmont Ha! ha I—*Beverley!*—what fixed in contemplation! 190

Beverley. Sir, I beg—I chuse to be alone, Sir.

Bellmont, Belinda, and Clarissa. Ha! ha! ha!

Beverley. Pshaw! impertinent.⁰ (*aside*)

Belinda. Oh! for heaven's sake, let us indulge the gentleman. Let us leave him⁰ to himself, and his ill-humours. This way, this way. You shall go home and have your tea with me, Mr. *Beverley*, (*she kisses 200 her hand to him at some distance, and laughs at him*) your servant, Sir: I wish you a good evening. A l'honneur.⁰

[Exeunt.

Beverley, (alone) Distraction! you may retire. Your servant, Madam. Racks and torment! this is too much.⁰ If she has parted with the picture; if she has given it away—but she may only have lent it, or she may have lost it. But even that, even that is an injury to me. Why should 210 she not be more careful of it? I will know the bottom of it. That's the house the

Plague and distraction!] *Damnation!* 1781.

The dupe . . . bear it.] om. 1781.

Bellmont] 1775; *BELLMOUR* 1761 and 1786.

notice.] notice of him—and so— 1786.

impertinent] foolish 1761.

him] him him 1781.

A l'honneur.] your servant, Sir— 1761.

Distraction! . . . much.] *Zoons!* I can't bear all this— 1781.

gentleman went into. I'll wait on him directly: but they are watching me. I'll walk⁰ another way, to elude their observation. Ay! ay! you may laugh Ma'am, but I shall find out all your artifices.⁰ [Exit.

Scene an Apartment at Sir John's.

Enter Lady Restless, meeting Robert.

Lady Restless. Where are you going, Sir?

Robert. To my master's room, Madam, to leave these cloaths there.

Lady Restless. Stay, Sir; stay a moment. (*searches the pockets*) Where are his letters?

Robert. Letters, my Lady! I know of no letters: I never touch his pockets.

Lady Restless. I guessed you would say so. You are Sir John's agent; the con- 10 duct or of his schemes.

Robert. I, Madam!

Lady Restless. You, Sir, you are his secretary for love-affairs.

Robert. I collect his rents, my Lady, and—

Lady Restless. Oh! Sir, I am not to be deceived. I know you are my enemy.

Robert. Enemy, my Lady!⁰ I am sure, as far as a poor servant dare, I am a 20 friend to both.

Lady Restless. Then toll me honestly, have not you conveyed his letters out of my way?

Robert. Indeed, Madam, not I.

Lady Restless. Then he has done it himself. Artful man! I never can find a line after him. Where did you go for him this morning?

Robert. This morning! 30

Lady Restless. Ay! this morning. I know he sent you somewhere? Where was it?

Robert. Upon my word, my Lady—

Lady Restless. Very well, Sir: I see how it is. You are all bent against me. I shall never be at rest till every servant in this house is of my own chusing. Is Tattle come home yet?

Robert. No, Madam.

Lady Restless. Where can she be gad- 40 ding? Hark!—I hear a rap at the door. This is Sir John, I suppose. Stay, let me

walk] walk off 1761.

out . . . artifices] you out 1761.

my Lady!] ma'am! 1761.

listen. I don't know that voice. Who can it be? Some of his libertine company, I suppose.

Robert. My Lady, if you will believe me——

Lady Restless. Hold your tongue, man: let me hear. You want to hinder me, do you?⁰ 50

Robert. Indeed, Madam——

Lady Restless. Hold your tongue, I say! won't you hold your tongue? Go about your business, Sir, go about your business. What does he say? (*listening*) I can't hear a word. Who is^o below there?

Enter Tattle, with a Capuchin⁰ on.

Lady Restless. So, Mrs. Tattle,' who is that at the door?

Tattle. A gentleman, Madam, speaking to William. 60

Lady Restless. And where have you been, mistress? How dare you go out without my leave?

Tattle. Dear my Lady, don't be angry with me. I was so terrified about what happened in the morning; and your Ladyship was in such a perilous taking about it, that I went to desire Mrs. Marmaleet would Justify herself and me.

Lady Restless. Oh! very well, Mrs. 70 Busy-Body. You have been there, have you? You have been to frame a story among yourselves, have you, and to hinder me from discovering? But I'll go to my Lady Conquest myself. I have had no answer to my letter, and 'tis you have occasioned it. Thanks to your meddling!⁰

Tattle. Dear my Lady, if you will but give me leave: I have been doing you the greatest piece of service. I believe, in my 80 conscience, there is something in what you suspect about Sir John.

Lady Restless. Do you? why? how?

Tattle. I have seen Mrs. Marmaleet, and I have made such a discovery!

Lady Restless. Have you, Tattle? Well!⁰ What? speak, tell me; what is it?

Tattle. Robert has been there, Madam, with a message from Sir John, who wants

to see her in the evening; and he has 90 desired——

Lady Restless. Blessings on you, Tattle: well; go on; tell me all.

Enter a Servant.

Lady Restless. What do you want, Sir? Who called you? Go about your business.

Servant. Madam, there is a gentleman wants to speak with Sir John about a picture.

Lady Restless. I had forgot me. It was he rapped at the door, I suppose. 100

Servant. Yes, Madam!

Lady Restless. About a picture!—This may lead to some further discovery. Desire the gentleman to step up stairs. (*Exit Servant*)—and so, Tattle, Robert has been there?

Tattle. Yes, Ma'am.

Lady Restless. And Sir John wants to speak with Marmaleet in the evening, and has desired—Oh! the base man!—what 110 has he desired? Now he is discovered. What has he desired?

Tattle. He has desired, Ma'am,—the poor girl does not know what to make of it—She is very sober and discreet, I assure you, Ma'am—he has desired, Ma'am, in the dusk of the evening, that Mrs. Marmaleet will come and——

Lady Restless. How unlucky this is? The gentleman is coming. I have a mind not 120 to see him: and yet I will too. Tattle, do you step to my room; as soon as he goes, I will come to you, and hear all in private. (*Exit Tattle*) In the dusk of the evening he desires to see her: abandoned wretch!

Enter Beverley.

Beverley. Madam——(*bows*)

Lady Restless. Pray walk in,^o Sir. (*curtsies⁰*)

Beverley. I wanted a word with Sir John Restless, Madam.

Lady Restless. About a picture?⁰ 130

Beverley. Yes, Madam, a picture I had given to a lady; and however insignificant in itself, it is to me of the highest consequence, as it may conduce to the explana-

Pray walk in, om. 1761.

curtsies] *curtsies* 1761.

picture?] *picture, the servant tells me, Sir.* 1781.

You want . . . you?] om. 1761.

Who is?] *Who's* 1761.

Capuchin] a hooded cloak worn by women.

Thanks . . . meddling!] om. 1761.

Well!] om. 1761.

tion of an affair, in which the happiness of my life is concerned.

Lady Restless. The lady is young?

Beverley. She is.

Lady Restless. And handsome?

Beverley. In the highest degree; my 140 heart is devoted to her; and I have reason to suspect, that a present from me is not of so much value as I could wish. To be plain, Ma'am, I imagine she has given the picture away.

Lady Restless. As I guessed:⁰ my suspicions are just.

Beverley. Your suspicions, Madam! Did you suspect it was given to Sir John Restless? 150

Lady Restless. What I know of the matter shall be no secret to you. Pray, Sir, have you spoke to the lady on this subject?

Beverley. I have, but she knows nothing of the matter; she has lost it, she has mislaid it, she can give no account of it.

Lady Restless. She has given it to Sir John, Sir, to shew him how little she regards it.⁰

Beverley. Given it to him? 160

Lady Restless. Given it to him, Sir.

Beverley. Then I have no further doubt.

Lady Restless. Of what?

Beverley. Madam, I would not hurt your peace of mind; I would not give you an impression⁰ of Sir John, that may affect his character.⁰

Lady Restless. Oh! Sir, stand upon no ceremony with him; an injurious, false, licentious man! 170

Beverley. Is that his character?

Lady Restless. Notoriously: he has made me miserable; false to his marriage vows, and warm in the pursuit of his pleasures abroad!—I have not deserved it of him. Oh! Sir John! Sir John!⁰ (cries)

Beverley. She weeps; the case is plain, and I am undone.

Lady Restless. Pray, Sir, what is the lady's name? 180

Beverley. Belinda Blandford.

As I guessed:] Look-ye there now!— 1701. to shew . . . it.] om. 1761.

an impression] impressions 1761.

may . . . character.] may—1761.

Sir John! Sir John!] 1175, 1786; Sir John! Sir John! Oh! 1761.

Lady Restless. Belinda Blandford! So far I have discovered.⁰ (aside)⁹

Beverley. Pray, Madam, have you ever seen her?

Lady Restless. Seen her, Sir! yes I have seen too much of her.

Beverley. You alarm me, Madam. You have seen nothing improper,⁰ I hope.

Lady Restless. I don't know what you 190 call improper.⁰ But, pray, what ought one to think of a young lady thrown familiarly into a gentleman's arms?

Beverley. In his arms, Madam! Sir John's arms!

Lady Restless. In Sir John's I in open day; in the Park; under my very window; most familiarly, wantonly reclining in his very arms.

Beverley. Oh! Heavens! 200

Lady Restless. He clasping her with equal freedom round the waist!

Beverley. False, false Belinda!

Lady Restless. Both interchanging fond, mutual glances.

Beverley. Oh! Madam, the whole is come to light, and I thank you for the discovery, though I am ruined by it. But give me leave: is all this certain?

Lady Restless. There can be no doubt, 210 Sir; these eyes beheld their amorous meeting.

Beverley. Saw it yourself?

Lady Restless. Yes, all, all, Sir. Sir John I know is capable of any thing, and you know what to think of Belinda, as you call her.

Beverley. I now know what to think:⁰ I have long had reason to suspect.

Lady Restless. You have, Sir? Then the 220 whole affair is plain enough.

Beverley. It is so. I meant an honourable connection with her;—but—

Lady Restless. But you see, Sir!

Beverley. Yes, I see, Madam—you are sure Sir John has the⁰ picture?

Lady Restless. Sure, Sir!—it is your own picture. I had it in my hands but a moment, and he flew with ardor, with impetuosity, like a fury flew to it, and recovered it 230

So . . . discovered.] I thank you, Sir. 1761.

(aside)] om. 1761.

improper] unhandsome 1761.

improper] unhandsome, Sir.— 1761.

I now . . . think] Oh! madam 1761. the] this 1761.

from me. What could be the meaning of all that violence?⁰

Beverley. The meaning is too plain.

Lady Restless. And then, Sir, when charged and pressed home with his guilt, most hypocritically he pretended to believe it the portrait of some favourite of mine. But you know, Sir, how false that insinuation is.⁰

Beverley. Oh! Madam, I can justify 240 you—Ha! ha! that is but a poor evasion, and confirms me the more in my opinion. I return you many thanks, Madam, and^o humbly take my leave.

Lady Restless. Sir, I am glad you thought it prudent⁰ to speak to me about this affair. If^o any other circumstances come to your knowledge, I shall take it as a favour if you will acquaint me with them; for, indeed, Sir, I am very unhappy. 250

Beverley. I^o am in gratitude bound to you, and my best services you shall ever command. Madam, your most obedient.—Oh! Belinda! Belinda! [Exit.

Lady Restless. Now, Sir John, how will you be able to confront these stubborn facts? You are now seen through all your disguises; detected in your true colours. Tattle within here has fresh proofs against you, and your man Robert, and the whole 260 house.⁰ I must hear Tattle's story this very moment.⁰ [Exit.

SCENE, the PARK.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Yes, yes, he told me his name honestly enough. Beverley is his name; and my Lady Restless, now your gallant, your paramour is known. What do I see? By all my wrongs, the very man again! coming out of my house before my face!

Beverley and Robert come out of the House.

Beverley. There, friend, there is something for your trouble.

all . . . violence?] that, Sir? — 1781.
false . . . is.] that is——1761.
I . . . and] and I 1761.
thought it prudent] have had the good luck 1761.
affair. If] affair;—and, if 1761.
7] Madam, I 1761.
and the . . . house] and all of you 1761.
Tattle'S . . . moment.] that whole story directly——1761.

Robert. I thank your Honour.

Sir John. He bribes my servant too; 10 and the fellow takes it! Both in their trade; both in their trade!

Beverley. Could I have suspected her of such treachery? As I could wish:⁰ I take that to be Sir John Restless.

Sir John. This is he to whom I have so many obligations. (aside)

Beverley. Well encountered:⁰ your servant, Sir.

Sir John. My servant, Sir!—I rather 20 take it you are my lady's servant.

Beverley. You, if I don't mistake, Sir John, are a pretty general servant of the ladies. Pray, Sir, have not you a picture of mine in your pocket?

Sir John. That, I suppose, you have heard from my good lady within there.

Beverley. Yes, Sir, and I have heard a great deal more from my Lady.

Sir John. I don't in the least doubt it. 30

Beverley. Sir, I do not mean to work myself up into any choler about such a trifling bauble. Since the lady has thought proper to give it to you——

Sir John. Do her justice, pray; she did not give it; so far she was true to you. I took it from her, Sir.

Beverley. Took it from her! That shews he is upon easy terms.⁰ (aside)⁰ It is of no^o consequence to me; I despise it, and 40 you are welcome to make what use you will of it. This I will only say, that you have made me miserable.

Sir John. What, J have interrupted your happiness?

Beverley. You have.

Sir John. And no doubt you think it cruel of me so to do.

Beverley. Call it by what name you will: you have ruined me with the woman I 50 doated on to distraction.

Sir John. A candid declaration! And so, Sir, you doated on her, and never reflected that you were doing me the least injury?

Beverley. Injury!—I promise you, Sir, I will never injure you again, and so you' may set your mind at peace. I here declare

As . . . wish:] Zoons! 1761.
encountered] encountered, Sir 1761.
Took . . . terms.] And that shews you are upon free and easy terms with her;— 1761.
(aside)] om. 1761.
no] no manner of 1781.

I never will hold farther intercourse with her.

Sir John. Oh! that is too late for me. 80 I have now done with her myself. You are very welcome to the lady, Sir! you may take her home with you as soon as you please.⁰ I forswear her, and so I shall tell my lady this moment, (*going*)

Beverley. That will make her Ladyship happy, no doubt.

Sir John. Yes, I dare say you know it will.

Beverley. She told me as much, Sir.

Sir John. She did!—why then you may TO depend I shall keep my word, and my Lady may depend upon it too. And that, I suppose,⁰ will make you both⁰ happy, Sir.

Beverley. My happiness is past recalling: I disdain all further connection with the lady.⁰

Sir John. Ay,⁰ you are tired of her?

Beverley. I loath her, detest her, hate her as much as I ever loved her.

Sir John. And so do I too, I assure 80 you. And so I shall tell my Lady this very instant. Your servant, Sir. If⁰ I can find proof sufficient, you shall hear of me, I promise you.⁰ [*Exit.*]

Beverley. I see how it is:⁰ she has been connected with him, till she has pall'd his very appetite. 'Sdeath, I'll seek her this moment, upbraid her with her falshood, and then⁰—by heavens! I shall do it with regret. I⁰ feel a tug at my heart-string: but were 90 I to be torn piecemeal, this shall be our last interview.

Enter Belinda, Clarissa, and Bellmont.

Belinda. Alas +a-day! poor soul! see where he takes his melancholy walk. Did not I tell you, Clarissa, that the stricken deer could not quit this place?

Clarissa. And did not I tell you, Belinda, that you could not keep away from the pursuit?

Bellmont. Pray, Ma'am, do you want 100 please.] please; I have done with her, 1761.

suppose] hope, with all my heart 1761.

both] om. 1761.

My happiness . . . lady.] It won't indeed, Sir—I resign her for ever—1761.

Ay] What 1761.

Sir. If] Sir—and, if 1761.

you.] you, Sir—(aside.) 1761.

I . . . is:] Ay! 1761.

then] even so 1761.

regret. I] regret—for even now I 1761.

to be in at the death, or do you mean to bring the poor thing to life again?

Belinda. I!—what do you mean?—You bring me this way.

Clarissa. Well! if that is the case, we had as good go home,⁰ for I want my tea.

Belinda. Po! not yet: it is not six o'clock.

Bellmont and Clarissa. Ha! ha!

Belinda. What do ye laugh at?

Clarissa. At you, my dear: why, 'tis 110 past seven. 'Oh! Belinda, you are the stricken deer, I find.

Belinda. Who I? Not I truly; I—

Clarissa. My dear Belinda, I know you. Come,⁰ we will do the good natured thing by you, and leave you to yourselves. Success attend you. Come, Mr. Bellmont. [*Exeunt*]

Belinda. Thyriss, a youth of the inspired train,

Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain.⁰

Beverley. Po! po! 120

(*looking peevishly at her.*)

Belinda. Won't⁰ you know me, Sir?

Beverley. Yes, Madam, I know you: it is but too true, that I know you.

Belinda. Still⁰ gloomy and discontented! Come, come, under pain of my displeasure, brighten up this moment.

Beverley. Silly, idle, ridiculous!⁰

Belinda. Take care of what you are about.⁰ When I proclaim a pardon, you had better embrace it, than reduce yourself to 130 the necessity of sighing, vowing, protesting, writing to me, following me up and down, kneeling at my feet, imploring forgiveness—

Beverley. Madam, you will never again see me humbled to that low degree.⁰

Belinda. Upon my word! ha! ha! ha!

Beverley. Oh! you may laugh, Ma'am: you have too long imposed upon my fond, easy credulity. But the witchery of your charms is over. 140

Belinda. Very well, Sir! and you are your own man again.

Beverley. I am, Madam, and you may be

home] home to your house 1761.

I know you. Come] you are—and come 1761.

Thyriss . . . vain] Waller, Phoebus and Daphne.

Won't] What, won't 1761.

Still] Prithee, give over these humours—what, still 1761.

Silly . . . ridiculous] Po! po!—silly, ridiculous, and idle! 1761.

Take . . . about.] Come, come, 1761.

you . . . degree.] I shall never be brought to forgive—1781.

your own woman again, or any body's woman, or every body's.

Belinda. You grow rude, Sir!

Beverley. It is time to wave all ceremony, and to tell you plainly, that your falsehood—

Belinda. My falshood, Sir! 150

Beverley. Your falshood!—I know the whole story.⁰ I loved you once, Belinda, tenderly loved you, and by Heaven I swear, it is with sorrow that I can no longer adore you. It is with anguish⁰ that I now bid you an everlasting farewell. (*going*)

Belinda. Explain, Sir: what action of my life?

Beverley. Your prudence forsook you at last. It was too glaring; too manifest in 160 open day!

Belinda. Too manifest in open day!—Mr. Beverley I shall hate you.

Beverley. All⁰ circumstances inform against you: my picture given away!

Belinda. Insolent! provoking! wrong-headed man! I'll confirm him in his error, to torment him as he deserves.⁰ (*aside*) Well, Sir, what if I chose to give it away! I am mistress of my own actions, am I 170 not?

Beverley. I^o know that, Ma'am: I know that; and I am not uneasy, Ma'am.

Belinda. So it seems—ha! ha!—why do you sigh, poor man?

Beverley. Sigh, Madam! I disdain it.

Belinda. I am glad of it; now that is so manly! but pray watch yourself well, hold a guard upon all your passions, otherwise they will make a fool of you again. 180

Beverley. And do you take care you don't expose yourself again. Lolling familiarly in a gentleman's arms;

Belinda. How!

Beverley. Here, in the Park! in open day!

Belinda. What can this mean?⁰

Beverley. He inviting you to his house!

Belinda. Oh! I understand him now; when I fainted, all this was. I'll encourage his notion, to be revenged of his waspish 190 temper, (*aside*) Well, Sir, and what then?

Beverley. What then?

story] affair 1761.

It is with anguish] and 1761.

All] Oh! ma'am, all 1761.

as he deserve'] om. 1761.

J] Oh! 1 1761.

mean] be 1761.

;'Belinda. ,Ha! ha! poor Mr. Beverley!—why should you be in a piteous taking, be-
jtMyBe I, in the gaiety of my heart, give
'away a picture I set no value on, or walk
with a gentleman I do set a value on, or
lean on his arm, or make the man happy
by letting him draw on my glove.

Beverley. Or draw off your glove, Madam.

Belinda. Ay! or draw it off! 201

Beverley. Yes, or—or—or take any other liberties.

Belinda. Very true.

Beverley. You may make light of it, Madam, but^o—

Belinda. Why yes, a generous temper always makes light of the favours it confers.

Beverley. And some generous tempers will make light of any thing to gratify their 210 inclinations. Madam, I have done: I abjure you; eternally abjure you. (*going*⁰)

Belinda. Bon voyage!

Beverley. Don't imagine that you will⁰ see me again.

Belinda. Adieu!—Well, what, coming again? Why do you linger so?^o

(*repeats affectedly*)

Thus⁰ o'er the dying lamp, the unsteady flame

Hangs quivering to a point!⁰

Beverley. With what an air she carries 220 it? I have but this one thing more to tell you: by Heaven I loved you, to excess I loved you: such is my weakness, I shall never quite forget you. I shall be glad, if hereafter I hear of your happiness, and if I can, no dishonour shall befall⁰ you.

Belinda. Ho! ho!⁰—well! my obliging, generous Don Quixote, go and fight wind-mills, and castles⁰ in the air, and a thousand phantoms of your own creation, for 230 your Dulcinea's sake! ho! ho! ho!^o

Beverley. Confusion! Take notice⁰ Madam, that this is the last time of my troubling you.

but] om. 1761.

(*going*)] om. 1761.

imagine . . . will] think to 1761.

Why . . . so?] what, lingering—1761.

Thus . . . point!] from Cato. See p. 531 1. 177.

point!) point—&c. 1761.

befall] fall on 1761.

Ho! ho!] Ha! ha! 1761.

and castles] castles 1761.

ho! ho!] ha! ha!—1761.

Take notice]—mind 1761.

Belinda. I shall expect you to-morrow morning.

Beverley. No, never; by Heaven, never!

Belinda. Exactly at ten; your usual hour.

Beverley. May I perish at your feet, if ever again⁰—240

Belinda. Oh! brave! but remember ten; kneeling, beseeching, imploring, your hand upon your heart, "Belinda, won't you forgive me?"

Beverley. Damnation!—I have done: I here bid you an eternal adieu!—farewel for ever!⁰ [Exit.

Belinda. I shall wait breakfast for you. Ha! ha! poor Beverley! he cannot command his temper. But, in spite of all his 250 faults, I love him still. What the poet says of great wits, may be applied to all jealous lovers;

—To madness sure they're near allied;
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.⁰

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT the FOURTH.

Scene an Apartment in Beverley's House.

Enter Beverley.

So!⁰ *Belinda*, I have escaped your snares: I have recovered⁰ my freedom. And yet, if she had not proved false, what a treasure of love and happiness⁰ had I in store! her beauty—po!⁰ no more of her beauty: it is external, superficial, the mere result of features and complexion. A deceitful Syren, to draw the unwary into a dream of happiness, and then wake him into wonder at the storms and tempests that 10 gather round him. I have done with her; I'll think no more of her. Oh! *Belinda!* *Belinda!*

Enter Brush.

Brush. Please your Honour—

Beverley. She that in every part of life seemed so amiable!

ever again] I do 1761.

for ever] om. 1761.

To madness, . . . divide] Dry den, *Absalom and Achitophel*, i. 163,4.

So!] *So!* *so!* *so!* 1761.

7 have recovered] and have recovered 1761.

and happiness] om. 1761.

store! . . . *pol]* store for all that beauty!—*Po!* 1761.

Brush. Sir!

Beverley. Under so fair a mask to wear such loose designs!

Brush. What is he musing upon?—20 Sir—

Beverley. I have done with her for ever; ay, for ever, (*hums a tune*) I swear for ever (*sings*)—are you there, *Brush*?

Brush. Yes, your Honour: here is a letter.

Beverley. So unforeseen, so unexpected a discovery! Well! well! well! what did you say, *Brush*?

Brush. A letter for your Honour, Sir.

Beverley. Give⁰ it to me another time. 30 (*walks about*)⁰ I'll not make myself uneasy about her.

Brush. I fancy your Honour will be glad to have it now.

Beverley. What did you say?

Brush. It is a letter from Madam Belinda, Sir.

Beverley. *Belinda* I I won't read it: take it away.

Brush. Hey! which way is the wind 40 now? Some quarrel I suppose: but the falling out of lovers—must I take it away, Sir?

Beverley. I have done with her for ever.

Brush. Have done with Madam Belinda, Sir!

Beverley. Oh! *Brush* she is—but I will not proclaim her shame. No, let me still be tender of her.⁰ I will see her no more, *Brush*, that is all; hear from her no more: she shall⁰ not wind herself about my 50 heart again. I'll go out of town directly: order my chaise to the door.

Brush. Had not you better defer it till morrow morning, Sir? perhaps then—

Beverley. No, no; directly; do as I bid you.

Brush. Consider, Sir, if your mind should change, the trouble of coming back post-haste—

Beverley. No, never; I say, never: what 60 to her, who could smile on me, on him, on a thousand? No;⁰ she shall know that I am a man, and no longer the dupe of her artifice.⁰

Brush. But, Sir, you know that one soli-

Give] Well, give 1761.

(walks about)] om. 1761.

of her] om. 1761.

shall] must 1761.

No;] no—no— 1761.

and no . . . artifice] om. 1761.

tary tear, which, after miserably chafing for it half⁰ an hour together, she will painfully distil from the corner of her eye, will extinguish all this rage, and then—

Beverley. Po! po! you know nothing 70 of the matter. Go, and order the chaise directly.

Brush. Yes, Sir. I suppose a couple of shirts will be sufficient, Sir?—you will hardly stay them out.

Beverley. Pack up all, Sir. I shall stay in the country a whole month, if it be necessary.

Brush. An entire month,⁰ Sir!

Beverley. I am resolved, fixed, deter- 80 mined; and so, do as I have ordered you. (*Exit Brush*)—So shall I disentangle myself from her entirely, so shall I forget the fondness my foolish heart had conceived⁰ for her. I hate her, loath her, pity her, am sorry for her, and love her still. I must expel this weakness:⁰ I will think no more of her: and yet—*Brush!* *Brush!*—I may as well see her letter too: only to try what her cunning can suggest. [>]

Enter Brush.

Beverley. You may as well leave the letter, *Brush*.

Brush. Yes, Sir; I thought as much.

[*Exit.*

Beverley, (alone) Now what varnish will she put upon the matter!—(*reads*) "The 'false gaiety of my heart, through which 'my dear *Beverley* might have read my real 'anguish at our last meeting, has⁰ now subsided. If you will come to me, I will not 'laugh at your inquietude of temper, but 100 'will clear all your doubts, and shew you 'how much I am, my dearest *Beverley*, unalterably your's,"⁰

"BELINDA BLANDFOED."

Pshaw! po!⁰ satisfy my doubts! I have no doubts; I am convinced. These arts prevail no more. Ha! ha! (*laughs peevishly*)—"My dear *Beverley*" (*reads, and tears the letter by degrees*)—"real anguish"—ha! ha! (*tears another piece*)—"inquietude of tem-

"per"—(*another piece*)—"clear all your 110 'doubts"—Po! po! po!—ha! ha!—damnation!—I'll think no more of her—(*tears another bit*)—ha! ha!—"dearest *Beverley*"—ha! ha!—artfull woman!—"unalterably 'your's"⁰—false! false! false!—(*tears another piece*)—I'll not make myself uneasy about her. *Perfidy!* *treachery!* and ingratitude! (*fixes his eye, looks uneasy, and tears the letter in a violent passion*)

Enter Clarissa and Bellmont.

Clarissa. So, brother!

Bellmont. *Beverley!* 120

Beverley. Sister, your servant: Mr. Bellmont, your's.

Clarissa. You seem melancholy, brother.

Beverley. No, not I. I am in very good spirits.

Clarissa. Ha! ha! my dear brother, that is seen through: you are now⁰ upon the rack.

Beverley. What about a woman, a false, ungrateful woman! 130

Bellmont. Whom you still admire.

Clarissa. To whom you'll be upon your knees in five minutes.

Beverley. You are mistaken: I am going out of town.

Bellmont. But you will take your leave.

Beverley. I have done that, once for all.

Clarissa. Has not she writ⁰ to you?

Beverley. She has; and there,—there you see the effect of her letter. You will see 140 that I shall maintain a proper firmness on the occasion.

Bellmont. My dear *Beverley*, have done with this mockery: you but deceive yourself.⁰

Beverley. You want to deceive me, Sir: but it is in vain,⁰ What, plead for treachery, for falsehood, for deceit?

Clarissa. No, Sir, but for my friend, my lovely friend, for *Belinda*, for truth, for 150 innocence.

unalterably your's] ever yours 1761.

in a violent passion] all in scraps 1761.

you are now] your soul is 1761.

writ] wrote 1761.

My dear . . . yourself.] Prithee no more, *Beverley*, but return to your duty—1761.

You want . . . vain.] I beg, Sir, that you will have done— 1761.

half] for half 1761.

month] mouth 1786.

conceived] om. 1761.

weakness] weakness from my mind 1761.

has] is 1761.

unalterably your's] ever yours 1761.

po!] om. 1761.

Beverley. You° don't know all the circumstances.

Clarissa. But we do know all' the circumstances, and, my dear brother, you have behaved very ill.

Beverley. Heaven knows, I have not, and yet, Heaven knows, I should be glad to be convinced I have.

Clarissa. I will be your friend, and give MO you a hint.⁰ We women are soft and compassionate in our nature; go to her without delay, fall at her feet, beg her pardon, drop a tear or two, and all will be well again.

Beverley. Do you come to make sport of me?° May contempt and beggary attend me; may all the calamities of life befall me; may shame, confusion, and disquiet of heart for ever sting me, if I hold further intercourse with her; if I do not put her from 170 my thoughts for ever. Did you leave her at home?

Clarissa. We did.

Beverley. Well, let her stay there: it is of no consequence to me. How did she bear what passed between us?

Clarissa. Like a sweet girl as she is: she behaved like an angel: I shall love her better than ever for her good humour.

Beverley. Oh! I don't doubt her good 180 humour. She has smiles at command. Let her smile or not smile, 'tis all alike to me: did she say any thing?

Clarissa. She told us the whole story, and told it in tears too.

Beverley. Ay! them she can command too! But I have no curiosity about her: Was she in tears?⁰

Clarissa. She was, and wept bitterly. How could you, brother, behave so rashly to 190 so amiable a girl? Have you a pleasure in being the cause of her uneasiness?

Beverley. I the cause?—you wrong me, by Heaven you wrong me: my Lady Restless was the cause. She told me such things; she planted daggers in my very heart.

Clarissa. You planted daggers in Belinda's⁰ heart. And it was barbarous. What, because a lady has not strength enough to bear up against a father, who is resolved to give 200

her away to another, and because she faints out of excessive tenderness for you, and in that distress meets accidental relief from Sir John Restless at his own door?

Beverley. How!

Clarissa. And because my Lady Restless sees this out of her window, and has a perverse talent of misinterpreting appearances into realities, to her own disadvantage; you must therefore fill your head with un- 210 generous suspicions? Oh! for shame, brother,⁰ how could you?

Beverley. But, is all this true?—is it really the case?

Bellmont. How can you doubt it? You know Belinda too well: it is the case, man.

Beverley. I should be glad to find it so.

Clarissa. Well!⁰ I tell you it is so. How could you think otherwise? you° know she has the best heart in the world, and is so 220 nice of honour, that⁰ she scorns all falsehood and dissimulation.

Bellmont. Ha! ha! my dear Beverley, you have done the absurdest thing.

Beverley. Why, if what you say can be made to appear—but then she'll never forgive my past behaviour.

Clarissa. Po! you talk as if you was° wholly unletter'd in the tempers of women. My dear brother, you know, you men 230 can do what you please with us, when you have once gained⁰ an interest in our hearts. Go to her, I say, go to her, and make your peace.

Beverley. May I depend upon what you say?

Clarissa. You may.

Beverley. Then I'll fly to her this instant, humble myself to her, and promise by all my future life to atone⁰ for this brutal 240 injury.

Enter Brush.

Brush. The chaise is at the door, Sir.

Beverley. You may put up again; [shan't go out of town.

for shame, brother] for shame, for shame 1761.

Well!] Well! well! 1761.

otherwise? you] otherwise, when you 1761.

that] om. 1761.

was] were 1761.

once gained] got 1761.

atone] 1761, 1786; atone 1775.

You] Po! po! you 1761.

/ will . . . hint.] I'll tell you what then, 1761.

Do . . . met] Prithee don't laugh at me,— 1761.

tear at] tears tho't—1761.

Belinda's] her 1761.

Brush. No, Sir!

Beverley. No—ha! ha!—you may put up, and let me have the chariot directly.

Brush. Yes, Sir; I knew it would come to this. *[Exit.*

Beverley. But do you think she will 250 forgive me?

Clarissa. She will; love will plead your cause.

Beverley. My dear sister, I am for ever obliged to you; and Bellmont, I thank you too. How could I wrong her so? I shall behold her once again. I cannot help laughing at my own rashness.⁷ Is the chariot ready?—I won't stay for it; I am on the wing, my dear Belinda, to implore forgiveness. And so she fainted away in the Park, and my Lady Restless saw Sir John afford her relief?—Ha! ha! ha!—whimsical enough. Ha! ha! ha! what a strange construction her crazy temper put upon it? Ha! ha! how could the woman be so foolish? My dear Belinda, I will fly to you this moment—ha! ha! *(going, returns)* Sir John shall give me back the picture, and, on my knees, I will once more present it to her,⁸ 20

Clarissa. So! so!⁹ you are come to yourself, I find.

Bellmont. I knew it would be so.

Beverley. She shall have the picture.¹⁰ I'll find Sir John directly: and then—ha! ha! how could I be such a madman! ha! ha!—sister, your servant. Bellmont, yours. Ha! ha! what a piece of work has that foolish Lady Restless¹¹ made for us all?¹²

[Exit, singing.

Clarissa. Let us follow him; I must be 280 present at their reconciliation.

[Exit with Bellmont.¹³

⁷ cannot . . . rashness.] ha! ha! 1761.
to her] om. 1761.

So! so!] So! so! so! 1761.
the picture] it 1761.

Lady Restless] woman 1761.
all?] all—ha! ha! 1761.

Clarissa. Let . . . [Exit with Bellmont.] Cla. Well, I am happy that I have nothing of my brother's unaccountable humours in my disposition—Bel. Oh! my angel, you are all—Cla. Oh lord! Oh lord! no compliments, pray—I have not leisure now to attend to you—for, positively, I must go back to Belinda, to see their reconciliation—will you go with me, Mr. Bellmont?—Bel. By all means—Cla. Allons then; there, take my hand, and let us be gone. [Exeunt. 1761.

Scene an Apartment at Belinda's

Enter Belinda.

Belinda. This rash, unaccountable man! how could he entertain such a suspicion! ungrateful Beverley! he almost deserves I should never see him again. Tippet! I shan't be easy till I hear from him. Tippet!

Enter Tippet.

Belinda. Is the servant returned from Mr. Beverley's?

Tippet. Not yet, Madam.

Belinda. I wonder what keeps him. I am upon thorns till I see the dear, ungenerous man, and explain every thing to him. Oh! Mr. Beverley! how could you treat me so? But I was partly to blame; my Lady Restless inflamed his mind, and I should not have trifled with his passion. Is the other servant returned from Sir John Restless?

Tippet. He is, Madam.

Belinda. And what answer?

Tippet. Sir John will wait upon you himself, Madam, directly. 20

Belinda. Very well! I must get him to set every thing in its true light, and justify my conduct¹⁴ to Mr. Beverley. And yet the uncertainty of Beverley's¹⁵ temper alarms me strangely. His eternal suspicions! but there is nothing in that: my future conduct, my regard for him will cure that disease, and then—

Tippet. I dare be sworn it will, Ma'am.

Belinda. Yes, I think it will: when he 30 knows me better, he will learn to think generously of me. On¹⁶ my part, I think I can be sure he will meet with nothing but open, unsuspecting love.¹⁷

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir John Restless, Madam.

Belinda. Shew him in. Tippet, do you leave the room.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. In compliance with your commands, Madam—

Belinda. I am obliged to you, Sir,¹⁸ for 40 the trouble you have been pleased to give my conduct] me. 1761.

Beverley's] his 1761.

On] and on 1781.

love] love from me 1761.

I . . . Sir] Sir, I am much obliged to you 1761.

yourself. A particular circumstance has happened in your family, to my utter disquiet.

Sir John. Madam, "there have happened things in my family, to my utter disquiet too.

Belinda. I am sorry for that, Sir. I have^o been made quite unhappy, and must beg, as it is in your power, that you will be kind enough to remove the cause of my 50 uneasiness.

Sir John. Whatever I can do, you may command.

Belinda. Sir, I thank you, and must tell you, that your Lady has done me the most irreparable injury.

Sir John. She^o has done the same to me. My injuries are irreparable too. But how has she injured you, Madam?

Belinda. She has ruined me, Sir, with 60 the man I love to distraction.

Sir John. Now, here something else will come to light, (*aside*)—How, how has she done that, Madam?

Belinda. She^o has entirely drawn off his affections from me.

Sir John. And fixed them upon herself, I suppose.

Belinda. I don't say that, Sir.

Sir John. But I dare say it; and I believe it. 71

Belinda. Pardon me, Sir, I don't charge the lady with any thing of that kind. But she has unaccountably taken it into her head to be jealous of me.

Sir John. Jealous of you!

Belinda. Her Ladyship saw the little offices of civility I received from you this morning: she misunderstood every thing, it seems, and has told the gentleman with 80 whom I was engaged in a treaty of marriage, that improper freedoms have passed between us.

Sir John. Artifice! artifice! her usual policy, Madam, to cover her own libertine ways.

Belinda. I don't mean to say any thing harsh of the Lady. But you know what foundation there is for this, and I hope will do me justice. 90

Sir John. Oh! Madam, to the world, to the wide world I'll justify you. I will wait

upon the gentleman. Who is he, Madam? What's his name?

Belinda. Beverley, Sir.

Sir John. Beverley!

Belinda. Yes, Sir; you seem surprised. Do you know him, Sir?

Sir John. Yes, yes, I know him; and he shall know me: my resentment he shall 100 feel; he shall be answerable^o to me.

Belinda. Answerable^o to you!

Sir John. To me, Madam. I told you at first this was her scheme to shelter herself; and he, I suppose, is combined with her to give this turn to the affair, and to charge me with infidelity. But you, Ma'am, can witness for me.

Belinda. I can, Sir: but can Mr. Beverley be capable of a dishonourable action? 110

Sir John. That point is clear^o enough. He has injured me in the highest degree, destroyed my happiness.

Belinda. How, Sir! are you sure of this?

Sir John. He has given her his picture; I caught her with her eyes rivctted to it; I heard her admiration, her praises of it; her wishes that she had been married to such a man. I saw her print a thousand kisses on it; and in the very fact I wrested it out of her hand. 121

Belinda. If I imagined him capable of what you say,^o I should scarcely be willing to join myself to him for life. Quarrel with me about his picture, and at the same time give it to another!^o

Sir John. Lady Restless had the picture. Without^o doubt, you must be very happy with a man of his gallantry.

Belinda. Happy, Sir! I should be miserable; distracted;^o I should break my heart.^o But do you think you have sufficient proof?

Sir John. I have seen him coming out of my house since, clandestinely, shunning

be answerable] answer 1761.

Answerable] Answer 1781.

That . . . clear] Oh! that matter is plain 1761.

If . . . say] I assure you, Sir, if I imagined him to be such as you describe him 1761.

Quarrel . . . another] om. 1761.

Lady . . . Without] As you please for that—but without 1761.

distracted] I should be distracted 1761.

heart.] 1761 reads after heart a speech by Sir John: Oh! it is very likely that he will have a great regard to the honour of the nuptial bed, he, who is so ready to commit a trespass on his neighbour. These lines are transferred substantially to the first speech in Act V in the 1786 ed. See p. 808 ll. 8-11.

¹ have] but I assure you J have 1761.

She] Oh! she 1761.

She] Oh! Sir, the 1761.

every observant eye, with the characters of guilt in his face; and all the discourse I had with him, served only to convince me the more.

Belinda. Abandoned wretch! was this the love he professed for me? Sir, I have only 140 to hope you will vindicate me in this matter. I commend myself to your honour, and I thank you for this favour.

Sir John. Our evidences will mutually speak for each other, and confound their dark designs. Madam, I take my leave.

Belinda. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir John. The gentleman shall feel my indignation.⁰

Belinda. You cannot treat him too 150 severely.

Sir John. I will expose him, I promise you. Madam, your humble servant. *[Exit.*

Belinda. Oh! Mr. Beverley, could I have imagined this? False! false man! and yet how shall I forget him! but I will make an effort, tho' it pierce me to the quick. I will tear him from my heart. This moment I will write to him, and forbid him to see me more. *[Exit 160*

SCENE, the PARK.

Enter Sir John.

*Sir John.*⁰ If I can procure sufficient evidence, I shall bring the matter to a divorce, and make an example of them all. Would *Marmalet* were come: this is her time to a moment. If I can worm the secret out of her⁰—Is not that she yonder?—Not⁰ quite day-light enough to distinguish, but I think I perceive a person masked. Hist! hist!—Mrs. *Marmalet*—she comes this way: it is she. Mrs. *Marmalet*, your servant. 10

*Enter a person*⁰ Masked.

Sir John. You are very good, Mrs. *Marmalet*—

Mask. Bless my heart, I am scared out of my senses.

Sir John. What's the matter, pray? What's the matter?

Mask. Oh Sir! I tremble like a leaf. I

The gentleman . . . indignation] You will find I shall have an example of the gentleman—1761.

Sir John] om. 1761.

her—] *her—then I am happy—* 1761.

Not] there is not 1761.

person] Woman 1761.

was accosted in a rude manner by some gentlemen yonder; I can't⁰ stay here, let us go into your house, Sir; I beg you will. 20
Sir John. My house? Would not any other house do as well?

Mask. Oh! no, Sir; not for the world.

Sir John. Why my wife is not at home, and so I think I may venture: not but I had rather it were elsewhere.

Mask. Indeed, Sir John, I am frightened out of my senses.⁰ You will do me a favour if you will take me into the house.

Sir John. Say⁰ no more: it shall be so. 30
Robert—

Robert, (opening the door) Is that Sir John?

Sir John. Your Lady is not at home, Robert, is she?

Robert. No, Sir.

Sir John. Then do you go in, and take care that nobody sees Mrs. *Marmalet* with me. Come, I'll shew you the way. *[Exeunt.*

Scene in Sir John's House.

Enter Tattle, and Beverley.

Tattle, (as she enters) Ay, poor lady! she is unfortunate,⁰ indeed; and, poor gentleman, he is as jealous as my Lady to the full. There has been a deal to do about that picture you mention, Sir.

Beverley. That⁰ will be explained presently: I'll wait till he comes home. I can't possibly go without speaking to him.

Tattle. Indeed, you had better not stay, Sir. You don't consider the mischief your 10 being in the house may occasion.

Beverley. Mischief! how do ye mean?

Tattle. Lord, Sir! I would not have you stay for the world: I would not indeed. You can call again in an hour, Sir, and you'll certainly find him at home, then. Bless my heart, Sir!—I fancy that's his voice. Do, dear Sir! you'll be the ruin of my Lady, If he sees you here, Sir, waiting in his house: he'll be persuaded you come 20 after my Lady; the world will never beat it out of his head.

I can't] Oh Lord! I can't 1761.

I am . . . senses] I can't 1761.

Say] Very well—say 1761.

unfortunate] *unfortunate* 1761.

That] Well, all that 1761.

Beverley. But I shall give him to understand—

Tattle. He won't understand any thing. Oh **Lud!** oh! **Lud!** he's coming up: I'll run and look. *[Exit.]*

Beverley. What a flurry the woman is in! a foolish jade! I must speak with him now.

Tattle, (entering) It is he as I am 30 alive, Sir; and there is a woman in a mask with him.

Beverley. A woman in a mask! Zoons, if that should be Belinda! my mind misgives me strangely! *(aside)*

Tattle. Do, dear Sir; you look like a good natured gentleman; let me hide you out of the way, Sir. You would not be the destruction of a poor servant.

Beverley. A mask coming home with 40 him! I must know who that is. I won't leave the house without knowing. If I could conceal myself—have you any private place, Mrs. Tattle?

Tattle. That is the very thing I mean, Sir. Let me conceal you in that closet till he passes through⁰ this room. He never stays long here. It won't take you two minutes. Do, sweet Sir, I'll down on my knees to you. 50

Beverley. I must know who it is.⁰ Come, dispose of me as you will. If this should be Belinda! *Exit.*

Tattle. Heavens bless you Sir, for this goodness! I'll lock the door to make sure work of it. I⁰ was never so frightened in my life. *[Exit.]*

Enter Sir John and a person masked.

Sir John. Mrs. Marmalet, I am obliged to you for this favour. I wanted a word or two with you. 60

Mask. So Robert informed me, Sir.

Sir John. Did he tell you my business?

Mask. No, Sir.

Sir John. Look ye then:⁰ if you will gratify me in what I shall ask, you may command any thing. Now you may be uncovered.

Mask. La! Sir—I hear a noise: I am

through] thro' 1781.

I . . . is.) That will be the best way— 1761.

I] Oh lud! Oh lud! I 1761.

then] then, my dear Mrs. Marmalet 1761.

afraid somebody's coming: I⁰ shall be seen. 70

Sir John. Hush! no; there's nobody.⁰ If you will indulge me on this occasion, I am yours for ever. Here, here is a purse of money for you.

Mask. But if this should come to the knowledge of your Lady, I am ruined and undone.

Sir John. No, no, I'll take care of you.

Mask. Will you, Sir?

Sir John. I will. But come; let me 80 remove this from your face.

Mask. But somebody may come.

Sir John. I'll lock the door. There, now we are safe.

Mask. But in a little time you'll make up all quarrels with your lady, and I shall be ruined.⁰

Sir John. No, no, never fear: I shall never be reconciled to her: I hate her; I detest her. 90

Lady Restless. Do you so, Sir? *(unmasking)* Now, Sir John, what can you say now, Sir?

Sir John. My Lady Restless! Confusion! what shall I say?

Lady Restless. Oh, Sir John! Sir John! what evasion have you now, Sir? Can you deny your guilt any longer?

Sir John. This is unlucky. That villain Robert has betrayed me. I⁰ can't explain 100 myself to her now. Try what soothing will do.—My Lady Restless, if you will but have patience, this⁰ matter shall be explained.

Lady Restless. Explained, Sir!

Sir John. Yes, my dear, explained, and—

Lady Restless. My dear, too! the assurance of you!

Sir John. I say, my dear, for I still regard you; and this was all done to—to—cure you of your jealousy: all done to cure 110 you of your jealousy.

Lady Restless. A fine way you have taken!

Sir John. Yes, yes; and so you will see presently: all to convince you how groundless your suspicions are; and then we shall live very happy together.

7] and I 1761.

nobody] nobody—MI tell you what 1761.

be ruined] get ruined by this 1761.

me. 7] me—and I 1761.

this] all this 1761.

Lady Restless. Ay!

Sir John. I have no further suspicions of you. I see my error, and I want you 120 to see your's.⁰ Ha! ha!—I have no suspicions: that will put her off her guard. (*aside*) My dear, compose⁰ your spirits, and—

Lady Restless. And do you think to deny every thing even in the face of conviction? Base, base man! I'll go this moment and write to my brother.

Sir John. Now⁰ you talk wildly. This is all raving: you make yourself very ridiculous. You do, indeed. I had settled all this on purpose, and contrived that it should come to your ears, and then I⁰ knew you would do just as you have done; and—then—I—I resolved to do just as I have done; only to hint to you, that listeners seldom hear any good of themselves, and to shew⁰ you how wrong it is to be too suspicious, my dear: was it not well done?—ha! ha! ha! 140

Lady Restless. And do you laugh at me too, Sir? Make me your sport? I'll go and get pen and ink this moment.

Sir John. Oh! do so, Ma'am; do so—ha! ha! you'll only expose yourself: go and write, Madam—ha! ha! ha!—

Lady Restless. I will, Sir. (*going*)⁰ The door is locked. This won't succeed, Sir. I suppose you have the key. Ay! I'll lay my life you have, and some one or⁰ 150 other of your creatures is locked in there.

Sir John. There, again! This is of a piece with all your vain surmises.⁰ Ha! ha! you are mighty silly, indeed, you are.

Lady Restless. I will search⁰ that closet. I am determined I will.

Sir John. Do so, Ma'am, do so. Ha! ha! I can't but laugh at her.⁰

Lady Restless. I'll have the door broke open, if you won't⁰ give me the key. 160

Sir John. Ha! ha! ha!—How you expose yourself.⁰

Lady Restless. Will you give me the key, Sir?

Sir John. Ha! ha! ha! it is too ridiculous! ⁰

Lady Restless. Mighty⁰ well, Sir. Tattle!—who waits there? I will find out all your artifices. Tattle, I say.

Sir John. Tol de rol lol!—ha! ha! ha! a silly woman!⁰ 170

Enter Tattle.

Lady Restless. Do you know any thing of the key of that closet, Tattle?

Tattle. The key, Ma'am! I have it, Ma'am.

Lady Restless. Give it to me.

Tattle. That is, I have it not, Ma'am.⁰ Don't have it, Ma'am, don't ask for it.

(*aside to her*)⁰
Lady Restless. Don't ask for it! but I will have it. Give me the key this instant.⁰

Sir John. How! is she not willing to 180 give it? There is something in this, then. Give the key this moment, you jade, give it to me.

Lady Restless. You shan't have it, Sir. What, you want to hinder me! give the key to me.

Tattle. Dear heart!⁰ I have lost it, Ma'am. Better not have it, Ma'am, (*aside*)⁰

Sir John. Give it to me this moment, I say. 190

Lady Restless. If you don't let me have it, it is as much as your place is worth.

Tattle. The devil is in it! there it is then. Let me make my escape. [*Exit.*]

Lady Restless. Now, Sir, we shall see, now, now.⁰

Sir John. Ay, now search, if you will. (*laughing at her*)⁰

Lady Restless, (*unlocking the door*) You shall be found out, I promise you—Oh! (*screams out*)

How . . . yourself! om. 1761.

it . . . ridiculous! om.. 1761.

Mighty! Very 1761.

a . . . woman! om. 1761.

Ma'am! ma'am—oh! Crimini-^what shall I do now?— 1761.

(*aside to her*) om. 1761.

Oive . . . instant! and so—1761.

Dear heart! Lord! 1761.

(*aside*) om. 1761.

now, now! om. 1761.

(*laughing at her*) ha! ha!— 1761.

your'8] yours 1761.

compose] only compose 1781.

Now] Po! vol 1761.

I] om. 1761.

to shew] 1775, 1786; so shew 1761.

Sir. (going)] Sir—ha! 1761.

one or] om. 1761.

rain surmises] other suspicions 1761.

search] sear eh 1786.

I . . . her] om. 1761.

won't] don't 1761.

Sir John. What's the matter now? 200
Lady Restless. Heavens! who have we here?

Sir John. Oh there is somebody there then!

Enter Beverley.

Beverley. Madam—(bows to her).°

Sir John. By all that's false, here he is again!

Lady Restless. What, in the name of wonder, brings you here, Sir?

Sir John. Oh Madam! you know his 210 business, and I know his business; and the gentleman knows his business. There he is, Ma'am! there is the gentleman waiting for you; true to his appointment, you see. Sir, your humble servant. My Lady Restless, your° humble servant.° Now write to your brother; do. I should be glad to know what you can say now. Now now;° is the case plain now?

Lady Restless. I am in amaze! I don't 220 know what to make of this.

Beverley. Sir, however odd this may appear—

Sir John. Ay! now settle it between yourselves: give it what turn you will, Sir, she will confirm it. You need not be afraid, Sir; you will agree in your story; she is quick in invention,° and I dare say you are pretty quick too!

Beverley. Sir, I must beg you will put 230 no forced construction upon this matter.

Sir John. And you beg the same, Ma'am, don't you?

Beverley. Sir, I beg to be heard. My business here° is to desire you will return me the picture which° you have in your possession! it is now become dear to me, Sir.

Sir John. I dare say it is.

Beverley. And must be returned.°

Sir John. It° is of equal value to me. 240 It° shall rise in evidence against you both.

Lady Restless. Evidence against me! ex-

plain° yourself. How did you get in here? What's your business? What brought you hither? What's your errand?

Sir John. Ay, Sir, speak; how did you get in here? What's your business? What brought you hither? What's your errand?

Beverley. Vexation!° I am beset by them both at once. 250

Lady Restless. Speak Sir, explain.

Sir John. Ay! Sir, explain.

Beverley. Sir, if you will give me leave, I will satisfy you entirely. I assure you, Sir, and you too, Ma'am, that the liberty I have taken with° your closet is entirely owing to your maid, Tattle.

Sir John. The jade, I don't doubt it, Sir.

Beverley. To prevent, if possible, the interpretation now° put upon seeing me 260 in this° house.

Sir John. And it was well contrived, Sir. Oh! my Lady Restless.

Lady Restless. By all that's just, I knew nothing of it.

Beverley. Nothing, upon my honour, Sir.

Sir John. Oh! I knew you would both agree.

Beverley. As I am a gentleman, I tell you the real fact. 270

Sir John. You need not, Sir: I know the real fact.

Beverley. I° have no time to lose in frivolous altercation;° I must now desire the picture, directly.°

Sir John. I° wish you a good evening.

Beverley. I shall not° stir without it. I° should be glad you would comply without a quarrel. I° must be obliged to—

Sir John. Ay! now her prize-fighter° 280 begins, (aside) I desire you will quit my house, Sir.

Beverley. I am not to be trifled with.

explain] pray Sir, I desire you will explain 1761.

Vexation!] Zoom! 1761.

the liberty . . . with] my being in 1781.

now] you now 1761.

this] your 1761.

I] Sir, I 1761.

in . . . altercation] and 1781.

directly] directly, Sir 1761.

/] Sir, I 1761.

shall not] can't 1761.

it. I] it; and I 1761.

quarrel. I] quarrel, or really I 1761.

prize-fighter] bully 1781.

(bows to her)] your most obedient 1761.

your] your very 1781.

servant] servant, madam. 1761.

Now now;] now—now—now— 1761.

invention] invention, I assure you 1761.

here] here, Sir, 1761.

the . . . which] that picture 1761.

And . . . returned] And I must have it back 1761.

It] Sir, it 1761.

me. It] me, and it 1761.

If^o you don't return it by fair means, I shall be forced to draw.⁰

Sir John. There again now! she has set him on to cut my throat: But I will disappoint her. She is a worthless woman, and I won't fight about her. There, Sir, there is your trinket. I shall have proof ²⁰ sufficient without it.

Beverley. Upon my honour, Sir, you will have no proof of any transgression⁰ of mine. If^o you suspect your lady from these appearances, you wrong her much, I assure you.

Lady Restless. Sir, I desire you will explain all this.

Beverley. Call up your maid, Madam, and then⁰———300

Sir John. No, Sir, no more of it. I am satisfied. I wish you good night.⁰

Beverley. When⁰ you are willing to listen to reason, I shall be ready^o to convince you of your error. Madam,⁰ you may depend I shall do justice to your honour upon all occasions. And now⁰ I take my leave.

[Exit.

Sir John. Now, my Lady Restless, now! you are^o thoroughly known! all your artifices are known; Mr. Beverley is known! 310 my Lord Conquest is known.

Lady Restless. My Lord Conquest, Sir! I despise all your imputations. My Lord Conquest's maid, Sir! what can you say to that?⁰

Sir John. Very well, Madam! 'tis now my turn to write to your brother, and I promise you I will do it.

Lady Restless. You will write, Sir! you will write! Well!⁰ his assurance is un- 320 equalled, (aside) You will write! That is pleasant indeed!—Write, Sir; do;^o you will

trifled . . . If] treated in this manner, Sir, and, if 1761.

draw.) draw, Sir——1781.

transgression] misbehaviour 1781.

mine. If] mine, and, if 1761.

then] om. 1761.

night.] night. Sir— 1761.

When] Sir, when 1761.

be ready to] at any time 1761.

of your . . . Madam] how wrong you are, and madam 1761.

now] om. 1781.

are] see you are 1761.

what . . . that?] om. 1781.

Well!]——I will recollect my temper——1761.

You will write! That . . . do;] Oh! do so, Sir,—do so—ha! ha! but 1781.

only expose your weakness—ha! ha! you make yourself very ridiculous! you do indeed!—ha! ha!

Sir John. 'Sdeath! Madam, am I to be insulted with a contumelious laugh into the bargain!

Lady Restless. Why, my dear, this was all done—to—to—to—cure you of your 330 jealousy; for I knew you would act^o as you have done, and so I resolved to do as I have done. Was it not well done, my dear,? Ha! ha!

Sir John. Damnation! this is too much: it is beyond all patience.⁰

Lady Restless. Ha! ha! ha! the tables are turned, I think⁰ (sings and laughs.)

Sir John. Let me tell you, it is no laughing matter. You are a vile woman; I 340 know you, and the world shall know you: I promise you it shall.

Lady Restless. I am clear in my own conviction, and your slander I despise: nor shall your artifices⁰ blind me or my friends any longer. Sir, as you say, it is no laughing matter. I^o promise you,^o you shall never dishonour me again in this house.

Sir John. And I promise you, Madam, that you shall never dishonour me in any 350 house.

Lady Restless. Injurious, false, perfidious⁰ man!

Sir John. Deceitful, wanton! wanton woman!

[Exeunt, at opposite doors.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT the FIFTH.⁰

Scene an Apartment at Mr. Blandford's.

Enter Belinda.

Belinda. Ungenerous, false, deceitful Beverley! under that fair appearance could

act] do 1761.

this . . . patience.] madam!—this is beyond all human patience——1761.

the tables . . . think.] la lull lall lall, 1761.

artifices] artifice 1761.

matter. If] matter—and I 1761.

you,] you, Sir— 1761.

perfidious] false 1761.

ACT the FIFTH.] Act V is so radically altered in 1786 that detailed collation becomes impossible. The 1761 version is printed as an Appendix on pp. 821 ff.

I imagine that he harboured so much treachery? Attached to Lady Restless; engaged in a dishonourable intrigue with the wife of another, and yet professing an affection for me, with ardour professing it, and for me only! he is likely to regard the honour of the marriage-bed, who is ready to commit a trespass on the happiness 10 of his neighbour. It was Providence sent Sir John Restless to pay me a visit. The whole is now brought to light, and, Mr. Beverley, I have done with you for ever. I shall now obey my father's commands. By giving my hand to Sir William Bellmont's son, I shall punish an undeserving libertine for his treachery.

Enter Tippet.

Belinda. Well, Tippet, have you done as I ordered you? 20

Tippet. I have, Madam.

Belinda. The perfidious man! did you ever know such behaviour?

Tippet. He is a traitor, like the rest of them.

Belinda. After all the regard I professed for him! after so many ardent vows and protestations as he has made me!

Tippet. The hours that he has sighed away at your feet! 30

Belinda. I will banish him from my thoughts. My resolution is fixed, and so I have told my father. Is Sir William Bellmont with him?

Tippet. He is, Ma'am: they are both in close talk: they are over their glass, and are so overjoyed at the change of your mind.

Belinda. And I applaud myself for what I have done.—Oh! Mr. Beverley! you 40 have forced me to this extremity.—Here, take this letter, Tippet, and give it to him with your own hands.

Tippet. He shall have it.

(takes the letter)

Belinda. Where are all his letters?

Tippet. Here, Ma'am, *(shews a parcel)*

Belinda. The bracelets, and the pocket book?

Tippet. I have them safe.

Belinda. Very well: take his presents 50 home to him; and do you hear? Bring me back all the foolish letters I writ to him.

Tippet. Never doubt me: I won't quit

the house without them. Exchange is all fair.

Belinda. That letter will tell him, that though I now break with him in a manner, that may seem abrupt, his character and conduct have compelled me to it. Be sure you confirm that to him. 60

Tippet. He shall hear it all, and roundly too.

Belinda. Very well; you may go.—Tippet, —ask his man.—as if from yourself,—carelessly,—as it were by accident,—whether his master has talked of me? And what he said, Tippet?

Tippet. I know Mr. Brush: I can wheedle it out of him, I warrant me.

Belinda. Get at the particulars: not 70 that I care: I don't want to know any thing about the ungrateful man. It does not concern me now. My foolish weakness is over: let him care as little for me as I do for him: you may tell him so.

Tippet. Your message shan't lose in the carrying.

Belinda. Well, that's all: you may be gone.

Tippet. Yes, Ma'am, *(going)* 80

Belinda. Mind what I have said.

Tippet. You may trust to me. *(going)*

Belinda. Don't forget a word of it.

Tippet. No, not a syllable. *(going)*

Belinda. And hark ye: tell him how easy, how composed I am. That will gall him. You see, Tippet, I am quite unconcerned.

(forcing a smile)

Tippet. Yes, Ma'am: you don't seem to fret in the least.

Belinda. It is easy to perceive that I 90 am not all^o disconcerted. You may see how gay I am upon the occasion.

(affecting to laugh)

Tippet, (laughing) Oh! yes, Ma'am: you make quite a laughing matter of it.

Belinda. Very^o true: a perfect air of indifference!—Well, I have done.—Tell him that upon no account will I ever exchange a word with him; that I will never hear of him; never think of him; never see him; and never, upon any consideration, admit 100 the smallest intercourse; no, never; I will have no more to do with him.

all] probably misprint for *at all*. 1761 reads *all uneasy*.

Very] *Yery* 1786.

Tippet. I have my lesson, Ma'am, and I am glad you are so resolved upon it.
(going)

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Mr. Beverley, Madam.

Tippet. You must not let him up stairs: my Lady will never see his face.

Belinda. Yes, I think I may see him: shew him up. I will see him once more, and tell him all myself. It will come bet- 110
ter from me, Tippet.

Tippet. Yes, Ma'am, you will do it with a better grace; and your resolution will melt away like a bit of sugar in your mouth.

Belinda. My resolution is not to be altered: you may withdraw, Tippet.

Tippet. Yes, Ma'am.—Ah! she has a hankering after him still. [Exit.

Belinda. I shall now take my leave of 10 him.—But then, my friend Clarissa! can I rob her of her lover? She has not deserved it at my hands. Though Mr. Beverley has deceived me, must I be false to honour, and to friendship?

Enter Beverley.

Beverley. Belinda! how gladly do I once again behold—

Belinda. And with what resentment have not I reason to behold, Sir—

Beverley. You have, Belinda; you have 10 reason I grant it: forgive the rash words my folly uttered.

Belinda. Mistake me not, Sir: it is not your words I quarrel with: your actions, Mr. Beverley, your actions, Sir!

Beverley. They are not to be extenuated: but surely, after the letter you honoured me with—

Belinda. Sir, I have heard every thing since I was guilty of that folly. 140

Beverley. Heard! what?

Belinda. Dissemble if you will: but this must be the last of our conversing together. My maid will return you whatever I have received from you: all my silly letters I must desire you to deliver to her; and then visit me no more, Sir.

Beverley. Belinda!—you will not wound me thus. Here is the picture which caused that unlucky mistake between us. I have 150 recovered it from Sir John Restless.

Belinda. From my Lady Restless, Sir?

Beverley. Madam!

Belinda. Oh! fie, Sir; no more; I have done.

Beverley. You must, you must accept it. Thus on my knees I beg you. Will you, Belinda? (takes her hand)

Belinda. Leave me, Sir: let go my hand, Mr. Beverley: your falsehood—160

Beverley. My falsehood! By all the—

Belinda. Your falsehood, Sir: Sir John Restless has told me all; every circumstance.

Beverley. He has told you! what has he told? His life shall answer it.

Belinda. You have destroyed my peace of mind for ever. Nay, you yourself have forced me into the arms of another.

Beverley. What do I hear? 170

Belinda. My Lady Restless will rejoice at the news: the event will not be unpleasant to her; but she is welcome: let her enjoy her triumph.

Beverley. You astonish me, Belinda: what does all this mean?

Belinda. It means, that, in obedience to the commands of a father, I have agreed to marry Mr. Bellmont.

Beverley. Mr. Bellmont!—him!—marry 180 him! it is very well, Ma'am: I expected it would come to this, and my Lady Restless is only mentioned on this occasion, as a retort for my accusation about Sir John. I understand it; and, by Heaven! I believe that whole story.

Belinda. You do, Sir!

Beverley. I do: fool that I was to humble myself to you. My pride is now piqued, and I am glad, Madam, as glad as you 100 can be, to break off for ever.

Belinda. Oh! Sir, I can be as indifferent on my part. You have only to send me back my letters, and—

Beverley. Agreed, agreed. I'll go home this moment, and send them all. Before I go, Madam, here is your own picture, which you had given me with your own hands. Mr. Bellmont will be glad of it; or Sir John Restless will be glad of it; or any 200 body will be glad of it: you need not be at a loss.

Belinda. Very like, Sir. (takes the picture) Tyrant, tyrant man! to treat me in this barbarous manner, (cries)

Beverley. Tears! Belinda! [*approaching*']—Belinda!

Belinda. No more of your insidious arts. I will hear no more. Oh! my heart, my heart will break. I did not think it was 210 in your nature to behave as you have done; but—farewell for ever. [*Exit*]

Beverley. Belinda! hear me but speak. By Heaven, my Lady Restless—She is gone: 'sdeath! I have been duped by her all this time; I will now summon up all that is man within me, and in my turn despise her.

Enter Tippet.

Tippet. If you are going home, Sir, I will take the things with me now. . 20

Beverley. Yes, I am going: I will leave this detested—

Tippet. This abominable place, Sir.
(*laughing at him*)

Beverley. This hell!

Tippet. Ha! ha!—ay! Sir, this hell.

Beverley. This mansion of perfidy, ingratitude, and fraud.

Tippet. Very right, Sir, let us go.

Beverley. And yet—Tippet, you must not stir. Indulge me but a little. It is all a 230 misunderstanding, this.

Tippet. My lady will have no more to say to you. You may take the things, Sir: my lady resigns them to you, Sir.

Beverley. Oh! Tippet, use your interest with her. Keep them in the house till I return. I will clear up this whole matter presently. I must not lose her thus. [*Exit*]

Tippet. Poor gentleman! he seems in a lamentable way. Well, I fancy for my 20 part he is a true lover after all; that's what I do; and my young lady, I fear, is—

Enter Belinda.

Tippet. Madam, Madam, Madam, you are to blame; you are, indeed.

Belinda. Is he gone?

Tippet. He is, Ma'am.

Belinda. Did he say any thing. Was he uneasy? Or did he carry it off with a—

Tippet. Oh! Madam, he went away sighing short, his heart throbbing, his eyes 250 brimful, his looks pale: you are to blame, you are, indeed, Madam. I dare be sworn he has never proved false.

Belinda. Oh! Tippet, could I be sure of that!

Tippet. But you are not sure of the contrary. Why won't you see my Lady Restless? See her directly, Madam; go to her now before it is too late; before the old folks, who are putting their heads to- 260 gether, have settled the whole affair. Dear Ma'am, be advised. I hear them coming. They will hurry you into a match, and you'll repent of it. How cruel this is! Here they come—No, it's Madam Clarissa.

Enter Clarissa.

Clarissa. So, Belinda; you have thrown things into fine confusion. You have involved yourself, and my brother, and Mr. Belmont, and every body in most terrible difficulties. 270

Belinda. My dear Clarissa, here have been such doings between⁰ your brother and me.

Clarissa. So I find. I met him as I came hither. You have had fine doings indeed. I have hoard the whole; my brother has told me every thing.

Tippet. Madam, Madam; I hear your father. Sir William Belmont is with him: they are coming up stairs.

Belinda. I am not in a disposition to 280 see them now. Clarissa suspend your judgment; step with me to my own room, and I will then give you such reasons as, you will own yourself, sufficiently justify my conduct.

Clarissa. The reasons must be ingenious, that can make any kind of apology for such behaviour: I shall be glad to hear you.

Belinda. Very well, follow me quickly. You will find that my resolution is not so 290 rash as you imagine.

[*Exit with Clarissa.*]

Tippet. They have got into a rare puzzle; and how they will get out of it, is beyond my dexterity; and so let 'em manage as well as they can.

Enter Blandford, Sir William, and Young Belmont.

Blandford. Sir William, we have made a good day's work of it: the writings will be ready to-morrow morning. Where is Belinda? I thought she was in this room.

between} 1781; be- 1788.

Tippet. She is gone to her own room, » Sir: she is not well.

Sir William. She has changed her mind, perhaps: I shall have no faith in this business, till it is all concluded.

Blandford. Changed her mind, say you? No, no; I can depend upon her. I'll bring her to you this moment, and you and your son shall hear a declaration of her mind out of her own lips. *Tippet*, where is *Belinda*? 810

Tippet. I'll shew you the way, Sir.

[Exit with *Blandford*.]

Sir William. Now we shall see what authority you have over your daughter. I have your promise, *George*: if she consents, you will be ready to comply with the wishes of your father.

Bellmont. Sir,—you may depend, that is as far as matters are in my power: but you know, as I told you already, the lady has a settled, rooted aversion to me. 320

Sir William. Aversion!—she can change her mind, can't she? Women have no settled principle. They like to-day, and dislike to-morrow. Besides, has not her father promised her to you in marriage? If the old gentleman likes you, what have you to do with her aversion?

Bellmont. To do with it? A great deal, I am afraid. You are not now to learn, that, when a young lady marries against her 330 inclination, billet-doux, assignations, plots, intrigues, and a terrible *et cætera* of female stratagem, mount into her brain, and the poor husband in the mean time—

Sir William. Come, lad, don't play the rogue with your father. Did not you promise me, if she made no objection, that there would be no obstacle on your part?

Bellmont. I promised to be sure, but yet I can't help thinking— 340

Sir William. And I can't help thinking that you know how to equivocate. Look you, *George*, your words were plain downright English, and I expect that you will perform to the very letter. I have fixed my heart upon this match. Mr. *Blandford* and I have passed the day at the Crown and Rolls^o to read over the deeds. I have been dining upon parchment as I may say. I

[*Crown and Rolls*] There was a tavern of this name in Chancery Lane.

now tell you once for all, you must be 350 observant of my will and pleasure.

Bellmont. To end all dispute, Sir, if the lady—(aside) She will never consent; I may safely promise.—If the lady, Sir, can at once forget her engagements with my friend *Beverley*—

Sir William. You will then forget *Clarissa*: fairly spoken. Come, I am satisfied. And now, now we shall see.

Enter *Blandford*.

Blandford. Sir *William* give me joy: 360 every thing goes as I wish. My daughter is a complying girl. She is ready to obey my commands. *Clarissa* is with her, beseeching, wrangling; complaining, soothing; now in a rage, and now in tears; one moment expostulating, and the next imploring; but all in vain; *Belinda* holds her resolution; and so young gentleman you are now completely happy.

Bellmont. Death to my hopes! can this 370 be true? (aside)

Blandford. Sir *William* give me your hand upon it. This will not only be a match of prudence, but of inclination.

Sir William. There, *George*, there is news for you: your business is done.

Blandford. She owns very frankly that her heart has been hitherto fixed upon a worthless man: she renounces him for ever, and is willing to give her hand as I shall 380 direct.

Bellmont. What a dilemma am I brought into? (aside)

Sir William. *George*, what's the matter, boy? You a bridegroom? Wounds! at your age I could cut a caper over the moon upon such an occasion.

Bellmont. I am more slack-mettled, Sir: I cannot leap quite so high.

Sir William. A cup too low, I fancy. 390 Let us go and finish our bottle. *Belinda* shall be my toast. I'll give you her health in a bumper. Come, Mr. *Blandford*: I want to wash down the cobwebs of the law.

[Exit.]

Blandford. I attend you, Sir *William*.—Mr. *Bellmont*, follow us: we must have your company: you are under par: come, we will raise you a note higher. [Exit.]

Bellmont. You have sunk me so low, that I shall never recover myself. This 40

behaviour of Belinda's!—Can she think her treachery to one lover will, recommend her to another?

Enter Clarissa.

Clarissa. Mr. Bellmont, I wish you joy, Sir. Belinda has consented; and you have done the same. You are both consenting. The match is a very proper one. You will be finely paired.

Bellmont. You are misinformed, Clarissa; why will you do me this injustice? 410

Clarissa. Injustice! Mr. Blandford has reported every thing: he has done you justice: he has told us how easily you have been persuaded: don't imagine that I am hurt. I resign all pretensions: I can be prevailed upon with as much ease as you, Sir: I can copy the easy compliance of Mr. Bellmont.

Bellmont. If you will but hear me: moderate your anger.

Clarissa. Anger!—anger indeed! I 420 should be sorry any thing that has happened were of consequence enough to disturb my peace of mind.—Anger!—I shall die with laughing at the thought. You may be false to your friends, Sir; false to your vows; you may break every solemn engagement; Mr. Blandford wishes it; Belinda wishes it; and why should not you comply? Follow the dictates of your heart, Sir.

Bellmont. Whatever has happened, 430 Clarissa, I am not to blame.

Clarissa. I dare say not; and here is a lady will say the same.

Enter Belinda.

Belinda. Spare your reproaches, Clarissa.—Mr. Bellmont, you too may spare me. The agitations of my mind distress me so, I know not which way to turn myself. The provocation I have had—

Clarissa. Provocation, Madam!—from whom? 440

Belinda. From your brother: you need not question me; you know what his conduct has been.

Bellmont. By Heaven you wrong him; and so you will find in the end.

Clarissa. Your own conduct, Madam! will that stand as clear as my brother's? My Lady Restless, I believe, has something to say. It will become you to refute that charge. 450

Belinda. Downright malice, my dear: but I excuse you for the present.

Enter Tippet.

Tippet, (to Belinda) Your chair is ready, Ma'am.

Belinda. Very well: I have not a moment to lose: I am determined to know the bottom of this whole affair. Clarissa, when I return, you will be better disposed to hear me—

Clarissa. You need not trouble your- 460 self, Ma'am: I am perfectly satisfied.—*Tippet*, will you be so good as to order my chair?

Belinda. Well; suspend your judgement. This business is of importance: I must leave you now. *[Exit with Tippet.]*

Bellmont. Clarissa, if you knew how all this wounds me to the heart.

Clarissa. Oh! keep your resolution; go on with your very honourable design: inclin- 470 ation should be consulted; and the necessity of the case, you know, will excuse you to the world.

Bellmont. Command your temper, and the whole shall be explained.

Clarissa. It wants no explanation: it is too clear already.

Bellmont. A moment's patience would set every thing right.—'Sdeath! one would imagine that Lady° Restless had been 480 speaking to you too. This is like the rest of them: downright jealousy!

Clarissa. Jealousy!—Upon my word, Sir, you are of great consequence to yourself: but you shall find that I can with perfect serenity banish you, and your Belinda, entirely from my thoughts.

Enter Tippet.

Tippet. The chairmen are in the hall, Ma'am.

Bellmont. Let me but speak to you. 490

Clarissa. No, Sir: I have done: I shall quit this house immediately, *(going)* Mrs. Tippet, could you let me have pen, ink, and paper, in your lady's room?

Tippet. Every thing is ready there, Ma'am.

Clarissa. Very well:—I'll go and write a

Lady] *Lad* 1786.

letter to Belinda. I'll tell her my mind, and then adieu to all of you.

[Exit with Tippet.

Bellmont. How perverse and obstinate! 500

Enter Sir William.

Sir William. Well, George, every thing is settled.

Bellmont. Why really, Sir, I don't know what to say. I wish you would consider—

Sir William. At your tricks again?

Bellmont. I am above an attempt to deceive you: but if all circumstances were known—I am not fond of speaking detractingly of a young lady; but for the honour of your family, Sir, let us desist from this 510 match.

Sir William. Roguery, lad! there's roguery in this.

Bellmont. I see you will force me to speak out. If there is, unhappily, a flaw in Belinda's reputation—

Sir William. How?

Bellmont. This is no time to dissemble. In short, Sir, my Lady Restless, a worthy lady here in the neighbourhood, has dis- 520 covered a connection between her and Sir John Restless; Sir John and Lady Restless lived in perfect harmony till this affair broke out. The peace of the family is now destroyed. The whole is come to the knowledge of my friend Beverley: with tears in his eyes, with a bleeding heart, (for he loved Belinda tenderly) he has at last mustered up resolution, and taken his final leave. 530

Sir William. Ay! can this be true?

Bellmont. It is but too true; I am sorry to report it. And now, Sir, judge yourself—Oh!—here comes Mr. Blandford: 'tis a dreadful scene to open to him; a terrible story for the ear of a father! You had best take no notice: we need not be accessary to a young lady's ruin: it is a family affair, and we may leave them to patch it up among themselves, as well as they can. 540

Sir William. If these things are so, why then the case is altered.

Enter Blandford.

Blandford. Hey! what's in the wind now? You two look as grave! what's come over you? For my part, my spirits are above

proof with joy: I am in love with my daughter for her compliance, and I fancy I shall throw in an odd thousand more, to enliven the honey-moon.

Sir William. Mr. Blandford, we are 550 rather in a hurry, I think. We had better not precipitate matters.

Blandford. Nay, if you are for changing your mind—Look you, Sir; my daughter shall not be trifled with. Where is she? Where is my girl? Who answers there?

Enter Tippet.

Blandford. Where's Belinda?

Tippet. She is not gone far, Sir: just stept out upon a moment's business to Sir John Restless. 360

Sir William. Gone to Sir John Restless! (aside)

Bellmont. You see, Sir. (To Sir William)

Blandford. I did not think she knew Sir John.

Sir William. Yes, she knows him: she has been acquainted with him for some time past.

Blandford. What freak has she got in her head? She is not gone after her Mr. Beverley, I hope. Zookers! this has an odd 570 appearance. I don't like it: I'll follow her this moment.

Sir William. You are right: I'll attend you.—Now George, this will explain every thing, (aside)—Come, Mr. Blandford, this may be an escape: young birds will wing their flight.

Blandford. Well, well, say no more: we shall see how it is. Come, Sir William: it is but a step. [Exit. 580

Bellmont. (to Tippet) Where is Clarissa?

Sir William, [looking back.] What loitering, George?

Bellmont. I follow you, Sir. (Exit Sir William) Clarissa is not gone, I hope.

Tippet. Gone, Sir!—She is writing, and crying, and wiping her eyes, and tearing her paper, and beginning again, and in such a piteous way!

Bellmont. I must see her: she must 590 come with us. If Lady Restless persists in her story, who knows what turn this affair may take? Come; Mrs. Tippet, shew me the way. [Exeunt.

Scene the Hall in the House of Sir John
Restless: a loud rap at the door; and
enter Robert.-

Robert. What a hurry you are in there?
 —This is my Lady, I suppose. Where can
 she have been?—Now for more confusion.
 If she finds Madam Belinda with Sir John,
 we are all blown up again.

Sir John, (peeping in) Robert, Robert:
 is that your Lady?

Robert. Mercy on us! She is coming, I
 believe, Sir. *(looks out)* I see her chair:
 it is my Lady. 10

Sir John. Don't let her know that Be-
 linda is in the house.

Robert. Not if can help it. Trust to me,
 sir. *(Exit Sir John)* Here she comes. What
 has she been about?

A Chair is brought into the Hall.

Lady Restless, (coming out of the Chair)
 Is Sir John at home!

Robert. I fancy he is, my Lady.

Lady Restless. Has any body been with
 him? 20

Robert. He has been all alone, writing
 letters in his study: he desired not to be
 interrupted.

Lady Restless. I shall not interrupt him,
 I promise him. You never will tell me any
 thing, Robert: I don't care who comes after
 him. To-morrow I shall quit this house, and
 then he may riot in licentious pleasure.
 If he asks for me, I am not well; I am gone
 to my own apartment: I hope to see no so
 more of him. *(going)*

Chairman. Shall your Ladyship want the
 chair any more to-night?

Lady Restless. I don't know what I shall
 want. Leave the chair there: you may
 wait. *[Exit]*

Chairman. Ay! always a waiting job.

(puts the chair aside; Exeunt Chair-
man, and Robert.

Enter Sir John and Belinda.

Belinda. If you will but permit me to say
 a word to her——

Sir John. Excuse me for the present: I 40
 beg you will.

Belinda. A short interview with Lady
 Restless might clear up all my doubts: what
 objection can you have?

Sir John. A million of objections. You do
 not know the consequence of being seen in
 this house. She will interpret every thing
 her own way. I am unhappy, Madam, while
 you stay.

Belinda. There is more cruelty in your 50
 refusal than you can imagine. Mr. Beverley's
 character is in question: it is of the last
 importance to me to know the whole truth.

Sir John. You know it all, Madam. Mr.
 Beverley's character is too clear. Proofs
 thicken, and grow stronger every hour. Since
 the visit I paid you this very day, I have
 made another discovery. I found him lurk-
 ing here in my house.

Belinda. Found him here, Sir? 60
Sir John. Found him here. He was lying
 in ambush for another amorous meeting.

Belinda. If there is no mistake in this
 business——

Sir John. Mistake! May I trust my own
 eyes? I saw him; I spoke to him; I taxed
 him with his guilt. He was concealed in
 her closet: does that amount to proof? Her
 maid Tattle stationed him there. My Lady
 was privy to it: she favoured the 70
 stratagem. Are you satisfied now, Madam?

Belinda. The particulars of this discovery,
 Sir John, may convince me: tell me all, Sir:
 you will oblige me.

Sir John. Enquire no more for the present.
 You will oblige me, Madam. Robert shall
 see you safe home. I would not have my
 Lady find us together: I think I hear her:
 no, no. In a day or two the particulars
 will be known to the wide world. Where 80
 is Robert?—He shall conduct you home.
 My peace and happiness require it.

Belinda. My peace and happiness⁰ are de-
 stroyed for ever. If your story be true——

Sir John. It is too true: I wish you a
 good night. I am miserable while you are
 here.—Robert

Belinda. Deliver me! I am ruined. I hear
 my father's voice: what brings him hither?
 I am undone if he finds me. Let me 90
 retire into that room.

Sir John. That room will not do: you will
 be seen there.

Belinda. Can't I go up stairs? *(going)*

Sir John. No; I am ruined, if you go that
 way.—Hell and distraction!—My Lady
 Restless coming down! Here, Madam, here;
happiness] happiness 1786.

into that chair. You will be concealed there: nobody will suspect you.

Belinda. Any where, Sir: put me any 100 where, to avoid this impending storm.

(*goes into the chair*)

Sir John, (*shutting the chair*) This is lucky. I am safe now. Let my Lady come as soon as she will.

Enter Lady Restless.

Lady Restless. I only wanted to say one word, Sir.

Enter Blandford.

Blandford. Sir John, I am obliged to intrude: I am told my daughter is here.

Lady Restless. There! he has heard it all.

Blandford. I have heard that Belinda 110 came to your house: on what business, I do not know. I hope, Sir John, that you do not harbour the girl to disturb the peace and happiness of a father.

Sir John. That imputation, Sir——

Lady Restless. He does harbour her.

Sir John. Mr. Blandford, I give you my honour——

Lady Restless. I know he does. Ho has ruined your daughter; he has injured 120 you, Sir, as well as me in the most essential point.

Sir John. She raves; she is mad. If you listen to her——

Enter Sir William, and Beverley.

Blandford. I am glad you are come, Sir William. This is^o more than I expected.

Sir John. And more than I expected. There, Madam, there is your favourite again!

Beverley. My visit is public, Sir. I 130 come to demand, in the presence of this company, an explanation of the mischief you have done me.

Sir John. You need not be so public, Sir. The closet is ready for you: Tattle will turn the key, and you will there be very safe.

Lady Restless. How can you persist in such a fallacy? He knows, he perfectly well knows it was an accident; a mere blunder of the servant, entirely unknown to me. 140

Sir John. She was privy to the whole.

Blandford. This is beside my purpose. I came hither in quest of my daughter: a

M] om. 1786.

father demands her. Is she here? Is she in the house.

Sir John. In this house, Sir? Our families never visited. I am not acquainted with her.

Lady Restless. He is acquainted with her. I saw him clasp her in his arms.

Blandford. In his arms! When? 150 where? Tell me all.

Lady Restless. Yes, now let him give an account of himself.

Sir John. When you have accounted for your actions, Madam——

Lady Restless. Render an account to the lady's father, Sir.

Blandford. Yes, to her father. Account with me, Sir. When and where was all this?

Lady Restless. This very day; at noon; 160 in the Park.

Beverley. But in the eyes of the whole world: I know Belinda: I can acquit her.

Sir John. And I proclaim her innocence. We can both acquit her.

(*goes up to Beverley*)

Lady Restless. You are both in a plot: both combined.

Sir John. It was all harmless, all inoffensive. Was not it Mr. Beverley?

Beverley. Yes, all, all. 170

Lady Restless. All guilt; manifest, downright guilt.

Sir William. If you all talk together, we shall never understand.

Beverley. I understand it all.—Mr. Blandford you met Belinda in the Park this morning?

Blandford. I did, Sir.

Beverley. You accosted her violently: the harshness of your language overpowered 180 her spirits: she was ready to faint: Sir John was passing by: she was going to drop down: Sir John assisted her: that is the whole of the story. Injured as I am, I must do justice to Belinda's character. She may treat me with the caprice and pride of insolent beauty; but her virtue claims respect.

Sir John. There now; there! that is the whole of the story.

Lady Restless. The whole of the story! 190 no, Sir John: you shall suppress nothing: you could receive a picture from her.

Sir John. You, Madam, could receive a picture; and you, Mr. Beverley, could present it.

Lady Restless. Mr. Beverley, you hear this!

Beverley. I can justify you, Madam. I gave your Lady no picture, Sir John.

Sir John. She had it in her hand. I saw 20 her print her kisses on it, and in that moment I seized it from her.

Beverley. Belinda dropt it in the Park, when she was taken ill: I had just given it to her. Your Lady found it there.

Lady Restless. I found it on that very spot.

Beverley. There, Sir; she found it.

Sir John. I found you locked up in her cabinet; concealed in private. 210

Lady Restless. But with no bad intent.

Sir John. With the worst intent.

Beverley. Your jealousy, Sir John, has fixed an imputation upon me, who have not deserved it: and your suspicions, Madam, have fallen, like a blasting mildew, upon a lady, whose name was never before sullied by the breath of calumny.

Sir William. The affair is clear as to your daughter, Mr. Blandford. I am satisfied, 20 and now we need not intrude any longer upon this family. (*Enter Bellmont and Clarissa.*) Walk in, George: every thing is right: your fears may now go to rest.

Lady Restless. I shall not stay another night in this house. Time will explain every thing. Call my chairman there. Sir John has it his own way at present. (*Enter chairmen.*) You have settled this among yourselves. I shall now go to my brother's. 20 Sir John I have no more to say at present. Hold up. (*goes to the chair.*)

Sir John. Let the chair alone. You shall not go: you shall not quit this house, till I consent, (*goes between her and the chair.*)

Lady Restless. I say hold up.

Sir John. Let it alone.

Lady Restless. Very well, Sir: I must be your prisoner, must I?

Sir John. It is mine to command here. 240 No loose escapes this night; no assignations; no intrigues to disgrace me.

Lady Restless. Such inhuman treatment! I am glad there are witnesses of your behaviour, (*walks away*)

Blandford. I am sorry to see all this confusion; but since my daughter is not here—

Lady Restless. He knows where she is, and so you will find. 250

Sir John. (*coming forward.*) Your daughter is innocent, Sir, I give you my honour. Where should she be in this house? Lady Restless has occasioned all this mischief. She formed a story to palliate her own misconduct. To her various artifices you are a stranger; but in a few days you may depend—

Lady Restless. (*aside, as she goes towards the chair.*) He shall find that I am 260 not to be detained here, (*makes signs to the chairmen to hold up.*)

Sir John. I say, gentlemen, you may depend that I have full proof, and in a little time every thing will—(*the chair is opened, and Belinda comes out.*)

Lady Restless. Who has proof now? There, there! in his house all the time! *Blandford.* What do I see?

Beverley. Belinda here!

Sir William. So, so! there is something in it, I see. 270

Sir John. Distraction! this is unlucky.

Lady Restless. What say you now, Mr. Beverley?—Now Mr. Blandford! there; ocular demonstration for you!

Sir William. George, take Clarissa as soon as you will. Mr. Blandford, you will excuse me, if I now decline any further treaty with you.

Blandford. This abrupt behaviour, Sir William—280

Sir William. I am satisfied Sir. I am resolved. Clarissa, you have my approbation: my son is at your service. Here, George, take her, and be happy.

Bellmont. (*taking her hand*) To you from this moment I dedicate all my future days.

Blandford. Very well: take your own way. I can still protect my daughter.

Beverley. And she deserves your protection: my dear Belinda explain all this: I know it is in your power.

Belinda. This generous behaviour, Sir, recalls me to new life. You, I am now convinced, have been accused by my Lady Restless without foundation. Whatever turn her Ladyship's unhappy self-tormenting fancy may give to my conduct, it may provoke a smile, but will excite no other passion. 300

Lady Restless. Mighty fine! what brought you to this house?

Belinda. To be a witness of your folly, Madam, and Sir John's into the bargain.

Bellmont. That I can vouch: Sir John can fill his mind with vain chimaeras, with as apt a disposition as his Lady. Beverley has been represented in the falsest colours—

Lady Restless. That I admit: Sir John invented the story. 310

Beverley. And Belinda, Madam, has been cruelly slandered by you.

Sir John. She has so: that I admit.

Belinda. And my desire to see all this cleared up, brought me to this house, Madam. Now you see what has made this confusion.

Lady Restless. Oh! I expected these airs. You may discuss the point where you please: I will hear no more upon the 320 subject. *[Exit.]*

Blandford. Madam, the subject must be settled, *(follows her.)*

Sir John. You have a right to insist upon it: The whole shall be explained this moment. Sir William, you are a dispassionate man. Give us your assistance. *[Exit.]*

Sir William. With all my heart. George, you are no longer concerned in this business, and I am glad of it. 330 *[Exit, with young Bollmont.]*

Clarissa, (to Beverley.) Now Brother, now is your time: your difficulties are all removed. Sir John suspected you without reason: my Lady Restless did the same to Belinda: you are both in love, and now may do each other justice. I can satisfy my Lady Restless and your father. *[Exit.]*

Beverley, (aside) I see, I see my rashness.

Belinda, (aside) I have been terribly deceived. 341

Beverley. If she would but forgive my folly.

Belinda. Why does not he open his mind to me? I can't⁰ speak first.

Beverley. What apology can I make her?—Belinda!

Belinda. Charming! he begins.

(aside, and smiling)

Beverley, (approaching) Belinda!—no answer?—Belinda! 350

Belinda. Mr. Beverley!— *(smiles aside)*
can'tj can' 1786.

Beverley. Don't you think you have been very cruel to me, Belinda?

(advancing towards her)

Belinda. Don't you think you have been barbarous to me?

(without looking at him)

Beverley. I have: I grant it. Can you find in your heart to forgive me?

Belinda, (without looking at him) You have kept me on the rack this whole day, and can you wonder that I feel myself unhappy? 361

Beverley. I am to blame: I acknowledge it. If you knew how my own heart reproaches me, you would spare yourself the trouble. With tears in my eyes I now speak to you: I acknowledge all my errors.

Belinda, (looking at him) Those are not tears, Mr. Beverley, *(smiling)*

Beverley. They are; you see that they are. 370

Belinda. Ah! you men can command tears.

Beverley. My life! my angel! *(kisses her hand)* Do you forgive me?

Belinda. No; I hate you.

(looking pleased at him)

Beverley. Now, I don't believe that. *(kisses her cheek)* Do you hate me, Belinda?

Belinda. How could you let an extravagance of temper get the better of you? You know the sincerity of my affection. Oh, Mr. Beverley! was it not ungenerous?

Beverley. It was; I own it; on my knees I own it.

Belinda, (laughing) Oh! proud man! have I humbled you?—Since you submit to my will and pleasure, I think I can forgive you.—Beg my picture back this moment. *(shews it to him)*

Beverley, (taking the picture) I shall 390 adore it ever, and heal this breach with uninterrupted love.

Enter Sir John, Lady Restless, Sir William, Blandford, Bellmont and Clarissa.

Sir John, (laughing) Why yes; it is very clear. I can now laugh at my own folly, and my wife's too.

Lady Restless. There has been something of a mistake, I believe.

Beverley. You see, Sir John, what your suspicions are come to. I never was within

your doors before this day; nor should I, perhaps, have had the honour, of speaking to your Lady, had it not been for the misunderstanding your mutual jealousies occasioned between Belinda and me.

Blandford. And your Ladyship has been ingenious enough to work out of those whimsical circumstances a charge against my daughter. Ha! ha!

Sir John. It is ever her way, Sir. I told you, my dear, that you would make yourself very ridiculous.

Lady Restless. I fancy, Sir, you have not been behind hand with me. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir William. And now, Mr. Blandford, I think we may as well let the match go on as we at first intended.

Blandford. No, no more of that: you have disposed of your son. Belinda, I no longer oppose your inclinations: take Mr. Beverley as soon as you will. 420

Sir John. Now let us see: if she agrees to marry him, why then, she knows he is innocent, and I shall be satisfied. *(aside)*

Belinda. If you insist upon it, Sir.

Blandford. I do insist.

Lady Restless. If Beverley accepts of her, all my suspicions are at an end. *(aside)*

Beverley. Thus let me take the bright reward of all my wishes, *(takes her hand)*

Belinda. Since it is over, you have used your authority, Sir, to make me happy indeed. We have both seen our error, and frankly confess that we have been in the wrong too.

Sir William. Why, we have been all in the wrong, I think.

Sir John. It has been a day of mistakes, but of fortunate ones, conducing at last to the advantage of all parties. My Lady Restless will now be taught—440

Lady Restless. Sir John, I hope you will be taught—

Blandford. Never mention what is past. The wrangling of married people about unlucky questions that break out between them, is like the lashing of a top: it only serves to keep it up the longer.

Sir John. Very true: and since we have been ALL IN THE WRONG TO-DAY, we will, for the future, endeavour to be ALL IN THE RIGHT. 450

Beverley. A fair proposal, Sir John: we will make it our business, both you, who are married, and we, who are now entering into that state, by mutual confidence to ensure mutual happiness.

The God of Love, thinks we profane his fire,
When trifles light as air mistrust inspire.

But where esteem and gen'rous passions
spring,

There reigns secure, and waves his purple
wing; 460

Gives home-felt peace; prevents the nuptial
strife;

Endears the bliss, and bids it last for life.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.⁰

Written by Mr. OARRICK.

Spokon by Mrs. YATES.

*B LESS me, this summer⁰ work is so fatiguing!
MM And then our plays so bustling, so intriguing!
Such miffing,⁰ sighing, scolding, all together!
These love affairs suit best with colder weather.
At this warm time these writers shou'd not treat you,
With so much love, and passion,—for they'll heat you:
Poets, like Weavers, should with taste and reason,
Adapt their various goods to ev'ry season.
For the hot months, the fanciful, and slight;
For mind, and body, something cool and light:
Authors themselves indeed neglect this rule;
Dress warm in summer, and at Christmas cool,
I told our Bard within, these five act plays,
Are rich brocades, unfit for sultry days.
Were you a cook, said I, wou'd you prepare,
Large hams, and roasted sirloins for your fare?
Their very smoke would pall a city glutton;
A Tragedy would make you all unbutton!
Both appetites now ask for daintier picking,
Farce, pantomime, cold lamb, or white leg'd chicken.
At Ranelagh fine rolls and butter see:
Signor Tenducci,⁰ and the best green tea!
Italian singing is as light as feather;
Beard⁰ is too loud, too powerful for this weather!
Vauxhall more soldily regales your palates;
Champaigne, cantata's, cold boil'd beef, and ballads.
What shall we do your different tastes to hit?
You relish satire; [to the pit] you ragouts of wit; [boxes]
Your taste is humour, and high season'd joke; [1st gall.]
You call for hornpipes, and for Hearts of Oak! [2d gall.]
O could I wish and have!—A conjuring man
Once told my fortune,—and he charm'd this fan!
Said with a flirt I might my will enjoy:
Think you there's magic in this little toy?
I'll try its poufr; and, if I gain my wish,
I'll give you, Sirs, a downright English dish.
Come then; a song [music is heard] indeed! I see 'twill do.
Take heed gallants, I'll play the deuce with you.
Whene'er I please, I'll charm you to my sight;
And tear a FAN WITH FLIRTING ev'ry night.*

EPILOGUE] The Epilogue is omitted from 1781 and 1775.

summer] The play was produced at Drury Lane on 15th June, 1761.

miffing] taking offence.

Tenducci] a famous Italian singer of the day.

Beard] John Beard became co-lessee with Bencroft of Covent Garden theatre in 1761.

Enter two BALLAD SINGERS,⁰ who sing the following Song.

S O N G .

*YE Critics above and ye Critics below,
Ye finer spun Critics, who keep the mid row,
O tarry a moment, Til sing you a song,
Shall prove that, like us, you are all in the wrong.*

*Ye Poets, who mount on the fam'd winged steed,
Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking' take heed:
For when by those hornets, the Critics, you're stung,
You're thrown in the dirt, and are all in the wrong.*

*Ye Actors, who act what these writers have writ,
Pray stick to your Poet, and spare your own wit;
For when with your own you unbridle your tongue,
I'll hold ten to one you are all in the wrong.*

*Ye Knaves, who make news for the foolish to read,
Who print daily slanders the hungry to feed:
For a while you mislead 'em, the news hunting throng,
Till the pillory proves, you are all in the wrong.*

*Ye grave Politicians, so deep and so wise,
With your hums, and your shrugs, and your uplifted eyes;
The road that you travel, is tedious and long,
But I pray you jog on; you are all in the wrong.*

*Ye haprry fond husbands, and fond happy wives,
Let never suspicion embitter your lives;
Let your prudence be stout, and your faith be as strong;
Who watch, or who catch, they are all in the wrong.*

*Ye unmarried folks be not bought, or be sold,
Let age avoid youth, and the young ones the old;
For they'll soon get together, the young with the young,
And then my wise old ones, you're all in the wrong.*

*Ye soldiers and sailors, who bravely have fought,
Who honour and glory, and laurels have bought;
Let your foes but appear, you'll be at 'em ding dong,
And if they come near you, they're all in the wrong.*

*Ye judges of taste to our labours be kind,
Our errors are many, pray wink, or be blind;
Still find your way hither to glad us each night,
And our note we will change to you're all in the right.*

APPENDIX.

Act V in its earlier version printed from the first edition, 1761.

ACT V.

Enter old BLANDFORD, Sir WILLIAM, and young BELLMONT.

Blandford. Well, Sir William, we have made a good day's work of it, the writings will be ready to-morrow.

Sir Wil. The sooner the better, is your daughter Belinda at home?

Bland. I dare say she is—I ordered her home in the morning, I make no doubt but she has been at home ever since—I'll call her to you—excuse me a moment, Sir William,—young gentleman, I beg your 10 pardon—*{Exit.*

Bel. No ceremony, Sir.

Sir Wil. I suppose you was coming hither, George, to wait upon your mistress, when I met you but now—

Bel. Sir—you may depend—every thing in my power to please you, Sir—but you know I told you already, Sir, that the lady has declared an aversion for me.

Sir Wil. An aversion!—a fiddle for her 20 aversion—has not her father promised her to you in marriage?—and so, what have you to do with her aversion?—

Bel. To do with it, Sir!—egad, I am afraid I shall have a great deal to do with it,—you know, when a young lady marries against her inclination, billets-doux, assignments, plots, and intrigues, and a terrible *et cetera* of female stratagems, mount into her brain, and—30

Sir Wil. Come, come, lad, don't play the rogue with your father—did not you promise me, if Belinda consented, the affair would meet with no obstacle from you?—

Bel. I did, Sir,—but I can't help thinking—

Sir Wil. And I can't help thinking that you are a knave, George.—I'll tell you what, I have fixed my heart upon this marriage—my friend Mr. Blandford and 40 I have been dining upon parchment, as I may say; we have been at the Crown and **Rolls** all day, to read over the deeds—and

so I toll you, once for all, you must be observant of my will and pleasure.

Bel. Sir, if Belinda—she will never consent (*aside.*)—If the lady, Sir—

Sir Wil. Very well, she will be consenting—I warrant her—now we shall

Enter BLANDFORD and BELINDA.

Bland. Ods heart! I am overjoyed, Sir William—my daughter is a complying, good girl, and obedient to her father—young gentleman, I give you joy.—

Bel. Death to my hopes! what does he mean?

Bland. Sir William, give me your hand upon it—this will not only be a match of prudence, but inclination also

Sir Wil. There, George, there's news for 60 you.

Bel. Sure she won't bring this calamity on me—Can I believe what I hear, madam?—will you yourself pronounce the sentence?—

Belin. Sir, I must take shame to myself, that I have been so long refractory to the dictates of the best of fathers, and blind also to your merit.

Bland. Loll toll loll—70

Bel. Confusion! (*aside.*)—My merit, I am afraid, is over-rated by you, and—

Belin. Pardon me, Sir;—I must freely declare that my heart has been fixed upon a worthless man, whom I now renounce, and to you, Sir, I am ready to resign myself.

Bland. There, there, all's fixed, and my blessing attend you both.

Bel. What a dilemma am I brought into here? 80

Sir Wil. George, what's the matter, boy?—you a bridegroom!—wounds! at your age I would cut a caper over the moon on such an occasion.

Bel. Sir, I must beg to be excused—I am a little more slack mettled, Sir, and can't leap quite so high.

Sir Wil. Well, well, all in good time—Mr. Blandford, where is this bottle you

promised me?—I want to wash down the 90
cobwebs of the law—

Bland. In truth so do I—Who waits there?
—Richard, lay a table in the next room—
come, come, we'll go and drink a bumper to
the young couple.

Sir Wil. With all my heart—George, you
are a cup too low; come with us my
lad, we'll cheer your spirits—come along,
George (*going*.)

Bel. I attend you, Sir—is this true,
Belinda?—¹⁰¹

Belin. My real sentiments, Sir.

Bel. Then you have undone us all.

BELINDA.

Yes, I am resolved at length, and I will
punish his falsehood and ingratitude by
obeying my father's commands. But my
friend, Clarissa, has she deserved this of
me?—My resentments have hurried me too
far—Resume your strength, my heart, and
let no sudden gust of passion make you 110
false to friendship and to honour—

Enter TIPPET.

Belin. Well, Tippet, have you done as I
ordered you?

Tip. I have, madam.

Belin. A vile, perfidious man!

Tip. So he is, madam.

Belin. After all the love I professed for
him!—after so many ardent vows and pro-
testations as he has made me—

—*Tip.* After the hours he has kneel'd at 120
your feet!—

Belin. I will drive him from my thoughts
—here, take this letter, Tippet—give it to
him with your own hands.

Tip. Yes, madam.

Belin. Where are his letters?

Tip. Here, madam, (*shews a parcel*)

Belin. The bracelet—

Tip. I have it safe.

Belin. Mighty well—take them all home 130
to him,—and, in return, bring me back my
foolish letters to him.

Tip. Madam, I won't quit the house
without them.

Belin. That letter will inform him that
his falsehood has compelled me into a com-
pliance with my father's intentions, and be
sure you confirm that to him.

Tip. He shall hear it of every side of
his ears, I warrant him. 140

Belin. Very well, you may go—and, hark
ye, Tippet—ask his man,—as if from your-
self,—carelessly,—whether his master ever
talked of me—and what he said, Tip-
pet?—

Tip. Yes, madam.

Belin. But I don't care what he said—
I don't want to know any thing about him
—it does not concern me now—no—no—let
him care as little for me as I do for him 150

—Tell him I say so—

Tip. I shan't forget, ma'am.

Belin. Tell him to hate me as much as
I do him.

Tip. I'll tell him his own—I promise you,
ma'am.

Belin. Very well—that's all;—get you
gone—

Tip. Yes, ma'am.

Belin. Mind what I have said—160

Tip. Trust to me—

Belin. Don't forget a tittle—

Tip. No, ma'am.

Belin. Be sure you tell him how indifferent
I am—

Tip. Leave all to me.

Belin. You see, Tippet, I am quite un-
concerned—the barbarous wretch!

Tip. Oh! yes, ma'am, I see—

Belin. It is easy to see that I am not 170
all° uneasy—You see that I am very gay
upon it—(*laughs affectedly*.)

Tip. (*laughs*) Yes, ma'am—

Belin. False! false Beverley!—Tell him I
will never see his face any more.

Tip. I am gone, ma'am.

Belin. That upon no account will I ever
exchange a word with him, hear from him,
of him, or have any thing of any kind what-
ever to do with him—180

Tip. I have my lesson, ma'am. (*Going*)

Enter a Servant.

Sew. Mr. Beverley, madam.

Tip. My lady won't see his face any
more.

Belin. Yes, I think, I will—shew him in—
I will see him once more, and tell him all
myself—You may withdraw, Tippet.

all] 1761; at all 1775.

Tip. Yes, ma'am—ah! she has a hankering⁰ after him still. {Exit.

Belin. Now will I upbraid him, now 190 tell him his own, and—

Enter BEVERLEY.

Bev. Belinda!—how gladly do I once again behold—

Belin. And with what resentment have not I reason to behold, Sir—

Bev. You have, Belinda;—you have reason, I grant it—but—forgive the rash words my folly uttered—

Belin. Oh! Sir, mistake me not—they are not your words I quarrel with;—your 200 actions, Mr. Beverley, your actions, Sir!—

Bev. They are not to be extenuated—but surely, after the letter you honoured me with—

Belin. Sir, I have heard every thing since I was guilty of that folly.

Bev. Heard! what?—

Belin. Yes, dissemble if you will—but this must be the last of our conversing—My maid will return you whatever I have 20 received from you;—and all my silly letters I must beg you will let me have,—and then visit me no more, Sir—

Bev. Belinda!—you will not wound me thus—Here is the picture which caused that unlucky mistake between us—I have recovered it from Sir John Restless—

Belin. From my Lady Restless, Sir—

Bev. Madam!—

Belin. Oh! fie, Sir—no more—I 20 have done—

Bev. You must, you must accept it—Thus on my knees I beg you will—Will you, Belinda?—(takes her hand.)

Belin. Leave me, Sir—let go my hand, Mr. Beverley—your falshood, Sir—

Bev. My falshood!—by all the—

Belin. Your falshood, Sir—Sir John Restless has told me all—every circum- 230 stance—

Bev. He has told you!—What has he told? his life shall answer it—

Belin. How could you treat me thus?—you have destroyed my peace of mind for ever—Nay, you yourself have forced me into the arms of another—

Bev. What do I hear?—

hankering] 1775; *hanker-* 1781.

Belin. In obedience to the commands of a father, I have agreed to marry Mr. 240 Bellmont.

Bev. Mr. Bellmont!—him!—marry him! it is very well, ma'am,—I expected it would come to this—and my Lady Restless is only mentioned on this occasion, as a retort for my accusation about Sir John—I understand it—and, by heaven! I believe that whole story—

Belin. You do, Sir!

Bev. I do—Fool that I was to hum- 20 ble myself to you—My pride is now piqued, and I am glad, ma'am—as glad as you can be to break off for ever—

Belin. Oh! Sir, I can be as indifferent on my part—Then, Sir, you have only to send me back my letters, and—

Bev. Oh! agreed, agreed—I'll go home this moment, and send them all—and before I go, ma'am, here is your own picture, which you had given me with your own 290 hands.—Mr. Bellmont will be glad of it—or Sir John Restless will be glad of

Belin. Very like, Sir,—(takes the picture) Tyrant, tyrant man! to treat me in this barbarous manner—(cries.)

Bev. Tears! Belinda! (approaching)—Belinda!—

Belin. No more of your insidious arts I will hear no more—Oh! my heart, 20 —my heart will break—I did not think it was in your nature to behave as you have done; but—farewel for ever—[Exit.

Bev. Belinda!—hear me but speak—By heaven, my Lady Restless—She is gone—'sdeath! I have been duped by her all this time; I will now summon up all that is man within me, and in my turn despise her.

Enter TIPPET.

Tip. If you are going home, Sir, I will take the things with me now—290

Bev. Yes, I am going—I will leave this detested—

Tip. This abominable place, Sir— (laughing at him.)

Bev. This hell!—

Tip. Ha! ha!—ay! Sir, this hell—

Bev. This mansion of perfidy, ingratitude, and fraud—

Tip. Very right, Sir, let us go—

Bev. And yek—Tippet,—you must not stir

—indulge me but a little—it is all a misunderstanding, this—

Tip. My lady will have no more to say to these things—

Bev. Oh! Tippet, use your interest with her—keep them in the house till I return—I will clear up this whole matter presently—I must not lose her thus—

[Exit.

Tip. Poor gentleman! he seems in a lamentable way—Well, I fancy for my part he is a true lover after all; that's what I 300 do—and my young lady, I fear, is—

Enter BELINDA.

Tip. Madam, madam, madam, you are to blame—you are, indeed—

Belin. Is he gone?

Tip. He is, madam.

Belin. Did he say any thing? was he uneasy?—or did he carry it off with a—

Tip. Oh! ma'am, he went away sighing short, his heart throbbing, his eyes brimful, his looks pale—you are to blame, you 310 are, indeed, madam—I dare be sworn he has never proved false.

Belin. Oh! Tippet, could I be sure of that—

Tip. But you are not sure of the contrary—Why won't you see my Lady Restless?—see her directly, madam; go to her now before it is too late;—before the old folks, who are now putting their heads together, have settled the whole affair—320 do, dear ma'am, be advised—shall I order your chair?

Belin. I don't know what to say—I am afraid I love him still—yes, I will see my Lady Restless—I will be thoroughly informed of the whole matter—order my chair—

[Exit.⁰

Tip. Yes, ma'am; I will, ma'am. [Exit.

Belin. If I should lose him thro' a misapprehension of things, I shall never be 330 able to forgive myself; and if rightly informed, the world combined shall not induce me to look upon him again.

Enter BELLMONT.

Bel. Belinda, you have puzzled matters strangely; you have involved your friend Clarissa, yourself, me, and every

*Exit.*¹ This obviously should not be printed here: Belinda remains on the stage. Om 1775.

body, in the most insurmountable difficulties—

Belin. Sir, the provocation I have had from Mr. Beverley— 340

Bel. You wrong him, I am persuaded you do; and so you will find in the end—But what can be done now?—the old people are fixed in their resolution, and fixed by your own rashness.

Belin. What can I say, Mr. Bellmont?—the agitation of my mind is such, between hope and doubt, and fear and resentment, that I know not which way to turn myself. If Beverley is false,—if he is true,—I am 350 equally undone.

Enter CLARISSA.

Cla. So, Mr. Bellmont! (angrily.)

Bcl.^o Oh! Clarissa, there have been such doings between your brother and me—

Cla. So I find, ma'am—I met him as I came hither—You have had fine doings, indeed—I have heard it all—and you can be false to your promises, ma'am, false to your friends—and you too, Mr. Bellmont, 360 you can be false to all your engagements, Sir.

Bel. Do me not that injustice, Clarissa—

Cla. Oh! Sir, don't imagine I am angry with you, or with you, madam—you will be well paired—I give ye both joy—I am heartily glad, Sir, that I at length know you,—I resign him to you, ma'am,—I assure you I do—870

Bel. Give me but a moment's leave—

Belin. Upon my word, Clarissa—

Cla. And upon my word, ma'am—

Belin. Nay, but moderate your anger—

Cla. Anger! anger, indeed!—I should be sorry any thing that has happened were of consequence enough to disturb my peace of mind—Anger!—no, ma'am, I assure you—Mr. Bellmont, I dare say, will be fully deserving of you; and you, madam, on your 380 part, will very amply deserve such a husband—Anger, indeed!

Bel. If you will but hear me a moment—

Bel.] This is clearly Belinda's not Bellmont's, speech. It is assigned correctly in 1775 and 1786: v. p. 810 l. 271.

Belin. My dear Clarissa——

Cla. Oh! my dear ma'am, you are a sincere friend I know, ma'am (*with a sneer*) but, my dear ma'am, don't stand on ceremony——

Bel. Whatever has passed, Clarissa, I 390 am not to blame—I have ever been——

Cla. You have been false, Sir—but you have my consent, I promise you——

Bel. But you won't hear me,——

Belin. No, she won't listen to a word—— I mean you no wrong, Clarissa——

Enter TIPPET.

Tip. Madam, the chair is ready——

Belin. Very well!—I won't lose a moment now—Clarissa, when I return, you will be better disposed to hear me. 400

Cla. Oh! ma'am, there is no occasion.——

Belin. Well! well!—suspend your judgment till I come back; your servant—*adieu.*—— [*Exit.*

Cla. Oh! your servant, ma'am—Mr. Bellmont, my brother, I promise you, will never forgive this injury——

Bel. If you will have but a moment's patience——

Cla. Oh, Sir! I shan't want patience, 410—don't imagine that—I shall be very patient, I promise you——

Bel. Nay, but this is very ill-tempered—one would imagine my lady Restless had been speaking to you too—this is like the rest of them;—downright jealousy——

Cla. Jealousy!—upon my word, Sir, you are of great consequence to yourself, but of none to me I assure you, Sir,—jealousy! I shall die with laughing at the thought— 420 but, before I go, I will write a line to Belinda—to tell her all I know and think of her—Mrs. Tippet will let me have pen, ink, and paper, above stairs—and as to you, Sir—I have told you my mind already—Jealousy!—I can't help being diverted with the very notion of it—your most obedient, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bel. What a deal of mischief has a strange misunderstanding of circumstances occa- 430 sioned this day!—here comes my father—now to perplex matters if I can—and so gain at least a little delay——

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Wil. Well, George! every thing is settled——

Bel. But still, Sir, I wish you would consider——

Sir Wil. What, at your tricks again, lad?

Bel. You know, Sir, I am above even an attempt to deceive you—but only re- 440 fleet, Sir,—this is but a forced consent from the lady——

Sir Wil. What, going back from your word, George?

Bel. Not in the least, Sir; but I am sure, if all circumstances were known to you, you yourself would forbid the banns.

Sir Wil. How! how!—what's the matter, George?—I forbid the banns! for what?——

Bel. Why, Sir, I am not fond of speak-450 ing detractingly of a young lady; but, for the honour of your family, Sir, let us desist from this match; that's all, Sir.

Sir Wil. Roguery, lad!—there's roguery in this.

Bel. I see you will force me to speak out—there is a flaw in her reputation, Sir; she is blemished——

Sir Wil. Blemished!

Bel. Ay, Sir, blemished; my lady Rest- 480 less, a very agreeable, worthy lady here in the neighbourhood, has discovered an illicit commerce between her and Sir John—the whole charge is come to Beverley's knowledge,⁰ and, with tears in his eyes, with a bleeding heart, for he loved her tenderly, he has made his bow to her charms, and taken his final leave.

Sir Wil. Ay! lad—is this true?——

Bel. Too true, I assure you, Sir—my 40 lady will confirm it;—and so now judge whether—Oh! here comes Mr. Blandford—take no notice to him, Sir;—we need not be accessory to her ruin; it is a family affair, and so let them patch it up among themselves, as well as they can——

Sir Wil. If things be as you say, George——

Enter BLANDFORD.

Bland. Supper will be ready immediately, Sir William—odds heart!—my spirits are

above proof with joy, that this matter is 4» so happily settled; I am in .love with my daughter for her compliance", and I fancy I shall throw in an odd thousand more, to be spent in the honey moon—Where is Belinda?—

Bel. I really can't say, Sir; she is not at home.

Bland. Not at home!—What can be the meaning of that? where could she go at this hour of night?—I am alarmed—490

Sir Wil. She is not gone after this Beverley, I hope!—

Bland. If she is—Tippet!—who answers there?

Enter TIPPET.

Bland. Where is Belinda?

Tip. Gone in a chair to Sir John Restless—not far off, Sir; just bye here—

Sir Wil. Gone to Sir John Restless!

Bel. You see, Sir!— (to *Sir William.*)

Bland. I did not think she had been 500 acquainted there—she has got some freak in her head, I fear.

Sir Wil. Why, it has an odd appearance this—let us follow her thither—this should be enquired into.

Bland. Ay! let us lose no time—let us follow her immediately; come along—

Sir Wil. I attend you, Sir—come along, George—

Bel. I will but get my hat, in the next 510 room, Sir, and follow you directly.

Sir Wil. Very well! now I shall see whether you have imposed upon your father—

[Exit.

BELLMONT, *alone.*

And now, Clarissa, now will I explain to you all my sufferings; the very sentiments of my heart—if my lady Restless persists in her accusation, who knows what turn this affair may still take—I will but speak to Clarissa, and follow them instantly.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to an Apartment at Sir John's.

Enter TATTLE and BEVERLEY.

Tat. This way, Sir, I will let Sir John know.

Bcv. I shan't detain him long, you may say.

Tat. Very well, Sir.

Lady Rest. (Peeping in at the door) I thought I heard Sir John talking with my maid.

Bev. The business is pressing, or I should not trouble him at this hour. 10

Tat. Yes, Sir.

Sir John. (Peeping in at the back scene) Did not I hear a man in discourse with my wife!—so—so—so—he has got into my house again!

Bev. Well! only say that my business is very urgent, that's all—

{Exit Tattle.

Sir John. I dare say it is—and there she comes to you.

Enter Lady RESTLESS.

Lady Rest. Well, Sir, have you heard any thing farther? 21

Bev. Sir John has been with Belinda since I had the pleasure of seeing you, ma'am.

