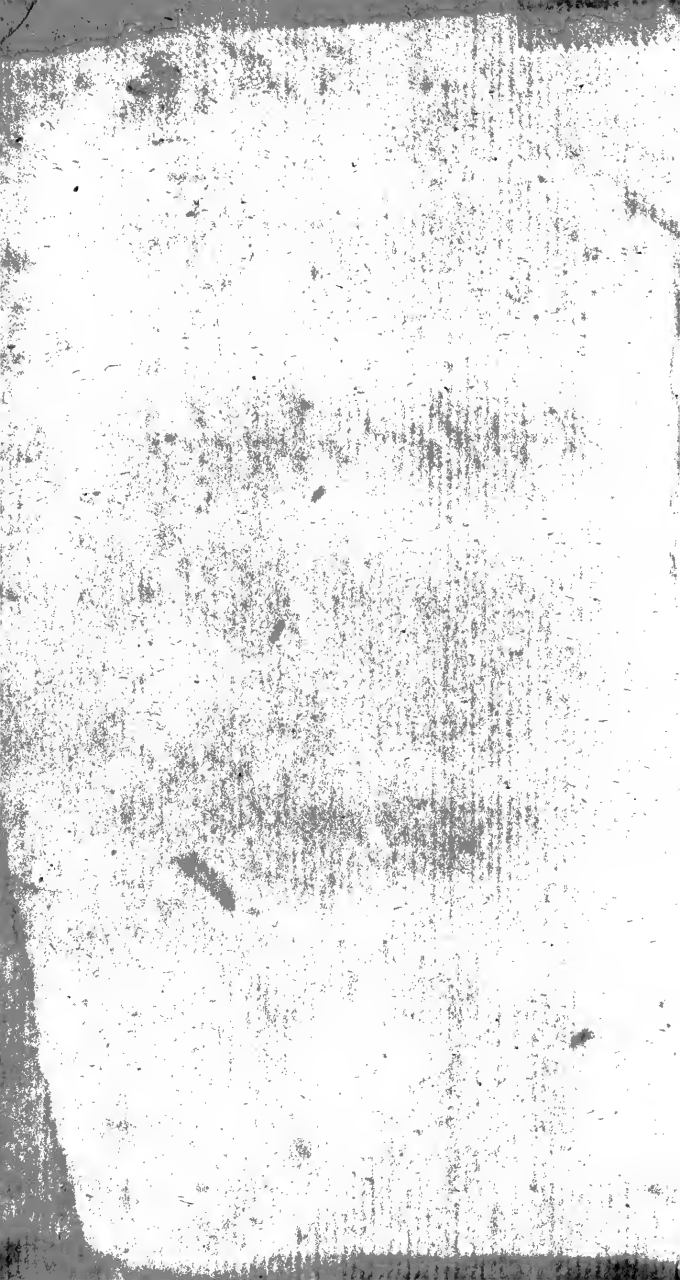




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NEW ENGLISH THEATRE

VOL III.

*The Spanish Fryar, Old Bachelor,
Rule a Wife and have a Wife,
Recruiting Officer, Provok'd Wife,*



L O N D O N

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Printed for J. Rivington & Sons, W. Strahan, W. Johnston,
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T H E
S P A N I S H F R Y A R :

O R, T H E
D O U B L E D I S C O V E R Y.

A
C O M E D Y.

W R I T T E N B Y

Mr. D R Y D E N.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

A T T H E

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

UT MELIUS POSSIS FALLERE, SUME TOGAM.—Mart.

————— ALTERNA REVISENS
LUSIT, ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT.

Virgil.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. STRAHAN; T. DAVIES; T. LOWNDES;
T. CASLON; S. BLADON; W. NICOLL; R.
BALDWIN; and T. BECKET.

M.DCC.LXXVI.

✻ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Lines 17 and 18 in Page 6.

P R O L O G U E.

NOW luck for us, and a kind hearty pit;
 For he who pleases, never fails of wit:
 Honour is yours;
 And you, like kings at city-treats bestow it;
 The writer kneels, and is bid rise a poet:
 But you are fickle sovereigns, to our sorrow,
 You dubb to-day, and hang a man to-morrow;
 You cry the same sense up, and down again,
 Just like brass-money once a year in Spain:
 Take you i'th' mood, what e'er base metal come,
 You coin as fast as groats at Birmingham:
 Tho' 'tis no more like sense in antient plays,
 Than Rome's religion's like St. Peter's days.
 In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
 You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind.
 'Twere well your judgments but in plays did range,
 But ev'n your follies and debauches change
 With such a whirl, the poets of your age
 Are tir'd, and cannot score them on the stage,
 Unless each vice in short-hand they endite,
 Ev'n as notcht 'prentices whole sermons write.
 The heavy Hollanders no vices know,
 But what they us'd a hundred years ago;
 Like honest plants, where they were stuck, they grow. }
 They cheat, but still from cheating fires they come;
 They drink, but they were christ'ned first in mum.
 Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
 And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
 The French and we still change, but here's the curse,
 They change for better, and we change for worse;
 They take up our old trade of conquering,
 And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing:
 Our fathers did, for change, to France repair,
 And they, for change, will try our English air;
 As children, when they throw one toy away,
 Strait a more foolish gewgaw comes in play:
 So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
 Leave whoring, and devoutly fall to drinking.

*Secur'ring the watch grows out-of-fashion wit:
 Now we set up for tilting in the pit,
 Where 'tis agreed by bullies, chicken-hearted,
 To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.
 A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
 To hire night murd'ers, and make death a trade.
 When murder's out, what vice can we advance?
 Unless the new-found pois'ning trick of France:
 And when their art of rats-bane we have got,
 By way of thanks, we'll send 'em o'er our plot.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N	At Drury Lane.	At Covent Garden.
Torrismond,	—	Mr. SMITH.
Bertran,	—	Mr. CLARKE.
Alphonso,	—	Mr. LEWIS.
Lorenzo, his son,	—	Mr. HULL.
Raymond,	—	Mr. THOMPSON.
Pedro,	—	Mr. SHUTER.
Gomez,	—	Mr. DUNSTALL.
Dominick, the Spanish Fryar,	—	
W O M E N.		
Leonora, Queen of Arragon,	—	Mrs. HARTLEY.
Teresa, woman to Leonora,	—	Mrs. POUSSIN.
Elvira, wife of Gomez,	—	Mrs. MATTOCKS.

THE
SPANISH FRYAR;
OR, THE
DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Alphonso and Pedro meet, with soldiers on each side,
Drums, &c.

Alp. **S**TAND: give the word,
Ped. The queen of Arrogon.

Alp. Pedro?—how goes the night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alp. Then welcome day-light; we shall have warm
work on't:

The Moor will 'gage
His utmost forces on this next assault,
To win a queen and kingdom.

Ped. Pox o' this lion-way of wooing, though:
Is the queen stirring yet?

Alp. She has not been abed, but in her chapel
All night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the saints
With vows for her deliverance.

Ped. O! *Alphonso*,
I fear they come too late: her father's crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers.
A crown usurp'd, a lawful king depos'd,
In bondage held, debarr'd the common light;
His children murder'd, and his friends destroy'd;
What can we less expect than what we feel?
And what we fear will follow.

Alp. Heav'n avert it.

Ped. Then heav'n must not be heav'n. Judge the event
By what has pass'd. Th' usurper joy'd not long
His ill-got crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:

6 THE SPANISH FRYAR.

(Unriddle that, ye pow'rs;) but left his daughter,
Our present queen, ingag'd upon his death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whose curs'd father
Had help'd to make him great.

Hence, you well know, this fatal war arose:
Because the *Moor Abdallab*, with whose troops
Th' usurper gain'd the kingdom, was refus'd,
And, as an infidel, his love despis'd.

Alph. Well, we are soldiers, *Pedro*, and, like lawyers,
Plead for our pay.

Ped. A good cause wou'd do well though;
It gives my sword an edge. You see this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the *Moors*:
What hope we have is in young *Torrismond*,
Your brother's son.

Alp. He's a successful warrior,
' And has the soldiers hearts. Upon the skirts
' Of *Arragon* our squander'd troops he rallies:'
Our watchmen from the tow'rs with longing eyes
Expect his swift arrival.

Ped. It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more:—Duke *Bertran*.

Enter Bertran attended.

Bert. Relieve the centries that have watch'd all night.
[To *Ped.*] Now, Colonel, have you dispos'd your men,
That you stand idle here?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a short repose.

Bert. Short let it be,
For, from the *Moorish* camp, this hour and more,
There has been heard a distant humming noise,
Like bees disturb'd, and arming in their hives.
What courage in our soldiers? speak! what hope?

Ped. As much as when physicians shake their heads,
And bid their dying patient think of heaven.

' Our walls are thinly mann'd: our best men slain:
' The rest, an heartless number, spent with watching,
' And haras'd out with duty.'

Bert. Good-night all then.

Ped. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life
I have

I have to lose : I'll plant my colours down
 In the mid-breach, and by 'em fix my foot :
 Say a short soldier's pray'r, to spare the trouble
 Of my few friends above ; and then expect
 The next fair bullet.

' *Alph.* Never was known a night of such distraction :
 • Noise so confus'd and dreadful : jostling crowds,
 • That run, and know not whither : torches gliding,
 • Like meteors, by each other in the streets.

' *Ped.* I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty fryar ;
 • With a paunch swoll'n so high, his double chin
 • Might rest upon't : a true son of the church ;
 • Fresh colour'd, and well thriven on his trade,
 • Came puffing with his greazy bald-pate choir,
 • And fumbling o'er his beads, in such an agony,
 • He told them false for fear : about his neck
 • There hung a wench, the label of his function,
 • Whom he thook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
 • It seems the holy stallion durst not score
 • Another sin before he left the world.'

Enter a captain.

Capt. To arms, my lord, to arms !
 From the *Moors* camp the noise grows louder still :
 • Rattling of armour, trumpets, drums and ataballes ;
 • And sometimes peals of shouts that rend the heav'n's,
 • Like victory : then groans again, and howlings,
 • Like those of vanquish'd men ; but ev'ry echo
 • Goes fainter off ; and dies in distant sounds.'

Bert. Some false attack : expect on th' other side :
 One to the gunners on St. *Jago's* tow'r ; bid 'em, for
 Level their cannon lower : on my soul, [shame,
 They're all corrupted with the gold of *Barbary*
 To carry over, and not hurt the *Moor*.

Enter a second captain.

2d Capt. My lord, here's fresh intelligence arriv'd :
 Our army, led by valiant *Torrismond*,
 Is now in hot engagement with the *Moors* ;
 'Tis said, within their trenches.

Bert. I think all fortune is reserv'd for him.
 He might have sent us word though ;

8 THE SPANISH FRYAR.

And then we cou'd have favour'd his attempt
With fallies from the town——

Alph. It cou'd not be :

We were so close block'd up, that none cou'd peep
Upon the walls and live: but yet 'tis time:——

Bert. No, 'tis too late; I will not hazard it:
On pain of death, let no man dare to fally.

Ped. [*Afide.*] O envy, envy, how it works within him!
How now! what means this show?

Alph. 'Tis a procession :

The queen is going to the great cathedral,
To pray for our success against the *Moors*.

Ped. Very good: she usurps the throne; keeps the
old king in prison; and, at the same time, is praying
for a blessing: O religion and roguery, how they go
together!

[*Shout and a flourish of trumpets.*

' *A procession of priests and choristers in white, with
' tapers, follow'd by the queen and ladies, goes over
' the stage: the choristers singing.*

' *Look down, ye bless'd above, look down,
' Behold our weeping matrons tears,
' Behold our tender virgins fears,
' And with success our armies crown.*

' *Look down, ye bless'd above, look down:
' Ob! save us, save us, and our state restore;
' For pity, pity, pity, we implore:
' For pity, pity, pity, we implore.*

' *The procession goes off; and shout within.'*

Then enter Lorenzo, who kneels to Alphonso.

Bert. to Alph. A joyful cry; and see your son *Lo-
renzo*: good news, kind Heav'n!

Alph. to Lor. O welcome, welcome! is the general safe?
How near our army? when shall we be succour'd?
Or, are we succour'd? are the *Moors* remov'd?
Answer these questions first, and then a thousand more;
Answer 'em all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand tongues, I will.

The

The general's well; his army too is safe
 As victory can make 'em: the *Moors* king
 Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one.
 At dawn of day our general cleft his pate,
 Spight of his woollen night-cap: a slight wound;
 Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'st me.

Ped. By my computation now, the victory was gain'd
 before the procession was made for it, and yet it will go
 hard but the priests will make a miracle of it.

Lor. Yes faith; we came like bold intruding guests,
 And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome:
 Their scouts we kill'd, then found their body sleeping;
 And as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er 'em,
 And took what joint came next, arms, heads, or legs,
 Somewhat undecently: but when men want light,
 They make but bungling work.

Bert. I'll to the queen,
 And bear the news.

Ped. That's young *Lorenzo's* duty.

Bart. I'll spare his trouble.—

This *Torrismond* begins to grow too fast;
 He must be mine, or ruin'd.

[*Aside.*

Lor. *Pedro* a word:—[*whisper*] [Ex. *Bertran.*

'*Alph.* How swift he shot away! I find it stung him,
 'In spight of his dissembling.'

[*To Lorenzo.*] How many of the enemy are slain?

Lor. Troth, sir, we were in haste, and cou'd not stay
 To score the men we kill'd; but there they lie,
 Best send our women out to take the tale;
 There's circumcision in abundance for 'em.

[*Turns to Pedro again.*

Alph. How far did you pursue 'em?

Lor. Some few miles—

[*To Pedro*] Good store of harlots, say you, and dog-

Pedro, they must be had, and speedily; [cheap?

I've kept a tedious fast. [Whisper again.

Alph. When will he make his entry? he deserves

Such triumphs as were giv'n by ancient *Rome*:

Ha, boy, what say'st thou?

Lor. As you say, sir, that *Rome* was very ancient—
To Pedro.] I leave the choice to you; fair, black, tall,
 Let her but have a nose:—And you may tell her [low;
 I'm rich in jewels, rings, and bobbing pearls
 Pluck'd from *Moors* ears.—

Alph. Lorenzo.

Lor. Somewhat busy
 About affairs relating to the publick.—
 —A seasonable girl, just in the nick now— [*To Pedro.*
 [Trumpets within.

Ped. I hear the general's trumpet. Stand and mark
 How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:
 There hung a cloud, methought, on *Bertran's* brow.

Lor. Then look to see a storm on *Torrismond's*;
 Looks fright not men: the general has seen *Moors*
 With as bad faces, no dispraise to *Bertran's*.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the camp he loves the queen.

Lor. He drinks her health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad blood 'twixt him and *Ber-*

Ped. Yes, in private: [*tran.*

But *Bertran* has been taught the arts of court,
 To gild a face with smiles, and leer a man to ruin.
 O here they come,—

Enter Torrismond and officers on one side, Bertran at-
tended on the other; they embrace, Bertran bowing low.

'Just as I prophesy'd—

'*Lor.* Death and hell, he laughs at him! in's face too.

'*Ped.* O you mistake him; 'twas an humble grin,
 'The fawning joy of courtiers and of dogs.'

Lor. [*Aside.*] Here are nothing but lyes to be ex-
 pected: I'll e'en go lose myself in some blind alley,
 and try if any courteous damsel will think me worth
 the finding. [*Ex. Lorenzo.*

'*Alph.* Now he begins to open.'

Bert. Your country rescu'd, and your queen reliev'd!
 A glorious conquest, noble *Torrismond*!
 'The people rend the skies with loud applause,
 And Heav'n can hear no other name but yours.
 The thronging crouds press on you as you pass,

And

And with their eager joy make triumph flow.

Tor. My lord, I have no taste
Of popular applause; the noisy praise
Of giddy crouds, as changeable as winds,
Still vehement, and still without a cause:
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success; but veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bert. So young a Stoick!

Tor. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop
Within these veins for pageants: but let honour
Call for my blood, and sluice it into streams;
Turn fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her through embattled foes,
In dusty plains, amidst the cannons roar,
There will I be the first.

Bert. I'll try him farther—— [*Aside.*
Suppose th' assembled states of *Arragon*
Decree a statue to you thus inscrib'd,
“*To Torrismond, who freed his native land.*”

‘*Alp. to Ped.* Mark how he sounds and fathoms
‘ The shallows of his soul! [to find

‘ *Bert.* The just applause
‘ Of god-like senates, is the stamp of virtue,
‘ Which makes it pass unquestioned through the world.
‘ These honours you deserve; nor shall my suffrage
‘ Be last to fix 'em on you. If refus'd,
‘ You brand us all with black ingratitude:
‘ For times to come shall say, *Our Spain, like Rome,*
‘ Neglects her champions after noble acts,
‘ And lets their laurels wither on their heads.’

Tor. A statue, for a battle blindly fought,
Where darkness and surprize made conquest cheap!
Where virtue borrow'd but the arms of chance,
And struck a random blow! 'twas Fortune's work,
And Fortune take the praise.

Bert. Yet happiness
Is the first fame: virtue without success
Is a fair picture shewn by an ill light.
But lucky men are favourites of heaven:

And

And whom should kings esteem above heaven's darlings?

The praises of a young and beauteous queen
Shall crown your glorious acts.

Ped. to Alph. There sprung the mine.

Tor. The queen! that were a happiness too great!
Nam'd you the queen, my lord?

Bert. Yes: you have seen her, and you must confess
A praise, a smile, a look from her is worth
The shouts of thousand amphitheatres:
She, she shall praise you, for I can oblige her:
To-morrow will deliver all her charms
Into my arms, and make her mine for ever.
Why stand you mute?

Tor. Alas! I cannot speak. [employ'd?

Bert. Not speak, my lord! how were your thoughts

Tor. Nor can I think, for I am lost in thought.

Bert. Thought of the queen, perhaps?

Tor. Why, if it were,

Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bert. O, now I find where your ambition drives:
You ought not to think of her.

Tor. So I say too,

I ought not: madmen ought not to be mad;
But who can help his frenzy?

Bert. Fond young man!

The wings of your ambition must be clipt:
Your shame-fac'd virtue shunn'd the people's praise,
And senate's honours: but 'tis well we know
What price you hold yourself at. You have fought
With some success, and that has seal'd your pardon.

Tor. Pardon from thee! O, give me patience, heaven!
Thrice vanquish'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'st, look'd out
Upon yon slaughter'd host, that field of blood;
There seal my pardon, where thy fame was lost.

Ped. He's ruin'd, past redemption!

Alph. to Tor. Learn respect
To the first prince o'the blood.

Bert. O, let him rave!

I'll not contend with madmen.

Tor.

Lor. I have done :

I know 'twere madness to declare this truth :
 And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love.
 'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds,
 Lighter than children's bubbles blown by winds :
 My merit's but the rash result of chance :
 My birth unequal : all the stars against me :
 Pow'r, promise, choice, the living and the dead :
 Mankind my foes, and only love my friend :
 But such a love, kept at such awful distance,
 As, what it loudly dares to tell, a rival
 Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd,
 And so may Gods ; else why are altars rais'd ?
 Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd ?
 But, oh ! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
 'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness. [*Exit.*

Bert. 'Tis well ; the goddesses shall be told, she shall,
 Of her now worshipper. [*Exit.*]

Ped. So, here's fine work !
 He supply'd his only foe with arms
 For his destruction. Old *Penelope's* tale
 Inverted : h'has unravell'd all by day
 That he has done by night.—What, planet-struck !

Alph. I wish I were ; to be past sense of this !
Ped. Wou'd I had but a lease of life so long,
 As 'till my flesh and blood rebell'd this way,
 Against our sovereign lady : mad for a Queen ?
 With a globe in one hand, and a sceptre in t'other ?
 A very pretty moppet !

Alph. Then to declare his madness to his rival !
 His father absent on an embassy :
 Himself a stranger almost ; wholly friendless !
 A torrent, rowling down a precipice,
 Is easier to be stopt, than is his ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain : haste to the court :
 Improve your interest there, for pardon from the queen.

Alph. Weak remedies ;
 But all must be attempted. [*Exit.*

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky rogue ? I have
 been

been ranging over half the town ; but have sprung no game. Our women are worse infidels than the *Moors* : I told 'em I was one of their knights-errant, that deliver'd them from ravishment : and I think in my conscience that's their quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling ; your cousin is run honourably mad in love with her majesty : he is split upon a rock, and you, who are in chafe of harlots, are sinking in the main ocean. I think the devil's in the family. [Exit.

Lorenzo *solus.*

Lor. My cousin ruin'd, 'says he ! hum, not that I wish my kinsman's ruin ; that were unchristian : but if the general's ruin'd, I am heir ; there's comfort for a christian. Money I have, I thank the honest *Moors* for't ; but I want a mistress. I am willing to be lewd ; but the tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter *Elvira veil'd.*

Elv. Stranger ! Cavalier !—will you not hear me ? you *Moor*-killer, you *matador*.——

Lor. Meaning me, madam ?

Elv. Face about, man ; you a soldier, and afraid of the enemy !

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charg'd first : I see souls will not be lost for want of diligence in this devil's reign. [Aside.

To her.] Now, Madam *Cynthia* behind a cloud, your will and pleasure with me ?

Elv. You have the appearance of a cavalier ; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your adventure. If a lady like you well enough to hold discourse with you at first sight, you are gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an apology, and to lay the blame on stars, or destiny, or what you please, to excuse the frailty of a woman.

Lor. O, I love an easy woman : there's such-ado to crack a thick-shell'd mistress : we break our teeth, and find no kernel. 'Tis generous in you, to take pity on a stranger

a stranger ; and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elv. You have a better opinion of me than I deserve : you have not seen me yet ; and therefore I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess ; but I am drawing on apace : you have a dangerous tongue in your head, I can tell you that ; and if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me : let me see you, for the safeguard of my honour : 'tis but decent the cannon should be drawn down upon me before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible similitude have you made, colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the wars ! I could answer you with an other in my profession : Suppose you were in want of money ; wou'd you not be glad to take a sum upon content in a seal'd bag, without peeping ?——but, however, I will not stand with you for a sample. [Lifts up her Veil.]

Lor. What eyes were there ! how keen their glances ! you do well to keep 'em veil'd : they are too sharp to be trusted out of the scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now you may accuse my forwardness : but this day of jubilee is the only time of freedom I have had : and there is nothing so extravagant as a prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return into his fetters.

Lor. To confess freely to you, madam, I was never in love with less than you whole sex before : but now I have seen you, I am in the direct road of languishing and sighing : and, if love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to-morrow morning you may hear of me in rhyme and sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these symptoms in myself : perhaps I may go shufflingly at first ; for I was never before walk'd in trammels ; yet I shall drudge and moil at constancy, 'till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elv. O sir, there are arts to reclaim the wildest men, as there are to make spaniels fetch and carry : chide 'em often, and feed 'em seldom : now I know
your

your temper, you may thank yourself if you are kept to hard meat:——you are in for years, if you make love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal obligation with an *anno domini* at end on't; there may be an evil meaning in the word years, call'd Matrimony.

Elv. I can easily rid you of that fear: I wish I could rid myself as easily of the bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a covetous, and a jealous, and an old man be a husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpose as I could wish: now love be prais'd.

Enter Elvira's Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elv. [*Afide*] If I get not home before my husband, I shall be ruin'd.—

I dare not stay to tell you where,——farewel,——
cou'd I once more——

[*To him.*
Exit.]

Lor. This is unconscionable dealing; to be made a slave, and not know whose livery I wear: ——
Who have we yonder?

Enter Gomez.

By that shambling in his walk, it should be my rich old banker, *Gomez*, whom I knew at *Barcelona*: As I live 'tis he.——

[*To Gomez.*] What, old *Mammon* here?

Gom. How! young *Beelzebub*?

Lor. What devil has set his claws in thy haunches, and brought thee hither to *Saragossa*? Sure he meant a farther journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the enemy: When the *Moors* are ready to besiege one town, I shift my quarters to the next; I keep as far from the infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at farthest.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous victory; all true subjects are overjoy'd at it: There are bonfires decreed; an the times had not been so hard, my billet should have burnt too.

Lor. I dare say for thee, thou hast such a respect for a single billet, thou would'st almost have thrown on thyself

thyself to save it; thou art for saving every thing but thy soul.

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous 'till I carry you to the tavern, and crack half a pint with you at my own charge.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thyself for such an extravagance; and instead of it, thou shalt do me a mere verbal courtesy: I have just now seen a most incomparable young lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young lady?—my mind misgives me plaguily. [*Aside.*]

Lor. Here, man, just before this corner house: Pray heaven it prove no bawdy-house.

Gom. [*Aside*] Pray heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thyself? Hast thou any thing to say against the honesty of that house?

Gom. Not I, colonel, the walls are very honest stone, and the timber very honest wood, for ought I know; but for the woman I cannot say, till I know her better: Describe her person, and if she live in this quarter I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle stature, dark-colour'd hair, the most bewitching leer with her eyes, the most roguish cast; her cheeks are dimpled when she smiles, and her smiles would tempt an hermit.

Gom. [*Aside*] I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.—Go on——colonel——have you no other marks of her?

Lor. Thou hast all her marks, but that she has an husband, a jealous, covetous, old huncks: Speak; canst thou tell me news of her?

Gom. Yes, this news, colonel, that you have seen your last of her.

Lor. If thou help'st me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gom. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you, colonel *Hernando*: Once more, you have seen your last of her.

Lor. [*Aside*] I am glad he knows me only by that name

name of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona*; now he can tell no tales of me to my father.

To him] Come, thou wert ever good-natur'd, when thou could'st get by it——Look here, rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour:——Thou art not proof against gold, sure!——Do not I know thee for a covetous——

Gom. Jealous old huncks; those were the marks of your mistress's husband, as I remember, colonel.

Lor. O the devil! what a rogue in understanding was I, not to find him out sooner! [*Aside.*]

Gom. Do, do, look fillily, good colonel; 'tis a decent melancholy after an absolute defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear *Gomez*:——but——

Gom. But——no pumping, my dear colonel.

Lor. Hang pumping; I was——thinking a little upon a point of gratitude: We two have been long acquaintance; I know thy merits, and can make some interest; go to; thou wert born to authority; I'll make thee *Alcaide*, mayor of *Saragossa*.

Gom. Satisfy yourself; you shall not make me what you think, colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the face of a magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a magistrate's head to my magistrate's face; I thank you, colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle story——that woman I saw, I mean that little, crooked, ugly woman, for t'other was a lye;——is no more thy wife:——as I'll go home with thee, and satisfy thee immediately, my dear friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble; no not so much as a single visit; not so much as an embassy by a civil old woman, nor a serenade of *Twinkledum Twinkledum* under my windows: Nay, I will advise you, out of tenderness to your person, that you walk not near yon corner-house by night; for to my certain knowledge there are blunderbuffes planted in every loop-hole, that go off constantly of their own accord at the squeaking of a fiddle and the thrumming of a guittar.

Lor.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open war against thee: I'll demolish thy citadel by force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole regiment upon thee: my thousand red locusts, that shall devour thee in free quarter.—Farewell, wrought night-cap. [*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Gom. Farewell, buff! free quarter for a regiment of red-coat locusts? I hope to see 'em all in the Red Sea first!—But oh, this *Jezabel* of mine, I'll get a physician that shall prescribe her an ounce of *campfire* every morning for her breakfast, to abate incontinency. She shall never peep abroad, no, not to church for confession! and for never going, she shall be condemn'd for a heretick. She shall have stripes by *Troy-weight*, and sustenance by drachms and scruples: Nay, I'll have a fasting almanack printed on purpose for her use, in which

No carnival nor *Christmas* shall appear,
But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the year.

[*Exit Gomez.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Queen's Antechamber.*

Alphonso and Pedro.

Alph. WHEN saw you my *Lorenzo*?

Ped. I had a glimpse of him; but he
shot by me

Like a young hound upon a burning scent:

He's gone a harlot hunting.

Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught
him better.

Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.

What learn our youth abroad, but to refine

The homely vices of their native land?

Give me an honest home-spun country clown

Of our own growth; his dullness is but plain,

But

- ' But theirs embroider'd ; they are sent out fools,
 ' And come back fops.
 ' *Alph.* You know what reasons urg'd me ;
 ' But now I have accomplish'd my designs,
 ' I shou'd be glad he knew 'em.—His wild riots
 ' Disturb my soul ; but they would fit more close,
 ' Did not the threaten'd downfall of our house,
 ' In *Torrismond*, o'erwhelm my private ills.
 ' *Enter Ber. attended, and whispering with a courtier,*
 ' *aside.*
 ' *Bert.* I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to
 ' love her ;
 ' If he presume to own it, she's so proud,
 ' He tempts his certain ruin.
 ' *Alph. to Ped.* Mark how disdainfully he throws
 ' his eyes on us.
 ' Our old imprison'd king wore no such looks.
 ' *Ped.* O, wou'd the general shake off his dotage to
 ' th' usurping queen,
 ' And re-inthroned good venerable *Sancho*,
 ' I'll undertake, should *Bertran* sound his trumpets,
 ' And *Torrismond* but whistle through his fingers,
 ' He draws his army off.
 ' *Alph.* I told him so ;
 ' But had an answer louder than a storm.
 ' *Ped.* Now plague and pox on his smock-loyalty ;
 ' I hate to see a brave bold fellow sotted,
 ' Made four and senseless, turn'd to whey by love ;
 ' A driveling hero, fit for a romance.
 ' O, here he comes : what will their greeting be !'
Enter Torrismond attended, Bertran and he meet and jostle.
Bert. Make way, my lords, and let the pageant pass.
Tor. I make my way where-e'er I see my foe :
 But you, my lord, are good at a retreat.
 I have no *Moors* behind me.
Bert. Death and hell !
 Dare to speak thus when you come out again.
Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting man.
Enter Teresa.
Ter. My lords, you are too loud so near the queen ;
 You,

You, *Torrismond*, have much offended her.
 'Tis her command you instantly appear,
 To answer your demeanour to the prince.

[*Exit Teresa; Bertran with his company follow her.*

Tor. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonso*, pity me!

A grove of pikes,
 Whose polish'd steel from far severely shines,
 Are not so dreadful as this beauteous queen.

Alph. Call up your courage timely to your aid,
 And, like a lion press'd upon the toils,
 Leap on your hunters. Speak your actions boldly.
 There is a time when modest virtue is
 Allow'd to praise itself.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough, too hot, but now;
 Your fury then boil'd upward to a foam:
 But since this message came, you sink and fettle,
 As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas, thou know'st not what it is to love!
 When we behold an angel, not to fear,
 Is to be impudent:—No, I'm resolv'd,
 Like a led victim, to my death I'll go,
 And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow. [*Exeunt.*
*The SCENE draws, and shews the Queen sitting in
 state; Bertran standing next her; then Teresa, &c.*

She rises, and comes to the front.

Qu. *Leonora to Bert.*] I blame not you, my lord;
 my father's will,

Your own deserts, and all my peoples voice,
 Have plac'd you in the view of sov'reign power.
 But I would learn the cause, why *Torrismond*,
 Within my palace walls, within my hearing,
 Almost within my sight, affronts a prince
 Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay,
 And looks as he were lord of human kind.

Enter Torrismond, Alphonso, Pedro. *Torrismond
 bows low, then looks earnestly on the Queen, and keeps
 at distance.*

Teresa. Madam, the general. —

Qu. Let me view him well.

My

My father sent him early to the frontiers.
 I have not often seen him ; if I did,
 He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding eyes.
 But where's the fierceness, the disdainful pride,
 The haughty port, the fiery arrogance ?
 By all these marks, this is not sure the man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your court with tumult,
 Whose fierce demeanour, and whose insolence,
 The patience of a God could not support.

Qu. Name his offence, my lord, and he shall have
 Immediate punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, should I speak it,
 That my presumption then would equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Now my tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb ! On your allegiance, *Torrismond*,
 By all your hopes, I do command you, speak,

Tor. [*Kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a crime
 Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon ;
 Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
 That he who thus commanded dares to speak,
 Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silence.
 But you adjur'd me, madam, by my hopes !
 Hopes I have none, for I am all despair ;
 Friends I have none, for friendship follows favour ;
 Desert I've none, for what I did was duty :
 Oh that it were ! that it were duty all !

Qu. Why do you pause ? proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a precipice,
 Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
 Stops short and looks about for some kind shrub
 To break his dreadful fall ;———so I :———
 But whither am I going ? If to death,
 He looks so lovely sweet in beauty's pomp,
 He draws me to his dart.———I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad beyond the cure of *Hellebore*.
 Whips, darkness, dungeons for this insolence.———

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.———

Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torrismond*, with-
 draw ;

I'll teach you all what's owing to your queen.
For you, my lord——

The priest to-morrow was to join our hands ;
I'll try if I can live a day without you.
So both of you depart, and live in peace.

Alph. Who knows which way she points ?
Doubling and turning like an hunted hare.
Find out the meaning of her mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a woman's ? backward and
forward.

The whole sex in every word. In my conscience, when
she was getting, her mother was thinking of a riddle.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.*]

Qu. Haste, my *Teresa*, haste, and call him back.

Ter. Whom, madam ? *Qu.* Him. *Ter.* Prince *Bertran* ?

Qu. *Torrifmond* ;

There is no other he.

' *Ter.* [*Aside.*] A rising sun,

' Or I am much deceiv'd.' [*Exit Teresa.*]

Qu. A change so swift what heart did ever feel !

It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore.
I've lov'd away myself ; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or success ?
These might perhaps be found in other men.
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me ;
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But, when he spoke, what tender words he said !
So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell.——

Enter Teresa with Torrifmond.

Ter. He waits your pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well ; retire—O Heav'ns, that I must speak
So distant from my heart—— [*Aside.*]

To Tor.] How now ! What boldness brings you
back again ?

Tor. I heard 'twas your command.

Qu. A fond mistake,

To credit so unlikely a command.

And you return full of the same presumption,
T' affront me with your love ?

Tor. If 'tis presumption for a wretch condemn'd
To throw himself beneath his judge's feet :
A boldness more than this I never knew ;
Or, if I did, 'twas only to your foes.

Qu. You would insinuate your past services,
And those, I grant, were great ; but you confess
A fault committed since, that cancels all.

Tor. And who could dare to disavow his crime,
When that for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,
He bears about him still ! My eyes confess it ;
My every action speaks my heart aloud.
But, oh, the madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet ! and all together cry,
I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,
My father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd
My crown and me to *Bertran* ? And dare you,
A private man, presume to love a queen ?

Tor. That, that's the wound ! I see you set so high,
As no desert or services can reach,
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a monarch's soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian clay ?
Why gave you me desires of such extent,
And such a span to grasp 'em ? Sure my lot
By some o'er-hasty angel was misplac'd
In Fate's eternal volume ! — But I rave,
And, like a giddy bird in dead of night,
Fly round the fire that scorches me to death.

Qu. Yes, *Torrismond*, you've not so ill deserv'd,
But I may give you counsel for your cure.

Tor. I cannot, nay I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. [*Aside.*] Nor I, Heav'n knows !

Tor. There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know !
Let me indulge it ; let me gaze for ever !
And, since you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

Qu.

Qu. These are the words which I must only hear
From *Bertran's* mouth; they should displease from you:
I say they should; but women are so vain
To like the love, though they despise the lover.
Yet, that I may not send you from my sight
In absolute despair——I pity you.

Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my joy:
But when my soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one thought, let me remember pity;
And so deceiv'd, think all my life was blest'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my alms?
If that would help, I could cast in a tear
To your misfortunes.——

Tor. A tear! you have o'erbid all my past sufferings,
And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no queen——
Or you of royal blood——

Tor. What have I lost by my fore-father's fault!
Why was not I the twentieth by descent
From a long restive race of droning kings?
Love! what a poor omnipotence hast thou,
When gold and titles buy thee?

Qu. [*Sighs.*] Oh, my torture!——

Tor. Might I presume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That sigh was added to your alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
To make the best construction for your love.
Be secret and discreet; these fairy favours
Are lost when not conceal'd;—provoke not *Bertran*—
Retire: I must no more but this—Hope, *Torrismond*.

[*Exit.*]

Tor. She bids me hope; O Heav'ns; she pities me!
And pity still foreruns approaching love,
As lightning does the thunder! Tune your harps,
Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy,
Hence all my griefs and every anxious care:
One word, and one kind glance, can cure despair. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A Chamber.**A table and wine set out.**Enter Lorenzo.*

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely possible: for fryars have free admittance into every house. This *Jacobin*, whom I have sent to, is her confessor; and who can suspect a man of such reverence for a pimp? I'll try for once: I'll bribe him high; for commonly none love money better than they who have made a vow of poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge, fat, religious gentleman coming up, Sir; he says he's but a fryar, but he's big enough to be a pope; his gills are as rosy as a turkey cock's; his great belly walks in state before him like an harbinger; and his gouty legs come limping after it: never was such a tun of devotion seen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish. [*Exit.*

Enter Father Dominick.

Lor. Welcome, father!

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been sent for to a dying man; to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, faith, father, I was never for taking such long journies. Repose yourself, I beseech you, Sir, if those spindle legs of yours will carry you to the next chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a sign by your wan complexion, and your thin jowls, father, come,—to our better acquaintance:—here's a sovereign remedy for old age and sorrow. [*Drinks.*

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you reason. [*Drinks.*

Lor. Is it to your palate, father?

Dom. Second thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again. [*Drinks.*

It has a most delicious flavour with it.

Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health,
son,

son, I am not us'd to be so unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*

Lor. No, I'll be sworn by what I see of you, you are not.—To the bottom,—I warrant him a true church-man.—Now, father, to our business, 'tis agreeable to your calling; I intend to do an act of charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of charity; 'tis a comfortable subject.

Lor. Being in the late battle, in great hazard of my life, I recommended my person to good St. *Dominick*.

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a sure card: I never knew him fail his votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to strike up a bargain with him, that if I scap'd with life and plunder, I wou'd present some brother of his order with part of the booty taken from the infidels, to be employ'd in charitable uses.

Dom. There you hit him: St. *Dominick* loves charity exceedingly: that argument never fails with him.

Lor. The spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a farthing. To make short my story; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an almoner, and the general fame has pointed out your reverence as the worthiest man:—here are fifty good pieces in this purse.

Dom. How, fifty pieces? 'tis too much, too much in conscience,

Lor. Here, take 'em, father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my vow of poverty.

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you: for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your strength against a decrepit, poor, old man? [*Takes the purse.*

As I said, 'tis too great a bounty? but St. *Dominick* shall owe you another scape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, father, we will not trouble him 'till the next battle. But you may do me a greater kindness, by conveying my prayers to a female saint.

Dom. A female faint! good now, good now, how your devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the female faints.

Lor. I mean a female, mortal, married-woman faint: Look upon the superscription of this note; you know Don Gomez his wife. [Gives him a letter.

Dom. Who, Donna *Elvira*? I think I have some reason: I am her ghostly father.

Lor. I have some business of importance with her, which I have communicated in this paper; but her husband is so horribly given to be jealous——

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very quintessence of jealousy: he keeps no male creature in his house: and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her director and her guide in spiritual affairs. But he has his humours with me too: for t'other day, he call'd me false apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all; on my word, father, that touches your copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious action, you might revenge the church's quarrel.—My letter father.—

Dom. Well, so far as a letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuse to a man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an answer back, that purse in your hand has a twin-bother, as like him as ever he can look: there are fifty pieces lie dormant in it, for more charities.

Dom. That must not be: not a farthing more, upon my priesthood.—But what may be the purport and meaning of this letter; that I confess a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the contents; and so far I am blameless. But an-answer you shall have: though not for the sake of your fifty pieces more: I have sworn not to take them, they shall not be altogether fifty:—your mistress—forgive me that I should call her your mistress, I meant *Elvira*, lives but at

next

next door: I'll visit her immediately: but not a word more of the nine and forty pieces.——

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down stairs.— Fifty pounds for the postage of a letter! to send by the church is certainly the dearest road in christendom. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *A Chamber.*

Enter Gomez and Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I banish flesh and wine: I'll have none stirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elv. I care not; the sooner I am starv'd, the sooner I am rid of wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast a days; you have us'd me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the gipsy answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious hilding.

Elv. [*Crying*] But was ever poor innocent creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless chat?

Gom. 'Oh, the impudence of this wicked sex!' Lascivious dialogues are innocent chat with you!

Elv. Was it such a crime to enquire how the battle pass'd?

Gom. But that was not the business, gentlewoman; you were not asking news of a battle pass'd; you were engaging for a skirmish that was to come.

Elv. An honest woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her honour was safe, and her enemies were slain.

Gom. [*In her tone*] And to ask, if he were wounded in your defence; and, in case he were, to offer yourself to be his surgeon;—then, you did not describe your husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich, old huncks.

Elv. No, I need not: he describes himself sufficiently: but, in what dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your sleep, with your eyes broad open, at noon-day; and dreamt you were talking to the foresaid purpose with one colonel *Hernando*——

Elv. Who, dear husband, who?

Gom. What the devil have I said? You wou'd have farther information, wou'd you?

Elv. No, but my dear, little, old man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your sake.

Gom. Get you up into your chamber, cockatrice; and there immure yourself: be confin'd, I say, during our royal pleasure: But, first, down on your marrow-bones, upon your allegiance, and make an acknowledgement of your offences; for I will have ample satisfaction. [Pulls her down.]

Elv. I have done you no injury, and therefore I'll make you no submission: But I'll complain to my ghostly father.

Gom. Ay; there's your remedy: When you receive condign punishment, you run with open mouth to your confessor; that parcel of holy guts and garbage: he must chuckle you and moan you: but I'll rid my hands of his ghostly authority one day, [*Enter Dominick.*] and make him know he's the son of a—— [*sees him.*] So;——No sooner conjure, but the devil's in the circle.——

Dom. Son of what, Don^o Gomez?

Gom. Why, a son of a church: I hope there's no harm in that, father?

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time shall serve: and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast, for penance.

Gom. [*Aside.*] There's no harm in that; she shall fast too: fasting saves money.

Dom. [*to Elvira.*] What was the reason that I found you upon your knees, in that unseemly posture?

Gom. [*Aside.*] O horrible! to find a woman upon her knees, he says, is an unseemly posture; there's a priest for you!

Elv. [*to Dom.*] I wish, father, you wou'd give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have somewhat upon my spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. [*Aside.*] This goes well: Gomez, stand you at a distance,—farther yet,—stand out of ear-shot,—I have somewhat to say to your wife in private.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Was ever man thus priest-ridden? would the steeple of his church were in his belly: I am sure there's room for it.

Elv.

Elv. I am aſham'd to acknowledge my infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent father; and therefore I will venture, to,—and yet I dare not.—

Dom. Nay, if you are baſhful; if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your ſurgeon—

Elv. You know my husband is a man in years; but he's my husband, and therefore I ſhall be ſilent: but his humours are more intolerable than his age: he's grown ſo froward, ſo covetous, and ſo jealous, that he has turn'd my heart quite from him; and, if I durſt confeſs it, has forc'd me to caſt my affections on another man.

Dom. Good:—hold, hold; I meant abominable:—Pray Heaven this be my colonel. [*Aſide.*]

Elv. I have ſeen this man, father; and have encourag'd his addreſſes: he's a young gentleman, a ſoldier, of a moſt winning carriage; and what his courtſhip may produce at laſt, I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty,

Dom. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis he for certain:—ſhe has fav'd the credit of my function, by ſpeaking firſt; now I muſt take gravity upon me.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] This whispering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me ſo plaguily under the laſh, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, daughter, do you remember your matrimonial vow?

Elv. Yes, to my ſorrow, father, I do remember it: a miſerable woman it has madè me: but you know, father, a marriage vow is but a thing of courſe, which all women take, when they wou'd get a husband.

Dom. A vow is a very ſolemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it:—but, notwithstanding, it may be broken, upon ſome occaſions.—Have you ſtriven with all your might againſt this frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have ſtriven: but I found it was againſt the ſtream. Love, you know, father, is a great vow-maker: but he's a greater vow breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your duty to ſtrive always: but notwithstanding, when we have done our utmoſt, it extenuates the ſin.

Gom. I can hold no longer—Now, gentlewoman, you are confessing your enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical, down-cast look: enjoin her to sit bare upon a bed of nettles, father; you can do no less in conscience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to make use of my authority? your wife's a well-dispos'd and a virtuous lady; I say it, *in verbo sacerdotis*.

Elv. I know not what to do, father; I find myself in a most desperate condition; and so is the colonel for love of me.

Dom. The colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young gentleman I know: 'tis a gallant young man, I must confess, worthy of any lady's love in christendom: in a lawful way, I mean: of such a charming behaviour, so bewitching to a woman's eye; and furthermore, so charitably given; by all good tokens, this must be my colonel *Hernando*.

Elv. Ay, and my colonel too, father: I am overjoy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why, he haunts me up and down: and, I am afraid, it is for love of you: for he press'd a letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confess, I receiv'd it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full resolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. Oh, dear father, let me have it, or I shall die.

Gom. Whispering still! A pox of your close committee! I'll listen, I'm resolv'd: [*Steals nearer.*]

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it,—use your discretion, but for my part, I wash my hands on't.—What makes you list'ning there? get farther off, I preach not to thee, thou wicked eves-dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, father, as if I were taking absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At you peril be it then. I have told you the ill consequences; & *liberavi animam meam*.—Your reputation is in danger, to say nothing of your soul. Notwithstanding, when the spiritual means have been apply'd

ply'd, and fail : in that case, the carnal may be us'd.—
You are a tender child, you are ; and must not be put
into despair : you heart is as soft and melting as your
hand. *He strokes her face ; takes her by the hand ;
and gives the letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, father, you go beyond your com-
mission : Palming is always held foul play amongst
gamesters.

Dom. Thus good intentions are misconstrued by
wicked men : you will never be warn'd 'till you are
excommunicated.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Ah, devil on him : there's his hold !
if there were no more in excommunication than the
church's censure, a wise man would lick his con-
science whole with a wet finger : but, if I am excom-
municate, I am outlaw'd ; and then there's no calling
in my money.

Elv. [*Rising*] I have read the note, father, and will
send him an answer immediately ; for I know his lodg-
ing by his letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part ; but I wish
your intentions be honest. Remember, that adultery,
though it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also. Ne-
vertheless, if you believe absolutely he will die, unless
you pity him, to save a man's life is a point of cha-
rity ; and actions of charity do alleviate, as I may say,
and take off from the mortality of the sin. Farewel,
daughter—*Gomez*, cherish your virtuous wife ; and
thereupon I give you my benediction. [*Going.*]

Gom. Stay ; I'll conduct you to the door,—that I
may be sure you steal nothing by the way.—Fryars
wear not their long sleeves for nothing.—O, 'tis a
Judas Iscariot [*Exit after the Fryar.*]

Elv. This Fryar is a comfortable man ! He will un-
derstand nothing of the business ; and yet does it all.

*Pray, wives, and virgins, at you time of need,
For a true guide, of my good father's breed.* Exit.

A C T.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, *the street.**Enter Lorenzo in a Fryar's habit, following Dominick*

Lor. **F**ather *Dominick*, father *Dominick*; Why in such haste, man?

Dom. It shou'd seem a brother of our order.

Lor. No, faith, I am only you brother in iniquity: my holiness, like yours, is mere outside.

Dom. What! my noble colonel in metamorphosis! on what occasion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; almighty love; that which turn'd *Jupiter* into a town-bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a letter from *Elvira*, in answer to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have deliver'd my message faithfully; I am a Fryar of honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I understand your hint: the other fifty pieces are ready to be condemn'd to charity.

Dom. But this habit, son, this habit!

Lor. 'Tis a habit, that in all ages has been friendly to fornication: you have begun the design in this cloathing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The husband is absent; that evil counsellor is remov'd; and the sovereign is graciously dispos'd to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good counsel is but thrown away upon you: Fare you well, fare you well, son! ah——

Lor. How! will you turn recreant at the last cast? you must along to countenance my undertaking: We are at the doer, man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, father; but no fifty pounds without it; that was only promis'd in the bond: But the condition of this obligation is such, that if the above-named father, father *Dominick*, do not well and faithfully

fully perform—

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the reverence of my presence may be a curb to your exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your *myrmidon* and enter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elvira, in her chamber.

Elv. He'll come, that's certain; young appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a banquet—Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not till I have compass'd my design, never woman had such a husband to provoke her, such a lover to allure her, or such a confessor to absolve her. 'Of what am I afraid ' then? not my conscience, that's safe enough; my ghostly father has given it a dose of church-opium to lull ' it; well, for soothing sin, I'll say that for him, he's a ' chaplain for any court of christendom.'

Enter Lorenzo and Dominick.

O, Father *Dominick*, what news? How, a companion with you! What game have you in hand, that you hunt in couples?

Lor. [*Lifting up his hood*] I'll shew you that immediately.

Elv. O, my love!

Lor. My life!

Elv. My soul!

[*They embrace.*]

Dom. I am taken on the sudden with a grievous swimming in my head, and such a mist before my eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open air will do me good. I'll take a turn in your garden, but remember that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you.

[*Exit Dominick.*]

Elv. This is certainly the dust of gold which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see; for my mind misgives me, this sickness of his is but apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no qualm of conscience I'll be sworn. You see, madam, 'tis interest governs all the world: He preaches against sin; why? because so much more is bidden for his silence.

Alv.

Alv. And so much for the fryar.

Lor. Oh, those eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the hazard I have run to see you here? if you do, methinks it shou'd inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the fryar left us together to tell beads? Love is a kind of penurious god, very niggardly of his opportunities; he must be watch'd like a hard-hearted treasurer, for he bolts out on the sudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? ' You men are all like watches, wound up for striking twelve immediately; but after you are satisfied the very next that follows, is the solitary sound of single one.

' *Lor.* How, madam! do you invite me to a feast, and then preach abstinence?

Elv. No, I invite you to a feast where the dishes are serv'd up in order: You are for making a hasty meal, and for chopping up your entertainment, like a hungry clown. Trust my management, good colonel, and call 'not for your desert too soon: ' believe me, that which comes last, as it is the sweetest, so it cloyes the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, madam, by your holding me at this distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me: What am I to undertake or suffer ere I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's holy, by these dear eyes.

Elv. Spare your oaths and protestations; I know you gallants of the time have a mint at your tongue's end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by heavens, if you were in a condition——

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your promises, but have the fear of matrimony before your eyes. In few words, if you love me, as you profess, deliver

deliver me from this bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as earth, and seas, and love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad frolick, though this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, lady mine, I take you at your word; and if you are for a merry jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it farthest: There are hedges in summer, and barns in winter to be found: I with my knapsack, and you with your bottle at your back: We'll leave honour to madmen, and riches to knaves; and travel till we come to the ridge of the world, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your hand, and strike a bargain.

[*He takes her hand and kisses it.*]

Lor. In sign and token whereof the parties interchangeably and so forth—When should I be weary of sealing upon this soft wax?

Elv. O heavens! I hear my husband's voice.

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, gentlewoman? there's something in the wind I'm sure, because your woman would have run up stairs before me; but I have secur'd her below with a gag in her chaps—Now, in the devil's name, what makes this fryar here again? I do not like these frequent conjunctions of the flesh and spirit; they are boding.

Elv. Go hence, good father; my husband you see is in an ill humour, and I would not have you witness of his folly.

[*Lorenzo going.*]

Gom. [*Running to the door.*] By your reverence's favour hold a little, I must examine you something better before you go. Hey-day! who have we here? Father *Dominick* is shrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the belly. What are become of those two timber-logs, that he us'd to wear for legs, that stood strutting like the two black posts before a door? I am afraid some bad body has been setting him over a fire in a great cauldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity for a receipt. This is no Father *Dominick*, no huge over-grown abby-lubber; this is but a diminutive suck-

ing

ing fryar : ' As fure as a gun now, father *Dominick* has
' been spawning the young slender antichrist.' [tion !

Elv. [*Afide.*] He will be found out, there's no preven-

Gom. Why does he not speak ? What ! is the fryar
possess'd with a dumb devil ? if he be, I shall make
bold to conjure him.

Elv. He's but a novice in his order, and is enjoin'd
silence for a penance.

Gom. A novice, quoth-a ; you would make a novice
of me too if you could : But what is his business here ?
answer me that, gentlewoman, answer me that.

Elv. What should it be, but to give me some spiri-
tual instructions ?

Gom. Very good ; and you are like to edify much from
a dumb preacher. This will not pass ; I must examine
the contents of him a little closer : O thou confessor !
confess who thou art, or thou art no fryar of this world.
[*He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him : his habit
flies open, and discovers a sword : Gomez starts back.*
As I live, this is a manifest member of the church mi-
litant.

Lor. [*Afide.*] I am discover'd ; now impudence be my
refuge.—Yes, faith 'tis I, honest *Gomez* ; thou seest
I use thee like a friend : this is a familiar visit.

Gom. What ! colonel *Hernando* turn'd fryar ! who
could have suspected you for so much godliness ?

Lor. E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding ; but I do
not wonder at your visit, after so friendly an invitation
as I made you. Marry I hope you will excuse the
blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you ;
but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended
another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up old unkind-
ness : I was upon the frolick this evening, and came
to visit thee in masquerade.

Gom. Very likely ; and not finding me at home, you
were forc'd to toy away an hour with my wife, or so.

Lor. Right ; thou speak'st my very soul.

Gom. Why am not I a friend then to help you out ?
you

you would have been fumbling half an hour for this excuse——But, as I remember, you promis'd to storm my citadel, and bring your regiment of red locusts upon me for free quarter: I find, colonel, by your habit, there are black locusts in the world as well as red.

Elv. [*Afide*] When comes my share of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy hand; thou art the honestest, kind man; I was resolv'd I would not go out of thy house till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my conscience, if I had staid abroad till midnight. But, colonel, you and I shall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendship, at a bar before a judge, by the way of plaintiff and defendant. Your excuses want some grains to make 'em current: hum and ha will not do the business—— There's a modest lady of your acquaintance, she has so much grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the power of dame nature working in her body to youthful appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the virtues of that habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I could not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour:

Gom. And a quarter of that time would have serv'd thy turn: O thou epitome of thy virtuous sex! madam *Messalina* the second, retire to thy apartment: I have an assignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all obedience—— [*Exit Elvira.*]

Lor. I find, *Gomez*, you are not the man I thought you: We may meet before we come to the bar, we may, and our differences may be decided by other weapons than by lawyers tongues. In the mean time no ill treatment of your wife, as you hope to die a natural death, and go to hell in you bed. *Bilbo* is

the word, remember that and tremble—[*He's going out.*

Enter Dominick.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple? where are you, in the name of goodness? my mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer with yourselves: here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confession.

Lor. [*Afide.*] The devil is punctual, I see; he has paid me the shame he ow'd me: and now the fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. [*Seeing Gom.*] Bless my eyes! what do I see?

Gom. Why, you see a cuckold of this honest gentleman's making; I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess I am astonish'd!

Gom. What, at a cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your head-piece and his limbs have done my business.—Nay, do not look so strangely: remember your own words, here will be fine work at your next confession: What naughty couple were they whom you durst not trust together any longer? when the hypocritical rogue had trusted 'em a full quarter of an hour; and, by the way, horns will sprout in less time than mushrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my order upon light suspicions. The naughty couple that I meant, were your wife and you, whom I left together with great animosities on both sides. Now that was the occasion, mark me, *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to trust your enraged spirits too long together. You might have broken out into revilings and matrimonial warfare, which are sins; and new sins make work for new confessions.

Lor. [*Afide.*] Well said, i'faith, fryar; thou art come off thyself, but poor I am left in limbo.

Gom. Angle in some other ford, good father, you shall catch no gudgeons here. Look upon the prisoner at the bar, Fryar, and inform the court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel *Hernando*.

Dom. What colonel do you mean, *Gomez*? I see no man but a reverend brother of our order, whose profession

feſſion I honour, but whoſe perſon I know not, as I hope for Paradife.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this diſguiſe, for the greateſt cuckold-maker in all *Spain*.

Dom. O impudence! O rogue! O villain! nay, if he be ſuch a man, my righteous ſpirit riſes at him! Does he put on holy garments for a cover-ſhame of lewdneſs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, father: when a ſwinging ſin is to be committed, nothing will cover it ſo cloſe as a fryar's hood; for there the devil plays at bo-peep, puts out his horns to do a miſchief, and then ſhrinks 'em back for ſafety, like a ſnail into her ſhell.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] It's beſt marching off while I can retreat with honour. There's no truſting this fryar's conſcience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the devil, and is in a fair way to proſecute me for putting on theſe holy robes. 'This is the old church-trick; the clergy is ever at the bottom of the plot, but they are wiſe enough to ſlip their own necks out of the collar, and leave the laity to be fairly hang'd for it——' [*Exit. Lorenzo.*]

Gom. Follow your leader, Fryar; your colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone ſo eaſily, if I durſt have truſted you in the houſe behind him. Gather up your gouty legs, I ſay, and rid my houſe of that huge body of divinity.

Dom. I expect ſome judgment ſhou'd fall upon you for your want of reverence to your ſpiritual director: ſlander, covetouſneſs, and jealousy will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put pride, hypocrify, and gluttony into your ſcale, father, and you ſhall weigh againſt me: nay, if ſins come to be divided once, the clergy puts in for nine parts, and ſcarce leaves the laity a tythe.

Dom. How dar'ſt thou reproach the tribe of *Levi*?

Gom. Marry, becauſe you make us lay-men of the tribe of *Iſſachar*. You make aſſes of us, to bear your burdens:

burdens : when we are young, you put paniers upon us with your church-discipline ; and when we are grown up, you load us with a wife : after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our wives too. A fine phrase you have amongst you to draw us into marriage, you call it settling of a man ; just as when a fellow has got a sound knock upon the head, they say he's settled : marriage is a settling blow indeed. They say every thing in the world is good for something, as a toad, to suck up the venom of the earth ; but I never knew what a fryar was good for, till your pimping show'd me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou slanderer ; thy offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are some offences there of your planting. [Exit Dom.]

Lord, Lord, that men should have sense enough to set snares in their warrens to catch pol-cats and foxes, and yet——

*Want wit a priest-trap at their door to lay,
For holy vermin that in houses prey.* [Ex. Gom.]

S C E N E, a Palace.

Queen and Teresa.

Ter. You are not what you were since yesterday ;
Your food forsakes you, and your needful rest :
You pine, you languish, love to be alone :
Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh.
When you see *Torrismond*, you are unquiet ;
But when you see him not, you are in pain.

Qu. O let them never love, who never try'd !
They brought a paper to me to be sign'd ;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name,
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torrismond*.

‘ I went to bed, and to myself I thought
‘ That I wou'd think on *Torrismond* no more :
‘ Then shut my eyes, but cou'd not shut out him.
‘ I turn'd, and try'd each corner of my bed,

‘ To

' To find if sleep were there, but sleep was lost.
 ' Fev'rish, for want of rest, I rose, and walk'd,
 ' And, by the moon-shine, to the windows went;
 ' There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
 I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
 And, ere I was aware, figh'd to myself,
 There fought my *Torri-smond*.

Ter. What hinders you to take the man you love?
 The people will be glad, the soldiers shout,
 And *Bertran*, tho' repining, will be aw'd.

' *Qu.* I fear to try new love,
 ' As boys to venture on the unknown ice,
 ' That crackles underneath 'em while they slide.
 ' Oh, how shall I describe this growing ill!
 ' Betwixt my doubt and love, methinks I stand
 ' Faltring, like one that waits an ague fit;
 ' And yet, wou'd this were all!

' *Ter.* What fear you more?

' *Qu.* I am aham'd to say, 'tis but a fancy.
 ' At break of day, when dreams, they say, are true,
 ' A drowzy slumber, rather than a sleep,
 ' Seiz'd on my senses, with long watching worn.
 ' Methought I stood on a wide river's bank,
 ' Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how;
 ' When, on a sudden, *Torri-smond* appear'd,
 ' Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er,
 ' Leaping and bounding on the billows heads,
 ' 'Till safely we had reach'd the farther shore. [*'scape.*

' *Ter.* This dream portends some ill which you shall
 ' Wou'd you see fairer visions? take this night
 ' Your *Torri-smond* within your arms to sleep;
 ' And, to that end, invent some apt pretence
 ' To break with *Bertran*. 'Twou'd be better yet,
 ' Could you provoke him to give you th' occasion,
 ' And then to throw him off.'

Enter Bertran at a distance.

Qu. My stars have sent him;
 For, see he comes; how gloomily he looks!
 If he, as I suspect, have found my love,
 His jealousy will furnish him with fury,

And

And me with means to part.

Bert. [*Afide.*] Shall I upbraid her? shall I call her
If she be false, 'tis what she most desires. [false?

My genius whispers me, be cautious, *Bertran!*

Thou walk'st as on a narrow mountain's neck,

A dreadful height, with scanty room to tread.

Qu. What bus'ness have you at the court, my lord?

Bert. What bus'ness, madam?

Qu. Yes, my lord, what bus'ness?

'Tis somewhat sure of weighty consequence,

That brings you here so often, and unsent for. [enough

Bert. [*Afide.*] 'Tis what I fear'd; her words are cold

To freeze a man to death.—May I presume

To speak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to princes think 'em tame:

'What bull dares bellow, or what sheep dares bleat

'Within the lion's den?'

Bert. Yet men are suffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd blessings, for they then are debts. [give;

Qu. My lord, Heav'n knows its own time when to

But you, it seems, charge me with breach of faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, madam:

But as when men in sickness lingring lie,

They count the tedious hours by months and years;

So every day deferr'd to dying lovers,

Is a whole age of pain.

Qu. What if I ne'er consent to make you mine?

My father's promise ties me not to time;

And bonds without a date they say are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound:

Love is the freest motion of our minds;

O could you see into my secret soul,

There you might read your own dominion doubled,

Both as a queen and mistress. If you leave me,

Know I can die, but dare not be displeas'd.

Qu. Sure you affect stupidity, my lord,

Or give me cause to think, that when you lost

Three battles to the *Moors*, you coldly stood

As unconcern'd as now.

Bert. I did my best;

Fate was not in my power.

Qu. And with the like tame gravity you saw
A raw young warrior take your baffled work,
And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave, but they who blast
Your good opinion of me, may have cause
To know I am no coward. [He is going.

Qu. *Bertran*, stay :

Aside.] This may produce some dismal consequence
To him whom dearer than my life I love.

To him.] Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your love, and make you doubt of mine ?

Bert. Then was it but a trial ?
Methinks I start as from some dreadful dream,
And often ask myself if yet I wake.

Aside.] This turn's too quick to be without design ;
I'll sound the bottom of 't, ere I believe.

Qu. I find your love, and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious fears sollicit my weak breast.
I fear my people's faith :
That hot-mouth'd beast that bears against the curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful kings,
But harder by usurpers.
Judge then, my lord, with all these cares oppress'd,
If I can think of love.

Bert. Believe me, madam,
These jealousies, however large they spread,
Have but one root, the old imprison'd king ;
Whose lenity first pleas'd the gaping crowd :
But when long try'd, and found supinely good,
Like *Æsop's* log, they leapt upon his back.
Your father knew 'em well ; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em strongly, and he spur'd them hard ;
And, but he durst not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient faint,
This anvil of affronts, ' but sent him hence
' To hold a peaceful branch of palm above,
' And hymn it in the quire.'

Qu. You've hit upon the very string, which touch'd,
Echoes the sound, and jars within my soul ;

There

There lies my grief.

Bert. So long as there's a head,
Thither will all the mounting spirits fly;
Lop that but off, and then——

Qu. My virtue shrinks from such an horrid act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a virtue out of season.
' Mercy is good, a very good dull virtue;
' But kings mistake its timing, and are mild
' When manly courage bids 'em be severe.'
Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.
Remove this threatening danger from your crown,
And then securely take the man you love.

Qu. [*Walking aside.*] Ha! let me think of that: the
man I love?

'Tis true, this murder is the only means
' That can secure my throne to *Torrismond*.
Nay more, this execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the object of the people's hate.

Bert. [*Aside.*] The more she thinks, 'twill work the
stronger in her.

Qu. [*Aside.*] How eloquent is mischief to persuade!
Few are so wicked as to take delight
In crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
If then I break divine and human laws,
No bribe but love cou'd gain so bad a cause.

Bert. You answer nothing!

Qu. 'Tis of deep concernment,
And I a woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you; think what you do,
You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torrismond*,
Whom she has thrice in private seen this day:
Then I am finely caught in my own snare.
I'll think again——Madam it shall be done;
And mine be all the blame. [*Ex. Bertran.*]

Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.

' The priesthood grossly cheat us with free-will:
' Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?

' Our actions then are neither good nor ill,
 ' Since from eternal causes they proceed :
 ' Our passions; fear and anger, love and hate,
 ' Mere senseless engines that are mov'd by fate ;
 ' Like ships on stormy seas without a guide,
 ' Tost by the winds, are driven by the tide.'

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
 Into your presence, madam ? If I am——

Qu. No more, lest I shou'd chide you for your stay :
 Where have you been, and how cou'd you suppose
 That I cou'd live these two long hours without you ?

Tor. O, words to charm an angel from his orb !
 Welcome as kindly showers to long-parch'd earth !
 But I have been in such a dismal place,
 Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er cheers,
 Bound in with darkness, over-spread with damps ;
 Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)
 The good old king, majestick in his bonds,
 And 'midst his griefs most venerably great :
 By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke
 The gloomy vapours, he lay stretch'd along
 Upon th' unwholesome earth, his eyes fix'd upward ;
 And ever and anon a silent tear
 Stole down and trickled from his hoary beard.

Qu. O Heaven, what have I done ! my gentle love,
 Here end thy sad discourse, and for my sake
 Cast off these fearful melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
 As early blossoms are with eastern blasts :
 He sent for me, and while I rais'd my head,
 He threw his aged arms about my neck ;
 And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close :
 So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
 We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

Qu. Forbear ; you know not how you wound my soul.

Tor. Can you have grief, and not have pity too ?
 He told me when my father did return,
 He had a wond'rous secret to disclose :
 He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me son ;

He

He prais'd my courage ; pray'd for my success :
 He was so true a father to his country,
 To thank me, for defending ev'n his foes,
 Because they were his subjects.

Qu. If they be ; then what am I ?

Tor. The sovereign of my soul, my earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your queen ?

Tor. You are so beautiful,

So wond'rous fair, you justify rebellion ;
 And if that faultless face could make no sin,
 But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The king must die, he must, my *Torrismond*.
 Though pity softly plead within my soul,
 Yet he must die, that I may make you great,
 And give a crown in dowry with my love.

Tor. Perish that crown—on any head but yours ;—
 O, recollect your thoughts !

Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
 Is ebbing to the last :

A little longer, yet a little longer,
 And nature drops him down without your sin ;
 Like mellow fruit without a winter storm.

Qu. ' Let me but do this one injustice more :'
 His doom is past ; and, for your sake, he dies.

Tor. Wou'd you, for me, have done so ill an act,
 And will not do a good one ?

Now, by your joys on earth, your hopes in Heaven,
 O spare this great, this good, this aged king ;
 And spare your soul the crime !

Qu. The crime's not mine ;
 'Twas first propos'd, and must be done, by *Bertran*,
 Fed with false hopes to gain my crown and me :
 I, to enhance his ruin, gave no leave ;
 But barely bade him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the crime ;
 Think, timely think, on the last dreadful day ;
 How will you tremble, there to stand expos'd,
 And foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts,
 That must be doom'd for murder ? think on murder :
 That troop is plac'd apart from common crimes,

The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
' I knew this truth, but I repell'd that thought;
' Sure there is none but fears a future state;
' And, when the most obdurate swear they do not,
' Their trembling hearts belye their boasting tongues.'

Enter Teresa.

Send speedily to *Bertran*; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my further pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'tis perform'd.

[*Exit.*

Tor. Ten thousand plagues consume him, furies drag
Fiends tear him: blasted be the arm that struck, [him,
The tongue that order'd;—only she be spar'd,
That hindered not the deed. O, where was then
The power that guards the sacred lives of kings?
Why slept the lightning and the thunder-bolts,
Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
When vengeance call'd 'em here?

Qu. Sleep that thought too,
'Tis done, and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall:
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Tor. O, never, never, shall it be forgotten.
High heaven will not forget it, after-ages
Shall with a fearful curse remember ours;
And blood shall never leave the nation more!

' *Qu.* His body shall be royally interr'd,
' And the last funeral-pomps adorn his herse;
' I will myself, (as I have cause too just)
' Be the chief mourner at his obsequies:
' And yearly fix on the revolving day
' The solemn mark of mourning, to atone,
' And expiate my offences.

' *Tor.* Nothing can,
' But bloody vengeance on that traitor's head,
' Which, dear departed spirit, here I vow.'

Qu. Here end our sorrows, and begin our joys:
' Love calls, my *Torrismond*; though hate has rag'd,
' And rul'd the day, yet love will rule the night.

‘ The spiteful stars have shed their venom down,
 ‘ And now the peaceful planets take their turn.
 ‘ This deed of *Bertran’s* has remov’d all fears,
 ‘ And giv’n me just occasion to refuse him.’
 What hinders now, but that the holy priest
 In secret join our mutual vows?—‘ and then
 ‘ This night, this happy night, is yours and mine.’

