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The
NEW ENGLISH THEATRE.

VOL. XI.

Confederacy, Minor, Country Wife,
Chances, Wonder.



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T H E
C I T Y W I V E S
C O N F E D E R A C Y .

A
C O M E D Y .

By Sir JOHN VANBRUGH.

Marked with the Variations of the

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

A T T H E

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.



L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR J. RIVINGTON AND SONS,
L. DAVIS, W. NICOLL, AND S. BLADON.
M.DCC.LXXVII.

The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with single inverted Commas; as at Line 8, in Page 9.

P R O L O G U E.

YE Gods! what crime had my poor father done,
 That you should make a Poet of his son?
 Or is't for some great services of his,
 Y'are pleas'd to compliment his boy——with this?
 [Shewing his crown of laurel.

The honour, I must needs confess, is great,
 If, with his crown, you'd tell him where to eat.
 'Tis well—But I have more complaints—look, here!
 [Shewing his ragged coat.

Hark ye:—d'ye think this suit good winter wear?
 In a cold morning; whu——at a Lord's gate,
 How you have let the porter let me wait?
 You'll say, perhaps, you knew I'd get no harm;
 You'd gi'v'n me fire enough to keep me warm.
 Ab——

A world of blessings to that fire we owe;
 Without it, I'd ne'er make this princely show.
 I have a brother too, now in my sight,
 [Looking behind the scenes.

A busy man amongst us here to-night:
 Your fire has made him play a thousand pranks,
 For which, no doubt, you've had his daily thanks;
 He'as thank'd you, first, for all his decent plays,
 Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for praise.
 Next for his meddling with some folks in black,
 And bringing—Soule—a priest upon his back;
 For building houses here t'oblige the peers,
 And fetching all their house about his ears;
 For a new play he'as now thought fit to write,
 To sooth the town—which they—will damn to-night.

These benefits are such, no man can doubt
 But he'll go on, and set your fancy out,
 Till far reward of all his noble deeds,
 At last, like other sprightly folks, he speeds:
 Has this great recompence fix'd on his brow
 At fam'd Parnassus; has your leave to bow
 And walk about the streets—equip'd—as I am now. }

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

At Covent Garden. At Drury Lane.

Gripe, } *Two rich money scriveners.* } —
 Moneytrap, } —
 Dick, a gamester, son to Mrs. Amllet —
 Brads, his companion, passes for his valet de chambre. —
 Clip, a goldsmith. —
 Jessamin, footboy to Clarissa. —

W O M E N.

Clarissa, wife to Gripe, an expensivve, luxurious woman, a great admirer of quality. } Mrs. LESSINGHAM.
 Araminta, wife to Moneytrap, very intimate with Clarissa, of the same humour. } Mrs. BAKER.
 Corinna, daughter to Gripe by a former wife, a good fortune, young, and kept very close by her father. } Mrs. KNIVETON.
 Flippanta, Clarissa's maid. — Mrs. GREEN.
 Mrs. Amllet, a seller of all sorts of private affairs to the ladies. Mrs. PITT.
 Mrs. Cloggit, her neighbour. — Mrs. COPIN.

T H E

C I T Y W I V E S

C O N F E D E R A C Y.

ACT I. SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Mrs. Amlet and Mrs. Cloggit meeting.

Aml. **G**OOD-morrow, neighbour; good-morrow, neighbour Cloggit! How does all at your house this morning?

Clog. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Amlet, thank you kindly; how do you do, I pray?

Aml. At the old rate, neighbour, poor and honest; these are hard times, good lack.

Clog. If they are hard with you, what are they with us? You have a good trade going; all the great folks in town help you off with your merchandise.

Aml. Yes, they do help us off with them indeed; they buy all.

Clog. And pay——

Aml. For some.

Clog. Well, 'tis a thousand pities, Mrs. Amlet, they are not as ready at one, as they are at t'other: for, not to wrong 'em, they give very good rates.

Aml. O for that, let's do 'em justice, neighbour; they never make two words upon the price, all they haggle about is the day of payment.

Clog. There's all the dispute, as you say.

Aml. But that's a wicked one: for my part, neighbour, I'm just tir'd off my legs with trotting after 'em; besides, it eats out all our profit. Would you believe it, Mrs. Cloggit, I have worn out four pair of pattins, with following my old lady Youthful, for one set of false teeth, and but three pots of paint.

Clog. Look you there now.

Aml. If they wou'd but once let me get enough by 'em to keep a coach to carry me a dunning after 'em, there would be some conscience in it.

Clog. Ay, that were something. But now you talk of conscience, Mrs. Amlet, how do you speed amongst your city customers?

Aml. My city customers! Now, by my truth, neighbour, between the city and the court, (with reverence be it spoken) there's not a — to choofe. My ladies in the city, in times past, were as full of gold as they were of religion, and as punctual in their payments as they were in their prayers; but since they have set their minds upon quality, adieu one, adieu t'other; their money and their consciences are gone, Heav'n knows where. There is not a goldsmith's wife to be found in town, but's as hard-hearted as an ancient judge, and as poor as a towering duchess.

Clog. But what the murrain have they to do with quality? why don't their husbands make 'em mind their shops?

Aml. Their husbands! their husbands, say'st thou, woman? Alack, alack; they mind their husbands, neighbour, no more than they do a sermon.

Clog. Good lack-a-day, that women, born of sober parents, should be prone to follow ill examples! But now we talk of quality, when did you hear of your son Richard, Mrs. Amlet? My daughter Flipp says she met him t'other day in a lac'd coat, with three fine ladies, his footman at his heels, and as gay as a bridegroom.

Aml. Is it possible? Ah, the rogue! Well, neighbour, All's well that ends well! But Dick will be hang'd.

Clog. That were pity.

Aml. Pity, indeed; for he's a hopeful young man to look on; but he leads a life——Well——where he has it, Heav'n knows; but they say, he pays his club with the best of 'em. I have seen him but once these three months, neighbour, and then the varlet wanted money; but I bid him march, and march he did to some purpose; for in less than an hour back comes my gentleman into the house, walks to and fro

in the room, with his wig over his shoulder, his hat on one side, whistling a minuet, and tossing a purse of gold from one hand to t'other, with no more respect (Heav'n bless us!) than if it had been an orange. Sirrah, says I, where have you got that? He answers me never a word, but sets his arms a-kimbo, cocks his saucy hat in my face, turns about upon his ungracious heel, as much as to say kifs —, and I've never set eyes on him since.

Clog. Look you there now; to see what the youth of this age are come to!

Aml. See what they will come to, neighbour. Heaven shield, I say; but Dick's upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good-morrow; I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry welcome.

Clog. To get in some old debt, I'll warrant you?

Aml. Neither better nor worse.

Clog. From a lady of quality?

Aml. No, she's but a scrivener's wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest countess of 'em all.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter Brags solus.

Brags. Well, surely through the world's wide extent, there never appeared so impudent a fellow as my school-fellow Dick; to pass himself upon the town for a gentleman, drop into all the best company with an easy air, as if his natural element were in the sphere of quality; when the rogue had a kettle-drum to his father, who was hang'd for robbing a church, and has a pedlar to his mother, who carries her sloop under her arm. But here he comes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Well, Brags, what news? Hast thou given my letter to Flippanta?

Brags. I'm but just come; I han't knock'd at the door yet. But I have a damn'd piece of news for you.

Dick. As how?

Brags. We must quit this country.

Dick. We'll be hang'd first.

Brags. So you will, if you stay.

Dick. Why, what's the matter?

Brags. There's a storm coming.

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Dick. From whence?

Brafs. From the worst point in the compass, the law.

Dick. The law! why, what have I to do with the law?

Brafs. Nothing; and therefore it has something to do with you.

Dick. Explain.

Brafs. You know you cheated a young fellow at picquet t'other day, of the money he had to raise his company.

Dick. Well, what then?

Brafs. Why, he's sorry he lost it.

Dick. Who doubts that?

Brafs. Ay, but that is not all, he's such a fool to think of complaining on't.

Dick. Then I must be so wise to stop his mouth.

Brafs. How?

Dick. Give him a little back; if that won't do, strangle him.

Brafs. You are very quick in your methods.

Dick. Men must be so, that will dispatch business.

Brafs. Hark you, colonel, your father dy'd in 's bed?

Dick. He might have done, if he had not been a fool.

Brafs. Why, he robb'd a church.

Dick. Ay, but he forgot to make sure of the sexton.

Brafs. Are not you a great rogue?

Dick. Or I should wear worse clothes.

Brafs. Hark you, I would advise you to change your life.

Dick. And turn ballad-finger.

Brafs. Not so, neither.

Dick. What then?