Lady Rest. I make no doubt of it, Sir.

Bev. And I am informed, that he has taken it into his head to suspect me, madam, which is so very unjust, that—

Sir John. (Entering) Yes, Sir, I do suspect you,—and, Sir, this frequent haunting of my house—30

Bev. Sir John Restless, you have injured me in my love, in my honour, Sir, and—

Sir John. Sir, you have injured me in my love and in my honour, Sir—no—not my love, for that is over—I despise her, scorn her, reject her—

Lady Rest. That is ever the way with those who have deserved contempt themselves, Sir John.

Bev. Sir, I must beg to discuss this 40 affair with some temperance, for it is of moment to me, and—

Enter BELINDA.

Sir John. (Running to meet her) There, madam, there you find them both together,—

(Pointing at Beverley and lady Restless.)

Lady Rest. Now, Sir; you see she comes to my very house after him.
(pointing at Sir John and Belinda.)

Sir John. Now, madam, judge for yourself, (to *Belinda*.)

Lady Rest. Does this convince you, »
Sir, (to *Beverley*)

Bel. Mr. *Beverley* } Both staring at
 Bev. *Belinda!* } each other.

Bev. By heaven! I fear my information is right.

Bel. Did you find them together, Sir, (to *Sir John*.)

Sir John. Found them together, madam!—

Bel. Then I am satisfied—

Lady Rest. Oh! I base59
m a n ! E a c h speak-
Sir John. Abandoned wo- ing apart.
man!

Bev. Treacherous *Belinda!*

*Enter Mr. BLANDFORD, and
Sir WILLIAM.*

Bland. Sir *John Restless*,—my lady *Restless*,—I apprehend you are the gentleman, Sir,—and you the lady, ma'am I came hither in quest of my daughter—so, *Belinda!*—

Lady Rest. Are you her father?

Bland. I am, madam,—Mr. *Beverley* 70
here too!—I see how this is, *Belinda*—
you have eloped from your father, have you?

Lady Rest. Eloped! mind that Sir *John*,—
the thing is clear.

Bland. So I think it is—and I should be glad to know which of you encourages her to take this step.

Lady Rest. All Sir *John's* doings, Sir.

Bland. Sir *John*, I must tell you—80

Sir John. Sir, let me assure you first, there is no such thing.

Lady Rest. Heavens deliver me!—how can you say so?—Sir, (to *Blandford*) I am very sorry to say any thing disagreeable to a father of his daughter—but, when my happiness is destroyed, ceremony is unnecessary,—your daughter has made me miserable, Sir.

Bland. What? how? 90

Lady Rest. Sir *John Restless* and she, Sir—I cannot speak, (cries.)

Bland. *Belinda!* you will make your father wretched—

Belin. I make you wretched, Sir!—there is no action of my life—

Enter BELLMONT and CLARISSA.

Sir Wil. Sir *John Restless*—this is my son, Sir—he is interested in this matter.—George, things turn out as you told me,—(aside to him.)

Bel. I am sorry for it, Sir. 100

Sir John. Mr. *Blandford*, you are father to this lady, Sir—don't make yourself uneasy; for I will vouch for her innocence of my lady's charge against her.

Lady Rest. He will deny every thing, no doubt—but facts are too stubborn, and ocular demonstration I have had.

Sir Wil. Ocular demonstration!

Lady Rest. Yes, Sir; I have seen their familiarities. 110

Sir Wil. George, take *Clarissa* as soon as you will—Mr. *Blandford*, you will excuse me, if I decline any further treaty with you—

Bland. Stay but a little till we hear the whole—

Sir Wil. Sir, I desire to hear no more—1 am satisfied, and must desire not to marry my son into your family—*Clarissa*—you have my consent as soon as you 120 please—my son is at your service—

Bland. Then, Sir *William*, since you provoke me, Sir, you shan't have my daughter.—Mr. *Beverley*, I no longer oppose your inclinations, she is yours—

Sir Wil. Do you slight my son, Sir?—you use me very ill—and I would have you know—

Bland. You shall never refuse my daughter again, I promise you—130

Sir Wil. Nor shall you my son, Sir—Here, George, take your *Clarissa*—I give her away to you—

Cla. The gentleman has declared himself for that lady, and—

Bel. No, ma'am, that lady has no share in my affections, and, in compliance with my father's injunctions, thus let me seize your hand, and devote to you all my future days. 140

Bland. It's very well, Sir *William*,—Mr. *Beverley*, here is my daughter for you—

Lady Best. Ay, now, if he will accept of her, I shall begin to think that I have been mistaken—and that all my suspicions of the lady are without foundation—But, I dare say, the gentleman' knows better—What do you say, Sir? will you marry the lady?—

Bev. If that proof will satisfy you, 150 madam—

Belin. Hold, hold, a moment—Explain the business that brought you hither, Sir; answer to Sir John's charge against you—

Sir John. Ay, Sir, answer that—if she agrees to marry him, I shall be satisfied too—But, Sir, my lady's being in possession of your picture, your frequent visits to my house, Sir, and other circumstances—

Bev. Sir, a word or two will clear that 160 matter—I had given a picture to this lady in the Park—she, I find, dropped it when she fainted away—

Bland. Did you faint, Belinda?

Belin. I did, Sir, immediately after you treated me in such severe terms—in the morning—

Sir John. And then it was I accidentally came to her relief, which my lady, according to custom, has conceived in the man- 170 ner you see.

Bland. And how came you by the picture, madam?

Lady Rest. I found it in the very spot where I saw your daughter in the Park. The truth begins to break in upon me—

[*Aside.*

Sir John. This opens my eyes a little—

[*Aside.*

Bland. And have you been ingenious enough, madam, to work up all these circumstances into a charge against Sir John 180 —ha! ha!

Sir John. 'Tis ever her way, Sir—I told you how ridiculous you would make yourself, my dear; ha! ha!—You see, what your suspicions are come to at last—ha! ha!

Bev. And you may see, Sir John, what your suspicions are come to—I never was within your doors before this day; nor should I perhaps have spoke to my lady, had it not been for the mistakes your 190 mutual jealousies occasioned between Belinda and me—I cannot help laughing at the whole affair—ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Sir, you may laugh—but I have

another complaint against my Lady Restless—

Lady Rest. Sir John, Sir John, I have another charge against you—that jade whom you made an assignation with—

Sir John. Oh! madam, Robert knows 200 that whole affair—I'll bring him hither directly, and convict you before the whole company—[*Exit.*

Lady Rest. Artful, cunning man! you shan't speak to him apart;—you shan't suborn witnesses—I'll pursue you—gentlemen, let me intreat you to step this way—you will be of great service. [*Exit.*

Bland. If we can be of any, madam—

[*Exit.*

Sir Wil. Faith, I believe all this puzzle has arose from their jealousy; let us see the end of it—[*Exit.*

Bel. Now Beverley, now Belinda, make good use of your time, and all will be well still. [Exeunt *Bellmont and Clarissa.*

BELINDA, BEVERLEY.

Bev. I see, I see my rash-ness—

Belin. I have been deceived, I find } (*aside.*)

Bev. If she would but forgive my 220 folly—[*looks at her.*

Belin. Why does he not speak to me?—I can't speak first—

Bev. Belinda!—

Belin. Mr. Beverley!— (*smiles aside.*)

Bev. Don't you think you have been cruel to me, Belinda?

Belin. Don't you think you have behaved worse to me, Mr. Beverley?

Bev. I have; I grant it; Oh! Be- 230 linda!— [*takes her hand.*

Belin. (*Without looking at him.*) You first disordered my whole frame of mind, and can you wonder—

Bev. Oh! my soul, my life, it was all my fault.—(*Throws his arms round her waist*) do you forgive me?—

Belin. (*Leaning on his shoulder.*) You knew the generosity of my temper, the sincerity of my affection, how could you let 240 an extravagance of temper so far get the better—

Bev. I blush for it—do you forgive me?

Belin. (*Drawing closer to him, and smiling*)—No—I hate you!—

Bev. (*Kissing her cheek*) Do you hate me, Belinda?—

Belin. Was it not unkind?—Was it not ungenerous?—

Bev. It was—thus on my knees—250

Belin. Oh I proud man, have I humbled you once more?—Well, now you are on your knees, I forgive you—Beg my picture back of me this moment—

{shews it to him.

Bev. (*Taking it*) Oh! I will adore it ever, and heal this breach with uninterrupted love—

Enter Sir JOHN, Lady RESTLESS, Sir WILLIAM, Mr. BLANDFORD, BELL-MONT, and CLARISSA.

Sir John. Ha! ha!—yes, faith, I see we have both made ourselves very ridiculous.

—Ha! ha!—260

Lady Rest. I see and acknowledge it.

Sir John. Egad! I own it;—I can laugh at my own folly and my wife's too—ha! ha!—

Bland. Why yes, Sir John, you have been both terribly in the wrong, indeed;—but, Belinda, don't you be in the wrong too—accept of Mr. Beverley this moment.

Belin. If you insist upon it—

Bland. I do insist upon it—270

Bev. Thus let me take the bright reward of all my wishes.

Belin. Well, Sir, and now it's over; you have but commanded me to gratify my inclinations, for we have both seen our error, and frankly confess we have been in the wrong too.

Sir Wil. Faith, I think we have been all so; Mr. Blandford, we should not have op-

posed their inclinations, when we had it 280 in our power to make two such happy matches instead of one—

Bland. Very true; and now I wish the young folks all happiness;—and, Sir John, I wish you and your lady happy too—

Sir John. Sir, it has been a day of mistakes, but of fortunate ones, I hope, and may tend to all our advantage—My lady here will be taught—280

Lady Rest. Sir John, I hope you will be taught—

Bland. Never mention what is past—the wrangling of married people about any little misconduct is only like the lashing of a top; it serves to keep it up the longer.

Sir John. You are very right, Sir; and as we have been all in the wrong this day, we will, for the future, endeavour to be "All in the Right."

[Here Lady Restless talks apart with Belinda.

Bev. A good proposal, Sir John; we will 300 make it our business, both you who are married, and we who are entering into that state, by mutual confidence, to insure mutual happiness.

Belin. A match, Mr. Beverley; I subscribe to it;—

The god of love thinks we prophane his fire,
When trifles light as air mistrust inspire.

But where esteem and gen'rous passions
spring,

There reigns secure, and waves his purple
wing; 310

Gives home-felt peace, prevents the nuptial
strife,

Endears the bliss, and bids it last for life.

FINIS.

T H E
MAYOR of GARRET.
A
C O M E D Y ,
I n T W O A C T S .

As it is PERFORMED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.
By S A M U E L F O O T E , E f q ;



L O N D O N :
Printed for P. + VAILIANT, facing Southampton-
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(Price One **Shilling.**)

Samuel Foote (1720-77) was foremost an actor with a remarkable gift of mimicry. This gift coupled with a ruthless disregard of other people's feelings enabled him to present a series of brilliant satires on current events and contemporary persons. He was one of the most notable theatrical figures and best hated persons of his day, and for a dozen years from 1766 he controlled the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. Here he continued to produce the series of satirical farces which he had begun to write as early as 1748.

The score or more plays which constitute his work are all short and spirited satires. Not only did he hold up to ridicule general vices and follies, but he pilloried individuals who tickled his fancy or raised his jealous ire. He was petulant and cruel, and never hesitated to caricature his victims with devastating mockery, to which he gave pungency by acting himself and rendering it impossible for the audience to miss the point of his ridicule.

In *Taste* (1752) he laughs at a meaningless love of the antique; in *The Author* (1757) and *The Patron* (1764) booksellers and their hacks are ridiculed; he scourges the gallicized young gentleman of his day in *The Englishman in Paris* (1753) and *The Englishman returned from Paris* (1756). In *The Minor* (1760) he portrayed a certain notorious Mother Douglas and himself acted the part of the disgusting old woman: Smirk in the same play was levelled at one Langford, an auctioneer. Doctor Arne, the celebrated musician, was Doctor Catgut in *The Commissary* (1765), and so one could proceed to extend the list. On occasion he got himself into trouble quite deservedly for his personal satires, as when he lost a law-suit to a certain harmless Welshman, Mr. Aprice, who engaged the law to put a stop to *The Author*, and to Faulkner the wooden-legged bookseller of Dublin whom he was able to mimic with particular cruelty in *The Orators* (1762) as he himself had lost a leg.

None of his plays, is a great work of dramatic art and all are short; yet several retain a real flavour of comedy. Foote himself gave first place to *The Patron*, others have favoured *The Minor*, but for all round merit *The Mayor of Garret* (produced at the Little Theatre, Haymarket in 1763) is unquestionably his best work. He was exceedingly successful himself in the part of the comic civilian-soldier Major Sturgeon, and in several characters and not a few incidents there is real *vis comica*. In respect of characterisation it may be compared with Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*.

The basis of the play was the burlesque election conducted at Garret, a hamlet near Wandsworth in South London, from 1747 to 1796. On the occasion of parliamentary elections a mock election would be conducted and various humorists would stand for the fictitious Mayoralty under high sounding names and titles. Such was the fame of this ponderous joke that as many as 100,000 are said to have travelled to Garret to witness it. In 1761 Foote was present and some of the participants are supposed to figure in his farce. Heel-tap has been identified with "Lord Lapstone," a shoemaker candidate; Snuffle with "Lord Twankum," really John Gardiner the Wandsworth gravedigger; Matthew Mug with "Beau Silvester." A full account, with contemporary illustrations, is to be found in Chambers, *Book of Days*, i. 659ff

The first edition octavo was published in 1764. The second edition appeared in 1769 and the third in 1776. Two editions duodecimo had been published in Dublin in 1764 and 1774. Nicoll records later editions octavo in 1780, 1783, 1797. *The Dramatic Works*, 4 vols., has a general title without date: it consists of various octavo editions of 19 plays bound together and *The Mayor of Garret* is the 1776 edition.

The first, second and third editions octavo have been collated, and show little variation. The same page and line arrangement is maintained and punctuation varies but little. On the whole the second and third editions are rather more modern in the conventions of punctuation and correct some misprints of the first.

O 1 = First edition octavo (in fours), 1764. (A. E. M.)

O 2 = Second edition octavo (in fours), 1769.

1776 = "A New Edition" (the third) octavo (in fours), 1776. (A. E. M.)

Dramatis Persona).

M E N .

Sir JACOB JOLLUP,
Major STURGEON,
JERRY SNEAK,
CRISPIN HEEL-TAP,
BRUIN,
LINT,
ROGER,
SNUFFLE,
MATTHEW MUG,
FIRST MOB,
SECOND MOB,
THIRD MOB,
FOURTH MOB,

Mr. BADDELY.
Mr. FOOTE.
Mr. WESTON.
Mr. BRANSBY.
Mr. MOODY.
Mr. CASTLE.
Mr. CLOUGH.
Mr. VAUGHAN.
Mr. FOOTE.
Mr. Fox.
Mr. MAR.
Mr. WATKINS.
Mr. STRANGE.

W O M E N .

Mrs. SNEAK,
Mrs. BRUIN,

Mrs. CLIVE.
Mrs. LEE.

M O B .

THE MAYOR OF GARRET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE Sir Jacob's House at Garret.⁰

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jacob. Roger——

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon,^o Sir——

Sir Jac. Sir, sirrah! and why not Sir Jacob? You rascal, is that all your manners.⁰ Has his majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister. Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Goose⁰ the taylor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack,⁰ Sir Jacob. 10

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us: And all is fish that 20 comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [Exit Rog.

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are 30 pretty secure: But I can't think what makes my daughters so late, ere they——
[Knocking at the Gate.] Who is that, Roger?

Garret] so throughout O 1; later edd. Garratt.

Anon] Anon O 2, 1776.

manners.] manners? O 2, 1776.

Goose] a tailor's pressing iron was called a goose. in a crack] in a trice.

Rog. without. Master Lint, the potter-carrier,⁰ Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, master Lint, your will?

Lint. Why, I come. Sir Jacob, partly 40 to enquire after your health; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures, simple and compound, may likely ensue; now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacoplist,⁰ or vender of 50 drugs; but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob: Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill? 60

Sir Jac. Doubtless, the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that kill or cure, I have contracted to physic the parish-poor by the great:⁰ But^o this-must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no; all under one; come, master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has[>] procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

potter-carrier] or 'pot-carrier,' perversions of 'apothecary.'

pharmacoplist] an apothecary.

by the great] for a lump sum.

But] O 1, O 2; but 1776. The practice of beginning a clause with a capital although not following a full-stop is common in O 1, but not in 1776. Other examples are not noted.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next—We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed, I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive; but now, physic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid. 81

Sir John. No, no, your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve pennorth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your scurvy^s,^o and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, 90 coughs and catarrhs, tar-water^o and turpentine will make you as sound^o as a roach.

Lint. Nostrums.

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, master Lint.

Lint. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's—Sir Jacob, a promoter of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars;^o look at their names,^o (*Roger, bring me the news*) not a soul of them but is either P. L.^o 100 or M. D.

Idnt. Plaugy^o liars! Murderous dogs!

Roger brings the news.

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

Lint. Perjuries.

Sir Jac. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worshipful 110 Mr. Justice Drowsy, this thirteenth day of—

Lint. Forgery.

scurvy s] O 1, O 2; *scurvies* 1776.

tar-water] a remedy very popular in the eighteenth century. Bishop Berkeley was an enthusiastic believer in the virtues of this panacea and wrote two treatises in its praise.

sound . . . roach] a common proverbial simile. Cf. p. 680 *supra*.

regulars] regular practitioners.

names . . . news] names—*Roger, bring me the News*—O 2, 1776.

P. L.] I presume this denotes *Physici Licentiatius*; but I find no other example.

Plaugy] O 1, O 2; *Plaugy* 1776.

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, sirrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowsey would set his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—120

Lint. Of a dropsy, by West^o—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer, by CI eland.^o

Sir Jac. "Arrogant—

Lint. A palsy, by Walker^o—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock^o—

Sir Jac. Insolent—

Lint. Consumption, by Stevens's^o drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—130

Lint. And squinting, by the Chevalier Taylor.^o

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy.

Lint. And as to the Justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistening—

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not 140 think to—

Sir Jac. What, sirrah, do you insult me in my office: Here, Roger, out with him—Turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading

West] There was an apothecary of this name in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

Cleland] There was a surgeon, Archibald Cleland, who published various papers on surgical topics; but the present reference is apparently to a quack.

Walker] There was an apothecary of this name in Chiswell Street; another, Richard Walker, in St. James's Street. William Walker, of Pall Mall, was a member of the corporation of surgeons. None appears to have enjoyed any measure of fame.

Rock] A Dr. Hock sold nostrums at the sign of the 'Hand and Face' in Water Lane, Blackfriars.

Stevens] There was a seller of nostrums of this name at 'The Comb,' Fleet Street.

Chevalier Taylor] John Taylor (1703-72), known as the Chevalier, was a qualified man, but he preferred the methods of a quack. He practised as an itinerant oculist all over England and the Continent, and was appointed oculist to George II. He is caricatured in a satirical heraldic device by Hogarth, reproduced in Chambers, *Book of Days*, i. 792.

in Wood⁰ and Nelson⁰ and Burn;⁰ if MO after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions, petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licencing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respects⁰ to authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum*⁰ now-a-days, is no more regarded than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, 160 from Brentford.

Sir Jac. God's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jacob. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench. 10

Major. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose.—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and squeaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Major. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is 180 disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you, to enter upon the profession of arms?

Major. A little aukward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: The great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: Why, after my first campaign, I no more 120 minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Wood) Thomas Wood (1661-1722), a legal writer. His best-known work was the *Institute of the Laws of England*, 1720.

Nelson) William Nelson, author of *The Office and Authority of a Justice of the Peace*, 1710, a work long popular.

Burn) Richard Burn (1709-85) wrote *The Justice of the Peace*, 1755, which went into many editions. respects] respect O 2, 1776.

Quorum] O 1, O 2; *Quorum* 1778.

Major. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—And yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Major. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings from Brentford to Elin;^o from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molossas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander. He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's 210 own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Major. Doubtless—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quarter'd at Thistleworth⁰ the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's-end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine dis- 20 position: On we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel⁰ is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's-stye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat; who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smith-field. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a 230 gallop; on they came thundering upon us; broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horse took to his heels, away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a 240 dowse⁰ in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Elin] i.e., Ealing.

Thistleworth] the old form of Isleworth.

Garde] Theodore Gardelle, a miniature painter, was executed in 1761 for murdering a woman.

dowse] 'DOWSE ON THE CHOPS. A blow in the face,' Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue*.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Major. Whether from.. the - fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Major. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the 250 Turnham-Green stage, we were stop'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and rob'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day indeed.

Major. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did.

Major. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could ride; otherwise, we always succeeded of course: No jumping over 260 heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir John. Quiet and peaceable.

Major. As lambs, Sir Jacob, (excepting one boxing-bout at the Three-Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours⁰) I don't remember a single dispute. 270

Sir John. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have boon broke.

Major. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom; and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you soon supplied the loss of Molossas?

Major. In part only; no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up 280 to arms from his youth: At sixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel⁰ of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise!

Major. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by 290 doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after

All-fours] cf. p. 497 *supra*.

Colonel . . . *Yellow*] There were six regiments of city trained bands, known as the Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, White and Red regiments.

shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great.

Major. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking. 301

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Major. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions; let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept, his mirmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape. 310

Major. We would a taught him what a Briton can do who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Major. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become to me say; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers; why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon an a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Major. No! soldiers for sun-shine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute: You have never a spontoon⁰ in the house?

Major. No; but we could get you a SM shove-pike.

Sir Jac. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin, is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them; come, own now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry! 340

Major. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Major. But that is now all over with me. *spontoon*] a kind of pike or halberd.

"Farewel⁰ to the plumed steeds and neigh-
ing troops," as the black man says in the
play; like the Roman⁰ censor, I shall re-
tire to my savine field, and there cultivate
cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major. True, I have done with the 331
Major, and now return to the magistrate,
Cedunt Arma Togge.

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your
country.

Major. True; man was not made for him-
self; and so, thinking that this would prove
a busy day in the justicing way, I am come,
Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour. 360

Major. I have brought, as I suppose most
of our business will be in the battery way,
some warrants and mittimuses⁰ ready fill'd
up, with all but the names of the parties,
in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

Major. Pray, how shall we manage as to
the article of swearing; for I reckon we
shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that 30
branch of our business, to-day, I believe,
the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

Major. I should think we might pick up
something that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor rascals, they would not
be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we
should never find room for their legs.

Major. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Mar-
row-bone the butcher of your town, living
or dead? 380

Sir Jac. Living.

Major. And swears as much as he used?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an
oath comes out of his mouth.

Major. You surprize me; why, when he
frequented our town of a market-day, he
has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite
chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely; they say his wife has
made him a Methodist, and that he 390
preaches at Kennington-Common.⁰

Farewel . . . play] The Major has a slightly con-
fused recollection of *Othello*, III. iii. 340-51.

Roman . . . field] cf. p. 540 *supra*.
mittimuses] a mittimus is a warrant of custody
issued by a magistrate. Cf. p. 454 *supra*.

Kennington-Common] a frequent resort of field
preachers, including Charles Wesley and Whitefield.

Major. What a deal of mischief those
rascals do in the country—Why then we
have entirely lost him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace
of bind-overs from him last week for a
couple of bastards.

Major. Well done, master Matthew—but
pray now, Sir Jacob— [*Mob without, huzza!*]

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger? '400

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors desire to know, if your
worship has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free
in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worship has any objec-
tion to Crispin Heel-Tap,^o the Cobler's be-
ing returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can
keep himself sober: Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: Make way there; 410
stand farther off from the gate: Here is
Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her
husband.

Major. Gad's so, you will permit me to
convoay her in? [*Exit Major.*]

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of
war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a
Billingsgate-broker, as any in the bills of
mortality.⁰ But the fish is got out of his
element; the soldier has quite demolish'd '430
the citizen.

Enter Mrs. Sneak, handed by the Major.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a
million of pardons. I have given you a pro-
fusion of trouble; but my husband is such
a goose-cap,^o that I cant get no good out
of him at home or abroad.—Jerry, Jerry
Sneak—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to
Garret.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak, I say. '430

*Enter Sneak with a band-box, a hoop-petti-
coat under his arm, and cardinal,⁰ &c. &c.
&c. &c.*

Sneak. Here, lovy.

Heel-Tap] Steel-Tap O 1.

bills of mortality] cf. p. 471 *supra*,

goose-cap] fool.

cardinal] a short hooded cloak, originally scarlet,
worn by women.

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse: Are you sure you have got all the things out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[*Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the Jan.*]

Mrs. Sneak. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him abroad: Go, get you gone out 40 of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father. Sir Jacob, he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir Jac. Very wel, son Sneak. 450
[*Exit Sneak.*]

Mrs. Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the best: Why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contained you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs. Sneak. Meek! a mushroom!⁰ a milk-sop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married 460 you to a man: Take care you don't make him a monster. [Exit Sir Jac.]

Mrs. Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse: Had my kind stars indeed, allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a beeseemingly manner.

Major. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to inter- 40 marry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave; so polite; so every thing a woman can wish.

Major. Oh! Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant; so genteel; so obliging: and then the rank; why, who
[*mushroom*] a contemptible person.

would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Major. No man with impunity; that I 481 take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir: Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Major. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. [Aside.]

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker.

ilfa; or 'Melancholy. 490

Mrs. Sneak. To be jostled and cram'd with the croud: No respect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the smোক of the city: No country jaunts, but to Islington; No balls, but at Pewterer's-hall.

Major' Intolerable.

Mrs. Sneak. I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Major. And would shed my best blood to relieve them. 000

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Major. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Major. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak' Obliging commander!

Major. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Major. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand. 510

Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major. Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—Ha!

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish they had all been sous'd in the Thames—A prying, imperti- 520 nent puppy!

Major. Next time, I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Major. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglío⁰ and Bellisle⁰ of the army! 50
Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone; is that your manners, you mongrel.

Major. Oh, madam, I can be never alone; your sweet idera^o will be my constant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated⁰ to leave you.

Major. Madam— 540

Mrs. Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Major. Oh, madam—

Mrs. Sneak. But as soon as my dress is restor'd, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander.

Major. Barragon of women!

Mrs. Sneak. Adieu! 550

Major. Adieu! [Exit *Mrs. Sneak.*

Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday-night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet sonic roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Perkins, the packer;⁰ little Tom Simkins, 560 the grocer; honest Master Muzzle, the mid-wife—

Major. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spirits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny: I have learnt myself to sing "An old^o "woman cloathed in grey." But I durst not out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says, as how, I bawl worsen 570 than the broom man.^o

[*Broglío*] Victor Francois, due dc Broglie (1718-1804), a notable commander and marshal of France.

[*Bellisle*] Comte de Belle-Isle (1684-1761), a distinguished French soldier and politician. He was for a short time a prisoner of war in England.

[*idera*] This spelling, occurring in various editions, seems to indicate the Major's pronunciation of *idea*, in the sense of image.

[*obligated*] an obsolete form of *obliged*.

[*packer*] one engaged in the business of packing goods for distribution.

"An old . . . grey"] cf. p. 601 *supra*.

[*broom man*] street sweeper.

Major. And you must not think of dis-obliging your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major. That's right: she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power: And don't you think she is very pretty withal?

Major. A Venus! 580

Sneak. Yes, worry like Wenus—Mayhap, you have known her some time?

Major. Long.

Sneak. Belike, before she was married?

Major. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—But then, indeed, we han't been married a year. 590

Major. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin, [within] Come along, Jane; why, you are as pursy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin, and Wife; Bruin with a cotton-cap on; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig; you slut, how you have tousled the curls? Master Sneak, a good morning to you: Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with & the Major.

Major. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant; you can't, think how impatient she is. [Exit *Major*.]

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin; you have had a warm walk cross⁰ the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck— 610

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, hussy? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed.

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may; but I know better what to do with my money: Indeed, if the

cross] O 1, O 2; *across* 1776.

war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha been. done; but this 620 plagy⁰ peace, with a pox tb't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen:⁰ I hope I know the world better than to trust my concerns with a wife: No, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray, who is more 630 fitterer to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench is bewitched: Come, come, let's have none of your palaver here—Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman.—But first see, if he has broke none of the pipes—And, d'ye hear, Jane, besure⁰ you^o lay the fishing-rod safe.

[Exit Mrs. Bruin.]

Sneak. Ods me, how finely she's manag'd; what would I give to have my wife as much under. 640

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so; she is a sweet pretty creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: Why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my 650 pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: And then I am fore'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, patens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would souse them all in the kennel.⁰

Sneak. I durst not—And then at table, 660 I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkeys, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton; I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust

[plagy] O 1, O 2; plagy 1776.

[Mixen] a term of abuse to a woman or child.

N.E.D. opines that it is a perversion of *vixen*,

[besure] Cf. p. 538 *supra*,

[you] to 1776.

[kennel] gutter.

since we have been married: You see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton! 670

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin: God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the Lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend⁰ me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to— 680

Mrs. Sneak. [within] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice: Look'ye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. [within] Jerry! Jerry!—

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me? 690

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak. Well, if I don't—I wish—

Mrs. Sneak [within] Where is this lazy puppy, a-loitering?

Sneak. I como, chuck, as fast I can— Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead.

[Exit Sneak.]

Bruin. *Ex^oquovis ligno*: Who can make a silk purse of a sow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, son Bruin, we are all seated at tabic, man; we have but just 700 time for a snack: The candidates are near upon coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean spirited— Damn it. before I would submit to such a—

—*Sir Jac.* Come, come, man; don't be so crusty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob: Damme, when once a man gives up his prerogative,⁰ he might as well give up—But, however, 710 it is no bread and butter of mine⁰—Jerry,

[lend . . . lift] lend me a hand.

[Ex . . . ligno] cf. p. 308 *supra*.

[prerogative] *perogUtive* O 1.

[it . . . mine] 'It is no bread and butter of mine; I have no business with it.' Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue*.

Jerry,—Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk
her to. [Exit.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE Continues.

Sir Jacob, Major Sturgeon; Mr. and Mrs.
Bruin; Mr. and Mrs. Sneak, discovered.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Major, not a grain
of curiosity; can it be thought, that we,
who have a Lord-Mayor's show every year,
can take any pleasure in this?

Major. In time of war, madam, these
meetings are not amiss; I fancy, a man
might pick up a good many recruits: But
in these piping times of peace, I wonder
Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my 10
popularity to quash it: The common people
are as fond of their customs, as the barons
wore of their *Magna Charta*: Besides, my
tenants make some little advantage.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors,
are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir Jac. God-so, then they will soon be
upon us: Come, good folks, the balcony
will give us the best view of the whole.
Major, you will take the ladies under 20
protection.

Major. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-tap is
an arch rascal.

Sneak. And plays the best game at crib-
bage in the whole corporation of Garret.

Mrs. Sneak. That puppy will always be
a chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but—

Mrs. Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll 30
send you home in an instant—

Sir Jac. Pry'thee, daughter: You may
to-day, Major, meet with something that
will put you in mind of more important
transactions.

Major. Perhaps so.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike;
their principles exactly the same: for tho'
art and education may disguise or polish
the manner, the same motives and springs 40
are universally planted.

Major. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of

plebeans,⁰ you will meet with materials to
make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Caesar:
Let them but change conditions, and the
world's great lord had been but the best
wrestler on the green.

Major. Ay, ay, 1 could have told these
things formerly; but since I have been in 50
the army, I have entirely neglected the
classes.

[Mob without huzza.

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand,
Major.

Sneak. Father, Sir Jacob: Might not we
have a tankard of stingo above?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger?

[Exit into the balcony.

SCENE, A STREET.

Enter Mob, with Heel-Tap at their head;
some crying a Goose; others a Mug;
others a Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there; silence.

1st. Mob. Hear, neighbour Heel-Tap.

2d. Mob. Ay, ay, hear, Crispin.

3d. Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin:
He will put us into the model of the thing
at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, silence, I say.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed,
neighbours, with all the decency and 10
confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st. Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing with-
out that.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the
peace; what, is there no respect paid to
authority: Am not I the returning officer?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Chosen by yourselves, and ap-
proved of by Sir Jacob. 20

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be silent and civil:
Stand back there, that gentleman without a
shirt, and make room for your betters:
Where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel-Tap. Let him come forward; we
appoint him our secretary: For Simon is a
plebeans *plebeians* O 2, 1778.

scollard, and can read written hand; and so let him be respected accordingly. so

3d. Mob. Room, for Master Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, stand by me: and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing: But first, your reverence to the lord of the manor; a long life and a merry one to our landlord, Sir Jacob; huzza!

Mob. Huzza!

Sneak. How fares it, honest Crispin?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Master Sneak: Let 40 us now open the premunire of the thing, which, I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible; that is, in a medium way; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates, and what they say for themselves; and then we shall know what to say of them: Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. "To the worthy inhabitants of "the ancient corporation of Garret: Gen- 50 "tlemen, your votes and interests are hum- "bly requested in favour of Timothy Goose, "to succeed your late worthy mayor, Mr. "Richard Dripping, in the said office, he "being——

Heel-Tap. This Goose is but a kind of ' Gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel, who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman taylor, from Put- 60 ney,

Heel-Tap. A journeyman taylor! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor? D'ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter; and can you think that this cross-leg'd cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fae'd ninny, who is but the ninth⁰ part of a man, has strength to support it?

1st. Mob. No Goose! No Goose! 70

2d. Mob. A Goose!

Heel-Tap. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. Your votes are desired for Matthew Mug.

1st Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: But, fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this Master Mug, before we swallow him; 80

ninth . . . man] 'Nine tailors make a man,' was a common phrase.

and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st. Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

2d. Mob. Hear him; hear Master Heel-Tap?

1st. Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question: Bring him forward; pray, is not this Matthew Mug a victualer? 00

3d. Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?°

3d. Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d. Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, sirrah: An't it a 100 groat?

3d. Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may it so: Now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug, no Mug. no

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the school-master.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: Let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the 10 parson: And then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday-night, about Russia and Prussia: Ecod, George Gage the exciseman, is nothing at all to un.

4th. Mob. A Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d. Mob. Indeed! 130

Heel-Tap. Why, he swears, as how all

(Adam and Eve) There were taverns with this sign near the Tottenham Court Road end of Oxford Street, and in Kensington.

the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d. *Mob.* Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st. *Mob.* Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer 10 a candidate?

Heel-Tap. He is, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife?
Bruin. She is gone off with the Major, 150

Sneak. Mayhap, to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they arc doing. [*Exit Sneak.*]

Hccl-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife?
Bruin. She is gone off with the Major, 150

Sneak. Mayhap, to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they arc doing. [*Exit Sneak.*]

Mob without huzza!

Heel-Tap. Gadso! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours, range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be canvas'd⁰ in order: Let us see who comes first?

1st. *Mob.* Master Mug.

Heel-Tap. New, neighbours, have a 160 good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, I° have the° honour of kissing your hand.

Hccl-Tap. There, did not I tell you.

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1st. *Mob.* He is dead.

Mug. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes 170 prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d. *Mob.* Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honest Dick Bennet.

3d. *Mob.-My* name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Master Gubbins?

3d. *Mob.* Pretty tight, Master Mug.

canvas'd] 1776; *canvass'd* O 2; *convass'd* O 1.
[¹] om. 1776.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th. *Mob.* Hark'ye, Master Mug. 181

Mug. Your pleasure, my very dear friend.

4th. *Mob.* Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right, she is a prodigious promising girl.

4th. *Mob.* Girl! Zooks, why, 'tis a boy.

Mug. True, a fine boy; I love and honour the child.

4th. *Mob.* Nay, 'tis none such a child; 190 but you promis'd to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th. *Mob.* Why, a gentleman's service you know'

Mug. It is done; it is fix'd; it is settled.

4lh. *Mob.* And when is the lad to take on?

Mug. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

4th. *Mob.* And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master Mug? 200

Mug. The best in the world; head-butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th. *Mob.* A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails⁰ are amazing.

4th. *Mob.* Barbara Bunch.

Mug. Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th. *Mob.* Is Lady Barbara's work 210 pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a sine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair.

4th. *Mob.* Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

Mug. True, but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th. *Mob.* May be so.

Mug. It is so. Hark'ye, dear Heel-Tap, 220 who is this fellow, I should remember his face?

Heel-Tap. And don't you?

Mug. Not J, I profess.

Hccl-Tap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Tap. Well said, Master Mug; but come, time wears: Have you any thing more to say to the corporation?

Mug. Gentlemen of the corporation of 230 Garret.

vails] tips.

Heel-Tap. Now, twig^o him; now, mind him: mark how he hawls his muscles about.

Mug. The honour I this- day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, should I succeed, you, gentlemen, may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufac- 240 tories will most principally tend. Garret, it must be own'd, is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantages^o of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply: Cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be at^o present deem'd your staple commodities, but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I would 260 recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrass, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrass: Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears^o at present the belle: But where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen: Let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grass from the corporation of Garret, will in a short time, at the London market, be held, at least, a» as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-Tap. Damn the Fellow, what a tongue he has: God, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Master Mug?

Mug. Your pleasure, my very good friend?

Heel-Tap. No flumming^o me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: Why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have rais'd it a penny a quart? 20

Mug. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at throe-pence.

Heel-Tap. What, sirrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen—

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a tjuart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug! 280

twig] observe.

advantages] advantage 1776.

at . . . deem'd] deemed at present 1778.

bears . . . belle] 'to bear the bell/ to take first place.

[flumming] deceiving by flattey.

Mug. Neighbours, friends—

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost, by the returning-officer's refusing^o a bribe. *[Exit Mug.*

2d. Mob. Let us go and pull down his sign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: But that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed 290 to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[Exit Heel-Tap, and Mob.

Sir Jacob, Bruin, and Wife, come from the balcony.

Sir Jac. Well, son Bruin, and how d'ye relish the Corporation of Garret?

Bruin. Why, look'ye, Sir Jacob; my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why, I was never over-fond of 30 your may-games; besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant; but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it: You women folks are easily pleas'd. 310

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you: Why then you will be damnably bit;^o you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin. What, I suppose you would 30 have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to—

Enter Sneak, in a violent hurry.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord, brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

officer's refusing] oflier's refuse 1776.

bit] deceived, mistaken.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my' wife⁰ and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted 30 as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens;⁰ but the deuce a Major or Madam could I see: At last, a thought come into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key hole: And, there, Lord a mercy upon us: [*Whispers*] as sure as a gun. 340

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not: What, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indulgence; you may call me bear, but 30 your daughter shall never make me a beast.

[*Mob huzzas*.

Sir Jac. Hey-day? What is the election over already?

Enter Crispin, &c.

Heel-Tap. Where is Master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient Corporation of Garret, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Joseph, have unanimously chosen you mayor. 360

Sneak. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: But how come Master Primmer to lose it?

Heel-Tap. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my Madam: Gad, I'll 30 make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock⁰ and domineer over me.

wife] vife O 2, 1776.
minickens] small pins.
bullock] bully.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will. 380

Enter Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tant: I don't chuse to trust my affairs with a voman: Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! 390 Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vill do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: What, I am the husband I hope? 40

Bruin. That's right; at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and visit my friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown. 410

Bruin. Bravo, brother⁰ Sneak; the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it; why, I did not think it was in me; shall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you see she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyster: Besides, madam, I have something fuder to tell you: Ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors; mayhap other people may go into gar- 40 rets with maids: There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, doodle; jackanapes; harkee, who am I?

brother . . . the] brother! Sneak the 1776.

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: am I, vhy my wife, and I am-your master.

Mrs. Sneak. My Master! you paltry, pudling puppy; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp.

Sneak. Brother Bruin, don't let her 430 come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, sirrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee: Have not I made myself a bye-word to all my acquaintance; don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it. Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak, to take up at last with such a noodle as he.

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could 440 catch me: You know, you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur. My last legs; why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: Did not I refuse Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales; did not Counselor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth; did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should 450 keep my post-chay.

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My last legs; but I can rein my passion no longer: Let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, sister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: What, it is you that have stir'd up these '460 coals then; he is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and you are° to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! like a man indeed; I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with matters that does not concern them: But all in good time; I shall one day catch 40 him alone when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves?

you are] are you 1776.

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look'ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen, but, were you an officer, and 480 Major Sturgeon upon your court-marshal—

Bruin. What then?

Major. Then! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke! and for what?

Major. What! read the articles of war: but these things are out of your spear: points of honour are for the sons of the sword. 490

Sneak. Honour! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth: All suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason; I heard of your tricks at the King of Bohemy,^o when you was campaigning about, I did: father, Sir Jacob, he is as vicious^o as an old ram.

Major. Stop whilst you are safe, Master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, look'ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers^o and sharpes,^o because why, they are out of 510 my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts.

Major. Box! box! blades! bullets! Bag-shot!

Mrs. Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major; oh, risk not so precious a life: Ungrateful wretches, and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done: After all his marchings, his sousings, his sweatings, his swimmings; must his dear 520 blood be spilt by a broker!

Major. Be satisfy'd, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracasces, we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak: But that

King of Bohemy] The King of Bohemia's Head' was a tavern in Turnham Green.

vicious] wicioua O 2, 1776.

poppers] pistols.

sharpen] rapiers with the button off. Cf. p. 1030 *infra*.

matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd against his dear—A530 man; yes, a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife; if you were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer; why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping: My life, my lovy, don't weep: Did I ever think I should have 540 made my Molly to weep.

Mrs. Sneak. Last legs; you lubberly—
[Strikes him.]

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish: But what has been the occasion of this.

Mrs. Sneak. Why has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair: Mayor 530 of Garret, indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaff; why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest: Look'ye, Jerry, mind what I say; go, get 'em to chose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do father, Sir 560 Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: But come, we'll settle the business at once.

Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done, so we will get our honest friend Heel-Tap to execute the office; he is, I think, every way qualified. 570

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Master Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens*.

Sneak. Do, Crispin; do be my *Locum Tenens*.

Hcel-Tap. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you, I will be the *Locum Tenens*.

Sir Jac. So, that is settled; but now to 580 heal the other breach: Come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice, let me interpose between you and my son.

Major. Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation; but, on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles: Now if the Major 590 had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no shoes, a Major must be never out of his boots; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me lightsome enough.

Sneak. What are all the vomen engaged; why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major.

Major. Freely. 600

Nor be it said, that after all my toil, I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.

To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield.

Sir Jac. As harmless in the chamber as the field.

T H E E N D .

T H E
Clandeftine Marriage,
A
C O M E D Y .

As it is ACTED at the
Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

B Y
GEORGE COL MAN
A N D
DAVID G ARRIC K.

Hoc adhibe vultus, et in una pane duobus:
Vivat, ehejufdemfmus uterque parens! OVID.

L O N D O N ,
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand;
R. BALDWIN, in Pater-nofter-Row; R. DAVIS, in Pic-
cadilly; and T. D A VIES, in Ruffel-Strect, **Covent-**
Garden,
MDCC.LXVI.

George Colman (1732-1794) and David Garrick (1717-1779) collaborated in this comedy. Colman was a prolific writer and *Biographia Dramatica* attributes to him 35 plays of one sort and another. Although a number of these were adaptations of older dramas, he was not lacking in originality. After a distinguished career at Oxford, he entered the legal profession, but at the age of twenty-eight he took to writing plays, and having independent means he was able to follow his bent. He became partner in and manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and later he owned the Little Theatre in the Maymarket.

Colman's best plays are *The Clandestine Marriage* (1766) and *The Jealous Wife* (1761). He followed the tendency of the day in depicting the bourgeois class which was growing in importance economically and socially. But he could also "exploit the foibles of the aristocracy as is shown by the portrait of Lord Ogleby, and of Lord Trinket and Lady Freelove in *The Jealous Wife*."

Garrick is remembered chiefly as an actor, but he was also a prolific playwright. He has to his name about forty pieces including adaptations. He was most successful in farcical comedy which is represented by such plays as *Miss in her Teens*, *The Male Coquette*, *The Guardian* and *Bon Ton*,

It has been suggested that Garrick was responsible for the part of Lord Ogleby and Colman for Sterling and his family. *Biographia Dramatica* however alleges that Garrick wrote two acts of the play and sent them to Colman; but that Colman destroyed them and wrote the whole play. The probability is that the bulk of the authorship belongs to Colman. It is also stated there that the characters of Ogleby, Sterling and Brush were lifted nearly verbatim from James Townley's *False Concord* which had been produced in 1764. The play may owe some inspiration to Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*.

The Clandestine Marriage was a deservedly successful and popular piece. With a change in milieu it continues the traditions of the comedy of manners and gives a lively and interesting picture of contemporary society.

The text is a reprint of the first edition, 8vo, 1766. There were three octavo editions printed in the same year. The first main revision is the 1770 "New Edition," which is followed generally by the text of the *Dramatick Works* of George Colman, 1777, Vol. I. The 1770 version has variant readings which have in a few cases been adopted. All variants of any consequence are noted, but no notice is taken of variant punctuation, capitals, or a few trifling differences such as *Exit* and *Exit Sterling*. The 1770 text is definitely modernized and has been so intelligently revised that it is likely that Colman was responsible. However the first octavo has an interest as being probably nearer to the original stage version than the more correctly literary 1770 text and it has therefore been preferred as the basis of the text.

The texts of the second and third editions, 8vo 1766, and the editions of 1777 and 1778 have also been compared. Unless the notes state the contrary the texts of the first, second and third editions are the same in all annotated passages, as are the editions of 1770 and 1777. The 1778 edition varies very slightly from 1770. Minute typographical resemblances indicate that the second and third editions were not a complete resetting, but were printed from the standing type corrected.

O 1 = First edition octavo, 1766 (A.E.M.).

O 2 = Second edition octavo, 1766 (B.M. 11777. f. 15).

O 3 = Third edition octavo, 1766 (Hull U.C. PR 3467 C5 D767).

1770 = "New Edition," octavo, 1770 (B.M. 643. i. 61).

1777 = *Dramatick Works of George Colman*, 4 vols. 1777 (A.E.M.).

1778 = "New Edition," octavo, 1778 (B.M. 83. a. 20).

Advertisement.

HOGARTH's MARRIAGE A LA MODE has before furnished Materials to the Author of a Novel, published Some Years ago, under the Title of *The Marriage-Act*.^o But as that Writer persued a very different Story, and as his Work was chiefly designed for a political Satire, very little Use could be made of it for the Service of this Comedy.

In Justice^o to the Person, who has been considered as the sole Author, the Party, who has hitherto lain concealed, thinks it incumbent on him to declare, that the Disclosure of his Name was, by his own Desire, reserved till the Publication of the Piece.

Both the Authors, however, who have before been separately honoured with the Indulgence of the Public, now beg Leave to make their joint Acknowledgements for the very favourable Reception of the CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

The Marriage-Act] a novel, 1754, by John Shebbeare, M.D.

In Justice . . . Clandestine Marriage} Some friends, and some enemies, have endeavoured to allot distinct portions of this play to each of the Authors. Each, however, considers himself as responsible for the whole; and though they have, on other occasions, been separately honoured with the indulgence of the publick, it is with peculiar pleasure that they now make their joint acknowledgements for the very favourable reception of the Clandestine Marriage. 1777.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

POETS and Painters, who from Nature draw
Their best and richest Stores, have made this Law:
That each should neighbourly assist his Brother,
And steal with Decency from one another.
To-night, your matchless Hogarth gives the Thought,
Which from his Canvas to the Stage is brought.
And who so fit to warm the Poet's Mind,
As he who pictured Morals and Mankind?
But not the same their Characters and Scenes;
Both labour for one End, by different Means:
Each, as it suits him, takes a separate Road,
Their one great Object, MABRIAGB-A-LA-MODB!
Where Titles deign with Cits to have and hold,
And change rich Blood for more substantial Gold!
And honoured Trade from Interest turns aside,
To hazard Happiness for titled Pride.
The Painter dead,⁰ yet still he charms the Eye;
While England lives, his Fame can never die:
But he, who struts his Hour upon the Stage,
Can scarce extend his Fame for Half an Age;
Nor Pen nor Pencil can the Actor save,
The Art, and Artist, share one¹, common Grave.
O let me drop one tributary Tear,
On poor Jack Falstaff's Grave, and Juliet's Bier!
You to their Worth must Testimony give;
'Tis in your Hearts alone their Fame can live.
Still as the Scenes of Life will shift away,
The strong Impressions of their Art decay.
Your Children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boast of QUINS and CIBBERS of their own:
The greatest Glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by YOU.

Painter . . . dead] Hogarth had died in 1764.

Dramatis Personam.

Lord Ogleby,
Sir John Melvil,
Lovewell,
Sterling,
Brush,
Canton,
Serjeant Flower,
Traverse,
Trueman,

Mrs. Heidelberg,
Miss Sterling,
Fanny,
Betty,
Chambermaid,
Trusty,

Mr. King.
Mr. Holland.
Mr. Powell.
Mr. Yates.
Mr. Palmer.
Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. Love.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Aickin.

Mrs Clive.
Miss Pope.
Mrs. Palmer.
Mrs.———°
Miss Plym.
Miss Mills.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE

GEORGE COLMAN AND DAVID GARRICK.

ACT I.

SCENE A room in Sterling's house.

Miss Fanny and Betty meeting.

Betty running in.

Ma'am! Miss Fanny! Ma'am!

Fanny. What's the matter! Betty!

Betty. Oh la! Ma'am! as sure as I'm^o alive, here is your husband—

Fanny. Hush! my dear Betty! if any body in the house should hear you, I am ruined.

Betty. Mercy on me! it has frightened me to such a degree, that my heart is come up to my mouth.—But as I was a saying, 10 Ma'am, here's that dear, sweet—

Fanny. Have a care! Betty.

Betty. Lord! I'm bewitched, I think.—But as I was a saying, Ma'am, here's Mr. Lovewell just come from London.

Fanny. Indeed!

Betty. Yes, indeed, and indeed, Ma'am, he is. I saw him crossing the court-yard in his boots.

Fanny. I *sua* glad to hear it.—But pray a> now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again on any account. You know, we have agreed never to drop any expressions of that sort for fear of an accident.

Betty. Dear Ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of the earth, than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave—and if it's never told, till I tell it, so it may remain untold till doom's-day for Betty.

Fanny. I know you are faithful—but in our circumstances we cannot be too careful.

Betty. Very true, Ma'am!—and yet I vow and protest, there's more plague than pleasure with a secret, especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

I'm] I am 1770.

Fanny. Do but keep this secret a little '40 while longer, and then, I hope you may mention it to any body.—Mr. Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible.

Betty. The sooner, the better, I believe: for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fanny. Fie, Betty! [*blushing.*]

Betty. Ah! you may well blush.—But 50 you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms—

Fanny. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you.'

Betty. Angry!—Bless the dear puppet! I am sure I shall love it, as much as if it was my own.—I meant no harm, heaven knows.

Fanny. Well—say no more of this—It makes me uneasy—All I have to ask of you, is to be faithful and secret, and not <> to reveal this matter, till we disclose it to the family ourselves.

Betty. Me reveal it!—if I say a word, I wish I may be burned. I wou'd not do you any harm for the world—And as for Mr. Lovewell, I am sure I have loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-waiter's place for my brother—But let me tell you both, you must leave off your soft looks to each other, and your whispers, and your 70 glances, and your always sitting next to one another at dinner, and your long walks together in the evening—For my part, if I had not been in the secret, I shou'd have known you were a pair of loviers at least, if not man and wife, as—

Fanny. See there now! again. Pray be careful.

Betty. Well—well—nobody hears me.—Man and wife—I'll say so no more—so what I tell you is very true for all that—

Lovewell. [*calling within.*] William!

Betty. Hark! I hear your husband—

Fanny. What!

Betty. I say, here comes Mr. Lovewell—Mind the caution I give you—I'll be

whipped now, if you are not the first person he sees or speaks to in the family—However, if you chuse it, it's hGthing at all to me—as you sow, you must reap—as you 90 brew, so you must bake.—I'll e'en slip down the back-stairs, and leave you together. [Exit.

Fanny alone.

I see, I see I shall never have a moment's ease till our marriage is made publick. New distresses croud in upon me every day. The sollicitude of my mind sinks my spirits, preys upon my health, and destroys every comfort of my life. It shall be revealed, let what will be the conse- 100 quence.

Enter Lovewell.

Lovew. My love! — How's this? — In tears? — Indeed this is too much. You promised me to support your spirits, and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience.—For my sake, for your own, be comforted! Why will you study to add to our uneasiness and perplexity?

Fanny. Oh, Mr. Lovewell! The indelicacy of a secret marriage grows every day more 110 and more shocking to me. I walk about the house like a guilty wretch: I imagine myself the object of the suspicion of the whole family; and am under the perpetual terrors of a shameful detection.

Lovew. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick sensibility, only serve to make you unhappy.—To clear up this affair properly to Mr. Sterling, is the continual 120 employment of my thoughts. Every thing now is in a fair train. It begins to grow ripe for a discovery; and I have no doubt of its concluding to the satisfaction of ourselves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fanny. End how it will, I am resolved it shall end soon—very soon.—I wou'd not live another week in this agony of mind to be mistress of the universe.

Lovew. Do not be too violent neither. 130 Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion!—I have brought letters from Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling.—They will be here this evening—and, I dare say, within this hour.

Fanny. I am sorry for it.

Lovew. Why so?

Fanny. No matter—Only let us disclose our marriage immediately! 140

Lovew. As soon as possible.

Fanny. But directly.

Lovew. In a few days, you may, depend on it.

Fanny. To night—or to-morrow morning.

Lovew. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fanny. Nay, but you must.

Lovew. Must! why?

Fanny. Indeed, you must.—I have the most alarming reasons for it. 150

Lovew. Alarming indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them—What are they?

Fanny. I cannot tell you.

Lovew. Not tell me?

Fanny. Not at present. When all is settled, you shall be acquainted with every thing.

Lovew. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!—What can this mean!— 160 Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fanny. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assured, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be it what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Lovew. You put me upon the rack.—I wou'd do any thing to make you easy.— 170 But you know your father's temper.—Money (you will excuse my frankness) is the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence can ever make him forego—and these he thinks his money will purchase.—You know too your aunt's, Mrs. Heidelberg's, notions of the splendor of high life, her contempt for every thing that does not relish of what she calls Quality, 180 and that from the vast fortune in her hands, by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family: now, if they should come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might, perhaps, be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fanny. But if they are made acquainted with it otherwise than by ourselves, it will be ten times worse: and a discovery 190

grows every day more probable. The whole family have long suspected our affection. We are also in the power of a foolish maid-servant; and if we may even depend on her fidelity, we cannot answer for her discretion.—Discover it therefore immediately, lest some accident should bring it to light, and involve us in additional disgrace.

Lovew. Well—well—I meant to discover it soon, but would not do it too precipitately.—I have more than once sounded Mr. Sterling about it, and will attempt him more seriously the next opportunity. But my principal hopes are these.—My relationship to Lord Ogleby, and his having placed me with your father, have been, you know, the first links in the chain of this connection between the two families; in consequence of which, I am at present in high favour with all parties: while they all remain thus well-affected to me, I propose to lay our case before the old Lord; and if I can prevail on him to mediate in this affair, I make no doubt but he will be able to appease your father; and, being a lord and a man of quality, I am sure he may bring Mrs. Heidelberg into good-humour at any time.—Let me beg you, therefore, to have but a little patience, as, you see, we are upon the very eve of a discovery, that must probably be to our advantage.

Fanny. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Lovew. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fanny. As easy as I can, I will.—We had better not remain together any longer at present.—Think of this business, and let me know how you proceed.

Lovew. Depend on my care! But, pray, be cheerful.

Fanny. I will.

As she is going out, Enter, Sterling.

Sterl. Hey-day! who have we got here?

Fanny. [conjur'd] Mr. Lovewell, Sir!

Sterl. And where are you going, hussey!

Fanny. To my sister's chamber, Sir!

[Exit.

Sterl. Ah, Lovewell! What! always getting my foolish girl yonder into a corner!—Well—well—let us but once see her elder sister fast-married to Sir John Melvil, we'll

soon provide a good husband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Lovew. Would to heaven, Sir, you would provide her one of my recommendation!

Sterl. Yourself? eh, Lovewell!

Lovew. With your pleasure, Sir!

Sterl. Mighty well!

Lovew. And I flatter myself, that such a proposal would not be very disagreeable to Miss Fanny.

Sterl. Better and better!

Lovew. And if I could but obtain your consent, Sir,—

Sterl. What! you marry Fanny!—no—no—that will never do, Lovewell!—You're a good boy, to be sure—I have a great value for you—but can't think of you for a son-in-law.—There's no *Stuff* in the case, no money, Lovewell!

Lovew. My pretensions to fortune, indeed, are but moderate: but though not equal to splendor, sufficient to keep us above distress.—Add to which, that I hope by diligence to increase it—and have love, honour—

Sterl. But not the *Stuff*, Lovewell!—Add one little round o to the sum total of your fortune, and that will be the finest thing you can say to me.—You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to serve you—any thing on the footing of friendship—but—

Lovew. If you think me worthy of your friendship, Sir, be assured, that there is no instance in which I should rate your friendship so highly.

Sterl. Psha! psha! that's another thing, you know.—Where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

Lovew. But where the happiness of a daughter is at stake, you would not scruple, sure, to sacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Sterl. Inclinations! why, you would not persuade me that the girl is in love with you—eh, Lovewell!

Lovew. I cannot absolutely answer for Miss Fanny, Sir; but am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends entirely upon her.

Sterl. Why, indeed now if your kinsman, Lord Ogleby, would come down handsomely for you—but that's impossible—No, no—'twill never do—I must hear no more of

this—Come, Lovewell, promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

Lovew. [hesitating.] I am¹ afraid, Sir, I shou'd not be able to keep my word with you, if I did promise you. 300

Sterl. Why you, wou'd not offer to marry her without my consent? wou'd you, Lovewell!

Lovew. Marry her, Sir! *[confused.]*

Sterl. Ay, marry her, Sir!—I know very well that a warm speech or two from such a dangerous youngsmrk, as you are, will⁰ go much farther towards persuading a silly girl to do what she has more than a month's mind to do, than twenty grave lectures 310 from fathers or mothers, or uncles or aunts, to prevent her.—But you wou'd not, sure, be such a base fellow, such a treacherous young rogue, as to seduce my daughter's affections, and destroy the peace of my family in that manner.—I must insist on it, that you give me your word not to marry her without my consent.

Lovew. Sir—I—I—as to that—I—I—I beg, Sir—Pray, Sir, excuse me on this subject 320 at present.

Sterl. Promise then, that you will carry this matter no further without my approbation.

Lovew. You may depend on it, Sir, that it shall go no further.

Sterl. Well—well—that's enough—I'll take care of the rest, I warrant you.—Come, come, let's have done with this nonsense!—What's doing in town?—Any news 330 upon 'Change?

Lovew. Nothing material.

Sterl. Have you seen the currants, the soap, and Madeira, safe in the warehouses? Have you compared the goods with the invoice and bills of lading, and are they all right?

, *Lovew.* They are, Sir!

Sterl. And how are stocks?

Lovew. Fell one and an^o half this 340 morning.

Sterl. Well—well⁰—some good news from America, and they'll be up again.—But how are Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil? When are we to expect them?

Lovew. Very soon, Sir! I came on pur-

will] would 1770.

an] a 1770.

Well—well] Well, 1777.

pose to bring you their commands. Here are letters from both of them.

[Giving letters.]

Sterl. Let me see—let me see—'Slife, how his Lordship's letter is perfumed!—It 350 takes my breath away.—*[opening it]* And French paper too! with a fine border of flowers and flourishes—and a slippery gloss on it that dazzles one's eyes.—*My dear Mr. Sterling* *[reading.]*—Mercy on me! His Lordship⁰ writes a worse hand than a boy at his exercise—But how's this?—Eh!—*with you to-night*—*[reading.]*—*Lawyers to-morrow morning*—To-night!—that's sudden indeed.—Where's -my sister Heidelberg? 360 she shou'd know of this immediately.—Here John! Harry! Thomas! *[calling the servants]* Hark ye, Lovewell!

Lovew. Sir!

Sterl. Mind now, how I'll entertain his Lordship and Sir John—We'll shew your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city—They shall eat gold—and drink gold—and lie in gold—Here cook! butler! *[calling.]* What signifies your 370 birth and education, and titles? Money, money, that's the stuff that makes the great man in this country.

Lovew. Very true, Sir!

Sterl. True, Sir?—Why then have done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business shou'd mind nothing but his business.—Where are these fellows? John! Thomas! *[calling.]*—Get an estate, 380 and a wife will follow of course.—Ah! Lovewell! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe. 'Slife, man, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of a Nabob.—Where are all my rascals? Here, William! *[Exit calling.]*

Lovewell alone.

So!—As I suspected.—Quite averse to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great displeasure.—What's best 390 to be done?—Let me see!—Suppose I get Sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention it to Lord Ogleby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it.

Lordship] O 3, 1770; *lordship* 1777; *Lordship* Oo 1, 2.

I can open my mind also more freely to Sir John. He told me, when I left him in town, that he had something of consequence to communicate, and that I could be of use to him. I am glad of it: for the confidence he reposes in me, and the service I may do him, will ensure me his good offices.—Poor Fanny! It hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the cause adds to my anxiety.—Something must be done upon her account; for at all events, her solicitude shall be removed. *[Exit.]*

Scene changes to another chamber.

Enter Miss Sterling, and Miss Fanny.

Miss Strl. Oh, my dear sister, say no more! This is downright hypocrisy.—You shall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond measure.—Well, after all it is extremely natural—It is impossible to be angry with you.

Fanny. Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss Strl. And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fanny. Not in the least. 10

Miss Strl. And you don't in the least wish that you was just in my situation?

Fanny. No, indeed, I don't. Why should

Miss Strl. Why should you?—What! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot.—There's that dear sweet creature Mr. Lovewell in the case.—You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you. 20

Fanny. Mr. Lovewell!—always Mr. Love' well!—Lord, what signifies Mr. Lovewell, sister?⁰

Miss Strl. Pretty peevish soul!—Oh, my dear, grave, romantick sister!—a perfect philosopher in petticoats!—Love and a cottage!—Eh, Fanny!—Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!

Fanny. And why not the coach and six without the indifference?—But, pray, 30 when is this happy marriage of your's to be celebrated?—I long to give you joy.

Miss Strl. In a day or two—I can't tell exactly.—Oh, my dear sister!—I must mortify her a little, *[aside.]*—I know you have a pretty taste. Pray, give me your opinion

Lovewell, sister! Oo 2, 3, 1770, 1777; *Lovewell?* Sister! O 1.

of my jewels.—How d'ye like the stile of this esclavage? *[Shewing jewels.]*

Fanny. Extremely handsome indeed, and well fancied. 40

Miss Strl. What d'ye think of these bracelets? I shall have a miniature of my father, set round with diamonds, to one, and Sir John's to the other.—And this pair of ear-rings! set transparent!—here, the tops, you see, will "take off to wear in a morning, or in an undress—how d'ye like them?

[Shews jewels.]

Fanny. Very much, I assure you—Bless me; sister, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be the very Queen of 50 Diamonds.

Miss Strl. Ha! ha! ha! very well, my dear!—I shall be as fine as a little queen indeed.—I have a bouquet to come home to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixt—the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life!—The jeweller says I shall set out with as many diamonds as any body in town, except Lady Brilliant, and Polly *What d'ye-call-it*, Lord Squander's kept mistress.

Fanny. But what are your wedding-cloaths, sister?

Miss Strl. Oh, white and silver to be sure, you know.—I bought them at Sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting Lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on 70 purpose to mortify her.

Fanny. Fie, sister! how could you be so abominably provoking?

Miss Strl. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knights' ladies.—Did you never observe the airs of Lady Lutestring drest in the richest brocade out of her husband's shop, playing crown-whist at Haberdasher's-Hall?—While the civil smirking Sir Joseph, with a smug wig trimmed 90 round his broad face as close as a new-cut yew-hedge, and his shoes so black that they shine again, stands all day in his shop, fastened to his counter like a bad shilling?

Fanny. Indeed, indeed, sister, this is too much—If you talk at this rate' you will be absolutely a bye-word in the city—You

esclavage! a necklace.

must never venture on the inside of Temple-Bar again.

Miss Sterl. Never do I desire it—never, 90 my dear Fanny, I promise you.—Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor-Square—far—far from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within! —My heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at court!—gilt chariot! —pyeballed horses!—laced liveries!—and then the whispers buzzing round the circle⁰ —"Who is that young Lady! Who is 100 she?"—"Lady Melvil, Ma'am!"—"Lady Melvil! my ears tingle at the sound.—And then at dinner, instead of my father⁰ perpetually asking—"Any news upon 'Change?"—to cry —well, Sir John! any thing new from Arthur's?—or—to say to some other woman of quality, was your Ladyship at the Dutchess of Rubber's last night?—Did you call in at Lady Thunder's? In the immensity of croud I swear I did not see you— 110 scarce a soul at the opera last Saturday—shall I see you at Carlisle-House next Thursday?—Oh, the dear Beau-Monde! I was born to move in the sphere of the great world.

Fanny. And so, in the midst of all this happiness, you have no compassion for me —no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miss Sterl. [*affectedly.*] You?—You're 120 above pity.—You would not change conditions with me—you're over head and ears in love, you know.—Nay, for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortably, I dare say.—He will mind his business—you'll employ yourself in the delightful care of your family—and once in a season perhaps you'll sit together in a front-box at a benefit play, as we used 130 to do at our dancing-master's, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the summer with some other citizens at Tunbridge.—For my part, I shall always entertain a proper regard for my relations.—You sha'n't want my countenance, I assure you.

Fanny. OK, you're too kind, sister!

circle] cf. p. 131 *supra*,
father] 1770; *farther* Oo 1-3.

Enter Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. [*at entring.*] Here this evening!—I vow and pertest we shall scarce have time to provide for them—Oh, my wo dear! [*to Miss Sterl.*] I am glad to see you're not quite in dish-abilite. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

Miss Sterl. To-night, Ma'am?

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, my dear, to-night.—Do, put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary nifties!—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring.⁰—Where is this dawdle of a housekeeper?—[*Enter Mrs. BO Trusty.*] Oh, here, Trusty! do you know that people of qualaty are expected here this evening?

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—Do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelst manner—and to the honour of the famaly.

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—but mind what I 160 say to you.

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. His Lordship is to lie in the chintz bedchamber—d'ye hear?—And Sir John in the blue damask room—His Lordship's valet-de-shamb⁰ in the opposite—

Trusty. But Mr. Lovewell is come down—and you know that's his room, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well—well—Mr. Lovewell may make shift—or get a bed at the 170 George—But hark ye,⁰ Trusty!

Trusty. Ma'am!

Mrs. Heidel. Get the great dining-room in order as soon as possable.⁰ Unpaper the curtains, take the civers off the couch and the chairs, and put the china figures on the mantle-piece immediately. And set⁰ them o' nodding as soon as his lordship comes in, d'ye hear, Trusty?

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am. 180

Mrs. Heidel. Be gone then! fly, this instant!—Where's my brother Sterling—

Trusty. Talking to the butler, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Very well. [*Exit Trusty.*]

lutestring] material of glossy silk, and hence a dress made hereof. See p. 615 *supra*,
shamb] *chamb* 1770.
ye] you 1777.
passable] O 3, 1770; possible Oo 1, 2.
And set . . . Trusty?] 1770; om. Oo 1-3.

Miss Fanny!—I pertest I did not see you before—Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fanny. With me? Nothing, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Bless me! Why your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of 100 fifty colours, I pertest.—And then you have drest yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the qualaty will be here by and by—Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [*Exit Fanny.*] She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow and pertest.—200 This ridicalous Love! we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect nataral of the girl.

Miss Sterl. Poor soul! she can't help it. [*affectedly.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Well, my dear! Now I shall have an opportoonty⁰ of convincing you of the absurdity of what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

• *Miss Sterl.* Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But, indeed, Ma'am, I 200 cannot be persuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs. Heidel. Oh, fie, my dear! I am perfectly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister! What you complain of as coldness and indifference, is 220 nothing but the extreme gentility of his address, an exact pictur of the manners of qualaty.

Miss Sterl. Oh, he is the very mirror of complaisance! full of formal bows and set speeches!—I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. Heidel. I say jealous indeed.—Jalous of who, pray? 230

Miss Sterl. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am, and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord! d'y'e think a man of fashion, as he is, can't distinguish between
[*opportoonity*] O 3, 1770; *opportunity* Oo 1, 2.

the genteel and the vulgar part of the famaly?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child! It is all puliteness⁰ 240 and good-breeding.—Nobody knows the qualaty better than I do.

Miss Sterl. In my mind the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle in his old wizen face with comical expressions of tenderness. I think he wou'd make an admirable sweetheart. 250

Enter Sterling.

Sterl. [*at entring.*] No fish?—Why the pond was dragged but yesterday morning—There's carp and tench in the boat.—Pox on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he wou'd have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackarel.

Mrs. Heidel. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and Sir John will not arrive while it's light.

Sterl. I warrant you.—But, pray, sister 260 Heidelberg, let the turtle be drest to-morrow, and some venison—and let the gardener cut some pine-apples—and get out some ice.—I'll answer for wine, I warrant you—I'll give them such a glass of Champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a Duke's table.

Mrs. Heidel. Pray now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of qualaty. Take 270 care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff; and that will keep you awake.—And don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laughes. It is monstrous vulgar.

Sterl. Never fear, sister!—Who have we here?

Mrs. Heidel. It is Mons. Cantoon, the Swish gentleman, that lives with his Lordship, I vow and pertest. 280

Enter Canton.

Sterl. Ah, Mounscer! your servant.—I am very glad to see you, Mounseer.

Canton. Mosh oblige to Mons. Sterling.—Ma'am. I am yours—Matemoiselle, I am yours. [*Bowing round.*]

[*pulitene*"] O 3, 1770; *politeness* Oo 1, 2.

Mrs. Heidel. Your humble servant, Mr. Canton!

Canton. I kiss your hands, Matam!

Sterl. Well, Mounseer!—and what news of your good family!—when are we to 290 see his Lordship and Sir John?

Canton. Mons. Sterling! Milor Ogelby and Sir Jean Melville will be here in one quarter-hour.

Sterl. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Heidel. O, I am perdigious glad to hear it. Being so late I was afraid of some accident.—Will you please to have any thing, Mr. Canton, after your journey?

Canton. No, I tank you, Ma'am. 300

Mrs. Heidel. Shall I go and shew you the apartments, Sir?

Canton. You do me great honeur, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Come then!—come, my dear! [*to Miss Sterling.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Sterling.

Sterl. Pox on't, it's almost dark—It will be too late to go round the garden this evening.—However, I will carry them to take a peep at my fine canal at least, 1° am determined. [*Exit, 310*]

ACT II.

SCENE *an anti-chamber to Lord Ogleby's bed-chamber—Table with chocolate, and small case for medicines.*

Enter^o *Brush, my Lord's valct-dc-chambre, and Sterling's chamber-maid.*

Brush. You shall stay, my dear, I insist upon it.

Ch. Maid. Nay, pray, Sir, don't be so positive; I can't stay indeed.

Brush. You shall take one cup to our better acquaintance.

Ch. Maid. I seldom drinks chocolate; and if I did, one has no satisfaction, with such apprehensions about one—if my Lord should wake, or the Swish gentleman 10 should see one, or Madam Heidelberg should know of it, I should be frighted to death—besides I have had my tea already this morning—I'm sure I hear my Lord. [*in a fright.*]

least, I] least; that I 1777.

Enter . . . chamber-maid] Enter Brush, and Chambermaid 1777.

Brush. No, no, Madam, don't flutter yourself—the moment my Lord wakes, he rings his bell, which I answer sooner or later, as it suits my convenience.

Ch. Maid. But should he come upon us without ringing— 20

Brush. I'll forgive him if he does—This key [*takes a phial out of the case*] locks him up till I please to let him out.

Ch. Maid. Law, Sir! that's potecary's-stuff.

Brush. It is so—but without this he can no more get out of bed—than he can read without spectacles—[*sips.*] What with qualms, age, rheumatism, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal 30 of brushing, oyling, screwing, and winding up to set him a going for the day.

Ch. Maid. [*sips.*] That's prodigious indeed—[*sips.*] My Lord seems quite in a decay.

Brush. Yes, he's quite a spectacle, [*sips.*] a mere corpse, till he is reviv'd and refresh'd from our little magazine here—When the restorative pills, and cordial waters warm his stomach, and get into his 40 head, vanity frisks in his heart, and then he sets up for the lover, the rake, and the fine gentleman.

Ch. Maid. [*sips.*] Poor gentleman!—but should the Swish gentleman come upon us. [*frightened.*]

Brush. Why then the English gentleman would be very angry—No foreigner must break in upon my privacy, [*sips.*] But I can assure you Monsieur Canton is otherwise employ'd—He is oblig'd to skim the 50 cream of half a score news-papers for my Lord's breakfast—ha, ha, ha. Pray, Madam, drink your cup peaceably—My Lord's chocolate is remarkably good, he won't touch a drop but what comes from Italy.

Ch. Maid. [*sipping.*] 'Tis very fine indeed!—[*sips.*] and charmingly perfum'd—it smells for all the world like our young ladies dressing-boxes.

Brush. You have an excellent taste, 60 Madam, and I must beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking, [*takes 'em out of a drawer in the table.*] and in return, I desire nothing but to taste the perfume of your lips—[*kisses her.*]—A small return of favours, Madam, will make, I hope, this country and retire-

ment agreeable to both, [*he bows, she curtsies.*] Your young ladies are fine girls, faith: [*sips.*] tho' upon my soul, I am 70 quite of my old lord's mind about them; and were I inclin'd to matrimony, I should take the youngest, [*sips.*]

Ch. Maid. Miss Fanny's the most affablest and the most best nater'd creter!

Brush. And the eldest a little haughty or so—

Ch. Maid. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn himself—but this I say quite confidential to you, for one would not 80 hurt a young lady's marriage, you know. [*sips.*]

Brush. By no means, but you can't hurt it with us—we don't consider tempers—we want money, Mrs. Nancy—give us enough of that, we'll abate you a great deal in other particulars—ha, ha, ha.

Ch. Maid. Bless me, here's somebody—
[*bell rings.*]—0! 'tis my Lord—Well, your servant, Mr. Brush—I'll clean the cups in the next room. 90

Brush. Do so—but never mind the bell—I shan't go this half hour.—Will you drink tea with me in the afternoon?

Ch. Maid. Not for the world, Mr. Brush—I'll be here to set all things to rights—but I must not drink tea indeed—and so your servant. [*Exit Maid with tea-board.*]

[*Bell rings again.*]

Brush. It is impossible to stupify one's self in the country for a week without some little flirting with the Abigails:— 100 this is much the handsomest wench in the house, except the old citizen's youngest daughter, and I have not time enough to lay a plan for Her— [*Bell rings.*] And now I'll go to my Lord, for I have nothing else to do. [*going.*]

Enter Canton with news-papers in his hand.

Cant. Monsieur Brush—Maistre Brush—My Lor stirra yet?

Brush. He has just rung his bell—I am going to him. 110

Cant. Depechez vous done. [*Exit Brush. [Puts on spectacles.]*] I wish de° Deviel had all dese papicrs—I forget, as fast as I read—De Advertise put out of my head de Gazette, de Gazette de Chronique, and so de] the 1770.

dcy all go l'un apres l'autre—I must get some nouvelle for my Lor, or he'll be enragee contre moi—Voyons!—[*Reads in the papers.*] Here is noting^o but Anti-Sejanus' & advertise—120

Enter Maid with chocolate things.

Vat you vant, child?—

Ch. Maid. Only the chocolate things, Sir.

Cant. 0 ver well—dat is good girl—and ver prit too! [*Exit Maid.*]

Lord Ogleby within.

L. Ogle. Canton, he, he—[*coughs.*]—Canton!

Cant. I come my Lor—vat shall I do?—I have no news—He vill make great tinta-marrc!—

L. Ogle, [within.] Canton, I say, Can- 130 ton! Where are you?—

Enter Lord Ogleby leaning on Brush.

Cant. Here my Lor, I ask pardon my Lor, I have not finish de papiers—

L. Ogle. Dem your pardon, and your papers—I want you here, Canton.

Cant. Den I run, dat is all—[*shuffles along*—Lord Ogleby leans upon Canton too, and comes forward.

L. Ogle. You Swiss are the most unaccountable mixture—you have the Ian-140 guage and the impertinence of the French, with the laziness of Dutchmen.

Cant. Tis very true, my Lor—I can't help—

L. Ogle, [cries out.] 0 Diavolo!

Cant. You are not in pain, I hope, my Lor.

L. Ogle. Indeed but I am, my Lor—That vulgar fellow Sterling, with his city politeness, would force me down his slope last 150 night to see a clay-colour'd ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew, and the east-wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screw'd to my body.

Cant. A Httel veritable eau d'arquistade° vil set all to right again—

noting] nothing 1770.

Anti'Sejanu'] The pen name under which James Scott contributed a series of letters to *The Public Advertiser* in 1766.

eau d'arquistade] arquebusade water was a lotion supposed to be valuable in the case of gunshot or other wounds. Canton thinks it specific for rheumatism.

[My Lord sits down, Brush gives chocolate.]

L. Ogle. Where are the palsy-drops, Brush?

Brush. Here, my Lord! [Pouring out.]

L. Ogle. Quelle nouvelle avez vous, 160 Canton?

Cant. A great deal of papier, but no news at all.

L. Ogle. What! nothing at all, you stupid fellow?

Cant. Yes, my Lor, I have littel advertise here vil give you more plaisir den all de lyes about noting at all. La voila!

[Puts on his spectacles.]

L. Ogle. Come read it, Canton, with good emphasis and good discretion. 170

Cant. I vil, my Lor—[Cant, reads.] Dere is no question, but dat de Cosmetique Royale vil utterlie take away all heats, pimps, frecks & oder eruptions of de skin, and likewise de wrinque of old age, &c. &c.—A great deal more, my Lof—be sure to ask for de Cosmetique Royale, signed by de Docteur own hand—Dere is more raison for dis caution dan good men vil tink—Eh bien, my Lor! 150

L. Ogle. Eh bien, Canton!—Will you purchase any?

Cant. For you, my Lor?

L. Ogle. For me, you old puppy! for what?

Cant. My Lor?

L. Ogle. Do I want cosmeticks?

Cant. My Lor!

L. Ogle. Look in my face—come, be sincere—Does it want the assistance of art? 190

Cant, [with his spectacles.] En veritc, non.—'Tis very smoose and brilliant—but I tote dat you might take a litt^o by way of prevention.

L. Ogle. You thought like an old fool, Monsieur, as you generally do—The surfeit-water,⁰ Brush! [Brush pours out.] What do you think, Brush, of this family, we are going to be connected with?—Eh!

Brush.⁰ Very well to marry in, my 20 Lord; but it would not do to live with.

L. Ogle. You are right, Brush—There is no washing the Blackamoor white—Mr. Sterling will never get rid of Black-Fryars,

always taste of the Borachio⁰—and the poor woman his sister is so busy and so notable, to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over her first reception; it almost amounted to suffocation! I think the the daughters are tolerable—Where's my 210 cephalick snuff?⁰ [Brush gives him a box.]

Cant. Dcy tink so of you, my Lor, for dey look at noting else, ma foi.

L. Ogle. Did they?—Why, I think they did a little'—Where's my glass? [Brush puts one on the table.] The youngest is delectable. [Takes snuff.]

Cant. O, ouy, my Lor—very delect, in-teed; she made doux yeux at you, my Lor.

L. Ogle. She was particular—the eldest, 20 my nephew's lady, will be a most valuable wife; she has all the vulgar spirits of her father, and aunt, happily blended with the termagant qualities of her deceased mother.—Some pepper-mint water, Brush!—How happy is it, Cant, for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook eveiy thing in a marriage contract but their fortune.

Cant. C'est bien heureux, et commode 20 aussi.

L. Ogle. Brush, give me that pamphlet by my bed-side—[Brush goes for it.] Canton, do you wait in the anti-chamber, and let nobody interrupt me till I call you.

Cant. Mush goot may do your Lorship!

L. Ogle. [To Brush, who brings the pamphlet.] And now, Brush, leave me a little to my studies. [Exit Brush.]

Lord Ogleby alone.

What can I possibly do among 20 these women here, with this confounded rheumatism? It is a most grievous enemy to gallantly and address—[Gets off his chair.]—He!—Courage, my Lor! by heav'ns, I'm another creatine—[Hums and dances a little.] It will do, faith—Bravo, my Lor! these girls have absolutely inspir'd me—If they are for a game of romps—Me voila pret! [Sings and dances.] 0—that's an ugly twinge—but it's gone—I have rather 250 too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a faint tincture of the rose will give a delicate spirit to my eyes for the day.

[litt] 1777; little Oo 1-3; like 1770.

surfeit-water] cf. p. 152 mpra.

Brush.] Brush. [Giving the surfeit water.] 1777.

Borachio] see n. p. 444 supra.

cephalick snuff] medicated snuff, supposed to clear the head.

[Unlocks a drawer at the bottom of the glass, and takes out rouge; while he's painting himself, a knocking at the door.] Who's there! I won't be disturb'd.

Canton, [without.] My Lor, my Lor, here is Monsieur Sterling to pay his devoir to you this morn in your chambre. 260

L. Ogle, [softly.] What a fellow!—[aloud.] I am extreemly honour'd by Mr. Sterling—Why don't you see him in, Monsieur?—I wish he was at the bottom of his stinking canal— [Door opens.] Oh, my dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter Sterling and Lovewell.

Stcrl. I hope, my Lord, that your Lordship slept well in the night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have—I spare no pains to get 'em, nor money 270 to buy 'em—His Majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace; and if I had said in too,* I hope no treason, my Lord.

L. Ogle. Your beds are like every thing else about you, incomparable!—They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr. Sterling.

Stcrl. What say you then, my Lord, to another walk in the garden? You must 280 see my water by daylight, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flow'ring trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips—Matters look'd but dim last night, my Lord; I feel the dew in my great toe—but I would put on a cut shoe that I might be able to walk you about—I may be laid up to-morrow.

L. Ogle. I pray heav'n you may! [aside.]

Stcrl. What say you, my Lord! 290

L. Ogle. I was saying, Sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast: Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world—he, he.

Cant. Bravissimo, my Lor!—ha, ha, he.

Stcrl. They shall meet your Lordship in the garden—we won't lose our walk for them; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and a larger before dinner, 300 and in the evening you shall go the Grand Tower, as I call'it, ha, ha, ha.

L. Ogle. Not a foot, I hope, Mr. Sterling—consider your gout, my good friend—

You'll certainly be laid by the heels for your politeness—he, he, he.

Cant. Ha, ha, ha—'tis admirable! en verite!— [Laughing very heartily.]

Stcrl. If my young man [to Lovewell] here, would but laugh at my jokes, 310 which he ought to do, as Mounseer does at yours, my Lord, we should be all life and mirth.

L. Ogle. What say you, Cant, will you take my kinsman under^o your tuition? you have certainly the most companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tunc.

Cant. But when your lorship is out of spirits. 320

L. Ogle. Well said. Cant,—but here comes my nephew, to play his part.

Enter Sir John Melvil.

Well, Sir John, what news from the island of Love?

Sir John. I am glad to see your Lordship in such spirits this morning.

L. Ogle. I'm sorry to see you so dull, Sir—What poor things, Mr. Sterling, these very young fellows are! they make love with faces, as if they were burying the 330 dead—though, indeed, a marriage sometimes may be properly called a burying of the living—eh, Mr. Sterling?—

Stcrl. Not if they have enough to live upon, my Lord—Ha, ha, ha.

Cant. Dat is all Monsieur Sterling tink of.

Sir John. Pritheee, Lovewell, come with me into the garden; I have something of consequence wo^o 340 for you, and I must communicat[^] it directly.

Lovcw. We'll go together— If your Lordship and Mr. Sterling please, wo'll prepare the ladies to attend you in the garden.

[Exeunt Sir John, and Lovewell.]

Stcrl. My girls are always ready, I make 'em^o rise soon, and to-bed early; their husbands shall have 'em^o with good constitutions, and good fortunes, if they aw have nothing else, my Lord.

L. Ogle. Fine things, Mr. Sterling!

Stcrl. Fine things, indeed, my Lord!—

under] Oo 1, 2; into O 3, 1770.

'em] them 1777.

Ah, my Lord, had not you run off your speed in your youth, you had not been so crippled in your age, my Lord.

L. Ogle. Very pleasant, I protest, He, he, he.— [Half-laughing.

Sterl. Here's Mounseer now, I suppose, is pretty near your Lordship's standing; 360 but having little to eat, and little to spend, in his own country, he'll wear three of your Lordship out—eating and drinking kills us all.

L. Ogle. Very pleasant, I protest—What a vulgar dog! [Aside.

Cant. My Lor so old as me!—He is shicken to me—and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Sterl. Ha, ha, ha. Well said, Mounseer 370—keep to that, and you'll live in any country of the world—Ha, ha, ha.—But, my Lord, I will wait upon you into the garden; we have but a little time to breakfast—I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my Lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter! [Exit Sterling.

L. Ogle. I shall attend you with pleasure—Hot rolls and butter, in July!—I sweat with the thoughts of it—What a strange 380 beast it is!

Cant. C'est un barbare.

L. Ogle. He is a-vulgar dog, and if there was not so much money in the family, which I can't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly—Come along, Monsieur!

[Exeunt Lord Ogleby and Canton.

Scene changes to the Garden.

Enter Sir John Melvil, and Love well.

Lovew. In my room this morning? Impossible.

Sir John. Before five this morning, I promise you.

Lovew. On what occasion?

Sir John. I was so anxious to disclose my mind to you, that I could not sleep in my bed—But I found that you could not sleep neither—The bird was flown, and the nest long since cold.—Where was you, Love- 10 well?

Lovew. Pooh! prithee! ridiculous!

Sir John. Come now! which was it? Miss Sterling's maid? a pretty little rogue!—or

Miss Fanny's Abigail? a sweet soul too!—or—

Lovew. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your business.

Sir John. Well, but where was you, Lovewell? 20

Lovew. Walking—writing—what signifies where I was?

Sir John. Walking! yes, I dare say. It rained as hard as it could pour. Sweet refreshing showers to walk in! No, no, Lovewell.—Now would I give twenty pounds to know which of the maids—

Lovew. But your business! your business, Sir John!

Sir John. Let me a little into the so secrets of the family.

Lovew. Psha!

Sir John. Poor Lovewell! he can't bear it, I see. She charged you not to kiss and tell.—Eh, Lovewell! However, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to trust you with mine.—What d'ye think of Miss Sterling?

Lovew. What do I think of Miss Sterling? 40

Sir John. Ay; what d'ye think of her?

Lovew. An odd question!—but I think her a smart, lively girl, full of mirth and sprightliness.

Sir John. All mischief and malice, I doubt.

Lovew. How?

Sir John. But her person—what d'ye think of that?

Lovew. Pretty and agreeable. 50

Sir John. A little grisette^o thing.

Lovew. What is the meaning of all this?

Sir John. I'll tell you. You must know, Lovewell, that notwithstanding all appearances—[seeing Lord Ogleby &c] We are interrupted—When they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter Lord Ogleby, Sterling, Mrs. Heidelberg, Miss Sterling, and Fanny.

Lord Ogle. Great improvements indeed, Mr. Sterling! wonderful improvements! The four seasons in lead, the flying 60 Mercury, and the basin with Neptune in the middle, are all in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde-Park Corner.

[grisette] om. 1777. Grisette, a working girl.

Sterl. The chief pleasure of a country house is to make improvements, you know, my Lord. I spare no expence, not I.—This is quite another-guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my Lord. We were surrounded with trees. I cut down 70 above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack-smooth—as you see.—Then I made a green-house out of the old laundry, and turned the brew-house into a pinery.—The high octagon summer-house, you see yonder, is raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East-India captain, who has turned many a thousand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the 80 coaches and chariots, and chaises, pass and repass under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the afternoon, my Lord. 'Tis the pleasantest place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle,—and so you shall say, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Ay—or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr. Sterling! for it looks like a cabin in the air.—If flying chairs were in use, the captain might make a voyage to 90 the Indies in it still, if he had but a fair wind.

Canton. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Heidel. My brother's a little comical in his ideas, my Lord!—But you'll excuse him.—I have a little gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taste.—In the evening I shall hope for the honour of your Lordship's company to take a dish of tea there, or a sullabub warm from the 100 cow.

Lord Ogle. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg—the very flower of delicacy, and cream of politeness.

Mrs. Heidel. 0 my Lord! 1 *leering at each*

Lord Ogle. 0 Madam! J *other.*

Scrl. How d'ye like these close walks, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. A most excellent serpen- no tine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true-lover's knot.

Sterl. Ay—here's none of your strait lines here—but all taste—zig-zag—crinkum erankum⁰—in and out—right and left—to and again—twisting and turning like a worm, my Lord!

crinkum erankum] full of twists and turns.

Lord Ogle. Admirably laid out indeed, Mr. Sterling! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose any where in these 120 walks.—You are a most excellent economist of your land, and make a little go a great way.—It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Gracechurch-Street.

Canton. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogle. What d'ye laugh at, Canton?

Canton. Ah! que cette similitude est drole! So clever what you say, mi Lor!

Lord Ogle, [to Fanny.] You seem 130 mightly engaged, Madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about?

Fanny. Only making up a nosegay, my Lord!—Will your Lordship do me the honour of accepting it? [*Presenting it.*]

Lord Ogle. I'll wear it next my heart, Madam!—I see the young creature doats on me.

[*Apart.*]

Miss Sterl. Lord, sister! youVe loaded his Lordship with a bunch of flowers as 140 big as the cook or the nurse carry to town on Monday morning for a beaput.⁰—Will your Lordship give me leave to present you with this rose and a sprig of sweet-briar?

Lord Ogle. The truest emblems of yourself, Madam! all sweetness and poignancy.—A little jealous, poor soul!

[*Apart.*]

Sterl. Now, my Lord, if you please, I'll carry you to see my Ruins.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll absolutely fatigue 150 his Lordship with overwalking, Brother!

Lord Ogle. Not at all, Madam! We're in the garden of Eden, you know; in the region of perpetual spring, youth, and beauty.

[*Leering at the women.*]

Mrs. Heidel. Quite the man of quality, I pertest.

[*Apart.*]

Canton. Take a my arm, mi Lor!

[*Lord Ogleby leans on him.*]

Sterl. I'll only shew his Lordship my ruins, and the cascade, and the Chinese 160 bridge, and then we'll go in to breakfast.

Lord Ogle. Ruins, did you say, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Ay, ruins, my Lord! and they are reckoned very fine ones too. You would think them ready to tumble on your head. It has just cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair.—This way, if your Lordship pleases.

beaput] a large flower vase.

Lord Ogle, [going, stops.] What stee- 170
pie's that we see yonder?, the parish-
church, I suppose.

Sterl. Ha! ha! ha! that's admirable. It is
no church at all, my Lord! it is a spire
that I have built against a tree, a field or
two off, to terminate the prospect. One
must always have a church, or an obelisk,
or a something, to terminate the prospect,
you know. That's a rule in taste, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. Very ingenious, indeed! For 180
my part, I desire no finer prospect, than
this I see before me. *Uccring at the
women.*—Simple, yet varied; bounded, yet
extensive.—Get away, Canton— *[pushing
away Canton.]* I want no assistance.—I'll
walk with the ladies.

Sterl. This way, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. Lead on, Sir!—We young
folks here will follow you.—Madam!—Miss
Sterling!—Miss Fanny! I attend you. 190
*[Exit, after Sterling, gallanting the
ladies.]*

Canton, [following.] He is cock o'de
game, ma foy! *[Exit.]*

Manent Sir John Melvil, and Lovewell.

Sir John. At length, thank heaven, I have
an opportunity to unbosom.—I know you
are faithful, Lovewell, and flatter myself
you would rejoice to serve me.

Lovew. Be assured, you may depend on
me.

Sir John. You must know then, notwith-
standing all appearances, that this treaty 200
of marriage between Miss Sterling and me
will come to nothing.

Lovew. How!

Sir John. It will be no match, Lovewell.

Lovew. No match?

Sir John. No.

Lovew. You amaze me. What should pre-
vent it?

Sir John. I.

Lovew. You! wherefore? 210

Sir John. I don't like her.

Lovew. Very plain indeed! I never sup-
posed that you was^o extremely devoted to
her from inclination, but thought you al-
ways considered it as a matter of conve-
nience, rather than affection.

Sir John. Very true. I came into the fam-
ily without any impressions on my mind—
with an unimpassioned indifference ready
was] were 1777. You was, a recognized form.

to receive one woman as soon as another. 220
I looked upon love, serious, sober love,
as a chimaera, and marriage as a thing of
course, as you know most people do. But
I, who was lately so great an infidel in
love, am now one of its sincerest votaries.
—In short, my defection from Miss Sterling
proceeds from the violence of my attach-
ment to another.

Lovew. Another! So! so! here will be
fine work. And pray who is she? 230

Sir John. Who is she! who can she be? but
Fanny, the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny.

Lovew. Fanny! What Fanny?

Sir John. Fanny Sterling. Her sister—Is
not she an angel, Lovewell?

Lovew. Her sister? Confusion!—You
must not think of it, Sir John.

Sir John. Not think of it? I can think
of nothing else. Nay, tell me, Lovewell!
was it possible for me to be indulged in 240
a perpetual intercourse with two such ob-
jects as Fanny and her sister, and not find
my heart led by insensible attraction to-
wards Her?—You seem confounded—Why
don't you answer me?

Lovew. Indeed, Sir John, this event gives
me infinite concern.

Sir John. Why so?—Is not she an angel,
Lovewell?

Lovew. I foresee that it must produce 250
the worst consequences. Consider the con-
fusion it must unavoidably create. Lot me
persuade you to drop these thoughts in
time.

Sir John. Never—never, Lovewell!

Lovew. You have gone too far to recede.
A negotiation, so nearly concluded, cannot
be broken off with any grace. The lawyers,
you know, are hourly expected; the pre-
liminaries almost finally settled between 260
Lord Ogleby and Mr. Sterling; and Miss
Sterling herself ready to receive you as a
husband.

Sir John. Why the banns have been pub-
lished, and nobody has forbidden them, 'tis
true—but you know either of the parties
may change their minds even after they
enter the church.

Lovew. You think too lightly of this
matter. To carry your addresses so far— 20
and then to desert her—and for her sister
too!—It will be such an affront to the fam-
ily, that they can never put up with it.

Sir John. I don't think so: for as to my transferring my passion from her to her sister, so much the better!—for then, you know, I don't carry my affections out of the family.

Lovcw. Nay, but prithee be serious, and think better of it. 280

Sir John. I have thought better of it already, you see. Tell me honestly, Lovewell! can you blame me? Is there any comparison between them?

Lovcw. As to that now—why that—that is° just—just as it may strike different people. There are many admirers of Miss Sterling's vivacity.

Sir John. Vivacity! a medley of Cheap-side pertness, and Whitechapel pride.— 290 No—no—if I do go so far into the city for a wedding-dinner, it shall be upon turtle at least.

Lovcw. But I see no probability of success; for granting that Mr. Sterling would have consented to it at first, he cannot listen to it now. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir John. Under such embarrassed circumstances as I have been, can you 300 wonder at my irresolution or perplexity? Nothing but despair, the fear of losing my dear Fanny, could bring me to a declaration even now: and yet, I think I know Mr. Sterling so well, that, strange as my proposal may appear, if I can make it advantageous to him as a money-transaction, as I am sure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Lovcw. But even suppose he should, 310 which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herself would listen to your addresses.

Sir John. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Lovcw. You'll find I am in the right.

Sir John. I have some little reason to think otherwise.

Lovew. You have not declared your passion to her already? 820

Sir John. Yes, I have.

Lovew. Indeed!—And—and—and how did she receive it?

Sir John. I think it is not very easy for me to make my addresses to any woman, without receiving some little encouragement.

that—that is! Oo 1, 2; *that-da* O 3, 1770.

Lovcw. Encouragement! did she give you any encouragement?

Sir John. I don't know what you call encouragement—but she blushed—and cried 330—and desired me not to think of it any more:—upon which I prcst her hand—kissed it—swore she was an angel—and I could see it tickled her to the soul.

Lovcw. And did she express no surprise at your declaration?

Sir John. Why, faith, to say the truth, she was a little surprised—and she got away from me too, before I could thoroughly explain myself. If I should not meet with 340 an opportunity of speaking to her, I must get you to deliver a letter from me.

Lovew. I!—a letter!—I had rather have nothing—

Sir John. Nay, you promised me your assistance—and I am sure you cannot scruple to make yourself useful on such an occasion.—You may, without suspicion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am resolved 350 to ask her father's consent.

Lovcw. As to that, I—your commands, you know—that is, if she—Indeed, Sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Sir John. Well—well—that's my concern—Ha! there she goes, by heaven! along that walk yonder, d'ye see?—I'll go to her immediately.

Lovcw. You are too precipitate. Consider what you are doing. 360

Sir John. I would not lose this opportunity for the universe.

Lovcw. Nay, pray don't go! Your violence and eagerness may overcome her spirits.—The shock will be too much for her.

[detaining him.]

Sir John. Nothing shall prevent me.—Ha! now she turns into another walk.—Let me go! *[breaks from him.]* I shall lose her.—*[going, turns back.]* Be sure now to keep out of the way!—If you interrupt us, I 370 shall never forgive you. *[Exit hastily.]*

Love well alone.

'Sdeath! I can't bear this. In love with my wife! acquaint me with his passion for her! make his addresses before my face!—I shall break out before my time.—This was the meaning of Fanny's uneasiness. She could not encourage him—

I am sure she could not.—Ha! they are turning into the walk, and coming this way.—Shall I leave the place?—Leave 380 him to solicit my wife! I can't submit to it.—They come nearer and nearer—If I stay it will look suspicious—It may betray us, and incense him—They are here—I must go—I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world. *{Exit,*

Enter Fanny, and Sir John.

Fanny. Leave me, Sir John, I beseech you leave me!—nay, why will you persist to follow me with idle sollicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an 390 injury to your own honour?

Sir John. I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it: but let the urgency of the occasion be my excuse! Consider Madam, that the future happiness of my life depends on my present application to you! consider that this day must determine my fate; and these are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my passion, and to intrcat you not to 400 oppose the proposals I mean to open to your father.

Fanny. For shame, for shame, Sir John! Think, of your previous engagements! Think of your own situation, and think of mine!—What have you discovered in my conduct that might encourage you to so bold a declaration? I am shocked that you should venture to say so much, and blush that I should even dare to give it a hear- 400 ing.—Let me be gone!

Sir John. Nay, stay Madam! but one moment!—Your sensibility is too great.—Engagements! what engagements have even been pretended on either side than those of family-convenience? I wont on in the trammels of matrimonial negotiation with a blind submission to your father and Lord Ogleby; but my heart soon claimed a right to be consulted. It has devoted itself to 420 you, and obliges me to plead earnestly for the same tender interest in yours.

Fanny. Have a care, Sir John! do not mistake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination. By these common pretences of the heart, half of our sex are made fools, and a greater part of yours despise them for it.

Sir John. Affection, you will allow, is

involuntary. We cannot always direct it 430 to the object on which it should fix—But when it is once inviolably attached, inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection.—When I last urged you on this subject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with some compassion.

Fanny. You deceived yourself. If I forbore to exert a proper spirit, nay if I did not even express the quickest resentment of your behaviour, it was only in con- 440 sideration of that respect I wish to pay you, in honour to my sister: and be assured, Sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleasure from a triumph, that must result from the blackest treachery to her. *{going.*

Sir John. One word, and I have done. *[stopping her.]*—Your impatience and anxiety, and the urgency of the occasion, oblige me to be brief and explicit with 450 you.—I appeal therefore from your delicacy to your justice.—Your sister, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderness for you.—Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united.—Now as they cannot, shall not be connected, otherwise than by my union with you, why will you, from a false delicacy, oppose a measure 460 so conducive to my happiness, and, I hope, your own?—I love you, most passionately and sincerely love you—and hope to propose terms agreeable to Mr. Sterling.—If then you don't absolutely loath, abhor, and scorn me—if there is no other happier man—

Fanny. Hear me, Sir! hear my final determination.—Were my father and sister as insensible as you are pleased to represent 470 them;—were my heart for ever to remain disengaged to any other—I could not listen to your proposals.—What! You on the very eve of a marriage with my sister; I living under the same roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendship and hospitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happiness,—and not to conspire against her peace—the peace of a whole family—and that my own too!— 480 Away! away, Sir John!—At such a time, and in such circumstances, your addresses only inspire me with horror.—Nay, you

must detain me no longer.—I will go.

Sir John. Do not leave me in absolute despair!—Give me a glimpse of hope!

[falling on his knees.

Fanny. I cannot. Pray, *Sir John!*

[struggling to go.

Sir John. Shall this hand be given to another? *[kissing her hand.]* No—I cannot endure it.—My whole soul is yours, and 490 the whole happiness of my life is in your power.

Enter Miss Sterling.

Fanny. Ha! my sister is here. Rise for shame, *Sir John!*

Sir John. Miss Sterling! *[rising.*

Miss Sterl. I beg pardon, *Sir!*—You'll excuse me, *Madam!*—I have broke in upon you a little unopportunately, I believe—But I did not mean to interrupt you—I only came, *Sir,* to let you know that breakfast 500 waits, if you have finished your morning's devotions.

Sir John. I am very sensible, *Miss Sterling,* that this may appear particular,⁰ but——

Miss Sterl. Oh dear, *Sir John,* don't put yourself to the trouble of an apology. The thing explains itself.

Sir John. It will soon, *Madam!*—In the mean time I can only assure you of my 510 profound respect and esteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing *Mr. Sterling* of the honour and integrity of my intentions. And—and—your humble servant, *Madam!*

[Exit in confusion.

Manen! Fanny, and Miss Sterling.

Miss Sterl. Respect?—Insolence!—Esteem?—Very fine truly!—And you, *Madam!* my sweet, delicate, innocent, sentimental sister! will you convince my papa too of the integrity of your intentions? 520

Fanny. Do not upbraid me, my dear sister! Indeed, I don't deserve it. Believe me, you can't be more offended at his behaviour than I am, and I am sure it cannot make you half so miserable.

Miss Sterl. Make me miserable! You are mightily deceived, *Madam!* It gives me no sort of uneasiness, I assure you.—A base fellow!—As for you, *Miss!* the pretended softness of your disposition, your artful 530

particular] peculiar, odd.

good-nature, never imposed upon me. I always knew you to be sly, and envious, and deceitful.

Fanny. Indeed you wrong me.

Miss Sterl. Oh, you are all goodness, to be sure!—Did not I find him on his knees before you? Did not I see him kiss your sweet hand? Did not I hear his protestations? Was not I witness of your dissembled modesty?—No—no, my dear! don't 540 imagine that you can make a fool of your elder sister so easily.

Fanny. *Sir John,* I own, is to blame; but I am above the thoughts of doing you the least injury.

Miss Sterl. We shall try that, *Madam!*—I hope, *Miss,* you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my aunt—for they shall both know of this matter, I promise you.

[Exit, 550

Fanny alone.

How unhappy I am! my distresses multiply upon me.—*Mr. Lovewell* must now become acquainted with *Sir John's* behaviour to me—and in a manner that may add to his uneasiness.—My father, instead of being disposed by fortunate circumstances to forgive any transgression, will be previously incensed against me.—My sister and my aunt will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in my dis- 560 grace.—Yet, at all events, I am determined on a discovery. I dread it, and am resolved to hasten it. It is surrounded with more horrors every instant, as it appears every instant more necessary.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A hall.

Enter a servant leading in Serjeant Flower, and Counsellors Traverse and Trueman—all booted.

Servant. This way, if you please, gentlemen! my master is at breakfast with the family at present—but I'll let him know, and he will wait on you immediately.

Flower. Mighty well, young man, mighty well.

Servant. Please to favour me with your names, gentlemen.⁰

gentlemen] om. 1770.

Flower. Let Mr. Sterling know, that Mr. Serjeant Flower, and two^o other gentle-10 men of the bar, are c^Qme to wait on him according to his appointment.

Servant. I will, Sir. [going.]

Flower. And harkee, young man! [*servant returns.*] Desire my servant—Mr. Serjeant Flower's servant—to bring in my green and gold saddle-cloth and pistols, and lay them down here in the hall with my portmanteau.

Servant. I will, Sir. [Exit. 20]

Mancnt Lawyers.

Flower. Well, gentlemen! the settling these marriage articles falls conveniently enough, almost just on the eve of the circuits.—Let me see—the Home, the Midland, Oxford,^o and Western,—ay, we can ail cross the country well enough to our several destinations.—*Traverse*, when do you begin at Abingdon?^o

Traverse. The day after to-morrow.

Flower. That is commission-day with so us at Warwick too.—But my clerk has retainers for every cause in the paper, so it will be time enough if I am there the next morning.—Besides, I have about half a dozen cases that have lain by me ever since the spring assizes, and I must tack opinions to them before I see my country-clients again—so I will take the evening before me—and then *currente calamo*, as I say—eh, *Traverse*! 40

Traverse. True, Mr. Serjeant—and the easiest^o thing in the world too—for those country attornies are such ignorant dogs, that in case of the devise^o of an estate to A. and his heirs for ever, they'll make a query, whether he takes it in fee^o or in tail.

Flower. Do you expect to have much to do on the Home circuit^o these assizes?

two] Oo 2, 3, 1770; three O 1.

Oxford] om. Oo 2, 3, 1770.

Abinudon] Hertford Oo 2, 3, 1770.

and the easiest . . . in tail] Oo 2, 3, 1770; om. O 1. devise] disposition by will.

in fee . . . tail] in fee simple, that is with absolute right of possession and disposition or in fee tail, that is without power of disposition. The ignorance is exhibited in not realizing that if the devise is to A and his heirs for ever, A obviously has the estate in tail.

Home circuit] the assize circuit of which London is the centre.

Traverse. Not much *nisi prius* business,^o but a good deal on the crown side, I 50 believe.—The goals^o are brimfull—and some of the felons in good circumstances, and likely to be tolerable clients.—Let me see! I am engag'd for three highway robberies, two murders, one forgery, and half a dozen larcenies, at Kingston.

Flower. A pretty decent goal-delivery!—Do you expect to bring off Darkin, for the robbery on Putney-Common? Can you make out your *alibi*? 60

Traverse. Oh. no! the crown witnesses are sure to prove our identity. We shall certainly be hanged: but that don't signify.—But, Mr. Serjeant, have you much to do?—any remarkable cause on the Midland this circuit?

Flower. Nothing very remarkable,—except two rapes, and Rider and Western at Nottingham, for *crivi. con.*^o—but, on the whole, I believe a good deal of business⁷⁰—Our associate tells me, there are above thirty *venires*^o for Warwick.

Traverse. Pray, Mr. Serjeant, are *you* concerned in Jones and Thomas at Lincoln?

Flower. I am—for the plaintiff.

Traverse. And what do you think on't?

Flower. A nonsuit.

Traverse. I thought so.

Flower. Oh, no manner of doubt on't—80 *luce clarius*—we have no right in us—we have but one chance.

Traverse. What's that?

Flower. Why, my Lord Chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commission, the cause will come on before him.

Trueman. Ay, that may do, indeed, if you can but throw dust in the eyes of the defendant's council.^o 90

Flower. True.—Mr. Trueman, I think you are concerned for Lord Ogleby in this affair? [to Trueman.]

Trueman. I am, Sir—I have the honour to be related to his Lordship, and hold some courts for him in Somersetshire,—go the Western circuit—and attend the sessions

nisi prius business] civil actions.

goals] variant spelling of *gaols*. Cf. p. 495 *supra*.

cnm. con.] criminal conversation, i.e., adultery.

venires] jury cases.

council] cf. p. 563 *supra*.

at Exeter, merely because his Lordship's interest and property lie in that part of the kingdom. 100

Flower. Ha!—and pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

Trueman. About nine years and three quarters.

Flower. Ha!—I don't know that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before.—I wish you success, young gentleman!

Enter Sterling.

Sterl. Oh, Mr. Serjeant Flower, I am glad to see you—Your servant, Mr. Serjeant! gentlemen, your servant!—Well, 110 are all matters concluded? Has that snail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret of Gray's Inn, settled the articles at last? Do you approve of what he has done? Will his tackle hold? tight and strong?—Eh, master Serjeant?

Flower. My friend Ferret's slow and sure, Sir—But then, *scrim out citius*, as we say, —sooner or later, Mr. Sterling, he is sure to put his business out of hand as he 120 should do.—My clerk has brought the writings, and all other instruments along with him, and the settlement is, I believe, as good a settlement as any settlement on the face of the earth!

Sterl. But that damn'd mortgage of 60,000l.—There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Traverse. I can answer for that, Sir—and that will be cleared off immediately on 130 the payment of the first part of Miss Sterling's portion—You agree, on your part, to come down with 80,000l.—

Sterl. Down on the nail.—Ay, ay, my money is ready to-morrow if he pleases—he shall have it in India-bonds, or notes, or how he chuses.—Your lords, and your dukes, and your people at the court-end of the town stick at payments sometimes—debts unpaid, no credit lost with them— 110 but no fear of us substantial fellows—eh, Mr. Serjeant!—

Flower. Sir John having last term, according to agreement, levied a fine, and suffered a recovery, has thereby cut off the entail of the Ogleby estate for the better effecting the purposes of the present intended 4 marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby estate, a jointure of 2000l. 1

per ann. is secured to your eldest daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, spinster, and the whole estate, after the death of the aforesaid earl, descends to the heirs male of Sir John Melvil on the body of the aforesaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully to be begotten.

Traverse. Very true—and Sir John is to be put in immediate possession of as much of his Lordship's Somersetshire estate, as lies in the manors of Hogmore and Cran- 160 ford, amounting to between two and three thousands⁰ per ann. and at the death of Mr. Sterling, a further sum of seventy thousand—

Enter Sir John Melvil.

Sterl. Ah, Sir John! Here we are—hard at it—paving the road to matrimony—We'll have⁰ no jolts; all upon the nail, as easy as the new pavement.—First the lawyers, then comes the doctor—Let us but dispatch the long-robe,^o we shall soon 170 set Pudding-sleeves⁰ to work, I warrant you.

Sir Joint. I am sorry to interrupt you, Sir—but I hope that both you and these gentlemen will excuse me—having something very particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately.

Sterl. Ay, with all my heart—Gentle- 180 men, Mr. Serjeant, you'll excuse it—Business must be done, you know.—The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.

Flower. I must be at Warwick, Mr. Sterling, the day after.

Sterl. Nay, nay, I shan't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promise you—My house is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your servants, and 190 stabling for all your horses.—Will you take a turn in the garden, and view some of my improvements before dinner? Or will you amuse yourselves on^o the green, with a game of bowls and a cool tankard?—My servants shall attend you—Do you

thousands] thousand 1770.

We'll have . . . pavement] om. Oo 2, 3, 1770.

long-robe] a lawyer. Cf. p. 117 *supra*.

Pudding sleeves] a parson.

on] Oo 2, 3, 1770; in O 1.

chuse any other refreshment?—Call for what you please;—do as you please;—make yourselves quite At-borne, I beg of you.—Here,—Thomas, Harry, William, 200 wait on these Gentlemen!—[*follows the lawyers out, bawling and talking, and then returns to Sir John.*] And now, Sir, I am entirely at your service.—What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negotiation between our families to so great a length, after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful com- 210 pliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Sterl. Uneasiness I what uneasiness?—Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same con- 220 ditions I agree to receive you as a son-in-law; and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir John. Pardon me, Sir; more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too; and unless you will oblige me with the assist- 230 ance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Sterl. What the deuce is all this? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir John. In one word then—it will be 1 absolutely impossible for me to fulfill my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Sterl. How, Sir John? Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! 240 refuse to—

Sir John. Be assured, Sir, that I neither mean to affront, nor forsake your family.—My only fear is, that you should desert me; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Sterl. Why, did not you tell me, but a I

moment ago, that it was absolutely im- 230 possible for you to marry my daughter?

Sir John. True.—But you have another daughter, Sir—

Sterl. Well?

Sir John. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprized of it, and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit 260 of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Sterl. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughters, like servants at a statute-fair? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the 270 Grand Signior, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then to t'other, just as he pleases? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them? and—

Sir John. A moment's patience, Sir! Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny shou'd have induced me to take any step that had the least appear- 280 ance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Sterl. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr. Sterling; I 290 know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you shall see that 290 I do not desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Sterl. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. Til tell you, Sir.—You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds, 300

*off of any 1770.
do not) don't 1770.*

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Now if you will but consent to my waving that marriage—

Sterl. I agree to your waving that marriage? Impossible, Sir John!

Sir John. I hope not, Sir; as on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Sterl. Thirty thousand, d'y'e say? 310

Sir John. Yes, Sir; and accept of Miss Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Fifty thousand— [pausing.

Sir John. Instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Why,—why,—there may be something in that.—Let me see; Fanny with fifty thousand instead of Betsey with fourscore—But how can this be, Sir John?—For you know I am to pay this money 30 into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe—between you and me, Sir John,—is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present incumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir John. That objection is easily obviated.—Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was 30 intended by his Lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little *eclat* on our marriage; and the other ten for his own.—Ten thousand pounds therefore I shall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thousand you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, 'till the 340 ^principal is duly discharged.

Sterl. Why—to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family—

Sir John. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling.—And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary—such things happen every day—and as the world has only heard generally of 350 treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Sterl. True, true; and since you only transfer⁰ from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing.

Sterl. Odsol! I had quite forgot. We 360 are reckoning without our host here. There is another difficulty—

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be?

Sterl. I can't stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heidelberg—The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir John. But if you come into this 270 measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent—

Sterl. I don't know that—Betsey is her darling, and I can't tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece.^o—However, I'll do the best I can for you.—You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by that time that I may suppose that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to 390 reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I'll fly to her immediately: you promise me your assistance?

Sterl. I do.

Sir John. Ten thousand thanks for it! and now success attend me! [going.

Sterl. Harkee, Sir John!

Sir John returns.

Sterl. Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, Sir John. 390

Sir John. Oh, I am dumb, I am dumb, Sir. [going.

Sterl. You remember it is thirty thousand,^o

Sir John. To be sure I do. [going.^o

Sterl. But Sir John!—one thing more. [Sir John returns.] My Lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir John. Not for the world.—Let me alone! let me alone! [offering to go. 400

Sterl. [holding him.]—And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

transfer] transfer your addresses 1777.

niece] niece Oo 2, 3, 1770.

going] oin. Oo 2, 3, 1770.

Sir John. To be sure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you please.
 .*[Exit hastily.]*

Sterling alone.

I should have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing—Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality; that cry for a plaything one minute, and throw it by the next! as 40 changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the stocks.—Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the interest of the nation truly!—Here does this whirligig man of fashion offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a china orange.—By this mortgage, I shall have a hold on his *Terra-firma*, and if he wants more money, as he cer- 40 tainly will,—let him have children by my daughter or no, I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family.—Well; thus it is, that the children of citizens, who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits. *{Exit.}*

SCENE changes to another apartment.

Enter Mrs. Heidelberg, and Miss Sterling.

Miss Sterl. This is your gentle-looking, soft-speaking, sweet-smiling, affable Miss Fanny for you!

Mrs. Heidel. My Miss Fanny! I disclaim her. With all her arts she never could insinuat herself into my good graces—and yet she has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.^o

Miss Sterl. O ay; she wants nothing 10 but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and simplicity.

Mrs. Heidel. Just as I was drawn at Amsterdam, when I went over to visit my husband's relations.

Miss Sterl. And then she's so mighty good to servants—pray, *John, do this—pray, Tom, do that—thank you, Jenny—* and then so humble to her relations—to 20

niece] niece Oo 2, 3, 1770.

*be sure, Papa!—as my Aunt pleases—my Sister knows best—*But with all her demureness and humility she has no objection to be Lady Melvil, it seems, nor to any wickedness that can make her so.

Mrs. Heidel. She Lady Melvil?^o Compose yourself, Niece! I'll ladyship her indeed:—a little creepin,^o cantin—She shan't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intrigu- 30 ing with Sir John correspond with her partiality fo Lovewell? I don't see a concatenation here.

Miss Sterl. There I was deceived, Madam. I took all their whisperings and stealing info corners to be the mere attraction of vulgar minds; but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own insipid happiness, but to conspire against mine.—But I know whence proceeds Mr. 40 Lovewell's resentment to me. I could not stoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and so I have lost his interest.

Mrs. Heidel. My spurrit to a T.—My dear child! *[kissing her.]*—Mr. Heidelberg lost his election for member of parliament, because I would not demean myself to be slobbered about by drunken shoemakers, beastly cheesemongers, and greasy butchers and tallow-chandlers. However, Niece, I 50 can't help diffuring a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experunce and sagucity makes me still suspect, that there is something more between her and that Lovewell, notwithstanding this affair of Sir John—I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfast.—Sir John, I observed, looked a little confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had passed in the garden. You seemed to sit upon thorns 60 too: but Fanny and Mr. Lovewell made quite another-gucss sort of a figur; and were as perfect^o a pictur of two distrest lovers, as if it had been drawn by Raphael Angelo.—As to Sir John and Fanny, I want a matter of fact.