Tor. Be still my sorrows, and be loud my joys.
 Fly to the utmost circles of the sea,

Thou furious tempest, that hath toss’d my mind,
 And leave no thought, but *Leonora* there.——

What’s this I feel a boding in my soul?

As if this day were fatal; be it so;

Fate shall but have the leavings of my love:

My joys are gloomy, but withal are great;

The lion, though he sees the toils are set,

Yet pinch’d with raging hunger, scow’rs away,

Hunts in the face of danger all the day;

At night, with sullen pleasure, grumbles o’er his
 prey. } [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, before Gomez’s door.

Enter Lorenzo, Dominick, and two soldiers at a distance.

Dom. I’LL not wag an ace farther: The whole world
 shall not bribe me to it; for my conscience
 will digest these gross enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy conscience not digest ’em! There’s
 ne’er a Fryar in *Spain* can shew a conscience, that
 comes near it for digestion; it digested pimping, when
 I sent thee with my letter: and it digested perjury,
 when thou swor’st thou did’st not know me: I’m sure it
 has digested me fifty pound of as hard gold as is in all
Barbary: Pr’ythee, why should’st thou discourage for-
 nication,

nication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em;—phau; no,—[*spits.*] I do not love a pretty girl—you are so waggish;— [*spits again.*

Lor. Why thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleasure in defamation, colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your brains, emptying your purse, and wearing out your body, with hunting after unlawful game.

Lor. Why there's the satisfaction on't.

Dom. This incontinency may proceed to adultery, and adultery to murder, and murder to hanging; and there's the satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm resolv'd to peach thee before thy superiors, for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I am resolv'd to forswear it if you do: Let me advise you better, colonel, than to accuse a church-man to a church-man: in the common cause we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. [*Aside.*] If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my honesty; and bribe my conscience: you shall be summon'd by an host of paritors; you shall be sentenc'd in the spiritual court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be out-law'd;— and—

[*Here Lorenzo takes a purse, and plays with it, and at last, lets the purse fall chinking on the ground; which the Fryar eyes.*

In another tone.] I say, a man might do this now, if he were maliciously dispos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity; but, considering, that you are my friend, a person of honour, and a worthy good charitable man, I wou'd rather die a thousand deaths than disoblige you.

[Lorenzo takes up the purse, and pours it into the Fryar's sleeve.

Nay, good fir; nay, dear colonel; O Lord, fir, what are you doing now! I profess this must not be: without this I wou'd have serv'd you to the uttermost; pray command me: a jealous, foul-mouth'd rogue this Gomez is: I saw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter man; but we'll join our forces; ah, shall we, colonel; we'll be reveng'd on him with a witness.

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door, (for I must reveal it in confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these two soldiers? I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the authority of my cloathing; yonder I see him keeping centry at his door: 'have you never seen a citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his sides, and walking forward and backward, a mighty pace before his shop? but I'll gain the pass, in spite of his suspicion;' stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulse, we must throw off the fox's skin, and put on the lion's: come, gentlemen, you'll stand by me.

Sold. Do not doubt us, colonel.

[They retire all three to a corner of the stage, Dominick goes to the door where Gomez stands.

Dom. Good even, Gomez, how does your wife?

Gom. Just as you'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear colonel, and conspiring cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her, she is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your jealousy.

Gom. Yes, by certainty.

Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual advice to impart to her on that subject.

Gom. You may spare your instructions, if you please, father, she has no further need of them.

Dom.

Dom. How, no need of them! do you speak in riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer; she has profited so well already by your counsel, that she can say her lesson, without your teaching: do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, *Gomez*, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indispos'd at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[*Dominick offers to go by him, but t'other stands before him.*]

Dom. Indispos'd, say you? O, it is upon those occasions that a confessor is most necessary; I think, it was my good angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whose good angels sent you hither, that you best know, father.

Dom. A word or two of devotion will do her no harm, I'm sure.

Gom. A little sleep will do her more good, I'm sure: You know she disburden'd her conscience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed as you order matters with the colonel, she may have occasion of confessing herself every hour.

Dom. Pray how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to speak; why ever since your last defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Dom. How, not last! I say, it will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these seven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I see occasion: what; I know the mind of her sickness, a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I must bring a doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an apothecary, with a chargeable long bill of *Ana's*: those of my family have the grace to die cheaper: in a word, Sir *Dominick*, we understand one another's business here: I am resolv'd to stand like the *Swiss* of my own family, to defend the

entrance; you may mumble over your *pater nosters*, if you please, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls, with bell, book and candle; but I am not of opinion, that you are holy enough to commit miracles.

Dom. Men of my order are not to be treated after this manner.

Dom. I would treat the pope and his cardinals in the same manner, if they offer'd to see my wife, without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the church, if thou dost not open, there's promulgation coming out.

Dom. And I excommunicate you from my wife, if you go to that; there's promulgation for promulgation, and bull for bull; and so I leave you to recreate your self with the end of an old song—and sorrow came to the old fryar. [Exit.

Enter Lorenzo and Soldiers,

Lor. I will not ask you your success; for I overheard part of it, and saw the conclusion; I find we are now put upon our last trump; the fox is earth'd, but I shall send my two terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haste you can, to bring out the lady: What say you, father? Burglary is but a venial sin among the soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an enemy of the church—There is a proverb, I confess, which says, that dead men tell no tales; but let your soldiers apply it at their own perils.

Lor. What, take away a man's wife, and kill him too! The wickedness of this old villain startles me, 'and gives me a twinge for my own sin, though it 'comes far short of his:' hark you, soldiers, be sure you use as little violence to him as possible.

Dom. Hold, a little, I have thought better how to secure him, with less danger to us.

Lor. O miracle, the fryar is grown conscientious!

Dom. The old king you know is just murder'd, and the persons that did it are unknown; let the soldiers seize

seize him for one of the assassins, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for suspecting a fryar of the least good-nature; what, wou'd you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc*, as to the fact itself; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical rogue, whom we must dispatch: he has rail'd against the church, which is a fouler crime than the murder of a thousand kings; *Omne majus continet in se minus*: He that is an enemy to the church, is an enemy unto Heaven; and he that is an enemy to Heaven wou'd have kill'd the king if he had been in the circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a church-man, if he were personally offended, but he wou'd bring in Heaven by hook or crook into his quarrel. Soldiers, do as you were first order'd. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you sure it's safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own design, but not altogether so mischievous; the people are infinitely discontented, as they have reason; and mutinies there are, or will be, against the queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the plot, that he should be secur'd as a traitor; but he shall only be prisoner at the soldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free, he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, father, you must have recourse to your infallible church-remedies, lye impudently, and swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whose oath will be first believ'd. Retire, I hear 'em coming. [*They withdraw.*]

Enter the Soldiers with Gomez struggling on thoir Backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians, help neighbours; my house is broken open by force, and I am ravish'd, and am like to be assassinated. What do you mean, villains? will you carry me away like a pedlar's pack upon your backs? will you murder a man in plain day-light.

1st *Soldier*. No; but we'll secure you for a traitor, and for being in a plot against the state.

Gom. Who, I in a plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durst be in a plot: Why, how can you in conscience suspect a rich citizen of so much wit as to make a plotter? There are none but poor rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in plots.

2d *Soldier*. Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O my gold! my wife! my wife! my gold! As I hope to be sav'd now, I know no more of the plot than they that made it. [*They carry him off, and exeunt.*]

Lor. Thus far have we sail'd with a merry gale, now we have the Cape of good Hope in sight; the trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it. [*He looks out.*]

Aside] Ah, my father and *Pedro* stand at the corner of the street with company, there's no stirring 'till they are past!

Enter Elvira with a Casket.

Elv. Am I come at last into your arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the adventure's ended, and the knight may carry off the lady safely.

Elv. I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce believe I am at liberty; ' but stand panting, like a bird that has often ' beaten her wings in vain against her cage, and at ' last dares hardly venture out, tho' she sees it open'.

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the passage at the corner of the street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your arm, daughter? somewhat, I hope, that will bear your charges in your pilgrimage.

Lor. The fryar has an hawk's eye to gold and jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a fiddle, and provide a better entertainment for us than hedges in summer and barns in winter. Here's the very heart, and soul, and life-blood of *Gomez*; pawns in abundance, old gold of widows, and new gold of prodi-

prodigals; and pearls and diamonds of court ladies. till the next bribe helps their husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the spoils of the wicked, and the church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the church's health out of them. But all this while I stand on thorns; pr'ythee, dear, look out, and see if the coast be free for our escape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[*Elvira goes to look, and Gomez comes running in upon her: She shrieks out.*]

Gom. Thanks to my stars, I have recover'd my own territories—What do I see! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. [*Afide.*] What a hopeful enterprize is here ' spoil'd!

Gom. O, colonel, are you there? and you, fryar? nay, then I find how the world goes.

Lor. Cheer up, man, thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full speed with the wings of an eagle and the feet of a tyger to thy rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a courtesy with your eagle's feet and your tyger's wings; and, what, were you here for, fryar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for joy at your return.

Gom. And that casket under your arm, for what end and purpose?

Elv. Only to preserve it from the thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors—

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet husband.

Gom. A fine evidence sum'd up among you: thank you heartily; you are all my friends. The colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my voice, came into save me; the fryar, who was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the colonel, I warrant you he comes in to pray for

me; and my faithful wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my jewels under her arm, and shrieks out for joy at my return. But if my father-in-law had not met your soldiers, colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I should neither have found a friend nor a fryar here, and might have shriek'd out for joy myself for the loss of my jewels and my wife.

Dom. Art thou an infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gonz. Such church-men as you wou'd make any man an infidel: get you into your kennel, gentlewoman! I shall thank you within doors for your safe custody of my jewels, and your own [*He thrusts his wife off the stage.*

[*Exit Elvira.*

As for you, colonel Huff-cap, we shall try before a civil magistrate who's the greatest plotter of us two, I against the state, or you against the petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something. [*Beats him.*

Gom. Murder! murder! I give up the ghost! I am destroy'd! help! murder! murder!

Dom. Away, colonel, let us fly for our lives: the neighbours are coming out with forks, and fire-shovels, and spits, and other domestick weapons; the militia of a whole alley is rais'd against us.

Lor. This is but the interest of my debt, master usurer, the principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your soldiers had but dispatch'd him, his tongue had been laid asleep, colonel; but this comes of not following good counsel; ah——

[*Exeunt Lor. and Fryar severally.*

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's such a terrible fellow, that my mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the judge: all my misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd and cuckolded, and ravish'd, and beaten in one quarter of an hour; my poor limbs smart, and my poor head achs: ay, do, do, smart limb, ach head, and sprout horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye? there's for that, [*beats his own head*] and to a fine, young, modish lady, must ye? there's for that
too;

too; and, at threescore, you old, doting cuckold, take that remembrance—a fine time of day for a man to be bound 'prentice, when he is past using his trade: to fet up an equipage of noise, when he has most need of quiet; instead of her being under covert-baron to be under covert-femme myself; to have my body disabled, and my head fortified; and lastly, to be crowded into a narrow box with a shrill treble,

*That with one blast, through the whole house does bound,
And first taught speaking-trumpets how to sound.*

[Exit.

S C E N E II. *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonso, and Pedro.

Raym. Are these, are these, ye powers, the promis'd With which I flatter'd my long, tedious absence, [joys, To find, at my return, my master murder'd? O, that I cou'd but weep, to vent my passion! But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, brother; 'tis observ'd at court, Who weeps, and who wears black; and your return Will fix all eyes on every act of yours, To see how you resent king *Sancho's* death.

Raym. What generous man can live with that con- Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter [straint: A court like this! can I soothe tyranny! Seem pleas'd, to see my royal master murder'd, His crown usurp'd, a distaff in a throne, A council made, of such as dare not speak, And could not, if they durst; whence honest men Banish themselves, for shame of being there: A government, that, knowing not true wisdom, Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home?

Alph. Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment Too heavy for the sun-shine of a court.

Raym. Well then, I will dissemble for an end So great, so pious, as a just revenge: You'll join with me?

Alph. No honest man but must,

Ped.

Ped. What title has this queen but lawless force ?
And force must pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity *Leonor*'s case ;
Forc'd, for her safety, to commit a crime
Which most her soul abhors.

Raym. All she has done, or e'er can do, of good,
This one black deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly join your son to our design.

Raym. Your reason for't ?

Ped. I want time to unriddle it :
Put on your t'other face ; the queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, and Attendants.

Raym. And that accursed *Bertran*
Stalks close behind her, like a witch's fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd ; stand, and observe them.

Queen to Bertran.] Bury'd in private, and so suddenly !
It crosses my design, which was to allow
The rites of funeral fitting his degree,
With all the pomp of mourning.

Bert. It was not safe :
Objects of pity, when the cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy crowd :
Had *Cæsar*'s body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his cause.

Qu. Then, was he lov'd ?

Bert. O, never man so much, for faint-like goodness.

Ped. [*Afide.*] Had bad men fear'd him but as good
He had not yet been fainted. [men lov'd him,

Qu. I wonder how the people bear his death.

Bert. Some discontents there are ; some idle mur-
murs.

Ped. How, idle murmurs ! let me plainly speak :
The doors are all shut up ; the wealthier sort,
With arms a-cross, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops :
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers doors,
To call in money ; those who have none, mark
Where money goes ; for when they rise, 'tis plunder :
The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths ;

Some

‘ Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some
‘ make it :

‘ And he who lies most loud, is most believ’d.’

Qu. This may be dangerous :

Raym. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven it may.

Bert. If one of you must fall ;

Self-preservation is the first of laws :

And if, when subjects are oppress’d by kings,

They justify rebellion by that law :

As well may monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them, when self-defence requires it.

Qu. You place such arbitrary power in kings,
That I much fear, if I should make you one,
You’ll make yourself a tyrant ; let these know
By what authority you did this act.

Bert. You much surprize me to demand that question :
But, since truth must be told, ’twas by your own.

Qu. Produce it ; or, by Heaven, your head shall an-
The forfeit of your tongue. [swear

Raym. [*Aside.*] Brave mischief towards.

Bert. You bade me.

Qu. When, and where ?

Bert. No, I confess, you bade me not in words,
The dial spoke not, but it made shrew’d signs,
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder :
Yet this you said,
You were a woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.

Qu. What, if I said,
I was a woman ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th’ advantage of my sex,
And play the devil to tempt me ? ‘ You contriv’d,
‘ You urg’d, you drove me headlong to your toils ;
‘ And if, much tir’d, and frighten’d more, I paus’d ;
‘ Were you to make my doubts your own commission ?

‘ *Bert.* This ’tis to serve a prince too faithfully ;
‘ Who, free from laws himself, will have that done,
‘ Which, not perform’d, brings us to sure disgrace ;
‘ And, if perform’d, to ruin.

‘ *Qu.* This ’tis to counsel things that are unjust ;

‘ First

' First, to debauch a king to break his laws,
 ' (Which are his safety) and then seek protection
 ' From him you have endanger'd; but, just Heaven,
 ' Where sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting devil,
 ' More deep than those he tempted.'

Bert. If princes not protect their ministers,
 What man will dare to serve them?

Qu. None will dare
 To serve them ill, when they are left to laws;
 But, when a counsellor, to save himself,
 Would lay miscarriages upon his prince,
 Exposing him to publick rage and hate,
 O, 'tis an act as infamously base,
 As, should a common soldier sculk behind,
 And thrust his general in the front of war:
 It shews, he only serv'd himself before,
 And had no sense of honour, country, king;
 But center'd on himself; and us'd his master,
 As guardians do their wards, with shews of care,
 But with intent to sell the publick safety,
 And pocket up his prince.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Well said, i'faith?
 This speech is e'en too good for an usurper.

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific'd;
 And had I not been fotted with my zeal,
 I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my fight!
 The prince who bears an insolence like this,
 Is such an image of the powers above,
 As is the statute of the thundring God,
 Whose bolts the boys may play with.

Bert. Unreveng'd
 I will not fall, nor single. [*Exit cum suis.*]

Queen to Raymond, who kisses her hand.

Qu. Welcome, welcome:
 I saw you not before: one honest lord
 Is hid with ease among a crowd of courtiers:
 How can I be too grateful to the father
 Of such a son as *Terrismond*?

Raym. His actions were but duty.

Qu. Yet, my lord,

All have not paid that debt, like noble *Torriſmond*.
 You hear, how *Bertran* brands me with a crime,
 Of which, your ſon can witneſs, I am free ;
 I ſent to ſtop the murder, but too late ;
 ‘ For crimes are ſwift, but penitence is ſlow,’
 The bloody *Bertran*, diligent in ill,
 Flew to prevent the ſoft returns of pity.

Raym. O curſed haſte, of making ſure a ſin !
 Can you forgive the traitor ?

Qu. Never, never ;

’Tis written here in characters ſo deep,
 That ſeven years hence (’till then ſhould I not meet
 And in the temple then, I’ll drag him thence, [him]
 Ev’n from the holy altar to the block. [me, juſtice,

Raym. [*Aſide.*] She’s fir’d, as I would wiſh her : aid
 As all my ends are thine, to gain this point ;
 And ruin both at once :—It wounds indeed, [*To her.*
 To bear affronts, too great to be forgiven,
 And not have power to puniſh : yet one way
 There is to ruin *Bertran*.

Qu. O, there’s none ;

‘ Except an hoſt from Heaven can make ſuch haſte
 ‘ To ſave my crown, as he will do to ſeize it :’
 You ſaw, he came ſurrounded with his friends,
 And knew beſides, our army was remov’d
 To quarters too remote for ſudden uſe.

Raym. Yet you may give commiſſion
 To ſome bold man, whoſe loyalty you truſt,
 And let him raiſe the train-bands of the city.

Qu. Groſs feeders, lion-talkers, lamb-like fighters.

Raym. You do not know the virtues of your city,
 What pushing force they have : ſome popular chief,
 More noiſy than the reſt, but cries halloo,
 And in a trice, the bellowing herd come out ;
 The gates are barr’d, the ways are barricado’d,
 And *one* and *all’s* the word ; true cocks o’th’ game,
 That never aſk, for what, or whom, they fight ;
 But turn ’em out, and ſlew ’em but a foe,
 Cry liberty, and that’s a cauſe of quarrel.

Qu.

Qu. There may be danger, in that boist'rous rout :
Who knows, when fires are kindled for my foes,
But some new blast of wind may turn those flames
Against my palace-walls ?

Raym. But still their chief
Must be some one, whose loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than you,
Whose interests, though unknown to you, are mine ?

Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the rabble,
He shall appear to head 'em.

Raym. [*Aside to Alphonso and Pedro*] First seize *Bertran*,
And then insinuate to them, that I bring
Their lawful prince to place upon the throne.

Alph. Our lawful prince ?

Raym. Fear not : I can produce him.

' *Ped. to Alph.* Now we want your son *Lorenzo* : what
' a mighty faction

' Would he make for us of the city wives,
' With, O, dear husband, my sweet honey husband,
' Wo'n't you be for the colonel ? if you love me,
' Be for the colonel ? O, he's the finest man ! [*Exit.*']

Raym. [*Aside.*] So, now we have a plot behind the
She thinks, she's in the depth of my design, [plot ;
And that its all for her ; but time shall show,
She only lives to help me ruin others,
And last, to fall herself.

Qu. Now, to you *Raymond* : can you guess no reason
Why I repose such confidence in you ?
You needs must think,

There's some more powerful cause than loyalty :
Will you not speak, to save a lady's blush ?
Must I inform you, 'tis for *Torrismond*,
That all this grace is shown ?

Raym. [*Aside.*] By all the powers, worse, worse than
what I fear'd.

Qu. And yet, what need I blush at such a choice ?
I love a man whom I am proud to love,
And am well pleas'd my inclination gives
What gratitude would force. - ' O pardon me ;
' I ne'er was covetous of wealth before ;

' Yet

' Yet think so vast a treasure as your son,
 ' Too great for any private man's possession ;
 ' And him too rich a jewel to be set
 ' In vulgar metal, or for vulgar use.
 ' *Raym.* Arm me with patience, Heaven !
 ' *Qu.* How, patience, *Raymond* ?
 ' What exercise of patience have you here ?
 ' What find you in my crown to be contemn'd ?
 ' Or in my person loath'd ? Have I, a queen,
 ' Past by my fellow-rulers of the world,
 ' Whose vying crowns lays glittering in my way,
 ' As if the world were pav'd with diadems ?
 ' Have I refus'd their blood, to mix with yours,
 ' And raise new kings from so obscure a race,
 ' Fate scarce knew where to find them when I call'd ?
 ' Have I heap'd on my person, crown and state,
 ' To load the scale, and weigh'd myself with earth,
 ' For you to spurn the balance ?

' *Raym.* Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say ;
 ' Can I, can any loyal subject, see
 ' With patience such a sloop from sovereignty,
 ' An ocean pour'd upon a narrow brook ?
 ' My zeal for you must lay the father by,
 ' And plead my country's cause against my son.
 ' What though his heart be great, his actions gallant,
 ' He wants a crown to poise against a crown,
 ' Birth to match birth, and power to balance power.

' *Qu.* All these I have, and these I can bestow ;
 ' But he brings worth and virtue to my bed ;
 ' And virtue is the wealth which tyrants want :
 ' I stand in need of one whose glories may
 ' Redeem my crimes, ally me to his fame,
 ' Dispel the factions of my foes on earth,
 ' Disarm the justice of the powers above.'

Raym. The people never will endure this choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you ?

Go raise the ministers of my revenge,
 Guide with your breath this whirling tempest round,
 And see its fury fall where I design ;

' At last a time for just revenge is given ;

' Revenge,

' Revenge, the darling attribute of Heav'n :
 ' But man, unlike his maker, bears too long ;
 ' Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong ;
 ' Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave ;
 ' To be a faint, he makes himself a slave.' [*Ex. Queen.*

Raym. [*solus.*] Marriage with *Torrismond* ! it must not
 By Heaven, it must not be ; or, if it be, [be,
 Law, justice, honour bid farewell to earth,
 For Heaven leaves all to tyrants.

Enter Torrismond, who kneels to him:

Tor. O, ever welcome, fir,
 But doubly now ! You come in such a time ;
 As if propitious Fortune took a care,
 To swell my tide of joys to their full height,
 And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
 At least, to save your fortune and your honour :
 Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son ;
 This calm of Heaven, this mermaid's melody,
 Into an unseen whirl-pool draws you fast ;
 And in a moment sinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot,
 And fate can scarce ; I've made the port already,
 And laugh securely at the lazy storm
 That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
 Your pardon, fir ; my duty calls me hence ;
 I go to find my queen, my earthly goddess,
 To whom I owe my hopes, my life, my love.

Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine ;
 Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first.
 This hour's the very *crisis* of your fate,
 Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
 And all the colour of your life depends
 On this important now.

Tor. I see no danger ;
 The city, army, court espouse my cause,
 And, more than all, the queen with publick favour
 Indulges my pretensions to her love.

Raym. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
 'Tis granted, nothing hinders your design.

Tor.

- ‘ *Tor.* If she can make me blest? she only can :
 ‘ Empire, and wealth, and all she brings beside,
 ‘ Are but the train and trappings of her love :
 ‘ The sweetest, kindest, truest of her sex,
 ‘ In whose possession years roul round on years,
 ‘ And joys in circles meet new joys again :
 ‘ Kisses, embraces, languishing, and death
 ‘ Still from each other to each other move,
 ‘ To crown the various seasons of our love :
 ‘ And doubt you if such love can make me happy ?
 ‘ *Raym.* Yes, for I think you love your honour more.
 ‘ *Tor.* And what can shock my honour in a queen ?
 ‘ *Raym.* A tyrant, an usurper ?
 ‘ *Tor.* Grant she be.
 ‘ When from the conqueror we hold our lives,
 ‘ We yield ourselves his subjects from that hour :
 ‘ For mutual benefits make mutual ties.
 ‘ *Raym.* Why can you think I owe a thief my life,
 ‘ Because he took it not by lawless force ?
 ‘ What if he did not all the ill he cou’d ?
 ‘ Am I oblig’d by that t’assist his rapines,
 ‘ And to maintain his murders ?
 ‘ *Tor.* Not to maintain, but bear ’em unreveng’d ;
 ‘ Kings titles commonly begin by force,
 ‘ Which time wears off, and mellows into right :
 ‘ So power, which in one age is tyranny,
 ‘ Is ripen’d in the next to true succession :
 ‘ She’s in possession.
 ‘ *Raym.* So diseases are :
 ‘ Shou’d not a lingering fever be remov’d,
 ‘ Because it long has rag’d within my blood ?
 ‘ Do I rebel when I wou’d thrust it out ?
 ‘ What, shall I think the world was made for one,
 ‘ And men are born for kings, as beasts for men,
 ‘ Not for protection, but to be devour’d ?
 ‘ Mark those who dote on arbitrary power,
 ‘ And you shall find ’em either hot-brain’d youth,
 ‘ Or needy bankrupts, servile in their greatness,
 ‘ And slaves to some, to lord it o’er the rest.
 ‘ O baseness, to support a tyrant throne,

‘ And

' And crush your free-born brethren of the world !
 ' Nay, to become a part of usurpation ;
 ' T' espouse the tyrant's person and her crimes,
 ' And on a tyrant get a race of tyrants,
 To be your country's curse in after-ages.

Tor. I see no crime in her whom I adore,
 ' Or if I do, her beauty makes it none :
 ' Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er
 ' To an eternal lethargy of love ;
 ' To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
 ' And but disturb the quiet of my death.'

Raym. O virtue! virtue! what art thou become,
 That man should leave thee for that toy a woman,
 ' Made from the dross and refuse of a man ?
 ' Heaven took him sleeping when he made her too ;
 ' Had man been waking, he had ne'er consented.'

Now, son, suppose
 Some brave conspiracy were ready form'd
 To punish tyrants, and redeem the land,
 Cou'd you so far bely your country's hope,
 As not to head the party ?

Tor. How cou'd my hand rebel against my heart ?

Raym. How cou'd your heart rebel against your rea-

Tor. No honour bids me fight against myself ; [son ?
 The royal family is all extinct,
 And she who reigns bestows her crown on me :
 So must I be ungrateful to the living,
 To be but vainly pious to the dead,
 While you defraud your offspring of their fate.

Raym. Mark who defraud their offspring, you or I ?
 For know there yet survives the lawful heir
 Of *Sancho's* blood, whom when I shall produce,
 I rest assur'd to see you pale with fear,
 And trembling at his name. [ble :

Tor. He must be more than man who makes me trem-
 I dare him to the field with all the odds
 Of justice on his side, against my tyrant :
 Produce your lawful prince, and you shall see
 How brave a rebel love has made your son.

Raym. Read that : 'tis with the royal signet sign'd,
 And

And given me by the king, when time shou'd serve
To be perus'd by you.

Tor. reads.] *I the king,*
My youngest and alone surviving son,
Reported dead t'escape rebellious rage,
'Till happier times shall call his courage forth
To break my fetters, or revenge my fate,
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrifmond——

If I am he, that son, that *Torrifmond*,
The world contains not so forlorn a wretch!
Let never man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my joys:
And when two hearts were join'd by mutual love,
The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,
And severs them for ever.

Raym. True, it must.

Tor. O cruel man, to tell me that it must!
If you have any pity in your breast,
Redeem me from this labyrinth of fate,
And plunge me in my first obscurity:
The secret is alone between us two,
And though you wou'd not hide me from myself,
O yet be kind, conceal me from the world,
And be my father still. [plain.

Raym. Your lot's too glorious, and the proof's too
Now, in the name of honour, sir, I beg you
(Since I must use authority no more)
On these old knees I beg you, ere I die,
That I may see your father's death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the only bus'ness of my life;
My order's issu'd to recall the army,
And *Bertran's* death resolv'd. [der!

Raym. And not the queen's? O, she's the chief offen-
Sha'll justice turn her edge within your hand?
No, if she scape, you are yourself the tyrant,
And murderer of your father.

Tor. Cruel fates,
To what have you reserv'd me?

Raym. Why that sigh?

Tor.

Tor. Since you must know, (but break, O break, my
Before I tell my fatal story out,) [heart,
Th' usurper of my throne, my house's ruin,
The murderer of my father, is my wife!

Raym. O horror! horror! after this alliance
Let tygers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep,
And every creature couple with his foe.
How vainly man designs, when heav'n opposes!
I bred you up to arms, rais'd you to power,
Permitted you to fight for this usurper,
Indeed to save a crown, not hers, but yours,
All to make sure the vengeance of this day,
Which even this day has ruin'd—One more question
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the cause of all your woes,
Or is she grown (as sure she ought to be)
More odious to your sight than toads and adders?

Tor. O there's the utmost malice of my fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Raym. No more—farewel, my much lamented king!
' [Aside] I dare not trust him with himself so far,
' To own him to the people as their king,
' Before their rage has finish'd my designs
' On *Bertran* and the queen, but in despight
' Ev'n of himself I'll save him.' [Exit Raymond.]

Tor. 'Tis but a moment since I have been king,
And weary on't already; I'm a lover,
And lov'd, possess; yet all these make me wretched;
And heav'n has giv'n me blessings for a curse.
With what a load of vengeance am I prest,
Yet never, never, can I hope for rest;
For when my heavy burden I remove,
The weight falls down, and crushes her I love. [Ex.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, *A bed chamber.*

Enter Torrismond.

Tor. **L**ove, justice, nature, pity, and revenge,
Have kindled up a wild-fire in my breast,
And

And I am all a civil-war within!

Enter Queen and Teresa at a distance.

My *Leonora* there!

Mine! is she mine? my father's murderer mine?

Oh! that I could, with honour, love her more,

Or hate her less, with reason! See she weeps;

Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why

I thus estrange my person from her bed!

Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her heart:

She'll know too soon her own and my misfortunes. [*Ex.*

Qu. He's gone, and I am lost; did'st thou not see
His fullen eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:

He look'd not like the *Torrifmond* I lov'd: [*proceeds?*

'*Ter.* Can you not guess from whence this change

'*Qu.* No: there's the grief, *Teresa*: O, *Teresa*!

' Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,

' But shame and modesty have ty'd my tongue!

' Yet, I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me.

' How dear, how sweet his first embraces were?

' With what a zeal he join'd his lips to mine!

' And suck'd my breath at every word I spoke,

' As if he drew his inspiration thence:

' While both our souls came upward to our mouths,

' As neighbouring monarchs at their borders meet:

' I thought: Oh, no; 'tis false: I could not think:

' 'Twas neither life nor death, but both in one.

' *Ter.* Then sure his transports were not less than yours.

' *Qu.* More, more! for by the high hung tapers light

' I cou'd discern his cheeks were glowing red,

' His very eye-balls trembled with his love,

' And sparkled through their casements humid fires:

' He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and wou'd have

' But was too fierce to throw away the time; [*spoke,*

' All he cou'd say was love and *Leonora*.

' *Ter.* How then can you suspect him lost so soon?

' *Qu.* Last night he flew not with a bridegroom's haste,

' Which eagerly prevents th' appointed hour;

' I told the clocks, and watch'd the wasting light,

' And listned to each softly-treading step,

' In hope 'twas he: but still it was not he.

At

' At last he came, but with such alter'd looks,
 ' So wild, so ghastly, as if some ghost had met him ;
 ' All pale, and speechless, he survey'd me round !
 ' Then, with a groan, he threw himself in bed,
 ' But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
 ' And sigh'd, tofs'd, and turn'd, but still from me.

' *Ter.* What, all the night ?

' *Qu.* Ev'n all the live-long night.

' At last (for, blushing, I must tell thee all,)
 ' I press'd his hand, and laid me by his side ;
 ' He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a serpent.
 ' With that I burst into a flood of tears,
 ' And ask'd him how I had offended him ?
 ' He answer'd nothing but with sighs and groans,
 ' So restless past the night : and at the dawn
 ' Leapt from the bed, and vanish'd.

' *Ter.* Sighs and groans,

' Paleness and trembling, all are signs of love ;
 ' He only fears to make you share his sorrows.

' *Qu.* I wish 'twere so : but love still doubts the worst ;
 ' My heavy heart, the prophets of woes,
 ' Forebodes some ill at hand : To sooth my sadness,
 ' Sing me the song, which poor *Olympia* made,
 ' When false *Bireno* left her. —————

A S O N G.

' **F**arewel, ungrateful traitor,
 ' Farewel my perjurd swain ;
 ' Let never injur'd creature
 ' Believe a man again.
 ' The pleasure of possessing
 ' Surpasses all expressing,
 ' But 'tis too short a blessing,
 ' And love too long a pain.

II.

' 'Tis easy to deceive us,
 ' In pity of your pain ;
 ' But when we love you leave us
 ' To rail at you in vain.
 ' Before we have descry'd it,
 ' There is no bliss beside it ;

' There

‘ *But she that once has try’d it,*
 ‘ *Will never love again.*

III.

‘ *The passion you pretended,*
 ‘ *Was only to obtain ;*
 ‘ *But when the charm is ended,*
 ‘ *The charmer you disdain.*
 ‘ *Your love by our’s we measure,*
 ‘ *’Till we have lost our treasure :*
 ‘ *But dying is a pleasure,*
 ‘ *When living is a pain.’*

Re-enter Torrismond.

Tor. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak ;
 But wander like some discontented ghost,
 That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [*Going again.*]

Qu. O, *Torrismond*, if you resolve my death,
 You need no more, but to go hence again ;
 Will you not speak ?

Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak ! oh, speak !
 Your anger wou’d be kinder than your silence.

‘ *Tor.* Oh !

‘ *Qu.* Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh.

‘ *Tor.* Why do I live, ye powers ?

‘ *Qu.* Why do I live, to hear you speak that word ?
 ‘ Some black-mouth’d villain has defam’d my virtue.

‘ *Tor.* No ! no ! pray let me go.

‘ *Qu.* [*Kneeling*] You shall not go :
 ‘ By all the pleasures of our nuptial bed,
 ‘ If ever I was lov’d, though now I’m not,
 ‘ By these true tears, which from my wounded heart
 ‘ Bleed at my eyes———

‘ *Tor.* Rise.

‘ *Qu.* I will never rise,
 ‘ I cannot chuse a better place to die.

‘ *Tor.* Oh ! I wou’d speak, but cannot. [*me not :*]

‘ *Qu.* [*Rising*] Guilt keeps you silent then ; you love
 ‘ What have I done ? ye pow’rs, what have I done ?
 ‘ To see my youth, my beauty, and my love,

' No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd :
 ' And like a rose just gather'd from the stalk,
 ' But only smelt and cheaply thrown aside,
 ' To wither on the ground. [passion.

' *Ter.* For heav'n's sake, madam, moderate your

' *Qu.* Why nam'st thou heav'n ? there is no heav'n for
 ' Despair, death, hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd soul : [me.
 ' When I had rais'd his groveling fate from ground,
 ' To pow'r and love, to empire and to me ;
 ' When each embrace was dearer than the first ;
 ' Then, then to be contemn'd ; then, then thrown off ;
 ' It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd [some ?
 ' And loathsome : Oh ! what woman can bear loath-
 ' The turtle flies not from his billing mate :
 ' He bills the closer ; but ungrateful man,
 ' Base barbarous man, the more we raise our love,
 ' The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.
 ' Racks, poison, daggers, rid me of my life ;
 ' And any death is welcome.'

Ter. Be witness all ye pow'rs that know my heart ;
 I would have kept the fatal secret hid,
 But she has conquer'd, to her ruin conquer'd :
 Here, take this paper, read our destinies ;
 ' Yet do not ; but in kindness to yourself,
 ' Be ignorantly safe.

' *Qu.* No ! give it me,

' Even though it be the sentence of my death : [us.
 ' *Ter.* Then see how much unhappy, love has made
 ' O *Leonora* ! Oh !

' We two were born when fullen planets reign'd ;
 ' When each the other's influence oppos'd,
 ' And drew the stars to factions at our birth.
 ' Oh ! better, better had it been for us,
 ' That we had never seen, or never lov'd,

' *Qu.* There is no faith in heav'n, if heav'n says so ;
 ' You dare not give it.

' *Ter.* As unwillingly,

' As I would reach out opium to a friend
 ' Who lay in torture, and desir'd to die.' [*Gives the paper.*
 But now you have it, spare my sight the pain

Of seeing what a world of tears it costs you.
Go, silently enjoy your part of grief,
And share the sad inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirsty fever in my soul,
Give me but present ease, and let me die.

[*Exeunt Queen and Teresa.*]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my lord; the city-bands are up,
Drums beating, colours flying, shouts confus'd;
All clust'ring in a heap, like swarming hives,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design
To punish *Bertran*, and revenge the king,
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my lord.
'Tis true, they block the castle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, down with the palace, fire it,
Pull out th' usurping queen.

Tor. The queen, *Lorenzo!* durst they name the queen?

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Tor. O sacrilege! say quickly who commands
This vile blaspheming rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our fathers thrust 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.

Tor. Death and hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily.
How say'st thou, my *Lorenzo!* dar'st thou be
A friend, and once forget thou art a son,
'To help me save the queen?

Lor. [*Aside*] Let me consider:
Bear arms against my father? he beget me;
That's true; but for whose sake did he beget me?
For his own, sure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but says conscience: Fly in nature's face?
But how, if nature fly in my face first?
Then nature's the aggressor: Let her look to't—
—He gave me life, and he may take it back:
No, that's boy's play, say I.

'Tis policy for son and father to take different sides:

For then, lands and tenements commit no treason.

To *Tor.*] Sir, upon mature consideration, I have found my father to be little better than a rebel, and therefore, I'll do my best to secure him, for your sake: in hope, you may secure him hereafter for my sake.

Tor. Put on thy utmost speed to head the troops, Which every moment I expect t'arrive: Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful king: I need not caution thee for *Raymond's* life, Though I no more must call him father now.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How! not call him father? I see preferment alters a man strangely, this may serve me for a use of instruction, to cast off my father when I am great. Methought too, he call'd himself the lawful king, intimating sweetly, that he knows what's what with our sovereign lady: Well, if I rout my father, as I hope in Heaven I shall, I am in a fair way to be a prince of the blood. Farewel, general; I'll bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in orange-tawny. [*Exit.*]

Tor. [*At the door.*] Haste there, command the guards be all drawn up Before the palace gate—By Heaven, I'll face This tempest, and deserve the name of king.

' O *Leonora*, beauteous in thy crimes,
' Never were hell and Heaven so match'd before!
' Look upward, fair, but as thou look'st on me;
' Then all the blest will beg, that thou may'st live,
' And even my father's ghost his death forgive.' [*Exit.*]

' S C E N E *the Palace-Yard.*

' *Drums and trumpets within.*

' *Enter Raymond, Alphonso, Pedro, and their party.*

' *Raym.* Now, valiant citizens, the time is come,
' To show our courage, and your loyalty:
' You have a prince of *Sancho's* royal blood,
' The darling of the Heav'ns, and joy of earth:
' When he's produc'd, as soon he shall, among you;
' Speak, what will you adventure to defeat him
' Upon his father's throne?

' *Over.*

- ' Be as my foster-father near my breast,
 ' And next my *Leonora*.
 ' *Raym.* That word stabs me,
 ' You shall be still plain *Torrismond* with me,
 ' Th' abetter, partner, (if you like that name)
 ' The husband of a tyrant, but no king ;
 ' Till you deserve that title by your justice.
 ' *Tor.* Then, farewell pity, I will be obey'd.
 ' [*To the people.*] Hear, you mistaken men, whose loy-
 ' Runs headlong into treason : see your prince. [*alty*
 ' In me behold your murder'd *Sancho's* son ;
 ' Dismiss your arms ; and I forgive your crimes. [*loose*
 ' *Raym.* Believe him not ; he raves ; his words are
 ' As heaps of sand, and scattering, wide from sense.
 ' You see he knows not me, his natural father ;
 ' But aiming to possess th' usurping queen,
 ' So high he's mounted in his airy hopes,
 ' That now the wind is got into his head,
 ' And turns his brains to frenzy.
 ' *Tor.* Hear me yet, I am ———
 ' *Raym.* Fall on, and hear him not :
 ' But spare his person for his father's sake.
 ' *Ped.* Let me come, if he be mad, I have that
 ' shall cure him, there's not a surgeon in all *Aragon*
 ' has so much dexterity as I have at breathing of the
 ' temple-vein.
 ' *Tor.* My right for me !
 ' *Raym.* Our liberty for us !
 ' *Omn.* Liberty, liberty ! [*As they are ready to fight.*
 ' *Enter Lorenzo and his party.*
 ' *Lor.* On forfeit of your lives, lay down your arms.
 ' *Alph.* How, rebel, art thou there ?
 ' *Lor.* Take your rebel back again. father mine.
 ' The beaten party are rebels to the conquerors. I
 ' have been at hard-head with you butting citizens ; I
 ' have routed your herd ; I have disperst them ; and
 ' now they are retreated quietly, from their extraor-
 ' dinary vocation of fighting in the streets, to their
 ' ordinary vocation of cozening in their shops.
 ' *Tor.* [*to Raym.*] You see 'tis vain contending with
 ' Acknowledge what I am. [the truth.
' *Raym.*

' *Raym.* You are my king: wou'd you wou'd be
 ' But by a fatal fondness, you betray [your own:
 ' Your fame and glory to th' usurper's bed:
 ' Enjoy the fruits of blood and parricide.
 ' Take your own crown from *Leonora's* gift,
 ' And hug your father's murderer in your arms.

' *Enter Queen, Teresa, and woman.*

' *Alph.* No more: behold the queen.

' *Raym.* Behold the basilisk of *Torrismond*,
 ' That kills him with her eyes. I will speak on,
 ' My life is of no further use to me:
 ' I would have chaffer'd it before for vengeance:
 ' Now let it go for failing.

' *Tor.* [*Aside.*] My heart sinks in me while I hear
 ' And every slack'd fibre drops its hold, [him speak,
 ' Like nature letting down the springs of life:
 ' So much the name of father awes me still.
 ' Send off the crowd: for you, now I have conquer'd,
 ' I can hear with honour your demands. . . .

' *Lor. to Alph.* Now, sir, who proves the traitor?
 ' My conscience is true to me, it always whispers right
 ' When I have my regiment to back it.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter Torr. Raym. and Leon.*

' *Tor.* O *Leonora*, what can love do more?

' I have oppos'd your ill fate to the utmost:
 ' Combated Heav'n and earth to keep you mine:
 ' And yet at last that tyrant, Justice! oh——

' *Qu.* 'Tis past, 'tis past: and love is ours no more:
 ' Yet I complain not of the powers above;
 ' They made m'a miser's feast of happiness,
 ' And cou'd not furnish out another meal.
 ' Now, by yon' stars, by Heaven, and earth, and men;
 ' By all my foes at once; I swear my *Torrismond*,
 ' That to have had you mine for one short day,
 ' Has cancel'd half my mighty sum of woes:
 ' Say but you hate me not.

' *Tor.* I cannot hate you.

' *Raym.* Can you not? say that once more;
 ' That all the saints may witness it against you.

' *Qu.* Cruel *Raymond!*

' Can he not punish me, but he must hate?

' O! 'tis

- ' O! 'tis not justice, but a brutal rage.
 ' Which hates th' offender's person with his crimes :
 ' I have enough to overwhelm one woman,
 ' To lose a crown and lover in a day :
 ' Let pity lend a tear when rigour strikes.
 ' *Raym.* Then, then you should have thought of
 ' When virtue, majesty, and hoary age [tears and pity,
 ' Pleaded for *Sancho's* life.
 ' *Qu.* My future days shall be one whole contrition :
 ' A chapel will I build with large endowment,
 ' Where every day an hundred aged men
 ' Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heaven,
 ' To pardon *Sancho's* death.
 ' *Tor.* See, *Raymond*, see ; she makes a large amends :
 ' *Sancho* is dead : no punishment of her
 ' Can raise his cold stiff limbs from the dark grave ;
 ' Nor can his blessed soul look down from Heaven ;
 ' Or break th' eternal sabbath of his rest,
 ' To see, with joy, her miseries on earth.
 ' *Raym.* Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,
 ' For Heaven can judge if penitence be true ;
 ' But man who knows not hearts, should make examples :
 ' Which, like a warning-piece, must be shot off,
 ' To fright the rest from crimes.
 ' *Qu.* Had I but known that *Sancho* was his father,
 ' I would have pour'd a deluge of my blood
 ' To save one drop of his.
 ' *Tor.* Mark that, inexorable *Raymond*, mark !
 ' 'Twas fatal ignorance that caus'd his death.
 ' *Raym.* What, if she did not know he was your father ?
 ' She knew he was a man, the best of men,
 ' Heaven's image double-stamp'd, as man and king.
 ' *Qu.* He was, he was, ev'n more than you can say,
 ' But yet——
 ' *Raym.* But yet you barbarously murder'd him.
 ' *Qu.* He will not hear me out !
 ' *Tor.* Was ever criminal forbid to plead ?
 ' Curb your ill-manner'd zeal.
 ' *Raym.* Sing to him, Syren ;
 ' For I shall stop my ears : now mince the sin,
 ' And mollify damnation with a phrase :

- ' Say you consented not to *Sancho's* death,
 ' But barely not forbade it.
 ' *Qu.* Hard-hearted man, I yield my guilty cause ;
 ' But all my guilt was caus'd by too much love.
 ' Had I, for jealousy of empire, sought
 ' Good *Sancho's* death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
 ' 'Twas always in my power to take his life :
 ' But interest never could my conscience blind,
 ' 'Till love had cast a mist before my eyes ;
 ' And made me think his death the only means
 ' Which could secure my throne to *Torrismond.*'
 ' *Tor.* Never was fatal mischief meant so kind,
 ' For all she gave has taken all away.
 ' Malicious pow'rs ! is this to be restor'd ?
 ' 'Tis to be worse depos'd than *Sancho* was.
 ' *Raym.* Heaven has restor'd you, you depose yourself :
 ' Oh ! when young kings begin with scorn of justice,
 ' They make an omen to their after reign,
 ' And blot their annals in the foremost page.
 ' *Tor.* No more ; lest you be made the first example,
 ' To show how I can punish.'
 ' *Raym.* Once again :
 ' Let her be made your father's sacrifice,
 ' And after make me hers.
 ' *Tor.* Condemn a wife !
 ' That were t' ²one for parricide with murder !
 ' *Raym.* Then let her be divorc'd ! we'll be content
 ' With that poor scanty justice : let her part. [of love.
 ' *Tor.* Divorce ! that's worse than death, 'tis death
 ' *Qu.* The soul and body part not with such pain,
 ' As I from you : but yet 'tis just, my lord :
 ' I am th' accurst of Heaven, the hate of earth,
 ' Your subjects detestation, and your ruin :
 ' And therefore fix this doom upon myself.'
 ' *Tor.* Heav'n ! can you wish it ? to be mine no more ?
 ' *Qu.* Yes, I can wish it, as the dearest proof,
 ' And last that I can make you of my love.
 ' To leave you blest, I would be more accurst
 ' Than death can make me ; for death ends our woes,
 ' And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene :
 ' But I would live without you ; to be wretched long :
 ' And

- ' And hoard up every moment of my life,
 ' To lengthen out the payment of my tears,
 ' Till ev'n fierce *Raymond*, at the last shall say,
 ' Now let her die for she has griev'd enough,
 ' *Tor.* Hear this, hear this, thou tribune of the people:
 ' Thou zealous, publick blood-hound hear, and melt.
 ' *Raym.* [*Aside.*] I could cry now, my eyes grow
 ' But yet my heart holds out. [womanish,
 ' *Qu.* Some solitary cloyster will I chuse,
 ' And there with holy virgins live immur'd:
 ' Coarse my attire, and short shall be my sleep,
 ' Broke by the melancholy midnight-bell:
 ' Now, *Raymond*, now be satisfy'd at last,
 ' Fasting and tears, and penitence and prayer,
 ' Shall do dead *Sancho* justice every hour.
 ' *Raym.* [*Aside*] By your leave, manhood! [*Wipes his eyes*
 ' *Tor.* He weeps, now he is vanquish'd.
 ' *Raym.* No! 'tis a salt rheum that scalds my eyes.
 ' *Qu.* If he were vanquish'd, I am still unconquer'd.
 ' I'll leave you in the height of all my love,
 ' Ev'n when my heart is beating out its way,
 ' And struggles to you most.
 ' Farewel, a last farewell! my dear, dear lord,
 ' Remember me; speak, *Raymond*, will you let him?
 ' Shall he remember *Leonora's* love,
 ' And shed a parting tear to her misfortunes?
 ' *Raym.* [*Almost crying.*] Yes, yes, he shall; pray go.
 ' *Tor.* Now, by my soul, she shall not go: why
 ' Her every tear is worth a father's life; [*Raymond,*
 ' Come to my arms, come, my fair penitent,
 ' Let us not think what future ills may fall,
 ' But drink deep draughts of love, and lose 'em all.
 [Exit. *Tor.* with the queen.
 ' *Raym.* No matter yet, he has my hook within him.
 ' Now let him frisk and flounce, and run and roll,
 ' And think to break his hold: he toils in vain.
 ' This love, the bait he gorg'd so greedily,
 ' Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.
 ' Enter *Alphonso and Pedro.*
 ' *Aph.* Brother, there's news from *Bertran*; he desires
 ' Admittance to the king, and cries aloud,

THE SPANISH FRYAR.

' This day shall end our fears of civil war :
' For his safe conduct he entreats your presence,
' And begs you would be speedy.

' *Raym.* Though I loath

' The traitor's fight, I'll go : attend us here. [*Exeunt.*
*Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominick, with Officers to
make the stage as full as possible.*

Ped. Why, how now, *Gomez* ; what mak'st thou here with a whole brother-hood of city-bailiffs ? Why, thou lookest like *Adam* in Paradise, with his guard of beasts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, *Don Pedro* : for here are the two old seducers, a wife and a priest, that's *Eve* and the serpent, at my elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of churchmen.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable belfwagger : my wife cry'd out fire, fire ; and you brought out your church buckets, and call'd for engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your wife, her education has been virtuous, her nature mild and easy.

Gom. Yes ! she's easy with a vengeance, there's a certain colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless virgin to your bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless virgin still for me—she's never the worse for my wearing, I'll take my oath on't : I have liv'd with her with all the innocence of a man of threescore ; like a peaceable bedfellow as I am.—

Elv. Indeed, sir, I have no reason to complain of him for disturbing of my sleep.

Dom. A fine commendation you have given yourself ; the church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your grievances, your grievances.

Dom. Why noble sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, fryar ! and let me speak first. I am the plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the pulpit, where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edify by minutes.

Gom. Where you make doctrines for the people, and uses and applications for yourselves.

Ped.

Ped. Gomez, give way to the old gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old gentleman in black shall take me if I do; I will speak first! nay, I will, fryar, for all your *verbum sacerdotis*, I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the clock as you use to do. For, let me tell you, gentlemen, he shall lie and fore swear himself with any fryar in all *Spain*: that's a bold word now.—

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone: I shall fetch him back with a *circum-bendibus*, I warrant him.

Alph. Well, what have you to say against your wife, *Gomez*?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our sins, and that our wives are a judgment; that a bachelor-cobler is a happier man than a prince in wedlock; that we are all visited with a household plague, and, *Lord have mercy upon us* should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles marriage, 'which is one of the seven blessed sacraments.'

Gom. 'Tis liker one of seven deadly sins: but make your best on't, I care not; 'tis but binding a man neck and heels for all that! But, as for my wife, that crocodile of *Nilus*, she has wickedly and traiterously conspir'd the cuckoldom of me her anointed sovereign lord? and with the help of the aforesaid fryar, whom heaven confound, and with the limbs of one colonel *Hernando*, cuckold-maker of this city, devilishly contriv'd to steal herself away, and under her arm feloniously to bear one casket of diamonds, pearls and other jewels, to the value of 30000 pistoles. Guilty, or not guilty; how say'st thou culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the book. I'll take my corporal oath point-blank against every particular of this charge.

Elv. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the streets, telling my beads and praying to myself, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul out-cry before *Gomez* his portal; and his wife, my penitent, making doleful lamentations; thereupon, making what haste my limbs would
suffer

suffer me, that are crippled with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and sitting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without respect to my sacerdotal orders, push'd me from him, and turn'd me about with a finger and a thumb, just as a man would set up a top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And still continued labouring me, 'till a good-minded colonel came by, whom, as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and O lady! O lady too! I redouble my oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble colonel, like a true gentleman, was for taking the weaker part: you may be sure—whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado upon bastinado, and buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made assault and battery upon my person, beat me into all the colours of the rainbow. And every word this abominable priest has utter'd is as false as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a thorough-pac'd liar that will swear through thick and thin, commend me to a fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, who comes behind the company, and stands at his father's back unseen, over-against Gomez.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How now! What's here to do? my cause a trying, as I live, and that before my own father: now fourscore take him for an old bawdy magistrate, 'that stands like the picture of madam Justice, with a pair of scales in his hand, to weigh lechery by ounces.'

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this colonel *Hernando*?

Gom. He's the first-begotten of *Beelzebub*; with a face as terrible as *Demogorgan*.

[*Lorenzo peeps over Alphonso's head, and stares at Gomez.*

No! I lye, I lye:.

E

He's:

He's a very proper handsome fellow! well proportioned, and clean shap'd, with a face like a cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward. *Gomez?* dost thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this colonel any former design upon your wife? for, if that be prov'd, you shall have justice.

Gom. [*Afide.*] Now I dare speak; let him look as dreadful as he will. I say, sir, and will prove it, that he had a lewd design upon her body, and attempted to corrupt her honesty.

[*Lor. lifts up his fist clenched at him.*
I confess my wife was as willing—as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him; for I have known him formerly a very civil and modest person.

Elv. You see, sir, he contradicts himself at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly, man! and say what thou wilt stand by: did he strike thee?

Gom. I will speak boldly: he struck me on the face before my own threshold, that the very walls cry'd shame on him.

[*Lor. holds up again.*
'Tis true, I gave him provocation, for the man's as peaceable a gentleman as any is in all *Spain*.

Dom. Now the truth comes out, in spite of him.

Ped. I believe the fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I see no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he ravish'd me with the help of two soldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a plot against the government.

[*Lor. holds up again.*
I confess, I never could endure the government, because it was tyrannical: but my sides and shoulders are black and blue, as I can strip and shew the marks of 'em.

[*Lor. again.*
But that might happen too by a fall that I got yesterday upon the pebbles.

[*All laugh.*
Dom. Fresh straw, and a dark chamber: a most manifest judgment, there never comes better of railing against the church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll

you'll make me mad: truth has been at my tongue's end this half hour, and I have not power to bring it, out, for fear of this bloody-minded colonel.

Alph. What colonel?

Gom. Why, my colonel: I mean, my wife's colonel, that appears there to me like my *Malus Genius*, -and terrifies me.

Alph. [*Turning.*] Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my son *Lorenzo*.

Gom. How? your son *Lorenzo*! it is impossible.

Alph. As true as your wife *Elvira*, is my daughter,

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me: I am sure, if you are her brother, my sides can shew the tokens of our alliance.

Alph. to Lor. You know I put your sister into a nunnery, with a strict command not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the habit, which was never my intention: and consequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elv. You see, brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious harlot have I lost! Now, pok upon me, for being so near a-kin to thee.

Elv. However, we are both beholden to fryar *Dominick*, 'the church is an indulgent mother, she never fails to do her part.'

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not alike to trouble Heaven; those fat guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburden him of my hundred pistoles, to make him the lighter for his journey: indeed 'tis partly out of conscience, that I may not be accessary to his breaking his vow of poverty.

Alph. I have no secular power to reward the pains you have taken with my daughter: but I shall do it by proxy, fryar: your bishop's my friend, and 'tis too honest, to let such as you infect a cloyster.

Gom. Ay, do father-in-law, let him be stript of his habit, and disorder'd—I would fain see him walk in quirpo, like a cas'd rabbit, without his holy furr

upon his back, that the world may once behold the inside of a fryar.

Dom. Farewel, kind gentlemen: I give you all my blessing before I go. ———

May your sisters, wives and daughters, be so naturally lewd, that they may have no occasion for a devil to tempt, or a fryar to pimp for 'em.'

[*Exit. with a rabble pushing him.*]

Enter Torrifmond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Teresa, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my royal father lives! Let every one partake the general joy.

Some angel with a golden trumpet found,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the echoing skies
From pole to pole resound, king *Sancho* lives!
O *Bertran*, oh! no more my foe, but brother:
One act like this blots out a thousand crimes.

Bert. Bad men, when, 'tis their interest, may do good:
I must confess, I counsel'd *Sancho's* murder:
And urg'd the queen by specious arguments:
But still, suspecting that her love was chang'd,
I spread abroad the rumour of his death,
To find the very soul of her designs:
Th' event you know was answering to my fears:
She threw the odium of the fact on me,
And publicly avow'd her love to you.

Raym. Heaven guided all to save the innocent.

Bert. I plead no merit, but a bare forgiveness.

Tor. Not only that, but favour: *Sancho's* life,
Whether by virtue or design preserv'd,
Claims all within my power.

Qu. My prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to desire,
But *Sancho's* leave to authorize our marriage.

Tor. Oh! fear not him! pity and he are one;
So merciful a king did never live;
Loth to revenge, and easy to forgive:
But let the bold conspirator beware,
For Heaven makes princes its peculiar care.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE,

E P I L O G U E.

By a Friend of the AUTHOR.

THere's none, I'm sure, who is a friend to love,
But will our fryar's character approve:

The ablest spark among you sometimes needs

Such pious help, for charitable deeds.

Our church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want

These ghostly comforts for the falling saint:

This gains them their wofore-converts, and may be

One reason of the growth of Popery.

So Mahomet's religion came in fashion,

By the large leave it gave to fornication.

Fear not the guilt, if you can pay fo'rt well;

There is no Dives in the Roman hell.

Gold opens the straight gate, and lets him in:

But want of money is a mortal sin.

For all besides you may discount to heaven,

And drop a bead to keep the tallies even.

How are men cozen'd still with shows of good!

The baron's best mask is the grave fryar's hood.

Though vice no more a clergyman displeases,

Than doctors can be thought to hate diseases.

'Tis by your living ill, that they live well.

By your debauches their fat paunches swell.

'Tis a mock war between the priest and devil;

When they think fit, they can be very civil.

As some, who did French counsels most advance,

To blind the world, have rail'd in print at France.

Thus do the clergy at your vices bawl,

That with more ease they may engross them all.

EPILOGUE.

*By damning yours, they do their own maintain,
A church-man's godliness is always gain.
Hence to their prince they will superior be;
And civil treason grows church loyalty:
They boast the gift of heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the god they can devour.
Still to the sick and dead their claims they lay;
For 'tis on carrion that the vermin prey.
Nor have they less dominion on our life,
They trot the husband, and they pace the wife.
Rouze up you cuckolds of the northern climes,
And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes.
Unman the fryar, and leave the holy drone
To hum in his forsaken hive alone;
He'll work no honey when his sting is gone.
Your wives and daughters soon will leave the cells,
When they have lost the sound of Aaron's bells.*

F I N I S.

T H E
O L D B A C H E L O R.

A
C O M E D Y.

W R I T T E N B Y

M R . C O N G R E V E .

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K ,

A T T H E

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LOWNDES ; J. NICHOLLS ; W.
NICOLL ; S. BLADON ; and J. BARKER.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

* * The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Line 29 to 30 in Page 37.

HOW this vile world is chang'd! In former days,
 Prologues were serious speeches before plays;
 Grave, solemn things (as Graces are to feasts);
 Where Poets begg'd a blessing from their guests:
 But, now, no more like suppliants we come;
 A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
 Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,
 We threaten you, and do for judges sit,
 To save our plays; or else we'll damn your pit.
 But, for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
 We've a young author, and his first-born play:
 So, standing only on his good behaviour,
 He's very civil, and entreats your favour.
 Not but the man has malice, would he shew it:
 But, on my conscience! he's a bashful poet;
 You think that strange—no matter, he'll outgrow it.
 Well, I'm his advocate—by me he prays you
 (I don't know whether I shall speak to please you);
 He prays—O blefs me! what shall I do now?
 Hang me, if I know what he prays, or how!
 And 'twas the prettiest prologue as he wrote it!
 Well, the deuce take me, if I han't forgot it.
 O Lord! for Heaven's sake! excuse the play;
 Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
 I shall be hang'd, for wanting what to say.
 For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,
 I cannot stay to hear your resolution.

[Runs off.]

D R A.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Heartwell, a furly old bachelor, pretending to slight women,
secretly in love with Silvia,
Bellmour, in love with Belinda,
Vainlove, capricious in his love; in love with Araminta,
Sharper,
Sir Joseph Wittoll,
Captain Bluffe,
Fondlewife, a Banker,
Setter, a Pimp,
Servant to Fondlewife.

W O M E N.

Araminta, in love with Vainlove,
Belinda, her cousin, an affected lady, in love with Bellmour,
Lætitia, wife to Fondlewife,
Silvia, Vainlove's forsaken mistress,
Lucy, her maid,
Betty.
Boy and Footmen.

At DRURY-LANE.

Mr. BENSLEY.
Mr. SMITH.
Mr. PACKER.
Mr. FARREN.
Mr. KING.
Mr. MOODY.
Mr. YATES.
Mr. BADDELEY.

Mrs. SHARP.
Miss FARREN.
Miss POPE.
Mrs. BRERETON.
Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

S C E N E, London.

T H E

O L D B A C H E L O R.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

BELLMOUR and VAINLOVE meeting.

Bellm. VAINLOVE! and abroad so early! Good morrow. I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in't.

Vainl. Bellmour, good morrow—Why truth on't is, these early fallies are not usual to me; but business, as you see, Sir—[*shewing letters*] And business must be followed, or be lost.

Bellm. Business!—And so must time, my friend, be close pursued, or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.

Vainl. Pleasure, I guess, you mean.

Bellm. Ay, what else has meaning?

Vainl. Oh the wife will tell you—

Bellm. More than they believe—or understand.

Vainl. How, how, Ned! a wife man say more than he understands!

Bellm. Ay, ay, wisdom's nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise man; and all that he knew was, that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools; they have need of them: wit, be my faculty; and pleasure, my occupation: and

Let father Time shake his glass. Let low and earthly souls grovel till they have worked themselves six feet deep into a grave. Business is not my element—I roll in a higher orb, and dwell—

Vainl. In castles i'th' air of thy own building: that's thy element, Ned. Well, as high a flyer as you are, I have a lure may make you stoop. [*flings a letter.*]

Bellm. I, marry, Sir, I have a hawk's eye at a woman's hand—there's more elegancy in the false spelling of this superscription [*takes up the letter*] than in all Cicero—Let me see—How now! *Dear perfidious Vainlove.*

[*reads.*]

Vainl. Hold, hold: 's life! that's the wrong.

Bellm. Nay let's see the name. Sylvia! How canst thou be ungrateful to that creature? She's extremely pretty, and loves thee intirely—I have heard her breathe such raptures about thee—

Vainl. Ay, or any body that she's about—

Bellm. No faith, Frank, you wrong her; she has been just to you.

Vainl. That's pleasant, by my troth, from thee, who hast had her.

Bellm. Never—her affections: 'tis true, by heaven: she own'd it to my face; and (blushing like the virgin morn, when it disclos'd the cheat which that trusty bawd of nature, night, had hid) confess'd her soul was true to you; tho' I by treachery had stolen the blifs—

Vainl. So was true as turtle—in imagination, Ned, ha? Preach this doctrine to husbands, and the married women will adore thee.

Bellm. Why, faith, I think it will do well enough—if the husband be out of the way, for the wife to shew her fondness and impatience of his absence, by choosing a lover as like him as she can; and what is unlike, she may help out with her own fancy.

Vainl. But is it not an abuse to the lover, to be made a blind dog?

Bellm. As you say, the abuse is to the lover, not the husband: for 'tis an argument of her great zeal towards him, that she will enjoy him in effigy.

Vainl. It must be a very superstitious country, where such

such zeal passes for true devotion. I doubt it will be damn'd by all our protestant husbands for flat idolatry—but if you can make Alderman Fondlewife of your persuasion, this letter will be needless.

Bellm. What, the old banker with the handsome wife?

Vainl. Ay.

Bellm. Let me see—Lætitia! Oh 'tis a delicious morsel. Dear Frank, thou art the truest friend in the world.

Vainl. Ay, am I not? to be continually starting of hares for you to course. We were certainly cut out for one another; for my temper quits an amour, just where thine takes it up—but read that; it is an appointment for me, this evening; when Fondlewife will be gone out of town, to meet the master of a ship, about the return of a venture which he's in danger of losing. Read, read.

Bellm. reads. Hum, hum—*Out of town this evening, and talks of sending for Mr. Spintext to keep me company; but I'll take care he shall not be at home.* Good! Spintext! Oh the fanatic one-eyed parson!

Vainl. Ay.

Bellm. reads. Hum, hum—*That your conversation will be much more agreeable if you can counterfeit his habit, to blind the servants.* Very good! then I must be disguised—with all my heart—it adds a gusto to an amour; gives it the greater resemblance of theft; and among us lewd mortals, the deeper the sin the sweeter. Frank, I'm amazed at thy good-nature—

Vainl. Faith, I hate love when 'tis forced upon a man, as I do wine—And this business is none of my seeking; I only happened to be once or twice, where Lætitia was the handomest woman in company, so consequently applied myself to her—and it seems she has taken me at my word—Had you been there, or any body, it had been the same.

Bellm. I wish I may succeed as the same.

Vainl. Never doubt it; for if the spirit of cuckoldom be once raised up in a woman, the devil can't lay it, till she has don't.

Bellm. Prithee, what sort of fellow is Fondlewife?

Vainl. A kind of mongrel zealot, sometimes very precise and peevish; but I have seen him pleasant enough in his way: much addicted to jealousy, but more to fondness: so that, as he is often jealous without a cause, he's as often satisfied without reason.

Bellm. A very even temper, and fit for my purpose. I must get your man Setter to provide my disguise.

Vainl. Ay, you may take him for good and all if you will, for you have made him fit for nobody else—Well—

Bellm. You're going to visit in return of Sylvia's letter—Poor rogue! any hour of the day or night will serve her—But do you know nothing of a new rival there?

Vainl. Yes, Heartwell, that surly, old, pretended woman-hater, thinks her virtuous; that's one reason why I fail her: I would have her fret herself out of conceit with me, that she may entertain some thoughts of him. I know he visits her every day.

Bellm. Yet rails on still, and thinks his love unknown to us; a little time will swell him so, he must be forced to give it birth; and the discovery must needs be very pleasant from himself; to see what pains he will take, and how he will strain to be delivered of a secret, when he has miscarried of it already.

Vainl. Well, good morrow, let's dine together; I'll meet at the old place.

Bellm. With all my heart; it lies convenient for us to pay our afternoon services to our mistresses. I find I am damnably in love, I'm so uneasy for not having seen Belinda yesterday.

Vainl. But I saw my Araminta, yet am as impatient. [Exit.]

Bellm. Why what a cormorant in love am I! who, not contented with the slavery of honourable love in one place, and the pleasure of enjoying some half a score mistresses of my own acquiring; must yet take Vainlove's business upon my hands, because it lay too heavy upon his; so am not only forced to lie with other men's wives for them, but must also undertake the harder task of obliging their mistresses!—I must take up, or I shall never hold out; flesh and blood cannot bear it always.

Enter

Enter Sharper.

Sharp. I'm sorry to see this, Ned: once a man comes to his soliloquies, I give him for gone.

Bellm. Sharper, I'm glad to see thee.

Sharp. What, is Belinda cruel, that you are so thoughtful?

Bellm. No faith, not for that—But there's a business of consequence fallen out to day, that requires some consideration.

Sharp. Prithee what mighty business of consequence canst thou have?

Bellm. Why you must know, 'tis a piece of work toward the finishing of an alderman; it seems I must put the last hand to it, and dub him cuckold, that he may be of equal dignity with the rest of his brethren: so I must beg Belinda's pardon.—

Sharp. Faith e'en give her over for good-and-all: you can have no hopes of getting her for a mistress; and she is too proud, too inconstant, too affected, too witty, and too handsome for a wife.

Bellm. But she can't have too much money—there's twelve thousand pounds, Tom.—'Tis true she is exceedingly foppish and affected, but in my conscience I believe the baggage loves me; for she never speaks well of me herself, nor suffers any body else to rail at me. 'Then, as I told you, there's twelve thousand pounds—hum—Why faith, upon second thoughts, she does not appear to be so very affected neither—Give her her due, I think the woman's a woman, and that's all. As such, I'm sure I shall like her; for the devil take me if I don't love all the sex.

Sharp. And here comes one who swears as heartily he hates all the sex.

Enter Heartwell.

Bellm. Who, Heartwell! ay, but he knows better things.—How now, George, where hast thou been; snarling odious truths, and entertaining company, like a physician, with discourse of their diseases and infirmities? What fine lady hast thou been putting out of conceit with herself, and persuading that the face she had been making all the morning was none of her own? for

6 THE OLD BACHELOR.

I know thou art as unmannerly and as unwelcome to a woman, as a looking-glass after the small-pox.