Brafs. Why, if you can get this young wench, reform and live honest.

Dick. That's the way to be starv'd.

Brafs. No, she has money enough to buy you a good place, and pay me into the bargain for helping her to so good a match. You have but this throw left to save you, for you are not ignorant, youngster, that your morals begin to be pretty well known about town;

town; have a care your noble birth and your honourable relations are not discovered too; there needs but that, to have you tofs'd in a blanket, for the entertainment of the first company of ladies you intrude into; and then, like a dutiful son, you may daggle about with your mother, and sell paint: she's old and weak, and wants somebody to carry her goods after her. How like a dog will you look, with 'a pair of plod shoes,' your hair cropp'd up to your ears, and a band-box under your arm?

Dick. Why, faith, Brafs, I think thou art in the right on't; I must fix my affairs quickly, or madam Fortune will be playing some of her bitch-tricks with me; therefore I'll tell thee what we'll do; we'll pursue this old rogue's daughter heartily; we'll cheat his family to some purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of mankind.

Brafs. Have at her then, I'll about your business presently.

Dick. 'One kifs'——and success attend thee.

[Exit Dick.

Brafs. A great rogue——Well, I say nothing. But when I have got the thing into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the house like a cheese. Now for Flippanta.

[He knocks.

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. Who's that? Brafs!

Brafs. Flippanta!

Flip. What want you, rogue's face?

Brafs. Is your mistress dress'd?

Flip. What, already? Is the fellow drunk?

Brafs. Why, with respect to her looking-glass, it's almost two.

Flip. What then, fool?

Brafs. Why then it's time for the mistress of the house to come down, and look after her family.

Flip. Pr'ythee don't be an owl. Those that go to bed at night may rise in the morning; we that go to bed in the morning, may rise in the afternoon.

Brafs. When does she make her visits then?

Flip. By candle-light; 'it helps off a muddy complexion;' we women hate inquisitive sun-shine; but

do you know that my lady is going to turn good housewife ?

Brass. What, is she going to die ?

Flip. Die !

Brass. Why, that's the only way to save money for her family.

Flip. No ; but she has thought of a project to save chair-hire.

Brass. As how ?

Flip. Why all the company she us'd to keep abroad, she now intends shall meet her at her own house. Your master has advis'd her to set up a basket-table.

Brass. Nay, if he advis'd her to it, it's right ; but has she acquainted her husband with it yet ?

Flip. What to do ? When the company meet he'll see them.

Brass. Nay, that's true, as you say, he'll know it soon enough.

Flip. Well, I must be gone ; have you any business with my lady ?

Brass. Yes, as ambassador from Araminta, I have a letter for her.

Flip. Give it me.

Brass. Hold——and as first minister of state to the colonel, I have an affair to communicate to thee.

Flip. What is't ? quick.

Brass. Why —— he's in love.

Flip. With what ?

Brass. A woman——and her money together.

Flip. Who is she ?

Brass. Corinna.

Flip. What wou'd he be at ?

Brass. At her——if she's at leisure.

Flip. Which way ?

Brass. Honourably——He has ordered me to demand her of thee in marriage.

Flip. Of me ?

Brass. Why, when a man of quality has a mind to a city-fortune, would't it have him apply to her father and mother.

Flip. No.

Brass. No, so I think : men of our end of the town

THE CONFEDERACY. H

town are better bred than to use ceremony. With a long perriwig we strike the lady, with a you-know-what we soften the maid; and when the parson has done his job, we open the affair to the family. Will you slip this letter into her prayer-book, my little queen? It's a very passionate one—It's seal'd with a heart and a dagger; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

Flip. Are there any verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

Brafs. Not one word in prose; it's dated in rhyme.

[She takes it.]

Flip. Well, but—have you brought nothing else?

Brafs. Gad forgive me; I'm the forgetfullest dog.—I have a letter for you too—here—'tis in a purse, but it's in prose; you won't touch it.

Flip. Yes, hang it, it is not good to be too dainty.

Brafs. How useful a virtue is humility! Well, child, we shall have an answer to-morrow, shan't we?

Flip. I can't promise you that; for our young gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she would be. Her father (who is a citizen from the foot to the forehead of him) lets her seldom converse with her mother-in-law and me, for fear she should learn the airs of a woman of quality. But I'll take the first occasion: see there's my lady, go in and deliver your letter to her.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E *a* Parlour.

Enter Clarissa, followed by Flippanta and Brafs.

Clar. No messages this morning from any body, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! O, there's Brafs! I did not see thee, Brafs. What news dost thou bring?

Brafs. Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

Clar. Give it to me—Open it for me, Flippanta, I am so lazy to-day.

[Sitting down.]

Brafs. *[To Flip.]* Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this.

Flip. Don't trouble thyself, I'm no novice.

Clar. *[To Brafs.]* 'Tis well; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

Brafs. Your ladyship has no further commands, then ?

Clar. Not at this time, honest Brafs. Flippanta !
[*Exit Brafs.*]

Flip. Madam.

Clar. My husband's in love.

Flip. In love ?

Clar. With Araminta.

Flip. Impossible !

Clar. This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

Flip. Methinks you are not very much alarm'd.

Clar. No ; thou know'st I'm not much tortur'd with jealousy.

Flip. Nay, you are much in the right on't, madam ; for jealousy's a city passion, 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

Clar. Fy ! a woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould, who is either troubled or pleas'd with any thing her husband can do to her. Pr'ythee mention him no more ; 'tis the dullest theme——

Flip. 'Tis splenetic indeed. But when once you open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

Clar. Alas, Flippanta, I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too.

Flip. How so ?

Clar. Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already ; and four-and-twenty hours, thou know'st, is enough to make one weary of any thing.

Flip. Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together : you never know what you would have.

Clar. Thou mistakest the thing quite. I always know what I want, but I am never pleas'd with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

Flip. Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other women would think themselves blest in your case ; handsom, witty, lov'd by every body, and of so happy a composure, to care a fig for nobody. You have no one passion, but that of your pleasures, and you have in me a servant devoted to
all

all your desires, let them be as extravagant as they will: yet all this is nothing, you can still be out of humour.

Clar. Alas, I have too much cause.

Flip. Why, what have you to complain of?

Clar. Alas, I have more subjects for spleen than one: Is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a scrivener's wife?—Come,—don't flatter me, don't you think Nature design'd me for something *plus élevée*?

Flip. Nay, that's certain; but on th' other side, methinks, you ought to be in some measure content, since you live like a woman of quality, tho' you are none.

Clar. O fy! the very quintessence of it is wanting.

Flip. What's that?

Clar. Why, I dare abuse nobody: I'm afraid to affront people, tho' I don't like their faces; 'or to 'ruin their reputations, tho' they pique me to it, by 'taking ever so much pains to preserve 'em:' I dare not raise a lie of a man, tho' he neglects to make love to me; nor report a woman to be a fool, tho' she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, tho' they come to ask me for what I owe them.

Flip. All this is very hard indeed.

Clar. Ah, Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value.

Flip. They are of some use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have every thing. You have wit and beauty, and a fool to your husband: come, come, madam, that's a good portion for one.

Clar. Alas, what signifies beauty and wit, when one dares neither jilt the men, nor abuse the women? 'Tis a sad thing, Flippanta, when wit's confin'd, 'tis worse than the rising of the lights; I have been sometimes almost chok'd with scandal, and durst not cough it up for want of being a countess.

Flip. Poor lady!

Clar. O! liberty is a fine thing, Flippanta, it's a great help in conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company
tho

the most agreeably in the world, only with her malice. But 'tis in vain to repine, I can't mend my condition, till my husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the state I am in.

Flip. That's your best way, Madam; and in order to it, pray consider how you'll get some ready money to set your basset-table a-going: for that's necessary.

Clar. Thou say'st true: but what trick I shall play my husband to get some, I don't know: for my pretence of losing my diamond necklace has put the man into such a passion, I'm afraid he won't hear reason.

Flip. No matter; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest: so I fancy you may venture to sell it, and raise money that way.

Clar. That can't be, for he has left odious notes with all the goldsmiths in town.

Flip. Well, we must pawn it then.

Clar. I'm quite tir'd with dealing with those pawn-brokers.

Flip. I'm afraid you'll continue the trade a great while for all that. [*Aside.*

Enter Jessamin.

Jess. Madam, there's the woman below that sells paint and patches, iron-bodice, false teeth, and all sorts of things to the ladies; I can't think of her name.

Flip. 'Tis Mrs. Amlet; she wants money.

Clar. Well, I han't enough for myself, it's an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

Flip. She's a troublesome jade.

Clar. So are all people that come a dunning.

Flip. What will you do with her?

Clar. I have just now thought on't. She's very rich, that woman is, Flippanta; I'll borrow some money of her.