Miss Sterl. Matter of fact, Madam! Did not I come unexpectedly upon them? Was not Sir John kneeling at her feet, and kissing her hand?^o Did not he look all 70

Melvil] 1777; *Melville* Oo 1-3, 1770.

creepin] Oo 1, 2; *creppin* O 3, 1770.

perfect] Oo 1, 2; *perfect* O 3, 1770.

hand] hands 1770.

love, and she all confusion? Is not that matter of fact? And did not Sir John, the moment that Papa was called out of the room to the lawyer-men, get up from breakfast, and follow him immediately? And I warrant you that by this time he has made proposals to him to marry my sister—Oh, that some other person, an earl, or a duke, would make his addresses to me, that I might be revenged on this monster! 80

Mrs. Heidel. Be cool, child! you *shall* be Lady Melvil, in spite of all their cabal-lins, if it costs me ten thousand pounds to turn the scale. Sir John may apply to my brother, indeed; but I'll make them all know who governs in this fammaly.

Miss Sterl. As I live, Madam, yonder comes Sir John. A base man! I can't endure the sight of him. I'll leave the room this instant. [disordered. 90

Mrs. Hvidcl. Poor thing! Well, retire to your own chamber, child; I'll give it him, I warrant you; and by and by I'll come, and let you know all that has past between us.

Miss Sterl. Pray do, Madam!—[looking back.]—A vile wretch! [Exit in a rage.

Enter Sir John Melvil.

Sir John. Your most obedient humble servant, Madam!

[*homing very respectfully.*

Mrs. Hcidcl. Your servant, Sir John! 100

[*dropping a half-curtsey, and pouting.*

Sir John. Miss Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the visible coolness of your behaviour to me, Madam, convince me that she has acquainted you with what past this morning.

Mrs. Heidel. I am very sorry, Sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that should induce me to change the opinion, which I could always wish to entertain of a person of quallaty. [pouting, 110

Sir John. It has always been my ambition to merit the best opinion from Mrs. Heidelberg; and when she comes to weigh all circumstances, I flatter myself—

Mrs. Heidel. You *do* flatter yourself, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, Sir John.—And give me leave to tell you, Sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much
[*opinion*] *opinion* 1770.

beneath you, Sir John; and that I look 120 upon every injury offered to Miss Betty Sterling, as an affront to myself, Sir John.

[*warmly.*

Sir John. I would not offend you for the world, Madam! but when I am influenced by a partiality for another, however ill-founded, I hope your discernment and good sense will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements, which I could not fulfil so strictly as I ought; and that you will excuse the change in my inch- 130 nations, since the new object, as well as the first, has the honour of being your niece, Madam.

Mrs. Heidel. I disclaim her as a niece, Sir John; Miss Sterling disclaims her as a sister, and the whole fammaly must disclaim her, for her monstrus⁰ baseness and treachery.

Sir John. Indeed she has been guilty of none, Madam. Her hand and heart are, 140 I am sure, entirely at the disposal of yourself, and Mr. Sterling. ,

Enter Sterling behind.

And if you should not oppose my inclinations, I am sure of Mr. Sterling's consent, Madam.

Mrs. Heidel. Indeed!

Sir John. Quite certain, Madam.

Sterl. [behind.] So! they seem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance. 150

Mrs. Heidel. To marry Fanny?

[*Sterling advances by degrees.*

Sir John. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Heidel. My brother has given his consent, you say?

Sir John. In the most ample manner, with no other restriction than the failure of your concurrence, Madam.—[*sees Sterling.*!—Oh, here's Mr. Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs. Heidel. What! have you con- 160 sented to give up your own daughter in this manner, brother?

Sterl. Give her up! no, not give her up, sister; only in case that you—Zounds, I am afraid you have said too much, Sir John.

[*apart to Sir John.*

Mrs. Heidel. Yes, yes. I see now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You
[*monstrus*] *monstrous* 1770.

are all plottin and caballin against her—
Pray, does Lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir John. I have not. yet made him 170
 acquainted with it, Madam.

Mrs. Heidel. No, I warrant you. I
 thought so.—And so his Lordship and my-
 self truly, are not to be consulted 'till the last.

Sterl. What! did not you consult my
 Lord? Oh, fie for shame, Sir John!

Sir John. Nay, but Mr. Sterling—

Mrs. Heidel. We, who are the persons
 of most consequence and experunce in the
 two fammalies, are to know nothing of 180
 the matter, 'till the whole is as good as
 concluded upon. But his Lordship, I am
 sure, will have more generosaty than to
 countenance such a perceeding—And I
 could not have expected such behaviour
 from a person of your quallaty, Sir John.—
 And as for you, brother—

Sterl. Nay, nay, but hear me, sister!

Mrs. Heidel. I am perfectly ashamed of
 you—Have you no spurrit? no more con- 190
 cern for the honour of our fammaly than to
 consent—

Sterl. Consent?—I consent!—As I hope
 for mercy, I never gave my consent. Did
 I consent, Sir John?

Sir John. Not absolutely, without Mrs.
 Heidelberg's concurrence. But in case of
 her approbation—

Sterl. Ay, I grant you, if my sister ap-
 proved.—But that's quite another thing, 200
 you know.— [To Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. Your sister approve, in-
 deed!—I thought you knew her better,
 brother Sterling!—What! approve of hav-
 ing your eldest daughter returned upon
 your hands, and exchanged for the younger?
 —I am surprized how you could listen to
 such a scandalus proposal.

Sterl. I tell you, I never did listen to it.
 —Did not I say that I would be gov- 210
 erned entirely by my sister, Sir John?—
 And unless she agreed to your marrying
 Fanny—

Mrs. Heidel. I agree to his marrying
 Fanny? abominable! The man is abso-
 lutely out' of his senses.—Can't that wise
 head of yours foresee the consequence of
 all this, brother Sterling? Will Sir John
 take Fanny without a fortune? No.—After
 you have settled the largest part of 220
 your property on your youngest daughter,

can there be an equal portion left for the
 eldest? No.—Does not this overturn the
 whole systum of the fammaly? Yes, yes,
 yes. You know I was always for my niece
 Betsey's marrying a person of the very first
 quallaty. That was my maxum. And, there-
 fore, much the largest settlement was' of
 course to be made upon her.—As for Fanny,
 if she could, with a fortune of twenty or 230
 thirty thousand pounds, get a knight, or a
 member of parliament, or a rich common-
 council-mah for a husband, I thought it
 might do very well.

Sir John. But if a better match should
 offer itself, why should not it be accepted,
 Madam?

Mrs. Heidel. What! at the expence of
 her elder sister! Oh fie, Sir John!—How
 could you bear to hoar of such an in- 240
 dignaty,⁰ brother Sterling?

Sterl. I! nay, I shan't hear of it, I prom-
 ise you.—I can't hear of it indeed, Sir John.

Mrs. Heidel. But you have heard of it,
 brother Sterling. You know you have; and
 sent Sir John to propose it to me. But
 if you can give up your daughter, I shan't
 forsake my niece, I assure you. Ah! if my
 poor dear Mr. Heidelberg, and our sweet
 babes had been alive, he would not 250
 have behaved so.

Sterl. Did I, Sir John? nay speak!—
 Bring me off, or we are ruined.

[*apart to Sir John.*

Sir John. Why, to be sure, to speak the
 truth—

Mrs. Heidel. To speak the truth, I'm
 ashamed of you both. But have a care what
 you are about, brother! have a care, I say.
 The lawyers⁰ are in the house, I hear; and
 if every thing is not settled to my liking, 260
 I'll have nothing more to say to you, if I
 live these hundred⁰ years.—I'll go over to
 Holland, and settle with Mr. Vander-
 spracken, my poor husband's first cousin;
 and my own fammaly shall never be the
 better for a farden of my money, I prom-
 ise you. [Exit.

Manent Sir John, and Sterling.

Sterl. I thought so. I knew she never
 would agree to it.

indignaty] *indignety* 1777.

lawyers] *Oo* 1, 2; *counsellors* *O* 3, 1770.

hundred] *three hundred* 1777.

Sir John. 'Sdeath, how unfortunate! 270
What can we do, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Nothing.

Sir John. What! must our agreement
break off, the moment it is made then?

Sterl. It can't be helped, Sir John. The
family, as I told you before, have great
expectations from my sister; and if this
matter proceeds, you hear yourself that she
threatens to leave us.—My brother Heidel-
berg was a warm man; a very warm 280
man; and died worth a Plumb⁰ at least;
a Plumb! ay, I warrant you, he died worth
a Plumb and a half.

Sir John. Well; but if I—

Sterl. And then, my sister has three or
four very good mortgages, a deal of money
in the three per cents, and old South-Sea
annuities, besides large concerns in the
Dutch and French funds.—The greatest
part of all this she means to leave to our 20
family.

Sir John. I can only say, Sir—

Sterl. Why, your offer of the difference
of thirty thousand, was very fair and hand-
some to be sure, Sir John.

Sir John. Nay, but I am even willing to—

Sicrl. Ay, but if I was to accept it against
her will, I might lose above a hundred
thousand; so, you see, the ballance is
against you, Sir John. 300

Sir John. But is there no way, do you
think, of prevailing on Mrs. Heidelberg to
grant her consent?

Sterl. I am afraid not.—However, when
her passion is a little abated—for she's
very passionate—you may try what can be
done: but you must not use my name any
more, Sir John.

Sir John. Suppose I was to prevail on
Lord Ogleby to apply to her, do you 310
think that would have any influence over
her?

Sterl. I think he would be more likely to
persuade her to it, than any other person
in the family. She has a great respect for
Lord Ogleby. She loves a lord.

Sir John. I'll apply to him this very day.
—And if he should prevail on Mrs. Heidel-
berg, I may depend on your friendship, Mr.
Sterling? 320

Sterl. Ay, ay, I shall be glad to oblige
you, when it is in my power; but as the

Plumb] *Phim*, city slang for £100,000.

account stands now, you see it is not upon
the figures. And so your servant, Sir John.
Exit.

Sir John Melvil alone.

What a situation am I in I—Breaking off
with her whom I was bound by treaty to
marry; rejected by the object of my affec-
tions; and embroiled with this turbulent
woman, who governs the whole family.—
And yet opposition, instead of smother- 330
ing, increases my inclination. I must have
her. I'll apply immediately to Lord Ogleby ;
and if he can but bring over the aunt to
our party, her influence will overcome the
scruples and delicacy of my dear Fanny,
and I shall be the happiest of mankind.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A room.

*Enter Sterling, Mrs. Heidelberg, and
Miss Sterling.*

Sterl. What! will you send Fanny to town,
sister?

Mrs. Heidel. To-morrow morning. I've
given orders about it already.

Sterl. Indeed?

Mrs. Heidel. Positively.⁰

Sterl. But consider, sister, at such a time
as this, what an odd appearance it will
have.

Mrs. Heidel. Not half so odd, as her 10
behaviour, brother.—This time was intended
for happiness, and I'll keep no incendiaries
here to destroy it. I insist on her going off
to-morrow morning.

Sterl. I'm afraid this is all your doing,
Betsey.

Miss Sterl. No! indeed, Papa. My aunt
knows that it is not.—For all Fanny's
baseness to me, I am sure I would not do,
or say any thing to hurt her with you or 20
my aunt for the world.

Mrs. Heidel. Hold your tongue, Betsey!—
I will have my way.—When she is packed
off, every thing will go on as it should do.
—Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let
them see that we can act with vigour on our
part; and the sending her out of the way

Positively] O 3, 1770; *positively* Oo 1, 2.

shall be the purliminary step to all the rest of my proceedings.

Sterl. Well, but sister— 30

Mrs. Heidel. It does not signify talking, brother Sterling, for I'm resolved to be rid of her, and I will.—Come along, child! [*to Miss Sterling*].—The post-shay shall be at the door by six o'clock in the morning; and if Miss Fanny does not get into it, why I will, and so there's an end of the matter. [*bounces out with Miss Sterling.*]

Mrs. Heidelberg returns.

Mrs. Heidel. One word more, brother Sterling!—I expect that you will take your eldest daughter in your hand, and make 40 a formal complaint to Lord Ogleby of Sir John Melvil's behaviour.—Do this, brother; shew a proper regard for the honour of your fammaly yourself, and I shall throw in my mite to the raising of it. If not—but now you know my mind. So act as you please, and take the consequences. [*Exit.*]

Sterling alone.

The devil's in the woman for tyranny—mojthers, _ wives, mistresses, or sisters, they always willgovern us.—As to my sister 50 Heidelberg, she knows the strength of her purse, and domineers upon the credit of it.—"I will do this"—and "you shall do that"—and "you must^o do t'other, or else the fammaly shan't have a farden of"—[*mimicking.*].—So absolute with her money!—but to say the truth, nothing but money can make us absolute, and so we must e'en make the best of her.

SCENE changes to the garden.

Enter Lord Ogleby and Canton.

Lord Ogle. What! Mademoiselle Fanny to be sent away!—Why?—Wherefore?—What's the meaning of all this?

Cant. Je ne scais pas.—I know noting of it.

Lord Ogle. It can't be; it shan't be. I protest against the measure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the rest of the family were annihilated than that she should leave us.—Her vulgar father, 10 that's the very abstract of 'Change-Alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to
must] shall 1770.

be a fine lady—and the pert sister, for ever shewing that she is one, are horrid company indeed, and without her would be intolerable. Ah, la petite Fanchon! she's the thing. Is n't she, Cant?

Cant. Dere is very good sympatie entre vous, and dat young lady, mi Lor.

Lord Ogle. I'll not be left among these 20 Goths and Vandals, 'your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—If she goes, I'll positively go too.

Cant. In de same post-chay, mi Lor? You have no object to dat I believe, nor Made-moiselle neider too—ha, ha, ha.

Lord Ogle. Prithee hold thy foolish tongue, Cant. Does thy Swiss stupidity imagine that I can see and talk with a fine girl without desires?—My eyes are 30 involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects—I fly as naturally to a fine girl—

Cant. As de fine girl to you, my Lor, ha, ha, ha; you alway fly togedre like un pair de pigeons.—

Lord Ogle. Like un pair de pigeons—[*mocks him.*].—Vous etes un sot, Mons. Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never scest me *badiner*, but you suspect mischief, you old fool, you. 40

Cant. I am fool, I confess, but not always fool in dat, my Lor, he, he, he.

Lord Ogle. He, he, he.—Thou art incorrigible, but thy absurdities amuse one—Thou art like my rappee here, [*lakes out his box.*] a most ridiculous superfluity, but a pinch of thee now and then is a most delicious treat.

Cant. You do me great honeur, my Lor.

Lord Ogle. 'Tis fact, upon my soul.—50 Thou art properly my cephalick snuff, and art no bad medicine against megrims, vertigoes, and profound thinking—ha, ha, ha.

Cant. Your flatterie, my Lor, vil make me too prode.

Lord Ogle. The girl has some little partiality for me, to be sure: but prithee, Cant, is not that Miss Fanny yonder?

Cant. [*looking with a glass.*] En verite, 'tis she, my Lor—'tis one of de pigeons, 60 —de pigeons d'amour.

Lord Ogle. Don't be ridiculous, you old monkey. [*smiling.*]

Cant. I am monkee, I am ole, but I have eye, I have ear, and a little understand, now and den.—

Lord Ogle. Taisez vous bete!

Cant. Elle vous attend, my Lor.—She vil make a lovo to you.

Lord Ogle. Will she? Have at her then! 70
A fine girl can't oblige me more.—Egad, I find myself a little enjouee—come along, Cant! she is but in the next walk—but there is such a deal of this damned crinkum-crankum, as Sterling calls it, that one sees people for half an hour before one can get to them—Allons, Mons. Canton, allons done! {*Exeunt singing in French.*

Another part of the garden.

Lovewell, and Fanny.

Lovew. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your distress; it overcomes all my resolutions, and I am prepared for the discovery.

Fanny. But how can it be effected before my departure?

Lovew. I'll tell you.—Lord Ogleby seems to entertain a visible partiality for you; and notwithstanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am sure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an excess; but withall extremely good-natured, and would do anything to recommend himself to a 12 lady.—Do you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will⁰ come with more irresistible persuasion from you than from myself; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendship and protection at once.—His influence and authority will put an end to Sir John's solicitations, remove your aunt's and sister's unkindness and suspicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our mar- 22 riage.

Fanny. Heaven grant it! Where is my Lord?

Lovew. I have heard him and Canton since dinner singing French songs under the great walnut-tree by the parlour door. If you meet with him in the garden, you may disclose the whole immediately.

Fanny. Dreadful as the task is, I'll do it.—Any thing is better than this con- 32 tinual anxiety.

Lovew. By that time the discovery is made, I will appear to second you.—Ha! here comes my Lord.—Now, my dear Fanny, summon up all your spirits, plead

mil] would 1777.

our cause powerfully, and be sure of success.— *[going.]*

Fanny. Ah, don't leave me!

Lovew. Nay, you must let toe.

Fanny. Well; since it must be so, I'll 42 obey you, if I have the power. Oh Lovewell!

Lovew. Consider, our situation is very critical. To-morrow morning is fixt for your departure, and if we lose this opportunity, we may wish in vain for another.—He approaches—I must retire.—Speak, my dear Fanny, speak, and make us happy! *[Exit.]*

Fanny alone.

Good heaven, what a situation am I in! what shall I do? what shall I say to 52 him? I am all confusion.

Enter Lord Ogleby, and Canton.

Lord Ogle. To see so much beauty so solitary, Madam, is a satire upon mankind, and 'tis fortunate that one man has broke in upon your reverie for the credit of our sex.—I say *one*. Madam, for poor Canton here, from age and infirmities, stands for nothing.

Cant. Noting at all, inteed.

Fanny. Your Lordship does me great 62 honour.—I had a favour to request, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. A favour, Madam!—To be honoured with your commands, is an inexpressible favour done to me, Madam.

Fanny. If your Lordship could indulge me with the honour of a moment's—What is the matter with me? *[aside.]*

Lord Ogle. The girl's confus'd—he!—here's something in the wind faith—I'll 72 have a tete-a-tete with her—allez vous en!

[to Canton.]

Cant. I go—ah, pauvre Mademoiselle! my Lor, have *pitie* upon de° poor pigeone!

Lord Ogle. I'll knock you down Cant, if you're impertinent. *[smiling.]*

Cant. Den I mus away—*[shuffles along.]*—You are mosh please, for all dat.

[Aside, and exit.]

Fanny. I shall sink with apprehension.

[aside.]

Lord Ogle. What a sweet girl!—she's a civiliz'd being, and atones for the bar- 82 barism, of the rest of the family.

del] Oo 1, 2; the O 3, 1770.

Fanny. My Lord! I—

[*She curtsies, and blushes*']

Lord Ogle, [*addressing fieri*] I look upon it, Madam, to be one of the luckiest circumstances of my life, that I have this moment the honour of receiving your commands, and the satisfaction of confirming with my tongue, what my eyes perhaps have but too weakly expressed—that I am literally—the humblest of your servants, 92

Fanny. I think myself greatly honoured, by your Lordship's partiality to me; but it distresses me, that I am obliged in my present situation to apply to it for protection.

Lord Ogle. I am happy in your distress, Madam, because it gives me an opportunity to shew my zeal. Beauty to me, is a religion, in which I was born and bred a ingot. and would die a martyr.—I'm in tolerable spirits, faith! [*aside*].

Fanny. There is not perhaps at this moment a more distressed creature than myself. Affection, duty, hope, despair, and a thousand different sentiments, are struggling in my bosom; and even the presence of your Lordship, to whom I have flown for protection, adds to my preplexity.

L. Ogle. Does it, Madam?—Venus forbid!—My old fault; the devil's in me, I 112 think, for perplexing young women, [*aside and smiling*]. Take courage, Madam! dear Miss Fanny, explain.—You have a powerful advocate in my breast, I assure you—my heart, Madam—I am attached to you by all the laws of sympathy, and delicacy.—By my honour, I am.

Fanny. Then I will venture to unburthen my mind.—Sir John Melvil, my Lord, by the most misplaced, and mistimed declaration of affection for me, has made me the unhappiest of women.

L. Ogle. How, Madam! Has Sir John made his addresses to you?

Fanny. He has, my Lord, in the strongest terms. But I hope it is needless to say, that my duty to my father,⁰ love to my sister, and regard to the whole family, as well as the great respect I entertain for your Lordship, [*curtseying*] made me shudder at his addresses.

L. Ogle. Charming girl!—Proceed, my dear Miss Fanny, proceed!

[*father*] family 1770.

Fatmy. In a moment—give me leave, my Lord!—But if what I have to disclose should be received with anger or displeasure—

L. Ogle. Impossible, by all the tender powers!—Speak, I beseech you, or I shall divine the cause before you utter it. 142

Fanny. Then, my Lord, Sir John's addresses are not only shocking to me in themselves, but are more particularly disagreeable to me at this time, as—as—

[*hesitating*].

L. Ogle. As what, Madam?

Fanny. As—pardon my confusion—I am intirely devoted to another.

L. Ogle. If this is not plain, the devil's in it—[*aside*]. But tell me, my dear Miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the 152 how, the when, and the where—Tell me—

Enter Canton hastily.

Cant. My Lor, my Lor, my Lor!—

L. Ogle. Damn your Swiss impertinence! how durst you interrupt me in the most critical melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with?

Cant. I demande pardonne, my Lor! Sir John Melvil, my Lor, sent me to beg you to do him de honeur⁰ to speak a litt^o to your Lorship. W2

L. Ogle. I'm not at leisure—I'm busy—Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll—

Cant. Fort bien, my Lor.—

[*Cant, goes out tiptoe.*]

L. Ogle. By the laws of gallantry, Madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed—Let us return, Madam, to the highest luxury of exalted 172 minds—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fanny. The entrance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go thro' with it—and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burthen.

L. Ogle. What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation, [*aside*].—I presume, Madam, (and as you have flattered me, 182

de honeur] 0 3, 1770; *the honour* Oo 1, 2.
litt] 1777; *little* Oo 1-3, 1770.

by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption) that—

Fanny. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my Lord, and let me interest your heart in my behalf, as my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend—

L. Ogle. Upon me, Madam?

Fanny. Upon you, my Lord. [*sighs.*]

L. Ogle. There's no standing this: I 102 have caught the infection—her tenderness dissolves me. [*sighs.*]

Fanny. And should you too severely judge of a rash action which passion prompted, and modesty has long concealed—

L. Ogle, [taking her hand.] Thou amiable creature—command my heart, for it is vanquished—Speak but thy virtuous wishes, and enjoy them.

Fanny. I cannot, my Lord—indeed, I 202 cannot—Mr. Lovewell must tell you my distresses—and when you know them—pity and protect me!— [*Exit, in tears.*]

Lord Ogleby alone.

How the devil could I bring her to this? It is too much—too much—I can't bear it—I must give way to this amiable weakness— [*wipes his eyes.*] My heart overflows with sympathy, and I feel every tenderness I have inspired— [*stifles the tear.*] How blind have I been to the desolation I 212 have made!—How could I possibly imagine that a little partial attention and tender civilities to this young creature should have gathered to this burst of passion! Can I be a man and withstand it? No—I'll sacrifice the whole sex to her.—But here comes the father, quite *apropos.* I'll open the matter immediately, settle the business with him, and take the sweet girl down to Ogleby-house to-morrow morning—But what 222 the devil! Miss Sterling too! What mischief's in the wind now?

Enter Sterling and Miss Sterling.

Sterl. My Lord, your servant! I am attending my daughter here upon rather a disagreeable affair. Speak to his Lordship, Betsey!

Lord Ogle. Your eyes, Miss Sterling—for I always read the eyes of a young lady—betray some little emotion—What are your commands, Madam? 232

Miss Sterl. I have but too much cause for my emotion, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. I cannot commend my kinsman's behaviour, Madam. He has behaved like a false knight, I must confess. I have heard of his apostacy. Miss Fanny has informed me of it.

Miss Sterl. Miss Fanny's baseness has been the cause of Sir John's inconstancy.

Lord Ogle. Nay, now, my dear Miss 242 Sterling, your passion transports you too far. Sir John may have entertain'd a passion for Miss Fanny, but believe me, my dear Miss Sterling, believe me, Miss Fanny has no passion for Sir John. She has a passion, indeed, a most tender passion. She has opened her whole soul to me, and I know where her affections are placed.

[*conceitedly.*]

Miss Sterl. Not upon Mr. Lovewell, my Lord; for I have great reason to think 252 that her seeming attachment to him, is, by his consent, made use of as a blind to cover her designs upon Sir John.

Lord Ogle. Lovewell! No, poor lad! She does not think of him. [*smiling.*]

Miss Sterl. Have a care, my Lord, that both the families are not made the dupes of Sir John's artifice and my sister's dissimulation! You don't know her—indeed, my Lord, you don't know her—a base, 262 insinuating, perfidious!—It is too much—She has been beforehand with me, I perceive. Such unnatural behaviour to me!—But since I see I can have no redress, I am resolved that some way or other I will have revenge. [*Exit.*]

Sterl. This is foolish work, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. I have too much sensibility to bear the tears of beauty.

Sterl. It is touching indeed, my Lord 272—and very moving for a father.

Lord Ogle. To be sure, Sir!—You must be distrest beyond measure!—Wherefore, to divert your too exquisite feelings,⁰ suppose we change the subject, and proceed to business.

Sterl. With all my heart, my Lord!

Lord Ogle. You see, Mr. Sterling, we can make no union in our families by the propos'd marriage. 282

Sterl. And very sorry I am to see it, my Lord.

[*frclht/s*] feeling 1770.

Lord Ogle. Have you set your heart upon being allied to our house, Mr. Sterling?

Sterl. Tis my only wish, at present, my omnium, as I may call it.

Lord Ogle. Your wishes shall be fulfill'd.

Sterl. Shall they, my Lord!—but how—how?

Lord Ogle. I'll marry in your family.

Sterl. What! my sister Heidelberg? 292

Lord Ogle. You throw me into a cold sweat, Mr. Sterling. No, not your sister—but your daughter.

Sterl. My daughter!

Lord Ogle. Fanny!—now the murder's out!

Sterl. What you, my Lord?—

Lord Ogle. Yes—I, I, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. No, no, my Lord—that's too much.

[smiling.]

Lord Ogle. Too much?—I don't com- 302
prehend you.

Sterl. What, you, my Lord, marry my Fanny!—Bless me, what will the folks say?

Lord Ogle. Why, what will they say?

Sterl. That you're a bold man, my Lord—that's all.

Lord Ogle. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit for ought I know—Do you court my alliance? 312

Sterl. To be sure, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Then I'll explain.—My nephew won't marry your eldest daughter—nor I neither—Your youngest daughter won't marry him—I will marry your youngest daughter—

Sterl. What! with a younger⁰ daughter's fortune, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. With any fortune, or no fortune at all, Sir. Love is the idol of my 322 heart, and the daemon Interest sinks before him. So, Sir, as I said before, I will marry your youngest daughter; your youngest daughter will marry me.—

Sterl. Who told you so, my Lord.

Lord Ogle.—Her own sweet self, sir.

Sterl. Indeed?

Lord Ogle. Yes, Sir: our affection is mutual; your advantage double and treble—your daughter will be a Countess di- 332
rectly—I shall be the happiest of beings—and you'll be father to an Earl instead of a Baronet.

younger) youngest 1770.

Sterl. But what will my sister say?—and my daughter?

Lord Ogle. I'll manage that matter—nay, if they won't consent, I'll run away with your daughter in spite of you.

Sterl. Well said, my Lord!—your spirit's good—I wish you had my constitution! 342 but if you'll venture, I have no objection, if my sister has none.

Lord Ogle. I'll answer for your sister, Sir. Apropos! The lawyers are in the house—I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Sterl. Very well: and I'll dispatch Lovewell to London immediately for some fresh papers I shall want, and I shall leave you to manage matters with my sister. You 352 must excuse me, my Lord, but I can't help laughing at the match—He! he! he! what will the folks say? *[Exit.]*

Lord Ogle. What a fellow am I going to make a father of?—He has no more feeling than the post in his warehouse—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I won't think of the rest of the family.

Enter Lovewell hastily.

Lovew. I beg your Lordship's pardon, my Lord; are you alone, my Lord? 362

Lord Ogle. No, my Lord, I am not alone! I am in company, the best company.

Lovew. My Lord!

Lord Ogle. I never was in such exquisite enchanting company since my heart first conceived, or my senses tasted pleasure.

Lovew. Where are they, my Lord?

[looking about.]

Lord Ogle. In my mind, Sir.

Lovew. What company have you there, my Lord? *[smiling. 372]*

Lord Ogle. My own ideas, Sir, which so croud upon my imagination, and kindle it to such a delirium of ecstasy, that wit, wine, musick, poetry, all combined, and each perfection, are but mere mortal shadows of my felicity.

Lovew. I see that your Lordship is happy, and I rejoice at it.

Lord Ogle. You shall rejoice at it, Sir; my felicity shall not selfishly be con- 382
fined, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need not say, Lovewell, that you shall have your share of it.

Lovew. Shall I, my Lord?—then I understand you—you have heard—Miss Fanny has inform'd you—

Lord Ogle. She has—I have heard, and she shall be happy—'tis determine.

Lovew. Then I have reached the sum- 392
mit of my wishes—And will your Lordship pardon the folly?

Lord Ogle. O yes, poor creature, how could she help it?—'Twas unavoidable—Fate and necessity.

Lovew. It was indeed, my Lord—Your kindness distracts me.

Lord Ogle. And so it did the poor girl, faith.

Lovew. She trembled to disclose the 42
secret, and declare her affections?

Lord Ogle. The world, I believe, will not think her affections ill placed.

Lovew.—[*bowing.*—] You are too good, my Lord.—And do you really excuse the rashness of the actions?

Lord Ogle. From my very soul, Lovewell.

Lovew. Your generosity overpowers me.—[*bowing.*—] I was afraid of her meeting 412
with a cold reception.

Lord Ogle. More fool you then.

Who pleads her cause with never-failing beauty,

Here finds a full redress.

[*strikes his breast.*]

She's a fine girl, Lovnwell.

Lovew. Her beauty, my Lord, is her least merit. She has an understanding—

Lord Ogle. Her choice convinces me of that.

Lovew.—[*bowing.*—] That's your Lord- 423
ship's goodness. Her choice was a disinterested one.

Lord Ogle. No—no—not altogether—it began with interest, and ended in passion.

Lovew. Indeed, my Lord, if you were acquainted with her goodness of heart, and generosity of mind, as well as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and person—

Lord Ogle. I am so perfectly convinced 42
of their existence, and so totally of your mind touching every amiable particular of that sweet girl, that were it not for the cold unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her to-morrow morning.

Lovew. My Lord!

Lord Ogle. I would, by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Lovew. Marry her!—Who do you mean, my Lord? 442

Lord Ogle. Miss Fanny Sterling, that is—the Countess of Ogleby that shall be.

Lovew. I am astonished.

Lord Ogle. Why, could you expect less from me?

Lovew. I did not expect this, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. Trade and accounts have destroyed your feeling.

Lovew. No, indeed, my Lord. [*sighs.*]

Lord Ogle. The moment that love and 42
pity entered my breast, I was resolved to plunge into matrimony, and shorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves; do I, Lovewell?

Lovew. No, indeed, my Lord—[*sighs.*—] What an accident!

Lord Ogle. What's the matter, Lovewell? thou scem'st to have lost thy faculties. Why don't you wish me joy, man?

Lovew. O, I do, my Lord. [*sighs.* 462]

Lord Ogle. She said, that you would explain what she had not power to utter—but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Lovew. But has your Lordship considered the consequences of your resolution?

Lord Ogle. No, Sir; I am above consideration, when my desires are kindled.

Lovew. But consider the consequences, my Lord, to your nephew, Sir John. 472

Lord Ogle. Sir John has considered no consequences himself, Mr. Lovewell.

Lovew. Mr. Sterling, my Lord, will certainly refuse his daughter to Sir John.

Lord Ogle. Sir John has already refused Mr. Sterling's daughter.

Lovew. But what will become of Miss Sterling, my Lord?

Lord Ogle. What's that to you?—You may have her, if you will.—I depend 482
upon Mr. Sterling's city-philosophy, to be reconciled to Lord Ogleby's being his son-in-law, instead of Sir John Melvil, Baronet. Don't you think that your master may be brought to that, without having recourse to his calculations? Eh, Lovewell!

Lovew. But, my Lord, that is not the question.

Lord Ogle. Whatever is the question, I'll

tell you my answer.—I am in love with a 492 fine girl, whom I resolve to marry.

Enter Sir John Melvil.

What news with you, Sir John?—You look all hurry and impatience—like a messenger after a battle.

Sir John. After a battle, indeed, my Lord.—I have this day had a severe engagement, and wanting your Lordship as an auxiliary, I have at last mustered up resolution to declare, what my duty to you and to myself have demanded from me some 502 time.

Lord Ogle. To the business then, and be as concise as possible; for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell?

[he smiles, and Love well bows.

Sir John. I find 'tis in vain, my Lord, to struggle against the force of inclination.

Lord Ogle. Very true, Nephew—I am your witness, and will second the motion—shan't I, Lovewell?

[smiles, and Lovewell bows.

Sir John. Your Lordship's generosity 513 encourages me to tell you—that I cannot marry Miss Sterling.

Lord Ogle. I am not at all surpriz'd at it—she's a bitter potion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to swallow it, and not I, it was your business, and not mine—any thing more?

Sir John. But this, my Lord—that I may be permitted to make my addresses to the other 522 sister.

Lord Ogle. O yes—by all means—have you any hopes there, Nephew?—Do you think he'll succeed, Lovewell?

[smiles, and winks at Lovewell.

Lovew. I think not, my Lord, *[gravely.*

Lord Ogle. I think so too, but let the fool try.

Sir John. Will your Lordship favour me with your good offices to remove the chief obstacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs. Heidelberg? 532

Lord Ogle. Mrs. Heidelberg!—Had not you better begin with the young lady first? it will save you a great deal of trouble; won't it, Lovewell?—*[smiles.]*—but do what you please, it will be the same thing to me—won't it, Lovewell?—*[conceitedly.]*—Why don't you laugh at him?

Lovew. I do, my Lord. *[forces a smile.*

Sir John. And your Lordship will endeavour to prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg to 542 consent to my marriage with Miss Fanny?

Lord Ogle. I'll go and⁰ speak to Mrs. Heidelberg, about the adorable Fanny, as soon as possible.

Sir John. Your generosity transports me. *Lord Ogle.* Poor fellow, what a dupe! he little thinks who's in possession of the town. *[aside.*

Sir John' And your Lordship is not offended at this seeming inconstancy. 552

Lord Ogle. Not in the least. Miss Fanny's charms will even excuse infidelity—I look upon women as the *jerce natures*,—lawfull game—and every man who is qualified, has a natural right to pursue them; Lovewell as well as you, and I as well as either of you.—Every man shall do his best, without offence to any—what say you, kinsmen?

Sir John. You have made me happy, my Lord. 562

Lovew. And me, I assure you, my Lord.

Lord Ogle. And I am superlatively so—allons dove—to horse and away, boys!—you to your affairs, and I to mine—suivons l'amour! *[sings.*

[Exeunt severally.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Fanny's apartment.

Enter Lovewell and Fanny—followed by Betty.

Fanny. Why did you come so soon, Mr. Lovewell? the family is not yet in bed, and Betty certainly heard somebody listening near the chamber-door.

Betty. My mistress is right, Sir! evil spirits are abroad; and I am sure you are both too good, not to expect mischief from them.

Lovew. But who can be so curious, or so wicked? 10

Betty. I think we have wickedness, and curiosity enough in this family, Sir, to expect the worst.

Fanny. I do expect the worst.—Prithee, Betty, return to the outward door, and listen if you hear any body in the gallery; and let us know directly.

go and] om. O 3, 1770.

Betty. I warrant you, Madam—the Lord bless you both! *[Exit,*

Fanny. What did my father want with 20 you this evening?

Lovew. He gave me the key of his closet, with orders to bring from London some papers relating to Lord Ogleby.

Fanny. And why did not you obey him?

Lovew. Because I am certain that his Lordship has open'd his heart to him about you, and those papers are wanted merely on that account—but as we shall discover all to-morrow, there will be no occasion 30 for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fanny. Hark!—hark! bless me, how I tremble!—I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this is too much for me.

Lovew. And for me too, my sweet Fanny. Your apprehensions make a coward of me.—But what can alarm you? your aunt and sister are in their chambers, and you have nothing to fear from the rest of the family.

Fanny. I fear every body, and every 40 thing, and every moment—My mind is in continual agitation and dread;—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this situation may have very unhappy consequences. *[Weeps.*

Lovew. But it shan't—I would rather tell our story this moment to all the house, and run the risque of maintaining you by the hardest labour, than suffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity.—What! shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and affec- 50 tions, in your dear health and safety, for the mean, and in such a case, the meanest consideration—of our fortune! Were we to be abandon'd by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds, will weigh against the most affluent circumstances.—I should not have propos'd the secrecy of our marriage, but for your sake; and with hopes that the most generous sacrifice you have made to love and me, might be less 60 injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of reconciliation.

Fanny. Hush! hush! for heav'n sake, my dear Lovewell, don't be so warm!—your generosity gets the better of your prudence; you will be heard, and we shall be discovered.—I am satisfied, indeed I am.—Excuse this weakness, this delicacy—this what you will.—My mind's at peace—indeed it is—think no more of it, if you love me! 70

Lovew. That one word has charm'd me,

as it always does, to the most implicit obedience; it would be the worst of ingratitude in me to distress you a moment, *[kisses her.*

Re-enter Betty.

Betty, *[in a low voice.]* I'm sorry to disturb you.

Fanny. Ha! what's the matter?

Lovew. Have you heard any body?

Betty. Yes, yes, I have, and they have heard you too, or I am mistaken—if they 80 had seen you too, we should have been in a fine quandary.

Fanny. Prithee don't prate now, Betty!

Lovew. What did you hear?

Betty. I was preparing myself, as usual, to take me a little nap.

Lovew. A nap!

Betty. Yes, Sir, a nap; for I watch much better so than wide awake; and when I had wrap'd this handkerchief round my 90 head, for fear of the earach, from the key-hole I thought I heard a kind of a sort of a buzzing, which I first took for a gnat, and shook my head two or three times, and went so with my hand—

Fanny. Well—well—and so—

Betty. And so, Madam, when I heard Mr. Lovewell a little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too—and pulling off my handkerchief softly—I could hear this sort of 100 noise—

[makes an indistinct noise like speaking.

Fanny. Well, and what did they say?

Betty. Oh! I cou'd not understand a word of what was said.

Lovew. The outward door is lock'd?

Betty. Yes; and I bolted it too, for fear of the worst.

Fanny. Why did you? they must have heard you, if they were near.

Betty. And I did it on purpose, Ma- 110 dam, and cough'd a little too, that they might not hear Mr. Lovewell's voice—when I was silent, they were silent, and so I came to tell you.

Fanny. What shall we do? .

Lovew. Fear nothing: we know the worst; it will only bring on our catastrophe a little too soon—but Betty might fancy this noise—she's in the conspiracy, and can make a man of a mouse at any time. 120

Betty. I can distinguish a man from a

mouse, as well as my betters—I am sorry you think so ill of me, Sir. -"

Fanny. He compliments you, don't be a fool!—Now you have set her tongue a miming, she'll mutter for an hour, [to Lovewell.] I'll go and hearken myself.

[Exit.

Betty. I'll turn my back upon no girl, for sincerity and service.

[half aside, and muttering.

Lovew. Thou art the first in the world 130 for both; and I will reward you soon, Betty, for one and the other.

Betty. I'm not mercenary neither—I can live on a little, with a good *carreter*.

Re-enter Fanny.

Fanny. All seems quiet—suppose, my dear, you go to your own room—I shall be much easier then—and to-morrow we will be prepared for the discovery.

Betty. You may discover, if you please; but, for my part, I shall still be secret, 140

[half aside, and muttering.

Lovew. Should I leave you now,—if they still are upon the watch, we shall lose the advantage of our delay.—Besides, we should consult upon to-morrow's business.—Let Betty go to her own room, and lock the outward door after her; we can fasten this; and when she thinks all safe, she may return and let me out as usual.

Betty. Shall I, Madam?

Fanny. Do! let me have my way to- 150 night, and you shall command me ever after.—I would not have you surprized here for the world.—Pray leave me! I shall be quite myself again, if you will oblige me.

Lovew. I live only to oblige you, my sweet Fanny! I'll be gone this moment.

[going.

Fanny. Let us listen first at the door, that you may not be intercepted.—Betty shall go first, and if they lay hold of her— 160

Betty. They'll have the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell them that. [going hastily.

Fanny. Softly—softly—Betty! don't venture out, if you hear a noise.—Softly, I beg of you!—See, Mr. Lovewell, the effects of indiscretion!

Lovew. But love, Fanny, makes amends for all. [Exeunt all softly.

SCENE changes to a gallery, which leads to several bed-chambers.

Enter Miss Sterling, leading Mrs. Heidelberg in a night-cap.

Miss Sterl. This way, dear Madam, and then I'll tell you all.

Mrs. Heidel. Nay, but Niece—consider a little—don't drag me out in this figur—let me put on my fly-cap!°—if any of my Lord's fammaly, or the counsellors at law, should be stirring, I should be pcrdigus disconcerted.

Miss Sterl. But, my dear Madam, a moment is an age, in my situation. I am 10 sure my sister has been plotting my disgrace and ruin in that chamber—O she's all craft and wickedness!

Mrs. Heidel. Well, but softly, Betsey!—you are all in emotion—your mind is too much frustrated—you can neither eat nor drink, nor take your natural rest—compose yourself, child; for if we are not as wary—some as they are wicked, we shall disgrace ourselves and the whole fammaly. 20

Miss Sterl. We are disgrae'd already, Madam—Sir John Melvil has forsaken me; my Lord cares for nobody but himself; or, if for any body, it is my sister; my father, for the sake of a bettor bargain, would marry me to a 'Change-broker; so that if you, Madam, don't continue my friend—if you forsake me—if I am to lose my best hopes and consolation—in your tenderness—and affect—ions—I had better—at once— 30 give up the matter—and let my sister enjoy—the fruits of her treachery—trample with scorn upon the rights of her elder sister, the will of the best of aunts, and the weakness of a too interested father.

[she pretends to be bursting into tears all this speech.

Mrs. Heidel. Don't Betsey—keep up your spurrit—I hate whimpering—I am your friend—depend upon me in every partickler—but be composed, and tell me what new mischief you have discover'd. 40

Miss Sterl. I had no desire to sleep, and would not undress myself, knowing that my Machiavel sister would not rest till she

[fly-cap) N. E. D. quotes *London Chronicle*, 1782: "The Fly Cap ... is fixed upon the forehead, forming the figure of an over-grown butterfly ... with outstretched wings."

had broke my heart:—I was so uneasy that I could not stay in my room, but when I thought that all the house was quiet, I sent my maid to discover what was going forward; she immediately came back and told me that they were' in high consultation; that she had heard only, for it was in 50 the dark, my sisters maid conduct Sir John Melvil to her mistress, and then lock the door.

Mrs. Heidel. And how did you conduct yourself in this dalimma?

Miss Stcrl. I return'd with her, and could hear a man's voice, though nothing that they said distinctly; and you may depend upon it, that Sir John is now in that room, that they Jiave settled the matter, and 60 will run away together before morning, if we don't prevent them.

Mrs. Heidel. Why the brazen slut! has she got her sister's husband (that is to be) lock'd up in her chamber! at night too?—I tremble at the thoughts!

Miss Slerl. Hush, Madam! I hear something.

Mrs. Heidel. You frighten me—let me put on my fly cap—I would not be seen in TO this figur for the world.

Miss Stcrl. 'Tis dark, Madam; you can't be seen.

Mrs. Heidel. I pertest⁰ there's a candle coming, and a man too.

Miss Stcrl. Nothing but servants; let us retire a moment! [*they retire.*]

Enter Brush half drunk, laying hold of the Chamber-maid, who has a candle in her hand.

Ch. Maid. Be quiet Mr. Brush; I shall drop down with terror!

Brush. But my sweet, and most ami- 80 able chamber-maid, if you have no love, you may hearken to a little reason; that cannot possibly do your virtue any harm.

Ch. Maid. But you will do me harm, Mr. Brush, and a great deal of harm too—pray let me go—I am ruin'd if they hear you—I tremble like an asp.

Brush. But they shan't hear us—and if you have a mind to be ruin'd, it shall be the making of your fortune, you little 90 slut, you!—therefore I say it again, if you have no love—hear a little reason!

pertest] 1777; *protest* Oo 1-3, 1770.

Ch. Maid. I wonder at your impurence, Mr. Brush, to use me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company, I assure you—You are a town rake I see, and now you are a little in liquor, you fear nothing.

Brush. Nothing, 'by heav'ns, but your frowns, most amiable chamber-maid; I 100 am a little electrified, that's the truth on't; I am not used to drink Port, and your master's is so heady, that a pint of it oversets a claret-drinker.

Ch. Maid. Don't be rude! bless me!—I shall be ruin'd—what will become of me?

Brush. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Ch. Maid. You are a base man to use me so—I'll cry out, if you don't let me 110 go—that is Miss Sterling's chamber, that Miss Fanny's, and that Madam Heidelberg's, [*pointing.*]

Brush. And that my Lord Ogleby's, and that my Lady What-d'ye-call-em's:⁰ I don't mind such folks when I'm sober, much less when I am whimsical—rather above that too.

Ch. Maid. More shame for you, Mr. Brush!—you terrify me—you have no 120 modesty.

Brush. 0 but I have, my sweet spider-brushcr!⁰—for instance, I reverence Miss Fanny—she's a most delicious morsel and fit for a prince—with all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myself—but for her sister—

Miss Stcrl. There, there, Madam, all in a story!

Ch. Maid. Bless me, Mr. Brush!—130 heard something!

Brush. Rats,⁰ I suppose, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal up with the rubbish; and then I should get rid of two damn'd things at once.

Ch. Maid. Law! law! how you blaspheme!—we shall have the house upon our heads for it. 140

Brush. No, no, it will last our time—but

What -d'ye-call-em's] 1770; *what d'ye call 'em* Oo 1-3.

spider-brusher] slang for a domestic servant.

Rats] *Rats!* *Rats* 1777.

as I was saying, the eldest sister—Miss Jezabel—

Ch. Maid. Is a fhte young lady for all your evil tongue.

Brush. No—we have smoak'd⁰ her already; and unless she marries our old Swiss, she can have none of us—no, no, she wont do—we are a little too nice.

Ch. Maid. You're a monstrous rake, 130 Mr. Brush, and don't care what you say.

Brush. Why, for that matter, my dear, I am a little inclined to mischief; and if you won't have pity upon me, I will break open that door and ravish Mrs. Heidelberg.

Mrs. Heidel. [*coming forward.*] There's no bearing this—you profligate monster.

Ch. Maid. Ha! I am undone!

Brush. Zounds! here she is, by all that's monstrous. [*runs off.* 160

Miss Sterl. A fine discourse you have had with that fellow!

Mrs. Heidel. And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monster.

Miss Sterl. What have you to^o say for yourself?

Ch. Maid. I can say nothing.—I am so frighten'd, and so asham'd—but indeed I am vartuous—I am vartuous indeed.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, well—don't tremble 170 so; but tell us what you know of this horrible plot here.

Miss Sterl. We'll forgive you, if you'll discover all.

Ch. Maid. Why, Madam—don't let me betray my fellow servants—I shan't sleep in my bed, if I do.

Mrs. Heidel. Then you shall sleep somewhere else to-morrow night.

Ch. Maid. O dear!—what shall I do? 180

Mrs. Heidel. Tell us this moment,—or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Ch. Maid. Why our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr. Brush fore'd us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miss Sterl. Holiday! for what?

Ch. Maid. Nay I only made one.

Miss Sterl. Well, well; but upon what account? 190

Ch. Maid. Because, as how, Madam, there was a change in the family they said,—that

smoak'd] found out. Cf. p. 139 *supra*,
you to] O 3, 1770; *you, to* Oo 1, 2.

his honour, Sir John—was to marry Miss Fanny instead of your Ladyship.

Miss Sterl. And so you made a holiday for that.—Very fine!

Ch. Maid. I did not make it, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. But do Vou know nothing of Sir John's being to run away with Miss Fanny to-night? 200

Ch. Maid. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Miss Sterl. Nor of his being now locked up in my sister's chamber?

Ch. Maid. No, as I hope for marcy, Ma'am.

Mrs. Heidel. Well, I'll put an end to all this directly—do you run to my brother Sterling—

Ch. Maid. Now, Ma'am!—'Tis so very late, Ma'am— 210

Mrs. Heidel. I don't care how late it is. Tell him there are thieves in the house—that the house is o'fire—tell him to come here immediately—go, I say!

Ch. Maid. I will, I will, though I'm frightened out of my wits. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Heidel. Do you watch here, my dear; and I'll put myself in order, to face them. We'll plot 'em, and counter-plot 'em too. [*Exit into her chamber.* 220

Miss Sterl. I have as much pleasure in this revenge, as in being made a countess!—Ha! they are unlocking the door.—Now for it! [*retires.*

Fanny's door is unlock'd—and Betty comes out with a candle. Miss Sterling approaches her.

Betty, [calling within.] Sir, Sir!—now's your time—all's clear. [*Seeing Miss Sterl.*] Stay, stay—not yet—we are watch'd.

Miss Sterl. And so you are, Madam Betty!

[Mm Sterling lays hold of her, while Betty locks the door, and puts the key in her pocket.

Betty, [turning round.] What's the 20 matter, Madam?

Miss Sterl. Nay, that you shall tell my father and aunt, Madam.

Betty. I am no tell-tale, Madam, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me.

Miss Sterl. You have a great deal of courage, Betty; and considering the secrets you have to keep, you have occasion for it.

Betty. My mistress shall never repent her good opinion of me, Ma'am. 240

Enter Sterling.

Sterl. What is all this? what's the matter? why am I disturbed in this manner?

Miss Sterl. This creature, and my mistresses, Sir, will explain the matter.

Re-enter Mrs. Heidelberg, with another head-dress.

Mrs. Heidel. Now I'm prepar'd for the rancounter—well, brother, have you heard of this scene of wickedness?

Sterl. Not I—but what is it? Speak!—I was got into my little closet—all the lawyers were in bed, and I had almost lost my 250 senses in the confusion of Lord Ogleby's mortgages, when I was alarm'd with a foolish girl, who could hardly speak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, or a rape, I am quite in the dark.

Mrs. Heidel. No, no, there's no rape, brother!—all parties are willing, I believe.

Miss Sterl. Who's in that chamber?

[detaining Betty, who seemed to be stealing away.]

Betty. My mistress.

Miss Sterl. And who is with your mis- 260 tress?

Betty. Why, who should there be?

Miss Sterl. Open the door then, and let us see!

Betty. The door is open, Madam. *[Miss Sterling goes to the door.]* I'll sooner die than peach! *[Exit hastily.]*

Miss Sterl. The door's lock'd; and she has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence, 270 brother! piping hot from your daughter Fanny's school!

Sterl. But, zounds! what is all this about? You tell me of a sum total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Mrs. Heidel. Sir John Melvil is lock'd up in your daughter's bed-chamber.—There is the particular!

Sterl. The devil he is?—That's bad!

Miss Sterl. And he has been there 280 some time too.

Sterl. Ditto!

Mrs. Heidel. Ditto! worse and worse, I say. I'll raise the house, and expose him to my Lord, and the whole family.

Sterl. By no means! we shall expose ourselves, sister!—the best way is to insure privately—let me alone!—I'll make him marry her to-morrow morning.

Miss Sterl. Make him marry her! this 290 is beyond all patience!—You have thrown away all your affection; and I shall do as much by my obedience: unnatural fathers, make unnatural children.—My revenge is in my own power, and I'll indulge it.—Had they made their escape, I should have been exposed to the derision of the world;—but the deriders shall be derided; and so—help! help, there! thieves! thieves!

Mrs. Heidel. Tit-for-tat, Betsey!—you 300 are right, my girl.

Sterl. Zounds! you'll spoil all—you'll raise the whole family,—the devil's in the girl.

Mrs. Heidel. No, no; the devil's in you, brother. I am asham'd of your principles.—What! would you connive at your daughter's being lock'd up with her sister's husband? Help! thieves! thieves! I say.

[cries out.]

Sterl. Sister, I beg you!—daughter, I command you.—If you have no regard for 310 me, consider yourselves!—we shall lose this opportunity of ennobling our blood, and getting above twenty per cent, for our money.

Miss Sterl. What, by my disgrace and my sister's triumph! I have a spirit above such mean considerations; and to shew you that it is not a low-bred, vulgar 'Change-Alley spirit—help! help! thieves! thieves! thieves! I say. 320

Sterl. Ay, ay, you may save your lungs—the house is in an uproar;—women at best have no discretion; but in a passion they'll fire a house, or burn themselves in it, rather than not be revenged.

Enter Canton, in a night-gown and slippers.

Cant. Eh, diable! vat is de raison of dis great noise, dis° tintamarre?

Sterl. Ask those ladies, Sir; 'tis of their making.

Lord Ogleby. *[calls within.]* Brush! 330 Brush!—Canton! where are you?—What's the matter? *[rings a bell.]* Where are you?

Sterl. 'Tis my Lord calls, Mr. Canton.

Cant. I com, mi Lor!—

[dis] 1770; this Oo 1-3.

[Exit Canton.]-[Lord Ogleby still rings.]

Sergeant Flower, [calls' within.] A light! a light here!—where are the servants? Bring a light for me, and my brothers.

Sterl. Lights here! lights for the gentlemen! [Exit Sterling.]

Mrs. Heidel. My brother feels, I see— 340 your sister's turn will come next.

Mus Sterl. Ay, ay, let it go round, Madam! it is the only comfort I have left.

Re-enter Sterling, with lights, before Sergeant Flower (with one boot and a slipper) and Traverse.

Sterl. This way, Sir! this way, gentlemen! Serjeant Flower. Well, but, Mr. Sterling! no danger I hope.—Have they made a burglarious entry?—Arc you prepar'd to repulse them?—I am very much alarm'd about thieves at circuit-time.—They would be particularly severe with us gentlemen of the 30 bar.

Traverse. No danger, Mr. Sterling?—No trespass, I hope?

Sterl. None, gentlemen, but of those ladies⁰ making.

Mrs. Heidel. You'll be asham'd to know, gentlemen, that all your labours and studies about this young lady are thrown away—Sir John Melvil is at this moment lock'd up with this lady's younger sister. 360

Serjeant Flower. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be sure—but, why were we to be frighten'd out of our beds for this? Could not we have try'd this cause to-morrow morning?

, Miss Sterl. But, Sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps, even your assistance would not have been of any service—the birds now in that cage would have flown away.

Enter Lord Ogleby [in his robe de chambre, night cap &c.—leaning on Canton.]

Lord Ogle. I had rather lose a limb 30 than my night's rest—what's the matter with you all?

Sterl. Ay, ay, 'tis all over!—Here's my Lord too.

Lord Ogle. What is all this shrieking and screaming?—Where's my angelick Fanny. She's safe, I hope!

Mrs. Heidel. Your angelick Fanny, my ladies' 1777; ladies Oo 1-3, 1770.

Lord, is lock'd up with your angelick nephew in that chamber. 380

Lord Ogle. My nephew! then will I be excommunicated.

Mrs. Heidel. Your nephew, my Lord, has been plotting to run away with the younger sister; and the younger sister has been plotting to run away with your nephew; and if we had not watch'd them and call'd up the fammaly, they had been upon the scamper to Scotland by this time.

Lord Ogle. Look'ee, ladies!—I know 30 that Sir John has conceiv'd a violent passion for Miss Fanny; and I know too that Miss Fanny has conceiv'd a violent passion for another person; and I am so well convine'd of the rectitude of her affections, that I will support them with my fortune, my honour, and my life.—Eh, shant I, Mr. Sterling? [smiling] what say you?—

Sterl. [sulkily.] To be sure, my Lord.—These bawling women have been the 40 ruin of every thing. [aside.]

Lord Ogle. But come, I'll end this business in a trice—if you, ladies, will compose yourselves, and Mr. Sterling will insure Miss Fanny from violence, I will engage to draw her from her pillow with a whisper thro' the keyhole.

Mrs. Heidel. The horrid creaturs!⁰—I say, my Lord, break the door open.

Lord Ogle. Let me beg of your delicacy not to be too precipitate!—Now to our experiment! [advancing towards the door.]

Miss Sterl. Now, what will they do?—my heart will beat thro' my bosom.

Enter Betty, with the key.

Betty. There's no occasion for breaking open doors, my Lord; we have done nothing that we ought to be asham'd of, and my mistress shall face her enemies.—

[going to unlock the door.]

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence.

Lord Ogle. The mystery thickens. Lady 420 of the bed-chamber! [to Betty] open the door, and intreat Sir John Melvil (for these ladies will have it that he is there,) to appear and answer to high crimes and misdemeanors.—Call Sir John Melvil into the court!

creaturs] 1777; creatures Oo 1-3, 1770.

Enter Sir John Melvil, on the other side.

Sir John. I am here, my Lord.

Mrs. Heidel. Heyday!

Miss Sterl. Astonishment!

Sir John. What is all this alarm and confusion? there is nothing but hurry in the house; what is the reason of it?

Lord Ogle. Because you have been in that chamber; have been! nay you are there at this moment, as these ladies have protested, so don't deny it—

Traverse. This is the clearest *Alibi* I ever knew, Mr. Serjeant.

Flower. *Luce clarius.*

Lord Ogle. Upon my word, ladies, if you have often these fro licks, it would be really entertaining to pass a whole summer with you. But come, [to Betty] open the door, and intreat your amiable mistress to come forth, and dispel all our doubts with her smiles.

Betty, [opening the door.] Madam, you are wanted in this room. [pertly.

Enter Fanny, in great confusion.

Miss Sterl. You see she's ready dress'd—and what confusion she's in! 450

Mrs. Heidel. Ready to pack off, bag and baggage!—her guilt confounds her!—

*Flower.*⁰ Silence in the court, ladies!

Fanny. I am confounded, indeed, Madam!

Lord Ogle. Don't droop, my beauteous lilly! but with your own peculiar modesty declare your state of mind.—Pour conviction into their ears, and raptures into mine. [smiling. 460

Fanny. I am at this moment the most unhappy—most distressed—the tumult is too much for my heart—and I want the power to reveal a secret, which to conceal has been the misfortune and misery of my—my— [faints away.

Lord Ogle. She faints; help, help! for the fairest, and best of women! at once.

Betty, [running to her.] O my dear—mistress!—help, help, there!— 470

Sir John. Ha! let me fly to her assistance.

Lovewell rushes out from the chamber.

Lovcw. My Fanny in danger! I can contain no longer.—Prudence were now a

Flower] 1770; *Flowers* Oo 1-3.

crime; all other cares are^o lost in this!—speak, speak, to me, my dearest Fanny!—let me but hear thy voice, open your eyes, and bless me with the smallest sign of life!

[during this speech they are all in amazement.

Miss Sterl. Lovewell!—I am easy.—

Mrs. Heidel I am thunderstruck! 490

Lord Ogle. I am petrify'd!

Sir John. And I undone!

Fanny, [recovering.] O Lovewell!—even supported by thee, I dare not look my father nor his Lordship in the face.

Sterl. What now! did not I send you to London, Sir?

Lord Ogle. Eh!—What!—How's this?—by what right and title have you been half the night in that lady's bed-chamber? 490

Lovew. By that right that makes me the happiest of men; and by a title which I would not forego, for any the best of kings could give me.

Betty. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnimity.

Lord Ogle. I am annihilated!

Sterl. I have been choaked with rage and wonder; but now I can speak.—Zounds, what have you to say to me?—Lovewell, 500 you are a villain.—You have broke your word with me.

Fanny. Indeed, Sir, he has not—You forbid him to think of me, when it was out of his power to obey you; we have been married these four months.

Sterl. And he shan't stay in my house four hours. What baseness and treachery! As for you, you shall repent this step as long as you live, Madam. 510

Fanny. Indeed, Sir, it is impossible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in consequence of my disobedience. My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and though I was too weak to struggle with affection, I feel that I must be miserable for ever without your forgiveness.

Sterl. Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly;—and you shall follow him, Madam, [to Fanny. 520

Lord Ogle. And if they do, I will receive them into mine. Look ye, Mr. Sterling, there have been some mistakes, which we had all better forget for our own sakes; and the best way to forget them is to forget! Oo 1, 2; were O 3, 1770.

give the cause of them; which I do from my soul.—Poor girl! I swore to support her affection with" my life and fortune;—'tis a debt of honour, and must be paid—you swore as much too, Mr. Sterling; 530 but your laws in the city will excuse you, I suppose; for you never strike a ballance without errors excepted.

Sterl. I am a father, my Lord; but for the sake of all other fathers, I think I ought not to forgive her, for fear of encouraging other silly girls like herself to throw themselves away without the consent of their parents.

Lovew. I hope there will be no danger 540 of that, Sir. Young ladies with minds, like my Fanny's, would startle at the very shadow of vice; and when they know to what uneasiness only an indiscretion has exposed her, her example, instead, of encouraging, will rather serve to deter them.

Mrs. Heidel. Indiscretion, quoth a! a mighty pretty delicat word to express disobedience!

Lord Ogle. For my part, I indulge my 550 own passions too much to tyrannize over those of other people. Poor souls, I pity them. And you must forgive them too. Come, come, melt a little of your flint, Mr. Sterling!

Sterl. Why, why—as to that, my Lord—to be sure he is a relation of yours my Lord—what say you, sister Heidelberg?

Mrs. Heidel. The girl's ruined, and I forgive her. 560

Sterl. Well—so do I then.—Nay, no thanks—[to Lovewell and Fanny, who seem preparing to spcakl there's an end of the matter.

Lord Ogle. But, Lovewell, what makes you dumb all this while?

Lovew. Your kindness, my Lord—I can scarce believe my own senses—they are all in a tumult of fear, joy, love, expectation, and gratitude; I ever was, and am now 570 more bound in duty to your Lordship; for you, Mr. Sterling, if every moment of my life, spent gratefully in your service, will in some measure compensate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not repent your goodness to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myself, will not for the future suspect me of artifice and intrigue—I shall be happy to oblige, and serve you.—As for you, Sir John—

Sir John. No apologies to me, Love- 580 well, I do not deserve any. All I have to offer in excuse for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your situation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have saved me, and yourself, and that lady, (who I hope will pardon my behaviour) a great deal of uneasiness. Give me leave, however, to assure you, that light and capricious as I may have appeared, now my infatuation is over, I have sensibility 590 enough to be ashamed of the part I have acted, and honour enough to rejoice at your happiness.

Lovew. And now, my dearest Fanny, though we are seemingly the happiest of beings, yet all our joys will be dampt, if his Lordship's generosity and Mr. Sterling's forgiveness should not be succeeded by the indulgence, approbation, and consent of these our best benefactors. [To the audience, 600

FINIS

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

The Musick by Mr. BARTHELEMON.⁰

CHARACTERS of the EPILOGUE.

Lord Minum	Mr. Dodd.
Colonel Trill	Mr. Vernon.
Sir Patrick Mahony	Mr. Moody.
Miss Crotchett	Mrs. _____ ^o
Mrs. Quaver	Mrs. Lee.'
First Lady	Mrs. Bradshaw.
Second Lady	Miss Mills. ⁰
Third Lady	Mrs. Dorman.

SCENE an Assembly.

Several Persons at Cards, at different Tables; among the rest Col. Trill, Lord Minum, Mrs. Quaver, Sir Patrick Mahony.

At the Quadrille Table.

Col. T. I ADIKS, with Leave—
2d Lady. L Pass!
3d Lady. Pass!
Mrs. Qu. You must do more.
Col. T. Indeed I can't.
Mrs. Qu. I play in Hearts.
Col. T. Encore!
2d Lady. What Luck!
Col. T. To-night at Drury-Lane is play'd
A Comedy, and *toute nouvelle*—a Spade!
Is not Miss Crotchett at the Play?
Mrs. Qu. My Niece
Has made a Parly, Sir. to damn the Piece.

At the Whist Tabic.

Ld. Min. I hate a Play-house—Trump!—It makes me sick.
1st Lady. We're two by Honours, Ma'am.
Ld. Min. And we the odd^o Trick.
Pray do you know the Author, Colonel Trill?

The Musick . . . Barthelemon] 1777; om. Oo 1-3, 1770.

Mrs.—I Mrs. Abington 1777.

Miss Mills] Miss Pearce 1777.

the odd] th'odd 1770.

Col. T. I know no Poets, Heaven be prais'd!—Spadille!
 1st Lady. I'll tell you who, my Lord! (*whispers my Lord.*)
 Ld. Min. What, he again?
 "And dwell such daring Souls in little Men?"
 Be whose it will, they down our Throats will cram it!
 Col. T. O, no.—I have a Club—the best.—We'll damn it.
 Mrs. Qu. O Bravo, Colonel! Musick is my Flame.
 Ld. Min. And mine, by Jupiter!—We've won the Game.
 Col. T. What, do you love all Musick?
 Mrs. Qu. No, not Handel's.
 And nasty Plays—
 Ld. Min. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.
 (*Rise from the Tabic and pay.*)

From the Piquette Tabic.

Sir Pat. Well, faith and troth! that Shakespeare was no Fool!
 Col. T. I'm glad you like him, Sir!—So ends the Pool!
 (*Pay and rise from Table.*)

S O N G by the Colonel.

I hate all their Nonsense,
 Their Shakespears and Johnsons,^o
 Their Plays, and their Play-house, and Bards:
 Tis singing, not saying;
 A Fig for all playing,
 But playing, as we do, at Cards!

I love to see Jonas,
 Am pleas'd too with Comus;
 Each well the Spectator rewards.
 So clever, so neat in
 Their Tricks, and their Cheating!
 Like them we would fain deal our Cards.

Sir Pat. King Lare is touching!—And how fine to see
 Ould Hamlet's Ghost!—"To be, or not to be."
 What are your Op'ras to Othello's roar?
 Oh, he's an Angel of a Blackamoor!

Ld. Min. W'hat, when he choaks his Wife?—

Col. T. And calls her Whore? }

Sir Pat. King Richard calls his Horse—and then Macbeth,
 When e'er he murders—takes away the Breath.
 My Blood runs cold at ev'ry Syllable,
 To see the Dagger—that's invisible. (*All laugh.*)

Sir Pat. Laugh if you please, a pretty Play—

Is pretty.

Sir Pat. And when there's Wit in't—

Col. T. To be sure 'tis witty.
 Sir Pat. I love the Play-house now—so light and gay,
 With all those Candles, they have ta'en away!
 (all laugh.)
 For all your Game, what makes it so much brighter?
 Col. T. Put out the Light,⁰ and then—
 Ld. Min. 'Tis so much lighter.
 Sir Pat. Pray do you mane, Sirs, more than you express?
 Col. T. Just as it happens—
 Ld. Min. Either more, or less.
 Mrs. Qu. An't you asham'd, Sir? [to Sir Pat.]
 Sir Pat. Me!—I seldom blush.—
 For little Shakespeare, faith! I'd take a Push!
 Ld. Min. News, News!—here comes Miss Crotchet from the Play.

Enter Miss Crotchet.

Mrs. Qu. Well, Crotchet, what's the News?
 Miss Cm. We've lost the Day.
 Col. T. Tell us, dear Miss, all you have heard and seen.
 Miss Cro. I'm tir'd—a Chair—here, take my Capuchin!⁰
 Ld. Min. And isn't it damn'd. Miss?
 Miss Cro. No, my Lord, not quite:
 But we shall damn it.
 Col. T. When?
 Miss Cro. To-morrow Night.
 There is a Party of us, all of Fashion,
 Resolv'd to exterminate this vulgar Passion:
 A Play-house, what a Place!—I must forswear it.
 A little Mischief only makes one bear it.
 Such Crowds of City Folks!—so rude and pressing!
 And their Horse-Laugh, so hideously distressing!
 When e'er we hiss'd, they frown'd and fell a swearing,
 Like their own Guildhall Giants—fierce and staring!
 Col. T. What said the Folks of Fashion? were they cross?
 Ld. Min. The rest have no more Judgement than my Horse.
 Miss Cro. Lord Grimly swore 'twas execrable Stuff.
 Says one, Why so, my Lord?—My Lord took Snuff.
 In the first Act Lord George began to doze,
 And criticis'd the Author—through his Nose;
 So loud indeed, that as his Lordship snor'd,
 The Pit turn'd round, and all the Brutes encor'd.
 Some Lords, indeed, approv'd the Author's Jokes.
 Ld. Min. We have among us, Miss, some foolish Folks.
 Miss Cro. Says poor Lord Simper—Well, now to my Mind
 The Piece is good;—but he's both deaf and blind.
 Sir Pat. Upon my Soul a very pretty Story!

And Quality appears in all its Glory!—

There was some Merit in the Piece, no Doubt;

Miss Cro. O, to 'be sure!—if one could find it out.

Col. T. But tell us, Miss, the Subject of the Play.

Miss Cro. Why, 'twas a Marriage—yes, a Marriage—Stay!

A Lord, an Aunt, two Sisters, and a Merchant—

A Baronet—ten Lawyers—a fat Serjeant—

Are all produc'd—to talk with one another;

And about something make a mighty Pother;

They all go in, and out; and to, and fro;

And talk, and quarrel—as they come and go—

Then go to Bed, and then get up—and then—

Scream, faint, scold, kiss,—and go to Bed again.

[all laugh.]

Such is the Play—Your Judgment! never sham it.

Col. T. Oh damn it!

Mrs. Qu. Damn it!

1st Lady. Damn it!

Mrs. Cro. Damn it!

Ld. Min. Damn it!

Sir Pat. Well, faith, you speak your Minds, and I'll be free—

Good Night! this Company's too good for me. *[going.]*

Col. T: Your Judgment, dear Sir Patrick, makes us proud.

[all laugh.]

Sir Pat. Laugh if you please, but pray don't laugh too loud. *[Exit.]*

RECITATIVE.

Col. T. Now the Barbarian's gone, Miss, tune your Tongue,
And let us raise our Spirits high with Song!

RECITATIVE.

Miss Cro. Colonel, *de tout mon COBW*—I've one *in petto*,
Which you shall join, and make it a *Duetto*.

RECITATIVE.

Ld. Min. Bella Signora, et Amico mio!

I to6 will join, and then we'll make a *Trio*.—

Col. T. Come all and join the full-mouth'd Chorus,
And drive all Tragedy and Comedy before us!

All the Company rise, and advance to the Front of the Stage.

AIR.

Col. T. Would you ever go see a Tragedy?

Miss Cro. Never, never.

Col. T.
Ld. M.

A Comedy?

Never, never.

Live for ever!

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

Col. T. Ld. M. and Miss Cro.

Live for ever!

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

CHORUS.

Would you over go to see, &c.

T H E
WEST INDIAN:

C O M E D Y .

As it is Performed at the
T H E A T R E R O Y A L
I N
D R U R Y - L A N E .

BY THE
AUTHOR OF THE BROTHERS,

guis novus bit Hofpts?

L O N D O N :
Printed for W' GRIFFIM, at GARRICK'S HEAD'
in CATHARINE-STREET, STRAND,
MDCCLXXK

Richard Cumberland (1732-1811) although he served a long term as a civil servant found time to write over fifty plays. His main contribution is in the vein of sentimental comedy. This genteel genre had been brought to a high Pitch of absurdity in Kelly's most successful *False Delicacy* (1768); but Cumberland whilst frankly sentimental infuses a certain strength into his dramas.

The Brothers (1769), *The West Indian* (1771), *The Jew* (1794) and *The Wheel of Fortune* (1795) are the best of his sentimental comedies. In all these plays Cumberland broke away from the purely genteel setting, and he was not afraid to bring on the stage strong characters from middle-class life. *The Brothers* takes us to romantic scenes on the sea-coast; the hero of *The West Indian* imports a flavour of the tropics. Cumberland has abandoned the sparkish young beau of the comedy of manners for either a perfectly virtuous gentleman or at worst a pardonable young hot-blood of the Tom Jones type.

Middle-class domesticity is a favourite setting: Stockwell, the good and prosperous city man, was a type which Lillo had portrayed in *The London Merchant*. Cumberland is, frankly didactic, always anxious to strike a blow against villainy in the cause of virtue, sometimes for mere pity's sake as in *The Jew* where he is concerned to extol the virtues of the oppressed race.

O'Flaherty is said to be a portrait of an Irish colonel who earned a noble reputation in the Austrian service, being precluded by his Roman Catholicism from serving in the English army. *Biographia Draniatica* quotes a long account of this Col. O'B——ne from *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lvi.

In *The Wheel of Fortune* Cumberland comes near to the style of melodrama which was soon to overrun the stage. It was an immense success. Among his many other plays there are some lively comedies and an interesting domestic tragedy, *The Mysterious Husband* (1783).

.The text is that of the first edition octavo 1771, collated with "A New Edition" octavo 1771, and "A New Edition" octavo 1792.

O 1 = First edition octavo, 1771 (A.E.M.).

New = "A New Edition" octavo, 1771 (A.E.M.).

1792 = "A New Edition" octavo, 1792 (Hull U.C. PR 3392 W5).

Nicoll records 1771 several 8vo editions; 1773 8vo; 1774 8vo; 1775 8vo and 12mo (Dublin); 1790 12mo (Perth); 1792 8vo.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. REDDISH.

CRITICS, hark forward! noble game and new;
A fine West Indian started full in view:
Hot as the soil, the clime, which gave him birth,
You'll run him on a burning scent to earth;
Yet don't devour him in his hiding place,
Bag him, he'll serve you for another chase;
For sure that country has no feeble claim,
Which swells your commerce, and supports your fame.
And in this humble sketch, we hope you'll find,
Some emanations of a noble mind;
Some little touches, which, tho' void of art,
May find perhaps their way into the heart.
Another hero⁰ your excuse implores,
Sent by your sister kingdom to your shores;
Doom'd by Religion's too severe command,
To fight for bread against his native land:
A brave, unthinking, animated rogue,
With here and there a touch upon the brogue;
Laugh, but despise him not, for on his lip
His errors lie; his heart can never trip.
Others there are—but may we not prevail
To let the gentry tell their own plain tale?
Shall they come in? They'll please you, if they can;
If not, condemn the bard—but spare the *Man*.
For speak, think, act, or write in angry times,
A wish to please is made the worst of crimes;
Dire slander now with black envenom'd dart,
Stands ever arm'd to stab you to the heart.
Rouse, Britons, rouse, for honour of your isle,
Your old good humour; and be seen to smile.
You say we write not like our fathers—true,
Nor were our fathers half so strict as you,
Damn'd not each error of the poet's⁰ pen,
But judging man, remember'd they were men,
Aw'd into silence by the times abuse,
Sleeps many a wise, and many a witty muse;
We that for mere experiment come out,
Are but the light arm'd rangers on the scout:
High on Parnassus' lofty summit stands
The immortal camp; there lie the chosen bands!
But give fair quarter to us puny elves,
The giants then will sally forth themselves;
With wit's sharp weapons vindicate the age,
And drive ev'n *Arthur's* magic from the *Stage*.

Dramatis Personse.

M E N .

Stockwell,
Belcour,
Captain Dudley,
Charles Dudley,
Major O'Flaherty,
Stukely,
Fulmer,
"Varland,
Servant to Stockwell,

Mr. Aickin.
Mr. King.
Mr. Packer.
Mr. Cautherly.
Mr. Moody.
Mr. J. Aickin.
Mr. Baddely.
Mr. Parsons.
Mr. Wheeler.

W O M E N .

Lady Rusport,
Charlotte Rusport,
Louisa, daughter to Dudley,
Mrs. Fulmer,
Lucy,
Housekeeper belonging⁰ to Stockwell,

Mrs. Hopkins.
Mrs. Abington.
Mrs. Baddely.
Mrs. Egerton.
Mrs. Love.
Mrs. Bradshaw.

Clerks belonging to Stockwell; servants, sailors, negroes, &c.

S C E N E , L O N D O N .

THE WEST INDIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A MERCHANT'S COMPTING HOUSE.

In an inner room, set off by glass doors, are discovered several clerks, employed at their desks. A writing table in the front room. Stockwell is discovered reading a letter; Stukely comes gently out of the back room, and observes him some time before he speaks.

Stukely. He seems disordered: some thing in that letter; and I'm afraid of an unpleasant sort. He has many ventures of great account at sea; a ship richly freighted for Barcelona; another for Lisbon; and others expected from Cadiz of still greater value. Besides these, I know he has many deep concerns in foreign bottoms, and underwritings to a vast amount. I'll accost him. Sir! Mr. Stockwell! 10

Stockwell. Stukely!—Well, have you ship'd the cloths?

Stukely. I have, Sir; here's the bill of lading, and copy of the invoice: the assortments are all compared: Mr. Traffick will give you the policy upon 'Change.

Stockwell. Tis very well; lay these papers by; and no more of business for a while. Shut the door Stukely; I have had long proof of your friendship and fidelity to 20 me; a matter of most intimate concern lies on my mind, and 'twill be a sensible relief to unbosom myself to you; I have just now been informed of the arrival of the young West Indian, I have so long been expecting; you know who I mean.

Stukely. Yes, Sir; Mr. Belcour, the young gentleman, who inherited old Belcour's great estates in Jamaica.

Stockwell. Hush, not so loud; come a 30 little nearer this way. This Belcour is now in London; part of his baggage is already arrived; and I expect him every minute. Is it to be wonder'd at, if his coming throws me into some agitation, when I tell you, Stukely, he is my son?

Stukely. Your son!

Stockwell. Yes, Sir, my only son; early in life I accompanied his grandfather to

Jamaica as his clerk; he had an only 40 daughter, somewhat older than myself; the mother of this gentleman; it was my chance (call it good or ill) to engage her affections: and, as the inferiority of my condition made it hopeless to expect her father's consent, her^o fondness provided an expedient, and we were privately married; the issue of that concealed engagement is, as I have told you, this Belcour.

Stukely. That event, surely, discovered 50 your connexion.

Stockwell. You shall hear. Not many days after our marriage old Belcour set out for England; and, during his abode here, my wife was, with great secrecy, delivered of this son. Fruitful in expedients to disguise her situation, without parting from her infant, she contrived to have it laid and received at her door as a foundling. After some time her father returned, having left 60 me here; in one of those favourable moments, that decide the fortunes of prosperous men, this child was introduced; from that instant, he treated him as his own, gave him his name, and brought him up in his family.

Stukely. And did you never reveal this secret, either to old Belcour, or your son?

Stockwell. Never.

Stukely. Therein you surprise me; a 70 merchant of your eminence, and a member of the British parliament, might surely aspire without offence to the daughter of a planter. In this case too, natural affection would prompt to a discovery.

Stockwell. Your remark is obvious; nor could I have persisted in this painful silence, but in obedience to the dying injunctions of a beloved wife. The letter, you found me reading, conveyed those in- 80 junctions to me; it was dictated in her last illness, and almost in the article of death; (you'll spare me the recital of it) she there conjures me, in terms as solemn, as they are affecting, never to reveal the secret of our marriage, or withdraw my son, while her father surviv'd.

consent, her] New, 1792; *consent; her* O 1.

Stukely. But on what motives did your unhappy lady found these injunctions?

Stockwell. Principally, I believe, from 90 apprehension on my account, lest old Belcour, on whom at her decease I wholly depended, should withdraw his protection: in part from consideration of his repose, as well knowing the discovery would deeply affect his spirit, which was haughty, vehement, and unforgiving; and lastly, in regard to the interest of her infant, whom he had warmly adopted; and for whom, in case of a discovery, every thing was 100 to be dreaded from his resentment. And, indeed, though the alteration in my condition might have justified me in discovering myself, yet I always thought my son safer in trusting to the caprice than to the justice of his grand-father. My judgment has not suffered by the event; old Belcour is dead, and has bequeathed his whole estate to him we are speaking of.

Stukely. Now then you are no longer *no* bound to secrecy.

Stockwell. True; but before I publicly reveal myself, I could wish to make some experiment of my son's disposition; this can be only⁰ done by letting his spirit take its course without restraint; by these means, I think I shall discover much more of his real character under the title of his merchant, than I should under that of his father.

SCENE II.

A Sailor enters, ushering in several black servants, carrying portmanteaus, trunks, &c.

Sailor. Save your honour! is your name Stockwell pray?

Stockwell. It is.

Sailor. Part[^]of my master Belcour's baggage an't please you; there's another cargo not far a stern of us; and the cockswain has got charge of the dumb creatures.

Stockwell. Pr'ythee, friend, what dumb creatures do you speak of; has Mr. Belcour brought over a collection of wild beasts?¹⁰

Sailor. No, Lord love him; no, not he: let me see; there's two green monxies, a pair of grey parrots, a Jamaica sow and pigs, and a Mangrove dog; that's all.

Stockwell. Is that all?

Sailor. Yes, your honour; yes, that's all, *be only* only *be* New, 1792.

bless his heart; a'might have brought over the whole island if he would; a didn't leave a dry eye in it.

Stockwell. Indeed! Stukely, shew 'em 20 where to bestow their baggage. Follow that gentleman.

Sailor. Come, bear a hand, my lads, bear a hand. *{Exit with Stukely and Servants.*

Stockwell. If the principal tallies with his purveyors, he must be a singular spectacle in this place: he has a friend, however, in this sea-faring fellow; 'tis no bad prognostic of a man's heart, when his ship-mates give him a good word. *[Exit, 80]*

SCENE III.

Scene changes to a drawing room, a servant discovered setting the chairs by, &c. a woman servant enters to him.

Housekeeper. Why, what a fuss does our good master put himself in about this West Indian: see what a bill of fare I've been forced to draw out: seven and nine I'll assure you, and only a family dinner as he calls it: why if my Lord Mayor was expected, there couldn't be a greater to-do about him.

Servant. I wish to my heart you had but seen the loads of trunks, boxes, and port- 10 manteaus he has sent hither. An ambassador's baggage, with all the smuggled goods of his family, does not exceed it.

Housekeeper. A fine pickle he'll put the house into: had he been master's own son, and a Christian Englishman, there cou'd not be more rout than there is about this Creolian, as they call 'em.

Servant. No matter for that; he's very rich, and that's sufficient. They say he has 20 rum and sugar enough belonging to him, to make all the water in the Thames into punch. But I see my master⁰ coming.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Stockwell enters, followed by a Servant.

Stockwell. Where is Mr. Belcour? Who brought this note from him?

Servant. A waiter from the London Tavern, Sir; he says the young gentleman is just dress'd, and will be with you directly.

master] *master's* 1702.

Stockwell. Shew him in when he arrives.

Servant. I shall, Sir. I'll have a peep at him first, however; I've a great mind to see this outlandish spark. The sailor fellow says he'll make rare things amongst us 10
(*aside.*)

Stockwell. You need not wait; leave me.
[*Exit Servant.*] Let me see (*reads.*)

"SIR,

"I write to you under the hands of the
"hair-dresser; as soon as I have made myself decent, and slipped on some fresh
"cloaths, I will have the honour of paying
"you my devoirs. Yours,

"BELCOUR."

He writes⁰ at his ease; for he's uncon- 20
scious to whom his letter is addressed; but what a palpitation does it throw my heart into; a father's heart! 'Tis an affecting interview; when my eyes meet a son, whom yet they never saw, where shall I find constancy to support it? Should he resemble his mother, I am overthrown. All the letters I have had from him, (for I industriously drew him into a correspondence with me) bespeak him of quick and ready un- 30
derstanding. All the reports I ever received, give me favourable impressions of his character; wild, perhaps, as the manner of his country is, but, I trust, not frantic or unprincipled.

SCENE V.

Servant enters.

Servant. Sir, the foreign gentleman is come.

Another Servant.

Servant. Mr. Belcour.

Belcour enters.

Stockwell. Mr. Belcour, I'm rejoiced to see you; you're welcome to England.

Belcour. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long conversed at a distance; now we are met, and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply com-

writes] write'8 1792.

pensates for the perils I have run through 20
in accomplishing it.

Stockwell. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met^o a bad passage at this time o' year.

Belcour. Nor did we: courier like, we came posting to your shores, upon the pinions of the swiftest gales that ever blew; 'tis upon English ground all my difficulties have arisen; 'tis the passage from the river-side I complain of. 20

Stockwell. Ay, indeed! What obstructions can you have met between this and the river-side?

Belcour. Innumerable! Your town's as full of defiles as the Island of Corsica; and, I believe, they are as obstinately defended: so much hurry, bustle, and confusion, on your quays; so many sugar-casks, porter-butts, and common council-men, in your streets; that, unless a man marched with '> artillery in his front, 'tis more than the labour of a^o Hercules can effect to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stockwell. I am sorry you have been so incommoded,

Belcour. Why, faith 'twas all my own fault; accustomed to a land of slaves, and, out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-house extortioners, boat-men, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beset me 'o on all sides, worse than a swarm of musketoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my rattan; the sturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob chose different sides, and a furious scuffle ensued; in the course of which, my person and apparel suffered so much, that I was obliged to step into the first tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim, 50

Stockwell. All without is as I wish; dear Nature add the rest, and I am happy (*aside*) Well, Mr. Belcour, 'tis a rough sample you have had of my countrymen's spirit; but, I trust, you'll not think the worse of them for it.

Belcour. Not at all, not at all; I like 'em the better; was I only a visitor, I might, perhaps, wish them a little more tractable; but, as a fellow subject, and a sharer in 60

met] made 1792.

a] om. 1792.

their freedom, I applaud their spirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone in my° skin.

Stockwell. That's well; I like that well. How gladly I could fall upon his neck, and own myself his father (*aside*.)

Belcour. Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the first time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegancies. My 70 happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

Stockwell. To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vassal, over whom you have a wanton and despotic power, but as a subject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and restrained authority.

Belcour. True, Sir; most truly said; 80 mine's a commission, not a right: I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind: but, Sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and to virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

Stockwell. Come, come, the man who can
accuse corrects himself. 90

Belcour. Ah! that's an office I am weary of: I wish a friend would take it up: I would to Heaven you had leisure for the employ; but, did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

Stockwell. Well, I am not discouraged; this candour tells me I should not have' the fault of self-conceit to combat; that, at least, is not amongst the number. 101

Belcour. No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myself, I would take up his opinion and forego my own.

Stockwell. And, was I to chuse a pupil, it should be one of your complexion; so if you'll come along with me, we'll agree upon your admission, and enter on a course of lectures directly. 110

Belcour. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

in my] of my 1792.

SCENE VI.

Scene changes to a Room in Lady Rusport's House: Lady Rusport and Charlotte.

Lady Rusport. Miss Rusport, I desire to hear no more of Captain Dudley and his destitute family: not a shilling of mine shall ever cross the hands of any of them: because my sister chose to marry a beggar, am I bound to support him and his posterity?

Charlotte. I think you are.

Lady Rusport. You think I am; and pray where do you find the law that tells you 10 so?

Charlotte. I am not proficient enough to quote chapter and verse; but I take charity to be a main⁰ clause in the great statute of Christianity.

Lady Rusport. I say charity, indeed! And pray, Miss, are you sure that it is charity, pure charity, which moves you to plead for Captain Dudley? Amongst all your pity, do you find no spice of a certain anti-spiritual 20 passion, called love? Don't mistake yourself, you are no saint, child, believe me; and, I am apt to think, the distresses of old Dudley, and of his daughter into the bargain, would never break your heart, if there was not a certain young fellow of two and twenty in the case; who, by the happy recommendation of a good person, and the brilliant appointments of an ensigncy, will, if I am not mistaken, cozen you out of a 30 fortune of twice twenty thousand pounds, as soon as ever you are of age to bestow it upon him.

Charlotte. A nephew of your ladyship's can never want any other recommendation with me; and, if my partiality for Charles Dudley is acquitted by the rest of the world, I hope Lady Rusport will not condemn me for it.

Lady Rusport. I condemn you! I thank 40 Heaven, Miss Rusport, I am no ways responsible for your conduct; nor is it any concern of mine how you dispose of yourself; you are not my daughter; and, when I married your father, poor Sir Stephen Rusport, I found you a forward spoiled Miss of fourteen far above being instructed by me.

main] mean 1792.

Charlotte. Perhaps **your** ladyship calls this instruction. 50

Lady Rusport. You're strangely pert; but 'tis no wonder: your mother, I'm told, was a fine lady; and according to the modern stile of education you was brought up. It was not so in my young days; there was then some decorum in the world, some subordination, as the great Locke expresses it. Oh! 'twas an edifying sight, to see the regular deportment observed in our family: no gigling, no gossiping was going on 60 there; my good father, Sir Oliver Roundhead, never was seen to laugh himself, nor ever allowed it in his children.

Charlotte. Ay; those were happy times, indeed.

Lady Rusport. But, in this forward age, we have coquets in the eggshell, and philosophers in the cradle; girls of fifteen that lead the fashion in new caps and new opinions, that have their sentiments and their 70 sensations, and the idle fops encourage 'em in it. O' my conscience, I wonder what it is the men can see in such babies.

Charlotte. True, Madam; but all men do not overlook the maturer beauties of your ladyship's age, witness your admirer⁰ Major Dennis O'Flaherty; there's an example of some discernment; I declare to you, when your ladyship is by, the Major takes no more notice of me than if I was part of 80 the furniture of your chamber.

Lady Rusport. The major, child, has travelled through various kingdoms and climates, and has more enlarged notions of female merit than falls to the lot of an English home-bred lover; in most other countries, no woman on your side forty would ever be named in a polite circle.

Charlotte. Right, Madam; I've been told that in Vienna they have coquets upon 90 crutches and Venuses in their grand climateric⁰; a lover there celebrates the wrinkles, not the dimples, in his mistress's face. The Major, I think, has served in the imperial army.

Lady Rusport. Are you piqu'd, my young Madam? Had my sister Louisa now⁰ yielded to the addresses of one of Major O'Flaherty's person and appearance, she

admirer] admired 1792.

climateric] an accepted variant of climacteric.
now] om. 1792.

would have had some excuse; but to **run** 100 away, as she did, at the age of sixteen too, with a man of old Dudley's sort——

Charlotte. Was, in my opinion, the most venial trespass that ever girl of sixteen committed; of a noble family, an engaging person; strict honour, and sound understanding, what accomplishment was there wanting in Captain Dudley, but that which the prodigality of his ancestors had deprived him of? 110

Lady Rusport. They left him as much as he deserves; hasn't the old man captain's half-pay? And is not the son an ensign?

Charlotte. An ensign! Alas, poor Charles! Would to Heaven he knew what my heart feels and suffers for his sake.

Servant enters.

Servant. Ensign Dudley to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady Rusport. Who! Dudley! What can have brought him to town? 120

Charlotte. Dear Madam,⁰ 'tis Charles Dudley, 'tis your nephew.

Lady Rusport. Nephew! I renounce him as my nephew; Sir Oliver renounced him as his grandson: wasn't he son of the eldest daughter, and only male descendant of Sir Oliver; and didn't he cut him off with a shilling? Didn't the poor dear good man leave his whole fortune to me, except a small annuity to my maiden sister, who 130 spoiled her constitution with nursing him? And, depend upon it, not a penny of that fortune shall ever be disposed of otherwise than according to the will of the donor. (Charles Dudley enters.) So young man, whence come⁰ you? What brings you to town?

Charles. If there is any offence in my coming to town, your ladyship is in some degree responsible for it, for part of my 140 errand was to pay my duty here.

Lady Rusport. I hope you have some better excuse than all this.

Charles. 'Tis true, madam, I have other motives; but, if I consider my trouble repaid by the pleasure I now enjoy, I should hope my aunt would not think my company the less welcome for the value I set upon her's.

Dear Madam] 1792; Dear, Madam O 1.
come] came 1792.

Lady Rusport. Coxcomb I And where 150
is your father, child; and your sister? **Are**
they in town too?

Charles. They are.

Lady Rusport. Ridiculous! I don't know
what people do in London, who have no
money to spend in it.

Charlotte. Dear Madam, speak more
kindly to your nephew; how can you op-
press a youth of his sensibility?

Lady Rusport. Miss Rusport, I insist 160
upon your retiring to your apartment;
when I want your advice I'll send to you.
(*Exit Charlotte.*) So you have put on a red
coat too, as well as your father; 'tis plain
what value you set upon the good advice
Sir Oliver used to give you; how often has
he caution'd you against the army?

Charles. Had it pleased my grandfather
to enable me to have obeyed his caution,
I would have done it; but you well know 170
how destitute I am; and 'tis not to be
wonder'd at if I prefer the service of my
king to that of any other master.

Lady Rusport. Well, well, take your own
course; 'tis no concern of mine: you never
consulted me.

Charles. I frequently wrote to your lady-
ship, but could obtain no answer; and,
since, my grandfather's death, this is the
first opportunity I have had of waiting 180
upon you.

Lady Rusport. I must desire you not to
mention the death of that dear good man
in my hearing, my spirits cannot support it.

Charles. I shall obey you; permit me to
say, that, as that event has richly supplied
you with the materials of bounty, the dis-
tresses of my family can furnish you with
objects of it.

Lady Rusport. The distresses of your 190
family, child, are quite out of the question
at present; had Sir Oliver been pleased to
consider them, I should have been well
content; but he has absolutely taken no
notice of you in his will, and that to me
must and shall be a law. Tell your father
and your sister I totally disapprove of their
coming up to town.

Charles. Must I tell my father that, be-
fore your ladyship knows the motive that 200
brought him hither? Allur'd by the offer
of exchanging for a commission on full pay,
the veteran, after thirty years service, pre-

pares to encounter the fatal heats of
Senegambia; but wants a small supply to
equip him for the expedition.

Servant enters.

Servant. Major O'Flaherty to wait upon
your ladyship.

Major enters.

Major. Spare your speeches, young man,
don't you think her ladyship can take my 210
word for that? I hope, madam, 'tis evidence
enough, of my being present, when I've the
honour of telling you so myself.

Lady Rusport. Major O'Flaherty, I am
rejoiced to see you. Nephew Dudley, you
perceive I'm engaged.

Charles. I shall not intrude upon your
ladyship's more agreeable engagements. I
presume I have my answer.

Lady Rusport. Your answer, child! 220
what answer can you possibly expect; or
how can your romantic father suppose that
I am to abet him in all his idle and ex-
travagant undertakings? Come, Major, let
me shew you the way into my dressing-
room; and let us leave this young adven-
turer to his meditations.⁰ [*Exit.*]

OTlaherty. I follow you, my lady. Young
gentleman, your obedient! Upon my con-
science, as fine a young fellow as I wou'd 230
wish to clap my eyes on: he might have
answered my salute, however—well, let it
pass; Fortune, perhaps, frowns upon the
poor lad; she's a damn'd slippery lady,
and very apt to jilt us poor fellows, that
wear cockades in our hats. Fare-thee-well,
honey, whoever thou art. [*Exit.*]

Charles. So much for the virtues of a
Puritan; out upon it, her heart is flint; yet
that woman, ihat aunt of mine, without 240
one worthy particle in her composition,
wou'd, I dare be sworn, as soon set her foot
in a pest-house, as in a play-house.

(*going.*⁰)

(*Miss Rusport enters to him.*)

Charlotte. Stop, stay a little, Charles,
whither are you going in such haste?

Charles. Madam; Miss Rusport; what are
your commands?

Charlotte. Why so reserved? We had used

meditations] *meditation* 1792.
(*going*)] *om.* 1792.

to answer to no other names than those of Charles and Charlotte. 250

Charles. What ails you? you've been weeping.

Charlotte. No, no; or if I have—your eyes are full too; but I have a thousand things to say to you: before you go, tell me, I conjure you, where you are to be found; here give me your direction; write it upon the back of this visiting ticket—Have you a pencil?

Charles. I have: but why shou'd you 260 desire to find us out? 'tis a poor little inconvenient place; my sister has no apartment fit to receive you in.

(*Servant enters*)

Servant. Madam, my lady desires your company directly.

Charlotte. I am coining—well, have you wrote it? give it me. O Charles! either you do not, or you will not, understand me.

(*Exeunt severally*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

(*A room in Fulmer's House.*)

Fulmer and Mrs. Fulmer.

Mrs. Fulmer. Why, how you sit, musing and mopeing, sighing and desponding! I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Fulmer: is this the country you described to me, a second Eldorado, rivers of gold and rocks of diamonds? You found me in a pretty snug retir'd way of life at Bologne, out of the noise and bustle of the world, and wholly at my ease; you, indeed, was upon the wing, with a fiery persecution at your 10 back: but, like a true son of *Loyola*, you had then a thousand ingenious devices to repair your fortune; and this your native country was to be the scene of your performances: fool that I was, to be inveigled into it by you; but thank Heaven, our partnership is revocable: I am not your wedded wife, praised be my stars! for what have we got, whom have we gulFd but ourselves; which of all your trains has taken fire; 20 even this poor expedient of your bookseller's shop seems abandoned, for if a chance customer drops in, who is there, pray, to help him to what he wants?

Fulmer. Patty, you know it is not upon slight grounds that I despair; there had us'd to be a livelihood to be pickt up in this country, both for the honest and dishonest; I have tried each walk, and am likely to starve at last: there is not a 30 point to which the wit and faculty of man can turn, that I have not set mine to; but in vain, I am beat through every quarter of the compass.

Mrs. Fulmer. Ah! common efforts all: strike me a master stroke, Mr. Fulmer, if you wish to make any figure in this country.

Fulmer. But where, how, and what? I have blustered for prerogative; I have bel-lowed for freedom; I have offered to 40 serve my country; I have engaged to betray it; a master-stroke, truly; why, I have talk'd treason, writ treason, and if a man can't live by that he can live by nothing. Here I set up as a bookseller; why men left off reading; and if I was to turn butcher, I believe o' my conscience they'd leave off eating.

(*Capt. Dudley crosses the stage*),

Mrs. Fulmer. Why there now's your lodger, old Captain Dudley; as he calls 50 himself; there's no flint without fire; something might be struck out of him, if you'd the wit to find the way.

Fulmer. Hang him, 'an old dry skin'd curmudgeon; you may as well think to get truth out of a courtier, or candour out of a critic: I can make nothing of him; besides, he's poor, and therefore not for our purpose.

Mrs. Fulmer. The more fool he! Wou'd any man be poor that had such a prodigy 60 in his possession?

Fulmer. His daughter, you mean; she is indeed uncommonly beautiful.

Mrs. Fulmer. Beautiful! Why she need only be seen to have the first men in the kingdom at her feet. Egad, I wish I had the leasing of her beauty; what wou'd some of our young Nabobs give—?

Fulmer. Hush; here comes the captain; good girl, leave us to ourselves, and let TO me try what I can make of him.

Mrs. Fulmer. Captain, truly; i'faith I'd have a regiment, had I such a daughter, before I was three months older. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Capt. Dudley *enters to him*.

Fulmer. Captain Dudley, **good morning** to you.

Dudley. Mr. Fulmer, I have borrow'd a book from your shop; 'tis the sixth volume of my deceased friend Tristram⁰: he is a flattering writer to us poor soldiers; and the divine story of Le Fevre, which makes part of this book, in my opinion of it, does honour not to its author only, but to human nature. 10

Fulmer. He is an author I keep in the way of trade, but one I never relish'd; he is much too loose and profligate for my taste.

Dudley. That's being too severe: I hold him to be a moralist in the noblest sense; he plays indeed with the fancy, and sometimes perhaps too wantonly; but while he thus designedly masks his main attack, he comes at once upon the heart; refines, 20 amends it, softens it; beats down each selfish barrier from about it, and opens every sluice of pity and benevolence.

Fulmer. We of the catholic persuasion are not much bound to him.—Well, Sir, I shall not oppose your opinion; a favourite author is like a favourite mistress; and there you know, Captain, no man likes to have his taste arraigned.

Dudley. Upon my word, Sir, I don't 30 know what a man likes in that case; 'tis an experiment I never made.

Fulmer. Sir!—Are you serious?

Dudley. 'Tis of little consequence whether you think so.

Fulmer. What a formal old prig it is! (*aside*) I apprehend you, Sir; you speak with caution; you are married?

Dudley. I have been.

Fulmer. And this young lady, which 40 accompanies you—

Dudley. Passes for my daughter.

Fulmer. Passes for his daughter! humph—(*aside*) She is exceedingly beautiful, finely accomplish'd, of a most enchanting shape and air—

Dudley. You are much too partial; she has the greatest defect a woman can have.

Fulmer. How so, pray?

Dudley. She has no fortune. 50
Tristram] Tristram Shandy.

Fulmer. Rather say that you have none; and that's a sore defect in one of your years, Captain Dudley: you've serv'd, no doubt?

Dudley. Familiar coxcomb! But I'll humour him (*aside*).

Fulmer. A close old fox! But I'll unkennel him (*aside*).

Dudley. Above thirty years I've been in the service, Mr. Fulmer.

Fulmer. I guess'd as much; I laid it at 60 no less: why 'tis a wearisome time; 'tis an apprenticeship to a profession, fit only for a patriarch. But preferment must be closely follow'd: you never could have been so far behind-hand in the chace, unless you had palpably mistaken your way. You'll pardon me, but I begin to perceive you have lived in the world, not with it.

Dudley. It may be so; and you perhaps can give me better council. I'm now 70 soliciting a favour; an exchange to a company on full pay; nothing more; and yet I meet a thousand bars to that; tho', without boasting, I should think the certificate of services, which I sent in, might have purchased that indulgence to me.

Fulmer. Who thinks or cares about 'em? Certificate of services, indeed! Send in a certificate of your fair daughter; carry her in your hand with you. 80

Dudley. What! Who! My daughter! Carry my daughter; well, and what then?

Fulmer. Why then your fortune's made, that's all.

Dudley. I understand you: and this you call knowledge of the world? Despicable knowledge; but, sirrah, I will have you know— (*threatening him*)

Fulmer. Help! Who's within? Wou'd you strike me, Sir; wou'd you lift up your 90 hand against a man in his own house?

Dudley. In a church, if he dare insult the poverty of a man of honour.

Fulmer. Have a care what you do; remember there is such a thing in law as an assault and battery; ay, and such trifling forms as warrants and indictments.

Dudley. Go, Sir; you are too mean for my resentment: 'tis that, and not the law, protects you. Hence! 100

Fulmer. An old, absurd, incorrigible blockhead! I'll be reveng'd of him (*aside*).
[Exit.

SCENE III.

Young Dudley enters to him.

Charles. What is the matter, Sir? Sure I heard an outcry as I enter'd the house.

Dudley. Not unlikely; our landlord and his wife are for ever wrangling.—Did you find your aunt Dudley at home?

Charles. I did.

Dudley. And what was your reception?

Charles. Cold as our poverty, and her pride, could make it.

Dudley. You told her the pressing occasion I had for a small supply to equip me for this exchange; has she granted me the relief I ask'd?

Charles. Alas! Sir, she has peremptorily refused it.

Dudley. That's hard; that's hard, indeed! My petition was for a small sum; she has refused it, you say: well, be it so; I must not complain. Did you see the broker about the insurance of my life? 20

Charles. There again I am the messenger of ill news; I can raise no money, so fatal is the climate: alas! that ever my father should be sent to perish in such a place!

SCENE IV.

Miss Dudley enters hastily.

Dudley. Louisa, what's the matter? you seem frighted.

Louisa. I am, indeed: coming from Miss Rusport's, I met a young gentleman in the streets, who has beset me in the strangest manner.

Charles. Insufferable! Was he rude to you?

Louisa. I cannot say he was absolutely rude to me, but he was very importunate to speak to me, and once or twice attempted to lift up my hat: he follow'd me to the corner of the street, and there I gave him the slip.

Dudley. You must walk no more in the streets, child, without me or your brother.

Louisa. O Charles! Miss Rusport desires to see you directly; Lady Rusport is gone out, and she has something particular to say to you. 20

Charles. Have you any commands for me, Sir?

Dudley. None, my dear; by all means wait upon Miss Rusport. Come, Louisa, I shall desire you to go up to your chamber, and compose yourself. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Belcour enters, after peeping in at the Door.

Belcour. Not a soul, as I'm alive. Why, what an odd sort of a house this is!° Confound the little jilt, she has fairly given me° the slip. A plague upon this London, I shall have no luck in it: such a crowd, and such a hurry, and such a number of shops, and one so like the other, that whether the wench turn'd into this house or the next, or whether she went up stairs or down stairs, (for there's a world above and a world 10 below, it seems) I declare, I know no more than if I was in the Blue Mountains.° In the name of all the devils at once, why did she run away? If every handsome girl I meet in this town is to lead me such a wild goose chase, I had better have staid in the torrid zone: I shall be wasted to the size of a sugar cane: what shall I do? Give the chase up: hang it, that's cowardly: shall I, a true-born son of Phcebus, suffer this little 20 nimble-footed Daphne to escape me—"Forbid it honour, and forbid it love." Hush! hush! here she comes! Oh! the devil! What tawdry thing have we got here?

Mrs. Fulmer enters to him.

Mrs. Fulmer. Your humble servant, Sir.

Belcour. Your humble servant, Madam.

Mrs. Fulmer. A fine summer's day, Sir.

Belcour. Yes, ma'am, and so cool, that if the calendar didn't call it July, I should 30 swear it was January.

Mrs. Fulmer. Sir!

Belcour. Madam!

Mrs. Fulmer. Do you wish to speak to Mr. Fulmer, Sir?

Belcour. Mr. Fulmer, Madam? I haven't the honour of knowing such a person.

Mrs. Fulmer. No, I'll be sworn, have you not; thou art much too pretty a fellow, and too much of a gentleman to be an author 40

this is] is this 1792.

me] om. O 1.

Blue Mountains] blue mountains O 1.

thymself, or to have any thing to say to those that are so. 'Tis the captain, I suppose, you are waiting for.

Belcour. I rather suspect it is the Captain's wife.

Mrs. Fulmer. The Captain has no wife, Sir.

Belcour. No wife? I'm heartily sorry for it; for then she's his mistress; and that I take to be the more desperate case of the 50 two: pray, Madam, wasn't there a lady just now turn'd into your house? 'Twas with her I wish'd to speak.

Mrs. Fulmer. What sort of a lady, pray?

Belcour. One of the loveliest sort my eyes ever beheld; young, tall, fresh, fair; in short, a goddess.

Mrs. Fulmer. Nay, but dear, dear Sir, now I'm sure you flatter; for 'twas me you followed into the shop door this minute. 60

Belcour. You! No, no, take my word for it, it was not you, Madam.

Mrs. Fulmer. But what is it you laugh at?

Belcour. Upon my soul, I ask your pardon; but it was not you, believe me; be assured it wasn't.

Mrs. Fulmer. Well, Sir, I shall not contend for the honour of being noticed by you; I hope you think you wouldn't have been the first man that noticed me in the 70 streets; however, this I'm positive of, that no living woman but myself has entered these doors this morning.

Belcour. Why^o then I'm mistaken in the house, that's all; for 'tis not humanly possible I can be so far out in the lady.

(going)

Mrs. Fulmer. Coxcomb! But hold—a thought occurs; as sure as can be he has seen Miss Dudley. A word with you, young gentleman; come back. 90

Belcour. Well, what's your pleasure?

Mrs. Fulmer. You seem greatly captivated with this young lady; are you apt to fall in love thus at first sight?

Belcour. Oh, yes; 'tis the only way I ever can fall in love; any man may tumble into a pit by surprise, none but a fool would walk into one by choice.

Mrs. Fulmer. You are a hasty lover it seems; have you spirit to be a generous '90 one? They that will please the eye mustn't spare the purse.

Why] Wy O 1.

Belcour. Try me; put me to the proof; bring me to an interview with the dear girl that has thus captivated me, and see whether I have spirit to be grateful.

Mrs. Fulmer. But how, pray, am I to know the girl you have set your heart on?

Belcour. By an undescrivable grace, that accompanies every look and action that 100 falls from her: there can be but one such woman in the world, and nobody can mistake that ene.

Mrs. Fulmer. Well, if I should stumble upon this angel in my walks, where am I to find you? What's your name?

Belcour. Upon my soul, I can't tell you my name.

Mrs. Fulmer. Not tell me! Why so?

Belcour. Because I don't know what it 110 is myself; as yet I have no name.

Mrs. Fulmer. No name!

Belcour. None; a friend, indeed, lent mo his; but he forbad me to use it on any unworthy occasion.

Mrs. Fulmer. But where is your place of abode?

Belcour. I have none; I never slept a night in England in my life.

Mrs. Fulmer. Hey-dey! 120

SCENE VI.

Fulmer enters.

Fulmer. A fine case, truly, in a free country; a pretty pass things are come to, if a man is to be assaulted in his own house.

Mrs. Fulmer. Who has assaulted you, my dear?

Fulmer. Who! why this Captain Drawcansir,^o this old Dudley, my lodger; but I'll unlodge him; I'll unharbour him, I warrant.

Mrs. Fulmer. Hush! Hush! Hold your tongue man; pocket the affront and be 10 quiet; I've a scheme on foot will pay you for^o a hundred beatings. Why you surprise me, Mr. Fulmer; Captain Dudley assault you! Impossible.

Fulmer. Nay, I can't call it an absolute assault; but he threatened me.

Mrs. Fulmer. Oh, was that all? I thought how it would turn out—a likely thing, truly, for a person of his obliging compassionate

Drawcansir] the burlesque bragging tyrant in Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*, 1671.

[*for*] om. 1792.

turn: no, no, poor Captain Dudley, he 20 has sorrows and distresses enough of his own to employ his spirits, without setting them against other people. Make it up as fast as you can: watch this gentleman out; follow him wherever he goes; and bring me word who and what he is; be sure you don't lose sight of him; I've other business in hand. *[Exit.]*

Belcour. Pray, Sir, what sorrows and distresses have befallen this old gentleman 30 you speak of?

Fulmer. Poverty, disappointment, and all the distresses attendant thereupon: sorrow enough of all conscience: I soon found how it was with him by his way of living, low enough of all reason; but what I overheard this morning put it out of all doubt.

Belcour. What did you overhear this morning?

Fulmer. Why, it seems he wants to join 40 his regiment, and has been beating the town over to raise a little money for that purpose upon his pay; but the climate, I find, where he is going is so unhealthy, that nobody can be found to lend him any.

Belcour. Why then your town is a damn'd good-for-nothing town; and I wish I had never come into it.

Fulmer. That's what I say, Sir; the hard-heartedness of some folks is unaccount- 50 able. There's an old Lady Rusport, a near relation of this gentleman's; she lives hard by here, opposite to Stockwell's, the great merchant; he sent to her a begging, but to no purpose; though she is as rich as a Jew, she would not furnish him with a farthing.

Belcour. Is the Captain at home?

Fulmer. He is up stairs, Sir.

Belcour. Will you take the trouble to desire him to step hither? I want to speak 60 to him.

Fulmer. I'll send him to you directly. I don't know what to make of this young man; but, if I live, I will find him out, or know the reason why. *[Exit.]*

Belcour. I've lost the girl it seems; that's clear: she was the first object of my pursuit; but the case of this poor officer touches me; and, after all, there may be as much true delight in rescuing a fellow creature 70 from distress, as there would be in plunging one into it—But let me see; it's⁰ a

point that must be managed with some delicacy—Apropos! there's pen and ink—I've struck upon a method that will do *(writes.)* Ay, ay, this is the very thing; 'twas devilish lucky I happen'd to have these bills about me. There, there, fare you well; I'm glad to be rid of you; you stood a chance of being worse applied, I can 80 tell you. *(encloses and seals the paper.)*

SCENE VII.

Fulmer brings in Dudley.

Fulmer. That's the gentleman, Sir. I shall make bold, however, to lend an ear.

Dudley. Have you any commands for me, Sir?

Belcour. Your name is Dudley, Sir—?

Dudley. It is.

Belcour. You command a company, I think, Captain Dudley?

Dudley. I did: I am now upon half-pay.

Belcour. You've served some time? 10 »

Dudley. A pretty many years; long enough to see some people of more merit, and better interest than myself, made general officers.

Belcour. Their merit I may have some doubt of; their interest I can readily give credit to; there is little promotion to be look'd for in your profession, I believe, without friends, Captain?

Dudley. I believe so too: have you any 20 other business with me, may I ask?

Belcour. Your patience for a moment. I was informed you was about to join your regiment in distant quarters abroad.

Dudley. I have been soliciting an exchange to a company on full-pay, quarter'd at James's-Fort, in Senegambia; but, I'm afraid, I must drop the undertaking.

• *Belcour.* Why so, pray?

Dudley. Why so, Sir? 'Tis a home ques- 30 tion for a perfect stranger to put; there is something very particular in' all this.

Belcour. If it is not impertinent, Sir, allow me to ask you what reason you have for despairing of success.

Dudley. Why really, Sir, mine is an obvious reason for a soldier to have—Want of money; simply that.

Belcour. May I bog to know the sum you have occasion for? 40

Dudley. Truly, Sir, I cannot exactly tell

you on a sudden; nor is it, I suppose, of any great consequence to you to be informed; but I should guess; in the gross, that two hundred pounds would serve.

Behour. And do you find a difficulty in raising that sum upon your pay? 'Tis done every day.

Dudley. The nature of the climate makes it difficult: I can get no one to insure 50 my life.

Behour. Oh! that's a circumstance may make for you, as well as against: in short, Captain Dudley, it so happens, that I can command the sum of two hundred pounds: seek no farther; I'll accomodate⁰ you with it upon easy terms.

Dudley. Sir! do I understand you rightly? —I beg your pardon; but am I to believe that you are in earnest? 60

Behour. What is your surprize? Is it an uncommon thing for a gentleman to speak truth; or is it incredible that one fellow • creature should assist another?

Dudley. I ask your pardon—May I beg to know to whom? Do you propose this in the way of business?

Behour. Entirely: I have no other business on earth.

Dudley. Indeed! you are not a broker, I'm persuaded. 71

Behour. I am not.

Dudley. Nor an army agent, I think?

Behour. I hope you will not think the worse of me for being neither; in short, Sir, if you will peruse this paper, it will explain - to you who I am, and upon what terms I act; while you read it, I will step home, and fetch the money; and we will conclude the bargain without loss of time. In the mean while, good day to you. 81
[Exit hastily.]

Dudley. Humph! there's something very odd in all this—let me see what we've got here—This paper is to tell me who he is, and what are his terms: in the name of wonder, why has he sealed it! Hey-dey! what's here? Two bank notes, of a hundred each! I can't comprehend what this means. Hold; here's a writing; perhaps that will show me. "Accept this trifle; pursue your 90 fortune, and prosper."—Am I in a dream? Is this a reality?

accomodate] an admissible variant; accommodate 1792.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Major O'Flaherty.

Major. Save you, my dear! Is it you now that are Captain Dudley, I would ask?—Whuh! What's the hurry the man's in? If 'tis the lad that run out of the shop you wou'd overtake, you might as well stay where you are; by my soul, he's as nimble as a Croat, you are a full hour's march in his rear—Ay, faith, you may as well turn back, and give over the pursuit; well, Captain Dudley, if that's your name, there's a 10 letter for you. Read, man, read it; and I'll have a word with you, after you've done.

Dudley. More miracles on foot! so, so, from Lady Rusport.

O'Flaherty. You're right, it is from her ladyship.

Dudley. Well, Sir, I have cast my eye over it; 'tis short and peremptory; are you acquainted with the contents?

O'Flaherty. Not at all, my dear;⁰ not 20 at all.

Dudley. Have you any message from lady Rusport?

O'Flaherty. Not a syllable, honey; only when you've digested the letter, I've a little bit of a message to deliver you from myself.

Dudley. And may I beg to know who yourself is?

O'Flaherty. Dennis O'Flaherty, at your service; a poor major of grenadiers, 30 nothing better.

Dudley. So much for your name and title, Sir; now be so good to favour me with your message.

O'Flaherty. Why, then, Captain, I must tell you I have promised Lady Rusport you shall do whatever it is she bids you to do in that letter there.

Dudley. Ay, indeed; have you undertaken so much Major, without knowing either 40 what she commands, or what I can perform?

OThherty. That's your concern, my dear, not mine; I must keep my word you know.

Dudley. Or else, I suppose, you and I must measure swords?

O'Flaherty. Upon my soul, you've hit it.

Dudky. That wou'd hardly answer to either of us; you and I have, probably, had all, my dear;] 1792; all; my dear, 0 1.

enough of fighting in our time before 50 now.

O'Flaherty. Faith and troth, Master Dudley, you may say that; 'tis thirty years, come the time, that I have followed the trade, and in a pretty many countries—Let me see—In the war before last I serv'd in the Irish Brigade, d'ye see; there after bringing off the French monarch, I left his service, with a British bullet in my body, and this ribband in my button-hole. Last 60 war I followed the fortunes of the German eagle, in the corps of grenadiers; there I had my belly-full of fighting, and a plentiful scarcity of every thing else. After six and twenty engagements, great and small, I went off with this gash on my scull, and a kiss of the empress queen's sweet hand, (Heaven bless it) for my pains: since the peace, my dear, I took a little turn with the Confederates there in Poland—but such 70 another set of madcaps!—by the Lord Harry, I never knew what it was they were scuffling about.

Dudley. Well, Major, I won't add another action to the list, you shall keep your promise with Lady Rusport; she requires me to leave London; I shall go in a few days, and you may take what credit you please from my compliance.

O'Flaherty. Give me your hand, my 80 dear boy, this will make her my own; when that's the case, we shall be brothers you know, and we'll share her fortune between us.

Dudley. Not so, Major; the man who marries Lady Rusport will have a fair title to her whole fortune without division. But, I hope, your expectations of prevailing are founded upon good reasons.