Heart. I confess I have not been sneering fulsome lies and nauseous flattery, fawning upon a little tawdry whore, that will fawn upon me again, and entertain any puppy that comes, like a tumbler, with the same tricks over and over. For such, I guess, may have been your late employment.

Bellm. Would thou hadst come a little sooner! Vainlove would have wrought thy conversion, and been a champion for the cause.

Heart. What, has he been here? that's one of love's April-fools, is always upon some errand that's to no purpose, ever embarking in adventures, yet never comes to harbour.

Sharp. That's because he always sets out in foul weather, loves to buffet with the winds, meet the tide, and sail in the teeth of opposition.

Heart. What, has he not dropt anchor at Araminta?

Bellm. Truth on't is, she fits his temper best, is a kind of a floating island; sometimes seems in reach, then vanishes, and keeps him busied in the search.

Sharp. She had need have a good share of sense, to manage so capricious a lover.

Bellm. Faith, I don't know. He's of a temper the most easy to himself in the world; he takes as much always of an amour, as he cares for, and quits it when it grows stale and unpleasant.

Sharp. An argument of very little passion, very good understanding, and very ill nature.

Heart. And proves that Vainlove plays the fool with discretion.

Sharp. You, Bellmour, are bound in gratitude to stickle for him; you with pleasure reap that fruit, which he takes pains to sow; he does the drudgery in the mine, and you stamp your image on the gold.

Bellm. He's of another opinion, and says I do the drudgery in the mine. Well, we have each our share of sport, and each that which he likes best; 'tis his diversion to set, 'tis mine to cover the partridge.

Heart. And it should be mine to let them go again.

Sharp.

Sharp. Not till you had mouth'd a little, George; I think that's all thou art fit for now.

Heart. Good Mr. Young-fellow, you're mistaken. As able as yourself, and as nimble too, though I mayn't have so much mercury in my limbs. 'Tis true, indeed, I don't force appetite, but wait the natural call of my lust; and think it time enough to be lewd, after I have had the temptation.

Bellm. Time enough: ay, too soon, I should rather have expected from a person of your gravity.

Heart. Yet it is oftentimes too late with some of you young, termagant, flashy sinners—you have all the guilt of the intention, and none of the pleasure of the practice.—'Tis true, you are so eager in pursuit of the temptation, that you save the devil the trouble of leading you into it. Nor is it out of discretion, that you don't swallow that very hook yourselves have baited: but you are cloyed with the preparative; and what you mean for a whet, turns the edge of your puny stomachs. Your love is like your courage, which you shew, for the first year or two, upon all occasions, till in a little time, being disabled or disarmed, you abate of your vigour; and that daring blade, which was so often drawn, is bound to the peace for ever after.

Bellm. Thou art an old fornicator of a singular good principle, indeed! and art for encouraging youth, that they may be as wicked as thou art at thy years.

Heart. I am for having every body be what they pretend to be; a whoremaster be a whoremaster; and not, like Vainlove, kiss a lap-dog with passion, when it would disgust him from the lady's own lips.

Bellm. That only happens sometimes, where the dog has the sweeter breath, for the more cleanly conveyance. But, George, you must not quarrel with little gallantries of this nature; women are often won by them. Who would refuse to kiss a lap-dog, if it were preliminary to the lips of his lady?

Sharp. Or omit playing with her fan, and cooling her if she were hot, when it might entitle him to the office of warming her when she should be cold?

Bellm. What is it to read a play in a rainy day,

though you should be now and then interrupted in a witty scene, and she perhaps preserve her laughter till the jest were over? Even that may be borne with, considering the reward in prospect.

Heart. I confess, you that are women's asses bear greater burdens; are forced to undergo dressing, dancing, singing, sighing, whining, rhyming, flattering, lying, grinning, cringing, and the drudgery of loving to boot.

Bellm. O brute! the drudgery of loving!

Heart. Ay. Why, to come to love through all these incumbrances is like coming to an estate overcharged with debts, which, by the time you have paid, yields no further profit than what the bare tillage and manuring of the land will produce at the expence of your own sweat.

Bellm. Prithee, how dost thou love?

Sharp. He! he hates the sex.

Heart. So I hate physic too—yet I may love to take it for my health.

Bellm. Well come off, George, if at any time you should be taken straying.

Sharp. He has need of such an excuse, considering the present state of his body.

Heart. How d'ye mean?

Sharp. Why, if whoring be purging (as you call it), then, I may say, marriage is entering into a course of physic.

Bellm. How! George: does the wind blow there?

Heart. It will as soon blow North and by South—Marry, quotha! I hope in heaven I have a greater portion of grace; and I think I have baited too many of those traps, to be caught in one myself.

Bellm. Who the devil would have thee, unless 'were an oyster-woman, to propagate young fry for Billingsgate?—Thy talent will never recommend thee to any thing of better quality.

Heart. My talent is chiefly that of speaking truth; which I don't expect should ever recommend me to people of quality. I thank heaven, I have very honestly purchased the hatred of all the great families in town.

Sharp.

Sharp. And you, in return of spleen, hate them. But, could you hope to be received into the alliance of a noble family—

Heart. No, I hope I shall never merit that affliction to be punished with a wife of birth—be a stag of the first head, and bear my horns aloft, like one of the supporters of my wife's coat. 'Sdeath! I would not be a cuckold to ever an illustrious whore in England.

Bellm. What, not to make your family, man! and provide for your children!

Sharp. For her children, you mean,

Heart. Ay, there you have nickt it—there's the devil upon a devil—O the pride and joy of heart 'twould be to me, to have my son and heir resemble such a duke—to have a fleering coxcomb scoff and cry, Mr. your son's mighty like his grace, has just his smile and air of 's face. Then replies another—methinks he has more of the marquis of such a place about his nose and eyes; though he has my lord what-d'ye-call's mouth to a tittle. Then I, to put it off as unconcerned, come chuck the infant under the chin, force a smile, and cry, ay, the boy takes after his mother's relations—when the devil and she know, 'tis a little compound of the whole body of nobility.

Bell. and *Sharp.* Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Well! out, George, I have one question to ask you—

Heart. Pshaw! I have prattled away my time—I hope you are in no haste for an answer—for I shan't stay now. [looking on his watch.]

Bellm. Nay, prithee, George—

Heart. No; besides my business, I see a fool coming this way. Adieu. [Exit.]

Bellm. What does he mean? O! 'tis Sir Joseph Wittoll, with his friend; but I see he has turned the corner, and goes another way.

Sharp. What in the name of wonder is it?

Bellm. Why, a fool.

Sharp. 'Tis a tawdry outside.

Bellm. And a very beggarly lining—yet he may be

worth your acquaintance—a little of thy chemistry, Tom, may extract gold from that dirt.

Sharp. Say you so? faith! I am as poor as a chemist, and would be as industrious. But what was he that followed him? Is not he a dragon, that watches those golden-pippins?

Bellm. Hang him, no; he a dragon! if he be, 'tis a very peaceful one: I can ensure his anger dormant; or, should he seem to rouse, 'tis but well lashing him, and he will sleep like a top.

Sharp. Ay! is he of that kidney?

Bellm. Yet is adored by that bigot Sir Joseph Wittoll, as the image of valour. He calls him his Back; and, indeed, they are never asunder—yet last night, I know not by what mischance, the knight was alone, and had fallen into the hands of some night-walkers, who, I suppose, would have pillaged him; but I chanced to come by, and rescued him; though I believe he was heartily frightened, for, as soon as ever he was loose, he ran away, without staying to see who had helped him.

Sharp. Is that bully of his in the army?

Bellm. No; but is a pretender, and wears the habit of a foldier, which now-a-days as often cloaks cowardice, as a black gown does atheism.—You must know, he has been abroad—went purely to run away from a campaign; enriched himself with the plunder of a few oaths—and here vents them against the general, who, slighting men of merit, and preferring only those of interest, has made him quit the service.

Sharp. Wherein, no doubt, he magnifies his own performance.

Bellm. Speaks miracles! is the drum to his own praise—the only implement of a foldier he resembles; like that, being full of blustering noise and emptiness—

Sharp. And, like that, of no use but to be beaten.

Bellm. Right; but then the comparison breaks, for he will take a drubbing with as little noise as a pulpit-cushion.

Sharp. His name; and I have done.

Bellm. Why that, to pass it current too, he has gilded with a title. He is called Captain Bluffe.

Sharp.

Sharp. Well, I'll endeavour his acquaintance—you
steer another course, are bound

For love's fair isle; I for the golden coast:

May each succeed in what he wishes most! [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

Enter Sir Joseph Wittoll, Sharper following.

Sharp. SURE that's he, and alone.

Sir J. Witt. Um—ay, this is the very
damn'd place; the inhuman cannibals, the bloody-
minded villains, would have butcher'd me last night:
no doubt, they would have flea'd me alive, have sold
my skin, and devoured, &c.

Sharp. How's this!

Sir J. Witt. An it hadn't been for a civil gentleman
as came by and frightened them away—but egad I durst
not stay to give him thanks.

Sharp. This must be Bellmour he means—Ha! I have
a thought—

Sir J. Witt. Zooks, would the captain would come!
the very remembrance makes me quake; egad I shall
never be reconciled to this place heartily.

Sharp. 'Tis but trying, and being where I am at
worst. Now luck!—curst fortune! this must be the
place, this damn'd unlucky place—

Sir J. Witt. Egad and so 'tis—why here has been
more mischief done, I perceive.

Sharp. No, 'tis gone, it is lost—ten thousand devils
on that chance which drew me hither; ay—here, just
here, this spot to me is hell; nothing to be found, but
the despair of what I've lost. [*looking about as in search.*]

Sir J. Witt. Poor gentleman!—By the Lord Harry,
I'll stay no longer, for I have found too—

Sharp. Ha! who's that has found? what have you
found? restore it quickly, or by—

Sir J. Witt. Not I, sir, not I; as I've a soul to be
saved, I have found nothing but what has been to my
loss, as I may say, and as you were saying, sir.

Sharp. O your servant, sir: you are safe then, it

seems; 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good: well, you may rejoice over my ill fortune, since it paid the price of your ransom.

Sir J. Witt. I rejoice! egad not I, fir: I'm very sorry for your loss, with all my heart, blood and guts, fir: and if you did but know me, you'd ne'er say I were so ill-natured.

Sharp. Know you! why, can you be so ungrateful, to forget me!

Sir J. Witt. O Lord! forget him! No, no, fir, I don't forget you—because I never saw your face before, egad. Ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. How!

[*angrily.*]

Sir J. Witt. Stay, stay, fir, let me recollect.—He's a damn'd angry fellow!—I believe I had better remember him, till I can get out of his sight; but out o' sight out o' mind, egad.

[*aside.*]

Sharp. Methought the service I did you last night, fir, in preserving you from those ruffians, might have taken better root in your shallow memory.

Sir J. Witt. Gad's-daggers! belts, blades, and scabbards! this is the very gentleman! How shall I make him a return suitable to the greatness of his merit?—I had a pretty thing to that purpose, if he han't frightened it out of my memory. Hem! hem! fir, I most submissively implore your pardon for my transgression of ingratitude and omission; having my intire dependance, fir, upon the superfluity of your goodness, which, like an inundation, will, I hope, totally immerse the recollection of my error, and leave me floating in your sight, upon the full-blown bladders of repentance—by the help of which, I shall once more hope to swim into your favour.

[*bows.*]

Sharp. So-h, O, fir, I am easily pacified—the acknowledgment of a gentleman—

Sir J. Witt. Acknowledgment, fir! I am all over acknowledgment, and will not stick to shew it in the greatest extremity, by night or by day, in sickness or in health, winter or summer; all seasons and occasions shall testify the reality and gratitude of your super-abundant humble servant, Sir Joseph Wittoll, Knight. Hem! hem!

Sharp.

Sharp. Sir Joseph Wittoll?

Sir *J. Witt.* The same, fir, of Wittoll Hall, in Comitatu Bucks.

Sharp. Is it possible? Then I am happy, to have obliged the mirrour of knighthood and pink of courtesy in the age—let me embrace you.

Sir *J. Witt.* O Lord, fir.

Sharp. My loss I esteem as a trifle repaid with interest; since it has purchased me the friendship and acquaintance of the person in the world whose character I admire.

Sir *J. Witt.* You are only pleased to say so.—But pray, if I may be so bold, what is that loss you mention?

Sharp. O term it no longer so; fir. In the scuffle, last night, I only dropt a bill of a hundred pounds, which, I confess, I came half despairing to recover; but thanks to my better fortune—

Sir *J. Witt.* You have found it, fir, then it seems; I profess I'm heartily glad—

Sharp. Sir, your humble servant—I don't question but you are; that you have so cheap an opportunity of expressing your gratitude and generosity: since the paying so trivial a sum will wholly acquit you, and doubly engage me.

Sir *J. Witt.* What a dickens does he mean by a trivial sum? [*aside*]—But han't you found it, fir?

Sharp. No otherwise, I vow to Gad, but in my hopes in you, fir.

Sir *J. Witt.* Humph.

Sharp. But that's sufficient—'twere injustice to doubt the honour of Sir Joseph Wittoll.

Sir *J. Witt.* O Lord, fir.

Sharp. You are above (I'm sure) a thought so low, to suffer me to lose what was ventured in your service; nay, 'twas in a manner—paid down for your deliverance, 'twas so much lent you—and you scorn, I'll say that for you—

Sir *J. Witt.* Nay I'll say that for myself (with your leave, fir,) I do scorn a dirty thing. But egad I'm a little out of pocket at-present.

Sharp. Pshaw! you can't want a hundred pounds. Your
word

word is sufficient any where: 'tis but borrowing so much dirt; you have large acres, and can soon repay it— Money is but dirt, Sir Joseph—mere dirt.

Sir *J. Witt.* But, I profess, 'tis a dirt I have washed my hands of at present; I have laid it all out upon my Back.

Sharp. Are you so extravagant in clothes, Sir Joseph?

Sir *J. Witt.* Ha, ha, ha, a very good jest, I profess; ha, ha, ha, a very good jest, and I did not know that I had said it, and that's a better jest than t'other. 'Tis a sign you and I han't been long acquainted; you have lost a good jest, for want of knowing me.—I only mean a friend of mine, whom I call my Back; he sticks as close to me, and follows me through all dangers—he is indeed back, breast, and headpiece as it were to me—egad he's a brave fellow—pauh! I'm quite another thing, when I am with him: I don't fear the devil (bless us) almost if he be by. Ah—had he been with me last night—

Sharp. If he had, Sir, what then? he could have done no more, nor perhaps have suffered so much— Had he a hundred pounds to lose? [*angrily.*]

Sir *J. Witt.* O Lord, sir, by no means (but I might have saved a hundred pounds). I meant innocently, as I hope to be saved, sir (a damn'd hot fellow!) only, as I was saying, I let him have all my ready money, to redeem his great sword from limbo.—But, sir, I have a letter of credit to Alderman Fondlewife, as far as two hundred pounds; and this afternoon you shall see I am a person, such a one as you would wish to have met with—

Sharp. That you are I'll be sworn. [*aside.*] Why that's great, and like yourself.

Enter Captain Bluffe.

Sir *J. Witt.* O here a'comes—Ay, my Hector of Troy, welcome my bully, my back; egad my heart has gone apit pat for thee.

Bluffe. How now, my young knight? not for fear, I hope? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

Sir *J. Witt.* Nay, egad I hate fear, ever since I had like to have died of a fright—but—

Bluffe,

Bluffe. But? look you here, boy, here's your antidote, here's your Jesuits powder for a shaking fit—But who hast thou got with thee? is he of mettle?

[*laying his hand upon his sword.*]

Sir J. Witt. Ay, bully, a devilish smart fellow: 'a will fight like a cock.

Bluffe. Say you so? then I honour him—but has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghill.

Sir J. Witt. I don't know, but I'll present you—

Bluffe. I'll recommend myself.—Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting, I reverence a man that loves fighting: fir, I kils your hilts.

Sharp. Sir, your servant: but you are misinformed; for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I'm not for it.

Bluffe. O Lord, I beg your pardon, fir; I find you are not of my palate, you can't relish a dish of fighting without sweet fauce. Now I think—

Fighting, for fighting sake's sufficient cause;

Fighting, to me's religion and the laws.

Sir J. Witt. Ah, well said, my hero; was not that great, fir? By the Lord Harry, he says true; fighting is meat, drink and cloth to him. But, Back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night—you know I told you.

Bluffe. Ay! then I honour him again.—Sir, may I erave your name?

Sharp. Ay, fir, my name's Sharper.

Sir J. Witt. Pray, Mr. Sharper, embrace my back—very well—By the Lord Harry, Mr. Sharper, he's as brave a fellow as Cannibal; are not you—bully-back?

Sharp. Hannibal I believe you mean, Sir Joseph.

Bluffe. Undoubtedly he did, fir; faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow—but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious—Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted—but alas, fir! were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth.

Sharp. How, fir! I make a doubt, if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

Bluffe. Oh, excuse me, fir; have you served abroad, fir?

Sharp. Not I really, fir.

Bluffe. Oh, I thought so—why then you can know nothing, fir: I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders, with all its particulars.

Sharp. Not I, fir, no more than public letters; or gazettes, tell us.

Bluffe. Gazettes! why there again now—why, fir, there are not three words of truth the year round, put into the gazette.—I'll tell you a strange thing now as to that—you must know, fir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there; but no matter for that—Perhaps, fir, there was scarce any thing of moment done but an humble servant of yours, that shall be nameless, was an eye-witness of—I won't say had the greatest share in't. Tho' I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know—Well, Mr. Sharper, would you think it? In all this time—as I hope for a truncheon—this rascally gazette-writer never so much as once mentioned me—not once, by the wars—took no more notice, than as if Nol. Bluffe had not been in the land of the living.

Sharp. Strange!

Sir J. Witt. Yet, by the Lord Harry, 'tis true, Mr. Sharper; for I went every day to coffee-houses, to read the gazette myself.

Bluffe. Ay, ay, no matter—you see, Mr. Sharper, after all, I am content to retire—live a private person—Scipio and others have done it.

Sharp. Impudent rogue!

[*aside.*]

Sir J. Witt. Ay, this damn'd modesty of yours—Egad, if he would put in for't, he might be made general himself yet.

Bluffe. O fie, no, Sir Joseph—you know I hate this.

Sir J. Witt. Let me but tell Mr. Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon—egad he did; those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames—

Bluffe. Death, what do you mean, Sir Joseph?

Sir

Sir *J. Witt.* Look you know, I tell you he's so modest, he'll own nothing.

Bluffe. Pish, you have put me out, I have forgot what I was about. Pray hold your tongue, and give me leave. [*angrily.*]

Sir *J. Witt.* I am dumb.

Bluffe. This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr. Sharper—this sword I'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist, in Europe; it shall decide a controversy, or split a cause—

Sir *J. Witt.* Nay, now I must speak;—it will split a hair, by the Lord Harry, I have seen it.

Bluffe. Zounds, sir, 'tis a lie, you have not seen it, nor shan't see it; sir, I say, you can't see; what d'ye say to that now?

Sir *J. Witt.* I am blind.

Bluffe. Death, had any other man interrupted me—

Sir *J. Witt.* Good Mr. Sharper, speak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharp. Captain, Sir Joseph is penitent.

Bluffe. O I am calm, sir, calm as a discharged culverin—but 'twas indiscreet when you know what will provoke me—nay come, Sir Joseph, you know my heat's soon over.

Sir *J. Witt.* Well, I am a fool sometimes—but I'm sorry.

Bluffe. Enough.

Sir *J. Witt.* Come, we'll go take a glass, to drown animosities—Mr. Sharper, will you partake?

Sharp. I wait on you sir; nay pray, captain—you are Sir Joseph's back. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Araminta's Apartment.* Enter *Araminta* and *Belinda.*

Bel. Ah! nay, dear—prithee good, dear, sweet cousin, no more—O Gad! I swear you'd make one sick to hear you.

Aram. Bless me! what have I said, to move you thus?

Bel. Oh, you have raved, talked idly, and all in commendation of that filthy, awkward, two-legg'd creature, man—you don't know what you've said, your fever has transported you.

Aram.

Aram. If love be the fever which you mean, kind heaven avert the cure! let me have oil to feed that flame, and never let it be extinct, till I myself am ashes.

Bel. There was a whine!—O Gad! I hate your horrid fancy—this love is the devil, and sure to be in love is to be possess'd—'tis in the head, the heart, the blood, the—all over—O Gad! you are quite spoiled—I shall loath the sight of mankind for your sake.

Aram. Fie, this is gross affectation—a little of Bellmour's company would change the scene.

Bel. Filthy fellow! I wonder, cousin—

Aram. I wonder, cousin, you should imagine I don't perceive you love him.

Bel. Oh! I love your hideous fancy! ha, ha, ha, love a man!

Aram. Love a man! yes, you would not love a beast.

Bel. Of all beasts not an afs — which is so like your Vainlove—Lard! I have seen an afs look so chagrin, ha, ha, ha, (you must pardon me, I can't help laughing) that an absolute lover would have concluded the poor creature to have had darts, and flames, and altars, and all that in his breast. Araminta, come, I'll talk seriously to you now; could you but see with my eyes, the buffoonery of one scene of address, a lover, set out with all his equipage and appurtenances; O Gad! sure you would—but you play the game, and consequently can't see the miscarriages obvious to every stander-by.

Aram. Yes, yes, I can see something near it, when you and Bellmour meet. You don't know that you dreamt of Bellmour last night, and called him aloud in your sleep.

Bel. Pish, I can't help dreaming of the devil sometimes; would you from thence infer I love him?

Aram. But that's not all; you caught me in your arms when you named him, and press'd me to your bosom—sure, if I had not pinch'd you till you waked, you had stifled me with kisses.

Bel. O barbarous asperision!

Aram. No asperision, cousin, we are alone—Nay I can tell you more.

Bel.

Bel. I deny it all.

Aram. What, before you hear it?

Bel. My denial is premeditated, like your malice—
Lard, cousin, you talk oddly—whatever the matter is,
by my soul, I'm afraid you'll follow evil courses.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha, this is pleasant.

Bel. You may laugh, but—

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Bel. You may think the malicious grin becomes you
—The devil take Bellmour!—why do you tell me of
him?

Aram. Oh! is it come out?—Now you are angry, I
am sure you love him. I tell nobody else, cousin—
I have not betrayed you yet.

Bel. Prithee tell it all the world, 'tis false:

Aram. Come then, kifs, and friends.

Bell. Pish.

Aram. Prithee don't be so peevish.

Bel. Prithee don't be so impertinent.—Betty.

Aram. Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Did your ladyship call, madam?

Bel. Get my hoods and tippet, and bid the footman
call a chair. [*Exit Betty.*

Aram. I hope you are not going out in dudgeon,
cousin.

Enter Footman.

Footm. Madam, there are—

Bel. Is there a chair?

Footm. No, madam, there are Mr. Bellmour and Mr.
Vainlove, to wait upon your ladyship.

Aram. Are they below?

Footm. No, madam; they sent before, to know if
you were at home.

Bel. The visit's to you, cousin: I suppose I am at
my liberty.

Aram. Be ready to shew them up. [*Exit Footman.*

Enter Betty, with hoods and looking-glass.

I can't tell, cousin, I believe we are equally con-
cerned: but if you continue your humour, it won't be
very

very entertaining.—I know she'd fain be persuaded to stay. [*aside.*]

Bel. I shall oblige you, in leaving you to the full and free enjoyment of that conversation you admire—Let me see; hold, I look wretchedly to-day!

Aram. Betty, why don't you help my cousin!

[*putting on her hoods.*]

Bel. Hold off your fists, and see that he gets a chair with a high roof, or a very low seat—Stay, come back here, you Mrs. Fidget—you are so ready to go to the footman—here, take them all again, my mind's changed, I won't go. [*Exit Betty.*]

Aram. So, this I expected—you won't oblige me then, cousin, and let me have all the company to myself?

Bel. No, upon deliberation, I have too much charity to trust you to yourself. The devil watches all opportunities; and in this favourable disposition of your mind, Heaven knows how far you may be tempted: I am tender of your reputation.

Aram. I am obliged to you—but who's malicious now, Belinda?

Bel. Not I; witness my heart, I stay out of pure affection.

Aram. In my conscience I believe you.

Enter Vainlove and Bellmour.

Bellm. So, fortune be praised! to find you both within, ladies, is—

Aram. No miracle, I hope.

Bellm. Not on your side, madam, I confess—but my tyrant there and I are two buckets, that can never come together.

Bel. Nor are ever like—yet we often meet and clash.

Bellm. How, never like! marry, Hymen forbid. But this it is to run so extravagantly in debt; I have laid out such a world of love in your service, that you think you can never be able to pay me all: so shun me for the same reason that you would a dun.

Bel. Ay, on my conscience, and the most impertinent and troublesome of duns—a dun for money will be quiet, when he sees his debtor has not wherewithal—

but.

but a dun for love is an eternal torment, that never reits——

Bellm. Till he has created love where there was none, and then gets it for his pains. For importunity in love, like importunity at court, first creates its own interest, and then pursues it for the favour.

Aram. Favours that are got by impudence and importunity are like discoveries from the rack, when the afflicted person, for his ease, sometimes confesses secrets his heart knows nothing of.

Vainl. I should rather think favours so gained to be due rewards to indefatigable devotion—for as Love is a deity, he must be served by prayer.

Bel. O Gad! would you would all pray to Love then, and let us alone!

Vainl. You are the temples of Love, and 'tis through you our devotion must be conveyed.

Aram. Rather, poor silly idols of your own making, which upon the least displeasure you forsake; and set up new.—Every man now changes his mistress and his religion, as his humour varies, or his interest.

Vainl. O madam——

Aram. Nay come, I find we are growing serious, and then we are in great danger of being dull—If my music-master is not gone, I'll entertain you with a new song, which comes pretty near my own opinion of love and your sex—Who's there? Is Mr. Gavot gone? [*calls.*

Enter Footman.

Footm. Only to the next door, madam; I'll call him.

[*Exit.*

Bellm. Why, you won't hear me with patience.

Aram. What's the matter, cousin?

Bellm. Nothing, madam, only——

Bel. Prithee hold thy tongue—Lard! he has so pestered me with flames and stuff—I think I shan't endure the sight of a fire this twelvemonth.

Bellm. Yet all can't melt that cruel frozen heart.

Bel. O Gad! I hate your hideous fancy—you said that once before——If you must talk impertinently, for heaven's sake, let it be with variety; don't come al-
ways,

ways, like the devil, wrapt in flames——I'll not hear a sentence more, that begins with an, I burn — or an, I beseech you, madam.

Bellm. But tell me how you would be adored—I am very tractable.

Bel. Then know, I would be adored in silence.

Bellm. Humph, I thought so, that you might have all the talk to yourself—You had better let me speak; for, if my thoughts fly to any pitch, I shall make villainous signs.

Bel. What will you get by that; to make such signs as I won't understand?

Bellm. Ay, but if I'm tongue-tied, I must have all my actions free to——quicken your apprehension——and egad let me tell you, my most prevailing argument is expressed in dumb shew.

Enter Music-Master.

Aram. O I am glad we shall have a song, to divert the discourse—Pray oblige us with the last new song.

S O N G.

*Thus to a ripe, consenting maid,
Poor old, repenting Delia said,
Would you long preserve your lover?
Would you still his goddess-reign?
Never let him all discover,
Never let him much obtain.*

*Men will admire, adore, and die,
While wishing at your feet they lie:
But admitting their embraces,
Wakes them from the golden dream;
Nothing's new besides our faces,
Every woman is the same.*

Aram. So, how d'ye like the song, gentlemen?

Bellm. O very well perform'd——but I don't much admire the words.

Aram. I expected it——there's too much truth in them. If Mr. Gavot will walk with us in the garden, we'll have it once again — you may like it better at second hearing. You'll bring my cousin.

Bellm.

Bellm. Faith, madam, I dare not speak to her, but I'll make signs. [*addresses Belinda in dumb show.*]

Bel. O foh, your dumb rhetoric is more ridiculous than your talking impertinence: as an ape is a much more troublesome animal than a parrot.

Aram. Ay, cousin, and 'tis a sign the creatures mimic nature well; for there are few men, but do more silly things than they say.

Bellm. Well, I find my apishness has paid the ransom for my speech, and set it at liberty—tho' I confess, I could be well enough pleased to drive on a love bargain in that silent manner—'twould save a man a world of lying and swearing at the year's end. Besides, I have had a little experience, that brings to mind—

*When wit and reason both have fail'd to move;
Kind looks and actions (from success) do prove,
E'en silence may be eloquent in love.* [Exeunt.]

End of the second Act.

A C T III. Scene, *The Street.*

Silvia and Lucy.

Silv. WILL he not come then?
Lucy. Yes, yes, come, I warrant him, if you will go in and be ready to receive him.

Silv. Why did you not tell me?—Whom mean you?

Lucy. Whom you should mean, Heartwell.

Silv. Senseless creature, I meant my Vainlove.

Lucy. You may as soon hope to recover your own maidenhead, as his love. Therefore e'en set your heart at rest; and, in the name of opportunity, mind your own business. Strike Heartwell home, before the bait's worn off the hook. Age will come. He nibbled fairly yesterday, and no doubt will be eager enough to-day to swallow the temptation.

Silv. Well, since there's no remedy—yet tell me—for I would know, though to the anguish of my soul, how did he refuse? tell me—how did he receive my letter, in anger or in scorn?

Lucy.

Lucy. Neither; but what was ten times worse, with damn'd, senseless indifference. By this light I could have spit in his face—Receive it! why he received it, as I would one of your lovers that should come empty-handed; as a court lord does his mercer's bill, or a begging dedication—he received it, as if't had been a letter from his wife.

Silv. What, did he not read it?

Lucy. Humm'd it over, gave you his respects, and said, he would take time to peruse it—but then he was in haste.

Silv. Respects, and peruse it! he's gone, and Araminta has bewitch'd him from me—Oh how the name of rival fires my blood!—I could curse them both; eternal jealousy attend her love, and disappointment meet his. Oh that I could revenge the torment he has caused—methinks I feel the woman strong within me, and vengeance kindles in the room of love.

Lucy. I have that in my head may make mischief.

Silv. How, dear Lucy?

Lucy. You know Araminta's dissembled coyness has won, and keeps him hers—

Silv. Could we persuade him, that she loves another—

Lucy. No, you're out; could we persuade him that she dotes on him, himself—contrive a kind letter as from her: 'twould disgust his nicety and take away his stomach.

Silv. Impossible, 'twill never take!

Lucy. Trouble not your head. Let me alone—I will inform myself of what pass between 'em to day, and about it straight—Hold, I'm mistaken, or that's Heartwell, who stands talking at the corner—'tis he—go get you in, madam, receive him pleasantly, dress up your face in innocence and smiles, and dissemble the very want of dissimulation—you know what will take him.

Silv. 'Tis as hard to counterfeit love, as it is to conceal it: but I'll do my weak endeavour, though I fear I have not art.

Lucy. Hang art, madam, and trust to nature for dissembling.

Man was by nature woman's cully made:

We never are but by ourselves betray'd.

Enter Heartwell, Vainlove and Bellmour following.

Bellm. Hift, hift, is not that Heartwell going to Silvia?

Vain. He's talking to himself, I think: prithee let's try if we can hear him.

Heart. Why, whither in the devil's name am I going now? Hum——let me think——is not this Silvia's house, the cave of that enchantress, and which consequently I ought to shun as I would infection? To enter here, is to put on the envenom'd shirt, to run into the embraces of a fever, and in some raving fit be led to plunge myself into that more confuming fire, a woman's arms. Ha! well collected, I will recover my reason, and be gone.

Bellm. Now Venus forbid!

Vain. Hush——

Heart. Well, why do you not move? Feet, do your office—Not one inch; no, 'fore Gad I'm caught—There stands my north, and thither my needle points—Now could I curse myself, yet cannot repent. O thou delicious, damn'd, dear, destructive woman! 'Sdeath, how the young fellows will hoot me! I shall be the jest of the town. Nay, in two days I expect to be chronicled in ditty, and sung in woful ballad, to the tune of "The Superannuated Maiden's Comfort, or the Bachelor's Fall;" and upon the third, I shall be hang'd in effigy, pasted up for the exemplary ornament of necessary houses and coblers stalls—Death, I can't think on't—I'll run into the danger to lose the apprehension. [Exit.

Bellm. A very certain remedy, *probatum est*—Ha, ha, ha! poor George, thou art i'th' right, thou hast sold thyself to laughter; the ill-natured town will find the jest just where thou hast lost it. Ha, ha! how he struggled, like an old lawyer between two fees!

Vain. Or a young wench, between pleasure and reputation.

Bellm. Or as you did to-day, when half afraid you snatch'd a kiss from Araminta.

Vain. She has made a quarrel on't.

Bellm. Paugh! women are only angry at such offences, to have the pleasure of forgiving them.

Vain. And I love to have the pleasure of making my peace—I should not esteem a pardon if too easily won.

Bellm. Thou dost not know what thou wouldst be at: whether thou wouldst have her angry or pleased. Couldst thou be content to marry Araminta?

Vain. Could you be content to go to heaven?

Bellm. Hum! not immediately; on my conscience not heartily: I'd do a little more good in my generation first, in order to deserve it.

Vain. Nor I to marry Araminta till I merit her.

Bellm. But how the devil dost thou expect to get her, if she never yield?

Vain. That's true; but I would——

Bellm. Marry her without her consent; thou'rt a riddle beyond woman——

Enter Setter.

Trusty Setter, what tidings? how goes the project?

Setter. As all lewd projects do, fir, where the devil prevents our endeavours with success.

Bellm. A good hearing, Setter.

Vain. Well, I'll leave you with your engineer.

Bellm. And hast thou provided necessaries?

Setter. All, all, fir; the large sanctified hat, and the little precise band, with a swinging long spiritual cloke, to cover carnal knavery——not forgetting the black patch, which Tribulation Spintext wears, as I'm inform'd, upon one eye, as a penal mourning for the ogling offences of his youth; and some say, with that eye, he first discover'd the frailty of his wife.

Bellm. Well, in this fanatick father's habit, will I confess Lætitia.

Setter. Rather prepare her for confession, fir, by helping her to sin.

Bellm. Be at your master's lodging in the evening; I shall use the robes. [*Exeunt Bellm. and Vain.*]

Setter. I shall, fir—I wonder to which of these two gentlemen I do most properly appertain—the one uses me as his attendant; the other (being the better acquainted with my parts) employs me as a pimp! why that's much the more honourable employment——by all means

—I fol-

—I follow one as my master, t'other follows me as his conductor.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. There's the hang-dog his man—I had a power over him in the reign of my mistress; but he is too true a valet de chambre not to affect his master's faults; and consequently is revolted from his allegiance.

Setter. Undoubtedly, 'tis impossible to be a pimp and not a man of parts; that is, without being politic, diligent, secret, wary, and so forth—And to all this valiant as Hercules—that is, passively valiant and actively obedient. Ah! Setter, what a treasure is here lost for want of being known!

Lucy. Here's some villainy a-foot, he's so thoughtful; may be I may discover something in my mask.—Worthy sir, a word with you. *[puts on her mask.]*

Setter. Why, if I were known, I might come to be a great man—

Lucy. Not to interrupt your meditation—

Setter. And I should not be the first that has procured his greatness by pimping.

Lucy. Now poverty and the pox light upon thee, for a contemplative pimp.

Setter. Ha! what art thou, who thus maliciously hast awaken'd me from my dream of glory? Speak, thou vile disturber—

Lucy. Of thy most vile cogitations—Thou poor conceited wretch, how wert thou valuing thyself upon thy master's employment! For he's the head pimp to Mr. Bellmour.

Setter. Good words, damsel, or I shall—But how dost thou know my master or me?

Lucy. Yes, I know both master and man to be—

Setter. To be men, perhaps; nay, faith, like enough; I often march in the rear of my master, and enter the breaches which he has made.

Lucy. Ay, the breach of faith, which he has begun; thou traitor to thy lawful princess.

Setter. Why how now! prithee, who art thou?—tell by that worldly face, and produce your natural

Lucy. No, firrah, I'll keep it on to abuse thee, and leave thee without hopes of revenge.

Setter. Oh! I begin to smoke you: thou art some forsaken Abigail, we have dallied with heretofore—and art come to tickle thy imagination with remembrance of iniquity past.

Lucy. No, thou pitiful flatterer of thy master's imperfections; thou maukin, made up of the shreds and parings of his superfluous fopperies.

Setter. Thou art thy mistress's foul self, composed of her sullied iniquities and clothing.

Lucy. Hang thee—beggar's cur—thy master is but a mumper in love, lies canting at the gate; but never dares presume to enter the house.

Setter. Thou art the wicket to thy mistress's gate, to be opened for all comers. In fine, thou art the high road to thy mistress.

Lucy. Beast, filthy toad, I can hold no longer, look and tremble. [unmasks.]

Setter. How, Mrs. Lucy!

Lucy. I wonder thou hast the impudence to look me in the face.

Setter. Adsbud; who's in fault, mistress of mine? who flung the first stone? Who undervalued my function? And who the devil could know you by instinct?

Lucy. You could know my office by instinct, and be hang'd, which you have slander'd most abominably. It vexes me not what you said of my person; but that my innocent calling should be exposed and scandalized—I cannot bear it.

Setter. Nay, faith, Lucy, I'm sorry, I'll own myself to blame, though we were both in fault as to our offices—Come I'll make you any reparation.

Lucy. Swear.

Setter. I do swear to the utmost of my power.

Lucy. To be brief then: what is the reason your master did not appear to-day, according to the summons I brought him?

Setter. To answer you as briefly—he has a cause to be much in another court.

Lucy.

Lucy. Come, tell me in plain terms, how forward he is with Araminta.

Setter. Too forward to be turn'd back—Though he's a little in disgrace at present about a kiss which he forced. You and I can kiss, Lucy, without all that.

Lucy. Stand off—He's a precious jewel.

Setter. And therefore you'd have him to set in your lady's locket.

Lucy. Where is he now?

Setter. He'll be in the piazza presently.

Lucy. Remember to-day's behaviour—Let me see you with a penitent face.

Setter. What, no token of amity, Lucy? You and I don't use to part with dry lips.

Lucy. No, no, avaunt—I'll not be flabber'd and kiss'd now—I'm not in the humour.

Setter. I'll not quit you so—I'll follow and put you into the humour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Joseph Wittoll and Bluffe.

Bluffe. And so, out of your unwonted generosity—

Sir J. Witt. And good-nature, Back; I am good-natured, and I can't help it.

Bluffe. You have given him a note upon Fondlewife for a hundred pounds.

Sir J. Witt. Ay, ay, poor fellow, he ventured fair for't.

Bluffe. You have disoblige'd me in it—for I have occasion for the money, and if you would look me in the face again and live, go, and force him to re-deliver you the note—go—and bring it me hither. I'll stay here for you.

Sir J. Witt. You may stay till the day of judgment then, by the Lord Harry. I know better things than to be run thro' the guts for a hundred pounds—Why, I gave that hundred pounds for being saved, and d'ye think, an there were no danger, I'll be so ungrateful to take it from the gentleman again?

Bluffe. Well, go to him from me—Tell him, I say, he must refund—or Bilbo's the word, and slaughter will ensue—if he refuse, tell him—but whisper that—tell him—I'll pink his soul—but whisper that softly to him.

Sir *J. Witt.* So softly, that he shall never hear on't, I warrant you—why, what a devil's the matter, Bully, are you mad? or d'ye think I'm mad? Egad, for my part, I don't love to be messenger of ill news; it is an ungrateful office——so tell him yourself.

Bluffe. By these hilts I believe he frighten'd you into this composition: I believe you gave it him out of fear, pure paltry fear——confess.

Sir *J. Witt.* No, no, hang't, I was not afraid neither—tho' I confess he did in a manner snap me up—yet I can't say that it was altogether out of fear, but partly to prevent mischief—for he was a devilish choleric fellow: and if my choler had been up too, egad there would have been mischief done, that's flat. And yet I believe, if you had been by, I would as soon have let him had a hundred of my teeth. Adsheart, if he should come just now when I'm angry, I'd tell him—mum.

Enter Bellmour and Sharper.

Bellm. Thou'rt a lucky rogue; there's your benefactor: you ought to return him thanks now you have received the favour,

Sharp. Sir Joseph—Your note was accepted, and the money paid at sight; I'm come to return my thanks—

Sir *J. Witt.* They won't be accepted so readily as the bill, fir.

Bellm. I doubt the knight repents, Tom—He looks like the knight of the sorrowful face.

Sharp. This is a double generosity—Do me a kindness and refuse my thanks——But I hope you are not offended that I offer'd them.

Sir *J. Witt.* May be I am, fir, may be I am not, fir, may be I am both, fir! what then? I hope I may be offended without any offence to you, fir.

Sharp. Hey day! Captain, what's the matter? you can tell.

Bluffe. Mr. Sharper, the matter is plain—Sir Joseph has found out your trick, and does not care to be put upon, being a man of honour.

Sharp. Trick, fir?

Sir *J. Witt.* Ay, trick, fir, and won't be put upon, fir, being a man of honour, fir, and so, fir——

Sharp.

Sharp. Harkee, Sir Joseph, a word with you—in consideration of some favours lately received, I would not have you draw yourself into a premunire, by trusting to that sign of a man there—that pop-gun charged with wind.

Sir J. Witt. O Lord, O Lord! Captain, come justify yourself—I'll give him the lie if you'll stand to it.

Sharp. Nay then I'll be beforehand with you: take that—oaf. [cuffs him.]

Sir J. Witt. Captain, will you see this? Won't you pink his soul?

Bluffe. Hush't, 'tis not so convenient now—I shall find a time.

Sharp. What do you mutter about a time, rascal?—You were the incendiary—There's to put you in mind of your time—a memorandum. [kicks him.]

Bluffe. Oh this is your time, sir, you had best make use on't.

Sharp. Egad, and so I will: There's again for you. [kicks him.]

Bluffe. You are obliging, sir, but this is too public a place to thank you in: But, in your ear, you are to be seen again.

Sharp. Ay, thou inimitable coward, and to be felt—as for example. [kicks him.]

Bellm. Ha, ha, ha! prithee come away, 'tis scandalous to kick this puppy, unless a man were cold, and had no other way to get himself a heat.

[*Exeunt Bellm. and Sharper.*]

Bluffe. Very well—very fine—But 'tis no matter—Is not this fine, Sir Joseph?

Sir J. Witt. Indifferent, egad, in my opinion, very indifferent—I'd rather go plain all my life, than wear such finery.

Bluffe. Death and hell! to be affronted thus! I'll die before I'll suffer it. [draws.]

Sir J. Witt. O Lord, his anger was not raised before—Nay, dear Captain, don't be in a passion now he's gone—Put up, put up, dear Back, 'tis your Sir Joseph begs; come, let me kiss thee; so, so, put up, put up.

Bluffe. By heaven 'tis not to be put up.

Sir *J. Witt.* What, Bully?

Bluffe. The affront.

Sir *J. Witt.* No, egad, no more it is, for that's put up already; thy sword I mean.

Bluffe. Well, Sir Joseph, at your intreaty—But were not you, my friend, abused, and cufft, and kickt?

[*putting up his sword.*]

Sir *J. Witt.* Ay, ay, so were you too; no matter, 'tis past.

Bluffe. By the immortal thunder of great guns, 'tis false—he sucks not vital air who dares affirm it to this face.

[*looks big.*]

Sir *J. Witt.* To that face I grant you, Captain—No, no, I grant you—not to that face, by the Lord Harry—If you had put on your fighting face before, you had done his business—he durst as soon have kiss'd you, as kick'd you to your face—But a man can no more help what's done behind his back, than what's said—Come, we'll think no more of what's past.

Bluffe. I'll call a council of war within to consider of my revenge to come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Silvia's Apartment.* Enter *Heartwell* and *Silvia*.

S O N G.

*As Amoret and Thyrsis lay
Melting the hours in gentle play;
Joining faces, mingling kisses,
And exchanging harmless blisses:
He trembling cried, with eager haste,
O let me feed as well as taste,
I die, if I'm not wholly blest.*

After the Song, a Dance of Anticks.

Silv. Indeed, it is very fine—I could look upon them all day.

Heart. Well, has this prevail'd for me, and will you look upon me?

Silv. If you could sing and dance so, I should love to look upon you too.

Heart. Why 'twas I sung and danced; I gave music to the voice, and life to their measures—Look you here, *Silvia* [*pulling out a purse and chinking it*] Here are

are songs and dances, poetry and music—Hark! how sweetly one guinea rhymes to another!—and how they dance to the music of their own chink! This buys all the other—and this thou shalt have; this, and all that I am worth, for the purchase of thy love—Say, is it mine then, ha? Speak, Syren—Oons, why do I look on her! Yet I must. Speak, dear angel, devil, faint, witch; do not rack me with suspense.

Silv. Nay, don't stare at me so—You make me blush—I cannot look.

Heart. O manhood, where art thou? What am I come to? A woman's toy, at these years! Death, a bearded baby for a girl to dandle. O dotage, dotage! That ever that noble passion, lust, should ebb to this degree—No reflux of vigorous blood: but milky love supplies the empty channels; and prompts me to the softness of a child—a meer infant, and would suck. Can you love me, Silvia? speak.

Silv. I dare not speak till I believe you, and indeed, I'm afraid to believe you yet.

Heart. Death, how her innocence torments and pleases me! Lying, child, is indeed the art of love, and men are generally masters in it: but I'm so newly entered, you cannot distrust me of any skill in the treacherous mystery—Now, by my soul, I cannot lie, though it were to serve a friend or gain a mistress.

Silv. Must you lie then, if you say you love me?

Heart. No, no, dear ignorance, thou beauteous changeling—I tell thee I do love thee, and tell it for a truth, a naked truth, which I'm ashamed to discover.

Silv. But love, they say, is a tender thing, that will smooth frowns, and make calm an angry face; will soften a rugged temper, and make ill-humoured people good: You look ready to fright one, and talk as if your passion were not love but anger.

Heart. 'Tis both; for I am angry with myself when I am pleased with you—And a pox upon me for loving thee so well—yet I must on—'Tis a bearded arrow, and will more easily be thrust forward than drawn back.

Silv. Indeed, if I were well assured you loved; but how can I be well assured?

Heart. Take the symptoms——and ask all the tyrants of thy sex, if their fools are not known by this party-coloured livery——I am melancholic, when thou art absent; look like an ass, when thou art present; wake for thee, when I should sleep; and even dream of thee, when I am awake; sigh much, drink little, eat less; court solitude, am grown very entertaining to myself, and (as I am informed) very troublesome to every body else. If this be not love, it is madness, and then it is pardonable——Nay, yet a more certain sign than all this; I give thee my money.

Silv. Ay, but that is no sign; for they say, gentlemen will give money to any naughty woman to come to bed to them——O Gemini, I hope you don't mean so——for I won't be a whore.

Heart. The more is the pity. [*aside.*

Silv. Nay, if you would marry me, you should not come to bed to me—you have such a beard, and would so prickle one. But do you intend to marry me?

Heart. That a fool should ask such a malicious question! Death, I shall be drawn in, before I know where I am——However, I find I am pretty sure of her consent, if I am put to it. [*aside.*] Marry you? no, no, I'll love you.

Silv. Nay, but if you love me, you must marry me; what, don't I know my father loved my mother, and was married to her?

Heart. Ay, ay, in old days people married where they loved; but that fashion is changed, child.

Silv. Never tell me that, I know it is not changed by myself; for I love you, and would marry you.

Heart. I'll have my beard shaved, it shan't hurt thee, and we'll go to bed——

Silv. No, no, I'm not such a fool neither, but I can keep myself honest.——Here, I won't keep any thing that's yours, I hate you now, [*throws the purse*] and I'll never see you again, 'cause you'd have me be naught.

[*going.*
Heart.

Heart. Damn her, let her go, and a good riddance— Yet so much tenderness and beauty, and honesty together, is a jewel— Stay, Silvia— But then to marry— why every man plays the fool once in his life; but to marry is playing the fool all one's life long.

Silv. What did you call me for?

Heart. I'll give thee all I have; and thou shalt live with me in every thing so like my wife, the world shall believe it: nay, thou shalt think so thyself— Only let me not think so.

Silv. No, I'll die before I'll be your whore—as well as I love you.

Heart. [*aside.*] A woman, and ignorant, may be honest, when 'tis out of obstinacy and contradiction— But, 'fdeath! it is but a may be, and upon scurvy terms— Well, farewell then—if I can get out of fight, I may get the better of myself.

Silv. Well— good bye. [*turns and sweeps.*]

Heart. Ha! Nay come, we'll kiss at parting [*kisses her.*] By heaven, her kiss is sweeter than liberty—I will marry thee— There thou hast done't. All my resolves melted in that kiss—one more.

Silv. But when?

Heart. I'm impatient till it be done; I will not give myself liberty to think, lest I should cool—I will about a licence straight—in the evening expect me— One kiss more to confirm me mad; so. [*Exit.*]

Silv. Ha, ha, an old fox trap!—

Enter Lucy.

Bless me! you frighted me, I thought he had been come again, and had heard me.

Lucy. Lord, madam, I met your lover in as much haste, as if he had been going for a midwife.

Silv. He's going for a parson, girl, the forerunner of a midwife some nine months hence— Well, I find dissembling to our sex is as natural as swimming to a negro; we may depend upon our skill to save us at a plunge, tho' till then we never make the experiment— But how hast thou succeeded?

Lucy. As you would wish— Since there is no reclaiming Vainlove, I have found out a pique she has

taken at him; and have framed a letter that makes her sue for reconciliation first. I know that will do—walk in, and I'll shew it you. Come, madam, you're like to have a happy time on't, both your love and anger satisfied!—All that can charm our sex conspire to please you.

*That woman sure enjoys a blessed night,
Whom love and vengeance both at once delight.* [Exeunt.

End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Bellmour, in a fanatic habit, and Setter.

Bellm. 'TIS pretty near the hour. [*looking on his watch*]—Well and how, Setter, ha? Does my hypocrisy fit me, ha? Does it fit easy on me?

Setter. O most religiously well, fir.

Bellm. I wonder why all our young fellows should glory in an opinion of atheism, when they may be so much more conveniently lewd under the coverlet of religion.

Setter. 'Sbub, fir, away quickly, there's Fondlewife just turned the corner, and's coming this way.

Bellm. Gad so, there he is, he must not see me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Fondlewife and Barnaby.

Fond. I say, I will tarry at home.

Barn. But, fir!

Fond. Good lack! I profess the spirit of contradiction hath possess'd the lad—I say I will tarry at home—
Varlet.

Barn. I have done, fir, then farewell five hundred pounds.

Fond. Ha, how's that? Stay, stay, did you leave word, say you, with his wife, with Comfort herself?

Barn. I did; and Comfort will send Tribulation hither as soon as ever he comes home—I could have brought young Mr. Prig, to have kept my mistress company in the mean time; but you say——

Fond. How, how, say, Varlet! I say let him not come near my doors; I say he is a wanton young Levite, and

pampereth himself up with dainties, that he may look lovely in the eyes of women——Sincerely, I am afraid he hath already defiled the tabernacle of our sister Comfort; while her good husband is deluded by his godly appearance——I say, that even lust doth sparkle in his eyes, and glow upon his cheeks, and that I would as soon trust my wife with a lord's high-fed chaplain.

Barn. Sir, the hour draws nigh——and nothing will be done there till you come.

Fond. And nothing can be done here till I go——So that I'll tarry, d'ye see.

Barn. And run the hazard to lose your affair, sir!

Fond. Good lack, good lack——I profess it is a very sufficient vexation, for a man to have a handsome wife.

Barn. Never, sir, but when the man is an insufficient husband. 'Tis then indeed, like the vanity of taking a fine house, and yet be forced to let lodgings, to help pay the rent.

Fond. I profess a very apt comparison, Varlet. Go and bid my Cocky come out to me, I will give her some instructions, I will reason with her before I go.

[*Exit* Barnaby.]

And in the mean time, I will reason with myself——Tell me, Isaac, why art thee jealous? why art thee distrustful of the wife of thy bosom?——Because she is young and vigorous, and I am old and impotent——Then why didst thee marry, Isaac?——Because she was beautiful and tempting, and because I was obstinate and doating; 'so that my inclination was (and is still) 'greater than my power'——And will not that which tempted thee also tempt others, who will tempt her, Isaac?——I fear it much——But does not thy wife love thee, nay dote upon thee?——Yes——Why then! Ay, but to say truth, she's fonder of me, than she has reason to be; and in the way of trade, we still suspect the smoothest dealers of the deepest designs——And that she has some designs deeper than thou canst reach, thou hast experimented, Isaac——But mum.

Enter Lætitia.

Lat. I hope my dearest jewel is not going to leave me—are you, Nykin?

Fond.

Fond. Wife—have you thoroughly consider'd how detestable, how heinous, and how crying a sin the sin of adultery is? have you weigh'd it, I say? For it is a very weighty sin; and although it may lie heavy upon thee, yet thy husband must also bear his part: for thy iniquity will fall upon his head.

Læt. Bless me, what means my dear?

Fond. [*aside.*] I profess she has an alluring eye; I am doubtful, whether I shall trust her, even with 'Tribulation himself—Speak, I say, have you considered what it is to cuckold your husband?

Læt. [*aside.*] I'm amazed: sure he has discover'd nothing—Who has wrong'd me to my dearest? I hope my jewel does not think, that ever I had any such thing in my head, or ever will have.

Fond. No, no, I tell you I shall have it in my head—

Læt. [*aside.*] I know not what to think. But I'm resolv'd to find the meaning of it—Unkind dear! was it for this you sent to call me? is it not affliction enough that you are to leave me, but you must study to increase it by unjust suspicions? [*crying*] Well—well—you know my fondness, and you love to tyrannize—Go on, cruel man, do, triumph over my poor heart, while it holds, which cannot be long, with this usage of yours—But that's what you want—Well, you will have your ends soon—You will—you will—yes it will break to oblige you. [*sighs.*]

Fond. Verily I fear I have carried the jest too far—Nay, look you now if she does not weep—'tis the fondest fool—Nay, Cocky, Cocky, nay, dear Cocky, don't cry, I was but in jest, I was not i'feck.

Læt. [*aside.*] O then all's safe. I was terribly frighted.—My affliction is always your jest, barbarous man! oh that I should love to this degree! yet—

Fond. Nay, Cocky.

Læt. No, no, you are weary of me, that's it—that's all, you would get another wife—another fond fool, to break her heart—Well, be as cruel as you can to me, I'll pray for you; and when I am dead with grief, may you have one that will love you as well as I have

done: I shall be contented to lie at peace in my cold grave—since it will please you. [sighs.]

Fond. Good lack, good lack, she would melt a heart of oak—I profess I can hold no longer—Nay, dear Cocky—I'feck you'll break my heart—I'feck you will—See you have made me weep—made poor Nykin weep—Nay, come kifs, bufs poor Nykin—and I won't leave thee—I'll lose all first.

Læt. [*aside.*] How! Heaven forbid! that will be carrying the jest too far indeed.

Fond. Won't you kifs Nykin?

Læt. Go, naughty Nykin, you don't love me.

Fond. Kifs, kifs, i'feck I do.

Læt. No, you don't.

[*She kisses him.*]

Fond. What, not love Cocky!

Læt. No—h.

[*sighs.*]

Fond. I profess, I do love thee better than five hundred pounds—and so thou shalt say, for I'll leave it to stay with thee.

Læt. No, you shan't neglect your business for me—No indeed you shan't, Nykin——If you don't go, I'll think you are jealous of me still.

Fond. He, he, he! wilt thou, poor fool? Then I will go, I won't be jealous——Poor Cocky, kifs Nykin, kifs Nykin, ee, ee, ee——Here will be the good man anon, to talk to Cocky, and teach her how a wife ought to behave herself.

Læt. [*aside.*] I hope to have one that will shew me how a husband ought to behave himself——I shall be glad to learn, to please my jewel. [kiss.]

Fond. That's my good dear—Come, kifs Nykin once more, and then get you in—so—get you in, get you in, By, by.

Læt. By, Nykin.

Fond. By, Cocky.

Læt. By, Nykin.

Fond. By, Cocky, by, by.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Vainlove and Sharper.

Sharp. How! Araminta lost!

Vain. To confirm what I have said, read this——

[*gives a letter.*]

Sharp.

Sharp. [Reads] Hum, hum—*And what then appear'd a fault, upon reflection, seems only an effect of a too powerful passion. I'm afraid I give too great a proof of my own at this time—I am in disorder for what I have written. But something, I know not what, forc'd me. I only beg a favourable censure of this, and your* Araminta.

Sharp. Lost! Pray Heaven thou hast not lost thy wits. Here, here, she's thy own, man, sign'd and seal'd too——To her, man——a delicious melon, pure and consenting ripe, and only waits thy cutting up——She has been breeding love to thee all this while, and just now she's deliver'd of it.

Vain. 'Tis an untimely fruit, and she has miscarried of her love.

Sharp. Never leave this damn'd, ill-natured whimsy, Frank? Thou hast a sickly peevish appetite; only chew love and cannot digest it.

Vain. Yes, when I feed myself—but I hate to be cramm'd——By Heaven, there's not a woman will give a man the pleasure of a chace: my sport is always balk'd, or cut short——I stumble over the game I would pursue——'Tis dull and unnatural to have a hare run full in the hound's mouth, and would distaste the keenest hunter——I would have overtaken, not have met my game.

Sharp. However, I hope you don't mean to forsake it; that will be but a kind of a mungrel cur's trick. Well, are you for the Mall?

Vain. No, she will be there this evening——Yes, I will go too—and she shall see her error in——

Sharp. In her choice, egad——But thou canst not be so great a brute as to slight her?

Vain. I should disappoint her if I did not——By her management I should think she expects it.

All naturally fly what does pursue:

'Tis fit men should be coy, when women woo. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, A room in Fondlewife's house.

A Servant introducing Bellmour in fanatic habit, with a patch upon one eye, and a book in his hand.

Serv. Here's a chair, sir, if you please to repose yourself. My mistress is coming, sir.

Bell.

Bell. Secure in my disguise, I have out-faced suspicion, and even dared discovery—This cloke my sanctity, and trusty Scarron's novels my prayer-book—methinks I am the very picture of Montufar in the Hypocrites—Oh! she comes.

Enter Lætitia.

*So breaks Aurora through the veil of night,
Thus fly the clouds, divided by her light,
And ev'ry eye receives a new-born sight.*

[throwing off his cloke, patch, &c.]

Læt. Thus strew'd with blushes, like—Ah! Heaven defend me! who's this? *[discovering him, starts.]*

Bell. Your lover.

Læt. Vainlove's friend! I know his face, and he has betray'd me to him. *[aside.]*

Bell. You are surpris'd. Did you not expect a lover, madam? Those eyes shone kindly on my first appearance, tho' now they are o'ercast.

Læt. I may well be surpris'd at your person and impudence; they are both new to me—you are not what your first appearance promised: the piety of your habit was welcome, but not the hypocrisy.

Bell. Rather the hypocrisy was welcome, but not the hypocrite.

Læt. Who are you, sir? You have mistaken the house; sure.

Bell. I have directions in my pocket, which agree with every thing but your unkindness. *[pulls out the letter.]*

Læt. My letter! base Vainlove! then 'tis too late to dissemble. *[aside]* 'Tis plain then you have mistaken the person. *[going.]*

Bell. If we part so I'm mistaken—Hold, hold, madam—I confess I have run into an error—I beg your pardon a thousand times—What an eternal block-head am I! can you forgive me the disorder I have put you into—But it is a mistake which any body might have made.

Læt. What can this mean? 'tis impossible he should be mistaken after all this—A handsome fellow if he had not surpris'd me: Methinks, now I look on him again,

again, I would not have him mistaken. [*aside*] We are all liable to mistakes, sir; if you own it to be so, there needs no farther apology.

Bell. Nay, faith, madam, 'tis a pleasant one; and worth your hearing. Expecting a friend, last night, at his lodgings, till 'twas late, my intimacy with him gave me the freedom of his bed: He not coming home all night, a letter was deliver'd to me by a servant, in the morning: upon the perusal I found the contents so charming, that I could think of nothing all day, but putting them in practice——till just now, (the first time I ever look'd upon the superscription) I am the most surpris'd in the world to find it directed to Mr. Vainlove. God, madam, I ask you a million of pardons, and will make you any satisfaction.

Læt. I am discover'd——and either Vainlove is not guilty, or he has handsomely excus'd him. [*aside*]

Bell. You appear concern'd, madam.

Læt. I hope you are a gentleman;——and since you are privy to a weak woman's failing, won't turn it to the prejudice of her reputation. You look as if you had more honour——

Bell. And more love; or my face is a false witness, and deserves to be pilloried—No, by Heaven, I swear——

Læt. Nay, don't swear, if you'd have me believe you; but promise——

Bell. Well, I promise——A promise is so cold——Give me leave to swear——by those eyes, those killing eyes; by those healing lips—Oh! press the soft charm close to mine, and seal them up for ever.

Læt. Upon that condition. [*he kisses her*]

Bell. Eternity was in that moment——One more, upon any condition.

Læt. Nay, now——I never saw any thing so agreeably impudent. [*aside*:] Won't you censure me for this, now?——but 'tis to buy your silence. [*kiss*] Oh, but what am I doing?

Bell. Doing! No tongue can express it—not thy own; nor any thing, but thy lips. I am faint with excess of blifs;—Oh, for love-sake, lead me any whither, where I may

I may lie down—quickly, for I'm afraid I shall have a fit.

Læt. Bless me! what fit?

Bell. Oh, a convulsion—I feel the symptoms.

Læt. Does it hold you long? I'm afraid to carry you into my chamber.

Bell. Oh, no: let me lie down upon the bed;—the fit will be soon over. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *St. James's Park.* *Araminta and Belinda*
meeting.

Belin. Lard, my dear: I am glad I have met you—I have been at the Exchange since, and am so tired—

Aram. Why, what's the matter?

Belin. Oh the most inhuman, barbarous hackney-coach! I am jolted to a jelly—Am I not horridly teuzed? [*pulls out a pocket glâss.*

Aram. Your head's a little out of order.

Belin. A little! O frightful! what a furious phyz I have! O most rueful! ha, ha, ha! O Gad, I hope no body will come this way, till I have put myself a little in repair—Ah! my dear—I have seen such unhewn creatures since—Ha, ha, ha! I can't for my soul help thinking that I look just like one of them—Good dear, pin this, and I'll tell you—Very well—So, thank you, my dear—But as I was telling you—Pish, this is the untoward'st lock—So, as I was telling you—How d'ye like me now? hideous, ha? frightful still? or how?

Aram. No, no; you're very well as can be.

Belin. And so—But where did I leave off, my dear? I was telling you—

Aram. You were about to tell me something, child—but you left off before you began.

Belin. Oh! a most comical sight: a country 'squire, with the equipage of a wife and two daughters, came to Mrs. Snipwell's shop while I was there—But, oh Gad! two such unlick'd cubs!

Aram. I warrant, plump, cherry-check'd country girls.

Belin. Ay, on my conscience, fat as barn-door fowl: but

but so bedeck'd, you would have taken them for Friesland hens, with their feathers growing the wrong way — O, such outlandish creatures! such tramontanæ, and foreigners to the fashion, or any thing in practice! I had no patience to behold——I undertook the modelling of one of their fronts, the more modern structure——

Aram. Bless me, cousin; why would you affront any body so? They might be gentlewomen of a very good family——

Belin. Of a very ancient one, I dare swear, by their dress—— Affront! pshaw, how you're mistaken! The poor creature, I warrant, was as full of courtesies, as if I had been her godmother: the truth on't is, I did endeavour to make her look like a Christian——and she was sensible of it; for she thank'd me, and gave me two apples, piping hot, out of her under petticoat pocket——Ha, ha, ha! and t'other did so stare and gape—— I fancied her like the front of her father's hall; her eyes were the two jut-windows, and her mouth the great door, most hospitably kept open for the entertainment of travelling flies.

Aram. So then; you have been diverted. What did they buy?

Belin. Why, the father bought a powder-horn, and an almanack, and a comb case; the mother, a great fruz-tower, and a fat amber necklace; the daughters only tore two pair of kid-leather gloves, with trying them on——Oh Gad, here comes the fool that dined at my Lady Freelove's t'other day.

Enter Sir Joseph and Bluffe.

Aram. May be he may not know us again.

Belin. We'll put on our masks to secure his ignorance.

[they put on their masks.]

Sir J. Witt. Nay, Gad, I'll pick up; I'm resolv'd to make a night on't—I'll go to Alderman Fondlewife by and by, and get fifty pieces more from him. Adlidikins, Bully, we'll wallow in wine and women. Why, this same Madeira wine has made me as light as a grasshopper——Hist, hist, Bully, dost thou see those rearers? *[sings]* Look you what here is——Look you what here

is—Toll—loll—derà—toll—loll—Egad, t'other glass of Madeira, and I durst have attack'd them in my own proper person, without your help.

Bluff. Come on then, knight—But d'ye know what to say to them?

Sir J. Witt. Say? pooh, pox, I've enough to say—never fear it—that is, if I can but think ou't: truth is, I have but a treacherous memory.

Belin. O frightful! Cousin, what shall we do? These things come towards us.

Aram. No matter—I see Vainlove coming this way—and, to confess my failing, I am willing to give him an opportunity of making his peace with me—and to rid me of these coxcombs, when I seem oppress'd with them, will be a fair one.

Bluffe. Ladies; by these hilts, you are well met.

Aram. We are afraid not.

Bluffe. What says my pretty little knapsack carrier?

[to Belinda.

Belin. O monstrous filthy fellow! Good slovenly Captain Huffle, Bluffe (what is your hideous name?) be gone: you stink of brandy and tobacco, most soldier-like. Foh.

[spits.

Sir J. Witt. Now am I flap-dash down in the mouth, and have not one word to say!

[aside.

Aram. I hope my fool has not confidence enough to be troublesome.

[aside.

Sir J. Witt. Hem! pray, madam, which way's the wind?

Aram. A pithy question—Have you sent your wits for a venture, sir, that you inquire?

Sir J. Witt. Nay, now I'm in—I can prattle like a magpye.

[aside.

Enter Sharper and Vainlove.

Belin. Dear Araminta, I'm tired.

Aram. 'Tis but pulling off our masks, and obliging Vainlove to know us. I'll be rid of my fool by fair means—Well, Sir Joseph, you shall see my face—but, be gone immediately—I see one that will be jealous, to find me in discourse with you—Be discreet—no reply; but away.

[unmasks.

Sir

Sir *J. Witt.* The great fortune, that dined at my lady Freelove's! Sir Joseph, thou art a made man. Egad, I'm in love up to the ears. But I'll be discreet, and hush. [*aside.*]

Bluffe. Nay, by the world, I'll see your face.

Belin. You shall. [*unmasks.*]

Sharp. Ladies, your humble servant—We were afraid you would not have given us leave to know you.

Aram. We thought to have been private—but we find fools have the same advantage over a face in a mask, that a coward has, while the sword is in the scabbard—so were forced to draw in our own defence.

Bluffe. My blood rises at that fellow: I can't stay where he is; and I must not draw in the park.

[*to Sir Joseph.*]

Sir *J. Witt.* I wish I durst stay to let her know my lodging. [*Exeunt Sir Joseph and Bluffe.*]

Sharp. There is in true beauty, as in courage, somewhat, which narrow souls cannot dare to admire—And see, the owls are fled as at the break of day.

Belin. Very courtly—I believe Mr. Vainlove has not rubb'd his eyes since break of day neither; he looks as if he durst not approach—Nay, come cousin, be friends with him—I swear he looks so very simply, ha, ha, ha!—Well, a lover in the state of separation from his mistress, is like a body without a soul. Mr. Vainlove, shall I be bound for your good behaviour for the future?

Vain. Now must I pretend ignorance equal to hers, of what she knows as well as I. [*aside.*] Men are apt to offend ('tis true) where they find most goodness to forgive—but, madam, I hope I shall prove of a temper, not to abuse mercy, by committing new offences.

Aram. So cold! [*aside.*]

Belin. I have broke the ice for you, Mr. Vainlove, and so I leave you. Come, Mr. Sharper, you and I will take a turn, and laugh at the vulgar—both the great vulgar and the small—O Gad! I have a great passion for Cowley—Don't you admire him?

Sharp. Oh, madam! he was our English Horace.

Belin.

Belin. Ah so fine! so extremely fine! so every thing in the world that I like—O Lord, walk this way—I see a couple, I'll give you their history.

[*Exeunt Belinda and Sharper.*

Vain. I find, madam, the formality of the law must be observed, tho' the penalty of it be dispensed with; and an offender must plead to his arraignment, though he has his pardon in his pocket.

Aram. I'm amazed! this insolence exceeds t'other;—whoever has encouraged you to this assurance—presuming upon the easiness of my temper, has much deceived you, and so you shall find.

Vain. Hey-day! which way now? Here's fine doubling.