Flip. Borrow! sure you jest, madam.

Clar. No, I'm in earnest; I give thee commission to do it for me.

Flip. Me!

Clar. Why dost thou stare, and look so ungainly? Don't I speak to be understood?

Flip. Yes, I understand you well enough; but Mrs. Amlet

Clar.

Clar. But Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money; where shall I have any to pay her else?

Flip. That's true; I never thought of that truly. But here she is.

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Clar. How d' you do? How d' you do, Mrs. Amlet? I han't seen you these thousand years, and yet I believe I'm down in your books.

Aml. O, madam, I don't come for that, alack.

Flip. Good-morrow, Mrs. Amlet.

Aml. Good-morrow, Mrs. Flippanta.

Clar. How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me.—There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over.

Clar. Let me see it, for I hate to be in debt, where I am obliged to pay. [*Aside.*]—[*Reads.*] Imprimis. For bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left hip—O fy, this does not belong to me.

Aml. I beg your ladyship's pardon. I mistook indeed; 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnish'd her two years ago with three pair of hips, and am not paid for them yet: but some are better customers than some. There's your ladyship's bill, madam.

Clar. For the idea of a new-invented commode—Ay, this may be mine, but 'tis of a preposterous length. Do you think I can waste time to read every article, Mrs. Amlet? I'd as lief read a sermon.

Aml. Alack-a-day, there's no need of fatiguing yourself at that rate; cast an eye only, if your honour pleases, upon the sum total.

Clar. Total; fifty-six pound—and odd things.

Flip. But six-and-fifty pound!

Aml. Nay, another body would have made it twice as much, but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit.

Clar. Flippanta, go to my cashier, let him give you six-and-fifty pound. Make haste: don't you hear me? six-and-fifty pound. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

Flip.

Flip. No, madam, I, I comprehend six-and-fifty pound, but——

Clar. But go and fetch it then.

Flip. What she means, I don't know; [*Afide.*] but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the money.

[*Exit Flip.*]

Clar. [*Setting her hair in a pocket-glass.*] The trade you follow gives you a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Amlet.

Aml. Alack-a-day, a world of pain, madam, and yet there's small profit, as your honour fees by your bill.

Clar. Poor woman! Sometimes you have great losses, Mrs. Amlet.

Aml. I have two thousand pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten shillings.

Clar. Poor woman! you have a great charge of children, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Only one wicked rogue, madam, who, I think, will break my heart.

Clar. Poor woman!

Aml. He'll be hang'd, madam——that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, Heav'n knows; but he's always shaking his heels with the ladies, and his elbows with the lords. He's as fine as a prince, and as grim as the best of them; but the ungracious rogue tells all he comes near that his mother is dead, and I am but his nurse.

Clar. Poor woman!

Aml. Alas, madam, he's like the rest of the world; every body's for appearing to be more than they are, and that ruins all.

Clar. Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me, I have a little business, Flippanta will bring you your money presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet.

[*Exit Clarissa.*]

Aml. And I return your honour many thanks. [*Sola.*] Ah, there's my good lady, not so much as read her bill; if the rest were like her, I should soon have money enough to go as fine as Dick himself.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Sure Flippanta must have given my letter by
this

this time; [*Afide.*] I long to know how it has been received.

Aml. Misericorde! what do I see!

Dick. Fiends and hags—the witch my mother!

Aml. Nay, 'tis he; ah, my poor Dick, what art thou doing here?

Dick. What a misfortune—— [*Afide.*]

Aml. Good Lard! how thou art bravely deck'd! But it's all one, I am thy mother still! and tho' thou art a wicked child, Nature will speak, I love thee Dick, still; ah, Dick, my poor Dick! [*Embracing him.*]

Dick. Blood and thunder! will you ruin me?
[*Breaking from her.*]

Aml. Ah, the blasphemous rogue, how he swears!

Dick. You destroy all my hopes.

Aml. Will your mother's kifs destroy you, varlet? Thou art an ungracious bird; kneel down, and ask me blessing, firrah.

Dick. Death and furies!

Aml. Ah, he's a proper young man; see what a shape he has! ah, poor child!

[*Running to embrace him, he still avoiding her.*]

Dick. Oons! keep off, the woman's mad. If any body comes, my fortune's lost.

Aml. What fortune, ha? speak, Graceless. Ah, Dick, thou'lt be hang'd, Dick.

Dick. Good dear mother now, don't call me Dick here.

Aml. Not call thee Dick! Is it not thy name? What shall I call thee? Mr. Amlet? ha! Art not thou a presumptuous rascal? Hark you, firrah, I hear of your tricks; you disown me for your mother, and say I am but your nurse. Is not this true?

Dick. No, I love you; I respect you; [*Taking her hand.*] I am all duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest prospect that man ever had.

Aml. What prospect? ha! Come, this is a lie now.

Dick. No, my honour'd parent, what I say is true, I'm about a great fortune. I'll bring you home a daughter-in-law, in a coach and six horses, if you'll be quiet: I can't tell you more now.

Aml. Is it possible?

Dick. 'Tis true, by Jupiter.

Aml.

Aml. My dear lad——

Dick. For Heav'n's sake ——

Aml. But tell me, Dick——

Dick. I'll follow you home in a moment, and tell you all.

Aml. What a shape is there——

Dick. Pray, mother, go.

Aml. I must receive some money here first, which shall go for thy wedding-dinner.

Dick. Here's somebody coming; S'death, she'll betray me.

Enter Flippanta.

[He makes signs to his mother.]

Dick. Good-morrow, dear Flippanta; how do all the ladies within?

Flip. At your service, colonel; as far at least as my interest goes.

Aml. Colonel!——Law you now, how Dick's respected! *[Aside.]*

Dick. Waiting for thee, Flippanta; I was making acquaintance with this old gentlewoman here.

Aml. The pretty lad, he's as impudent as a page. *[Aside.]*

Dick. Who is this good woman, Flippanta?

Flip. A gin of all trades; an old daggling cheat, that hobbles about from house to house to bubble the ladies of their money. I have a small business of yours in my pocket, colonel.

Dick. An answer to my letter?

Flip. So quick indeed? No, it's your letter itself.

Dick. Hast thou not given it then yet?

Flip. I han't had an opportunity; but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my lady?

Dick. Yes, I'll go make her a short visit. But, dear Flippanta, don't forget: my life and fortune are in your hands.

Flip. Ne'er fear, I'll take care of 'em.

Aml. How he traps 'em! let Dick alone. *[Aside.]*

Dick. Your servant, good madam. *[To his mother.]*
[Exit Dick.]

Aml. Your honour's most devoted.—A pretty, civil, well-bred gentleman this, Mrs. Flippanta. Pray, whom may he be?

Flip.

Flip. A man of great note; Colonel Shapeley.

Aml. Is it possible! I have heard much of him indeed, but never saw him before: One may see quality in every limb of him: he's a fine man truly.

Flip. I think you are in love with him, Mrs. Amlet.

Aml. Alas, those days are done with me; but if I were as fair as I was once, and had as much money as some folks, Colonel Shapely should not catch cold for want of a bedfellow. I love your men of rank, they have something in their air does so distinguish them from the rascality.

Flip. People of quality are fine things indeed, Mrs. Amlet, if they had but a little more money; but for want of that, they are forced to do things their great souls are ashamed of. For example—here's my lady—the owes you but six-and-fifty pounds. —

Aml. Well!

Flip. Well, and she has it not by her to pay you.

Aml. How can that be?

Flip. I don't know; her cash-keeper's out of humour, he says he has no money.

Aml. What a presumptuous piece of vermin is a cash-keeper! Tell his lady he has no money!—Now, Mrs. Flippanta, you may see his bags are full, by his being so saucy.

Flip. If they are, there's no help for't; he'll do what he pleases, till he comes to make up his yearly accounts.

Aml. But Madam plays sometimes; so when she has good fortune, she may pay me out of her winnings.

Flip. O ne'er think of that, Mrs. Amlet; if she had won a thousand pounds, she'd rather die in a gaol than pay off a farthing with it.

Aml. Why, what shall we do then? for I han't one penny to buy bread.

Flip. ———I'll tell you ———it just now comes in my head: I know my lady has a little occasion for money, at this time; so ———if you lend her ———a hundred pound—do you see, then she may pay you your six-and-fifty out of it.

Aml.

Aml. Sure, Mrs. Flippanta, you think to make a fool of me.

Flip. No, the Devil fetch me if I do——You shall have a diamond necklace in pawn.

Aml. O ho, a pawn! That's another case. And when must she have the money?

Flip. In a quarter of an hour.

Aml. Say no more. Bring the necklace to my house, it shall be ready for you.