O'Flaherty. Upon the best grounds in 90 the world; first I think she will comply, because she is a woman; secondly, I am persuaded she won't hold out long, because she's a widow; and thirdly, I make sure of her, because I've married five wives and^o never failed yet; and, for what I know, they're all alive and merry at this very hour.

Dudley. Well, Sir, go on and prosper; if you can inspire Lady Rusport with half 100 your charity, I shall think you deserve all

wives and] wives, (en militaire, Captain) and 1792.

her fortune; at present, I must beg your excuse: good morning to you. *[Exit.^o*

O'Flaherty. A good sensible man, and very much of a soldier; I did not care if I was better acquainted with him: but 'tis an awkward kind of a country for that; the English, I observe, are close friends, but distant acquaintance. I suspect the old lady has not been over generous to poor Dud- 110 ley: I shall give her a little touch about that; upon my soul I know but one excuse a person can have for giving nothing, and that is, like myself, having nothing to give. *[Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Scene changes to Lady Rusport's House. A dressing-room.

Miss Rusport and Lucy.

Charlotte. Well, Lucy, you've dislodged the old lady at last; but me thought you was a tedious time about it.

Lucy. A tedious time indeed; I think they who have least to spare, contrive to throw the most away; I thought I shou'd never have got her out of the house.

Charlotte. Why, she's as deliberate in canvassing every article of her dress, as an ambassador wou'd be in settling the pre- 10 liminaries of a treaty.

Lucy. There was a new hood and handkerchief, that had come express from Holborn-Hill on the occasion, that took as much time in adjusting—

Charlotte. As they did in making, and she was as vain of them, as an old maid of a young lover.

Lucy. Or a young lover of himself. Then, madam, this being a visit of great cere-[>] mony to a person of distinction, at the West end of the town, the old state chariot was drag'd forth on the occasion, with strict charges to dress out the box with the Leopard skin hammer-cloth.

Charlotte. Yes, and to hang the false tails on the miserable stumps of the old crawling cattle. Well, well, pray Heaven the crazy affair don't break down again with her! at least till she gets to her journey's so end.—but where's Charles Dudley? Run down, dear girl, and be ready to let him in;

[Exit.] 1792; om. O I.

I think he's as long in coming, as she was in going.

Lucy. Why, indeed, madam, you seem the more alert of the two, I must say.

[*Exit.*

Charlotte. Now the deuce take the girl for putting that notion into my head; I'm sadly afraid Dudley does not like me; so much encouragement as I have given 40 him to declare himself! I never cou'd get a word from him on the subject; this may be very honourable, but upon my life it's very provoking; by the way I wonder how I look to-day. Oh! shockingly, hideously pale! like a witch. This is the old lady's glass, and she has left some of her wrinkles on it. How frightfully have I put on my cap, all awry I and my hair drest so unbecomingly! ° altogether I'm a most compleat fright, 50

SCENE X.

(*Charles Dudley comes in unobserved.*)

Charles. That I deny.

Charlotte. Ah!

Charles. Quarrelling with your glass, cousin? Make it up; make it up and be friends; it cannot compliment you more, than by reflecting you, as you are.

Charlotte. Well, I vow, my dear Charles, that is delightfully said, and deserves my very best curtesy: ° your flattery, like a rich jewel, has a value not only from its superior lustre, but from its extraordinary scarceness: I verily think this is the only civil speech you ever directed to my person in your life.

Charles. And I ought to ask pardon of your good sense, for having done it now.

Charlotte. Nay, now you relapse again: don't you know if you keep well with a woman on the great score of beauty, she'll never quarrel with you on the trifling 20 article of good sense? But any thing serves to fill up a dull yawning hour with an insipid cousin; you have brighter moments, and warmer spirits for the dear girl of your heart.

Charles. Oh! fie upon you, fie upon you.

Charlotte. You blush, and the reason is apparent, you are a novice at hypocrisy; but no practice can make a visit of cere-

mony pass for a visit of choice: love is 30 ever before its time, friendship is apt to lag a little after it: pray, Charles, did you make any extraordinary haste hither?

Charles. By your question, I see you acquit me of the impertinence of being in love.

Charlotte. But why impertinence? why the impertinence of being in love? you have one language for me, Charles, and another for the woman of your affection. 40

Charles. You are mistaken; the woman of my affection shall never hear any other language from me, than what I use to you.

Charlotte. I am afraid, then, you'll never make yourself understood by her.

Charles. It is not fit I shou'd; there is no need of love to make me miserable; 'tis wretchedness enough to be a beggar.

Charlotte. A beggar do you call yourself! 0 Charles, Charles, rich in every merit 50 and accomplishment, whom may you not aspire to? and why think you so unworthily of our sex, as to conclude there is not one to be found with sense to discern your virtue and generosity to reward it?

Charles. You distress me, I must beg to hear no more.

Charlotte. Well, I can be silent—Thus does he always serve me, whenever I am about to disclose myself to him. 60

Charles. Why do you not banish me and my misfortunes for ever from your thoughts?

Charlotte. Ay, wherefore do I not? since you never allowed me a place in yours: but go, Sir, I have no right to stay you; go where your heart directs you, go to the happy, the distinguished fair one.

Charles. Now, by all that's good, you do me wrong: there is no such fair one for 70 me to go to, nor have I an acquaintance amongst the sex, yourself excepted, which answers to that description.

Charlotte. Indeed!

Charles. In very truth; there then let us drop the subject. May you be happy though I never can!

Charlotte. O, Charles, give me your hand; if I have offended you, I ask you pardon; you have been long acquainted with my 80 temper, and know how to bear with its infirmities.

unbecomingly] unbecoming 1792.
curtesy] cur'ty 1792.

amongst] among 1792.

Charles. Thus, my dear Charlotte, let us seal our reconciliation (*kissing her hand.*) Bear with thy infirmities! By Heaven, I know not any one failing in thy whole composition, except that of too great a partiality for an undeserving man.

Charlotte. And you are now taking the very course to augment that failing. A 90 thought strikes me: I have a commission that you must absolutely execute for me: I have immediate occasion for the sum of two hundred pounds; you know my fortune is shut up till I am of age: take this paltry-box; it contains my ear-rings, and some other bawbles I have no use for; carry it to our opposite neighbour, Mr. Stockwell; I don't know where else to apply; leave it as a deposit in his hands, and beg him 100 to accommodate me with the sum.

Charles. Dear Charlotte, what are you about to do? How can you possibly want two hundred pounds?

Charlotte. How can I possibly do without it, you mean? Doesn't every lady want two hundred pounds? Perhaps I have lost it at play; perhaps I mean to win as much to it; perhaps I want it for two hundred different uses. 110

Charles. Pooh! pooh! all this is nothing; don't I know you never play?

Charlotte. You mistake; I have a spirit to set not only this trifle, but my whole fortune upon a stake; therefore make no wry faces, but do as I bid you: you will find Mr. Stockwell a very honourable gentleman.

Lucy enters in haste.

Lucy. Dear Madam, as I live, here comes the old lady in a hackney-coach. 120

Charlotte. The old chariot has given her a second tumble: away with you; you know your way out without meeting her; take the box, and do as I desire you.

Charles. I must not dispute your orders. Farewell!

[*Exeunt Charles and Charlotte.*]

SCENE XL

Lady Rusport enters, leaning on Major O'Flaherty's arm.

O'Flaherty. Rest yourself upon my arm; never spare it; 'tis strong enough: it has stood harder service than you can put it to.

Lucy. Mercy upon me, what is the matter; I am frighten'd out of my wits: has your ladyship had an accident?

Lady Rusport. O Lucy! the most untoward one in nature; I know not how I shall repair it.

O'Flaherty. Never go about to repair it, 10 my lady; ev'n build a new one; 'twas but a crazy piece of business at best.

Lucy. Bless me, is the old chariot broke down with you again?

Lady Rusport. Broke, child? I don't know what might have been broke, if, by great good fortune, this obliging gentleman had not been at hand to assist me.

Lucy. Dear Madam, let me run and fete' you a cup of the cordial drops. 20

Lady Rusport. Do, Lucy. Alas! Sir, eve' since I lost my husband, my poor nenie have been shook to pieces: there hangs beloved picture; that precious relick, ned a plentiful jointure, is all that remain console me for the best of men. Or

O'Flaherty. Let me sec; i'faith a comt110 personage: by his fur cloak I suppose hi was in the Russian service, and by the gold chain round his neck I should guess he 30 had been honoured with the order of St. Catharine.

Lady Rusport. No, no; he meddled with no St Catharines: that's the habit he wore in his mayoralty; Sir Stephen was Lord Mayor of London; but he is gone, and has left me a poor, weak, solitary widow behind him.

O'Flaherty. By all means, then, take a strong, able, hearty man to repair his 40 Joss: if such a plain fellow as one Dennis O'Flaherty can please you, I think I may venture to say, without any disparagement to the gentleman in the fur-gown there——

Lady Rusport. What are you going to say? Don't shock my ears with any comparisons, I desire.

O'Flaherty. Not I, by my soul; I don't believe there's any comparison in the case.

Lady Rusport. Oh, are you come? Give 50 me the drops; I'm all in a flutter.

O'Flaherty. Hark'e, sweetheart, what are those same drops? Have you any more left in the bottle? I didn't care if I took a little sip of them myself.

Lucy. Oh! Sir, they are call'd the cordial restorative elixir, pr the nervous golden drops; they are only for ladies' cases.

O'Flaherty. Yes, yes, my dear, there are gentlemen as well as ladies, that stand in 60 need of those same golden drops; they'd suit my case to a tittle.

Lady Rusport. Well, Major, did you give old Dudley my letter, and will the silly man do as I bid him, and be gone?

O'Flaherty. You are obey'd; he's on his march.

Lady Rusport. That's well; you have manag'd this matter to perfection; I didn't think he would have been so easily pre- 70 vail'd upon.

O'Flaherty. At the first word; no difficulty in life; 'twas the very thing he was Hletermin'd to do, before I came; I never met a more obliging gentleman.

Lady Rusport. Well, 'tis no matter; so I but rid of him, and his distresses: I'd you believe it, Major O'Flaherty, it but this morning he sent a begging (One for money to fit him out upon 80 *CPe* wild-geese expedition to the coast of crica, I know not where.

O'Flaherty. Well, you sent him what he wanted?

Lady Rusport. I sent him, what he deserved, a flat refusal.

O'Flaherty. You refused him!

Lady Rusport. Most undoubtedly.

O'Flaherty. You sent him nothing!

Lady Rusport. Not a shilling. 90

O'Flaherty. Good morning to you—Your servant— (*going.*)

Lady Rusport. Heyday! What ails the man? Where are you going?

O'Flaherty. Out of your house, before the roof falls on my head—to poor Dudley, to share the little modicum that thirty years hard service has left me; I wish it was more for his sake.

Lady Rusport. Very well, Sir; take 100 your course; I shan't attempt to stop you; I shall survive it; it will not break my heart if I never see you more.

O'Flaherty. Break your heart! No, o' my conscience will it not.—You preach, and you pray, and you turn up your eyes, and all the while you're as hard-hearted as a hyena—A hyena, truly! By my soul there isn't in the whole creation so savage an animal as a human creature without pity, 110

{Exit.

Lady Rusport. A hyena, truly! Where did the fellow blunder upon that word? Now the deuce take him for using it, and the Macaronies for inventing it.⁰

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

(*A room in Stockwell's house.*)

Stockwell and Belcour.

Stockwell. Gratify me so far, however, Mr. Belcour, as to see Miss Rusport; carry her the sum she wants, and return the poor girl her box of diamonds, which Dudley left in my hands; you know what to say on the occasion better than I do; that part of your commission I leave to your own discretion, and you may season it with what galantry you think fit.

Belcour. You could not have pitch'd 10 upon a greater bungler at galantry than myself, if you had rummag'd every company in the city, and the whole court of aldermen into the bargain: part of your errand, however, I will do; but whether it shall be with an ill grace, or a good one, depends upon the caprice of a moment, the humour of the lady, the mode of our meeting, and a thousand undefinable small circumstances that nevertheless determine 20 us upon all the great occasions of life.

Stockwell. I persuade myself you will find Miss Rusport an ingenuous,⁰ worthy, animated girl.

Belcour. Why I like her the better, as a woman; but name her not to me, as a wife! No, if ever I marry, it must be a staid, sober, considerate damsel, with blood in her veins as cold as a turtle's; quick of scent as a vultur when danger's in the 20 wind, wary and sharp-sighted as a hawk when treachery is on foot: with such a companion at my elbow, for ever whispering in my ear—have a care of this man, he's a cheat; don't go near that woman, she's a jilt; over head there's a scaffold, under foot there's a well; Oh! Sir, such a

Macaronies . . . *it*] *Macaronis* were a set of dandies who arose about 1760. They might have blundered upon *hyena* in this sense in *Samson Agonistes*, 1. 748.

ingenuous] *ingenious* 1792.

woman might lead me up and down this great city without difficulty or danger; but with a girl of Miss Rusport's complexion, heaven and earth! Sir, we should be dup'd, undone, and distracted, in a fortnight.

Stockwell. Ha! ha! ha! Why you are become wondrous circumspect of a sudden, pupil; and if you can find such a prudent damsel as you describe, you have my consent—only beware how you chuse; discretion is not the reigning quality amongst the fine ladies of the present time; and I think in Miss Rusport's particular I have 50 given you no bad counsel.

Belcour. Well, well, if you fetch me the jewels, I believe I can undertake to carry them to her; but as for the money, I'll have nothing to do with that; Dudley would be your fittest ambassador on that occasion; and, if I mistake not, the most agreeable to the lady.

Stockwell. Why, indeed, from what I know of the matter, it may not improbably 60 be destined to find its way into his pockets.

{Exit.}

Belcour. Then depend upon it these are not the only trinkets she means to dedicate to Captain Dudley. As for me, Stockwell indeed wants me to marry; but till I can get this bewitching girl, this incognita, out of my head, I can never think of any other woman.

(Servant enters, and delivers a letter.)

Heyday! where can I have pick'd up a correspondent already? 'Tis a most execrable manuscript—Let me see—Martha Fulmer—Who is Martha Fulmer? Pshaw! I won't be at the trouble of decyphering her damn'd pothooks. Hold, hold, hold; What have we got here?

"DEAR SIR,

"I've discover'd the lady you was so much smitten with, and can procure you an interview with her; if you can be as generous to a pretty girl as you was to 80 a paltry old captain," (How did she find that out?) "you need not despair: come to me immediately; the lady is now in my house, and expects you.

"Yours,

"MARTHA FULMER."

O thou dear, lovely, and enchanting paper, which I was about to tear into a

thousand scraps, devoutly I entreat thy pardon: I have slighted thy contents, 90 which are delicious; slander'd thy characters, which are divine; and all the atonement I can make is implicitly to obey thy mandates.

Stockwell returns.

Stockwell. Mr. Belcour, here are the jewels; this letter encloses bills for the money; and, if you will deliver it to Miss Rusport, you'll have no farther trouble on that score.

Belcour. Ah, Sir! the letter which I've 100 been reading disqualifies me for delivering the letter which you have been writing: I have other game on foot; the loveliest girl my eyes ever feasted upon is started in view, and the world cannot now divert me from pursuing her.

Stockwell. Hey-dey! What has turned you thus on a sudden?

Belcour. A woman: one that can turn, and overturn me and my tottering resolu- 110 tions every way she will. Oh, Sir, if this is folly in me, you must rail at Nature: you must chide the sun, that was vertical at my birth, and would not wink upon my nakedness, but swaddled me in the broadest, hottest glare of his meridian beams.

Stockwell. Mere rhapsody; mere childish rhapsody; the libertine's familiar plea—Nature made us, 'tis true, but we are the responsible creators of our own faults 120 and follies.

Belcour. Sir!

Stockwell. Slave of every face you meet, some hussey has inveigled you, some handsome profligate, (the town is full of them;) and, when once fairly bankrupt in constitution, as well as fortune, nature no longer serves as your excuse for being vicious, necessity, perhaps, will stand your friend, and you'll reform. 130

Belcour. You are severe.

Stockwell. It fits me to be so—it well becomes a father—I would say a friend—How strangely I forget myself—How difficult it is to counterfeit indifference, and put a mask upon the heart—I've struck him hard; he reddens.

Belcour. How could you tempt me so? Had you not inadvertently dropped the name of father, I fear our friendship, 140

short as it has been, would scarce have held me—But even your mistake I reverence—Give me your harid-tis over.

Stockwell. Generous young man—let me embrace you—How shall I hide my tears? I have been to blame; because I bore you the affection of a father, I rashly took up the authority of one. I ask your pardon—pursue your course; I have no right to stop it—What would you have 150 me do with these things?

Belcour. This, if I might advise; carry the money to Miss Rusport immediately; never let generosity wait for it's materials; that part of the business presses. Give me the jewels; I'll find an opportunity of delivering them into her hands; and your visit may pave the way for my reception.

[Exit.

Stockwell. Be it so: good morning to you. Farewel advice! Away goes he upon 160 the wing for pleasure. What various passions he awakens in me! He pains, yet pleases me; affrights, offends, yet grows upon my heart. His very failings set him off—for ever trespassing, for ever atoning, I almost think he would not be so perfect, were he free from fault: I must dissemble longer; and yet how painful the experiment!—Even now he's gone upon some wild adventure; and who can tell what 170 mischief may befall him! O Nature, what it is to be a father! Just such a thoughtless headlong thing was I, when I beguiled his mother into love.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Scene changes to Fulmer's House.

Fulmer and his Wife.

Fulmer. I tell you, Patty, you are a fool to think of bringing him and Miss Dudley together; 'twill ruin every thing, and blow your whole scheme up to the moon at once.

Mrs. Fulmer. Why, sure, Mr. Fulmer, I may be allowed to rear a chicken of my own hatching, as they say. Who first sprung the thought but I, pray? Who contrived the plot? Who proposed the letter, but 10 i, i?

Fulmer. And who dogg'd the gentleman contrived] first contrived 1792.

home? Who found out his name, fortune, connection, that he was a West-Indian, fresh landed, and full of cash; a gull to our heart's content; a hot-brain'd headlong spark, that would run into our trap, like a wheat-ear under a turf?

Mrs. Fulmer. Hark! he's come: disappear, march; and leave the field open to my 20 machinations.

[Exit Fulmer.

SCENE III.

Belcour enters to her.

Belcour. O, thou dear minister to my happiness, let me embrace thee! Why thou art my polar star, my propitious constellation, by which I navigate my impatient bark into the post of pleasure and delight.

Mrs. Fulmer. Oh, you men are sly creatures! Do you remember now, you cruel, what you said to me this morning?

Belcour. All a jest, a frolick; never 10 think on't; bury it for ever in oblivion; thou! why thou art all over nectar and ambrosia, powder of pearl and odour of roses; thou hast the youth of Hebe, the beauty of Venus, and the pen of Sappho; but in the name of all that's lovely, where's the lady? I expected to find her with you.

Mrs. Fulmer. No doubt you did, and these raptures were designed for her, but where have you loitered? the lady's gone, 20 you are too late; girls of her sort are not to be kept waiting like negro slaves in your sugar plantations.

Belcour. Gone; whither is she gone? tell me that I may follow her.

Mrs. Fulmer. Hold, hold, not so fast young gentleman, this is a case of some delicacy; shou'd Captain Dudley know that I introduced you to his daughter, he is a man of such scrupulous honour—30

Belcour. What do you tell me! is she daughter to the old gentleman I met here this morning?

Mrs. Fulmer. The same; him you was so generous to.

Belcour. There's an end of the matter then at once; it shall never be said of me, that I took advantage of the father's necessities to trepan the daughter (*going*).

Mrs. Fulmer. So, so, I've made a wrong 40 cast, he's one of your conscientious sinners

I find, but I won't lose him thus—Ha! ha! ha!

Belcour. What is it you laugh at?

Mrs. Fulmer. Your absolute inexperience: have you lived so very little time in this country, as not to know that between young people of equal ages, the term of sister often is a cover for that of mistress? This young lady is, in that sense of the 50 word, sister to young Dudley, and consequently daughter to my old lodger.

Belcour. Indeed! are you serious?

Mrs. Fulmer. Can you doubt it? I must have been pretty well assur'd of that before I invited you hither.

Belcour. That's true; she cannot be a woman of honour, and Dudley is an unconscionable young rogue to think of keeping one fine girl in pay, by raising contribution on another; he shall therefore give her up; she is a dear, bewitching, mischievous, little devil; and he shall positively give her up.

Mrs. Fulmer. Ay, now the freak has taken you again; I say give her up; there's one way, indeed, and certain of success.

Belcour. What's that?

Mrs. Fulmer. Out-bid him, never dream of out-blustering him; buy out his lease 70 of possession, and leave her to manage his ejectment.

Belcour. Is she so venal? Never fear me then; when beauty is the purchase, I shan't think much of the price.

Mrs. Fulmer. All things, then, will be made easy enough; let me see; some little genteel present to begin with: what have you got about you? Ay, search; I can bestow it to advantage, there's no time 80 to be lost.

Belcour. Hang it, confound it; a plague upon't, say I! I hav'n't a guinea left in my pocket; I parted from my whole stock here this morning, and have forgot to supply myself since.

Mrs. Fulmer. Mighty well; let it pass then; there's an end; think no more of the lady, that's all.

Belcour. Distraction! think "no more of 90 her? let me only step home and provide myself, I'll be back with you in an instant.

Mrs. Fulmer. Pooh, pooh! that's a wretched shift: have you nothing of value about you? money's a coarse slovenly ve-

hicle, fit only to bribe electors in a borough; there are more graceful ways of purchasing a lady's favours; rings, trinkets, jewels!

Belcour. Jewels! Gadso, I protest I had 100 forgot: I have a case of jewels; but they won't do, I must not part from them; no, no, they are appropriated; they are none of my own.

Mrs. Fulmer. Let me see, let me see! Ay, now, this were something-like: pretty creatures, how they sparkle! these wou'd ensure success.

Belcour. Indeed!

Mrs. Fulmer. These wou'd make her 110 your own for ever.

Belcour. Then the deuce take 'em for belonging to another person; I cou'd find in my heart to give 'em the girl, and swear I've lost them.

Mrs. Fulmer. Ay, do, say they were stolen out of your pocket.

Belcour. No, hang it, that's dishonourable; here, give me the paltry things, I'll write you an order on my merchant for 120 double their value.

Mrs. Fulmer. An order! No order for me; no° orders upon merchants with their value received, and three days grace; their noting, protesting, and endorsing, and all their counting-house formalities; I'll have nothing to do with them; leave your diamonds with me, and give your order for the value of them to the owner: the money would be as good as the trinkets, I 130 warrant you.

Belcour. Hey! how! I never thought of that; but a breach of trust; 'tis impossible; I never can consent, therefore, give me the jewels back again.

Mrs. Fulmer. Take 'em; I am now to tell you the lady is in this house.

Belcour. In this house?

Mrs. Fulmer. Yes, Sir, in this very house; but what of that? you have got what 140 you like better; your toys, your trinkets, go, go: Oh! you're a man of a° notable spirit, are you not?

Belcour. Provoking creature! Bring me to the sight of the dear girl, and dispose of me as you think fit.

Mrs. Fulmer. And of the diamonds too?

No . . . no! No; order for me no O 1.
aj om. 1792.

Belcour. Damn 'em, I wou'd there was not such a bauble in nature! But come, come, dispatch;—if I had the throne of 150 Dehli I should give it to her.

Mrs. Fulmer. Swear to me then that you will keep within bounds, remember she passes for the sister of young Dudley. Oh! if you come to your flights, and your rhapsodies, she'll be off in an instant.

Belcour. Never fear me.

Mrs. Fulmer. You must expect to hear her talk of her father, as she calls him, and her brother, and your bounty to her 160 family.

Belcour. Ay, ay, never mind what she talks of, only bring her.

Mrs. Fulmer. You'll be prepar'd upon that head.

Belcour. I shall be prepar'd, never fear; away with you.

Mrs. Fulmer. But hold, I had forgot: not a word of the diamonds; leave that matter to my management. 170

Belcour. Hell and vexation! Get out of the room, or I shall run distracted. [*Exit Mrs. Fulmer.*] Of a certain, Belcour, thou art born to be the fool of woman: sure no man sins with so much repentance, or repents with so little amendment, as I do. I cannot give away another person's property, honour forbids me; and I positively cannot give up the girl; love, passion, constitution, every thing protests against 180 that. How shall I decide? I cannot bring myself to break a trust, and I am not at present in the humour to baulk my inclinations. Is there no middle way? Let me consider—There is, there is: my good genius has presented me with one; apt, obvious, honourable: the girl shall not go without her baubles, I'll not go without the girl, Miss Rusport shan't lose her diamonds, I'll save Dudley from destruction, and every 190 party shall be a gainer by the project.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Fulmer introducing Miss Dudley.

Mrs. Fulmer. Miss Dudley, this is the worthy gentleman you wish to see; this is Mr. Belcour.

Louisa. As I live, the very man that beset me in the streets, (*aside.*)

Belcour. An angel, by this light! Oh I am gone past all retrieving! (*aside.*)

Louisa. Mrs. Fulmer, Sir, informs me you are the gentleman from whom my father has received such civilities. 10

Belcour. Oh! never name 'em.

Louisa. Pardon me, Mr. Belcour, they must be both named and remember'd; and if my father was here——

Belcour. I am much better pleased with his representative.

Lomsa. That title is my brother's, Sir; I have no claim to it.

Belcour. I believe it.

Louisa. But as neither he nor my father 20 were fortunate enough to be at home, I cou'd not resist the opportunity——

Belcour. Nor I neither, by my soul, Madam: let us improve it, therefore. I am in love with you to distraction; I was charmed at the first glance; I attempted to accost you; you fled; I follow'd; but was defeated of an interview; at length I have obtain'd one, and seize the opportunity of casting my person and my fortune at 30 your feet.

Louisa. You astonish me! Are you in your senses, or do you make a jest of my misfortunes? Do you ground pretences on your generosity, or do you make a practice of this folly with every woman you meet?

Belcour. Upon my life, no: As you are the handsomest woman I ever met, so you are the first to whom I ever made the like professions: as for my generosity, Ma- 40 dam, I must refer you on that score to this good lady, who I believe has something to offer in my behalf.

Louisa. Don't build upon that, Sir; I must Have better proofs of your generosity, than the mere divestment of a little superfluous dross, before I can credit the sincerity of professions so abruptly deliver'd.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Belcour. Oh! ye Gods and Goddesses, how her anger animates her beauty! 50

[*Going out.*]

Mrs. Fulmer. Stay, Sir; if you stir a step after her, I renounce your interest for ever; why you'll ruin every thing.

Belcour. Well, I must have her, cost what it will: I see she understands her own value tho'; a little superfluous dross, truly! She must have better proofs of my generosity.

Mrs. Fulmer. 'Tis exactly as I told you; your money she calls dross; she's too proud to stain her fingers with your coin; 60 bait your hook well with jewels; try that experiment, and she's your own.

Belcour. Take 'em; let 'em go; lay 'em at her feet; I must get out of the scrape as I can; my propensity is irresistible: there! you have 'em; they are yours; they are her's; but remember they are a trust; I commit them to her keeping till I can buy 'em off with something she shall think more valuable; now tell me when shall I 70 meet her?

Mrs. Fulmer. How can I tell that? Don't you see what an alarm you have put her into? Oh! you are° a rare one! But go your ways for this while; leave her to my management, and come to me at seven this evening; but remember not to bring empty pockets with you—Ha! ha! ha!°

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.

Lady Rusport's House.

Miss Rusport enters, followed by a servant.

Charlotte. Desire Mr. Stockwell to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*]

Stockwell enters.

Stockwell. Madam, your most obedient servant: I am honoured with your commands, by Captain Dudley; and have brought the money with me as you directed: I understand the sum you have occasion for is two hundred pounds.

Charlotte. It is, Sir; I am quite confounded at your taking this trouble upon 10 yourself, Mr. Stockwell.

Stockwell. There is a Bank-note, Madam, to the amount: your jewels are in safe hands, and will be delivered to you directly. If I had been happy in being better known to you, I should have hoped you would not have thought it necessary to place a deposit in my hands for so trifling a sum as you have now required me to supply you with.

Charlotte. The bawbles I sent you may 20 very well be spared; and, as they are the only security, in my present situation, I can

you are] *you're* 1792.

Ha! ha! ha!] Ha! ha! ah! 1792.

give you, I could wish you would retain, them in your hands: when I am of age, (which, if I live a few months, I shall be) I will replace your favour, with thanks.

Stockwell. It is obvious, Miss Rusport, that your charms will suffer no impeachment by the absence of these° superficial ornaments; but they should be seen in the so suite of a woman of fashion, not as creditors to whom you are indebted for your appearance, but as subservient attendants, which help to make up your equipage.

Charlotte. Mr. Stockwell is determined not to wrong the confidence I reposed in his politeness.

Stockwell. I have only to request, Madam, that you will allow Mr. Belcour, a young gentleman, in whose happiness I particularly interest myself, to have the honour of delivering you the box of jewels.

Charlotte. Most gladly; any friend of yours cannot fail of being welcome here.

Stockwell. I flatter myself you will not find him totally undeserving your good opinion; an education, not of the strictest kind, and strong animal spirits, are apt sometimes to betray him into youthful irregularities; but an high principle of 50 honour, and an uncommon benevolence, in the eye of candor, will, I hope, atone for any faults, by which these good qualities are not impaired.

Charlotte. I dare say Mr. Belcour's behaviour wants no apology: we've no right to be over strict in canvassing the morals of a common acquaintance.

Stockwell. I wish it may be my happiness to see Mr. Belcour in the list, not of your 60 common, but particular acquaintance, of your friends, Miss Rusport—I dare not be more explicit.

Charlotte. Nor need you, Mr. Stockwell: I shall be studious to deserve his friendship; and, though I have long since unalterably placed my affections on another, I trust, I have not left myself insensible to the merits of Mr. Belcour; and hope that neither you nor he will, for that reason, 70 think me less worthy your good opinion and regards.

Stockwell. Miss Rusport, I sincerely wish you happy: I have no doubt you have

these] *those* 1792.

placed your affection on a deserving man; and I have no right to combat your choice.

• • [Exit.

Charlotte. How honourable is that behaviour! Now, if Charles was here, I should be happy. The old lady is so fond of her new Irish acquaintance, that I have the so whole house at my disposal.

[Exit Charlotte.

SCENE VI.

Belcour enters, preceded by a Servant.

Servant. I ask your honour's pardon; I thought my young lady was here: who shall I inform her wou'd speak to her?

Belcour. Belcour is my name, Sir; and pray beg your lady to put herself in no hurry on my account; for I'd sooner see the devil than see her face (*Exit Servant.*) In the name of all that's mischievous, why did Stockwell drive me hither in such haste? A pretty figure, truly, 1 shall make: an 10 ambassador without credentials. Blockhead that I was to charge myself with her diamonds; officious, meddling puppy! Now they are irretrievably gone: that suspicious jade Fulmer wouldn't part even with a sight of them, tho' I would have ransom'd 'em at twice their value. Now must I trust to my poor wits to bring me off: a lamentable dependance. Fortune be my helper! Here comes the girl!—If she is noble minded, 20 as she is said to be, she will forgive me; if not, 'tis a lost cause; for I have not thought of one word in my excuse.

SCENE VII.

Charlotte enters.

Charlotte. Mr. Belcour, I'm proud to see you: your friend, Mr. Stockwell, prepared me to expect this honour; and I am happy in the opportunity of being known to you.

Belcour. A fine girl, by my soul! Now what a cursed hang-dog do I look (ike.

(*aside.*)

Charlotte. You are newly arrived in this country, Sir?

Belcour. Just landed, Madam; just set a-shore, with a large cargo of Muscovado 10 sugars, rum-punchcons, mahogany-slabs, wet sweet-meats, and green paroquets.

Charlotte. May I ask you how you like London, Sir?

Belcour. To admiration: I think the town and the town's-folk are exactly suited; 'tis a great, rich, overgrown, noisy, tumultuous place: the whole morning is a bustle to get money, and the whole afternoon is a hurry to spend it. 20

Charlotte. Are these all the observations you have made?

Belcour. No, Madam; I have observed the women are very captivating, and the men very soon caught.

Charlotte. Ay, indeed! Whence do you draw that conclusion?

Belcour. From infallible guides; the first remark I collect from what I now see, the second from what I now feel. 30

Charlotte. Oh, the deuce take you! but to wave this subject; I believe, Sir, this was a visit of business, not compliment; was it not?

Belcour. Ay; now comes on my execution.

Charlotte. You have some foolish trinkets of mine, Mr. Belcour; havn't you?

Belcour. No, in truth; they are gone in search of a trinket, still more foolish than 40 themselves, (*aside*)

Charlotte. Some diamonds I mean, Sir; Mr. Stockwell inform'd me you was charged with 'em.

Belcour. Oh, yes, Madam; but I have the most treacherous memory in life—Here they are! Pray put them up; they're all right; you need not examine 'em.

(*gives a box.*)

Charlotte. Hey-dey! right, Sir! Why these are not my diamonds; these are quite 50 different; and, as it should seem, of much greater value.

Belcour. Upon my life I'm glad on't; for then I hope you value 'em more than your own.

Charlotte. As a purchaser I should, but not as an owner; you mistake, these belong to somebody else.

Belcour. 'Tis yours, I'm afraid, that belong to somebody else. 60

Charlotte. What is it you mean? I must insist upon your taking 'em back again.

Belcour. Pray, 'madam, don't do that: I shall infallibly lose them; I have the worst luck with diamonds of any man living.

Charlotte. That you might well say, was you to give me these in the place of mine; but pray, Sir, what is the reason of all this? Why have you changed the jewels? and where have you disposed of mine? TO

Belcour. Miss Rusport, I cannot invent a lie for my life; and, if it was to save it, I couldn't tell one: I am an idle, dissipated, unthinking fellow, not worth your notice: in short, I am a West-Indian; and you must try me according to the charter of my colony, not by a jury of English spinsters: truth^o is, I've given away your jewels; caught with a pair of sparkling eyes, whose lustre blinded their's, I served your prop- 80 erty, as I should my own, and lavish'd it away; let me not totally despair of your forgiveness: I frequently do wrong, but never with impunity; if your displeasure is added to my own, my punishment will be too severe. When I parted from the jewels, I had not the honour of knowing their owner.

Charlotte. Mr. Belcour, your sincerity charms me, I enter at once into your char- 90 acter, and I make all the allowances for it you can desire. I take your jewels for the present, because I know there is no other way of reconciling you to yourself; but if I give way to your spirit in one point, you must yield to mine in another; remember I will not keep more than the value of my own jewels: there is no need to be pillaged by more than one woman at a time, Sir.

Belcour. Now may every blessing that 100 can crown your virtues, and reward your beauty, be shower'd upon you; may you meet admiration without envy, love without jealousy: and old age without malady! may the man of your heart be ever constant, and you never meet a less penitent, or less grateful offender than myself.

(Servant enters and delivers a letter.)

Charlotte. Does your letter require such haste?

Servant. I was bade to give it into your 110 own hands, madam.

Charlotte. From Charles Dudley, I see— have I your permission? Good Heaven, what do I read! Mr. Belcour you are concerned in this—"Dear Charlotte; in the "midst of our distress, Providence has cast a *truth] the truth 1792.*

"benefactor in our way, after the **most** unexpected manner: a young West Indian, "rich, and with a warmth of heart peculiar "to his climate, has rescued my father 120 "from his troubles, satisfied his **wants**, and "enabled him to accomplish his exchange: "when I relate to you the manner in which "this was done, you will be charm'd; I can "only now add, that it was by chance we "found out that his name is Belcour, and "that he is a friend of Mr. Stockwell's. I "lose not a moment's time in making you "acquainted with this fortunate event for "reasons which delicacy obliges me to 130 "suppress; but, perhaps, if you have not "received the money on your jewels, you "will not think it necessary now to do it. I "have the honour to be,

"Dear Madam,

"most faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DUDLEY."

Is this your doing, Sir? Never was generosity so worthily exerted.

Belcour. Or so greatly overpaid. 140

Charlotte. After what you have now done for this noble, but indigent, family, let me not scruple to unfold the whole situation of my heart to you. Know then, Sir, (and don't think the worse of me for the frankness of my declaration) that such is my attachment to the son of that worthy officer whom you relieved, that the moment I am of age, and in possession of my fortune, I should hold myself the happiest 150 of women to share it with young Dudley.

Belcour. Say you so, madam! then let me perish if I don't love and reverence you above all woman kind; and if such is your generous resolution, never wait till you're of age; life is too short, pleasure too fugitive; the soul grows narrower every hour; I'll equip you for your escape; I'll convoy you to the man of your heart, and away with you then to the first hospitable par- 160 son, that will take you in.

Charlotte. O blessed be the torrid zone for ever, whose rapid vegetation quickens nature into such benignity! These latitudes are made for politics and philosophy; friendship has no root in this soil. But had I spirit to accept your offer, which is not improbable, wouldn't it be a mortifying thing, for a fond girl to find herself mis-

taken, and sent back to her home, like a wo vagrant; and such, for what I know, might be my case.

Belcour. Then he ought to be proscribed the society of mankind for ever—Ay, ay, 'tis the sham sister makes him thus indifferent; 'twill be a meritorious office to take that girl out of the way.

(*Servant enters.*)

SCENE VIII.

Servant. Miss Dudley to wait on you, madam.

Belcour. Who?

Servant. Miss Dudley.

Charlotte. What's the matter, Mr. Belcour? are you frightened at the name of a pretty girl? 'tis the sister of him we were speaking of—pray admit her.

Belcour. The sister! So, so; he has imposed upon her too—this is an extraor- dinary visit truly. Upon my soul the assurance of some folks is not to be accounted for.

Charlotte. I insist upon your not running away; you'll be charm'd with Louisa Dudley.

Belcour. Oh, yes, I am charm'd with her.

Charlotte. You've seen her then; have you?

Belcour. Yes, yes, I've seen her. 20

Charlotte. Well, isn't she a delightful girl?

Belcour. Very delightful.

Charlotte. Why, you answer as if you was in a court of justice; O my conscience! I believe you are caught; I've a notion she has trick'd you out of your heart.

Belcour. I believe she has, and you out of your jewels; for to tell you the truth, she's the very person I gave 'em to.

Charlotte. You gave her my jewels! 30 Louisa Dudley my jewels? admirable; inimitable! oh, the sly little jade! but hush, here she comes; I don't know how I shall keep my countenance. (*Louisa enters.*) My dear, I'm rejoiced to see you; how d'ye do? I beg leave to introduce Mr. Belcour, a very worthy friend of mine; I believe, Louisa, you have seen him before.

Louisa. I have met the gentleman.

Charlotte. You have met the gentle- 40 man; well, Sir, and you have met the lady;

in short, you have met each other; why then don't you speak to each other? How you both stand! tongue-tied, and fix'd as statues—Ha, ha, ha! Why you'll fall a-sleep by-and-by.

Louisa. Fye upon you; fye upon you; is this fair?

Belcour. Upon my soul I never look'd so like a fool in my life; the assurance of 50 that girl puts me quite down, (*aside*).

Charlotte. Sir—Mr. Belcour—Was it your pleasure to advance any thing? Not a syllable. Come, Louisa, womens wit, they say, is never at a loss—Nor you neither? Speechless both—Why you was merry enough before this lady came in.

Louisa. I am sorry I have been any interruption to your happiness, Sir.

Belcour. Madam. 60

Charlotte. Madam! Is that all you can say? but come, my dear girl, I won't tease you; apropos! I must shew you what a fine⁰ present this dumb gentleman has made me; are not these handsome diamonds?

Louisa. Yes, indeed, they seem very fine; but I am no judge of these things.

Charlotte. Oh, you wicked little hypocrite, you are no judge of these things, Louisa; you have no diamonds, not you. 70

Louisa. You know I havn't, Miss Rusport: you know those things are infinitely above my reach.

Charlotte. Ha! ha! ha!

Belcour. She does tell a lie with an admirable countenance, that's true enough.

Louisa. What ails you, Charlotte? What impertinence have I been guilty of that you should find it necessary to humble me at such a rate? if you are happy, long may 80 you be so; but, surely, it can be no addition to it to make me miserable.

Charlotte. So serious! there must be some mystery in this—Mr. Belcour will you leave us together? You see I treat you with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance already.

Belcour. Oh, by all means; pray command me. Miss Rusport, I'm your most obedient! By your condescension in ac- 90 cepting those poor trifles, I am under eternal obligations to you—To you, Miss Dudley, I shall not offer a word on that subject: you despise finery; you have a soul above it;

[*fine*] om. 1792.

I adore your spirit; I was rather unprepared for meeting you here; but I shall hope for an opportunity of making myself better known to you. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IX.

Charlotte and Louisa.

Charlotte. Louisa Dudley, you surprise me; I never saw you act thus before: can't you bear a little innocent raillery before the man of your heart?

Louisa. The man of my heart, Madam? Be assured I never was so visionary to aspire to any man whom Miss Rusport honours with her choice.

Charlotte. My choice, my dear! Why we are playing at cross purposes: how enter'd it into your head that Mr. Belcour was the man of my choice?

Louisa. Why didn't he present you with those diamonds?

Charlotte. Well; perhaps he did—and pray, Louisa, have you no diamonds?

Louisa. I diamonds truly! Who should give me diamonds?

Charlotte. Who, but this very gentleman: Apropos! here comes your brother—20

SCENE X.

(Charles enters.)

I insist upon referring our dispute to him: your sister and I, Charles, have a quarrel; Belcour, the hero of your letter, has just left us—some how or other, Louisa's bright eyes have caught him; and the poor fellow's fallen desperately in love with her—(don't interrupt me, hussey)—Well, that's excusable enough, you'll say; but the jet' of the story is, that this hair-brain'd spark, who does nothing like other people, has 10 given her the very identical jewels, which you pledged for me to Mr. Stockwell; and will you believe that this little demure slut made up a face, and squeezed out three or four hypocritical tears, because I rallied her about it?

Charles. I'm all astonishment! Louisa, tell me without reserve, has Mr. Belcour given you any diamonds?

Louisa. None, upon my honour. 20
jet] gist.

Charles. Has he made any professions to you?

Louisa. He has, but altogether in a stile so whimsical and capricious, that the best which can be said of them is to tell you that they seem'd more the result of good spirits than good manners.

Charlotte. Ay, ay, now the murder's out; he's in love with her, and she has no very great dislike to him; trust to my observation, Charles, for that: as to the diamonds, there's some mistake about them, and you must clear it up: three minutes conversation with him will put every thing in a right train; go, go, Charles, 'tis a brother's business; about it instantly; ten to one you'll find him over the way at Mr. Stockwell's.

Charles. I confess I'm impatient to have the case clear'd up; I'll take your advice, 40 and find him out: good bye to you.

Charlotte. Your servant; my life upon it you'll find Belcour a man of honour. Come, Louisa, let us adjourn to my dressing-room; I've a little private business to transact with you, before the old lady comes up to tea, and interrupts us.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

(Fulmer's house.)

Fulmer and Mrs. Fulmer.

Fulmer. Patty, wasn't Mr. Belcour with you?

Mrs. Fulmer. He was, and is now shut up in my chamber, in high expectation of an interview with Miss Dudley; she's at present with her brother, and 'twas with some difficulty I persuaded my hot-headed spark to wait 'till he has left her.

Fulmer. Well, child, and what then?

Mrs. Fulmer. Why then, Mr. Fulmer, 10 I think it will be time for you and me to steal a march, and be gone.

Fulmer. So this is all the fruit of your ingenious project; a shameful overthrow, or a sudden flight.

Mrs. Fulmer. Why, my project was a mere impromptu, and can at worst but

quicken our departure a few days; you know we had fairly outlied pur credit here, and a trip to Boulogne is "no ways un-20 seasonable. Nay, never droop, man—Hark! hark! here's enough to bear charges.

(*shewing a purse*)

Fulmer. Let me see, let me see: this weighs well; this is of the right sort: why your West-Indian bled freely.

Mrs. Fulmer. But that's not all: look here! Here are the sparklers! (*shewing the jewels*) Now what d'ye think of my performances? Heh! a foolish scheme, isn't it? —a silly woman? 30

Fulmer. Thou art a Judith, a Joan of Arc, and I'll march under thy banners, girl, to the world's end: Come, let's begone; I've little to regret; my creditors may share the old books amongst them, they'll have occasion for philosophy to support their loss; they'll find enough upon my shelves: The world is my library; I read mankind—Now, Patty, lead the way.

Mrs. Fulmer. Adieu, Belcour! [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE II.

Charles Dudley and Louisa.

Charles. Well, Louisa, I confess the force of what you say: I accept Miss Rusport's bounty, and when you see my generous Charlotte, tell her—but have a care, there is a selfishness even in gratitude, when it is too profuse; to be over thankful for any one favour, is in effect to lay out for another; the best return I cou'd make my benefactress wou'd be never to see her more. 10

Louisa. I understand you.

Charles. We, that are poor, Louisa, shou'd be cautious; for this reason I wou'd guard you against Belcour; at least till I can unravel the mystery of Miss Rusport's diamonds; I was disappointed of finding him at Mr. Stockwell's, and am now going in search of him again: he may intend honourably, but I confess to you I am stagger'd; think no more of him, therefore, 20 for the present: of this be sure, while I have life, and you have honour, I will protect you, or perish in your defence. *[Exit.]*

Louisa. Think of him no more! Well, I'll obey; but if a wand'ring uninvited thought

should creep by chance into my bosom, must I not^o give the harmless wretch a shelter? Oh! yes; the great artificer of the human heart knows every thread he wove into its fabric, nor puts his work to harder 30 uses than it was made to bear: my wishes then, my guiltless ones I mean, are free: How fast they spring within me at that sentence! Down, down, ye busy-creatures! Whither wou'd you carry me? Ah! there is one amongst you, a forward, new intruder, that in the likeness of an offending, generous man, grows into favour with my heart. Fye, fye upon it! Belcour pursues, insults me; yet such is the fatality of my 40 condition, that wKat shou'd rouse resentment, only calls up love.

SCENE III.

(*Belcour enters to her*)

Belcour. Alone, by all that's happy!

Louisa. Ah!

Belcour. Oh! shriek not, start not, stir not, loveliest creature! but let me kneel, and gaze upon your beauties.

Louisa. Sir, Mr. Belcour, rise! What is it you do?

Belcour. See, I obey you; mould me as you will, behold your ready servant! New to your country, ignorant of your manners, habits, and desires, I put myself into your hands for instruction; make me only such as you can like yourself, and I shall be happy.

Louisa. I must not hear this, Mr. Belcour; go; should he, that parted from me but this minute, now return, I tremble for the consequence.

Belcour. Fear nothing; let him come: I love you, Madam; he'll find it hard to 20 make me unsay that.

Louisa. You terrify me; your impetuous temper frightens me; you know my situation; it is not generous to pursue me thus.

Belcour. True; I do know your situation, your real one, Miss Dudley, and am resolv'd to snatch you from it; 'twill be a meritorious act; the old Captain shall rejoice; Miss Rusport shall be made happy; and even he, even your beloved brother, 30 with whose resentment you threaten me,

7 not] not I 1702.

shall in the end applaud and thank me: Come, thou'rt a dear enchanting girl, and I'm determin'd not to live a minute longer without thee.

Louisa. Hold, are you mad? I see you are a bold, assuming man, and know not where to stop.

Belcour. Who that beholds such beauty can? By Heaven, you put my blood into 40 a flame. Provoking girl! is it within the stretch of my fortune to content you? What is it you can further ask that I am not ready to grant?

Louisa. Yes, with the same facility that you bestow'd upon me Miss Rusport's diamonds. For shame! for shame! was that a manly story?

Belcour. So! so! these devilish diamonds meet me every where—Let me perish if I 50 meant you any harm: Oh! I cou'd tear my tongue out for saying a word about the matter.

Louisa. Go to her then, and contradict it; till that is done, my reputation is at stake.

Belcour. Her reputation! Now she has got upon that, she'll go on for ever.—What is there I will not do for your sake? I will go to Miss Rusport.

Louisa. Do so; restore her own jewels 60 to her, which I suppose you kept back for the purpose of presenting others to her of a greater value; but for the future, Mr. Belcour, when you wou'd do a galant action to that lady, don't let it be at my expence.

Belcour. I see where she points: she is willing enough to give up Miss Rusport's diamonds, now she finds she shall be a gainer by the exchange. Be it so! 'tis what I wish'd.—Well, Madam, I will return 70 Miss^o Rusport her own jewels, and you shall have others of tenfold their value.

Louisa. No, Sir, you err most widely; it is my good opinion, not my vanity, which you must bribe.

Belcour. Why, what the devil wou'd she have now?—Miss Dudley, it is my wish to obey and please you, but I have some apprehension that we mistake each other.

Louisa. I think we do: tell me, then, 80 in few words, what it is you aim at.

Belcour. In few words, then, and in plain honesty, I must tell you, so entirely am I captivated with you, that had you but been

such as it wou'd have become me to have call'd my wife, I had been happy in knowing you by that name; as it is, you are welcome to partake my fortune, give me in return your person, give me pleasure, give me love; free, disencumber'd, antimatri- 90 monial love.

Louisa. Stand off, and let me never see you more.

Belcour. Hold, hold, thou dear, tormenting, tantalizing girl! Upon my knees swear you shall not stir till you've c sented to my bliss.

Louisa. Unhand me, Sir: O Charl^t tect me, rescue me, redress me.

SCENE IV.

Charles Dudley *ante*

Charles. How's this? Rise, defend yourself.

Belcour. Villain!

Charles. The man who wr^c is a villain—Draw!

Belcour. Never fear me, man; brand me for a cowa you.

Charles. Yet hold! Let mt hasty: your name, I think, is

Belcour. Well, Sir.

Charles. How is it, Mr. Belcour, y done this mean, unmanly wrong; L the mask of generosity to give this lass. stab to our domestic peace? You might have had my thanks, my blessing; take my defiance now. 'Tis Dudley speaks to you, the brother, the protector of that injur'd lady.

Belcour. The brother? Give yourself a 20 truer title.

Charles. What is't you mean?

Belcour. Come, come, I know both her and you: I found you, Sir, (but how or why I know not) in the good graces of Miss Rusport—(yes, colour at the name!) I gave you no disturbance there, never broke in upon you in that rich and plenteous quarter; but, when I cou'd have blasted all your projects with a word, spar'd you, in 30 foolish pity spar'd you, nor rouz'd her from the fond credulity in which your artifice had lull'd her.

Charles. No, Sir, nor boasted to her of

the splendid present you had made my poor Louisa; the diamonds, Mr. Belcour; How was that? What can you plead to that arraignment?

Belcour. You question me too late; the name of Belcour and of villain never met 40 before: had you enquir'd of me before you utter'd that rash word, you might have sav'd yourself or me a mortal error: now, Sir, I neither give nor take an explanation; come on!

[*They fight*]

SCENE V.

a, and afterwards O'Flaherty.

Hold, hold, for Heaven's sake 'es! Mr. Belcour! Help! Sir, Sir, they'll murder one another.

Hell and confusion! What's ar for? Can't you leave off cut-thers' throats, and mind what says to you? You've done a hav'n't you, both, to put her lurry? I think, o' my con-the most frightened of the 10

ir Louisa, recollect yourself; interfere? 'Tis in your cause, Now cou'd I kill him for caress-

terty. O Sir, your most obedient! ie the gentleman I had the honour of meeting here before; you was then running off at full speed like a Calmuck, now you are tilting and driving like a Bedlamite 20 with this lad here, that seems as mad as yourself: 'Tis pity but your country had a little more employment for you both.

Belcour. Mr. Dudley, when you've recover'd the lady, you know where I am to be found.

[*Exit.*]

O'Flaherty. Well then, can't you stay where you are, and that will save the trouble of looking after you? Yon volatile fellow thinks to give a man the meeting by 30 getting out of his way: by my soul 'tis a round-about method that of his. But I think he call'd you Dudley: Hark'e, young man, are you son of my friend the old Captain?

Charles. I am. Help me to convey this lady to her chamber, and I shall be more at leisure to answer your questions.

O'Flaherty. Ay will I: come along, pretty one; if you've had wrong done you,'40 young man, you need look no further for a second; Dennis O'Flaherty's your man for that; but never draw your sword before a woman, Dudley; damn it, never while you live draw your sword before a woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Lady Rusport's House.

Lady Rusport and Servant.

Servant. An elderly gentleman, who says his name is Varland, desires leave to wait on your ladyship.

Lady Rusport. Shew him in; the very man I wish to see: Varland; he was Sir Oliver's solicitor, and privy to all his affairs; he brings some good tidings; some fresh mortgage, or another bond come to light; they start up every day. (*Varland enters.*) Mr. Varland, I'm glad to see 10 you; you're heartily welcome, honest Mr. Varland; you and I havn't met since our late irreparable loss: how have you passed your time this age?

Varland. Truly, my lady, ill enough: I thought I must have followed good Sir Oliver.

Lady Rusport. Alack-a-day, poor man! Well, Mr. Varland, you find me here overwhelmed with trouble and fatigue; torn 20 to pieces with a multiplicity of affairs; a great fortune poured upon me unsought for and unexpected: 'twas my good father's will and pleasure it should be so, and I must submit.

Varland. Your ladyship inherits under a will made in the year forty-five, immediately after Captain Dudley's marriage with your sister.

Lady Rusport. I do so, Mr. Varland; I do so.

Varland. I well remember it; I engrossed every syllable; but I am surprized to find your ladyship set so little store by this vast accession.

Lady Rusport. Why you know, Mr. Varland, I am a moderate woman; I had enough before; a small matter satisfies me; and Sir Stephen Rusport (Heaven be his-

portion!) took care I shouldn't want 40 that.

Varland. Very true; very true, he did 80; and I am overjoyed at finding your ladyship in this disposition; for, truth to say, I was not without apprehension the news I have to communicate would have been of some prejudice to your ladyship's tranquility.

Lady Rusport. News, Sir! What news have you for me?

Varland. Nay, nothing to alarm you; a 50 trifle, in your present way of thinking: I have a will of Sir Oliver's you have never seen.

Lady Rusport. A will! Impossible! How came you by it, pray?

Varland. I drew it up, at his command, in his last illness: it will save you a world of trouble: it gives his whole estate from you to his grandson, Charles Dudley.

Lady Rusport. To Dudley? His estate 60 to Charles Dudley? I can't support it! I shall faint! You've killed me, you vile man! I never shall survive it!

Varland. Look'e there now: I protest, I thought you would have rejoiced at being clear of the incumbrance.

Lady Rusport. 'Tis false; 'tis all a forgery, concerted between you and Dudley; why else did I never hear of it before?

Varland. Have patience, my lady, and 70 I'll tell you: By Sir Oliver's direction, I was 'to deliver this will into no hands but his grandson Dudley's: the young gentleman happen'd to be then in Scotland; I was dispatch'd thither in search of him; the hurry and fatigue of my journey brought on a fever by the way, which confined me in extreme danger for several days; upon my recovery, I pursued my journey, found young Dudley had left Scotland in the 80 interim, and am now directed hither; where, as soon as I can find him, doubtless, I shall discharge my conscience, and fulfil my commission.

Lady Rusport. Dudley then, as yet, knows nothing of this will?

Varland. Nothing; that secret rests with me.

Lady Rusport. A thought occurs: by this fellow's talking of his conscience, I should 90 guess it was upon sale (*aside.*) Come, Mr. Varland, if 'tis as you say, I must submit. I was somewhat flurried at first, and forgot

myself; I ask your pardon: this is no place to talk of business; step with me into my room; we will there compare the will, and resolve accordingly—Oh! would your fever had you, and I had your paper.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Miss Rusport, Charles, and O'Flaherty.

Charlotte. So, so! My lady and her lawyer have retired to close confabulation: now, Major, if you are the generous man I take you for, grant me one favour.

O'Flaherty. Faith will I, and not think much of my generosity aeither; for, though it may not be in my power to do the favour you ask, look you, it can never be in my heart to refuse it.

Charles. Cou'd this man's tongue do 10 justice to his thoughts, how eloquent would he be! (*aside.*)

Charlotte. Plant yourself then in that room: keep guard, for a few moments, upon the enemy's motions, in the chamber beyond; and, if they should attempt a sally, stop their march a moment, till your friend here can make good his retreat down the back-stairs.

O'Flaherty. A word to the wise! I'm an 20 old campaigner; make the best use of your time; and trust me for tying the old cat up to the picket.

Charlotte. Hush! hush! not so loud.

Charles. 'Tis the office of a centinel, Major, you have undertaken, rather than that of a field-officer.

O'Flaherty. 'Tis the office of a friend, my dear boy; and, therefore, no disgrace to a general. [Exit, 30]

SCENE VIII.

Charles and Charlotte.

Charlotte. Well, Charles, will you commit yourself to me for a few minutes?

Charles. Most readily; and let me, before one goes by, tender you the only payment I can ever make for your abundant generosity.

Charlotte. Hold, hold! so vile a thing as money must not come between us. What shall I say! 0 Charles! 0 Dudley! What

difficulties have you thrown upon me! » Familiarly as we have lived, I shrink at what I'm doing; and, anxiously as I have sought this opportunity, my fears almost persuade me to abandon it.

Charles. You alarm me!

Charlotte. Your looks and actions have been so distant, and at this moment are so deterring, that, was it not for the hope that delicacy, and not disgust, inspires this conduct in you, I should sink with shame and apprehension; but time presses; and I must speak; and plainly too—Was you now in possession of your grandfather's estate, as justly you ought to be, and was you inclined to seek a companion for life, should you, or should you not, in that case, honour your unworthy Charlotte with your choice?

Charles. My unworthy Charlotte! So judge me Heaven, there is not a circumstance on earth so valuable as your happiness, so dear to me as your person: but to bring poverty, disgrace, reproach from friends, ridicule from all the world upon a generous benefactress; theivishly to steal into an open, unreserved, ingenuous heart, O Charlotte! dear, unhappy girl, it is not to be done.

Charlotte. Nay, now you rate too highly the poor advantages fortune alone has given me over you: how otherwise could we bring our merits to any balance? Come, my dear Charles, I have enough; make that enough still more by sharing it with me: sole heiress of my father's fortune, a short time will put it in my disposal; in the mean while you will be sent to join your regiment; let us prevent a separation, by setting out this very night for that happy country where marriage still is free: carry me this moment to Belcour's lodgings.

Charles. Belcour's?—The name is ominous; there's murder in it: bloody inexorable honour! (*aside.*)

Charlotte. D'ye pause? Put me into his hands, while you provide the means for our escape: he is the most generous, the most honourable of men.

Charles. Honourable! most honourable!

Charlotte. Can you doubt it? Do you demur? Have you forgot your letter? Why, Belcour 'twas that prompted me to this proposal, that promised to supply the

means, that nobly offer'd his unask'd assistance—

(*O'Flaherty enters hastily.*)

(*P'Flaherty.* Run, run, for holy St. Anthony's sake, to horse and away! The conference is broke up, and the old lady advances upon a full piedmontese trot, within pistol-shot of your encampment.

Charlotte. Here, here, down the back- 70 stairs! Q, Charles, remember me!

Charles. Farewell! Now, now I feel myself a coward. [*Exit.*]

Charlotte. What does he mean?

O'Flaherty. Ask no questions, but be gone: she has cooled the lad's courage, and wonders he feels like a coward. There's a damn'd deal of mischief brewing between this hyena and her lawyer: egad I'll step behind this screen and listen: a good soldier must sometimes fight in ambush as well as open field (*retires.*)

SCENE IX.

Lady Rusport and Varland.

Lady Rusport. Sure I heard somebody. Hark! No; only the servants going down the back stairs. Well, Mr. Varland, I think then we are agreed; you'll take my money; and your conscience no longer stands in your way.

Varland. Your father was my benefactor; his will ought to be sacred; but, if I commit it to the flames, how will he be the wiser? Dudley, 'tis true, has done me no harm; but five thousand pounds will do me much good; so, in short, Madam, I take your offer; I will confer with my clerk, who witnessed the will; and to-morrow morning put it into your hands, upon condition you put five thousand good pounds into mine.

Lady Rusport. 'Tis a bargain; I'll be ready for you: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Varland. Let me consider—Five thousand pounds prompt payment for destroying 20 this scrap of paper, not worth five farthings; 'tis a fortune easily earn'd; yes, and 'tis another man's fortune easily thrown away; 'tis a good round sum to be paid down at once for a bribe, but 'tis a damn'd rogue's trick in me to take it.

O'Flaherty. (*aside.*) So, so! this fellow "

speaks truth to himself, tho' he lies to other people—but hush!

Varland. 'Tis breaking the trust of my 30 benefactor; that's a foul crime, but he's dead, and can never reproach me with it: and 'tis robbing young Dudley of his lawful patrimony, that's a hard case, but he's alive and knows nothing of the matter.

O'Flaherty. (*aside.*) These lawyers are so used to bring off the rogueries of others, that they are never without an excuse for their own.

Varland. Were I assured now that Dud- 40 ley would give me half the money for producing this will, {hat Lady Rusport does for concealing it, I wou'd deal with him, and be an honest man at half price; I wish every gentleman of my profession cou'd lay his hand on his heart and say the same thing.

O'Flaherty. A bargain, old gentleman! Nay, never start, nor stare, you wasn't afraid of your own conscience, never be afraid of me. 50

Varland. Of you, Sir; who are you, pray?

O'Flaherty. I'll tell you who I am: you seem to wish to be honest, but want the heart to set about it; now I am the very man in the world to make you so; for if you do not give me up that paper this very instant, by the soul of me, fellow, I will not leave one whole bone in your skin that shan't be broken.

Varland. What right have you, pray, to 60 take this paper from me?

O'Flaherty. What right have you, pray, to keep it from young Dudley? I don't know what it contains, but I am apt to think it will be safer in my hands than in your's; therefore give it me without more words, and save yourself a beating: do now; you had best.

Varland. Well, Sir, I may as well make a grace of necessity. There! I have ac- 70 quitted my conscience, at the expence of five thousand pounds.

O'Flaherty. Five thousand pounds! Mercy upon me! When there are such temptations in the law, can we wonder if some of the corps are a disgrace to it?

Varland. Well, you have got the paper; if you are an honest man, give it to Charles Dudley.

O'Flaherty. An honest man! look at me 80 friend, I am a soldier, this is not the livery I

of a knave; I am an Irishman, honey, mine is not the country of dishonor. Now, Sirrah, be gone; if you enter these doors, or give Lady Rusport the least item of what has passed, I will cut off both your ears, and rob the pillory of its due.

Varland. I wish I was once fairly out of his sight. {*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

(*A Room in Stockwell's House.*)

Stockwell. I must disclose myself to Belcour; this noble instance of his generosity, which old Dudley has been relating, allies me to him at once; concealment becomes too painful; I shall be proud to own him for my son—But see, he's here.

(*Belcour enters and throws himself on a sofa.*)

Belcour. O my curst tropical constitution! wou'd to Heaven I had been dropt upon the snows of Lapland, and never felt the blessed influence of the Sun, so I had never burnt 10 with these inflammatory passions!

Stockwell. So, so, you seem disorder'd, Mr. Belcour.

Belcour. Disorder'd, Sir! why did I ever quit the soil in which I grew; what evil planet drew me from that warm sunny region, where naked nature walks without disguise, into this cold contriving artificial country?

Stockwell. Come, Sir, you've met a 20 rascal; what o'that? general conclusions are illiberal.

Belcour. No, Sir, I've met reflection by the way; I've come from folly, noise and fury, and met a silent monitor—Well, well, a villian! 'twas not to be pardon'd—pray never mind me, Sir.

Stockwell. Alas! my heart bleeds for him.

Belcour. And yet I might have heard him: now plague upon that blundering 30 Irishman for coming in as he did; the hurry of the deed might paliate^o the event: deliberate execution has less to plead—Mr. Stockwell, I am bad company to you.

Stockwell. Oh, Sir; make no excuse. I think you have not found me forward to pry into the secrets of your pleasures and pursuits; 'tis not my disposition; but there

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are times, when want of curiosity, wou'd be want of friendship. 40

Belcour. Ah, Sir, mine is a case wherein you and I shall never think alike; the punctilious rules, by which I am bound, are not to be found in your ledgers, nor will pass current in the compting-house of a trader.

Stockwell. Tis very well, Sir; if you think I can render you any service; it may be worth your trial to confide in me; if not, your secret is safer in your own bosom.

Belcour. That sentiment demands my 50 confidence: pray, sit down by me. You must know, I have an affair of honour oh my hands with young Dudley; and tho' I put up with no man's insult, yet I wish to take away no man's life.

Stockwell. I know the young man, and am appris'd of your generosity to his father, what can have bred a quarrel between you?

Belcour. A foolish passion on my side, 60 and a haughty provocation on his. There is a girl, Mr. Stockwell, whom I have unfortunately seen, of most uncommon beauty; she has withal an air of so much natural modesty, that had I not had good assurance of her being an attainable wanton, I declare I shou'd as soon have thought of attempting the chastity of Diana.

(*Servant enters.*)

Stockwell. Hey-day, do you interrupt 70 us?

Servant. Sir, there's an Irish gentleman will take no denial; he says he must see Mr. Belcour directly, upon business of the last consequence.

Belcour. Admit him; 'tis the Irish officer that parted us, and brings me young Dudley's challenge; I should have made a long story of it, and he'll tell it you in three words.

O'Flaherty enters.

O'Flaherty. Save you, my dear; and 80 you, Sir! I have a little bit of a word in private for you.

Belcour. Pray deliver your commands; this gentleman is my intimate friend.

O'Flaherty. Why then, Ensign Dudley will be glad to measure swords with you, yonder at the London Tavern, in Bishops-

gate-Street, at nine o'clock—you know the place.

Belcour. I do; and shall observe the 90 appointment.

O'Flaherty. Will you be of the party, Sir? We shall want a fourth hand.

Stockwell. Savage as the custom is, I close with your proposal, and tho' I am not fully inform'd of the occasion of your quarrel, I shall rely on Mr. Belcour's honour for the justice of it; and willingly stake my life in his defence.

O'Flaherty. Sir, you're a gentleman of 100 honour, and I shall be glad of being better known to you—But hark'ee, Belcour, I had like to have forgot part of my errand; there is the money you gave old Dudley; you may tell it over faith; 'tis a receipt in full; now the lad can put you to death with a safe conscience, and when he has done that job for you, let it be a warning how you attempt the sister of a man of honour.

Belcour. The sister? 110

O'Flaherty. Ay, the sister; 'tis English, is it not? Or Irish; 'tis all one; you understand me, his sister, or Louisa Dudley, that's her name I think, call her which you will: by St. Patrick, 'tis a foolish piece of a° business, Belcour, to go about to take away a poor girl's virtue from her, when there are so many to be met in this town, who have dispos'd of their's to your hands. {*Exit.*

Stockwell. Why I am thunderstruck! 120 what is it you have done, and what is the shocking business in which I have engaged? If I understood him right, 'tis the sister of young Dudley you've been attempting: you talk'd to me of a prof est wanton; the girl he speaks of has beauty enough indeed to inflame your desires, but she has honour, innocence and simplicity to awe the most licentious passion; if you have done that, Mr. Belcour, I renounce you, I abandon 130 you, I forswear all fellowship or friendship with you for ever.

Belcour. Have patience for a moment; we do indeed speak of the same person, but she is not innocent, she is not young Dudley's sister.

Stockwell. Astonishing! who told you this?

Belcour. The woman where she lodges;

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irace upon my profession.
Tis you, Mr. Fulmer, not I,
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that disgrace your profession, therefore begone, nor expect that I will betray the interests of mankind so far as to shew favour to such incendiaries. Take 'em away; I blush to think such wretches should have the power to set two honest men at variance. *[Exeunt Fulmer, &c.]*

Charles. Mr. Belcour, we have mis- 100 taken each other; let us exchange forgiveness. I am convinced you intended no affront to my sister, and I ask your pardon for the expression I was betrayed into.

Belcour. 'Tis enough, Sir; the error began on my side, and was Miss Dudley here, I would be the first to atone.

Stockwell. Let us all adjourn to my house, and conclude the evening like friends: you will find a little entertainment ready for 110 you; and, if I am not mistaken, Miss Dudley and her father will make part of our company. Come, Major, do you consent?

O'Flaherty. Most readily, Mr. Stockwell; a quarrel well made up, is better than a victory hardly earned. Give me your hand, Belcour; o' my conscience you are too honest for the country you live in. And now, my dear lad, since peace is concluded on all sides, I have a discovery to 120 make to you, which you must find out for yourself, for deuce take me if I rightly comprehend it, only that your aunt Rusport is in a conspiracy against you, and a vile rogue of a lawyer, whose name I forget, at the bottom of it.

Charles. What conspiracy? Dear Major, recollect yourself.

O'Flaherty. By my soul, I've no faculty at recollecting myself; but I've a paper 130 somewhere about me, that will tell you more of the matter than I can. When I get to the merchant's, I will endeavour to find it.

Charles. Well, it must be in your own way; but I confess you have thoroughly rous'd my curiosity. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Stockwell's House.

Capt. Dudley, Louisa, and Stukely.

Dudley. And are those wretches, Fulmer and his wife, in safe custody?

Stukely. They are in good hands, I ac-

companied them to the Tavern, where your son was to be, and then went in search of you. You may be sure Mr. Stockwell will enforce the law against them as far as it will go.

Dudley. What mischief might their cursed machinations have produced, but for this 10, timely discovery!

Louisa. Still I am terrified; I tremble with apprehension lest Mr. Belcour's impetuosity and Charles's spirit should not wait for an explanation, but drive them both to extremes, before the mistake can be unravell'd.

Stukely. Mr. Stockwell is with them, Madam, and you have nothing to fear; you cannot suppose he wou'd⁰ ask you 20 hither for any other purpose, but to celebrate their reconciliation and to receive Mr. Belcour's attonement.⁰

Dudley. No, no, Louisa, Mr. Stockwell's honour and discretion guard us against all danger or offence; he well knows we will endure no imputation on the honour of our family, and he certainly has invited us to receive satisfaction on that score in an amicable way. 30

Louisa. Wou'd to Heaven they were return'd!

Stukely. You may expect them every minute; and see Madam, agreeable⁰ to your⁰ wish, they are here. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Charles enters, and afterwards Stockwell and O'Flaherty.

Louisa. O Charles, O brother, how cou'd you serve me so, how cou'd you tell me you was going to Lady Rusport's and then set out with a design of fighting Mr. Belcour? But where is he; where is your antagonist?

Stockwell. Captain, I am proud to see you, and you Miss Dudley, do me particular honour: We have been adjusting, Sir, a very extraordinary and datgerous mis- 10 take, which I take for granted my friend Stukely has explain'd to you.

Dudley. He has; I have too good an opinion wou'd] would 1792.
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ion of Mr. Belcour to believe he cou'd be guilty of a design'd affront to an innocent girl, and I am much too well acquainted with your character to suppose you cou'd abet him in such design; I have no doubt therefore all things will be set to rights in very few words when we have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Belcour.

Stockwell. He has only stepped into the counting-house and will wait upon you directly: You will not be over strict, Madam, in weighing Mr. Belcour's conduct to the minutest scruple; his manners, passions and opinions are not as yet assimilated to this climate; he comes amongst you a new character, an inhabitant of a new world and both hospitality as well as pity recommend him to our indulgence.

SCENE IV.

Belcour enters, bows to Miss Dudley.

Belcour. I am happy and ashamed to see you; no man in his senses would offend you; I forfeited mine and err'd against the light of the sun, when I overlooked your virtues; but your beauty was predominant and hid them from my sight; I now perceive I was the dupe of a most improbable report, and humbly entreat your pardon.

Louisa. Think no more of it; 'twas a mistake. 10

Belcour. My life has been compos'd of little else; 'twas founded in mystery and has continued in error: I was once given to hope, Mr. Stockwell, that you was to have delivered me from these difficulties, but either I do not deserve your confidence, or I was deceiv'd in my expectations.

Stockwell. When this lady has confirm'd your pardon, I shall hold you deserving of my confidence. 20

Louisa. That was granted the moment it was ask'd.

Belcour. To prove my title to his confidence honour me so far with your's as to allow me a few minutes' conversation in private with you. *[She turns to her father.]*

Dudley. By all means, Louisa; come, Mr. Stockwell, let us go into another room.

Charles. And now, major O'Flaherty, I claim your promise of a sight of the 30 paper, that is to unravel this conspiracy of

my aunt Rusport's: I think I have waited with great patience.

O'Flaherty. I have been endeavouring to call to mind what it was I overheard; I've got the paper and will give you the best account I can of the whole transaction.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

• *Belcour and Louisa.*

Belcour. Miss Dudley, I have solicited this audience to repeat to you my penitence and confusion: How shall I atone? What reparation can I make to you and virtue?

Louisa. To me there's nothing due, nor any thing demanded of you but your more favourable opinion for the future, if you should chance to think of me: Upon the part of virtue I'm not empower'd to speak, but if hereafter, as you range thro' life, 10 you should surprize her in the person of some wretched female, poor as myself and not so well protected, enforce not your advantage, compleat not your licentious triumph, but raise her, rescue her from shame and sorrow, and reconcile her to herself again.

Belcour. I will, I will; by bearing your idea ever present in my thoughts, virtue shall keep an advocate within me: but - 20 tell me, loveliest, when you pardon the offence, can you, all perfect as you are, approve of the offender? As I now cease to view you in that false light I lately did, can you, and in the fulness of your bounty will you, cease also to reflect upon the libertine addresses I have paid you, and look upon me as your reform'd, your rational admirer?

Louisa. Are sudden reformations apt to 30 last; and how can I be sure the first fair face you meet will not ensnare affections so unsteady, and that I shall not lose you lightly as I gain'd you?

Belcour. Because tho' you conquer'd me by surprize, I have no inclination to rebel; because since the first moment that I saw you, every instant has improv'd you in my eyes, because by principle as well as passion I am unalterably yours, in short there 40 are ten thousand causes for my love to you, would to Heaven I could plant one in your

soft bosom that might move you to return it!

Louisa. Nay, Mr. Belcour.—

Belcour. I know I am not worthy your regard; I know I'm tainted with a thousand faults, sick of a thousand follies, but there's a healing virtue in your eyes that makes recovery certain; I cannot be an villain in your arms.

Louisa. That you can never be; whom-ever you shall honour with your choice, my life upon't that woman will be happy; it is not from suspicion that I hesitate, it is from honour; 'tis the severity of my condition, it is the world that never will interpret fairly in our case.

Belcour. Oh, what am I, and who in this wide world concerns himself for such a 60 nameless, such a friendless thing as I am? I see, Miss Dudley, I've not yet obtain'd your pardon.

Lovim. Nay, that you are in full possession of.

Belcour. Oh, seal it with your hand then, loveliest of women, confirm it with your heart; make me honourably happy, and crown your penitent not with your pardon only, but your love. 70

Louisa. My love!—

Belcour. By Heav'n my soul is conquer'd with your virtues more than my eyes are ravish'd with your beauty: Oh, may this soft, this sensitive alarm be happy, be auspicious! Doubt not, deliberate not, delay not: If happiness be the end of life, why do we slip a moment?

SCENE VI.

O'Flaherty enters, and afterwards Dudley and Charles with Stockwell.

O'Flaherty. Joy, joy, joy! sing, dance, leap, laugh for joy! Ha' done making love and fall down on your knees to every saint in the calendar, for they're all on your side and honest St. Patrick at the head of them.

Charles. O Louisa, such an event! by the luckiest chance in life we have discover'd a will of my grandfather's made in his last illness, by which he cuts off my Aunt Rusport with a small annuity, and leaves me 10 heir to his whole estate, with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds to yourself.

Louisa. What is it you tell me? O Sir, instruct me to support this unexpected turn of fortune. [*To her father.*]

Dudley. Name not fortune; 'tis the work of providence, 'tis the justice of Heaven that wou'd not suffer innocence to be oppress'd, nor your base aunt to prosper in her cruelty and cunning. 20

[*A servant whispers Belcour, and he goes out.*]

O'Flaherty. You shall pardon me, Capt. Dudley, but you must not overlook St. Patrick neither, for by my soul if he had not put it into my head to slip behind the screen when your righteous aunt and the lawyer were plotting together, I don't see how you wou'd ever have come at the paper there, that Master Stockwell is reading.

Dudley. True my good friend, you are 30 the father of this discovery, but how did you contrive to get this will from the lawyer?

O'Flaherty. By force, my dear, the only way of getting any thing from a lawyer's clutches.

Stockwell. Well, Major, when he brings his action of assault and battery against you, the least Dudley can do is to defend you with the weapons you have put into 40 his hands.

Charles. That I am bound to do, and after the happiness I shall have in sheltering a father's age from the vicissitudes of life, my next delight will be in offering you an asylum in the bosom of your country.

O'Flaherty. And upon my soul, my dear, 'tis high time I was there, for 'tis now thirty long years since I sat foot in my 50 native country, and by the power of St. Patrick I swear I think it's worth all the rest of the world put together.

Dudley. Ay, Major, much about that time have I been beating the round of service, and 'twere well for us both to give over; we have stood many a tough gale and abundance of hard blows, but Charles shall lay us up in a little private, but safe, harbour, where we'll rest from our 60 labours, and peacefully wind up the remainder of our days.

O'Flaherty. Agreed, and you may take it as a proof of my esteem, young man,

that Major O'Flaherty accepts a favour at your hands, for by Heaven I'd sooner starve, than say I .thank you .to the man I despise: But I believe you are an honest lad, and I'm glad you've trounc'd the old cat, for on my conscience I believe I 70 must otherwise have married her myself to have let you in for a share of her fortune.

Stockwell. Hey day, what's become of Belcour?

Louisa. One of your servants call'd him out just now and seemingly on some earnest occasion.

Stockwell. I hope, Miss Dudley, he has aton'd to you as a gentleman ought. 80

Louisa. Mr. Belcour, Sir, will always do what a gentleman ought, and in my case I fear only you will think he has done too much.

Stockwell. What has he done; and what can be too much? Pray Heaven, it may be as I wish! *[aside.]*

Dudley. Let us hear it, child.

Louisa. With confusion for my own unworthiness, I confess to you he has 90 offer'd me——

Stockwell. Himself.

Louisa. 'Tis true.

Stockwell. Then I am happy; all my doubts, my cares are over, and I may own him for my son.—Why these are joyful tidings: come, my good friend, assist me in disposing your lovely daughter to accept this returning prodigal; he is no unprincipled, no harden'd libertine; his 100 love for you and virtue is the same.

Dudley. 'Twere vile ingratitude in me to doubt his merit—What says my child?

O'Flaherty. Begging your^o pardon now, 'tis a frivolous sort of a question, that of yours; for you may see plainly enough by the young lady's looks, that she says a great deal, though she speaks never a word.

Charles. Well, sister, I believe the Major has fairly interpreted the state of your no heart.

Louisa. I own it; and what must that heart be, which love, honour and beneficence like Mr. Belcour's can make no impression on?

Stockwell. I thank you: What happiness has this hour brought to pass!

[your] you 1702.

O'Flaherty. Why don't we all sit down to supper then and make a night on't.

Stockwell. Hold, here comes Belcour. 120

SCENE VII.

Belcour introducing Miss Rusport.

Belcour. Mr. Dudley, here is a fair refugee, who properly comes under your protection; she is equipt for Scotland, but your good fortune, which I have related to her, seems Incl'n'd to save you both the journey—Nay, Madam, never go back; you are amongst friends.

Charles. Charlotte!

Charlotte. The same; that fond officious girl, that haunts you every where; that 10 persecuting spirit——

Charles. Say rather, that protecting angel; such you have been to me.

Charlotte. O Charles, you have an honest, but proud heart.

Charles. Nay, chide me not, dear Charlotte.

Belcour. Seal up her lips then; she is an adorable girl; her arms are open to you; and love and happiness are ready to 20 receive you.

Charles. Thus then I claim my dear, my destin'd wife. *[embracing her.]*

SCENE VIII.

Lady Rusport enters.

Lady Rusport. Heyday! mighty fine! wife truly! mighty well! kissing, embracing—did ever any thing equal this? Why you shameless hussey!—But I won't condescend to waste a word upon you.—You, Sir, you, Mr. Stockwell, you fine, sanctified, fair-dealing man of conscience, is this the principle you trade upon? Is this your neighbourly system, to keep a house of reception for run-away daughters, and 10 young beggarly fortune-hunters?

O'Flaherty. Be advis'd now, and don't put yourself in such a passion; we were all very happy till you came.

Lady Rusport. Stand away, Sir; hav'nt I a reason to be in a passion?

O'Flaherty. Indeed, honey, and you have, if you knew all.

Lady Rusport. Come, Madam, I have found out your haunts; dispose yourself 20

to return home with me: young man, let me never see you within my doors again: Mr. Stockwell, I shall report your behaviour, depend on it.

Stockwell. Hold, Madam, I cannot consent to lose Miss Rusport's company this evening, and I am persuaded you won't insist upon it; 'tis an unmotherly action to interrupt your daughter's happiness in this manner, believe me it is. ">

Lady Rusport. Her happiness truly; upon my word! and I suppose it's an unmotherly action to interrupt her ruin; for what but ruin must it be to marry a beggar? I think my sister had a proof of that, Sir, when she made choice of you.

[To Captain Dudley.

Dudley. Don't be too lavish of your spirits, Lady Rusport.

O'Flaherty. By my soul you'll have occasion for a sip of the cordial Elixir by 40 and bye.

Stockwell. It don't appear to me, Madam, that Mr. Dudley can be call'd a beggar.

Lady Rusport. But it appears to me, Mr. Stockwell; I am apt to think a pair of colours cannot furnish settlement quite sufficient for the heiress of Sir Stephen Rusport.

Charlotte. But a good estate in aid of a commission may do something. 50

Lady Rusport. A good estate, truly! where shou'd he get a good estate pray?

Stockwell. Why suppose now a worthy old gentleman on his death-bed should have taken it in mind to leave him one—

Lady Rusport. Hah! what's that you say?

O'Flaherty. O ho! you begin to smell a plot, do you?

Stockwell. Suppose there should be a paper in the world that runs thus—"I 60 do hereby give and bequeath all my "estates, real and personal, to Charles Dudley, son of my late daughter Louisa, &c. "&c. &c."

Lady Rusport. Why I am thunder-struck! by what contrivance, what villany did you get possession of that paper?

Stockwell. There was no villany, Madam, in getting possession of it; the crime was in concealing it, none in bringing it to light, 70

Lady Rusport. Oh, that cursed lawyer, Varland!

O'Flaherty. You may say that, faith, he

is a cursed lawyer, and a cursed piece of work I had to get the paper from him; your ladyship now was to have paid him five thousand pounds for it, I fore'd him to give it me of his own accord for nothing at all, at all.

Lady Rusport. Is it you that have done 80 this? Am I foil'd by your blundering contrivances, after all?

O'Flaherty. 'Twas a blunder, faith, but as natural a one as if I'd made it o' purpose.

Charles. Come, let us not oppress the fallen; do right even now, and you shall have no cause to complain.

Lady Rusport. Am I become an object of your pity then? Insufferable! confusion light amongst you! marry and be wretched: let me never see you more.

[Exit.

Charlotte. She is outrageous; I suffer for her, and blush to see her thus exposed.

Charles. Come, Charlotte, don't let this angry woman disturb our happiness: we will save her in spite of herself; your father's memory shall not be stained by the discredit of his second choice.

Charlotte. I trust implicitly to your 100 discretion, and am in all things yours.

Belcour. Now, lovely but obdurate, does not this example soften?

Louisa. What can you ask for more? Accept my hand, accept my willing heart.

Belcour. O bliss inutterable! brother, father, friend, and you the author of this general joy—

O'Flaherty. Blessing of St. Patrick upon us all! 'tis a night of wonderful and sur- 110 prizing ups and downs: I wish we were all fairly set down to supper, and there was an end on't.

Stockwell. Hold for a moment! I have yet one word to interpose—Intituled by my friendship to a voice in your disposal, I have approv'd your match; there yet remains a father's consent to be obtain'd.

Belcour. Have I a father?

Stockwell. You have a father: did not 120 I tell you I had a discovery to make? Compose yourself: you have a father, who observes, who knows, who loves you.

Belcour. Keep me no longer in suspense; my heart is soften'd for the affecting dis-

covery, and nature fits me to receive his blessing.

Stockwell. I am your father.

Belcour. My father? Do I live?

Stockwell. I am your father. 130

Belcour. It is too much; my happiness o'erpowers me; to gain a friend and find a father is too much! I blush to think how little I deserve you. *[They embrace.]*

Dudley. See, children, how many new relations spring from this night's unforeseen events, to endear us to each other.

O'Flaherty. O my conscience, I think we shall be all related by and bye.

Stockwell. How happily has this evening concluded, and yet how threatening was its approach! let us repair to the supper room, where I will unfold to you every circumstance of my mysterious story. Yes,

Belcour, I have watch'd you with a patient, but enquiring eye, and I have discover'd thro' the veil of some irregularities, a heart beaming with benevolence, an animated nature, fallible indeed, but not incorrigible; and your election of this excellent young lady makes me glory in acknowledging you to be my son.

Belcour. I thank you, and in my turn glory in the father I have gained; sensibly imprest with gratitude for such extraordinary dispensations, I beseech you, amiable Louisa, for the time to come, whenever you perceive me deviating into error or offence, bring only to my mind the Providence of this night, and I will turn to reason and obey. 160

END OF THE PLAY.

EPILOGUE

Written by D. G., ESQ.

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. ABINGTON.

N. B. The Lines in Italics are to be spoken in a catechise Tone.

CONFESS, good folks, has not Miss Rusport shewn,
Strange whims for SEVENTEEN HUNDRED SEVENTY-ONE?
What, pawn her jewels!—there's a precious plan!
To extricate from what a brave *old* man;
And fall in love with poverty and honour;
A girl of fortune, fashion!—Fie upon her.
But do not think we females of the stage,
So dead to the refinements of the age,
That we agree with our old fashion'd poet:
I am point blank against him, and I'll shew it:
And that my tongue may more politely run,
Make me a lady——Lady Blabington.
Now, with a rank and title to be free,
I'll make a catechism—and you shall see,
What is the veritable Beaume de Vie:
As I change place, I stand for that, or this,
My Lady questions first—then answers Miss.

(She speaks as my Lady.)

"Come, tell me, Child, what were our modes and dress,
"In those strange times of that old fright Queen Bess?"——
And now for Miss——

(She changes place, and speaks for Miss.)

*When Bess was England's queen,
Ladies were dismal beings, seldom seen;
They rose betimes, and breakfasted as soon
On beef and beer, then studied Greek till noon;
Unpainted cheeks with blush of health did glow,
Beruff'd and fardingaVd from top to toe,
Nor necks, nor ancles would they ever shew.*

Learnt Greek!—(laughs.)—Our outside head takes half a day;
Have we much time to dress the *inside*, pray?
No heads dress'd *a la Grecque*; the ancients quote,
There may be learning in a *papillate*.⁰

Cards are *our* classicks; and I, Lady B,
 In learning will, not yield to any she,
 Of the late founded *female* university. }
 But now for Lady Blab—————

(*Speaks as my Lady.*)

"Tell me, Miss Nancy,
 "What sports and what employments did they fancy?"

(*Speaks as Miss.*)

*The vulgar creatures seldom left their houses,
 But taught their children, work'd, and lov'd their spouses;
 The use of cards at Christmas only knew,
 They play'd for little, and their games mere few,
 One-and-thirty, Put, All fours, and Lantera Loo;
 They bore a race of mortals stout and honey,
 And never heard the name of Macaroni.——*

(*Speaks as my Lady.*)

"Oh brava, brava! that's my pretty dear——
 "Now let a modern, modish fair appear;
 "No more of these old dowdy maids and wives,
 "Tell how superior beings pass their lives."——

(*Speaks as Miss.*)

*Till noon they sleep, from noon till night they dress,
 From night till morn they game it more or less,
 Next night the same sweet course of joy run o'er,
 Then the night after as the night before, }
 And the night after that, encore, encore!——*

(*She comes forward.*)

Thus with our cards we *shuffle* off all sorrow,
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!
 We *deal* apace, from youth unto our prime,
 To the last moment of our *tabby-time*;
 And all our yesterdays, from rout and drum,⁰
 Have lighted fools with empty pockets home.
 Thus do our lives with rapture roll away,
 Not with the nonsense of our author's play;
 This is true life—true spirit—give it praise;
 Don't snarl and sigh for good Queen Bess's days:
 For all you look so sour, and bend the brow,
 You all rejoice with me, you're living now.

rout and drum] terms of varying connotation; both mean an at home, usually for cards, of a character differing in degrees of boisterousness according to taste.

She Stoops to Conquer:

O R.

The Mistakes of a Night.

A

C O M E D Y ,

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T . G A R D E N ,

WRITTEN BY

Doct^r G O L D S M I T H .

L O N D O N :

Printed for F. NEWBERRY, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

M DCC LXXII,

[*Priced* ~~One~~ Shilling and ~~Six~~ **Pence**.]

Oliver Goldsmith'(1728-1774r)' amongst a multifarious output of various literary kinds was author of two comedies and a forgotten farce. When *The Good Natur'd Man* appeared in 1768 sentimental comedy was in full swing. Garrick had forestalled the production by putting on Kelly's *False Delicacy* a week earlier. The rough and tumble humour of *The Good Natur'd Man* was a direct contrast and challenge to the genteel comedy of the day, as Goldsmith was at pains to make clear in his preface to the printed book.

Nevertheless the play is not a great work, nor indeed is it wholly free from sentimentalism. It was in *She Stoops to Conquer* that Goldsmith was to write his masterpiece which was produced at Covent Garden in March 1773.

Goldsmith knew what he wanted to do. He had attacked the false delicacy of genteel comedy in the preface to *The Good Natur'd Man*, he had pleaded for humour in comedy in *The Present State of Polite Learning*, and in *She Stoops* he broke free from the trammels of contemporary modes and gave a comedy full of humorous characterisation and ridiculous incident.

It is not easy to realise the extent to which the play ran contrary to the dramatic fashion of the day. Horace Walpole wrote to Mason: "Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy—no, it is the lowest of all farces. It is not the subject I condemn, though very vulgar, but the execution. The drift tends to no moral, no edification of any kind. The situations, however, are well imagined, and make one laugh, in spite of the grossness of the dialogue, the forced witticisms, and total improbability of the whole plan and conduct. But what disgusts me most is, that though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural or marks any character at all. It is set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and is as bad as the worst of them." Even so it is hard to credit the story that two of the actors threw up their parts rather than play Tony Lumpkin and Young Marlow in so low a comedy.

A dramatist had arisen who preferred the spirit of Shakespearean humour to the sententious and sentimental artificialities of the day, and although the public was "inoculated with this sentimental influenza of the mind" (to use the phrase of *Biographica Dramatica*) the play was immediately successful, and, again to quote *Biographica Dramatica*, "Nature and Laughter resumed their honours on the British stage." Thalia had gradually lost her easy mirthfulness and with strict avoidance of all that was low she had become a prim and somewhat tearful matron: now she had stooped to conquer.

There seems to be no ground for discrediting the evidence of Goldsmith's sister that the central episode of the mistaking of a private house for an inn was taken from the dramatist's own experience. She relates how as a lad travelling in Ireland he was overtaken by night and was sent by a joker to a neighbour's house where he behaved as a guest at an inn and ordering what he wanted treated his host as an innkeeper. The story states that the proprietor perceiving the error entered fully into the joke.

The text is that of the first edition octavo, 1773, collated with the fourth edition octavo, an edition of 1786, one of 1773 printed in Dublin which is corrupt, and the Larpent MS. The MS., which bears the original title, *The Novel or Mistakes of a Night*, shows a not large number of variants. A few of the more important are noted.

O 1 = First edition octavo, 1773 (B.M. 643. i. 8).

O 4 = Fourth edition octavo, 1773 (Worcester Coll. Oxford LL. 1. 35).

1785 = "A New Edition" octavo 1785 (B.M. 643. i. 8 [4]).

1786 = "A New Edition" octavo, 1786 (A.E.M.).

Dub. = An edition printed in Dublin 1773 (Worcester Coll. Oxford YC. 13.27).

Lar. = Larpent MS.

Larpent MS.] see p. 994 *infra*.

TO
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

Dear Sir,

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr. Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However I ventured to trust it to the public; and though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend,

And admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

PROLOGUE

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Enter Mr. WOODWARD,

Dressed in Black, and holding a Handkerchief to his Eyes.

EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters;
I've that within—for which there are no plaisters!
Pray wou'd you know the reason why Vm crying?
The Comic muse, long sick, is now a dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
For as a play'r, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter^o and I shall be chief mourners here.
To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in sentimentals will succeed!
Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents,
We can as soon speak Greek as sentiments!
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do?—If Comedy forsake us!
They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us,^o
But why can't I be moral?—Let me try—
My heart thus pressing—fix'd my face and eye—
With a sententious look, that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks, in sentimental scenes)
Thus I begin—All is not gold that glitters,
Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of bitters.
When ign'ranee enters, folly is at hand;
Learning is better far than house and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if she tumble.
/ give it up—morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh I must play tragedy.
One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
A doctor comes this night to shew his skill.
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He in five draughts prepar'd, presents a potion:
A kind of magic charm—for be assitr'd,
If you will swallow it, the maid is cur'd:

Shuter] Edward Shuter, the actor who took the part of Hardcastle.
us J us; 1786.

*But desp'rate the Doctor, and her case is,
If you reject the dose, and make wry faces!
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No pois'nous drugs are mix'd with what he gives;
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee!
The college you, must his pretensions back,
Pronounce him regular, or dub him quack.*

EPILOGUE

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still as a Bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquered him to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty Bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
"We have our exits and our entrances"
The first act shews the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of ev'ry thing afraid;
Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning action,
I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
Th' unblushing Bar-maid of a country inn.
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
On 'Squires and Cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lover's hearts—
And as she smiles, her triumphs to compleat,
Even Common Councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'Squire,
And Madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at Operas cries caro,
And quits her Nancy Dawson,^o for Che Faro.^o
Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinel^o of Cheapside:
Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
Till having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.^o }
Such, thro' our lives, the eventful history—
The fifth and last act still remains for me.
The Bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns Female Barrister, and pleads for Bayes.

Nancy Dawson] an actress and dancer, whose name was given to a popular song; i.e., the public deserts native talent for Italian opera.

Che Faro] a song in Gluck's *Orfeo*.

Heinel] a French danseuse who was famous in opera,

spadille] the ace of spades, the highest trump in the game of ombre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N .

Sir CHARLES MARLOW,
Young MARLOW (his Son)
HARDCASTLE,
HASTINGS,
TONT LUMPKIN,
DIGGORY,

Mr. GARDNER.
Mr. LEWES.
Mr. SHUTER.
Mr. DUBELLAMY.
Mr. QUICK.
Mr. SAUNDERS.

W O M E N .

Mrs. HARDCASTLE,
Miss HARDCASTLE,
Miss NEVILLE,
Maid,

Mrs. GREEN.
Mrs. BULKELY.
Mrs. KNIVETON.
Miss WILLEMS.

Landlord, Servants, &c. &c.

She stoops to conquer:

OR,

The Mistakes of a Night.

ACT I.

SCENE, A Chamber in an old fashioned House.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Mr. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I Vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour, Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hardcastle. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. 10 I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.⁰

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay, your times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here we live in an old rambling⁰ mansion, that 20 looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master: And all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hardcastle. And I love it. I love every thing that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I be- so lieve, Dorothy, (*taking her hand*) you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle,

[basket] the overhanging back compartment outside a stage-coach.

[rambling] Lar.; *rumbling* printed edd. Though *rambling* is found as a northern dialect form, it is probably a misprint here.

you're for ever at your Dorothy's and your old wife's. You may be a Darby, but I'll be no Joan, I promise you. I'm not so old as you'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that. 40

Hardcastle. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. Hardcastle. It's false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband; and he's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hardcastle. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *him* finely.

Mrs. Hardcastle. No matter, Tony 50 Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hardcastle. Learning, quotha! A mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Humour, my dear: nothing but humour. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hardcastle. I'd sooner allow him an 60 horse-pond. If burning the footmens shoes, frightening the maids, and^o worrying the kit-tens, be humour, he has it. It was but yes' terday he fastened⁰ my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hardcastle. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, TO who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hardcastle. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no, the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

[and] ont. 1786.

[fastened . . . face] There is a story that a similar practical joke was played on Goldsmith by Lord Clare's daughter.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long am'ong us. Any body that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hardcastle. Ay, if growing too fat be 80 one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hardcastle. He coughs sometimes.

Hardcastle. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hardcastle. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet—(Tony hallooing behind the Scenes)—O there he goes—A very consumptive figure, 90 truly.

Enter Tony, crossing the Stage.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother, I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hardcastle. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear: You look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The 100 Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hardcastle. Ay; the ale-house, the old place: I thought so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick' Muggins the exciseman, Jack Slang the horse doctor, Little Aminadab that grinds the music box,^o and Tom Twist that 110 spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing *them*, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint *myself*.

Mrs. Hardcastle. (Detaining him) You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I say you shan't. 120

Tony. We'll see which is strongest, you or I. [Exit, hauling her out.

Hardcastle. Solus.

Hardcastle. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole music box] barrel organ.

age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them. 180

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Drest out as usual my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk has thou go^d about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hardcastle. You know our agreement, Sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my 140 own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hardcastle. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hardcastle. I protest, Sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hardcastle. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I 150 have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hardcastle. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, MO that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hardcastle. Depend upon it, child, I'll never controul your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told 170 he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hardcastle. Is he?

Hardcastle. Very generous.

Miss Hardcastle. I believe I shall like him.

Hardcastle. Young and brave.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hardcastle. And very handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear Papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*) he's mine, Ill180 have him.

Hardcastle. And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hardcastle. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved, has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hardcastle. On the contrary, modesty 190 seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hardcastle. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hardcastle. Ay, Kate, but there is still 200 an obstacle. Its more than an even wager, he may not have *you*.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear Papa, why will you mortify one so?—Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery. Set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hardcastle. Bravely resolved! In the mean time I'll go prepare the servants 210 for his reception; as we seldom see company they want as much training as a company of recruits, the first day's muster.

[Exit.

Miss Hardcastle, Sola.

Miss Hardcastle. Lud, this news of Papa's, puts me, all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last; but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then reserved, and sheepish, that's much against him Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of 220 his wife? Yes, and can't I—But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how

do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about me? Is it one of my well looking days, child? Am I in face to day?

Miss Neville. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again—bless me!—sure no acci- 230 dent has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hardcastle. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Neville. And his name—

Miss Hardcastle. Is Marlow.

Miss Neville. Indeed! 240

Miss Hardcastle. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Neville. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hardcastle. Never.

Miss Neville. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest 250 man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss Hardcastle. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair my dear, has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual? 260

Miss Neville. I have just come from one of our agreeable tete-a-tetes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hardcastle. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like your's⁰ is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprized to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family. 271

Miss Neville. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But at any rate if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with
your's yours Dub.

her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed up'on another!

Miss Hardcastle. My good brother 280 holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Neville. It is a good natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons. Courage is necessary as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hardcastle. Would⁰ it were bed 290 time and all were well. [Exeunt.

SCENE, An Alehouse Room. Several shabby fellows, with Punch and Tobacco. Tony at the head of the Table, a little higher than the rest: A mallet in his hand.

Omnes. Hurree, hurree, hurree, bravo.

First Fellow. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song.

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

*Let school-masters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives⁰ genus a better discerning.
Let them brag of their Heathenish Gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxcs, and Stygians;
Their Qms, and their Quces, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroH.*

*When Methodist preachers come down,
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown, 20
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,*

Would . . . well] cf. Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV, V. i. 125.
Gives] Give 1786.

*I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you my good friend are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.*

*Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever. 30
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.*

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

First Fellow. The 'Squire has got spunk in him.

Second Fellow. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's 40 low.

Third Fellow. O damn any thing that's low I cannot bear it.

Fourth Fellow. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

Third Fellow. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What, tho^o I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentle- 50 man for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes. Water Parted,⁰ or the minuet in Ariadne.⁰

Second Fellow. What a pity it is the 'Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod and so it would Master Slang. I'd then shew what it was to keep choice 60 of company.

Second Fellow. O he takes after his own father for that. To be sure old 'Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the streight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the

What, tho'] What tho' 1786.

Water Parted] "Water parted from the sea," a song in Arne's *Artaxerxes*, 1762.

minuet in Ariadne] a well-known minuet in Handel's *Ariadne*, 1734.

best horses, dogs and girls in the whole county.⁰ 70

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard I promise you. I have been thinking of Bett Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest;⁰ and they are 80 talking something about Mr. Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Landlord. I believe they may. They look woudily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be 90 good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. {*Exeunt Mob.*

Tony solus.

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian.⁰ But then I'm afraid—afraid of what! I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can. 100

Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings.

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come about threescore.

Hastings. And all Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us enquire more frequently on the way.

Marlow. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet; and often, stand the chance 110 of an unmannerly answer.

county] country Dub.
forest] a wild stretch of country, moorland.
grumbletonian] grouser.

Hastings. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I'm told you have been enquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in those parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings. Not in the least Sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came? 120

Hastings. No, Sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—You have lost your way.

Marlow. We wanted⁰ no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so 130 bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marlow. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grain'd, old-fashion'd, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hastings. We have not seen the gentle- 140 man, but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall trapesing, trolloping, talkative maypole—The son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of.

Marlow. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an aukward booby, reared up, and spoiled at his mother's apron-string. 150

Tony. He-he-hem—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hastings. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a damn'd long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's; (*winking upon the Landlord*) Mr. Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me. 160

Landlord. Master Hardcastle's! Lock-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom

We wanted . . .] cf. Hamjet, I. v. 125.

of the hill, you should have cross'd down Squash-lane.

Marlow. Cross down Squash-lane!

Landlord. Then you were to keep streight forward, 'till you came to four roads.

Marlow. Come to where four roads meet I

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to 170 take only one of them.

Marlow. O Sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go side-ways till you come upon Crack-skull common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, 'till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you 180 find out the old mill——

Marlow. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!⁰

Hastings. What's to be done, .Marlow?

Marlow. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the Landlord can accommodate us.

Landlord. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that's 190 taken up by three lodgers already, (*after a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted*)⁰ I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with——three chairs and a bolster?

Hastings. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Marlow. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then let me 200 see—what—if you go on a mile further, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?⁰

Hastings. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Landlord. (*Apert to Tony*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let them 210 find that out. (*to them*) You have only to

find . . . longitude] Parliament had in 1714 offered a large sum for an accurate means of determining the longitude. John Harrison, who succeeded, had difficulty in getting payment, until the King stepped in and paid him in 1773.

disconcerted] discontented Dub.

county] country 1786.%

keep on streight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road side. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hastings. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: But I tell you though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off 220 business; so he wants to be thought a Gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Landlord. A troublesome old blade to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.⁰

Marlow. Well, if he supplies us with 230 these, we shall want no further connexion. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; streight forward. I'll just step myself, and shew you a piece of the way. (*to the Landlord*) Mum.

Landlord. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant——damn'd mischievous son of a whore. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *An old-fashioned House.*

Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four awkward Servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can shew that you have been used to good company, without ever⁰ stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren. 10

Omnes. No, no.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place

country] county Lar.

ever] om. 1786.

yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. 20 They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hardcastle. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, 30 and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection. 40

Diggory. Ecod I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hardcastle. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the 50 gun room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, Sir, if you please (*to Diggory*)—Eh, why don't you move? 61

Diggory. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hardcastle. What, will no body move?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this place.⁰

place] *place* 1786.

Second Servant. I'm sure it's no please of mine.

Third Servant. Nor mine, for sartain. 70

Diggory. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hardcastle. You numbskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests⁰ must be starved. 0 you dunces! I find I must begin all over again.—But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate. 80
[Exit Hardcastle.

Diggory. By the elevens,⁰ my please⁰ is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my please is to be every where.

First Servant. Where the devil is mine?

Second Servant. My please is to be no where at all; and so Ize^o go about my business.

[Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened,⁰ different ways.

Enter Servant with Candles, shewing in Marlow and Hastings.

Servant. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way. 90

Hastings. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable.

Marlow. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hastings. As you say, we passengers 100 are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, tho' not actually put in the bill, enflame a reckoning⁰ confoundedly.

Marlow. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in

guests] *quest* Dub.

By the elevens] cited by N. E. D. without parallel, and with no explanation.

place] *place* 1786.

Ize] or *Ise*, a dialect form of *I* will. Cf. note to p. 1113 1. 27 *infra*.

frighted] *frightened* Dub.

a reckoning] *the bill* 1786.

good inns, ydu pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns, you are fleeced and¹ starved.

Hastings. you have lived pretty much 110 among them. In truth, I have been often surprized, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marlow. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the 120 creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother—But among females of another class you know—

Hastings. Aye, among them you are impudent enough of all conscience.

Marlow. They are of us you know.

Hastings. But in the company of women of reputation I never saw such an ideot, 130 such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marlow. Why man that's because I *do* want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit 10 modesty, but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hastings. If you could but say half the fine things to⁰ them that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed maker—

Marlow. Why, George, I can't say fine things to⁰ them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk⁰ of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such baga- 150 telle. But to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hastings. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry.

Marlow. Never, unless as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife

he never saw before, it might be endured, 160 But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grand-mothers and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad staring question, of, *madam will you marry me?* No, no, that's a strain much above me I assure you.

Hastings. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marlow. As I behave to all other 170 ladies. Bow very low. Answer yes, or no, to all her demands—But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

Hastings. I'm surprized that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marlow. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the 180 family don't know you, as my friend you are sure of a^o reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hastings. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to^o for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own 190 inclination.

Marlow. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doom'd to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing⁰ visage of mine, can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the dutchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow 200 here to interrupt us.

Enter Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a

o] om. Dub.

to] om. 1786.

prepossessing] unattractive, lit. prejudicing. Almost the exact opposite to modern usage. Lar. reads *pre-jessing*.

to] of Dub.

talk] talk me Dub.

hearty reception in the old stile at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marlow. (Aside) He has got our names from the servants already *(To Him)* We approve your caution and hospitality, Sir. *(To Hastings)* I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hardcastle. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hastings. I fancy, George, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no constraint^o in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marlow. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a re- treat.

Hardcastle. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison.

Marlow. Don't you think the *ventre dor* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hardcastle. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—240

Hastings. I think not: Brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hardcastle. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marlow. The girls like finery.

Hardcastle. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores,^o ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks, that stood next to him—You must have heard of George Brooks; I'll pawn my Dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So—

Marlow. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the mean time,

constraint] restraint 1786.
stores] stones Dub.

it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour. 260

Hardcastle. Punch, Sir! *(aside)* This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Marlow. Yes, Sir, Punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-Hall, you know.

Hardcastle. Here's Cup, Sir.

Marlow. (Aside) So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. 270

Hardcastle. (Taking the Cup) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, Sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance, {drinks.

Marlow. (Aside) A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. 280 (drinks)

Hastings. (Aside) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marlow. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

Hardcastle. No, Sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

Hastings. So, then you have no turn for politics I find.

Hardcastle. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no 300 better, I left it to mend^o itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Heyder Alley*^o or *Ally Cawn*^o, than about *Ally Croaker*^o. Sir, my service to you.

Hastings. So that with eating above stairs,

mend] mind Lar.

Heyder Alley] Hyder Ali (1717-1782) of Mysore, was a source of trouble to British rule in India.

Ally Cawn] Ali Khan, ruler of Bengal, was also prominent in the struggle of the East India Company.

Ally Croaker] a popular Irish melody.

and drinking below, with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good pleasant bustling life of it.

Hardcastle. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the 310 parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Marlow. (After drinking) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hardcastle. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marlow. (Aside) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hastings. So then, like an experienced 390 general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher.

(drinks)

Hardcastle. Good, very good, thank you; ha, ha. Your Generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marlow. Instead of the battle of Bel- 330 grade. I believe^o it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hardcastle. For Supper, Sir! (aside) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marlow. Yes, Sir, supper Sir;^o I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hardcastle. (Aside) Such a brazen dog 340 sure never my eyes beheld, (to him) Why really, Sir, as for supper I can't well tell. My Dorothy, and the cook maid, settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marlow. You do, do you?

Hardcastle. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen. 350

Marlow. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always chuse to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence I hope, Sir.

Belgrade. I believe| Belgrade, I think 1786.
supper Sir| O I; supper? Sir O 4, Dub.; supper, Sir 1786.

Hardcastle. Oh no, Sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how; our Bridget, the cook maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house, 380

Hastings. Let's see the list of the larder then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marlow. (To *Hardcastle*, who looks at them with surprise) Sir, he's very right, and it's my wayjboo.

Hardcastle. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, 390 puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.^o

Hastings. (Aside) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a Colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marlow. (Perusing) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the desert. The devil, Sir, do you think 380 we have brought down the whole Joiners Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hastings. But, let's hear it.

Marlow. (Reading) For the first course at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce.

Hastings. Damn your pig, I say.

Marlow. And damn your pruin sauce, say I. 390

Hardcastle. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with pruin sauce, is very good eating.

Marlow. At the bottom, a calve's tongue and brains.

Hastings. Let your brains be knock'd out, my good Sir; I don't like them.

Marlow. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hardcastle. (Aside) Their impudence 400 confounds me. (to them) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marlow. Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit eaten it.] Lar. adds: Enter Roger, who gives a Bill of Fare.

bet and sausages, a florentine,⁰ a shaking pudding,⁰ and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream⁰!

Hastings. Confound your made dishes, I shall be as much at a loss in this house 410 as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table.⁰ I'm for plain eating.

Hardcastle. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like, but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy t o —

Marlow. Why, really, Sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to 420 see that our beds are air'd, and properly taken care of.

Hardcastle. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marlow. Leave that to you! I protest, Sir, you must excuse me, I always look to these things myself.

Hardcastle. I must insist, Sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Marlow. You see I'm resolved on it. 430 (*aside*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hardcastle. Well, Sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*aside*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*]

Hastings solus.

Hastings. So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him? Ha! what do I see? Miss 440 Neville, by all that's happy!

[*florentine*] a kind of pastry pie, generally made of meat.

[*shaking pudding*] a boiled pudding of bread, eggs, cream, etc.

[*taffety cream*] a smooth cream. N.E.D. gives no parallel.

[*green . . . table*] Doble quotes an illuminating passage from H. Walpole's letter to the Earl of Hertford, 7th April, 1785: describing a dinner at Northumberland House he complains that after an unconscionable wait they "sat down to a table for fourteen covers: but instead of substantiate, there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red, green, and yellow, gilt plate, blacks and uniforms!" There are records of the elaborate but unsatisfying nature of dinners given by the French ambassador.

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Neville. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune? to what accident am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hastings. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss Neville. An inn! sure you mistake! my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an 40 inn?

Hastings. My friend Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow whom we accidentally met at a house hard by directed us hither.

Miss Neville. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He whom your aunt intends 460 for you? He of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Neville. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hastings. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my Constance, I have just 470 seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and then if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage⁰ are respected.

Miss Neville. I have often told you, 480 that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours. 490

[*laws of marriage*] Goldsmith was opposed to the Marriage Act of 1753. See *Citizen of the World*, 72 and 114. This reference, however, is to the more recent Royal Marriage Act of 1772.

Hastings. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Neville. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking; what if we still 500 continue to deceive him?—This, this way———{*They confer.*}⁰

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. The assiduities of these good people teize me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet thro' all the rest of the family.—What 510 have we got here!—

Hastings. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you!—The most fortunate accident!—Who do you think is just alighted?

Marlow. Cannot guess.

Hastings. Our mistresses boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their re- 520 turn to take fresh horses, here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Marlow. (*Aside*) I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hastings. Well! but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world? 530

Marlow. Oh! yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter—But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder—What if we should postpone the happiness 'till to-morrow?—To-morrow at her own house—It will be every bit as convenient—And rather more respectful—To-morrow let it be. {*offering to go.*

Miss Neville. By no means, Sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder 540

[*They confer.*] om. Dub.

of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marlow. O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hastings. Pshaw man! it's but the first 550 plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marlow. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter!

Enter Miss Hardcastle as returned⁰ from walking, a Bonnet, &c.

Hastings, (introducing them.) Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hardcastle (aside.) Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure 560 face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, Sir—I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marlow. Only a few madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, Madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry—Madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem! 570

Hastings. (To him.) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Mm Hardcastle. I'm afraid you flatter, Sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marlow. {*Gathering courage.*} I have lived, indeed, in the world, Madam; but I have kept very little company. I have 580 been but an observer upon life, Madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Neville. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hastings. (To him.) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirm'd in assurance for ever.

Marlow. (To him.) Hem! Stand by me then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again. 590
returned] returning 1786.

Miss Hardcastle. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marlow. Pardon me, Madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hastings. (To him.) Bravo, Bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! 600 *Miss Hardcastle,* I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marlow. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. (To him.) Zounds! George, sure you won't go? How can you leave us?

Hastings. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next 610 room. (To him) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tete-a-tete of our own. *Exeunt.*

Miss Hardcastle. (After a pause) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, Sir: The ladies I should hope have employed some part of your addresses.

Marlow. (Relapsing into timidity) Pardon me, Madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them. 620

Miss Hardcastle. And that some say is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marlow. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible parts of the sex.—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hardcastle. Not at all, Sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man 630 of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marlow. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who wanting a relish—for—um—a—um.

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you, Sir. There must be some, who wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise 640 what they are incapable of tasting.

Marlow. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

Miss Hardcastle. (Aside) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions. (To him) You were going to observe, Sir——

Marlow. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was go- 650 ing to observe.

Miss Hardcastle. (Aside) I vow and so do I. (To him) You were observing, Sir, that in this age of hypocrisy something about hypocrisy, Sir.

Marlow. Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict enquiry do not—a—a—a—

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you perfectly, Sir. 650

Marlow. (Aside) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hardcastle. You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marlow. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hardcastle. Not in the least, Sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—pray, Sir, go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam. I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a—

Miss Hardcastle. I agree with you entirely, a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marlow. Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam—But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hardcastle. I protest, Sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my 690 life. Pray go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam. I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

Miss Hardcastle. Well then, I'll follow.

Marlow aside. This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [Exit.

Miss Hardcastle *sola*.

Miss Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha!"Was there ever such a sober sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce look'd in my face 700 the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [Exit.

Enter Tony and Miss Neville, followed by Mrs. Hardcastle and Hastings.

Tony. What do you follow me for, 710 cousin Con? I wonder you're not asham'd to be so very engaging.

Miss Neville. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance, I want no nearer relationship. 720

[*She follows coqueting him to the backscene.*

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hastings. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded⁰ you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh,⁰ St. James's, or Tower Wharf.⁰

Mrs. Hardcastle. O! Sir, you're only 730 pleased to say so. We Country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen

[concluded] conclude 1786.

Ranelagh] Ranelagh Garden, the famous amusement resitrt in Chelsea opened in 1742.

Tower Wharf] Unlike St. James's, the Tower Wharf was far removed from west-end seats of fashion. Hastings's dig at Mrs. Hardcastle's ignorance of London was quite unnoticed by her, and in turn she refers to the Borough, Southwark, as if it were a fashionable resort.

the Pantheon,⁰ the Grotto Gardens,⁰ the Borough, and such places where the Nobility chiefly resort? All I can do, is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tete-a-tete from the Scandalous 740 Magazine,⁰ and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Ricketts of Crooked-lane. Pray how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hastings. Extremely elegant and degagee, upon my word, Madam. Your Friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. Hardcastle. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies Memorandum-book for the last year. 750

Hastings. Indeed. Such a head in a side-box, at the Playhouse, would draw as many gazers as my Lady May'ress at a City Ball.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular or one may escape in the crowd.

Hastings. But that can never be your case, Madam, in any dress. (bowing)

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yet, what signifies 760 my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle: all I can say will not avgue down a single button from his cloaths. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaister it over like my Lord Patchy, with powder.

Hastings. You are right, Madam; for, as among the ladies, there are hone ugly, so among the men there are none old. 770

Mrs. Hardcastle. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a tete⁰ for my own wearing.

Hastings. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Pantheon] An elaborate house of amusement in Oxford-street opened in 1772. It was famous for its masquerades. In 1788 it was used as an opera house.
the Grotto Gardens] usually known as Finch's Grotto Gardens, a bourgeois place of amusement in Southwark, opened about 1760.

Scandalous Magazine] a reference to *The Town and Country Magazine*, scandalous for its scurnlously personal articles and portraits—*tete-a-tetes*, so called. See Sheridan, *School for Scandal*, I. i.

tete] an elaborately ornamented and high wig for women.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable 780 age about town?

Hastings. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Seriously. Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hastings. No lady begins now to put on jewels 'till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of 790 samplers.

Mrs. Hardcastle. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels as the oldest of us all.

Hastings. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman, a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. Hardcastle. My son, Sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times 800 a day, as if they were man and wife already. *(To them.)* Well Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself but the stable.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Never mind him, Con. my dear. He's in another story behind 810 your back.

Miss Neville. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—crack.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a 820 size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. *(measuring.)*

Miss Neville. O hid! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortune. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of 830 no longer.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Is this, ungrateful boy,

all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rock'd you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not⁰ I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, 840 for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the complete huswife⁰ ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincy⁰ next spring. But, Ecod! I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good 850 alone then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable, wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! Mamma, your own notes 860 are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hastings. Dear Madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, un-dutiful boy.

[Exeunt Mrs. Hardcastle and Miss Neville.]

Hastings. Tony.

Tony, singing. There was a young man riding by, and Jain would have his will.