[*aside.*

Aram. Base man! was it not enough to affront me with your saucy passion?

Vain. You have given that passion a much kinder epithet than saucy, in another place.

Aram. Another place! Some villainous design to blast my honour—But tho' thou hadst all the treachery and malice of thy sex, thou canst not lay a blemish on my fame—No, I have not err'd in one favourable thought of mankind—How time might have deceived me in you, I know not; my opinion was but young, and your early baseness has prevented its growing to a wrong belief—Unworthy and ungrateful! be gone, and never see me more.

Vain. Did I dream? or do I dream? shall I believe my eyes or ears? The vision is here still—Your passion, madam, will admit of farther reasoning—But here's a silent witness of your acquaintance.

[*Takes out the letter, and offers it: she snatches it, and throws it away.*

Aram. There's poison in every thing you touch—blisters will follow—

Vain. That tongue which denies what the hands have done.

Aram. Still mystically senseless and impudent—I find I must leave the place.

Vain. No, madam, I'm gone—She knows her name's
to

to it, which she will be unwilling to expose to the censure of the first finder.

Aram. Woman's obstinacy made me blind, to what woman's curiosity now tempts me to see.

[*takes up the letter. Exit.*]

Enter Belinda and Sharper.

Belin. Nay, we have spared no body, I swear. Mr. Sharper, you're a pure man; where did you get this excellent talent of railing?

Sharp. Faith, madam, the talent was born with me:—I confess, I have taken care to improve it; to qualify me for the society of ladies.

Belin. Nay, sure, railing is the best qualification in a woman's man.

Enter Footman.

Sharp. The second best—indeed I think.

Belin. How now, Pace? where's my cousin?

Foot. She's not very well, madam, and has sent to know, if your ladyship would have the coach come again for you?

Belin. O Lord, no, I'll go along with her. Come, Mr. Sharper. [Exit.]

S C E N E, *A chamber in Fondlewife's house.*

Lætitia and Bellmour, his cloak, hat, &c. lying loose about the chamber.

Bell. Here's nobody nor no noise—'twas nothing but your fears.

Læt. I durst have sworn I had heard my monster's voice—I swear I was heartily frightened—Feel how my heart beats.

Bell. 'Tis an alarm to love—come in again, and let us—

Fond. [*without*] Cocky, Cocky, where are you, Cocky? P'm come home.

Læt. Ah! there he is, make haste, gather up your things!

Fond. Cocky, Cocky, open the door.

Bell. Pox choke him, would his horns were in his throat. My patch, my patch.

[*looking about, and gathering up his things.*]

Læt.

Læt. My jewel, art thou there? No matter for your patch!—You s'an't tum in, Nykin—Run into my chamber, quickly, quickly. You s'an't tum in.

Fond. Nay, pr'ythee, dear, i'feck I'm in haste.

Læt. Then I'll let you in. [opens the door.]

Enter Fondlewife and Sir Joseph Wittoll.

Fond. Kifs, dear—I met the master of the ship by the way—and I must have my papers of accompts out of your cabinet.

Læt. Oh! I'm undone! [aside.]

Sir J. Witt. Pray, first let me have fifty pounds, good alderman, for I'm in haste.

Fond. A hundred has already been paid, by your order. Fifty? I have the sum ready in gold, in my closet. [Exit.]

Sir J. Witt. Egad, it's a curious fine, pretty rogue; I'll speak to her.—Pray, madam, what news d'ye hear?

Læt. Sir, I seldom stir abroad.

[walks about in disorder.]

Sir J. Witt. I wonder at that, madam, for 'tis most curious fine weather.

Læt. Methinks it has been very ill weather.

Sir J. Witt. As you say, madam, 'tis pretty bad weather, and has been so a great while.

Enter Fondlewife.

Fond. Here are fifty pieces in this purse, Sir Joseph—If you will tarry a moment, till I fetch my papers, I'll wait upon you down stairs.

Læt. Ruined, past redemption; What shall I do—
Ha! this fool may be of use. (aside.)—[As Fondlewife is going into the chamber, she runs to Sir Joseph, almost pushes him down, and cries out,] Stand off, rude ruffian! Help me, my dear—O blefs me! why will you leave me alone with such a satyr?

Fond. Blefs us! what's the matter? what's the matter?

Læt. Your back was no sooner turned; but, like a lion, he came open mouthed upon me, and would have ravished a kifs from me by main force.

Sir J. Witt. O Lord! Oh terrible! ha, ha, ha! is your wife mad, alderman?

Læt. Oh! I'm sick with the fright; won't you take him out of my fight?

Fond. Oh traitor! I'm astonish'd. Oh bloody-minded traitor!

Sir J. Witt. Hey-day! Traitor yourself!—By the Lord Harry, I was in most danger of being ravish'd, if you go to that.

Fond. Oh, how the blasphemous wretch swears! out of my house, thou son of the whore of Babylon; offspring of Bell and the Dragon!—Bless us! ravish my wife! my Dinah! Oh Shechemite! be gone, I say.

Sir J. Witt. Why, the devil's in the people, I think. [*Exit.*

Læt. Oh! won't you follow, and see him out of doors, my dear?

Fond. I'll shut this door, to secure him from coming back—Give me the key of your cabinet, Cocky—Ravish my wife before my face! I warrant he's a papist in his heart, at least, if not a Frenchman.

Læt. What can I do now! [*aside.*—Oh! my dear, I have been in such a fright, that I forgot to tell you, poor Mr. Spintext has a sad fit of the cholic, and is forced to lie down upon our bed—You'll disturb him; I can tread softer.

Fond. Alack, poor man!—No, no—you don't know the papers—I won't disturb him; give me the key.

[*She gives him the key, goes to the chamber door, and speaks aloud.*

Læt. 'Tis nobody but Mr. Fondlewife, Mr. Spintext, lie still on your stomach; lying on your stomach will ease you of the cholic.

Fond. Ay, ay, lie still, lie still; don't let me disturb you. [*Exit.*

Læt. Sure, when he does not see his face, he won't discover him! Dear fortune, help me but this once, and I'll never run into thy debt again—But this opportunity is the devil.

Fondlewife returns, with papers.

Fond. Good lack! good lack!—I profess, the poor man is in great torment, he lies as flat—Dear, you should heat a trencher, or a napkin—Where's Deborah?

let



Illegible handwritten text

Walker sculp

M^r FOOTE as FONDLEWIFE.

Oh thou salacious Woman! Am. When brutified

Published Aug. 1. 1776, by G. Lewis & Co. London.

let her clap some warm thing to his stomach, or chafe it with a warm hand, rather than fail. What book's this? [*sees the book that Bellmour forgot.*]

Læt. Mr. Spintext's prayer-book, dear.—Pray heaven it be a prayer-book! [*aside.*]

Fond. Good man! I warrant he dropt it on purpose that you might take it up, and read some of the pious ejaculations! [*taking up the book.*] O blefs me! O monstrous! A prayer-book? ay, this is the devil's pater-noster. Hold, let me see; The Innocent Adultery.

Læt. Misfortune! now all's ruined again. [*aside.*]

Bellmour [*peeping.*] Damn'd chance! If I had gone a whoring with the Practice of Piety in my pocket, I had never been discovered.

Fond. Adultery and innocent! O Lord! here's doctrine! ay, here's discipline!

Læt. Dear husband, I'm amazed:—Sure it is a good book, and only tends to the speculation of sin.

Fond. Speculation! no, no; something went farther than speculation when I was not to be let in—Where is this apocryphal elder! I'll ferret him.

Læt. I'm so distracted, I can't think of a lie. [*aside.*]

Fondlewife hauling out Bellmour.

Fond. Come out here, thou Ananias incarnate—who, how now! who have we here?

Læt. Ha!

[*strieks, as surpris'd.*]

Fond. Oh, thou salacious woman! am I then brutified,? ay, I feel it here; I sprout, I bud, I blossom, I am ripe-horn-mad. But who in the devil's name are you? mercy on me for swearing! but—

Læt. Oh, goodness keep us! who's this? who are you? what are you?

Bellm. Soh.

Læt. In the name of the—O! good, my dear, don't come near it, I'm afraid 'tis the devil; indeed it has hoofs, dear.

Fond. Indeed, and I have horns, dear. The devil! no, I am afraid, 'tis the flesh, thou harlot. Dear, with the pox. Come, Syren, speak, confess, who is this reverend, brawny pastor?

Læt. Indeed, and indeed now, my dear Nykin—I never saw this wicked man before.

Fond. Oh, it is a man then, it seems.

Læt. Rather, sure, it is a wolf in the clothing of a sheep.

Fond. Thou art a devil, in his proper clothing, woman's flesh. What, you know nothing of him, but his fleece here!—You don't love mutton?—you Magdalen unconverted!

Bellm. Well, now, I know my cue—That is, very honourably to excuse her, and very impudently accuse myself. *[aside.]*

Læt. Why then, I wish I may never enter into the heaven of your embraces again, my dear, if ever I saw his face before.

Fond. O Lord! O strange! I am in admiration of your impudence. Look at him a little better; he is more modest, I warrant you, than to deny it. Come, were you two never face to face before? Speak.

Bellm. Since all artifice is vain—and I think myself obliged to speak the truth, in justice to your wife—No.

Fond. Humph.

Læt. No, indeed, dear.

Fond. Nay, I find you are both in a story; that I must confess. But, what—not to be cured of the cholic? don't you know your patient, Mrs. Quack? Oh, lie upon your stomach, lying upon your stomach will cure you of the cholic. Ah! answer me, Jezabel.

Læt. Let the wicked man answer for himself; does he think that I have nothing to do but excuse him? It is enough, if I can clear my own innocence to my own dear.

Bellm. By my troth, and so it is—I have been a little too backward, that is the truth on it.

Fond. Come, sir, who are you, in the first place? and what are you?

Bellm. A whore-master.

Fond. Very concise.

Læt. O beastly, impudent creature!

Fond. Well, sir, and what came you hither for?

Bellm. To lie with your wife.

Fond.

Fond. Good again!—A very civil person this, and I believe speaks truth.

Læt. Oh, insupportable impudence!

Fond. Well, sir—pray be covered—And you have—heh! you have finished the matter, heh? and I am, as I should be, a sort of a civil perquisite to a whore-master, called a cuckold, heh? Is it not so? come, I'm inclin-
ing to believe every word you say.

Bellm. Why, faith, I must confess, so I designed you—But, you were a little unlucky in coming so soon, and hindered the making of your own fortune.

Fond. Humph. Nay, if you mince the matter once, and go back of your word, you are not the person I took you for. Come, come, go on boldly—What! don't be ashamed of your profession—Confess, confess; I shall love thee the better for't—I shall, i'feck—What! dost think I don't know how to behave myself in the employment of a cuckold, and have been three years apprentice to matrimony? Come, come; plain-dealing is a jewel.

Bellm. Well; since I see thou art a good honest fellow, I'll confess the whole matter to thee.

Fond. Oh, I'm a very honest fellow—You never lay with an honest man's wife in your life.

Læt. How my heart aches! all my comfort lies in his impudence; and, heaven be praised, he has a considerable portion. [*aside.*

Bellm. In short, then, I was informed of the opportunity of your absence by my spy (for, faith, honest Isaac, I have a long time designed thee this favour); I knew Spintext was to come by your direction—but I laid a trap for him, and procured his habit; in which I passed upon your servants, and was conducted hither. I pretended a fit of the cholic, to excuse my lying down upon your bed; hoping that, when she heard of it, her good-nature would bring her to administer remedies for my distemper—You know what might have followed—But, like an uncivil person, you knocked at the door before your wife was come to me.

Fond. Ha! this is apocryphal; I may choose whether I will believe it or no.

Bellm. That you may, faith!—and I hope you won't believe a word on't—But I can't help telling the truth for my life.

Fond. How! would not you have me believe you, say you?

Bellm. No; for then you must of consequence part with your wife, and there will be some hopes of having her upon the public; then the encouragement of a separate maintenance—

Fond. No, no: for that matter—when she and I part, she'll carry her separate maintenance about her.

Læt. Ah, cruel dear! how can you be so barbarous? You'll break my heart, if you talk of parting. [*cries.*]

Fond. Ah, dissembling vermin!

Bellm. How canst thou be so cruel, Isaac? thou hast the heart of a mountain-tiger. By the faith of a sincere sinner, she's innocent, for me. Go to him, madam; fling your snowy arms about his stubborn neck; bathe his relentless face in your salt trickling tears—

[*She goes and hangs upon his neck, and kisses him.*]

Bellmour kisses her hand behind *Fondlewife's* back. So! a few soft words and a kiss, and the good man melts. See how kind nature works and boils over in him!

Læt. Indeed, my dear, I was but just come down stairs, when you knocked at the door; and the maid told me Mr. Spintext was ill of the cholick upon our bed. And won't you speak to me, cruel Nykin? Indeed, I'll die, if you don't.

Fond. Ah! no, no; I cannot speak, my heart's so full—I have been a tender husband, a tender yoke-fellow; you know I have—But thou hast been a faithless Dalilah; and the Philistines—heh! Art thou not vile and unclean, heh? Speak! [*sweeping.*]

Læt. No-h. [*sighing.*]

Fond. O that I could believe thee!

Læt. Oh! my heart will break. [*seeming to faint.*]

Fond. Heh! how? No; stay, stay; I will believe thee, I will—Pray bend her forward, sir.

Læt. Oh! oh! Where is my dear?

Fond.

Fond. Here! here! I do believe thee. I won't believe my own eyes.

Bellm. For my part, I am so charmed with the love of your turtle to you, that I'll go and solicit matrimony with all my might and main.

Fond. Well, well, fir, as long as I believe it, 'tis well enough. No thanks to you, fir, for her virtue—But I'll shew you the way out of my house, if you please—Come, my dear. Nay, I will believe thee; I do, i'feck!

Bellm. See the great blessing of an easy faith! opinion cannot err.

*No husband by his wife can be deceiv'd;
She still is virtuous, if she's so believ'd.* [Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Bellmour in a fanatic habit, and Setter.

Bellm. SETTER! well encountered.

Sett. Joy of your return, fir! Have you made a good voyage? or have you brought your own lading back?

Bellm. No; I have brought nothing but ballast back—made a delicious voyage, Setter; and might have rode at anchor in the port till this time, but the enemy surpris'd us—I would unrig.

Sett. I attend you, fir.

Bellm. Ha! is not that Heartwell at Silvia's door? Be gone quickly; I'll follow you—I would not be known. Pox take them! they stand just in my way.

[Exit Setter.

Enter Heartwell and Lucy.

Heart. I'm impatient till it be done.

Lucy. That may be, without troubling yourself to go again for your brother's chaplain. Don't you see that staking form of godliness?

Heart. O ay; he is a fanatic.

Lucy. An executioner qualified to do your business. He has been lawfully ordained.

Heart. I'll pay him well, if you'll break the matter to him. [Exit.

Lucy. I warrant you—Do you go and prepare your bride.

Bellm. Humph! fits the wind there?—What a lucky rogue am I! Oh, what sport will be here, if I can persuade this wench to secrecy!

Lucy. Sir! reverend sir!

Bellm. Madam! [discovers himself.

Lucy. Now, goodness have mercy upon me! Mr. Bellmour! is it you?

Bellm. Even I. What dost think?

Lucy. Think! that I should not believe my eyes, and that you are not what you seem to be.

Bellm. True. But, to convince thee who I am, thou knowest my old token. [kisses her.

Lucy. Nay, Mr. Bellmour: O Lard! I believe you are a parson in good earnest, you kiss so devoutly.

Bellm. Well, your business with me, Lucy?

Lucy. I had none, but through mistake.

Bellm. Which mistake you must go through with, Lucy—Come, I know the intrigue between Heartwell and your mistress; and you mistook me for Tribulation Spintext, to marry them—ha! are not matters in this posture?—Confess:—Come, I'll be faithful; I will i'faith—What! disside in me, Lucy?

Lucy. Alas-a-day! you and Mr. Vainlove, between you, have ruined my poor mistress: you have made a gap in her reputation; and can you blame her if she make it up with a husband?

Bellm. Well, is it as I say?

Lucy. Well, it is then: but you'll be secret?

Bellm. Phuh, secret, ay:—And, to be out of thy debt, I'll trust thee with another secret. Your mistress must not marry Heartwell, Lucy.

Lucy. How! O Lord!—

Bellm. Nay, don't be in a passion, Lucy:—I'll provide a fitter husband for her.—Come, here's earnest of my good intentions for thee too; let this mollify—[gives her

her

ber money.] Look you, Heartwell is my friend; and tho' he be blind, I must not see him fall into the snare, and unwittingly marry a whore.

Lucy. Whore! I'd have you to know my mistress scorns—

Bellm. Nay, nay: look you, Lucy; there are whores of as good quality.—But to the purpose, if you will give me leave to acquaint you with it.—Do you carry on the mistake of me: I'll marry them.—Nay, don't pause;—if you do, I'll spoil all.—I have some private reasons for what I do, which I'll tell you within. In the mean time, I promise—and rely upon me—to help your mistress to a husband: nay, and thee too, Lucy.—Here's my hand, I will; with a fresh assurance.

[gives her more money.]

Lucy. Ah, the devil is not so cunning.—You know my easy nature.—Well, for once I'll venture to serve you; but, if you do deceive me, the curse of all kind, tender-hearted women light upon you!

Bellm. That's as much as to say, The pox take me! —Well, lead on. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Vainlove, Sharper, and Setter.

Sharper. Just now, say you, gone in with Lucy?

Setter. I saw him, sir, and stood at the corner where you found me, and overheard all they said: Mr. Bellmour is to marry them.

Sharper. Ha, ha; 'twill be a pleasant cheat—I'll plague Heartwell when I see him. Pr'ythee, Frank, let's teaze him; make him fret till he foam at the mouth, and disgorge his matrimonial oath with interest—Come, thou art musty—

Setter. *[to Sharper.]* Sir, a word with you.

[whispers him.]

Vain. Sharper swears she has forsworn the letter—I'm sure he tells me truth—but I am not sure she told him truth.—Yet she was unaffectedly concerned, he says; and often blushed with anger and surprise:—And so I remember in the park.—She had reason; if I wrong her—I begin to doubt.

Sharper. Sayest thou so?

Setter. This afternoon, fir, about an hour before my master received the letter.

Sharp. In my conscience, like enough.

Setter. Ay, I know her, fir; at least I'm sure I can fish it out of her: she's the very sluice to her lady's secrets:—'Tis but setting her mill a going, and I can drain her of them all.

Sharp. Here, Frank, your blood-hound has made out the fault. This letter, that so sticks in thy maw, is counterfeit; only a trick of Silvia in revenge, contrived by Lucy.

Vainl. Ha! It has a colour—But how do you know it, firrah?

Setter. I do suspect as much;—because why, fir—She was pumping me about how your worship's affairs stood towards madam Araminta; as, when you had seen her last? when you were to see her next? and, where you were to be found at that time? and such like.

Vainl. And where did you tell her?

Setter. In the Piazza.

Vainl. There I received the letter—It must be so—And why did you not find me out, to tell me this before, sot?

Setter. Sir, I was pimping for Mr. Bellmour.

Sharp. You were well employed:—I think there is no objection to the excuse.

Vainl. Pox on my faucy credulity!—If I have lost her, I deserve it. But, if confession and repentance be of force, I'll win her, or weary her into a forgiveness.

[*Exit.*

Sharp. Methinks I long to see Bellmour come forth.

Enter Bellmour.

Setter. Talk of the devil—See where he comes.

Sharp. Hugging himself in his prosperous mischief—No real fanatic can look better pleased after a successful sermon of sedition.

Bellm. Sharper! fortify thy spleen: such a jest! Speak when thou art ready.

Sharp. Now, were I ill-natured, would I utterly disappoint thy mirth: hear thee tell thy mighty jest, with as much gravity as a bishop hears venereal causes in the
spiritual

spiritual court; not so much as wrinkle my face with one smile; but let thee look simply, and laugh by thyself.

Bellm. Pshaw, no; I have a better opinion of thy wit—Gad! I defy thee.—

Sharp. Were it not loss of time, you should make the experiment. But honest Setter, here, overheard you with Lucy, and has told me all.

Bellm. Nay then, I thank thee for not putting me out of countenance. But, to tell you something you don't know—I got an opportunity (after I had married them) of discovering the cheat to Silvia. She took it at first, as another woman would the like disappointment; but my promise to make her amends quickly with another husband, somewhat pacified her.

Sharp. But how the devil do you think to acquit yourself of your promise? Will you marry her yourself?

Bellm. I have no such intentions at present—Pr'ythee, wilt thou think a little for me? I am sure the ingenious Mr. Setter will assist.

Setter. O Lord, sir!

Bellm. I'll leave him with you, and go shift my habit. [Exit.

Enter Sir Joseph Wittoll and Bluffe.

Sharp. Heh! sure, fortune has sent this fool hither on purpose. Setter, stand close; seem not to observe them; and, hark-ye— [whispers.

Bluffe. Fear him not—I am prepared for him now; and he shall find he might have safer roused a sleeping lion.

Sir J. Witt. Hush, hush: Don't you see him?

Bluffe. Shew him to me.—Where is he?

Sir J. Witt. Nay, don't speak so loud—I don't jest, as I did a little while ago—Look yonder—Egad, if he should hear the lion roar, he'd cudgel him into an ass, and his primitive braying. Don't you remember the story in Æsop's Fables, Bully? Egad, there are good morals to be picked out of Æsop's Fables, let me tell you that; and Reynard the Fox too.

Bluffe. Damn your morals!

Sir J. Witt. Pr'ythee, don't speak so loud.

Bluffe. Damn your morals! I must revenge the affront done to my honour. *[in a low voice.]*

Sir J. Witt. Ay; do, do, Captain if you think fitting—You may dispose of your own flesh as you think fitting, d'ye see—but, by the Lord Harry, I'll leave you. *[stealing away upon his tip-toes.]*

Bluffe. Prodigious! What, will you forsake your friend in extremity! You can't in honour refuse to carry him a challenge.

[almost whispering, and treading softly after him.]

Sir J. Witt. Pr'ythee, what do you see in my face, that looks as if I would carry a challenge? Honour is your province, Captain; take it—All the world know me to be a knight, and a man of worship.

Setter. I warrant you, sir; I'm instructed.

Sharp. Impossible! Araminta take a liking to a fool! *[aloud.]*

Setter. Her head runs on nothing else, nor she can talk of nothing else.

Sharp. I know she commended him all the while we were in the park; but, I thought it had been only to make Vainlove jealous—

Sir J. Witt. How's this? Good Bully, hold your breath, and let's hearken. Egad, this must be I.—

Sharp. Death! it can't be—An oaf, an ideot, a wit-tol.

Sir J. Witt. Ay; now it's out, 'tis I, my own individual person.

Sharp. A wretch that has flown for shelter to the lowest shrub of mankind, and seeks protection from a blasted coward.

Sir J. Witt. That's you, Bully Back.

[Bluffe frowns upon Sir Joseph.]

Sharp. She has given Vainlove her promise, to marry him before to-morrow morning—has she not? *[to Setter.]*

Setter. She has, sir;—and I have it in charge, to attend her all this evening, in order to conduct her to the place appointed.

Sharp. Well, I'll go and inform your master; and do you press her to make all the haste imaginable. *[Exit.]*

Setter. Were I a rogue now, what a noble prize could I dispose

I dispose of! A goodly pinnace, richly laden, and to launch forth under my auspicious convoy. Twelve thousand pounds, and all her rigging; besides what lies concealed under hatches—Ha! all this committed to my care!—Avaunt, temptation!—Setter, shew thyself a person of worth; be true to thy trust, and be reputed honest. Reputed honest! hum! is that all? ay: for to be honest is nothing; the reputation of it is all! Reputation! what have such poor rogues as I to do with reputation? 'tis above us; and for men of quality, they are above it; so that reputation is even as foolish a thing as honesty. And for my part, if I meet Sir Joseph with a purse of gold in his hand, I'll dispose of mine to the best advantage.

Sir J. Witt. Heh, heh, heh! here it is for you, i'faith, Mr. Setter. Nay, I'll take you at your word.
[chinking a purse.

Setter. Sir Joseph and the captain too! undone, undone! I'm undone, my master's undone, my lady's undone, and all the business is undone.

Sir J. Witt. No, no, never fear, man, the lady's business shall be done. What!—Come, Mr. Setter, I have overheard all, and to speak is but loss of time; but, if there be occasion, let these worthy gentlemen intercede for me.
[gives him gold.

Setter. O Lord, sir, what d'ye mean? corrupt my honesty!—They have indeed very persuading faces. But—

Sir J. Witt. 'Tis too little, there's more, man. There, take all—Now—

Setter. Well, Sir Joseph, you have such a winning way with you—

Sir J. Witt. And how, and how, good Setter, did the little rogue look, when she talked of Sir Joseph? did not her eyes twinkle, and her mouth water? did not she pull up her little bubbies? and—egad, I'm so overjoyed—and stroke down her belly? and then step aside to tie her garter, when she was thinking of her love? Hey, Setter!

Setter. Oh, yes, sir.

Sir *J. Witt.* How now, Bully? what, melancholy, because I'm in the lady's favour?—No matter, I'll make your peace—I know they were a little smart upon you—But, I warrant, I'll bring you into the lady's good graces.

Bluffe. Pshaw, I have petitions to show, from other-guefs toys than she. Look here; these were sent me this morning—There, read. [*shows letters.*] That—That's a scrawl of quality. Here, here's from a countess too. Hum—No, hold—that's from a knight's wife, she sent it me by her husband—But here, both these are from persons of great quality.

Sir *J. Witt.* They are either from persons of great quality, or no quality at all, 'tis such a damn'd ugly hand. [*while Sir Joseph reads, Bluffe whispers Setter.*]

Setter. Captain, I would do any thing to serve you; but this is so difficult—

Bluffe. Not at all. Don't I know him?

Setter. You'll remember the conditions?—

Bluffe. I'll give it you under my hand—In the mean time, here's earnest. [*gives him money.*] Come, knight—I'm capitulating with Mr. Setter for you.

Sir *J. Witt.* Ah, honest Setter:—Sirrah, I'll give thee any thing but a night's lodging. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sharper tugging in Heartwell.

Sharp. Nay, pr'ythee leave railing, and come along with me: may be she mayn't be within. 'Tis but to yon corner-house.

Heart. Whither? whither? which corner house?

Sharp. Why, there; the two white posts.

Heart. And who would you visit there, say you? (Oons, how my heart akes!)

Sharp. Pshaw, thou'rt so troublesome and inquisitive—Why, I'll tell you; 'tis a young creature that Vain-love debauched, and has forsaken. Did you never hear Bellmour chide him about Silvia?

Heart. Death, and hell, and marriage! my wife! [*aside.*]

Sharp. Why thou art as musty as a new-married man, that had found his wife knowing the first night.

Heart. Hell, and the devil! does he know it? But, hold

hold—If he should not, I were a fool to discover it.—I'll dissemble, and try him. [*aside.*]—Ha, ha, há! why, Tom, is that such an occasion of melancholy? is it such an uncommon mischief?

Sharp. No, faith; I believe not.—Few women, but have their year of probation, before they are cloistered in the narrow joys of wedlock. But, pr'ythee come along with me, or I'll go and have the lady to myself. B'w'y, George. [*going.*]

Heart. O torture! how he racks and tears me!—Death! shall I own my shame, or wittingly let him go and whore my wife? No, that's insupportable—Oh, Sharper!

Sharp. How now?

Heart. Oh, I am—married!

Sharp. (Now hold, spleen) Married!

Heart. Certainly, irrecoverably married!

Sharp. Heaven forbid, man! How long?

Heart. Oh, an age, an age! I have been married these two hours.

Sharp. My old bachelor married! that were a jest! ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Death! d'ye mock me? Hark ye, if either you esteem my friendship, or your own safety—come not near that house—that corner-house—that hot brothel. Ask no questions. [*Exit.*]

Sharp. Mad by this light!

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure. Married in haste, we may repent at leisure!

Enter Setter.

Setter. Some by experience find those words misplac'd:

At leisure married, they repent in haste.

As I suppose, my Master Heartwell.

Sharp. Here again, my Mercury!

Setter. Sublimate, if you please, sir: I think my achievements do deserve the epithet—Mercury was a pimp too; but, though I blush to own it, at this time, I must confess I am somewhat fallen from the dignity of my function, and do condescend to be scandalously employed in the promotion of vulgar matrimony.

Sharp.

Sharp. As how, dear dexterous pimp?

Setter. Why, to be brief, for I have weighty affairs depending—Our stratagem succeeded as you intended—Bluffe turns arrant traitor; bribes me, to make a private conveyance of the lady to him, and put a sham settlement upon Sir Joseph.

Sharp. O rogue! well, but I hope—

Setter. No, no; never fear me, sir—I privately informed the knight of the treachery; who has agreed seemingly to be cheated, that the captain may be so in reality.

Sharp. Where's the bride?

Setter. Shifting clothes for the purpose, at a friend's house of mine. Here's company coming; if you'll walk this way, sir, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bellmour, Belinda, Araminta, and Vainlove.

Vain. Oh, 'twas frenzy all: cannot you forgive it?—Men in madness have a title to your pity. [*to Araminta, Aram.* Which they forfeit, when they are restored to their senses.

Vainl. I am not presuming beyond a pardon.

Aram. You who could reproach me with one counterfeit, how insolent would a real pardon make you! But there's no need to forgive what is not worth my anger.

Bel. On my conscience, I could find in my heart to marry thee, purely to be rid of thee—At least, thou art so troublesome a lover, there's hopes thou'lt make a more than ordinary quiet husband. [*to Bellmour.*]

Bellm. Say you so?—Is that a maxim among you?

Bel. Yes: you fluttering men of the mode have made marriage a mere French dish.

Bellm. I hope there's no French sauce! [*aside.*]

Bel. You are so curious in the preparation, that is, your courtship, one would think you meant a noble entertainment—But, when we come to feed, 'tis all froth, and poor, but in shew. Nay, often, only remains, which have been, I know not how many times, warmed for other company, and at last served up cold to the wife.

Bellm. That were a miserable wretch indeed, who could not afford one warm dish for the wife of his bosom.

som!—But you timorous virgins form a dreadful chimaera of a husband, as of a creature contrary to that soft, humble, pliant, easy thing, a lover; so guess at plagues in matrimony, in opposition to the pleasures of courtship. Alas! courtship to marriage, is but as the music in the play-house, till the curtain is drawn; but, that once up, then opens the scene of pleasure.

Bel. Oh, foh!—no; rather, courtship to marriage, is as a very witty prologue to a very dull play.

Enter Sharper.

Sharp. Hist—Bellmour: if you'll bring the ladies, make haste to Silvia's lodgings, before Heartwell has fretted himself out of breath.—

Bel. You have an opportunity now, madam, to revenge yourself upon Heartwell, for affronting your squirrel. [to Belinda.

Bel. O the filthy rude beast!

Aram. 'Tis a lasting quarrel: I think, he has never been at our house since.

Bellm. But give yourselves the trouble to walk to that corner-house, and I'll tell you by the way what may divert and surprize you. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, Silvia's lodgings.

Enter Heartwell and Boy.

Heart. Gone forth, say you, with her maid!

Boy. There was a man too, that fetched them out—
 Setter, I think they called him.

Heart. Soh!—That precious pimp too!—Damn'd, damn'd strumpet! could she not contain herself on her wedding day? not hold out till night? O cursed state! how wide we err, when, apprehensive of the load of life,

We hope to find That help which nature meant in woman-kind, To man that supplemental self design'd; But proves a burning caustic when applied: And Adam, sure, could with more ease abide The bone when broken, than when made a bride.	} } } }
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Enter

Enter Bellmour, Belinda, Vainlove, and Araminta.

Bellm. Now George, what, rhyming! I thought the chimes of verse were past, when once the doleful marriage knell was rung.

Heart. Shame and confusion! I am exposed.

[*Vainlove and Araminta talk apart.*]

Bel. Joy, joy, Mr. Bridegroom; I give you joy, fir.

Heart. 'Tis not in thy nature to give me joy—A woman can as soon give immortality.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! O Gad! men grow such clowns when they are married—

Bellm. That they are fit for no company but their wives.

Bel. Nor for them neither, in a little time—I swear, at the month's end, you shall hardly find a married man, that will do a civil thing to his wife, or say a civil thing to any body else. How he looks already! Ha, ha, ha!

Bellm. Ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Death! am I made your laughing-stock? For you, fir, I shall find a time; but take off your wasp here, or the clown may grow boisterous; I have a fly-flap.

Bel. You have occasion for't; your wife has been blown upon.

Bellm. That's home.

Heart. Not fiends or furies could have added to my vexation, or any thing but another woman!—You've racked my patience; be gone, or by—

Bellm. Hold, hold. What the devil, thou wilt not draw upon a woman!

Vainl. What's the matter?

Aram. Bless me! what have you done to him?

Bel. Only touched a galled beast till he winched.

Vainl. Bellmour, give it over; you vex him too much; 'tis all serious to him.

Bel. Nay, I swear, I begin to pity him, myself.

Heart. Damn your pity!—But let me be calm a little.—How have I deserved this of you? any of you? Sir,
have

have I impaired the honour of your house, promised your sister marriage, and whored her? wherein have I injured you? did I bring a physician to your father when he lay expiring, and endeavour to prolong his life, and you one and twenty? madam, have I had an opportunity with you and baulked it? did you ever offer me the favour, that I refused it? or—

Bel. Oh foh! what does the filthy fellow mean? Lard! let me be gone.

Aram. Hang me, if I pity you; you are right enough served.

Bellm. This is a little scurrilous though.

Vainl. Nay, 'tis a sore of your own scratching—Well, George—

Heart. You are the principal cause of all my present ills. If Silvia had not been your mistress, my wife might have been honest.

Vainl. And if Silvia had not been your wife, my mistress might have been just.—There, we are even—But have a good heart; I heard of your misfortune, and came to your relief.

Heart. When execution's over, you offer a reprieve.

Vainl. What would you give?

Heart. Oh! any thing, every thing, a leg or two, or an arm; nay, I would be divorced from my virility, to be divorced from my wife.

Enter Sharper.

Vainl. Faith, that's a sure way—But here's one can sell you freedom better cheap.

Sharp. Vainlove, I have been a kind of a godfather to you, yonder. I have promised and vowed some things in your name, which I think you are bound to perform.

Vainl. No signing to a blank, friend.

Sharp. No, I'll deal fairly with you—'Tis a full and free discharge to Sir Joseph Wittoll and Captain Bluffe; for all injuries whatsoever, done unto you by them, until the present date hereof—How say you?

Vainl. Agreed.

Sharp.

Sharp. Then, let me beg these ladies to wear their masks a moment.—Come in, gentlemen and ladies.

Heart. What the devil's all this to me?

Vainl. Patience.

Enter Sir Joseph Wittoll, Bluffe, Silvia, Lucy, and Setter.

Bluffe. All injuries whatsoever, Mr. Sharper.

Sir J. Witt. Ay, ay, whatsoever, Captain: stick to that whatsoever.

Sharp. 'Tis done, these gentlemen are witnesses to the general release.

Vainl. Ay, ay, to this instant moment—I have passed an act of oblivion.

Bluffe. 'Tis very generous, sir, since I needs must own—

Sir J. Witt. No, no, Captain, you need not own; heh, heh, heh! 'Tis I must own—

Bluffe.—That you are over-reached too, ha, ha, ha, only a little art-military used—only undermined, or so, as shall appear by the fair Araminta my wife's permission.—Oh, the devil, cheated at last! [*Lucy unmask.*]

Sir J. Witt. Only a little art-military trick, captain, only countermined, or so.—Mr. Vainlove, I suppose you know whom I have got now—but all's forgiven!

Vainl. I know whom you have not got; pray, ladies, convince him. [*Aram. and Belin. unmask.*]

Sir J. Witt. Ah! O Lord! my heart akes—Ah! Setter, a rogue of all fides!

Sharp. Sir Joseph, you had better have pre-engaged this gentleman's pardon: for though Vainlove be so generous to forgive the loss of his mistress—I know not how Heartwell may take the loss of his wife.

[*Silvia unmask.*]

Heart. My wife! by this light, 'tis she, the very cockatrice!—Oh Sharper! let me embrace thee—But art thou sure she is really married to him?

Setter. Really and lawfully married, I am witness.

Sharp. Bellmour will unriddle to you.

[*Heartwell goes to Bellmour.*]

Sir

Sir J. Witt. Pray, madam, who are you? For, I find, you and I are like to be better acquainted.

Silvia. The worst of me is, that I am your wife—

Sharp. Come, Sir Joseph, your fortune is not so bad as you fear—A fine lady, and a lady of very good quality.

Sir J. Witt. Thanks to my knighthood, she's a lady—

Vainl. That deserves a fool with a better title—Pray use her as my relation, or you shall hear on't.

Bluffe. What, are you a woman of quality too, spouse?

Setter. And my relation; pray let her be respected accordingly.—Well, honest Lucy, fare thee well—I think, you and I have been play-fellows, off and on, any time this seven years.

Lucy. Hold your prating—I'm thinking what vocation I shall follow while my spouse is planting laurels in the wars.

Bluffe. No more wars, spouse, no more wars—While I plant laurels for my head abroad, I may find the branches sprout at home.

Heart. Bellmour, I approve thy mirth, and thank thee—And I cannot in gratitude (for I see which way thou art going) see thee fall into the same snare out of which thou hast delivered me.

Bellm. I thank thee, George, for thy good intention—But there is a fatality in marriage—For I find I'm resolute.

Heart. Then good counsel will be thrown away upon you—For my part, I have once escaped—and when I wed again, may she be—ugly, as an old bawd!

Vainl. Ill-natured, as an old maid—

Bellm. Wanton, as a young widow—

Sharp. And jealous, as a barren wife.

Heart. Agreed.

Bellm. Well; 'midst of these dreadful denunciations, and notwithstanding the warning and example before me, I commit myself to lasting durance.

Bcl. Prisoner, make much of your fetters.

[giving her hand.

Bellm.

Bellm. Frank, will you keep us in countenance?

Vainl. May I presume to hope so great a blessing?

Aram. We had better take the advantage of a little of our friends experience first.

Bellm. On my conscience, she dares not consent, for fear he should recant! [*aside.*]—Well, we shall have your company to church in the morning—May be it may get you an appetite, to see us fall-to before you. Setter, did not you tell me?—

Setter. They're at the door: I'll call them in.

A D A N C E.

Bellm. Now set we forward on a journey for life—Come, take your fellow-travellers. Old George, I'm sorry to see thee still plod on alone.

Heart. With gaudy plumes and gingling bells made proud,

The youthful beast sets forth, and neighs aloud.

A morning sun his tinsel'd harness gilds,

And the first stage a down-hill green-sward yields.

But, Oh!—

What rugged ways attend the noon of life!

(Our sun declines) and with what anxious strife,

What pain, we tug that galling load, a wife!

All courfers the first heat with vigour run;

But 'tis with whip and spur the race is won.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*AS a rash girl, who will all hazards run,
 And be enjoy'd, tho' sure to be undone;
 Soon as her curiosity is o'er,
 Would give the world she could her toy recover:
 So fares it with our poet; and I'm sent
 To tell you, he already does repent:
 Would you were all as forward, to keep Lent!
 Now the deed's done, the giddy thing has leisure
 To think o'th' sting, that's in the tail of pleasure.
 Methinks I hear him in consideration!
 What will the world say? where's my reputation?
 Now that's at stake—No, fool; 'tis out of fashion.
 If loss of that should follow want of wit,
 How many undone men were in the pit!
 Why that's some comfort to an author's fears,
 If he's an ass, he will be tried by's peers.
 But hold—I am exceeding my commission;
 My business here was, humbly to petition:
 But we're so us'd to rail on these occasions,
 I could not help one trial of your patience:
 For 'tis our way (you know) for fear o'th' worst,
 To be before-hand still, and cry fool first.
 How say you, Sparks? how do you stand affected?
 I swear, young Bayes within is so dejected,
 'Twould grieve your hearts to see him; shall I call him!
 But then you cruel critics would so maul him!
 Yet, may be, you'll encourage a beginner;
 But how?—Just as the devil does a sinner.
 Women and wits are us'd e'en much at one,
 You gain your ends, and damn them when you've done!*

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The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres, are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas, as at Line 19 to 21, in Page 9.

P R O L O G U E.

PLEASURE attend ye, and about ye sit
 The spring of mirth, fancy, delight and wit,
 To stir you up; do not your looks let fall,
 Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
 Because this day we're Spaniards all again,
 The story of our play, and our scene Spain:
 The errors too, do not for this cause hate,
 Now we present their wit, and not their state;
 Nor ladies, be not angry, if you see
 A young fresh beauty wanton, and too free,
 Seek to abuse her husband, still 'tis Spain,
 No such gross errors in your kingdom reign;
 You're vestals all, and though we blow the fire,
 We seldom make it flame up to desire;
 Take no example neither to begin,
 For some by precedent delight to sin;
 Nor blame the poet if he slip aside
 Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
 But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease,
 A cruel scene did never lady please.
 Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
 Though we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
 Some drunk, some mad: we mean not you, you're free,
 We tax no farther than our comedy,
 You are friends, sit noble then and see.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duke of Medina.
Don Juan de Castro.
 Sanchio.
 Alonzo.
 Michael Perez.
 Leon.
 Cacafogo.

W O M E N.

Margarita.
 Altea.
 Clara.
 Estifania.
An old Woman.
 Maid,

AT COVENT-GARDEN.

Mr. PALMER.
 Mr. DAVIES.
 Mr. THOMPSON.
 Mr. FEARON.
 Mr. LEWES.
 Mr. HOLMAN.
 Mr. BOOTH.

AT DRURY-LANE.

Mr. AIKIN.
 Mr. PACKER.
 Mr. HURST.
 Mr. USHER.
 Mr. KING.
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Mrs. INCHBALD.
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Miss SHERRY.
 Mrs. LOVE.
 Mrs. WHITFIELD.
 Mrs. BADDELEY.
 Mrs. WALDRON.

R U L E A W I F E

A N D

H A V E A W I F E.

ACT I. SCENE A Chamber.

Enter Juan de Castro and Perez.

Per. A R E your companies full, colonel ?

Juan. No, not yet, sir :
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command ?

Per. We pick up still,
And as our monies hold out, we have men come.
About that time I think we shall be full too :
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd :
There's one Don *Leon*, a strange goodly fellow,
Commended to me from some noble friends.

Per. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before
too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor ever meant, Don
That came to my ears yet ; ask him a question, [*Michael*,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,
To the point less ; ' he wears a sword, a good one,
' And good cloaths too ; he's whole skin'd, has no hurt
yet,

' Good promising hopes ;' I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

Per. Preserve him, he'll conclude a peace if need be,
Many as stout as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish.
Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and
whole ones,

That make the drunken *Dutch* creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for : but *Mich. Perez*.
When heard you of *Donna Margarita*, the great heiress ?

Per. I hear every hour of her, tho' I ne'er saw her,
She is the main discourse : noble *Don Juan de Castro*,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,

And live at ease! She's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, sir, that I own for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness;
He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Per. Wou'd I were married, I wou'd find that wisdom
With a tight rein to rule my wife. If e'er woman
Of the most subtile mould went beyond me,
I'd give boys leave to hoot me out o' the parish.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to speak
with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Per. Are they two handsome women?

Ser. They seem so, very handsome, but they're veil'd,
sir,

Per. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth, how it melts
with me!

I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [Exit Servant.]

Per. Don Juan.

Juan. How you itch, *Michael!* how you burnish!
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet?
Do your eyes glow now?

Per. There be two.

Juan. Say honest, what shame have you then?

Per. I wou'd fain see that,
I've been in the *Indies* twice, and have seen strange
things,

But for two honest women;—one I read of once.

Juan. Pr'ythee be modest.

Per. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara and Estifania, veil'd.

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.

Per. Both hooded! I like 'em well though;
They come not for advice in law sure hither;
'May be they'd learn to raise the pike, I'm for 'em:'
They're very modest; 'tis a fine prelude.

Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, wou'd you
speak, lady?

Clara. With you, sir, as I guess, *Juan de Castro*.

Per. Her curtain opens, she is a pretty gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune.
I may do any service to your beauties.

Clara. Captain, I hear you're marching down to
To serve the Catholic king. [Flanders,

Juan. Fam sweet lady.

Clara. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars; may be, sir, you know him,
Don Campusano, captain of *Carbines*,
To whom I would request your nobleness,
To give this poor remembrance. [Gives a letter,

Juan. I shall do it;

I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

Clara. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[Exeunt *Juan and Clara*.

Per. Pr'ythee let me see thy face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me,
Women of our sort that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.

Per. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours,
I know your tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd,
Lady, you may to me.

Estif. You must excuse, signior, I come
Not here to sell myself.

Per. As I'm a gentleman, by the honour of a
foldier.

Estif. I believe you.

I pray be civil; I believe you'd see me,
And when you've seen me I believe you'll like me,
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

* *Per.* I shall love you dearly,
And 'tis a sin to sling away affection,
I have no mistress, no desire to honour
Any but you.—

I know not you have struck me with your modesty,

RULE A WIFE AND

'That you have taken from me
All the desire I might bestow on others——
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed I dare not ;
But since I see you are so desirous, fir,
'To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance.

Per. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me ;
When I am going let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter, thither come.
For there I dare be bold to appear open ;
As I like your virtuous carriage, then

Enter Juan and Clara.

I shall be able to give welcome to you.
She 'th done her business, I must take my leave, fir.

Per. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you,
lady.

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant ;
Sirrah, come near, hark.

Enter Perez's Servant.

Ser. I shall do it faithfully. [Exit.

Juan. You will command me more services ?

Clara. To be careful of your noble health, dear fir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down there.

[*Exeunt Ladies and Don Juan's Servant.*

Per. You had the honour to see the face that came to
you ? [*Michael?*

Juan. And 'twas a fair one ; what was your's, *Don*

Per. Mine was i'th'eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over
it.

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome.
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

Juan. You know none of 'em ?

Per. No.

Juan. Then I do, captain.

But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't ;
Sit close, *Don Perez*, or your worship's caught.

Per. Were those she brought love-letters ?

Juan.

Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in *Flanders* ;
Your's was very modest methought,
Per. Some young unmanag'd thing ;
But I may live to see.

Juan. 'Tis worth experience ;
Let's walk abroad and view our companies. [*Exeunt* ;

‘ *Enter Sanchio and Alonzo.*

‘ *San.* What, are you for the wars, *Alonzo* ?

‘ *Alon.* It may be ay,

‘ It may be no, e'en as the humour takes me.

‘ If I find peace among the female creatures,

‘ And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home.

‘ I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches

‘ And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour ;

‘ When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.

‘ *San.* Ay, of which hospital thou'lt sweat in ; wilt
‘ Thou never leave whoring ? [*Sanchio,*

‘ *Alon.* There is less danger in't than gunning,

‘ Though we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal,

‘ Besides, it breaks no limbs.

‘ *San.* But it disables 'em,

‘ Dost see how thou pullest thy legs after thee,

‘ As if they hung by points ? [*ones,*

‘ *Alon.* Better to pull 'em thus than walk on wooden

‘ Serve bravely for a billet to support me.

‘ *San.* Fye, fye, 'tis base.

‘ *Alon.* Dost count it base to suffer ?

‘ Suffer abundantly ? 'tis th' crown of honour ;

‘ You think it nothing to lie twenty days

‘ Under a surgeon's hand that has no mercy.

‘ *San.* As thou hast done I'm sure, but I perceive now

‘ Why you desire to stay ; the *Orient* heirs,

‘ The *Margarita*, sir.

‘ *Alon.* I wou'd I had her.

‘ *San.* They say she'll marry.

‘ *Alon.* Yes, I think she will.

‘ *San.* And marry suddenly, as report goes too :

‘ They say too

‘ She has a greedy eye, that must be fed

‘ With more than one man's meat.

‘ *Alon.* Wou'd she were mine,

‘ I'd cater for her well enough ; but *Sanchio,*

- ' There be too many great men that adore her ;
 ' Princes, and princes fellows, that claim privilege.
 ' *San.* Yet those stand off i'the way of marriage ;
 ' To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.
 ' *Alon.* She has bought a brave house here in town.
 ' *San.* I've heard so.
 ' *Alon.* If she convert it now to pious uses,
 ' And bid poor gentlemen welcome.
 ' *San.* When comes she to it ? [yet,
 ' *Alon.* Within these two days, she's in the country
 ' And keeps the noblest house.
 ' *San.* Then there's some hope of her :
 ' Wilt thou go my way ?
 ' *Alon.* No, no, I must leave you,
 ' And repair to an old gentlewoman that
 ' Has credit with her, that can speak a good word.
 ' *San.* Send thee good fortune, but make thy body
 ' found first.
Alon. I am a soldier,
 ' And too found a body becomes me not ;
 ' So farewell, *Sancho*. [Exit.]

S C E N E, a street.

Enter Estifania across the stage, a servant of Michael Perez following.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim,
 They're both fair buildings,—she walk'd plaguy fast.

Re-enter Estifania, courtesies and exit.

And hereabouts I lost her ; stay, that's she,
 'Tis very she——she makes me a low court'fy ;
 Let me note the place, the street I well remember.

[Exit.]

S C E N E, a chamber in Margarita's house.

Enter three old ladies.

1st Lady. What shou'd it mean, that in such haste
 we're sent for ?

2d Lady. Be like the lady *Margaret* has some business.
 She'd break to us in private,

3d Lady. I shou'd seem so.

'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

2d Lady. And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye,
 For a young woman of her years ; 'tis a pity
 To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3d Lady.

3d Lady. 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good-morrow, ladies.

Alt. Morrow, my good madam.

1st Lady. How does the sweet young beauty, lady Margaret?

2d Lady. Has she slept well after her walk last night?

1st Lady. Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well, she sent for you thus suddenly

To give her counsel in a business

That much concerns her.

2d Lady. She does well and wisely.

Alt. She wou'd fain marry.

1st Lady. 'Tis a proper calling,

And well befits her years: who wou'd she yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on, I pray come in

And break your fast, drink a good cup or two,

To strengthen your understandings, then she'll tell ye.

2d Lady. And good wine breeds good counsel, we'll yield to ye. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a street.

Enter Juan de Castro, and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where.

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember,

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.

Pray ask me no long questions, I've an ill memory.

Juan. This is an afs; did you ne'er draw your sword yet?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,

For I ne'er had no money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a drum ?

Leon. It makes my head ake.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk ?

Leon. I think not, but I am loving, fir.

Juan. What a lump is this man ;

Was your father wife ?

Leon. Too wife for me, I'm sure,

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness ;
Canst thou lie with a woman ?

Leon. I think I could make shift, fir ;

But I am bashful.

Juan. In the night ?

Leon. I know not,

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

Juan. Why art thou sent to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too when thou dar'st not fight ?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, fir ; men that talk more too.

Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a bullet ?

Leon. Why by chance,

They aim at honourable men, alas I'm none, fir.

Juan. This fellow has some doubts in his talk that
strikes me.

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all fool ; welcome, *Alonzo.*

Alon. What have you got there, temperance into your
company ? [then.

The spirit of peace ? We shall have wars by the ounce

Enter Cacafogo.

Oh, here's another pumpkin ;

The cramm'd son of a starv'd usurer, *Cacafogo* :

Both their brains butter'd, cannot make two spoonfuls.

Caca. My father's dead : I am a man of war too,
Monies. demefnes ; I've ships at sea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o'the *Hollanders*, your ships may
leak else.

Caca. I scorn the *Hollanders*, they are my drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold, fir, I will borrow it else.

Caca. I'm satisfied, you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye,

Caca;

Caca. Thou'ft wrong'd mine honour,
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously,
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourself, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou won't my money too, with a pair of base
bones,

In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee. [He strikes.

Leon. I cannot choose but kick again, pray pardon me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd
thee :

I leave thee as a thing despis'd, *baso las manos à vostra*
Seignoria. [Exit. *Caca.*

Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracle, there is not in all
A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake. [Spain.

Leon. I see he's hasty, and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow ?

Alon. Turn him off,

He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About some week hence, sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, a chamber in Margarita's house.

Enter Estifania and Perez.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends, lady,
For your strict carriage when you saw me first :
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object,
I cou'd now chide ye, but it shall be thus ;
No other anger ever touch your sweetness.

Estif. Y'appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your name.

Estif. 'Tis *Estifania*, the heir of this poor place.

Per. Poor, do you call it ?

There's nothing that I cast my eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable ; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here ;

The

The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious,
Is all that plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use, I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it;
The suits you see of all the upper chamber,
Are those that commonly adorn the house;
I think I have besides, as fair as *Seville*,
Or any town in *Spain* can parallel.

Per. Now if she be not married, I have some hopes.
Are you a maid?

Estif. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, sir.

Per. Then wou'd I counsel you to marry presently,
(If I can get her. I am made for ever) [*Aside.*
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty:
A husband now, an honest careful husband,
Were such a comfort: will ye walk above stairs?

Estif. This place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far, sir,
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations
I dare not trust, sir.

Per. She's excellent wife withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a husband, I am not so strict, sir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think, I should accept him;
But above all he must love.

Per. He were base else.
'T here's comfort minister'd in the word soldier;
How sweetly should I live!

Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir;
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my direction; to please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i' the kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

Per.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident, now Fortune stick
I am a foldier, and a bachelor, lady, [to me ;
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely ;
They that use many words some are deceitful ;
I long to be a husband, and a good one.

For 'tis more certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies ;
I'm young you see, able I'd have you think too,
If't please you know, try me before you take me,
'Tis true I shall not meet in equal wealth with ye,
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats too in ready gold,
As rich cloaths too as any he bears arms, lady.

Estif. You're a gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,
And such a man I'd rather take——

Per. Pray do so,
I'll have a priest o' the sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.

Per. I'll hang'd or drown'd first,
By this and this, and this kifs.

Estif. You're a flatterer,
But I must say there was something when I saw you
First, in that noble face, that stirred my fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better e'er you sleep, sweet lady.
I'll send for all my trunks and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye.
And then, sweet wench.

Estif. You have the art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E

An apartment in Margarita's house.

Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.

Mar. COME, sit down, and give me your opinions
seriously.

1st Lady. You say you have a mind to marry, lady.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have for to preserve my credit,
'Yet not so much for that as to preserve my state, ladies.
'Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' question.'
I desire my pleasure, and pleasure I must have.

2d Lady.

2d Lady. 'Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young lady,
Sleep cannot nourish more.

1st Lady. But might not all this be, and keep ye
You take away variety in marriage, [single ?
Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then ;
Is't not abundance that you aim at ?

Mar. Yes, why was I made a woman ?

2d Lady. And ev'ry day a new ?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to use it ?

1st Lady. You're still i' th' right, why wou'd you
marry then ?

Alt. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.

2d Lady. What husband mean ye ?

Alt. A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure ;
One though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door and entertain the maker.

2d Lady. You grant there may be such a man.

1st Lady. Yes marry, but how to bring e'm to this rare
perfection.

2d Lady. They must be chosen so, things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter,
care not what they are, so they be lusty.

2d Lady. Methinks now, a rich lawyer ; some such
That carries credit, and a face of awe, [fellow,

Mar. No, there's no trusting them ; they are too
subtle ;

The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

1st Lady. Then, some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

Mar. If he have honour, I'm undone ; I'll none such.

Alt. ' And to that end,' with search and wit and labour,
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect.

Mar. Is he a gentleman ?

Alt. Yes, and a foldier, but as gentle as you'd wish
A good fellow, and has good cloaths, if he knew how
to wear 'em.

Mar. Those I'll allow him,

They

They are for my credit; does he understand
But little.

Alt. Very little.

Mar. 'Tis the better;

Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

Mar. H' has no capacity what honour is?
For that's the soldier's god.

Alt. Honour's a thing too subtle for his wisdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.

Mar. Is he so goodly a man do you say?

Alt. As you shall see, lady;

But to all this he's but a trunk.

Mar. I'd have him so.

'I shall add branches to him to adorn him;
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him,
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him,
Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your ladyship.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *a street.*

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why thou'rt not married indeed?

Per. No, no, pray think so;

Alas I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Nor worth a lady's eye.

Alon. Wou'dst steal a fortune,

And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?

Per. No indeed.

There was no wisdom in't to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet:
I can cut up my pye without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i' the veil?

Per. *Basta*, 'twas she.

The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Per. A mine, a mine, there is no end of wealth,
I am an ass, a bashful fool; pr'ythee, colonel, [colonel;
How do thy companies fill now?

Juan.

Juan. You're merry, fir,
You intend a safer war at home-belike now.

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this year,
colonel.

I find myself giv'n to my ease a little,
I care not if I fell my foolish company,
They're things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at first fight should win a lady,
A rich young wench ;
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry ?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more ;
I have an house to maintain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come
to thee.

Per. Where they'll get entertainment is the point,
I beat no drum. [Signior ;

' May be I'll march, after a month or two,
' To get a fresh stomach. I find, colonel,
' A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with.
' 'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
' And have a thousand things of great importance,
' Jewels, and plate, and fooleries molest me,
' To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth ;
' Before I walk'd contendedly,'

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress, fir, is sick, because you're absent,
She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my jewel ;
Come, I'll go with thee : gentlemen your fair leaves.
You see I'm tied a little to my yoke,
Pray pardon me, wou'd ye had both such loving wives.

Juan. I thank ye [Exeunt *Per.* and *Servant.*
For your old boots ; never be blank, *Alonzo*,
Because this fellow has outfripped thy fortune :
' Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
' The gracious state of matrimony stands with him ;'
Come, let's to dinner, when *Margarita* comes
We'll visit both, it may be then your fortune. [Exeunt,

S C E N E, a chamber,

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Mar. Is he come ?

Alt.

Alt. Yes, madam, h' has been here this half hour.
I've question'd him of all you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man :

Mar. Call him in, *Altea.* [Exit *Altea.*

Enter Leon, and Altea.

A man of a comely countenance, pray ye come this way ;
Is his mind so tame ?

Alt. Pray question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harm done.

Mar. Can ye love a young lady ? how he blushes !

Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head
And speak to th' lady. [up,

Leon. Yes, I think I can,

I must be taught. I know not what it means, madam.

Mar. You shall be taught ; and can you when she
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two ? [pleases
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And money in your purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding,

And when I am from home I am so merry.

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handfomely,
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you ?

Leon. Yes sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see here ?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Come, salute me,

Leon. Ma'am.

Mar. How the fool shakes ! I will not eat you, sir.
Can't you salute me ?

Leon. Indeed, I know not ;

But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Mar. Come on then.

Leon. Come on then.

[Kisses her.

Mar. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this lady that affects ye,
Nay say I marry ye ?

Alt. Hark to the lady.

Mar.

Mar. What money have ye ?

Leon. None, madam, nor no friends,
I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my master, fir,
Nor talk i' the house as though you wore the breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not,
Alas, I am not able, I've no wit, madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a servant ye must be unto me,
As I behold your duty I shall love ye.
And, as ye observe me, I may chance lie with ye.
Can you mark these ?

Leon. Yes indeed, forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be faucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myself suffi-
Mar. Nor must not now. [ciently.

Leon. I'll be a dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kifs me again. If you see me
Kifs any other, twenty in an hour, fir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No. if you kifs a thousand I shall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, madam.

Mar. 'Tis the man I wish'd for ; the less you speak—

Leon. I'll never speak again, madam ;
But when you charge me, then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a priest, I'll wed him instantly.
But when you're married, fir, you must wait on me,
And see ye observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve'em.
Come in, and ferye for witnesses.

Omnes. We shall, madam.

Mar.

Mar. And then away to the city presently,
I'll to my new house and new company.

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine : I'm a made man.

Ait. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, wench. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, a grand saloon.

Enter Clara, and Estifania with a paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him ?

Estif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aim'd at ?

Estif. Yes, too ;

And the most kind man,

I find him rich too, *Clara.*

Clara. Hast thou married him ?

Estif. What dost thou think I fish without a bait,
I bob for fools : he is mine own. I have him, [wench,
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout,
And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.

Clara. Does the lady know this? she's coming now to
town.

Now to live here in this house.

Estif. Let her come,

She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her ;

She's mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,

For what I have made bold.

Clara. Dost thou not love him ?

Estif. Yes, entirely well,

As long as there he stays and looks no farther

Into my ends ; but when he doubts, I hate him,

And that wife hate will teach me how to cozen him.

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you shall see a kind man.

Per. My *Estifania*, shall we to dinner, lamb ?

I know thou stay'ft for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter but methinks a paradise

Appears about me.

Estif. You're welcome to it, sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest seat in *Spain*, wench,

Methinks the richest too, we'll eat i' the garden

In

In one o'the arbours, these 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain,
Who's that ?

Estif. A friend of mine, fir.

Per. Of what breeding ?

Estif. A gentlewoman, fir.

Per. What business has she ?

Is she a learned woman i' the mathematics ?

Can she tell fortunes ?

Estif. More than I know, fir.

Per. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence, wife,
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health ? she looks not like a confessor.

Estif. What need all this, why are you troubled, fir,
What do you suspect, she cannot cuckold ye,
She is a woman, fir, a very woman.

Per. Your very woman may do very well, fir,
Towards the matter, for though she cannot perform it
In her own person, she may do't by proxy,
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy, husband, you are jealous then,
And haply suspect me.

Per. No indeed, wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more
cause.

And clearer too : I'm sure you have heard say, husband,
A woman forc'd will free herself through iron.
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented
May be taught tricks.

Per. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow friend, I'll see you.

Cl. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye, *Exit.*

[*A knock at the door.*]

Estif. Why, where's this girl ? who's at the door ?

Per. Who knocks there ?

Is't for the king you come, ye knock so boisterously ?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady, as I live, mistress, my lady's come,
She's at the door, I peep through, I saw her,

And

And a stately company of ladies with her,

Estif. This was a week too soon, but I must meet
And set a new wheel going, and a subtle one, [with her
Must blind this mighty *Mars*, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at the door?

Estif. Such, my *Michael*,
As you may bleis the day they enter'd here,
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispute the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me.
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?

Per. Do, I dare trust thee, I'm asham'd I was angry,
I find thee a wise young wife.

Estif. I'll wife your worship
Before I leave ye ;—[*Aside*] pray ye walk by and say
nothing,

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir.
I was born to make ye a man.

Per. The rogue speaks heartily,
Her good-will colours in her cheeks, I'm born to love
I must be gentle to these tender natures, [her,
A soldier's rude harsh words besit not ladies.
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her her way, for 'tis for me she works now ;
I am husband, heir, and all she has.

Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.

Who're these, I hate such flaunting things?

A woman of rare presence! excellent fair;

This is too big fare for a bawdy-house,

Too open feated too.

Estif. My husband, lady.

Mar. You've gained a proper man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady. [*Kisses.*

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now. [*Apart to Perez,*

And I shall make ye rich; this is my cousin,
That gentleman dotes on her, even to death;
See how he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly woman.

Estif. She is a mirror.

But she is poor, she were for a prince's side else.

This

This house she has brought him to as to her own,
 And presuming upon me, and on my courtesy;
 Conceive me short, he knows not but she is wealthy,
 ' Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one.
 ' He's so far gone.'

Per. Forward, she's a rare face.

Estif. This we must carry with discretion, husband,
 And yield unto her for four days.

Per. Yield our house up, our goods, and wealth?

Estif. All this but seeming. Do you see this writing?
 Two hundred pounds a year, when they are married,
 Has she seal'd to for our good; the time is unfit now,
 I'll shew it you to-morrow?

Per. All the house?

Estif. All, all; and we'll remove too, to confirm him.
 They'll into the country suddenly again
 After they are match'd, and then they'll open to him.

Per. The whole possession, wife? look what you do;
 A part o' the house.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
 And take their pleasure too. 'tis for our 'vantage.
 Why, what's four days? had you a sifter, fir,
 A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
 And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, fir, as easily as it came on;
 You give away no house.

Per. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Per. Well then.

Estif. And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I'm satisfied.

Would I had the wench so too

[*Aside.*]

Estif. When she has married him,
 So infinite his love is linkt unto her,
 You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch
 May have heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove my trunks straight,
 And take some poor house by, 'tis but for four days.

Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we will be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.

Pe

Per. Well.

Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.

[*Exit Perez.*]

Mar. Come, let's go in; are all the rooms kept sweet,
wench?

Estif. They're sweet and neat.

Mar. Why, where's your husband?

Estif. Gone, madam.

When you come to your own he must give place, lady.

Mar. Well, send you joy, you would not let me
Yet I shall not forget ye. [know't,

Estif. Thank your ladyship.

Mar. Come lead me in. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T. III. S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Alt. A R E you at ease now, is your heart at rest?

Mar. I am at peace, *Altea*,

If he continue but the same he shews,

And be a master of that ignorance

He outwardly professes, I am happy.

Alt. You're a made woman.

Mar. But if he shou'd prove now

A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,

One read in knavery, and brought up in the art

Of villainy conceal'd.

Alt. My life, an innocent.

Mar. That's it I aim at.

That's it I hope too, then I'm sure I rule him:

Are the rooms made ready

To entertain my friends? I long to dance now,

Alt. Ail, lady, your house is nothing now but
The gallants begin to gaze too. [various pleasures,

Mar. Let them gaze on,

I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,

And company is my delight and courtship,

And handsome servants at my will; where's my good
husband,

Where does he wait?

Alt. He knows his distance, madam,

I warrant he is busy in the cellar

Among his fellow servants, or asleep,

Till your commands awake him.

Enter Leon and Lorenzo.

Mar. 'Tis well, *Altea*,

It should be so, my ward I must preserve him——
 Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
 His hat on too?

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the chambers
 Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?
 New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,
 And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

Lor. They are, and yet there must be more and
 richer, it is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so? 'tis excellent.
 Is it her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
 Revels and masques!

Lor. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
 And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir;
 I must not call ye, master, she has warn'd me,
 Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
 What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow;
 I may cut first?

Lor. That's as you shall deserve, sir.

Leon. I thank you. 'And when I lie with her.'

Lor. May be I'll light ye,
 On the same point you may do me that service.

Enter first Lady.

1 Lady. Madam, the duke *Medina* with some captains
 Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
 And their best services.

Mar. They shall be welcome;
 See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
 'The house perfum'd.'

Go, get your best clothes on, but 'till I call ye,
 Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
 And behave yourself handsome, sir, 'tis for my credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 Lady. Madam, the Lady *Julia*——

Leon. That's a bawd,
 A three pil'd bawd. Bawd-major to the army.

2 Lady. Has brought her coach to wait upon your
 ladyship.

And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.

Leon. The neat air of her nunnery.

Mar. Tell her no, i'th' afternoon I'll call on her

2 Lady.

2 *Lady.* I will, madam.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Why, are you not gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be sewer to the first course.

Leon. Faith, madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Mar. How now, what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye:
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane men that will not last, madam;
An egg and pepper goes farther than their portions,
And in a well knit body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potables,

Mar. The fellow's mad!

Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,
My indiscretion has made me bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk.

Leon. Not much, madam,
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue,
He dare not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I'm your husband,
But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such strange deformities.
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains;
And bills nail'd up, with horns before your doors
To rent out wantonness.

Mar. Do you hear him talk

Leon. I've done, madam,
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver.
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders.
'Till when I tie myself to my obedience.

[*Exit.*

Mar. First I'll untie myself; did you mark the
gentleman,
How boldly and how saucily he talk'd;

And how unlike the lump I took him for ?

This was your providence,

Your wisdom to elect this gentleman,

Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge,

What think ye now ?

Alt. I think him an afs still,

This boldness some of your people have blown into him,

This wisdom too with strong wine, 'tis a tyrant,

And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,

Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,

Such as are understanding in their draughts,

And dispute learnedly the whys and wherefores,

To grafs immediately. I'll keep all fools,

Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing,

Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience,

And such an hand I'll keep over this husband.

Alt. He'll fall again, my life, he cries by this time,

Keep him from drink, he's a high constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam ?

Mar. No, your old clothes.

And get you into the country presently,

And see my hawks well train'd, you shall have victuals,

Such as are fit for saucy palates, fir,

And lodgings with the hinds, it is too good too.

Leon. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance.

Alt. You see how he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, madam, if it please your lady-

ship.

Alt. He's humbled ;

Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handsome,

And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye no feeling ?