Flip. I'll be with you in a moment.

Aml. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta.

Flip. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit Amlet.—Flip-panta sola.*] So—this ready money will make us all happy. This spring will set out our basset-table going, and that's a wheel will turn twenty others. My lady's young and handsome; she'll have a dozen intrigues upon her hands, before she has been twice at her prayers. So much the better; the more the grift, the richer the miller. Sure never wench got into so hopeful a place: here's a fortune to be sold, a mistress to be debauch'd, and a master to be ruin'd. If I don't feather my nest, and get a good husband, I deserve to die, both a maid and a beggar. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE, Mr. Gripe's house.

Enter Clarissa and Dick.

Clar. **W**HAT in the name of Dulness is the matter with you, colonel? You are as studious as a crack'd chymist.

Dick. My head, madam, is full of your husband.

Clar. The worst furniture for a head in the universe.

Dick. I am thinking of his passion for your friend Araminta.

Clar. Passion!——Dear colonel, give it a less violent name.

Enter Brags.

Dick. Well, sir, what want you?

Brags. The affair I told you of goes ill. [*To Dick, aside.*] There's an action out!

Dick.

Dick. The devil there is!

Clar. What news brings Brafs?

Dick. Before Gad, I can't tell, madam; the dog will never speak out. My Lord What-d'y'-call-him waits for me at my lodging: is not that it?

Brafs. Yes, fir.

Dick. Madam, I ask your pardon.

Clar. Your servant, fir. [*Exeunt Dick and Brafs.*]
Jeffamin!

[*She fits down.*]

Enter Jeffamin.

Jeff. Madam.

Clar. Where's Corinna! Call her to me, if her father han't lock'd her up: I want her company.

Jeff. Madam, her guitar-master is with her.

Clar. Pshaw! she's always taken up with her impertinent guitar-man. Flippanta stays an age with that old fool, Mrs. Amlet. And Araminta, before she can come abroad, is so long a placing her coquette-patch, that I must be a year without company. How insupportable is a moment's uneasiness to a woman of spirit and pleasure! [*Enter Flippanta.*] O, art thou come at last? Pr'ythee, Flippanta, learn to move a little quicker, thou know'st how impatient I am.

Flip. Yes, when you expect money: If you had sent me to buy a prayer-book, you'd have thought I had flown.

Clar. Well, hast thou brought me any, after all?

Flip. Yes, I have brought some. There [*Giving her a purse.*] the old hag has struck off her bill, the rest is in that purse.

Clar. 'Tis well; but take care, Flippanta, my husband don't suspect any thing of this, 'twould vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy: so I would spare him these little sort of troubles, by keeping 'em from his knowledge.

Flip. See the tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always a complaining of you.

Clar. 'Tis the nature of 'em, Flippanta; a husband is a growling animal.

Flip. How exactly you define them!

Clar. O! I know 'em, Flippanta: though I confess my poor wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill humours. I wish he would quarrel with me to-day a little,

little, to pass away the time, for I find myself in a violent spleen. My cardinal and gloves, and a coach to the door.

Flip. Why, whither are you going?

Clar. I can't tell yet, but I would go spend some money, since I have it.

Flip. Why, you want nothing that I know of.

Clar. How awkward an objection now is that, as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted 'em. 'Quality always distinguishes itself; and therefore, as the mechanic people buy things, because they have occasion for 'em, you see the women of rank always buy things because they have not occasion for 'em. Now there, Flippanta, you see the difference between a woman that has breeding, and one that has none. O ho, here's Araminta come at last.' [*Enter Araminta.*] Lord, what a tedious while you have let me expect you? I was afraid you were not well; how d'you do to-day?

Aram. As well as a woman can do, that has not slept all night.

Flip. Methinks, madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

Aram. O, 'tis not a little thing will make a woman of my spirit look drowsy.

Clar. But pr'ythee, what was't disturb'd you?

Aram. Not your husband, don't trouble yourself; at least, I am not in love with him yet.

Clar. Well remember'd, I had quite forgot that matter. I wish you much joy, you have made a noble conquest indeed.

Aram. But now I have subdu'd the country, pray is it worth my keeping? You know the ground, you have try'd it.

Clar. A barren soil, Heaven can tell.

Aram. Yet if it were well cultivated, it would produce something to my knowledge. Do you know, 'tis in my power to ruin this poor thing of yours? His whole estate is at my service.

Flip. Cods-fish, strike him, madam, and let my lady go your halves. There's no sin in plundering a husband, so his wife has share of the booty.

Aram. Whenever she gives me her orders, I shall be very ready to obey 'em.

Clar.

Clar. Why, as odd a thing as such a project may seem, Araminta, I believe I shall have a little serious discourse with you about it. But pr'ythee tell me how you have pass'd the night? For I am sure your mind has been roving upon some pretty thing or other.

Aram. Why, I have been studying all the ways my brain could produce to plague my husband.

Clar. No wonder indeed you look so fresh this morning, after the satisfaction of such pleasing ideas all night.

Aram. Why, can a woman do less than study mischief, when she has tumbled and toss'd herself into a burning fever, for want of sleep, and sees a fellow lie snoring by her, stock-still, in a fine breathing sweat?

Clar. Now see the difference of womens tempers: if my dear would make but one nap of his whole life, and only waken to make his will, I shou'd be the happiest wife in the universe. But we'll discourse more of these matters as we go, for I must make a tour among the shops.

Aram. I have a coach waits at the door, we'll talk of 'em as we rattle along.

Clar. The best place in nature; for you know a hackney-coach is a natural enemy to a husband:

[*Exeunt Clar. and Aram.*]

Flip. What a pretty little pair of amiable persons are there gone to hold a council of wartogether! Poor birds! What wou'd they do with their time, if the plaguing their husbands did not help 'em to employment! Well, if idleness be the root of all evil, then matrimony's good for something; for it sets many a poor woman to work. But here comes miss. I hope I shall help her into the holy state too ere long. And when she's once there, if she don't play her part as well as the best of 'em, I'm mistaken. Han't I lost the letter I'm to give her?—No, here 'tis; so, now we shall see how pure nature will work with her, for art she knows none yet.

Enter Corinna.

Cor. What does my mother-in-law want with me, Flippanta? They tell me she was asking for me.

Flip.

Flip. She's just gone out, so I suppose 'twas no great business.

Cor. Then I'll go into my chamber again.

Flip. Nay, hold a little if you please. I have some business with you myself, of more concern than what she had to say to you.

Cor. Make haste then, for you know my father won't let me keep you company; he says, you'll spoil me.

Flip. I spoil you! He's an unworthy man to give you such ill impressions of a woman of my honour.

Cor. Nay, never take it to heart, Flippanta, for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual scolding, I'm almost weary of my life.

Flip. Why, what is't he finds fault with?

Cor. Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him; when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta, it only makes my head ache.

Flip. Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pity'd so much as I thought.

Cor. Not pity'd! Why, is it not a miserable thing, such a young creature as I am shou'd be kept in perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old fumbling masters, to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things? Fine entertainment, indeed, for a young maid at sixteen! methinks one's time might be better employ'd.

Flip. Those things will improve your wit.

Cor. Fiddle, faddle; han't I wit enough already! My mother-in-law has learn'd none of this trumpery, and is not she as happy as the day is long?

Flip. Then you envy her, I find.

Cor. And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her husband's teeth?

Flip. Look you there now: [*Afide.*] If she has not already conceiv'd that to be the supreme blessing of life.

Cor. I'll tell you what, Flippanta; if my mother-in-law would but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her company, I'd rebel against my father to-morrow, and throw all my books in the



Dighton del

Goldar sculp.

MISS POPE as CORINNA.

Cor. Ah, *Dispianta*, if you would but encourage me —

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fire. Why, he can't touch a groat of my portion; do you know that, Flippanta?

Flip. So—I shall spoil her. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven the girl don't debauch me.

Cor. Look you: in short, he may think what he pleases, he may think himself wise; but thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I'm but a girl 'tis true, and a fool too, if you believe him; but let him know, a foolish girl may make a wise man's heart ach; so he had as good be quiet—Now it's out—

Flip. Very well; I love to see a young woman have spirit, it's a sign she'll come to something.

Cor. Ah, Flippanta, if you wou'd but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I'm a devilish girl in the bottom; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

Flip. That never can be, 'till you are marry'd. Come, examine your strength a little. Do you think you durst venture upon a husband?

Cor. A husband! Why a——if you would but encourage me. Come, Flippanta, be a true friend now. I'll give you advice, when I have got a little more experience. Do you in your very conscience and soul think I am old enough to be marry'd?

Flip. Old enough! Why, you are sixteen, are you not?