Did not . . . operating?] om. Lar. *the complete huswife]* The Compleat housewife by E. Smith, a cookery book of which the third edition was dated 1729 and which reappeared frequently for many years.

Quincy] Dr. John Quincy, d. 1723, a writer on medical subjects. A bookseller's list of 1737 gives the titles of five of his medical books then on sale.

Rang do didlo dee. Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfor' of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together, and they said, they liked the book the better the more it made 880 them cry.

Hastings. Then you're^o no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'urn.

Hastings. Not to her of your mother's chusing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter can- 890 tanckerous toad in all Christendom.

Hastings. (Aside) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hastings. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when 900 she's with her play-mates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hastings. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hastings. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up 910 thing, mun.^o Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hastings. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hastings. Would you thank him that 920 would take Miss Neville and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take *her*?

Hastings. I am he. If you but assist me, you're] your 1786.

mun] man: a vague form of address for either sex. See p. 281 *supra*.

I'll engage to whip her off to [France](#), and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod I will; to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off 930 in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hastings. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me (*singing*).

We are the boys

That fears no noise

Where the thundering cannons roar.^o wo
[Exeunt.

END OF SECOND ACT

ACT III.

Enter Hardcastle solus.

Hardcastle. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will 10 certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, plainly dress'd.

Hardcastle. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hardcastle. I find such a pleasure, Sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hardcastle. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when 20 I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hardcastle. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hardcastle. I was never so surprized in

We are . . . roar] O 1 runs this on as prose with the rest of Tony's speech.

my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hardcastle. I never saw any thing like it: And a man of the world too! 30

Hardcastle. Ay, he learned it all abroad, what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hardcastle. It seems all natural to him.

Hardcastle. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hardcastle. Sure you mistake, papa! a French dancing-master could never have 40 taught him that timid look,—that awkward address,—that bashful manner——

Hardcastle. Whose look? whose manner? child!

Miss Hardcastle. Mr. Marlow's: his meauvaise honte, his timidity struck me at the first sight.

Hardcastle. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses. 50

Miss Hardcastle. Sure, Sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hardcastle. And can you be serious! I never saw such a bouncing swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hardcastle. Surprizing! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hardcastle. He met me with a loud 60 voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hardcastle. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and, madam, I would not for the world detain you.

Hardcastle. He spoke to me as if he 70 knew me all his life before. Asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer. Interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun, and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand

Bully Dawson] a notorious sharper, ruffian and bully who frequented the low haunts of London in the latter half of the 17th century. See *The Spectator*, no. 2.

at making punch. Yes, Kate, he ask'd your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hardcastle. One of us must certainly be mistaken. 30

Hardcastle. If he be what he has shewn himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hardcastle. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hardcastle. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hardcastle. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you 90 find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse race in the country.

Hardcastle. If we should find him so—— But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hardcastle. And yet there may be 100 many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hardcastle. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, Sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my un- 110 derstanding?

Hardcastle. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hardcastle. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hardcastle. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right. 120

Miss Hardcastle. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tony running in with a Casket.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My Cousin Con's necklaces, bobs⁰ and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls

bobs] pendants, ear-drops.

out of their fortune neither. O! my genus,⁰ is that you?

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for iso your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way, (*giving the casket.*) Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hastings. But how have you procured 140 them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hastings. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you; Miss Neville is 150 endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough, she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hastings. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost 160 them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice.⁰ Prance.

[Exit Hastings.]

Tony, Mrs. Hardcastle, Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels? It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs. 170

Miss Neville. But what will repair beauty

genus] *genius* 1786, Lar.
Morrice] be off!

at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, Madam.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-day-light,⁰ and Mrs.⁰ Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, 180 and bring nothing but Paste and Mearsites⁰ back.

Miss Neville. But who knows, Madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your 190 cousin Con. want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty.

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Mm Neville. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut⁰ things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-shew. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may 200 be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to Mrs. Hardcastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them. Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hardcastle. (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear 20 me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Neville. I desire them but for a day, "Madam. Just to be permitted to shew them as relics, and then they may be lock'd up again.

Lady Kill-day-light] 1786; lady, Kill day light 0 1, Dub.; lady, Kill-day-light 0 4.

Mr.] Mr. 1786.

Marcasite8] a crystalline form of iron pyrites used in cheaper jewellery.

rose and table-cut] a rose jewel was one cut with many facets showing, whilst 'table-cut' meant so fashioned that the upper surface was a large plane or face.

Mrs. Hardcastle. To be plain with you, my dear Constance; if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, 20 I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss Neville. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Don't be alarm'd, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found. 230

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hardcastle. You must learn resignation, my dear; for tho' we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Neville. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Now, I wonder a girl 240 of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the mean time, you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Neville. I detest garnets.

Mrs. Hardcastle. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often see how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. 250

[Exit.]

Miss Neville. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir.—Was ever any thing so provoking to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage 260 her.

Miss Neville. My dear cousin.

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has hap- 270 pened to any of the good family!

Mrs. Hardcastle. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruin'd in earnest, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Why boy, I *am* ruin'd in earnest. My bureau has been broke 280 open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha, ha, ha; stick to that, I'll bear witness, you know, call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruin'd for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. Hardcastle. My dearest Tony, but 290 hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha, ha. I know who took them well enough, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest. I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right: You must be in a bitter passion, and then no- 300 body will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Was there ever such a cross-grain'd brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever Roor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Bear witness again, 310 you blockhead you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of *her*! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoy'd my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that. 320
(He runs off, she follows him.)

Enter Miss Hardcastle and Maid.

Miss Hardcastle. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha, ha. I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman as you passed by in your present dress, ask'd me if you were the bar maid? He mistook you for the bar maid, madam.

Miss Hardcastle. Did he? Then as I live 330 I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress. Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hardcastle. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it. 340

Miss Hardcastle. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hardcastle. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and like an invisible champion of romance examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he 360 may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hardcastle. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.^o—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion^o there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here.

[Exit Maid.]

cant] jargon, slang.

Lion . . . Angel . . . Lamb] names denoting different rooms in the supposed inn.

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. What a bawling in every part of the house; I have scarce a moment's 370 repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [Walks and muses.]

Miss Hardcastle. Did you call, Sir? did your honour call?

Marlow. (*Musing.*) As for miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental 380 for me.

Miss Hardcastle. Did your honour call?

(*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*)

Marlow. No, child (*musings*). Besides from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm sure, Sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marlow. No, No. (*musings*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning, 390

(*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*)

Miss Hardcastle. Perhaps the other gentleman called, Sir.

Marlow. I tell you, no.

Miss Hardcastle. I should be glad, to know, Sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Marlow. No, no, I tell you. (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome. 400

Miss Hardcastle. O la, Sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marlow. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

Miss Hardcastle. No, Sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marlow. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I 410 should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hardcastle. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts.

French,, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, Sir.

Marlow. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hardcastle. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hardcastle. O! Sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty (*approaching.*) Yet nearer I don't think so much (*approaching.*) By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed (*attempting to kiss her.*)

Miss Hardcastle. Pray, Sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth. 440

Marlow. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I' can be ever acquainted?

Miss Hardcastle. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile⁰ ago in this obstropolous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you look'd dash'd, and kept bowing to the ground, and talk'd, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marlow. (*aside.*) Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere, aukward, squinting thing, no, no. I find you don't know me. I laugh'd, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me! 460

Miss Hardcastle. O! then, Sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Marlow. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies Club^o in

awhile] a while 1786.

Ladies Club] There was a club in Albemarle-Weet which became the "Female Coterie." Men and women of the highest fashion belonged to it. Horace

town, I'm call'd their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

(*Offering to salute her.*)

Miss Hardcastle. Hold, Sir; you were⁰ 470 introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there you say?

Marlow. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns,⁰ old Miss Biddy⁰ Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hardcastle. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose. 480

Marlow. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hardcastle. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. (*Aside.*) Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child!

Mm Hardcastle. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family. 490

Marlow. (*Aside.*) All's well, she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marlow. Odso! Then you must shew me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me. 500

(*Seizing her hand.*)

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle light. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Marlow. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My

Walpole, who was a member, records that in the first acting version of the play there was an obvious reference to the foundress of the club, Miss Rachael Lloyd, under the name of Miss Rachael Buckskin. As a result of protests Goldsmith altered this to Miss Biddy Buckskin. See 1. 478 *infra*.

were] are O 4, 1786.

Langhorns] Longhorns 1786, Lar.

Biddy] Rachael Lar.

old **luck**: I never **nick'd** seven⁰ that I did not throw **ames ace**^o three times following.
[Exit Marlow.]

Enter Hardcastle, who stands in surprise.

Hardcastle. So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble 510 admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only ador'd at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not asham'd to deceive your father so?

Miss Hardcastle. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for, you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body I believe his impudence is infectious! 520 Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him hawl you about like a milk maid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hardcastle. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hardcastle. The girl would actually 530 make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hardcastle. You shall not have half 540 the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hardcastle. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hardcastle. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open do you mind me.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, Sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is 550

nick'd seven] a term from the game of hazard, meaning that he had cast a winning throw of the dice. *Nick*, to hit upon luckily, exactly.

ames ace] or *amb's-ace*: both aces, which is the lowest possible throw of the dice. *Lar. reads: My old luck; I never threw three sixes, that I did not fling duce ace three times following.*

such, that my duty as yet has been inclination.
[Exeunt.]

END OF THIRD ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hastings. You surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

Miss Neville. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hastings. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would 10 discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Neville. The jewels, I hope, are safe.

Hastings. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. [Exit. 20]

Miss Neville. Well! success attend you. In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [Exit.]

Enter Marlow, followed by a Servant.

Marlow. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an Inn-door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I or- 30 dered you? Have you put it into her own hands.

Servant. Yes, your honour.

Marlow. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Servant. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she ask'd me how L came by it? and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself.

[Exit Servant.]

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe 40 however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-

maid though runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too! 50

Marlow. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hastings. Some women you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marlow. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing that runs about 60 the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hastings. Well! and what then?

Marlow. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them hough.

Hastings. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

Marlow. Why man, she talk'd of shew-70 ing me her work above-stairs, and I am⁰ to improve the pattern.

Hastings. But how call you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Marlow. tshaw! pshaw! we all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it, there's nothing in this house, I shan't honestly pay for.

Hastings. I believe the girl has virtue, 80

Marlow. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hastings. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Marlow. Yes, yes. It's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an Inn-door a place of safety? Ah! numbskull! I 90 have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself.—I have—

Hastings. What!

I am! I'm 1786.

Marlow. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hastings. To the landlady!

Marlow. The landlady.

Hastings. You did.

Marlow. I did. She's to be answerable for its forth-coming, you know. 100

Hastings. Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Marlow. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion?

Hastings. (Aside.) He must not see my uneasiness.

Marlow. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened? 110

Hastings. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Marlow. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket; but, thro' her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He! he! he! They're safe however. 120

Marlow. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hastings. (Aside.) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (To him.) Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me. [Exit.

Marlow. Thank ye, George! I ask no more, Ha! ha! ha! 130

Enter Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvey. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer, and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. (To him.) Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. (bowing low.

Marlow. Sir, your humble servant. (Aside.) What's to be the wonder now?

Hardcastle. I believe, Sir, you must be 140 sensible, Sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, Sir. I hope you think so?

Marlow. I do from my soul, Sir. I don't

want much intreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hardcastle. I believe you do, from my soul, Sir. But tho' I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your Servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is 150 setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marlow. I protest, my very good Sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. *(To the side scene.)* Here, let one of my servants come up. *(To him.)* My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for 160 my deficiencies below.

Hardcastle. Then they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied!

Marlow. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant drunk.

Marlow. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hardcastle. *(Aside.)* I begin to lose my 170 patience.

Jeremy. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-street⁰ for ever! Tho' I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, Sir, dammy! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon —hiccup— upon my conscience, Sir.

Marlow. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. 180 I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hardcastle. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow. Sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, Sir, and I desire that you and your drunken 190 pack may leave my house directly.

liberty and Fleet street] Boas is doubtless right in rejecting the suggestion that this alludes to the liberty of the press, as Fleet-street had not become the home of journalism at this date. It was however famous for its taverns, the homes of jovial freedom. I

Marlow. Leave your house!—Sure you jest, my good friend? What, when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hardcastle. I tell you, Sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marlow. Sure you cannot be serious? At this time o'night, and such a night. You only mean to banter me? 200

Hardcastle. I tell you, Sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are rouzed, I say this house is mine, Sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. *(In a serious tone.)* This, your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I chuse to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, Sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me, never in my whole life before.

Hardcastle. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me *This house is mine, Sir.* By all that's impudent it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, Sir, *(bantering.)* as you take the 220 house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen; and here's a pair of brazen nosed bellows, perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, Sir, bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hardcastle. There are a set of prints too. What think you of the rake's progress⁰ 230 for your own apartment?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hardcastle. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Marlow. My bill, I say.

Hardcastle. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal. 240

Marlow. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hardcastle. Young man, young man, from *rake's progress*] refers to Hogarth's series, *The Hake's Progress*.

your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man, as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it.

[Exit.

Marlow. How's this! Sure I have not mistaken the house! Every thing looks 250 like an inn. The servants cry, coming. The attendance is awkward; the bar-maid too to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child. A word with you.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss Hardcastle. Let it be short then. I'm in a hurry. (Aside.) (I believe he begins to find out his mistake, but its too soon quite to undeceive him.)

Marlow. Pray, child, answer me one 260 question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hardcastle. A relation of the family, Sir.

Marlow. What. A poor relation?

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, Sir. A poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marlow. That is, you act as the bar- 270 maid of this inn.

Miss Hardcastle. Inn. O law—What brought that in your head. One of the best families in the county keep an inn. Ha, ha, ha, old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn.

Marlow. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child!

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be.

Marlow. So then all's out, and I have 280 been damnably imposed on. O, confound my stupid head, I shall be laugh'd at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo Maccaroni.⁰ To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper. What a swaggering puppy must he take me for. What a silly puppy do I find myself. There again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook 290 you for the bar-maid.

Miss Hardcastle. Dear me! dear me! I'm

Maccaroni] a young blood of affected exotic manners and extravagant fashions. Cf. p. 922 *supra*.

sure there's nothing in my *behaviour* to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marlow. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw every thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurements. But its 300 over—This house I no more shew my face in.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, Sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry, people said any thing amiss, since I 310 have no fortune but my character.

Marlow. [Aside.] By heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me; (*to her*) Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune and education, make an honourable connexion impossible; and I can never harbour a 320 thought of seducing^o simplicity that trusted in my honour, or bringing ruin upon one, whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hardcastle. [Aside.] Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*to him*) But I'm sure my family is as good as miss Hardcastle's, and though^o I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind, and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune. 330

Marlow. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hardcastle. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pound I would give it all to.

Marlow. [Aside.] This simplicity bewitches me, so that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*to her*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly, and 340 were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to

*seducing . . . honour, or] om. 1786.
and though] and I'm not behind her in Plain work
and Pastry. What tho' Lar.*

the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me: "Farewell.

[Exit.

Miss Hardcastle. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stoop'd to conquer,⁰ but will undeceive my papa, who, per- 350 haps, may laugh him out of his resolution.

[Exit.

Enter Tony, Miss Neville.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Neville. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to 360 my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damn'd bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle jacket,⁰ and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes, we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us. 370

[They retire, and seem to fondle.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, I was greatly flattered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see! Fondling together, as I'm alive, I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves! What, billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs. Ah! 380

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. Hardcastle. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon a flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Neville. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. In-

stoop'd to conquer) conquer'd Lar.

Whistlejacket] a famous racehorse belonging to Lord Rockingham.

deed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. O! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd 390 sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Neville. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless, (patting his cheek) ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pretty innocence.

Tony. I'm sure I always lov'd cousin Con's hazle eyes, and her pretty long fingers that she twists this way and that, over the haspicholls,⁰ like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ah, he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be your's incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr. 410 Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter Diggory.

Diggory. Where's the 'Squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Diggory. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Diggory. Your worship mun^o ask that O' the letter itself. 420

Tony. I could wish to know, tho' [turning the letter, and gazing on it.]

Miss Neville. [Aside.] Undone, undone. A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employ'd a little if I can. [To Mrs. Hardcastle.] But I have not told you, Madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laugh'd—You must know, Madam—this way a little, for he must not hear us. [They confer. 430

Tony. [Still gazing.] A damn'd cramp piece of timanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well.

haspkholh] a vulgar form of harpsical, itself a corruption of harpsichord.

mun] an auxiliary verb obsolete except in dialect, meaning must. Cf. p. 1103 l. 97 *infra*.

But here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. To *Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire*. It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it's⁰ all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the 440 inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha. Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Neville. Yes, Madam; but you must hear the rest, Madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hardcastle. He seems strangely 450 puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. [Still gazing.] A damn'd up and down hand, as if it was disguised⁰ in liquor. [Reading.] Dear Sir. Ay, that's that. Then there's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard^o or an R, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. Hardcastle. What's that, my dear. Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Neville. Pray, aunt, let me read 460 it. No body reads a cramp hand better than I. (twitching the letter from her.) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.⁰

Miss Neville. Ay, so it is, (pretending to read) Dear 'Squire, Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag^o club has cut the gentlemen of goose-green⁰ quite out of 470 feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um here, here, it's all about cocks, and fighting; it's of no consequence, here, put it up, put it up,

[thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.

Tony. But I tell you, Miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose

it's] it is 1786.

disguised] slang for drunk. See Grose, *Diet. Vulgar Tongue*.

izzard] the old name for the letter Z.

feeder] cock trainer.

Shake-bag] a shake-bag was a very large fighting cock.

goose-green] presumably the name of a cock-lighting club.

the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[giving Mrs. Hardcastle the letter.

Mrs. Hardcastle. How's this! (reads) Dear 'Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss 480 Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the hag (ay the hag) your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Your's, Hastings. Grant me patience. I shall run distracted. My rage chokes me.

Miss Neville. I hope, Madam, you'll 490 suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hardcastle. (Curtesying very low.) Fine spoken, Madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of curtesy and circumspection, Madam. (Changing her tone.) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce 500 sense enough to keep your mouth shut. Were you too join'd against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, Madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, Sir, may 510 mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory, I'll shew you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [Exit.

Miss Neville. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Neville. What better could be expected from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and 520 signs I made him.

Tony. By the laws, Miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice and so busy with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. So, Sir, I find by my servant, that you have shewn my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gen- 530 tleman.

Tony. Here's another. Ask Miss there who betray'd you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. So I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laugh'd at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently. 540

Miss Neville. And there, Sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marlow. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hastings. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Neville. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with 550 all our embarrassments.

Hastings. An insensible cub.

Marlow. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both one after the other,—with baskets.⁰

Marlow. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hastings. Tortured as I am with my 580 own disappointments, is this a time for explanations. It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Marlow. But, Sir—

Miss Neville. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, Madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles 570 before morning. *[Exit Servant.]*

Miss Neville. Well, well; I'll come presently.

Marlow. *[To Hastings.]* Was it well done,

baskets] single-sticks, which have basket hilts.

Sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous. To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance. Depend upon it, Sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hastings. Was it well done, Sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I en- 580 trusted to yourself, to the care of another, Sir.

Miss Neville. Mr. Hastings, Mr. Marlow. Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute. I implore, I intreat you—

Enter Servant.

Servant. Your cloak, Madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Neville. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with ap- 590 prehension.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Your fan, muff, and gloves, Madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Neville. O, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Marlow. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, Madam. George, forgive me. 600 You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hastings. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Neville. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but encrease the happiness of our future connexion. If—

Mrs. Hardcastle. *[Within.]* Miss Nev- 610 ille. Constance, why Constance, I say.

Miss Neville. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. *[Exit.]*

Hastings. My heart! How° can I support this. To be so near happiness, and such happiness.

Marlow. *[To Tony.]* You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress. 620

Tony. *[From a reverie.]* Ecod, I have hit it. Its here. Your hands. Yours and yours,

heart! How] heart, how 1786.

my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho. Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natur'd fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE Continued.

Enter Hastings and Servant.

Hastings. You saw the Old Lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say.

Servant. Yes, your honour. They went off in a post coach, and the young 'Squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hastings. Then all my hopes are over.

Servant. Yes, Sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the Old Gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way.

Hastings. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Charles and Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Ha, ha, ha. The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands.

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which 20 I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hardcastle. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha, ha, ha.

Hardcastle. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and 30 tho' my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to^o me. My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl

to] of Dub.

to share his happiness and encrease it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hardcastle. If, man. I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so. 40

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hardcastle. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your iffs,^o I warrant him.

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. I come, Sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hardcastle. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take 50 it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marlow. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hardcastle. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You lake me.

Marlow. Really, Sir, I have not that 60 happiness.

Hardcastle. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum.

Marlow. Sure, Sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on her's. You don't think, Sir, that my impudence has been past upon all the rest of 70 the family.

Hardcastle.^o Impudence! No, I don't say that—Not quite impudence—Though girls like to be play'd with, and rumbled a little too sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marlow. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hardcastle. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over- 80 acting, young gentleman. You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marlow. May I die, Sir, if I ever—

iffs] ifs 1786.

Hardcastle] Lar.; Miss *HARDCASTLE* O 1, 1786.

Hardcastle. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I'm sure you like her——

Marlow. Dear Sir—I protest, Sir——

Hardcastle. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you. 90

Marlow. But hear me, Sir——

Hardcastle. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so——

Marlow. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, 100 and uninteresting.

Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasp'd her hand, or made any protestations!

Marlow. As heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me 110 from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*]

Sir Charles. I'm astonish'd at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hardcastle. And I'm astonish'd at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hardcastle. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her 120 veracity.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve; has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hardcastle. The question is very abrupt, Sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hardcastle. (*To Sir Charles*) You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have 130 you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, Sir, several.

Hardcastle. (*To Sir Charles*) You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hardcastle. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hardcastle. Much, Sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! And all this formally? 140

Miss Hardcastle. Formally.

Hardcastle. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied.

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss Hardcastle. As most profest admirers do. Said some civil things of my face, talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave 150 a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward canting ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident, he never sate for the picture.

Miss Hardcastle. Then what, Sir, if I should convince you to your face of my 160 sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [*Exit.*]

Miss Hardcastle. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt, 170*]

SCENE changes to the Back of the Garden.

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. What an ideot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see. It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter Tony, booted and spattered.⁰

Hastings. My honest 'Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best 10 friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the bye, is spattered] spurred Dub.

cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket⁰ of a stage-coach.

Hastings. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoaked for it: Rabbet 20 me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such *varment*.

Hastings. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them. Why where should I leave them, but where I found them.

Hastings. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house? 30

Hastings. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hastings. Ha, ha ha, I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them homo again. 40

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduce'd them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath, and from that, with a circumbendibus,⁰ I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

Hastings. But no accident, I hope. 50

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hastings. My dear friend, how can I be grateful? 59

Tony. Ay, now its dear friend, noble 'Squire. Just now, it was all ideot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be

friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hastings. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to TO take care of the young one. [Exit Hastings.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish. She's got from the pond, and dragged up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Oh, Tony, I'm killed. Shook. Battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt that laid us against the quickset hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mama, it was all your 80 own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hardcastle. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way. Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony? 90

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hardcastle. O lud! O lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mama, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept⁰ here are hanged, and the other three may not find 100 us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; its only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hardcastle. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Odeath!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mama; don't be afraid. 110

Mrs. Hardcastle. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us we are undone.

Tony. [Aside.] Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night

kept] frequented.

banquet] see n. p. 957 mpra.
circumbendibus] roundabout way.

walks. *[To her.]* Ah, it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Good heaven defend us! He approaches. 120

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger I'll cough and cry hem. When I cough be sure to keep close.

[Mrs. Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.]

Enter Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you. I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, Sir, at my aunt Pedi- 130 gree's. Hem.

Mrs. Hardcastle. *[From behind.]* Ah death! I find there's danger.

Hardcastle. Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journies, as they say. Hem.

Mrs. Hardcastle. *[From behind.]* Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hardcastle. But I heard a voice here; 140 I should be glad to know from whence it came?

Tony. It was I, Sir, talking to myself, Sir. I was saying that forty miles in four⁰ hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hardcastle. But if you talk'd to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain 150 I heard two voices, and am resolved *(raising his voice)* to find the other out.

Mrs. Hardcastle. *(From behind.)* Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, Sir, if I tell you. Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, Sir.

[detaining him.]

Hardcastle. I tell you, I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you. 160

Mrs. Hardcastle. *(Running forward from behind.)* O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet *[four}* three 1786.

your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hardcastle. My wife! as I'm a Christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

Mrs. Hardcastle. *(Kneeling.)* Take 170 compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hardcastle. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know *met*

Mrs. Hardcastle. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, 180 my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home. What has brought you to follow us?

Hardcastle. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. *(To him.)* This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. *(To her.)* Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horse- 190 pond, my dear?

Mrs. Hardcastle. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. *(To Tony.)* And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't. 200

Mrs. Hardcastle. I'll spoil you, I will.

[Follows him off the stage. Exit.]

Hardcastle. There's morality, however, in his reply. *[Exit.]*

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hastings. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Neville. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I 210 have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hastings. Such a tedious delay is worse

than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune. Love and content will encrease what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss Neville, No, Mr. Hastings; no. 20 Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hastings. But tho' he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss Neville. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely. 230

Hastings I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE Changes.

Enter Sir Charles and Miss Hardcastle.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in. If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wish'd for a daughter.

Miss Hardcastle. I am proud of your approbation, and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and keep 10 him to the appointment.

[*Exit Sir Charles.*

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. Tho' prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave, nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hardcastle. (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, Sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing 20 the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Marlow. [*Aside.*] This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, Madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent.

and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore 30 me to myself, but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hardcastle. Then go, Sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Tho' my family be as good as her's you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of 40 your addresses, while all your serious aims are fix'd on fortune.

Enter Hardcastle and Sir Charles from behind.

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

Hardcastle. Ay, Ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marlow. By heavens, Madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion. But every 50 moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seem'd rustic plainness, now appears refin'd simplicity. What seem'd forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence, and conscious virtue.

Sir Charles. What can it mean I He amazes me!

Hardcastle. I told you how it would be. Hush! 51

Marlow. I am now determined to stay, Madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hardcastle. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connexion, in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of 20 a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness, which was acquired by lessening your's?

Marlow. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes;

and tho' you should persist to shun so me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.⁰

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Mariow, do you think I could ever submit to a connexion, where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer? 91.

Marlow. (*Kneeling.*) Does this look like security. Does this look like confidence. No, Madam, every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to encrease my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation 1 101

Hardcastle. Your cold contempt; your formal interview. What have you to say now?

'Marlow. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean!

Hardcastle. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter. 111

Marlow. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hardcastle. Yes, Sir, my only daughter. My Kate, whose else should she be.

Marlow. Oh, the devil.

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, Sir, that very identical tall squinting lady you were pleased to take me for, (*curtesying.*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, ~~the~~ sentimental man of gravity, and the bold forward agreeable rattle of the ladies club; **ha, ha, ha.**

Marlow. Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death.

Miss Hardcastle. In which of your characters, Sir, will you give us leave to address you. As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard,

Conduct Here Lar. inserts: S^r Cha⁸ 7 was never so confounded. Hard. I told you how it would be. Just now he'll deny every syllable of this to our faces.

and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning; ha, ha, ha.

Marlow. O, curse on my noisy head. I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, Sir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. 10 Won't you forgive him, Kate. We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

[They retire, she tormenting him to the back Scene.]

Enter Mrs. Hardcastle. Tony.

Mrs. Hardcastle. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hardcastle. Who gone?

Mrs. Hardcastle. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from Town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George 150 Hastings. As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hardcastle. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connexion.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune, that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

Hardcastle. Sure Dorothy you would not be so mercenary? 161

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay,^o that's my affair, not your's. But you know if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Hardcastle. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Mrs. Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) What returned so soon, I begin not to like it. 170

Mrs. Hardcastle. Ay . . . like it.] all printed edd. This is surely corrupt, and the version of Lar. is doubtless correct: M^rs - H. Yes, I'm resolv'd. M^r - H. But you know if your Son, when of age, refuses to marry his Cousin, his whole Fortune is then at her own Disposal. M^rs - H. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal. What, return'd so soon, I begin not to like it. *Enter Hastings & Miss Neville.*

Hastings. (To Hardcastle.) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss Neville. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was 180 ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I'm^o now recover'd from the delusion, and hope from your tenderness what is denied me from a nearer connexion.

Mrs. Hardcastle. Pshaw, pshaw, this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hardcastle. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're^o come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you? 190

Tony. What signifies my refusing. You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hardcastle. While I thought concealing your age boy was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare, you have been of age these three months. 200

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hardcastle. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll make of my liberty, (taking Miss Neville's

I'm] 7 am 1786.

they're] they are 1786.

hand.) Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance^o Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again. 211

Sir Charles. O brave 'Squire!

Hastings. My worthy friend.

Mrs. Hardcastle. My undutiful offspring.

Marlow. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hastings. (To Miss Hardcastle.) Come, 220 madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hardcastle. (Joining their hands.) And I say so too. And, Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper, to-morrow^o we shall gather all the poor of the parish about 230 us, and the Mistakes of the Night shall be crowned with a merry morning; so boy take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

FINIS.

Constance] Constantia 1786.

supper, to-morrow] suppr. To morrow 1786.

EPILOGUE '0

To be Spoken in the Character of TONY LUMPKIN,

By J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

WELL—now all'8 ended—and my comrades gone.
Pray what becomes of mother's nonly^o son?
A hopeful blade!—in town I'll fix my station,
And try to make a bluster in the nation.
As for my cousin Neville, I renounce her,
Off—in a crack—I'll carry big Bett Bouncer.
Why should not I in the great world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a year;
No matter what a man may here inherit,
In London—'gad, they've some regard to spirit,
I see the horses prancing up the streets,
And big Bet Bouncer, bobs to all she meets;
Then hoikes to jiggs and pastimes ev'ry night—
Not to the plays—they say it a'n't polite,
To Sadler's-Wells^o perhaps, or Operas go,
And once by chance, to the roratorio.
Thus here and there, for ever up and down,
We'll set the fashions too, to half the town;
And then at auctions—money ne'er regard,
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard;
Zounds, we shall make these London gentry say,
We know what's damn'd genteel, as well as they.

' This came too late to be Spoken.

EPILOGUE] Printed in Dub., which also includes the Epilogue by Goldsmith, here printed on p. 954 *supra*.
nonly] only.

Sadler's-Wells] a famous recreation garden in Islington.'

THE
R I V A L S,
A
C O M E D Y .

As it is ACTED at the
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.



L O N D O N :
printed for Josn WILKIN, No. 71, St. Pauls Church-Yard.
MDCCLXXV.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816) is one of the greatest figures, perhaps the greatest, in the dramatic history of the eighteenth century, although his claim as a dramatist is based on a total output of little more than half a dozen plays. In addition to being a dramatist he was a man of great personality. He played an important though chequered role as theatre-manager at Drury Lane, and as member of parliament he became one of the great orators of his day, for a time holding secretarial posts under the ministry.

The production of *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1773 was, as we have seen, a notable landmark in the reaction against sentimentalism. But Goldsmith had returned rather to the free and natural comedy of the Shakespearean tradition than to the artificial comedy of manners of post-Restoration days. Although sentimentalism and morality had gradually tightened their hold on comedy for half a century there were comedies which to some degree at least still showed elements akin to the comedy of manners. So that when Sheridan in 1775 produced *The Rivals* he was not out of a stream of tendency: he was helping on the reaction against sentimentalism by laying still greater stress on the elements of pure comedy which such dramatists as Hoadly, Fielding and Murphy had kept alive in the preceding period.

Still one cannot fail to see the superiority in comic action and even more in witty dialogue which is remarkable even in *The Rivals*, Sheridan's first play. He shows himself to be in the line of descent from Etherege and Congreve. Yet he pays some tribute to sentimentalism in the play despite the fun that he directs against the false delicacy of Julia.

The Rivals was produced at Covent Garden in 1775. The play was not too well received and it took a little time for its reputation to become established. It was followed by *St. Patrick's Day* and *The Duenna* in the same year, by *A Trip to Scarborough* (1777), a most excellent adaptation of Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*, and in 1777 by *The School for Scandal*. Of his later work two plays may be mentioned: *The Critic* (1779) and *Pizarro* (1799), an adaptation from Kotzebue.

In *The School for Scandal* he developed still more highly the spirit and form of the comedy of manners, but even so there is still a distinct element of morality, if not exactly sentimentalism, in the Surface brothers theme. With this play *vis comica* is again active in English drama, and the skill with which Sheridan creates characters and manipulates incident is matched by the vivacity of his sparkling dialogue.

Comedy was not saved by Goldsmith and Sheridan. Sentimentalism, romance and melodrama were to triumph for a while; but when a century later comedy at length was revived the example of Goldsmith and Sheridan was a potent force.

The text is that of the first edition octavo, 1775, collated with the "Third Edition Corrected" octavo, 1776, and the "Fifth Edition" octavo, 1791. The texts of C. Rhodes (which is based on the third edition) and of I. Williams (based on the first edition) have also been compared. Further the text of the Larpent MS. has been collated.

The Larpent MS., referred to by Nicoll, is one of a collection of MSS. submitted to the Lord Chamberlain and bearing his licence. The collection is in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and the Librarian permitted a rotograph copy to be made.

Nicoll records 3 octavo editions 1775, one (Dublin) 1775, one 1776, one 1776, one 1791, one (Dublin) 1793, one 1797, one 1798, and Larpent MS.

O 1 = First edition octavo, 1775 (Aberdeen University 822089/B/27).

O 3 = "Third Edition Corrected" octavo, 1776 (B.M. 163.i17).

O 5 = "Fifth Edition" octavo, 1791 (Hull U.C. PR 3682 R6).

Lar. = Larpent MS.

Rhodes = *Plays and Poems of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, ed. R. C. Rhodes.

Williams = *Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, ed. I. A. Williams.

O 5 tallies almost invariably with O 3 where O 3 differs from O 1. Unless O 5 is especially noted it may be assumed to agree with O 3.

The differences between the printed version and Larpent are interesting, and I do not know of their having been printed before. Larpent clearly represents the earliest version and in so far as space permits the variants have either been given or their nature indicated.

PREFACE.⁰

A Preface to a Play seems generally to be considered as a kind of Closet-prologue, in which—if his Piece has been successful—the Author solicits that indulgence from the Reader which he had before experienced from the Audience: But as the scope and immediate object of a Play is to please a mixed assembly in *Representation* (whose judgment in the Theatre at least is decisive) its degree of reputation is usually as determined as public, before it can be prepared for the cooler tribunal of the Study. Thus any farther solicitude on the part of the Writer becomes unnecessary at least, if not an intrusion: and if the Piece has been condemned in the Performance, I fear an Address to the Closet, like an Appeal to Posterity, is constantly regarded as the procrastination of a suit, from a consciousness of the weakness of the cause. From these considerations, the following Comedy would certainly have been submitted to the Reader, without any further introduction than what it had in the Representation, but that its success has probably been founded on a circumstance which the Author is informed has not before attended a theatrical trial, and which consequently ought not to pass unnoticed. 4

I need scarcely add, that the circumstance alluded to, was the withdrawing of the Piece, to remove those imperfections in the first Representation which were too obvious to escape reprehension, and too numerous to admit of a hasty correction. There are few writers, I believe, who, even in the fullest consciousness of error, do not wish to palliate the faults which they acknowledge; and, however trifling the performance, to second their confessions of its deficiencies, by whatever plea seems least disgraceful to their ability. In the present instance, it cannot be said to amount either to candour or modesty in me, to acknowledge an extreme inexperience and want of judgment on matters, in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success, a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept. If it be said, that under such disadvantages no one should attempt to write a play—I must beg leave to dissent from the position, while the first point of experience that I have gained on the subject is, a knowledge of the candour and judgment with which an impartial Public distinguishes between the errors of inexperience and incapacity, and the indulgence which it shews even to a disposition to remedy the defects of either.

It were unnecessary to enter into any farther extenuation of what was thought exceptionable in this Play, but that it has been said, that the Managers should have prevented some of its defects before its appearance to the Public—and in particular the uncommon length of the piece as represented the first night.—It were an ill return for the most liberal and gentlemanly conduct on their side, to suffer any censure to rest where none was deserved. Hurry in writing has long been exploded as an excuse for an Author;—however, in the dramatic line, it may happen, that both an Author and a Manager may wish to fill a chasm in the entertainment of the Public with a hastiness not altogether culpable. The season was advanced when I first put the play into Mr. Harris's hands:—it was at that time at least double the length of any acting comedy.—I profited by his judgment and experience in the curtailing of it—'till, I believe, his feeling for the vanity of a young Author got the better of his desire for correctness, and he left many excrescences remaining, because he had assisted in pruning so many more. Hence, though I was not, uninformed that the Acts were still too long, I flatter'd myself that, after the first trial, I might with safer judgment proceed to remove what should appear to have been most dissatisfactory.—Many other errors there were, which might in part have arisen from my being by no means conversant with plays in general, either in reading or at the theatre.—Yet I own that, in one respect, I did not regret my ignorance: for as my first wish in attempting a Play, was to avoid every appearance of plagiarism, I thought I should stand a better chance of effecting this from being in a walk which I had not frequented,

and where consequently the progress of invention was less likely to be interrupted by starts of recollection: for on subjects on which the mind has been much informed, invention is slow of exerting itself.—Faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and the imagination in its fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.

With regard to some particular passages which on the First Night's Representation seemed generally disliked, I confess, that if I felt any emotion of surprise at the disapprobation, it was not that they were disapproved of, but that I had not before perceived that they deserved it. As some part of the attack on the Piece was begun too early to pass for the sentence of *Judgment*, which is ever tardy in condemning, it has been suggested to me, that much of the disapprobation must have arisen from virulence of Malice, rather than severity of Criticism: But as I was more apprehensive of there being just grounds to excite the latter, than conscious of having deserved the former, I continue not to believe that probable, which I am sure must have been unprovoked. However, if it was so, and I could even mark the quarter from whence it came, it would be ungenerous to retort; for no passion suffers more than malice from disappointment. For my own part, I see no reason why the Author of a Play should not regard a First Night's Audience, as a candid and judicious friend attending, in behalf of the Public, at his last Rehearsal. If he can dispense with flattery, he is sure at least of sincerity, and even though the annotation be rude, he may rely upon the justness of the comment. Considered in this light, that Audience, whose *fiat* is essential to the Poet's claim, whether his object be Fame or Profit, has surely a right to expect some deference to its opinion, from principles of Politeness at least, if not from Gratitude.

As for the little puny Critics, who scatter their peevish strictures in private circles, and scribble at every Author who has the eminence of being unconnected with them, as they are usually spleen-swollen from a vain idea of increasing their consequence, there will always be found a petulance and illiberality in their remarks, which should place them as far beneath the notice of a Gentleman, as their original dulness had sunk them from the level of the most unsuccessful Author.

It is not without pleasure that I catch at an opportunity of justifying myself from the charge of intending any national reflection in the character of Sir *Lucius O'Trigger*. If any Gentlemen opposed the Piece from that idea, I thank them sincerely for their opposition; and if the condemnation of this Comedy (however misconceived the provocation,) could have added one spark to the decaying flame of national attachment to the country supposed to be reflected on, I should have been happy in its fate; and might with truth have boasted, that it had done more real service in its failure, than the successful morality of a thousand stage-novels will ever effect.

It is usual, I believe, to thank the Performers in a new Play, for the exertion of their several abilities. But where (as in this instance) their merit has been so striking and uncontroverted, as to call for the warmest and truest applause from a number of judicious Audiences, the Poet's after-praise comes like the feeble acclamation of a child to close the shouts of a multitude. The conduct, however, of the Principals in a Theatre cannot be so apparent to the Public.—I think it therefore but justice to declare, that from this Theatre (the only one I can speak of from experience,) those Writers who wish to try the Dramatic Line, will meet with that candour and liberal attention, which are generally allowed to be better calculated to lead genius into excellence, than either the precepts of judgment, or the guidance of experience.

THE AUTHOR.

PROLOGUE.⁰

BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD and Mr. QUICK.

Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney.

Serj. What's here!—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.

Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again. *[Gives money.]*

Serj. The scrawl improves *[more]* O come, 'tis pretty plain,
How's this!⁰ The Poet's Brief *again!* O ho!

Cast, I suppose? *Att.* O pardon me—No—No—

We found the Court, o'erlooking stricter laws,
Indulgent to the *merits* of the Cause;

By *Judges* mild, unus'd to harsh denial,
A Rule was granted for *another trial.*

Serj. Then heark'ee, *Dibble*, did you *mend* your *Pleadings*,
Errors, no few, we've *found* in our *Proceedings.*

Att. Come, courage, Sir, we did *amend* our *Plea*,

Hence your *new Brief*, and this *refreshing Fee.*
Some Sons of Phoebus—in the Courts we meet,

Serj. And fifty Sons of Phoebus in the Fleet!

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of Bays—adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottom'd Heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl!

Yet tell your Client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of Bays.

Att. Do you then, Sir, my Client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye—

Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace, .
Rise in the Court, and flourish on the Case. }

[Exit.]

Serj. For practice then suppose—this Brief will shew it,—

Me, Serjeant Woodward,—Council⁰ for the Poet.

Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal

With this dread Court, from whence there's *no appeal*;

No *Tricking* here, to blunt the edge of Law,

PROLOGUE] V. Rhodes for information on the various forms of the Prologue. The version given here was spoken on the second night and is printed in O 1. O 3 prints it with the alteration given in the next note, and also the Prologue spoken on the Tenth Night by Mrs. Bulk ley.

How's this! . . . *refreshing Fee.*] O 3 reads:—

Hey! how's this?—*Dibble* !—*sure it cannot be!*

A Poet's Brief! A Poet and a Fee!

Att. Yea Sir!—*tho' you without Reward, I know,*

Would gladly plead the muses cause—(*Serj.*) *So-So!*

And if the Fee offends—your wrath should fall

On me—(*Serj.*) *Dear Dibble no offence at all—*

Council] *Counsel* O 3. Cf. p. 563 *supra.*

Or, damn'd in *Equity*—escape by *Flaw*:
But *Judgment* given—*your Sentence* must remain;
—No *Writ of Error* lies—to *Drury-lane*
Yet when so kind you seem—'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not *Costs of Suit*.
No Spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
—I think I never fac'd a milder Jury!
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transportation,
A hiss the gallows,—and a groan, damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear
My Client waves all *right of challenge* here.
No Newsman from *our Session* is dismiss'd,
Nor Wit nor Critic we scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime at worst—a *bad attempt* to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *stand or fall*.

EPILOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

LADIES for *You*—I heard our Poet say—
He'd try to coax some *Moral* from his Play:
'One moral's plain—cried I—without more fuss;
'Man's social happiness all rests on Us—
'Thro' all the Drama—whether d—n'd° or not—
'Love gilds the *Scene*, and *Women* guide the *-plot*.
'From ev'ry rank—obedience is our due—
'D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove it true.¹
The Cit—well skill'd to shun domestic strife—
Will sup abroad;—but first—he'll ask his *wife*.:
John Trot, his friend—for once, will do the same,
But then—he'll just *step home to tell my dame*.—

The *surly 'Squire*—at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night—the vanquish'd Victor says.
Ah! Kate! *you women have such coaxing waya!*——

The *jolly Toper* chides each tardy blade,— •
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid:
Then with each Toast, he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling Brim!

Nay, I have heard that Statesmen—great and wise—
Will *sometimes* counsel with a Lady's eyes;
The Servile suitors—watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace, }
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *mistress*, or is *heard* the *wife*.
The poorest Peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of Poverty, and heir to Toil—
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark, to cheer his world of night:
Dear spark!—that oft thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!

The wandr'ing *Tar*—who, not for *years*, has press'd
The widow'd Partner of his *day* of rest—
On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd—
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The Boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The *Soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
 Pants for the *-triumph* of his Nancy's smile;¹
 But ere the battle should⁰ he list' her cries,
 The Lover trembles—and the Hero dies!
 That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
 Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear! •

But Ye more cautious—ye nice judging few,
 Who give to Beauty only Beauty's due,
 Tho' friends to Love—Ye view with deep regret
 Our conquests marr'd—our^o triumphs incomplete,
 'Till polish'd Wit more lasting charms disclose,
 And Judgment fix the darts which Beauty throws!
 —In female breasts did Sense and Merit rule,
 The Lover's mind would ask no other school;
 Sham'd into sense—the Scholars of our eyes,
 Our Beaux from *Gallantry* would soon be wise;
 Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
 The Lamp of Knowledge at the Torch of Love!

battle should] *battle, should* O 3.

our] *and* O 3.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir Anthony Absolute,	Mr. SHUTER
Capt. Absolute,	Mr. WOODWARD
Faulkland,	Mr. LEWES ⁰
Acres,	Mr. QUICK
Sir Lucius OTrigger,	Mr. CLINCH
Fag,	Mr. LEE-LEWIS ⁰
David,	Mr. DUNSTAL
Coachman,	Mr. FEARON

WOMEN.

Mrs. Malaprop,	Mrs. GREEN
Lydia Languish,	Miss BARSANTI
Julia,	Mrs. BULKLEY
Lucy,	Mrs. LESSINGHAM

Maid, Boy, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *Bath.*

TIME of ACTION, Five Hours.⁰

Lewes] *Lewis* O 3.
Five Hours] *within One Day.* O 3.

Lee-Lewis] *Lee-Lewes* O 3.

THE RIVALS.

ACT I. SCENCE L.

A Street in Balh.

Coachman *crosses the stage.*—Enter Fag, *looking after him.*

Fag. What!—Thomas!—Sure 'tis he?—What!—Thomas!—Thomas!

Coach. Hay!—Odd's life!—Mr. Fag!—give us your hand, my old fellow-servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas:—I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad: why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath!

Coach. Sure, Master, Madam Julia, 10 Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion be all come!

Fag. Indeed!

Coach. Aye! Master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit:—so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Aye, aye! hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

Coach. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does 20 young Master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the Captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Capt. Absolute now.—

Coach. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employ'd by Ensign Beverley.

Coach. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas. 30

Coach. No! why didn't you say you had left young Master?

Fag. No——Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no farther:—briefly then—Capt. Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coach. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is° indeed, Thomas; and the *Ensign*⁰ half of my master being on guard at present—the *Captain* has nothing to 40 do with me.

Fag. So it is . . . ha' trusted you.] om. Lar.
Ensign] Ensign— O 3.

Coach. So, so!—what, this is some freak, I warrant!—Do, tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas.⁰

Coach. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then⁰ the cause of all this is—LOVE,—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you°) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.⁰ 50

Coach. Aye, aye;—I guessed there was a lady in the case:—but pray, why does your Master pass only for *Ensign*?—now if he had sham'd *General* indeed——

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o'the matter.—Hark'ee, Thomas,⁰ my Master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady° who likes him better as a *half-pay Ensign* than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, 60 a baronet with⁰ three thousand a-year!

Coach. That is an odd taste indeed!—but has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag; is she rich, hey?

Fag. Rich!—why, I believe she owns half the stocks!—Z——ds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easy⁰ as I could my washerwoman!—She has a lap-dog that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers 70 are made of bank-notes!

Coach. Bravo!—faith!——Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least:—but does she draw kindly with the Captain?

Fag. As° fond as pigeons.

Coach. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish—But there is an old tough aunt in the way;—though by the bye—she has never seen my Master 80—for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Coach. Well—I wish they were once har-

Thomas.] Thomas? O 3.

Why then] om. Lar.

to you] to you m Ovid's *Meat-for-Horses* Lar.

Jupiter] Jumper Lar.

Hark'ee, Thomas] om. Lar.

of a . . . lady] om. Lar.

with] of O 3.

easy] easily O 3.

As] om. Lar.

ness'd together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o'merry-making—hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge. Though at° present we are, like other great assemblies, divided 90 into parties—High-roomians and Low-roomians; however, for my part, I have resolved to stand neuter; and so I told Bob Brush at our last committee.

Coach. But what do the folks do here?

Fag. Oh! there are little amusements enough—in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my Master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades or play a game at 100 billiards; at night we dance: but d——n the place, I'm tired of it: their regular hours stupify me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—however Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

Coach. Sure I know Mr. Du-Peigne°—you know° his Master is to marry Madam Julia. no

Fag. I had forgot.—But Thomas you must polish a little—indeed you must:—here now—this wig!—what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas?—none of the London whips of any degree of Ton wear wigs now.

Coach. M ore's the pity! more's the pity, I say.—° Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next:—120 Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the Bar, I guess'd 'twould mount to the Box!—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thonias, we'll not quarrel about that.

Coach. Why, bless° you, the gentlemen of they professions ben't all of a mind—130 for in our village now tho'ff Jack Gauge

Thought: at . . . amusements enough] om. O 3; Lar. om. *Thought* at . . . at night we dance.

Du-Peigne] *Du-Peign* O 3.

you know . . . Julia] his Master courts our young Lady. Lar.

say.—] say—O 3.

Coach. Why, bless . . . said Dick!] om. Lar.

the exciseman, has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his *bob*, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said Dick! but hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

Coach. Zooks! 'tis the Captain—Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No! no! that is Madam Lucy—140 my Master's mistress's maid.—They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

Coach. Odd! he's giving her money!—well, Mr. Fag—

Fag. Good bye, Thomas.—I have an appointment° in Gydes'° Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.

A Dressing°-room in Mrs. Malaprop's lodgings.

Lydia sitting on a sofa with a book in her hand.—Lucy, as just returned from a message.

Luc. Indeed, Ma'am, I travers'd° half the town in search of it:—I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd. And could not° you get 'The Reward of Constancy?'°

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Lyd. Nor 'The Fatal Connection?'°

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am

Lyd. Nor 'The Mistakes of the 10 Heart?'°

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetch'd it away.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—Did you inquire for appointment] Assocatment Lar. (whatever that may mean).

Gydes'] *Oyde's* O 3.

Dressing-] om. Lar.

travers'd] O 3; *transferr'd* O 1, Lar.

not] om. Lar.

'The Reward of Constancy?' *Lucy.* No, indeed, Ma'am. *Lyd.* Nor] om. Lar.

'The Fatal Connection'] I can find no reference to this. There was Miss Lester's *The Indiscreet Connection*, published 1772.

'The Mistakes of the Heart'] A Novel by P. H. T. Devergy, 1772.

'*The Delicate Distress?*'⁰—Or '*The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?*'⁰

Lucy. Yes indeed, Ma'am.—I ask'd every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's,⁰ but Lady Slat-20 tern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soil'd and dog's-ear'd it, it wa'n't fit for a christian to read.

Lyd. Heigh-ho I—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me.—She has a most observing thumb; and I believe cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here Ma'am. 20
[*Taking books from under her cloke,*⁰
and from her pockets.]

This is '*The Gordian Knot*,'⁰—and this '*Peregrine Pickle*.' Here are '*The Tears of Sensibility*'⁰ and '*Humphrey Clinker*.' This is '*The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*,'⁰ written by herself/—and here the second volume of '*The Sentimental Journey*.'

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

Lucy. The great one is only '*The whole Duty of Man*'—where I press a few 40 blonds, Ma'am.

Lyd. Very well⁰—give me the *sal volatile*.

Lucy. Is it in a blue cover, Ma'am?

Lyd. My smelling bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy. O, the drops!—here Ma'am.

Lyd. No note,⁰ Lucy?

Lucy. No indeed, Ma'am—but I have seen a certain person—

'*The Delicate Distress*'] By Mrs. Griffith ("Frances"), 1769.

'*The Memoirs of Lady Woodford*'] By L. W., 1771.

Lucy.] O 1, O 3, O 5 begin Lucy's speech with Or '*The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?*' I follow Lar. in adding those words to Lydia's previous speech.

Mr. Frederick's] A Bath bookseller of the day. His name appears on the title page of Townley's *High Life Below Stairs*, 1759, as one of the publishers.

cloke] cloak O 3.

'*The Gordian Knot*'] By Richard Griffith, under pseudonym "Henry," 1770.

'*The Tears of Sensibility*'] Translated from the French of D'Arnaud by J. Murdock, 1773.

This is . . . glass?] The top one is Roderick Random, and Emily Montagu, under Lar.

'*The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*'] Included in *Peregrine Pickle*; said to be by Lady Vane. blonds] pieces of blond coloured lace.

Very well—] Well, it don't signify Lar.

Lyd. No note . . . melancholic] om. O 3.

Lyd. What, my Beverley!—well Lucy?

Lucy. O Ma'am! he looks so despond- 50 ing and melancholic!

Lyd. Hold Lucy⁰!—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is.—

[Exit Lucy.]

Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

[Re-enter Lucy.]

Lucy. Lud! Ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

Lyd. Is it possible!—

Enter Julia.

Lyd. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I!—(Embrace) How unexpected was this happiness! 60

Jul. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater;—but what has been the matter?—you were denied to me at first.

Lyd. Ah! Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—but first inform me, what has conjur'd you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Jul. He is—we are arrived within this hour—and I⁰ suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is 70 dress'd.

Lyd. Then before we are interrupted,⁰ let me impart to you some of my distress!—I know⁰ your gentle nature will sympathize with me, tho' your prudence may condemn me!—My letters have inform'd you of my whole connexion with Beverley;—but I have lost him, Julia!—my aunt has discover'd our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confin'd me ever 80 since!—Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here, at Lady Macshuffe's rout.

Jul. You jest, Lydia!

Lyd. No, upon my word.—She absolutely⁰ carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chuses to be known to him;—but it is a *Delia* or a *Celia*, I assure you. 90

Jul. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece.

Lyd. Quite the contrary. Since she has

Lucy] om. O 3.

and I . . . is dress'd] om. Lar.

interrupted] intercepted Lar.

I know . . . condemn me!] om. Lar.

absolutely] really O 3.

discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague I—That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Jul. Come, come, Lydia, hope the best.—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with 100 Mrs. Malaprop.

Lyd. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrell'd with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up.

Jul. What was his offence?

Lyd. Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel!— 110 And, somehow I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity.—So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman.—I sign'd it *your Friend unknown*, shew'd it to Beverley, charg'd him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vow'd I'd never see him more.

Jul. And you° let him depart so, and 120 have not seen him since?

Lyd. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Jul. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds! 130

Lyd. But you know I lose most of my fortune, if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determin'd to do, ever since I knew the penalty.—Nor could I love the man, who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Jul. Nay, this is caprice!

Lyd. What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had enured her to it. 140

Jul. I do not love even *his* faults.

Lyd. But a-propos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

Jul. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath.—Sir

Jul. And you . . . represented him to me] om.
Lar. which inserts Poor Beverley!

Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

Lyd. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, (though under the protection of Sir Anthony) yet have you, for this long 150 year, been the° slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Jul. Nay, you are wrong entirely.—We were contracted before my father's death.—That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delay'd what I know to be my Falkland's most ardent wish.—He is too gen- 160 erous to trifle on such a point.—And for his character, you wrong him there too.—No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness.—Unus'd to the foppery° of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackney'd in the passion, his love° is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects 170 every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his.—Yet, though, his pride calls for this full return—his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him, which should° entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be lov'd to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not lov'd enough:—This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learn'd to think my- 180 self his debtor, for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his love.°

Lyd. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him.—But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never sav'd your life, do you think you should have been° attach'd to him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Jul. Gratitude may have strengthened 190 my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I lov'd him before he had preserv'd me; yet

the] a O 3.

foppery] fopperies O 3.

love] affection O 3.

should] would O 3.

love] attachment O 3.

have been] be Lar.

surely that alone were an obligation sufficient.⁰

Lyd. Obligation!—Why a water-spaniel would have done as much.—Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

Jul Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate, 200

Lyd. Nay, I do but Jest.—What's here?

Enter Lucy in a hurry.

Lucy. O Ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lyd. They'll not come here.—Lucy do you watch. [Exit Lucy.]

Jul. Yet I must go.—Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to shew me the town.—I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses,⁰ with her select words so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. O Lud! Ma'am, they are both coming up stairs.

Lyd. Well, I'll not detain you Coz.—Adieu,⁰ my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.—There—through my room you'll find another 20 stair-case.

Jul. Adieu.—(Embrace.) [Exit Julia.]

Lyd. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books.—Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put the *Innocent Adultery*⁰ into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth*⁰ 'under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put the *Man of Feeling* into your pocket—20 so, so, now lay Mrs. Chapane in sight, and leave *Fordeyce's Sermons* open⁰ on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, Ma'am, the hair-dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

sufficient.] sufficient—O 3.

chooses] pleases Lar.

Adieu . . . Julia] Lar. reads at end of the speech. the *Innocent Adultery*] Translated from the French of Scarron, 1720

Lord Aimworth] *The History Of L. A. and the Hon. Charles Hartford, Esq., 1773.*

open] om. Lar.

Lyd. Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.—Now for 'em. [Exit Lucy.]⁰

Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute.

Mrs. Mai. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate Simpleton, who wants to 240 disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling!

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. Mai. You thought, Miss!—I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought⁰ does not become a young woman;⁰ the^o point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory. 250

Lyd. Ah! Madam! our memories are independent of our wills.—It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mai. But I say it is, Miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it.—I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it a duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia,⁰ these violent memories 240 don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's order'd not!—aye, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, Madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mai. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid?—20 Will you take a husband of your friends⁰ choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else,

Exit Lucy] Lar.; om. 0 1, 0 3, O 5.

all—thought] all.—Thought O 3.

woman; the] Between woman and the Lar. interpolates:—I have begg'd the favour of Sir Anthony to talk to you, but I suppose your Satires will prevent him. S^t Ant. Aye, aye, this comes of reading. Lydia. / believe, Sir, some People may be as rude from Nature, as others can be from Precept. M^{rs} M. Don't be so censorious, Lydia; I say, don't give yourself such Airs,—Sir Anthony, you'll excuse her; Come, Miss,

woman; the] woman. But the O 3.

Lydia] Miss Lar.

friends] O 1; friend's O 3.

the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mai. What business have you, Miss, with *preference* and *aversion*? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 280 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little *aversion*. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor—and yet, Miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleas'd Heav'n to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this *Beverley*? 290

Lyd. Could I belie my thoughts so far, as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mai. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lyd. Willingly, Ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [Exit Lydia.]

Mrs. Mai. There's a little intricate hussy for you! 300

Sir Anth. It is not to be wonder'd at, Ma'am—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read.—Had I a thousand daughters, by Heavens!⁰ I'd as soon have them taught the black-art as their alphabet!⁰

Mrs. Mai. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marbled⁰ covers!—From that moment I guess'd how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. Mai. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam,⁰ a circulating library

Heavens!] heaven! O 3.

alphabet!] Here Lar. interpolates: Mrs M. Nay, now Sir Anthony, you go too far. S' Ant. Mrs Malaprop, I affirm it, the knack of scribbling is the Oirl's black Art:—Each Character they scrawl, composes part of the infernal Incantation, by which the Fiend is invited to enter.

marbled] marble O 3.

Madam] Lar. omits but interpolates:—Oh, our London Nunneries are more obliged to them than to all the Recruiting Officers in the Kingdom. The vicious Trash they send forth, not only disturbs the Imaginations of our Girls, but sets their Passions

in a town is, as an ever-green tree, of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. 320 Malaprop,⁰ that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Mai. Well,⁰ but Sir Anthony, your wife, Lady Absolute, was fond of books.

Sir Anth. Aye—and injury sufficient they were to her, Madam.—But were I to chuse another helpmate, the extent of her erudition should consist in her knowing her simple letters, without their mischievous 330 combinations;—and the summit of her science be—here ability to count as far as twenty.—The first, Mrs. Malaprop, would enable her to work A. A. upon my linen;—and the latter would be quite sufficient to prevent her giving me a shirt, No. 1. and a stock, No. 2.⁰

Mrs. Mai. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically!

Sir Anth. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in 340 moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mai. Observe me, Sir Anthony.—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman;⁰ for instance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra,⁰ or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of 350 learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments;—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice.—Then, Sir,

afloat—And then, rely on it, M^s Malaprop, if they cannot find an Oroondates, they will take up with Thomas—

Mrs. Malaprop] Maam Lar.

Mrs. Mai. Well ... a stock, No. 2.] om. O 3.

No. 2.] Lar. interpolates here:—M^{rs} M. Upon my word, Sir Anthony, this is too bad. Sr Ant. Madam, Madam, Books can be of no use to a Woman, can't a woman work plain work without reading—Aye, truly, and flourish Gauzes, and make Laces, without reading? Can't a Woman order a Dinner without reading? And lastly, and principally, can't a Woman do as she's bid without Reading? Then what the Devil Service can reading be of to them?

woman;] Lar. here interpolates:—But at the same time, I would not have her so Inarticulate in her Ideas as you mention—

or Algebra] om. Lar.

she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know⁰ something of the contagious 360 countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying.—This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, 30 I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question.—But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate,—you say, you have no objection to my proposal.

Mrs. Mai. None, I assure you.—I am under no positive engagement with Mr. 380 Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, Madam, I will write for the boy directly.—He knows not a syllable of this yet; though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mai. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection 30 on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly.—My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas 'Jack, do this;—if he demur'd—I knock'd him down—and if he grumbled at that—I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mai. Aye, and the properest way, 400 o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent *her* to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you—*know! have Lar.*

and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to 410 enforce this matter roundly to the girl;—take my advice—keep a tight hand—if she rejects this proposal—clap her under lock and key;—and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about!

[Exit Sir Anth.]

Mrs. Mai. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition.—She has somehow discovered my par- 420 tiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betray'd me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—*(calls)* Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, Ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am, not a 40 glimpse of him.

Mrs. Mai. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mention'd——

Lucy. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. Mai. Well, don't let your simplicity be impos'd on.

Lucy. No, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mai. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir 440 Lucius;—but mind Lucy—if ever you betray what you are entrusted with—(unless it be other people's secrets to me) you forfeit my malevolence for ever;—and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.

[Exit Mrs. Malaprop.]

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite—*(altering her manner)*—let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appear- 450 ing expert, and knowing in their trusts;—commend me to a mask of *silliness*, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account I have⁰ turn'd my *simplicity* lately—*(looks at a paper)* For *abetting* Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an *Ensign!*—*in money*—*sufidry times*—*twelve* I have! have 7 0 3.

pounds twelve—gowns, five—hats, ruffles, caps, &c. &c—numberless !.—From the 460 said Ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half.—About a quarter's pay! —Item, from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—two guineas, and a black paduasoy.⁰—Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters—which I never deliver'd—two guineas, and a pair of buckles.—Item, from Sir Lucius O Trigger—three crowns⁰—470 two gold pocket-pieces—and a silver snuff-box!—Well done, simplicity!—yet 1° was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the Aunt, but with the Niece: for, though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune.

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Captain Absolute's Lodgings.

Captain Absolute and Fag.

Fag. Sir, while I was there, Sir Anthony came in: I told° him, you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Abs. And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces,⁰ rapt out a dozen interjectorial oaths, and asked, what the 10 devil had brought you here!

Abs. Well, Sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O, I lied, Sir—I forget° the precise lie, but you may depend on't; he got no truth from me. Yet,° with submission, for

paduasoy] padusoy O 3. A material and by limitation a garment made therefrom. See p. 615 *supra*.
three crowns] for this Lar. reads:—for cherishing an Idea he had modestly form'd, that he was corresponding with the Niece, and not the Aunt—
Three and six pence—

yet I . . . his fortune] om. Lar.

1 told . . . see you] om. Lar.

paces] inches Lar.

forget] O 3; forgot O 1, Lar.

Yet] but Lar.

fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what has brought us to Bath: in order that we may lie a little consistently—Sir Anthony's servants were curious, Sir, very curious indeed. 20

Abs. You have said nothing to them—?

Fag. O, not a word, Sir—not a word.—Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take° to be the discreetest of whips)—

Abs. S'dearth!—you rascal! you have not trusted him!

Fag. O, no, Sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, Sir—devilish sly!—My Master (said I) honest Thomas so (you know, Sir, one says honest to one's inferiors) is come to Bath to recruit.—Yes, Sir—I said, to recruit—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, Sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Abs. Well—recruit will do—let it be so—

Fag. O Sir, recruit will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I° told Thomas, that your Honour had already in-listed, five disbanded chairmen, seven mi- 40 nority waiters,⁰ and thirteen billiard markers.

Abs. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, Sir—I beg pardon—But with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports° it.—Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements, as well as the bill.

Abs. Well, take care you don't hurt 50 your credit, by offering too much security.—Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, Sir, changing his dress.

Abs. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, Sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, Sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down— 60

Abs. Go, tell him, I am here.

Fag. Yes, Sir—(goirbg) I beg pardon, Sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do

take] look on Lar.

air, /] O 1, O 5, Lar.; air; 7 O 3.

minority waiters] N.E.D. quoting only this passage: "meaning obscure; by some explained as 'a waiter out of work/ by others as 'an extraordinary tide-waiter,' i.e., one not regularly employed."

supports] clinches Lar.

me the favour to remember, that we are recruiting, if you please.

Abs. Well, well.

Fag.^o And in tenderness to my character, if your Honour could bring in the chairman and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation ;—for though I never scruple a lie to 70 serve my Master, yet it *hurts* one's conscience, to be found out. *[Exit.*

Abs. STOW for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him——

Enter Faulkland.

Paulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? 80 How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Abs. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel, however I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Abs. What, and lose two thirds of her fortune? You forget that my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that 90 long ago.

Faulk. Nay then, you trifle too long— if you are sure of *her*, propose to the aunt in your own character, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

Abs. Softly, softly, for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friend's consent, 100 a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on-my side; no, no, I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.—Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the Hotel?

Faulk. Indeed, I cannot: I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Abs. By Heavens! I shall forswear no your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulk. I own I am unfit for company.

Fag.] ,Lar. om. this speech.

Abs. Am not / a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farago^o of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country Miss's brain!

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul 120 are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake, and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stript of all.

Abs. But for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your^o whimsical brain conjure up at present? Has Julia^o miss'd writing this last post? or was her last 130 too tender, or too cool; or too grave, or too gay; or——

Faulk. Nay, nay, Jack.

Abs. Why, her love—her honour—her prudence, you cannot doubt.

Faulk. O! upon my soul, I never have;— but what grounds for apprehension did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life.— My absence may fret her; her anxiety 140 for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her^o health—does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame!—If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are 150 separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements; not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Abs. Aye, but^o we may choose^o whether we will take the hint or no.—Well then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia was well and in spirits, you would be entirely content.

[farago] [farrago O 3.
can your . . . nay, Jack.] om. Lar., reading Apprehension!

Has Julia . . . I never have;—but] om. O 3.
And for her . . . value mine] om. Lar.
but . . . or no] these mighty delicate Feelings are very troublesome Companions! Lar.
choose] chuse O 3.

Faulk. I should⁰ be happy beyond 160 measure—I'm⁰ anxious only for that.

Abs. Then to cure⁰ your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay⁰ Jack—don't trifle with me.

Abs. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Abs. I thought⁰ you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

*Faulk.*⁰ My dear friend!—Hollo, Du-Peigne! my hat—my dear Jack—now⁰ nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter Fag.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres just arrived is below.

Abs. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever 180 since you left her.—Fag, shew the gentleman up. *[Exit Fag.]*

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Abs. O, very intimate: I insist on your not going: besides, his character will divert you.

Faulk. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

Abs. He is likewise a rival of mine—190 that is of my *other self's*, for he does not think his friend Capt. Absolute ever saw the lady in question;—and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of one *Beverley* a concealed sculking rival, who—

Faulk. Hush!—He's here.

*Enter Acres.*⁰

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived faith, as you see.—Sir, your 200

should] *could* Lar.

I'm] *Vam* O 3; *I am* O 5.

to cure . . . *once*] *om.* Lar.

Faulk. Nay . . . *this hour*] *om.* Lar.

I thought . . . *tell you*] *om.* Lar.

Faulk.] *Falk.* O 1.

now . . . *uneasiness*] *not ital.* O 3.

Enter Acres.] Before this Lar. interpolates:—Acres, without. Acres. And David, see the Trunks, Boxes, Bundles, Portmanteaus, and Hampers, all safe at my Lodgings, I shall be there presently.

humble servant. Warm work on the roads Jack—Odds whips⁰ and wheels, I've travelled like a Comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Abs. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric Planet, but we know your attraction hither—give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to 210 see you: Sir, I solicit your connections.—Hey Jack—what this is Mr. Faulkland, who—

Abs. Aye, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Od 'so! she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them.—Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville 220 yet, Sir—I hope she⁰ enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire.⁰

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, Sir,—never better.—Odd's Blushes and Blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.⁰

Faulk. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, Sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse I assure you. 230

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Abs. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me:—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, 240 robust, unfeeling health?

Abs. O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well Sir, but you were saying that Miss Melville has been so exceedingly well—what then she has been merry and gay I suppose?—Always in spirits—hey?

Acres. Merry, Odds Crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company 250

Odds whips] O 3; *Odds, whips* O 1.

she] *she has* Lar.

Devonshire.] *Devonshire?* O 3.

Spaj] *Spaw* Lar.

wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

Faulk. There, Jack, there.—O, by my soul! there is an«finate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What! happy and I away!

Abs. Have done: how foolish this is! just now you were only apprehensive for your mistress's *spirits*.

Faulk. Why Jack,⁰ have I been the 260 joy and spirit Of the company?

uAbs. No indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Abs. O, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Alps. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confounded⁰ stupid indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gen- 20 tleman?

Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yeSy she has a *happy* disposition!

Acres. That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her Harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, 280 and quiverante! °—there was this time month—Odds Minnums and Crotchets! how she did chirup at Mrs. Piano's Concert.

Faulk. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Abs. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

Faulk. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray Mr.—what's his d—d° name?—Do 20 you remember what Songs Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I, indeed.

Abs. Stay now, they were some pretty, melancholy, purling stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect:—did she sing—'When absent from my soul's delight?'

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Jack here *Lar.* interpolates:—have I been happyt confoundd] O 1, *Lar.*; confoundedly O 3. quiverante] Quavarante *Lar.*, perhaps the correct reading,
d—dj om. *Lar.*

Abs. Or—'Go, gentle Gales!'——'Go, gentle Gales!' (sings) 300

Acres. O no! nothing like it.—Odds slips?⁰ now I recollect one of them—'My heart's° my own, my will is free.' (sings)

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifle! S'death I to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, Sir?

Abs. Why, that I should be glad to 310 hear my mistress had been so merry, Sir.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I am not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shewn itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not! 320

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Abs. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Aye truly, does she—there was at our last race-ball——

Faulk. Hell and the devil! There! there!—I told you so! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in° my absence!—Dancing!—but her whole feelings have been in opposi- 330 tion with mine!—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all Health! Spirit! Laugh! 'Song! Dance!—Oh! d—n'd, d—n'd levity!

Abs. For Heaven's sake! Faulkland, don't expose yourself so.—Suppose she has danced, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige—— 340

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps, as you say—for form sake.—What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*—hey?

Acres. O I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her *country dancing*:—Odds swimmings! she has such an air with her!—

Odds slips!] Odds! O 3.

'My heart's . . .] *Lar.* gives title of song: "Variety is charming—Variety is charming"
in] on *Lar.*

Faulk. Now disappointment on her!—defend this, Absolute, why don't you defend 350 this?—Country dances! jiggs, and reels! am I to blame now? A Minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a Minuet—but *Courtry-dances!* Z—ds! had she made one in a *Cotillon*⁰—I believe I' could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet thro' a string of amorous palming puppies!—to shew paces like a managed⁰ filly!—0 360 Jack, there never can be but one man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to-pair with in a *Country-dance*; and even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Abs. Aye, to be sure!—grand-fathers and grand-mothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the Set, 'twill spread like a contagion 30—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jigg—their quivering, warm-breath'd sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts thro' every link of the chain! I must⁰ leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it. *[Going.]*

Abs. Aye, aye,⁰ you are in a hurry to 890 throw yourself at Julia's feet.

Faulk. I'm not in a humour to be trifled with—I shall see her only to upbraid her. *[Going.]*

Abs. Nay, but stay Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. D—n his news!

[Exit Faulkland.]

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since—nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!

Acres. The gentleman wa'n't angry at 390 my praising his mistress, was he?

Abs. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so! Ha! ha! Jealous of me—that's a good joke.

Abs. There's nothing strange in that Bob: let me tell you, that sprightly grace and

insinuating manner of your's will do some mischief among the girls here.

*Acres.*⁰ Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha! but you knov' I am not my 400 own property, my dear Lydia has⁰ forestalled me.—She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds frogs anil tambours! I shan't take matters so here—now ancient Madam⁰ has no voice in it—I'll make my old clothes know who's master—I shall straitway cashier the hunting-frock—and render my leather breeches incapable—my hair has been in training some time. 400

Abs. Indeed!

Acres. Aye—and tho'ff the side-curlys are a little restive, my hind-part takes to it very kindly

Abs. 0, you'll polish, I doubt not. ..

Acres. Absolutely⁰ I propose so—then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Abs. Spoke like a man—but pray, Bob, 40 I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't it?⁰—I didn't invent it myself though;⁰ but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an 40 oath or two, but would say By Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment—so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, the 'oath should be an echo to the sense;' or this we call the oath *referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Abs. Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other 40 figures of imprecation.

Acres] 0 3, Lar.; *Abs.* 0 1.

Lydia has] 0 3; *Lydia, has* 0 1.

ancient Madam] the old Lady Lar.

incapable] Lar. inserts:—and, instead, Odds Quilts and Blankets, I'll have your true rugg'd coat, and Petticoat Waistcoat—

Absolutely] Truly Lar.

it] 0 3, Lar.; *om.* 0 1.

though] *om.* Lar.

Cotillon] *Cotillon* 0 3.

managed] *man'g'd* Lar.

I must . . . upbraid her.] *om.* Lar.

Abs. Aye, aye . . . upbraid her *[Going.] om.* 0 3.

Acres, Aye, aye, the best terms will grow obsolete—D—ns° have had their day.

Enter Fag.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below, desires to see you—shall I shew him into the parlour?

Abs. Aye—you may.

Acres' Well, I must be gone —

Abs. Stay; who is it, *Fag*?

Fag. Your father, Sir. 450

Abs.' You puppy, why didn't you shew him up directly? [*Exit Fag.*]

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings—I have sent also to my dear friend Sir Lucius OTrigger.—Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night⁰—Odds bottles and glasses! you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Abs. That I will with all my heart. 460
[*Exit Acres.*]

Abs. Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here.—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter Sir Anthony.

Abs.° Sir, I am delighted to see you here,• and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare 470 say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abs. Yes, Sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, tho' I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon⁰ me, Sir, I never saw you 480 look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong

D—ns] Damns 0 3.

night . . . glasses!] night, when 0 3.

Abs.] Lar. gives a speech first to *Sir Anth.*:—*Soh!* Jack!

Abs. Pardon] This and next two speeches om. Lar. Continues:—and it is my wish . . .

and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time.—Now, Jack, I am sensible⁰ that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit. 420

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my Boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such⁰ generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sen- 500 sible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, Sir, speak my gratitude: I cannot⁰ express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, Sir,⁰ I presume you would not wish me to quit the° army?

Sir Anth. 0, that shall be as yomr wife chooses.

Abs. My wife, Sir! 510

Sir Anth. Aye, aye, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, Sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Aye, a wife—why; did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of it,⁰ Sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I mustn't forget her tho\—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose 520 that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir!⁰ Sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the d—!s° the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, Sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why—what difference does that make? Odd's life, Sir! if you have the 530 estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

am sensible] O 1, 0 5; am, sensible 0 3.

such . . . affection] om. Lar.

I cannot . . . munificence] om. Lar.

Sir] om. Lar.

the] my Lar.

it Her 0 3.

Abs. Sir! . . . Odd's life, Sir!) om. Lar.

d-l's] devil's O 3.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline⁰ the purchase.—Pray, Sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, Sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, Sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady 540 I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, Sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.^o

Abs. Then, Sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fix'd on another.

Sir Anth. They are,^o are they? well, that's lucky—because you will have more merit in your obedience to me.

Abs. Sir, my heart is engaged to an 550 Angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is very sorry—but *business* prevents it's waiting on her.

Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming: besides, you have the Angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there. 560

Abs. You must excuse me, Sir, if I tell you, once for all,⁰ that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark 'ee Jack:—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool,—quite cool;—but take care^o—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a phrenzy. 570

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

decline] *declare* Lar.

nothing of] Here Lar. interpolates:—*Abso.* Sir, I cannot think of entering into an affair of this nature, so much in the dark. *S^t Anth.* The only time, Jack, the only time . . . A Lady—*Abso.* Nay, a Lady *J* have never seen. *S^t Anth.* Nay, nay, Jack, *their* are many things, you have never seen, which *J* believe, you would have no Aversion to.

Sir Anth. They are . . . *Abs.* *Sir]* om. O 3, Lar. *for all]* more Lar.

take care . . . phrenzy] your impertinence has charged me full with Passion, and your Stupidity is the Wadding. *Mark* me, I am cock'd and prim'd, and one objection more will pull the Trigger. Lar., which reads the words of the text (substantially) in Act IV, ii.

Sir Anth. Now, d—n me! if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live!

Abs. Nay, Sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you Dog—if you don't, by—

Abs. Whai, Sir, promise to link my- 580 self to some mass of ugliness! to—

Sir Anth. Z ds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder;⁰ she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the Bull's in Coxe's museum⁰—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on 500 her beauty.

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, Sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, Sir! I know you are laughing in your sleeve: I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah! 600

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, Sir! none of your violence! if you please.—It won't do with me, I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, Sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do. 610

Abs. Nay, Sir, upon my word.

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can *Passion* do!—*Passion* is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing Reprobate!—There you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon⁰ the mildness of my temper—you do, you Dog! you play upon the weakness⁰ of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint 620

on each shoulder] behind and before Lar.

Coxe's museum] Cox's Museum O 3. A museum, mainly of mechanical contrivances, in Spring Gardens. It had been disposed of in 1774.

upon] on Lar.

weakness] meekness O 3, Lar.

may be overcome at last!—but mark!⁰ I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you—If not, z—ds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare^o to breath^o the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and sun^o of your own! I'll strip you of your 630 commission; I'll lodge a ' five-and-three-pence^o in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.—I'll disown^o you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and—d—m me, if ever I call you Jack again!
[Exit Sir Anthony.]

Absolute, *solus*.

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands.—What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old, wealthy 640 Hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold Intriguer, and a gay Companion!

Enter Fag.

Fag. Assuredly, Sir, our Father is wrath to a degree;^o he comes down stairs eight or ten^o steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the bannisters all the way: I, and the Cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke 650 on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master, then kicking the poor Turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a^o puppy triumvirate!—Upon my credit, Sir, were I in your place, and found my

mark! mark, Sirrah; Lar.
don't dare . . . your own! om. Lar.
breath] breathe O 3. Breath is a recognized variant.

sun] a sun O 3.
a [five-and-three pence] a quarter guinea piece: as we should say, 'cut you off with a shilling.'

I'll disown] Zounds, I'll disown Lar.
degree] Lar. inserts:—(Except once indeed, the old Lion in the Tower, and that was in a fit of the Tooth ach, I think I never saw a Man in such a Passion.) Formerly lions were kept in the Tower of London.

ten] nine Lar.

a] the Lar.

father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.^o

Abs. Cease your impertinence, Sir, at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?^o—Stand out of the^o way! 650
[Pushes him aside, and Exit.

Fag, *solus*.

Fag. Soh! Sir Anthony trims^o my Master; He is afraid to reply to his Father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way—is the vilest injustice! Ah! it shews the worst temper^o—the basest—

Enter Errand-Boy.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your Master calls you. 670

Fag. Well, you little, dirty puppy,^o you need not baul so!—The meanest^o disposition! the—

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick, quick, you impudent Jack-anapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—

[Exit, kicking and boating him.

SCENE II.

The North^o Parade.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. So^o—I shall have another Rival to add to my mistress's list—Captain Absolute.—However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed!—Well, I have done him a last friendly office, in let-

acquaintance] Company Lar.
more?] Lar. here inserts:—Fag. I thought, Sir, you might be glad of this Letter. (Sullenly) Abso. O. from Lydia, who gave it you! Fag. A Chairman, Sir, brought it. Abso. You have not let him go. Fag. Yes, Sir, I could not detain him, he is but just gone. Abso. You Blockhead, you should have kept him, 'till I could have spoken to him;

the] my Lar.

trims] scolds.

temper] Lar. inserts:—the meanest disposition-puppy] Rascal Lar.

The meanest . . . the—] om. Lar.

North] South Lar.

So . . . before him] om. Lar.

ting him know that Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his dear *Dalia*^o, as he calls her:—I wonder he's not here!—I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit; tho' I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own mistress.—I could not have thought he would have been so nice, when there's a golden egg in the case, as to care whether he has it from a pullet or an old hen!

Enter Sir Lucius O Trigger.

Sir. Luc. Hah! my little embassadress—upon my conscience I have been looking 20 for you; I have been on the South^o Parade this half-hour.

Lucy. (*Speaking simply*) O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here^o on the North.^o

Sir. Luc. Faith!—may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade-Coffee-house, and I chose 30 the window on purpose that I might not miss you.

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by while you were^o asleep.

Sir Luc. Sure enough it must have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked.^o Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have:—I've got a letter for you in my pocket. 40

Sir Luc. O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed—well—let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius.

(*Gives him a letter.*)^o

Dalia] *Delia Lar.*

a] very *Lar.*

tho'] om. *Lar.*

I could . . . hen!] om. O 3; *Lar.*:—*And I beieve he's not so nice . . . Hen.*

South] North *Lar.*

here] om. *Lar.*

North] South *Lar.*

were] was *Lar.*

waked] *Lar.* adds:—and found the Clock had struck Twelve.

Gives . . . letter.] Here *Lar.* interpolates:—S^t *Luc.* (looking at it) So; well, I always thought this the most convenient method of folding up Letters, that ever was in fashion ye6; for one may read the

Sir Luc. (*Reads*) "Sir—there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domestic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of Sir *Lucius O Trigger.*" Very pretty, upon my 50 word. "As my motive is interested, you may be assured my love shall never be miscellaneous" Very well. "Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir *Lucius* worthy the last criterion of my affections.—"

Yours, while meretricious.^o——*DELIA.*"

Upon my conscience! *Lucy*, your lady is a great mistress^o of language.—Faith, she's 60 quite the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—tho' one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Aye, Sir, a lady of her experience.

Sir Luc. Experience! what,^o at seventeen?

Lucy. O true, Sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read^o off-hand!

Sir Luc. Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—tho' she is rather TO an arbitrary writer too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.—However, when^o affection guides

contents without breaking the Seal, upon my Conscience, M^r *Lucy*, this is not right tho'; a Love Letter ought never to be seal'd with a Wafer. It looks so much prettier to see a little Cupid, or a couple of Pigeons flying out of the wax, and sometimes a pair of bleeding Hearts, stuck thro' like small birds on a Skiver. *Lucy.* O fie, Sir *Lucius*, you spend so much time in looking at the outside of the Letter, that you don't seem to want to go any further. S^t *Luc.* Faith, and I would serve your Mistress so, *Lucy.* *Lucy.* Why! my Stars! there may be two sheets of Love, for what you know. S^t *Luc.* Then, my Dear, I only wish *Delia* was between them—by my Soul, this Quilt of a Cover, should have corns off, long ago. (throws away the Envelope)

As my . . . well] om. O 3.

Yours . . . meretricious.] om. O 3.

mistress] Master *Lar.*

tho'] though O 3.

what] om. *Lar.*

will read] reads *Lar.*

However when . . . pleasure.—However] *Lar.* oim. and reads:—*Lucy.* O Oemini, I haven't told you of another Rival you have got. Sr *Luc.* Aye, pray who' is he? *Lucy.* Captain Absolute, the Son of our Neighbour, Sir Anthony Absolute—Knight—Lord-Baron—and Justice of Peace. S^t *Luc.* O sure, I know that Captain Absolute, he wants to marry Miss

the pen, Lucy, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style.⁰

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir Luc. O tell her, I'll make her the 80 best husband in the world, and Lady OTrigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do every thing fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir Luc. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it:—I am so poor I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money I'd steal your mistress and ' > her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, (*gives her money*) here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss before-hand, to put you in mind. (*Kisses her.*)

Lucy. O lud! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent. 100

Sir Luc. Faith she will, Lucy—that same—pho! what's the name of it?—*Modesty!*—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her *fifty*—my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir Luc. Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently. 110

Lucy. For shame now; here is some one⁰ coming.

Sir Luc. O faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

[*Sees Fag.*—*Exit, humming a Tune.*⁹

*Enter Fag.*⁰

FaQ. So, so, Ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud!—now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so.

Languish too, does he? O if I find it so, I'll be bound I settle matters with him presently—Well, I can't think why the Lady's should be so fond of these officers! unless it be a touch of the old Serpent in them, that makes the little Creatures be caught like Vipers, with a bit of red Cloth—Well.

However when . . . style] om. O 3.

some one] people Lar.

Sees . . . Tune] Exeunt, kissing her. Lar.

Enter Fag.] The remainder of the Act om. Lar.

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one bye—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please. 120 —You play false with us, Ma'dam.—I saw you give the Baronet a letter.—My Master shall know this—and if he don't call him out—I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. What⁰ tastes some people have! —Why I suppose I have walked by 130 her window an hundred times.—But what says our young lady? Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news! Mr. Fag.—A worse Rival than Acres!—Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so.—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha!—very good, faith.—Good-bye, Lucy, I must away with this 140 news.

Lucy. Well—you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you. (*Going.*)

But—Mr. Fag—tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. O he'll be so disconsolate!

Luc. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear!—never fear!

Lucy. Be sure—bid him keep up his 150 spirits.

Fag. We will—we will. [*Exeunt severally.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The North Parade.

*Enter Absolute.*⁰

'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, faith! My Father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with!—He must

What! How! what O 3.

Enter Absolute.] Lar. makes the opening soliloquy a separate scene at the end of which—Exit into the house. The soliloquy differs from the printed version: it is longer and includes a letter of repentance from Lydia in which she informs him that Captain Absolute is his rival. In the printed version this vital news is conveyed in the concluding episode of Act II by Lucy to Fag,—the episode absent from Lar,

not know of my connection with her yet a-while.—He has top summary a method of proceeding in these matters—and Lydia° shall not yet lose her hopes of an elopement.—However, I'll read my recantation instantly.—My conversion is 10 something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very *sincere*.—So, so—here he comes.—He looks plaguy gruff.

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter Sir Anthony.

Sir Anth.° No—111 die sooner than forgive him.—*Die*, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate self-willed boy!—Who can he take after?° This is my return for getting him before 20 all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, beside his pay ever since!—But I have done with him;—he's any body's son for me.—I never will see him more,—never°—never—never—never.

Abs.° Now for a penitential face.°

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way.

Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you. 30

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abs. A sincere penitent.—I am come, Sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?°

Abs. I have been revolving, and reflecting, - and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, Sir? 40

Abs. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Well, Puppy?

and *Lydia* . . . *elopement*] *om.* O 3.

Sir Anth.] 0 5; *om.* O 1, O 3.

take after] *Lar.* adds:—his Mother was meekness itself,

never . . . 1 *Lar.* reads *never* only twice.

Abs.] As this is a new scene *Lar.* reads:—Enter Absolute.

face] *Face* he looks plaguy gruff *Lar.*, omitting it from soliloquy *supra*, where it would be inappropriate as Absolute *exit* before Sir Anthony's entry.

Sir Anth. What's that? . . . your satisfaction.] *om.* *Lar.*

Abs. Why then, Sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why now, you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard any thing 50 more sensible in my life.—Confound you; you shall be *Jack* again.

Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why, then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you—who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare.—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish? 60

Abs. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her Niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment?°

Abs. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay—I think I do recollect 70 something.—*Languish!* *Languish!* She squints, don't she?—A little, red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints?—A red-haired girl! —Z—ds, no.

Abs. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming,° love-breathing seventeen?

Abs. As to that, Sir, I am quite indif- 80 ferent.—If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully ir- resolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell- tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips!—0 Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and 90 if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness!

Abs. That's she indeed.—Well done, old gentleman!

regiment] *regiment.* O 3.

blooming] *blooming, Blushing Lar.*

Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck.—0 Jack! Jack!

Abs. And which is to be mine, Sir, the Niece or the Aunt?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible Puppy, I despise you. When⁰ I was 100 of your age, such a description would have made⁰ me fly like a rocket! The *Aunt*, indeed!—Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Abs. Not to please your father, Sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father!—Z—ds! not to please—0 my father!—Oddso!—yes—yes! if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter.—Tho' he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Abs. I dare say not, Sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not^o sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful.

*Abs.*⁰ Sir, I repeat it; if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, Sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or 120 two, one eye, and a^o few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather chuse a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and tho'^o one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it 130 is! Why,^o sirrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile insensible stock.—You a^o soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals⁰ on!—Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, Sir;

When] Zounds! when Lar.

have made] make Lar.

you are not] are you Lar.

Abs.] Absolute O 3, Lar.; *Sir Anth.* O 1.

and a . . . kind] and so forth Lar.

tho'] the Lar.

Why] Zounds Lar.

You a . . . regimentals on!] So lifeless a Clod as you should not dare to approach the Arms of such glowing Beauty—to lie like a Cucumber, on a hot bed. Lar.

regimentals] regiment O 1, but corrected in errata.

if you should think of addressing Miss Languish⁰ yourself, I suppose you would have me marry⁰ the *Aunt*; or if you should change your⁰ mind, and take the old 140 lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the *Niece*.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm^o sure it must—come, now—d—n^o your demure face!—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have⁰ been lying, hey? I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't:—150 so now, own, my dear Jack, you have been playing the hypocrite, hey!—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abs.^o I'm^o sorry, Sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anph. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit 160 the lady directly.

Abs.^o Where does she lodge, Sir?

Sir Anth. What a dull question!—only on the Grove⁰ here.

Abs. O! then I can call on her in my way to the coffee-house.

Sir Anth. In your way to the coffee-house! You'll⁰ set your heart down in your way to the coffee-house, hey? Ah! you leaden-nervM, wooden hearted⁰ dolt! 170 But come along, you shall see her directly; her eyes shall be the Promethian torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark mad with rap- ture and impatience—if you^o don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself! [*Exeunt.*

Languish] Anguish O 1, but corrected in errata.

marry] to marry Lar.

your] 0 3; *you're* O 1.

I'm] O 1, O 5; *I'am* O 3.

d—n] damn O 3.

You have . . . dear jack] om. O 3.

Abs. I'm . . . and duty!] om. Lar.

I'm] O 1, O 5; *I'am* O 3.

Abs. Where does . . . see her directly] om. O 3.

Orove] North Parade, Lar.

You'll . . . hey?] om. Lar.

hearted] headed Lar.

if you . . . myself!] Lar. om. and inserts a couplet:— "Who boasts he feels not Beautie's Fire, To be a Man . . . must be a Lyar."

SCENE II.

*Julia's Dressing-room.**Faulkland, solus.*

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly; I° wonder she is not yet come!—How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I° know not that I indulge it in any other point:—but on this one subject, and to this one object,⁰ whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful, and madly capricious!—I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct my- 10 self! What tender, honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met!—How delicate was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed⁰ expostulations:—yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so very happy in my absence.—She is coming!—Yes!—I know the nimble- 20 ness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter Julia.

Jul. I° had not hop'd to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Jul. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not 30 think that I discovered more coolness⁰ in your first salutation than⁰ my long-hoarded joy could have presaged.

Faulk. Twas but your fancy, Julia.—I was⁰ rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health—Sure I had no cause for coldness?

Jul. Nay then, I see you have taken

I] O 3; om. O 1.

Yet 1 . . . correct myself!] om. Lar.

object] subject O 3.

proposed] purposed Lar., which seems to be preferable.

Jul. 1 . . . person?] om. Lar.

more coolness] something of coldness O 3.

than . . . presaged] om. O 3.

7 was . . . health] om. Lar.

something ill.—You must not conceal from me what it is. 40

Faulk. Well then—shall I own to you—but⁰ you will despise me, Julia—nay, I despise myself for it.—Yet I will own, that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was something⁰ damped, by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancin^g, and I know not what!—For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard 50 every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy:—The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Jul. Must⁰ I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice?—Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, 60 Julia: no, no—I am happy if you have been so—yet only say, that you did not sing with mirth—say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

Jul. I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a countenance of content, it is to shew that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth.—If I seem'd⁰ sad—it were to make malice triumph; and say, that I had fixed my TO heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity.—Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me.—O, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy! 50

Jul. If ever, without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity, and base ingratitude.

Faulk. Ah! Julia, that last word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your gratitude! Search your heart, Julia; per-

—but . . . will own] om. O 3, Lar.

something] somewhat O 3.

Jul. Must . . . the dance] om. Lar.

& seem'd] seem Lar.

haps what you have mistaken for Love, is but the warm effusion of a too thank- 90 ful heart!

Jul. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person—I have often wish'd myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation *there* for any part of your affection!⁰

Jul. Where Nature has bestowed a shew of nice attention in the features of a 100 man, he should laugh at it, as misplaced. I have seen men, who in *this* vain article perhaps might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now this is not well from you, Julia—I despise person in a man—Yet if you lov'd me as I wish, though I were an *Æthiop*, you'd think none so fair.

Jul. I see you are determined to be 110 unkind.—The *contract* which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts.—I would not have been more free—no^o—I am proud of my restraint.—Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made *worthier*⁰ choice.— 120 How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Jul. Then try me now.—Let us be free as strangers as to what is past:—my heart will not feel more liberty!

Faulk. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free!—If your love for me were⁰ fixed and ardent, you would not 130 loose⁰ your hold, even tho' I wish'd it!

Jul. O, you torture me to the heart!—I cannot bear it.

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you.—If I lov'd you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.—But hear me.—All my fretful doubts arise from this—Women are

not used to weigh, and separate the motives^o of their affections:—the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial 140 duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart:—I would not boast—yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, or character, to found dislike on;—my fortune such as few ladies could be charged with *indiscretion* in the match.—O Julia! when *Love* receives such countenance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its *birth*.⁰

Jul. I know not whither your insinuations^o would tend:—as⁰ they seem pressing to insult me—I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this! [Exit in Tears.

Faulk. In Tears! stay, Julia: stay but for^o a moment.—The door is fastened!—Julia!—my soul—but for one moment:—I hear her sobbing!—'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay.—Aye—she is coming now:—how little⁰ resolution there is in woman!—how a few soft words can turn them!—No, faith!—she is *not* coming either.—Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that—now, this is being *too* resentful:—stay! she is coming too—I thought she would—no *steadiness* in any thing! her going away must have been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it.—I'll affect indifference—170 (*hums a tune: then listens*)—No—Z—ds! she's *not* coming!—nor^o don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not *steadiness*, but *obstinacy*! Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long an absence, to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas barbarous and unmanly!—1 should⁰ be ashamed to see

motives] *motive* Lar.

birth.] Here Lar. inserts:—Julia. My Love, then, is Mercenary and base? Faul. I should be a Wretch to think so—yet, Julia, let me ask you this.—If Marriage were but a Creature of Civil prudence,—and we—which Heaven knows, I would not wish—sincerely thought it to be no more,—would you forego all Pleasures of Society, all Respect, Fashion, and Customary Amusements, to smile upon our Free Faith, and Solitary Love?

insinuations] *Questions* Lar.

as] But as O 3.

for] om. Lar.

little] Lar. om., leaving a lacuna in the MS.

nor . . . suppose] om. Lar.

should] *shall* Lar.

affection] *affections* Lar.

no— . . . restraint—] om. Lar.

worthier] a *worthier* O 3.

were] was Lar.

loose] *lose* O 3.

her now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for" ever! and be° 180 Jinked instead to some antique virago, whose knawing passions, and long-hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day, and all the night! *{Exit.}*

SCENE III.

Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

*Mrs. Malaprop,*⁰ *and Captain Absolute.*

Mrs. Mai. Your being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation;—but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Abs. Permit me to say, Madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose 10 intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Mai. Sir, you do me infinite honour!—I beg, Captain, you'll be seated.—*(Sit)*—Ah! few gentlemen, now a days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes⁰ a gentlewoman! Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower,⁰ 20 beauty!

Abs. It is but too true indeed, Ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in *them* would be superfluous. Thus,⁰ like garden-trees, they seldom shew fruits, till time has robb'd them of the more specious blossom.—Few,⁰ like Mrs. Malaprop and the Orange-tree, are rich in both at once! 30

Mrs. Mai. Sir—you overpower me with good-breeding.—He is the very Pine-apple of politeness!⁰ You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has somehow

and be . . . night!] om. Lar.

Malaprop,] *Malaprop*, with a letter in her hand, 03.

becomes] O 3, Lar.; *become* O 1.

flower,] *flower* of O 3.

Thus] *tho'* Lar.

Few . . . once!] om. Lar.

politeness!] Lar. adds (*aside*).

contrived to fix her affections⁰ on a beggarly, strolling, eve's-dropping Ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Abs. O, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against 40 her on *that* account.

Mrs. Mai. You are very good, and very considerate, Captain.—I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded the affair! long ago I laid my positive conjunction⁰ on⁰ her never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition⁰ before her;—but I'm sorry to say she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her. 50

Abs. It must be very distressing indeed, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mai. It⁰ gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree!—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but behold this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow! I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abs. O the devil! my last note. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mai. Aye, here it is. 60

Abs. Aye, my note indeed! 0° the little traitress Lucy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mai. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*

Abs. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I *certainly must* have seen this hand before:—

Mrs. Mai. Nay, but read it, Captain.

Abs. *(Redds)* My soul's idol, my ador'd Lydia!"—Very tender indeed! 70

Mrs. Mai. Tender! aye, and prophane too, o' my conscience!

Abs. "I am excessively⁰ alarmed at the intelligence you send⁰ me, the more so as my new rival"——

Mrs. Mai. That's you, Sir.

*Abs.*⁰ "has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour,"——Well, that's handsome enough. 80

affections] *Infections* Lar.

conjunction] *conjunctions* O 3, Lar.

on] *upon* Lar.

preposition] *proposition* Lar.

It] *Oh!* it O 8.

O . . . Lucy.] om. Lar.

excessively] *exceedingly* Lar.

send] *sent* Lar.

Abs.] om. O 1.

Mrs. Mai. O, the fellow had some design in writing so—

Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mai. But go on, Sir—you'll see presently.

Abs. "As^o for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you,"—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Mai. Me, Sir—*me*—he means me 90 there—what do you think now?—but go^o on a little further.

Abs. Impudent scoundrel!—"it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand—"

Mrs. Mai. There, Sir! an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—100 an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure^o if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular^o tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

Abs. He^o deserves to be hang'd and quartered! let me see—"same ridiculous vanity"—

Mrs. Mai. You need not read it again, Sir. 110

Abs. I beg pardon, Ma'am "does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration"—an impudent coxcomb! "so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old Harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between^o in our interviews."—Was ever such assurance!^o

Mrs. Mai. Did you ever hear any thing like it?—he'll elude my vigilance, will 120 he?—yes, yes! ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors!^o—we'll try who can plot best!

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow,

suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive, at her escape—while /, just 130 in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

Mrs. Mai. I am delighted with the scheme, never was any thing better perpetrated!

Abs. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mai. Why, I don't know—I 140 doubt she is not prepared^o for a first^o visit of this kind.—There is a decorum in these matters.

Abs. O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her Beverley—

Mrs. Mai. Sir!—

Abs. Gently, good tongue. [Aside.

Mrs. Mai. What did you say of Beverley?

Abs. O, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest' that it 150 was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mai. 'Twould be a trick she well-deserves^o—besides you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha!—Let him if he can, I say again.—Lydia, come down here! [Calling.]—He'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at^o your laugh- 160 ing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, Ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mai. The little hussy won't hear.—Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Capt. Absolute is come to wait on her.—And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abs. As you please, Ma'am. 170

Mrs. Mai. For the present, Captain, your servant—Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance! yes, yes, ha! ha! ha! [Exit

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once,

"As] As O 1.

but go . . . further] om. Lar.

Sure] O 3, Lar.; save O 1.

oracular] Vermillion Lar.

He] Ma'am, he Lar.

go-between] O 3; go between O 1.

assurance] O 3; assurance. O 1.

doors] O 3, Lar.; floors O 1.

Ha!] So we will Ma'am—sn we will.—Ha! O 3.

prepar'd] dressed Lar.

first] om. O 3.

well-deserves] well deserves O 3.

at] Here Lar. inserts (Absolute laughs).

and seize my prize with security—but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her.—I'll see whether she knows me. 180

[Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.]

Enter Lydia.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go thro'! surely⁰ nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart.—I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it°—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but O how unlike my Beverley!—I wonder he don't begin—190 truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word! I'll speak first.—Mr. Absolute.

Abs. Madam. *[Turns around.]*

Lyd. O Heav'ns! Beverley!

Abs. Hush!—hush, my life!—softly! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoy'd—for Heav'n's sake! how came you here? 200

Abs. Briefly—I have deceived your Aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have⁰ passed myself on her for Capt. Absolute.

Lyd. O, charming!—And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Abs. O, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is over- 210 reached! °

Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserved persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

surely . . . heart.—] om. Lar.

it] that Lar.

have] I have Lar.

over-reached!] Here Lar. interpolates:—But, my dear Beverly! this deception cannot last, do you know this Capⁿ Absolute? Abs. Why I have a kind of slight acquaintance with him. Lydia. Do you think you could not persuade him to desist from so vain a pursuit? Abs. Hardly, I should think, indeed—

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth? 220 —that burthen⁰ on the wings of love?

Abs. O come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness—Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him!

Abs. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live? Love shall be our idol and 230 support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to center every thought and action there.—Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright.—By Heav'ns⁰! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my 240 Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me—but here—*[Embracing her.]* If she° holds out now the devil is in it! *[Aside.]*

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes! but my persecution⁰ is not yet° come to a crisis.

Enter Mrs. Malaprop, listening.

Mrs. Mai. I'm° impatient to know how the little huzzy⁰ departs herself. *[Aside.]*

Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated? 250

Mrs. Mai. Warmth abated!—so!—she° has been in a passion, I suppose.

Lyd. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Mai. An ill-temper'd little devil!—She'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

Lyd. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Mai. Very dutiful, upon my word!

Lyd. Let her choice be Capt. Absolute, 260 but Beverley is mine.

burthen] burden O 3.

By Heav'ns! . . . Embracing her.] om. Lar.

// she . . . [Aside.] The Devil's in't, if she holds out now. Lar.

persecution] prosecution Lar.

yet] om. Lar.

Vm] I am O 3, Lar.

huzzy] hussy O 3, Lar.

so!—she!] so then she Lar.

Mrs. Mai. I am astonished⁰ at her assurance!—to his face—this⁰ to his face!

Abs. Thus then let me enforce my suit.

[Kneeling,

Mrs. Mai. Aye—poor young man!—ddwn on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—Why, huzzy! huzzy!⁰—I have overheard you.

Abs. O confound her vigilance 1 [Aside.

Mrs. Mal.^o Capt. Absolute—I know 20 not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Abs. So—all's safe, I find. [Aside. I have hopes, Madam, that time will bring the young lady——

Mrs. Mai. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as head-strong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

Lyd. Nay, Madam, what do you charge me with now? 280

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel!—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loved another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lyd. No, Madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good Heav'ns! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that Beverley—that stroller Beverley, possessed your heart? 290—Tell me that, I say.^o

Lyd. Tis true, Ma'am, and none but Beverley—

Mrs. Mai. Hold;—hold Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Abs. Nay, pray Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech;—she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mai. You are too good. Captain— 300 too amiably patient—but come with me, Miss—let us see you again soon, Captain—remember what we have fixed.

Abs. I shall, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mai. Come,^o take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

astonished] putrif'd Lar.

this] this is O 3.

huzzy! huzzy!] thou vixen! O 3.

Mrs. Mai.] Lar. inserts at the beginning of this speech]—Discover'd your impudence, you mean!—"deceit!—you have not modesty enough to attempt it—

I say.] Hussy! Lar.

Come] Come. Miss Lar.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my lov'd Bev—

Mrs. Mai. Huzzy!⁰ I'll choak the word in your throat!—come along—come along, 310

[Exeunt severally.

[Beverley⁰ kissing his hand⁰ to Lydia—Mrs. Malaprop stopping her from speaking.

SCENE IV.^o Acres's lodgings.

Acres and David.⁰

Acres as just dress'd.

Acres. Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

Dav. You are quite another creature, believe me Master, by the Mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the Devon monkey-rony in all the print-shops in Bath!

Acres. Dress does⁰ make a difference, David.

Dav. Tis all in all, I think—difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod- 10 Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: Master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard presarve⁰ me!" our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your Honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat.—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her 20 tail!

Acres. Aye, David, there's nothing like polishing.

Dav. So I says^o of your Honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acres. But, David, has Mr. De-la-Grace

Huzzy!] Hussy! O 3.

Beverley] Lar., O 1, O 3 and O 5 read thus, and not Absolute.

hand . . . speaking] hand to M^r M. to stop her from speaking. Lar.

SCENE IV.] O 5; SCENE V O 1, O 3, Lar. Lar. is correct as it divides Scene I into two. See n. p. 1019 *supra*.

David] Lar. adds discovered.

does . . . difference] makes a Difference, indeed Lar.

Lard presarve] Lord preserve Lar,

/ says] say I Lar.

been here? I must rub up my balancing, and chasing,⁰ and boring.

Dav. I'll call again, Sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any 30 letters for me at the post-office.

Dav. I will.—By the Mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself! *[Exit.*

[Acres comes forward, practising a dancing⁰ step.

Acres. Sink, slide—coupee—Confound the first inventors of cotillons! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen—I can walk a Minuet easy enough when 40 I'm forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a Country-dance.—Odd's jigs and tabors!—I never valued your cross-over two⁰ couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county!—but these outlandish⁰ heathen Allemandes and Cotillons are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at 'em, that's sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their curst⁰ French lingo!—their⁰ *Pas* this, and *Pas* that,⁰ and *Pas a* t'other!—d—n me, my feet don't like to be called Paws! no,⁰ 'tis certain I have most Antigallican Toes!

Enter Servant.⁰

Serv. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, Sir.

Acres. Shew him in.

Enter Sir Lucius.

Sir Luc. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your 60 hands.

Sir Luc. Pray, my friend, what brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-Lantern, and find myself in a quag-

chasing, boring] dancing steps; cf. Fr. *chased, bourrie.*

dancing] minuet Lar.

two] O 1; *Two Lar.;* to O 3.

outlandish] *damn'd outlandish Lar.*

curst] *damn'd Lar.*

their] om. Lar.

and Pas that] om. Lar.

no] om. Lar.

Servant] a *Servant Lar.*

mire at last.—In short, I have **been** very ill-used, Sir Lucius.—I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Luc. Pray, what is the case?—I 70 ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius. I falls⁰ as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send⁰ word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of.—This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir Luc. Very ill, upon my conscience—Pray, can you divine the cause of it? 80

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has⁰ another lover, *one Beverley,*⁰ who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Luc. A rival in the case, is there?—and you⁰ think he has supplanted you unfairly.

Acres. *Unfairly!*—to be sure he has.—He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Luc. Then sure you know what is 90 to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Luc. We wear⁰ no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres What! fight him!

Sir Luc. Aye, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Luc. Now, I think he has given you 100 the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship!

Acres. Breach of *friendship!* Aye, aye; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Luc. That's no argument at **all**—he

falls] O 1, Lar.; *fall* O 3.

sends] *sends Lar.*

has] *had Lar.*

one Beverley . . . Bath] who used to skulk about their Park, in Devon, and whom, I am told, is playing the same Game here. Beverly he calls himself but I've heard since, that's only his Love name, — Lar.

and you . . . it fairly. *Sir Luc]* om. Lar.

We wear . . . understand me.] Transferred to follow *mean else?* by Lar., which here reads:—*Put him to Death.*

has the less right then to take such a no liberty.

Acres. 'Gad that's true⁰—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find⁰ a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of⁰ my side?

Sir Luc. What the d—1° signifies right, when⁰ your honour is concerned? Do you think *Achilles*, or my little *Alexander the 120* Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords,⁰ and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were——a kind of courage, as I may say——Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly. 10

Sir Luc. Ah, my little friend! if we⁰ had *Blunderbuss-Hall* here—I could shew you a range of ancestry, in the OTrigger line, that would furiish the new room;⁰ every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipt through my fingers, I thank God⁰ our honour, and the family-pictures, are as fresh as ever.

Acres. O Sir Lucius! I have had ances- 140 tors too! every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia?—Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm brae'd for it—my nerves⁰ are become catgut! my sinews wire! and my heart Pinchbeck! The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast!⁰—Z—ds! as the

true] Here Lar. inserts:—Odds Blows and Bruises! I feel my Wrath rising against him; but on what grounds can I quarrel with him. S' Luc. Is not there a woman concern'd, sure that's enough—Since the days of the Trojan horse, to this hour, where ever there's a Woman in the case, there's very good grounds for a quarrel.

I find . . . know it!) om. Lar.

off on Lar.

d-] Devil O 3.

when . . . concerned] om. Lar.

broad-swords] Swords Lar.

we . . . here] I had you in *Blunderbuss Hall*

Lar.

room] Rooms Lar.

God! Heav'n O 3.

my nerves . . . Pinchbeck!] om. O 3.

breast] Lnr. adds:—and all within is Curd and

why.

man in⁰ the play says, "I could do such deeds!"

Sir Luc. Come, come, there must be no "> passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius — I must be in a rage—Dear Sir Lucius let me be in a rage, if you love me. —Come, here's pen and paper. (*Sits down to write*) I would the ink were red!—' Indite, I say, indite!⁰—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however. 160

Sir Luc. Pray compose yourself.

Acres. Come—now shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! do the thing decently and like a Christian. Begin now,— "Sir—

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir Luc. "To prevent the confusion that might arise." 170

Acres. Well—

Sir Luc. "From our both addressing the same lady."

Acres. Aye—there's the reason—"same lady"—Well—

Sir Luc. "I shall expect the honour of your company"—

Acres. Z—ds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Luc. Pray be easy. 180

Acres. Well then, "honour of your company"

Sir Luc. To settle our pretensions."°

Acres. Well.

Sir Luc. Let me see, aye, *King's Mead'* fields will do.—"In *King's Mead* fields."

Acres. So that's done.—Well,⁰ I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Luc. You see now this little ex- 190 planation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise J between you.

Acres. Aye, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Luc. Now, I'll leave you to fix your

the man in] om. Lar.

Indite, I say, indite!] om. Lar.

pretensions] Preventions Lar.

Well] om. Lar.

own time.⁰—Take⁰ my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow. 200

Acres. Very true.

Sir Luc. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.—I would⁰ do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall⁰ have just such another affair on my own⁰ hands. There⁰ is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expence of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentle- 210 man, to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life I⁰ I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Luc. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well, for the present⁰—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage 220 be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword. [*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Acres'' Lodgings.

Acres and David.

David. Then,⁰ by the Mass, Sir! I would do no such thing—ne'er a Sir Lucius OTrigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say, when she hears o't!

Acres. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir

time.] Lar. adds:—and only let me know it, and I'll do myself the honour to charge your Pistols—Take! O 3; take O 1.

/ would . . . message; but,] om. Lar.

believe I shall] om. Lar.

own] om. Lar.

There . . . country] om. Lar.

life!] my life, Lar.

present . . . Exeunt severally.] Lar. reads:—present—(going) Acres. Odds Manners and Bones! I must see you down. S' Luc. Not a Foot, Faith!—I hate Ceremony, unless it be in the Field. Acres. You must permit me, by my Valour! my Dear Sir Lucius,—my best Friend—my brother Hero—my- [Exeunt complimenting.

David. Then . . . hears o'tt] om. Lar.

Lucius!—Odds sparks and flames! he would have rous'd your valour.

David. Not he, indeed.⁰ I hates⁰ such blood-thirsty cormorants. Look'ee, Mas- 10 ter, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off: But for your curst sharps⁰ and snaps, 1⁰ never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! 'I must be very careful of my honour.

David. Aye, by the Mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in 20 return my honour couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

David. I say then, it would be but civil in honour never to risk the loss of the⁰ gentleman.—Looke, Master, this honour seems to me⁰ to be a marvellous false friend; aye, truly, a very courtier-like servant.—Put the case,⁰ I was a gentleman so (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So⁰—we fight. (Pleasant enough that) Boh! —I kill him—(the more's my luck.) Now, pray who gets the profit of it?—Why, my honour.⁰—But put the case that he kills me!—by the Mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy!

Acres. No, David—in that case!—Odds 40 crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

David. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Z—ds, David! you're a coward! —It doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

indeed] Lar. interpolates:—/ never saw him,—nor ever desire it—

hates] hate Lar.

sharps] cf. p. 848 supra.

I] lookee, I Lar.

the] a 0 3, Lar.

to me] om. Lar.

Put the case . . .] David's views on honour are clearly inspired by Falstaff's famous apostrophe.

80] well Lar.

honour] Lar. inserts:—very well, my Honour gets all the profit—

David. Under favour, the surest way of 50 not dishonouring⁰ them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, Master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the Mass! I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—n'd double-barrel'd swords, and cut and thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't!—Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! ' Well, I never could abide 'em!—from⁰ a child I TO never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there a'n't so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!⁰

Acres. Z—ds! I won't be afraid—Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid⁰—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

David. Aye, i'the^o name of mischief, let him be the messenger.—For my part, I 80 wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the Mass! it don't look like another letter!—It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder

dishonouring] disgracing Lar.

from . . . [fancy 'em/] om. Lar.

pistol!] Lar. adds:—And for a naked sword,—Looke, I never could see one, but I cried, Lord! keep me from Fire Arms.

afraid—] At this point the text digresses widely from Lar. Lar om. to *I'm in the mind*, and has 44 lines of dialogue in which David tries in vain to dissuade Acres, who sends the letter signed with his 'Love name' Collin, and receives injunctions if he sees the gentleman to impress on him the habitual valour of the challenger. This is transferred in the text to Acres's conversation with Absolute at the end of this scene. Then follows sc. ii, 27 lines of dialogue between Absolute and Sir Anthony in which the Captain is dragged unwillingly by his father to see Lydia and Mrs. Malaprop. Sc. iii in Lar. is sc. ii of the text.

i'the] O 3; i'the O 1.

like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a grass-hopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'twill be w sad news, to be sure, at Clod-Hall!—but I ha' done.—How Phyllis will howl when she hears of it!—Aye, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her Master's going after!—And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, fieH and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born.

(Whimpering.)

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you Coward, while I'm in the mind. 100

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Absolute, Sir.

Acres. O! shew him up. [*Exit Servant.*

David. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good bye, Master. *(Whimpering.)*

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven. [*Exit David.*

Enter Absolute.

Abs. What's the matter, Bob? 110

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead!—If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot—

Abs. But what did you want with me, I Bob?

Acres. O!—There—

(Gives him the challenge.)

Abs. "To Ensign Beverley" So—what's going on now! [*Aside.]* Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Abs. Indeed!—Why, you won't fight 120 him; will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Abs. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal 130

I defiance.

Abs. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Abs. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind.—What it 140 is to have a friend!—You couldn't be my second—could you, JaWk?

Abs. Why no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well then I must fix on^o my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack.

Abs. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter Servant.

Sew. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain. 150

Abs. I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. (*Going.*)

Acres. Stay—stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do, tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Abs. To be sure I shall.—I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob!

Acres. Aye, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad perhaps he mayn't come. So 160 tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack!

Abs. I will, I will; I'll say you are call'd in the country "*Fighting Bob!*"

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honour.

Abs. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack? 170

Abs. No, upon my soul, I do not:—But a devil of a fellow, hey? (*Going.*)

Acres. True, true—but stay—stay, Jack—you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage I

Abs. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Abs. Aye, aye, "*Fighting Bob!*"

[*Exeunt severally.*]

(*fix on*) get O 3.

SCENE I I.

Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.

Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia.

Mrs. Mai. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him?—Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that.—A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. She little thinks whom she is praising! (*aside*)—So is Beverley, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mai. No caparisons^o, Miss, if you please!—Caparisons^o don't become a young woman.—No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman! 10

Lyd. Aye, the Captain Absolute you have seen. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Mai. Then he's so well bred;—so full of alacrity, and adulation!—and has so much to say for himself:—in such good language too!—His physiognomy so grammatical!—Then his presence is so noble!—I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the Play:—"Hesperian^o curls!—the front of *Job* himself!—an 20 eye, like *March*, to threaten at command!—a Station, like Harry Mercury, new—" Something about kissing—on a hill^o—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake!

[*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Anthony, and Captain Absolute are below Ma'am.

Mrs. Mai. Shew them up here. [*Exit Serv.*] Now, Lydia, I insist on your be- 30 having as becomes a young woman.—Shew your good breeding at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution;—I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't^o even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*]

. *Enter Sir Anthony and Absolute.*

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop;

caparisons] comparisons Lar.
Hesperian] Hysperion Lar.
on a hill] om. Lar.
won't] can't Lar.

come to mitigate⁰ the frowns of unrelenting beauty—and difficulty⁰ enough I had to 40 bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I hadn't held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mai. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair.—I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise I beseech you!—pay your respects! *[Aside to her.]*

Sir Anth. I hope, Madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her 50 Aunt's choice, and my alliance.—Now, Jack, speak to her! *[Aside to him.]*

Abs. What the d—1 shall I do!—*(Aside)*—You see, Sir, she won't even look at me, whilst you are here.—I knew she wouldn't!—I told you so°—Let me intreat you, Sir, to leave us together!