[*Aside.*

I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady. [*Exit.*

Mar. See you preserve him thus upon my favour :

You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone ;

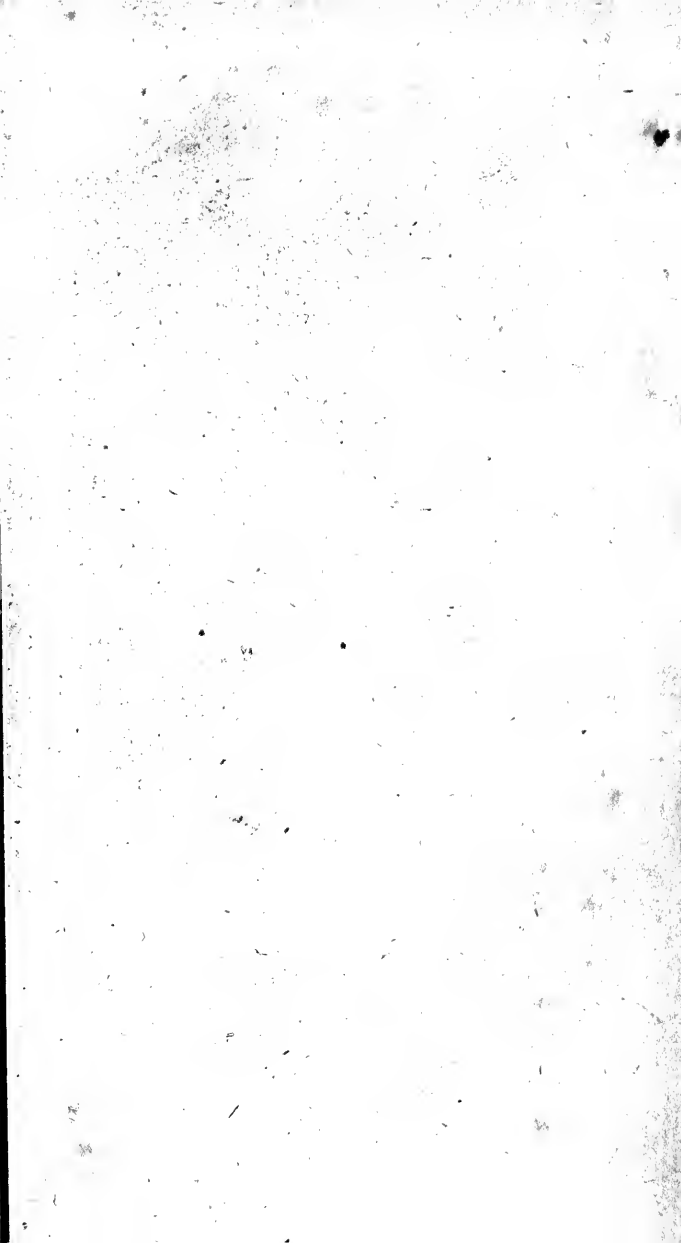
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him,

I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,

Dispute my life : come in and see all handsome.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.

[*Aside. Exeunt.*





Dodd ad viv. delus.

Published 24 Aug. 1776 by T. Lowndes and Partners.

Cotter et.

*MARKING in the Character of PEREZ the COPPER CAPTAIN
 (Sever's return to mine own House again.
 We're lodg'd here in the miscrablest Log-hole
 The Inhabitants we have are two starv'd Rats.*

H A V E A W I F E.

24

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I

Never return to my own house again?
 We're lodg'd here in the miserable dog-hole,
 A conjuror's circle gives content above it;
 A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it?
 We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
 And there we lie like butter clapt together,
 And sweat ourselves to fauce immediately;
 The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
 So various too, they'll pose a gold finder!
 Never return to my own Paradise?
 Why wife I say, why *Estifania*!

Estif. [*within*] I'm going presently.

Per. Make haste, good jewel.

I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:
 I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here.
 The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
 For they're not able to maintain a cat here,
 And those appear as fearful as two devils,
 They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,
 And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.
 There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
 Dry'd in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' the chimney,
 (Which is but three tiles raised like a house of cards)
 The true proportion of an old smoak'd Sibyl,
 There is a young thing too, that Nature meant
 For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster,
 She has a husk about her like a chestnut,
 With laziness, and living under the line here,
 And these two make a hollow found together,
 Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur:

Enter Estifania.

Mercy deliver me, O are you come, wife,
 Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going;

And you shall presently to your own house, sir.
 The remembrance of this small vexation
 Will be argument of mirth for ever.
 By that time you have said your orisons,
 And broke your fast, I shall be back and ready
 To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my fast, break my neck rather, is there
 any thing here to eat.

But one another, like a race of canibals?
 A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent.
 Let's have our house again immediately,
 And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,
 None be embezzl'd,

Estif. Not a pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let 'em instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,

(There's reason in all courtesies)

For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
 And has provided too, she sent me word, sir,
 And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I will walk i'the church-yard,

'The dead cannot offend more than these living.
 An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, sir.

Per. And do you hear, let's have a handsome dinner,
 And see all things be decent as they have been,
 And let me have a strong bath to restore me:
 I stink like a stale fish shambles, or an oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret no-
 thing.

I'll send you people for the trunks afore-hand,
 'And for the stuff.'

Per. Let 'em be known and honest,
 And do my service to your niece.

Estif. I shall, sir,

But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
 That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy,
 And pray you be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Street.

Enter Juan de Castro, Sancho, and Cacafogo.

San. Thou'rt very brave.

Caca. I've reason, I have money.

San. Is money reason?

Caca. Yes, and rhyme too, captain.

If you've no money, you're an ass.

San. I thank ye.

Caca. Ye've manners, ever thank him that has mo-

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

[*ney.*]

Caca. Not a farthing, captain.

Captains are casual things.

San. Why so are all men, thou shalt have my bond.

Caca. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain,
My money is mine own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Caca. Put it to pious uses.

Buy wine and wenches, and unlo young coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those hospitals?

Caca. I first provide to fill my hospitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched.
And then I build: those are more bound to pray for
Besides; I keep th' inheritance in my name still. [me:

Juan. A provident charity? are you for the wars,

Caca. I am not poor enough to be a soldier, [fir ?
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet;
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Caca. Had you but my money,
You'd swear it colonel; I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing;
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

San. A right state usurer; why dost not marry,
And live a reverend justice?

Caca. Is it not nobler t' command a reverend justice,
than to be one?

And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt go to dinner with us?

Caca. I will go and view the pearl of *Spain*, the
orient

Fair one, the rich one too, and I will be respected:
I bear my patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your captainships shall stand aloof
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse
Of his affection.

Juan. The duke dines there to-day too, the duke of
Medina.

Caca. Let the king dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my creature,
And certainly I may make bold with my own, cap-

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously. [tain.

Caca. Like a true born *Spaniard*,
Eat as I were in England where the beef grows,

And I will drink abundantly, and then
 Talk ye as wantonly as *Ovid* did,
 To stir the intellectuals of the ladies:
 I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Caca. You must pawn a horse troop,
 And then have at ye, colonel.

Sav. Come, let's go;

This rascal will make rare sport; how the ladies
 Will laugh at him!

Juan. If I light on him I'll make his purse sweat too.

Caca. Will ye lead, gentlemen? [Exit.

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter *Perez*, an Old Woman, and Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out and let me understand
 And tune your pipe a little higher, lady; [ye,
 I'll hold ye fast; how came my trunks open?
 And my goods gone, 'what pick lock spirit?'

Old Wom. Ha! what would ye have?

Per. My goods again; how came my trunks all open?

Old Wom. Are your trunks all open?

Per. Yes, and my clothes gone,
 And chains and jewels; how she smells like hung beef.
 'The palsy, and pick locks;' fye, how she belches.
 The spirit of garlick.

Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
 The young fair woman?

Per. What's that to my question?
 She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Maid. Is she your wife, sir?

Per. Yes, sir; is that a wonder?
 Is the name of wife unknown here?

Old Wom. Is she duly and truly your wife?

Per. Duly and truly my wife; I think so,
 For I married her; it was no vision sure!

Maid. She has the keys, sir. [spirit?

Per. I know she has; but who has all my goods,

Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
 You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, sir.

Per. The devil she has! I had a fair house with her,
 That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

Old Wom. You're cozen'd too, 'tis none of her's,
 good gentleman,

It is a lady's.

Maid. The lady *Margarita* ; she was her servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, fir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd.

Per. Plague o'the devil,
Am I, i' the full meridian of my wisdom,
Cheated by a stale quean ? What kind of lady
Is that that owns the house ?

Old Wom. A young sweet lady.

Per. Of a low stature ?

Old Wom. She's indeed but little, but she is wondrous
fair.

Per. I feel I'm cozen'd :

Now I am sensible I am undone.

Maid. When she went out this morning, that I saw,
She had two women at the door attending, [fir,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em ;
But what they were——I heard your trunks too open
If they be your's ?

Per. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth
owning.

Was she her mistress, say you ?

Old Wom. Her own mistress, her very mistress, fir,
and all you saw

About and in that house was hers.

Per. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings ?

Maid. Not a farthing, she's poor, fir, a poor shifting
thing.

Per. No money ?

Old Wom. Abominably poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her unless she steal it ;
But for one single gown her lady gave her,
She might go bare good gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now,

I think I am as poor as she, I'm wide else,
One single suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steals that she must slay me for it ;
Where does she use ?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon,
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, fir, she lurks in,
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.

Per. Is she a whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman,
I dare not say she is so, fir, because
She is your's, fir; these five years she has liv'd
Upon picking up.

Per. She has pick'd up me finely;
A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one she-faint; I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And been courted by all women to conceal 'em.
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warning to young gentlemen,
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And am I tricked now?
Caught in my own noose? here's a rial left yet,
There's for your lodging and your meat this week.
A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box.
Farewel great grand-mother,
If I do find you were an accessary,
'Tis but the cutting off two smoaking minutes!
'I'll hang you presently.

[*Pushes her down and Exit.*

Old Wom. Oh the rogue! the villain! Is this usage for
the fair sex! [Exit.

S C E N E, *A Grand Saloon.*

*Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo,
Sanchio, Cacafogo, and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, fir.

Alon. Hung wantonly; I like that preparation,
It stirs unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial;
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, *Cacafogo*, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn.

Caca. I shall be master of it,
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spa-
airy and full of ease, and that I love well. [cious,
I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affection stands to the young lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies and Servant.

Mar. All welcome to your grace, and to these soldiers.

You honour my poor house with your fair presence;
 Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,
 I do beseech your grace command, they're yours,
 Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye, lady, I am bold to visit ye,
 Once more to bless my eyes with your sweet beauty,
 It has been a long night since you left the court,
 For 'till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the duke's meat.

San. She's most excellent!

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on,
 I had rather command her than my regiment.

Caca. I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,
 Which I can cozen up again in ten days. [*Afide.*]

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam.

Nor shall it be until I know the guests too,
 Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid 'em.

Juan. Is not this my *Alferes*? he looks another
 Are miracles afoot again? [thing!]

Mar. Why, firrah, why firrah, you?

Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;

And as you are my wife, command your absence,
 And know your duty: 'tis the crown of modesty.

Duke. Your wife?

Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband.

And pray take notice that I claim that honour,
 And will maintain it.

Caca. If thou be'st her husband,
 I am determin'd thou shall be my cuckold,
 I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dung-hill!

I will not lose mine anger on a rascal;
 Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown-up body.
 'Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.

Caca. I'll talk with you another time. [*Exit.*]

Alon. This is miraculous.

San. Is this the fellow

That had the patience to become a fool.

Mar. I'll be divorced immediately!

Leon. You shall not,

You shall not have so much will to be wicked.

I am more tender of your honour, lady, and of your age,
 You took me for a shadow,
 You took me to gloss over your discredit,
 To be your fool, you thought you had found a cox-
 comb,

I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye.
 Only I will be known to be your lord now,
 And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
 Thou cozen'd fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool!

I will not be commanded: I'm above ye:
 You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
 But from your estate you never shall, I'll hold that,
 And hold it to my use, the law allows it.
 And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?

Leon. 'Tis mine, madam,

You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it, I rule it,
 And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, madam,
 But as my servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
 And at my father will to do me service,
 And so I'll keep it.

Mar. 'Tis well.

Leon. It shall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. I will give none, madam.

I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
 And will maintain it; you shall know me now
 To be an understanding feeling man,
 And sensible of what a woman aims at.
 A young proud woman, that has will to sail with,
 A wanton woman that her blood provokes too.
 I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
 The master of this little piece of mischief,
 And I will put a spell about your feet, lady,
 They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at;
 For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
 He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a husband ought, sir,

In his own house, and it becomes me well too;
 I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it.
 To have a wife or servant of your own.

(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants,) Under your own roof to command ye.

'*Juan.* Brave, a strange conversion, thou shalt lead
' In chief now.'

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, sir ?

Leon. Not now, my lord, my fortune makes me ev'n,
And as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Mar. Get me my coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command, I'll make him draw your coach
And eat your coach too, (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will ; or take your coach lady,
I give you liberty ; and take your people
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with ye,
Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off, you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it.
We shall not stand by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep ; draw, sir.

Leon. They're tears of anger,
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not.
(She would e'en now swoon if she could not cry)
Put up, my lord, this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me ;
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely ?
Then to my guard, and if I spare your grace,
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
Mercy forsake me.
I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye.

Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech ye,
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly. [dom,

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's free-
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold,
His wife be fair and young but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and ye have no feeling of it,
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour ?

' Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,

' Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him.'

Now,

Now, fir, fall on, I'm ready enough to oppofe ye.

Duke. I've better thought, I pray, fir, ufe your wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, fir, And now you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner, This is my wedding-day.

Duke. I'll crofs your joy yet. [*Aside.*]

Juan. I've feen a miracle, hold thine own, foldier, Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the lady of the houfe?

Leon. That's ſhe, fir, that good natur'd pretty lady; If you'd ſpeak with her.

Juan. *Don Michael!*

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of buſinefs. When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.

It is the woman. Good madam, tell me truly, Had you a maid call'd *Eſtifania*?

Mar. Yes truly, had I.

Per. Was ſhe a maid, d' you think?

Mar. I dare not ſwear for her. ———
For ſhe had but a ſcant fame.

Per. Was ſhe your kinfwoman?

Mar. For that I ever knew; now I look better, I think you married her, give you much joy, fir.

Per. Give me a halter.

Mar. You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young girl.

Per. Is not this houfe mine, madam?

Was not ſhe the owner of it? ' pray ſpeak truly.'

Mar. No, certainly, I'm ſure my money paid for it, And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, fir.

Per. The hangings and the plate too?

Mar. All are mine, fir,

And every thing you ſee about the building, She only kept my houfe when I was abſent; And ſo ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Per. Where is your maid?

Mar. Do not you know that have her?

She's yours now, why ſhou'd I look after her? Since that firſt hour I came I never ſaw her.

Per. I ſaw her later, wou'd the devil had had her. It is all true I find, a wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy wife with child; *Don Michael*? Thy excellent wife.

Art thou a man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?

San. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards,

You are so jealous now, pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!

Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling,
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle:
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes, many times,
So often that I was aſham'd to keep her.
But I forgave her, fir, in hopes ſhe'd mend ſtill,
And had not you o'the inſtant married her,
I'd put her off,

Per. I thank ye, I am bleſt ſtill,
Which way ſo 'ere I turn I'm a made man,
Miſerably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll ſtay and dine?

Per. Certain I cannot, captain:
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrant'ſt puppy,
The miſerableſt aſs! but I muſt leave ye;
I am in haſte, in haſte, bleſs you, good madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife.

Leon. What then, fir?

Per. No matter if the devil had one to fetch the
other. [Exit.

Leon. Will you walk in, fir, will your grace but
honour me,

And taſte our dinner? You are nobly welcome,
All anger's paſt I hope, and I ſhall ſerve ye.

[Exeunt.]

A C T IV. S C E N E, a Street.

Enter Perez.

Per. I'LL to a conjuror but I'll find this pole-cat,
This pilfering whore: a plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women,
Their ſanctity in ſhow will deceive devils;
It is my evil angel, let me bleſs me.

Enter Eſtifania, with a caſket.

Eſtif. 'Tis he, I'm caught. I muſt ſtand to it ſtoutly,
And ſhow no ſhake of fear. I ſee he's angry,
Vext at the uttermoſt.

Per. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modeſty

All the town over.

Estif. My most noble husband,
I'm glad I have found ye, for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame in looking out your lordship.

Per. I've been in bawdy-houfes —————

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. Pray ye, pardon me;

To seek your ladyship, I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,
'To look you out among the youthful actors:
At puppet shews, (you're mistress of the motions!)
I was amongst the nuns because you sing well;
But they say yours are bawdy songs, and they mourn for
And last I went to church to seek you out, [ye;
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You've had a pretty progress, I'll tell mine now:
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns ———

Per. And are you sober?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, sir,

Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers,
There I had great hope to find you disguised too;
From hence to the dicing-house, there I found quarrels:
Needles and senseless, swords, pots, and candlesticks,
Tables and stools; and all in one confusion,
And no man new his friend. I left this *Chaos*,
And to the surgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
For, says he learnedly, if he be tipp'd,
'Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I sought ye where no safe thing wou'd have ventur'd.
Amongst diseases, base and vile, vile women,
For I remember'd your old *Roman* axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the honour.
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I've found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.

Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude me in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd? ———

Estif. Why am I abused?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable ———

Estif. Captain.

Per.

Per. Thou stinking, oversteu'd incorrigible——

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you echo me?

Estif. Yes, sir, and go before ye,
And round-about ye, why do you rail at me,
For that was your own sin, your own knavery.

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You'd best now draw your sword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain,
Upon your wife, O most renown'd captain!

Per. A plague upon thee, answer me directly;
Why didst thou marry me?

Estif. To be my husband;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?
A house and riches, when they are but shadows.
Shadows to me?

Estif. Why did you work on me,
It was but my part to requite you, sir, [me
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring
So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
So much in right rich clothes:

Per. Thou hast 'em rascal;
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd them, and sold my treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your treasure, sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles; is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure.
A man would think now these were worthy matters,
Here's a shoeing-horn chain gilt over, how it scenteth,
Worse than the dirty mouldy heel it serv'd for.
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my monkey in't,
These are my jointure; blush and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty?

Estif. Here's a goodly jewel,
Did not you win this at *Goletta*, captain,
Or took it in the field from some brave *Bashaw*?
See how it sparkles——Like an old lady's eyes.

Per. Pry'thee leave prating.

Estif. And here's a chain of whittings eyes for pearls,
A mussell monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pry'thee wife, my clothes, my clothes.

Estif.

Estif. I'll tell ye,
Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper;
A copper, copper captain, those you thought, my
 husband,

To have cozen'd me withal; but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate nor hangings?

Estif. There are none; sweet husband.
Shadow for shadow is as equal justice.

[*Perez sings.*—*Estif. sings.*

Can you rail now? pray put your fury up, fir,
And speak great words, you are a soldier, thunder!

Per. I will speak little, I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You have spoke well, fir;
And now I see you're so conformable,
I'll heighten you again; go to your house,
They're packing to be gone, you must sup there,
I'll meet you and bring clothes and clean shirts after,
And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring copper. [Aside.

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me truth, wife;
However I forgive thee: art thou honest?
The beldam swore — — —

Estif. I bid her tell you so, fir,
It was my plot; alas, my credulous husband,
The lady told you too — — —

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your suff'rance,
And she denied the house.

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I'm right and straight.

Per. I wou'd believe thee,
But heaven knows how my heart is; will ye follow me?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [Exit Perez.

Estif. Go, silly fool; thou may't be a good soldier
In open fields, but for our private service
Thou art an ass;

Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,

And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.

May I crave your leave, fir?

Caca. Pr'ythee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave,
I'm in my meditations, do not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,
That people had compassion on;
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much; a thousand ducats!
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

Estif. Pray you hear me.

Caca. I know thou hast some wedding-ring to pawn
Of silver gilt, with a blind posy in't, [now,
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain.
I'll none of 'em; I wou'd she did not know me,
Or would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way.

Estif. I'm gone, fir,

And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
The lady *Margarita*——

Caca. Stay, I pr'ythee,

What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye.
And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will hear ye.

Estif. She will intreat you, fir.

Caca. She shall command, fir,

Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman,
Do not forget thyself.

Estif. She does command then

This courtesy, because she knows you're noble.

Caca. Your mistress by the way?

Estif. My natural mistress.

Upon these jewels, fir, they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em right.

Caca. To doubt 'em is an herefy.

Estif. A thousand ducats, 'tis upon necessity
Of present use; her husband, fir, is stubborn.

Caca. Long may he be so.

Estif. She desires withal

A better knowledge of your parts and person,
And when you please to do her so much honour——

Caca. Come let's dispatch.

Estif. In truth I've heard her say, fir,

Of a fat man she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, fir.

Caca. Let's do it first

And then dispute ; the lady's use may long for't.

Estif. All secrecy she wou'd desire, she told me
How wise you are.

Caca. We are not wise to talk thus,
Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a jewel
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another :
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve the lady,
Long monitrousfly ; now valour I shall meet ye,
You that dare dukes.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him.
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly, and strangely ; here *Don Juan*,
Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded.

[*Exit.*

Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,
This must not be.

San. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price in prison.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, *Sanchio*,
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handfomeness

To bless this part of *Spain*, and have that slubber'd !

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in't.

Duke. I'll warrant ye he shall be glad to please us.

And glad to share too, we shall hear anon

A new song from him, let's attend a little.' [*Exeunt.*

Another Chamber.

Enter Leon, and Juan with a commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness,
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir,
And a proud man I shou'd have been to've serv'd you :
'T has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion ; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am glad man we shall gain your company :
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it ;
The time grows shorter still ; are your goods ready ?

Juan. They are abroad.

Leon. Who waits there ?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear, ho, go carry this unto your mistress, fir,

And let her see how much the king has honour'd me :
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier. [*Lorenzo!*

Enter Lorenzo.

Go, take down all the hangings,

And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and jewels,

And all the furniture that's portable.

Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary

We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.

And, do you hear, *Lorenzo*, let all your lady's wardrobe

Be safely placed in trunks ; they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, fir ?

Leon. To the wars, *Lorenzo*.

Lor. Must my mistress go, fir.

Leon. Ay your mistress, and you and all ; all, all must go.

Lor. Why *Pedro*, *Vasco*, *Diego*. [*Exit.*

Juan. He's taken a brave way to save his honour,
' And crosses the duke ; now I shall love him dearly,'
By the life of credit thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why how now, wife, what sick at my preferment ?
This is not kindly done.

Mar. No sooner love ye,

Love ye entirely, fir, brought to consider

The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,

But love you instantly, be divorc'd from ye ?

This is a cruelty ; I'll to the king

And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,

Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweetheart.

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am—

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country.

Mar. He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst
But-talk of war, or any thing to vex him ;
You shall not go. [*Aside.*

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife ;

What, should I lose the king for a few kisses ?

We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the duke my cousin, he shall to th' king.

Leon.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't, should I pray him now
T' undo't again? fy, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, fir, to bear you company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not. [*Knocking within.*]

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh Heav'n my head,
what rascals;

I think the war's begun i' the house already.

Leon. The preparation is, they're taking down
And packing up the hanging, plate and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall besit me,
When I lie in garrison.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Must the coach go too, fir?

Leon. How will your lady pass to the sea else easily?
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye,
I know ye are sickly, he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. Would I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye, sweet? are her clothes packt up
And all her linen? give your maids direction,
You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Mar. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easy bark.

Leon. It shall not trot I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes,

Mar. I am with child, fir.

Leon. At four days warning? this is something speedy.
Do you conceive as our jennets do, with a west-wind?
My heir will be an arrant fleet-one, lady.

Mar. You must provide a cradle, and what a trouble's

Leon. The sea shall rock it, [that?
'Tis the best nurse: 'twill roar and rock together.
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Mar. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye, fir.

Leon. And you were a thousand shames you shall
along with me,

At home I'm sure you'll prove a million.

Every

Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back, you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Duke. What, fir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care.

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove some good man for your country;
Therefore fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place: what, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame, he'll come again, sweet cousin,
Mean time, like sad *Penelope* ^{and sage},
Among your maids at home, and huswifely.

Leon. No, fir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness,
She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her; she shall go along, fir.

Duke. By no means, captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What take a young and tender-body'd lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults,
A sickly lady too?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, fir,
There's no such friend to her health as wholesome travel.

San. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, fir.

Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her tears, fright her with
With thunder of the war. [tempests,
I dare swear if she were able——

Leon. She's most able.

And pray ye swear not, she must go, there's no remedy;
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,
Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me,
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit as
Her weakness and your hot will wou'd work her to.
Fye, fye! for shame.

Enter Perez.

What masque is this now?

More tropes and figures to abuse my suff'rance,
What cousin's this?

Juan. *Michael Van Owl*, how dost thou?
In what dark barn or tod of aged ivy
Has thou lain hid?

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people must conceal, and shine again.
You're welcome hither as your friend may say, gentlemen,

A pretty house ye see handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a *French* taylor, that
Has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.

Per. I see you're packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me ~~it so~~ and it so,
'Tis true I do; you were merry when I was last here,
But 'was your will to ~~show~~ patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer,
Yet I wou'd have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.

Leon. What house, what pleasure, sir, what do you mean?

Per. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous;

This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of them?

Per. They're mine, sir and you know it,
My wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.

[*A knock within.*]

The hangings, sir, I must intreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses:
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place; you're merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Pr'ythee good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife leave fooling and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so phantastic——all the house?

Per. All mine,

And all within it. I will not bate ye an ace on't
Can't you receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o' the top on't?

Leon.

Leon. Canst thou fight ?

Per. I'll tell ye presently, I could have done, fir,

Leon. For you must law and claw before you get it.

Juan. Away, no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,

I'll have it prov'd, you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,

Never in love, for that's a lunacy,

No great 'state left ye that ye never look'd for,

Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper ;

That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,

And then I yeild ; do but look at him.

Per. He has half persuaded me-I was bread i'th' moon,

I have ne'er a bush at my breach ; are not we both mad ?

And is not this a fantastick house we are in,

And all a dream we do ? Will ye walk out, fir ?

And if I do not beat thee presently

Into a sound belief, as sense can give thee,

Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,

And say, I was one o' th' *Cæsars*, done by a seal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the house is his, and all that's in it ;

I'll give away my skin but I'll undo ye ;

I gave it to his wife, you must restore, fir,

And make a new provision.

Per. Am I mad now,

Or am I christen'd, you my pagan cousin,

My mighty mauhound kinsman, what quirk now ?

You shall be welcome all, I hope to see, fir,

Your grace here, and my coz, we are all soldiers,

And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this ? Then I must tell ye, fir,

Ye've no command, now you may go at pleasure

And ride your afs troop.

Leon. All this not moves me,

Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections :

You have more furniture, more houses, lady,

And rich ones too, I will make bold with those,

And you have land i' th' *Indies* as I take it,

Thither we'll go, and view a-while those climates,

Visit your factors there, that may betray ye ?

'Tis done, we must go.

Mar. Now, thou'rt a brave gentleman,

And by this sacred light I love thee dearly.

Hark ye, fir,

The house is none of your's, I did but jest, fir,
 You are no coz of mine, I beseech ye vanish,
 Your wife has once more fool'd ye :

'Go and consider.'

Leon. Good-morrow, my sweet mauhound cousin ;
 You are welcome, welcome all,
 My cousin too, we are all soldiers,
 And should naturally do for one another.

Per. By this hand she dies for't,
 Or any man that speaks for her. [Exit Perez.]

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
 You shall have a commission, and I'll go too,
 Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye ;
 Good-morrow to your grace, we've private business ;
 There lies your way—there. [Exeunt.]

A C T V.

S C E N E, *a Street.*

Enter Perez.

Per. **H**AD I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
 That all the queens in Christendom might hear
 That all men might run away from the contagion, [me,
 I had my wish : wou'd it were made high treason,
 Most infinite high, for any man to marry ;
 I mean for a uan that would live handsomely,
 And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.
 What torments shall I put her to ?
 Cut her in pieces ? Every piece will live still,
 And every morsel of her will do mischief ?
 They are so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em,
 They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers ;
 To burn too cold, they live like salamanders ;
 Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
 And so deprest her as they did the giants ?
 She will move under more than built old *Babel*.
 I must destroy her.

Enter Cacafo, with a casket.

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a she moth,
 That ev'ry silk-man's shop breeds ; to be cheated,
 And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham !

Per. Who's that is cheated, speak again thou vision,
 But art thou cheated ? Minister some comfort :
 Tell me I conjure thee,

Caca.

Caca. Then keep thy circle,
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And whosoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha!

Caca. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

Per. By whom, good spirit, speak, speak, ha, ha, ha!

Caca. I'll utter, laugh till my lungs crack, by a rascal woman,

'A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.'

Dost thou laugh still!

Per. I must laugh, pr'ythee pardon me,
I shall laugh terribly.

Caca. I shall be angry,
Terribly angry. I have cause.

Per. That's it,

And 'tis no reason but thou should'st be angry,
Angry at heart, yet I must laugh still at thee.

By a woman cheated? art sure it was a woman?

Caca. I shall break thy head, my valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter, by a woman cozen'd,
A real woman?

Caca. By a real devil.

Plague of her jewels and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet cozen'd fir, let's see them,
I have been cheated too, I wou'd have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman, I am undone, sweet fir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Caca. Pray ye take it,
You are the merriest undone man in *Europe*,
What need we fiddles, bawdy-songs, and sherry,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

Per. Ha, ha, ha!

I've seen these jewels, what a notable pennyworth
Have you had? you will not take, fir,
Some twenty ducats?

Caca. Thou'rt deceived, I will take.

'*Per.* To clear your bargain now.

'*Caca.* I'll take some ten,

Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.

Per. An excellent lapidary fet these stones, sure ;
D'ye mark their waters ?

Caca. Quicksand choak their waters,
And her's that brought 'em too, but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope, but do not hurt her,
You cannot find in all this kingdom

If you had need of cozening, as you may have,

For such gross natures will desire it often,

A woman that can cozen you so neatly,

She has taken half mine anger off with this trick [Exit.

Caca. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow,

I've money enough lies by me at a pinch

To pay for twenty rascals lives that vex me.

I'll to this lady, there I shall be satisfied. [Exit.

S C E N E, *another Street.*

Enter Perez and Estifania.

Per. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel,

And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal,

Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,

No holes, nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,

But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee ?

I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly ;

But now thou com'st t' invite me, com'st upon me ;

How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' the manor,

And ready for a halter, dost thou look now ?

Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing !

Has ne'er a knife,

Nor e'er a string to lead thee to Elysium ?

Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,

That have compassion upon wretched women,

That dare administer a dram of ratbane,

But thou must fall to me ?

Estif. I know you've mercy.

Per. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.

What new trick's now a-foot, and what new houses

Have you i' the air ? what orchards in apparition ?

What can'st thou say for thy life ?

Estif. Little or nothing.

I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless

To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book out,

And pray a little.

Per. Do a very little ;

For I have farther business than thy killing.

I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you're ready.

Estif. Now, now, sir, now

[Shows a pistol.

Come on. Do you start from me?

Do you sweat, great captain? Have you seen a spirit?

Per. Do you wear guns?

Estif. I am a soldier's wife, fir,

And by that privilege I may be arm'd.

Now what's the news, and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Per. Let me see,

Pr'ythee let me see thy gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, fir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye villain; what wou'd you
Kill your husband?

Estif. Let mine own husband then

Be in's own wits; there, there's a thousand ducats;
Who must provide for you? and yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

Estif. When will your redeem you jewels, I have
pawn'd 'em,

You see for what, we must keep touch.

Per. I'll kiss thee,

And get as many more, I'll make thee famous,
Had we the house now!

Estif. Come along with me,

If that be vanish'd there be more to hire, fir.

Per. I see I am an ass when thou art near me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter Leon and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country house.

And there we'll learn to live contentedly,
This place is full of charge and full of hurry,
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;
Live in a hollow tree, fir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband,
Why, now I doat upon you, love you dearly,
And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,
Clearly, and sweetly into your embraces;
O, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wife, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble,
I'll be as humble to you as a servant,
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
'They shall be welcome all; now experience

Now

Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodnefs !

[*Clashing fwords. A cry within, Down with their fwords.*]

What noife is this ? what difmal cry ?

Mar. 'Tis loud too :

Sure there's fome mischief done i' th' ftreet ; look out

Leon. Look out and help. [there.]

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Oh, fir, the duke *Medina*.——

Leon. What of the duke *Medina* ?

Lor. Oh fweet gentleman,

Is almoft flain.

Mar. Away, away, and help him,

All the houfe help. [Exit Lorenzo.]

Leon. How ! flain ? why *Margarita*,

Wife, fure fome new device they have a-foot again,

Some trick upon my credit, I fhall meet it ;

I'd rather guide a fhip imperial

Alone, and in a ftorm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, and Lorenzo.

Mar. How came you hurt, fir ?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel.

My caufe was naught, for 'twas about your honour :

And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er profpers,

' And he has left me thus ;' for charity,

Lend me a bed to eafe my tortur'd body.

That 'ere I perish I may fhew my penitence ;

I fear I'm flain.

Leon. Help, ' gentlemen' to bear him in,

There fhall be nothing in this houfe, my lord,

But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble fir.

Leon. To bed with him ; and wife give your attendance.

Enter Juan.

[*Exeunt Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Mar. and Lorenzo.*]

Leon. Afore me. 'Tis rarely counterfeited.

Juan. True, it is fo, fir.

' And take you heed this laft blow do not fpoil ye ;'

He is not hurt, only we made a fcuffle,

As tho' we purpos'd anger ; that fame fcritch

On's hand he took, to colour all, and drew compaffion,

'That he might get into your houfe more cunningly.

I muft not ftay. Stand now, and you're a brave fellow.

Leon.

Leon. I thank ye noble colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet? [Exit Juan.

Enter Margarita.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, fir.
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on fairy ground? we're haunted:
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?

Mar. What ail you, fir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer this?

Mar. Alas, I pity ye.

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry,
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Mar. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark mad:
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate;
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are ye so hot that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in the veins about thee,
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd;
'Thy spirits purg'd for those are they that fire ye;
'Th' maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,
And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,
And go through cheerfully, or else sleep empty;
That maid shall lie by me to teach you duty,
You in a pallet by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose, thou foolish wicked wo-

Mar. I've lost myself, fir, [man.
And all that was my base self, disobedience, [Kneels.
My wantonness, my stubbornness I've lost too:
And now by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleness—

Leon. Beware, beware!—have you no fetch now?

Mar. No, by my repentance, no.

Leon. But art thou truly, truly honest?

Mar. My tears will shew it.

Leon. I take you up.

Enter Altea.

And wear you next my heart; see you be worth it,
Now, what with you?

Altea. I come to tell my lady,

There is a fullsome fat fellow would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis *Cacafogo*; keep him from the duke;

The duke from him; anon, he'll yield us laughter.

Altea. Where is it please you, that we shall detain him?
He seems at war with reason, full of wine.

Leon. To th' cellar with him, 'tis the drunkards den;
Fit cover for such beasts; should he be resty
Say I'm at home, unweildy as he is,
He'll creep into an augrè hole to shun me.

Altea. I'll dispose him there. [Exit *Altea.*

Leon. Now *Margarita* comes your trial on,
The duke expects you, acquit yourself to him:
I put you to the test; you have my trust,
My confidence, my love.

Mar. I will deserve 'em [Exit. *Mar.*

Leon. My work is done, and now my heart's at ease.
I read in every look she means me fairly,
And noble shall my love reward her for it;
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
To pride and wantonness, or who denies
Affection to the heart he has subdu'd,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity. [Exit.

S C E N E, *another Chamber.*

The Duke discover'd upon a Couch.

Duke. Why now this is most excellent invention;
I shall succeed in spite of this huffing husband.

Enter Margarita.

Who's there; my love?

Mar. 'Tis I, my lord.

Duke. Are you alone, sweet friend?

Mar. Alone, and come to enquire how your
wounds are?

Duke. I have none, lady, not a hurt about me,
My damages I did but counterfeit,
And feign'd the quarrel to enjoy you, lady.
I am as lusty and as full of health,
As high in blood.

Mar. As low in blood you mean.
Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth;
The man that acts unworthily, though ennobled,
Sullies his honour.

Duke. Nay, nay, my *Margarita*,
Come to my couch, and there let us hiss love's language.

Mar. Would you take that, which I've no right to
Steal wedlock's property, and in his house, [give

Would you his wife betray? will you become
Th' ungrateful viper, who restor'd to life,
Venom'd the breast that fav'd him?

Duke. Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying penance,
Let us, while love is lusty, prove its pow'r.

Mar. Ill wishes once, my lord, my mind debas'd;
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it,
Shameful I own my fault, but 'tis repented;
No more the wanton *Margarita* now,
But the chaste wife of *Leon*. His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
Commands from me affection in return,
Pure as esteem can offer he has won me,
I owe him all my heart.

Duke. Indeed, fair lady,
This jesting well becomes a sprightly beauty,
Love prompts to celebrate sublimer rites,
No more mementos, let me press you to me,
And stifle with my kisses.

Mar. Nay, within then.—

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Leon. Did you call, my wife,—or you, my lord?
Was it your grace that wanted me?—No answer,
What out of bed! how do you, my good lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter,
Has my wife wounded you, you were well before.

Duke. More hurt than ever, spare your reproach,
I feel too much already.

Leon. I see it, sir, and now your grace shall know
I can as ready pardon as revenge.
Be comforted, all is forgotten.

Duke. I thank you, sir.

Leon. Wife you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations, I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord, they never prosper.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Please you, sir,
We cannot keep this gross fat man in order,
He swears he'll have admittance to my lady,
And reels about, and clamours most outrageously.

Leon. Let him come up, wife here's another suitor,
We forgot, 'h'as been fighting in the cellar,
Making my casks, his mistresses,
Will your grace permit us to produce a rival?

Duke. No more on that theme, I request, Don *Leon*.

Leon. Here comes the porpoise; he's devilish drunk;
Let me stand by.

Enter Cacafoغو drunk.

Caca. Where is my *bona roba*? O you're all here,
Why I don't fear snap dragons—Impotential
Powerfully potion'd—I can drink with *Hector*
And beat him too—then what care I for captains;
I'm full of Greek wine, the true ancient courage,
Sweet Mrs. *Margarita*—Let me kifs thee,
Your kissing shall pay me for his kicking.

Leon. What would you?

Caca. Sir!

Leon. Lead off the wretch.

Duke. Most filthy figure truly.

Caca. Filth! O you're a prince, yet I can buy
Thy dukedom, I can buy all of you,
Your wives and all.

Juan. Sleep and be silent.

Caca. Speak you to your creditors,
Good Captain *Halfpay*, I'll not take thy pawns in.

Leon. Which of the butts is your mistress? [*To Caca.*

Caca. Butt in thy belly.

Leon. There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so
monstrous.

Caca. Butt in thy face.

Leon. Go, carry him to sleep,
When he is sober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

[*Exeunt Cacafoغو and Servant.*

Enter Perez and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? my mauhound cousin?

Per. Good sir, 'tis very good, would I'd a house too,
For there's no talking in the open air.

My termagant coz, I would be bold to tell ye,

I durst be merry too, I tell you plainly,

You have a pretty feat, you have the luck on't,

A pretty lady too, I have mis'd both,

My carpenter built in a mist I thank him,

Do me the courtesy to let me see it,

See it once more. But I shall cry for anger.

I'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye,

And, for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.

Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,

You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I must laugh a little.

And now I've done; coz, thou shalt live with me,
My merry coz, the world shall not divorce us,
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want:
Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful.
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye;
I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.
Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honest,
And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Estif. If I prove otherways, let me beg first.

Mar. Hold, this is your's, some recompence for ser-
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it. [vice,

Duke. And this is your's, your true commission, fir.
Now you're a captain.

Leon. You're a noble prince, fir,
And now a soldier.

Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alt. And I must needs attend my mistress.

Leon. Will you go, sifter?

Alt. Yes, indeed, good brother,
I have two ties, mine own blood, and my mistress,

Mar. Is she your sifter?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sifter, for she prov'd so, wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

Alt. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.

Mar. Well, I could chide ye;
But it must be lovingly, and like a sifter.—

Duke. I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,
For now I have an honest heart to love ye.

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em
proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too.
And all the world shall know we're Virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

Leon. All you who mean to lead a happy life.
First, learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

E P I L O G U E.

GOOD night our worthy friends, and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart,
As you came hither; to those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many to such fortune send
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste;
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste.

F I N I S.

THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

A
C O M E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. FARQUHAR.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' S B O O K ,

A T T H E

*T*heatre-Royal in *D*rury-Lane.

— CAPTIQUE DOLIS, DONISQUE COACTI.

VIR. LIB. II. ÆNEID.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LOWNDES, and W. NICOLL.

M. DCC. LXXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Line 25 to 29, in Page 12.

P R O L O G U E.

*I*N ancient times, when Helen's fatal charms
 Rous'd the contending universe to arms,
 The Græcian council happily deputed
 The sly Ulysses forth—to raise recruits.
 The artful captain found, without delay,
 Where great Achilles, a deserter lay.
 Him fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan blows;
 Him Greece requir'd—against the Trojan foes.
 All their recruiting arts were needful here,
 To raise this great, this tim'rous volunteer.
 Ulysses well could talk—he stirs, he warms
 The warlike youth—he listens to the charms
 Of plunders, fine lac'd coats, and glitt'ring arms;
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy,
 And list'd him who wrought the fate of 'Troy.
 Thus by recruiting was bold Hector slain:
 Recruiting thus fair Helen did regain.
 If for one Helen such prodigious things
 Were acted, that they even list'd kings;
 If for one Helen's artful, vicious charms,
 Half the transported world was found in arms;
 What for so many Helens may we dare,
 Whose Minds, as well as faces, are so fair?
 If by one Helen's eyes, old Greece could find
 Its Homer fired to write, e'en Homer blind;
 The Britons sure beyond compare may write,
 That view so many Helens every night.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.	AT DRURY-LANE.	AT COVENT-GARDEN.
Mr. Ballance, —	{	Mr. HULL.
Mr. Scale,	{	
Mr. Scruple,	{	
Mr. Worthy, a gentleman of Shropshire,	Mr. WILLIAMS.	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Capt. Plume,	{	Mr. LEWIS.
Capt. Brazen,	{	Mr. BONNOR.
Kite, Serjeant to Plume,	Mr. DODD.	Mr. FEARON.
Bullock, a country clown,	Mr. PALMER.	Mr. EDWIN.
Costar Pear-main,	Mr. MOODY.	Mr. QUICK.
Thomas Apple-tree,	{	Mr. JONES.
Welch Collier,	{	Mr. WEWITZER.
W O M E N.		
Melinda, a lady of fortune,	Mrs. WARD.	Mrs. LEWIS.
Sylvia, daughter to Ballance, in love with Plume,	Mrs. WILSON.	Miss SCRACE.
Lucy, Melinda's maid,		Mrs. WHITFIELD.
Rose, a country wench,	Mrs. BRERETON.	Mrs. CHALMERS.

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants, and Attendants.

S C E N E, S H R E W S B U R Y.

THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

A C T I.

SCENE, *The Market-place.*———*Drum beats the grenadier-march.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, followed by Thomas Apple-tree, Coftar Pear-main, and the mob.

Kite making a speech.

IF any gentleman, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the *French* king: if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents: if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife: let them repair to the noble serjeant *Kite*, at the sign of the *Raven*, in this good town of *Shrewsbury*, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment.———Gentlemen, I don't beat my drum here to infnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers, grenadiers, gentlemen—Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap——This is the cap of honour, it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Coft. Is there no harm in't? won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Coft. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder-plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Coft. My mind misgives me plaguily———Let me see it———*(Going to put it on)* It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, *Tummas.*

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Coff. Pray, Serjeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Coff. Pray now, what may be that fame bed of honour?

Kite. O! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at *Ware*—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Coff. My wife and I would do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another—But do folk sleep found in this fame bed of honour?

Kite. Sound? ay, so found that they never 'wake.

Coff. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! then, I find, brother—

Coff. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet—Look'e, Serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—If I have a mind to list, why so—If not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing—No coaxing, no brot'hering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have served twenty campaigns—But, sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you, a pretty young sprightly fellow—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax; tis base: tho' I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built!—how firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle! but I scorn to wheedle any man—Come, honest lad, will you take share of a pot?

Coff. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—Here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters—'Tis the king's money, and the king's drink.—He's a generous king, and loves his subjects.

subjects—I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health?

All mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then! huzza for the king and the honour of *Shropshire*.

All mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum. [*Exeunt shouting, drum beating a grenadier's march.*]

Enter Plume in a riding habit.

Plume. By the grenadier march, that should be my drum; and by that shout, it should beat with success—Let me see—Four o'clock—[*Looking on his watch.*] At ten yesterday morning I left *London*—A hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble captain: from the banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* side, noble captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant reception indeed, Mr. *Kite*. I find you are fairly entered into your recruiting strain:—Pray what success?

Kite. I have been here a week, and I have recruited five!

Plume. Five! pray what are they?

Kite. I have lifted the strong man of *Kent*, the king of the *Gypsies*, a *Scotch* pedler, a scoundrel attorney, and a *Welch* parson.

Plume. An attorney! wert thou mad? list a lawyer! discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Kite. Why, sir?

Plume. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write, can draw petitions—I say this minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how stands the country affected? were the people pleased with the news of my coming to town?

Kite. Sir, the mob are so pleased with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business.—
But, sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country: you remember your old friend *Molly* at the Castle?

Plume. She's not with child, I hope.

Kite. 'No, no, sir'—she was brought to bed yesterday.

Plume. *Kite*, you must father the child.

Kite. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plume. If they should, we'll take her with us; she can wash, you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your honour knows that I am married already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see—*Imprimis*, Mrs. *Shely Snikereyes*, she sells potatoes upon *Ormond-key*, in *Dublin*—*Peggy Guzzle*, the brandy woman, at the horse-guards, at *Whitehall*—*Dolly Waggon*, the carrier's daughter, at *Hull*—*Mademoiselle Van-bottom-flat* at the *Bus*—Then *Jenny Oakham*, the ship carpenter's widow, at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man of war's boatswain.

Plume. A full company—You have nam'd five—Come, make 'em half a dozen—*Kite*—is the child a boy or girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

Plume. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine; enter him a grenadier by the name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon furlow—I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence, and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Kite.

Kite. I shall, fir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your *German* doctor's habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, fir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie——I was obliged to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it so: but he's an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, fir, will get you men, and me money, which, I think, is all we want at present——But yonder comes your friend *Mr. Worthy*——Has your honour any farther commands?

Plume. None at present. - [*Exit Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the picture of *Worthy*, but the life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, arms a-crofs, *Worthy!* methinks you should hold 'em open, when a friend's so near——The man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy spirit.

*Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this magic blow.*

[*Slaps Worthy on the shoulder.*]

Wor. *Plume!* my dear captain, welcome. Safe and sound returned!

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from *Germany*, and sound, I hope from *London*; you see I have lost neither leg, arm, nor nose; then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for roast-beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow——once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, man? no inundations nor earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your father rose from the dead, and reassumed his estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are married surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning quaker.

Wor. Come, I must cut with it——Your once gay,

roving friend is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Plume. Give me thy hand; if thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb as your worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a regiment——But for a woman!—
“*Death!* I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the love of one bring you into this condition? pray, who is this wonderful *Helen?*”

Wor. A *Helen* indeed, not to be won under a ten years siege, as great a beauty and as great a jilt.

Plume. A jilt! pho! is she as great a whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. ’Tis ten thousand pities: but who is she? do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That’s impossible——I know no woman that will hold out a ten year’s siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda?*

Plume. *Melinda!* why she began to capitulate this time twelvemonth, and offered to surrender upon honourable terms; and I advised you to propose a settlement of five hundred pounds a year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearkened to it, desiring only one week to consider——When, beyond her hopes, the town was relieved, and I forced to turn my siege into a blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My lady *Richly*, her aunt in *Flintshire*, dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plume. Oh the devil! what a delicate woman was there spoiled! but by the rules of war now——
Worthy, blockade was foolish——After such a convoy of provisions was entered the place, you could have no
thought

thought of reducing it by famine ; you should have redoubled your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have died upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, and pushed it with all my forces ; but I was so vigorously repulsed, that despairing of ever gaining her for a mistress, I have altered my conduct, given my addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty ; and because you approached her as a goddess, she used you like a dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all.—Come, *Worthy*, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together ; you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility : would you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduced to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do should be to lie with her chambermaid, and hire three or four wenches in the neighbourhood to report that I had got them with child——Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty women in town, and left her out ; or, what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor. These would be mortifications, I must confess ; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no——

Plume. What ! no bastards ! and so many recruiting officers in town ! I thought 'twas a maxim among them to leave as many recruits in the country as they carried out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good will, noble captain, in serving your country with your best blood, witness our friend *Molly* at the Castle ; there have been tears in town about that business, captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O, sir, have you thought of her ? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*,

Plume. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go

to bed together, could we have adjusted preliminaries ; but she would have the wedding before consummation ; as I was for consummation before the wedding ; we could not agree. She was a pert, obstinate fool, and would lose her maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other conditions ?

Plume. Your pardon, sir, I'll marry upon no condition at all—If I should, I am resolved never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour.—Suppose I married a woman that wanted a leg——such a thing might be, unless I examined the goods before-hand—if people would but try one another's constitutions, before they engaged, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say, that——

Plume. I hate country-towns for that reason—if your town has a dishonourable thought of *Sylvia*, it deserves to be burnt to the ground—I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous disposition—There's something in that girl more than woman, ' her sex is but a foil to her. The ingratitude, dissimulation, envy, pride, avarice, and vanity of her sister females, do but set off their contraries in her'—In short, were I once a general, I would marry her.

Wor. Faith you have reason—for were you but a corporal, she would marry you——But my *Melinda* conquers it with every fellow she sees——I'll lay fifty pound she makes love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it, if she does——Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, faith ; I would not value the conquest, without the credit of the victory.

Enter

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, captain, a word in your ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Kite. You know, fir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs. *Molly*——my wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well, I wish you joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite. Your worship very well may——for I have got both a wife and child in half an hour——But as I was saying—you sent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*——my wife I mean——But what d'ye think, fir? she was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, fir, a footman in blue livery had brought her ten guineas to buy her baby clothes.

Plume. Who, in the name of wonder, could send them?

Kite. Nay, fir, I must whisper that——Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Plume. *Sylvia*? Generous creature!

Wor. *Sylvia*? Impossible!

Kite. Here are the guineas, fir.——I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay farther, fir, she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, called after me, and told me, that his lady would speak with me——I went, and upon hearing that you were come to town, she gave me half a guinea for the news: and ordered me to tell you, that justice *Ballance*, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a girl for you, *Worthy*——Is there any thing of woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship; shew me another woman that would lose an inch of her prerogative that way, without tears, fits and reproaches. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises; and can part with the lover, tho' she dies for the

the man——Come, *Worthy*——Where's the best wine?—
for there I'll quarter.

Wor. *Horton* has a fresh pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserved the maidenhead of it for your welcome to town.

Plume. Let's away then——*Mr. Kite*, go to the lady with my humble service, and tell her, I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*——have you seen the other recruiting captain?

Kite. No, sir, I'd have you to know I don't keep such company.

Plume. Another! Who is he?

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow——but I'll tell you more as we go.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *An Apartment.*

Melinda and Sylvia meeting.

Mel. Welcome to town, cousin *Sylvia*, [*salute.*] I envied your retreat in the country: for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living; here we have smog, noise, scandal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen—and nothing to divert it—then the air is intolerable.

Syl. O madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I have lived in't! for I can assure you, that to a lady, the least nice in her constitution——no air can be good above half a year. Change of air, I take to be the most agreeable variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin *Melinda*, there are several sort of airs.

Mel. Pshaw! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste——Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air?—
taste

taffe air! you might as well tell me, I might feed upon air: but pr'ythee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the *Welch* mountains made our fingers ach in a cold morning at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of an horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled with neither spleen, cholic, nor vapours; I need no salts for my stomach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion. I can gallop all the morning after the hunting-horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my father, but drink, and shoot-flying; and I'm sure I can do every thing my mother could, were I put to the trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to it; for I am told your captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin.

Syl. ——— *And there's a pleasure sure*

In being mad, which none but madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor romantic *Quixote*! ——— Hast thou the vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly officer, that rambles o'er half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice, in an obscure part of the world?

Syl. Pshaw! what care I for his thoughts; I should not like a man with confined thoughts; it shews a narrowness of soul. 'Constancy is but a dull, sleepy quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly virtues; nor do I think it deserves a place with bravery, knowledge, policy, justice, and some other qualities that are proper to that noble sex.' In short, *Melinda*, I think a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tired of my sex.

Mel. That is, you are tired of an appendix to our sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in petticoats, as
if

if you were in breeches—On my conscience, *Sylvia*, hadst thou been a man, thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavoured to know the world, which a man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred friendships, and as many amours; but now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr. *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, madam?

Syl. I say, that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly. He's a gentleman of parts and fortune; and besides that, he's my *Plume's* friend, and by all that's sacred, if you don't use him better, I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in breeches, in good earnest—But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly coxcomb.

Syl. O madam! you never saw him perhaps since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, madam?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, madam.

Mel. Better it had, madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I would be glad to take up with a rakehelly officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, madam, you're in your own house.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I should have excused you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, madam, I shan't desire to have my visit returned.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations ; and so, madam, your humble servant. [Exit

Mel. Saucy thing !

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, madam ?

Mel. Did you not see the proud nothing, how she swelled upon the arrival of her fellow.

Luc. Her fellow has not been long enough arrived to occasion any great swelling, madam ; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't if I can help it——Let me see——I have it——Bring me pen and ink——hold, I'll go write in my closet.

Luc. An answer to this letter, I hope, madam ?

[Presents a letter.]

Mel. Who sent it ?

Luc. Your captain, madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tired of him, send it back unopened.

Luc. The messenger's gone, madam.

Mel. Then how should I send an answer ? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Justice Ballance and Plume.

Bal. **L**OOK 'E, captain, give us but blood for our money, and you shan't want men. ' I remember, that for some years of the last war, we had no blood, no wounds, but in the officers mouths ; nothing for our millions, but news-papers not worth a reading —Our army did nothing but play at prison-bars, and hide and seek with the enemy ; but now ye have brought us colours, and standards, and prisoners——Ad's my life, captain, get but another marshal of *France*, and I'll go myself for a soldier——

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair daughter ?

Bal.

Bal. Ah, captain! what is my daughter to a marshal of *France*? We're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the battle of *Minden*.

Plume. The battle, sir, was a very pretty battle as any one should desire to see, but we were all so intent upon victory, that we never minded the battle. All that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, sir, how does Miss *Sylvia*?

Bal. Still upon *Sylvia*! For shame, captain, you are engaged already, wedded to the war; victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a mistress, I confess; but as a friend, Mr. *Ballance*——

Bal. Come, come, captain, never mince the matter, would not you debauch my daughter, if you could.

Plume. How, sir! I hope she's not to be debauched.

Bal. Faith, but she is, sir; and any woman in *England* of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and vigour. Look'e, captain, once I was young, and once an officer as you are; and I can guess at your thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I would have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman, as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Bal. Not much of that.

Plume. There the comparison breaks: the favours, sir, that——

Bal. Pho, pho, I hate set speeches; if I have done you any service, captain, 'twas to please myself; I love thee, and if I could part with my girl, you should have her as soon as any young fellow I know: but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and she more prudence than to follow the camp; but she's at her own disposal, she has fifteen hundred pounds in her pocket, and so——*Sylvia, Sylvia.*

[Calls.
Enter

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are some letters, fir, come by the post from London, I left them upon the table in your closet.

Bal. And here is a gentleman from Germany. [*Presents Plume to her.*] Captain, you'll excuse me, I'll go and read my letters, and wait on you. [*Exit.*]

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Plume. You are indebted to me a welcome, madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand, was the principal cause of my seeing England.

Syl. I have often heard, that soldiers were sincere, shall I venture to believe public report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis backed by private insurance; for I swear, madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, fir, there is a certain will and testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My will, madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open the parchment, which was drawn the evening before the battle of *Minden*, you will find whom I left my heir.

Syl. Miss *Sylvia-Ballance*, [*Opens the will and reads.*] Well, captain, this is a handsome and a substantial compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I should have been in the possession of your legacy: but methinks, fir, you should have left something to your little boy at the Castle.

Plume. That's home, [*Afide.*] My little boy! Lack-a-day, madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why, the girl, madam, is my serjeant's wife, and so the poor creature gave out that I was father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity.—That was all, madam—My boy! No, no, no.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my master has received some ill news from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately; and he begs the captain's pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promised.

Plume. Ill news! Heavens avert it; nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assured, that if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my *Sylvia*, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The necessity must be very pressing, that would engage me to endanger either.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Ballance and Sylvia.

Syl. While there is life, there is hope, sir: perhaps my brother may recover.

Bal. We have but little reason to expect it; the doctor acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no son——Poor *Owen!* ——But the decree is just; I was pleas'd with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punish'd with the loss of an heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only hope of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts, and new prospects.

Syl. My desire of being punctual in my obedience, requires that you would be plain in your commands, sir.

Bal. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about twelve hundred pounds a year: this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality, and a title; you must set a just value upon yourself, and in plain terms, think no more of *Captain Plume*.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman, sir.

Bal.

Bal. And I do so still, he's a very pretty fellow; but though I like him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family; fifteen hundred pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness, but—odds my life, twelve hundred pounds a year would ruin him, quite turn his brain: a captain of foot worth twelve hundred pounds a year! 'tis a prodigy in nature. ' Besides this, I have five or six thousand pounds in woods upon my estate. O! that would make him stark mad: for you must know, that all captains have a mighty aversion to timber, they can't endure to see trees standing: then I should have some rogue of a builder, by the help of his damned magic art, transform my noble oaks and elms into cornishes, portals, fashies, birds, beasts and devils, to adorn some magotty, new-fashion'd bauble upon the *Thames*; and then I should have a dog of a gardener bring a *kabeas corpus* for my *terra firma*, remove it to *Chelsea*, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into grafs-plats and gravel-walks.'

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's one with a letter below for your worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Bal. Come, shew me the messenger.

[*Exit with Servant.*]

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.—If my brother dies, ah poor brother! if he lives, ah poor sister! 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again—Follow my own inclinations, and break my father's heart; or, obey his commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate fortune, a pretty fellow and a pad; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass—That will never do neither.

Enter Justice Ballance and a Servant.

Bal. Put four horses to the coach. [*To a servant who goes out.*] Ho, *Sylvia*.

Syl. Sir.

Bal.

Bal. How old were you when your mother died ?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one ; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Bal. Have I ever denied you any thing you asked of me ?

Syl. Never, that I remember.

Bal. Then, *Sylvia*, I must beg that once in your life you would grant me a favour.

Syl. Why should you question it, sir ?

Bal. I don't, but I would rather counsel than command ; I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend ; that you would take the coach this moment, and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you received just now ?

Bal. No matter, I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons—But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, sir.

Bal. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man, without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Bal. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent, and so, *Sylvia*, the coach is ready ; farewell. [*Leads her to the door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer. [*Reads.*

SIR,

MY intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him, that he had from his friend Captain Plume ; and my friendship and relation to your family, oblige me to give you timely notice of it : the Captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin *Sylvia*. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended, and that you would immediately send my cousin into the country, is the advice of,

Sir, your humble servant,

MELINDA.

Why

Why the devil's in the young fellows of this age, they are ten times worse than they were in my time; had he made my daughter a whore, and forswore it like a gentleman, I could have almost pardoned it; but to tell tales before-hand is monstrous.—Hang it; I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and feather? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, sir, to be the messenger of ill news.

Bal. I apprehend it, sir, you have heard that my son *Owen* is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, sir.

Bal. He's happy, and I'm satisfied: the strokes of Heaven I can bear; but injuries from men, *Mr. Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, sir, you're under no apprehension of wrong from any body.

Bal. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour, in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Bal. This letter, sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a design upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to it.

Wor. Nay then, sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author, (*Takes up a bit.*) Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. [*Going.*]

Bal. Hold, sir, the contents I have told your already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with *Mr. Worthy* had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! Dear sir, let me pick up the pieces of this letter; 'twill give me such a hank upon her pride, to have her own an intimacy under her hand: this was the luckiest accident! [*Gathering up the letter.*] The aspersion, sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a little quarrel between her and *Miss Sylvia*.

Bal.

Bal. Are you sure of that, sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle, just now, as she over-heard it. But I hope, sir, your daughter has suffered nothing upon the account.

Bal. No, no, poor girl, she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company, she begged leave to be gone into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Bal. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, sir!—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Bal. Like enough, women are as subject to pride as men are; and why mayn't great women as well as great men, forget their old acquaintance?—But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal—I'm glad my daughter's gone fairly off though. [*Aside.*] Where does the captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there two hours hence and we should be glad of your company.

Bal. Your pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a day or two to the death of my son: the decorum of mourning is what we owe the world, because they pay it to us. Afterwards, I'm yours over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

[*Exeunt severally*]

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Kite, *with* Costar Pear-main *in one hand, and* Thomas Apple-tree *in the other, drunk.*

Kite sings.

*Our prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away—Over, &c.*

[*The mob sings the chorus.*

We

*We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills, and far away.—Over, &c.*

Kite. Hey boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play: we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—We are all princes—Why—why, you are a king—You are an emperor, and I'm a prince—now—an't we—

Tho. No, serjeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. No, I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing act they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done: you are a justice of peace, and you are a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Coß. Ay, but I'll be no king.

Kite. What then?

Coß. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Coß. Ay, queen of *England*, that's greater than any king of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith; huzza for the queen. [*Huzza!*] But, hark'e, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you never see the king's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like his majesty, God blefs the mark. See here, they are set in gold.

[*Takes two guineas out of his pocket, gives one to each.*]

Tho. The wonderful works of nature!

[*Looking at it.*]

Coß. What's this writing about? Here's a posy, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*—What's that, serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus*?—Why, *Carolus* is *Latin* for King *George*, that's all.

Coß. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard.—Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

B

Kite.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know; I'll present them to you both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old friend, when I am over the hills, and far away.

[*They sing and put up the money.*]

Enter Plume singing.

Plume. Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain:
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills, and far away.

Come on my men of mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; 'ounds off with your hats; this is the captain, the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant captains too; s'flesh, I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'll scarcely doff mine for any captain in England: my vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are these jolly lads, serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows that are willing to serve the king: I have entertain'd 'em just now, as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want, those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! are you listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I: are you *Costar*?

Cost. Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not listed! ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i'faith.

Cost. Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen, behave yourselves better before your captain: dear *Tummas*, honest *Costar*.

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then I command you to stay: I place you both centinels in this place, for two hours, to watch

watch the motion of St. *Mary's* clock, you ; and you the motion of St. *Chad's* : and he that dares stir from his post, till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, serjeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir! they disobey command, sir, and one of 'm should be shot for an example to the other.

Cost. Shot, *Tummas*?

Plume. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know! the noble serjeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, sir——but——

Kite. They disobey command, they deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither ; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot ; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known ; have either of you received any of the king's money?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. Sir, they hame each of them received one and twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Wounds, if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent six-pence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I : look'e here, sir.

Cost. Nothing but the king's picture, that the serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea, one and twenty shillings ; t'other has the fellow on't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen, the goods are found upon you : those pieces of gold are worth one and twenty shillings each.

Cost. So it seems, that *Carolus* is one and twenty shillings in *Latin*.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in *Greek*, for we are listed.

Cost. Flesh! but we an't, *Tummas* : -I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whisper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*——your damn'd tricks will ruin me at last——I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.——Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tbo. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me, or neighbour *Costar* here, to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjury.

Plume. Look'e, rascal, you villain, if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog.——Come, how was it?

Tbo. Nay, then, we'll speak; your serjeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon——and——

Cost. Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak; you know I can read.——And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Plume. How! by way of a present! the son of a whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows, like you! scoundrel; rogue, villain!

[Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.]

Both. O brave noble captain! huzza! a brave captain, faith.

Cost. Now, *Tummas*, *Carolus* is *Latin* for a beating: this is the bravest captain I ever saw——wounds I have a month's mind to go with him.

Enter *Plume*.

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you——Look'e, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow, I came among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper, to steal slaves.

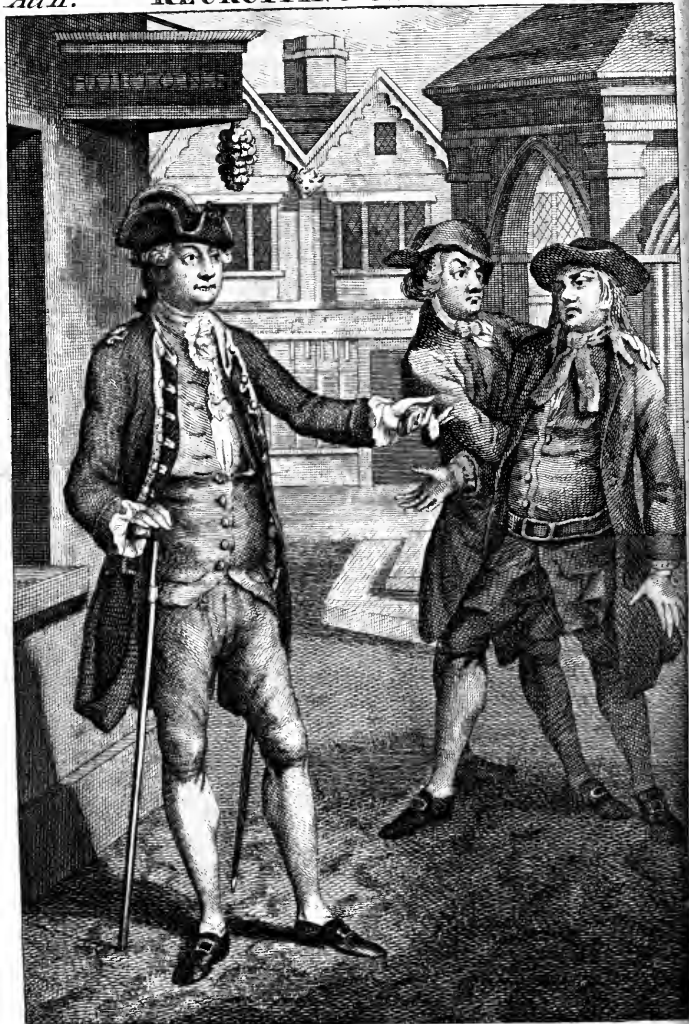
Cost. Mind that *Tummas*.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me, but as I went myself: I went a volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tbo. Mind that, *Costar*: a sweet gentleman.

Plume.





Taylor ad viv del.

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Walker Sc.

M. SMITH in the Character of PLUME.

*What think you now of a Purse of French Gold out of a
Monsieurs Pocket, after you have dashed out his Brains
with the But-End of your Firelock? eh?*

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets, my serjeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble captain—I-cods, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, *Costar*, would he always hold in this mind?

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours: what think you now of a purse of *French* gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dashed out his brains with the but-end of your fire-lock? eh!

Cost. Waunds! I'll have it. Captain—give me a shilling, and I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear *Costar*, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee; as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear *Costar*.

[*Cries, and pulls back his arm.*]

Cost. I wull—I wull—Waunds, my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand, and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your friend with you, if you can.

[*Aside.*]

Cost. Well, *Tummas*, must we part?

Tho. No, *Costar*, I cannot leave thee—Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honest, simpler lads in your company, than we two have been; I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my lad, [*Gives him money.*] Now your name?

Tho. *Tummas Apple-tree.*

Plume. And yours.

Cost. *Costar Pear-main.*

Plume. Well said *Costar*! Born where?

Tho. Both in *Herefordshire*.

Plume. Very well; courage, my lads—Now we'll sing, *Over the hills and far away.*

*Courage, boys, 'tis one to ten
But we return all gentlemen;
While conquering colours we display,
Over the hills and far away.*

Kite, take care of 'em.

Enter Kite.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows now! here you have complained to the captain, I am to be turned out, and one of you will be serjeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Both Recruits. I.

Kite. So you shall—in your guts— 'But in the mean time', march you sons of whores.

[*Beats them off.*]

A C T III.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. I cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes: we loved two ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, Fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts, a maggot fills their heads, madness takes 'em by the tails, they snort, kick up their heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore—A couple of poor melancholy monsters—What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is it?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor.

Wor. No?

Plume. No; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a year; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred——The generous good-natured *Sylvia*, in her smock, I admire; but the haughty, scornful *Sylvia*, with her fortune, I despise——What! sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment.——'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window-bars too, to come at her——Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, captain, sir! look yonder, she's a coming this way: 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest little tit!

Plume. Now *Worthy*, to shew you how much I am in love;——here she comes: But *Kite*, what is that great country fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, sir.

Enter Rose, followed by her brother Bullock, with chickens on her arm in a basket.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Plume. Here, you chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for yourself——come, child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service. [*Courtesies.*

Wor. Then must I shift for myself, I find. [*Exit.*

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say.

[*Chucks her under the chin.*

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom, my dear.

Rose. Nay, for what matter, put in your hand?—

foel, fir ; I warrant my ware as good as any in the market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the price, they're fine birds—Pray what is your name, pretty creature ?

Rose. *Rose*, fir : My father is a farmer within three short miles o' the town ; we keep this market : I sell chickens, eggs, and butter, and my brother *Bullock* there sells corn.

Bullock. Come, sifter, haste, we shall be late hoame.