Cor. Sixteen! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman. I keep an exact account.

Flip. The deuce you are!

Cor. Why, do you then truly and sincerely think I am old enough?

Flip. I do upon my faith, child.

Cor. Why then to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years.

Flip. Now I find you have more wit than ever I thought you had; and to shew you what an opinion I have of your discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown in the fire.

Cor. What is it, for Jupiter's sake?

Flip. Something will make your heart chuck within you.

Cor. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. What do you think it is?

Cor. I don't know, nor I don't care, but I'm mad to have it.

Flip. It's a four-corner'd thing.

Cor. What, like a cardinal's cap?

Flip. No, 'tis worth a whole conclave of 'em. How do you like it? [*Shewing the letter.*]

Cor. O lard, a letter!—Is there ever a token in it?

Flip. Yes, and a precious one too. There's a handsome young gentleman's heart.

Cor. A handsome young gentleman's heart! Nay, then it's time to look grave. [*Aside.*]

Flip. There.

Cor. I shan't touch it.

Flip. What's the matter now?

Cor. I shan't receive it.

Flip. Sure you jest.

Cor. You'll find I don't. I understand myself better than to take letters when I don't know who they are from.

Flip. I'm afraid I commended your wit too soon.

Cor. 'Tis all one, I shan't touch it, unless I know who it comes from.

Flip. Hey-day! open it and you'll see.

Cor. Indeed, I shall not.

Flip. Well—then I must return it where I had it.

Cor. That won't serve your turn, madam; my father must have an account of this.

Flip. Sure you are not in earnest?

Cor. You'll find I am.

Flip. So, here's fine work. This 'tis to deal with girls before they come to know the distinction of sexes.

Cor. Confess, who you had it from, and perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my father.

Flip. Why then, since it must out, 'twas the colonel: but why are you so scrupulous, madam?

Cor. Because, if it had come from any body else—I would not have given a farthing for it.

[*Twisting it eagerly out of her hand.*]

Flip. Ah, my dear little rogue, [*Kissing her.*] you frighten'd me out of my wits.

Cor. Let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, let

let me read it, I say. Um, um, um, *Cupid's*, um, um, um, *darts*, um, um, um, *beauty*, um, *charms*, um, um, um, *angel*, um, *goddeſs*, um — [*Kiſſing the letter.*] um, um, um, *trueſt lover*, hum, um, *eternal conſtancy*, um, um, um, *cruel*, um, um, um, *racks*, um, um, um, *tortures*, um, um, *fifty daggers*, um, um, *bleeding heart*, um, um, *dead man*.—Very well, a mighty civil letter I promiſe you; not one ſmuttery word in it: I'll go lock it up in my comb-box.

Flip. Well——but what does he ſay to you?

Cor. Not a word of news, Flippanta; 'tis all about buſineſs.

Flip. Does he not tell you he's in love with you?

Cor. Ay, but he told me that before.

Flip. How ſo? He never ſpoke to you?

Cor. He ſent me word by his eyes.

Flip. Did he ſo? mighty well. I thought you had been to learn that language.

Cor. O, but you thought wrong, Flippanta. What, becauſe I don't go a viſiting, and ſee the world, you think I know nothing. But you ſhou'd conſider, Flippanta, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks; and 'tis thinking that improves a girl. I'll have you to know, when I was younger than I am now, by more than I'll boaſt of, I thought of things would have made you ſtare again.

Flip. Well, ſince you are ſo well verſ'd in your buſineſs, I ſuppoſe I need not inform you, that if you don't write your gallant an answer——he'll die.

Cor. Nay, now, Flippanta, I confeſs you tell me ſomething I did not know before. Do you ſpeak in ſerious ſadneſs? Are men given to die, if their miſtreſſes are ſour-to 'em?

Flip. Um——I can't ſay they all die——No, I can't ſay they do; but truly, I believe it wou'd go very hard with the colonel.

Cor. Lard, I would not have my hands in blood for houſands; and therefore, Flippanta—if you'll encourage me——

Flip. O, by all means an answer.

Cor. Well, ſince you ſay it then, I'll e'en in and do it, tho' I proteſt to you (leſt you ſhould think me too forward now) he's the only man that wears a

beard, I'd ink my fingers for. May be, if I marry him in a year or two's time I mayn't be so nice. [*Aside.*
Exit.

Flippanta sola.

Now Heaven give him joy; he's like to have a rare wife o'thee. But where there's money, a man has a plaster to his sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for love. See!—here comes an example—Araminta's dread lord.

Enter Money-trap.

Mon. Ah, Flippanta! How do you do, good Flippanta? How do you do?

Flip. Thank you, sir, well, at your service.

Mon. And how does the good family, your master and your fair mistress? Are they at home?

Flip. Neither of them; my master has been gone out these two hours, and my lady is just gone with your wife.

Mon. Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, Flippanta: for I have wish'd a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss, if I should ask you a few questions?

Flip. Provided you leave me to my liberty in my answers. What's this cot-quean going to pry into now! [*Aside.*

Mon. Pr'ythee, good Flippanta, how do your master and mistress live together?

Flip. Live! Why—like man and wife, generally out of humour, 'quarrel often, seldom agree,' complain of one another; and perhaps, have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your house.

Mon. Good lack! but whose side are you generally of?

Flip. O' the right side always, my lady's. And if you'll have me give you my opinion of these matters, sir, I do not think a husband can ever be in the right.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Little, pecking, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldly things.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Hark you, sir, shall I deal plainly with you?
Had

Had I got a husband, I wou'd put him in mind that he was marry'd as well as I.

Sing.

For were I the thing call'd a Wife,
And my fool grew too fond of his power,
He shou'd look like an afs all his life,
For a prank that I'd play him in an hour.

Tol lol la ra tol tol, &c.—Do you observe that, sir?

Mon. I do; and think you wou'd be in the right on't. But, pr'ythee, why dost not give this advice to thy mistress?

Flip. For fear it should go round to your wife, sir, for you know they are play-fellows.

Mon. O, there's no danger of my wife; she knows I'm none of those husbands.

Flip. Are you sure she knows that, sir?

Mon. I'm sure she ought to know it, Flippanta, for really I have but four faults in the world.

Flip. And, pray, what may they be?

Mon. Why, I'm a little slovenly, I shift but once a week.

Flip. Fough!

Mon. I am sometimes out of humour.

Flip. Provoking!

Mon. I don't give her so much money as she'd have.

Flip. Insolent!

Mon. And a——perhaps, I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

Flip. The devil!

Mon. O, but then consider how 'tis on her side, Flippanta. She ruins me with washing, is always out of humour, ever wanting money, and will never be older.

Flip. That last article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

Mon. Ah, Flippanta, didst thou but know the daily provocations I have, thou'dst be the first to excuse my faults. But now I think on't, thou art none of my friend, thou dost not love me at all; no, not at all.

Flip. And whither is this little reproach going to lead us now?

Mon. You have power over your fair mistress, Flippanta.

Flip. Sir!

Mon. But what then? you hate me.

Flip. I understand you not.

Mon. There's not a moment's trouble her naughty husband gives her, but I feel it too.

Flip. I don't know what you mean.

Mon. If she did but know what part I take in her sufferings—

Flip. Mighty obscure.

Mon. Well, I'll say no more; but—

Flip. All Hebrew.

Mon. If thou wou'dst but tell her on't.

Flip. Still darker and darker.

Mon. I shou'd not be ungrateful.

Flip. Ah, now I begin to understand you.

Mon. Flippanta—there's my purse.

Flip. Say no more; now you explain, indeed—
You are in love?

Mon. Bitterly—and I do swear by all the Gods—

Flip. Hold—Spare 'em for another time, you stand in no need of 'em now. An usurer that parts with his purse gives sufficient proof of his sincerity.

Mon. I hate my wife, Flippanta.

Flip. That we'll take upon your bare word.

Mon. She's the devil, Flippanta.

Flip. You like your neighbour's better.

Mon. Oh! an angel!

Flip. What pity it is the law don't allow trucking!

Mon. If it did, Flippanta!

Flip. But since it don't, fir——keep the reins upon your passion: don't let your flame range too high, lest my lady shou'd be cruel, and it should dry you up to a mummy.

Mon. 'Tis impossible she can be so barbarous, to let me die. Alas, Flippanta, a very small matter wou'd save my life.

Flip. Then y'are dead——for we women never grant any thing to a man who will be satisfied with a little.

Mon. Dear Flippanta, that was only my modesty; but since you'll have it out—I am a very dragon; and so your lady'll find——if ever she think fit to be——Now, I hope you'll stand my friend.

Flip.

Flip. Well, sir, as far as my credit goes, it shall be employ'd in your service.