[Absolute seems to expostulate with his Father.]

Lyd. (aside.) I wonder I ha'n't heard my Aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have look'd at him!—perhaps their regimentals 60 are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say,° Sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. Mai. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my Niece is very small.—Turn round Lydia, I blush for you!

[Aside to her.]

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak! *[Aside to him.]* 71

Mrs. Mai. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any.—She will not say she has.—Answer, hussy! why don't you answer?

[Aside to her.]

Sir Anth. Then, Madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Z—ds! sirrah! why don't you speak? *[Aside to him.]*

Lyd. (aside) I think my lover seems 80

mitigate] O 1, O 5; *mitgate* O 3.

and difficulty . . . slip.] om. Lar.

I told you so] om. Lar. Evidently added when the original sc. ii in Lar. (v. note p. 1031) was omitted, as in that scene Absolute does say BO.

7 say] *Zounds* Lar.

[Aside to him.] Lar. reads after any in next speech.

as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my Aunt is!°

Abs. Hem! hem!—Madam—hem! *(Absolute attempts to speak, then returns to Sir Anthony)*—Faith! Sir, I am so confounded!—and so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so, Sir,—I knew it.—The—the—tremor of my passion, entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your 90 voice, fool, does it?—Go° up, and speak to her directly 1

[Abs. makes sign to Mrs. Mai. to leave them together.] 1

Mrs. Mai. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—Ah! you stubborn, little vixen! *[Aside to her.]*

Sir Anth. Not yet, Ma'am, not yet!—what the d—1 are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—° *[Aside to him.]* 0

[Absolute draws near Lydia.]

Abs. Now Heavhi send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise 100 my voice—*(Aside)*—*[Speaks in a low hoarse tone.]*—Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love?—Will not—

Sir Anth. What the d—I ails the fellow?—Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quincey!

Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choak me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—no I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I° shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front!

[Mrs. Malaprop seems to chide Lydia.]

Abs. So!—all will out I see! *[Goes up to Lydia, speaks softly.]* Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. (aside) Heav'ns! 'tis Beverley's voice!—Sure he can't have impos'd on 10 Sir Anthony too!—*[Looks round by degrees, then starts up.]* Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Abs. Ah! 'tis all over.

[Aside.]

is] must be O 3.

Go] *zounds*, go Lar.

or—] or *I shall break them open.* Lar.

[Aside to him.] om. Lar.

I] by the Lord, 1 Lar.

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute!

Mrs. Mai. For shame, hussy! for shame!—your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg 130 Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my lov'd Beverley!

Sir Anth. Z—ds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turn'd by reading!

Mrs. Mai. O' my conscience, I believe so!—what do you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, Ma'am—when 140 I refuse my Beverley—

Sir Anth. O! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah! who the d—1 are you?

Abs. Faith, Sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son, or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me. 150

Mrs. Mai. Aye, Sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

Abs. Ye Powers of Impudence befriend me! (*aside*) Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *your's* also, I hope my duty has always shewn.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer—and shall be proud to, add *affectionate nephew*.—I need not toll my Lydia, that 160 she sees her faithful Beverley, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assum'd that name, and a station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a^o more elevated character.

Lyd. So!—there will be no elopement after all! (*sullenly.*)

Sir Anth. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! to do you 170 justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Abs. O, you flatter me, Sir—you compliment—'tis my *modesty* you know, Sir—my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

Sir Anth. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible variet you pretended to

be, however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog.—I am—— So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, 180 and *obedience*!—I thought it was d—n'd sudden!—You never heard their names before, not you!—What, *Languishes*^o of Worcester-shire, hey?—if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired!—Ah! you dissembling villain!—What! (*pointing to Lydia*) she *squints*, don't^o she?—a little *red-hair'drgirl*!—hey?—Why, you hypocritical young rascal—I wonder you a'n't asham'd to hold up your head! 190

Abs. 'Tis with difficulty, Sir—I am confus'd—very much confus'd, as you must perceive.^o

Mrs. Mai. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey! how! what! Captain, did you write the letters then?—What!—I am to thank you for the elegant compilation of '*an old weather-beaten she-dragon*'—hey?—O mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts of speech? 200

Abs. Dear Sir! my modesty will be over-powered at last, if you don't assist me.—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive; odds'life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart, to be so good-humour'd! and so gallant!—hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mai. Well, Sir Anthony, since you 210 desire it, we will not anticipate the past;—so mind young people—our retrospection will now be all to the future.

Sir Anth. Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant!—Jack— isn't the *cheek* as I said, hey?—and the eye, you dog!—and the lip—hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—their's is the time of life for 220 happiness!—"Youth's the season made for joy"—(*sings*)—hey!—Odds'life! I'm in such spirits,—I don't know what I couldn't do!—Permit me, Ma'am—(*gives his hand to Mrs. Mai.*) (*sings*) Tol-de-rol—'gad I should

Languishes] *The Languishes* O 3.

don't] *does Lar.*

perceive.] *Lar.* adds:—(takes snuff).

dog] *rogue* O 3.

o] O 3; a a O 1.

like a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol! de-rol! [*Exit singing, and handing Mrs. Mal.*]

(*Lydia sits sullenly in her chair.*)

Abs. So much thought bodes me no good (*aside*)—So grave, Lydia!

Lyd. Sir! 230

Abs. So!—egad! I thought as much!—" at d—n'd monosyllable has froze me! (*Kaside*)—What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends consent, as in our mutual vows——

Lyd. *Friends consent, indeed! (peevishly)*

Abs. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endur'd after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such 240 settlements as——

Lyd. *Lawyers! I hate lawyers!*

Abs. Nay then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and——

Lyd. The *licencel*—I *hate* licence!

Abs. O my Love! *be* not so unkind!—thus let me intreat———[*Kneeling.*]

Lyd. Pshaw!—what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you? 250

Abs. (*rising*) Nay, Madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your *heart*,—I resign the rest.—'Gad, I must try what a little *spirit* will do. [*Aside.*]

Lyd. (*rising*) Then, Sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have been treating *me* like a *child*!—humour- 260 ing my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Abs. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear——

Lyd. So, while / fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flatter'd myself that I should outwit and incense them *all*—behold! my hopes are to be crush'd at once, by my Aunt's consent and approbation!—and / am *myself*, the only dupe 270 at last! [*Walking about in heat.*°]

Abs.⁰ Nay, but hear me—

Lyd. No, Sir, you could not think that such paltry artifices could please me, when the mask was thrown off!—But I suppose

in heat] O 1, O 3, Lar.; in a heat O 5.

Abs. *Nay . . . about my affections.*] om. O 3, Lar.

since your tricks have made you secure of my *fortune*, you are little solicitous about my *affections*.—But here, Sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! (*taking a miniature from her bosom*) which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and 281 entreaties!—There, Sir, (*flings it to him*) and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily!⁰

Abs. Nay, nay, Ma'am, we will not differ as to that.—Here, (*taking out a picture*) here is Miss Lydia Languish.—What a difference!—aye, *there* is the heav'nly assenting smile, that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which 290 seal'd a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar!—and *there* the *half* resentful blush, that *would* have check'd the ardour of my thanks—Well, all that's past!—all over indeed!—There, Madam—in *beauty*, that copy is not equal to you, but in my⁰ mind it's merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot⁰ find it in my heart to *part* with it.

[*Puts⁰ it up again.*]

Lyd. (*softening*) 'Tis your own doing, 300 Sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Abs. O, most certainly—sure now this is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's some spirit in *this*!—What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises, half⁰ an hundred vows, under one's hand, with the marks of a dozen or two angels to witness—all that's of no consequence you know.—To be sure people 310 will say, that Miss didn't know her own mind—but never mind that:—or perhaps they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

Lyd. There's no bearing his insolence.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony.

Mrs. Mai. (*Entering*) Come, we must interrupt your billing and coding a while. 319

easily!) *easy.* Lar.

my! om. Lar.

I cannot . . . with t'.] *J part from it with the greatest regret of the two.* Lar.

[*Puts . . . again.*] om. Lar.

half . . . witness) om. O 3.

Lyd. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate! [*Sobbing.*]

Sir Anth. What the devil's the matter now!—Z—ds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the oddest billing and cooing I ever heard!—but what the deuce is the meaning of it?—I'm quite astonish'd!

Abs. Ask the lady, Sir.

Mrs. Mai. O mercy!—I'm quite analys'd for my part!—why, Lydia, what is the reason⁰ of this? 330

Lyd. Ask the gentleman, Ma'am.

Sir Anth. Z—ds! I shall be in a phrenzy!—why Jack, you scoundrel,⁰ you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. Mai. Aye, Sir, there's no more trick, is there?—you are not like Cerberus, three Gentlemen at once, are you?

Abs. You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better 340 than I can.

Lyd. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—there is the man—I now obey you:—for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever.

[*Exit Lydia.*]

Mrs. Mai. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is—why sure, Captain, you⁰ haven't behaved disrespectfully to my Niece. 349

Sir Anth. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—Ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—your⁰ have been too lively, Jack.

Abs. Nay, Sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure 'twas so.⁰

Mrs. Mai. O Lud! Sir Anthony!⁰——O fie, Captain!⁰

Abs. Upon my soul, Ma'am——

Sir Anth. Come, no excuses,⁰ Jack;—why,

reason] meaning Lar.

you scoundrel] om. O 3.

you . . . Niece] you ha'n't been attempting—O Lud! I shall swoon at the Thought Lar.

you . . . Jack.] why you confounded young Rogue, you'dn't you wait for the Parson—you must be in such a damn'd hurry? Lar.

so] Lar. adds:—you have been rude—I know it—Ah! M' Malaprop, these young Soldiers, must never be trusted with a pretty Oirl, Tete a Tete—Like Children, they will be picking at the Dish, before Mama has pinn'd the Napkin.

Anthony!] Lar. adds:—you make me blush so!

Captain] Lar. adds:—o fie!—/ should never have thought it.

excuses] excuse Lar.

your father, you rogue, was so before 360 you:—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia!—why, you've frighten'd⁰ her, you Dog, you have.

Abs. By all that's good, Sir——

Sir Anth. Z—ds! say no more, I tell you.—Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace.—You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop;⁰—you must tell her 'tis Jack's way—tell her⁰ 'tis all our ways—it runs 870 in the blood of our family!—Come, get on,⁰ Jack,—ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain! [*Pushing him out.*]

Mrs. Mai. O! Sir Anthony!⁰—O fie, Captain! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.⁰

The North-Parade.

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sir Luc. I wonder where this Capt. Absolute hides himself.⁰—Upon my conscience!—these officers are always in one's⁰ way in love-affairs:—I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine,⁰ if it had not been for a little rogue⁰ of a Major, who ran⁰ away with her before she could get a sight of me!—And 1⁰ wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old 10 serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers with a bit of red cloth.—Hah!—isn't this the Captain coming?—faith it is!—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking!—Who the devil is he talking to? [*Steps aside.*]

frighten'd] frighted Lar.

Malaprop] Lar. adds:—She'll not like him the worse—

tell her . . . ways] om. Lar.

get on] away O 3.

Anthony!—] Lar. adds: I'm so asham'd!—

SCENE III.] SCENE IV O 1, O 3, O 5, Lar. Lar. is correct because of the extra Scene II which was deleted. See note to p. 1031 *supra*.

himself.] Lar. interpolates:—/ am enraged at the thought that he may be in the very place I should not wish him—If he be, he must pass by here however—

one's] our Lar.

Carmine] Wriggle Lar.

rogue] son of a Whore Lar.

ran] run Lar.

And I . . . cloth] Lar. om. reading:—So, I have owed them a Grudge ever since.

Enter Capt. Absolute.

Abs. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!⁰—a little gypsey!—I did 20 not think her romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either⁰—S'd death, I never was in a worse humour in my life!—I could cut my own throat, or any other, person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir Luc. O, faith! I'm in the luck of it—I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel gen- so teelly. [*Sir Lucius goes up to Absolute.*—With regard to that matter, Captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Abs. Upon my word then, you must be a very subtle disputant:—because, Sir, I happen'd just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir Luc. That's no reason.—For give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an un- truth⁰ as well as *speak* one. 40

Abs. Very true, Sir, but if the man never utters his thoughts, I should think they *might* stand a *chance* of escaping controversy.

Sir Luc. Then, Sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.⁰

Abs. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius,—if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview:—for what you can drive 50 at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir Luc. I humbly thank you, Sir, for the quickness of your apprehension, [*Bowing.*—you have nam'd the very thing I would be at.

Abs. Very well, Sir—I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations:—but I should

soul!—] *Lar.* inserts:—my gentle Father won't believe a word I can say to him—and Lydia has entirely discarded me!—because she finds I'm not a Fortune Hunter, and a Beggar. S^t *Luc.* What's that?—sure he don't mean met (aside)

either} om. *Lar.*

an untruth} a falsity *Lar.*

thing} *Lar.* interpolates:—and I must be bold to tell you, that any man, who differs in opinion with me, does as good as contradict me—and whoever contradicts me, gives me the lie. And, upon my Conscience, whoever gives me the lie is little better than a Scoundrel. *Abso.* A very logical Induction, truly—and extremely polite!—

be glad you would please to explain your motives. 90

Sir Luc. Pray, Sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty⁰ quarrel as it stands—we should only spoil it, by trying to explain it.—However, your memory is very short—or you could not have forgot an affront you pass'd on me within this week.—So⁰ no more, but name your time and place.

Abs. Well, Sir, since⁰ you are so bent on it, the sooner the better;—let it be this evening—here, by the Spring-Gardens.—TO We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir Luc. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature, shews very great ill-breeding.—I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness.—However, if it's the same to you, Captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in Kings- 80 Mead-Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may dispatch both matters at once.

Abs. 'Tis the same to me exactly.—A little after six, then we⁰ will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir Luc. If you please, Sir, there will be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot.—So that matter's settled! and my mind's at ease. 90
[*Exit Sir Lucius.*⁰

Enter Faulkland, meeting Absolute.

Abs. Well met.—I was⁰ going to look for you.—O, Faulkland! all the Daemons of spite and disappointment have conspired

pretty} good *Lar.*

However . . . week.] om. *Lar.*

So . . . name] *So, Captain, if you'll favour me with Lar.*

since . . . on it] then I must give you Credit for some motive which you are ashamed to own—so *Lar.*

six, then we] O 1, O 3; *Lar.* points preferably six then, we.

Exit Sir Lucius] *Exeunt Lar.*, which proceeds to Scene V. This opens with a comic lament by David, in 24 lines of monologue, at having to deliver the challenge from his master. Then Sir Lucius enters and after David has told him what a fierce fellow his master is he delivers to Sir Lucius the note intended for Absolute, and as it is signed with Acres's love-name, Collin, Sir Lucius thinks it must be from Absolute to him.

was . . . look] have been looking *Lar.*

against me!⁰ I'm so vex'd, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knock'd o' the head by and bye, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulk. What can you mean?—Has Lydia chang'd her mind?^o—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object. 101

Abs. Aye, just as the eyes do of a person who^o squints:—when her *love-eye* was fix'd on me——t'other—her *eye of duty*, was finely obliqued:—but when duty bid her point that the same way—off t'other turn'd on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulk. But what's the resource you——

Abs. O, to wind up the whole, a good natured Irishman here has (*mimicking* 110 Sir Lucius) beg'd leave to have the pleasure^o of cutting my throat—and I mean to indulge him—that's all.

Faulk. Prithce, be serious.

Abs. 'Tis fact, upon my soul.——Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some^o affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock:—'tis on that account I wish'd to see^o you—you must go^o 120 with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure.—Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters may be accommodated:—but this evening, did you say?—I wish it had been any other time.

Abs. Why?—there will be light enough:—there will (as Sir Lucius says) "be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it won't do for a long shot."—Confound his long 130 shots!

Faulk. But I am myself a good^o deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia—my vile tormenting temper has made me

me!] Lar. interpolates:—Faul. *What's the matter?* Abso. *O shame! shame! that in a civiliz'd Country, like this, Women should be suffer'd to have a will of their own—zounds!*

mind?] Lar. interpolates '. "*has your little Pinnacle tack'd, hey! Abso. Tack'd! whew!—the moment a fair gale sprung up from Authority—she was off at a Tangent—gliding down the Current of Contradiction, the Lord knows where.*

who] that Lar.

pleasure] Honour Lar.

for some . . . intended] om. Lar., which reads after o'clock:—for what reason I know not—but wish'd to see] have been looking for Lar.

go] go along Lar.

good] great Lar.

treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Abs. By Heavn's, Faulkland, you don't deserve her.

Enter Servant, gives Faulkland a letter.

Faulk. O Jack! this is from Julia—I dread to open it—I fear it may be to take a last 140 leave—perhaps to bid me return her letters—and restore——O! how I suffer for my folly!

Abs. Here—let me see. [*Takes the letter and opens it.*] Aye, a final sentence indeed!—'tis all over with you, faith!

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't keep me in suspense.

Abs. Hear then.—"As i^o am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections 150 have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject.—I wish to speak with^o you as soon as possible.—Your's ever and truly, Julia."—There's stubbornness and resentment for you! [*Gives him the letter.*] Why, man, you don't seem one whit the happier at^o this.

Faulk. O, yes, I am—but—but——

Abs. Confound your *buts*.—You never 160 hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d—n it with a *but*.

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly—don't you think there is something forward—something indelicate in this haste to forgive?—Women should never sue for reconciliation:—that should always come from us.—They should retain their coldness till wo'd to kindness—and their 170 pardon, like their love, should "not unsought be won."

Abs. I have not patience to listen to you:—thou'rt incorrigible!—so say no more on the subject.—I must go to settle a few matters—let me see you before six—remember—at my lodgings.——A poor industrious devil like me, who have toil'd, and drudg'd, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by other people's 180 folly—may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little;—but a captious sceptic in love,—a slave to fretfulness and whim—who

"As I] O 3; As " I O 1.

with] to Lar.

at] for Lar.

has no difficulties but of *his own* creating—is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion!

[Exit Absolute.

Faulk. I feel his reproaches!—yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety, for the gross content with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love.—His engaging me in 190 this duel, has started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue.—I'll use it as the touch-stone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness—if her love prove pure and sterling ore—my name will rest on it with honour!—and once I've stamp'd it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever:—but if the dross of selfishness, the alloy⁰ of pride predominate—'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious Fool to sigh 200 for.

[Exit Faulkland.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Julia's Dressing-Room.

Julia, sola.

How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean! why such charge to be alone?—0 Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments!—how many tears have you cost⁰ me!

Enter Faulkland, muffled⁰ up in a Riding-coat.

Jul. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Jul. Heav'ns! what do you mean? 10

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have call'd you mine intirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply 20 dread my banishment!—But no⁰ more

allay] i.e., alloy. Cf. p. 355 *supra*.

cost] caused Lar.

muffled . . . Riding-coat] om. 0 3; for coat Lar. reads Cloak.

But no . . . exile.] om. O 3.

of that—your heart and promise were given to one happy in friends, character, and station! they are not bound to wait upon a solitary, guilty exile.

Jul. My soul is oppress'd with sorrow at the *nature* of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could *now* chase 30 from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love.—My heart has long known no other guardian—I now entrust my person to your honour—we will fly together.—When safe from pursuit, my Father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim⁰ to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest⁰ comforter. Then⁰ on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumber- 40 ing; while virtuous love, like a Cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulk. 0 Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time⁰ is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution.—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you 50 beside his solitary love?

Jul. I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have lov'd you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay——

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not 60 venture out again till dark.—Yet am I griev'd to think that numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Jul. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Aye, but in such an abject state 70 of life, my wounded pride perhaps may in-

claim] Chain Lar.

tenderest] tender Lar.

Then . . . compunction.] om. Lar.

the time . . . resolution.—] om. Lar.

crease the natural fretfulness. of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed, my conscience cannot justify, may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness! 90

Jul. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you:—One who, by bearing your infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you so to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. O° Julia, I have proved you to the quick I and with this useless device° I throw away all my doubts. How shall I 90 plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Jul. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that° it was all pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which° never can be repeated: But scaling, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and 100 monitress, and expiate° my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

Jul. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before fear'd to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice!—These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now° a pang, more keen than I can express! 110

Faulk. By Heav'nsl Julia——

Jul. Yet hear me.——My Father lov'd you, Faulkland! and you preserv'd the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seem'd to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shewn° me whithr to transfer, without a

pause, my grateful duty, as well as my 120 affection: Hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will° not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.——

Faulk. I confess it all! yet hear——

Jul. After such a year of trial—I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! A 130 trick° of such a nature, as to shew me plainly, that when I thought you lov'd me best, you even then regarded me as a mean dissembler; an artful, prudent hypocrite.

Faulk. Never! never!

Jul. I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unapproaching kindness might in time 140 reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expence of one who never would contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this——

Jul. But one more word.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will 150 barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our° solemn engagement.—All I request of you is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not 160 be your least regret, that it lost you the love of one—who would have follow'd you in beggary through the world! [Exit.

Faulk. She's gone!—for ever!—There was an awful resolution in her manner, that rivetted me to my place.——O Fool!—Dolt!—Barbarian!—Curst as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub

0] om. O 3.

device] disguise Lar. It seems more apt.

that] om. Lar.

which] that Lar.

expiate] expatiate O 3.

now] om. Lar.

shewn] ahew'd Lar.

7 will . . . sincerity.] om. Lar.

A trick . . . Never! never !] om. O 3, Lar. Lar. inserts Faulkland.

our . . . engagement] a sacred Contract Lar.

to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have 170 driven her from my side!—I must now haste to my appointment.—Well my mind is tuned for such a scene.—I shall⁰ wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here.—O Love!—Tormentor !—Fiend!—whose influence, like the Moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges⁰ sensibility to 180 madness! [Exit.

Enter Maid and Lydia.

Maid. My Mistress, Ma'am, I know, was here just now—perhaps she is only in the next room. [Exit Maid.

Lyd. Heigh ho!—Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely⁰ in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave Cousin will make me recall him.

Enter Julia.

Lyd. O Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation.—Lud! 190 Child, what's the matter with you?—You have been crying!—I'll be hanged, if that Faulkland⁰ has not been tormenting you!

Jul. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness.—Something has flurried me a little.—Nothing that you can guess at.—I would not accuse Faulkland to a Sister! (Aside.)

Lyd. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them.—You know who Beverley proves to be?

Jid. I will now own to you, Lydia, 201 that Mr.⁰ Faulkland had before inform'd me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

Lyd. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one!—but I don't care—I'll never have him. 210

Jul. Nay, Lydia—

Lyd. Why, is it not provoking;⁰ when I thought we were coming to the prettiest

I shall . . . here] om. Lar.

urges . . . to] drives them into Lar.

strangely] strong Lar.

Faulkland . . . not] impudent Fellow ha'n't Lar.

Mr.] om. lar.

provoking;] provoking? O 3.

distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last—There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of Ropes!—Conscious Moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop 220 —and such paragraphs in the News-papers! —O, I shall die with disappointment.

Jul. I don't wonder at it!

Lyd. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a bishop's licence, and my Aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the Altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country-church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk⁰ ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and 231 Lydia Languish, *Spinster!*¹ O, that I should live to hear myself called Spinster!

Jul. Melancholy, indeed!

Lyd. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!—How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January,⁰ and found him in the garden, stuck like a 240 dripping statue!—There would he kneel to me in the snow,^o and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numb'd our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia! that was something like being in love.

Jul. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at 250 you: but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lyd. O Lud! what has brought my Aunt here!⁰

Enter Mrs. Malaprop, Fag and David.

Mrs. Mai. So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and saliva- 260

clerk] Vicar Lar.

January] Lar. inserts:—with the Snow up to my Anles,

snow] dirt Lar.

here!] here? O 3, Lar.

tion⁰ going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be'found to prevent the anti-strophe!

Jul. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what's the meaning of this?

Mrs. Mai. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lyd. Do, Sir, will you inform us.

(*To Fag.*)

Fag. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the 270 man of breeding, if I delay'd a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

Lyd. But quick! quick, Sir!

Fag. True, Ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be lost! 280

Lyd. O patience!—Do, Ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

Mrs. Mai. Why, murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

Lyd. Then, prythee, Sir, be brief.

Fag. Why then, Ma'am—as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or man-slaughter, that will be as the jury finds it. 290

Lyd. But who, Sir—who are engaged in this?

Fag. Faith, Ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry any thing was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman!—We have lived much together, and always on terms.⁰

Lyd. But who is this? who! who! who!

Fag. My Master, Ma'am—my Master—I speak of my Master. 300

Lyd. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

Mrs. Mai. O, to be sure, you are frightened now!

Jul. But who are with him, Sir?

Fag. As to the rest, Ma'am, this⁰ gentleman can inform you better than I.

Jul. Do speak, friend. (*To David.*)

David. Look'ee, my Lady—by the Mass! there's mischief going on.—Folks

don't use to meet for amusement with 310 fire-arms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers besides!⁰—This, my Lady, I say, has an angry favour.

Jul. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

David. My poor Master—under⁰ favour, for mentioning him first.—You know me, my Lady—I am David—and my Master of course is, or was Squire Acres.—Then 320 comes Squire Faulkland.

Jul. Do, Ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.⁰

Mrs. Mai. O fie—it would be very inelegant in us:—we should only participate things.

Dav. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that blood-thirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger. 330

Mrs. Mai. Sir Lucius O'Trigger!—O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape?—why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling⁰ than one of the Derbyshire Putrefactions!⁰

Lyd. What are we to do, Madam?

Mrs. Mai. Why, fly with the utmost felicity to be sure, to prevent mischief:—here, friend—you can shew us the place?

Fag. If you please, Ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, do you look for Sir Anthony. [*Exit David.*]

Mrs. Mai. Come, girls!—this gentleman will exhort us—Come, Sir, you're our envoy—lead the way, and we'll precede.

Fag. Not a step before the ladies for the world!

Mrs. Mai. You're sure you know the spot.

Fag. I think I can find it, Ma'am; and 340 one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them; never fear, Ma'am, never fear. [*Exeunt,⁰ he talking.*]

besides] *beside* O 3, *Lar.*

under . . . *first.*—] *om. Lar.*

mischief] *Lar.* interpolates:—*Lydia.* Do, Ma'am, for Heaven's sake,—but is not the Duel about me, Friend? *David.* About a Woman, you may be sure.

feeling] *e eling* O 1.

Putrefactions] there are petrifying wells at Mat-loek. Cf. note on *astonished*, p. 1027 *supra*.

Exeunt 1 *Exit* O 3.

salivation] O 1, *Lar.*; *simulation* O 3.

terms.] *terms*—is the preferable pointing of *Lar.* *this*] O 3, *Lar.*; *his* O 1.

SCENE II.

South-Parade.

Enter Absolute, putting his sword under his great-coat.

Abs. A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad-dog.—How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last.—O, the devil! here's Sir Anthony!—how shall I escape him?

[Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.]

Enter Sir Anthony.

Sir Anth. How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack!—Hey!—'Gad's life; it is.—Why, 10 Jack, you Dog!⁰—what are you afraid of?—hey! sure I'm right.—Why, Jack—Jack Absolute!

[Goes up to him.]

Abs. Really, Sir, you have the advantage of me:—I don't remember ever to have had the honour——my name is Saunderson, at your service.

Sir Anth. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey!—why, z—ds! it is——Stay——*[Looks up to his face.]* So, so—20 your humble servant, Mr. Saunderson!—Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

Abs. O! a joke, Sir, a joke!—I came here on purpose to look for you, Sir.

Sir Anth. You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky:—but what are you muffled up so for?—what's this for?—hey?^o

Abs. Tis cool, Sir; isn't it?—rather chilly somehow:—but I shall be late—I have a 30 particular engagement.

Sir Anth. Stay.—Why,^o I thought you were looking for me?—Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

Abs. Going, Sir!

Sir Anth. Aye—where are you going?

Abs. Where a'm I going?

Sir Anth. You unmannerly puppy!

Abs. I was going, Sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—Sir to Lydia—to make matters 40

you Dog /], om. 0 3.

hey! Lar' interpolates:—Abso. This, Sir, is a Great coat. S' Ant. Indeed!

Why! O 3; why O 1.

up if I could;—and I was looking for you, Sir, to—to——

Sir Anth. To go with you, I suppose—Well, come along.

Abs. O!^o z—ds! no, Sir, not for the world!—I wish'd to meet with you, Sir, to—to—to——You find it cool, I'm sure, Sir—you'd better not stay out.

Sir Anth. Cool!—not at all—Well, Jack—and what will you say to Lydia? 50

Abs. O, Sir, beg her pardon, humour her—promise and vow!^o—but I detain you, Sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

Sir Anth. O, not at all!—not at all!—I'm in no hurry.—Ah! Jack, you youngsters when once you are wounded here. *[Putting his hand to Absolute's breast.]* Hey! what the deuce have you got here?

Abs. Nothing, Sir—nothing.

Sir Anth. What's this?—here's some- 60 thing d—d hard!

Abs. O, trinkets, Sir! trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!

Sir Anth. Nay, let me see your taste. *[Pulls his coat open, the sword falls.]* Trinkets!^o—a bauble for Lydia!—z—ds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

Abs. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert you, Sir, tho' I didn't mean to 70 tell you till afterwards.

Sir Anth. You didn't?—Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly.

Abs. Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, Sir, Lydia is romantic—dev'lish romantic, and very absurd of course:—now, Sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me—to unsheath this sword—and swear—I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

Sir Anth. Fall upon fiddle-sticks^o end! 80—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her—Get along, you Fool.^o—

Abs. Well, Sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear.—"O, Lydia!—forgive me, or this pointed steer"—says I.

Sir Anth. "O, Booby! stab away, and welcome"—says she—Get along!—and d—n your trinkets! *[Exit Absolute.]*

O! om. Lar.

vow J Lar. inserts:—yet I'm afraid—she's rather deceitful—that's what hurts me.

Trinkets! Trinkets! Trinkets! Lar.

fiddle-sticks] a fiddle-stick's O 3, Lar.

Fool] Lar. adds:—and let her know you have better Trinkets than that.

Enter David, running.

Dav. Stop *html* stop-him! Murder! Thief! Fire!—Stop fire! Stop fire!—O! 90 Sir Anthony—call! call! bid 'em⁰ stop! Murder! Fire!

Sir Anth. Fire! Murder! where?

Dav. Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of breath, for my part! O, Sir Anthony, why didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop him?

Sir Anth. Z—ds! the fellow's mad!—Stop whom? Stop Jack?

Dav. Aye, the Captain, Sir!—there's 100 murder and slaughter—

Sir Anth. Murder!

Dav. Aye, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds⁰ of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, Sir—bloody sword-and-gun fighting!

Sir Anth. Who are going to fight, Dunce? *Dav.* Every, body that I know of, Sir Anthony:—every body is going to fight, 110 my poor Master, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the Captain—

Sir Anth. O, thf, Dog!—I see his tricks:—do you know the place?

Dav. King's-Mead-Fields.

Sir Anth. You know the way?

Dav. Not an inch;—but I'll call the Mayor—Aldermen—Constables—Churchwardens— and Beadles— we can't be too many to part them. 120

Sir Anth. Come along—give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go—the lying villain!⁰—Well, I shall be in such a phrenzy—So—this was the history of his d—d^o trinkets! I'll bauble him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

King's-M cad-Fields.

Sir Lucius and Acres, with pistols.

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance—Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Luc. Is it for muskets or small⁰ field-

bid 'em] bid 'm O 3.

kinds] sorts Lar.

villain!] O 1, O 5; villain? O 3.

d—d] om. O 3.

small] om. Lar.

pieces? upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll shew you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] there now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's⁰ distance.

Acres. Z—ds! we might as well fight 10 in a sentry-box!—I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at htm best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius—but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards—

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths⁰ of your 20 pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near:—do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a^o long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Luc. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.⁰—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little, will or commission I could execute 30 for you?^o

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but⁰ I don't understand—

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a *Quietus* with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A *Quietus*!

Sir Luc. For instance now—if that 40 should be the case—would you chuse to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?⁰—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind 50 before?

gentleman'''] genteel Lar.

mouth'] mouth Lar.

a . . . shot] om. Lar.

that] Lar. inserts [—jait they'r somewhat tedious in their approach.

you! you! 0 3.

but] om. Lar.

Abbey]] O 1, O 5; Abbey; O 3.

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.⁰—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there [*Puts himself in an attitude.*]—a side-front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough:—I'll stand 60 edge-ways.

Sir Luc. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—

[*Levelling at him.*]

Acres. Z—ds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cock'd?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a 70 double chance—for if it misses a vital part on your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part! 0,^o my poor vitals!

Sir Luc. But, there—fix yourself so—[*Placing him.*] let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball⁰ or two may pass clear thro' your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean thro' me!—a ball or two 80 clean thro' me!

Sir Luc. Aye—may they—and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lcive be shot in an^o aukward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edge-ways.

Sir Luc. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us.—Hah?—no faith—I think I see them coming. 90

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir Luc. Aye—Who are those yonder getting⁰ over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them indeed!—well—let thorn come—hey, Sir Lucius—wc—we—we—won't run.—

Sir Luc. Run!

thing] Lar. inserts:—I'll answer for it, if you'd had the hick to have had an Engagement or two before, you'd have Fire like a Trooper's horse.

O . . . vitals!] om. O 3, Lar.

ball] bullet Lar.

an] any Lar.

getting . . . stile] om. Lar.

Acres. No—I say—we won't^o run, by my valour!

Sir Luc. What the devil's the matter 100 with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but—I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow—as I did.

Sir Luc. 0 fie!—consider your honour.

Acres. Aye—true—my honour—Do, Sir Lucius, hedge⁰ in a word or two every⁰ now and then about my honour.

Sir Luc. Well, here they're coming.

[*Looking.*]

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, 110 I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go.

Sir Luc.^o Then, pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—^o yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honour—your honour 120—Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I were safe⁰ at Clod-Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter Faulkland and Absolute.

Sir Luc. Gentlemen, your most obedient—hah!—what Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, Sir,^o you are come⁰ here, just like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account. 130

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend⁰!

Abs. Heark'ee,⁰ Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Luc. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman⁰ civilly.—So,

won't] don't Lar.

hedge] O 1, Lar.; edge O 3, O 5. A recognized usage: i.e., work in, or, as we now say, edge in a word.

or two every] om. Lar.

Sir Luc. . . . Sir Lucius] om. Lar.

it is going] it's a going Lar.

safe] om. Lar.

Sir] om. Lar. •

come] om. Lar.

friend] Mr. Faulkland. Lar.

Heark'ee . . . hand.] Why, Bob! you are not come to tilt with us, are youf Lar.

gentleman] gentlemen Lar.

Mr.° Beverley, (to Faulkland) if⁰ you'll chuse your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, Sir.

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not 140 going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Luc. What, Sir, did not you come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir Luc. Well, now, that's mighty⁰ provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game⁰—you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out. 10

Abs. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Well, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Luc. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I 10 must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and you came⁰ here to fight him—Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for⁰ my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Z—ds,° Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not shew his face! If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!—170

Abs. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such⁰ man as Beverley in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Luc. Well, this is lucky—Now you have an opportunity—

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute—not if he were fifty Bev- i>

Mr. . . . Faulkland] Mr. Faulkland, if that's your Name Lar.

if] om. Lar.

mighty] very Lar.

game] same Lar.

came] are comb Lar.

for] from Lar.

Z—ds,] Why no—O 3.

such] such a Lar.

erleys! Z—ds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural.

Sir Luc. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds Backs and Abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a *Quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you a *snug lying* in the *Abbey here*; or 190 *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any thing⁰ of the kind with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Luc. Pho!° pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a Coward; Coward was the word, by my valour!

Sir Luc. Well, Sir?

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that 20 I mind the word Coward—Coward may be said in joke.—But if you had call'd me a *Poltroon*, Odds Daggers and Balls!

Sir Luc. Well, Sir?

Acres.——1 should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Luc. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Abs. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend, Acres—He is a most *determined dog*—call'd in the 210 country, *Fighting Bob*.—He generally kills a man a week; don't you, Bob?

Acres. Aye—at home!

Sir Luc. Well then, Captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor, [draws his sword.] and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Abs. Come on then, Sir; (draws) since you won't let it be an amicable suit, 220 here's my reply.

*Enter Sir Anthony, David, and the Women.*⁰

David. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony,⁰ knock down my Master in par-

thing] O 3, Lar.; om. O 1.

Sir Luc. Pho! . . . at home!] om. Lar. which inserts substantially lower down.

the Women] Constables Lar., which then reads:—S'. Ant. What points to points—here, David, pull you dog.

Sir Anthony] Constables Lar.

ticular⁰—and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!⁰

Sir Anth. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy—how came you in a duel, Sir?

Abs. Faith, Sir, that⁰ gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he call'd on me, 230 and you know, Sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anth. Here's a pretty fellow; I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his Majesty!—Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

Abs. Sir,⁰ I tell you! That gentleman call'd me out, without explaining his reasons. 240

Sir Anth. Gad! Sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Luc. Your son, Sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. Mai. Come, come, let's have no Honour before ladies—Captain Absolute, 250 come here—How could you intimidate us so?—Here's Lydia has been terrified to death⁰ for you.

Abs. For fear I should be kill'd, or escape, Ma'am?

particular] Lar. interpolates S.D.:—(David draws Sir Anthony's & word, & gives it him).

behaviour!] Lar. inserts:—S'. Ant. Now in among 'em. S'. Luc. Pray, old Gentleman, be easy, don't you see we are jour already?

that . . . than I;] that's more than I can explain to you—perhaps that Gentleman can tell you, — Lar.

Abs. Sir . . . before ladies] om. Lar., which in its place interpolates 57 lines. This insertion brings out Acres's challenge which is taken as being addressed to Sir Lucius, and as it was his own inditing the knight seems to be under an obligation to fight himself. Acres withdraws his pretensions to Lydia; but, as Sir Lucius maintains his, Absolute is willing to abide by her choice. The passage includes the comic speech of Acres swallowing an insult omitted above; see n 1. 104 *supra*. Then the ladies enter: M^r 6 M. O Sir Anthony! tell us who's dead—O mercy, I am glad to see you all Horizontal on your Legs—we have been led such a dance—S'Ant. We are all alive, I believe, M^s Malaprop. Acres. Aye, thanks to my discretion. M^r 8 M. Cap^m Absolute—come here . . . and then as in the text.

terrified to death] *trembling like a Gasping leaf* Lar.

Mrs. Mai. Nay,^o no delusions to the past—Lydia is convine'd; speak child.

Sir Luc. With your leave, Ma'am, I must put in a word here⁰—I believe I could interpret the young⁰ lady's silence—Now 260 mark—

Lyd. What is it you mean, Sir?

Sir Luc. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

Lyd. Tis true, Sir; and your reproof bids me offer⁰ this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Abs. O! my little angel, say you so?—Sir Lucius⁰—I perceive there must be some mistake here—with regard to the affront 270 which you affirm I have given you—I can only say, that it could not have been intentional.—And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honour'd with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand 280 by you, my Boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world—and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my Valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Luc. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation—and as for the Lady—if she chuses to deny her own hand 290 writing here—(*Taking⁰ out letters.*)

Mrs. Mai. 0, he will desolve⁰ my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps, I can illuminate—

Sir Luc. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere, where you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lyd. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

(*Lydia and Absolute walk aside.*)

Mrs. Mai. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrate-

Nay] *Come, come* Lar.

here] Lar. inserts:—you know our Agreement, Cop-tain

young] om. Lar.

offer] frankly offer Lar.

Sir Lucius . . . All retire but *Julia* and *Faulkland*.] Lar. has a different version in 25 lines, in which eventually the rivalry of Sir Lucius is ended by Mrs. Malaprop merely taking him aside.

Tnkingl Takes O 3.

desolve] *dissolve* O 3; *dissolve* O 5; *perforate* Lar.

ful as you are—I own the soft impeach- 300
ment—pardon my blushes,⁰ I am Delia.

' Sir Luc. You Delia—phof pho! be easy.

Mrs. Mai. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke⁰—those letters are mine—When you are more sensible of my benignity—perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Luc. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, 310 I am equally beholden to you.—And to shew you I'm not ungrateful, Captain Absolute! since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Abs. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's our friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Luc. Hah! little Valour—here, will you make your fortune?

Acres. Odds Wrinkles! No.—But give 320 us⁰ your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a Dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Mai. O Sir Anthony!—men are all barbarians—

(All retire but Julia and Faulkland.)

Jul. He seems dejected and unhappy—not sullen—there was some foundation, 330 however, for the tale he told me—O woman! how true should be your judgment when your resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia!—how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

Jul. Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids 340 me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous⁰ not to admit the same plea for your's.

Faulk.⁰ Now I shall be blest indeed!

(Sir Anthony comes forward.)

Sir Anth. What's going on here?—So⁰

blushes] Cameleon blushes Lar.

Vandyke] Lar. adds:—thou inhuman Quat—let me convict you, and with that takes him aside.
us] me O 3.

ungenerous] very ungenerous Lar.

Faulk. . . . forward.]) om. Lar.

So] to, what Lar.

you have been quarrelling too, I warrant.
—Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last.⁰—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland,⁰ seemed to pro- 350
ceed from what he calls the *delicacy* and *warmth*⁰ of his affection for you—There, marry him directly, Julia,⁰ you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!⁰

(The rest come forward.)

Sir Luc' Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as⁰ I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better— 360

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy—Mr. Faulkland the same.—Ladies,—come now, to shew you I'm neither vex'd nor angry, Odds Tabors and Pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour, to the New Rooms—and I insist on you⁰ all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. Gad! Sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a hus- 370 band to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope to be congratulated by each other—yours for having checked in time, the errors of an ill-directed Imagination, which might have betray'd an innocent heart; and mine, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy

last] Lar. interpolates:—this Faulkland is a very honest—odd—sensible—whimsical—good for nothing kind of a Fellow—and you are very fond of him—so mind me, Julia

my friend Faulkland] him Lar.

delicacy and warmth] Violence and delicacy Lar.
Julia] om. Lar.

surprisingly!]) Lar. adds:—so get along—fix the day—and let Dean Hymen have but one Trouble with you all—why, Mr. Acres—you and I are left here like single birds in pairing time. Then Fag repudiates the idea that if his master marries Lydia he wants to marry Lucy:—Marry!—O Lud, no, Sir!—one married couple in a Family will be quite enough—not that I have ever entertain'd any vulgar prejudices against the State—but we were both rather too keen Blades before—and if we were rivetted in Matrimony, we shall cut like a pair of Scissors.

for as] here Lar. diverges again. Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Lucius make a match, Bob Acres invites all to a party, and the young pairs end with sentiments similar in the main to those in the text.

you] your O 3, Lar.

temper of one, who by it made wretched
whom⁰ he loved most, and tortured the 330
heart he ought to have ador'd.

Abs. Well, Faulkland,⁰ we have both
tasted the Bitters, as well as the Sweets, of
Love—with this difference only, that *you*
always prepared the bitter cup for yourself,
while /———

Lyd. Was always obliged to *me* for it,
hey! Mr. Modesty?——But come,⁰ no
more of that—our happiness is now as un-
allay'd as general. 390

whom] *what* Lar.

Faulkland] Lar.; *Jack* O 1, O 3, O 5.

But come . . . general] om. Lar.

Jul. Then let' us study to preserve it
so: and while Hope pictures to us a flat-
tering scene of future Bliss, let us deny its
pencil those colours which are too bright
to be lasting.—When Hearts deserving Hap-
piness would unite their fortune,⁰ Virtue
would crown them with an unfading gar-
land of modest, hurtless flowers; but ill-
judging Passion will force the gaudier Hose
into the wreath, whose thorn offends 400
them, when its Leaves are dropt!

Then let . . . lasting] It is a common observa-
tion, the Evils of Love are more numerous than its
Blessing'—but I believe the former was mostly of
our own Creating—Lar.

[fortune] *fortunes* O 3, Lar.

The D R A M A T I S T :
O R
S T O P H I M : W H O C A N !

A C O M E D Y ,

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE

B Y

FREDERICK

REYNOLDS.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1793-

Frederick Reynolds (1764-1841) was designed for the law but turned early to the stage. After trying his hand at tragedy he won success and fame with the production of *The Dramatist* at Covent Garden, in 1789. He devoted his life to the drama and produced between 30 and 40 plays of various kinds.

Reynolds wrote at a time when English drama was at a very low ebb, although not the lowest. He had a real sense of comedy, but it had to struggle against the waves of sentimentalism which threatened to inundate the comic and tragic stage. At the same time pure comedy was threatened by the vogue of farce which found favour with the general. Reynolds's comedies, including *The Dramatist*, reveal a tendency to both sentimentalism and farce, but his comic sense was not overwhelmed by either.

Despite the trepidation of the actors the play was immediately successful, and Reynolds was encouraged to continue working his comic vein. From all accounts the play acts better than it reads, but even the printed page shows qualities of characterization, absurd yet clear cut, and contains genuinely comic scenes.

His other comedies are varied in mood, blending wit and melodrama, farce and sentimentalism. His characters also show a profusion of variety, and his work is a valuable mirror of the age. He cannot claim a place amongst the great comic dramatists, but he deserves better than the century-long oblivion from which Professor Nicoll rescued him by reviving *The Dramatist* in 1925.

The first edition duodecimo was printed in 1790 in Dublin, and the first London edition octavo in 1793. The Dublin edition was unauthorized and is a bad text. The texts have been collated and some of the many variants are given in the notes. A full citation would be very long and of little value. Professor Nicoll reprinted the 1793 edition in 1925.

Dub. = Duodecimo edition (pirated), Dublin 1790 (B.M. 11777.b.71).

1793 = First (authorized) edition octavo, London (A.E.M.).

PROLOGUE.

Written by ROBERT MERRY, Esq;

IN this blest Land thro' every varying Age
Public and Private Life have had their Rage;
In good King Arthur's Days, with cumbrous Shield,
The Iron Champions pranc'd upon the Field;
Relentless Beauty bade the Knights advance,
And bear the Rage romantic on their Lance.
From length of Time this Fury found its Death,
And wiser Fashions mark'd Elizabeth;
Her modest Dames were form'd of milder Stuff,
But check'd Presumption with a monstrous Ruff:
Their Breakfast Rage all Delicacy shocks,
Early they pick'd the Pinion of an Ox;
Then rode in State behind the Scepter'd Fair,
On Horseback, full as well as my Lord May'r.
These Modes howe'er are alter'd, and of late,
Beef, but not Modesty, is out of Date:
For now, instead of rich Sir loins, we see
Green Calipash and yellow Calippee:⁰
Now Ladies shine from Phaetons afar,
And very soon perhaps may learn to spar:
At leisure Hours they work Settees and Chairs,
Or waste their Youth on Puddings or on Pray'rs.⁰
As thus the Manners differ, Writers try
To trace the whimsical variety.
With observation just, and Mirror true,
Present each reigning Folly to the view.
Yet hold, our Author's seen all Rage outgoes,
A new eccentric Character he shews:
No doughty Quixote, and no modern Fighter—
A Dramatizing Hero—Play Inditer:—
One who to gain Applause, like Wits in Vogue,
Torments with Prologue, or with Epilogue;
At every House with Incident he meets,
And thinks he sees Processions in the Streets;
In common Life will Unities expect,
Looks up to Politics for stage Effect;
And so misled, that if his Wife should die,
She's made a charming Act^o he would cry.

Green . . . Galipee] calipash is the green gelatinous part of the turtle next its upper shell; calipee is the yellow substance next the lower.

Pray'rs] Dub. adds: Each modest dame may further cara sposa,/ To take a hug with Humphries and Mendoza./ Daniel Mendoza, a famous Jew prizefighter, was knocked out by Humphries in an historic fight at Odiham in 1788.

Act] exit Dub. No doubt correct.

Welcome . . . Eyes] om. Dub.

But let me not our Comedy forestal,
Or court your Judgement till the Curtain fall;
Meantime we'll strive your Patience to beguile,
And win from loveliest Lips the bright'ning smile;
Welcome the approving Lustre as it flies,
From this refulgent Hemisphere of Eyes.⁰
Such as it is, we give it to your View,
And trust our Cause to Candour, and to you.

DRAMATIS PERSONS.

Lord Scratch,	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Harry Neville,	<i>Mr. Holman.</i>
Floriville,	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
Willoughby,	<i>Mr. M'Ready.</i>
Ennui,	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Peter,	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Vapid,	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Servant,	<i>Mr. Evatt.</i>
Louisa Courtney,	<i>Miss Brunton.</i>
Lady Waitfor't,	<i>Mrs. Webb.</i>
Letty,	<i>Miss Brangin.</i>
Marianne,	<i>Mrs. Wells.</i>

SCENE—BATH.

THE DRAMATIST

A Comedy.

ACT I.

S C E N E— *The Grove—Lady Waitfor't's House. A Window open, and Music heard.*

Enter Marianne, and Letty, from the House.

Marianne. But I tell you I will come out—I didn't come to Bath to be confin'd, nor I won't—I hate all their company but sweet Miss Courteney's.

Letty. I declare Miss Marianne you grow worse and worse every day, your country manners will be the ruin of you.

Marianne. Don't you talk about that Letty—It was a shame to bring me up in the country—if I had been properly 10 taken care of, I might have done great things—I might have married the poet I dane'd with at the ball—But it's all over now.—I shall never get a husband, and what's worse, my aunt did it on purpose—She ruined me, Letty, that nobody else might.

Letty. How you talk?—I hope Miss Courtney hasn't taught you all this.

Marianne. No,—She's a dear creature, so—She has taught me many things; but nothing improper, I'm sure.

Letty. Pray has she taught you why she never plays any tune but the one we heard just now.

Marianne. Yes—and if you'll keep it a secret, I'll tell you Letty, Mr. Harry Neville taught it her last summer,—and now she is always playing it because it puts her in mind of the dear man,—when it is ended 30 don't you observe how she sighs from the bottom of her dear little heart?

Letty. Why I thought they had quarrel'd?

Marianne. So they have—she won't see him, and I believe my aunt Lady Waitfor't has been the occasion of it;—poor Mr. Neville!—I wish I could assist him, for indeed, Letty, I always pity any body that is cross'd in love—it may be one's 40 own case one day or other you know.

Letty. True—and for the same reason I suppose you rejoice when it is successful—I'm sure now the intended marriage of Lady Waitfor't and Lord Scratch gives you great pleasure.

Marianne. What I the country gentleman who has lately come to his Title? No, if you'll believe me, I don't like him at all,—he's a sour old fellow—is always abusing 50 our sex, and thinks there is only one good woman under Heaven:—Now I'm sure that's a mistake, for I know I'm a good woman, and I think Letty, you are another.

Letty. Yes,—I hope so, though I confess I think your aunt a better than either of us.

Marianne. More shame for you—she is a woman of sentiment, and hums you over with her flourishes⁰ about purity, and 60 feelings,—feelings—faith!—she ought to be ashamed of herself—no other woman would talk in that manner.

Letty. You mistake her—she is a woman of virtue and can't help feeling for the vices and misfortunes of others.

Marianne. Then why can't she do as I have done Letty?—keep her feelings to herself—if I had given way to them half so much as she has—Oh Lord! I don't 70 know what might have been the consequence.—

Letty. For shame!—You never hear Lady Waitfor't speak ill of anybody.

Marianne. No.—How should she? when she talks of nobody but herself.

Letty. Well!—Your opinion is of little weight; my Lord sees her merit, and is come to Bath on purpose to marry her—he thinks her a prodigy of goodness. 80

Marianne. Then pray let him have her—every fool knows, so to be sure he does Letty, that a prodigy of goodness is a very rare thing;—but when he finds her out! faith!—it will be a rare joke when he finds her out.—

Letty. Shameful Miss Marianne! do speak [flourishes] sentiments and flourishes Dub.

a little intelligibly, and remember your aunt's favourite observation.

Marianne. What is it?—I have forgot, 90

Letty. That good sentiments are always plain.

Marianne. Yes.—So are good women,—bid her remember that Letty.

Letty. Hush:—say no more—here she comes, and Mr. Willoughby with her.

Marianne. Ay—that man is always with her of late—but come Letty, let's get out of their way—let's take a walk and look at the beaux. 100

Letty. The beaux! ah: I see you long to become a woman of fashion.

*Marianne.*⁰ No—tho' I hate the country, I never will become a woman of fashion—I know too well what it is to do many things one don't like, and 'faith, while there is such real pleasure in following my own inclinations, I see no reason why, (*merely out of fashion*) I should be obliged to copy other people's. [*Exit with Letty.* 110

Enter Lady Waitfor't, and Willoughby.

Lady, to Servant.

When my Lord returns, tell him I'm gone to Lady Walton's, and shall be back immediately.

Willoughby. Then your Ladyship is certain Harry Neville is arrived.

Lady. Yes—the ungrateful man arrived last night, and as I yet mean to consult his happiness, I have written to him to come to me this evening—but I will ever oppose his union with my Lord's ward, 120 Louisa Courtney, because I think it will be the ruin of them both, and you know, Willoughby, one can not forget one's feelings on those occasions.

Willoughby. Certainly—Ennui the Time-killer—whose only business in life is to murder the hour; is also just arrived; and my Lord is resolved on his marrying Louisa instantly.⁰

Lady. True—and only because he'll 130 make a quiet member for his borough in the west. But for various reasons I am

Marianne . . . people's] speech om. Dub. instantly] Dub. reads as Willoughby's speech: instantly, only because he'll make a quiet member for the borough in the West; and begins the next speech: True, but for various, etc.

determined she shall be your's—yet it must be done artfully—my circumstances are deranged, and an alliance with my Lord Scratch is the only hope of relief—such are the fruits of virtue, Willoughby.

Willoughby. Well—but her fortune is entirely dependant on my Lord's consent, and, how is that to be obtained? You know 140 I am no favourite, and Ennui is a great one.

Lady.^m I know it, and therefore we must incense him against Ennui—let me see—can't we contrive some mode,—some little ingenious story—he is a singular character you know, and has violent prejudices.

Willoughby. True—and of all his prejudices, none is so violent or entertaining as that against authors and actors. 150

Lady. Yes,—the stage is his aversion, and some way or other—I have it—it's an odd thought but may do much—suppose we tell him Ennui has written a play.

Willoughby. The luckiest thought in the world! it will make him hate him directly.

Lady. Well:—leave it to me—I'll explain the matter to him myself—and my life on't, it, proves successful—you see Willoughby my only system is to promote happiness, 160

Willoughby. It is indeed Lady Waitfor't—but if this fails, may I still hope for your interest with Miss Courtney.

Lady. Yes—I'm determined she shall be your's, and neither Neville's, nor Ennui's—but come, it's late—here he is.

Willoughby. We'll get rid of him.^o

Enter Ennui.

Lady. Mr. Ennui, your most obedient—we are going to the Parade—have you seen your cousin Neville? 170

Ennui. I've an idea—I've just left him.

Lady. I suppose we shall see you at Lady Walton's in the evening—till when adieu.

[*Exeunt Lady Waitfor't and Willoughby.*

Ennui solus.

I've an idea I don't like this Lady Waitfor't—she wishes to trick me out of my match with Miss Courtney, and if I could trick her in return—(*takes out his watch.*)—How goes the enemy!—only one o'clock!—I thought it had been that, an hour

We'll . . . him] part of Lady's speech in Dub.

ago—heigho!—here's my patron Lord 130
Scratch.

Enter Lord Scratch.

Lord. What a wonderful virtue is the art of hearing!—may I die if a listener is to be found any where:—Zounds! am not I a Peer, and don't I talk by prerogative?—and if I may'nt talk ten times as much as another person, what's the use of my peer-age?

Ennui. I've an idea—I don't comprehend you. 190

Lord. That fellow Neville wouldn't hear a word I had to say:—abandoned young dog:—he's come to Bath to invent tales against that divinity Lady Waitfor't again I suppose—but my ward Louisa shall be put out of his pow'r for ever—she shall marry you to-morrow.

Ennui. In fact—I always forgot to give your lordship joy of your title, though not of your dress. 200

Lord. Not of my dress!—ay: ay:—that's the difference—you poor devils in humble life are obliged to dress well to look like gentlemen—we Peers may dress as we please—(looking at his watch.)—but I shall lose my appointments—past two o'clock!

Ennui. Past two o'clock!—delightful!

Lord. Delightful!—what at your old tricks.

Ennui. I'd an idea—it had been only one. 210

Lord. And you're delighted because it's an hour later.

Ennui. To be sure I am—my dear friend, to be sure I am, the enemy has lost a limb!

Lord. So you're happy because you're an hour nearer the other world!—tell me now!—do you wish to die?

Ennui. No—but I wish somebody would invent a new mode of killing time—in 220 fact—I think I've found one—private acting.

Lord. Acting!—never talk to me about the stage—I detest a theatre and every thing that belongs to it, and if ever—but no matter—I must to Lady Waitfor't, and prevail on her to marry me at the same time you marry my ward—but remember our agreement—you are to settle your estate on Louisa, and I am to bring you into parliament. 230

Ennui. In fact I comprehend—I am to be a hearer, and not a speaker.

Lord. Speaker:—if you open your mouth the Chiltern Hundreds is your portion—Look'ye—you are to be led quietly to the right side—to sleep during the debate—give a nod⁰ for your vote, and in every respect move⁰ like a Mandarin at my command—in short, you are to be a Mandarin member—so fare you well till⁰ we're both 240 married! [*Exit.*]

Ennui. I've an idea here's Neville!—In fact—he knows nothing of my marrying Louisa, nor shall he till after the happy day—strange news, Neville.

Enter Neville.

Nev. I've heard it all. Louisa is going to be married: but^o to whom I know not,—and my Lord persists in his fatal attachment to Lady Waitfor't.

Ennui. In fact—why fatal? 250

Nev. Because it is the source of every mischief—while she maintains her power over him, I have no hope of love or fortune—when my father died he left his estate to my brother, relying on my Lord providing for me—and now how he deserts me! and all owing to" the—artifices of an insidious woman.

Ennui. I've an Idea, I comprehend her motive—she loves you. 260

Nev. Yes—'tis too plain—and because I would not listen to her advances, she has ruined me in my uncle's opinion, and degraded me in Louisa's—but I will see Miss Courtney herself—I will hear my doom from her own mouth; and if she avoids me, I will leave her, and this country, for ever.

Enter Peter.

Peter. A letter, sir.

Nev. Without a direction!—what can 220 it mean?

Peter. Sir, 'tis from Lady Waitfor't—The servant who brought it, said her Ladyship had reasons for not directing it, which she would explain to you when she saw you.

move . . . Mandarin] a reference to the Chinese figures which nod their heads when set going.

till . . . married!] om. Dub.

but . . . not] om. Dub.

Nev. Oh! the **old** stratagem: as it is not directed she may swear' it was designed for another person, [*reads*]

"Sir, 280

"I have heard of your arrival at Bath, and strange as my conduct may appear, I think it a duty I owe the virtuous part of mankind to promote their happiness as much as I can, I have long beheld your merit, and long wish'd to encourage it.—I shall be at home at six this evening.

"Your's,

"A. WAITFORT."

Ennui. In fact—a very sentimental as- 290 signation, that would do as well for any other man.

Nev. If I show it to my Lord I know his bigotry is such that he would (as usual) only suppose it a trick of my own—the more cause there is to condemn, the more he approves.

Ennui. I've an idea he's incomprehensible—in fact—who have we here?

Nev. As I live, Vapid, the dramatic 300 author—he is come to Bath to pick up characters I suppose.

Ennui. In fact—pick up!

Nev. Yes—he has the ardor scribendi upon him so strong, that he would rather you'd ask him to write an epilogue to a new play, than offer him your whole estate—the theatre is his world, in which are included all his hopes and wishes.—In short, —he is a dramatic maniac. 310

Ennui. Has he not a share of vanity in his composition?

Nev. Oh yes—he fancies himself a great favourite with the wenches.

Ennui. Then I've an idea, I've got a thought by which you may revenge yourself on Lady Waitfor't—in fact—give him the letter—he'll certainly believe 'tis meant for himself.—

Nev. My dear friend ten thousand 320 thanks—we'll flatter his vanity by persuading him she is young and beautiful, and my life on't it does wonders;—but, hush, he comes.

Enter Vapid.

Nev. Vapid! I rejoice to see you—'tis a long time since we met—give me leave to

introduce you to a particular friend of mine—Mr. Ennui—Mr. Vapid.

Ennui. I've an idea—you do me honour —Mr. Vapid I shall be proud to be bet- 330 ter acquainted with you—in fact—any thing of consequence^o stirring in the fashionable or political world.

Vapid. Some whispers about a new pantomime, sir—nothing else.

Nev. And I'm afraid in the present scarcity of good writers, we have little else to expect—pray Vapid, how is the present dearth of genius to be accounted for? particularly dramatic genius? 340

Vapid. Why as to dramatic genius, sir, the fact is this—to give a true picture of life a man should enter into all its scenes, should follow nature, sir—but modern authors plunder from one another—the mere shades of shadows,—now, sir, for my part, I dive into the world, I search the heart of man—'tis true I'm called a rake—but upon my soul I only game, drink and intrigue, that I may be better able to dramatize 350 each particular scene.

Nev. A good excuse for profligacy—but tell me Vapid have you got any new characters since you came to Bath?

Vapid. Faith!—only two—and those not very new either.

Ennui. In fact:—may we ask what they are?

Vapid. If you don't write.

Nev. No, we certainly do not. 360

Vapid. Then I'll tell you—the first is a charitable divine, who in the weighty consideration how he shall best lavish his generosity, never bestows it at all—and the other is a cautious apothecary, who, in determining which of two medicines is best for his patient, lets him die for want of assistance—you understand me,—I think this last will be something, heh?

Ennui. I've an idea—the apothecary 370 would cut a good figure in a comedy.

Vapid. A comedy! pshaw! I mean him for a Tragedy.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend, nor possibly the town.

Vapid. I know it—that's the very thing—
of consequence . . . world.] new in the literary world? Dub.

hark'ye, I've found out a secret—what every body understands, nobody approves, and people always applaud most where they least comprehend.—There is a refinement, 30 sir, in appearing to understand things incomprehensible—else whence arises the pleasure at an opera, a private play, or a speech in parliament? why, 'tis the mystery in all these things—'tis the desire to find out, what nobody else can—to be thought wiser than others—therefore—you take me,—the apothecary is the hero of my tragedy.

Nev. Faith there is some reason in all this—and I'm amazed we have so many 30 writers for the stage.

Vapid. So am I—and I think I'll write no more for an ungrateful public—you don't know any body that has a play coming out, do you?

Nev. No—, why do you ask?

Vapid. He'll want an epilogue you know, that's all.

Nev. Why you won't write him one, will you? 400

Vapid. I! oh Lord! no,°—but genius ought to be encouraged, and as he's a friend of your's,—what's the name of the play?

Nev. I really don't know any body that has written one.

Vapid. Yes—yes—you do.°

Nev. Upon my word I do not—a cousin of mine indeed wrote one for his amusement, but I don't think he could ever be prevailed on to produce it on the stage. 410

Vapid. He prevailed on!—The manager you mean—but what did you think of it?

Nev. I never read it but am told it is a good play—and if performed, Vapid, he will be proud of your assistance.

Vapid. I speak in time, because it is material—many a dull play has been saved by a good epilogue.

Nev. True—but I had almost forgot—why Vapid, the Lady in the grove will 420 enlarge your knowledge amazingly.

Ennui. I've an idea—she's the pattern of perfection.

Nev. The paragon of beauty! ah Vapid! I would give worlds for the coldest expression in this letter.

no . . . genius'] no, I won't write one; but genius you know Dub.

do] do you queer dog Dub.

Vapid. That letter!—what do you mean by that letter?

Nev. And you really pretend not to know the young Lady Waitfor't? 490

Vapid. No, I hav'nt spoke to a woman at Bath,—but a sweet girl I danced with at the ball; and who she is by the lord I don't know.

Nev. Well, but Vapid—young Lady Waitfor't—she loves you to distraction.

Vapid. As I hope for fame, I never heard her name before.

Nev. Then she has heard your's, and admires your genius,—however, read the 440 letter and be satisfied she loves you.

Vapid reads.

"Arrival at Bath—duty I owe—virtuous "part of mankind—beheld your merit—wish "to encourage—six this evening.—A. Waitfor't—Grove."

Yes—yes: its plain enough now—she admires my talents!—It isn't the first time Neville, this has happen'd—sweet fond fool: I'll go and prepare myself directly.

Nev. Ay—do Vapid,—she'll be all on 40 fire to see you.

Vapid. All on fire! I suppose so°—write a play Neville, write a play—you° see the effect of the muses and graces when they unite—you see Neville, you see—but hold; hold; how the devil came you by this letter.

Nev. That's true enough (*aside*) I'll tell you—I was at her party last night, and on coming out of the room she slipt it into my hand and desired me to direct it, 40 and give it you—she has often spoke to me in your favour, and I did you all the good I could—however, to be sure it's no mistake, ask the servant who admits you, if the name at the bottom, is not her own hand writing.

Vapid. Oh, no! it's⁰ no mistake, there's no doubt of the matter—write a play Neville, write a play°—and charm the ladies you dog!—adieu! [Exit. 470

suppose so] suppose so, so shall 7, and then there will be a general blow up Dub.

you] you dog—you Dub.

it's] Dub.; t'α 1793.

play . . . adieu!] play, then you'll learn like me to excite the passions—but I must go to her directly so adieu. Dub.

Ennui. I've an idea, if, we've common fortune this will do everything.

Nev. No.—Lady Waitfor't's arts are numberless—she is so perfect a hypocrite, that I even doubt her confessing her real sentiments to her minion Willoughby; and when she does a bad action, she ever pretends 'tis from a good motive.

Re-enter Vapid.

Vapid. Gad, I forgot—you'll recollect the epilogue, Neville.

Nev. Yes.—I'll write to my cousin to-day.

Vapid. But not a word of the love affair to him—any where else indeed it might do one a service—but never tell an intrigue to a dramatic author.

Ennui. In fact,—why not, sir?

Vapid. Because it may furnish a scene for a comedy—I do it myself.—Indeed I think the best part of an intrigue is the hopes of incident, or stage effect—however, I can't 490 stay.

Nev. Nay, we'll walk with you—I in pursuit of my brother—you of your mistress.

Vapid. Ay, Neville,—there it is—now do take my advice and write a play—if any accident happens, remember, it is better to have written a damn'd play than no play at all,—it snatches a man from obscurity, and being particular,⁰ as this world goes, is a very great thing. 500

Nev. But I confess I have no desire to get into print.

Vapid. Get into print! psha!^o—everybody gets into print now—kings and quacks—peers and poets—bishops and boxers—taylor and trading justices—can't go lower you know—all get into print! But we soar a little higher,—we have privileges peculiar to ourselves.—Now sir, I—I for my part can talk as I please,—say what I will, it is 510 sure to excite mirth, for supposing you don't laugh at my wit, I laugh myself, Neville, and that makes every body else do the same—so allons ! !

Ennui. I've an idea—no bad mode of routing the enemy.

END of ACT I.

particular] out of the ordinary, being special in some respect. Cf. p. 873 *supra*,
pahal] *pahal*—that has nothing to do with it Dub.

ACT II.

(Two chairs.)

SCENE—An Apartment in Lady Waitfor't's House.

Enter Vapid, and a Servant.

Servant. Sir, my Lady will wait on you immediately.

Vapid. Hark'ye, sir,—Is this young Lady of your's very handsome?

Servant. Sir.

Vapid. Is your young mistress, sir, very handsome?

Servant. Yes, sir—my young mistress is thought a perfect beauty.

Vapid. Charming! what age do you 10 reckon her?

Servant. About twenty, sir.

Vapid. The right interesting age! and fond of the drama I suppose?

Servant. Sir!

Vapid. Very fond of plays I presume.

Servant. Yes, sir, very fond of plays or any thing relating to them.

Vapid. Delightful! now am I the happiest dog alive: yes, yes, Vapid! let the 20 town damn your plays, the women will never desert you, (*sings himself*) you needn't stay, sir (*Servant exit*) that's a good sign, that fellow is'n't us'd to this kind of business—so much the better—practice is the destruction of love—yes, I shall indulge a beautiful woman,—gratify myself, and perhaps get the last scene for my unfinished comedy.⁰

Enter Lady Waitfor't.

Lady. Sir, your most obedient. 20

Vapid. Ma'am, (*bowing*)

Lady. Pray keep your seat, sir—I beg I mayn't disturb you.

Vapid. By no means, ma'am—give me leave—(*both sit*) who the devil have we here. [*Aside.*

Lady. I am told, sir, you have business for Lady Waitfor't.

Vapid. Yes, ma'am—being⁰ my first appearance in that character, but I could 'o wait whole hours for so beautiful a woman.

Lady. Oh, sir!

comedy] Comedy—lucky dog! Dub.
being . . . character] om. Dub.

Vapid. Yes—I am no stranger to her charms,—sweet young creature!

Lady. Yes, dear sir, not so very young.

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am, and her youth enhances her other merits—but oh! she has one charm that surpasses all.

Lady. Has she, sir?—what may it be?

Vapid. Her passion for the stage. 50

Lady. Sir!

Vapid. Yes, her passion for the stage! that in my mind makes her the first of her sex.

Lady. Sir, she has no passion for the stage.

Vapid. Yes, yes, she has.

Lady. But I protest she has not.

Vapid. But I declare and affirm it as a fact, she has a strong passion for the 60 stage, and a violent attachment for all the people that belong to it.

Lady. Sir, I don't understand you—explain.

Vapid. Hark'ye,—we are alone—I promise it shall go no further, and I'll let you into a secret—I know—

Lady. Well!—what do you know?

Vapid. I know a certain dramatic author with whom she—he had a letter from 70 her this morning.

Lady. What!

Vapid. Yes,—an assignation—don't be alarmed—the man may be depended on—he is safe—very safe!—long in the habit of intrigue—a good person too!—a very good person indeed.

Lady. Amazement!

Vapid. (*Whispering her.*) Hark'ye, he means to make her happy in less than 80 half an hour.

Lady. (*rising.*) Sir,—do you know who you're talking to?—do you know who I am?

Vapid. No,—how the devil should I?

Lady. Then know, I am Lady Waitfor't.

Vapid. You, Lady Waitfor't!

Lady. Yes, sir—the only Lady Waitfor't!

Vapid. Mercy on me:—here's incident!

Lady. Yes,—and I am convinced you were sent here by that traitor, Neville—speak, 90 is he not your friend?

Vapid. Yes, ma'am:—I know Mr. Neville—here's equivocate!

Lady. This is some trick, some stratagem of his—he gave you the letter to perplex and embarrass me.

Vapid. Gave the letter! gad that's great,—pray ma'am give me leave to ask you one question—Did you write to Mr. Neville? 100

Lady. Yes, sir—to confess the truth I did—but from motives.—

Vapid. Stop, my dear ma'am, stop—I have it—now let me be clear—first you send him a letter; is it not so? yes,—then he gives it to me—very well: then I come, (supposing you only twenty) mighty well!—then you turn out ninety—charming!—then comes the embarrassment: then the eclairsissement! Oh, it's glorious!—Give 110 me your hand—you have atoned for every thing.⁰

Lady. Oh! I owe all this to that villain, Neville—I am not revengeful—but 'tis a weakness to endure such repeated provocations, and I'm convinced the mind, that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good one's.

Vapid. Bravo! encore, encore—it is the very best sentiment I ever heard—say it° 120 again, pray say it again—I'll take it down, and blend it with the incident, and you shall be gratified one day or other with seeing the whole on the stage.—"The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good ones."

(*Taking it down in his common place book.*)

Lady. This madman's folly is not to be borne—if my Lord too should discover him (*Vapid sits and takes notes*) here, the consequences might be dreadful, and the 130 scheme of Ennui's play all undone.—Sir, I desire you'll quit my house immediately—Oh! I'll be revenged I'm determined.

[*Exit.*]

Vapid solus.

What a great exit! very well!—I've got an incident however—Faith! I have noble talents—to extract gold from lead has been the toil of numberless philosophers: but I extract it from a baser metal, human frailty—Oh! it's a great thing to be a dramatic genius!—a very great thing in- 140 deed!

[*As he is going*

every thing] Dub. adds: (*embraces her with rapture.*)

say it . . . it again] om. Dub.

Enter Lord Scratch.

Vapid. Sir, your most "devoted.—How⁰ d'ye do?

Lord. Sir, your most obedient.

Vapid. Very warm tragedy weather, sir!—but for my part I hate summer and I'll tell you why,—the theatres are shut,⁰ and when I pass by their doors in an evening it makes me melancholy—I look upon them as the tombs of departed friends that 150.....I were wont to instruct and delight me—I don't know how you feel—perhaps you are not in my way.

Lord. Sir!

Vapid. Perhaps you don't write for the stage—if you do,—hark'ye—there is a capital character in this house for a farce.

Lord. Why! what is all this—who are you?

Vapid. Who am I?—here's a question! 160 in these times who can tell who he is?—for ought I know I may be great uncle to yourself, or first cousin to Lady Waitfor't—the very woman I was about to—but no matter—since you're so very inquisitive, do you know who you are?

Lord. Look'ye ° sir, I am Lord Scratch.

Vapid. A Peer! psha! contemptible;—when I ask a man who he is, I don't want to know what are his titles and such 170 nonsense;⁰ no, Old Scratch, I want to know what he has written, when he had the curtain up, and whether he's a true son of the drama.—Hark'ye, don't make yourself uneasy on my account—in my next pantomime perhaps I'll let you know who I am, old Scratch.

[*Exit.*

Lord. Astonishing! can this be Lady Waitfor't's house—"Very warm tragedy weather, sir!" "In my next pantomime 180 let you know who I am"—Gad I must go and investigate the matter immediately, and if she has wronged me, by the blood of the Scratches, I'll bring the whole business before parliament, make a speech ten hours long, reduce the price of opium, and set the nation in a lethargy.⁰

[*Exit.*

*How . . . dot] om. Dub.
shut] then shut up Sir Dub.*

*Look'ye . . . am] Who am I—why Vm Dub.
nonsense] stuff Dub.
lethargy] tumult Dub.*

SCENE—4 *Library in Lady Waitfor't's House.*

A Sofa, and two Chairs.

Enter Vapid. •

Vapid. Either this house is a labyrinth, or I, in reflecting on my incident, have forgot myself; for so it is I can't find my way out—who have we here?—by the sixtieth night my little partner!

Enter Marianne, with a book in her hand.

Marianne. The poet I danc'd with!—he little thinks how much I've thought of him since? sir. (*curtsying.*)

Vapid. Ma'am, (*bowing.*)

Marianne. I hope, sir, you caught no cold 10 the other night.

Vapid. No ma'am, I was much nearer a fever than a cold—pray ma'am what is your study?#

Marianne. I have been reading "*All for Love.*"—Pray, sir, do you know any thing about plays?

Vapid. Know any thing about plays!—there's a question.

Marianne. I know so much about them, 20 that I once acted at a private theatre.

Vapid. Did you? then you acted for your own amusement and nobody's else: what was the play?

Marianne. I can't tell.

Vapid. Can't tell!

Marianne. No,—nobody knew—its a way they have.

Vapid. Then they never act a play of mine—With all this partiality for the stage 30—perhaps you would be content with a dramatist for life—particularly if his morals were fine.'

Marianne. Lord! I don't care about fine morals—I'd rather my husband had fine teeth,—and I'm told most women of fashion are of the same opinion.

Vapid. To be sure they are,—but could you really consent to run away with a poet. 40

Marianne. Faith—with all my heart—they never have any money you know, and as I have none, our distress would be complete, and if we had any luck our adven-

tures would become public, and then we should get into a novel at last.

Vapid. Into a prison more probably—if she goes on in this way I must dramatize her first,—and run away with her afterwards (*aside*) come are you ready? 50

Lady Waitfor't without.

Tell my Lord, sir, I'll wait in the library.

Marianne. Oh lord! my aunt, what's to be done.

Vapid. What's to be done!—why?

Marianne. She must'nt find you here—she'll be the death of me, she is so violent.

Vapid. Well, I'm not afraid—she's no manager.⁰

Marianne. No, but if you have any pity for me—here—hide yourself for a moment behind this sofa, and I'll get her out of the room directly.

Vapid. Behind this sofa! here's an incident!⁰

*Marianne.*⁰ Nay—pray—she's here! come—quick!—quick!—

[*Vapid gets behind the sofa, Marianne sits on it, takes out her work bag, and begins singing—Lady Waitfor't enters.*

Marianne. Toll de roll &c.

Enter Lady Waitfor't.

Lady. Marianne how came you here? I desire you'll leave the room directly.

Marianne. Leave the room, aunt! 70

Lady. Yes, leave the room immediately—what are you looking at?

Marianne. Nothing aunt, nothing—lord! lord! what will become of poor, poor Mr. Poet? [Exit.

Lady. So—here's my lord—now to mention Ennui's play, and if it does but prejudice him against him, Willoughby marries Louisa, and Neville is in my own power.

Enter Lord Scratch.

Lord. That curst pantomime ruffian! no- 80 body knows any think about him—perhaps my lady has got' a sudden touch of the dramatic mania, and prefers him—here she is—now if she should talk about the stage.

manager] *critic Dub.*

an incident] *a new situation Dub.*

Marianne . . . quick!—quick!—] *om. Dub.*

Lady. Pray be seated my lord—I want to ask you a favour.

Lord. Ask me a favour! is it possible! (*they sit.*)

Lady. Yes, for our friend Ennui—what do you think he has done?

Lord. What? 90

Lady. Turn'd author—he has written a comedy.

Lord. A comedy!—she has it.

Lady. Yes—it's very true, and it has been approved of by men of the first dramatic fame.

Lord. Dramatic fame! she has it!—dam'me she has it!

Lady. Nay, if you need further proof my Lord, it has been approved by the manager of one of the theatres, and the curtain is to draw up next winter.

Lord. The curtain draw up!—Look ye madam—I care no more for the manager or his theatre.⁰

Lady. Now my Lord the favour I have to ask of you is this—promise me to peruse the play, make alterations, and write the epilogue. 109

Lord. The epilogue!—fire and forefathers. [Lady holds him.

Lady. Ay, or the prologue.

Lord. The prologue!—blood and gunpowder!

[*Vapid comes from behind the sofa, and smacks him on the back.*

Vapid. Prologue or epilogue!—I'm the man—I'll write you both.

Lord. There he is again!

Lady. Oh! I shall faint with vexation!—my Lord, I desire you'll misinterpret nothing—every thing shall be explained to you—Marianne! 130

Lord. Here's the curtain up with a vengeance.

Enter Marianne.

Lady. Answer me directly, how came that gentleman in this apartment? I know it is some trick of your's.

Vapid, coming down the stage.

Vapid. To be sure, never any thing was so fortunate!—upon my soul! I beg your pardon; but curse me, if I can help laughing,

theatre] *Dub. adds: or his prompter—*[*Vapid raises his head from behind the Sopha then pops i it down.*]

to think how lucky' it was for you both I happened to be behind the sofa!—ha! 130 ha! ha!

[Marianne, as if taking the hint.

Marianne. Faith! no more can I—to be sure it was the luckiest thing in the world! ha! ha! ha!

[Here they both laugh loud and point to my Lord, and Lady Waitfor't, who stand between them in amazement.

Lady. Sir, I insist you lay aside this levity, and instantly explain how you came in this room.

Vapid. Sir! ha! ha!

Lord. Ay, sir,—explain—and dispatch,—I entreat you dispatch—I have so much 140 to say.

Vapid. Never fear old lady—I'll bring⁰ you off, depend on't.

Lady. None of your whispering,—speak out, sir.

Vapid. With all my heart—by^o her Ladyship's own appointment.

Lady. My own appointment!—I shall run wild.

Vapid. To be sure you have hardly for- 150 got your own hand writing.

Lord. Her own hand writing!—get on, sir,—I beseech you, get on.

Vapid. Why look'ye, old Scratch,—you seem to be an admirer of this Lady's—now I think it my duty as a moral dramatist—a moral dramatist, sir, mark that—to expose hypocrisy—therefore, sir, there is the letter, read it, and be convinced of your error.

Lord. Very well, have you done, sir?— 160 have you dorfe?—consider I'm a peer of the realm, and I shall die if I don't talk.

Vapid. And now, sir, I must beg a favour of you—(gets close to him) keep the whole affair secret, for if it gets hacknied, it loses its force.

Lord. Granted—granted—I'll grant anything so you will but get on.

Vapid. Between ourselves I mean.

Lord. No pauses, sir. 170

Vapid. To bring it all on the stage: hush! say nothing—it will have a capital effect, and brother bards will wonder where I stole

in this room] into this house Dub.
bring . . . on't."] take care of you, (in a low tone of voice.) Dub.

by] then I came here Sir, by Dub.

it—your situation will be wonderful—you hav'nt an idea how ridiculous you will look—you will laugh very much at yourself I assure you.^o

Lord. What is all this? well! now I will speak—I'll wait no longer.

Vapid. Yes, yes, I shall take care of you MO—Falstaff in the buck basket will be nothing to it—he was only the dupe of another man's wife,—you'll be the dupe of your own, you know—"think of that, Master Brook, think of that" well: your servant,—I'll write you the prologue and epilogue, but you need'nt send me the comedy—we never connect either with the play now—your friend may be damn'd you know, and I don't chuse to suffer for his sins,—I like to live 190 and fight another day:—Marianne, farewell:—old lady, adieu:—I'll do your business, depend on't. [Exit.

Lord. He's gone without hearing me!—then there's an end of every thing, for here I stand, once a barrister,—since a country gentleman, and now a Peer, and tho' I've made twenty attempts to speak, I can't be heard a syllable,—mercy! what will this world come to! A Peer, and not be heard. 200

Lady. My lord,—assured of my innocence, I have no doubt of justifying my own conduct,⁰ and even by means of that letter encreasing your affection—it was written to another person—your ungrateful Nephew.

Lord. My Nephew.

Lady. Yes, sir,—I could not perceive him losing the esteem of his friends without having the desire to reclaim him—indeed I knew no better mode of fulfilling my 210 project than by personally warning him of his situation—for this purpose, I wrote that letter, and I never thought it would have been thus misused—if there is an improper warmth in the expressions, it only proceeds from my anxiety of ensuring an interview—I hope, sir, you are satisfied.

Lord. Why I believe you my lady, and I should be perfectly satisfied if I could forget your passion for the stage, and that 220 madman behind the sofa.

Lady. As to that, sir, this young lady you] Dub. adds: your part shall be done well! little Cherry shall do you. This had a topical point as in the Dub. dramatis persona Mr. Cherry is given as taking Vapid.

my own conduct] myself Dub.

can best inform you—I desired him to leave the house an hour ago.

Marianne, (aside) I'm afraid, my only way is to confess all—my lord, if I confess the truth, I hope you'll prevail on my aunt to forgive me.

Lady. Tell what you know, and I'll answer for your forgiveness. 230

Marianne. Why, sir, I found the gentleman alone, and not having had a tete a tete a long time, I press'd him to stay, and on hearing your voice, I put him behind the sofa,—that you might not think any thing had happened,—and indeed, sir, nothing did happen—upon my word he's as^o quiet, in-offensive a gentleman as yourself.

Lord. My fears are over! Oh! you finished composition! come to my arms, and 20 when I suspect you again (*coughs much*) this curst cough, it takes one so suddenly.

Enter Ennui.

Ennui. I've an idea—Florville is arriv'd—in fact—I just now spoke to him.

Lord. Florville arriv'd!—Come my lady—let's go see what his travels have done for him—hark ye, Ennui—prepare for your interview with Louisa, and remember you make a Mandarin member—come my lady—nay: never irritate your feelings. 20

Lady. Alas my lord! it is the misfortune of virtue to be too often feeling for the vices and errors of others—but I attend you.

[Exeunt Lord and Lady.]

Marianne. So—poor Mr. Neville is to lose Miss Courtney—her present quarrel with him is so violent, that she may marry this ideot merely in revenge—if I could dupe him now, and ensure her contempt—I'll try—Mr. Ennui, have you seen your intended wife yet? 20

Ennui. No.

Marianne. So I thought—why you'll never please her while you remain as you are—you must alter your manners—she is all life!—all spirits! and loves a man the very opposite to you.

Ennui. I've aa idea I'm very sorry—in fact—how can I please her.

Marianne. There the difficulty—let me see—the sort of man she prefers is—20 you know Sir Harry Hustle—a man all ac-es . . . a] as quite an inoffensive Dub.

tivity and confidence!—who does every thing from fashion, and glories in confessing it.

Ennui. Sir Harry Hustle!—in fact—he's a modern blood of fashion.

Marianne. I know—that's the reason she likes him, and you must become the same, if you wish to win her affection—a new dress—bold looks—a few oaths, and much swaggering, affects the business. (*Ennui 20 puts himself in attitudes.*)—ay, that's right, you are the very man already.

Ennui. I'm a lad of fashion!—heh dam'me!—I've an idea—I shall fall asleep in the midst of it.

Marianne. No—no—go about it directly—see Sir Harry Hustle, and study your conversation before hand—but remember Louisa is so fond of fashion, that you can't boast too much of it's vices and ab- 290 surdities.

Ennui. If virtue was the fashion I should be virtuous!—I should, damn me!

Marianne. Ay—that's the very thing—well:—good b'ye Mr. Ennui—success attend you—mind you talk enough.

Ennui. Talk!—I'll talk till I fall asleep!—I will! damn me!

[Exit swaggering—Marianne laughing.]

END of ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—A Saloon in Lady Waitfor't's House.

(*Louisa, discovered reading*)

Heigho! these poets are wonderfully tiresome—always on the same theme—nothing but love—I'm weary of it (*lays down the book and rises.*) Ungenerous Neville! how could he use me so cruelly? to attempt to gain my affections and then address another; Lady Waitfor't has convinced me of the fact,—I can never forgive him: yet I fear I love him still—well: I'll even go examine my heart, and determine whether I do love him or not. 11

(*As she is going out Neville enters.*)

Louisa. Mr. Neville—I thought, sir, I had desired we might never meet again.

Nev. 'Tis true madam, and I meant to obey your commands hard as they were,

implicitly obey them—but I came hither to welcome my brother, and not to intrude on the happiness of her," I am doomed to avoid.

Louisa. I'll conceal my embarrassment, 20 I'm determined (*aside*)—if I remember, sir, truth was ever among the foremost of your virtues.

Nev. Yes—and I am confident you have no reason to doubt it—tho' you have cause to censure my presumption, you have none to suspect my fidelity.

Louisa. Oh no!—I don't suspect your fidelity in the least, but when people are faithful to more than one, you know, Mr. 30 Neville.

Nev. I don't understand you ma'am.

Louisa. It is no matter⁰ Mr. Neville—you may spare yourself any trouble in attempting to justify your conduct—I am perfectly satisfied, sir, I'll assure you (*going*.)

Nev. Oh!—do not leave me in this anxious state; perhaps this is the last time we shall ever meet, and to part thus, would embitter every future moment of my life,—indeed « I have no hopes that concern not your happiness, no wishes that relate not to your esteem.

Louisa. Sir,—I will freely confess to you, had you shewn the least perseverance in your affection, or sincerity in your behaviour, I could have heard your addresses with pleasure—but to listen to them now, Mr. Neville, would be to approve a conduct my honour prompts me to resent, 50 and my pride to despise.

Nev. Then I am lost indeed!—'tis to the perfidious Lady Waitfor't I owe all this—my present [*Lady Waitfor't, enters behind*] misery, my future pain, are all the product of her jealous rage! she is so vile an hypocrite that—

Lady Waitfor't, coming forward.

Who is an hypocrite, sir?

Nev. Madam!

Lady. Who is an hypocrite, sir? answer 60 me.

Nev. Ask your own heart, that can best inform you.

Lady. Tell me, Mr. Neville, what have I done, that you dare insult me thus.

Nev. What have you done? look on that matter} wonder Dub.

lady, madam; there all my hopes and wishes were combined!—there was the very summit of my bliss! I thought I had attained it; but in the moment of my 70 happiness you came, crush'd every hope, and baffled all my joys!

Lady. Upon my word, sir, very romantic,—but I thank heaven I look for approbation in a better opinion than that of Mr. Neville's.

Nev. 'Tis well you do madam, for were I your judge your punishment should be exemplary—but I'll waste words no more—I only hope (*to Louisa*) you, madam, are 'satisfied that one of my errors may at least be forgiven, and this last suspicion for ever blotted from your memory.

Lady. Sir,^o from that lady's forgiveness you have nothing to expect—if she consent to pardon you, I'll take care my lord never shall.

Nov. No—I do not hope for forgiveness—I have heard her determination, and cruel as it is, to that I must resign,—she may 90 be assured I never will intrude where I know I offend.

Louisa. Do you then leave us, Mr. Neville?

Nev. Yes, madam, and for ever!—may you be as blest in the gratification of your hopes as I have been wretched in the disappointment of mine. [*Exit*]

Lady. Tyrant! I wish he had stayed to hear reason—I hope he is not serious in 100 leaving us.

Louisa. You hope!—why does it concern you?

Lady. Oh! no further than from that general love I bear mankind—you forget my feelings on these occasions, Louisa.

Louisa. Yes indeed—I have too much reason to attend to my own!—you'll excuse me—I have particular business—I'll return immediately. [*Exit*]

Lady. Oh! the cause of her confusion is evident—she loves him still—but they shall never meet again—I have already sent a letter to Willoughby which imparts a scheme I have long cherished, my lord in his anger about my stage mania, has forgot Ennui's play; so, that there may be no bars to Willoughby's happiness, I am determin'd 100 Louisa shall be his this very night.

Sir . . . I'll] om Dub.

Enter Lord Scratch.

Lord. Here's a spectacle for a Peer! i> Floriville is below, and is returned from his travels a- finished coxcomb,—I'll not give him a farthing.

Lady. Nay; my lord; perhaps you may be mistaken.

Lord. Mistaken! no, he has travelled not to see, but to say he had seen.

Enter Marianne with a French watch and chain.

Marianne. Oh uncle in law! look here—I never saw any thing so elegant in all my life! 130

Lord. Whose present is this?

Marianne. Whose? why the sweet gentleman's just arrived from Italy—Lord! he's a dear man—he has promised to do every thing for me—to get me a fortune—to get me a husband—to get me a——.

Lord. Hush! you don't know what you're talking about.

Marianne. Yes but I do tho'—he has told me every thing—Lord! I have heard such 140 things! come here,—near⁰ (Lord Scratch, gets close to her) get my aunt out of the room, and I'll tell you stories that shall make your old heart bound again! Hush! do it quietly—I will upon my honour—what an old fool it is! (*aside.*)

Lady. Marianne, you musn't listen to Mr. Floriville,—for travellers may persuade you into anything, and many a woman has been ruined in one country; by being told it is the fashion in another.

Lord. Here he comes; I see as plain as my Peerage I sha'n't keep my temper.

Lady. I suppose my lord, he has spent great part of his time in France, where he has been the dupe of knaves of every nation.

Enter Floriville.

Flor. Your pardon ma'am—you wrong the French—they never suffer any one to dupe a traveller but themselves—ladies a thou- 10 sand pardons for jaot waiting on you before, but this is the first vacant moment I have had since my arrival at Bath.

Marianne. Sir, your coming at all is taken as a very great compliment, I'll assure you. near] nearer Dub.

Lady to Marianne, who exits.

Leave the room immediately—no reply—I will be obeyed—Mr. Floriville we are very happy to see you.

Flor. Ma'am you do me honour—my lord, where's Harry? I thought to have found 170 him here;—what, he did'n't choose to stay:—so much the better—it shews he's not a man of ceremony—we do the same in Italy; but hark-ye uncle⁰—is this the lady I'm to call aunt?

Lord. My gorge is rising, I shall certainly do him a mischief.

Flor. (*spying at her*) rather experienced or so!—a little antique, heh!—however, the same motive⁰ that makes her a good 180 aunt to me, will make her a good wife to you—you understand me.

Lord. Damn me if I do.—

Flor. Well, well, no matter—come, I want to hear every thing—to know what remarkable occurrences have happen'd since I left England? pray Lady Waitfor't inform me,—do let me know every little circumstance.

Lady. Rather, sir, we should ask of you, what happen'd in your travels? 190

Flor. Oh, nothing so shocking! no man can be the herald of his own praise.

Lady. Yes, sir, but I wish to know how you like the Chapel of Loretto, the Venus de Medicis of Florence, the Vatican at Rome, and all the numberless curiosities, peculiar to the countries you have travelled through.

Lord. Look ye—I'll answer for it, he knows nothing of the gentlemen you 200 mention—do you, my sweet pretty—oh! you damn'd puppy.

Flor. Why swear, my lord?

Lord. Swear my lord! zounds! its my prerogative, and by—tell me how you spent your time, sir?

Flor. Why, in contemplating living angels, not dead antiquities; in basking in the rays of beauty, not mouldering in the dust of ancestry! in mirth, festivity and pleas- 210

uncle . . . aunt?] om. Dub.

motive] after motive Dub. interpolates two apparently irrelevant lines making nonsense: Lady W. Sir from that lady's forgiveness you have/ nothing to expect. If the consents to pardon you, I'll/ and without punctuation after I'll follows the rest of the speech that . . . understand me as part of Lady W's speech.

ure!—not study, pedantry⁰ and retirement. —Oh, I have lived, sir! lived for myself, not an ungrateful world, who, should I die a martyr to their cause, would only laugh and wonder at my folly.

Lady. You seem to know the world, Mr. Florville.

Flor. No, ma'am, I know little of mankind, and less of myself,—I have no pilot but my pleasures;—no mistress but my 20 passions;—and I don't believe if it was to save my life, I could reason consequentially for a minute together.

Lord. Granted—you have seen every thing worth seeing, yet know nothing worth knowing, and now you have just knowledge enough to prove yourself a fool on every subject.

Flor. Vastly well my Lord—upon my word you improve with your title, but I 20 am perfectly satisfied, believe me—for what I don't know, I take for granted, is not worth knowing—therefore we'll call another topic.—I'm in love, my Lord.

Lord. In love!—with who, sir?

Flor. Can't you guess?

Lord. No, sir, I cannot.

Flor. With one that will please you very much—at least ought to please you—you'll be in raptures, dear uncle. 240

Lord. Raptures! and you shall be in agonies, my dear nephew.

Flor. You have known one another a long while, yet you haven't met for years—you have lov'd one another a long while, yet you quarrel'd not an hour ago—you have differ'd from one another all your lives, yet you are likely to be friends as long as you live—and above all, the person is now in the house. 20

Lord. In this house! let me know who it is this moment, or by the blood of the Scratches!

Flor. One who has charms enough to set the world on fire;—one who has fortune enough to set a state at war, sir;—one who has talents, health, and prosperity, and yet not half what the person deserves:—can you tell now, sir?

Lord. No, sir, and if you don't tell this 260 instant.

Flor. Then I'll tell you (*slaps him on the back*)—it's myself, sir! my own charming! study, pedantry! study pedantry Dub.

self!—I have search'd the world over, and I don't find any thing I like half so well.

[*Walks up the stage.*]

Lord. I won't disgrace myself—I won't lower the dignity of Peerage by chastising a commoner, else, you prince of butterflies—come, my Lady—look'ye, sir—I intend to be handed down to posterity; and 20 while you are being lampooned in ballads and newspapers, I mean to cut a figure in the history of England; so come along my Lady—in the history of England, you coxcomb. [*Exeunt Lord and Lady.*]

Flor. If the face is a picture of the mind, that intended aunt of mine is a great hypocrite, and the story I heard of the poet proves it—but now for a frolick—'gad its very strange I could never reform, and 20 become a serious thinking being—but what's the use of thinking?—

Reason stays till we call, and then not oft is near,

But honest instinct comes a volunteer!— [*Exit.*]

SCENE—An Apartment in Lady Waitfor't's House.

Willoughby, to a Servant.

Tell your mistress I shall be punctual to the appointment—(*Servant exit*)—so, thanks to fortune, Lady Waitfor't has at length consented to my entreaties, and this night makes Louisa mine for ever!—now to read the letter once more.

(*Reads*)

"Louisa accompanies me to night to Lady "Walton's, which you know is at the extremity of the town—on some pretence or "other I'll tell her I have ordered the 10 "servant at the back gate which adjoins the "paddock—there I'll leave her—and if you have a chaise waiting near the spot, you "may conduct her where you please.—You "know my feelings on this occasion, but it "is for her good only I'll assure you—she "don't deserve it, Mr. Willoughby:—indeed "she don't deserve it?"— "A. Waitfor't."

So—this is beyond my hopes!—ha! my Lord and Louisa with him, come to' re- 20 ceive Ennui, who to my astonishment I met just now in a new dress, swearing and caper-

ing, and boasting of the vices of fashion—but no matter—I must to the rendezvous immediately—now, Louisa I tremble at my vengeance! [Exit.

Enter Lord Scratch and Louisa.

Lord. Yes:—yes:—Ennui will be here in an instant—but he's so reserved—and so mild—

Louisa. So I understand, sir—and so 30 very silent that he won't talk so much in a year, as I intend in an hour.

Lord. I know—that's the reason I bring him into parliament—he'll never speak—only say "ay" or "no" and be up stairs to beef-stakes in an instant—(knock)—here he is!—now encourage him—don't mind his diffidence—

Louisa. No, sir—I'll do all in my pow'r to make him talk. 40

Lord. That's well—I'll leave you together—I won't interrupt you—(stamping with-out)—odso!—I must get out of the way—encourage him, Louisa—I beseech you encourage him! [Exit.

Ennui, without.

Stand by! no ceremony damn me!—

Lord. Heaven!—is this diffidence.—

Ennui, enters with Servant.

Ennui. Get down stairs you dog—get down—(servant exit.) Here I am ma'am!—ease is every thing—I'll seat myself—50 now for business!—yaw—aw!—

(yawns aside)

Lord. Sir!

Ennui. In one word I'll tell you my character—I'm a lad of fashion!—I love gaming—I hate thinking—I like racing⁰—I despise reading—I patronize boxing—I detest reasoning—I pay debts of honour—not honourable debts—in short, I'll kick your servants—cheat your family, and fight your guardian—and so if you like me, take me—heh 60 damn me!—I'm tir'd already!—yaw—aw!

(yawns aside)

Lady. Astonishing!—Mr. Ennui—

Ennui. Ma'am: yaw—aw! (aside)

Lady. Mr. Ennui can you be in your senses?

racing] railing Dub.

Ennui. In fact—I don't comprehend (for' getting himself)—Oh!—ay—senses!—(recollecting himself)—a lad of fashion in his senses!—that's a very good joke!—if one of us had any sense, the rest would shut TO him up in a cabinet of curiosities, or shew him as a wonderful animal:—they would, I damn me!—I can't support it!—yaw—aw: (yawns aside.)

Louisa. So, you glory in your ignorance—

Ennui. Ma'am—yaw! aw! (aside.)

Louisa. So, you glory in your ignorance—in your vices.

Ennui. I've an idea—I can't understand—(forgetting himself)—vices! Oh:—ay, damn me, to be sure!—(recollecting himself)—80 you must be wicked or you can't be visited—singularity is every thing—every man must get a character, and I'll tell you how I first got mine—I pretended to intrigue with my friend's wife—paragraph'd myself in the newspapers—got caricatur'd in the print shops—made the story believ'd—was abus'd by every body—notie'd for my gallantry by every body⁰—and at length visited by every body—I was, damme!—I'm curst sleepy—yaw—aw! (yawns aside.) 91

Louisa. Incredible!—but if singularity is your system, perhaps being virtuous would make you as particular as anything.

Ennui. Vastly well!—'gad, you're like me, a wit, and don't know it—(taking out his watch)—how goes the enemy?—more than half the day over!—tol de roll lol! (humming a tunc)—I'm as happy as if I was at a fire, or a general riot—come to my 100 arms, thou angel—thou—(as he goes to embrace her, Lord Scratch enters—he embraces him.)—Ah—Scratch!—my friend Scratch!—sit down my old boy—sit down!—we've settl'd every thing. (Forces him into a chair and sits by him.)

Lord. Why?—what is all this?

Ennui. She's to intrigue, and you and I are to go halves in the damages—some rich old Nabob—we'll draw him into crim. con.⁰—bring an action directly, and a ten thousand pound verdict at least—heh, damn me!—111

Lord. Why he's mad!—that dramatic maniac has bit him.

body] Dub. interpolates: and at length visited by every body.

crim. con.] adultery. Cf. p. 874 supra.

Ennui. Get a divorce—marry another, and go halves again, damn me!

Lord, rising Why, lookiy'e you impostor!—you—didn't you come here to pay your addresses to this lady? and wasn't I to bring you into parliament for your quiet silent disposition? 120

Ennui (pushing him out of his way) Hold your tongue!—out of the way, Scratch—out of the way, or I'll do you a mischief—I will, damn me!—Zounds!—a'nt I at the top of the beau monde? and don't I set^o the fashions?—if I was to cut off my head wouldn't half the town do the same?—they would, damn me!—I get sleepy again!—yaw—aw!— (*aside.*)

Lord. Here now!—here's a Mandarin 130 member! why he'd have bred a civil war!—made ten long speeches in a day!—cut your head off indeed;—curse me but I wish you would—you must be silent then—you could'nt talk without a head, could you?

Ennui. Yes, in Parliament—as well without a head as with one—do you think a man wants a head for a long speech, damn me!—

Enter Servant.

Servant. Her Ladyship is waiting, 140 ma'am.

Louisa. Oh, I attend her—Mr. Ennui your most obedient.

Ennui, (taking her hand) With your leave ma'am—you see, Scratch—you see.

Lord. Why, Louisa?—

Ennui. Keep your distance, Scratch—contemplate your superiours—look at me with the same awful respect a City^o Beau looks at a Prince—this way, most angelic^o— 150 Scratch, cut your head off—thiS way, most angelic.—^o [*Exit with Louisa.*]

Lord. Here's treatment!—was ever poor Peer so tormented?—what am I to do!—I'll go to Lady Waitfor't, for from her alone I meet relief—find a silent member indeed!—by my privilege^o one might as soon find a pin in the ocean—charity in a bench of Bishops—or wit in Westminster Hall!—

END of ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*The Paddock near Lady Walton's House—A View of the House at a Distance, and partly Moonlight.*

Willoughby alone.

'Tis past the hour Lady Waitfor't appointed—why does she delay? I cannot have mistaken the place—yonder's Lady Walton's hquse—Oh! would all were past, and Louisa safely mine!—I hear a noise—by heaven 'tis she! and with her all my happiness—I'll withdraw a while and observe them. (*Retires.*)

Enter Lady Waitfor't, and Louisa Courtney.

Louisa. My dear Lady Waitfor't, why do you loiter here? you cannot find your 10 servants in this place—let us return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, they must be here—I ordered them to wait in this very spot to avoid confusion.—What can have become of Willoughby?—(*Aside.*)

Louisa. If you have the least sense of fear for yourself, or regard for me, I beg we may return to Lady Walton's.

Lady. No, no, I tell you I ordered Wil- 20 liam at the back gate, that he might conduct us thro' the Paddock to our carriage, you know we might have been whole hours getting thro' the croud the other way—do be a little patient, hav'nt I as much reason to be alarmed as yourself?

Louisa. Yes, but you hav'nt the apprehension I have, I don't know why, but I am terrified beyond description.

Lady. Well: well: never fear, (*looking 30 out*) Oh, yonder's Willoughby! now for the grand design! (*aside*) Louisa, if you'll wait here a moment, I'll step to the next gate and see if they are there,—they cannot escape us then.

Louisa. No, no, don't leave me,—I wouldn't stay by myself for the world.

Lady. Ridiculous! can't you protect yourself for an instant? must you be all your life watch'd like a baby in leading strings? 40 Oh! I am ashamed of you—only wait a moment least they pass by in my absence, and I'll return to you immediately.

Louisa. Well: don't stay.

Lady. Stay! what have you to be

set] lead Dub.

a City . . . looks] as city beaus look Dub.

angelic] angelico Dub.

privilege] peerage and privilege Dub.

fright'ned at? I shall not be out of call—besides, if there's any fear of a personal attack, may not I be as terrified as yourself? It isn't the first time I'll assure you—but that's no matter—shew yourself a woman 50 of spirit, and at least emulate one of my virtues.—Now, Willoughby, the rest is thine! *[Exit.]*

Willoughby comes forward.

Willoughby. Be not alarmed, Miss Courtney.

Louisa. Mr. Willoughby!

Willoughby. Yes, madam, the man you most avoid.

Louisa. Tell me, sir, immediately, how, and by whose appointment you came 60 here?

Willoughby. By love, madam! the same passion that has prompted me to pursue you for years, now happily conducts me hither—I come to lessen your fears, not increase them.

Louisa. Then leave me, sir, I can protect myself.

Willoughby. No, not till you have heard and pitied me—I have been long your 70 suitor, and long scorned by you—you have treated me with indifference, and preferred my inferiors—how I have deserved all this—youself can best explain, but to prove all former cruelties are forgotten, I here offer you my hand, and with it my heart.

Louisa. Sir,—this is no time for hearing you on this subject; if you wish to oblige me, leave me.

Willoughby. No, not till I am answered 80—years may elapse e'er I shall have another opportunity like the present—therefore no time can be so well as now.

Louisa. Then I command you to leave me—I will not be threat'ned into a compliance.

Willoughby. Look'ye Miss Courtney—I would avoid taking advantage of your situation—nay, start not—but if you persist in your contempt of me I know not to what 90 extremities passion may hurry me,—I have every motive for redress, and if you do not instantly give me your word to prefer me to that beggar, Neville, I may do that my cooler sense would scorn.

Louisa. Beggar, sir.

Willoughby. Yes, and were he not be-

neath my resentment, I'd tell you more—but he is too poor—too—

Louisa. Hold, sir, did you resemble 100 him, I might esteem, nay, adore you;—but as⁰ you are, I loath, I despise, I defy you;—you take advantage of my situation! Hear me, sir,—tho' not a friend is near, tho' night opposes me, and heaven deserts me; yet can I smile upon your menaces⁰—and make you tremble, villain as you are.

Willoughby. Have a care madam! another declaration like that, and I'll delay no longer—I'll force you to my purpose. 110

Louisa. You dare not; on your life you dare not.

Willoughby. Nay then.—I am not to be terrified by threats,—*[lays hold of her]* all struggling is in vain,—this moment gratifies my revenge! away!

Louisa. Off,—let me go, Oh help! help!

[As he is forcing her out, enter Flori-ville half drunk.]

Flor. Donne, donne, donne, dow *(singing part of an Italian air)* oh, this Burgundy's a glorious liquor! heyday! who have we 120 here?

Louisa. Oh, sir, if you have any pity for an injured, helpless woman, assist one who never knew distress till now!

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—both damn'd drunk I perceive.

Louisa. Do not be deaf to my entreaties—do not desert me—

Flor. Go on, ma'am, go on—I love oratory in a woman. 120

Louisa. Gracious heaven! how have I deserved all this? I see, sir, you avoid me—I see you are indifferent to my fate.

Flor. No, ma'am, you wrong me—but in Italy—observe—we always take these things coolly—now, sir, will you explain?

Willoughby. No, sir, I will not.

Flor. You will not!

Willoughby. No, sir, and I warn you not to listen to the wild ravings of a sense- 140 less woman—it may be better for you, sir.

Flor. Why so, Prince Pretty man?

Willoughby. No matter, sir, I will not be amused from my purpose.

Flor. You won't, Old Pluto, won't you; then, ma'am, observe! you shall behold my

but as . . . defy you] om. Dub.
mentarcs] Dub. interpolates: *for my own eyes shall vindicate my wrongs.*

mode of fighting—111 kill him like a gentleman, and he shall die withput a groan—you'll be delighted, ma'am—I leara't it all in Italy—you don't see a man of fashion 150 fight once in a century! Come, Belzebub, are you ready.

Willoughby. 'Sdeath! what can I do? he is drunk, perhaps, I may disarm him.

Flor. Now thou original sin, thou Prince of Darkness! come out; never let her see thy black infernal visage more, or by my life I'll pulverize you—you see, ma'am, no bad orator either—learnt it all in Italy.

Willoughby. Come on, sir. 160

Flor. Ay, now Old Sisyphus, push home—but fight like a gentleman if you can, for remember, there is a lady in company—observe ma'am, observe, you won't see it again. *(They fight.)*

Floriville disarms Willoughby.

Flor. What, vanquished Tarquin! hah! hah! *(parrying up and down the stage by himself)*—you see, ma'am, you see!—Oh! Italy's your only country!—Now, ma'am, would you have me kill him here, "in 170 *Allegro*," or postpone it that you may have the pleasure of pinking him^o yourself "in *Penseroso*."

(Louisa, coming near Floriville, and discovering him.)

Louisa. Floriville, my deliverer!—generous man!—no, sir,—whatever are his crimes, do not kill him—his greatest punishment will be to live.

Flor. There then, Caitiff, take your sword, and d'ye hear,—retire—that black front^o of thine offends the lady—if you want 180 another flourish you will soon find Floriville—abscond!

Willoughby. Sir, you shall hear from me—distraction! *[Exit.*

Flor. And now, my dear little angel, how can I assist you?—I'm very sorry, but I can't help it—I'm cursed drunk,—and not proper company for a lady of your dignity—but I won't affront you—I mean to make myself agreeable, and if I do not, 190—it is the fault of that place, *(pointing*

by himself] in triumph Dub.
him] Dub.; om. 1793.
front] fare Dub.

to his head) and not of this *(pointing to his heart.)*

Louisa. Sir, your conduct has endear'd you to me for ever, and while I live, your generosity and valour shall be engraven on my heart.

Flor. Gently, gently, have a care, make no declarations; if you're in love with me, as I suppose you are, keep it secret,—for at 200 this moment you might raise a flame that would consume us both,—poor creature!—how fond she is of me? any other time I would indulge her, but not now—*(looks at her sometimes, then runs and kisses her hand)*—Oh, you Paragon—"Angels^o must paint to look as fair as you" *(goes from her again)* I'll leave you, or, by heaven, it will be all over with us.

Louisa. No, no, don't desert me, alas! 210 I have no way left but to commit myself to your care—if I could bring him to recollect me, all would be safe. Mr. Floriville don't you know me?

Flor. No, would to heaven, I did.

Louisa. What? not Miss Courtney?

Flor. What Louisa?—my brother's idol.

Louisa. Alas! the very same.

Flor. Then may I die if I don't get out of your debt before I leave you—where? 220—where shall I conduct you?

Louisa. I know not—return to Lady Wait-for't's again I will not—I had rather be a wanderer all my life—to Lady Walton's there is no excuse for returning, and I know no friend in Bath I dare intrude upon,—I have so high an opinion, Mr. Floriville, of your honour,—that, notwithstanding your present situation, there is no man on earth I would sooner confide in—can you then 230 think of any place, where I may rest in safety for a few hours, and then I will set out for my uncle's in the country.—

Flor. Indeed I cannot, I am a wanderer myself—I have no home but what this gentleman is to purchase me *(taking out his purse)*—you cannot partake of that.

Louisa. Oh! what will become of me!

Flor. Let me see—I have it—I'll take her to my brother's—she'll be safe there, 'o and not a soul shall come near her,—well, Miss Courtney,—I have recollected a place where I know you'll be safe—a friend's

"Angels . . . you"] cf. p. 250 l. 837 *supra*.

house, that will be as secure—nay don't droop—in Italy we're never melancholy.

Louisa. Oh! Mr. Floriville, to what a hazard has Lady Waitfor't exposed me,—to her perfidy I owe it all—but yonder's that wretch again—pray let us begone.

Flor. Belzebub again,—no, no,—we 250 mus'nt stir; what? an Angel fly from a Devil? damme I'll stay and crush him.

Louisa. Nay, sir, reflect,—'twere madness to remain.

Flor. Faith, that's true; I believe it's braver to retire,—therefore, Tarquin, adieu! come my best angel! I'll fight your battles, and if I don't sink all your enemies, may I never see Italy again as long as I live. *[Exeunt, 260]*

Enter Willoughby.

Ha! gone,—I'm sorry for it—I would have seen them—Lady Waitfor't has just left me, and treated me like her slave—insulted and derided me; but I'll have done with her for ever—I'll be her dupe no more—she is now gone to Neville's lodgings under pretence of pursuing Louisa; but in fact to see him, and prevent his leaving Bath—this I will write to my Lord, and then let him follow, and be witness of her in- 20 famy—thus, I hope, I shall make some reparation for the wrongs I have committed, and prove at last I have some sense of virtue. *[Exit.]*

SCENE—Neville's Lodgings—A Closet in back Scene.

Two Chairs, and a Table, with Wine on it.

A knocking at the Door.

Peter walks across the Stage, and admits Vapid, with a Paper in his Hand.

Vapid. Well, here it is—where's Neville?

Peter. Not within, sir.

Vapid. Yes,—yes,—here it is! I must see him.

Peter. Sir, he's gone out.

Vapid. Gone out! impossible!

Peter. Impossible! it's very true, sir.

Vapid. Gone out! why I've brought him the epilogue—the new epilogue to Mr. What's his name's comedy! the very best 10

thing I ever wrote in my life; I knew it would delight him.

Peter. Sir, he has been gone out above these two hours.

Vapid. Then, he'll never forgive himself as long as he lives—why, its all correct—all chaste! only one half line wanting at the end to make it complete.

Peter. Indeed, sir, it's very unfortunate.

Vapid. Unfortunate! I wanted to have 20 heard him read it too; when another person reads it, one often hits on a thought that might otherwise have escaped, then perhaps he would have hit on that cursed half line, I have so long been working at.

Peter. Sir, if it is not impertinent, and you'd permit me to read it?

Vapid. You read it!

Peter. Yes, sir—if you'd allow me that honour. 30

Vapid. Faith, I should have no objection—but would'nt it lower⁰ one's dignity? no, no, Moliere us'd to read his plays to his servants, so I believe all's regular—come, sir—begin.

Peter reading Epilogue.

"In ancient times, when agonizing wars,
"And bleeding nations, fill'd the world with
jars;

"When murder, battle, sudden death, pre-
vails,
"When"—

Vapid. Stop—stop—I have it:—not a 40 word for your life, I feel it!—it's coming on!—the last line directly—quick! quick!

Peter reads.

"The tyrant totters, and the senate nods,
"Die all, die nobly"—

(Here's something wanting, sir.)

Vapid. I know it, say nothing—I have it! *(walks backwards and forwards.)*

"The tyrant totters, and the senate nods
"Die all, die nobly!—

Oh, damn it! damn it!—damn it!—that cursed half line, I shall never accomplish 50 it—all so chaste!—all so correct! and to have it marr'd for want of one half line!

lower] lessen Dub.

come . . . begin] but Sir, can you read! come then begin Dub.

one curs't half line!—I° could almost weep for disappointment.'

Peter. Never mind, sir, don't perplex yourself,—put in any thing.

Vapid. Put in any thing!—why,° 'tis the last line, and the epilogue must end with something striking, or it will be no trap⁰ for applause—No trap for applause, after 60 all this fine writing! Put in any Thing!—What do you mean, Sirrah?

Peter. Methinks this is a strange epilogue to a comedy—(knock at the door)—perhaps this is my master—(looks out)—no, as I live 'tis Mr. Floriville, and Miss Courtney!—she musn't on any account be seen by this gentleman.

Vapid. Well, who is it?—"the° Tyrant totters"—70

Peter. Sir, it's a friend of my master's, who has brought a lady with him—I'm sure you've too much gallantry to interrupt an amour; and therefore you'll be kind enough to get out of the way directly.

Vapid. Get out of the way! what the Devil, in the middle of my composition?—"Die° all: die nobly"—

Peter. Nay, sir,—only step for a moment into this closet, and you shall be released 80—now pray, sir,—pray be prevailed on—

Vapid. Well! let me see—in this closet!—why° here's China, zounds! would you put a live author in a China closet?

Peter. What can I do, sir!—there is no way out but that door—get in here for an instant, and I'll shew them into the library—now do, sir?

Vapid. Well, be brief then, "die all!—die nobly!"—oh! oh! oh! 90

Enters closet, and Floriville and Louisa enter.

Flor. Heyday! my old acquaintance, Peter! where's my brother?

Peter. Sir, he has been out the whole evening.

[/ vexatious! J Dub.

why! why you damned dog! what do you mean—put in any thing, why you rascal Dub.

trap . . . Sirraht! trap for the galleries, no trap for applause after all this fine writing! Oh, 'tis too much!—Dub.

"the . . . totters""] om. Dub.

"Die . . . nobly""] om. Dub.

why . . . closet! why you damn'd dog! this is a china closet! wou'd you ram a live author into a china closet t Dub.

Louisa. In the same house with Neville!—oh! heavens!

Flor. Well, Miss Courtney, I hope now you are convinced of your safety.

Louisa. Yes, sir, but I would it were in any other place, Lady Waitfor't e'er this 100 is in pursuit of me, and if she discovers me here, you know too well how much I have to dread.

[Knock at the door—Peter exit.

Flor. Don't be alarmed—there's nothing shall molest you.

Louisa. Oh, sir!—you don't know the endless malice of Lady Waitfor't—she will triumph in my misery, and till my Lord is convinced of her duplicity, I see no hope of your brother's happiness, or my own. 110

Re-enter Peter.

Peter. Lady Waitfor't is below enquiring for that lady, or my master.

Flor. For my brother!