[*Whistles about the stage.*]

Plume. *Kite* ! [*Tips him the wink, he returns it.*]—Pretty Mrs. *Rose*—you have—let me see—how many ?

Rose. A dozen, fir, and they are richly worth a crown.

Bul. Come, *Rose*, I sold fifty strakes of barley to-day in half this time ; but you' will higgle and higgle for a penny, more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oaf ! I can make as much out of a groat, as you can out of four-pence, I'm sure—the gentleman bids fair ; and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him—And so, fir, I say, for a crown piece the bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a guinea, my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, fir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my lodging is hard by, chicken, and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*]

Kite. So, fir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Hussars* eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards picked his teeth with a palifado.

Bul. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things ; but pray, fir, what is a rabelin ?

Kite.

Kite. Why 'tis like a modern minced pye, but the crust is confounded hard, and the plumbs are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bul. Then your palifado, pray what may he be?—
Come, *Ruofe*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your palifado is a pretty fort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bul. That's a fib, I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's *Ruofe*? *Ruofe!* *Ruofe!* s'flesh, where's *Ruofe* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the captain.

Bul. *The captain!* Wauns, there's no pressing of women, sure?

Kite. But there is, sure.

Bul. If the captain should press *Ruofe*, I should be ruined——Which way went she! O! the devil take your rabelins and palifadoes. [*Exit.*

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss my aim.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualified?

Kite. You must know, sir, I was born a gypfy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old, there I learned canting and lying; I was bought from my mother *Cleopatra*, by a certain nobleman, for three guineas, who, liking my beauty, made me his page; there I learned impudence and pimping. I was turned off for wearing my Lord's linen, and drinking my Lady's ratafia, and turned bailiff's follower; there I learned bullying and swearing. I at last got into the army, and there I learned whoring and drinking——So that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, *viz.* Canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoreing, drinking, and a halberd, you will find the sum total amounting to a recruiting serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induced you to turn soldier?

Kite. Hunger and ambition; the fears of starving,

and hopes of a truncheon, led me along to a gentleman with a fair tongue, and fair periwig, who loaded me with promises; but 'gad, it was the lightest load that I ever felt in my life——He promised to advance me, and indeed he did so——to a garret in the *Savoy*. I asked him why he put me in prison; he called me lying dog, and said I was in garrison; and indeed, 'tis a garrison that may hold out till doomsday before I should desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance and Bullock.

Bal. Here, you serjeant, where's your captain?—Here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint, that your captain has pressed his sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy?*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his sister is gone with *Plume* to his lodging, to sell him some chickens.

Bal. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your worship; but if your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your worship, for fear of the worst.

Bal. Thou'rt mad, fellow, thy sister is safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too.

[*Aside.*

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can list women.

Bul. I knew not whether they list them, or what they do with them, but I am sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Bal. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bul. Lord, sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die; but this gentleman here not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe——you thought no harm, friend, did you?

Kite. Lack-a-day, sir, not I——only that, I believe, I shall marry her to-morrow.

[*Aside.*

Bal. I begin to smell powder. Well, friend, but what did that gentleman with you?

Bul. Why, sir, he entertained me with a fine story of

of a great sea-fight, between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Wi d-Irisb*.

Kite. And so, sir, while we were in the heat of battle—the captain carried off the baggage.

Bal. Serjeant, go along with this fellow to your captain, give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, tho' he has list'd her.

Bul. Ay, and if she ben't free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters, instead of the captain's [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt Kite and Bullock.*]

Bal. We must get this mad captain his complement of men, and send him packing, else he'll over-run the country.

Wor. You see, sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Bal. I like him the better; I was just such another fellow at his age. 'I never set my heart upon any woman so much as to make myself uneasy at the dis-appointment; but what was very surprising both to myself and friends, I changed on a sudden, from the most fickle lover, to the most constant husband in the world.'—But how goes your affair with *Meliuda*?

Wor. Very slowly; *Cupid* had formerly wings, but I think, in this age, he goes upon crutches; or I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her cripple *Vulcan* when my amour commenced, which has made it go on so lamely; my mistress has got a captain too; but such a captain! as I live, yonder he comes.

Bal. Who? that bluff fellow in the fash! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body at first sight; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living, for he won't be alone, and no body will keep him company twice; then he's a *Cæsar* among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talked with the maid, he

swears

swears he has lain with the mistress ; but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Bal ' I have met with such men, and I take this good for nothing memory to proceed from a certain contexture of the brain, which is purely adapted to impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a man as perfect as a chronologer, as to the day and year of most important transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the causes or consequences of any one thing of moment ;' I have known another acquire so much by travel, as to tell you the names of most places in *Europe*, with their distance of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a post-boy ; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, sir, add but the traveller's privilege of lying, and even that he abuses ; this is the picture, behold the life.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your servant, and so forth—Hark'e, my dear.

Wor. Whispering, sir, before company, is not manners, and when no body's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company ! *mort de ma vie* ! I beg the gentleman's pardon ; who is he ?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My dear, I am your servant, and so forth ;—your name, my dear ?

Bal. Very laconic, sir.

Braz. *Lacnic* ! a very good name truly : I have known several of the *Lacnics* abroad : poor *Jack Lacnic* ! he was killed at the battle of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue ribbon in his hat that very day, and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Bal. Pray, sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen* ?

Braz.

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, fir, are you a Jacobite?

Bal. Why that question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite could think that the *French* durst attack us——No, fir, we attacked them on the——I have reason to remember the time, for I had two and twenty horses killed under me that day.

Wor. Then, fir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Bal. Or perhaps, fir, like my countrymen, you rid upon half a dozen horses at once.

Braz. What do you mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were killed, all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I staked to death upon the enemies *Chevaux de frise*.

Bal. Noble captain, may I crave your name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your service.

Bal. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good name; I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know one captain *Plume*, fir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume* in *Northamptonshire*?——Honest *Frank*! many, many a dry bottle have we cracked hand to fist; you must have known his brother *Charles*, that was concerned in the *India Company*; he married the daughter of old *Tongue-Pad*, the Master in *Chancery*, a very pretty woman, only squinted a little; she died in child-bed of her first child; but the child survived, 'twas a daughter, but whether 'twas called *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my soul, I can't remember. [*Looking on his watch.*] But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk by the water——*Worthy*, your servant; *Laconic*, yours!

[*Exit.*]

Bal. If you can have so mean an opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a lover, as to set me up a rival; were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe

lieve *Melinda* had made him this assignation ; I must go see ; sir, you'll pardon me. [Exit.]

Bal. Ay, ay, sir, you're a man of business—But what have we got here ?

Enter Rose singing.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet side-saddle ; and I shall go to *London* and see the tombs, and the lions, and the king. Sir, an please your worship, I have often seen your worship ride through our grounds a hunting, begging your worship's pardon—Pray, what may this lace be worth a yard ?

[Shewing some lace.]

Bal. Right *Mechlin*, by this light ! where did you get this lace, child ?

Rose. No matter for that, sir, I came honestly by it.

Bal. I question it much. [Aside.]

Rose. And see here, sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangere ; see here. *[Takes snuff affectedly.]* The captain learned me how to take it with an air.

Bal. Oho ! the captain ! now the murder's out, and so the captain taught you to take it with an air ?

Rose. Yes, and give it with an air too——will your worship please to taste my snuff ?

[Offers the box affectedly.]

Bal. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid. And pray, what did you give the captain for these fine things ?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a foldier, and two or three sweet-hearts that I have in the country, they shall all go with the captain : O he's the finest man, and the humblest withal ; would you believe it, sir, he carried me up with him to his own chamber, with as much *fam-mam-mill-yararality* as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Bal. Oh ! he's a mighty familiar gentleman, as can be.

Enter

Enter Plume, singing.

Plume. *But it is not so,
With those that go,
Thro' frost and snow,
Most apropos,
My maid with the milking-pail.*

[*Takes hold of Rose.*

How, the justice! then I'm arraigned, condemned, and executed.

Bal. O, my noble captain!

Rose. And my noble captain too, sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, child, are you mad?—Mr. *Bal-lance*, I am so full of business about my recruits, that I have not a moment's time to—I have just now three or four people to——

Bal. Nay, captain, I must speak to you—

Rose. And so must I too, captain.

Plume. Any other time, sir—I cannot for my life, sir.

Bal. Pray, sir——

Plume. Twenty thousand things——I would—but—now, sir, pray——devil take me——I cannot—I must——

[*Breaks away.*

Bal. Nay, I'll follow you.

[*Exit.*

Rose. And I too.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Walk by the Severn side.*

Enter Melinda, and her maid Lucy.

Mel. And, pray, was it a ring, or buckle, or pendants, or knots? or in what shape was the almighty gold transformed, that has bribed you so much in his favour?

Luc. Indeed, madam, the last bribe I had from the captain, was only a small piece of *Flanders* edging for pinnars.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* lace is as constant a present from officers to their women, as something else is from their women to them. They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the king of his duty, and his subjects of their honesty.

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, madam.

Mel.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk so like a trader?

' *Luc.* Madam, you talk as peevishly to me, as if it were my fault; the crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it: Though he should not see you this week, can I help it? But I was saying, madam—his friend, captain *Plume*, has so taken him up these two days—

' *Mel.* Psha! would his friend, the captain, were tied upon his back; I warrant he has never been sober since that confounded captain came to town: the devil take all officers, I say—they do the nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by sending us abroad: no sooner a captain comes to town, but all the young fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a man to ourselves.'

Luc. One would imagine, madam, by your concern for *Worthy's* absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concerned for his absence? I'm only vexed that I've had nothing said to me these two days. One may like the love, and despise the lover, I hope; as one may love the treason, and hate the traitor. O! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Luc. If he should speak of the assignation, I should be ruined.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Brazen.

Braz. True to the touch, 'faith! [*Aside.*] Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that, madam? A fine river this same *Severn*——Do you love fishing, madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, madam, that I have served in *Flanders* against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so much in love

love before ; and split me, madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment : but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, madam——But there are brutes among us too, very sad brutes ; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable——I have had very considerable offers, madam—I might have married a *German* princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a year, but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a *Turkish* *Bashaw* fell in love with me too, when I was prisoner among the infidels ; she offered to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me : but I don't know how, my time was not come ; hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny. Fate has reserved me for a *Shropshire* lady, worth twenty thousand pounds——Do you know any such person, madam ?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb ! [*Aside.*] To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune would be proud of the name of *Mrs. Brazen*.

Braz. Nay, for that matter, madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of *Brazen*.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O ! are you there, gentleman ?——Come, captain, we'll walk this way, give me your hand.

Braz. My hand, heart's blood and guts, are at your service——*Mr. Worthy*, your servant, my dear.

[*Exit, leading Melinda.*

Wor. Death and fire ! this is not to be borne.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What ?

Plume. The *March* beer at the *Raven* ; I have been doubly serving the king—raising men, and raising the excise—Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You an't drunk,

Plume's

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all!

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolic.

Plume. As fit as close pinner for a punk in the pit.

Wor. There's your play then, recover me that vessel from that *Tangerine*.

Plume. She's well rigged, but how is she manned?

Wor. By captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to-day; she is called the *Melinda*, a first-rate, I can assure you; she sheered off with him just now, on purpose to affront me; but according to your advice, I would take no notice, because I would seem to be above a concern for her behaviour; but have a care of a quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my cups, but an oyster-wench, or a cook-maid; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down. But hark'e, my friend, I'll make love, and I must make love. I tell you what, I'll make love like a platoon.

Wor. Platoon, how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, 'faith; most ladies are gained by platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [Exit.]

Plume. Soh! now must I look as sober and as demure as a whore at a christening.

Enter Brazen and Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, madam?

Mel. A brother officer of yours, I suppose, sir.

Braz. Ay———My dear! [To Plume.]

Plume. My dear. [Run and embrace.]

Braz. My dear boy, how is't? Your name, my dear? if I be not mistaken, I have seen your face.

Plume. I never saw yours in my life, my dear—But there's a face well-known as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all adored.

Braz. Have you any pretensions, sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, sir, have you ever served abroad?

Plume. I have served at home, sir, for ages served this cruel fair—And that will serve the turn, sir.

Mel.

Mel. So between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands—I see *Worthy* yonder—I could be content to be friends with him, would he come this way. [Aside.]

Braz. Will you fight for the lady, sir?

Plume. No, sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

*Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,
Envy'd by nymphs, and worship'd by the swains.*

Braz. Oons, sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Pr'ythee be quiet—I shall be out—

*Behold, how humbly does the Severn glide,
To greet thee princess of the Severn side.*

Braz. Don't mind him, madam—If he were not so well dressed, I should take him for a poet—But I'll shew you the difference presently—Come, madam—we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her. [Draws.]

Mel. [Shrieking.]

Enter Worthy.

Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, save me from these madmen.

[Exit with *Worthy*.]

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, sir, and fight the bold ravisher?

Braz. No, sir, you are my man.

Plume. I don't like the wages, I won't be your man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty pistoles in *France*, and my enemies thousands of lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter Sylvia in Man's Apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye, gentlemen.

Braz. My dear, I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently—Your name, my dear?

Syl. *Wilful*; *Jack Wilful*, at your service.

Braz. What, the *Kentish Wilfuls*, or those of *Staffordshire*?

Syl. Both, sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm head of the family at present.

Plume.

Plume. Do you live in this country, fir?

Syl. Yes, fir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, nor habitations, beyond this spot of ground?

Braz. What are you, fir?

Syl. A rake.

Plume. In the army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately—Look'e, gentlemen, he that bids the fairest, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a corporal this minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young rogue.

[*Kisses.*]

Braz. You shall receive your pay, and do no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, fir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your business is done——I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in town; pray which of you is captain *Plume*?

Plume. I am captain *Plume*.

Braz. No, no, I am captain *Plume*.

Syl. Hey-day!

Plume. Captain *Plume*! I'm your servant, my dear.

Braz. Captain *Brazen*! I am yours——the fellow dares not fight. [Aside.]

Enter *Kite*.

Kite. Sir, if you please——

[Goes to whisper *Plume*.]

Plume. No, no, there's your captain. Captain *Plume*, your serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible sot.——Here my *Hector* of *Halborn*, here's forty shillings for you.

Plume.

Plume. I forbid the banns.—Look'e, friend, you shall list with captain *Brazen*.

Syl. I will see captain *Brazen* hanged first : I will list with captain *Plume* ; I am a free-born *Englishman*, and will be a slave my own way.—Look'e, fir, will you stand by me? [To *Brazen*.

Braz. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, captain *Brazen* [To *Plume*] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl. A very sad dog ; give me the money, noble captain *Plume*.

Plume. Then you won't list with captain *Brazen*?

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, child, I'll end the dispute presently—Hark'e, my dear.

[Takes *Plume* to one side of the stage, and entertains him in dumb shew.

Kite. Sir, he in the plain coat is captain *Plume*, I am his serjeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What ! you are serjeant *Kite*.

Kite. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing.

Kite. A very understanding youth of his age ! Pray, fir, let me look full in your face.

Syl. Well, fir, what have you to say to my face?

Kite. The very image of my brother : two bullets of the same caliver were never so like : sure it must be *Charles, Charles*—

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles*?

Kite. The voice too, only a little variation in *essa ut flat* : my dear brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade.

Syl. No, fir, I'll be the captain's comrade, if any body's.

Kite. Ambition there again ! 'Tis a noble passion for a soldier ; by that I gained this glorious halberd.—Ambition!

Ambition! I see a commission in his face already: pray noble captain, give me leave to salute you.

[Offers to kiss her.

Syl. What, men kiss one another?

Kite. We officers do; 'tis our way; we live together like man and wife, always either kissing or fighting:—But I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now serjeant, I shall see who is your captain, by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My captain scorns assistance, sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that; but pr'ythee resign the man, pr'ythee do; you are a very honest fellow.

Plume. You lie; and you are a son of a whore.

[Draws, and makes up to Brazen.

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the lady?

[Retiring.

Plume. I always do———But for a man I'll fight knee-deep; so you lie again. [Plume and Brazen fight a traverse or two about the stage; Sylvia draws, who is held by Kite, who sounds to arms with his mouth; takes Sylvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage.]

Braz. Hold, where's the man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [Puts up.] Now let's embrace, my dear.

Plume. With all my heart, my dear. [Putting up.] I suppose Kite has lifted him by this time.

[Embraces.

Kite looks in and sings.

Braz. You are a brave fellow, I always fight with a man before I make him my friend; and if I once find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.—And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend, that lady we frightened out of the walk just now, I found in bed this morning——So beautiful, so inviting——I presently locked the door——But I am a man of honour——But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless——Her twenty thousand pounds, you know, will be a pretty convenience—

ency—I had an assignation with her here, but your coming spoiled my sport. Curse you, my dear, but don't do so again——

Plume. No, no, my dear, men are my business at present. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *The Walk continues.*

Enter Rose and Bullock, meeting.

Rose. **W**HERE have you been, you great booby? you are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I would prefer you! who should prefer a man but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, hold up your head, cock your hat, and look big.

Bul. Ah *Ruofe*, *Ruofe*, I fear somebody will look big sooner than folk think of: 'this genteel breeding never comes into the country without a train of followers.'—Here has been *Cartwheel* your sweetheart, what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great woman, and will provide for my relations:——I told the captain how finely he played upon the tabor and pipe, so he has set him down for a drum-major.

Bul. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me? you know I have always loved to be a drumming, if it were but on a table, or on a quart pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy my breeches would become me as well as any ranting fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold step, a rakish tofs, a smart cock, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain.——

What's here? *Rose!* my nurse's daughter! I'll go and practise

practise——Come, child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses Rose.*] and her brother too!——Well, honest *Dungfork*, do you know the difference between a horse and a cart, and a cart horse, eh?

Bul. I presume that your worship is a captain, by your cloaths and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be content to list, friend?

Rose. No, no, tho' your worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you; my brother is engaged to captain *Plume*.

Syl. Plume! do you know captain *Plume*?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me——He took the ribbands out of his shirt sleeves, and put 'em into my shoes——See there——I can assure you that I can do any thing with the captain.

Bul. That is, in a modest way, sir——Have a care what you say, *Ruose*, don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!——And pray what do you expect from this captain, child?

Rose. I expect, sir!——I expect——But he ordered me to tell no body.——But suppose that he should propose to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care, my dear, men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promised to marry me afterwards.

Bul. Wouns, *Ruose*, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards? after what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens.——I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my market woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, sir, ay, and closer yet, sir.—Come, my pretty maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume,

Plume. No, no, friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her; so I have as good right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent fellow.

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the service?

Syl. Yes, sir; so let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice—Will you belong to me, or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, sir, what will you give me?

Bul. Do'na be angry, sir, that my sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child!—I'll set thee above scandal; you shall have a coach, with six before and six behind; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, child, I'll buy thee a furbelow-scarf, and give you a ticket to see a play.

Bul. A play? wauns, *Ruofe*, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl. Look'e, captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with captain *Brazen* this minute.

Plume. Will you list with me, if I give up my title.

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her, I'll change a woman for a man, at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you captains used to sell your men.

Bul. Pray, captain, do not send *Ruofe* to the *Western Indies*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! *West-Indies*! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do——This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Rose*.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, sir, as the captain would?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my circumstances are not so good as the captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll take care of her; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be—What would you be?

Bul. O! sir, if you had not promised the place of drum-major—

Plume. Ay, that is promised—But what think you of barrack-master? You are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be.—But what's become of this same *Cartwheel* you told me of, my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him.—Come, brother barrack-master—We shall find you at home, noble captain? [Exeunt *Rose* and *Bullock*.]

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I despise your listing money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love—of that wench, I mean—For you must know, that among my other follies, I have spent the best part of my fortune in search of a maid, and could never find one hitherto; so you may be assured I'd not sell my freedom under a less purchase than I did my estate—So before I list, I must be certified that this girl is a virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell how you can be certified in that point till you try; but upon my honour, she may be a vestal, for aught that I know to the contrary.—I gained her heart indeed by some trifling presents and promises, and knowing that the best security for a woman's heart is her person, I would have made myself master of that too, had not the jealousy of my impertinent landlady interposed.

Syl. So you only want an opportunity for accomplishing your designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all; I have already gained my ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her followers. 'The women, you know, are loadstones every where; gain the wives, and you are caressed by the husbands; please the mistress, and you are va-
' lued

‘ lued by the gallants ; secure an interest with the finest
 ‘ women at court, and you procure the favour of the
 ‘ greatest men.’——So kiss the prettiest country
 wenches, and you are sure of lifting the lustiest fellows.
 ‘ Some people may call this artifice, but I term it stra-
 ‘ tagem, since it is so main a part of the service——
 ‘ Besides, the fatigue of recruiting is so intolerable,
 ‘ that unless we could make ourselves some pleasure
 ‘ amidst the pain, no mortal man would be able to bear
 ‘ it.’

Syl. Well, sir, I am satisfied as to the point in de-
 bate ; but now let me beg you to lay aside your re-
 cruiting airs ; put on the man of honour, and tell me
 plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your
 command ?

Plume. ‘ You must know, in the first place, then,
 ‘ that I hate to have gentlemen in my company ; for
 ‘ they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes
 ‘ dangerous : and ’tis a constant maxim amongst us,
 ‘ that those who know the least, obey the best. Not-
 ‘ withstanding all this, I find something so agreeable
 ‘ about you, that engages me to court your company ;
 ‘ and I can’t tell how it is, but I should be uneasy to
 ‘ see you under the command of any body else.’——
 Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour ;
 only this you must expect, that if you commit a small
 fault, I will excuse it ; if a great one, I’ll discharge you ;
 for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish
 you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do dis-
 charge me, ’twill be the greatest punishment you can
 inflict ; for were we this moment to go upon the great-
 est dangers in your professions, they would be less ter-
 rible to me, than to stay behind you——And now
 your hand, this lists me——And now you are my
 captain.

Plume. Your friend. [*Kisses her.*] ‘Sdeath ! there’s
 something in this fellow that charms me.

Syl. One favour I must beg——This affair will make
 some noise, and I have some friends that would cen-
 sure my conduct, if I threw myself into the circum-

stance of a private centinel of my own head—I must therefore take care to be impress'd by the act of parliament, you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that——Will you lodge at my quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my bed.

Syl. O fye! lie with a common foldier! Would not you rather lie with a common woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that rake that the world imagines; I have got an air of freedom, which people mistake for lewdness in me, as they mistake formality in others for religion—The world is all a cheat; only I take mine, which is undesigned, to be more excusable than theirs, which is hypocritical. I hurt nobody but myself, and they abuse all mankind——Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, captain, you forgot *Rose*; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Melinda and Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidante: we are so weak, that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret racks us worse than the cholic—I am at this minute so sick of a secret, that I'm ready to faint away——Help me, *Lucy*!

Luc. Bless me, madam! what's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover——If *Sylvia* were in town, I could heartily forgive her faults for the ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, madam! am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. You are a servant, and a secret may make you faucy.

Luc. Not unless you should find fault without a cause, madam.

Mel. Cause or not cause, I must not lose the pleasure of chiding when I please; women must discharge their vapours somewhere, and before we get husbands our servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Luc.

Luc. Then, madam, you had better raise me to a degree above a servant: you know my family, and that 500*l.* would set me upon the foot of a gentlewoman, and make me worthy the confidence of any lady in the land; besides, madam, 'twill extremely encourage me in the great design I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your design can be of any great advantage to you: 'twill please me, indeed, in the humour I have of being revenged on the fool for his vanity of making love to me, so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred pounds upon my day of marriage.

Luc. This is the way, madam; to make me diligent in the vocation of a confidante, which, I think, is generally to bring people together.

Mel. O *Lucy!* I can hold my secret no longer: you must know, that hearing of the famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguised to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear: that fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom favourites, he has told me the most surprising things of my past life.—

Luc. Things past, madam, can hardly be reckoned surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said I should die a maid!

Luc. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing!—Dear madam, if you should believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four and twenty hours——And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why I passed for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a maid——But the devil was a liar from the beginning, he can't make me die a maid——I have put it out of his power already.

[*Aside.*

Mel. I do but jest, I would have passed for you, and called myself *Lucy*; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole his-

tory of my life.—He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference.—I fled to him for refuge here to-day, he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly told me, that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excused his not waiting on me home, made a careless bow, and walked off: 'death! I could have stabbed him or myself, 'twas the same thing—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Luc. Don't exasperate him, consider what the fortune-teller told you: men are scarce, and as times go, it is not impossible for a woman to die a maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warmed, I must strike while the iron is hot——You have a great deal of courage, madam, to venture into the walks where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, madam: I left you here, because I had business in another place, and came here thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the walk.

Wor. The walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his hat cocked, she fretting and tearing her fan.*] Will you please to take snuff, madam? [*He offers her his box, she strikes it out of his hand; while he is gathering it up, enter Brazen, and takes her round the waist; she cuffs him.*]

Braz. What here before me, my dear!

Mel. What means this insolence?

Luc. Are you mad! Don't you see Mr. *Worthy*?

[*To Brazen.*]

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind—*Worthy*! odso! well turned——My mistress has wit at her fingers ends; —Madam,

—Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad.—
Mr. *Worthy*, you are the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestowed upon you.

Mel. I am sorry the favour miscarried, for it was designed for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assured 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands.—Captain, I ask your pardon— [Exit with Lucy.]

Braz. I grant it—You see Mr. *Worthy* 'twas only a random-shot, it might have taken off your head as well as mine; courage, my dear, 'tis the fortune of war; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! oons, fir! what's d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you. [Exit.]

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume's* advice has ruined me; 'sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty spirit, be ruled by a man that's a stranger to her pride?

Enter *Plume*.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! a battle royal: don't frown so, man, she's your own, I tell you: I saw the fury of her love in the extremity of her passion: the wildness of her anger is a certain sign that she loves you to madness—That rogue *Kite* began the battle with abundance of conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what could be the meaning of *Brazen's* familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no logician, if you pretend to draw consequences from the actions of fools; 'there's no arguing by the rule of reason upon a science without principles, and such is their conduct'—Whim, unaccountable whim, hurries 'em on like a man drunk with brandy before ten o'clock in the morning—But we lose our sport—*Kite* has opened above an hour ago, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *An Chamber; a Table with Books and
Globes.*

Kite disguised in a strange habit, sitting at a Table.

Kite. [Rising.] By the position of the heavens, gained from my observation upon the celestial globes, I find that *Luna* was a tide-waiter, *Sol* a surveyor, *Mercury* a thief, *Venus* a whore, *Saturn* an alderman, *Jupiter* a rake, and *Mars* a serjeant of grenadiers; and this is the system of *Kite* the conjuror.

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Plume. Well, what success?

Kite. I have sent away a *shoemaker* and a *tailor* already; one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of dragoons——I am to manage them at night——Have you seen the lady, Mr. *Worthy*?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do——Have you shewed her her name, that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Kite. No, sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Plume. What letter?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you should break windows in good earnest. Here, captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion.

[Knocking at the door.

Kite. Officers to your posts. *Tycho*, mind the door.

[Exit Plume and Worthy. Servant opens the door.

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, master, are you the cunning man?

Kite. I am the learned *Copernicus*.

Smith. Well, master, I'm but a poor man, and I can't afford above a shilling for my fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, doctor, let me have something that's good for my shilling, or I'll have my money again.

Kite. If there be faith in the stars, you shall have your shilling forty-fold——Your hand, countryman, you're by trade a *smith*.

Smith. How the devil should you know that?

Kite. Because the devil and you are brother tradesmen——You were born under *Forceps*.

Smith.

‘ *Smith.* Forceps! what’s that?

‘ *Kite.* One of the signs: there’s *Leo, Sagittarius, Forceps, Furnes, Dixmude, Namur, Brussels, Charleroy,* and so forth—Twelve of ’em—Let me see—Did you ever make any bombs or cannon-bullets!

‘ *Smith.* Not I.

‘ *Kite.* You either have or will—The stars have decreed, that you shall be———I must have more money, fir———Your fortune’s great.

‘ *Smith.* Faith, doctor, I have no more.

‘ *Kite.* O, fir, I’ll trust you, and take it out of your arrears.

‘ *Smith.* Arrears! what arrears?

‘ *Kite.* The five hundred pounds that’s owing to you from the government.

‘ *Smith.* Owing me!

‘ *Kite.* Owing you, fir———Let me see your t’other hand———I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you: and the rogue of an agent will demand fifty *per cent.* for a fortnight’s advance.

‘ *Smith.* I’m in the clouds, doctor, all this while!

‘ *Kite.* Sir, I am above ’em, among the stars———In two years, three months and two hours, you will be made captain of the forges to the grand train of artillery, and will have ten shillings a day, and two servants———’Tis the decree of the stars, and of the fixed stars, that are as immoveable as your anvil———Strike, fir, while the iron is hot———Fly, fir, be gone.

‘ *Smith.* What! what would you have me do doctor? —I wish the stars would put me in a way for this fine place.

‘ *Kite.* The stars do———let me see———ay, about an hour hence walk carelessly into the market-place, and you’ll see a tall, slender gentleman, buying a pennyworth of apples, with a cane hanging upon his button———This gentleman will ask you what’s o’clock ———He’s your man, and the maker of your fortune———Follow him, follow him———And now go home, and take leave of your wife and children; an hour hence exactly is your time.

‘ *Smith.* A tall slender gentleman, you say, with a cane ! pray, what sort of a head has the cane ?

‘ *Kite.* An amber head with a black ribband.

‘ *Smith.* And pray of what employment is the gentleman ?

‘ *Kite.* Let me see—he’s either a collector of the excise, or a plenipotentiary, or a captain of grenadiers—I can’t tell exactly which—but he’ll call you honest—your name is——

‘ *Smith.* *Thomas.*

‘ *Kite.* He’ll call you honest *Tom.*

‘ *Smith.* But how the devil should he know my name ?

‘ *Kite.* O there are several sorts of *Toms*——*Tom of Lincoln, Tom Tit, Tom Tell-Truth, Tom o’ Bedlam,* and *Tom Fool*——be gone——An hour hence precisely.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

‘ *Smith.* You say, he’ll ask me what’s o’clock !

‘ *Kite.* Most certainly—And you’ll answer you don’t know——And be sure you look at *St. Mary’s dial* ; for the sun won’t shine, and if it should, you won’t be able to tell the figures.

‘ *Smith.* I will, I will. [Exit.]

‘ *Plume.* Well done, conjurer, go on and prosper.

[*Behind.*]

‘ *Enter a Butcher.*

‘ *Kite.* What, my old friend *Pluck* ; the butcher !—I offered the furry bull-dog five guineas this morning, and he refused it. [Aside.]

‘ *But.* So, Mr. Conjurer, here’s half a crown——And now you must understand——

‘ *Kite.* Hold, friend, I know your business beforehand——

‘ *But.* You’re devilish cunning then, for I don’t well know it myself.

‘ *Kite.* I know more than you, friend——You have a foolish saying, that such a one knows no more than the man in the moon : I tell you, the man in the moon knows more than all the men under the sun ; don’t the moon see all the world ?

‘ *But,*

‘ *But.* All the world see the moon, I must confess.

‘ *Kite.* Then she must see all the world, that’s certain.

‘ —Give me your hand—You’re by trade either a
‘ *butcher* or a *surgeon*.

‘ *But.* True, I am a *butcher*.

‘ *Kite.* And a *surgeon* you will be, the employments
‘ differ only in name.—He that can cut up an ox, may
‘ dissect a man; and the same dexterity that cracks a mar-
‘ rowbone, will cut off a leg or an arm.

‘ *But.* What d’ye mean, doctor; what d’ye mean?

‘ *Kite.* Patience, patience, Mr. *Surgeon-general*; the
‘ stars are great bodies, and move slowly.

‘ *But.* But what d’ye mean by *surgeon-general*, doc-
‘ tor?

‘ *Kite.* Nay, sir, if your worship won’t have pa-
‘ tience, I must beg the favour of your worship’s ab-
‘ sence.

‘ *But.* My worship! my worship! but why my wor-
‘ ship?

‘ *Kite.* Nay then, I have done.

‘ *But.* Pray, doctor—

‘ *Kite.* Fire and fury, sir! [*Rises in a passion*] do you
‘ think the stars will be hurried? Do the stars owe you
‘ any money, sir, that you dare dun their lordships at
‘ this rate?—Sir, I’m porter to the stars, and I am or-
‘ dered to let no dun come near their doors.

‘ *But.* Dear doctor; I never had any dealing with the
‘ stars, they don’t owe me a penny—But since you are
‘ their porter, please to accept of this half crown to drink
‘ their healths, and don’t be angry.

‘ *Kite.* Let me see your hand then once more—here
‘ has been gold—Five guineas, my friend, in this very
‘ hand this morning.

‘ *But.* Nay, then he is the devil—Pray, doctor, were
‘ you born of woman? or did you come into the world
‘ of your own head?

‘ *Kite.* That’s a secret—This gold was offered you by
‘ a proper, handsome man, called *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*,
‘ or—

‘ *But.* *Kite*, you mean.

‘ *Kite.*

‘ *Kite.* Ay, ay, *Kite.*

‘ *But.* As arrant a rogue as ever carried a halberd.—

‘ The impudent rascal would have decoyed me for a soldier.

‘ *Kite.* A soldier! a man of your substance for a soldier! your mother has a hundred pounds in hard money, lying at this minute in the hands of a mercer, not forty yards from this place.

‘ *But.* Oons! and so she has, but very few know so much.

‘ *Kite.* I know it, and that rogue, what’s his name, *Kite*, knew it, and offered you five guineas to list, because he knew your poor mother would give the hundred for your discharge.

‘ *But.* There’s a dog now——’s flesh, doctor, I’ll give you t’other half crown, and tell me that this same *Kite* will be hanged.

‘ *Kite.* He’s in as much danger as any man in the county of *Salop*.

‘ *But.* There’s your fee——but you have forgot the surgeon-general all this while.

‘ *Kite.* You put the stars in a passion. [*Looks on his books.*] But now they are pacified again——Let me see, did you never cut off a man’s leg?

‘ *But.* No.

‘ *Kite.* Recollect, pray.

‘ *But.* I say, no.

‘ *Kite.* That’s strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful changes have I seen——The second or third, ay, the third campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the leg of a great officer will be shattered by a great shot, you will be there accidentally, and with your cleaver chop off the limb at a blow! In short, the operation will be performed with so much dexterity, that with general applause you will be made surgeon-general of the whole army.

‘ *But.* Nay, for the matter of cutting off a limb, I’ll do’t, I’ll do’t with any surgeon in *Europe*; but I have no thoughts of making a campaign.

‘ *Kite.*

‘ *Kite*. You have no thoughts! what’s matter for your thoughts, the stars have decreed it, and you must go.

‘ *But*. The stars decree it! Oons, fir, the justices can’t prefs me.

‘ *Kite*. Nay, friend, ’tis none of my business, I have done; only mind this, you’ll know more an hour and half hence, that’s all, farewell.

‘ *But*. Hold, hold, doctor. Surgeon-general! What is the place worth, pray?

‘ *Kite*. Five hundred pounds a year, besides guineas for claps.

‘ *But*. Five hundred pounds a year!—an hour and half hence, you say?

‘ *Kite*. Pr’ythee, friend, be quiet, don’t be troublesome; here’s such a work to make a booby butcher accept of five hundred pounds a year—But if you must hear it—I’ll tell you in short, you’ll be standing in your stall an hour and an half hence, and a gentleman will come by with a snuff-box in his hand, and the tip of his handkerchief hanging out of his right pocket; he’ll ask you the price of a loin of veal, and at the same time stroak your great dog upon the head, and call him *Chopper*.

‘ *But*. Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the dog’s name.

‘ *Kite*. Look’e there—What I say is true—things that are to come, must come to pass—Get you home, sell off your stock, don’t mind the whining and the snivelling of your mother and your sister—Women always hinder preferment—make what money you can, and follow that gentleman, his name begins with a *P*—mind that.—There will be the barber’s daughter too, that you promised marriage to—she will be pulling and halling you to pieces.

‘ *But*. What! know *Sally* too? He’s the devil, and he must needs go that the devil drives. [*Going*.] The tip of his handkerchief out of his left pocket?

‘ *Kite*. No, no, his right pocket; if it be the left, ’tis none of the man.

‘ *But*,

* *But.* Well, well, I'll mind him. [Exit.

* *Plume.* The right pocket, you say?

* [Behind with his pocket-book.

* *Kite.* I hear the rustling of silks. [Knocking.] Fly, fir, 'tis madam *Melinda*!

Enter *Melinda* and *Lucy*.

Kite. *Tycho*, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself, we shan't stay, doctor.

Kite. Your ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a husband——For your part, madam, you won't stay for a husband. [To *Lucy*.

Luc. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the stars, or the devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my other friend.

Mel. And have you raised the devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, madam, and he's now under the table.

Luc. O heavens protect us! Dear madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, fool; do you think, fir, that because I am a woman, I'm to be fooled out of my reason, or frighted out of my senses? Come, shew me this devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present; but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! Pray what have you or he to do with my name?

Kite. Look'e, fair lady——the devil is a very modest person; he seeks nobody, unless they seek him first: he's chained up like a mastiff, and can't stir, unless he be let loose——You came to me to have your fortune

fortune told—Do you think, madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, madam, the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill—Here, you *cacademo del plumo*—exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word *Melinda*, in proper letters and characters of her own hand writing—do it at three motions—one—two—three—'tis done—Now, madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own hand-writing! that would be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the table, lifts up the carpet.*] Here, *Tre, Tre*, poor *Tre*, give up the bone, firrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper, behold—

Mel. 'Tis wonderful; my very letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your hand, madam, but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Kite. Here's a chamber-maid now will out-lie the devil!

Luc. Look'è, madam, they shan't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands, no more than they can their faces—Come, madam, let us be certain, write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare them. [*Takes out a paper, and folds it.*]

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction, madam—here's pen and ink.

[*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the paper.*]

Luc. Let me see it, madam: 'tis the same—the very same—But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs. [*Aside.*]

Mel. This is demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, madam—The word demonstration comes from *Dæmon*, the father of lies.

Mel. Well, doctor, I'm convinced; and now, pray, what account can you give of my future fortune?

Kite.

Kite. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe, your fortune will be fixed for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! so near the crisis of my fate!

Kite. Let me see—— About the hour of ten to-morrow morning, you will be saluted by a gentleman, who will come to take his leave of you, being designed for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other.—— In short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor?

Kite. Because, madam—— because it is so—— A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten o'clock, you say?

Kite. Ten—— about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here, doctor. [*Gives money.*] *Lucy*, have you any questions to ask?

Luc. O, madam! a thousand,

Kite. I must beg your patience till another time; for I expect more company this minute; besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Luc. O pray, sir, discharge us first!

Kite. *Tycho*, wait on the ladies down stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter Worthy and Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleased to wish me joy to-day, I hope to be able to return the compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best compliment to you that ever I made in my life, if you do; but I must be a traveller, you say?

Kite.

Kite. No farther than the chops of the channel, I presume, sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey-day! you don't profess midwifery, doctor?

Kite. Away to your ambuscade.

[*Exeunt Plume and Worthy.*

Enter Brazen.

Brazen. Your servant, servant, my dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Brazen. Are you bewitched, my dear?

Kite. Yes, my dear: but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself; [*Draws a circle round him.*] and now, captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Brazen. Lines! what dost talk of lines? You have something like a fishing-rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, man.——What's your name, my dear?

Kite. *Conundrum.*

Brazen. *Conundrum!* Rat me, I knew a famous doctor in *London* of your name—Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra.*

Brazen. *Algebra!* 'Tis no country in *Christendom*, I'm sure, unless it be some place in the Highlands in *Scotland.*

Kite. Right——I told you I was bewitched.

Brazen. So am I, my dear; I am going to be married——I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholic, spleen and vapours——shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours? ay, or no?

Kite. Certainly.

Brazen. Gadso, ay, 'I shall!'

Kite. 'Certainly: Ay,' or no. But I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Brazen. Why, you old bitch, did you ever hear of love-letters dated with the year and day of the month? Do you think billet-doux are like bank-bills?

Kite.

Kite. They are not so good, my dear—but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Braz. Contents! that you shall, old boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you received, if you please.—
[*Takes the letter.*] Now, sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter inclosed to you with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings.

Braz. With all my heart—I must give him—
[*Puts his hands in his pockets.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity—Here :—
—[*Gives him money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a watch tower on the top of the highest mountain in *Wales*, for the study of astrology, and the benefit of the *Conundrums.* [Exit.]

Enter Plume and Worthy.

Wor. O doctor! That letter's worth a million, let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it; [*opening the letter.*] If she be a jilt—Damn her, she is one—There's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good earnest—By all my hopes, 'tis *Lucy's* hand.

Plume. *Lucy's!*

Wor. Certainly—'tis no more like *Melinda's* character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy's* contrivance, to draw in *Brazen* for a husband—But are you sure 'tis not *Melinda's* hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they're not the same; and is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter, which made *Mr. Ballance* send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same, the other fragments I shewed you just now. I once intended it for another use, but I think I have turned it now to a better advantage.

Plume.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of believing that angelic creature could change:—
Poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich *Sylvia*, you mean, and poor captain, ha, ha, ha!—Come, come, friend, *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my hopes—But for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

*By some the sex is blam'd without design,
Light harmless censure, such as yours and mine,
Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine.
Others the justice of the sex condemn,
And, wanting merit to create esteem,
Would hide their own defects by censuring them:
But they, secure in their all-conquering charms,
Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms;
He magnifies their conquests who complains,
For none would struggle were they not in chains.*

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE, *Justice Ballance's House.*

Enter Ballance and Scale.

Scale. I Say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr. *Ballance*.

Bal. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part, I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army; ' they expose their lives to so many dangers for us abroad, that we may give them some grains of allowance at home.

' *Scale*, Allowance! This poor girl's father is my tenant; and if I mistake not, her mother nursed a child for you—Shall they debauch our daughters to our faces?

' *Bal.* Consider, Mr. *Scale*, that were it not for the bravery of these officers, we should have *French*
' dra-

‘ dragoons among us, that would leave us neither li-
 ‘ berty, property, wives, nor daughters——Come,
 ‘ Mr. *Scale*, the gentlemen are vigorous and warm,
 ‘ and may they continue so; the same heat that stirs
 ‘ them up to love, spurs them on to battle. You never
 ‘ knew a great general in your life, that did not love
 ‘ a whore. This’ I only speak in reference to cap-
 ‘ tain *Plume*——for the other spark I know nothing
 of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does—O, here
 they come.

Enter *Sylvia*, *Bullock*, *Rose*, Prisoners; Constable and
 Mob.

Const. May it please your worships, we took them in
 the very act, *re infecta*, fir——The gentleman, in-
 deed, behaved himself like a gentleman; for he drew
 his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down, and
 said nothing.

Bal. Give the gentleman his sword again——Wait
 you without. [*Exeunt constable and mob.*] I’m sorry, fir,
 [*To Sylvia.*] to know a gentleman upon such terms,
 that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satis-
 faction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your war-
 rant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour——
 My innocence is upon an equal foot with your au-
 thority.

Scale. Innocence! Have not you seduced that young
 maid?

Syl. No, Mr. *Gonsecap*, she seduced me.

Bul. So she did, I’ll swear——for she proposed mar-
 riage first.

Bal. What, then are you married, child?

[*To Rose.*]

Rose. Yes, fir, to my sorrow.

Bal. Who was witness?

Bul. That was I—I danced, threw the stocking, and
 spoke jokes by their bed-side, I’m sure.

Bal. Who was the minister?

Bul. Minister! We are soldiers, and want no mi-
 nister——

Wife—They were married by the articles of war.

Bal. Hold thy prating, fool—Your appearance, fir, promises some understanding ; pray what does this fellow mean ?

Syl. He means marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony ; some make it a sacrament, others a convenience, and others make it a jest ; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred—Our sword, you know, is our honour, that we lay down—The hero jumps over it first, and the amazon after—Leap, rogue ; follow, whore—The drum beats a ruff, and so to bed ; that's all ; the ceremony is concise.

Bal. And the prettiest ceremony, so full of pastime and prodigality—

Bal. What ! are you a soldier ?

Bal. Ay, that I am—Will your worship lend me your cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Bal. Take it, [*Strikes him over the head.*] Pray, fir, what commission may you bear ? [*To Sylvia.*

Syl. I am called captain, fir, by all the coffee-men, drawers, whores, and groom-porters in London ; for I wear a red coat, a sword, a hat *bien trouffee*, ' a martial ' twist in my cravat, a fierce knot in my perriwig, a ' cane upon my button, ' piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Scale. Your name, pray, fir ?

Syl. Captain *Pinch* : I cock my hat with a pinch ; take snuff with a pinch, pay my whores with a pinch ; in short, I can do any thing at a pinch, but fight and fill my belly.

Bal. And pray, fir, what brought you into *Shropshire* ?

Syl. A pinch, fir ; I knew you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money, and so—

Bal. I understand you, fir—Here, constable—

Enter

Enter Constable.

Take this gentleman into custody till farther orders.

Rose. Pray, your worship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Bal. Hark'e, constable. *[Whispers him.]*

Const. It shall be done, sir——Come along, sir.

[Exeunt Constable, Bullock, and Sylvia.]

Bal. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the spark presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *Melinda's Apartment.*

Enter Melinda and Worthy.

Mel. So far the prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly.—
[Aside.] And pray, sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather, the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I should be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. *Worthy*, I am not so fond of variety as to travel for it, nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expence and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasure, 'which at best never answers expectation; as 'tis evident from the example of most travellers, that long more to return to their own country, than they did to go abroad.'

Wor. What pleasure I may receive abroad is indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, sir, you and I have been jangling a
great

great while; I fancy if we made up our accounts, we should the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, affiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year! O Mr. *Worthy*! What you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven years servitude: how did you use me the year before? when taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you would have made me your mistress, that is, your slave.—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of them. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, madam, that——

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing——'Tis your interest that I should forget: you have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other——Now if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over, here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman should be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman should be, may this be my poison. [*Kissing her hand.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the coach is at the door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance's* country-house to see my cousin *Sylvia*: I have done her an injury, and can't be easy till I have asked her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My coach is full; but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own horse and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we shan't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit, leading Melinda.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Market-place.**Enter Plume and Kite.*

Plume. A baker, a tailor, a smith, butcher, carpenters, and journeymen shoemakers, in all thirty-nine—I believe the first colony planted in *Virginia* had not more trades in their company than I have in mine.

Kite. The butcher, sir, will have his hands full; for we have two sheep-stealers among us—I hear of a fellow too committed just now for stealing of horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the dragoons. —Have we never a poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes, sir, the king of the gipsies is a very good one, he has an excellent hand at a goose or a turkey—Here's Captain *Brazen*, sir; I must go look after the men. [*Exit.*

Enter Brazen, reading a letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the canonical hour—Um, um, very well—My dear *Plume*! Give me a buss.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my dear: what hast got in thy hand, child?

Braz. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my dear, that I want twenty thousand pounds; I have spent twenty times as much in the service.——Now, my dear, pray advise me, my head runs much upon architecture, shall I build a privateer, or a play-house?

Plume. An odd question!—a privateer or a play-house! 'twill require some consideration—Faith, I'm for a privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your opinion, my dear—for in the first place a privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. But a privateer may be ill-manned.

Plume. And so may a play-house.

Braz. But a privateer may run upon the shallows.

Plume.

Plume. Not so often as a play-house.

Braz. But you know a privateer may spring a leak.

Plume. And I know a play-house may spring a great many.

Braz. But suppose the privateer come home with a rich booty, we should never agree about our shares,

Plume. 'Tis just so in a play-house——so, by my advice, you shall fix upon a privateer.

Braz. Agreed——But if this twenty thousand pound should not be in specie——

Plume. What twenty thousand ?

Braz. Hark'e.

[*Whispers.*

Plume. Married!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a mile out of town at the water-side—and so forth—[*Reads.*] For fear I should be known by any of Worthy's friends, you must give me leave to wear my mask till after the ceremony, which will make me for ever yours——Look'e there, my dog. [*Shows the bottom of the letter to Plume.*

Plume. *Melinda!* And by this light, her own hand! Once more, if you please, my dear—Her hand exactly!—Just now, you say ?

Braz. This minute I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a gentleman coming this way, that may be inquisitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him ?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very eyes discover secrets.

[*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To boot and saddle, captain; you must mount.

Plume. Whip and spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall: *Melinda* and I are agreed; she's gone to visit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow;

D

and

and could we carry a parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your head, *Melinda* has secured a parson already.

Wor. Already! do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand——*Brazen* and she are to meet half a mile hence at the water side, there to take boat, I suppose to be ferried over to the *Elysian Fields*, if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now; she assured me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolved to discard *Lucy* for daring to write letters to him in her name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this—I tell you, I saw *Melinda's* hand as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you she's gone this minute to *Ballance's* country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this minute to the water side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has sent word, that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her journey to Justice *Ballance's* is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way. [To Worthy.]

Wor. How! her journey put off!

Plume. That is, her journey was put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how? where? when is she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a mile hence, at the water side.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready——*Jack*, get 'em out. [Exit Servant.]

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an inch——I shall return presently.

[Exit.]

Plume. You'll find me at the hall; the justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Court of Justice: Ballance, Scale, and Scruple upon the Bench: Constable, Kite, Mob.*

Kite and Constable advance forward.

Kite. Pray, who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice *Ballance*, he on the right is Justice *Scale*, and he on the left is Justice *Scruple*, and I am Mr. *Constable*; four very honest gentlemen.

Kite. O dear sir! I am your most obedient servant: [*Saluting the Constable.*] I fancy, sir, that your employment and mine are much the same; for my business is to keep people in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both staff-officers.

Const. Nay, I'm a serjeant myself—of the militia.—Come, brother, you shall see me exercise: 'suppose this a musket: now I am shoulder'd.

[*Puts his staff on his right shoulder.*]

Kite. Av, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a constable's staff; but for a musket, you must put it on the other shoulder, my dear.

Const. Adso! that's true—come, now give the word of command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will—we will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you dog, silence!

[*Strikes him over the head with his halberd.*]

Const. That's the way to silence a man with a witness—What d'ye mean, friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you, sir.

Const. Your exercise differs so much from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own captain had given me such a rap, I had taken the law of him.

Enter Plume.

Bal. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scru. Come, honest captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends and sits upon the bench.*] Now produce your prisoners—here, that fellow there—set him up.

—Mr. *Constable*, what have you to say against this man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an please you.

Bal. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know an please your worship.

Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an please ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty constable truly—I find, we have no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being counsel for the king.

Bal. Come, serjeant, you shall be heard, since no body else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides he's cut out by nature for a grenadier; he's five foot ten inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the *Chebbivie* round with any man in the county; he gets drunk every sabbath-day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, firrah, you lie; an please your worship, he's the best natured pains-taking man in the parish, witness my five poor children.

Scru. A wife! and five children! You constable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and five children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Bal. Hold, gentlemen—Hark'e, friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children?

Plume. They live upon wild-fowl and venison, fir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five miles round.

Bal. A gun! nay, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't.—He may be of use against the *French*, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scru. But his wife and children, Mr. *Ballance!*

Wife.

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you would fend him away, you know I have a child every year, and you are afraid they should come upon the parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, gentlemen, the honest woman has spoke it at once, the parish had better maintain five children this year, than six or seven the next. That fellow, upon this high feeding, may get you two or three beggars at a birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my teeming-time, if there be a man left in the parish.

Bal. Send that woman to the house of correction
—and the man—

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

[Takes him down.]

Scale. Here, you constable, the next.—Set up that black-fac'd fellow, he has a gun-powder look; what can you say against this man, constable?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest man.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company, for the novelty's sake.

Bal. What are you, friend?

Mob. A collier, I work in the coal-pits.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Kite. May it please your worships, this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works under ground.

Plume. Well said, *Kite*; besides the army wants miners.

Bal. Right, and had we an order of government for it, we could raise you in this and the neighbouring county of *Stafford*, five hundred colliers that would run you under ground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Scru. Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm married.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Bal. Are you married, good woman?

Wom. I'm married in conscience.

Kite. May it please your worship, she's with child in conscience.

Scale. Who married you, mistress?

Wom. My husband——we agreed that I should call him husband, to avoid passing for a whore; and that he should call me wife, to shun going for a foldier,

Scru. A very pretty couple! pray, captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What say you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care of the woman?

Kite. Yes, sir; she shall go with us to the sea-side, and there, if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care that nobody shall hinder her.

Bal. Here, constable, bring in my man. [*Exit Constable.*] Now, captain, I'll fit you with a man, such as you never listed in your life. [*Enter Constable and Sylvia.*] O! my friend *Pinch*, I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! is that your respect for the bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your bench neither.

Scru. Look'e, gentlemen, that's enough, he's a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier.

Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Const. A whore-master, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Bal. What think you, captain?

Plume. I think he's a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy, lubberly sons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every day

day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Const. May it please your worships, I have a woman at the door to swear a rape against this rogue.

Syl. Is it your wife or daughter, booby? I ravish'd 'em both yesterday.

Bal. Pray, captain, read the articles of war, we'll see him list'd immediately.

Plume. [*Reads.*] Articles of war against mutiny and desertion, &c.

Syl. Hold, sir——Once more, gentleman, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the cieling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good captain *Huffcap*; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false——I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench, and I am heir to twelve hundred pound a year.

Bal. He's certainly mad——Pray, captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold once more——Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, to you I speak, suppose I were your child, would you use me at this rate?

Bal. No, faith, were you mine, I would send you to *Bedlam* first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever served his country; I am his only child, perhaps the loss of me may break his heart,

Bal. He's a very great fool if it does. Captain, if you don't list him this minute, I'll leave the court.

Plume.

Plume. *Kite*, do you distribute the levy-money to the men while I read.

Kite. Ay, fir—Silence, gentlemen.

[*Plume reads the articles of war.*]

Bal. Very well; now, captain, let me beg the favour of you, not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship.

Bal. No more! there were five two hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, fir; but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man, because, he said, the act allowed him but ten, so the odd shillings were clear gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offered to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the book, 'tis for the good of the service.

Prob. May it please your worship, I gave him half a crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Bal. 'Tis my opinion, that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night—Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders*.

Scale. Scrn. Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite*, take the constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay—Sir, [*To the Constable*] will you please to have your office taken from you? Or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you? [*Constable drops his staff.*]

Bal. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court.—Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE,

S C E N E, *The Fields.*

Enter Brazen, leading in Lucy masked.

Braz. The boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy, with a case of pistols under his arm.

Wor. Here, fir, take your choice.

[*Going between them, and offering them.*]

Braz. What! pistols! are they charged, my dear?

Wor. With a brace of bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a foot officer, my dear, and never use pistols, the sword is my way—and I won't be put out of my road to please any man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you.

[*Cocks one pistol.*]

Braz. Look'e, my dear, I don't care for pistols—Pray, oblige me, and let us have a bout at sharps; damn it, there's no parrying these bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you have not your belly full of these, the swords shall come in for second course.

Braz. Why then, fire and fury! I have eaten smoke from the mouth of a cannon, fir; don't think I fear powder, for I live upon't. Let me see, [*Takes one.*] And now, fir, how many paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a cloak; 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the strife.

[*Unmasks.*]

Wor. *Lucy!* take her.

Braz. The devil take me if I do———Huzza!
 ' [*Fires his pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy
 ' harradan, how those bullets whistle; suppose they had
 ' been lodged in my gizzard now!

' *Luc.* Pray, fir, pardon me.

' *Braz.* I can't tell, child, till I know whether my
 ' money

‘ money be safe. [*Searching his pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in the *Rose* tavern, *Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty rakes, and three or four smart napkins, I would tell you another story, my dear. [*Exit.*]

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, sir, she wrote her name upon a piece of paper at the fortune-teller’s last night, which I put in my pocket, and so writ above it to the captain.

Wor. And how came *Melinda*’s journey put off?

Luc. At the town’s end she met *Mr. Ballance*’s steward, who told her, that *Mrs. Sylvia* was gone from her father’s and nobody could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her father’s! this will be news to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your lady how near I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ballance and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, sir; and then searching for her in the chamber that was my young master’s, we found her clothes there; but the suit that your son left in the press, when he went to *London*, was gone.

Bal. The white trimmed with silver?

Stew. The same.

Bal. You have not told that circumstance to any body.

Stew. To none but your worship.

Bal. And be sure you don’t; go into the dining-room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall—— [*Exit.*]

Bal. Was ever man so imposed upon? I had her promise, indeed, that she would never dispose of herself without my consent. I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed—— And this, I warrant, the captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the villany, first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me, to think that I could be so wretchedly imposed upon; her extravagant passion might encourage

rage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his—
 ——I'll know the truth presently.——

Enter Plume.

Pray, captain, what have you done with your young gentleman soldier?

Plume. He's at my quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my men.

Bal. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Bal. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, 'faith I offered him part of my bed—but the young rogue fell in love with *Rose*; and has lain with her, I think, since she came to town.

Bal. So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely managed.

Plume. Upon my honour, sir, she had no harm from me.

Bal. All's safe, I find—Now, captain, you must know, that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded; he said I should heartily repent his being lifted, and so I do from my soul.

Plume. Ay! for what reason?

Bal. Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a family as any in this country, and he is heir to twelve hundred pounds a year.

Plume. I am very glad to hear it—for I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of *England*.

Bal. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under an hundred pounds sterling.

Bal. You shall have it, for his father is my intimate friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Bal. Nay, sir, you shall have your price.

Plume. Not a penny, sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pounds.

Bal. Perhaps, sir, you shan't repent your generosity.—Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket—

pocket-book? [*Gives his book.*] In the mean time we'll send for the gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant,

Go to the captain's lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wilful*, tell him his captain wants him here immediately,

Ser. Sir, the the gentleman's below at the door, enquiring for the captain.

Plume. Bid him come up—Here's the discharge, sir.

Bal. Sir, I thank you——'Tis plain he had no hand in it. [*Aside.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, captain, you might have used me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing drunken crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality——but now you are at liberty——I have discharged you.

Syl. Discharged me!

Bal. Yes, sir, and you must once more go home to your farther.

Syl. My father! Then I am discovered—Oh, sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no pardon.

Bal. Pardon! No, no, child, your crime shall be your punishment; here, captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement. Since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband—when she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than you would any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you *Sylvia* in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest, sir.

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Bal. If you please to take her, sir.

Plume. Why then I have saved my legs and arms,
and

and lost my liberty ; secure from wounds, I am prepared for the gout ; farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes—Sir, my liberty, and hopes of being a general, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred pounds a year—But to your love, madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition—greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your daughter is lost.

Bal. So am not I, sir, since an honest gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my cousin *Sylvia* ?

Bal. Your cousin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your cousin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change ; but, I hope, you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy ; I altered my outside, because I was the same within ; and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man ; that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantic, cousin ; but since success has crowned your adventures, you will have the world on your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offered you in the letter to your father.

Plume. That injury, madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend ; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, sir, will go a great way—when my cousin is pleased to surrender, 'tis probable I sha'n't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours—Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I am glad on't, sir.

Braz. So am I—You have got a pretty house here, Mr. *Laconic*.

Bal.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all mistakes—my name, fir, is *Ballance*.

Braz. *Ballance!* Sir, I am your most obedient—I know your whole generation—had not you an uncle that was governor of the *Lee-ward* islands some years ago?

Bal. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, fir———He played at *Billiards* to a miracle——You had a brother too that was a captain of a fire-ship——poor *Dick*——he had the most engaging way with him—of making punch—and then his cabin was so neat——but his poor boy *Jack* was the most comical bastard——Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! a pickled dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well, captain, are you fixed in your project yet? are you still for the privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a privateer just now; I had like to have been picked up by a cruiser under false colours, and a *French* pickaroon, for ought I know.'

Plume. But have you got your recruits, my dear?

Braz. Not a stick, my dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose and Bullock.

Rose. Captain, captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my sweet-heart *Cart-wheel* to go with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find, Mrs. *Rose* has not been pleased with her bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a passion, child, I was as little pleased with your company as you could be with mine.

Bul. Pray, fir, do'na be offended at my sister, she's something under bred, but if you please, I'll lie with you in her stead.

Plume. I have promised, madam, to provide for this girl; now will you be pleased to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Syl.

Syl. She shall be my charge, sir; you may find it business enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your hand against me, I'll desert.——

Plume. Captain *Brazen* shall take care of that: my dear, instead of the twenty thousand pound you talked of, you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have raised at the rate they cost me——My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit, and less good fortune——whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

*With some regret I quit the active field,
Where glory full reward for life does yield;
But the recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise recruits the matrisnial way.*

[Exeunt.

E P I L O G U E.

ALL ladies and gentlemen that are willing to see the Comedy, called the *Recruiting-Officer*, let them repair to-morrow night, by six o'clock, to the sign of the *Theatre-Royal*, in *Drury-Lane*, and they shall be kindly entertained.

*We scorn the vulgar way to bid you come,
Whole Europe now obeys the call of drum.
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a corps of volunteers:
He finds that music chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses music to invite ye.*

Beat

E P I L O G U E.

Beat the Grenadier March——Row, row, row,
 ——Gentlemen, this piece of music, called, *An Overture to a Battle*, was composed by a famous *Italian* master, and was performed with wonderful success, at the great Operas of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh* and *Blenheim*; it came off with the applause of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their *delicateffe*.

Some that have acted on those glorious stages,
 Are here to witness to succeeding ages,
 That no music like the Grenadier's engages.

}

Ladies, we must own, that this music of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bononcini's*: yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more people asleep than all the *Camilla's* in the world; and you'll condescend to own that it keeps one awake better than any opera that ever was acted.

The Grenadier March seems to be a composition excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *English*, for no music was ever followed so far by us, nor with so much alacrity; and, with all deference to the present subscription, we must say, that the Grenadier March has been subscribed for by the whole grand alliance: and we presume to inform the ladies, that it always has the pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest men in the whole army. In short, to gratify the present taste, our Author is now adapting some words to the Grenadier March, which he intends to have performed to-morrow, if the lady, who is to sing it, should not happen to be sick.

This he concludes to be the surest way
 To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
 Soft music's call, tho' you should damn his Play.

}

F I N I S.

T H E
P R O V O K ' D W I F E.
A
C O M E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

Sir J O H N V A N B R U G H.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

A T T H E

Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.



L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXXVI.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as in Line 3 to 22 in Page 7. ———
Also the additions made at the Theatres are distinguished by italics, between inverted commas, as in Line 22 to 26 in the above Page.

P R O L O G U E.

SINCE 'tis the intent and business of the stage,
 To copy out the follies of the age;
 To hold to e'ry man a faithful glass,
 And shew him of what species he's an ass:
 I hope the next that teaches in the school,
 Will shew our Author he's a scribbling fool.
 And that the satire may be sure to bite,
 Kind Heav'n! inspire some venom'd priest to write,
 And grant some ugly lady may indite. }
 For I would have him lash'd, by Heavens! I wou'd,
 Till his presumption swam away in blood.
 Three plays at once proclaim a face of brass,
 No matter what they are; that's not the case, }
 To write three plays, e'en that's to be an ass.
 But what I least forgive, he knows it too,
 For to his cost he lately has known you,
 Experience shews, to many a writer's smart,
 You hold a court where mercy ne'er had part;
 So much of the old serpent's sting you have,
 You love to damn, as Heav'n delights to save.
 In foreign parts, let a bold volunteer, }
 For public good, upon the stage appear,
 He meets ten thousand smiles to dissipate his fear.
 All tickle on th' adventuring young beginner;
 And only scourge the incorrigible sinner;
 They touch indeed his faults, but with a hand
 So gentle, that his merits still may stand:
 Kindly they buoy the follies of his pen,
 That he may skun 'em when he writes again.
 But 'tis not so in this good-natur'd town,
 All's one, an ox, a poet, or a crown; }
 Old England's play was always knocking down.

THE
P R O V O K ' D W I F E .

A C T I .

S C E N E , *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter Sir John, solus.

WHAT cloying meat is love—when matrimony's the sauce to it? Two years marriage has debauch'd my five senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every thing I taste—methinks has wife in't. No boy was ever so weary of his tutor, no girl of her bib, no nun of doing penance, or old maid of being chaste, as I am of being married. Sure there's a secret curse entail'd upon the very name of wife. My lady is a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady, —and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on earth I loath beyond her; that's fighting. Would my courage come up to a fourth part of my ill-nature, I'd stand buff to her relations, and thrust her out of doors. But marriage has sunk me down to such an ebb of resolution, I dare not draw my sword, tho' even to get rid of my wife. But here she comes.

Enter Lady Brute.

L. B. Do you dine at home to-day, *Sir John*?

Sir J. Why, do you expect I should tell you, what I don't know myself?

L. B. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir J. If thinking wrong were an excuse for impertinence, women might be justify'd in most things they say or do,

L. B. I'm sorry I have said any thing to displease you.

Sir J. Sorrow for things past is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought be to you.

L. B. My enquiry was only that I might have provided what you lik'd.

6 THE PROVOK'D WIFE.

Sir J. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again; for what I lik'd yesterday I don't like to-day, and what I like to-day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

L. B. But if I had ask'd you what you lik'd?

Sir J. Why then there wou'd have been more asking about it than the thing was worth.

L. B. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir J. Ay, but that sort of knowledge is not a wife's talent.

L. B. Whate'er my talent is, I'm sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir J. If women were to have their wills, the world wou'd be finely govern'd.

L. B. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: you marry'd me for love.

Sir J. And you me for money: so you have your reward, and I have mine.

L. B. What is it that disturbs you?

Sir J. A parson.

L. B. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir J. He has married me. [Exit Sir John.

Lady Brute, sola.

The devil's in the fellow, I think——I was told before I married him, that thus 'twou'd be: but I thought I had charms enough to govern him; and that where there was an estate, a woman must needs be happy; so my vanity has deceiv'd me, and my ambition has made me uneasy. But there's some comfort still; if one wou'd be reveng'd of him, these are good times; a woman may have a gallant, and a separate maintenance too——The surly puppy——yet he's a fool for't: for hitherto he has been no monster; but who knows how far he may provoke me? I never lov'd him, yet I have been ever true to him; and that, in spite of all the attacks of art and nature upon a poor weak woman's heart, in favour of a tempting lover. Methinks so noble a defence as I have made, shou'd be rewarded with

with a better usage—Or who can tell?—Perhaps a good part of what I suffer from my husband, may be a judgment upon me for my cruelty to my lover—
 ‘ Lord, with what pleasure could I indulge that thought
 ‘ were there but a possibility of finding arguments to
 ‘ make it good!—And how do I know but there may?
 ‘ —Let me see—What opposes?—My matrimonial
 ‘ vow—Why, what did I vow? I think I promis’d to
 ‘ be true to my husband. Well: and he promis’d to
 ‘ be kind to me: but he han’t kept his word—Why
 ‘ then I’m absolv’d from mine—Ay, that seems clear
 ‘ to me. The argument’s good between the king and
 ‘ the people, why not between the husband and the
 ‘ wife? O, but that condition was not express—No
 ‘ matter, ’twas understood. Well, by all I see, if I
 ‘ argue the matter a little longer with myself, I shan’t
 ‘ find so many bug-bears in the way as I thought I
 ‘ shou’d. Lord, what fine notions of virtue do we wo-
 ‘ men take up upon the credit of old foolish philoso-
 ‘ phers! Virtue’s its own reward, virtue’s this, vir-
 ‘ tue’s that—Virtue’s an ass, and a gallant’s worth
 ‘ forty on’t. “ *But hold—Let me go no further—I*
 “ *think I have a right to alarm this surly brute of mine*
 “ *—but if I know my heart,—it will never let me go so*
 “ *far as to injure him.*”

Enter Belinda.

L. B. Good-morrow, dear cousin.

Bel. Good-morrow, madam; you look pleas’d this morning.

L. B. I am so.

Bel. With what pray?

L. B. With my husband.

Bel. Drown husbands; for your’s is a provoking fellow: as he went out just now, I pray’d him to tell me what time of day ’twas; and he ask’d me if I took him for the church-clock that was oblig’d to tell all the parish.

L. B. He has been saying some good obliging things to me too. In short, *Belinda*, he has us’d me so barbarously of late, that I cou’d almost resolve to play the downright wife—and cuckold him.

A 4.

Bel.

Bel. That would be downright indeed.

L. B. Why, after all, there's more to be said for't than you imagine, child. 'I know, according to the 'strict statute-law of religion, I shou'd do wrong: but 'if there were a Court of Chancery in Heav'n, I'm 'sure I shou'd cast him.

'*Bel.* If there were a House of Lords, you might.

'*L. B.* In either I should infallibly carry my cause. 'Why,' he is the first aggressor, not I.

Bel. Ay, but you know we must return good for evil.

L. B. That may be a mistake in the translation—Pr'ythee be of my opinion, *Belinda*; for I'm positive I'm in the right; and if you'll keep up the prerogative of a woman, you'll likewise be positive you are in the right, whenever you do any thing you have a mind to. But I shall play the fool, and jest on, till I make you begin to think I'm in earnest.