Mon. My best Flippanta! — tell her — I'm all hers — tell her — my body's hers — tell her — my soul's hers — and tell her — my estate's hers. Lard have mercy upon me, how I'm in love!

Flip. Poor man! what a sweat he's in! But hark — I hear my master; for Heaven's sake compose yourself a little, you are in such a fit, o' my conscience he'll smell you out.

Mon. Ah dear, I'm in such an emotion, I dare not be seen; put me in this closet for a moment.

Flip. Closet, man! it's too little, your love wou'd stifle you. Go air yourself in the garden a little, you have need on't, i'faith. *[She puts him out.]*

A rare adventurer, by my troth. This will be curious news to the wives. Fortune has now put their husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its favours.

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. O, here's the right hand; the rest of the body can't be far off. Where's my wife, hufwife?

Flip. An admirable question! — Why, she's gone abroad, sir.

Gripe. Abroad, abroad, abroad already? Why, she uses to be stewing in her bed three hours after this time, as late as 'tis: What makes her gadding so soon?

Flip. Business, I suppose.

Gripe. Business! she has a pretty head for business truly: O ho, let her change her way of living, or I'll make her change a light heart for a heavy one.

Flip. And why would you have her change her way of living, sir? you see it agrees with her. She never look'd better in her life.

Gripe. Don't tell me of her looks, I have done with her looks long since. But I'll make her change her life, or —

Flip. Indeed, sir, you won't.

Gripe. Why, what shall hinder me, Insolence?

Flip. That which hinders most husbands; contradiction.

Gripe. Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?

Flip. Suppose she resolves you shall?

Gripe. A wife's resolution is not good by law.

Flip. Nor a husband's by custom.

Gripe. I tell thee I will not bear it.

Flip. I tell you, sir, you will bear it.

Gripe. Oons, I have borne it three years already.

Flip. By that you see 'tis but giving your mind to it.

Gripe. My mind to it! Death and the Devil! My mind to it!

Flip. Look ye, sir, you may swear and damn, and call the Furies to assist you; but, till you apply the remedy to the right place, you'll never cure the disease. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is't not so?

Gripe. Pr'ythee, change me that word fancy, and it is so.

Flip. Why there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapours of late. You'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town: and that all the disorders you think you see in her, are only here, here, here in your own head.

[*Thumping his forehead.*]

Gripe. She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman?

Flip. By my faith I think so.

Gripe. I shall run mad—— Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

Flip. Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

Gripe. Come then: Does not she put the whole house in disorder?

Flip. Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

Gripe. 'Tis very well: Does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family?

Flip. She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

Gripe. Admirable! Does not she spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire, than would maintain six children.

Flip.

Flip. She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

Gripe. Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

Flip. That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

Gripe. Yes truly, night into day, and day into night, 'bawdy-house play,' that's her trade; but these are trifles: has she not lost her diamond necklace? Answer me to that, Trapes.

Flip. Yes; and has sent as many tears after it, as if it had been her husband.

Gripe. Ah!—the devil take her; but enough. 'Tis resolv'd, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, and so she shall know, the first time I meet with her; [*Aside.*] which, tho' we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight. [*Exit Gripe.*]

Flippanta sola.

Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't, that must be confess'd. What a miserable devil is a husband! insupportable to himself, and a plague to every thing about him. But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her, (which I think I do) she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. [*Exit.*]

A C T III. S C E N E Mrs. Amlet's House.

Enter Dick.

Dick. **W**HERE's this old woman?—A-hey. What the devil, nobody at home! Ha! her strong box!—and the key in't! 'tis so. Now Fortune be my friend. What the deuce—not a penny of money in cash!—Nor a checker note!—Nor a bank-bill!—[*searches the strong box.*]—Nor a crooked stick! Nor a ——— Mum ——— here's something

thing——A diamond necklace, by all the Gods! Oons the old woman——Zest. [*Claps the necklace in his pocket, [Enter Mrs. Amlet. Dick runs and asks her blessing.]*] Pray, mother, pray to, &c.

Am. Is it possible!——Dick upon his humble knee! Ah! my dear child!——May Heaven be good unto thee.

Dick. I'm come, my dear mother, to pay my duty to you, and to ask your consent to——

Am. What a shape is there!

Dick. To ask your consent, I say, to marry a great fortune; for what is riches in this world, without a blessing? and how can there be a blessing, without respect and duty to parents?

Am. What a nose he has!

Dick. And therefore it being the duty of every good child not to dispose of himself in marriage, without the——

Am. Now the Lord love thee [*Kissing him.*]——for thou art a goodly young man. Well, Dick——and how goes it with the lady? are her eyes open to thy charms? does she see what's for her own good? Is she sensible of the blessings thou hast in store for her? Ha! is all sure? Hast thou broke a piece of money with her? Speak, bird, do: don't be modest, and hide thy love from thy mother, for I'm an indulgent parent.

Dick. Nothing under heaven can prevent my good fortune, but it's being discover'd I am your son——

Am. Then thou art still asham'd of thy natural mother——Graceless! Why, I'm no whore, firrah.

Dick. I know you are not——A whore! Bless us all——“*Who the devil would make you one. [Aside.]*”

Am. No; my reputation's as good as the best of them; and tho' I am old, I'm chaite, you rascal, you.

Dick. Lord, that is not the thing we talk of, mother; but——

Am. I think, as the world goes, they may be proud of marrying their daughter into a vartuous family.

Dick. Oons, vartue is not the case.——

Am. Where she may have a good example before her eyes.

Dick.

Dick. O Lord ! O Lord ! O Lord !

Aml. I'm a woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent look towards me.

Dick. I tell you, s'death, I tell you ———

Aml. If a man shou'd make an uncivil motion to me, I'd spit in his lascivious face : and all this you may tell them, sirrah.

Dick. Death and furies ! the woman's out of her —

Aml. Don't you swear, you rascal you, don't you swear ; we shall have thee hang'd at last, and then I shall be disgrac'd.

Dick. Why then in cold blood hear me speak to you : I tell you it's a city fortune I'm about ; she cares not a fig for your virtue, she'll hear of nothing but quality ; she has quarrell'd with one of her friends for having a better complexion, and is resolv'd she'll marry, to take place of her.

Aml. What a cherry lip is there !

Dick. Therefore, good dear mother, now have a care, and don't discover me ; for if you do, all's lost.

Aml. Dear, dear, how thy fair bride will be delighted ; go, get thee gone, go : go fetch her home, go fetch her home ; I'll give her a sack-posset, and a pillow of down she shall lay her head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.

Dick. Take care then of the main chance, my dear mother ; remember if you discover me ———

Aml. Go fetch her home, I say

Dick. You promise me then. ———

Aml. March.

Dick. But swear to me ———

Aml. Be gone, sirrah.

Dick. Well, I'll rely upon you — But one kiss before I go.

[*Kisses her heartily, and runs off.*]

Aml. Now the Lord love thee ; for thou art a comfortable young man.

[*Exit Mrs. Amlet.*]

SCENE. Gripe's House.

Enter Corinna and Flippanta.

Cor. But hark you, Flippanta, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my letter, after all.

Flip. Let me alone.

Cor. When he has read it, let him give it you again.

Flip. Don't trouble yourself.

Cor. And not a word of the pudding to my mother-in-law.

Flip. Enough.

Cor. When we come to love one another to the purpose, she shall know all.

Flip. Ay, then 'twill be time.

Cor. But remember 'tis you make me do all this now, so if any mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't.

Flip. I'll be your security.

Cor. I'm young, and know nothing of the matter; but you have experience, so it's your business to conduct me safe.

Flip. Poor innocence!

Cor. But tell me, in serious sadness, Flippanta, does he love me with the very soul of him?

Flip. I have told you so an hundred times, and yet you are not satisfied.

Cor. But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

Flip. Have patience, and it shall be done.

Cor. Why, patience is a virtue; that we must all confess—But I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, Flippanta.

Enter Jessamin.

Jess. Madam, yonder's your geography-master waiting for you. [Exit.]

Cor. Ah! how I am tir'd with these old fumbling fellows, Flippanta.

Flip. Well, don't let them break your heart, you shall be rid of them all ere long.

Cor. Nay, 'tis not the study I'm so weary of, Flippanta, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the colonel my master, I fancy I could take pleasure in learning every thing he could shew me.

Flip. And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But get you gone in, here's somebody coming; we must not be seen together.

Cor. I will, I will, I will—O the dear colonel.

[Runs off.
Enter

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. O ho, it's Mrs. Amlet—What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Ah, my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright.

Flip. Why, what's come to you?

Aml. Ah! mercy on us all—Madam's diamond necklace—

Flip. What of that?