Peter. Yes, sir, and my Lord has sent to know if Mr. Vapid, or her Ladyship, have been here—he was in bed, but on receiving a letter, got up, and will be here in an instant.

Louisa. For heaven's sake, Mr. Floriville, let me retire,—I cannot support the con- 120 flict.

Flor. Promise to recall your spirits, and you shall.

Louisa. What I can do I will.

Flor. Then know no apprehension, for, on my life, you shall not be disturbed. (Leads her to the door of the library, and talks in dumb shew.)

Vapid, from Closet.

Vapid. Peter! Peter! can't you release me?

Peter. No, sir, don't move, you'll ruin every thing. 130

Vapid. Then give me that candle—I have pen and ink—I think I could finish my epilogue.

Peter. Here, sir. (giving candle)

Vapid. That curst half line!—"die all"—(Peter shuts him in.)

Flor. So, now the storm begins, and if I don't have some sport with the enemy—(sits at table, and begins drinking)—Here she comes!—

Enter Lady Waitfor't.

Flor. Chairs, Peter, chairs!—sit down, 140
ma'am—sit down—you honour me exceedingly.

Lady. Where is your brother, sir?—I insist on seeing him.

Enter Lord Scratch.

Lord. There she is!—in a man's lodgings at midnight!—here's treatment!

Lady. My Lord, I came here in search of Louisa, who has been betrayed from my pow'r.

Lord. Look'ye, my Lady—read that let- 150
ter, that's^o all, read that letter, and then say if we sha'n't both cut a figure in the print shops.

Lady, (taking letter) ha! Willoughby's hand! (*reads*) "Lady Waitfor't" (*I have "only time to tell you"*) is gone to Neville's "lodgings to meet one she has long had a "passion for—follow her, and be convinced "of her duplicity." Oh! the villain!—well, my Lord, and pray who is the man I 160 come to meet?

Lord. Why who should it be, but the stage ruffian, if there was a sofa in the room, my life^o on't, he'd pop from behind it—zounds that fellow will lay straw before my door every, nine months!

Lady. This is fortunate (*aside*) well, sir, if I discover Louisa, I hope you'll be convinced I came here to redeem her, and not disgrace myself. Tell me, sir, immedi- 170 ately, where she is concealed? (*To Floriville.*)

Flor. Sit down, ma'am,—sit down: drink—drink, then we'll talk over the whole affair—there is no doing business without wine—come, here's—"The Glory of Gallantry"—I'm sure you'll both drink that.

Lady. No trifling, sir,—tell me where she is concealed? nay, then I'll examine the apartment myself—(*goes to door of library*)—the door lock'd! give me the key, sir.— 180

Flor. (drinking) The Glory of Gallantry, ma'am.

Lady. Hear me, sir, if the lady is in that apartment, I shall be convinced that you, and your brother, are the sole authors of all this treachery—if she is there! by the

*that's . . . letter] om. Dub.
life] word Dub.*

honour of my ancestors she shall be Willoughby's wife to-morrow morning.

Flor. (rising) Shall she, my Lord, pray were you ever in Italy? 180

Lord. Why? Coxcomb!

Flor. Because I'm afraid you've been bitten by a tarantula—you'll excuse me—but the symptoms are wonderfully alarming—There is a blazing fury in your eye—a wild emotion in your countenance, and a green spot—^o

Lord. Damn the green spot!—open that door, and^o let me see immediately: I'm a peer, and have a right to look at any thing, 200

Flor. (standing before the door.) No, sir, this door must not be open'd.

Lord. Then I'll forget my peerage, and draw my sword.

Flor. (to Lady Waitfor't, who is going to interfere) Don't be alarmed, ma'am,—I'll only indulge him for my own amusement—mere trout fishing, ma'am—come, my Lord, I'll give you a specimen of foreign gladiatorship, and you shall confess that Floriville 210 is the best fencer in Europe—don't be alarm'd, ma'am—come on.

Louisa comes from the apartment.

Louisa. Hold! I charge you hold! let not my unhappy fate be the source of more calamities!

Lord. 'Tis she herself!—my Lady did not come to meet the madman?

Flor. By the Lord, ma'am, you've ruined all.

Louisa. I know, sir, the consequences of 220 this discovery, and I abide by them—but what I have done I can justify, and would to heaven! all here could do the same.

Flor. Indeed I can't tell—I wish I was in Italy.

Lord. Mark me, madam,—nay tears are in vain—to-morrow shall make you the wife of Willoughby, and he shall answer for your follies—no reply, sir—(*to Floriville, who is going to speak*) I wouldn't hear the Chancellor. 231

Lady. Now, who is to blame? Oh! virtue is ever sure to meet it's reward!—come to meet a mad poet indeed! my Lord, I forgive you only on condition of your signing

*spot—] spot on your nose. Dub.
and . . . me] om. Dub.*

a contract to marry me to-morrow, and Louisa to Willoughby at the-same time.

Lord. I will, thou best of women!—draw it up immediately—and Neville shall starve for his treachery. (*Lady Waitfor't goes to. 240 the table and writes.*

Louisa falling at his jeet.

Louisa. Hear me, sir, not for myself, but a wrong'd friend, I speak—Mr. Neville knows not of my concealment; on my honour! he is innocent:—if that lady's wrongs must be avenged, confine the punishment to me—I'll bear it; with patience bear it!

Lord. Let go!—let go I say—my gorge is rising again—Lady Waitfor't make haste with the contract. 230

Lady. It only wants the signature,—now, my Lord.

Flor. Look'ye, uncle⁰—she's the cause of all this mischief, and if you are not lost—

Lord. Out of my way,—O'd—noise and nonsense!—don't fancy yourselves in the House of Commons! we're not speaking twenty at a time. Here! give me the pen—I'll sign directly, and now—[*As he is going to sign. Vapid breaks China in the closet, and rushes out, with the epilogue in his hand.*

Vapid. Die all! die nobly; die like 260 demi-gods!—huzza! huzza! 'tis done! 'tis past! 'tis perfect!

Flor. Huzza!—the poet at last! Stop him who can?

Lady. Confusion! tell me, sir, immediately, what do you mean by this new insult.

Vapid. Die all! die nobly! die like demi-gods!—oh! it's glorious!—ah! Old Scratch, are you there? joy! joy! give me joy!—I've done your business—the work's past! 20—the labour's o'er, my boy!—think of that master Brook—think of that.

Lady. My Lord, I am vilely treated—I desire you'll insist on an explanation.

Flor. He can't speak, Ma'am. (*All this time, my Lord is slowly walking away.*)

Lady. How! are you going to leave me, my Lord! (*Vapid taking out his common place book.*)

Vapid. Faith! this mus'nt be lost—here's something worth observing.

uncle} my lord! Dub.

Flor. Don't stop him, ma'am—there⁰ 280 is a grandeur in silent grief that should ever be indulged—mark his countenance—in every furrow of his angry brow is written "Frailty, thy name is woman"—let him have his way—let him have his way,—see! how solemnly he retires. [*Lord Scratch exits.*

Lady. Oh!—I shall burst with rage!—Mr. Vapid I desire you'll explain how you came in that closet?—why don't you answer me, sir? 290

Vapid. Your pardon, ma'am I was taking a note of the affair—and yet I'm afraid.

Lady. What are you afraid of sir?

Vapid. That it has been dramatized before,—it is certainly not a new case.

Lady. Insupportable!—but I take my leave of you all—I abandon you for ever—!—oh!—I shall go wild! [*Exit.*

Vapid. Exit in a rage.^o

Flor. Ay, ay, follow his Lordship—300 virtue is ever sure to meet its reward; now Mr. Vapid tell us how you came in that closet?

Vapid. Faith! I can't—I believe the servant hurried me there on your approach.

Flor. Then you did'nt come to meet Lady Waitfor't?

Vapid. Meet Lady Waitfor't!—no,—I came to read my epilogue to Neville, and a wonderful production it is.—"The tyrant 310 totters, and the senate nods."—(*walking about.*)

Louisa. To what a strange fatality of circumstances has her character been exposed! but vice often finds it's punishment for a crime it never committed, when it escapes for thousands it daily practices.—;

Flor. Well, Miss Courtney, I hope now your apprehensions are at an end.

Louisa. Yes, sir, I shall remain for the short time necessary to prepare for my 320 journey—and beg I may detain you no longer—I'm afraid I have already been a great intruder.

Flor. No, you've been the occasion of more happiness than ever I experienced—but you won't leave Bath till you've seen my brother.

Louisa. Oh! I have been cruelly deceived, Mr. Floriville! I have injured your brother

there . . . countenance} om. Dub.

Vapid . . . rage.} Dub., followed by Nicoll. 173 has / shall go wild! Vapid. [Exit in a rage.

so much, that, tho' I wish, I almost dread 330
to see him.

Flor. Then I'll go in search of him, and
if I don't reconcile you;—come Mr. Vapid
will you walk.

Vapid. With all my heart. (*Floriville,
taking him by the hand.*)

Flor. By heaven! you are^o an honest fel-
low, and if all poets were like you, I'd
become one myself—Miss Courtney, adieu!
—expect me to return.

Vapid. Madam, good night!—if I can 340
be of any service to you in the dramatic,
or any other way,—you may command
me.—

Flor. Ay! I'll answer for him—he would
die to serve you.

Vapid. Die to serve her!—ay, "die all!—
die nobly!—die like demi-gods!"

[*Exeunt.*]

END of ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE—Lady Waitfor't's Apartment.

Lady Waitfor't discovered at her toilette—
Letty waiting.

Lady. Mr. Vapid not come yet Letty!

Letty. No, ma'am—but the servant who
found him at the Tavern, said he would be
here immediately.

Lady. I protest, I am almost weary of
them all (*noise without*) see, who's there.

(*Letty listens and returns.*)

Letty. Mr. Vapid at last, now pray your
ladyship, insist on his explaining every thing
to my lord.

Lady. Yes; but vilely as he has treated 10
me, I must still be calm.

(*Vapid, putting his head in.*)

Lady. Walk in, sir, walk in.

Vapid. No, ma'am—I'd rather stay here.

Lady. I bog you'll be^o seated Mr. Vapid
—I have something of consequence to im-
part to you.

you are] om. Dub.

be . . . Vapid] walk in Mr. Vapid.—Pray be
seated Sir. Dub.

(*Vapid, gently coming in.*)

Vapid. I'd never have ventured, but in
hopes of seeing my dear Marianne.

Lady. Indeed, I will not detain you a
moment. 20

Vapid. Very well ma'am, if that's the case,
—(*slowly seating herself*) It's very alarm-
ing, (*aside*)

Lady. Letty leave the room, and fasten
the door. [*Letty Exit.*]

Vapid. No—no—don't do that,^o I beseech
you.

Lady. You're very much fright'ned Mr.
Vapid,—I hope you don't suppose I have
any design against you. 30

Vapid. I don't know, really ma'am—such
things are perfectly dramatic.

Lady. Well, but to release you from your
fears, I'll tell you why I have given you
this trouble—my business, Mr. Vapid, was
to converse with you on the farcical affair,
that happen'd at Neville's.

Vapid. Farcical!

Lady. Yes, sir, the farcical affair that
happen'd at Mr. Neville's. 40

Vapid. Farcical! what, my epilogue,
ma'am—I hope you don't mean to reflect on
that.

Lady. No sir—far from it—I have no
doubt but it is a very elegant composition.

Vapid. Doubt! here it is!—read it!—the
very first production of the age! a regular
climax of poetic beauty!—the last line the
ne plus ultra of genius.

Lady. But to be serious, Mr. Vapid, 50
Vapid. Why. I am serious—and I'll tell
you, Lady Waitfor't—'tis the last line of an
epilogue, and the last scene of a comedy
that always distracts me—'tis the reconcili-
ation of lovers—there's the difficulty!—you
find it so in real life, I dare say.

Lady. Yes—but Mr. Vapid, this affair con-
cerns me excessively, and I wish to know
what is to be done.

Vapid. I'll tell you,—write a play, and 60
bad as it may possibly^o be, say^o it's a trans-
lation from the French, and interweave a
few compliments on the English, and my
life on't, it does wonders—do it,—and say
you had the thought from me.

do that] fasten the door Dub.

possibly] Dub.: possible 1793.

say] and I dare say 'twill be bad enough, yet

I say Dub.

Lady. Sir, do you mean to deride⁰ me?

Vapid. No; but only be cautious in your style—women are in general apt to indulge that pruriency and⁰ warm luxuriance of fancy they possess,—but do be careful—70 be decent—if you are not, I have done with you.

Lady. Sir, I desire you'll be more respectful—I don't understand it at all. (*rising.*)

Vapid. Then here comes one that will explain every thing.

"There's in her all that we believe of Heaven,
"Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
"Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love!"

Enter Marianne.

Vapid. My dear sweet little partner, I rejoice to see you. 31

Marianne. And my dear sweet Mr. Poet, I rejoice to see you.

Lady. Provoking! have I not told you a thousand times, never to break in upon me when I am alone?

Marianne. Alone my lady! do you reckon Mr. Vapid nobody then?

Lady. Suppose I should, what is it to you?

Marianne. Then I have no notion of 90 your nobodies—I always thought them harmless unmeaning things.—but Mr. Vapid's not so very harmless either—are you, Mr. Vapid.—

Vapid. Indeed, ma'am, I am not.

Marianne. There now,—I told you so—upon my word you rely too much on your time of life—you do indeed—you think because you're a little the worse for wear, you may trust yourself any where,—but 100 you're mistaken—you're not near so bad as you imagine—nay, I don't flatter, do I, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Indeed ma'am, you do not.

Lady. Look'ye, miss—your insolence is not to be borne,—you have been the chief cause of all my perplexities.

Marianne. Nay, aunt, don't say that.

Lady. No matter—your behaviour is shameless, and it is high time I exerted 110 the authority of a relation—you are a disgrace to me—to yourself, and your friends—therefore I am determined to put into execution a scheme I have long thought of.

deride[insult Dub.

pruriency and] om. Dub.

Marianne. What is it? something pleasant I hope.

Lady. No, you shall retire to a convent, till you take possession of your fortune.

Marianne. A convent! Oh lord! I can't make up my mind to it, now don't, pray 120 don't think of it—I declare its quite shocking.

Lady. It is a far better place than you deserve; my resolution is fixed, and we shall see whether a life of solitude and austerity will not awaken some sense of shame in you.

Marianne. Indeed, I can't bear the thoughts of it,—Oh do speak to her Mr. Vapid—tell her about the nasty monks, 130 now do, a convent! mercy! what a check to the passions? Oh! I can't bear it. (*weeping.*)

Vapid. Gad, here's a sudden touch of tragedy—pray, Lady Waitfor't, reflect—you can't send a⁰ lady to a convent when the theatres are open—see, it will break the poor girl's heart—don't weep so Marianne?

Marianne. I can't help it—it will be the death of me! pray my dear aunt.

Lady. Not a word—I am determined—140 to-morrow you shall leave this country, and then I have done with you for ever.

Marianne. Oh! my poor heart!

Vapid. See! she'll faint!

Marianne. Oh! oh! oh!

Marianne faints in Lady Waitfor't's arms.

Lady. Oh; I have gone too far, what's to be done?

Vapid. Some relief immediately, or she'll expire—where shall I fly, I'll call the servants. 150

Lady. No, 'twill be too late—I have some drops in this closet may recover her—hold her a moment, and for heavens sake take care of her. [*Exit.*

Marianne lays in Vapid's arms.

Here's a situation!⁰—Poor girl! how I pity her! I really loved her.

Marianne. Did you really love me, Mr. Vapid?

Vapid. Hey day! recovered!—here's incident ! 180

a[a young Dub.

Here's a situation!] om. Dub.

awful *awful time* Dub.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Ma'am, my master, is return'd—
the occasion of his delay has been a long
interview with Mr. Willoughby,—he doesn't
know you are here.

Louisa. Marianne excuse me—you'll be 40
safe from Lady Waitfor't here—indeed I'm
very ill.

Marianne. Nay—where are you going.

Louisa. Alas! any where to avoid him—
farewell! and may you enjoy the happiness
I have for ever lost. *[Exit.*

Marianne. Poor dear girl! I musn't leave
her thus—Mr. Vapid, we wont run away
'till something is done for her.

Vapid. Go,—there's a good girl—follow 50
her and comfort her.

Marianne. I will—Lord! if they must be
happy in being friends again what must I
be who make them so? *[Exit.*

Vapid. The picture before me! all from
nature,—I must heighten his distress, for
contrast is every thing—Peter, not a word
for your life.⁰

Enter Neville.

Nev. Vapid, I am glad to see you—any
letter from my brother? *[To Peter 60*

Peter. None, sir.

Nev. Nor message?

Peter. No, sir.

Nev. Then I need doubt no longer—'tis
evident he avoids me—cruel! ungenerous
Floriville—*(seats himself.)*

Vapid (leaning over his chair.)

Miss Courtney will never see you again.

Nev. I know it—too well I know it—that,
and that alone, makes me determined to
leave this country for ever. TO

Vapid. You are unhappy then

Nev. Completely so.

Vapid. Then stop—*(sits by him)* she was
an angel,⁰ Harry.

Nev. Ay: a divinity!⁰

Vapid. And then to lose her.

Nev. (rising) 'Sdeath!—don't torment
me!—my griefs are already beyond bearing.

Vapid. It will do—he's as unhappy as I
could wish. 80

[life] Dub. adds: *[Gives him a tap on the cheek.]*
Not one word, you dull dog.
an angel} a divinity Dub.
a divinity} an angel Dub.

Peter. I can hold no longer—sir!

Vapid. Hush!—you d—d dog you'll ruin
the catastrophe.

Peter. I don't care—I'll tell him every
thing—sir!—Mr. Neville!

Vapid. You° villain!—do you ever go to
a play?—do you ever sit in the gallery?

Peter. Yes, sir, sometimes.

Vapid. Then know this is all for your
good—you'll applaud it some day or 90
other you dog—curse it, won't he have hap-
piness enough bye and bye—What?—you
are going abroad Neville!

Nev. Ye\$, for ever—farewell Vapid.

Vapid. Farewell Neville—good night—
Now for the effect,—Miss Courtney is in
the next room.

Nev. What!⁰

Vapid. Miss Courtney is in the next
room. 100

Nev. Louisa! Is it possible!

Vapid. There's light and shade!—Yes,
your brother brought her here, and she ex-
pects him to return every moment.

Nev. My brother! then 'tis he means to
marry her—nay perhaps they are already
married—heavens! I shall go wild.

Vapid. Don't, don't go wild—that will
ruin the denouement.

Nev. No matter—I am resolved—I'll 110
bid her farewell for ever—Vapid, 'tis the
last favour I shall ask of you—give her this
(a letter) and tell her since I have resented
Willoughby's attack on her honour, I think
I may be allowed to vindicate my own; tell
her, great as have been my faults, my
truth has still been greater, and wherever I
wander—

Vapid. Here's a flourish now!—why you
misunderstand—she is not married, nor 120
going to be married.

Nev. Come, this is no time for Raillery.

Vapid. Raillery!—why, I'm serious,—seri-
ous as the fifth Act—she is° now weeping
on your account.

Nev. Pry thee leave fooling, it will pro-
duce no effect, believe me.

Vapid. Won't it? it will produce a very
great effect though believe me, zounds! go
to her, preserve the unity of action,— 130

[You] *[Taking hold of Peter and leading him for-
ward.]* Hark 'ye, you Dub.

Nev. What! . . . room.] om. Dub.

she is . . . believe me] om. Dub.

marry her directly, and if the catastrophe does not conclude with spirit, damn my comedy,—damn. my comedy—that's all, damn my comedy.

Nev. Would to heaven you were in earnest.

Vapid. Earnest! why there it is now! the women, dear creatures, are always ready enough to produce effect—but the men are so curs't undramatic,—go to her,—I tell 140 you, go to her—(Vapid, *skewing his common place book*)—Here is my Lord and your brother with him—come, go to the Lady—make as good an exit as you can—there—no° flourishes—that will do.

[Neville exits, and Vapid, stands aside.

Enter Lord Scratch and Florville.

Lord. That curst dramatic maniac,—if I see him again—

Flor. My dear uncle consent to Harry's marriage, and depend on't he shall trouble you no more. 150

Lord. I tell you again, sir, I will not.

Flor. Will you give any hopes of future consent?

Lord. By the word of a Peer, I will not.

Vapid coming forward, touching Lord Scratch on the Shoulder, and writing in common-place Book.

Vapid. Master Brook, let me persuade you.

Lord. Flames and firebrands, the fiend again.

Vapid. Give consent, and I'll give Neville a fortune—he shall have the—entire profit 160 of the different plays in which I intend to have° the honour of introducing yourself and the old Lady Hurlothrumbo.

Lord. Oh! that I was not a Peer; if I was any thing else, but thank heaven, Louisa is more averse to the match than myself.

Vapid. Is she?

Lord. Yes, she knows his falsehood, and despises him.

Vapid. What! you are confident of it. 170

Lord. Out of my way, sir,—I'll not answer

there—no] Two Dub.

have . . . introducing] introduce Dub.

Hurlothrumbo] Hurllothrumbo; or, the Super-Natural, 1729, was a wildly extravagant burlesque by Samuel Johnson (of Cheshire—not Dr. Johnson), successful in its time.

you,—I'll go take her to town directly, out° of my way, sir.

Vapid. Stop—you're wrong,° Master Brook—e°he's in that room.

Lord. Where?—behind me.

Vapid. Yes—there—there!—(pointing)—now for it—what an effect?°

Lord opens glass doors, and discovers

Neville kneeling to Louisa. Marianne with them.

Vapid. There Peter, there's! a catastrophe! Shakespear's invention nothing! applaud 180 it you dog—clap, clap, Peter, clap.

Lord. What are you at, you impudent rascal, get out of the room. [Exit Peter.

Vapid. I should set this down—I may forget.

Marianne. Lord! he has a very bad memory, I hope he won't forget our marriage.

Nev. Oh! Louisa, what am I to think?

Louisa. That I have wrong'd thee, Neville! (embracing.)

Flor. My dear Harry, let this be my 190 apology for not having seen you before (giving him a paper) Miss Courtney, ten thousand joys, could I have found my brother, you should have seen him sooner.

Nev. Why here is the deed of gift of half your estate.

Flor. I know it, but say nothing—when you gave me money, five years ago, did I say any thing?—no, I forgot it as soon as it was over, and should never have recol- 200 lected, at this moment, but for my Lord's Inhumanity.—Uncle I thank you—you have made me the happiest man alive.

Lord. Don't perplex me, what a compound of folly and generosity?

Marianne. Uncle in-law, what are your feelings on this occasion, as my aunt says?

Lord. Feelings! I never knew a Peer had any.

Marianne. Did'nt you? 210

Lord. No; but now I find the contrary; I begin to think I've a heart like other men,—it's better to atone for an error, than persist in one—therefore give me that deed, Neville—there, sir (giving it to Florville) do you think nobody has estates but yourself.—Louisa and her fortune are your own Neville, and after my death you shall have

out . . . sir.] om. Dub.

you're wrong] om. Dub.

effect?] effect! Oh, charming! Dub.

all mine; and now there's a curst burden off my mind.

Marianne. Now you're a dear creature! and I won't marry,—that's what I won't without consulting you.

Lord. You marry! why, who should you marry? and pray how came you here?

Marianne. A gentleman run away with me, he is now in the room.

Lord. In the room! what! Floriville?

Marianne. No, behind you, (*pointing to Vapid, who is writing at a table.*) 230

Lord. Ghosts, and spectres—my evil genius!

Marianne. Come, my dear—hav'nt you almost finished?

(*Vapid rising.*)

Vapid. Yes, the denouement is complete, and now Mrs. Vapid,^o J resign myself to love and you.

Marianne. Come, give consent my Lord, my husband will get money tho' I have none. 240

Lord. Nonel I dare say he can tell you, you will^o have twelve thousand pounds in less than a year.

Vapid.^o That's a new incident!

Marianne. Shall I! then faith! Mr. Vapid, we'll build a theatre of our own; you shall write plays, and I'll act them.

Enter Ennui.

Ennui. I've an idea; I give you joy Neville—I mean to kill time by living single, and therefore I hope the Lady and the borough may be your's. 251

Marianne. Mr. Ennui, I hope you'll forgive me, and Sir Harry Hustle, the fatigue we occasioned you.

Ennui. Yaw! aw—don't mention it—the very recollection makes me faint—in fact, my Lord, I just met one of Lady Waitfor't's servants, who tells me she has left Bath, in a rage.

Mrs. Vapid] my dear Dub.
you wilt] he will Dub.

Vapid . . . incident!] om. Dub.

Flor. I am afraid she has escaped too easily. 261

Lord. Oh!^o never think of her, I can answer for her punishment being adequate to her crimes—Willoughby has told me all her schemes, and if ever I hear her name again, may I lose my peerage, and dress^o like a gentleman.

Ennui. My Lord—I've an idea.

Vapid. Sir, J beg your pardon; but really if you have an idea, I^o will trouble you to spare it me for my comedy. 271

Ennui. In fact, I don't comprehend, I have read your die-all, epilogue, and—

Vapid. Oh! then I don't wonder at your having ideas.

Lord.^o Oh! poor Fellow! he's always talking about what he never has—Neville,^o my boy, may you be as happy as I am.^o

Flor. Ay, I'll answer for his happiness by my own—Miss Courtney, notwithstanding my brother, I will "still live in your eye, "die in your lap—and be buried in your "heart; and moreover I will stay with you "both in England.^o"

Louisa. Yes, Floriville, if you^o would behold pure, unsullied love, never travel out of this country. Depend on't,

No foreign Climes such high Examples prove,
Of wedded Pleasure, or connubial Love.
Long^o in this Land have Joys domestic grown, 290
Nurs'd in the Cottage—cherish'd on the Throne!

THE END.

Oh!] Oh, damn her! Dub.
dress] be forced to dress Dub.
[. . . spare] I'll be much obliged to you if you will spare Dub.

Lord . . . he's] Enn. Sir, f shall expect satisfaction' Vap. Satisfaction! Sir, if any one inwlts me I'll lick 'em on the stage Sir, that's my way. Lord S. Come, come never mind him the poor fellow is Dub. has—Neville] had—Ideas indeed!—but come my boy Neville Dub.

am.] am—I'm the happiest Peer alive and I—when I die. Dub.

England] Dub. adds: and never return to Italy again.

if you . . . on't] om. Dub.

Long . . . Throne!] om'. Dub.

EPILOGUE

*Written by M. P. ANDREWS, Esq; And Spoken by LEWIS,
In the CHARACTER of VAPID.*

After the Play, he advances, as if intending to speak, and the Scene is dropped behind him.

GADSO, I'm caught, the Wags have shut me out,
But why? my Part's to scribble, not to spout.
I could write Epilogues for all who speak 'em,
But may my Play be damn'd, if I can° speak 'em.
"Die all, die nobly"—that's the Plan my Boys;
Fun, Fire, and Pathos, Metre, Mirth, and Noise:
To make you die with Laughter or the Hiccups,
Tickle your Favourites, or smack your Tea-Cups,
Vapid's the Man, have at you Great and Small,
Here will I stand, and dramatize you all.
Come forth my Javelin *(pulls out a Pencil)* strike th' astonish'd Town,
Say, shall I cut you up, or write you down?
Nay, never tremble Gents;—or slink away,
'Tis what the° Authors suffer every day:
Stop that thin Jemmy in the Thicket Coat,
Him with the Towel underneath his Throat;
If so tied up, he plays—the willing Fool,
I'll hang him up at once to ridicule:
Perhaps° 'twill help to keep the Lobby quiet,
And save it from his nightly Noise and Riot.
And you, my little Madam, in the Bonnet,
Don't flinch, I'll have you down depend upon it;
While thus so furbelow'd a Screen you keep,
Not one behind can get a single Peep;
'Sblood, when my Play appears, what Work there'll be!
What an overflowing House, methinks I see
Here, Box-keeper, are these my Places? No,
Madam Van Bulk has taken all that Row;
Then° I'll go back—you can't—you can, she fibs,
Keep down your Elbows, or you'll break my Ribs;
Zounds, how you squeeze! Of what do you think one made is?
Is this your Wig? No, it's that there Lady's.
Then the Side-Boxes, what delighted Rows!
Peers, Poets, Nabobs, Jews, and 'Prentice Beaux.
Alderman Cramp, a gouty rich old Cit,
With his young Bride, so lovingly will sit;
While a gay Rake, who sees the happy Pair,

can] om. Dub.
Perhaps . . . Riot] om. Dub.

the] we Dub.
Then . . . Ribs] om. Dub.

A Bliss so wonderful resolves to share;
He whispers, Madam, you've a charming Spouse,
So neat in Limb, and then so smooth in Brows.
Sir, I don't understand you.—What say, Dove?
Nothing, my Duck—I'd only dropp'd my Glove.
To-morrow, at the Fruit Shop, will you come?
At Twelve o'Clock—Lord, Sir, how you presume!
Who's that scroudges?⁰ You shan't shove my wife,
I shove her! A good Joke, upon my Life.
Leave him to me; how dare you thus to treat me?'
I dare do any thing, if you'll but meet me.
Me, meet a Man! I shou'd'nt have thought of you;
At Twelve indeed! I can't get out till Two.
Then all the Parties; whether pleas'd or not,
Turn towards the stage, and muse upon the Plot;
To catch the Author at some *That* or *Therefore*,
And praise or damn him without why or wherefore.
If such Friends cherish, or such Foes assail,
Who knows, even my Comedy may fail:
Should then my writing, prove but time mispent,
O, may I act to please, and I'm content.

scroudges] pushes, crowds so as to invade another's place.

SPEED THE PLOUGH:

A COMEDr,

IN FIVE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT THE

THEATRE-ROTAI, COGENT-GARDEN.

By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF '* A CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE,'

⁴⁴ WAY TO GET MARRIED," &c. &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, PRINTERS-STREET;

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1800

Thomas Morton (c. 1764-1838) is said to have read at Lincoln's Inn but was not called to the Bar. Little is known of his life.

His first play *Columbus* (1792) was an historical melodrama. After other attempts in the same vein he turned to comedy and *The Way to get Married* was produced successfully in 1796. He wrote many plays of which the most successful and probably the best known is *Speed the Plough*, produced at Covent Garden in February, 1800.

This play was for long a stock piece and it has a minor interest in being the origin of Mrs. Grundy, who does not actually appear in the play but is the constant criterion by which Dame Ashfield judges her life and conduct. *Speed the Plough* may not be a great play, but it is a capable piece of work; and if the sentimentalism is out of date some of the comedy is still alive. It is a crude medley of romantic event and farcical characterization, peasant virtue and the harshness of the rich, melodramatic villainy and happy discovery. It is perhaps faint praise to describe it as typical of the best work of its kind at this time when the eighteenth was passing into the nineteenth century.

The text is printed from the first edition octavo of 1800 collated with "A New Edition," octavo 1805, and the Larpent MS. This last is the MS. copy of the play submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for licence and now preserved in the Henry Huntington Library, California. The critical apparatus gives variations of the text from O 1, and any substantial variant readings to be found in 1805 and Larpent. Punctuation variants are not noted as a rule, unless they involve a difference in grammatical construction or sense. The differences between Larpent and the first printed edition are not of great literary importance, but in view of the fact that editors have rarely collated a source earlier than a first printed edition it seemed to be worth while making a fairly extensive comparison as an example to students of the degree to which the printed version may differ from the theatre book. It does not follow that the changes were contrary to the wish of the author, but presumably the MS. represents the version as it left the author and as both he and the theatre first intended it to be produced.

The printed editions vary considerably from Larpent in punctuation and in an attempt to represent Farmer Ashfield's dialect phonetically. Generally these variants have not seemed worth recording.

O 1 = First edition octavo, 1800 (A.E.M.).

1805 = "New Edition," octavo, 1805 (A.E.M.).

Lar. = Larpent MS., dated 29th January, 1800.

Nicoll states that there were nine editions in 1800.

PROLOGUE

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. BETTERTON.

IN ev'ry age, the trump of deathless fame⁰
Proclaims the warrior's and the poet's name;
Painting and sculpture all their pow'rs combine,⁰
And laurels deck⁰ the bard's and hero's shrine.⁰
No further can the parallel extend,
The poet's honours on success depend;
While Fortune's frown can ne'er molest the brave,
Nor blast the laurel springing from his grave.
An equal wreath impartial Fame supplies,
To him who conquers, and to him who dies;
For British valor was displayed, not more
On Nile's proud flood, than Helder's barren shore!
The chance of war the bravest may control,
But leaves untouch'd the courage of the soul;
And England gives her heroes, ever dear!
The shout of triumph, or the starting⁰ tear.
Not so the Bard—with him success is all!
When Fortune frowns, his air-built castles fall:
But if she smiles, he sails with prosperous breeze,
Like the small Nautilus o'er Summer seas;
Whose little oars on ocean's bosom sweep,
Fearless of all the monsters of the deep.

(After a pause,) Oft at this Bar, our Author has been tried,
Where English Judges take the pris'ner's side!
Guilty of faults no doubt he will appear,
But human errors find acquittal here——
Where e'en the friendless always meet support,
From honest Juries, and an upright Court.
Critics,⁰ who rule o'er politics and plays,
If you are adverse, vain the poet's lays!
"You, who with equal hands the balance hold,
"Whose just decision ne'er was bought or sold,
"But who to ev'ry candidate dispense
"His lot of humour, and his share of sense,"
Protect our Author on the coming day,
And though you damn the Prologue—spare the Play:
To your decree each Dramatist must bow,
Give but your aid, and that will "Speed the Plough!"

The lines marked with inverted commas were omitted.

trump . . . fame] sounding Trump of Fame Lar.
laurels deck] laurel crowns Lar.
starting] falling Lar.

all . . . combine] too their aid bestow Lar.
shrine] brow Lar.
Critics . . . spare the Play:] om. Lar.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Philip Blandford
Morrington
Sir Abel Handy
Bob Handy
Henry
Farmer Ash field
Evergreen
Gerald
Postillion
Young Handy's Servant
Peter

Miss Blandford
Lady Handy
Susan Ashfield
Dame Ashfield

Mr. POPB.
Mr. MURRAY.
Mr. MUNDEN.
Mr. FAWCETT.
Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Mr. KNIGHT.
Mr. DAVENPORT.
Mr. WADDY.
Mr. ABBOT.⁰
Mr. KLANERT.⁰
Mr. ATKINS.⁰

Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Mrs. DIBDIN.
Miss MURRAY.
Mrs. DAVENPORT. •

Mr, Abbot, Mr. Klanert, Mr. Atkins] om. Lar.

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *In the fore-ground a Farm House—A view of a Castle at a distance.*⁰

Farmer Ashfield discovered with his jug and pipe.

Enter Dame Ashfield in a riding dress,⁰ and a basket under her arm.

Ashfield.

Well, Dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrorn market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I always told you; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All the better vor he.

Dame. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash. Come, come, Missus,⁰ as thee has⁰ 10 not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame. And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye? aleways ding,⁰ dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy zay? What will Mrs. Grundy think?—Casn't thee be quiet, let ur alone, and behave thyzel pratty? 20

Dame. Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummas, what she said at church last Sunday.

Ash. Canst thee tell what parson zaid? Noa—Then I'll tell thee—A' zaid that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a' zaid.

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy indeed? 30

Ash. What⁰ dant thee letten her aloane then—I do verily think⁰ when thee goest to

In . . . distance! A Farm-house with a distant view of a Castle Lar.

riding dress] Joseph Lar.

Missus] Mistress Lar.

has] have Lar.

ding,] om. Lar.

What] Why Lar., probably right.

do verily think] verily believe Lar.

t'other world, the vurst question thee't^o ax 'il be, if Mrs. Grundy's there—Zoa be quiet,⁰ and behave pratty, do'ye—Has thee brought whoam^o the Salisbury news?

Dame. No, Tummas; but I have brought a rare wadget⁰ of news with me. First and foremost I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and waggons, all belonging to 40 Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the Castle—and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pull'd off his hat to me, and said—"Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband."—So, there he stood without his hat—Oh, Tummas, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked!

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy—be quiet, and let^o I read, woolye? (reads) "My dear 50 Farmer" (taking off his hat), Thankye, Zur,—zame to you we^o all my heart and soul—"My dear Farmer"—

Dame. Farmer—Why, you are blind, Tummas; it is—"My dear Father"—Tis from our own dear Susan.

Ash. Odds!¹ dickens and daizeys! zoo it be, zure enow!¹—"My dear Feyther, you will be surprized"—Zoo I be, he, he! What pretty writing, beant it? all as strait as 60 thof^o it were ploughed—"Surprised to hear that in a few hours I shall embrace you"—Nelly, who formerly was our servant, has fortunately married Sir Abel Handy Bart."

Dame. Handy Bart—Pugh! Bart, stands for Baronight,⁰ mun.

Ash. Likely, likely—Drabbit it,^o only to

thee't] thee 1805; thee will Lar.

be quiet] om. Lar.

whoam] om. Lar.

wadget] Wright, *Dialect Diet.*: 'A large loose bundle.' Hence, presumably, a quantity, pack of news.

let] letten Lar.

we] wi Lar.

Odds!] om. Lar.

zure enow!] om. Lar.

thof] if Lar.

you] Lar adds: Ugh! (hugs his wife) Dame. Dont be a fool, Tummas; but read on. Ash. "This is to acquaint you"—"This is"—Ah, that be wrong. You know, Dame, it shoud be, "Thic be"—"to acquaint you that

Baronight] Baronet Lar.

it] om. Lar,

think of the zwaps and changes of this world!
70

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great Baronet! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet, and let° I read—"And she has proposed bringing me to see you; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther"—

Dame. "And mother"—

Ash. Bless her, how prettily she do write feyther, dant she? 80

Dame. And mother.

Ash. Ees, but feyther first, though—"As acceptable to my dear feyther and mother, as to their affectionate daughter—Susan Ashfield"—Now beant that° a pratty letter?

Dame. And, Tummas, is not she a pretty girl?°

Ash. Ees; and as good as she be pratty—Drabbit it, I do feel zoo happy, and zoo warm,—for all the world like the zun in 90 harvest.

Dame. Oh, Tummas, I shall be so pleased to see her, I shan't know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Ash. Stand on thy head! vor sheame o'thyzel—behave pratty, do.

Dame. Nay, I meant no harm—Eh, here comes friend Evergreen the gardner, from the Castle. Bless me, what a hurry the old man is in. 100

Enter Evergreen.

Everg. Good day, honest Thomas.

Ash. Zame to you, measter Evergreen.

Everg. Have you heard the news?

Dame. Anything about Mrs. Grundy?

Ash. Dame, be quiet, woolye now?

Everg. No, no—The news is, that my master, Sir Philip Blandford, after having been° abroad for° twenty years, returns this day to the Castle; and that the reason of his coming, is to marry his only daughter 110 to the son of Sir Abel Handy, I think they call him.

Dame. As sure as twopence, that is Nelly's husband.

Everg. Indeed!—Well, Sir Abel and his

let] letten Lar.

that] it Lar.

girl] Creature Lar.

having been] being Lar.

for] orn. Lar.

son will be here immediately; and, Farmer, you must attend them.

Ash. Likely, likely.

Everg. And, mistress, come and lend us a hand at the Castle, will you?—Ah, 120 twenty long years since I have seen Sir Philip—Poor Gentleman! bad, bad health—worn almost to the grave, I am told.—What a lad do I remember him—till that dreadful—*(checking himself.)* But where is Henry? I must see him—must caution him *(a gun is discharged at a distance)*. That's his gun, I suppose—he is not far then—Poor Henry!

Dame. Poor Henry! I like that indeed! 130 What, though he be nobody knows who, there is not a girl in the parish° that is not ready to pull caps for him—The Miss Grundys, genteel as they think themselves, would be glad to snap at him—If he were our own, we could not love him better.

Everg. And he deserves to be loved—Why, he's as handsome as a peach tree in blossom; and his mind is as free from weeds as my favourite carnation bed. But, 140 Thomas, ran to the Castle, and receive Sir Abel and his son.

Ash. I wool, I wool—Zo, good day, *(bowing.)* Let every man make his bow, and behave pratty—that's what I say—Missus, do'ye shew un Sue's letter, woolye? Do ye letten see how pratty she do write feyther. *[Exit.]*

Dame. Now Tummas is gone, I'll tell you such a story about Mrs. Grundy—But come, step in, you must needs be weary; and I 150 am sure a mug of harvest beer, sweetened with a hearty welcome, will refresh you.

[Exeunt into the house.]

SCENE II. *Outside and Gate of the Castle.—Servants cross the stage, laden with different Packages.*

Enter Ashfield.

Ash. Drabbit it, the wold castle 'ull be hardly big enow to hold all thic lumber—Who do come here? A do° zeem a comical zoart ov a man.—Oh, Abel Handy, I suppoze.

Sir Abel Handy (without). Gently there! mind how you go, Robin. *[A crash.]*

pariah] Tything Lar.

A do ... a man] om. Lar.

Robin] Peter Lar.

He enters—Servant following.

Zounds and fury! you have killed the whole county, you dog I for you have broke the patent medicine chest, that was to keep them all alive!—Richard, gently!—take care 10 of the grand Archimedian corkscrews!—Bless my soul! so much to think of! Such wonderful inventions in conception,⁰ in concoction, and in completion!

Enter Peter.

Well, Peter, is the carriage much broke?

Peter. Smashed all to pieces. I thought as how, Sir, that your infallible axletree would give way.

Sir Abel. Confound it, it has compelled me to walk so far in the wet, that I declare 20 my waterproof shoes are completely soaked through. [*Exit Peter.*]
Now⁰ to take a view with my new-invented glass! (*pulls out his glass.*)

Ash. (*loud and bluntly.*) Zarvent, Zur! Zarvent!

Sir Abel (*starting*)' What's that? Oh, good day. Devil take the fellow! (*aside.*)

Ash. Thankye, Zur; zame to you wi' all my heart and zoul. so

Sir Abel. Pray, friend, cou'd you contrive gently to inform me, where I can find one Farmer Ashfield.

Ash. ha, ha, ha! (*laughing loudly.*) Excuse my tittering a bit—but your axing myzel vor I be so domm'd zilly (*bowing and laughing.*)—Ah! you stare at I beceas I be bashful and daunted.

Sir Abel. You are very bashful to be sure. I declare I'm quite weary. 40

Ash. If you'll walk into the Castle, you may zit down, I dare zay.⁰

Sir Abel. May I, indeed! you are a fellow of extraordinary civility.

Ash. There's no denying it, Zur.

Sir Abel. No, I'll sit here.

Ash. What! on the ground? Why, you'll wring your ould withers—

Sir Abel. On the ground—no, I always carry my scat with me (*spreads a small 50 camp-chair*).—Here I'll sit and examine the surveyor's account of the Castle.

[*in conception*] om. Lar.

[*Now ... his glass.*] om. Lar.

[*I dare zay*] om. Lar.

Ash. Dickens and daizeys! what a gentleman you would be to shew at a vair!

Sir Abel. Silence, fellow, and attend—"An account of the castle and domain of Sir Philip Blandford, intended to be settled as a marriage portion on his daughter, and the son of Sir Abel Handy, by Frank Flourish, surveyor.—Imprimis—The premises com- 40 mand an exquisite view of the isle of Wight."—Charming! delightful! I don't see it though (*rising*)—I'll try with my new glass—my own invention—(*he looks through the glass*)⁰ Yes, there I caught rfc—Ah! now I see it plainly⁰—Eh! no—I don't see it, do you?

Ash. Noa, Zur, I doant—but little zweepy do tell I he can zee a bit on't^o from the top of the chimbley—zoa, an you've a 70 mind to crawl up you may zee un too, he, he!

Sir Abel. Thank you—but damn your titter! (*reads*)—"Fish ponds well stocked"—That's a good thing, Farmer.

Ash. Likely, likely—but I doant think the vishes do thrive much in theas ponds.

Sir Abel. No! Why?

Ash. Why, the ponds be always dry i' the zummer; and I be tuold that beant 80 wholesome vor the little vishes.

Sir Abel. Not very, I believe—Well said surveyor!⁰ "A cool summer-house."

Ash. Ees, Zur, quite cool—by reason the roof be tumbled in.

Sir Abel. Better and better⁰—"The whole capable of the greatest improvement."—Come, that seems true, however—I shall have plenty to do, that's one comfort—I'll have⁰ such contrivances! I'll have a canal '> run through my kitchen.—I must give this

glass] Lar. adds: and the Farmer places himself before him, observing him).

[*plainly*] Lar. adds: With a common glass, I shou'd not be able to see it at all (takes the glass from his eye, & sees the Farmer looking in it at the other end).

[*on't*] Lar.; out O 1, 1805.

[*surveyor!*] Lar. interpolates: "The Estate abounding in Game." *Ash.* Ees, sur, I saw a hare no longer ago than last year. *S' Abel.* Bravo, Master Flourish!

[*better*] Lar. interpolates: "An eligible Vicinity." *Ash.* Nan! *S' Abel.* Pleasant neighbours. *Ash.* Oh, deadly famous! There be I, the Grvndys, that my mistress be always chattering about; Old Moonshine, the Smuggler, & moreover than we, there's as tight a Gang of Gypsies in the barn. *S' Abel.* That will do—Mercy on us!

[*I'll have*] om. Lar.

rustic some idea of my consequence (*aside*). You must know, Farmer, you have the honour of conversing with a man who has obtained patents for tweezers, tooth-picks, and tinder-boxes—to a philosopher who has been consulted on the Wapping docks and the Gravesend tunnel; and who has now in hand two inventions which will render him immortal—the one is,^o converting saw-100 dust into deal boards, and the other is, a plan of cleaning rooms by a steam engine^o—and, Farmer,^o I mean to give prizes for industry—141 have a ploughing match.

Ash. Will you, Zur?

Sir Abel. Yes; for I consider a healthy young man between the handles^o of a plough, as one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain.

Ash. Faith and troth! there be some 110 tightish hands in theas parts, I promise^o ye.

Sir Abel. And, farmer, it shall precede the hymeneal festivities—

Ash. Nan!

Sir Abel. Blockhead! the ploughing match shall take place as soon as Sir Philip Blandford and his daughter arrive.

Ash. Oh, likely, likely!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Abel, I beg to say, my master will be here immediately. 120

Sir Abel. And, Sir, I beg to ask who possesses the happiness of being your master?

Serv. Your son, Sir, Mr. Robert Handy.

Sir Abel. Indeed! and where is Bob?

Serv. I left him, Sir, in the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. Where?

Serv. In the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. In the belfrey of the church! 130 What was he doing there?

Serv. Why, Sir, the natives were ringing a

is,] is for Lar.

engine] Lar, interpolates: (Ashfield not regarding whistles a tune) Now the Brute is whistling. Why, you uncivil!—Ash. Come, dante say that—becase I bes the most agreeable Parson in these parts. I be sure, when you were talking all that nonsense, I did not laugh a bit at you, now did I? So, dont you say I be's uncivil, but behave pretty, doe. S' Abel. Was there ever such a Savage? Hear me, sir! and none of your cursed tittering.

and, Farmer] om. Lar.

handles] shafts Lar.

promise] assure Lar.

peal in honour of our arrival—when my master finding they knew nothing of the matter, went up to the steeple to instruct them, and ordered me to proceed to the Castle—I have the honour—

[*Bows and exit.*]

Sir Abel. Wonderful! My Bob, you must know, is an astonishing fellow!—you have^o heard of the admirable Crichton, maybe? 140 Bob's of the same kidney! I contrive, he executes—Sir Abel *invenit*, Bob *fecit*. He can do everything—everything!^o

Ash. All the better vor he. I zay,^o Zur, as he can turn his hand to everything, pray, in what way med^o he earn his livelihood?

Sir Abel. Earn his livelihood!

Ash. Ees, Zur—How do he gain his bread?

Sir Abel. Bread! Oh, he can't earn his bread. Bless you! he's a genius. 150

Ash. Genius! Drabbit it, I have got^o a horze o' this^o name, but dom' un 'he'll never work—never.

Sir Abel. Egad! here comes my boy Bob! —Eh! no—it is not! no.

Enter Postboy with a round^o Hat and Cane. Why who the devil are you?

Postb. I am the postboy, your Honour; but the Gem'man said I did not know how to drive, so he mounted my horse, and made me get inside—Here he is. 160

Enter Handy, jun. with a postboy's cap and whip.

Handy, jun. Ah, my old Dad, is that you?

Sir Abel. Certainly; the only doubt is, if that be you?

Handy, jun. Oh, I was teaching this fellow^o to drive—Nothing is so horrible as people pretending to do^o what they are unequal to—Give me my hat—That's the way to use a whip.

Postb. Sir, you know you have broke the horses knees all to pieces. 171

you have . . . fecit.] om. Lar. See note p. 1098 l. 35. He can do everything—everything!] Can do every thing. Lar.

/ zay] 1805; Izay O 1.

med] do Lar.

got] om. Lar.

thic] that Lar.

round] cock'd Lar.

this fellow] these fellows Lar.

do] om.'Lar.

Handy, jun. Hush, there's a guinea
(*apart*).

Sir Abel (to *Ashfield*). You see Bob can do every thing. But, Sir, when you knew I had arrived from Germany, why did you not pay your duty to me in London?

Handy, jun. Sir, I heard you were but four days married, and I would not interrupt your honeymoon. 180

Sir Abel. Four days! oh, you might have come (*sighing*).

Handy, jun. I hear you have taken to your arms a simple rustic, unsophisticated by fashionable follies,—a full blown blossom of nature.

Sir Abel. Yes!⁰

Handy, jun. How does it answer?

Sir Abel. So, so!

Handy, jun. Any thorns? 190

Sir Abel. A few!

Handy, jun. I must be introduced—where is she?

Sir Abel. Not within thirty miles; for I don't hear her.

Ash. Ha, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. Who is that?

Sir Abel. Oh, a pretty behaved tittering friend of mine.

Ash. Zarvent, Zur—no offence I do⁰ 200 hope—Could not help tittering a bit at Nelly—when she were zarvent maid wi' I, she had a tightish prattle wi' her, that's vor^o zartain.

Handy, jun. Oh! so then my honored Mamma was the servant of this tittering gentleman—I say, father, perhaps she has not lost the tightish prattle he speaks of.

Sir Abel. My dear boy, come here—Prattle! I say, did you ever live next door to 200 a pewterer's?—that's all—you understand me⁰—did you ever hear a dozen fire-engines full gallop?⁰—were you ever at Billingsgate⁰ in the sprat season?—or——

Handy, jun. Ha, ha!

Sir Abel. Nay, don't laugh, Bob.

Handy, jun. Indeed, Sir, you think of it

Yes!] Eh! Lar.

do] om. Lar.

that's vor] sure & Lar.

me] om. Lar.

gallop?] gallop! 1805.

Billingsgate] Billingsgate 1805; Stock exchange on a settling day or at Billingsgate Lar.

too seriously. The storm, I dare say, soon blows over.

Sir Abel. Soon! You know what a trade 220 wind is, don't you, Bob? why, she thinks no more of the latter end of her speech, than she does of the latter end of her life——

Handy, jun. Ha, ha!

Sir Abel. But I won't be laughed at—I'll⁰ knock any man down that laughs!

Handy, jun. I beg your pardon—but how in the name of Babel did she wheedle you into matrimony?

Sir Abel. Why, she dealt with me as 230 the devil deals with a witch⁰—humoured me for a time, that I might be her slave for ever! I thought I was marrying a notable woman, who^o would have eased⁰ my head of part of its burthen:—instead of which——

Handy, jun. She has added to its burthen.

Sir Abel. You know, my dear boy, my aim is to make my head⁰ useful——

Handy, jun. And her aim, I suppose, is to make it ornamental. 240

Sir Abel. Bob, if you can say anything pleasant, I'll trouble you; if not, do what my wife can't—hold your tongue.

Handy, jun. I'll shew you what I can do —I'll amuse you with this native (*apart*).

Sir Abel. Do—do—quiz him—at him, Bob.

Handy, jun. I say, Farmer, you are a set of jolly fellows here, an't you?

Ash. Ees, Zur, deadly jolly—excepting when we be otherwise, and then we beant. 250

Handy, jun. Play at cricket, don't you?

Ash. Ees, Zur; we Hampshire lads conceat^o we can bowl a bit or thereabouts.

Handy, jun. And cudgel too, I suppose?

Sir Abel. At him, Bob.

Ash. Ees, Zur, we sometimes break oon anothers heads by way of being agreeable, and the like o' that.

Handy, jun. Understand all the guards? (*putting himself in an attitude of cudgelling.*)

Ash. Can't zay I do, Zur. 250

Handy, jun. What, hit in this way, eh?

(*makes a hit at Ashfield, which he parries, and hits Young Handy violently.*)

I'll] dam'me, I'll Lar.

witch] with Lar., obviously a copyist's error.

who] that Lar.

eased] taken care of my gouty leg, & eased Lar.

my head] myself Lar.

conceat] conceals Lar.

Ash.-Nob, Zur, we do hit thic way.

Handy, jun. Zounds and fury!

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, he has broke your head.

Handy, jun. Yes; he rather hit me—he somehow—

Sir Abel. He did indeed, Bob.

Handy, jun. Damn him—The fact is, I am out of practice. 970

Ash. You need not be, Zur; I'll gi' ye a belly full any day° wi' all my heart and soul.

Handy, jun. No, no,⁰ thank you—Farmer, what's your name?

Ash. My name be Tummas Ashfield—anything to say against my name?

(threatening.)

Handy, jun. No, ho—Ashfield! shoud' he be the father of my pretty Susan—Pray, have you a daughter? 280

Ash. Ees, I have—anything to zay against she?

Handy, jun. No, no; I think her a charming creature.

Ash. Do ye faith and troth—Come, that be deadly kind o'ye however—Do you zee, I were *frightful* she were not agreeable.

Handy, jun. Oh, she's extremely agreeable to me, I assure you.

Ash. I vow,⁰ it be quite pratty in you 290 to take notice of Sue. I do hope, Zur, breaking your head will break noa squares⁰—She be a° coming down to theas parts wi' lady our maid Nelly, as wur°—your spouse, Zur.

Handy, jun. The devil she is! that's awkward!

Ash. I do hope you'll be kind to Sue when she do come, woolye, Zur?

Handy, jun. You may depend on it. 300

Sir Abel. I daresay you may. Come, Farmer, attend us.

Ash. Ees, Zur; wi' all respect—Gentleman, pray° walk thic way, and I'll walk before you. [Exit.

Sir Abel. Now, that's what he calls behaving pretty.

Handy, jun. Susan Ashfield coming here!

any day] om. Lar.

No, no] No Lar.

vow] declare Lar.

break noa squares'] do no harm, not matter.

be a] be' Lar.

wur] was Lar.

pray] pray'ee Lar.

Sir Abel. What, Bob, some intrigue, eh?

Handy, jun. Oh fie! 310

Sir Abel. Consider, Sir, you come here to marry the beautiful and accomplished Miss Blandford—and consider on the other hand, you have already got a slight memorandum of the Farmer's agreeable way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Grove.⁰

(Morrington comes down the stage, wrapt in a great coat°—He looks about—then at his watch, and° whistles—which is answered.)

Enter Gerald.

Mor. Here, Gerald! Well, my trusty fellow, is Sir Philip arrived?

Ger. No, Sir; but hourly expected.

Mor. Tell me, how does the Castle look?

Ger. Sadly decayed, Sir.

Mor. I hope, Gerald, you were not observed.

Ger. I fear otherwise; Sir: on the skirts of the domain I encountered a stripling with his gun; but I darted into that thicket, 10 and so avoided him.

(Henry appears in the back ground, in a shooting dress, attentively observing them.)

Mor. Have you gained any intelligence?

Ger. None: the report that reached us was false—The infant certainly died with its mother—Hush! conceal yourself—we are observed—this⁰ way.

They retreat.—Henry advances.

Henry. Hold!⁰ as a friend, one word! [They exeunt, he follows them and returns. Again they have escaped me—"The infant died with its mother"—This agony 20 of doubt is insupportable.

Enter Evergreen.

Everg. Henry, well met.

Henry. Have you seen strangers?

Everg. No!⁰

A Grove] A sequester'd Woody Country Lar. great coat] cloak Lar.

and] then Lar.

this] Come this Lar.

Hold I] Lar. adds: (they draw pistols)

No!] When? Henry. E'en now. Everg. No, my dear boy—But yesterday in the Garden of the Castle I saw two men muffled up. Henry. The same. Everg. One cried (striking his forehead) This was the fatal plan—Then they observed me, & made off. Lar.

Henry. Two but now^o have left this place—They spoke of a lost child—My busy fancy led me to think I was the object of their search—I pressed forward, but they avoided me.

Everg. No, no; it could not be you; '> for no one on earth knows but myself, and——

Henry. Who, Sir Philip Blandford?

Everg. I am sworn, you know, my dear boy; I am solemnly sworn to silence.

Henry. True, my good old friend; and if the knowledge of who I am can only be obtained at the price of thy perjury, let me for ever remain ignorant—let the corroding thought still haunt my pillow, 40 cross me at every turn, and render me insensible to the blessings of health and liberty—yet, in vain do I suppress the thought—who am I? why thus abandoned? perhaps the despised offspring of guilt—Ah! is it^o so! (*seizing him violently.*)

Everg. Henry, do I deserve this?

Henry. Pardon me, good old man! I'll act more reasonably—111 deem^o thy silence mercy. 50

Everg. That's wisely said.

Henry. Yet it is hard to think that the most detested reptile that Nature forms, or man pursues, has, when he gains his den, a parent's pitying breast to shelter in; but

Everg. Come, come, no more of this.

Henry. Well!—I visited to-day that^o young man who was so grievously bruised by the breaking of his team. 60

Everg. That was kindly done, Henry.

Henry. I found him suffering under extreme torture, yet a ray of joy shot from his languid eye—for his medicine was administered by a father's hand—it was a mother's precious tear that dropt upon his wound—Oh, how I envied him!

Everg. Still on the same subject—I tell thee, if thou art not acknowledged by thy race, why, then become the noble founder 70 of a new one. The most valuable carnations were once seedlings—and the pride of my flower-bed is now a^o Henry, which, when

known, will be envied^o by every florist in Britain—Come with me to the Castle for the last time.

Henry. The last time!

Everg. Aye, boy; for when Sir Philip arrives, thou^o must avoid him.

Henry. Not see him! where exists the 30 power that shall prevent me?

Everg. Henry, if you value your own peace of mind—if you value an old man's comfort, avoid the Castle.

Henry (*aside*). I must dissemble with this honest creature—Well, I am content.

Everg. That's right—that's right, Henry—Be but thou resigned and virtuous, and he who cloaths the lily of the field, will be a parent to thee. 90

{Exeunt.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Lodge belonging to the Castle.

(*Dame Ashfield discovered making Lace.*)

Enter Handy, jun.

A singular situation this my old Dad has placed me in; brought me here to marry a woman of fashion^o and beauty, while I have been professing and I've a notion feeling the most ardent love for the pretty Susan Ashfield—Propriety says, take Miss Blandford—Love says, take Susan—Fashion says, take both—but would Susan consent to such an arrangement?—and if she refused, would I consent to part with 10 her? Oh time enough to put that question when the previous one is disposed of—(seeing Dame) How do you do? How do you do?—Making lace I perceive—Is it a common employment here?

Dame. Oh! no, Sir, nobody can make it in these parts but myself!—Mrs. Grundy indeed pretends—but, poor woman! she knows no more of it than you do.

Handy, jun. Than I do! that's vastly 20 well!—My dear Madam, I passed two months at Mechlin for the express purpose.

envied] admired Lar.

thou] you Lar.

fashion] wit Lar.

Two but now] But now they Lar.

is it] it is Lar.

deem] think Lar.

that] the Lar.

a] a young Lar.

Dame. Indeed!

Handy, jun. You "don't dait right—now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll shew you the true Mechlin method (*turns⁰ the cushion round, kneels down and begins working*). First you see, so—then, so—

Enter Sir Abel and Miss Blandford.

Sir Abel. I vow Miss Blandford, fair as 30 I ever thought you, the air of your native land has given additional lustre to your charms!—(*Aside.*) If my wife looked so—Ah! But where can Bob be—you must know Miss, my son is a very clever fellow!⁰ you won't find him wasting his time in boyish frivolity!—no; you will find him—

(*sees him.*)

Miss B. Is that your son, Sir?

Sir Abel (*abashed*). Yes, that's Bob!

Miss B. Pray, Sir, is he making lace, 40 or is he making love?

Sir Abel. Curse me if I can tell (*hit' him with his slick*). Get up you dog! don't you see Miss Blandford?

Handy, jun. (*starting up.*) Zounds! how unlucky. Ma'am, your most obedient servant (*endeavours to hide the work*). Curse⁰ the cushion! (*throws it off*).

Dame. Oh! he has spoiled my lace!

Handy, jun. Hush! I'll make you a 50 thousand yards another time—You see, Ma'am, I was explaining to this good woman—what—what⁰ need not be explained again—Admirably handsome by Heaven!

(*aside.*)

Sir Abel. Is not she, Bob?

Handy, jun. (*to Miss B.*) In your journey from the coast, I conclude you took London in your way? Hush! (*to Dame.*)

Miss B. Oh no, Sir, I could not so soon venture into the *beau monde*, a stranger 60 just arrived from Germany—

Handy, jun. The very reason—the most fashionable introduction possible! but I perceive, Sir, you have here imitated other

(*turns . . . working*) [*begins working at the cushion*] Lnr.

fellow!} Lar. interpolates: *You have heard of the admirable Crichtow, may be—Bob's of the same Kidney—/ contrive, he executes—Sir Abel invenit, Bob fecit.* Cf. note p. 1094 1. 139.

Curse} Damn Lar.

what—what! What Lar.

German importations, and only restored to us our native excellence.

Miss B. I assure you, Sir, I am eager to seize my birth-right, the pure and envied immunities of an English woman.

Handy, jun. Then I trust, Madam, you 70 will be patriot enough to agree with me, that as a nation is poor, whose only wealth is importation—that therefore the humble native artist may ever hope to obtain from his countrymen those fostering smiles, without which genius must sicken and industry decay. But it requires no *valet de place* to conduct you through the purlieus of fashion, for now the way of the world is, for every one to pursue their own way, and 80 following the fashion is differing as much as possible from the rest of your acquaintance.

Miss B. But surely, Sir, there is some distinguishing feature by which the votaries of fashion are known?

Handy, jun. Yes; but that varies extremely—sometimes fashionable celebrity depends on a high waist—sometimes on a low carriage—sometimes on high play, and sometimes on low breeding—last winter 90 it⁰ rested solely on green peas!

Miss B. Green peas!

Handy, jun. Green peas!—that Lady was the most enchanting who could bring the greatest quantity of green peas to her table at Christmas! the struggle was tremendous! Mrs. Rowley Powley had the best of it by five pecks and a "half, but it having been unfortunately proved, that at her ball there was room to dance and eat conveniently 100—that no lady received a black eye, and no coachman was killed, the thing was voted decent and comfortable, and scouted accordingly.

Miss B. Is comfort then incompatible with fashion?

Handy, jun. Certainly!—Comfort in high life would be as preposterous as a lawyer's bag crammed with truth, or his wig decorated with coquelicot⁰ ribbons! No—it is 110 not comfort and selection that is sought, but numbers and confusion! So that a fashionable party resembles⁰ Smithfield market, only a good one when plentifully stocked—

last winter it! In Lar. this is ~~crossed out~~ and replaced by *and it has*.

coquelicot! poppy coloured.
resembles! is like Lar.

and ladies are reckoned by the score like sheep, and their husbands by droves like horned cattle!

Miss B. Ha, ha! and the conversation!—

Handy, jun. Oh! like the assembly—confused, vapid, and abundant; as "How 120 do, Ma'am!—no accident at the door?—he, he!"—"Only my carriage broke to pieces!"—"I hope you had not your pocket picked!"⁷—"Won't you sit down to faro?"—"Have you many to-night?"—"A few, about⁰ six hundred!"—"Were you at Lady Overall's?"—"Oh yes; a delicious crowd and plenty of peas, he, he!"—and thus runs the fashionable race.

Sir Abel. Yes; and a precious⁰ run it is 130—full gallop all the way: first they run on—then their fortune is run through—then bills are run up—then they are run hard—then they've a run of luck—then they run out, and then they run away!—But I'll forgive fashion all its^o follies in consideration of one of its blessed laws.

Handy, jun. What may that be?

Sir Abel. That husband and wife must never be seen together. 140

Enter Servant.

Serv. Miss Blandford, your father expects you.

Miss B. I hope I shall find him more composed.

Handy, jun. Is Sir Philip ill?

Miss B. His spirits are extremely depressed, and since we arrived here this morning his dejection has dreadfully increased.

Handy, jun. But I hope we shall be 150 able to laugh away despondency.

Miss B. Sir, if you are pleased to consider my esteem as an object worthy your possession, I know of^o no way of obtaining it so certain as by your shewing every attention to my dear father. (*As they are going*)

Enter Ashfield.

Ash. Dame! Dame! she be come!

Dame. Who? Susan! our dear Susan?

Ash. Ees—zo come along—Oh, Sir Abel!

How do! How do do Lar.
about! but Lar.

precious! famous Lar.

its! Lar., 1805; it's O 1.

off om. 1805, Lar.

Lady Nelly, your spouse, do⁰ order you 160 to go to her directly!

Handy, jun. Order! you mistake—

Sir Abel. No, he don't—she generally prefers that word.

Miss B. Adieu! Sir Abel.

[*Exeunt Miss Blandford and Handy, jun.*]

Sir Abel. Oh! if my wife had such a pretty way with her mouth!

Dame. And how does Susan look?

Ash. That's what I do^o want to know, zoa come along—Woo ye though—Missus, 170 let's behave pratty—Zur, if you please, Dame and I will let you walk along wi' us.

Sir Abel. How condescending! Oh, you are a pretty behaved fellow! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 11. Farmer Ashfield's Kitchen.

Enter Lady Handy and Susan.

Susan. My dear home, thrice welcome! what gratitude I feel to your Ladyship for this indulgence.

Lady II. That's right, child!

Susaii. And I am sure you partake my pleasure in again visiting a place where you received every protection and kindness my parents could shew you, for I remember while you lived with my father—

Lady II. Child! don't put your memory 10 to any fatigue on my account—you may transfer the remembrance of who I was, to aid your more perfect recollection of who I am.

Susan. Lady Handy!

Lady H. That's right, child! I am not angry.

Susan (looking out). How luxuriantly the honeysuckle has grown⁰ that I planted—Ah! I see my dear father and mother 20 coming through the garden.

Lady AT. Oh! now I shall be caressed to

Nelly, your spouse, do! Lar.; Nelly, your spouse—do 1805; Nelly! your spouse—do O 1.

do! om. Lar.

angry! Lar. interpolates: Susan. There have been great alterations here since your ladyship left us. Lady H. So there have. I declare they have taken away the old Clock, & see the Bacon rack! Oh shocking! I quite forgot myself & dignity. If 1 stay here I shall relapse into my old vulgar ideas. has grown! grows Lar.

death;⁰ but I must endure the shock of their attentions.

Enter Farmer and Dame with Sir Abel.

Ash. My dear Susan! *(they run to Susan.)*

Dame. My sweet child I give me a kiss.

Ash. Hald thee! Feyther first though—Well, I be as mortal glad to zee thee as never war—and how be'st thee? and how do thee like Lunnun town?—it be a deadly '30 lively place I be tuold.

Dame. Is not she a sweet girl?

Sir Abel. That she is.

Lady H. *(with affected dignity.)* Does it occur to any one present that Lady Handy is in the° room?

Sir Abel. Oh, Lud! I'm sure, my dear wife, / never forget that you are in the room.

Ash. Drabbit it! I overlooked Lady '40 Nelly, sure enow; but consider, there be zome° difference between thee and our own Susan! I be deadly glad to zee thee however.

Dame. So am I, Lady Handy!

Ash. Don't ye take it unkind I ha'nt a buss'd thee yet—meant no slight indeed.

(kisses her).

Lady H. Oh! shocking! *(aside.)*

Ash. No harm I do hope, Zur.

Sir Abel. None at all. 50

Ash. But dash it, Lady Nelly, what do make thee paint thy vace all over we rud ochre zoo? Be it vor thy spouse to know thee?—that be the way I do know my sheep.

Sir Abel. The flocks of fashion are all marked so, Farmer.

Ash. Likely! Drabbit it! thee do make a tightish kind of a Ladyship zure enow.

Dame. That you do, my Lady! you 60 remember the old house?

Ash. Aye; and all about it, doant ye? Nelly! my Lady!⁰

Lady H. Oh!° I'm quite shock'd°—Susan, death} Lar. interpolates: A overwhelm'd with civility from my old master—Psha! I mean, Farmer What's his name.

the} this Lar.

be tome} be's a Lar.

Nelly! my Lady!} om. Lar.

Oh!} Ees, he! he! he! *(in a rustic manner)* Oh Lar.

shock'd} shock'd at myself—I must be gone. Lar.

child! prepare a room where I may dress before I proceed to the Castle.

[Exit Susan.]

Enter Handy, jun.

Handy, jun. I don't see Susan—I say, Dad! is that my Mamma?

Sir Abel. Yes—speak to her.

Handy, jun. *(chucking her under the TO chin.)* A fine girl upon my soul!

Lady H. Fine girl indeed! Is this behaviour?

Handy, jun. Oh! beg pardon, most honoured parent *(she curtsies)*—that's a damned bad curtsey. I can teach you to make a much better curtsey than that!

Lady H. You teach me, that am old enough to—hem!

Handy, jun. Oh! that toss of the head 80 was very° bad indeed—Look at me!—That's the° thing!

Lady H. Am I to be insulted? Sir Abel, you know I seldom condescend to talk.

Sir Abel. Don't say so, my Lady; you wrong yourself.

Lady H. But when I do begin, you know not° where it will end.

Sir Abel. Indeed I do not. *(aside.)*

Lady H. I insist on receiving all possible 90 respect from your son.

Handy, jun. And you shall have it, my dear girl!—Madam, I mean.

Lady H. I vow I am agitated to that degree—Sir Abel, my fan!

Sir Abel. Yes, my dear—Bob, look here, a little contrivance of my own. While others carry swords, and such like dreadful weapons in their canes, I more gallantly carry a fan *(removes the head of his cane and 100 draws out a fan)*, a pretty thought, isn't it? *(presents it to his Lady.)*

Ash. Some difference between thic° stick and mine,° beant° there, Zur?

(to Handy, jun.)

Handy, jun. *(moving away.)* Yes, there is —*(to Lady H.)* Do you call that fanning yourself?° *(taking the fan).* My dear

was very} was execrable! very Lar.

the} the true Lar.

not} om. Lar.

thic} that Lar.

beant} is not Lar.

yourself?} 1805; yourself O 1.

Ma'am, this is the way to manoeuvre a fan.^o

Lady H. Sir, you shall find (to Handy, jun.) I have power enough to make you 110 repent this behaviour—severely repent it—Susan!

[Exit, followed by Dame.

Handy, jun. Bravo! passion becomes her^o—she does that vastly well.

Sir Abel. Yes; practice makes perfect.

Enter Susan.

Swan. Did your Ladyship call?—Heavens! Mr. Handy!

Handy, jun. Hush! my angel! be composed! that letter will explain (giving a letter, noticed by Ashfield). Lady Handy wishes to see you.

Susan. Oh, Robert!

Handy, jun. At present my love, no more.

[Exit Susan, followed by Ashfield.

Sir Abel. What were you saying, Sir, to that young woman?

Handy, jun. Nothing particular, Sir. Where is Lady Handy going.

Sir Abel. To dress.

Handy, jun. I suppose she has found out the use of money. 130

Sir Abel. Yes; I'll do her the justice to say she encourages trade.—Why, do you know, Bob, my best coal-pit won't find her in white muslins—round her neck hangs a^o hundred acres at least; my noblest oaks have made wigs for her; my fat oxen have dwindled into Dutch pugs, and white mice; my India bonds are transmuted into shawls and otto of roses; and a magnificent mansion has shrunk into a diamond snuff-box. 140

Enter Countryman.^o

Coun. Gentleman, the folks be all got together, and the ploughs be ready—and—

Sir Abel. We are coming. [Exit Servant.^o

Handy, jun. Ploughs!

[fan] Lar. interpolates: Lady H. / shall cry with vexation. My handkerchief, Sir Abel. S^r Abel. There, my love. You must know, farmer, ladies dont wear pockets now-a-days. Ash. Noa—I I shou'd fancy that were ungain to the gentlefolk with regard to their Housewives & prayr books. S^r Abel. Prayr books quotha! The fashion has its conveniences—Tis a devilish good excuse for not praying.

her} you Lar.

a] O 1, Lar.; an 1805.

Countryman] Ashfield Lar.

Servant] Ashfield Lar.

Sir Abel. Yes, Bob, we are going to have a grand agricultural meeting.

Handy, jun. Indeed!

Sir Abel. If I could but find a man able to manage my new invented curricule 150 plough, none of them would have a chance.

Handy, jun. My dear Sir, if there be anything on earth I can do, it is that.

Sir Abel. What?

Handy, jun. I rather fancy I can plough better than any man in England.

Sir Abel. You don't say so! What a clever fellow he is—I say, Bob, if you would—

Handy, jun. No; I can't condescend.

Sir Abel. Condescend! why not?—much 160 more creditable, let me tell you, than galloping a maggot for a thousand, or eating a live cat,^o or any other fashionable achievement.

Handy, jun. So it is—Egad! I will—I'll carry off the prize of industry.

Sir Abel. But should you lose, Bob.

Handy, jun. I lose! that's vastly well!

Sir Abel. True, with my curricule plough you could hardly fail. 170

Handy, jun. With my superior skill, Dad—Then, I say, how the newspapers will^o teem with the account.

Sir Abel. Yes.

Handy, jun. That universal genius, Handy, junior, with a plough—

Sir Abel. Stop—invented by that ingenious machinist, Handy, senior.—

Handy, jun. Gained the prize against the first husbandmen in Hampshire—Let our MO Bond-street butterflies emulate the example of Handy, junior.—

Sir Abel. And let old City grubs cultivate the field of science, like Handy, senior—Ecod, I am so happy.

Lady H. (without). Sir Abel.

Sir Abel. Ah! there comes a damper.

Handy, jun. Courage, you have many resources of happiness.

Sir Abel. Have I? I should be very 190 glad to know them.

Handy, jun. In the first place you possess an excellent temper.

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I had a bad one, I should be the better able to conquer hers.

Handy, jun. You enjoy good health—

cat] Lar. interpolates: or fighting with a bull dog.
will] wou'd Lar.

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I were ill she wouldn't come near me.

Handy, jun. Theft you are-rich—200

Sir Abel So much the worse; for had I been poor she would not have married me. But I say, Bob, if you gain the prize, I'll have a patent for my plough.

Lady H. {without}. Sir Abel, I say.—

Handy, jun. Father, could not you get a patent for stopping that sort of noise?

Sir Abel. If I could, what a sale it would have!—No, Bob, a patent has been obtained for the only thing that will silence her—210

Handy, jun. Aye—What's that?

Sir Abel {in a whisper}. A coffin! hush!—I'm coming my dear.

Handy, jun. Ha, ha, ha! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Parlour in Ashfield's House.⁰

Enter Ashfield and Wife.

Ash. I tell ye, I zee'd un gi' Susan a letter, an' I dan't like it a bit.

Dame. Nor I: if shame should come to the poor child—I say, Tummas, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy; what wou'd my poor⁰ wold heart zay? but I be bound it be all innocence.

Enter Henry.

Dame. Ah! Henry, we have not seen thee at home all day. 10

Ash. And I do⁰ zomehow fanzie things dan't go zo clever when thee'rt away⁰ from farm.

Henry. My mind has been greatly agitated.

Ash. Well,⁰ won't thee go and zee the ploughing match?

Henry. Tell mc, will not those who obtain prizes⁰ be introduced to the Castle?

Ash. Ees, and feasted in the great hall. 20

Henry. My good friend, I wish to become a candidate.

Dame. You, Henry!

Henry. It is time I exerted the faculties

SCENE . . . House.] om. Lar.

poor} om. Lar.

do} om. Lar.

thee'rt away} thee bes Lar.

Well} om. Lar.

prizes} a prize Lar.

heaven⁰ has bestowed on me; and though my heavy fate crushes the proud hopes this heart conceives, still let me prove myself worthy of the place Providence has assigned me.—{*Aside*} Should I succeed, it will bring me to the presence of that man, 30 who (I know not why) seems the dictator of my fate.—{*To them*} Will you furnish me with the means?

Ash. Will I!—Thou shalt ha' the best plough in the parish—I wish it were all gould for thy zake—and better cattle there can't be noowhere.

Henry. Thanks, my good friend—my benefactor—I have little time for preparation—So receive my gratitude, and farewell. 40 [Exit.

Dame. A blessing go with thee!

Ash. I zay, Henry, take Jolly, and Smiler, and Captain, but dan't ye take thic lazy beast Genius—I'll be shot if having vive load an acre on my wheat land cou'd please me more.

Dame. Tummas, here comes Susan reading the iotiCr-

Ash. How paie She do look, dan't she?

Dame. Ah! poor thing!—If—50

Ash. Hauld thy longue, woolye?

[They retire.

Enter Susan, reading the letter.

Susan. Is it possible? Can the man to whom I've given my heart write thus:—"I am compelled to marry Miss Blandford; but my love for my Susan is unalterable—I hope she will not, for an act of necessity, cease to think with tenderness on her faithful Robert."—Oh man! ungrateful man! it is from our bosoms alone you derive your power; how cruel then⁰ to use it, in fixing 60 in those bosoms endless sorrow and despair. —"Still think with tenderness"—Base, dishonorable insinuation—He might have allowed me to esteem him.

[Locks up the letter in a box on^o the table, ayid exit weeping.

{Ashfield and Dame come forward}.

Ash. Poor thing!—What can be the matter—She lock'd up the letter in thic box, and then bursted into tears {looks at the box}.

Dame. Yes, Tummas, she locked it in that

heaven} om. Lar.—obviously a copyist's error.

then} them Lar.

box on} small box placed on Lar.

box sure enough (*shakes⁰ a bunch of keys that hangs at her side*).

Ash. What be^o doing, Dame? what be 70 doing?⁰

Dame (*with affected indifference*). Nothing; I was only touching these keys.

(*They look at the box and keys significantly*).

Ash. A good tightish bunch!

Dame. Yes; they are of all sizes (*they look as before*).

Ash. Indeed!—Well—Eh!—Dame,^o why dan't ye^o speak; thou can'st chatter vast⁰ enow zometimes.

Dame. Nay, Tummas—I dare say—if you know best—but I think I could 80 find—

Ash. Well, Eh!—you can just try you knaw (*greatly agitated*). You can try, just vor the vun on't; but mind, dan't ye^o make a noise (*she opens it*). Why, thee hasn't open'd it?

Dame. Nay, Tummas, you told me!

Ash. Did I?

Dame. There's the letter!

Ash. Well, why do ye gi't to I?—I 90 dan't want it, I'm zure (*taking it—he turns it over—she eyes it eagerly—he is about to open it*)—She's coming! she's coming! (*he conceals the letter, they tremble violently⁰*) No, she's gone into t'other room (*they hang their heads dejectedly, then look at each other*). What mun that feyther and mother be doing that do blush and tremble at their own dater's coming (*weeps*). Dang it, has⁰ she desary'd it of us—Did she ever de- 100 ceive us?⁰—Were she not⁰ always the most open-hearted, dutifullest, kindest—and thee to goa like a dom'd spy and open her box, poor thing?—

Dame. Nay, Tummas—

Ash. You did—I saw^o you do it myzel—you look like a thief, now—you doe—Hush I—no—Dame—here be the letter—I won't

shakes] takes Lar.

be] art Lar.

what be doing?] om. Lar.

Dame] om. Lar.

ye] thee Lar.

vast] fast 1805.

ye] om. Lar.

violently] om. Lar.

has] have Lar.

us?) Lar. interpolates: Dame. No, Tummas.

she not] not she Lar.

I saw . . . myzel] om. Lar.

reead a word on't, put it where thee vound it, and as thee vound it. 110

Dame. With all my heart (*she returns the letter to the box*).

Ash. (*embraces her*.) Now I can wi' pleasure hug my wold wife, and look my child in the vace again—I'll call her and ax her about it; and if she dan't speak without disguisement, I'll be bound to be shot—Dame,^o be the colour of sheame off my face yet?—I never zeed^o thee look ugly before—Susan, my dear Sue, come here abit, woolye? 120

Enter Susan.

Susan. Yes, my dear father.

Ash. Sue, we do wish to gi'^o thee a bit of admonishing and parent-like konzultation.

Susan. I hope I have ever attended to your admonitions.

Ash. Ees, bless thee, I do believe thee hast, lamb;⁰ but we all want our memories jogg'd abit, or why else do parson preach us all to sleep every Zunday—Zo thic be the topic—Dame and I, Sue, did zee a 130 letter gi'd to thee, and thee—burst'd into tears, and lock'd un up in thic^o box—and then Dame and I—we—that's all.

Susan. My dear father, if I concealed the contents of that letter from your knowledge, it was because I did not wish your heart to share in the pain mine feels.

Ash. Dang it,^o didn't I tell thee zoo?

(*to his Wife*.)

Dame. Nay, Tummas, did I say otherwise? 140

Susan. Believe me, my dear parents, my heart never gave birth to a thought my tongue feared to utter.

Ash. There,^o the very words I zaid!

Susan. If you wish to see the letter I will shew it to you (*she searches for^o the key*).

Dame. Here's a key will open it.

Ash. Drabbit it, hold thy tongue, thou wold fool! (*aside*.) No, Susan, I'll not zee it—I'll believe my child. 150

Dame] om. Lar.

zeed] saw Lar.

gi'] give 1805, Lar.

hast, lamb;] have Lar.

thic] that Lar.

it] thee Lar.

There . . . zaid!] Now, that's what I said. Lar. she searches for] endeavours to find Lar.

Susan, You shall not find your confidence ill-placed—it is true—the gentleman has declared he loved me; it is equally true that declaration was not unpleasing to me—Alas! it is also⁰ true, that his letter contains sentiments disgraceful to himself, and insulting to me!

Ash. Drabbit it, if I'd know'd⁰ that, when we were cudgelling abit, I wou'd ha' lapt⁰ my stick about his ribs pretty tightish, 150 I wou'd.

Susan. Pray, father, don't you resent his conduct to me.

Ash. What, mayn't I leather⁰ un abit?

Susan. Oh, no! I have⁰ the strongest reasons to the contrary!

Ash. Well, Sue, I won't—I'll behave as pratty as I always do—but it be time to go to the green, and zee the fine zights—How I do hate the noise of thic dom'd bunch t⁰ of keys⁰—But bless thee, my child—dan't forget that vartue to a young woman be vor all the world like—like⁰—Dang it, I ha' gotten it all in my head; but zomehow—I can't talk it—but⁰ vartue be to a young woman what corn be to a blade o'wheat, do ye zee; for while the corn be there it be glorious to the eye, and it be call'd the staff of life; but take that treasure away, and what do remain? why naught but this⁰ 180 worthless straw, that man and beast do tread upon. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*An extensive View of a cultivated⁰ Country—A ploughed Field in the centre, in which are seen six different Ploughs and⁰ Horses—At one side a handsome Tent—a number of country People assembled.*

Enter Ashfield and Dame.

Ash. Make way! make way for the gen-try; and do ye hear, behave pratty, as I do—Dang thee, stond⁰ back, or I'll knack⁰ thee down, I wool.

it also| alto is Lar.

if I'd know'd| had 1 known Lar.

lapt| wrapt Lar.

leather| O 1, Lar.; lather 1805.

/ have| I've 1805.

keys| Lar. interpolates: / do hope Henry will win. like—like| like Lar.

but| om. Lar.

naught but this| nought but thic 1805.

cultivated| rich & cultivated Lar.

and| with Lar.

Enter Sir Abel and Miss Blandford with Servants.⁰

Sir Abel. It is very kind of you to honour our rustic festivities with your presence.

Miss B. Pray, Sir Abel, where is your son?

Sir Abel. What, Bob? Oh, you'll see him presently, (*nodding significantly*). Here 10 are the prize medals; and if you will condescend to present them, I'm sure they'll be worn Witt additional pleasure.—I say, you'll see Bob presently—Well, Farmer, is it all over?

Ash. Ees, Zur; the acres be plough'd and the ground judg'd; and the young lads be coming down to receive their reward—Heartily welcome, Miss, to your native land; hope you be as pleas'd to zee we 20 as we be to zee you, and the like o'that.—Mortal beautizome to be zure—I declare, Miss, it do make I quite warm zomehow to look at ye.

(*A shout⁰ without.*)

They be coming—Now, Henry!

Sir Abel. Now you'll see Bob—now my dear boy, Bob—here he comes (*Huzza*).

Enter Henry and two⁰ young Husbandmen.

Ash. 'Tis he, he has don't—Dang you all, why dan't ye shout? Huzza!

Sir Abel. Why, zounds, where's Bob?⁰ 30—I don't see Bob—Bless me, what has become of Bob and my plough? (*Retires and takes out his glass.*)⁰

Ash. Well, Henry, there be the prize, and there be the fine Lady that will gi' it thee.

Henry. Tell me who is that lovely creature?

Ash. The dater of Sir Philip Blandford.

Henry. What exquisite sweetness! Ah! should the father but resemble her, I shall have but⁰ little to fear⁰ from his severity! 40

thee stond| 1805; thee, stand Lar; thee stond O 1.

knack| fell Lar.

with Servants| & Attendants Lar.

A shout| Huzza Lar.

two| two other Lar.

where's Bob?| om. Lar.

Retires . . . glass| takes out his glass & goes up Lar.

but| om. Lar.

fear| feel Lar.

Ash. Miss, thic be the young man that ha got'n^o the guolden prize.

Miss B. This; I always thought ploughmen were coarse, vulgar^o creatures, but he seems handsome and diffident^o.

Ash. Ees,^o quite pratty behaved—it were I that teach'd un.

Miss B. What's your name?

Henry. Henry!

Miss B. And your family? 50

(Henry, in an^o agony of grief, turns away, strikes his forehead, and leans^o on the shoulder of Ashfield.)

Dame, {apart to Miss B.} Madam, I beg pardon,^o but nobody knows about his parentage; and when it is mentioned, poor boy! he takes on sadly—He has lived at our house ever since we had the farm, and we have had an allowance for him—small enough to be sure—but, good lad! he was always welcome to share what we had.

Miss B. I am shocked at my imprudence. —(To Henry) Pray pardon me; I would 60 not insult an enemy, much less one I am inclined to admire^o—(giving her hand, then withdraws it)—to esteem—you shall go to the pastle—my father shall protect you

Henry. Generous creature! to merit his esteem is the fondest wish of my heart—to be your slave, the proudest aim of my ambition!

Miss B. Receive your merited reward. (he kneels—she^o places the medal round his neck—the same to the others).

Sir Abel (advances). I can't see Bob;^o 70 pray, Sir, do you happen to know what is became of my Bob?

Henry. Sir!

Sir Abel. Did not^o you see a remarkable clever plough, and a young man—

Henry. At the beginning of the contest, I observed a gentleman; his horses, I believe, were unruly, but my attention was too much [^]occupied to allow me to notice more. [Laughing without. 80

that ha got'n] who has gained Lar.

vulgar] ugly Lar.

diffident] elegant Lar.

Ees] om. Lar.

in an . . . grief] om. Lar.

and leans . . . Ashfield] om. Lar.

pardon} your pardon Lar.

admire} love Lar.

he kneels—she] om. Lar.

I can't see Bob;} om. Lar.

not} om. Lar.

Handy, jun. (without.) How dare you laugh?

Sir Abel. That's Bob's voice!

[Laughing again.

Enter Handy, jun., in a^o smock frock, cocked hat, and a piece of a plough in his hand.

Handy, jun. Dare to laugh again, and I'll knock you down with this—Ugh! how infernally^o hot (walks about).

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, where have you been?

Handy, jun. I don't know where I've been. 90

Sir Abel. And what have you got in your hand?

Handy, jun. What?^o All I could keep of your nonsensical ricketty plough (walks^o about, Sir Abel following).

Sir Abel. Come, none of that, Sir.—Don't abuse my plough to cover your ignorance, Sir; where is it, Sir? and where are my famous Leicestershire horses, Sir?

Handy, jun. Where! ha, ha, ha! I'll tell you as nearly as I can, ha, ha!^o What's 100 the name of the next county?

Ash. It be called^o Wiltshire, Zur.

Handy, jun. Then, Dad, upon the nicest calculation I'am able to make, they are at^o this moment engaged in the very patriotic act of ploughing Salisbury plain, ha, ha! I saw^o them fairly over that hill, full gallop, with the curricl plough at their heels.

Ash. Ha, ha! a good one, ha, ha! 110

Handy, jun. But never mind, father, you must again set your invention to work, and I my toilet—rather a deranged figure to appear before a lady in (fiddles) ^o Hey dey! What, are you going to dance?

Ash. Ees, Zur; I suppose you can shake a leg abit?

Handy, jun. I fancy I can dance every

' in a . . . hand] om. Lar.

infernally] infernal Lar.

What?] om. Lar.

(walks . . . following.)] om. Lar.

ha, ha!] om. Lar.

it be called] om. Lar.

at] om. Lar.

/ saw . . . heels] originally in Lar. but crossed out. fiddles] fiddles without Lar.

possible step, from the *pas ruse* to the war dance of the Catabaws.⁰ 120

Ash. Likely—I do hope, Miss, you'll join your⁰ honest neighbours; they'll be deadly hurt an you won't gig it⁰ a bit wi' un.

Miss B. With all my heart.

Sir Abel. Bob's an excellent dancer.

Miss B. I dare say he is, Sir; but on this occasion, I think I ought to dance with the young man who gained the prize—I think it would be most pleasant—most proper, I mean; and I am glad you agree with me 130—So, Sir, if you'll accept my hand (Henry takes⁰ it).

Sir Abel. Very pleasant settled upon my soul—Bob, won't you dance?

Handy, jun. I dance!—No, I'll look at them—I'll quietly look on.

Sir Abel. Egad, now⁰ as my wife's away, I'll try to find a pretty girl and make one among them.

Ash. That's hearty—Come, Dame, hang the rheumatics⁰—Now, lads and lasses, 140 behave pratty, and strike up. [A dance.

(Handy, jun. looks on a little, and then begins to move his legs—then dashes into the midst of the dance, and endeavours to imitate every one opposite to him; then being exhausted, he leaves the dance, seizes the fiddle⁰ and plays till the curtain drops).

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Castle.

Sir Philip Blandford discovered on⁰ a couch, reading, Servants attending.

Sir Philip.

Is not my daughter yet returned?

Serv. No, Sir Philip.

Catabaws[O 1, Lar.; Catawaws 1805. A Red Indian tribe.

your[our Lar.

it[om. Lar.

takes[takes & kisses Lar.

Egad, now[O 1; Egad—Now, Lar.; Egad now, 1805.

hang the rheumatics[om. Lar.

seizes the fiddle[looks at the Fiddle & seizes it Lar.

on . . . reading[om. Lar.

Sir Philip. Dispatch a servant to her.

[Exit Servant.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the old gardener is below, and asks to see you.

Sir Philip (rises,⁰ and throws away the book). Admit him instantly, and leave me.—

[Exit Servant.

Enter Evergreen, who bows, then⁰ looking at Sir Philip clasps his hands together and weeps.

Does this desolation affect the old man? Come near me—Time has laid a lenient hand on thee——10

Everg. Oh, my dear master! can twenty years have wrought the change I see?

Sir Philip. No (striking his breast⁰); 'tis the canker here that hath withered up my trunk;—but are we secure from observation?

Everg. Yes.

Sir Philip. Then tell me, does the boy live?

Everg. He does; and is as fine a youth——

Sir Philip. No comments. 21

Everg. We named him——

Sir Philip. Be dumb! let me not hear his name. Has care been taken he may not blast me with his presence?

Everg. It has; and he cheerfully complied.

Sir Philip. Enough! Never speak of him more. Have you removed every dreadful vestige from the fatal chamber? (Evergreen hesitates⁰.) 0 speak! 30

Everg. My dear master! I confess my want of duty. Alas! I had not courage to go there.

Sir Philip. Ah!

Everg. Nay, forgive me! wiser than I have felt such terrors!—The apartments have been carefully locked up—the keys not a moment from my possession—here they are.

Sir Philip. Then the task remains with 40 me. Dreadful thought! I can well pardon thy fears, old man——0! could I wipe from my memory that hour, when——

Everg. Hush! your daughter.

rises . . . book[om. Lar.

then . . . Philip[om. Lar.

striking his breast[om. Lar.

Evergreen hesitates[om. Lar.

Sir Philip. Leave me—we'll speak anon.
[*Exit Evergreen.*]

Enter Miss Blandford.

Miss B. Dear father! I came the moment I heard you wished to see me.

Sir Philip. My good child, thou art the sole support that props my feeble life. I fear ' my wish for thy company deprives 50 thee of much pleasure.

Miss B. Oh no! What pleasure can be equal to that of giving you happiness? Am I not rewarded in seeing your eyes beam with pleasure on me?

Sir Philip. 'Tis the pale reflection of the lustre I see sparkling there. My love! did you enjoy the scenes you beheld?

Miss B. Greatly. How strongly they contrast with those we witnessed abroad! 60

Sir Philip. True. Happy country! which, in the midst of direful war can draw out its rustic train to join the festive dance, as securely as if peace again had blessed the world!⁰—But tell me, did your lover gain the prize?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. Few men of his rank—

Miss B. Oh! you mean Mr. Handy?

Sir Philip. Yes. - 70

Miss B. No; he did not.

Sir Philip. Then, who did you mean?

Miss B. Did you say lover? I—I^o mistook—No—a young man called Henry obtained the prize!

Sir Philip. And how did Mr. Handy succeed?

Miss B. Oh, it was so ridiculous! I will tell you, papa, what happened to him.

Sir Philip. To Mr. Handy? '>

Miss B. Yes; as soon as the contest was over Henry presented himself; I was surprised at seeing a young man so handsome and elegant as Henry is—then I placed the medal round Henry's neck, and I was told that poor Henry—

Sir Philip. Henry!—So, my love! this is your account of Mr. Robert Handy?

Miss B. Yes, papa—no, papa⁰—he came afterwards, dressed so ridiculously that 90 even Henry could not help smiling.

Sir Philip. Henry again!

world!]
7—7] / Lar.

papa] om. Lar.

Miss B. Then we had a dance.

Sir Philip. Of course you danced with your Jover?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. How does Mr. Handy dance?

Miss B. Oh! he did not dance till—

Sir Philip. You danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes—No, papa!—Somebody 100 said (I don't know who) that I ought to dance with Henry, because—

Sir Philip. Still Henry! Oh! some rustic boy. My dear child, you talk as if you loved this Henry.

Miss B. Oh! no, papa—and I am certain he don't love me.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Miss B. Yes, papa; for when he touched my hand, he trembled as if I^o terrified 110 him; and instead of looking at me as you do, who I am sure love me, when our eyes met, he withdrew his and cast them on the ground.

Sir Philip. And these are the reasons which make you conclude he does not love you?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. And probably you could adduce proof equally convincing that you 120 don't love him?

Miss B. Oh yes^o—quite; for in the dance he sometimes paid attention to other young women, and I was so angry with him! Now, you know, papa, I love you—and I am sure I should not have been angry with you, had you done so.

Sir Philip. But one question more—Do you think Mr. Handy loves you?

Miss B. I have never thought about 120 it, papa.

Sir Philip. I am satisfied.

Miss B. Yes; I knew I should convince you.

Sir Philip. Oh, Love! malign and subtle tyrant, how falsely art thou painted blind! 'Tis thy votaries are so; for what but blindness can prevent their seeing thy poisoned shaft, which is for ever doomed to rankle in the victim's heart. 140

Miss B. Oh! now I am certain I am not in love; for I feel no rankling at my heart. I feel the softest, sweetest sensation I ever experienced. But, papa, you must come to

7] 7 had Lar.
yes] om. Lar.

the lawn. I don't know why, but to-day Nature seems enchanting[^]. the birds sing more sweetly, and the flowers give more perfume.

Sir Philip (aside). Such was the day my youthful fancy pictured! How did it 150 close?

Miss B. I promised Henry your protection.

Sir Philip. Indeed! that was much. Well, I will see your rustic hero.⁰ This infant passion must be crushed. Poor wench! some artless boy has caught thy infant fancy!—thy arm, my child! {*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—4 *Lawn before the Castle.*

Enter Henry and Ashfield.

Ash. Well! here thee'rt⁰ going to make thy bow to Sir Philip. I zay, if he should take a fancy to thee, thou'lt come to farm and zee us sometimes, wo'tn't⁰ Henry?

Henry (shaking his hand). Tell me, is that Sir Philip Blandford who leans on that lady's arm?

Ash. I don't know, by reason d'ye zee I never zeed'un. Well, good bye! I declare thee doz look quite grand wi'° thic golden 10 prize about thy neck, vor all the world like the lords in their stars, that do come to theas pearts to pickle their skins in the salt zea ocean! Good b'ye, Henry.⁰ [*Exit.*

Henry. He approaches! Why this agitation? I wish, yet dread, to meet him.

Enter Sir Philip and Miss Blandford, attended.

Miss B. The joy your tenantry display at seeing you again must be truly grateful to you.

Sir Philip. No, my child; for I feel I 20 do not merit⁰ it. Alas! I can see no orphans cloathed with my beneficence, no anguish assuaged by my care.

Miss B. Then I am sure my dear father wishes to shew his kind intentions. So I will begin by placing one under his protection (*goes up the stage and leads down Henry.*

hero] I restore Lar. reading, also adopted French's Acting Ed.; here O 1, 1805.

thee'rt] thee bes Lar.

wo'tn't] wo'tn't, 1805; wont Lar.

wi'] with 1805.

Henry] om. Lar.

do not merit] have not merited Lar.

Sir Philip, on seeing him, starts, then becomes greatly⁰ agitated).

Sir Philip. Ah! do my eyes deceive me? No, it must be him!⁰ Such was the face his° father wore!

Henry. Spake you of my father? 30

Sir Philip. His presence brings back recollections which drive me to madness! How came he here? Who have I to curse for this?

Miss B. Xfalling on his neck). Your daughter.

Henry. Oh, Sir, tell me! on my knees I ask it! do my parents live? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—my nights in prayers 40 for you. (*Sir Philip views him with severe contempt.*) Do not mock my misery!⁰ Have you a heart?

Sir Philip. Yes; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself—Quit my sight for ever!

Miss B. Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse.

Henry. I obey: cruel as the command is, I obey it—I shall often look at this 50 (*touching the medal*), and think on the blissful moment when your hand placed it there.

Sir Philip. Ah! tear it from his breast. (*Servant advances.*)⁰

Henry. Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have⁰ earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns me the first⁰ rank among the sons of industry! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour! This will give me competence, nay more, 60 enable me to despise your tyranny!

Sir Philip. Rash boy, mark! Avoid me, and be secure—Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee—

Henry. I defy its power!—You are in England, Sir, where the man, who bears about him an upright heart, bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour? No!—Can your malediction disturb the 70 slumbers of a quiet conscience? No! Can

greatly] om. Lar.

him] he Lar.

hie] my Lar.

misery] Lar. adds: (rising).

(*Servant advances.*)] om. Lar.

have] ever Lar.

first] chief Lar.

your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels forthat pitying angel? Oh,^o no!

Sir Philip. Wretch! you shall be taught the difference between us!

Henry. I feel it now! proudly feel it!—You hate the man that never wronged you—I could love the man that injures me—You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble. 80

Sir Philip. Take him from my sight! Why am I not obeyed?

Miss B. Henry, if you wish my hate should not accompany my father's, instantly begone.

Henry. Oh, pity me! [Exit.

(*Miss Blandford looks after him*—*Sir Philip, exhausted, leans on his Servants*).

Sir Philip. Supported by my servants! I thought I had a daughter!

Miss B. (running to him.) O, you have my father! one that loves you better than 90 her life!

Sir Philip {to Servant}.^o Leave us. [Exit Servant.^o

Emma, if you feel, as I fear you do, love for that youth—mark my words! When the dove woos for its mate the ravenous kite; when Nature's fixed antipathies mingle in sweet concord, then and not till then, hope to be united.

Miss B. O heaven!

Sir Philip. Have you not promised me 100 the disposal of your hand?

Miss B. Alas! my father! I didn't then know the difficulty of obedience!

Sir Philip. Hear, then, the reasons why I demand compliance. You think I hold these rich estates—Alas, the shadow only, not the substance.

Miss B. Explain, my father!

Sir Philip. When I left my native country, I left it with a heart lacerated by 110 every wound that the falsehood of others or my own conscience could inflict. hateful to myself, I became the victim of dissipation—I rushed to the gaming table, and soon became the dupe of villains.—My ample fortune was lost; I detected one in the act of fraud, and having brought him

to my feet,⁶ he confessed a plan had been laid for my ruin; that he was but an humble instrument; for that the man 120 who, by his superior genius, stood possessed of all the mortgages and securities I had given, was one Morrington.

Miss B. I have heard you name him before. Did you not know this Morrington?

Sir Philip. No; he, like his deeds, avoided the light—Ever dark, subtle, and mysterious. Collecting the scattered remnant of my fortune, I wandered wretched and desolate, till, in a peaceful village, I first beheld 130 thy mother, humble in birth,^o but exalted in virtue. The morning after our marriage she received a packet, containing these words: "The reward of virtuous love, presented by a repentant villain;" and which also contained bills and notes to the high amount of ten thousand pounds.

Miss B. And no name?

Sir Philip. None; nor could I ever guess at the generous donor. I need not tell 140 thee what my heart suffered when death deprived me of her. Thus circumstanced, this good man, Sir Abel Handy, proposed to unite our families by marriage; and in consideration of what he termed the honor of our alliance, agreed to pay off every incumbrance on my estates, and settle them as a portion on you and his son. Yet still another wonder remains.—When I arrive, I find no claim whatever has been made, 150 either by Morrington or his agents. What am I to think? Can Morrington have perished, and with him his large claims^o to my property? Or, does he withhold the blow, to make it fall more heavily?

Miss B. 'Tis very strange! very mysterious! But my father has not told me what misfortune led him to leave his native country.

Sir^o Philip (greatly agitated). Ha! 180

Miss B. May I not know it?

Sir Philip. Oh! never, never, never!

Miss B. I will not ask it—Be composed—Let me wipe away those drops of anguish from your brow.—How cold your cheek is! My father, the evening damps will harm

[*feet*] knees Lar.

[*birth*] truth Lar.

[*claims*] claim Lar.

Sir . . . Hal] om. Lar.

[*Oh*] om. Lar.

[*Servant*] Serv'' Lar.

[*Exit Servant*] Servta' Exeunt Lar.

you—Come in—I will be all you wish—
indeed I will. • -... [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Evergreen.

Everg. Was ever anything so unlucky! Henry to come to the Castle and meet Sir Philip. He should have consulted me; I shall be blamed—but, thank heaven, I am innocent.

(*Sir Abel and Lady Handy without.*)

Lady H. I will be treated with respect.

Sir Abel. You shall, my dear. {*They enter.*}

Lady H. But how! but how! Sir Abel, I repeat it.—

Sir Abel (aside). For the fiftieth time. 10

Lady H. Your son conducts himself with an insolence I won't endure; but you are ruled by him, you have no will of your own.

Sir Abel. I have not indeed.

Lady H. How contemptible!

Sir Abel. Why, my dear, this is the case—I am like the ass in the fable; and if I am doomed to carry a pack-saddle, it is not much matter who drives me.

Lady H. To yield your power to those 20
the law allows you to govern!—

Sir Abel. Is very weak indeed.

Everg. Lady Handy, your very humble servant; I heartily congratulate you, Madam, on your marriage with⁰ this worthy gentleman—Sir, I give you joy.

Sir Abel (aside). Not before 'tis wanted.

Everg. Aye, my Lady; this match makes up for the imprudence of your first.

Lady H. Hem! 30

Sir Abel. Eh! What!—what's that—Eh!⁰
what do you mean?

Everg. I mean, Sir—that Lady Handy's former husband—

Sir Abel. Former husband!—Why, my dear, I never knew—Eh!

Lady H. A mumbling old blockhead!—Didn't you Sir Abel? Yes; I was rather married many years ago; but my husband went abroad and died. 40

Sir Abel. Died, did he?

Everg. Yes, Sir; he was a servant in the Castle.

with] *Lar.*, 1805; om. O 1.

Eh!] om. *Lar.*

Sir Abel. Indeed! So he died—poor fellow!

Lady H. Yes.

Sir Abel. What, you are sure he died, are you?

Lady H. Don't you hear?

Sir Abel. Poor fellow! neglected perhaps—had I known it, he should have had the 50 best advice money could have got.

Lady H. You seem sorry.

Sir Abel. Why you would not have me pleased at {he death of your husband, would you?—a good kind of man!

Everg. Yes; a faithful fellow—rather ruled his wife too severely.

Sir Abel. Did he? (*apart⁰ to Evergreen.*) Pray do you happen to recollect his manner?—Could you just give me a hint of 60 the way he had?

Lady H. Do you want to tyrannize over my poor tender heart?—Tis too much!⁰

Everg. Bless me! Lady Handy is ill—Salts! salts!

Sir Abel (producing an essencc-boz°). Here are salts, or aromatic vinegar, or essence of—

Everg. Any—any.

Sir° Abel. Bless me, I can't find the key!

Everg. Pick the lock. 71

Sir Abel. It can't be picked, it is a patent lock.

Everg. Then break it open, Sir.

Sir Abel. It can't be broke open—it is a contrivance of my own—you see, here comes a horizontal bolt, which acts upon a spring, therefore—

Lady H.⁰ I may die while you are describing a horizontal bolt. Do you think 80 you shall close your eyes for a week for this?

Enter Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir Philip. What has occasioned this disturbance?

Lady H. Ask that gentleman.

Sir Abel. I am accused—

Lady H. Convicted! convicted!

Sir Abel. Well, I will not argue with you about words—because I must bow to your superior practice—But, Sir—90

(*apart to Evergreen.*)] om. *Lar.*

much] *Lar.* adds: (sits).

(*producing an essenp'-box*)] om. *Lar.*

Sir . . . key!] om. *Lar.*

Lady H.] Lar. interpolates: (*starts up*).

Sir Philip. Pshaw! (*apart.*) Lady Handy, some of your people were inquiring for you.

Lady H. Thank you, Sir. Come, Sir Abel. *[Exit.*

Sir Abel. Yes, my Lady—I say (*to Evergreen*), cou'dn't you give me a hint of the way he had—

Lady° If. (*without.*) Sir Abel!

Sir Abel. Coming, my soul!° *[Exit.*

Sir Philip. So! you have well obeyed my orders in keeping this Henry from my 100 presence.

Everg. I was not to blame, Master.

Sir Philip. Has Farmer Ashfield left the Castle?

Everg. No, Sir.

Sir Philip. Send him hither.

[Exit Evergreen.

That boy must be driven far,° far from my sight—but where?—no matter! the world is large enough.

Enter Ashfield.

—Come hither, I believe you hold a farm 110 of mine?

Ash. Ees, Zur, 1° do, at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. I hope a profitable one?

Ask. Sometimes it be, Zur. But thic° year it be all t'other way as 'twur°—but I do hope as° our landlords have° a tightish big lump of the good, they'll° be zo kind hearted as to take a little° bit of the bad.

Sir Philip. It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt. 120

Ash. Ees,° Zur, I be—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. How much!

Ash. Sir. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, Zur—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, Zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart!° it will make my auld Dame 130

quite° young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your Honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, Zur—I had a° thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then thinks I, the gentleman mayhap° be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, Zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not indeed, Zur. 140

Sir Philip. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ask. Ees, Zur.

Sir Philip. On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, Zur; but° you bees making your vun of I, zure.°

Sir Philip. I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you or take the con- 150 sequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow° I shou'dn't know how to zet about it—I should not indeed, Zur.°

Sir Philip. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it. *[Exit.*

Ash. Well, Zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*makes° the motion of turning out*) 160—I shou'd be deadly awkward at it vor° zartain—however, I'll put the case—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zeas Henry zitting by my wife mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I° by the vire zide,° and zays—"Varmer, the horses be° 170 fed, the sheep be° folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down,° smoke your

quite] om. Lar.

Zur—I had a] I Lar.

mayhap] om. Lar.

Zur; but] om. Lar.

zure] om. Lar.

do vow] declare Lar.

Zur] om. Lar.

(makes . . . out)] om. Lar., which reads: Exit Sir Philip,

vor] sure & Lar.

a chair vor I] me a Chair Lar.

zide] om. Lar.

be] are Lar.

zit down,] om. Lar.

Lady . . . Abel!] om. Lar.

sow/] Lady. Lar.

[ar,} om. Lar.

2 . . . zarvice] om. Lar.

Zvr. But thic] This Lar.

as 'twur] om. Lar.

as] om. Lar.

have] as they have Lar.

they'll] will Lar.

little] om. Lar.

Ees . . . be] I am, sur Lar.

Dear heart!] Dearee, Lar.

pipe, and be happy!" Very well! (*becomes affected.*) Then I 'zays—"Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my house directly." Very well! then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, 180 sighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—"Varmer, I have too long been a burthen to you—Heaven protect you, as you have me—Farewel! I go." Then I zays, "If thee doez I'll be domn'd!" (*with⁰ great energy.*) Hollo! you Mister Sir^o Philip! you^o may come in.—

Enter Sir Philip Blandford.

Zur, I have argufied the topic,⁰ and it wou'dn't be pratty—zo I can't. 190
Sir Philip. Can't!⁰ absurd!

Ash. Well, Zur, there is but another word—I won't.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Ash. No, Zur, I won't—I'd zee myzelf hang'd first, and you too, Zur—I wou'd indeed (*bowing*).

Sir Philip. You refuse then to obey.

Ash. I do, Zur—at your zarvice (*bowing*).

Sir Philip. Then the law must take its 200 course.

Ash. I be zorry for that too—I be^o indeed, Zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it wer'n't poison'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic hand, Zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

Sir^o Philip. Oh! (*sighing deeply.*)

Ash. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn⁰ a good lad out into the wide wicked world because 210 he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, Zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that zomeit at inzide⁰ will jump against it with pleasure (*bowing*). I do^o hope you'll repent of all your zins—

(*with . . . energy*) om. Lar.

Mister Sir] master, Sir Lar.

you . . . in] om. Lar.

argufied the topic] put the case Lar.

Can't] om. Lar.

be] am Lar.

Sir . . . deeply.] om. Lar.

turn] push Lar.

inside] inside 1805.

do] om. Lar.

I do indeed, Zur;⁰ and if you shou'd, I'll come and zee you' again as friendly as ever—I wool indeed, Zur.

Sir Philip. Your repentance will come 220 too late! [*Exit.*]

Ash. Thank ye, Zur—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzel agreeable—and so I'll go whoam. [*Exit.*]

THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A room in Ashfield's house.

Dame Ashfield discovered at work with her needle. Henry sitting by her.

Dame.

Come, come, Henry, you'll fret yourself ill, child. If Sir Philip will not be kind to you, you are but where you were.

Henry (rising). My peace of mind is gone for ever. Sir Philip may have cause for hate;—spite of his unkindness to me, my heart seeks to find excuses for him—for, oh! that heart doats on his lovely daughter.

Dame (looking out). Here comes Turnmas home at last. Heyday! what's the 10 matter with the man? He does'nt seem to know the way into his own house.

Enter Ashfield, musing,⁰ he stumbles against a chair.

Tummas, my dear Tummas, what's the matter?

Ash. (not attending) It be lucky vor he I be's zoo pratty behaved, or, dom if I—^o (*doubling his fist*)

Dame. Who—what?

Ash. Nothing at all, where's Henry?

Henry. Here, farmer.

Ash. Thee woult'nt leave us, Henry, 20 wou't?^o

Henry. Leave you! What, leave you now, when by my exertion I can pay off part of the debt of gratitude I owe you? oh, no!

Ash. Nay,^o it were not vor that I axed, I promise⁰ thee; come, gi' us thy hand on't

Zur] om. Lar.

and zee you] om. Lar.

musng . . . chair] absent in mind Lar.

dom if I] dang it Lar.

won't] wool thee Lar.

Nay] om. Lar.

promise] assure Lar.

then (*shaking hands*). Now I'll tell ye. Zur Philip did send vor I, about the money I do owe 'un; and said as how he'd make all strait between us—30

Dame. That was kind.

Ash. Yes, deadly kind. Make all strait on condition I did turn Henry out o' my doors.

Dame. What!

Henry. Where will his hatred cease?

Dame. And what did you say, Tummas?

Ash. Why, I zivelly tould un, if it were agreeable to he to behave like a brute, it were agreeable to I to behave like a man. 40

Dame. That was right. I wou'd have told him a great deal more.

Ash. Ah! likely. Then a zaid I shou'd ha a bit o' laa vor my pains.

Henry. And do you imagine I will see you suffer on my account? No—I will remove this hated form—(*going*.)

Ash. No,⁰ but thee shat'un—thee shat'un—I tell thee. Thee have givun me thy hand on't, and dom'me,⁰ if thee shat' budge 50 one step out of this house. Drabbit it! what can he do? he can't send us to jail. Why, I have corn will zell for half the money I do owe 'un—and ha'nt I cattle and sheep? deadly lean to be zure—and ha'nt I a thumping silver watch, almost as big as thy head? and Dame here a got°—How many silk gowns have thee got, Dame?

Dame. Three, Tummas—and sell them all—and I'll go to church in a stuff one—60 and let Mrs. Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases.

Henry. Oh, my friends, my heart is full. Yet a day will come, when this heart will prove its gratitude.

Dame. That day, Henry, is every day.

Ash. Dang it! never be down hearted. I do° know as well as can be, zome good luck will turn up. All the way I corned whoam I look'd to vind a purse in the path, but I 70 didn't though.

(*A knocking at the door.*)

Dame. Ah! here they are coming to sell I suppose—

Vll] I'a Lar.

of] a 1805.

No . . . I tell] Thee eha'nt, I tell Lar.

dom'me,] dam'me 1805.

. shot] sha't 1805; om. Lar.

here a got] here—She have Lar.

do] om. Lar.

Ash. Lettun—lettun, zeize and zell;° we ha gotten Here (*striking his breast*) what we won't zell, and they can't zell. (*knock' ing again*) Come in—dang it,° don't ye be shy.

Enter Morrington and Gerald.

Henry. Ah! the strangers I saw this morn-ing. These are not officers of law. 20

Ash. Noa! walk in, Gemmen. Glad to zee ye wi' all my heart and zoul. Come, Dame, spread a cloth, bring out cold meat, and a mug of beer.

Ger. (*to Morrington*). That is the boy. (*Morrington nods.*)

Ash. Take a chair, Zur.

Mor. I thank, and admire your hospital-ity. Don't trouble yourself, good woman.—I am not inclined to eat.

Ash. That be the case here. To-day 20 none o'we be auver hungry: misfortin be apt to stay the stomach confoundedly.—

Mor. Has misfortune reached this humble dwelling?

Ash. Ees, Zur. I do think vor my part it do work its way in every where.

Mor. Well, never despair.

Ash. I never do, Zur. It is not my way. When the sun do shine I never think of vout weather, not I; and when it do be- 100 gin to rain I always think that's a zure sign it will give auver.

Mor. Is that young man your son?

Ash. No, Zur—I do wish he were we° all my heart and zoul.

Ger. (*to Morrington*). Sir, remember.

Mor. Doubt not my prudence. Young man, your appearance interests me;—how can I serve you?

Henry. By informing me who are my 110 parents.

Mor. That I cannot do.

Henry. Then, by removing from me the hatred of Sir Philip Blandford.

Mor. Does Sir Philip hate you?

Henry. With such severity, that even now he is about to ruin these worthy creatures, because they have protected me.

Mor. Indeed! misfortune has made him cruel. That should not be. 120

teite and zell] om. Lar.

it] you Lar.

we] wi' 1805.

Ash. Noa,^o it should not indeed, Zur.

Mor. It shall not be.

Ash. Shan't it, Zur? But how shan't it?

Mor. I will prevent it.

Ash. Wool ye faith and troth? Now,^o Dame, did not I zay some good luck would turn up?

Henry. Oh, Sir, did I hear you rightly? Will you preserve my friends;—will you avert the cruel arm of power, and make 130 the virtuous happy? my tears must thank you (*taking hits hand*).

Mor. (*disengaging his hand*) Young man, you oppress me—forbear! I do not merit thanks—pay your gratitude where you are sure 'tis due—to Heaven. Observe me—here is a bond of Sir Philip Blandford for £.1000—do you present it to him, and obtain a discharge for the debt of this worthy man. The rest is at your own disposal—140 no thanks.

Henry. But, Sir, to whom am I thus highly indebted?

Mor. My name is Morrington. At present that information must suffice.

Henry. Morrington.

Ash. (*bowing*) Zur, if I may be zo bold—

Mor. Nay, friend—

Ash. Don't be angry,^o I had'nt^o 150 thanked you, Zur, nor I wont.—Only, Zur, I were going to ax when you wou'd call again. You shall have my stampt note vor the money, you shall indeed, Zur. And in the mean time, I do hope you'll take zomeit in way of remembrance as 'twere.^o

Dame. Will your Honor put a couple of turkies in your pocket?

Ash. Or pop a ham under your arm? 160 don't ye^o zay no, if it's agreeable.

Mor. Farewel, good friends, I shall repeat my visit soon.