Bel. I shan't take the liberty, madam, to think of any thing that you desire to keep a secret from me.

L. B. Alas, my dear, I have no secrets. My heart cou'd never yet confine my tongue.

Bel. Your eyes, you mean; for I'm sure I have seen them gadding, when your tongue has been lock'd up safe enough.

L. B. My eyes gadding! Pr'ythee after who, child?

Ecl. Why, after one who thinks you hate him, as much as I know you love him.

L. B. Constant you mean.

Bel. I do so.

L. B. Lord, what shou'd put such a thing into your head?

Bel. That which puts things into most people's heads, observation.

L. B. Why what have you observ'd, in the name of wonder?

Bel. I have observed you blush when you met him; force yourself away from him; and then be out of humour with every thing about you: in a word, never was poor creature so spur'd on by desire, and so rein'd in with fear.

L. B.

L. B. How strong is fancy!

Bel. How weak is woman!

L. B. Pr'ythee, niece, have a better opinion of your aunt's inclination.

Bel. Dear aunt, have a better opinion of your niece's understanding.

L. B. You'll make me angry.

Bel. You'll make me laugh.

L. B. Then you are resolv'd to persist?

Bel. Positively.

L. B. And all I can say——

Bel. Will signify nothing.

L. B. Tho' I should swear 'twere false——

Bel. I should think it true.

L. B. Then let us both forgive; [*kissing her*] for we have both offended: I, in making a secret, you, in discovering it.

Bel. Good-nature may do much: but you have more reason to forgive one, than I have to pardon t'other.

L. B. 'Tis true, *Belinda*, you have given me so many proofs of your friendship, that my reserve has been indeed a crime: ' but that you may more easily ' forgive me, remember, child, that when our nature ' prompts us to a thing our honour and religion have ' forbid us, we wou'd (were't possible) conceal even ' from the soul itself, the knowledge of the body's ' weakness.

' *Bel.* Well, I hope, to make your friend amends, ' you'll hide nothing from her for the future, tho' the ' body shou'd still grow weaker and weaker.

' *L. B.* No, from this moment I have no more re- ' serve; and for a proof of my repentance, I own, ' *Belinda*, I'm in danger. Merit and wit-assault me ' from without; nature and love sollicit me within; ' my husband's barbarous usage piques me to revenge; ' and fate, catching at the fair occasion, throws in ' my way that vengeance, which of all vengeance ' pleases women best.

' *Bel.* 'Tis well *Constant* don't know the weakness ' of the fortification; for o'my conscience he'd soon ' come on to the assault.

' *L. B.* Ay, and I'm afraid carry the town too. But whatever you may have observ'd, I have dissembled so well as to keep him ignorant. So you see I'm no coquet *Belinda*. ' And if you follow my advice, you'll never be one neither. 'Tis true, coquetry is one of the main ingredients in the natural composition of a woman, and I as well as others, cou'd be well enough pleas'd to see a crowd of young fellows, ogling, and glancing, and watching all occasions to do forty foolish officious things: nay, shou'd some of 'em push on, even to hanging or drowning: why —faith—if I shou'd let pure woman alone, I shou'd e'en be but too well pleas'd with it.

' *Bel.* I'll swear 'twould tickle me strangely.

' *L. B.* But after all, 'tis a vicious practice in us, to give the least encouragement, but where we design to come to a conclusion.' For 'tis an unreasonable thing to engage a man in a disease, which we beforehand resolve we never will apply a cure to.

Bel. 'Tis true; but then a woman must abandon one of the supreme blessings of her life. For I am fully convinc'd, no man has half that pleasure in possessing a mistress, as a woman has in jilting a gallant.

L. B. The happiest woman then on earth must be our neighbour.

Bel. O the impertinent composition! She has vanity and affectation enough to make her a ridiculous original, in spite of all that art and nature ever furnish'd to any of her sex before her.

L. B. She concludes all men her captives; and whatever course they take, it serves to confirm her in that opinion.

Bel. If they shun her, she thinks 'tis modesty, and takes it for a proof of their passion.

L. B. And if they are rude to her, 'tis conduct, and done to prevent town-talk.

' *Bel.* When her folly makes 'em laugh, she thinks they are pleas'd with her wit.

' *L. B.* And when her impertinence makes 'em dull, concludes they are jealous of her favours.

Bel.

Bel. All their actions and their words, she takes for granted, aim at her.

L. B. And pities all other women, because she thinks they envy her.

Bel. Pray, out of pity to ourselves, let us find a better subject; for I'm weary of this. Do you think your husband's inclined to jealousy?

L. B. O, no; he does not love me well enough for that. Lord, how wrong mens maxims are! They are seldom jealous of their wives, unless they are very fond of 'em; whereas they ought to consider the womens inclinations; for there depends their fate. Well, men may talk: but they are not so wise as we—— that's certain.

Bel. At least in our affairs.

L. B. Nay, I believe we shou'd out-do 'em in the business of the state too; for, methinks, they do and undo, and make but bad work on't.

Bel. Why then don't we get into the intrigues of government as well as they?

L. B. Because we have intrigues of our own, that make us more sport, child. And so let's in and consider of 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a dressing-room.

Enter Lady Fancyful, Mademoiselle, and Cornet.

L. F. How do I look this morning?

Cor. Your ladyship looks very ill truly.

L. F. Lard, how ill-natur'd thou art, *Cornet*, to tell me so, though the thing shou'd be true. Don't you know that I have humility enough to be but too easily out of conceit with myself? hold the glass; I dare swear that will have more manners than you have. *Mademoiselle*, let me have your opinion too.

Madem. My opinion pe, matam, dat your lathyship never look so well in your life.

L. F. Well, the *French* are the prettiest, obliging people; they say the most acceptable, well manner'd things—and never flatter.

Madem. Your lathyship say great justice inteed.

L. F. Nay, every thing's just in the house but *Cornet*. The very looking-glass gives her the *Dementi*. But I'm almost afraid it flatters me, it makes me look so very engaging. [*Looking affectedly in the glass.*]

Madem. Inteed, matam, your face pe handsomer den all de looking-glass in de world. Croyez moi.

L. F. But is it possible my eyes can be so languishing—and so very full of fire?

Madem. Matam, if de glass was burning-glass, I believe your eyes set de fire in de house.

L. F. You may take that night-gown, *Mademoiselle*; get out of the room, *Cornet*; I can't endure you. This wench methinks does looks so unsufferably ugly.

Madem. Every ting look ugly, matam, dat stand by your lathyship.

L. F. No really, *Mademoiselle*, methinks you look mighty pretty.

Madem. Ah matam; de moon have no eclat ven de sun appear.

L. F. O pretty expression! have you ever been in love, *Mademoiselle*?

Madem. Oui, madame. [*Sighing.*]

L. F. And were you belov'd again?

Madem. Non, madame. [*Sighing.*]

L. F. O ye gods! what an unfortunate creature shou'd I be in such a case! but nature has made me nice for my own defence: I'm nice, strangely nice, *Mademoiselle*; I believe were the merit of whole mankind bestow'd upon one single person, I shou'd still think the fellow wanted something to make it worth my while to take notice of him; and yet I could love; nay, fondly love, were it possible to have a thing made on purpose for me: for I'm not cruel, *Mademoiselle*; I'm only nice.

Madem. Ah matam, I wish I was fine gentleman for your sake. I do all de ting in de world to get leetel way into your heart, I make song, I make verse, I give you de serenade, I give great many present to *Mademoiselle*; I no eat, I no sleep, I be lean, I be mad, I hang

hang myself, I drown myself. Ah, ma chere dame, que je vous aimerois! [*Embracing her.*]

L. F. Well, the *French* have strange obliging ways with 'em; you may take those two pair of gloves, *Mademoiselle*.

Madem. Me humbly tank my sweet lady.

Enter Servant with a letter.

Ser. Madam, here's a letter for your ladyship by the penny-post.

L. F. Some new conquest, I'll warrant you. For without vanity, I look'd extremely clear last night when I went to the Park.—O agreeable! here's a new song made of me: and ready set too. O thou welcome thing! [*kissing it.*] Call *Pipe* hither, she shall sing it instantly.

Enter Pipe.

Here, sing me this new song, *Pipe*.

S O N G.

I.

FLY, fly, you happy shepherds, fly,
Avoid *Philira's* charms;

The rigour of our heart denies
The Heaven that's in her arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
Nor yielding, to be blest;
Nature, who form'd her eyes of fire,
Of ice compos'd her breast.

II.

Yet, lovely maid, this once believe
A slave whose zeal you move;
The Gods, alas, your youth deceive,
Their Heav'n consists in love.
In spite of all the thanks you owe,
You may reproach 'em this,
That where they did their form bestow
They have deny'd their blifs.

L. F. Well there may be faults, *Mademoiselle*, but the design is so very obliging, 'twou'd be a matchless ingratitude in me to discover 'em.

Madem.

‘ *Madem.* Ma foi, *madame*, I tink de gentleman’s
‘ song tell you de trute. If you never love, you never
‘ be happy——Ah——que l’amour moi.

‘ *Enter Servant with another letter.*

‘ *Ser.* Madam, here’s another letter for your lady-
‘ ship.’

L. F. ’Tis thus I am importun’d every morning,
Mademoiselle. Pray how do the *French* ladies when
they are thus accablées?

Madem. Matem, dey never complain. ‘ Au contraire,
when one *Frense* laty have got hundred lover—den
she do all she can—to get a hundred more.

L. F. Well, strike me dead, I think they have le
goût bon. For ’tis an unutterable pleasure to be ador’d
by all the men, and envy’d by all the women——Yet
I’ll swear I’m concern’d at the torture I give ’em. Lard,
why was I form’d to make the whole creation uneasy?
But let me read my letter. [*Reads*]

“ If you have a mind to hear of your faults, instead
“ of being prais’d for your virtues, take the pains to
“ walk in the Green-walk in St. *James*’s, with your
“ woman an hour hence. You’ll there meet one, who
“ hates you for some things, as he cou’d love you for
“ others, and therefore is willing to endeavour your
“ reformation——If you come to the place I mention,
“ you’ll know who I am; if you don’t, you never shall:
“ so take your choice.”

This is strangely familiar, *Mademoiselle*; now have I
a provoking fancy to know who this impudent fellow is.

Madem. Den take your scarf and your mask, and go
to de rendezvous. De *Frense* laty do justement
comme ça,

L. F. Rendezvous! what, rendezvous with a man,
Mademoiselle.

Madem. Eh, pourquoi non?

L. F. What, and a man perhaps I never saw in my
life!

Madem. Tant mieux: c’est donc quelque chose de
nouveau.

L. F.

L. F. Why, how do I know what designs he may have? he may intend to ravish me, for ought I know.

Madem. Ravish?—*Bagatelle.* I would fain see one impudent rogue ravish *Mademoiselle*; oui, je le voudrois.

L. F. O but my reputation, *Mademoiselle*, my reputation; ah, ma chere reputation!

Madem. Madame—Quand on l'a une fois perdue—on n'en est plus embarrassée.

L. F. Fye, *Mademoiselle*, fye; reputation is a jewel.

Madem. Qui coute bien chere, madame.

L. F. Why fure you would not sacrifice your honour to your pleasure?

Madem. Je suis philosophe.

L. F. Bless me, how you talk! Why, what if honour be a burden, *Mademoiselle*, must it not be borne?

Madem. Chaqu'un a sa façon—Quand quelque chose m'incommode moi—je m'en defais vite.

L. F. Get you gone, you little naughty *French-woman* you; I vow and swear I must turn you out of doors, if you talk thus.

Madem. Turn me out of doors!—turn yourself out of doors, and go see what de gentleman have to say to you—Tenez voilà [*giving her her things hastily*] votre echarpe, voilà votre coiffe, voilà votre masque, voilà tout. Hey, Mercure, coquin: call one chair for matam and one oder [*calling within*] for me: va t'en vite. [*Turning to her lady, and helping her on hastily with her things.*] Allons, madame, depechez vous donc. Mon Dieu, quelles scrupules!

L. F. Well, for once, *Mademoiselle*, I'll follow your advice, out of the intemperate desire I have to know who this ill-bred fellow is. But I have too much delicateffe, to make a practice on't.

Madem. Belle chose vraiment, que la delicateffe, lors qu'il s'agit de se divertir—à ça—Vous voilà équipée; partons.—Hé bien?—qu'avez vous donc!

L. F. J'ai peur.

Madem. Je n'en ai point moi.

L. F. I dare not go.

Madem. Demeurez donc.

L. F. Je suis poltrone.

Madem. Tant pis pour vous.

L. F. Curiosity's a wicked devil.

Madem. Ce'st une charmante sainte.

L. F. It ruin'd our first parents.

Madem. Elle a bien diverti leurs enfans :

L. F. L' honneur est contre.

Madem. Le plaisir est pour.

L. F. Must I then go ?

Madem. Must you go ?—must you eat, must you drink, must you sleep, must you live ? De nature bid you do one, de nature bid you do toder. Vous me ferez enrager.

L. F. But when reason corrects nature, *Mademoiselle*.

Madem. Elle est donc bien insolente, c'est sa sœur aînée.

L. F. Do you then prefer your nature to your reason, *Mademoiselle* ?

Madem. Oui da.

L. F. Pourquoi ?

Madem. Because my nature make me merry, my reason make me mad.

L. F. Ah la méchante *Françoise*.

Madem. Ah la belle *Angloise*. [*Forcing her lady off.*]

ACT. II. SCENE, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

L. F. **W**ELL, I vow *Mademoiselle*, I'm strangely impatient to know who this confident fellow is.

Enter Heartfree.

Look, there's *Heartfree*. But sure it can't be him ; he's a profess'd woman-hater. Yet who knows what my wicked eyes may have done ?

Madem.

Madem. Il nous approche, madame.

L. F. Yes, 'tis he: now will he be most intolerably cavalier, tho' he shou'd be in love with me.

Heart. Madam, I'm your humble servant; I perceive you have more humility and good-nature than I thought you had.

L. F. What you attribute to humility and good-nature, sir, may perhaps be only due to curiosity. I had a mind to know who 'twas had ill manners enough to write that letter. *[Throwing him his letter.*

Heart. Well, and now I hope you are satisfy'd.

L. F. I am so, sir; good-by t'ye.

Heart. Nay, hold there; tho' you have done your business, I han't done mine: by your ladyship's leave, we must have one moment's prattle together. Have you a mind to be the prettiest woman about town, or not? How she stares upon me? What! this passes for an impertinent question with you now, because you think you are so already?

L. F. Pray, sir, let me ask you a question in my turn: by what right do you pretend to examine me?

Heart. By the same right that the strong govern the weak, because I have you in my power; for you cannot get so quickly to your coach, but I shall have time enough to make you hear every thing I have to say to you.

L. F. These are strange liberties you take, Mr. *Heartfree.*

Heart. They are so, madam, but there's no help for it; for know that I have a design upon you.

L. F. Upon me, sir.

Heart. Yes; and one that will turn to your glory, and my comfort, if you will but be a little wiser than you use to be.

L. F. Very well, sir.

Heart. Let me see, ————— Your vanity, madam, I take to be about some eight degrees higher than any woman's in the town, let t'other be who she will; and my indifference is naturally about the same pitch. Now could you find the way to turn this indifference
into

into fire and flames, methinks your vanity ought to be satisfy'd; and this, perhaps, you might bring about upon pretty reasonable terms.

L. F. And pray at what rate would this indifference be brought off, if one should have so deprav'd an appetite to desire it?

Heart. Why, madam, to drive a quaker's bargain, and make but one word with you, if I do part with it—you must lay me down—your affectation.

L. F. My affectation, sir!

Heart. Why I ask you nothing but what you may very well spare.

L. F. You grow rude, sir. Come, *Mademoiselle*, 'tis high time to be gone.

Madem. Allons, allons, allons!

Heart. [*stopping them.*] Nay, you may as well stand still; for hear me you shall, walk which way you please.

L. F. What mean you, sir?

Heart. I mean to tell you, that you are the most ungrateful woman upon earth.

L. F. Ungrateful! to whom?

Heart. To nature.

L. F. Why, what has nature done for me?

Heart. What you have undone by art! it made you handsome; it gave you beauty to a miracle, a shape without fault, wit enough to make them relish, and so turn'd you loose to your own discretion: which has made such work with you, that you are become the pity of our sex, and the jest of your own. There is not a feature in your face, but you have found the way to teach it some affected convulsion; your feet, your hands, your very fingers ends are directed never to move without some ridiculous air or other; and your language is a suitable trumpet, to draw people's eyes upon the raree-show?

Madem. [*aside*] Est ce qu'on fait l'amour en Angleterre comme ça?

L. F. [*aside*] Now cou'd I cry for madness, but that I know he'd laugh at me for it.

Heart.

Heart. Now do you hate me for telling you the truth, but that's because you don't believe it is so: for were you once convinc'd of that, you'd reform for your own sake. 'But 'tis as hard to persuade a woman to quit any thing that makes her ridiculous, as 'tis to prevail with a poet to see a fault in his own play.'

L. F. Every circumstance of nice breeding must needs appear ridiculous to one who has so natural an antipathy to good manners.

Heart. But suppose I could find the means to convince you that the whole world is of my opinion, and that those who flatter and commend you, do it to no other intent, but to make you persevere in your folly, that they may continue in their mirth.'

L. F. Sir, tho' you and all that world you talk of shou'd be so impertinently officious, as to think to persuade me I don't know how to behave myself, I shou'd still have charity enough for my own understanding, to believe myself in the right, and all you in the wrong.

[*Exeunt Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.*]

Heart. [*gazing after her*] There her single clapper has publish'd the sense of the whole sex. Well, this once I have endeavour'd to wash the blackamoer white, but hence forward i'll sooner undertake to teach sincerity to a courtier, generosity to an usurer, honesty to a lawyer, 'nay, humility to a divine,' than discretion to a woman I see has once set her heart upon playing the fool.

Enter Constant.

'Morrow, *Constant.*

Const. Good-morrow, *Jack*: What are you doing here this morning?

Heart. Doing; guess, if you can.—Why I have been endeavouring to persuade my *Lady Fancyful*, that she's the foolishlest woman about town.

Const. A pretty endeavour truly.

Heart. I have told her in as plain *English* as I could speak, both what the town says of her, and what I thin

thin

think of her. In short, I have us'd her as an absolute King would do to *Magna Charta*.

Const. And how does she take it?

Heart. As children do pills; bite them, but can't swallow them.

Const. But, pr'ythee, what has put it into your head, of all mankind, to turn reformer?

Heart. Why, one thing was, the morning hung upon my hands, I did not know what to do with myself; and another was, that as little as I care for women, I cou'd not see with patience one that Heaven had taken such wondrous pains about, be so very industrious to make herself the jack-pudding of the creation.

Const. Well, now could I almost wish to see my cruel mistress make the self same use of what Heaven has done for her, that so I might be cur'd of a disease that makes me so very uneasy; for love, love is the devil, *Heartfree*.

Heart. And why do you let the devil govern you?

Const. Because I have more flesh and blood than grace and self-denial. My dear, dear mistress, 'sdeath! that so genteel a woman should be a saint, when religion's out of fashion.

Heart. Nay, she's much in the wrong truly; but who knows how far time and good example may prevail?

Const. O! they have played their parts in vain already: 'Tis now two years since the damned fellow her husband invited me to his wedding; and there was the first time I saw that charming woman, whom I have lov'd ever since, ' more than ever a martyr ' did his soul;' but she is cold, my friend, still cold as the northern star.

Heart. So are all women by nature, which makes them so willing to be warm'd.

Const. O don't prophane the sex; pr'ythee think them all angels for her sake; for she's virtuous even to a fault.

Heart. A lover's head is a good accountable thing truly

truly; he adores his mistress for being virtuous, and yet is very angry with her because she won't be lewd.

Const. Well, the only relief I expect in my misery is to see thee some day or other as deeply engag'd as myself, which will force me to be merry in the midst of all my misfortunes.

Heart. That day will never come, be assur'd *Ned*,
 ' Not but that I can pass a night with a woman, and
 ' for the time, perhaps make myself as good sport as
 ' you can do. Nay, I can court a woman too, call
 ' her nymph, angel, goddess, what you please: But
 ' here's the difference 'twixt you and I; I persuade a
 ' woman she's an angel, and she persuades you she's
 ' one.' But prythee let me tell you how I avoid fal-
 ling in love; that which serves me for prevention,
 may chance to serve you for a cure.

Const. Well, use the ladies moderately then, and
 i'll hear you.

Heart. That using them moderately undoes us all;
 but I'll use them justly, and that you ought to be fa-
 tisfied with. I always consider a woman, not as the
 taylor, the shoemaker, the tire-woman, the semp-
 stress, and (which is more than all that) the poet
 makes her; but I consider her as pure nature has con-
 trived her, and that more strictly than I shou'd have
 done our old grandmother *Eve*, had I seen her naked
 in the garden; for I consider her turn'd inside out.
 Her heart well examin'd, I find there pride, vanity,
 covetousness, indiscretion; but above all things, ma-
 lice: Plots eternally forging to destroy one another's
 reputations, and as honestly to charge the levity of
 mens tongues with the scandal; hourly debates how
 to make poor gentlemen in love with them, with no
 other intent but to use them like dogs when they have
 done: a constant desire of doing more mischief, and
 an everlasting war wag'd against truth and good-na-
 ture.

Const. Very well, sir; an admirable composition
 truly!

Heart. Then for her outside, I consider it merely
 as

as an outside; she has a thin tiffany covering over just such stuff as you and I are made on. As for her motion, her mien, her airs, and all those tricks, I know they affect you mightily. If you should see your mistress at a coronation dragging her peacock's train, with all her state and insolence about her, 'twould strike you with all the awful thoughts that Heav'n itself could pretend to from you: whereas I turn the whole matter into a jest, and suppose her strutting in the self same stately manner, with nothing on her but stays, and her under scanty quilted petticoat.

Const. Hold thy profane tongue; for I'll hear no more.

Heart. What, you'll love on then?

Const. Yes, to eternity.

Heart. Yet you have no hopes at all.

Const. None.

Heart. Nay, the resolution may be discreet enough; perhaps you have found out some new philosophy, that love like virtue, is its own reward: for you and your mistress will be as well content at a distance, as others that have less learning as are in coming together.

Const. No; but if she should prove kind at last, my dear *Heartfree*. *[Embracing him.]*

Heart. Nay, pr'ythee don't take me for your mistress; for lovers are very troublesome.

Const. Well, who knows what time may do?

Heart. And just now you was sure time could do nothing.

Const. Yet not one kind glance in two years, is somewhat strange.

Heart. Not strange at all; she don't like you, that's all the business.

Const. Pr'ythee don't distract me.

Heart. Nay, you are a good handsome young fellow, she might use you better: come, will you go see her? Perhaps she may have chang'd her mind; there's some hopes as long as she's a woman.

Const. O, 'tis in vain to visit her: sometimes to get
a fight

a sight of her, I visit that beast her husband, but she certainly finds some pretence to quit the room as soon as I enter.

Heart. It's much she don't tell him you have made love to her too; for that's another good-natur'd thing usual amongst women, in which they have several ends. Sometimes 'tis to recommend their virtue, that they may be kind with the greater security. Sometimes 'tis to make their husbands fight, in hopes they may be kill'd when their affairs require it should be so: but most commonly 'tis to engage two men in a quarrel, that they may have the credit of being fought for; and if the lover's kill'd in the business, they cry, *poor fellow, he had ill luck*——and so they go to cards.

Const. Thy injuries to women are not to be forgiven. Look to't, if ever you fall into their hands——

Heart. They can't use me worse than they do you, that speak well of 'em. O ho! here comes the knight.

Enter Sir John Brute.

Heart. Your humble servant, Sir *John*.

Sir J. Servant, sir.

Heart. How does all your family?

Sir J. Pox o' my family?

Const. How does your lady? I han't seen her abroad a good while.

Sir J. Do? I don't know how she does, not I; she was well enough yesterday, I han't been at home to-night.

Const. What, were you out of town?

Sir J. Out of town! no, I was drinking.

Const. You are a true *Englishman*; don't know your own happiness. If I were married to such a woman, I would not be from her a night for all the wine in *France*.

Sir J. Not from her!——Oons——what a time should a man have of that!

Heart. Why there's no division, I hope.

Sir J. No; but there's a conjunction, and that's worse; a pox of the parson——Why the plague don't you two marry? I fancy I look like the devil to you.

Heart.

Heart. Why, you don't think you have horns, do you?

Sir J. No, I believe my wife's religion will keep her honest.

Heart. And what will make her keep her religion?

Sir J. Persecution; and therefore she shall have it.

Heart. Have a care, knight, women are tender things.

Sir J. And yet, methinks, 'tis a hard matter to break their hearts.

Const. Fye, fye; you have one of the best wives in the world, and yet you seem the most uneasy husband.

Sir J. Best wives!—the woman's well enough; she has no vice that I know of, but she's a wife, and—damn a wife; if I were married to a hoghead of claret, matrimony would make me hate it.

Heart. Why did you marry then? you were old enough to know your own mind.

Sir J. Why did I marry? I married because I had a mind to lie with her, and she would not let me.

Heart. Why did you not ravish her?

Sir J. Yes, and so have hedg'd myself into forty quarrels with her relations, besides buying my pardon: but more than all that, you must know, I was afraid of being damn'd in those days: for I kept sneaking, cowardly company, fellows that went to church, said grace to their meat, and had not the least tincture of quality about them.

Heart. But I think you are got into a better gang now.

Sir J. Zoons, fir, my Lord *Rake* and I are hand and glove: I believe we may get our bones broke together to-night; have you a mind to share a frolick?

Const. Not I, truly; my talent lies to softer exercises.

Sir J. What, a down-bed and a strumpet? A pox of venery, I say. Will you come and drink with me this afternoon?

Const. I can't drink to day, but we'll come, and sit an hour with you if you will.

Sir J. Phugh, pox, sit an hour? why can't you drink?

Const. Because I'm to see my mistress.

Sir J. Who's that?

Const. Why, do you use to tell?

Sir J. Yes.

Const. So won't I.

Sir J. Why?

Const. Because 'tis a secret.

Sir J. Would my wife knew it, 'twould be no secret long.

Const. Why, do you think she can't keep a secret?

Sir J. No more than she can keep *Lent*.

Heart. Pr'ythee, tell it her to try, *Constant*.

Sir J. No, pr'ythee, don't, that I mayn't be plagu'd with it.

Const. I'll hold you a guinea you don't make her tell it you.

Sir J. I'll hold you a guinea I do.

Const. Which way?

Sir J. Why I'll beg her not to tell it me.

Heart. Nay, if any thing does it, that will.

Const. But do you think, sir—

Sir J. Oons, sir, I think a woman and a secret are the two impertinentest themes in the universe: therefore pray let's hear no more of my wife, nor your mistress. Damn 'em both with all my heart, and every thing else that daggles a petticoat, except four generous whores, 'with *Betty Sands* at the head of 'em,' who are drunk with my Lord *Rake* and I ten times in a fortnight. [Exit Sir John.]

Const. Here's a dainty fellow for you! and the veriest coward too. But his usage of his wife makes me ready to stab the villain.

Heart. Lovers are short-sighted: all their senses run into that of feeling. This proceeding of his is the only thing on earth can make you fortunate. If any thing can prevail with her to accept of a gallant, 'tis his ill usage of her; for women will do more for revenge than they'll do for the gospel. Pr'ythee, take

heart, I have great hopes for you: and since I can't bring you quite off her, I'll endeavour to bring you quite on; for a whining lover is the damnest companion upon earth.

Conft. My dear friend, flatter me a little more with these hopes; for whilst they prevail, I have Heaven within me, and could melt with joy.

Heart. Pray no melting yet; 'let things go farther first.' This afternoon perhaps we shall make some advance. In the mean while, let's go dine at *Locket's*, and let hope get you a stomach. [Exit.]

S C E N E, *Lady Fancyful's House.*

Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

L. F. Did you ever see any thing so importune, *Mademoiselle*?

Madem. Inteed, matem, to say de trute, he want leetel good-breeding.

L. F. Good-breeding! he wants to be caned, *Mademoiselle*: an insolent fellow! and yet let me expose my weakness, 'tis the only man on earth I cou'd resolve to dispense my favours on, were he but a fine gentleman. Well! did men but know how deep an impresson a fine gentleman makes in a lady's heart, they would reduce all their studies to that of good-breeding alone.

Enter Cornet.

Cor. Madam, here's Mr. *Treble*. He has brought home the verses your ladyship made, and gave him to set.

L. F. O let him come in by all means. Now *Mademoiselle*, am I going to be unspeakably happy.

Enter Treble.

So, Mr. *Treble*, you have set my little dialogue?

Treb. Yes, madam, and I hope your ladyship will be pleas'd with it.

L. F. O, no doubt on't; for really, Mr. *Treble*, you set all things to a wonder: but your musick is in particular heavenly, when you have my words to cloath in't.

Treb.

' *Treb.* Your words themselves, madam, have so much musick in 'em, they inspire me.

' *L. F.* Nay, now you make me blush, Mr. *Treble*; but pray let's hear what you have done.

' *Treb.* You shall, madam.

' A SONG, to be sung between a man and a woman.

' *M.* *AH* lovely nymph, the world's on fire;
' *Veil, veil these cruel eyes:*

' *W.* *The world may then in flames expire,*
' *And boast that so it dies.*

' *M.* *But when all mortals are destroy'd,*
' *Who then shall sing our praise?*

' *W.* *Those who are fit to be employ'd:*
' *The Gods shall altars raise.*

' *Treb.* How does your ladyship like it, madam?

' *L. F.* Rapture, rapture, Mr. *Treble*, I'm all rapture. O wit and art, what power you have when join'd! I must needs tell you the birth of this little dialogue, Mr. *Treble*. Its father was a dream, and its mother was the moon. I dream'd that by an unanimous vote, I was chosen queen of that pale world; and that the first time I appear'd upon my throne—all my subjects fell in love with me. Just then I wak'd, and seeing pen, ink and paper lie idle upon the table, I slid into my morning-gown, and writ this *impromptu*.

' *Treb.* So I guess the dialogue, madam, is suppos'd to be between your majesty, and your first minister of state.

' *L. F.* Just; he, as minister, advises me to trouble my head about the welfare of my subjects; which I, as sovereign, find a very impertinent proposal. But is the town so dull, Mr. *Treble*, it affords us never another new song?

' *Treb.* Madam, I have one in my pocket, came out but yesterday, if your ladyship pleases to let Mrs. *Pipe* sing it.

' *L. F.* By all means. Here, *Pipe*, make what
' musick you can of this song, here.

' S O N G.

I.

' **N**O**T** an angel dwells above
' Half so fair as her I love,
' Heaven knows, how she'll receive me :
' If she smiles I'm blest indeed ;
' If she frowns, I'm quickly freed ;
' Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.

II.

' None can love her more than I,
' Yet she ne'er shall make me die.
' If my flame can never warm her ;
' Lasting beauty I'll adore,
' I shall never love her more,
' Cruelty will so deform her.

' *L. F.* Very well : this is *Heartfree's* poetry with-
' out question.

' *Treb.* Won't your ladyship please to sing yourself
' this morning ?

' *L. F.* O Lord, Mr. *Treble*, my cold is still so bar-
' barous to refuse me that pleasure : he, he, hem.

' *Treb.* I'm very sorry for it, madam : methinks all
' mankind should turn physicians for the cure on't.

' *L. F.* Why truly, to give mankind their due, there's
' few that know me, but have offer'd their remedy.

' *Treb.* They have reason, madam ; for I know no-
' body sings so near a cherubim as your ladyship.

' *L. F.* What I do, I owe chiefly to your skill and
' care, Mr. *Treble*. People do flatter me indeed that I
' have a voice, and a je-ne-sçai-quoi in the conduct of it,
' that will make music of any thing. And truly I be-
' gin to believe so, since what happen'd t'other night :
' wou'd you think it, Mr. *Treble*? walking pretty late in
' the park, (for I often walk late in the park, Mr.
' *Treble*) a whim took me to sing *Chevy Chase* ; and
' wou'd you believe it? next morning I had three copies
' of verses, and six billet-doux at my levée upon it.

' *Treb.*

' *Treb.* And without all dispute you deserv'd as many more, madam. Are there any further commands for your ladyship's humble servant?

' *L. F.* Nothing more at this time, Mr. *Treble*. But I shall expect you here every morning for this month, to sing my little matter there to me. I'll reward you for your pains.

' *Treb.*—O lord, madam——

' *L. F.* Good-morrow, sweet Mr. *Treble*.

' *Treb.* Your ladyship's most obedient servant.

' [*Exit. Treb.*']

Enter servant.

Serv. Will your ladyship please to dine yet?

L. F. Yes, let 'em serve. [*Exit Servant.*] Sure this *Heartfree* has bewitch'd me, *Mademoiselle*. 'You can't imagine how odly he mixt himself in my thoughts during my rapture e'en now.' I vow 'tis a thousand pities he is not more polish'd; don't you think so?

Madem. Matam, I tink it so great pity, dat if I was in your ladyship place, I take him home in my house, I lock him up in my closet, and I never let him go till I teach him every ting dat fine laty expect from fine gentelman.

L. F. Why truly I believe I shou'd soon subdue his brutality; for without doubt, he has a strange *penchant* to grow fond of me, in spite of his aversion to the sex, else he wou'd ne'er have taken so much pains about me. Lord, how proud wou'd some poor creatures be of such a conquest! but I alas, I don't know how to receive as a favour, what I take to be so infinitely my due. But what shall I do to new mould him, *Mademoiselle*? for till then he's my utter aversion.

Madem. Matam, you must laugh at him in all de place dat you meet him, and turn into de *reticule* all he say, and all he do.

L. F. Why truly, satire has ever been of wond'rous use to reform ill-manners. Besides, 'tis my particular talent to ridicule folks. I can be severe, strangely severe, when I will, *Mademoiselle*—— Give me the pen

and ink——I find myself whimsical——I'll write to him——Or I'll let it alone, and be severe upon him that way [*Sitting down to write, rising up again.*]——Yet active severity is better than passive. [*Sitting down.*]——'Tis as good let it alone too; for every lash I give him, perhaps he'll take for a favour. [*Rising.*]——Yet 'tis a thousand pities so much satire should be lost. [*Sitting.*]——But if it shou'd have a wrong effect upon him, 'twould distract me. [*Rising.*]——Well, I must write, tho' after all. [*Sitting.*]——Or I'll let it alone, which is the same thing. [*Rising.*]

Madem. La voilà déterminée.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. *Scene opens.*

Sir John, Lady Brute, and Belinda rising from the table.

Sir J. **H**ERE; take away the things; I expect company. But first bring me a pipe; I'll smook. [*To a servant.*]

L. B. Lord, *Sir John*, I wonder you won't leave that nasty custom.

Sir J. Pr'ythee don't be impertinent.

Bel. [*to Lady Brute.*] I wonder who those are he expects this afternoon?

L. B. I'd give the world to know: perhaps 'tis *Constant*, he comes here sometimes; if it does prove him, I'm resolv'd I'll share the visit.

Bel. We'll send for our work and sit here.

L. B. He'll choak us with his tobacco.

Bel. Nothing will choak us when we are doing what we have a mind to. *Lovewell!*

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. Madam.

L. B. Here; bring my cousin's work and mine hither. [*Exit. Lov. and re-enters with their work.*]

Sir J. Why, pox, can't you work somewhere else?

L. B. We shall be careful not to disturb you, sir.

Bel. Your pipe would make you too thoughtful,
uncle,

uncle, if you were left alone our prittle-prattle will cure your spleen.

Sir J. Will it so, Mrs. Pert! now I believe it will so increase it. [*Sitting and smoaking.*] I shall take my own house for a paper-mill.

L. B. [*to Bel. aside.*] Don't let's mind him; let him say what he will.

Sir J. A woman's tongue a cure for the spleen—
Oons—[*aside*]. If a man had got the head-ach, they'd be for applying the same remedy.

L. B. You have done a great deal, *Belinda*, since yesterday.

Bel. Yes, I have work'd very hard; how do you like it?

L. B. O, 'tis the prettiest fringe in the world. Well, cousin, you have the happiest fancy: pr'ythee advise me about altering my crimson petticoat.

Sir J. A pox o' your petticoat; here's such a prating, a man can't digest his own thoughts for you.

L. B. Don't answer him. [*aside.*] Well, what do you advise me?

Bel. Why, really, I would not alter it at all. Methinks 'tis very pretty as it is.

L. B. Ay, that's true: but you know one grows weary of the prettiest things in the world, when one has had 'em long.

Sir J. Yes, I have taught her that.

Bel. Shall we provoke him a little?

L. B. With all my heart. *Belinda*, don't you long to be married?

Bel. Why, there are some things in it I could like well enough.

L. B. What do you think you shou'd dislike?

Bel. My husband, a hundred to one else.

L. B. O ye wicked wretch! sure you don't speak as you think.

Bel. Yes, I do: especially if he smoak'd tobacco.

[*He looks earnestly at 'em.*]

L. B. Why, that many times takes off worie smells

Bel. Then he must sinell very ill indeed.

L. B. So some men will, to keep their wives from coming near 'em.

Bel. Then those wives shou'd cuckold 'em at a distance.

He rises in a fury, throws his pipe at 'em, and drives 'em out. As they run off, Constant and Heartfree enter. Lady Brute runs against Constant.

Sir J. 'Oons, get you gone up stairs, you confederating strumpets you, or I'll cuckold you with a vengeance.

L. B. O Lord, he'll beat us, he'll beat us. Dear, dear Mr. *Constant*, save us. [*Exeunt.*]

Sir J. I'll cuckold you with a pox.

Const. Heav'n! sir *John*, what's the matter?

Sir J. Sure, if woman had been ready created, the devil, instead of being kick'd down into hell, had been marry'd.

Heart. Why, what new plague have you found now?

Sir J. Why these two gentlewomen did but hear me say, I expected you here this afternoon; upon which, they presently resolv'd to take up the room, o' purpose to plague me and my friends.

Const. Was that all? why we shou'd have been glad of their company.

Sir J. Then I should have been weary of yours: for I can't relish both together. They found fault with my smoaking tobacco too; and said men stunk. But I have a good mind,—to say something.

Const. No, nothing against the ladies, pray.

Sir J. Split the ladies. Come, will you sit down? give us some wine, fellow? you won't smoak?

Const. No, nor drink neither at this time, I must ask your pardon.

Sir J. What, this mistress of yours runs in your head! I'll warrant it's some such squeamish minx as my wife, that's grown so dainty of late, she finds fault even with a dirty shirt.

Heart. That a woman may do, and not be very dainty neither.

Sir J. 'Pox of the women, lets drink.' Come, you



Jean Regnier del. et sculp.

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M^r. GARRICK in the Character of S^t. JOHN BRUTE.
 'Tons, get you up Stairs, you confederating Stumpets
 you, or I'll cuckold you with a Vengeance.



you shall take one glass, tho' I send for a box of lozenges to sweeten your mouth after it.

Const. Nay, if one glass will satisfy you, I'll drink it, without putting you to that expence.

Sir J. Why that's honest. - Fill some wine, firrah; so here's to you, gentlemen—A wife's the devil. To your being both married. [*They drink.*]

Heart. O, your most humble servant, sir.

Sir J. Well, how do you like my wine?

Const. 'Tis very good indeed.

Heart. 'Tis admirable.

Sir J. Then give us t'other glass.

Const. No, pray excuse us now: we'll come another time, and then we won't spare it.

Sir J. This one glass, and no more. Come, it shall be your mistress's health: and that's a great compliment from me, I assure you.

Const. And 'tis a very obliging one to me: so give us the glasses.

Sir J. So; let her live.

[*Sir John coughs in the glass.*]

Heart. And be kind.

Const. What's the matter? does it go the wrong way?

Sir J. If I had love enough to be jealous, I shou'd take this for an ill omen: for I never drank my wife's health in my life, but I puk'd in the glass.

Const. O she's too virtuous to make any reasonable man jealous.

Sir J. Pox of her virtue. If I cou'd but catch her adulterating, I might be divorc'd from her by law.

Heart. And so pay her a yearly pension, to be a distinguish'd cuckold.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's my Lord *Rake*, Colonel *Bully*, and some other gentlemen at the *Blue-Posts*; desire your company.

Sir J. God's so, we are to consult about playing the devil to-night.

Heart. Well, we won't hinder business.

Sir J. Methinks I don't know how to leave you tho': but for once I must make bold. Or look you; may be the conference mayn't last long! so if you'll wait here half an hour, or an hour; if I don't come then——why then——I won't come at all.

Heart. [*to Const.*] A good modest proposition, truly.

[*Aside.*]

Const. But let's accept on't however. Who knows what may happen?

Heart. Well, sir, to shew you how fond we are of your company, we'll expect your return as long as we can.

Sir J. Nay, may be I mayn't stay at all; but business, you know, must be done. So your servant—— Or hark you, if you have a mind to take a frisk with us, I have an interest with my lord; I can easily introduce you.

Const. We are much beholden to you; but for my part, I'm engag'd another way.

Sir J. What! to your mistress, I'll warrant. Pr'ythee leave your nasty punk to entertain herself with her own wicked thoughts, and make one with us to-night.

Const. Sir, 'tis business that is to employ me.

Heart. And me; and business must be done, you know.

Sir J. Ay, womens business, tho' the world were consum'd for't.

[*Exit Sir John.*]

Const. Farewel, beast; and now, my dear friend, would my mistress be but as complaisant as some men's wives, who think it a piece of good breeding to receive the visits of their husband's friends in his absence.

Heart. Why for your sake I could forgive her, ' tho' she should be so complaisant to receive something ' else in his absence.' But what way shall we invent to see her?

Const. O ne'er hope it: invention will prove as vain as wishes.

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

Heart. What do you think now, friend?

Const.

Const. I think I shall swoon.

Heart. I'll speak first then, whilst you fetch breath.

L. B. We think ourselves oblig'd, gentlemen, to come and return you thanks for your knight-errantry. We were just upon being devour'd by the fiery dragon.

Bel. Did not his fumes almost knock you down, gentlemen.

Heart. Truly, ladies, we did undergo some hardships; and should have done more, if some greater heroes than ourselves had not diverted him.

Const. Tho' I'm glad of the service, you are pleas'd to say we have done you; yet I'm sorry we could do it in no other way, than by making ourselves privy to what you would perhaps have kept a secret.

L. B. For Sir *John's* part, I suppose he design'd it no secret, since he made so much noise. And for myself, truly I'm not much concern'd, since 'tis fallen only into this gentleman's hands and yours; who, I have many reasons to believe, will neither interpret nor report any thing to my disadvantage.

Const. Your good opinion, madam, was what I fear'd I never could have merited.

L. B. Your fears were vain then, sir; for I'm just to every body.

Heart. Pr'ythee, *Constant*, what is't you do to get the lady's good opinions; for I'm a novice at it?

Bel. Sir, will you give me leave to instruct you?

Heart. Yes, that I will with all my soul, madam.

Bel. Why then you must never be slovenly; never be out of humour, 'fare well and cry roast-meat,' smook tobacco, nor drink but when you are dry.

Heart. That's hard.

Const. Nay, if you take his bottle from him, you break his heart, madam.

Bel. Why, is it possible the gentleman can love drinking!

Heart. Only by way of antidote.

Bel. Against what, pray?

Heart. Against love, madam.

L. B. Are you afraid of being in love, sir?

Heart:

Heart. I shou'd, if there were any danger of it.

L. B. Pray why so?

Heart. Because I always had an aversion to being us'd like a dog.

Bel. Why, truly, men in love are seldom us'd better.

L. B. But was you never in love, fir?

Heart. No, I thank Heav'n, madam.

Bel. Pray, where got you your learning then?

Heart. From other people's expence.

Bel. That's being a spunger, fir, which is scarce honest: if you'd buy some experience with your own money, as 'twould be fairlier got, so 'twould stick longer by you.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, here's my Lady *Fancyful*, to wait upon your ladyship.

L. B. Shield me, kind Heaven! what an inundation of impertinence is here coming upon us?

Enter Lady Fancyful, who runs first to Lady Brute, then to Belinda, kissing 'em.

L. F. My dear lady *Brute*, and sweet *Belinda*, methinks 'tis an age since I saw you.

L. B. Yet 'tis but three days; sure you have pass'd your time very ill, it seems so long to you.

L. F. Why really, to confess the truth to you, I am so everlastingly fatigu'd with the addresses of unfortunate gentlemen, that, were it not for the extravagancy of the example, I shou'd e'en tear out these wicked eyes with my own fingers, to make both myself and mankind easy. What think you on't, Mr. *Heartfree*, for I take you to be my faithful adviser?

Heart. Why truly, madam—I think—every project that is for the good of mankind, ought to be encourag'd.

L. F. Then I have your consent, fir?

Heart. To do whatever you please, inadam.

L. F. You had a much more limited complaisance this morning, fir. Would you believe it, ladies? the gentleman has been so exceeding generous, to tell me of above fifty faults, in less time than it was well possible for me to commit two of 'em.

Const.

Const. Why, truly, madam, my friend there is apt to be something familiar with the ladies.

L. F. He is indeed, sir; but he's wondrous charitable with it: He has had the goodness to design a reformation, ev'n down to my fingers-ends.—
'Twas thus, I think, sir, [*Opening her fingers in an awkward manner*] you'd have 'em stand—My eyes too he did not like: How was't you would have directed 'em? Thus I think. [*Staring at him*] —Then there was something amiss in my gait too: I don't know well how 'twas; but as I take it, he would have had me walk like him. Pray, sir, do me the favour to take a turn or two about the room, that the company may see you —He's sullen, ladies, and won't. But, to make short, and give you as true an idea as I can of the matter, I think 'twas much about this figure in general, he would have moulded me to: But I was an obstinate woman, and could not resolve to make myself mistress of his heart, by growing as awkward as his fancy.

[*She walks awkwardly about, staring and looking ungainly, then changes on a sudden to the extremity of her usual affectation.*]

Heart. Just thus women do, when they think we are in love with 'em, or when they are so with us.

[*Here Constant and Lady Brute talk together apart.*]

L. F. 'Twould however be less vanity for me to conclude the former, than you the latter, sir.

Heart. Madam, all I shall presume to conclude, is; that if I were in love, you'd find the means to make me soon weary on't.

L. F. Not by overfondness upon my word, sir. But pray let's stop here; for you are so much govern'd by instinct, I know you'll grow brutish at last.

Bel. [*aside*] Now am I sure she's fond of him: I'll try to make her jealous. Well, for my part, I should be glad to find somebody would be so free with me, that I might know my faults, and mend 'em.

L. F. Then pray let me recommend this gentleman to you: I have known him some time, and will be

surety for him, that upon a very limited encouragement on your side, you shall find an extended impudence on his.

Heart. I thank you, madam, for your recommendation: But hating idleness, I'm unwilling to enter into a place where I believe there would be nothing to do. I was fond of serving your ladyship, because I knew you'd find me constant employment.

L. F. I told you he'd be rude, *Belinda.*

Bel. O, a little bluntness is a sign of honesty, which makes me always ready to pardon it. So, sir, if you have no other exceptions to my service, but the fear of being idle in it, you may venture to list yourself: I shall find you work, I warrant you.

Heart. Upon those terms I engage, madam; and this (with your leave) I take for earnest.

[Offering to kiss her hand.]

Bel. Hold there, sir; I'm none of your earnest givers. But if I'm well serv'd, I give good wages, and pay punctually.

[*Heartf. and Bel. seem to continue talking familiarly,*

L. F. [*Aside*] I don't like this jesting between 'em—methinks the fool begins to look as if he were in earnest—but then he must be a fool indeed.—Lard; what a difference there is between me and her. [*Looking at Bel. scornfully.*] How I shou'd despise such a thing, if I were a man!—What a nose she has—What a chin—What a neck—Then her eyes—And the worst kissing lips in the universe—No, no, he can never like her, that's positive—Yet I can't suffer 'em together any longer. Mr. *Heartfree*, do you know, that you and I must have no quarrel for all this? I can't forbear being a little severe now and then: But women, you know, may be allowed any thing.

Heart. Up to a certain age, madam.

L. F. Which I'm not yet past, I hope.

Heart. [*aside.*] Nor never will, I dare swear.

L. F. [*to L. B.*] come, madam, will your ladyship be witness to our reconciliation.

L. B.

L. B. You agree then at last ?

Heart. [*slightingly*] We forgive.

L. F. [*aside*] That was a cold ill-natur'd reply.

L. B. Then there's no challenges sent between you ?

Heart. Not from me, I promise [*aside to Constant*] But that's more than I'll do for her ; for I know she can as well be damn'd as forbear writing to me.

Const. That I believe. But I think we had best be going, lest he should suspect something, and be malicious.

Heart. With all my heart.

Const. Ladies, we are your humble servants. I see Sir *John* is quite engag'd, 'twould be in vain to expect him. Come, *Heartfree*. [*Exit.*]

Heart. Ladies, your servant. [*To Belinda.*] I hope, madam, you won't forget our bargain ; I'm to say what I please to you.

Bel. Liberty of speech entire, sir. [*Exit Heartfree.*]

L. F. [*aside*] Very pretty truly—But how the blockhead went out languishing at her ; and not a look toward me—Well, churchmen may talk, but miracles are not ceas'd. For 'tis more than natural, such a rude fellow as he, and such a little impertinent as she, should be capable of making a woman of my sphere uneasy. But I can bear her sight no longer——methinks she's grown ten times uglier than *Cornet*. I must home, and study revenge. [*To Lady Brute*] madam, your humble servant ; I must take my leave.

L. B. What going already, madam ?

L. F. I must beg you'll excuse me this once ; for really I have eighteen visits to return this afternoon : so you see I'm importun'd by the women as well as the men.

Bel. [*aside*] And she's quits with them both.

L. F. [*going*] Nay, you shan't go one step out of the room.

L. B. Indeed I'll wait upon you down.

L. B.

L. F. No, sweet Lady *Brute*, you know I sworn at ceremony.

L. B. Pray give me leave.

L. F. You know I won't

L. B. Indeed I must.

L. F. Indeed you shan't.

L. B. Indeed I will.

L. F. Indeed you shan't.

L. B. Indeed I will.

L. F. Indeed you shan't. Indeed, indeed, indeed you shan't.

[Exit *L. F.* running; they follow.

Re-enter L. B. sola.

This impertinent woman has put me out of humour for a fortnight———What an agreeable moment has her foolish visit interrupted! lord how like a torrent, love flows into the heart, when once the sluice of desire is open'd! Good gods! What a pleasure there is, in doing what we should not do!

Re-enter Constant.

Ha! here again?

Const. Tho' the renewing my visit may seem a little irregular, I hope I shall obtain your pardon for it, madam, when you know I only left the room, lest the lady who was here should have been as malicious in her remarks, as she's foolish in her conduct.

L. B. He, who has discretion enough to be tender of a woman's reputation, carries a virtue about him may atone for a great many faults.

Const. If it has a title to atone for any, its pretensions must needs be strongest, where the crime is love. 'I therefore hope I shall be forgiven the attempt I have made upon your heart, since my enterprize has been a secret to all the world but yourself.

L. B. Secrecy indeed, in sins of this kind, is an argument of weight to lessen the punishment; but nothing's a plea, for a pardon entire, without a sincere repentance.

Const. If sincerity in repentance consists in sorrow for offending, no cloyster ever inclos'd so true a penitent as I should be. But I hope it cannot be reckon'd an offence

‘ offence to love, where ’tis a duty to adore.’

L. B. ’Tis an offence, a great one, where it would rob a woman of all she ought to be ador’d for, her virtue.

Const. Virtue?— ‘ Virtue, alas! is no more like the thing that’s call’d so, than ’tis like vice itself. Virtue consists in goodness, honour gratitude, sincerity and pity; and not in peevish, snarling, strait-lac’d chastity. True virtue, wheresoever it moves, still carries an intrinick worth about it, and is in every place, and in each sex, of equal value. So is not continence, you see:’ that phantom of honour, which men in every age have so contemned, they have thrown it amongst the women to scramble for.

L. B. If it be a thing of so very little value, why do you so earnestly recommend it to your wives and daughters.

Const. We recommend it to our wives, madam, because we wou’d keep ’em to ourselves; and to our daughters because we wou’d dispose of ’em to others.

L. B. ’Tis then of some importance, it seems, since you can’t dispose of them without it.

Const. That importance, madam, lies in the humour of the country, not in the nature of the thing.

L. B. How do you prove that, sir?

Const. From the wisdom of a neighbouring nation in a contrary practice. In monarchies, things go by whimfy; but commonwealths weigh all things in the scale of reason.

L. B. I hope we are not so very light a people, to bring up fashions without some ground.

Const. Pray what does your ladyship think of a powder’d coat for deep mourning?

L. B. I think, sir, your sophistry has all the effect than you can reasonably expect it should have; it puzzles, but don’t convince.

Const. I’m sorry for it.

L. B. I’m sorry to hear you say so.

Const. Pray why?

L. B. Because if you expected more from it, you have

' have a worse opinion of my understanding than I desire you should have.'

Const. ' [*aside*] I comprehend her: She would have me set a value upon her chastity, that I might think myself the more oblig'd to her, when she makes me a present of it. [*to her.*'] I beg you will believe I did but rally madam; ' I know you judge too well of right and wrong, to be deceiv'd by arguments like those.' I hope you'll have so favourable an opinion of my understanding too, to believe the thing call'd virtue has worth enough with me, to pass for an eternal obligation where'er 'tis sacrific'd.

L. B. It is, I think, so great a one, as nothing can repay.

Const. Yes; the making the man you love your everlasting debtor.

L. B. When debtors once have borrow'd all we have to lend, they are very apt to grow shy of their creditors company.

Const. That, madam, is only when they are forc'd to borrow of usurers, and not of a generous friend. Let us choose our creditors, and we are seldom so ungrateful as to shun 'em.

L. B. What think you of Sir *John*, sir; I was his free choice?

Const. I think he's married, madam.

L. B. Does marriage then exclude men from your rule of constancy?

Const. It does. Constancy's a brave, free, haughty, generous agent, that cannot buckle to the chains of wedlock. ' There's a poor sordid slavery in marriage, that turns the flowing tide of honour, and sinks us to the lowest ebb of infamy. 'Tis a corrupted soil; ill-nature, avarice, sloth, cowardice, and dirt, are all its product.

' *L. B.* Have you no exceptions to this general rule, as well as to t'other?

' *Const.* Yes, I would, after all, be an exception to it myself, if you were free in power and will to make me so.

L. B.

‘ *L. B.* Compliments are well plac’d, where ’tis impossible to lay hold of ’em.

‘ *Const.* I wou’d to Heaven ’twere possible for you to lay hold on mine, that you might see it is no compliment at all. But since you are already dispos’d of, beyond redemption, to one who does not know the value of the jewel you have put into his hands, I hope you wou’d not think him greatly wrong’d, tho’ it shou’d sometimes be look’d on by a friend, who knows how to esteem it as he ought.

‘ *L. B.* If looking on’t alone wou’d serve his turn, the wrong perhaps might not be very great.

‘ *Const.* Why, what if he shou’d wear it now and then a day, so he gave good security to bring it home again at night?

‘ *L. B.* Small security I fancy, might serve for that. One might venture to take his word.

‘ *Const.* Then where’s the injury to the owner?

‘ *L. B.* ’Tis an injury to him if he think it one. For if happiness be seated in the mind, unhappiness must be so too.

‘ *Const.* Here I close with you, madam, and draw my conclusive argument from your own position: if the injury lie in the fancy, there needs nothing but secrecy to prevent the wrong.

‘ *L. B.* [*going.*] A surer way to prevent it, is to hear no more arguments in its behalf.

‘ *Const.* [*Following her.*] But, madam——

L. B. But, sir, ’tis my turn to be discreet now, and not suffer too long a visit.

Const. [*Catching her hand.*] By Heaven, you shall not stir, till you give me hopes that I shall see you again at some more convenient time and place.

L. B. I give you just hopes enough—— [*Breaking from him*] to get loose from you: and that’s all I can afford you at this time.

[*Exit running.*]

Constant *solus.*

Now by all that’s great and good, she’s a charming woman. In what extasy of joy she has left me! For she gave me hope, did she not say she gave me hope?

—Hope!

—Hope! ay, what hope—enough to make me let her go—why that's enough in conscience. Or, no matter how 'twas spoke; hope was the word; it came from her, and it was said to me.

Enter Heartfree.

Ha, *Heartfree*! thou hast done me noble service in prattling to the young gentlewoman without there; come to my arms, thou venerable bawd, and let me squeeze thee [*Embracing him eagerly*] as a new pair of stays does a fat country girl, when she's carried to court to stand for a maid of honour.

Heart. Why what the devil's all this rapture for?

Const. Rapture! there's ground for rapture, man; there's hopes, my *Heartfree*, hopes, my friend.

Heart. Hopes! of what?

Const. Why, hopes that my lady and I together (for 'tis more than one body's work) should make Sir *John* a cuckold.

Heart. Pr'ythee, what did she say to thee?

Const. Say? what did she not say? she said that — says she—she said—Zoons, I don't know what she said: But she look'd as if she said every thing I'd have her; and so if thou'lt go to the tavern, I'll treat thee with any thing that gold can buy; I'll give all my silver amongst the drawers, make a bonfire before the door; say the plenipo's have sign'd the peace, and the bank of *England's* grown honest. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *opens*; Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. at a table, drinking.

All. Huzza!

L. R. Come, boys, charge again—So—Confusion to all order. Here's liberty of conscience.

All. Huzza!

L. R. I'll sing you a song I made this morning to this purpose.

Sir J. 'Tis wicked, I hope.

L. R. Don't I tell you that I made it?

Sir J. 'Well then, let's ha't.' "My lord, I beg your pardon for suspecting any of your virtues. Come, begin."

• Lord

‘ Lord Rake sings.

I.

- ‘ *WHAT* a pother of late,
 ‘ Have they kept in the state,
 ‘ About setting our consciences free?
 ‘ A bottle *Las more*;
 ‘ Dispensations in store,
 ‘ Than the king and the state can decree.

II.

- ‘ When my head’s full of wine,
 ‘ I o’erflow with design,
 ‘ And know no penal-laws that can curb me;
 ‘ Whate’er I devise,
 ‘ Seems good in my eyes,
 ‘ And religion ne’er dares to disturb me.

III.

- ‘ No saucy remorse
 ‘ Intrudes in my course,
 ‘ Nor impertinent notions of evil,
 ‘ So there’s claret in store,
 ‘ In peace I’ve my *wbore*.
 ‘ And in peace I jog on to the devil.
 ‘ All sing. So there’s claret, &c.
 ‘ L. R. [Rep.] And in peace I jog on to the devil.’

[Instead of this song by Lord Rake, the following by Colonel Bully is now sung at the Theatre.]

“ S O N G by Col. BULLY.

I.

- “ *WE’RE* gayly yet, and we’re gayly yet,
 “ And we’s not very fow, but we’re gayly yet.
 “ Then sit ye a while, and tipple a bit,
 “ For we’s not very fow, but we’re gayly yet.

II.

- “ There was a lad, and they cau’d him Dicky,
 “ He ga’ me a kiss, and I bit his lippy,

“ Then

" Then under my apron be shew'd me a trick ;
 " And we's not very fow, but we're gayly yet,
 " And we're gayly yet, &c. &c.

III.

" There were three lads and they were clad,
 " There were three lasses and them they had.
 " Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
 " And we's a' git geer enough; we're but young:
 " And we're gayly yet, &c. &c.

IV.

" Then up went Ailey, Ailey, up went Ailey now ;
 " Then up went Ailey, quo' Crumma, we's got a roaring fow.
 " And one was kiss'd in the barn, another was kiss'd on the green,
 " And t'other behind the pease-stack, till the mow flew up to her
 " ey'n.
 " Then up went Ailey, Ailey, &c. &c.

V.

" Now fye, John Thompson, run,
 " Gin ever ye run in your life,
 " De'el get ye; but bye, my dear Jack,
 " There's a mon got to bed with your wife.
 " Then up went Ailey, &c. &c.

VI.

" Then away John Thompson ran,
 " And e'gad he ran with speed,
 " But before he had run his length,
 " The false loon had done the deed.
 " Then up went Ailey, &c. &c."

' L. R. Well, how do you like it, gentlemen ?

' All. O, admirable !

' Sir J. I wou'd not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence.

L. R. ' Then my muse is to your taste. But drink away; the night steals upon us; we shall want time to be lewd in.' Hey, Page, fall out, firrah, and see what's doing in the camp; we'll beat up their quarters presently.

Page. I'll bring your lordship an exact account.

[Exit Page.]

L. R. ' Now let the spirit of clary go round. Fill me a brimmer. Here's to our forlorn hope,' courage, knight, victory attends you.

Sir J. And laurels shall crown me; drink away, and be damn'd.

L. R. Again, boys; t'other glafs, and damn morality.

Sir J. [Drunk.] Ay—damn morality—and damn the watch. And let the constable be married.

All. Huzza!

Re-enter Page.

L. R. How are the streets inhabited, firrah?

Page. My lord, it's Sunday-night, they are full of drunken citizens.

L. R. Along then, boys, we shall have a feast.

Col. B. Along, noble knight.

Sir J. Ay—along *Bully*; and he that says Sir *John Brute* is not as drunk and as religious as the drunkenest citizen of them all—is a liar, and the son of a whore.

Col. B. Why, that was bravely spoke, and like a free-born *Englishman*.

Sir J. What's that to you, fir, whether I am an *Englishman* or a *Frenchman*.

Col. B. Zoons, you are not angry, fir?

Sir J. Zoons, I am angry, fir—For if I'm a free-born *Englishman*, what have you to do, even to talk of my privileges?

L. R. Why, pr'ythee, knight, don't quarrel here; leave private animosities to be decided by day-light; let the night be employ'd against the publick enemy.

Sir J. My lord, I respect you because you are a man of quality. But I'll make that fellow know, I am within a hair's breadth as absolute by my privileges, as the king of *France* is by his prerogative. He by his prerogative takes money where it is not his due; I by my privilege refuse paying it where I owe it. Liberty and property, and *Old England*. Huzza!

All. Huzza! [Exit Sir John reeling, all following him.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *A bed-chamber.*

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

L. B. SURE it's late, *Belinda*, I begin to be sleepy.

Bel. Yes, 'tis near twelve. Will you go to bed?

L. B. To bed, my dear? And by that time I am fallen into a sweet sleep (or perhaps a sweet dream, which is better and better) Sir *John* will come home roaring drunk, and be overjoy'd he finds me in a condition to be disturb'd.

Bel. O you need not fear him, he's in for all night. The servants say he's gone to drink with my Lord *Rake*.

L. B. Nay, 'tis not very likely, indeed, such suitable company should part presently. What hogs men turn, *Belinda*, when they grow weary of women?

Bel. And what owls they are, whilst they are fond of 'em.

L. B. But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our accounts.

Bel. We ought to do so indeed, but 'tis a hard matter. For when a man is really in love, he looks so unsufferably silly, that though a woman lik'd him well enough before, she has then much ado to endure the sight of him: and this I take to be the reason why lovers are so generally ill us'd.

L. B. Well, I own now, I'm well enough pleas'd to see a man look like an afs for me.

Bel. Ay, I'm pleas'd he should look like an afs too—that is, I'm pleas'd with myself for making him look so.

L. B. Nay, truly I think if he'd find some other way to express his passion, 'twou'd be more to his advantage.

Bel.

‘ *Bel.* Yes, for then a woman might like his passion and him too.

‘ *L. B.* Yet, *Belinda*, after all, a woman’s life would be but a dull business, if it were not for men; and men that can look like asses too. We shou’d never blame fate for the shortness of our days; our time would hang wretchedly upon our hands.

‘ *Bel.* Why, truly they do help us off with a good share on’t: for were there no men in the world, o’ my conscience, I shou’d be no longer a dressing than I’m saying my prayers; nay, tho’ it were Sunday: for you know that one may go to church without stays on.

‘ *L. B.* But don’t you think emulation might do something? For every woman you see desires to be finer than her neighbour.

‘ *Bel.* That’s only that the men may like her better than her neighbour. No, if there were no men, adieu fine petticoats, we shou’d be weary of wearing ’em.

‘ *L. B.* And adieu plays, we shou’d be weary of seeing ’em.

‘ *Bel.* Adieu *Hide Park*, the dust wou’d choak u .

‘ *L. B.* Adieu *St. James’s*, walking would tire us.

‘ *Bel.* Adieu *London*, the smoke wou’d stifle us.

‘ *L. B.* And adieu going to church, for religion wou’d ne’er prevail with us.

‘ *Both.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

‘ *Bel.* Our confession is so very hearty, sure we merit absolution.

‘ *L. B.* Not unless we go thro’ with’t, and confess all. So, pr’ythee, for the ease of our consciences, let’s hide nothing.

‘ *Bel.* Agreed.

‘ *L. B.* Why then I confess, that I love to sit in the fore-front of a box; for if one sits behind, there’s two acts gone perhaps before one’s found out. And when I am there, if I perceive the men whispering and looking upon me, you must know I cannot for my life forbear thinking they talk to my advantage.

‘ And that sets a thousand little tickling vanities on
‘ foot——

‘ *Bel.* Just my case for all the world ; but go on.

‘ *L. B.* I watch with impatience for the next jest in
‘ the play, that I might laugh, and shew my white
‘ teeth. If the poet has been dull, and the jest be long
‘ a coming, I pretend to whisper one to my friend, and
‘ from thence fall into a little small discourse, in which
‘ I take occasion to shew my face in all humours, brisk,
‘ pleas’d, serious, melancholy, languishing——Not
‘ that what we say to one another causes any of these
‘ alterations. But——

‘ *Bel.* Don’t trouble yourself to explain. For if I’m
‘ not mistaken, you and I have had some of these neces-
‘ sary dialogues before now with the same intention.

‘ *L. B.* Why, I swear, *Belinda*, some people do
‘ give strange agreeable airs to their faces in speaking.
‘ Tell me true—Did you never practise in the glass ?

‘ *Bel.* Why, did you ?

‘ *L. B.* Yes, faith, many a time.

‘ *Bel.* And I too, I own it ; both how to speak my-
‘ self, and how to look when others speak. But my
‘ glass and I could never yet agree what face I should
‘ make when they come blunt out with a nasty thing
‘ in a play : for all the men presently look upon the
‘ women, that’s certain : so laugh we must not, tho’
‘ our stays burst for’t, because that’s telling truth, and
‘ owning we understand the jest. And to look serious
‘ is so dull, when the whole house is a laughing.

‘ *L. B.* Besides, that looking serious does really be-
‘ tray our knowledge in the matter, as much as laugh-
‘ ing with the company would do : for if we did not
‘ understand the thing, we shou’d naturally do like
‘ other people.

‘ *Bel.* For my part, I always take that occasion to
‘ blow my nose.

‘ *L. B.* You must blow your nose half off then at
‘ some plays.

‘ *Bel.* Why don’t some reformer or other beat the
‘ poet for’t.

‘ *L. B.*

‘ *L. B.* Because he is not so sure of our private approbation, as of our publick thanks. Well, sure there is not upon earth so impertinent a thing as a woman’s modesty.

‘ *Bel.* Yes: mens fantasque, that obliges us to it. If we quit our modesty, they say we lose our charms; and yet they know that very modesty is affectation, and rail at our hypocrisify.’

L. B. ‘ Thus one would think ’twere a hard matter to please ’em, niece: yet our kind mother Nature has given us something that makes amends for all. Let our weakness be what it will, mankind will still be weaker, and whilst there is a world, ’tis woman that will govern it.’ But pr’ythee one word of poor *Constant* ‘ before we go to bed, if it be but to furnish matter for dreams:’ I dare swear he’s talking of me now, or thinking of me at least, ‘ tho’ it be in the middle of his prayers.

‘ *Bel.* So he ought, I think; for you were pleas’d to make him a good round advance to-day, madam.

‘ *L. B.* Why, I have e’en plagu’d him enough to satisfy any reasonable woman: he has besieg’d me these two years to no purpose.

‘ *Bel.* And if he besieg’d you two years more, he’d be well enough pay’d, so he had the plundering of you at last.

‘ *L. B.* That may be; but I’m afraid the town wont be able to hold out much longer: for to confess the truth to you, *Belinda*, the garrison begins to grow mutinous.

‘ *Bel.* Then the sooner you capitulate, the better.

‘ *L. B.* Yet, methinks, I wou’d fain stay a little longer to see you fix’d too, that we might start together, and see who cou’d love-longest.’ What think you, if *Heartfree* shou’d have a month’s mind to you.

Bel. Why faith I cou’d almost be in love with him for despising that foolish, affected Lady *Fanciful*; ‘ but I’m afraid he’s too cold ever to warm himself by my fire.

‘ *L. B.* Then he deserves to be froze to death.