Aml. Are you sure you left it in my house?

Flip. Sure I left it! a very pretty question truly!

Aml. Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you: it will be found again, if it be Heav'n's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss on't. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his birdlime fingers on't.

Flip. Your son, Mrs. Amlet! Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these then?

Aml. What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta? Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts too. And now it comes in my head, mayhap, he may have no ill design in this neither.

Flip. No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

Aml. You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well as I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true, but—Mum—

Flip. What does the woman mean?

Aml. Hark you, Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband?

Flip. Why do you ask?

Aml. By way of conversation only, it does not concern me; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember, I tell you so; I who am but Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. You dance at her wedding! you!

Aml. Yes I, I; but don't trouble madam about her necklace, perhaps it mayn't go out of the family. Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [*Exit Mrs. Amlet.*]

Flip. What—what—what does the woman mean? The necklace lost; and her son Dick; and a fortune

to marry; and she shall dance at the wedding; and— She does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna? By my conscience I believe she does. An old beldam!

Enter Brafs.

Brafs. Well, hussy, how stand our affairs? Has miss writ us an answer yet? My master's very impatient yonder.

Flip. And why the deuce does not he come himself? What does he send such idle fellows as thee of his errands? Here I had her alone just now: he won't have such an opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

Brafs. So much the worse for him; 'tis his business— But now, my dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most damnably in love with thee, dost hear that?

Flip. Phu! thou art always timing things wrong; my head is full, at present, of more important things than love?

Brafs. Then it's full of important things indeed: dost want a privy counsellor?

Flip. I want an assistant.

Brafs. To do what?

Flip. Mischief.

Brafs. I'm thy man—touch.

Flip. But before I venture to let thee into my project, pr'ythee tell me, whether thou find'st a natural disposition to ruin a husband to oblige his wife?

Brafs. Is she handsome?

Flip. Yes.

Brafs. Why then my disposition's at her service.

Flip. She's beholden to thee.

Brafs. Not she alone, neither, therefore don't let her grow vain upon't! for I have three or four affairs of that kind going at this time.

Flip. Well, go carry this epistle from miss to thy master; and when thou com'st back, I'll tell thee thy business.

Brafs. I'll know it before I go, if you please.

Flip. Thy master waits for an answer.

Brafs. I'd rather he shou'd wait than I.

Flip.

Flip. Why then, in short, Araminta's husband is in love with my lady.

Bras. Very well, child, we have a Rowland for her Oliver : thy lady's husband is in love with Araminta.

Flip. Who told you that, firrah?

Bras. 'Tis a negotiation I am charg'd with, Pert. Did not I tell thee I did business for half the town ? I have manag'd master Gripe's little affairs for him these ten years, you slut you.

Flip. Hark thee, Bras, the game's in our hands, if we can but play the cards.

Bras. Pique and repique, you jade you, if the wives will fall into a good intelligence.

Flip. Let them alone ; I'll answer for them they don't slip the occasion—See here they come. They little think what a piece of good news we have for them.

Enter Clarissa, Araminta, and Jessamin.

Clar. Jessamin ! here boy, carry up these things into my dressing-room, and break as many of them by the way as you can, be sure. [*Exit Jess.*]—O ! art thou there, Bras ! What news ?

Bras. Madam, I only call'd in as I was going by. —But some little propositions Mrs. Flippanta has been starting, have kept me here to offer your ladyship my humble service.

Clar. What propositions ?

Bras. She'll acquaint you, madam.

Aram. Is there any thing new, Flippanta ?

Flip. Yes, and pretty too.

Clar. That follows of course ; but let's have it, quick.

Flip. Why, madam, you have made a conquest.

Clar. Huffy——But of who ? quick.

Flip. Of Mr. Moneytrap, that's all.

Aram. My husband !

Flip. Yes, your husband, madam : you thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

Aram. Sure thou art in jest, Flippanta.

Flip. Serious as my devotions.

Bras. And the cross intrigue, ladies, is what our brains have been at work about.

Aram. My dear !

[*To Clarissa.*]

Clar. My life !

Aram. My angel !

Clar. My soul !

[*Hugging one another.*]

Aram. The stars have done this.

Clar. The pretty little twinklers.

Flip. And what will you do for them now ?

Clar. What grateful creatures ought ; shew 'em we don't despise their favours.

Aram. But is not this a wager between these two blockheads ?

Clar. I would not give a shilling to go the winner's halves.

Aram. Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever could have happen'd.

Clar. All your last night's ideas, Araminta, were trifles to it.

Aram. Brags (my dear) will be useful to us.

Brag. At your service, madam.

Clar. Flippanta will be necessary, my life !

Flip. She waits your commands, madam.

Aram. For my part then, I recommend my husband to thee, Flippanta, and make it my earnest request thou won't leave him one half crown.

Flip. I'll do all I can to obey you, madam.

Brag. [*To Clarissa.*] If your ladyship wou'd give me the same kind orders for yours.

Clar. O——if thou spar'st him, Brags, I'm thy enemy till I die.

Brag. 'Tis enough, madam, I'll be sure to give you a reasonable account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, ladies ? Must we storm the purse at once, or break ground in form, and carry it by little and little ?

Clar. Storm, dear Brags, storm : ever whilst you live, storm.

Aram. O, by all means ; must it not be so, Flippanta ?

Flip. In four-and-twenty hours, two hundred pounds a-piece, that's my sentence.

Brag. Very well. But, ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little expence in favours,

favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest gentlemen.

Aram. Favours, Brafs!

Brafs. Um—a—some small matters, madam, I doubt must be.

Clar. Now that's a vile article, Araminta; for that thing your husband is so like mine ———

Flip. Phu, there's a scruple indeed. Pray, madam, don't be so squeamish; tho' the meat be a little flat, we'll find you savoury fauce to it.

Clar. This wench is so mad.

Flip. Why, what in the name of Lucifer is it you have to do, that's so terrible?

Brafs. A civil look only.

Aram. There's no great harm in that?

Flip. An obliging word.

Clar. That one may afford 'em.

Brafs. A little smile, *à propos.*

Aram. That's but giving one's self an air.

Flip. Receive a little letter perhaps.

Clar. Women of quality do that from fifty odious fellows.

Brafs. Suffer (may be) a squeeze by the hand.

Aram. One's so us'd to that, one does not feel it.

Flip. Or if a kiss wou'd do't.

Clar. I'd die first.

Brafs. Indeed, ladies, I doubt 'twill be necessary to——

Clar. Get their wretched money, without paying so dear for it.

Flip. Well, just as you please for that, my ladies: but I suppose you'll play upon the square with your favour, and not pique yourselves upon being one more grateful than another.

Brafs. And state a fair account of receipts and disbursements.

Aram. That I think shou'd be, indeed.

Clar. With all my heart, and Brafs shall be our book-keeper. So get thee to work, man, as fast as thou canst; but not a word of all this to thy master.

Brafs. I'll observe my order, madam. [*Exit Brafs.*]

Clar. I'll have the pleasure of telling him myself; he'll be violently delighted with it: 'tis the best man

in the world, Araminta; he'll bring us rare company to-morrow, all sorts of gamesters; and thou shalt see my husband will be such a beast to be out of humour at it.

Aram. The monster—But hush, here's my dear approaching; pr'ythee let's leave him to Flippanta.

Flip. Ay, pray do; I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

Clar. Dispatch then, for the basset-table's in haste.

[*Exeunt Clar. and Aram.*

Flippanta sola.

So, now have at him; here he comes: we'll try if we can pillage the usurer, as he does other folks.

Enter Moneytrap.

Mon. Well, my pretty Flippanta, is thy mistress come home?

Flip. Yes, sir.

Mon. And where is she, pr'ythee?

Flip. Gone abroad, sir.

Mon. How dost mean?

Flip. I mean right, sir; my lady'll come home and go abroad ten times in an hour, when she is either in very good humour, or very bad.

Mon. Good-lack! But I'll warrant, in general, 'tis her naughty husband that makes her house uneasy to her. But hast thou said a little something to her, chicken, for an expiring lover? ha?

Flip. Said—yes, I have said, much good may it do me.

Mon. Well! and how?

Flip. And how!—And how do you think you wou'd have me do't? and you have such a way with you, one can refuse you nothing. But I have brought myself into a fine business by it.

Mon. Good lack—But I hope, Flippanta—

Flip. Yes, your hopes will do much, when I am turn'd out of doors.

Mon. Was she then terribly angry?

Flip. Oh! had you seen how she flew, when she saw where I was pointing; for you must know I went round the bush, and round the bush, before I came to the matter.

Mon. Nay, 'tis a ticklish point, that must be own'd.

Flip.

Flip. On my word is it—I mean where a lady's truly virtuous; for that's our case, you must know.