Dame. The sooner the better.

Ash. Good bye to ye, Zur—Dame and I wool go to work as merry as crickets. Good bye, Henry.

Dame. Heaven bless your Honour—and

Noa] om. Lar.

Now] om. Lar.

angry,] 1805, Lar.; angry O 1.

had'nt] have not Lar.

as 'twere] om. Lar.

ye] om. Lar.

I hope you will carry as much joy away with you, as you leave behind you—I do 170 indeed. [*Exeunt Ashfield and Dame.*]

Mor. Young man, proceed to the castle and demand an audience of Sir Philip Blandford. In your way thither^o I'll instruct you further.—Give me your hand.

[*Exeunt Morrington, looking stedfastly on Henry, Gerald following.*]

S C E N E 11.—*An apartment in the castle.*

Sir Philip Blandford discovered—Miss Blandford reading.

Miss B. Shall I proceed to the next essay?

Sir Philip. What does it treat of?

Miss B. Love and friendship.

Sir Philip. A satire?

Miss B. No, father;—an eulogy.

Sir Philip. Thus do we find in the imaginations of men, what we in vain look for in their hearts.—Lay it by^o (*a knocking at the door*). Come in. 10

Enter Evergreen.

Ever. My dear master, I am a petitioner to you.

Sir Philip (*rises*).^o None possesses a better claim to my favour—ask, and receive.

Ever. I thank you, Sir. The unhappy Henry.

Miss B.^o What of him—

Sir Philip. Emma—go to your apartment.

Miss B. Poor Henry—[*Exit.*]

Sir Philip. Imprudent man—20

Ever. (*Sir Philip turns from him with resentment*) Nay, be not angry, he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

Sir Philip. I cannot, will not again behold him.

Ever. I am sorry you refuse me, as it compels me to repeat his words: "If," said he, "Sir Philip denies my humble request, tell him I demand to see him."

Sir Philip. Demand to see me! well, his 30 high command shall be obeyed then (*sarcastically*); bid him approach.

[*Exit Evergreen.*]

thither] there Lar.

by] buy Lar.

(rises)] om. Lar.

Miss B. . . . Imprudent man—] om. Lar.

Enter Henry.

Sir Philip. By what title, Sir, do you thus intrude on me?

Henry. By one of an imperious nature, the title of a creditor.

Sir Philip. I your debtor!

Henry. Yes; for you owe me justice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the inestimable treasure of a parent's blessing. 40

Sir Philip (*impatiently*). To the business that brought you hither.

Henry. Thus then—I believe this is your signature (*producing a bond*).

Sir Philip. Ah! (*recovering himself*) it is—

Henry. Affixed to a bond of £1000, which by assignment is mine. By virtue of this I discharge the debt of your worthy tenant Ashfield; who, it seems, was guilty of the 50 crime of vindicating the injured and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leisure.

Sir Philip. No; that must not be.

Henry. Oh, Sir, why thus oppress an innocent man?—why spurn from you a heart that pants to serve you? No answer, fare- 60 well (*going*).

Sir Philip. Hold—one word before we part—tell me—I dread to ask it (*aside*). How came you possessed of this⁰ bond?

Henry. A stranger, whose kind benevolence stepped in, and saved—

Sir Philip. His name?

Henry. Morrington.

Sir Philip. Fiend! tormentor! has he caught me!—You have seen this Mor- 70 rington?

Henry. Yes.

Sir Philip. Did he speak of me?

Henry. He did—and of your daughter. "Conjure him," said he, "not to sacrifice the lovely Emma by a marriage her heart revolts at. Tell him the life and fortune of a parent are not his own. He holds them but in trust for his offspring. Bid him reflect, that while his daughter merits the 80 brightest rewards a father can bestow, she

is by that father doomed to the harshest⁰ fate tyranny can inflict."⁰

Sir Philip. Torture (*with vehemence*). Did he say who caused this sacrifice?

Henry. He told me you had been duped of your fortune by sharpers.

Sir Philip. Aye. He knows that well. Young man, mark me—This Morrington, whose precepts wear the face of virtue, 90 and whose practice seems benevolence, was the chief of the hellish banditti that⁰ ruined me.

Henry. Is it possible?

Sir Philip. That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

Henry. Confusion!

Sir Philip. Not^o by the thief who, encountering you as a man, stakes life against life, but by^o that most cowardly villain, MO who, in the moment when reason sleeps and passion is roused, draws his snares around you, and hugs you to your ruin; then fattening on the spoil, insults the victim he has made.

Henry. On your soul is Morrington that man?

Sir Philip. On my soul he is.

Henry. Thus, then, I annihilate the detested act—and thus I tread upon a vil- 110 Iain's friendship (*tearing the bond*).

Sir Philip. Rash boy! What have you done?

Henry. An act of justice to Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir Philip. For which you claim my thanks?

Henry. Sir, I am thanked already—here (*pointing to his heart*⁰). Curse on such wealth; compared with its possession, 120 poverty is splendour. Fear not for me—I shall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man whose heart beats warmly for his fellow creatures, the blood circulates with freedom—My food shall be what few of the pampered sons of greatness can boast of, the luscious bread of independence; and the

harshest] *hardest* Lar.

inflict] 1805 ends quotation here; O 1 ends after revolt at; Lar. does not close it.

that] and Lar.

Not . . . who] *Not where, the Thief* Lar.

by] om. Lar.

heart] *breast* Lar.

this] *that* Lar.

opiate that brings me sleep, will be the recollection of the day "passed in. innocence.

Sir Philip. Noble boy! Oh! Blandford! 120

Henry. Ah!

Sir Philip. What have I said?

Henry. You called me Blandford.

Sir Philip. Twas error—Twas madness.

Henry. Blandford! a thousand hopes and fears rush on my heart. Disclose to me my birth—be it what it may, I am your slave for ever. Refuse me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as—

Sir Philip. Ah! am I threatened? Do 140 not extinguish the spark of pity my breast is warmed with.

Henry. I will not. Oh, forgive me.

Sir Philip. Yes, on one condition—leave me: Ah! some one approaches. Begone, I insist—I entreat.

Henry. That word has charmed me. I obey. Sir^o Philip—you may hate, but you shall respect me. [Exit.

Enter Handy, jun.

Handy, jun. At last, thank heaven, I w have found somebody. But, Sir Philip, were you indulging in soliloquy^o—You seem agitated.

Sir Philip. No, Sir, rather indisposed.

Handy, jun. Upon my soul, I am devilish glad to find you. Compared with this Castle, the Cretan labyrinth was intelligible; and unless some kind Ariadne gives me a clue, I shant have the pleasure of seeing you above once a week.^o 160

Sir Philip. I beg your pardon, I have been an inattentive host.

Handy, jun. Oh, no; but when a house is so devilish large, and the party so very small, they ought to keep together; for to say the truth, tho' no one on earth feels a warmer regard for Robert Handy than I do—I soon get heartily sick of his company—whatever he may be to others, he's a cursed bore to me. 170

Sir Philip. Where is your worthy father?

Handy, jun. As usual, full of contrivances that are impracticable, and improvements that are retrograde; forming, altogether, a whimsical instance of the confusion of ar-

obey. Sir] obey—Sir Lar.; obey: Sir 1805; obey, Sir O 1.

soliloquy] soliloquyt 1805.
a week] a-week 1805.

rangement, the delay of expedition, the incommodiousness of accommodation, and the infernal trouble of endeavouring to save it—he has now a score or two of workmen about him, and intends pulling down 180 some apartments in the east wing of the Castle.

Sir Philip. Ah! ruin!—Within there!

Enter a Servant.

Fly to Sir Abel Handy—Tell him to desist; order his people, on the peril of their lives, to leave the Castle instantly. Away.

[Exit Servant.^o

Handy, jun. Sir Philip Blandford, your conduct compels me to be serious.

Sir Philip. Oh! forbear! forbear!

Handy, jun. Excuse me, Sir,—an alii- 190 ance, it seems, is intended between our families, founded on ambition and interest. I wish it, Sir, to be formed on a nobler basis, ingenuous friendship and mutual confidence. That confidence being withheld, I must here pause, for I should hesitate in calling that man father, who refuses me the name of friend.

Sir Philip (aside). Ah! how shall I act?

Handy, jun. Is my demand unreason- 200 able?

Sir Philip. Strictly just—But, oh!—you know not what you ask—Do you not pity me?

Handy, jun. I do.

Sir Philip. Why then seek to change it into hate?

Handy, jun. Confidence seldom generates hate—Mistrust always.

Sir Philip. Most true. 210

Handy, jun. I am not impelled by curiosity to ask your friendship. I scorn so mean a motive. Believe me, Sir, the folly and levity of my character proceed merely from the effervescence of my heart—you will find its substance, warm, steady, and sincere.

Sir Philip. I believe it from my soul.—Allow me a moment's thought.—(Aside)—Suspicion is awakened, does not prudence as well as justice prompt me to confide 220 in him. Does not my poverty command me. Perhaps, I may find a sympathizing friend—the task is dreadful—but it must be so—perhaps, he will perform the awful task of

Servant] Lar. interpolates: Sir Philip (Feeble with Exertion) is supported by Y. Handy)

visiting the chamber, and removing every vestige of guilt. (*To him*) Yes, you shall hear my story, I will lay before your view the agony with which this wretched bosom is loaded.

Handy, jun. I am proud of your confi- 230 dence, and am prepared to receive it.

Sir Philip. Not here—let me lead you to the eastern⁰ part of the Castle, my^o young friend—mark me: This is no common trust I repose in you; for I place my life in your hands.

Handy, jun. And the pledge I give for its security is what alone gives value to life, my honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A gloomy Gallery in the Castle—in the Centre a strongly barred Door.—The Gallery hung with Portraits.*

Henry discovered examining a particular Portrait, which occupies a conspicuous Situation⁰ in the Gallery

Henry. Whenever curiosity has led me to this gallery, that portrait has attracted my attention—the features are peculiarly interesting. One of the House of Blandford—Blandford!—my name—perhaps my father. To remain longer ignorant of my birth, I feel impossible. There is a point when patience ceases to be virtue—Hush. I hear foot-steps—Ah! Sir Philip, and another, in close conversation. Shall I avoid them? 10—No—Shall I conceal myself and observe them⁰—Curse on the base suggestion!—No—

Enter Sir Philip and Handy, jun.

Sir Philip. That chamber contains the mystery.

Henry (aside). Aht

Sir Philip (turning round). Observe that portrait (*seeing Henry—starts*). Who's there?

Handy, jun. (to Henry). Sir, we wish 20 to be private.

Henry. My being here, Sir, was merely the effect of accident. I scorn intrusion (*bows*). But the important words are spoken

—that chamber contains **the** mystery (*aside*).

[*Exit.*]

Handy, jun. Who is that youth?

Sir Philip. You there behold his **father**—my brother—(weeps)—I've not beheld **that** face these twenty years.—Let me **again** peruse its lineaments, (*in an agony of 30 grief*) Oh, God!⁰ how I loved that man!—

Handy, jun. Be composed.

Sir Philip. I will endeavour. **Now** listen to my story.

Handy, jun. You rivet my attention.

Sir Philip. While we were boys, my father died intestate. So I, as elder born, became the sole possessor of his fortune; but the moment the law gave me power, I divided, in equal portions, his large possessions, 40 one of which I with joy presented to my brother.

Handy, jun. It was noble.

Sir Philip. At least it was just—we lived together, Sir,^o as one man; as my life I loved him, and felt no joys but what he shared—Sorrow I knew not.

Handy, jun. Such love demanded a life of gratitude.

Sir Philip (with suppressed agony). **You 50** shall now^o hear, Sir, how I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms; my heart was captivated—Fortune she possessed not—but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

Handy, jun. How enviable your situation.

Sir Philip. Oh! (*sighing deeply*) On **the** evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as the departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree, where, lover like, I had marked the name of my destined bride, and with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstasy, I was wounding the bark with a deeper impression of the name—when, oh, God!⁰—

Handy, jun. Pray proceed!

Sir Philip. When the loved offspring of 70 my mother, and the woman my soul adored—the only two beings on earth who **had**

eastern] Easter Lar.
Castle, my] Castle—My Lar.
Situation] place Lar.
them] themt 1805.

Ood] om. Lar.
Sir,] om. Lar.
now;] om. Lar.
Ood] om. Lar.

wound themselves round my heart, by every tie dear to the soul^{of} man, placed themselves before me; I heard him—even now the sound is in my ears, and drives me to madness—I heard him breathe vows of love, which she answered with burning kisses—He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a vessel to bear her so for ever from me.—They were about to depart, when the burning fever in my heart rushed⁰ upon my brain—Picture the young tiger, when first his savage nature rouses him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe—I sprung upon them—with one hand I tore the faithless woman from his damned embrace, and with the other—stabbed my brother to the heart.

*Handy, jun. (starting with horror, then 90 recovering),*⁰ What followed?—

Sir Philip. At that dreadful moment my brother's servant appeared, and the vessel that was to waft him to happiness bore away his bleeding body; a few days brought the news that he had died suddenly in France, and all inquiry ceased (*exhausted he falls into Handy, jun. arms*).

Handy, jun. You are faint—But let me lead you from this place—Yet hold! the wretched woman——, 100

Sir Philip. Was secretly conveyed here—even to that chamber.—She proved pregnant, and in giving birth to a son, paid the forfeit of her perjury by death.

Handy, jun. Which son, is^o the youth that left us.

Sir Philip. Even so—Tell me, could wretch be born possessed of a more solid title to my hate?

Handy, jun. Yet, he is innocent. 110

Sir Philip. My task being ended, yours begins.

Handy, jun. Mine!

Sir Philip. Yes, that chamber contains evidence of my shame; the fatal instrument, with other guilty proofs, lie there concealed—can you wonder I dread to visit the scene of horror—can you wonder I implore you, in mercy, to save me from the task. Oh! my friend, enter the chamber, bury in 120

rushed] *rush Lar.*
recovering] *Lar. interpolates: Be merciful, Heaven! Sir Philip. Amen, to that—Do you not loathe met Bob. {After tome hesitation} son, is* | *O 1; son is 1805; Son, was Lar.*

endless night those instruments of blood, and I will kneel and worship you.

Handy, jun. I will.

Sir Philip (weeps). Will you (*embraces him*)^o I am unused to kindness from man, and it affects me. Oh! can you press to your guiltless heart that blood-stained hand.

Handy, jun. Sir Philip, let men without faults condemn; I must pity you.

[*Exeunt Handy, jun. leading Sir Philip:*

THE END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A wooded view of the country.

Enter Susan Ashfield, who looks about with anxiety, and^o then comes forward.

Susan.

I fear my conduct is very imprudent.—Has not Mr. Handy told me he is engaged to another? But 'tis hard for the heart to forego, without one struggle, its only hope of happiness; and conscious of my own honor, what have I to fear? Perhaps he may repent his imkindness to me—at least I'll put his passion to the proof; if he be worthy of my love, happiness is for ever mine; if not, I'll tear him from my 10 breast,^o tho^o from the wound my life's blood should follow. Ah, he comes—I feel I am a coward, and my poor alarmed heart trembles at its approaching trial—pardon me, female delicacy, if for a moment, I seem to pass thy sacred limits.

[*Retires up the stage.*

Enter Handy, jun.

Handy, jun. By Heavens, the misfortunes of Sir Philip Blandford weigh so heavily on my spirits, that—but confusion to melancholy! I am come here^o to meet an angel, 20 who will, in a moment, drive away the blue devils like mist before the sun. Let me again read the dear words; (*reading a letter*) "I

(*embraces him*)] *om. Lar.*
and . . . forward] *om. Lar.*
breast] *heart Lar.*
tho'] though 1805.
am come here] *came Lar.*

confess I love you still," (*kisses the letter*)⁰ but I dare not believe their truth till her sweet lips confirm it. Ah, she's there—Susan, my angel! a thousand thanks. A life of love can alone repay the joy your letter gave me.

Susan. Do you not despise me? 30

Handy, jun. No; love you more than ever.

Susan. Oh, Robert, this is the very crisis of my fate.—From this moment we meet with honor, or we meet no more. If we must part, perhaps when you lead your happy bride⁰ to church, you may stumble over your Susan's grave. Well, be it so.

Handy, jun. Away with such sombre thoughts! 40

Susan. Tell me my doom—yet hold—you are wild,⁰ impetuous—you do not give your heart fair play—therefore promise me (perhaps 'tis the last favor I shall ask), that before you determine whether our love shall die or live with honour, you will remain here alone a few moments, and that you will give those moments to reflection.

Handy, jun. I do—I will.

Susan. With a throbbing heart I will wait 50 at a little distance. May virtuous love and sacred honour direct his thoughts! (*aside.*)

[*Exit.*]

Handy, jun. Yes, I will reflect—that I am the most fortunate fellow in England. She loves me still—what is the consequence?⁰ that love will triumph—that she will be mine—mine without the degradation of marriage—love, pride, all gratified—how I shall be envied, when I triumphantly pass the circles of fashion! one will cry, "Who 60 is that angel?" another, "Happy fellow!" then Susan will smile around—will she smile? oh yes—she will be all gaiety—mingle with the votaries of pleasure, and—what! Susan Ashfield, the companion of licentious women! Damnation! no; I wrong her—she would not—she would rather shun society—she would be melancholy—melancholy,⁰ (*sighs and looks at his watch*)

(*kisses the letter*)] om. Lar.

bride] 1805; *bribe* 1800.

wild] *wild* & Lar.

consequence?] *consequence!* 1805.

melancholy—melancholy, (*sighs and looks*) *melancholly* (*looks* Lar.

would⁰ the time were⁰ over. Pshaw! I TM think of it too seriously—'tis⁰ false—I do not—should⁰ her virtue yield to love, would not remorse affect her health? should I not behold that lovely form sicken and decay—perhaps die—die! then what am I? a villain—loaded with her parents⁰ curses and my own. Let me fly from the dreadful thought—But how fly from it—(*calmly*) by placing before my imagination a picture of more honourable lineaments—I make her my so wife. Ah! then she would smile on me—there's rapture in the thought—instead of vice producing decay, I behold virtue emblazoning beauty—instead of Susan on the bed of death, I behold her giving to my hopes a dear pledge of our mutual love. She places it in my arms—down her father's honest face runs a tear, but 'tis the tear of joy. Oh, this will be luxury—paradise!—Come, Susan—come, my love, my soul, 90 my wife!

Enter Susan—she at first hesitates—on hearing the word wife, she springs into his arms.

Susan. Is it possible?

Handy, jun. Yes; those charms have conquered.

Susan. Oh! no; do not so^o disgrace the victory you have gained—'tis your own virtue that has triumphed.

Handy, jun. My Susan! how true it is, that fools alone are vicious. But let us fly to my father, and obtain his consent. On 100 recollection, that may not be quite so easy. His arrangements with Sir Philip Blandford are—are^o—not mine, so there's an end of that. And Sir Philip, by misfortune, knows how to appreciate happiness. Then⁰ poor Miss Blandford—upon my soul, I feel for her.

Susan (*ironically*). Come—don't make yourself miserable. If my suspicions be true, she'll not break her heart for your loss, 110

Handy, jun. Nay, don't say so—she will be unhappy.

would] *I wish* Lar.

were] *was* Lar.

'tis] *Tin* 1805, Lar.

not—should] *not—Should* Lar.

parents'] 1805; *parent's* O 1.

so] om. Lar.

are—are] *are—* Lar.

Then] *Therefore* Lar.

Ash. (without) There he is. Dame, shall I shoot at un?°

Dame. No.°

Handy, jun. What° does he mean?

Swan. My father's voice.

Ash.° Then I'll leather un wi' my stick.

Handy, jun. Zounds—no°—come here.

Enter Ashfield and Dame.

Ash. What do thee do here wi' my 120 Sue, eh?

Handy, jun. With your Sue—she's mine—mine by a husband's right.

Ash. Husband! what, thee Sue's husband?

Handy, jun. I soon° shall be.

Ash. But how tho'—? what,° faith and troth,° what,° like as I married Dame?

Handy, jun. Yes.

Ash. What,° axed three times?

Handy, jun. Yes; and from this mo- 130 ment I'll maintain that the real Temple of love is a parish church—cupid is a chubby curate, his torch is the sexton's lantern, and the according pæan of the sprieres is the profound nasal thorough bass of the clerk's Amen.

Ash. Huzza! only to think now—my blessing go with you, my° children!

Dame. And mine.

Ash. And Heaven's blessing too.° Ecod, 140 I believe now, as thy feyther zays, thee canst do every thing.

Handy, jun. No; for° there is one thing° I cannot do—injure the innocence of woman.

Ash. Drabbit it, I shall walk in the road all day to zee Sue ride by in her own coach.

Susan. You must ride with me, father.

at un] om. Lar.

Dame. No.] om. Lar., which reads: Susan. My father's voice at this point.

What! Shoot! what Lar.

Ash. . . . stick.] Ashfield (without) / have a mortal good aim at him. Shall I pvllt Lar.

no—] no—dont—Lar.

soon] om. Lar.

what,] What! Lar.

troth,] trotht—Lar.

What] What 1805; om. Lar.

my] om. Lar.

too] om. Lar.

for] for you see Lar.

thing] think O 1.

Dame.° I say, Tummas, what will Mrs. 150 Grundy say then?

Ash. I do hope thee will not be asham'd of thy feyther in laa, woolye?°

Handy, jun. No; for then I must also° be ashamed of myself, which I am resolved not to be again.

Enter Sir Abel Handy.

Sir Abel. Heyday, Bob! why an't you gal-lanting youf intended bride? but you are never where you ought to be.

Handy, jun. Nay, Sir, by your own 160 confession I am where I ought to be.

Sir Abel. No; you ought to be at the Castle—Sir Philip is there, and Miss Blandford is° there, and Lady Handy is° there—and therefore—

Handy, jun. You are not there—in one word, I shall not marry Miss Blandford.

Sir Abel. Indeed! who told you so?

Handy, jun. One who never lies—and therefore, one I am determined to make 170 a friend of—my conscience.

Sir Abel. But, zounds, Sir, what excuse have you?

Handy, jun. (taking Susan's hand) A very fair one, Sir—is not she?

Sir Abel. Why, yes, I can't deny it—but, 'sdeath Sir, this° overturns my best plan.

Handy, jun. No, Sir: for a parent's best plan is his son's happiness, and that it will establish. Come, give us your consent, 180 Consider how we admire all your wonderful inventions.

Sir Abel. No; not my plough, Bob—but 'tis a devilish clever plough.

Handy, jun. I dare say it is. Come, Sir, consent and perhaps, in our turn, we may invent something that may please you.

Sir Abel. He! he! he!—well—but hold—what's the use of my consent without my wife's—bless you! I dare no more say I° 190 approve, without—

Enter Gerald.

Gerald. Health to this worthy company.

Sir Abel. The same to you, Sir.

Handy, jun. Who have we here, I wonder?

Dame . . . thent] om. Lar.

woolyet] om. Lar.

also] om. Lar.

it] om. Lar.

this] it Lar.

say I] om. 1805.

Gerald. I wish to speak with Sir Abel Handy.

Sir Abel. I am the person.

Gerald. You are married?

Sir Abel. Damn it! he sees it in my face.—Yes, I have that happiness. 200

Gerald. Is it a happiness?

Sir Abel. To say the truth—why do you ask?

Gerald. I want answers, not questions—and depend on't, 'tis your interest to answer me.

Handy, jun. An extraordinary fellow this!

Gerald. Would it break your heart to part with her?

Sir Abel. Who are you, Sir, that—210

Gerald. Answers—I want answers—would it break your heart, I ask?

Sir Abel. Why, not absolutely⁰ I hope. Time, and philosophy, and—

Gerald. I understand—what sum of money would you give to the man who would dissolve your marriage contract?

Handy, jun. He means something, Sir.

Sir Abel. Do you think so, Bob?

Gerald. Would you give a thousand MO pounds?

Sir Abel. No.

Handy, jun. No!

Sir Abel. No; I would not give one; but I would give five thousand pounds.

Gerald. Generously offered—a bargain—I'll do it.

Sir Abel. But, an't you deceiving me?

Gerald. What should I gain by that?

Sir Abel. Tell me your name? 230

Gerald. Time will tell that.

Lady H. (without.) Sir Abel—where are you?

Gerald. That's your wife's voice—I know it.

Sir Abel. So do I.

Gerald. I'll wait without—Cry, "Hem!" when you want me.

Sir Abel. Then you need not go far—
[Exit Gerald.]

I dare not believe it—I should go out 240 of my wits—and then if he fail, what a pickle I shall be in! Here she is.

absolutely . . . Time,] absolutely. I hope time, Lar., giving better sense.

Enter Lady Handy.

Lady H. So, Sir, I have found you at last?

Handy, jun. My honoured mama, you have just come in time to give your consent to my marriage with my sweet Susan.

Lady H. And do you imagine I will agree to such degradation?

Ash. Do'e, Lady Nelly, do'e⁰ be kind 250 hearted to the young lovers—Remember how I used to let thee zit up all night a sweethearting.

Lady H. Silence! and have you dared to consent? (to Sir Abel.)

Sir Abel. Oh, no, my Lady.

Handy, jun. Sir, you had better cry—"Hem!"

Sir Abel. I think it's time, Bob—Hem!

Handy, jun. Hem! 220

Lady H. What do you mean by—Hem?

Sir Abel. Only, my dear, something troublesome, I want to get rid of—Hem!

Enter Gerald.

There he is—never was so frightened in all my life.

(Gerald advances.)

Lady H. (shrieks and exclaims)⁹ Gerald!

Gerald. Yes.

Lady H. An't you dead, Gerald? Twenty⁰ years away and not dead?

Gerald. No, wife. 270

Sir Abel. Wife! Did you say, wife?

Gerald. Yes.

Sir Abel. Say it again.

Gerald. She is my wife.

Sir Abel. Once more.

Gerald. My lawful, wedded wife.

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear fellow!—Oh, my dear boy! Oh, my dear girl!—(embraces⁰ Gerald and the rest) Oh, my dear! (running to Mrs. Gerald) No—yes, now she an't 280 my wife, I will—well—how will you have the five thousand? Will you have it in cash, or in bank notes—or stock,⁰ or India⁰ bonds, or lands, or patents, or—

Do'e . . . do'e] Lady Nelly, do Lar (shrieks and exclaims)] om. Lar.

Twenty . . . deadt] om. Lar.

(embraces . . . rest)] om. Lar.

stock] stocks 1805; in Stock Lar.

India] in India Lar.

Gerald. No—land will do—I wish to kill my own mutton.

Sir Abel. Sir,^o you shall kill all the sheep in Hampshire.

Gerald. Sir Abel, you have lost five thousand pounds, and with it,^o properly 290 managed, an excellent wife, who,^o though I cannot condescend to take again as mine—you may depend on't shall never trouble you. Come!^o this way (*beckoning^o to Mrs. Gerald*)—important events now call on me, and prevent my staying longer with this good company. Sir Abel, we shall meet soon. Nay, come, you know I'm not used to trifle; come, come^o—(*she' reluctantly, but obediently, crosses the stage, and 300 runs off—Gerald follows*).

Sir Abe (imitating). Come, come—That's a damn'd clever fellow!^o Joy, joy, my boy! Here, here, your hands—The first use I make of liberty, is to give happiness—I wish I had more imitators—Well, what will you do? (*walks^o about exultingly*.) Where will you go? I'll go anywhere you like—Will you go to Bath, or Brighton,^o or Petersburg, or Jerusalem, or Seringapatam? 310 all the same to me—we single fellows—we rove about—nobody cares about us—we care for nobody.

Handy, jun. I must to the Castle, father.

Sir Abel. Have with you, Bob (*singing*). "I'll sip every flower—I'll change every hour."^o—(*beckoning*) Come, come^o—

[*Exeunt Sir Abel, Handy, jun. and Susan. Susan kisses^o her hand to Ashfield and Dame.*]

Ash. Bless her! how nicely she do trip^o it away with the gentry!

Dame. And then, Tummas, think of the wedding. 321

Ash. (reflecting.) I declare I shall be just

Sir] om. Lar.
with it] om. Lar.
who . . . trouble you] om. Lar.
Come!] Come, my love, Lar.
beckoning] om. Lar.
come, come —] om. Lar.
(*she . . . follows*)] *Exeunt Gerald & Mrs. Gerald Lar.*

fellow! Lar. interpolates: *Ah! am I awake?*
(*walks . . . exultingly.*)] om. Lar.
Brighton] Lar. interpolates: *or John o' Groat's house.*

hour.] hour, till—Lar.
Come, come—] Come along. Lar.
Sumn kisses . . . Dame.] om. Lar.
do trip] trips Lar.

the zame as ever^o—may be I may buy a smartish bridle, or a zilver backy stopper, or the like o' that.

Dame (apart). And, then, when we come out of church, Mrs. Grundy will be standing about there—

Ash. I shall shake hands agreeably wi' all my friends (*apart*). 330

Dame (apart). Then I just look at her in this manner.

Ash. (apart?) How dost do, Peter—Ah, Dick—glad to zee thee wi' all my zoul^o [*bows towards the centre of the stage.*]

Dame (apart). Then, with a kind of half curtsy, I shall—(*she advances to the centre also, and their heads meet*).

Ash. What an wold fool thee bees't, Dame—Come along, and behave pratty, 340 do'e. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same as Act fourth, Scene third.*

Enter Handy, jun. with Caution, bearing a Light and a large Key.

Handy, jun. Now to fulfil my promise with Sir Philip Blandford—by—entering that chamber, and removing—'Tis rather awful—I don't half like it, somehow, everything is so cursedly still.^o What's that? I thought I heard something—no—why, 'sdcath, I am not afraid—no—I'm quite su—sure of that—only every thing is so cursedly hush, and—(*a flash of light and a tremendous explosion takes place*). What 10 the devil's that? (*trembling*) I swear I hear some one—lamenting—who's there?

Enter Sir Abel Handy.

Father! (trembling.)

Sir Abel (trembling). Bob!

Handy, jun. Have- you seen anything?

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear boy!

Handy, jun. Damn it, don't frighten one—

Sir Abel. Such an accident! Mercy on us I

Handy, jun. Speak! 20

Sir Abel. I was mixing the ingredients of my grand substitute for gunpowder, when,

as ever] om. Lar.

zoul] heart A soul Lar.

still.] Lar. interpolates: Last year indeed, when Ghosts were in fashion the task wou'd have been tremendous—but the blue gauze & brimstone were smoak'd, & so here goes.

somehow, it blew up, and set the curtains on fire, and——

Handy, jun. Curtains! zounds, the room's in a blaze.

Sir Abel. Don't say so, Bob.

Handy, jun. What's to be done? Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames? 30

Sir Abel. It is not mixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your fire escape?

Sir Abel. It is not fixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your patent fire-engine?

Sir Abel. 'Tis on the road.

Handy, jun. Well, you are never at a loss.

Sir Abel.° Never.

Handy, jun. What's to be done?

Sir Abel. I don't know. I say,° Bob, I 40 have it—perhaps it will go out of itself!

Handy, jun. Go out! it increases every minute—Let us run for assistance—Let us alarm the family. [Exit.

Sir Abel. Yes—dear me! dear me!

Servant (without). Here, John! Thomas! some villain has set fire to the Castle. If you catch the rascal,° throw him into the flames.

(*Sir Abel runs off° and the alarm bell rings.*)

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Castle.*
—*The effects of the Fire shewn on the Foliage and Scenery.*

Enter Henry meeting Evergreen.

Henry. The Castle in° flames!—What occasioned it?

Everg. Alas, I know not!

Henry. Are the family in safety?

Everg. Sir Philip is.

Henry. And his daughter?

Everg. Poor lady! I just now beheld her looking with agony from that window!

Henry. Ah! Emma in danger!—Farewell!

Everg. (holding him.) Are you mad? 10 the great staircase is in flames.

Henry. I care not! Should we meet no more, tell Sir Philip I died for his daughter!

Everg. Yet reflect.

Henry. Old man, do not cling to me thus

Sir Abel. Never.] om. Lar.

7 say . . . have it] om. Lar.

the rascal] him Lar.

runs . . . rings] sneaks off Lar.

in] ia in Lar.

—'Sdeath! men will encounter peril to ruin a woman, and shall I hesitate when it is to save one? {Exit.

Everg. Brave, generous boy! Heaven preserve thee! 20

Enter Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir Philip. Emma, my child, where art thou?

Everg. I fear, Sir, the Castle will be destroyed.

Sir Philip. My child! my child! where is she!° speak!

Everg. Alas! she remains in the Castle!

Sir Philip. Ah! then will I die with her! (going.)°

Everg. Hold, dear master! if human 30 power can preserve her, she is safe—The bravest, noblest of men has flown to her assistance.

Sir Philip.° Heaven reward him with its choicest blessings!

Everg. 'Tis Henry.

Sir Philip. Henry! Heaven will reward him—I will reward him!

Everg. Then be happy! Look, Sir!

Sir Philip. Ah! dare I trust my eyes! 40

Everg. He bears her safe in his arms.

Sir Philip. Bountiful Creator, accept my thanks!

Enter Henry, bearing Emma in his arms.

Henry. There is your daughter.

Sir Philip. My child! my Emma, revive!

Henry (apart).° Aye—now to unfold the mystery—The avenue to the eastern wing is still passable—the chamber not° yet in flames—the present moment lost, and all is closed for ever. I will be satisfied, or perish.

[Exit.

Miss B. Am I restored to my dear 51 father's arms?

Sir Philip. Yes, only blessing of my life! In future thy wishes shall be mine—thy happiness my joy.

Enter Handy, jun., and Susan.

Handy, jun. My dear friend safe! and the

she!] she? 1805, Lar.

(going.)] om. Lar.

Sir Philip . . . blessings!] om. Lar.

(apart)] om. Lar.

not] is not Lar.

lovely Emma in his arms! Then let the bonfire blaze.⁰

Sir Philip. My young friend, do you mark? the flames will save the trial I imposed on you. Behold—they already burst from the eastern turret! Ere this they must have reached the chamber—that consumed, the secret is with us secure.

Miss B. Oh, father, this unkind man has refused me, and given his hand to that sweet girl.

Handy, jun. I confess 'tis true—Your eyes can only fail to conquer those who are before subdued. '70

Sir Philip. But, Emma, where is your⁰ Henry? I wish to be just to him—I wish to thank him.

Miss B. He has withdrawn to avoid our gratitude.—

Everg.⁰ No—he again rushed into the Castle, exclaiming, "I will penetrate that chamber, or perish in the attempt."

Sir Philip. Then all is discovered.

Handy, jun. Hush! for heaven's sake collect yourself! 81

Enter Henry, in great agitation.

Miss B. Ah! (*shrieks.*) Thank heaven he's safe.⁰ What urged you, Henry, again to venture in the Castle?

Henry. Fate! the desperate attempt of a desperate man!

Sir Philip. Ah!

Henry. Yes; the mystery is developed. In vain the massy bars, cemented with their cankerous rust, opposed my entrance—in 90 vain the heated suffocating damps enveloped me—in vain the hungry flames flashed their vengeance round me! What could oppose a man struggling to know his fate? I forced the doors, a firebrand was

blaze] *Lar.* interpolates: *Enter air Abel (abash'd)* S' Abel. *Sir Philip,* I am quite ashamed—I am very sorry indeed, Sir—But I'll build you a new house, fire-proof upon a plan of my own. S' Philip. No apologies, sir Abel. All the treasure I valued, is safe. (*Miss Blandford talks apart to Susan.*)

your] *your slave—your Lar.*

Everg. No . . . attempt." S' Abel. No—I saw him again rush into the Castle. *Miss B.* Heaven forbid I S' Abel. / endeavour' d to prevent him—But with fury in his eye he exclaimed—"I will penetrate that Chamber or perish in the attempt. Then with desperation he plung'd into the Flames. *Lar.*

safe] *Lar.* interpolates: *My deliverer comes I What frantic wildness in his gestures I What terror in his looks!* *Enter Henry (much agitated).*

my guide, and among many evidences of blood and guilt, I found—these! (*Produces a knife and bloody cloth.*)

Sir Philip (starts with horror, then with solemnity). It is accomplished! Just heaven, I bend to thy decree!—Blood must be paid by blood! Henry, that knife, aimed by 100 this fatal hand, murdered thy father!

Henry. Ah! (*grasping the knife.*)

Miss B. (placing herself between him and her father.) Henry! (*he drops his hand.*) Oh, believe him not! 'Twas madness! I've heard him talk thus wildly in his dreams! We are all friends! None will repeat his words—I am⁰ sure none will! My heart will break!—Oh, Henry! will you destroy my father? 110

Henry. Would I were in my grave!

Enter Gerald.

Sir Philip. Ah, Gerald here! How vain concealment! Well, come you to give evidence of my shame? ,

Ger. I come to announce one, who for many years has watched each action of your life.

Sir Philip. Who?

Ger. Morrington.

Sir Philip.⁰ I shall then behold the man 120 who has so long avoided me°—

Ger. But ever has been near you—he is here.

Enter Morrington, wrapped up in his cloak.

Sir Philip. Well, behold your victim in his last stage of human wretchedness! Come you to insult me?

(*Morrington clasps his hands together and hides his face.*)

Ah! can even you pity me? Speak—still silent—still mysterious—Well,⁰ let me employ what remains of life in thinking of hereafter—(*Addressing heaven*) Oh, my 130 brother! we soon shall meet again—And let me hope, that stript of those passions which make men devils, I may receive the heavenly balm of thy forgiveness, as I, from my inmost soul, do pardon thee.

1 am] 0 1, *Lar.*; I'm 1805.

Sir Philip.] *Lar.* begins speech: *His name shoots life thro' me.*

me] *om. Lar.*

Well] *Well, it is no matter. Lar.*

(Morrington becomes convulsed with agony, and falls into Gerald's arms.)

Ah, what means that agony? He faints! give him air!—

(They throw open his cloak and hat.)

(starts.) Angels of mercy!⁰ my brother! 'tis he! he lives! Henry,⁰ support your father!

Henry (running to Morrington). Ah, my father! he revives! 141

Sir Philip. Hush!

(Morrington recovers—seeing his brother, covers his face with shame, then falls at his feet).

Mor. Crawling in the dust, behold a repentant wretch!—

Sir Philip (indignantly).⁰ My brother, Morrington!

Mor. Turn not away—in mercy hear me!

Sir Philip. Speak!

Mor. After the dreadful hour that⁰ parted us, agonized with remorse, I was about to 150 punish home what your arm had left unaccomplished; when some angel whispered—"Punishment is life, not death—Live and atone!"

Sir Philip. Oh! go on!

Mor. I flew to you—I found you surrounded by sharpers—What was to be done? I became Morrington! littered with villains! practised the arts⁰ of devils! braved the assassin's steel! possessed myself of your 160 large estates—lived hateful to myself, de-

mercy!] Lar. interpolates: my sight thickens. (Henry & Emma support him) Support me I (Advances)

Henry] Lar. interpolates: regard not me—Lar.

(indignantly)] om. Lar.

that] which Lar.

arts] art Lar.

tested by mankind—to do what? to save' an injured brother from destruction, and lay his fortunes at his feet! (places parchmenta before Sir Philip.)

Sir Philip. Ah! is it possible?

Mor. Oh, is that atonement? No—By me you first beheld her mother! Twas I that gave her fortune! Is that atonement? No—But my Henry has saved that angel's life—Kneel with me, my boy—lift up thy 170 innocent hands with those of thy guilty father, and beg for mercy from that injured saint (Henry⁰ kneels with him).

Sir Philip. O, God! how infinite are thy mercies! Henry, forgive me—Emma, plead for me—There—there (joining their hands).

Henry. But my father—

Sir Philip (approaching). Charles!

Mor. Philip!

Sir Philip. Brother, I forgive thee. 180

Mor. Then let me die—blest, most blest!

Sir Philip. No, no (striking his breast). Here—I want thee here—Raise him to my heart.

(They raise Morrington—in the effort to embrace, he falls into their arms exhausted.)

Again!

(They sink into each other's arms.)

Handy, fun. (comes forward.) If forgiveness be an attribute which ennobles our nature, may we not hope to find pardon for our errors—here?

The curtain falls.

to save . . . feet I] to lay your fortune at your injured feet Lar.

{Henry . . . him).] om. Lar.

EPILOGUE

Written by MILES PETIT ANDREWS, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. FAWCBTT.

SO here I am—once more to bear a bob,^o
And for our Author do a friendly job;
Perhaps you don't know how to clap a Play;
Mind me—hand rattle hand—thus (*claps his hands*)—that's the way!
No doubt you think, though second sure to none,
I'm rather sanguine about number *One*;
Ask all the world, who everything would try,
And all the world will answer, I! I! I!^o
Your sprightly^o Damsels seeking active fame,
Will rival schoolboys in each schoolboy game;
Give 'em but rope enough, they'll shine in skipping!
While many a lucky rogue may catch them tripping:
Others, with beauteous arm and lovely shoulder,
Conspicuous to each accurate beholder,
Vaulting on toe, with tamborine and bells,
Surpass the heroines of—Sadler's Wells!

Nor less our Beaux excite our admiration;
Their shoulders too are worthy observation;
Not bare indeed, but cas'd in tenfold stuffing—
They need not, if they like not, feel a cuffing;
Nay what's more frequent, and preserves as much,
They save the pressure of a Bailiff's touch.

Stuffing's a charm attracts us every minute;
E'en female bosoms find protection in it;
Expos'd to open charms and powerful flattery,
Why not gain conquests by a well-mask'd battery?

But truce to satire—Folly's lost in doubt,
And this age enters e'er that age goes out;
None know, so none to blame can find pretext,
Whether we sin last century or the next.
"You're a base man!" cries wealthy Madam Dump,
To her fond spouse who took her by the lump,
"To hide a wench last week behind the screen!"
"Last week, my love!—last *Century* you mean."

bear a bob] join in the chorus.

// II I!] After this line Lar. interpolates the

lines printed at the end of the Epilogue.

Your sprightly] *Some sprightlier* Lar.

"Sure!"⁰ says Miss Lydia Lank, an ancient maid,
 "You will not countenance that painted jade:
 I hate to name the odious word *miscarried*;
 And yet the wanton minx was never married!"
 "That's an old story!"—"Old! two months or so."
 "Two months! you dream! a *Century* ago!"
 "Dam'me!" cries Dash, "each age has its beginning!"
 His chin quite buried in five rounds of linen;
 "Think you we drive through life with too much haste?
 'Tis neck or nothing with us lads of taste!"
 "Your taste!" cries Dad; "I fear your credit shocks,
 The rise of *Cravats* proves the fall of *Stocks*:
 Save then to-day, to-morrow we'll want some."
 "To-morrow, Squaretoes! That's an *Age* to come!"

Since then from Changeful Time's uncertain state,
 Our very foibles now are out of date;
 Let the Bard's faults find shelter on the Stage,
 And let his labours live at least an age.

Chear⁰ with your smiles the Poet's growing joy—
 A scanty harvest must his hopes destroy;
 To brighten future prospects, all should now,
 With heart and hand unite to—Speed the Plough!

Lines interpolated in Lar. after " I ! I ! I ! " 1.8 of Epilogue:

See Bob-wigg'd Babblers, undisturb'd by sense,
 Torture each Alehouse, with their eloquence.
 "Sir, this here matter, is that there I fear,
 "But both, I thinks it, are not near so near;
 "Wives comb our heads—Wives only shou'd look big,
 "Not wear the breeches, tho' they wear the Wig
 "I always governs mine—Sir, she's below;
 "Then take the Cudgels, friend—for I must go"
 Miss Upstart too, Papa's own favorite Child,
 Warbles without reserve her wood-notes wild;
 Her golden Harp, greets every guest that calls
 And Miss in piercing accents strums and squalls,
 first imitating the tuning of the Instrument,
 then singing in the style of some Misses
 "From that hour I learnt this Strain,
 Fled the wits of crazy Jane.

LUKE THE LABOURER:

A DOMESTIC MELO-DRAMA,
In Two Acts,

BY J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

Author of the Happiest Day of any life, Snakes in the grass, Popping the Question, The May Queen, Twenty-three John street, Adelphi,
PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, B.Y D-----G.

To Which are added.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
ENTRANCE AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

As now performed at the
METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By MR. BONNER. front Drawing taken in the Theatre. by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :
JOHN CUMBERLAND, 6, BRECKNOCK PLACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.



R CruikShank, Del.

G.

W.

Bonner Sc.

Cuke the Cabourer.

Philip. Holloa! Farmer, Farmer Wakefield, we're boarded by pirates—I'll grapple you—

Act II. Sctnt 6.

John Baldwin Buckstone (1802-1879) was probably best known in his day as a comic actor. After going to sea in a man o' war at the age of eleven he was bought out, put to school and later articled to a solicitor. But a more adventurous life attracted him and he entered the theatre at an early age.

In his day Buckstone was one of the most popular comic actors, with the great gift of being solemnly funny. In 1853 he became manager of the Haymarket Theatre and held the position for nearly twenty years.

In his early twenties he had turned his energies to dramatic composition and in all he wrote between one and two hundred plays in various genres. He wrote comedy, melodrama and romance, and hardly any failed whilst many were very successful by the standards of the theatre.

One of his earliest was *Luke the Labourer* the manuscript of which he sent to Terry in 1826. When Terry came to produce it in the autumn of the same year he had mislaid the name and address of the author. However Buckstone was eventually identified and when the play was revived in 1827 he himself acted in the part of Bobby Trot.

The play is one of Buckstone's most interesting early plays. It is a typical domestic melodrama of the time with the orthodox introduction of music from which melodrama took its name; but through the wooden conventions of its kind there is evident an attempt at honest characterization and despite the exaggerations and absurdities there are signs of appreciation of genuine dramatic situation and dialogue.

The text is that of Cumberland's edition, undated.

The play was printed also in Dick's edition and in Lacy's Acting Edition which seems to have been a reprint from the same type as Cumberland's. Probably no edition has any claim to authoritative textual accuracy.

REMARKS

LUKE THE LABOURER.

A subject, to come home to the business and bosoms of men, must needs be of a domestic nature. The truest sympathy is excited by characters and events that come **under** the general observation of mankind. The public have no relish for magnificent **woe**—they are little moved by crowned and sceptered personages vaunting their triumphs, **or** bewailing their sorrows, in blank verse. Cato must have surely reckoned without **his host**, when he boasted the especial care of the gods ("The Gods take care of Cato!"), if by the *gods* we are to understand the dramatic deities in the upper gallery, **for** the **stones** of Rome would be more likely to rise and mutiny at Mark Antony's oration **over** the dead body of Caesar than the inhabitants of the celestial regions of Covent **Garden** and Drury Lane to drop a doir or a tear, should the last good man of the eternal city **stand** before them, cap in hand, after the fashion of Belisarius, with "*Date ad obolum Belisario*" It is scenes of every-day life, as approximating nearer to *our own* condition, that **affect** us most. We cannot rejoice at a conqueror's triumphs, being ourselves no advocates **for** the slaughter of our species; neither can we lament his fall, since, in **our** opinion, the sooner a tyrant is despatched, the better. But, though no *waggoner*, **we can fairly** sympathise with honest *Peter Bell*; and, without being a farmer's servant—though, to all intents and purposes, the public's most obedient—we cannot but commiserate **Luke the Labourer**.

We know not if it be wise or polite to substitute for a pleasing delusion, a **melancholy** truth—to paint hatred and revenge disturbing the quiet of rural life—and the **bad passions**, which have hitherto been considered as the especial inheritance of crowded cities, **marring** the happiness of those pastoral scenes which poets have been wont to describe as the last precious remnants of the golden age! *Crabbe*, who, to a true poetic fervour joins matter-of-fact narrative and minute description, has done much to dispel this **bright** illusion. He is like the watchman,—

"Who breaks our rest to tell us what's o'clock."

We awake from our dream of rural simplicity, and find the village as sophisticated as the town; the rustic as dissolute, in *his* way, as the fine gentleman. Thus vice, **by losing** the exterior of decency, becomes more disgusting; and, so far, the **moral effect is** heightened and improved. It would be well if everything bore its proper name—that **right** and wrong, vice and virtue, were no longer synonymous terms. We would unmask every profession. *Atheism* should no more be confounded with *philosophy*; **nor selfishness** slink under the polite phrase of *individual considerations*! The town, **and** its **myriads**, should not be magnified into a greater Babylon; nor should the country **and** its **inhabitants** be described as the *Vale of Tempe*, or the *Shepherds of Arcadia*.

This drama presents a village scene. The hero is a rustic of strong **mind and stronger** passions, who, but for untoward circumstances, *might* have been virtuous; but **who**, forced from the right path by the rigour of his fate, becomes idle, hopeless, **and depraved**. The vices of the lower orders of society, for the most part, have their **origin in drunkenness**, which is the parent of sickness, poverty, and crime, **and not only debases** and destroys its victim, but renders him incapable of performing the duties **of his station**; **constituting him** an object of disgust to others, and of pitiable misery to himself. Thus are the wealth and resources of a country made to spring out of **the moral degradation of its inhabitants!**

"Drink, and be mad, then, 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call!"

Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats;—
Ye^all *can-swallow*, and she asks no more."

The errors of Luke are to be traced to this common source; for, though not an habitual drunkard, he was, by his own confession, an occasional tippler; and this character being incautiously—perhaps, harshly—fixed on him by his master, he becomes idle, for nobody will employ him; and, as evil habits take still deeper root in idleness, Luke the Labourer sinks into that wretched class of beings which society rejects as a burden and a pest. The picture that he draws of his destitution, and the death of his wife—of his bitter agony and revenge, is truly heart-rending; and, while it holds out a warning to the peasant against the indulgence of criminal excess, it offers a lesson to prosperity not to trifle with the poor man's only hope and dependance—his character. By one of those reverses of fortune by which poverty is raised and pride humbled, Luke becomes prosperous, and the farmer depressed. The master is arrested and thrown into prison by his servant; and Luke is execrated for having no pity for the man, who had neither pity nor forbearance for *him* in his extremity of woe. We shall not follow him through his various scenes of unjustifiable revenge. His turbulent and ferocious spirit drives him to the very brink of murder, from the commission of which he is happily saved by one of those miraculous interpositions that sometimes occur in real life, but much oftener on the stage.

This drama is pleasing, and well written. It is *not* taken from the French, but is entirely original. Luke and the sailor are powerfully drawn, and there are many interesting situations. We could wish to have parted with the hero on better terms.—It is hard—perhaps, impossible—to *forget* an injury; but the due exercise of charity will incline us to *forgive* one. The strongest incentive to forgiveness, is to reflect how much *we ourselves* require to be forgiven.

Mr. Terry, by whose recent death the stage has lost an efficient member, and society an intelligent and worthy man, played Luke with great force and feeling. The loss of a favourite actor is at all times a subject of regret; but we feel more keenly when his death is accelerated by disappointment and sorrow. T. P. Cooke sustained his old character of a blunt, oath-vociferating, generous sailor, with his accustomed ability; Salter, as Bobby Trot, was sufficiently funny, with his cold pudding and holyday clothes;—indeed, the whole *dramatis pcrsonce* acquitted themselves very creditably.

' r D——G.

C O S T U M E

'SQUIRE CHASE.—Green shooting-jacket—breeches—long gaiters—black hat.

WAKEFIELD.—Drab coat and waistcoat—cord breeches—worsted stockings—shoes and buckles—gray hairs.

CHARLES MAYDEW.—Drab shooting-jacket—striped waistcoat—gaiters—straw hat.

LUKE.—Velveteen coat—red waistcoat—cord breeches—striped stockings—laced boots.

PHILIP.—Sailor's white dress, bound with blue—glazed hat.

BOBBY TROT.—Sky-blue coat—leather breeches—flowered waistcoat—blue stockings—short white gaiters—round white hat.

MICHAEL.—Ragged coat and breeches—ragged straw hat—gray hairs.

DICK.—Postilion's red jacket—top boots.

THOMAS.—Drab coat—red waistcoat.

DAME WAKEFIELD.—Coloured cotton gown, with black body—coloured handkerchief—cap.

CLARA.—White gown—coloured handkerchief—black mittens—straw hat.

JENNY.—Coloured gown—straw hat.

S T A G E D I R E C T I O N S .

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; C. D. *Centre Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

Cast of the Characters,

As Performed at the Adelphi and Surry Theatres, London.

	<i>Adelphi.</i>		<i>Surry.</i>
	1826]	1828.	1829.
<i>'Squire Chase, Lord of the Manor</i>	Mr. Foster.	Mr. Hill.	Mr. Dibdin Pitt.
<i>Wakefield, a decayed Farmer</i>	Mr. Elliott.	Mr. S. Smith.	Mr. Gough.
<i>Charles Maydew, a young Farmer</i>	Mr. S. Smith.	Mr. Hemmings.	Mr. Warwick.
<i>Luke the Labourer</i>	Mr. Terry.	Mr. G. Butler.	Mr. Rayner.
<i>Philip, a Sailor</i>	Mr. T. P. Cooke.	Mr. T. P. Cooke.	Mr. T. P. Cooke.
<i>Bobby Trot, a Country Lad</i>	Mr. Salter.	Mr. Buckstone.	Mr. Buckstone.
<i>Michael, an old Gipsy</i>	Mr. Sanders.	Mr. Sanders.	Mr. Monk.
<i>Dick, a Postilion</i>	Mr. Lamert.	Mr. Seymour.	Master Broadfoot.
<i>Thomas, Landlord of the King's Head</i>	Mr. Phillips.	Mr. Phillips.	Mr. Almar.
<i>Villagers, Servants, Gipsies, Gamekeepers, Reapers, &c.</i>			
<i>Dame Wakefield</i>	Mrs. Daly.	Mrs. Daly.	Madame Simon.
<i>Clara, her Daughter</i>	Miss Boden.	Miss Daly.	Miss Scott.
<i>Jenny, a Country Girl</i>	Mrs. H. Hughes.	Mrs. H. Hughes.	Mrs. Vale.

SCENE.—A Village in Yorkshire.

LUKE THE LABOURER.

ACT I.

S C E N E I.—*A Village, with distant View of the City of York.—Harvest-Carts in the background—a Group of Villagers discovered, celebrating the Harvest Home.—An Alehouse at the side, R. S. E., and Luke seated at the door, smoking, and disregarding their actions.*

CHORUS.

Our last load of corn is now in, boys,
'Tis time that our mirth should begin, boys;
For grief would be worse than a sin, boys,
At this our harvest home.
Our labours have now a relief, boys,
So there's bacon and cabbage, and beef, boys
But a barrel of ale is the chief, boys,
To rule o'er a harvest home.

Enter Charles, L.

Cha. This is all as it should be, my lads; every thing is prepared for you in my '10 cottage; but, as I am a bachelor, you must elect the prettiest lass among you to pre-side; so away with you, and be as happy as you ought.

[The Villagers go off, L. U. B., singing the burden of the chorus.]

Enter Clara, hastily, n.—she perceives Charles, and stops.

Cha. You appear to be travelling post haste, Clara. I was in hopes we should have had you with us at our harvest home; your absence has disappointed many who have been expecting you anxiously.

Cl. I have to attend to duties, sir, 20 which should be considered before pleasures, however I might wish to indulge in them.

Cha. Sir!—You speak very coolly to me, Clara; have I not known you long enough to be called Charles?

Cl. Superiors should have that distinction, Char—sir.

Cha. Superiors, Clara!—But I see how it is, you are rather ironical to day. 30

Cl. Nay, sir, indeed I did not mean to—

1 to—say any thing, sir; but you are now growing rich, and, I hear, likely to become our landlord—so I thought—I thought—nothing more, indeed, sir.

Cha. Be assured, Clara, it is not through pride that I have offered to purchase your father's cottage of 'Squire Chase: 'tis true, I wish so to do, but I have my reasons for I it; and, though I have been so fortunate « I as to raise myself from a poor farmer's boy to what I now am, I shall never forget that the first week's wages I earned, were paid me by Farmer Wakefield.

Cl. Ah, sir, my poor father has been sadly unfortunate since that time: it is a bitter thing for an old man to meet misfortunes, when he has known prosperity in his youth; but I am now old enough to assist, and it must be something worse «> than sickness that shall prevent my striving to bring comfort to that heart which administered to mine in its helplessness.

Cha. You are a good girl, Clara; I always said you were. But how is my old master, Farmer Wakefield? I have not seen him for some weeks.

Cl. *[Dejectedly.]* He is very well, sir.

Cha. Tell him to call on me this evening, and take a jug of ale to the memory 80 of old times; he'll not think his boy Charles beneath him.

Cl. He has not been out for some time, sir.

Cha. Indeed—not ill, I hope.

Cl. Only in mind, sir.

Cha. But he should take some exercise: it would assist in driving away thought. Why don't he join us now in the evening, as he Used to do? 70

Cl. Oh, sir—*[Bursting into tears.]* don't, don't ask me.

[Luke rises, and comes forward, B.—Clara, on perceiving him, utters a faint shriek—crosses to L.]

Luke. Eh, wench, what's the matter wi' [ye? there be naught about me, I hope, to scare you so.

Cl. There is that about you, enough to I scare any one, could they but see it.

Luke. What be that?

Cla. A bad heart.

Luke. A bad heart.—It ar'n't a bad 80 heart, but a heart that has been stung through and through.

Cha. What is the meaning of this? What have you done, Luke, to cause this' alarm?

Luke. Why, you see, her feyther owed me «, bit o' money, and when I wanted it, he wouldn't pay it, and so I thought—

Cha. You'd put him in a gaol for it, eh?

Luke. If you'd ha' been a witch, you could not ha' guessed better. 90

Cha. [*Aside.*] It is as I suspected—but why didn't you tell me of this before, Clara?

Cla. I couldn't, sir: I often thought of telling you, but when the words came to my tongue's end, I felt as if I could die, and had no power to speak them.

Cha. How much is the debt?

Cla. Oh, sir, a very great sum.

Cha. Indeed! I'm sorry for that. 100

Luke. [*Aside.*] Yes, and that's all you'll do.

Cha. But tell me the amount.

Cla. Nineteen pounds, sir.

Luke. Nineteen pound, six shilling—

Cha. Well, Luke, you need not be so exact.

Luke. Some folk ha' been exact enough with me, before this time, and now it be my turn: I've had measters to teach me, 110 and I'll show that I've larned my lesson.

Cha. Luke, I know you to be a needy man. How could Farmer Wakefield become your debtor in that sum?

Luke. Why—for vally received.

Cha. In what?

Luke. Why, for a stack o' wheat. Ah, you may stare—poor Luke, who never owned an acre, measter of a stack o' wheat—you see some folk can get as well as other folk. 120

Cha. Well, well—

Luke. Yes, it would ha' been well for me if I hadn't sold it to a beggar.

Cha. What?—Remember, Luke, the misfortunes of a ruined man are not to be insulted.

Luke. Ay, we be all mined in turn—I ha' been ruin'd—goods—body—character—all ruin'd. But now I can hold my head as high as you, Measter Charles, and defy '& you to say as I ever wrong'd my neighbour.

Cha. It is the luck of some men to have good friends.

Luke. Ay, you be right.

Cha. And sometimes for bad purposes.

Luke. What!—dom thee, I—no, I'll not be in a passion now—another time—yes, another time. [*A shot heard without, B. u. E.*] Here comes 'Squire,—he be at work among the partridges already. 10

Cla. The 'squire?—Good day to ye, Mr. Charles. [*Crossing, L.*]

Cha. Nay, Clara, do not go yet; I wish to speak with you, alone.

Enter 'Squire Chase and Dick, R.

Luke. A dutiful good day to ye, 'Squire—you ha' just bagg'd summ't, I suppose?

'Squire. Ha! the pride of the village here! the very lass I wish'd to meet—and Mr. Charles, too—glad to see you, my honest fellow. [*Charles slightly bows.*] Well, Clara, and how is your father? 15

Cla. He's very—that is, but poorly, sir.

'Squire. Come hither, Clara; let me speak to you alone. [*The rest retire*] Your father is in difficulties, I understand.

Cla. He is, indeed, sir.

'Squire. I'm very sorry; but, if you will come to the manorhousc, this evening, I shall be at leisure, and will give you my assistance and advice. 160

Cla. Ah, sir! assistance and advice have long been needed.

'Squire. Keep up your spirits, Clara, and fail not to come.

Cla. At what time, sir?

'Squire. About ha If-past eight or nine—say nine.

Cla. It will be dark before I can return; and I am very timid since I saw my father taken to—can't you make it earlier, sir? 170

'Squire. Not very conveniently; but a servant shall see you safe home. Luke.

[*Crosses.*]

Luke. Here, 'squire. [*Coming down.*]

'Squire. Follow me, I want you. [*Aside.*] You'll not fail? [*To Clara.*]

Cla. No, sir, and thank you.

'Squire. I shall expect you; and, depend upon it, nothing that can be done to alleviate your distress, shall be wanting. At nine o'clock. 180

Cla. I shall be punctual, sir.

'Squire. Now, Luke, we shall accomplish it.

[Aside—exit, followed by Luke and Gamekeeper L.

Cl. The 'squire's freedom with that man is very strange.

Cha. *[Coming forward.]* Clara, I—that is—I hope—do not think me too curious if I ask you a question.

Cl. No, indeed, Charles.

Cha. Will you answer me? 190

Cl. If I can, sir.

Cha. What was it the 'squire said to you?

Cl. He wishes me to go this evening to the manorhouse.

Cha. For what purpose?

Cl. He has promised to assist my father in his difficulties.

Cha. Then he has only promised you?

Cl. That is all, sir.

Cha. Take my advice, Clara, and don't *æ* go.

Cl. Why should I not!

Cha. Umph!—Here is a pocket-book that I have no particular use for; and, as I know you are fond of reading and making memorandums, will you accept it?

Cl. Nay, Charles, I do not wish to—

Cha. But as a keepsake.

Cl. You are very kind.

[Taking the book timidly.]

Cha. When I am gone, open it; it 20 contains nothing but what you are freely welcome to: I know its contents—all is your's; and I am convinced your own heart will tell you, better than I can, how to dispose of it.

Cl. Nay, Charles, I—

[Offering to return it.]

Cha. I insist upon it. *[Exit, L.]*

Cl. What can he mean? The contents are mine. No, Charles, I guess your object; how! gone: yet he insisted on my accept- 20 ance of it, and I was not to open it till he had left me—how my hand trembles. *[Opens the book.]* There's nothing here—

no—only some poetry. *[Reading.]* "How to dye green." "Verses to Betsey Jones." "March—April—May." Ha! pockets—papers in them—Bank-notes! One, two, three, four, five—another five—that's five and five is ten—and ten's twenty. Twenty pounds! Kind, generous Charles; yes, my heart, 230 indeed, tells me how to dispose of it. But .

for me to be so mean as to take it! No, I'll—I'll return it to him. But my father is in prison, and this would make him happy—what shall I do? I'll borrow it—I'll but borrow it, and I'll work night and day to get it together again. Oh, my poor father! I'll fly immediately to the gaol, and will not return home, but with him. Father, father, let me not speak till I rush into 240 your arms and tell you, that your prison doors are open. *[Exit, L. U. E.]*

Enter Bobby Trot, singing, with a bundle on a stick at his back, L.

Bob. Well, here I be, once more, ready to start for Lunnun: this makes the fourth time as I've had my Sunday clothes on, and my bundle at my back, when, somehow, summut have always happened to make I turn whoame again; but now I wool go, come what may. All's snug about, nobody have seen me, and I ha' gotten 250 three half-crowns, two silver sixpences, and a penny halfpenny in copper, to pay my way there, which be one hundred and eighty-seven miles; and, as to coming back again, that must take care of itself. Perhaps I may never come back; who knows but some grand lady, wi' a coach and a blockamoor servant, may say, Bobby, thee bee'st a pretty lad, wool't come and be my husband? He! he! there be noa telling; 260 for I be told there be wonderfuller things come about in Lunnun than in any other town out o' Yorkshire. So here goes, once more.

Enter Luke, hastily, with a letter, L. u. B.

Luke. Bobby, lad, come hither: I want thee.

Bob. Eh? Oh!

Luke. The work ha' now begun, and this will complete it. *[Aside.]* I ha' been looking for thee, Bobby. '270

Bob. Dang it, I shall be stopped again—I be going, mun.°

Luke. Going—where?

Bob. To Lunnun, sure.

Luke. Why, what be'st thee going there for?

Bob. Oh, summut.

Luke. Nonsense; I've a job for thee to do.

Bob. I thought so: it be vary cruel, so mun] cf. p. 972 *supra*.

it be, that a poor lad canna run away 280
when he ha' legs o' his' own, without being
beholden to any body.

Luke. What ha' put going to Lunnun in
your head? Why, a lad like you will be
ruined and killed in such a place.

Bob. Eh! how?

Luke. Why, there be so many wenches
and temptations loike.

Bob. Noa, be there, though? Dom if I
doa't go. *{Aside, 290}*

Luke. How much money has't got?

Bob. Oh, a power! Three half-crowns, two
silver sixpences, and a penny halfpenny in
copper. I sav'd it all up in a flower-pot.

Luke. Be that all? Come, lad, listen to
me: you know Measter Charles.

Bob. What! young fanner Charles?

Luke. Yes—you go look for him, and give
him this letter.

Bob. Vary well. 300

Luke. You know Ripley, twenty miles off,
where his brother James do live?

Bob. Ees, I do.

Luke. Doa't you tell him I gave you
this letter, but say you be just come from
Ripley, and brought it from his brother
there, who be vary ill, and like to die.

Bob. I doa't know as I wool.

Luke. Why not?

Bob. Because it be nataral the letter no
should be post paid.

Luke. Thee be'st a bit cutish, Bobby.

Bob. I be getting cuter every day, do
you know.

Luke. Well, well, thee shalt go to Lun-
nun, if this job be done cleverly; so, when
you ha' found un, come to me, and you
shall be paid double postage.

Bob. Shall I, though? But where shall I
find ye, Measter Luke, 'cause I be deter- a'
mined to go to-day, if I start at night; shall
you be at this alehouse?

Luke. Alehouse—noa—at the 'squire's.

Bob. What, wi' the sarvants in the
kitchen?

Luke. Sarvants—pish! wi' his worship up
stairs.

Bob. You doa't say so—what, be you
hired to sit up stairs wi' his worship?

Luke. Don't ask questions, but mind aw
your business. Eh—somebody be coming—

it be he, for sarten—now, lad, mind thy
P's and Q's, and you're a made man!

{Exit, L.}

Bob. Wi' his worship up-stairs! Oh, I'll
go to Lunnun now, for sarten. If a great
ugly chap loike Measter Luke do keep com-
pany wi' 'squires, what shall a smart lad
loike I do, when I get among lords and
dukes.

Enter Charles, L.

Bob. Sarvant, Measter Charles. 340

Cha. Well, Bobby, what news?

Bob. Very bad, zur—I ha' gotten a letter.

Cha. For me?

Bob. Ees, zur.

Cha. Who sent you with it?

Bob. Somebody.

Cha. *{Reading.}* "Dear Brother—This
comes hoping you are in good health, which
I be not at present. I be very ill, and doctor
do say I be dying. Dear brother, do a»
come without fail, when you get this letter
from your loving brother till death,

JAMES MAYDEW.

"Postscript.—A neighbour ha' wrote this,
I be so bad"

Poor fellow—have you just come from
there, Bobby?

Bob. Here be my bundle, you see.

Cha. Did you see my brother?

Bob. Noa. 360

Cha. Who gave you this?

Bob. A .mon.

Cha. My brother's man, I suppose.

Bob. He—he—wasn't a- woman.

Cha. What's to be done? I wish'd to have
seen Clara this evening, but this certainly
demands the first attention. Here, Bobby,
here's sixpence for you: and, should you
see Farmer Wakefield's daughter, tell her
what has happened, but say I shall re- aw
turn early in the morning, if possible, and
call at her father's on my way home.

{Exit, L.}

Bob. Oh sly! I see how things do stand—
if Measter Charles bea'nt her sweetheart, I
know nout o' the matter. Well, I think that
job were done quite neatish and clever, and
without a bit o' lie onny way. Oh, I be a
main cute lad, and, if Lunnun doa't make
my fortin, she don't know how to vally a
genus. *[Jenny is heard without, L., crying aw*

violently.] My stars! here be a stoppage now, for sarten—I'd better run for it.

Enter Jenny, L.—she runs up to Bobby, and catches him by the collar.

Jen. I've cotch'd you at last, have I now, —bean't you a sad par jury fause lovier? and you be resolute bent on going away?

Bob. Ees, I be. Here's a rumpus.

Jen. Hav'nt you said, over and over again, that I were the girl of your heart; and, if ever you had a wife, nobody but I should be Mistress Trot. '390

Bob. Ees, but I said if, you know; moind that.

Jen. Then what did you make me fall in love for?

Bob. That be no fault o' mine; you couldn't help it.

Jen. Then you don't care about breaking my heart, I suppose? But, harkye, Bobby, —if you go to Lunnun, I'll follow you, if I walk every step o' th' way barefoot. 400

Bob. Now, doan't be a fool, Jenny.

Jen. You shan't make one o' me, I can tell ye, Bobby.

Bob. You make one o' yourself—I be only going to see the curositys; I shall come back, mun.°

Jen. But I be so afraid o' thee; for, when a young man gets there fra' the country as knows summut, he'll never get away again till he knows summut more than that "> summut.

Bob. You doan't say so. Dom if I doan't go. [*Aside.*] Now, Jenny, listen to me: it be no use your taking on so; I've told you, often and often, I was determined to see Lunnun some day, so hadn't I better go now I be a single man and you a single 'oman, than walk away some time when you ha' gotten a dozen young 'uns: besides, what I see, I can tell you all about, 420 and then you'll be as wise as me, every bit.

Jen. That will na' better me, Bobby; for most things that are larn'd in Lunnun had better never be know'd at all.

Bob. But, bless ye, I needn't know more than was be proper.

Jen. But you would not rest there, Bobby: if you get to know a little, you'll never be quiet till you know every thing. 430
mun] cf. p. 972 *supra*.

Now, I tell thee what, Bobby: if thee woan't go, you shall come to my mother's, and have as much cold pudding for supper as ever you can eat.

Bob. You doan't keep cold pudding, do ye?

Jen. Oh, plenty.

Bob. Well, now, I never do.

Jen. Why, thee doesn't throw't away?

Bob. No—I eat it all when it be hot. '440

Jen. But woan't you come, Bobby?

[*Coaxing him.*

Bob. He! he! he! I — I think I wool.

Jen. [*Pulling him along gently.*] Come.

Bob. He! he! he! you know how to do't.

Jen. [*Chucking him under the chin.*] I know you wool, Bobby.

Bob. He! he! he! I'll be shot if Lunnun temptation be only thing to this.

DUET.—Are, "*La Saboteire*."

Bob.

Lunnun's curiosities tempt me away.—

Fortune may smile, and pay well for the trip. 450

Jen.

Nay, Bobby, pray let me persuade thee to stay,

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

Bob.

Talents and person be sure o' promotion,
So that, you see, I've two strings to my bow.

Jen.

The proverb do say, "Twixt two stools,"
I've a notion,

Plump on the ground you will sartainly go:

Bob.

Odds! bobbs! both be so 'ticing,
Lunnun and Jenny—I can't get way.

Jen.

You look like the donkey who stood, over nice in

Choosing between two fine bundles of hay. 480

Fal, lal, lal, &c.

Bob.

Your coaxing and wheedling I cannot resist,

' For the words of this duet the author is indebted to Mr. Salter.

And the thought of cold pudding do alter
•my plan.

Jen.

Why, Bobby, I know youVe a nation^o good
twist,

And a rare gaping mouth for a sop in the
pan.

Bob.

Ah! Jenny, my roaming ambition
Be melting to love, just like kitchen fat.

Jen.

If you be so warm wi' your loving condi-
tion,

A lump of cold pudding will soon settle
that.

Bob.

Legs, fegs! to Lunnun should carry me, *m*
Where I be sure to get brass in my purse.

Jen.

You don't want for brass in your face,—
stay and marry me;

Further you'll travel, and, maybe, fare
worse.

Fal, lal, lal! &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—A Kitchen.

*Enter Dame Wakefield, R., placing the
chairs and table.*

Dame. Where can my poor girl be? I be
sore afraid when she do stay so long away;
a fair flower hazards the plucking of every
hand, and she ha' now no protector but her
old mother; my poor husband in prison,
and the young hope of our days fled from
us when he wur but ten years old! But that
grief I can never speak of to my husband,
it do almost turn his brain,—but many and
many a night ha' found me waking and w
thinking what ha' been his fate. Hey, bless
me! this is a sad world for the helpless and
unfriended.

Cla. [Without.] Mother! Mother!

Dame. My child's voice,—bless us! what
can be the matter?

*Music.—She opens the door in F., and
Clara rushes in.*

Cla. He's coming! he's coming!

Dame. Who, child?

Cla. My father!

nation] abbrev. for *damnation*.

*Music.—Enter Farmer Wakefield, c. D. r.,
who rushes into his wife's arms.*

Wak. [After a pause.] My warm, my ao
comfortable fireside, do I again see thee.
Oh, dame, dame! no man truly knows the
blessings of his home but he who has been
shut out from it.

[*Clara fetches an old-fashioned arm-
chair from R.*]

Dame. George!—I've look'd for this day,
but never expected to see it.—I've dream'd
of it, but the morning always found your
chair vacant; but now sit down, George.

Cla. Sit, father, sit. How pale and changed
you look,—shall I get you anything, so
father?

Wak. Not yet, child—not yet.

Dame. But who have done this?

Cla. A friend, mother.

Wak. He is, indeed, a friend.

Dame. Bless us! what friend?

Cla. Charles.

Dame. What, Charles Maydew?

Cla. He drew from me what I never in-
tended should be known, but where it 40
could not be avoided: he asked me ques-
tions, many questions, and put them so
kindly, that they seemed to charm an an-
swer from me; and, when I at length
confess'd our distress, he gave me a pocket-
book, told me the contents were mine, and
my own heart would direct me what to do.

Wak. Grateful boy! if ever it be in my
power to return thy kindness,—but what
are hopes to me—am I not ruin'd?—No 50
farm, no land! Blight, distemper, and mis-
fortune, have swept away all, and I am
now a bereft and comfortless old man.

Cla. Father, I hope you have one comfort
left.

[*Embracing him with affection.*]

Wak. Bless thee, girl, bless thee!—I
wrong'd thee in saying so; thou art indeed
a blessing, and, if anything should tear thee
from me, there then remains but one thing
to be done. 60

[*A knock at the cottage-door, F*]

Wak. [Starting.] Who's there?

Cla. Nay, father, don't stir; sit still, sit
quiet,—I'll open the door,—it's nobody of
consequence: some friend, perhaps.

Dame. Mayhap, Mr. Charles.

Music.—*Clara opens the door cautiously— Luke walks in, but stops suddenly on perceiving Wakefield, and remains fixed with surprise—Clara comes down, Wakefield still keeping his seat, while the Dame views him with anxiety.*

Wak. Well, sir, your business here?

Luke. I ha' noa business particular, I ha' noa—only a—how came you out o' gaol?

Wak. That be no affair o' yours: the keeper of the prison will answer that. *TO*

Luke. Well, well,—I suppose it be all right; but, but—who'd ha' thought it,—you arn't paid t' money.

Wak. It be paid; and now your business?

Luke. Why, you see, I be com'd fra' 'squire,—he heard you were misfortunate, and wish'd your daughter to come to him, when he were at whome this evening, and consult wi' him upon the business.

Cl. Yes, father, he saw me this after- noon, and desired me to go to the manor-house this evening.

Wak. The 'Squire be very good, certainly; but it be all settled now, and things may take a better turn wi' me.

Luke. Well, I hope they may; but, Miss Clara, as 't 'squire said he would do summut for thee, mayhap it may be better for you to see him,—he be very civil, and who knows but he may set thy feyther on his 50 legs.

Wak. I should think it be of little consequence to you whether I stand or fall.

Luke. Oh, I only speak out o' pity.

Wak. Curse your pity!

Luke. Nay, not so; I be a friend o' the family, bless you—I bears no malice. No, no—noa malice,—noa malice!

Wak. Then why be so hard upon me, when I couldn't pay you at the time 100 promised.

Luke. Why, you see I wanted t'money, and I thought, as you had been a thriving man, you might ha' some about thee that you din't just like to touch, you see.

Wak. [*Rises.*] And why did you tempt me to buy it, wi' your false words of "any time would do to pay?" But I see through you—you be a scoundrel!

Luke. What? Be quiet! be quiet! 110

Cl. [*Crossing to Wakefield.*] Nay, father,—dear father, say no more. Luke, go, leave

the house: my father is passionate, and he may say that which at another time he would be sorry for.

Luke. I ha' summut to say, summut at my tongue's end—it must come out. Farmer, do you recollect when you sent me away fra' your sarvice? Do you recollect when I were starving for want o' work, 120 and, because I were at times given to drink, you turn'd your back upon me. I ha' never been a man since that time.

Wak. What, do you wish to rake up old affairs that ha' been gone by mony a day?

Luke. If it had been gone by a hundred years, and I alive, I should never ha' forgotten it; and I must and I will tell thee on't. I never had the chance afore; but now it do all come fresh upon my brain, my iao heart do seem ready to burst wi' summut buried in it, and I cannot keep it down. You turn'd me away, and I had no character, because you said I was a drunkard. I were out o' work week after week, till I had not a penny in the world, nor a bit o' bread to put in mine or my wife's mouth. I then had a wife, but she sicken'd and died—yes, died!—all—all along o' you.

Wak. You never came to me in a right uo way.

Luke. She wouldn't let me go to parish, because she were daughter of as good a man as you were then; so we crept on little by little, and bad enough it were—but at last all things went cross; and at one time, when a bit hadn't been in my mouth for two days, I sat thinking, wi' my wife in my arms—she were ill, very ill—I saw her look at me wi' such a look as I shall never MO forget—she laid hold o' this hand, and, putting her long thin fingers all around it, said, "Luke, would na' the farmer give you sixpence if he thought I were dying o' want?" I said I'd try once more—I got up, to put her in a chair, when she fell, stone dead, down at my feet!

Cl. Oh, Luke! Luke!—for mercy's sake, no more—forgive him!

Luke. [*After a pause.*] I were then iao quite ruin'd. I felt alone in the world. I stood looking on her white face near an hour, and did not move from the spot an inch; but, when I *did* move, it were wi' my fist clenched in the air, while my tongue, all parch'd and dry, curs'd a curse, and

swore that, if I had not my revenge, I wish'd I might fall ad stiff and-as dead as she that lay before me.

Cl. Oh, Luke!—I beseech you—I im- 170
plore you—forgive my father?

[Falling at Luke's feet.]

Luke. Ha, ha, ha!—this is a great sight—the daughter at my feet.

Wak. Get up, Clara, I'll not see it—111
not see thee beg to any man—obey me, girl!

Luke. My eyes are wet—'tis ten years and more since they were so—it were but a drop, and now they're dry as dust again.

Wak. Tell me, Luke—did not you 180
bring all your troubles on yourself; did you not drink, and swear, and be idle, for whole days?

Luke. *[Not heeding him.]* I'll have it yet—if I die for't, I'll have it. Yes, yes—you ar'nt the man you were once. You are not that Farmer Wakefield that stood almost as high as t' 'Squire—noa! noa!—Luke ha' seen that which has been bread to him.

Wak. Villain, leave the house! Don't 190
you hold me, dame—he sha'nt bide in this place a moment—leave my house, I say!

Luke. I ar'nt yet had my full o' what pleases me—here's a little alteration here!

Wak. Do you abuse me on my own hearth? Now, Luke, heed me—if you don't instantly go out, I'll lay hold o' thee by the neck, and send you forth quicker than you came in.

Luk. Touch me, and I'll— 200

Wak. Stand off, dame—Clara, be you quiet—let me come at him.

[Music—Wakefield seizes Luke, but is grappled in return by the throat—Luke dashes him to the ground, and rushes out of the cottage, with a loud laugh—Clara screams—the Dame sinks senseless in the chair—Clara is endeavouring to raise her father, and the scene closes.]

SCENE III.—An Apartment at the 'Squire's.

Enter Bobby, cautiously looking about him, L.

Bob. Measter Luke! Measter Luke!—I can't find him any where. I popp'd up-stairs

so snug, when sarvants' back wur turned, because they do say he be often here wi' 'squire; if I could but find him, I'd ax for t' letter job money, and go; for Jenny do so come over I wi' her lattle bits of love, and great bits of pudding, that it do quite puzzle I what to do. What a grand parlour surely—but this be naught to what I shall 10 see in Lunnun—for the 'squire there be so big, they ha' built a large hall o' purpose for his corporation. Here be somebody coming,—Dickens and daisies, it be 'squire himseF!—He musn't see me, by gum—I shall meake such a clatter if I run down stairs; here be a cupboard-door open—I'll pop in here till he be gone—gently, Bobby—gently. *[Conceals himself in closet, L. D. P.]*

Enter 'Squire and Dick, R.

'Squire. How far can we get on the 20
road without changing horses?

Dick. Why, your honour, with four good cattle we may run a matter o' twenty miles.

'Squire. That will do; now attend to me—clap four of my best horses to the light chaise, and be at the Three Oaks, near the main road, by a quarter of nine.

Dick. And spank along in the old way, your honour?

'Squire. As hard as you can go; but '30
make no noise in getting ready, and drive quietly to the place, without saying a word about it to anybody—keep the steps down and the door open.

Dick. I know, sir.

'Squire. And, understand—

[Gives him money.]

Dick. Oh, sir, perfectly—your honour intends to go to London, I suppose.

'Squire. Ask no questions, but obey me.

Dick. It shall be done; anything else, 40
your honour?

'Squire. Get your horses ready immediately.

Dick. In the cracking of a whip, your honour? *[Exit, B.]*

'Squire. It may be necessary to make these preparations, for have the girl I will. She has given me a little trouble, certainly—perhaps more than I intended to take; but a genuine man of gallantry should 'i never flinch while there remains a chance of obtaining his object.

Enter Luke, R.

Luke. [*Aside.*] It be all out now—I've had it laying up here for mony a day, but it would burst out at last. I could ha' put my foot upon his neck, had na' the women screech'd so deadly; but I've given him earnest o' what's to come.

'*Squire.* Why, Luke, you appear ruffled; nothing wrong, I hope? 60

Luke. Eh!—I didn't see your worship. Oh, no, bless ye—I've only been talking a bit o' my mind. Who do you think be out o' gaol?

'*Squire.* Wakefield?

Luke. Yes, sure. I know who's done it.

'*Squire.* Charles, I suppose?

Luke. Ay, sure; but he ha' gone on his fool's errand—that be all correct.

'*Squire.* Then my rival has swallow'd TO the bait?

Luke. Oh, yes, and is now on the road to Ripley. But don't you fret, sir: you shall ha' the girl in spite o' Measter Charles.—I'll do it—I've got heart enough—I'll do it.

Enter Servant, R.

Ser. Farmer Wakefield has sent to speak with you, sir.

'*Squire.* Sent! whom?

Ser. His daughter, sir.

'*Squire.* Desire her to come up. '80

[*Exit Servant, R.*]

Luke. Hush, hush—it be all right, yet—I know what she be come for.

'*Squire.* The puss breaks cover. Away, lad, take the back stairs, and be at your station; it is getting dark, and we shall run her down as she returns home. Keep your scent good, my lad, and you'll be the best hound in my pack. [*Exit Luke.*] Here she comes.

Enter Clara, B.

'*Squire.* Well, Clara, you come to your time, like a good woman of business—sit n down.

Cl. I'd rather stand, if you please, sir.

'*Squire.* Well, as you please: but don't be timid,—come nearer to me; have you seen your father to-day?

Cl. Yes, sir.

'*Squire.* And how is he?

Cl. Better than he has been for many a day. He's at home, sir.

[*Aside*] om. Cumberland.

'*Squire.* At home!

'100

Cl. Yes, sir; a good friend has done what you were thinking about, sir.

'*Squire.* That's a home thrust, however.

[*Aside.*] Oh, I understand;—well, I'm rejoiced to hear it. I hoped I should have had that pleasure.

Cl. But you can do as good an action, sir; if not to serve my father, at least to—to—please me, sir.

'*Squire.* Indeed: believe me, Clara, I 110 would rather have that office than the former.

Cl. My father did not wish me to come, but I am disobedient for once; I should not have slept if I had not. That villain, Luke, sir, has insulted my father, shamefully insulted him.

'*Squire.* Indeed I insulted him I

Cl. Struck him, sir; struck an old man to the ground, whose gray hairs alone 120 should have been his protection; and I come to you, 'Squire Chase, as lord of the manor and a magistrate, instantly to secure the ruffian, for my father's life is in danger while he is at liberty.

'*Squire.* Where is Luke to be found?

Cl. It has been said that he is in your service.

'*Squire.* In mine,—oh, no—the steward, I believe, employs him on the grounds, 130

Cl. If you are inclined to serve the oppressed, sir, you will not let this matter rest; pardon my boldness, sir, but my poor father is a ruined and a broken man, with no one to stand up for him but his daughter.

'*Squire.* Well, I—that is, my dear girl—my dear Clara—

Cl. Sir!

'*Squire.* Damn it—I hav'nt a word to say for myself. [*Aside.*] You have it in your 140 power to place yourself and your family above insult from any one.

Cl. I — I do not understand.

'*Squire.* There is one who takes more than common interest in your situation,—one who has felt the expression of those eyes, and admired charms he is convinced were never intended to be obscured in a village.

Cl. Sir, I—you amaze me—frighten me—what is it you mean? 150

'*Squire.* It is myself, Clara, that admires you, loves you.

Cla. Do not forget yourself; imhand me, sir, or I will call for help. Let me depart.

[A loud crash is heard in the closet—the 'Squire starts, amazed, and Clara rushes out, R.—The 'Squire runs to the closet, and drags out Bobby, with a broken bason in his hand.]

Bob. Oh, your worship, I didn't mean to do it.

'Squire. Who are you, sirrah?

Bob. I be Bobby Trot, sir.

'Squire. How came you in that closet?

Bob. I didn't go to steal anything, zur 160—I wanted to speak to Measter Luke, zur—and I got in there, zur—and a great bason fell upon me, zur, without ony body touching it.

'Squire. How long have you been there, sirrah?

Bob. All the while you have been here, sir.

'Squire. He may have overheard what has been said; but I'll secure him, whoever ~~to~~ he is. *[Still holding him.]* Have you heard what has passed in this room?

Bob. He, he,—you be going to Lunnun in a chay.

'Squire. That's quite enough. *[Holding him.]* Here, Thomas! John! *[Calling.]* any body!

Bob. Oh, don't ye, John—Thomas, any body—I be innocent; indeed I be!

Enter Servants, R.

'Squire. This fellow has been concealed 180 in my closet, no doubt with an intention to rob the house; take him to the constable, and lock him up in the cage till morning.

Bob. Oh, zur, doan't—111 never do so ony more.

'Squire. Away with him instantly!

Bob. I be innocent, indeed I be.—Oh, dear, this be a stoppage—I shall never go to Lunnun.

[Exit, dragged by Servants, R.]

'Squire. That booby might have de-190 stroyed my plan, but Luke must see after him; he is, no doubt, at his post. The sky looks rather dark; no storm coming, I hope. No matter—Jupiter enjoyed his Semele in a storm, and surely a poor mortal need not stand upon trifles. *[Exit, R.]*

" SCENE IV.—A Cut Wood.—Low Thunder.

Philip sings without.—Enter Philip, through the centre, with a large bundle and a cudgel, R.

Phi. Holloa! any body a-hoy. Nobody within hail? I want a pilot here: the wind has shifted four points, and brought the ebb-tide slap on my broadside; shall drift out, I'm thinking, and lose my way. Let me see, here's a track of some sort; I'll follow it, must reach port at last. *[Lightning.]* The clouds are preparing for action; splice my old shoes, but I must take care of my cargo. Now, messmate, keep you tight in my 10 fist, and, if a pirate dare board a king's ship, damme but we'll set her keel upwards, and leave her to founder. Steady she goes.

[Exit, L.]

Enter Luke, cautiously, R. s. E.

Luke. I thought I heard summut. No, it be all right. Dick ha' gotten the chay ready, and t' lass be coming across t' other meadow. But where be 'Squire? I suppose I must manage t' job myself. Who's there?

Enter 'Squire, through centre, from R.

'Squire. Luke!

Luke. Be that you, 'Squire? 20

'Squire. She is coming. I've had a steeple chase to be up with you.

Luke. All be ready, zur. *[Thunder.]* Hush! keep thee back.

[They retire back, 'Squire, R, Luke, L., behind cut wood.]

Enter Clara, R.

Cla. If I can but get home before the storm increases. That treacherous 'Squire—this is a sad world. *[A flash of lightning makes her start back.]* Bless me, what a flash! I must put my hands before my eyes; I was always afraid of the lightning. 30

[A clap of thunder—Mysic—Luke rushes forward, and seizes her in his arms—she screams, and struggles with him—the 'Squire is taking her from him, when Philip re-enters—Lightning.]

Phi. What ship ahoy! Sheer off, there! *[He knocks Luke down with his cudgel, who*

falls senseless; then grapples the Squire by the throat.] Slip your cable, my girl, and stand out to 'sea! the lubbers shan't grapple you.

[Thunder—exit Clara, L.—the 'Squire struggles with Philip, and runs off, pursued by him, R.—The thunder continues, and the drop jails.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Interior of a Village Ale-house.—Jugs, Horns, Tables, Chairs, and a Stool.

Three Reapers discovered sitting at a table, drinking; another small Table, Chairs, &c.

GLEE.

First R. We three be farmer lads,
And yeomen every one,
Ploughtail Thomas,

Second R. Sickle James,

Third R. And I be flail John.

First R. I drive the plough,

Second R. I reap the corn,

Third R. And I thrash the sheaves
Till the wheat be gone.

All. We three be farmers' lads, 10
And yeomen every one.

First R. Thomas loves cherry-cheek Kate
o' the vale,

Second R. James loves the lass with the
milking pail,

Third R. Flail John loves nothing but
nut-brown ale.

All. We three be farmers' lads,
And yeomen every one.

Enter Luke, with a handkerchief bound round his head; crosses the stage, and sits at the table, L.

First R. Fine morning, Master Luke.

Luke. Yes, I see it be.

First R. Capital weather for the 'squire
to shoot. 20

Luke. Yes, dom him. *[Half aside.]*
Thomas! *[Calling.]* I want a jug of ale.

Enter Thomas, R.

Tho. Jug of ale, Luke—what be the matter with your head?

Luke. It do ache, Thomas.

Tho. What, too jolly at the harvest-home, I reckon? I hear Farmer Charles left all the lads to shift for themselves, and went over to Ripley.

Luke. Did he? Doan't thee talk, so Thomas, but bring th' ale.

[Exit Thomas, R.]

First R. You seem out of sorts, Master **Luke.**

Luke. Be that ony affair o' yours?

First R. I only made a civil remark.

Luke. When I be ill, I'll let thee know.

Enter Thomas, with ale, R.

Tho. Fine day after the storm last night.

Luke. Yes. *[Sullenly.]*

Tho. You were not out in it, I suppose?

Luke. No. *[Quickly, n]*

Tho. Some folks grow mighty grand in a little time. *[Exit, R.]*

Luke. Just as it were all right—just as I were in the very nick o' the job, to be stunned to the ground by a blow that came from nobody knows where; and the 'Squire, too, to run away, and leave me to get up as I could: and, when I came to myself, I could see nothing, and hear nothing; but I could feel summut. Well, well—it ha' 50 been twenty years about, and, if it be twenty more, I'll have my ends at last.

[Going to drink.]

Phi. *[Without, L.]* Landlord, ahoy! any body aboard the King's head?

Luke. *[Starting up and dropping his jug.]*
That be the vary voice!

First R. Master Luke, you have spilt t' ale, man.

Enter Philip, singing, h.

What argufies snivelling and piping your eye?

Why, what a damn'd fool you must be. eo
[Luke turns his chair, and sits with his back to Philip.]

Phi. Ah, a messmate or two, I see—holloa! *[To the Reapers.]* What cheer, my hearties?

First R. We be very well—hope you're the same.

Phi. That's right, my boys—we shall soon know one another—here, landlord!

Enter Thomas, R.

Phi. Bring a good allowance of grog alongside, and hand us something to stow in the bread-room. [*Exit Thomas, B.*] Well, my boys, how are you off for lasses in n this port?

First R. Very well for that matter; only, if you are too sharp after the lasses, you must keep prepared for the lads.

Phi. You're a bit of a weather-beaten old hand, but you know how to use your speaking-trumpet. I'm a stranger in this channel, you see, and want a little information: is it the custom of the natives here 90 to overhaul a young woman whether she will or no?

First R. I don't know about that, without the lasses will say "no," when they mean "yes."

Phi. Harkye, my lad—I was steering into port last night, as well as the breakers a-head and contrary winds would allow, and, while tacking about, I heard the cry of a ship in distress, piped all hands, bore up 90 to the spot, and found a tight little brig grappled by a couple of Algerines—all dark—not a lantern to be seen—except the flash now and then of the great guns in the air—saw how it was—bore slap upon the enemy—tipp'd him a broadside—boarded him on his lee quarter—drubb'd him about his upper-works till his daylight's danced again—fell to work yard-arm and yard-arm with t' other—he lower'd his top-sails, slipp'd 100 under my stern, and got clear off—gave chase, but lost him in the dark—hail'd the little brig, but found she had set all sheets to the wind, and put out to sea—gave three skipps and a huzza for the victory—steer'd my course again, till I got safely harbour'd in the King's Head.

First R. Have you been talking Greek all this time?

Phi. Greek, you swab!—but what's the w use of talking the king's English to a Hot-tentot—harkye!

First R. Beg pardon, master sailor, it is our time for work again—you have done your's, and have plenty of time to talk, but we have none to listen. [*Going across, L.*]

Phi. Avast, now—don't sheer off till I've ask'd a question or two. I sha'n't veer out much more jaw, as you've no gumption. Tip

us a few of the farmers' names in this 120 port.

First R. Names?—There be Parmer Jones, and Farmer Goslin, and Farmer Maydew, and Farmer Holly, and—there's no more.

Phi. No more, you lubber! [*Laying hold of the First Reaper.*] Tell me there's no more, and I'll pitch you to Davy Jones in the twinkling jof a handspike.

First R. Oh, yes, I'd forgot—one more 120—but he's no farmer now.

Phi. His name, swab; his name.

First R. His name is Wakefield.

Phi. [*Sinking on his seat.*] Splice my old shoes—the name, sure enough—quite upsets' me—strike my topmast, that name sets my head singing like a tea-kettle on the galley fire.

Second R. Come, lads, come—he be drunk. 10

Phi. Stay, my lads—bring to a bit—give me some account of him—no palaver, on the word of a sailor—he's no farmer now, you say?—overhaul his affairs, and let me know how he stands in the world.

First R. If you want to learn the particulars, ask him in the corner—he can tell you more than I can.

[*Exeunt Reapers, L.—Luke still sits with his back towards Philip, but, during this scene, has taken the handkerchief from his head.*]

Phi. I hav'nt felt so queer since the Neptune's jolly-boat upset with me in 150 the Baltic. Ask him in the corner—who's he, I wonder—an exciseman, perhaps—service to you, mate. [*Drinking to Luke.*]

Luke. Same to you.

Phi. Come, don't clap a stopper on your cable end, my friend—hoist your colours and return the salute—can you tell me of one Farmer Wakefield in these parts?

Luke. [*Turning half round to Philip.*] Do you want to know about him? 160

Phi. Come, come, lad—let's have no sour kraut when we can drink good flip. What, though I am a strenger, this is one of the friendly islands, and if I've put in for fresh water, you won't send me away with empty buckets. It's some time since I anchored in this channel, and then Farmer Wakefield was master of a tight bit of land or so, didn't spare grog and biscuits, and could

^
—BO, you see, I should like to learn how the good soul thrives in the sea of life.

Luke. Very poorly, I can tell thee.

Phi. Poor soull

Luke. He's been many a day growing poor, and now ha' gotten quite down—bad crops, distemper among the cattle, bad debts, misfortune, and rack and ruin more and more every day. I ha' seen it—I ha' seen it.

[With self-satisfaction, IM

Phi. Well, thank heaven, he's alive!

Luke. Oh, yes, he do live.

Phi. And his wife?

Luke. Yes.

Phi. And—and his children?

Luke. Yes; that is, he had two, you see, but now he ha' gotten but one.

Phi. That's a girl.

Luke. Yes? t'other were a boy.

Phi. He's dead, I suppose. 190

Luke. Very like—very like.

Phi. You don't know for certain?

Luke. Why, you see, he were a lost a long time ago; kidnapp'd away, it be thought, by gipsies.

Phi. True—true; I recollect now.

Luke. You be too young to recollect the boy.

Phi. Yes, yes; and the old fanner is very poor? 200

Luke. Deadly poor, indeed.

Phi. I'm glad of it—I'm glad of it.

Luke. [Rising eagerly, and looking earnestly at Philip.] No! be you, though?

Phi. Holloa, brother, you've got a smart bump athwart your forecastle, there.

Luke. [Confused.] Have I? Oh yes—I know, I know.

Phi. Where did you get it?

Luke. Get it—why—I ha' gotten it on aw my head, you see.

Phi. I think I know you. [Significantly.

Luke.° What? know me.

Phi. Are you fond of young women?

Luke. [Endeavouring to laugh.] Mayhap I be.

Phi. Did you get that blow last night?

Luke. No—no—not last night.

Phi. You lie!

Luke. What? aw

Phi. [Seizing him.] You were grappling Luke! Phi. Cumberland.

with a young woman last night; you and another.

Luke. If thee doesn't lose th' grip, I'll dash thy brains out.

Phi. I see how the land lies: here, landlord, you've got among the breakers.—Landlord, [Calling,] all hands ahoy!

[Hands Luke over to R.

Enter Thomas and Charles.

Tho. What's the matter?

Phi. I'll fathom it to the bottom.—'220 I've got you in tow, and splice my old shoes if you go till I'm satisfied.

Cha. Luke, what is the cause of this?

Phi. Your honour, I sav'd a young woman from being ill-treated last night, and I could swear this is one of the crew that had his grappling-irons aboard of her.

Cha. Where was the place?

Phi. I don't know, your honour. I was steering without rudder or compass, and 240 had lost my way, but it was in some woody place leading out of a meadow.

Cha. It is as Clara suspected:—you did save a young woman last night, my friend. Harkye, Luke: I have heard of your conduct, and be assured that proper authorities shall interfere; if justice cannot be procured here, there are means to obtain it elsewhere.

Phi. What, we've caught a mutineer, '250 eh? 'Beg pardon, your honour, is the young woman your wife?

Cha. No—no—not my wife; she is Farmer Wakefield's daughter.

Phi. Shiver my topmast! Say it again, your honour.

Cha. I repeat it.

Phi. Handspikes and buntlines, but I'll know who you are. [Seizes Luke with both hands, who trembles violently.] I value '240 not your looks a rope's end. [Drags him to the front of the stage and looks at him earnestly.] It is—no, it a'nt: snatch my bowlines, but it is. Harkye, I think I've seen your ugly mug before: if it's the same, you'll go to the devil with a flowing sail, I can tell you; you are set adrift now, but, when I grapple you again, I'll send such a broadside into you, as shall sink you in a jiffy.—Noble captain, steer me to Farmer '270 Wakefield's, and you shall swim in grog for a month.

Cha. I am returning there this instant.

Phi. Say you so: not a word more, on your life—heave a-head, landlord, and pitch my cargo out of the hold. Now, your honour, seize the rudder—wind and weather all right. Clap on all your canvass—leave this half-timber'd pirate to founder as he will, and spank away to the farmer's. Oh, you damn'd lubber! 281

{Exit Philip, followed by Charles and Thomas, R.—Luke remains fixed with astonishment, mingled with fear.}

Luke. Summut do pass to and fro upon my brain; but no, it cannot be, it cannot be—he were fair-hair'd, and, beside, it be twenty year ago, and nothing ever heard. I'll not think it. But, if it be, what then? I'll do that which shall outdo all I've ever done—I'll not be baulk'd.—My heart ha' been rent in twain; and, though fate and devils do stand afore me, I'll burst **20** through them all, but I'll have my hands full o' what they do long for. Landlord—Thomas, I say.

Enter Thomas, R.

Luke. Bring me a whole pint o' brandy; no water, not a drop; doan't thee stand there, I'll pay thee for't. Stop, I'll go with thee myself—thee shan't stint me of a drop—I'm stone cold—my finger-ends do feel like flakes of ice. Come, Thomas, come, the brandy! 300

{Exit, dragging Thomas after him, R.}

SCENE II.—Wakefield's Cottage, as before.—Old-fashioned chair.

Enter Jenny and Clara, L.

Cl. He has something particular to tell me.

Jen. Very; and he won't say a word to any body, while they do keep him lock'd up in the cage, not even to me.

Cl. Mr. Charles threatens to punish him severely, for bringing a letter, which stated his brother to be ill, and was the cause of keeping him from home all night.

Jen. He says summut about that, too, 10 and that somebody gave it him to give somebody; but he won't tell nobody till he be out of the cage.

Cl. Don't, they intend to take him before' the 'Squire?

Jen. I don't know; IK' be shut up then for all the world like a bird; I ha' been to his uncle Peter, but he says, belike he deserves it, so he must abide by it; and, if I hadn't given him some breakfast through 20 the iron bars, he would have been starved to death.

Cl. Well, Jenny, be you here again in an hour; perhaps Mr. Charles may return.

Jen. Yes, rmidam; for it be a hard thing, so it be, for a poor young man to lose his character, because 'Squire do choose to say a thing that be false; but he does just as ho likes—I wish I were a queen, or an emperor, for his sake: I'd see whether a 30 'squire should not go in the cage as well as a poor man, when he deserved it. Good day, madam.

Cl. Good day, Jenny.

[As Jenny is going out, Farmer Wakefield enters, R. F.—Jenny drops a courtesy, and exit.]

Wak. Who be that?

Cl. She came to inquire for Mr. Charles, respecting the lad who gave him the false letter yesterday.

Wak. Did Charles say he would be here again?

Cl. Yes, father, perhaps in an hour.

Wak. Oh!—Get me my chair.

Cl. Yes, father.

[Clara brings the Farmer his chair—ha sits.]

Wak. Put my stick in the corner.

Cl. Yes, father.

Wak. Where be your mother?

Cl. Gone to market.

Wak. Where do she get money to go to Market? I have none.

Cl. Has not Charles been our friend? 50

Wak. True, I ha' borrow'd a pound of him—I might as well say begg'd it; for I know not when I shall have another shilling to call my own.

Cl. Nay, father, let us hope for the best.

Wak. Hope!—don't talk to me of hope! what have I to look forward to? Nothing but a pauper's life, and then I shall break my heart; and, when I be nai'd down, to be carried to my grave, no one will care, 60 no one will know about it; there will be no passing-bell—nothing to let folks know, there goes poor Farmer Wakefield.

Cl. Father, dear father, do not encour-

i. e such gloomy thoughts; there is no man clouded by misfortune, but a star will dimmer through the darkness, which, pale as it may be, is the litsht that bids us live, and look forward—'tis the light of hope, father. 70

Wak. Don't thee prate, don't thee prate; thy father knows what has pass'd, and he knows full well what's to come.—[Rises.]—The workhouse.

Cla. [Almost overpowered by her feelings.] Not while I have health, and hands to work.

Wak. Come hither, girl—I can't see thee just now, my old eyes be dimmer than usual. [Taking her in his arms.] Bless so thee! bless thee!

Enter Charles, D. F.

Wak. Charles, be that you? Do not stand away from us; I be only pressing my only link of life to my heart.

Cha. I should not have come in so suddenly, but I have an impatient friend without, who has a desire to be introduced here.

Wak. T don't want him; he can't come in, whoever he be. [Pttingshly.]

Cla. Not a friend of your friend, yo father?

Wak. Von see, Charles, I can't help a little old piide. I were once glad to see as many about me as would come; but I have nothing now to make friends welcome with; and it do cut me to the heart to seem as poor as I be.

Cha. This is a friend I know you will be glad to see: and, if you do not, you will be sorry when he is gone, and you are 100 told who he was.

Wak. Where is he?

Cha. You shall hear. [Charles goes to the door—calling.] Neptune ahoy!

Phi [Without.] Hillioh!—Is the captain a-board?

Cla. Heavens! my preserver's voice!

Wak. What! the man that fought for thee last night?—Let him come in—let him come in. 110

Enter Philip, D. F.

Wak. Welcome, my friend, welcome; I'm glad to see thee—indeed I am; and thank thee for my poor girl's protection.

Phi. What cheer, my old master?—Glad

to see yoj'—avast, don't slip your cable yet—lord love your old heart.—What the devil am I about?—I beg your pardon, your honour, only you see I—that is—I suppose that's the tight little vessel that fell in with the enemy last night—split my binnacle, 120 if she an't as handsomely built, and prettily rigged, as e'er a frigate in the service.

Wak. I'm very sorry, my good fellow, that it be not in my power to reward you as you deserve; but, if a father's hearty thanks—

Phi. Now, no palaver; only rate me on your good books, and I'm satisfied. Glad I've found you, though—I'm but a young man, you see, though I've sailed the salt 130 seas twelve years—east, west, north, and south—aloft and below. Have work'd my way through, as hard as any man, from a powder-monkey and cook-shifter to a foremast station; and, split my snatchblock, if e'er a porpoise-fae'd land-lubber in the world shall fall foul of a young woman against her will, when I'm within hail.

Wak. Come, friend, sit you down; the dame will soon be home. 110

Phi. The dame!—Your wife, I suppose—odds buntlines, h it I'll stay to see her—poor old creature—lord love her heart.

[Half aside.]

Wak. She will make you as welcome as our means will allow; for I am but a poor man now, though I have known better days.

Phi. Bless your old ^oul, don't mention it. [Aside.] Pitch me overboard, if I can stand it much longer. And that's your daughter? Splice -ny old shoes, I must 150 fire a salute. [Crosses to Clara.] Beg pardon, my lass, if I be somewhat too racked fied; but we sailors never see a pretty girl, but, somehow, we want to—to—damn it, give us a buss.

Cha. What?

Wak. Eh?

Phi. Shiver me, if I know what I'm about. You must excuse me, you see, if I've sprung a leak in my manners. I'm a little out- 160 landish at present—lost the helm of my conduct, as it were. But a word with you, commodore,—I must put upon another tack; never mind my lingo—a man that's been half his life at sea, can't help smelling of old junk.

Wak. Bring a chair, girl. [To Clara.]

Phi. Not for me, your honour—svast, now—I've something to say, something to overhaul that concerns you. 170

Wak. Concerns me?

Phi. Bring up alongside, here—a-hem! Didn't you lose a son?

Wak. What, what!—speak not of it—say not a word. Do you wish to make me go mad in your sight? [*Turning away.*]

Cla. [*Crossing to Philip.*] Oh, sir, as you value my father's feelings, avoid that subject; he has forbidden it ever to be mentioned; my mother dare not name it. 180

Phi. I see how it is; my pumps will be at work in a minute. [*Aside.*] Lord love your heart, I can't help it—I—I—don't be alarmed—I've news of him.

Wak. [*Rushing between them.*] News of whom?

Phi. Of your son.

Wak. Of my boy?—Speak—does he live? *Phi.* Tight and hearty.

Wak. Thank heaven! Come hither, 190 Clara—I be so agitated—let me hold thee. My boy, my poor boy—tell me—tell me—now, don't thee hurry—tell me coolly—you see I be cool.

Phi. I was his messmate, you see—

Wak. Well—go on—but don't thee hurry.

Phi. Many a taught gale we've weathered together—so, you see, poor fellow—

Wak. Poor fellow.—What, be there anything the matter?—But go on. 200

Phi. Strike my topmast, I shall run aground. [*Aside.*] He's anchor'd in foreign parts.

Cla. Then he's not in England?

Wak. But he's alive—go on—go on. Shall I see him again before I die?

Phi. Here goes at once. [*Aside.*] I left him in the Indies, you see, safely stow'd in a snug berth; and he desired me, if I was cruising in these parts, to find you out, 210 and let you know he was still on deck in the ship of life; that though he had a sweetheart in every port, he couldn't steer clear of a wife; so got reev'd in the block of matrimony, and can now man his jolly-boat with a couple of young tars, that know how to splice a rope already. [*Aside.*] Split my capstan, but that's a whistler.

Wak. Clara! Charles!—Run, look for the dame; this news must not be kept—fly— '220

you'll find her on the road home from mar! ket; but, be careful, tell her slowly at fire! —and stop, Clara—tell her to bring homi. something good for the stranger; and, hark ye, [*Aside to her.*] let her spend eVerjP farthing, before we appear to be stinted. Mind that, now, mind that.

Cla. Yes, father; and I'll tell her to hasten home.

Wak. Do, girl, do. [*Exit Clara, at "> door.*] After her, Charles, after her; you'll manage better between you.

Cha. Excuse me, Farmer; but this man must be made welcome, so pray accept— [*Aside to Wakefield.*]

Wak. No, no; I won't hear of it. No more, no more. Nay, nay; now go after the girl, and take care of her-r-I won't, I tell you. [*Putting Charles out at the door.*] My poor boy—how I should like to see him. 240

Phi. Should you?—Should you? No, I won't—not yet, not yet. [*Aside.*]

Wak. But I shall hear from him, I hope. How came he to turn sailor? Where did he go to? Who took him away from me?

Phi. That is all duly entered in his log-book, and will be shipped home the first opportunity.

Wak. If I could but see him once before I died—but I never shall be so happy. 250 Do you know, when he were lost, I were next to a madman for a whole fortnight—no sleep, no rest. I were then a prosperous man, with acres of land and full barns; but the loss of my bloy made me neglect everything: I did not care what came—bad luck followed bad luck—and misfortunes did then begin, which ended in my ruin.

Phi. Very molloncholy. [*Wiping his eyes.*] But cheer up, my worthy master, you'll 260 be well-timbered yet.

Wak. No, no, want has griped me too hard.

Phi. Now, what should you think if I was to say— [*A loud shout without.*] Hollo! is that your Yorkshire war-whoop?

Wak. [*Going to the door.*] As I live, the lads have gotten an old gipsy, and are ducking him in Prickle's Pond.

Phi. A gipsyj—stand aside—no—yes— 'ro start my timbers, split my binnacle if they shall touch a hair of his head. I know him,

farmer, I know him. Belay, there, belay.—
let me come alongside.—Hilloah.

[Exit at door,

Wak. [Calling after him.] Come back to
see the dame.

Phi. [Without.] Oy, oy, master.

[The scene closes.

SCENE III.—A View of the Country.—
Nearly dark.

A shout without.—Enter Villagers, dragging
on Michael, L.

Mic. For the love of heaven, no more:
you'll kill me, you'll kill me.

First V. Away with him again!

Second V. Throw him into the mill-
Stream.

All. The mill-stream—the mill-stream!

[They are proceeding to drag him off.

Enter Philip, L.

Phi. Hilloah!—Avast, ye cannibals!—Sea-
room, sea-room, here. [Philip drives them
off with his cudgel, R.: Michael sinks on the
ground; Philip raises him up.] Cheerly, 10
old Triton, cheerly. How do you feel your-
self?

Mic. Blessings on you.

Phi. What were they doing with your
old hull?

Mic. Another dip would have killed me—
they were drowning me—I'm a poor old
gipsy.

Phi. I know you are. Where's the crew?

Mic. About a mile off, in a meadow. 20

Phi. Just the very thing. Now, Beelzebub,
we shall be a match for you.

Mic. They wanted to drown me for only
looking into a henroost—a murrain seize
every mother's son of 'em!

Phi. I understand—the old tricks, Michael.

Mic. Who told you my name?

Phi. I know the trim of your vessel, well
—but mum for the present—the coast is
clear, so make the best of your way to 30
the gang; here's some shot to put in your
locker. [Giving money.

Mic. Blessings on you.

Phi. Go back to the tent, and bring a few
of your lads to Farmer Wakefield's, in this
port.

Mic. What for?

Phi. I want you to overhaul an affair of
consequence.

Mic. But tell me—Is Farmer Wakefield 40
still alive?

Phi. You'll see him without a telescope,
if you obey my orders; but say, will you
come this evening?

Mic. It must be after dark, then. I know
Farmer Wakefield well enough by name;
perhaps I know a matter concerning him,
too.

Phi. I shall be on the look-out for you;
don't let your memory start a timber. 50

Mic. But, master sailor, tell me if—

Phi. I can't stand palavering here, I must
push off to the King's Head for my cargo.
Now, belay, clap a stopper on your tongue,
and be mum till you see me at the farmer's;
anybody will direct you—obey orders, and
I'll make you an admiral; mutiny, and I'll
blow you to the devil. [Exit, R.

Mic. But, master sailor—

Phi. [Without.] I shall look out for 60
you, old Mike.

Mic. Old Mike! how should he know
name?—Well, I must hear what the
say to this business—Old Mike's very cc
—duck-ponds and mill-streams don't agree
with old limbs—lucky I should meet with
that sailor, he has given me five shillings.
I'll try and scrape up a halfpenny more.

Enter Luke, L.

Mic. Spare a halfpenny for the love of
charity—poor old man—seventy odd; 70
spare a halfpenny.

Luke [Crossing.] Doan't thee bother,
doan't thee bother.

Mic. Ah! let me look at you, let me look
at ye. [Aside.] I know you—know you well
—won't you spare a halfpenny to an old
acquaintance?

Luke. Dom thee, be quiet—I ha' nothing
about me.

Mic. You won't, not a farthing? 80

Luke. If thee doesn't budge, I'll put thee
in the stocks for a vagram!

Mic. You will put me in the stocks! Then
evil betide you, ill luck blight you. Put me
in the stocks! Harkye, I could ruin you,
vagram as I am; you may look, man. Come

hither, let me whisper in your ear; [*Laying hold of his arm.*] Don't thee flinch and shake at my cold hand, it is but chilly with the water: bend down your ear, and 111 90 make you tremble from head to foot.

Luke. Be you mad—why dost thee grip me so hard? I don't know thee.

Mic. You don't?

[*Michael whispers in Luke's ear.*]

Luke. [*In great terror.*] Toads and serpents! [*Aside.*] Be it you? I thought you had been dead and buried. Have you brought him here?

Mic. Him!—him, you say? You remember that, too? Wilt put me in the stocks, 100 now?

Luke. [*Aside.*] It be all out now, for sarten—here be money for you, so be quiet about that, not a word—

Mic. Money!—I won't touch it. When the poor old gipsy asked for charitj", 3'ou had nothing about you; but, now he can tread you to dust, you can find silver in your pockets: but I won't touch it—no, not if it, were gold. You'll forget an old acquaintance, will you?—I won't have it—not a halfpenny—not a farthing—not a mite.

[*Exit, L.*]

Luke. Now I do know the worst, now I be more comfortable than I ha' been for mony a day; because I be fix'd what to. Ere this week be out, the turf may be on my head; but I shall have a neighbour in the same plight, and then I shall rest content. [*Bobby heard without, singing.*] That be the lad's voice—'Squire ha' let him 120 out, I suppose. Now it be all over about the girl.

Enter Bobby.

Bob. Tol de rol lol—Tol de rol lol. I be out—I be out. Ah, Mcaster Luke, bean't you ashamed to look me in the feace? I might ha' been kept i' the cage till Christmas, for what you'd ha' cared. Dickens and daisies, how deadlly white you be.

Luke. I know it—I know it.

[*Turning away.*]

Bob. I see how it be—conscience ha' iso flung her flour-sack in your face; but it do sarve thee right, for I ha' lost my good character through being your postman, and I'm sure you can't help me to another; so

the sooner I get to Lunnun, the better fd|ft [*Looking out.*] Eh!—euro and sure, th'. 1 be a chay going along the road like ' wind.

Luke. A chay! [*Looking out.*]

Bob. Oh, dear, I wish I had my bundle, u' I'd run after it and jump up behind—Fin sure it be going to Lunnun.

Luke. [*Looking out with astonishment.*]. It be 'Squire's—yes, it be, and there he sits inside, sure enough. Then he ha' run away and left me to fight it out by myself.

Bob. Oh, my bundle!—I wish I had my bundle.

Luke. A chicken-hearted coward! he couldn't stay and face it out, as I do; 130 but let him go, I shall manage it better now. My heart be already fixed, and I ft;2,1 as bold as a lion. A drop more brandy; a look at my wife's grave; a good think of what ha' passed; and then for the finish of my long, long day's journey.

[*Exit Luke, R.*]

Bob. What a cruel pity it be I hadn't my bundle—I can't go without it, because there be my new shoes and clean stockings, nziJ. a waistcoat that cost me a matter o' two 180 shillings, all packed up in it. But stop—canna Measter Luke send it after me, directed, Mister Robert Trot, Lunnun?—To be sure, he can. Dang it if I don't go, then: the chay must stop to change horses, so I'll run till I overtake it. Now for it—nothing shall stop me;—good by, every body, and now for Lunnun.

[*As he is running off, two Villagers enter, and seize him.*]

First Vil. So we have caught you at k my little tom-tit. 170

Bob. What, be I stopped again?

First Vil. Farmer Charles has a word to say to you.

Bob. Now doan't—let me go—let me 'go—and I give you two shilling.

First Vil. No, Master Bobby, that won't answer; so come quietly.

Bob. [*Laying down.*] I'll be shot if I wool.

Second Vil. Come, no obstinacy.

Bob. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!—caged, 180> horsewhipped and killed—I shall nevef get to Lunnun.

[*They drag him off, kicking and struggling.*]