‘ Wou’d I were a man for your fake, dear rogue.
 ‘ [*Kisses her.*]

‘ *Bel.* You’d wish yourself a woman again for your
 ‘ own, or the men are mistaken. But if I cou’d make
 ‘ a conquest of this son of *Bacchus*, and rival his bottle,
 ‘ what shou’d I do with him? he has no fortune, I
 ‘ can’t marry him: and sure you wou’d not have me
 ‘ commit fornication.

‘ *L. B.* Why, if you did, child, ’twould be but a
 ‘ good friendly part; if ’twere only to keep me in coun-
 ‘ tenance whilst I commit—you know what.

Bel. ‘ Well, if I can’t resolve to serve you that way,
 ‘ I may perhaps some other, as much to your satis-
 ‘ faction.’ But pray, how shall we contrive to see these
 blades again quickly?

L. B. We must e’en have recourse to the old way;
 make ’em an appointment ’twixt jest and earnest;
 ’twill look like a frolick, and that you know’s a very
 good thing to save a woman’s blushes.

Bel. You advise well; but where shall it be?

L. B. In *Spring-Garden*. But they shan’t know
 their women, till their women pull off their masks;
 for a surprize is the most agreeable thing in the world:
 ‘ And I find myself in a very good humour, ready to
 ‘ do ’em any good turn I can think on.’

Bel. Then pray write ’em the necessary billet, with-
 out farther delay.

L. B. Let’s go into your chamber then, and whilst
 you say your prayers, I’ll do it, child. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Lord Rake, Sir John, &c. with swords drawn.

L. R. Is the dog dead?

C. B. No, damn him, I heard him wheeze.

L. R. How the witch his wife howl’d!

C. B. Ay, she’ll alarm the watch presently.

L. R. Appear, knight, then; come, you have a
 good cause to fight for, there’s a man murder’d.

Sir J. Is there! then let his ghost be satisfy’d: for

I'll sacrifice a constable to it presently, and burn his body upon his wooden chair.

Enter a Taylor, with a bundle under his arm.

C. B. How now; what have we got here? a thief.

Tay. No, an't please you, I'm no thief,

L. R. That we'll see presently: here; let the general examine him.

Sir J. Ay, ay, let me examine him, and I'll lay a hundred pounds I find him guilty in spite of his teeth—~~—~~for he looks—like a—sneaking rascal. Come, firrah, without equivocation or mental reservation, tell me of what opinion you are, and what calling; for by them—I shall guess at your morals.

Tay. An't please you, I'm a dissenting journeyman woman's taylor.

Sir J. Then, firrah, you love lying by your religion, and theft by your trade: and so, that your punishment may be suitable to your crimes—I'll have you first gagg'd—and then hang'd.

Tay. Pray, good worthy gentlemen, don't abuse me: indeed I'm an honest man, and a good workman, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it.

Sir J. No words, firrah, but attend your fate.

L. R. Let me see what's in that bundle.

Tay. An't please you, it's my lady's short cloak and sack.

Sir J. What lady, you reptile, you?

Tay. My lady *Brute*, an't please your honour.

Sir J. My lady *Brute*! my wife! the robe of my wife—with reverence let me approach it. The dear angel is always taking care of me in danger, and has sent me this suit of armour to protect me in this day of battle; on they go.

All. O brave knight!

L. R. Live *Don Quixot* the second.

Sir J. Sancho, my 'squire, help me on with my armour.

Tay. O dear gentlemen! I shall be quite undone if you take the sack.

Sir J. Retire, firrah! and since you carry off your skin, go home and be happy.

'*Tay.* [*pausing.*] I think I'd e'en as good follow the gentleman's advice, for if I dispute any longer, who knows but the whim may take 'em to case me— These courtiers are fuller of tricks than they are of money; they'll sooner break a man's bones, than pay his bill.' [*Exit Taylor.*]

Sir J. So! how d'ye like my shapes now?

L. R. To a miracle! He looks like a queen of the *Amazons*—But to your arms! Gentlemen! The enemy's upon their march—here's the watch——

Sir J. 'Oons! if it were *Alexander* the great, at the head of his army, I wou'd drive him into a horse-pond.

All. Huzza! O brave-knight!

Enter Watchmen.

Sir J. See! Here he comes, with all his Greeks about him—Follow me, boys.

Watch. Hey dey! Who have we got here—stand.

Sir J. May-hap not!

Watch. What are you all doing here in the streets at this time o'night? And who are you, madam, that seem to be at the head of this noble crew?

Sir J. Sirrah! I am *Bonduca*, queen of the *Welchmen*; and with a leek as long as my pedigree, I will destroy your *Roman* legion in an instant—*Britons* frike home.

[*They fight off.* *Watch.* return with *Sir John.*]

Watch. So! We have got the queen, however! We'll make her pay well for her ransom—Come, madam, will your majesty please to walk before the constable?

Sir J. The constable's a rascal! And you are a son of a whore!

Watch. A most noble reply, truly! If this be her royal style, I'll warrant her maids of honour prattle prettily: but we'll teach you some of our court-dialect before we part with you, princess—Away with her to the round-house.

Sir J. Hands off, you ruffians! My honour's dearer to me than my life; I hope you won't be uncivil.

Watch. Away with her.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE,

S C E N E, a Bed Chamber.

Enter Heartfree solus.

What the plague ails me?—Love? No, I thank you for that, my heart's rock still—Yet 'tis *Belinda* that disturbs me; that's positive—Well, what of all that! Must I love her for being troublesome? at that rate I might love all the women I meet, egad. But hold!—tho' I don't love her for disturbing me, yet she may disturb me, because I love her—Ay, that may be, faith. I have dreamt of her, that's certain—Well, so I have of my mother; therefore what's that to the purpose? Ay, but *Belinda* runs in my mind waking—and so does many a damn'd thing, that I don't care a farthing for—Methinks tho' I would fain be talking to her, and yet I have no business—Well, am I the first man that has had a mind to do an impertinent thing?

Enter Constant.

Const. How now, *Heartfree*? What makes you up and dress'd so soon? I thought none but lovers quarrel'd with their beds; I expected to have found you snoring, as I us'd to do.

Heart. Why, faith, friend, 'tis the care I have of your affairs, that makes me so thoughtful; I have been studying all night how to bring your matter about with *Belinda*.

Const. With *Belinda*?

Heart. With my lady, I mean: and faith I have mighty hopes on't. Sure you must be very well satisfy'd with her behaviour to you yesterday?

Const. So well, that nothing but a lover's fears can make me doubt of success. But what can this sudden change proceed from?

Heart. Why, you saw her husband beat her, did you not?

Const. That's true: a husband is scarce to be borne upon any terms, much less when he fights with his wife. Methinks, she shou'd e'en have cuckolded him upon the very spot, to shew that after the battle she was master of the field.

Heart. A council of war of women wou'd infallibly

have advis'd her to't. But, I confess, so agreeable a woman as *Belinda* deserves better usage.

Const. *Belinda* again!

Heart. My lady, I mean. What a pox makes me blunder so to-day? [*Aside.*] A plague of this treacherous tongue.

Const. Pr'ythee look upon me seriously, *Heartfree*—Now answer me directly: is it my lady, or *Belinda*, employs your careful thoughts thus?

Heart. My lady, or *Belinda*?

Const. In love; by this light, in love.

Heart. In love!

Const. Nay, ne'er deny it; for thou'lt do it so awkwardly, 'twill but make the jest fit heavier about thee. My dear friend, I give thee much joy.

Heart. Why, pr'ythee, you wont persuade me to it, will you?

Const. That she's mistress of your tongue, that's plain; and I know you are so honest a fellow, your tongue and heart always go together. But how, but how the devil? Pha! ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Hey-day: why sure you don't believe it in earnest?

Const. Yes, I do, because I see you deny it in jest.

Heart. Nay, but look you, *Ned*—a—deny in jest—~~a—~~gadzoos, you know I say—~~a—~~when a man denies a thing in jest—~~a—~~

Const. Pha! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Heart. Nay, then we shall have it: what, because a man stumbles at a word: did you never make a blunder?

Const. Yes; for I am in love, I own it.

Heart. Then, so am I—Now laugh till thy soul's glutted with mirth. [*Embracing him.*] But, dear *Constant*, don't tell the town on't.

Const. Nay then, 'twere almost pity to laugh at thee, after so honest a confession. 'But tell us a little, *Jack*, by what new invented arms has this mighty stroke been given?

Heart. E'en by that unaccountable weapon, call'd
' *Je-*

' *Je-ne-sçai-quoi* : for every thing that can come with-
' in the verge of beauty, I have seen it with indiffer-
' ence.

' *Const.* So in few words then ; the *Je-ne-sçai-quoi*
' has been too hard for the quilted petticoat.

' *Heart.* Egad, I think the *Je-ne-sçai-quoi* is in the
' quilted petticoat ; at least 'tis certain, I ne'er think
' on't without—a—a *Je-ne-sçai-quoi* in every part
' about me.

' *Const.* Well, but have all your remedies lost their
' virtue ? have you turn'd her in-side out yet ?

' *Heart.* I dare not so much as think on't.

' *Const.* But don't the two years fatigue I have had
' discourage you ?

' *Heart.* Yes : I dread what I foresee ; yet cannot
' quit the enterprize. Like some soldiers, whose cou-
' rage dwells more in their honour, than their nature :
' on they go, tho' the body trembles at what the soul
' makes it undertake.

' *Const.* Nay, if you expect your mistress will use
' you, as your profanations against her sex deserve, you
' tremble justly. But how do you intend to proceed,
' friend ?

' *Heart.* Thou know'st I'm but a novice ; be friendly
' and advise me.

' *Const.* Why, look you then ; I'd have you—Sere-
' nade and a——write a song——Go to church ; look
' like a fool——Be very officious ; ogle, write and lead
' out : and who knows, but in a year or two's time,
' you may be——call'd a troublesome puppy, and
' sent about your business.

' *Heart.* That's hard.

' *Const.* Yet thus it oft falls out with lovers, sir.

' *Heart.* Pox on me for making one of the number.

' *Const.* Have a care : say no saucy things ; 'twill
' but augment your crime ; and if your mistress hears
' on't, increase your punishment.

' *Heart.* Pr'ythee say something then to encourage
' me, you know I help'd you in your distress.

' *Const.* Why then to encourage you to perseverance,

' that you may be thoroughly ill us'd for your offences, I'll put you in mind, that even the coyest ladies of 'em all are made up of desires, as well as we; and tho' they do hold out a long time, they will capitulate at last. For that thundering engineer, Nature, does make such havock in the town, they must surrender at long run, or perish in their own flames.'

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, there's a porter without with a letter; he desires to give it into your own hand.

Const. Call him in.

Enter Porter.

Const. What, *Joe!* Is it thee?

Por. An't please you, sir, I was order'd to deliver this into your own hands by two well-shap'd ladies, at the New Exchange. I was at your honour's lodgings, and your servants sent me hither.

Const. 'Tis well, are you to carry an answer?

Por. No, my noble master. They gave me my orders, and whip, they were gone 'like a maiden-head at fifteen.'

Const. Very well; there. [Gives him money.]

Por. God bless your honour. [Exit Porter.]

Const. Now let's see what honest, trusty *Joe*, has brought us.

[Reads.]

If you and your play-fellow can spare time from your business and devotions, don't fail to be at Spring-garden about eight in the evening. You'll find nothing there but women, so you need bring no other arms than what you usually carry about you.

So, play-fellow: here's something to stay your stomach till your mistress's dish is ready for you.

Heart. Some of our old batter'd acquaintance. I won't go, not I.

Const. Nay, that you can't avoid; there's honour in the case; 'tis a challenge, and I want a second.

Heart. I doubt I shall be but a very usefess one

to you; for I'm so dishearten'd by this wound *Belinda* has given me, I don't think I shall have courage enough to draw my sword.

Const. O, if that be all, come along; I'll warrant you find sword enough for such enemies as we have to deal withal. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *a Street.*

Enter Constable and Watchmen, with Sir John.

Const. Come, forsooth, come along, if you please! I once in compassion thought to have seen you safe home this morning: but you have been so rampant and abusive all night, I shall see what the justice of peace will say to you.

Sir J. And you shall see what I'll say to the justice of peace. [*Watchman knocks at the door.*]

Enter a Servant.

Const. Is Mr. *Justice* at home?

Serv. Yes.

Const. Pray acquaint his worship we have got an unruly woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

Serv. I'll acquaint my master. [*Exit Servant.*]

Sir J. Hark you, constable, what cuckoldy justice is this?

Const. One that knows how to deal with such romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

Enter Justice.

Just. Well, Mr. *Constable*, what is the matter there?

Const. An't please your worship, this here comical sort of a gentlewoman, has committed great outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord *Rake* and his gang; they attacked the watch, and I hear there has been a man kil'd: I believe 'tis they have done it.

Sir J. Sir, there may have been murder for ought I know; and 'tis a great mercy there has not been a rape too—that fellow wou'd have ravish'd me.

2d Watch. Ravish! Ravish! O lud! O lud! O lud!

Ravish her! Why, please your worship, I heard Mr. *Constable* say he believed she was little better than a maphrodite:

Just. Why truly, she does seem a little masculine about the mouth.

2d. Watch. Yes, and about the hands too, an't please your worship, I did but offer in meer civility to help her up the steps into our apartment, and with her gripen fist——ay, just so, sir.

[*Sir John knocks him down.*]

Sir J. I fell'd him to the ground like an ox.

Just. Out upon this boisterous woman! Out upon her.

Sir J. Mr. *Justice* he wou'd have been uncivil! It was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction.

2d Watch. I hope your worship will satisfy her honour in Bridewell; that fist of hers will make an admirable hemp-beater.

Sir J. Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous rascal; I am a woman of quality and virtue too, for all I am in an undress this morning.

Just. Why, she has really the air of a sort of a woman a little something out of the common——madam, if you expect I shou'd be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir J. Sir, I am any body, at your service.

Just. Lady, I desire to know your name?

Sir J. Sir, my name's *Mary*.

Just. Ay, but your sur-name, madam?

Sir J. Sir, my sur-name's the very same with my husband's.

Just. A strange woman this! Who is your husband pray?

Sir J. Sir *John*.

Just. Sir *John* who?

Sir J. Sir *John Brute*.

Just. Is it possible, madam, you can be my lady *Brute*?

Sir J. That happy woman, sir, am I; only a little in my merriment to-night.

Just. I am concern'd for Sir *John*.

Sir J. Truly, so am I.

Just. I have heard he's an honest gentleman.

Sir J. As ever drank.

Just. Good lack! Indeed, lady, I'm sorry he has such a wife.

Sir J. I am sorry he has any wife at all.

Just. And so perhaps may he—I doubt you have not given him a very good taste for matrimony.

Sir J. Taste, sir! Sir, I have scorn'd to stint him to a taste, I have given him a full meal of it.

Just. Indeed I believe so! But pray, fair lady, may he have given you any occasion for this extraordinary conduct—Does he not use you well?

Sir J. A little upon the rough sometimes.

Just. Ay, any man may be out of humour now and then.

Sir J. Sir, I love peace and quiet, and when a woman don't find that at home, she's apt sometimes to comfort herself with a few innocent diversions abroad.

Just. I doubt he uses you but too well. Pray how does he as to that weighty thing, money? Does he allow you what is proper of that?

Sir J. Sir, I have generally enough to pay the reckoning, if this son of a whore of a drawer wou'd but bring his bill.

Just. A strange woman this—Does he spend a reasonable portion of his time at home, to the comfort of his wife and children?

Sir J. He never gave his wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his life.

Just. Pray, madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial point—Is he true to your bed?

Sir J. Chast! Oons! This fellow asks so many impertinent questions! I'gad I believe it is the justice's wife, in the justice's clothes.

Just. 'Tis a great pity he should have been thus disposed of—Pray, madam, (and then I've done) what may be your ladyship's common method of life? If I may presume so far.

Sir J. Why, 'fir, much that of a woman of quality.

Just. Pray how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning for example.

Sir J. Sir, like a woman of quality——I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon——I stretch——and make a sign for my chocolate——When I have drank thee cups——I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings——Then hanging upon their shoulders, I am trail'd to my great chair, where I sit——and yawn——for my breakfast——If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the play-bills.

Just. Very well, madam.

Sir J. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter——And half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Just. So! madam!

Sir J. By that time my head is half drest, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition, that the meat's all cold upon the table, to amend which, I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all drest over again:

Just. Poor man!

Sir J. When I have din'd, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease, to do so too, I call for my coach, to go visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I shall never find one at home, while I shall live.

Just. So! There's the morning and afternoon pretty well dispos'd of——Pray, madam, how do you pass your evenings?

Sir J. Like a woman of spirit, sir, a great spirit. Give me a box and dice——Seven's the main, Oons! sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now a days, to sit at home and mend napkins: sir, we have nobler ways of passing time.

Just. Mercy upon us, Mr. *Constable*, what will this age come to.

·*Constab.*

Constab. What will it come to, indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks.

Sir J. Sir, I have a little urgent business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion.

Just. Madam, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I wou'd release you.

Sir J. None — By my virtue.

Just. Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge her.

Sir J. Sir, your very humble servant. If you please to accept of a bottle—

Just. I thank you, kindly, madam; but I never drink in a morning. Good-by-t'ye, madam, good-by-t'ye.

Sir J. Good-by-t'ye, good sir. [*Exit Justice.*
So——now, Mr. Constable, shall you and I go pick up a whore together?

Constab. No thank you, madam; my wife's enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

Sir J. [*aside*] He, he, he, he, he! — the fool is married then. Well, you won't go?

Constab. Not I, truly.

Sir J. Then I'll go by myself; and you and your wife may be damn'd. [*Exit Sir John.*

Constable gazing after him.] Why God-a-mercy, lady. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *Spring Garden.*

Constant and Heartfree cross the stage. As they go off, enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle mask'd, and dogging 'em.

Const. So; I think we are about the time appointed: let us walk up this way. [*Exeunt.*

L. F. Good: Thus far I have dogg'd 'em without being discover'd. 'Tis infallibly some intrigue that brings them to *Spring Garden*. How my poor heart is torn and wrackt with fear and jealousy! yet let it be any thing but that flirt *Belinda*, and I'll try to bear it. But if it prove her, all that's woman in me shall be employ'd to destroy her.

[*Exeunt after Constant and Heartfree.*

Re-enter Constant and Heartfree. Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle still following at a distance.

Const. I see no females yet, that have any thing to say to us. I'm afraid we are banter'd.

Heart. I wish we were; for I'm in no humour to make either them or myself merry.

Const. Nay, I'm sure you'll make them merry enough, 'if I tell 'em why you are dull. But pr'ythee why so 'heavy and sad before you begin to be ill us'd?

'*Heart.* For the same reason, perhaps, that you are 'so brisk and well pleas'd; because both pains and 'pleasures are generally more considerable in prospect, 'than when they come to pass.'

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda, mask'd, and poorly dress'd.

Const. How now! who are these? Not our game, I hope.

Heart. If they are, we are e'en well enough serv'd, to come a hunting here, when we had so much better game in chase elsewhere.

L. F. [to Mademoiselle.] So those are their ladies without doubt. But I'm afraid that *Doily* stuff is not worn for want of better clothes. They are the very shape and size of *Belinda* and her aunt.

Madem. So dey be inteed, Matam.

L. F. We'll slip into this close arbor, where we may hear all they say.

[*Exeunt Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.*

L. B. What, are you afraid of us, gentlemen?

Heart. Why, truly, I think we may, if appearance don't lye.

Bel. Do you always find women what they appear to be, sir?

Heart. No, forsooth; but I seldom find 'em better than they appear to be.

Bel. Then the outside's best, you think?

Heart. 'Tis the honestest.

Const. Have a care, *Heartfree*; you are relapsing again.

L. B. Why, does the gentleman use to rail at women?

Const.

Const. He has done formerly.

Bel. I suppose he had very good cause for't. They did not use you so well as you thought you deserv'd, sir.

L. B. They made themselves merry at your expence, sir?

Bel. Laugh'd when you sigh'd.

L. B. Slept while you were waking.

Bel. Had your porter beat.

L. B. And threw your billet-doux in the fire.

Heart. Hey-day, I shall do more than rail presently.

Bel. Why you won't beat us, will you?

Heart. I don't know but I may.

Const. What the Devil's coming here? Sir *John* in a gown———And drunk, i'faith.

Enter Sir John.

Sir J. What a Pox——here's *Constant*, *Heartfree*——and two whores egad———O you covetous rogues! what have you never a spare punk for your friend———But I'll share with you. [*He seizes both the women.*]

Heart. Why what the plague have you been doing, knight?

Sir J. Why I have been beating the watch, and scandalizing the women of quality.

Heart. A very good account truly.

Sir J. And what do you think I'll do next?

Const. Nay, that no man can guess.

Sir J. Why, if you'll let me sup with you, I'll treat both your strumpets.

L. B. [*aside*] O Lord we're undone!

Heart. No, we can't sup together because we have some affairs eliewhere. But if you'll accept of these two ladies, we'll be so complaisant to you, to resign our right in'em.

Bel. [*aside*] Lord, what shall we do?'

Sir J. Let me see, their clothes are such damn'd clothes, they won't pawn for the reckoning.

Heart. Sir *John*, your servant. Raptures attend you.

Const. Adieu, ladies, make much of the gentleman.

L. B. Why sure you won't leave us in the hands of a drunken fellow to abuse us.

Sir J.

Sir J. Who do you call a drunken fellow, you flut you? I'm a man of quality; the king has made me a knight.

Heart. Ay, ay, you are in good hands; adieu, adieu. [Heart. runs off.]

L. B. The devil's hands: Let me go, or I'll—
for Heaven's fake protect us.

[She breaks from him, runs to Constant, twitching off her mask, and clapping it on again.]

Sir J. I'll devil you, you jade you. I'll demolish your ugly face.

Const. Hold a little, knight, she swoons.

Sir J. I'll swoon her.

Const. Hey Heartfree.

Re-enter Heartfree. Belinda runs to him, and shows her face.

Heart. O Heavens! My dear creature, stand there a little.

Const. Pull him off, Jack.'

Heart. Hold, mighty man; look ye, sir, we did but jest with you. These are ladies of our acquaintance that we had a mind to frighten a little, but now you must leave us.

Sir J. Oons, I won't leave you, not I.

Heart. Nay, but you must though; and therefore make no words on't.

Sir J. Then you are a couple of damn'd uncivil fellows. And I hope your punks will give you fauce to your mutton. [Exit Sir John.]

L. B. Oh, I shall never come to myself again, I'm so frightned.

Const. 'Twas a narrow 'scape indeed.

Bel. Women must have frolicks, you see, whatever they cost 'em.

Heart. This might have prov'd a dear one tho'.

L. B. You are the more oblig'd to us for the risk we run upon your accounts.

Const. And I hope you'll acknowledge something due to our knight-errantry, ladies. This is the second time we have deliver'd you.

L. B.

L. B. 'Tis true; and since we see fate has design'd you for our guardians, 'twill make us the more willing to trust ourselves in your hands. But you must not have the worse opinion of us for our innocent frolick.

Heart. Ladies, you may command our opinions in every thing that is to your advantage.

Bel. Then Sir, I command you to be of opinion, that women are sometimes better than they appear to be. [*Lady Brute and Constant talk apart.*]

Heart. Madam, you have made a convert of me in every thing. I'm grown a fool. I cou'd be fond of a woman.

Bel. I thank you, sir, in the name of the whole sex.

Heart. Which sex nothing but yourself cou'd ever have aton'd for.

Bel. Now has my vanity a devilish itch, to know in what my merit consists.

Heart. In your humility, madam, that keeps you ignorant it consists at all.

Bel. One other compliment, with that serious face, and I hate you for ever after.

Heart. Some women love to be abus'd; is that it you wou'd be at?

Bel. No, not that neither: But I'd have men talk plainly what's fit for women to hear, without putting 'em either to a real, or an affected blush.

Heart. Why then, in as plain terms as I can find to express myself, I could love you even to—matrimony itself a-most, egad.

Bel. Just as Sir *John* did her ladyship there.—
 ' What think you? Don't you believe one month's
 ' time might bring you down to the same indifference,
 ' only clad in a little better manners, perhaps? Well,
 ' you men are unaccountable things, mad till you
 ' have your mistresses, and then stark mad till you
 ' are rid of 'em again. Tell me honestly, is not your
 ' patience put to a much severer trial after possession
 ' than before?

Heart. With a great many, I must confess it is,
 ' to

‘ to our eternal scandal ; but I——dear creature, do but try me.

Bel. That’s the surest way, indeed, to know, but not the safest. [*To Lady Brute.*] Madam, are not you for taking a turn in the Great Walk ? It’s almost dark, no body will know us.

L. B. Really I find myself something idle, *Belinda* : besides, I doat upon this little odd private corner. But don’t let my lazy fancy confine you.

Const. [*Aside.*] So, she wou’d be left alone with me, that’s well.

Bel. Well, we’ll, take one turn, and come to you again. [*To Heart.*] Come, sir, shall we go pry into the secrets of the garden ? Who knows what discoveries we may make.

Heart. Madam, I’m at your service.

Const. [*to Heart. aside*] Don’t make too much haste back ; for d’ye hear——I may be busy.

Heart. Enough. [*Exeunt Belinda and Heartfree.*

L. B. Sure you think me scandalously free, Mr. *Constant*. I’m afraid I shall lose your good opinion of me.

Const. My good opinion, madam, is like your cruelty, ne’er to be remov’d.

‘ *L. B.* But if I should remove my cruelty, then there’s an end of your good opinion.

‘ *Const.* There is not so strict an alliance between ‘ ‘em neither. ’Tis certain I shou’d love you then ‘ better (if that be possible) than I do now ; and ‘ where I love, I always esteem.’

L. B. Indeed, I doubt you much ; why, suppose you had a wife, and she should entertain a gallant ?

Const. If I gave her just cause, how cou’d I justly condemn her ?

L. B. Ah ; but you’d differ widely about just causes.

Const. But blows can bear no dispute.

L. B. Nor ill manners much, truly.

Const. Then no woman upon earth has so just a cause as you have.

‘ *L. B.*

' *L. B.* O, but a faithful wife, is a beautiful character.

' *Const.* To a deserving husband, I confess it is.

' *L. B.* But can his faults release my duty?

' *Const.* In equity, without doubt. And where laws dispence with equity, equity should dispence with laws.

' *L. B.* Pray let's leave this dispute; for you men have as much witchcraft in your arguments, as women have in their eyes.

' *Const.* But while you attack me with your charms, 'tis but reasonable I assault you with mine.

' *L. B.* The case is not the same. What mischief we do, we can't help, and therefore are to be forgiven.

' *Const.* Beauty soon obtains pardon, for the pain that it gives, when it applies the balm of compassion to the wound: but a fine face, and a hard heart, is almost as bad as an ugly face and a soft one; both very troublesome to many a poor gentleman.

L. B. Yes, and to many a poor gentlewoman too, I can assure you. But pray, which of 'em is it, that most afflicts you?

' *Const.* Your glass and conscience will inform you, madam.' But for Heaven's sake (for now I must be serious) if pity, or if gratitude can move you; [*Taking her hand*] if constancy and truth have power to tempt you: if love, if adoration can effect you, give me at least some hopes, that time may do, what you perhaps mean never to perform; 'twill ease my sufferings, tho' not quench my flame.

L. B. Your sufferings eas'd, your flame wou'd soon abate: and that I wou'd preserve, not quench it, sir.

Const. Wou'd you preserve it, nourish it with favours; for that's the food it naturally requires.

L. B. Yet on that natural food, 'twould surfeit soon, shou'd I resolve to grant all you wou'd ask.

Const. And in refusing all, you starve it. Forgive me therefore, since my hunger rages, if I at last grow wild

wild, and in my frenzy force at least this from you. [*Kissing her hand.*] Or if you'd have my flame soar higher still, then grant me this, and this, and thousands more; [*Kissing first her hand, then her neck.*] [*Aside.*] For now's the time she melts into compassion.

L. B. [*Aside*] Poor coward virtue, how it shuns the 'battle.' O Heavens! let me go.

Const. Ay, go, ay: where shall we go, my charming angel——into this private arbour——Nay, let's lose no time——Moments are precious.

L. B. And lovers wild. Pray let us stop here; at least for this time.

Const. 'Tis impossible; he that has power over you, can have none over himself.

As he is forcing her into the arbour, Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle bolt out upon them, and run over the stage.

L. B. Ah; I'm lost.

L. F. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe!

Madem. Fe, fe, fe, fe, fe!

Const. Death and furies, who are these?

L. B. O Heavens! I'm out of my wits; if they knew me, I am ruin'd.

Const. Don't be frightned: ten thousand to one they are strangers to you.

L. B. Whatever they are, I won't stay here a moment longer.

Const. Whither will you go?

L. B. Home, as if the devil were in me. Lord, where's this *Belinda* now?

Enter Belinda and Heartfree.

O! 'tis well you are come: I'm so frightned, 'my hair 'stands an end.' Let's be gone, for Heaven's sake.

Bel. Lord, what's the matter?

L. B. The devil's the matter; we are discovered. Here's a couple of women have done the most impertinent thing. Away, away, away, away, away!

[*Exit running, they follow.*]

'*Re-enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.*

'*L. F.* Well, *Mademoiselle*, 'tis a prodigious thing how

‘ how women can suffer filthy fellows to grow so familiar with ’em.

‘ *Madem.* Ah madame, il n’y a rien de si naturel.

‘ *L. F.* Fe, fe, fe, but O my heart! O jealousy! O torture! I’m upon the rack. What shall I do? My lover’s lost, I ne’er shall see him mine. [*Pausing.*—] But I may be reveng’d; and that’s the same thing. Ah sweet revenge! thou welcome thought, thou healing balsam to my wounded soul. Be but propitious on this one occasion, I’ll place my heaven in thee, for all my life to come.

‘ *To woman how indulgent nature’s kind;*

‘ *No blast of fortune long disturbs her mind:*

‘ *Compliance to her fate supports her still;*

‘ *If love won’t make her happy — Mischief will.*

‘ [*Exeunt.*’

A C T V.

S C E N E, *Lady Fancyful’s House.*

Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

L. F. **W**ELL, *Mademoiselle*; did you dodge the filthy things?

Madem. O que oui, madame.

L. F. And where are they?

Madem. Au logis.

L. F. What, men and all?

Madem. Tous ensemble.

L. F. O confidence! what, carry their fellows to their own house?

Madem. C’est que le mari n’y est pas.

L. F. No, so I believe, truly. But he shall be there, and quickly too, if I can find him out. Well, ’tis a prodigious thing, to see when men and women get together, how they fortify one another in their impudence. But if that drunken fool, her husband, be to be

be found in e'er a tavern in town, I'll send him amongst 'em: I'll spoil their sport.

Madem. En vérité, madame, ce feroit damage.

L. F. 'Tis in vain to oppose it *Mademoiselle*; therefore never go about it. For I am the steadiest creature in the world——when I have determin'd to do mischief. So, come along. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter Constant, Heartfree, Lady Brute, Belinda, and Lovewell.

L. B. But are you sure you don't mistake, *Lovewell*?

Lov. Madam, I saw 'em all go into the tavern together, and my master was so drunk he cou'd scarce stand.

L. B. Then, gentlemen, I believe we may venture to let you stay, and play at cards with us, an hour or two: for they'll scarce part till morning.

Bel. I think, 'tis pity they should ever part.

Const. The company that's here, madam.

L. B. Then, sir, the company that's here, must remember to part itself, in time.

Const. Madam, we don't intend to forfeit your future favours, by an indiscreet usage of this. The moment you give us the signal, we shan't fail to make our retreat.

L. B. Upon those conditions then, let us sit down to cards.

Enter Lovewell.

Lov. O Lord, madam, here's my master just staggering in upon you; he has been quarrelsome yonder, and they have kick'd him out of the company.

E. B. Into the closet, gentlemen, for Heaven's sake; I'll wheedle him to bed, if possible.

[*Const. and Heart. run into the closet.*

Enter Sir John.

L. B. Ah——Ah——he's all over, blood.

Sir J. What the plague does the woman——squall for? Did you never see a man in pickle before?

L. B. Lord, where have you been?

Sir J.

Sir J. I have been at—Cuffs.

L. B. I fear that is not all. I hope you are not wounded.

Sir J. Sound as a roach, wife.

L. B. I'm mighty glad to hear it.

Sir J. You know—I think you lye.

L. B. You do me wrong to think so. For Heaven's my witness, I had rather see my own blood trickle down, than yours.

Sir J. Then will I be crucify'd.

L. B. 'Tis a hard fate, I shou'd not be believ'd.

Sir J. 'Tis a damn'd atheistical age, wife.

L. B. I am sure I have given you a thousand tender proofs, how great my care is of you. But, spite of all your cruel thoughts, I'll still persist, and at this moment, if I can, persuade you to lie down, and sleep a little.

Sir J. Why—do you think I am drunk—you flut, you?

L. B. Heaven forbid, I shou'd : but I'm afraid you are feverish. Pray let me feel your pulse.

Sir J. Stand off, and be dainn'd.

L. B. Why, I see your distemper in your very eyes. You are all on fire. Pray, go to bed ; let me intreat you.

Sir J. —Come, kifs me, then.

L. B. [*Kissing him.*] There : now go. [*Aside.*] He stinks like poison.

Sir J. I see it goes damnably against your stomach.—And therefore—Kifs me again.

L. B. Nay, now you fool me.

Sir J. Do't, I say.

L. B. [*Aside.*] Ah Lord have mercy upon me. Well ; —there : now will you go ?

Sir J. Now, wife, you shall see my gratitude. You gave me two kisses—I'll give you—two hundred.

[*Kisses, and tumbles her.*]

L. B. O Lord : pray, Sir John be quiet. Heavens, what a pickle am I in !

* Bel. [*Aside.*] If I were in her pickle, I'd call my gallant

'gallant out of the closet, and he shou'd cudgel him soundly.'

Sir J. So, now you being as dirty and as nasty as myself, we may go pig together. But first I must have a cup of your cold tea, wife. [*Going to the closet.*]

L. B. O I'm ruin'd! there's none there, my dear.

Sir J. I'll warrant you, I'll find some, my dear.

L. B. You can't open the door, the lock's spoil'd; I have been turning and turning the key this half hour to no purpose. I'll send for the smith to-morrow.

Sir J. There's ne'er a smith in *Europe* can open a door with more expedition than I can do——As for example,—Pou, [*He bursts open the door with his foot.*]

——How now! what the devil have we got here?——
*Constant—Heartfree—*And two whores again, egad—
'This is the worst cold tea——that ever I met with in my life——

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

L. B. [*Aside.*] O Lord, what will become of us?

Sir J. Gentlemen——I am your very humble servant——I give you many thanks——I see you take care of my family——I shall do all I can to return the obligation.

Const. Sir, how oddly soever this business may appear to you, you'd have no cause to be uneasy, if you knew the truth of all things; your lady is the most virtuous woman in the world, and nothing has past, but an innocent frolick.

Heart. Nothing else, upon my honour, sir.

Sir J. You are both very civil gentlemen——And my wife, there, is a very civil gentlewoman; therefore I don't doubt but many civil things have past between you. Your very humble servant.

L. B. [*Aside to Const.*] Pray be gone: he's so drunk he can't hurt us to-night, and to-morrow morning you shall hear from us.

Const. I'll obey you, madam. Sir, when you are cool, you'll understand reason better. So then I shall take the pains to inform you. If not——I wear a sword, sir, and so good by t'ye. Come along, *Heart-free.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir

Sir J. Wear a sword, fir—And what of all that, fir? He comes to my house; eats my meat; lies with my wife; dishonours my family; gets a bastard to inherit my estate—And when I ask a civil account of all this—Sir, says he, I wear a sword—Wear a sword, fir? Yes, fir, says he, I wear a sword—It may be a good answer at cross-purposes; but 'tis a damn'd one to a man in my whimsical circumstance—Sir, says he, I wear a sword! [*To Lady Brute*] And what do you wear now? ha! tell me. [*Sitting down in a great chair.*] What you are modest, and can't—Why then I'll tell you, you slut, you. You wear— an impudent lewd face— A damn'd, designing heart— And a tail— and a tail full of—

[*He falls fast asleep snoring.*]

L. B. So; thanks to kind Heaven, he's fast for some hours.

Bel. 'Tis well he is so, that we may have time to lay our story handsomely; for we must lye like the devil, to bring ourselves off.

L. B. What shall we say, *Belinda*?

Bel. [*Musing.*]—I'll tell you: it must all light upon *Heartfree* and I. We'll say he has courted me some time, but for reasons unknown to us, has ever been very earnest the thing might be kept from *Sir John*. That therefore hearing him upon the stairs, he ran into the closet, tho' against our will, and *Constant* with him, to prevent jealousy. And to give this a good impudent face of truth, (that I may deliver you from the trouble you are in) I'll e'en, if he pleases, marry him.

L. B. I'm beholden to you, cousin; but that wou'd be carrying the jest a little too far for your own sake: You know he's a younger brother, and has nothing.

Bel. 'Tis true: but I like him, and have fortune enough to keep above extremity: I can't say, I wou'd live with him in a cell, upon love and bread and butter: but I had rather have the man I love, and a middle state of life, than that gentleman in the chair there, and twice your ladyship's splendor.

L. B. In truth, niece, you are in the right on't: for I am very uneasy with my ambition. But perhaps had I married as you'll do, I might have been as ill-us'd.

Bel. Some risk, I do confess, there always is: but if a man has the least spark, either of honour or good-nature, he can never use a woman ill, that loves him, and makes his fortune both. Yet I must own to you, some little struggling I still have, with this teasing ambition of ours. For pride, you know, is as natural to a woman, as 'tis to a saint. I can't help being fond of this rogue; and yet it goes to my heart, to think I must never whisk to *Hidepark*, with above a pair of horses; have no coronet upon my coach, nor a page to carry up my train. But above all—that business of place—Well; taking place is a noble prerogative.

L. B. Especially after a quarrel.

Bel. Or of a rival. But pray say no more on't, for fear I change my mind; for o' my conscience, were't not for your affair in the balance, I shou'd go near to pick up some odious man of quality yet, and only take poor *Heartfree* for a gallant.

L. B. Then him you must have, however things go?

Bel. Yes.

L. B. Why we may pretend what we will: but 'tis a hard matter to live without the man we love.

Bel. Especially when we are married to the man we hate. Pray tell me: do the men of the town ever believe us virtuous, when they see us do so?

L. B. O, no: nor indeed hardly, let us do what we will. The most of them think, there is no such thing as virtue, consider'd in the strictest notions of it: and therefore when you hear 'em say, such a one is a woman of reputation, they only mean she's a woman of discretion. For they consider we have no more religion than they have, nor so much morality; and between you and I, *Belinda*, I'm afraid the want of inclination seldom protects any of us.

Bel.

Bel. But what think you of the fear of being found out?

L. B. I think that never kept any woman virtuous long. We are not such cowards neither. No: let us once pass fifteen, and we have too good an opinion of our own cunning, to believe the world can penetrate into what we wou'd keep a secret. And so, in short, we cannot reasonably blame the men for judging of us by themselves.

Bel. But sure we are not so wicked as they are, after all?

L. B. We are as wicked, child, but our vice lies another way: men have more courage than we, so they commit more bold impudent sins. They quarrel, fight, swear, drink, blaspheme, and the like: whereas we, being cowards, only backbite, tell lyes, cheat at cards, and so forth. But 'tis late: let's end our discourse for to-night, and out of an excess of charity, take a small care of that nasty, drunken thing there——Do but look at him, *Belinda*.

Bel. Ah——'tis a favoury duff.

L. B. As favoury as 'tis, I'm cloy'd with't. Pr'ythee call the butler to take away.

Bel. Call the butler?——Call the scavenger! [*To a servant within.*] Who's there: call *Rasor*! let him take away his master, scour him clean with a little soap and sand, and so put him to bed.

L. B. Come, *Belinda*, I'll e'en lie you with you to-night; and in the morning we'll send for our gentlemen to set this matter even.

Bel. With all my heart.

L. B. Good night, my dear,

[*Making a low courtesy to Sir John.*

Both. Ha, ha, ha! [Exit]

Enter *Rasor*.

Ros. My lady there's a wag—My master there's a cuckold. Marriage is a slippery thing—Women have depraved appetites—My lady's a wag; I have heard all; I have seen all; I understand all; and I'll tell all; for my little *French-woman* loves news dearly. This

story'll gain her heart, or nothing will. [*To his master.*]
 Come, sir, your head's too full of fumes at present,
 to make room for your jealousy; but I reckon we shall
 have rare work with you, when your pate's empty.
 Come to your kennel, you cuckoldy, drunken sot, you.

[*Carries him out upon his back;*

*My master's asleep, in his chair, and a snoring,
 My lady's abroad, and— Oh rare matrimony!*

S C E N E, *Lady Fancyful's House.*

Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

L. F. But, why did not you tell me before, *Mademoiselle*, that *Rasor* and you were fond?

Madem. De modesty hinder me, matam.

L. F. Why truly modesty does often hinder us from doing things we have an extravagant mind to. But does he love you well enough yet, to do any thing you bid him? Do you think, to oblige you, he wou'd speak scandal?

Madem. Matam, to oblige your ladyship, he shall speak any thing.

L. F. Why then, *Mademoiselle*, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall engage him to tell his master, all that pass at *Spring-Garden*: I have a mind he shou'd know what a wife and a niece he has got.

Madem. Il le fera, *Madame*.

Enter a footman, who speaks to Mademoiselle apart.

Foot. *Mademoiselle*, yonder's Mr. *Rasor* desires to speak with you.

Madem. Tell him, I come presently. [*Exit footman.*]
Rasor be dere, matam.

L. F. That's fortunate; well, I'll leave you together. And if you find him stubborn, *Mademoiselle*—hark you—don't refuse him a few little reasonable liberties, to put him into humour.

Madem. Laissez moi faire. [*Exit Lady Fancyful.*]
 [*Rasor peeps in; and seeing Lady Fancyful gone, runs to Mademoiselle, takes her about the neck, and kisses her.*

Madem. How now, confidence!

Ras.

Raf. How now, modesty!

Madem. Who make you so familiar, sirrah?

Raf. My impudence, hussy.

Madem. Stand off, rogue-face.

Raf. Ah—*Mademoiselle*——great news at our house.

Madem. Why vat be de matter?

Raf. The matter?—why, uptails, all's the matter.

Madem. Tu te mocque de moi.

Raf. Now do you long to know the particulars: the time when: the place where: the manner how. But I won't tell you a word more.

Madem. Nay, den dou kill me, *Rasor*.

Raf. Come, kifs me, then.

[Clapping his hands behind him.]

Madem. Nay, pridee tell me.

Raf. Good by t'ye.

[Going.]

Madem. Hold, hold: I will kifs dee.

[Kissing him.]

Raf. So, that's civil: why now, my pretty Poll; my goldfinch: my little waterwagtail—you must know, that—Come, kifs me again.

Madem. I won't kifs de no more.

Raf. Good by t'ye.

[Going.]

Madem. Doucement; dere: es-tu content?

[Kissing him.]

Raf. So: now I'll tell thee all. Why the news is, That cuckoldom in folio is newly printed; and matrimony in quarto, is just going into the press. Will you buy any books, *Mademoiselle*?

Madem. Tu parle comme un libraire; de devil no understand dee.

Raf. Why then, that I may make myself intelligible to a waiting-woman, I'll speak like a valet de chambre. My lady has cuckolded my master.

Madem. Bon.

Raf. Which we take very ill from her hands, I can tell her that. We can't yet prove matter of fact upon her.

Madem. N'importe.

Raf. But we can prove, that matter of fact had like to have been upon her.

Madem. Oui-da.

Raf. For we have such bloody circumstances.

Madem. Sans doute.

Raf. That any man of parts may draw tickling conclusions from 'em.

Madem. Fort bien.

Raf. We found a couple of tight well-built gentlemen, stuf into her ladyship's closet.

Madem. Le diable.

Raf. And I, in my particular person, have discovered a 'most damnable' plot, how to persuade my poor master, that all this hide and seek, this *Will* in the *whisp*, has no other meaning than a Christian marriage for sweet Mrs. *Belinda*.

Madem. Une marriage?—Ah les droles.

Raf. Don't you interrupt me, hussy; 'tis agreed, I say. And my innocent lady, to riggle herself out at the back-door of the business, turns marriage-bawd to her niece, and resolves to deliver up her fair body, to be tumbled, and mumbled, by that young liquorish whipster *Heartfree*. Now are you satisfy'd?

Madem. No.

Raf. Right woman; always gaping for more.

Madem. Dis be all den, dat you know?

Raf. All? ay, and a great deal too, I think.

Madem. Dou be fool, dou know noting. Ecoute, mon pauvre *Rasor*. Dou sees des two eyes?—Des two eyes have see de devil.

Rasor. The woman's mad.

Madem. In *Spring-Garden*, dat rogue *Constant* meet dy lady.

Raf. Bon.

Madem.—I'll tell dee no more.

Raf. Nay, pr'ythee, my swan.

Madem. Come, kifs me den.

[Clapping her hands behind her as he did before,

Raf. I wont kifs you, not I.

Madem. Adieu.

[Going.

Raf. Hold———Now proceed.

[Gives her a hearty kiss.

Madem.

Madem. A çà ——— I hide myself in one cunning place, where I hear all, and see all. First dy drunken master come *mal à propos*; but de sot no know his own dear wife, so he leave her to her sport——Den de game begin. De lover say soft ting: de lady look upon de ground. [*As she speaks, Rasor still acts the man, and she the woman.*] He take her by de hand: she turn her head on oder way. Den he squeeze very hard: Den she pull——very softly. Den he take her in his arm: Den she give him leetel pat. Den he kifs her tettons, ‘den she say—pish, nay fy.’ Den he tremble: den she—sigh. Den he pull her into de arbour: den she pinch him.

Raf. Ay, but not so hard, you baggage, you.

Madem. Den he grow bold: she grow weak, he tro her down, il tombe dessu, le diable assist, il emport tout; [*Rasor struggles with her, as if he would throw her down.*] stand off, firrah.

Raf. You have set me a-fire, you jade, you.

Madem. Den go to the river and quench dy self.

Raf. What an unnatural harlot this!

Madem. Rasor. [*Looking languishingly on him.*

Raf. Mademoiselle.

Madem. Dou no love me?

Raf. Not love thee?—More than a *Frenchman* does soup.

Madem. Den dou will refuse nothing dat I bid dee?

Raf. Don't bid me hang myself then.

Madem. No, only tell dy master, all I have tell dee of dy laty.

Raf. Why, you little malicious strumpet, you; shou'd you like to be serv'd so?

Madem. Dou dispute den?—Adieu.

Raf. Hold——But why wilt thou make me be such a rogue, my dear?

Madem. Voilà un vrai Anglois! il est amoureux, et cependant il veut raisonner. Va t'en au diable.

Raf. Hold once more: in hopes thou'lt give me up thy body, I resign thee up my soul.

Madem. Bon, écoute donc;—If dou fail me—
I never see de more—if dou obey me——Je
m'abandonne à toi. [*She takes him about the neck,
and gives him a smacking kiss.*] [*Exit Mademoiselle.*

Raf. [*licking his lips.*] Not be a rogue?—Amor
vincit omnia. [*Exit Rafor.*

Enter Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

Lady Fan. Marry, say ye? will the two things marry?

Madem. On le va faire, madame.

L. F. Look you, *Mademoiselle*, in short, I can't
bear it—No; I find I can't—If once I see 'em
a-bed together, I shall have ten thousand thoughts in
my head will make me run distracted. Therefore run
and call *Rafor* back immediately; for something must
be done to stop this impertinent wedding. If I can
but defer it four and twenty hours, I'll make such
work about town, with that little, pert flut's reputa-
tion, he shall as soon marry a witch.

Madem. [*Aside*] La voilà bien intentionée! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, Constant's lodgings.

Enter Constant and Heartfree.

Const. But what dost think will become of this
business?

Heart. 'Tis easier to think what will not come on't.

Const. What's that?

Heart. A challenge. I know the knight too well
for that; his dear body will always prevail upon his
noble soul to be quiet.

Const. But tho' he dare not challenge me, perhaps
he may venture to challenge his wife.

Heart. Not if you whisper him in the ear, you won't
have him do't, and there's no other way left that I see.
For as drunk as he was, he'll remember you and I were
where we shou'd not be; and I don't think him quite
blockhead enough yet, to be persuaded we were got
into his wife's closet only to peep into her prayer-book.

Enter

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter, a porter brought it.

Const. O ho, here's instructions for us. [*Reads*

The accident that has happen'd has touch'd our invention to the quick. We wou'd fain come off, without your help; but find that's impossible. In a word, the whole business must be throvn upon a matrimonial intrigue, between your friend and mine. But if the parties are not fond enough, to go quite through with the matter; 'tis sufficient for our turn, they own the design. We'll find pretences enough to break the match. Adieu.

—Well, woman for invention! how long wou'd my blockhead have been producing this! — Hey, *Heartfree*: what musing, man? pr'ythee be chearful. What say'st thou, friend, to this matrimonial remedy?

Heart. Why, I say, it's worse than the disease,

Const. Here's a fellow for you: there's beauty and money on her side, and love up to the ears on his: and yet——

Heart. And yet, I think, I may reasonably be allow'd to boggle at marrying the niece, in the very moment that you are debauching the aunt.

Const. Why truly, there may be something in that. But have not you a good opinion enough of your own parts, to believe you cou'd keep a wife to yourself?

Heart. I shou'd have, if I had a good opinion enough of hers, to believe she cou'd do as much by me. ' For to do 'em right, after all, the wife seldom rambles, till the husband shews her the way.

' *Const.* 'Tis true, a man of real worth, scarce ever is a cuckold, but by his own fault. Women are not naturally lewd; there must be something to urge 'em to it. They'll cuckold a churl, out of revenge; a fool, because they despise him; a beast, because they loath him. But when they make bold with a man they once had a well-grounded value for, 'tis because they first see themselves neglected by him.

Heart. Nay, were I well assur'd that I shou'd never grow fir *John*, I ne'er shou'd fear *Belinda* wou'd play my lady. But our weakness thou know'lt, my friend consists in that very change, we so impudently throw upon (indeed) a steadier and more generous sex.

Const. Why, faith, we are a little impudent in that matter, that's the truth on't. But this is wonderful, to see you grown so warm an advocate for those whom (but t'other day) you took so much pains to abuse.

Heart. All revolutions run into extremes; the bigot makes the boldest atheist; and the coyest saint, the most extravagant strumpet. But, pr'ythee, advise me in this good and evil, this life and death, this blessing and cursing, that's set before me. Shall I marry or die a maid?

Const. Why faith, *Heartfree*, matrimony is like an army going to engage. Love's the forlorn hope, which is soon cut off; the marriage-knot is the main body, which may stand buff a long long time; and repentance is the rear-guard, which rarely gives ground, as long as the main body has a being.

Heart. Conclusion then; you advise me to whore on, as you do.

Const. That's not concluded yet. For tho' marriage be a lottery, in which there are a wondrous many blanks; yet there is one ineffimable lot, in which the only heaven on earth is written. Wou'd your kind fate but guide your hand to that, tho' I were wrapt in all that luxury itself could clothe me with, I still shou'd envy you.

Heart. And justly too; for to be capable of loving one; doubtless, is better than to possess a thousand. But how far that capacity's in me, alas, I know not.

Const. But you wou'd know.

Heart. I wou'd so.

Const. Matrimony will inform you. Come, one sight of resolution carries you to the land of experience; where in a very moderate time you'll know the capacity of your soul and your body both, or I'm mistaken.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Sir John Brute's House.*

Enter Lady Brute and Belinda.

Bel. Well madam, what answer have you from 'em?

L. B. That they'll be here this moment. I fancy 'twill end in a wedding: I'm sure he's a fool if it don't. Ten thousand pounds, and such a lass as you are, is no contemptible offer to a younger brother. 'But are not you under strange agitations? Pr'ythee, how does your pulse beat?

Bel. High and low, I have much a do to be valiant: 'sure it muſt feel very ſtrange to go to bed to a man?

L. B. Um——it does feel a little odd at firſt, 'but it will ſoon grow eaſy to you.'

Enter Conſtant and Heartfree.

L. B. Good-morrow, gentlemen: How have you ſlept after your adventure?

Heart. Some careful thoughts, ladies, on your account, have kept us waking.

Bel. And ſome careful thoughts on your own, I believe, have hindered you from ſleeping. Pray how does this matrimonial project reliſh with you?

Heart. Why, faith, e'en as ſtorming towns does with ſoldiers, where the hopes of delicious plunder baniſhes the fear of being knock'd on the head.

Bel. Is it then poſſible, after all, that you dare think of downright lawful wedlock?

Heart. Madam you have made me ſo fool-hardy, I dare do any thing.

Bel. Then, ſir, I challenge you; and matrimony's the ſpot where I expect you.

Heart. 'Tis enough? I'll not fail. [*afide*] So, now, I am in for *Hobbes's* voyage; a great leap in the dark.

L. B. Well, gentlemen, this matter being concluded then, have you got your leſſons ready; for ſir *John* is grown ſuch an atheiſt of late, he'll believe nothing upon eaſy terms?

Conſt. We'll find ways to extend his faith, madam.

But

But pray how do you find him this morning ?

L. B. Most lamentably morose, chewing the cud after last night's discovery, of which however he had but a confus'd notion e'en now. But I'm afraid the valet de chambre has told him all ; for they are very busy together at this moment. When I told him of *Belinda's* marriage, I had no other answer but a grunt : from which you may draw what conclusions you think fit. But to your notes, gentlemen, he's here.

Enter Sir John and Raſor.

Conſt. Good-morrow, ſir.

Heart. Good-morrow, ſir *John*, I'm very ſorry my indiscretion ſhou'd cauſe ſo much diſorder in your family.

Sir J. Diſorders generally come from indiscretion, ſir ; 'tis no ſtrange thing at all.

L. B. I hope, my dear, you are ſatisfied there was no wrong intended you.

Sir J. None, my dove.

Bel. If not, I hope my conſent to marry Mr. *Heart-free* will convince you. For aſ little as I know of amours, ſir, I can aſſure you, one intrigue is enough to bring four people together, without further miſchief.

Sir J. And I know too, that intrigues tend to procreation of more kinds than one. One intrigue will beget another, as ſoon as beget a ſon or a daughter.

Conſt. I am very ſorry, ſir, to ſee you ſtill ſeem unſatisfy'd with a lady, whoſe more than common virtue, I am ſure were ſhe my wife, ſhou'd meet a better uſage.

Sir J. Sir, if her conduct has put a trick upon her virtue, her virtue's the bubble, but her husband's the loſer.

Conſt. Sir, you have receiv'd a ſufficient answer already, to juſtify both her conduct and mine. You'll pardon me for meddling in your family-affairs ; but I perceive I am the man you are jealous of, and therefore it concerns me.

Sir J. Wou'd it did not concern me, and then I ſhou'd not care who it concern'd.

Conſt. Well, ſir, if truth and reaſon won't content you,

you, I know but one way more, which, if you think fit, you may take.

Sir J. Lord, sir, you are very hasty: If I had been found at prayers in your wife's closet, I shou'd have allow'd you twice as much time to come to yourself in.

Const. Nay, sir, if time be all you want, we have no quarrel.

Heart. I told you how the sword wou'd work upon him. *[Sir John muses.*

Const. Let him muse; however, I'll lay fifty pound our foreman brings us in not guilty.

Sir J. *[Aside]* 'Tis well——'tis very well—— In spite of that young jade's matrimonial intrigue, I am a downright stinking cuckold——Here they are——ho——*[Putting his hand to his forehead]* methinks, I could butt with a bull. What the plague did I marry her for? I knew she did not like me; if she had, she wou'd have lain with me; for I wou'd have done so, because I lik'd her; but that's past, and I have her. And now, what shall I do with her?——if I put my horns into my pocket, she'll grow insolent——if I don't, that goat there, that stallion, is ready to whip me thro' the guts——The debate then is reduced to this; shall I die a hero, or live a rascal?——Why, wiser men than I have long since concluded, that a living dog is better than a dead lion——*[To Const. and Heart.]* Gentlemen, now my wine and my passion are governable, I must own, I have never observ'd any thing in my wife's course of life, to back me in my jealousy of her: but jealousy's a mark of love; so she need not trouble her head about it, as long as I make no more words on't.

Lady Fancyful enters disguis'd, and addresses to Belinda apart.

Const. I'm glad to see your reason rule at last! Give me your hand: I hope you'll look upon me as you are wont.

Sir J. Your humble servant. *[aside]* A wheedling son of a whore.

Heart. And that I may be sure you are friends with

me too, pray give me your consent to wed your niece:

Sir J. Sir, you have it with all my heart: damn me if you han't. [*aside.*] 'Tis time to get rid of her: a young, pert pimp; she'll make an incomparable bawd in a little time.

Enter a Servant, who gives Heartfree a Letter.

Bel. Heartfree your husband, say you? 'tis impossible.

L. F. Wou'd to kind heaven it were! but 'tis too true; and in the world there lives not such a wretch. I'm young; and either I have been flatter'd by my friends, as well as glass, or nature has been kind and generous to me. I had a fortune too was greater far than he could ever hope for; but with my heart I am robb'd of all the rest. I am slighted and I'm beggar'd both at once; I have scarce a bare subsistence from the villain, yet dare complain to none; for he has sworn if ever 'tis known I am his wife, he'll murder me.

[*Weeping.*]

Bel. The traitor!

L. F. I accidentally was told he courted you: charity soon prevail'd upon me to prevent your misery; and, as you see, I'm still so generous even to him, as not so suffer he should do a thing, for which the law might take away his life.

[*Weeping.*]

Bel. Poor creature! how I pity her!

[*they continue talking aside.*]

Heart. [*aside*] Death and damnation!——Let me read it again. [*Reads.*] *Tho' I have a particular reason not to let you know who I am till I see you; yet you'll easily believe 'tis a faithful friend that gives you this advice. I have lain with Belinda (Good!)—I have a child by her (better and better!) which is now at nurse; (Heaven be prais'd!) and I think the foundation laid for another: (Ha!——Old Truepenny!)—No rack cou'd have tortur'd this story from me; but friendship has done it. I heard of your design to marry her, and cou'd not see you abus'd. Make use of my advice, but keep my secret till I ask you for't again, Adieu.* [*Exit Lady Fancyful.*]

[*Const. to Bel.*] Come, madam, shall we send for the parson? I doubt here's no business for the lawyer: younger

younger brothers have nothing to settle but the hearts, and that I believe my friend here has already done very faithfully.

Bel. [*scornfully*] Are you sure, sir, there are no old mortgages upon it?

Heart. [*coldly*] If you think there are, madam, it may'nt be amiss to defer the marriage till you are sure they are paid off.

Bel. [*Aside*] How the gall'd horse kicks!

To Heart. We'll defer it as long as you please, sir.

Heart. The more time we take to consider on't, madam, the less apt we shall be to commit oversights; therefore, if you please, we will put it off for just nine months.

Bel. Guilty consciences make men cowards; I don't wonder you want time to resolve.

Heart. And they make women desperate; I don't wonder you were so quickly determin'd.

Bel. What does the fellow mean?

Heart. What does the lady mean?

Sir J. Zoons what do you both mean?

[*Heart. and Bel. walk chafing about.*]

Raf. [*aside.*] Here is so much sport going to be spoil'd it makes me ready to weep again. A pox o' this impertinent Lady *Fancyful*, and her plots, and her *French-woman* too; 'she's a whimsical ill-natur'd bitch, 'and when I have got my bones broke in her service, 'tis ten to one but my recompence is a clap;' I hear them tittering without still. I-cod, I'll e'en go lug them both in by the ears and discover the plot, to secure my pardon. [*Exit Rasor.*]

Const. Pr'ythee, explain *Heartfree*.

Heart. A fair deliverance; thank my stars and my friend.

Bel. 'Tis well it went no farther; a base fellow!

L. B. What can be the meaning of all this?

Bel. What's his meaning, I don't know; but mine is, that if I had married him—I had had no husband.

Heart. And what's her meaning I don't know; but mine

THE PROVOK'D WIFE.

mine is, that if I had married her—I had had wife enough.

Sir J. Your people of wit have got such cramp ways of expressing themselves, they seldom comprehend one another. Pox take you both, will you speak that you may be understood?

Enter Rafor in sackcloth, pulling in Lady Fancyful and Mademoiselle.

Raf. If they won't, here comes an interpreter.

L. B. Heavens! what have we here?

Raf. A villain——but a repenting villain. 'Stuff which faints in all ages have been made of.'

All. Rafor!

L. B. What means this 'sudden metamorphose?'

Raf. Nothing without my pardon.

L. B. What pardon do you want?

Raf. Imprimis. Your ladyship's; for a damnable lie made upon your spotless virtue, and set to the tune of *Spring Garden*. [*To Sir John.*] Next, at my generous master's feet I bend, for interrupting his more noble thoughts with phantoms of disgraceful cuckoldom. [*To Const.*] Thirdly, I to this gentleman apply, for making him the hero of my romance. [*To Heart.*] Fourthly, your pardon, noble sir, I ask, for clandestinely marrying you, without either bidding of banns, bishop's licence, friends consent——or your own knowledge. [*To Bel.*] And, lastly, to my good young lady's clemency I come, for pretending the corn was sow'd in the ground, before ever the plough had been in the field.

Sir J. [*Aside.*] So that after all, 'tis a moot point, whether I am a cuckold or not.

Bel. Well, sir, upon condition you confess all, I'll pardon you myself, and try to obtain as much from the rest of the company. But I must know then who 'tis has put you upon all this mischief?

Raf. Satan, and his equipage; woman tempted me, lust weakened me,——and so the devil over-came me; as fell *Adam*, so fell I.

Bel. Then pray, Mr. *Adam*, will you make us acquainted with your *Eve*?

Raf.

Raf. [*To Madem.*] Unmask for the honour of *France*.
All. Mademoiselle!

Madem. Me ask ten thousand pardon of all de good company.

Sir J. Why this mystery thickens instead of clearing up. [*To Rafor.*] You son of a whore you, put us out of our pain.

Raf. One moment brings sunshine. [*Shewing Madem.*] 'Tis true, this is the woman that tempted me, but this is the serpent that tempted the woman; and if my prayers might be heard, her punishment for so doing shou'd be like the serpent's of old—— [*Pulls off Lady Fancyful's mask.*] She should lie upon her face all the days of her life.

All. Lady Fancyful!

Bel. Impertinent!

L. B. Ridiculous!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Bel. I hope your ladyship will give me leave to wish you joy, since you have own'd your marriage yourself— [*To Heart.*] I vow 'twas strangely wicked in you to think of another wife, when you had one already so charming as her ladyship.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

L. F. [*Aside.*] Confusion seize 'em, as it seizes me!

Madem. Que le diable étouffe ce mauraute de *Rafor*.

Bel. Your ladyship seems disorder'd: a breeding qualm, perhaps, Mr. *Heartfree*: your bottle of *Hungary* water to your lady. Why, madam, he stands as unconcern'd, as if he were your husband in earnest.

L. F. Your mirth's as nauseous as yourself. *Belinda*, you think you triumph over a rival now: *Helas!* ma pauvre fille. Where'er I'm rival, there's no cause for mirth. No, my poor wretch, 'tis from another principle I have acted. I knew that thing there wou'd make so perverse a husband, and you so impertinent a wife, that lest your mutual plagues should make you both run mad, I charitably would have broke the match. He! he! he! he! he!

[*Exit. laughing affectedly, Mademoiselle following her.*
Madem.

Madem. He! he! he! he! he!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Sir J. [*Aside*] Why now, this woman will be married to somebody too.

Bel. Poor creature! what a passion she's in! but I forgive her.

Heart. Since you have so much goodness for her, I hope you'll pardon my offence too, madam.

Bel. There will be no great difficulty in that, since I am guilty of an equal fault.

Heart. Then pardons being past on all sides, pray let's to church to conclude the day's work.

Const. But before you go, let me treat you, pray, with a song a new married lady made within this week; it may be of use to you both.

SONG.

I.

WHEN yielding first to Damon's flame,
 I sunk into his arms;
 He swore he'd ever be the same,
 Then rifled all my charms.
 But fond of what he'd long desir'd,
 Too greedy of his prey,
 My shepherd's flame, alas! expir'd
 Before the verge of day.

II.

My innocence in lovers wars,
 Reproach'd his quick defeat;
 Confus'd, asham'd, and bath'd in tears,
 I mourn'd his cold retreat.
 At length, ah shepherdess! cry'd he,
 Wou'd you my fire renew,
 Alas, you must retreat like me,
 I'm lost if you pursue.

Heart. So, madam; now had the parson but done his business—

Bel.

‘ *Bel.* You’d be half weary of your bargain.

‘ *Heart.* No, sure, I might dispense with one night’s lodging.

‘ *Bel.* I’m ready to try, sir.’

Heart. Then let’s to church;

And if it be our chance to disagree——

Bel. Take heed—the surly husband’s fate you see.

“ *Sir J.* Surly I may be, stubborn I am not,

“ *For I have both forgiven and forgot;*

“ *If so, be these our judges, Mrs. Pert,*

“ *’Tis more by my goodness, than your desert.”*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lady BRUTE and BELINDA.

L. B. *NO* epilogue!

Bel. *I swear I know of none.*

L. B. *Lord! how shall we excuse it to the town?*

Bel. *Why, we must e'en say something of our own.*

L. B. *Our own! ay, that must needs be precious stuff.*

Bel. *I'll lay my life they'll like it well enough.*

Come, faith, begin—————

L. B. *Excuse me, after you.*

Bel. *Nay, pardon me for that, I know my cue.*

L. B. *O for the world, I wou'd not have precedence.*

Bel. *O Lord!*

L. B. *I swear—————*

Bel. *O sye!*

L. B. *I'm all obedience.*

First then, know all, before our doom is fixt,

The third day is for us—————

Bel. *Nay and the sixth.*

L. B. *We speak not from the poet now, nor is it*

His cause—— (I want a rhyme)

Bel. *That we sollicit.*

L. B. *Then sure you cannot have the heart to be severe*

And damn us—————

Bel. *Damn us! Let 'em, if they dare.*

L. B. *Why, if they should, what punishment remains?*

Bel. *Eternal exile from behind our scenes.*

L. B. *But if they're kind, that sentence we'll recall.*

We can be grateful—————

Bel. *And have where-withal*

L. B. *And at grand treaties hope not to be trusted,*

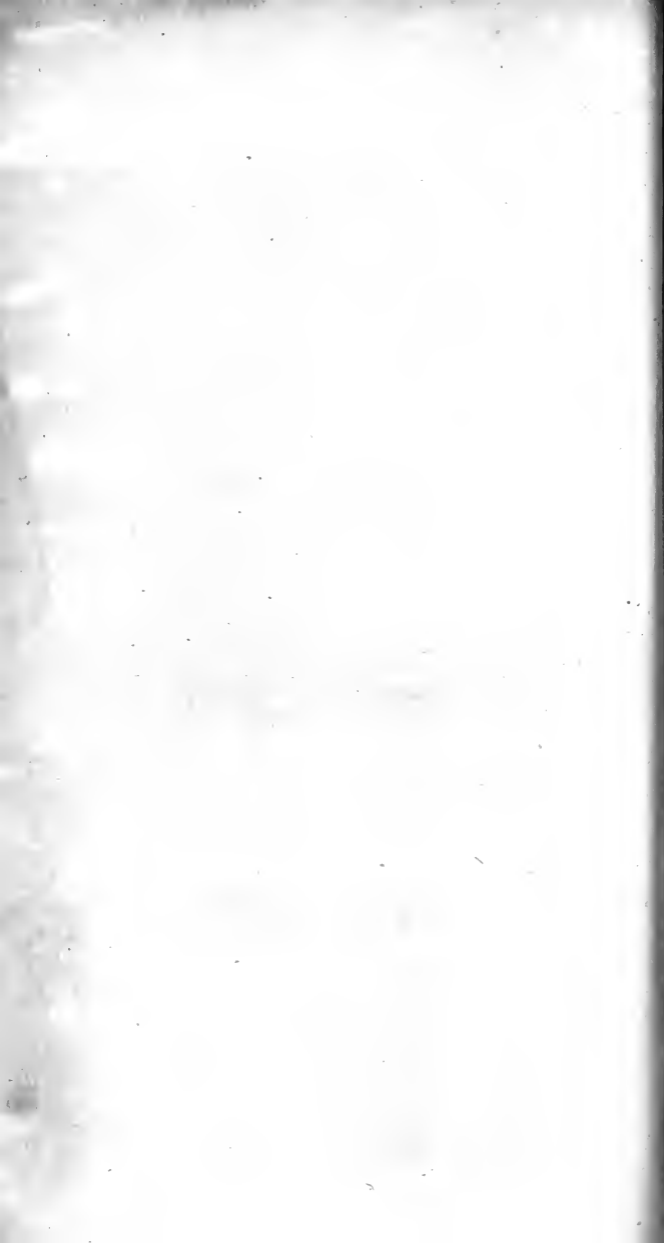
Before preliminaries are adjusted.

Bel. *You know the time, and we appoint this place;*

Where, if you please, we'll meet, and sign the peace.

F. I N I S.

Oh



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