Mon. A very dangerous case indeed.

Flip. But I can tell you one thing—she has an inclination to you.

Mon. Is it possible!

Flip. Yes, and I told her so at last.

Mon. Well, and what did she answer thee?

Flip. Slap—and bid me bring it to you for a token.

[Giving him a slap on the face.]

Mon. And you have lost none on't by the way, with a pox t'ye.

[Aside.]

Flip. Now this, I think, looks the best in the world.

Mon. Yea, but really it feels a little odly.

Flip. Why, you must know, ladies have different ways of expressing their kindness, according to the humour they are in: if she had been in a good one, it had been a kiss; but as long as she sent you something, your affairs go well.

Mon. Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious paths of love, so I must be guided by thee. But, pr'ythee, take her in a good humour next token she sends me.

Flip. Ah——good humour?

Mon. What's the matter?

Flip. Poor lady!

Mon. Ha.

Flip. If I durst tell you all——

Mon. What then?

Flip. You wou'd not expect to see her in one a good while.

Mon. Why, I pray?

Flip. I must own I did take an unseasonable time to talk of love-matters to her.

Mon. Why, what's the matter?

Flip. Nothing.

Mon. Nay, pr'ythee tell me?

Flip. I dare not.

Mon. You must indeed.

Flip. Why, when women are in difficulties, how can they think of pleasure?

Mon. Why, what difficulties can she be in?

Flip.

Flip. Nay, I do but guess, after all; for she has that grandeur of soul, she'd die before she'd tell.

Mon. But what dost thou suspect?

Flip. Why, what should one suspect, where a husband loves nothing but getting of money, and a wife nothing but spending on't?

Mon. So she wants that same then?

Flip. I say no such thing, I know nothing of the matter; pray make no wrong interpretation of what I say, my lady wants nothing that I know of. 'Tis true—she has had ill luck at cards of late, I believe she has not won once this month: but what of that?

Mon. Ha!

Flip. 'Tis true, I know her spirit's that, she'd see her husband hang'd before she'd ask him for a farthing.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. And then I know him again, he'd see her drown'd before he'd give her a farthing; but that's a help to your affair, you know.

Mon. 'Tis so, indeed.

Flip. Ah—well, I'll say nothing; but if she had none of these things to fret her——

Mon. Why really, Flippanta——

Flip. I know what you are going to say now; you are going to offer your service, but 'twon't do; you have a mind to play the gallant now, but it must not be; you want to be shewing your liberality, but 'twon't be allow'd; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a rage. We shall have the devil to do.

Mon. You mistake me, Flippanta; I was only going to say——

Flip. Ay, I know what you were going to say, well enough; but I tell you it will never do so. If one could find out some way now——ay——let me see——

Mon. Indeed I hope——

Flip. Pray be quiet——no——but I'm thinking——hum——she'll smother that tho'——let us consider——If one cou'd find a way to——'Tis the nicest point in the world to bring about, she'll never touch it if she knows from whence it comes.

Mon.

Mon. Shall I try if I can reason her husband out of twenty pounds, to make her easy the rest of her life?

Flip. Twenty pounds, man?—why you shall see her set that upon a card. O—she has a great soul.—Besides, if her husband should oblige her, it might in time take off her aversion to him, and by consequence, her inclination to you. No, no, it must never come that way.

Mon. What shall we do then?

Flip. Hold still—I have it. I'll tell you what you shall do.

Mon. Ay.

Flip. You shall make her—a restitution—of two hundred pounds.

Mon. Ha!—a restitution!

Flip. Yes, yes, 'tis the luckiest thought in the world: madam often plays, you know, and folks who do so, meet now-and-then with sharper. Now you shall be a sharper.

Mon. A sharper!

Flip. Ay, ay, a sharper; and having cheated her of two hundred pounds, shall be troubled in mind, and send it her back again. You comprehend me?

Mon. Yes I, I comprehend, but a——won't she suspect if it be so much?

Flip. No, no, the more the better.

Mon. Two hundred pounds!

Flip. Yes, two hundred pounds—Or, let me see—so even a sum may look a little suspicious—ay—let it be two hundred and thirty; that odd thirty will make it look so natural, the devil won't find it out.

Mon. Ha!

Flip. Pounds, too, look I don't know how; guineas, I fancy, were better—ay, guineas, it shall be guineas. You are of that mind, are you not?

Mon. Um—a guinea you know, Flippanta, is—

Flip. A thousand times genteeler, you are certainly in the right on't; it shall be as you say, two hundred and thirty guineas.

Mon. Ho——well, if it must be guineas, let's see, two hundred guineas.

Flip. And thirty; two hundred and thirty: if you mistake the sum, you spoil all. So go put them in a

purse, while it's fresh in your head, and send 'em to me, with a penitential letter, desiring I'll do you the favour to restore them to her.

Mon. Two hundred and thirty pounds in a bag!

Flip. Guineas, I say, guineas.

Mon. Ay, guineas, that's true. But, Flippanta, if she don't know they come from me, then I give my money for nothing, you know.

Flip. Phu, leave that to me, I'll manage the stock for you; I'll make it produce something, I'll warrant you.

Mon. Well, Flippanta, 'tis a great sum indeed; but I'll go try what I can do for her. You say, two hundred guineas in a purse?

Flip. And thirty; if the man's in his senses.

Mon. And thirty, 'tis true, I always forget that thirty. [Exit Mon.]

Flip. So, get thee gone, thou art a rare fellow, i'faith. Brafs!—it's thee, is't not?

Enter Brafs.

Brafs. It is, houswife. How go matters? I staid till thy gentleman was gone. Hast done any thing towards our common purse?

Flip. I think I have; he's going to make us a restitution of two or three hundred pounds.

Brafs. A restitution!—good.

Flip. A new way, sirrah, to make a lady take a present without putting her to the blush.

Brafs. 'Tis very well, mighty well indeed. Pr'ythee where's thy master? let me try if I can persuade him to be troubled in mind too.

Flip. Not so hasty; he's gone into his closet to prepare himself for a quarrel, I have advis'd him to— with his wife.

Brafs. What to do?

Flip. Why, to make her stay at home, now she has resolv'd to do it beforehand. You must know, sirrah, we intend to make a merit of our basset-table, and get a good pretence for the merry companions we intend to fill his house with.

Brafs. Very nicely spun, truly; thy husband will be a happy man.

Flip.

Flip. Hold your tongue, you fool you. See here comes your master.

Brafs. He's welcome.

Enter Dick.

Dick. My dear Flippanta! how many thanks have I to pay thee?

Flip. Do you like her stile?

Dick. The kindest little rogue! there's nothing but she gives me leave to hope. I am the happiest man the world has in its care.

Flip. Not so happy as you think for neither, perhaps; you have a rival, sir, I can tell you that.

Dick. A rival!

Flip. Yes, and a dangerous one too.

Dick. Who, in the name of terror?

Flip. A devilish fellow, one Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Amlet! I know no such man.

Flip. You know the man's mother tho'; you met her here, and are in her favour, I can tell you. If he worst you in your mistress, you shall e'en marry her, and disinherit him.

Dick. If I have no other rival but Mr. Amlet, I believe I shan't be much disturb'd in my amour. But can't I see Corinna?

Flip. I don't know; she has always some of her masters with her: but I'll go see if she can spare you a moment, and bring you word. *[Exit.*

Dick. I wish my old hobbling mother han't been blabbing something here she should not do.

Brafs. Fear nothing, all's safe on that side yet. But how speaks young mistress's epistle? soft and tender?

Dick. As pen can write.

Brafs. So you think all goes well there?

Dick. As my heart can wish.

Brafs. You are sure on't?

Dick. Sure on't!

Brafs. Why then, ceremony aside, *[putting on his hat.]* you and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet.

Dick. Ah, Brafs, what art thou going to do? wo't ruin me?

Brafs. Look you, Dick, few words; you are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll

roll on. But how do you intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this business?

Dick. Death and furies! What a time dost take to talk on't?

Brafs. Good words, or I betray you; they have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house.

Dick. Here's a son of a whore! [*Aside.*]

Brafs. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true: your footman, sometimes, which I'm enrag'd at; but you have always had the ascendant, I confess: when we were school-fellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-prentices, tho' I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. In our sins too; I must own you still kept me under; you soar'd up to 'adultery with' the mistress, while I was 'at' humble 'fornication' with the maid. Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenc'd but to be whipp'd, I cannot deny but you were condemn'd to be hang'd. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine; however, I cannot consent that you shou'd at once fix fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

Dick. Hark thee, Brafs, if I do not most nobly by thee, I'm a dog.

Brafs. And when?

Dick. As soon as ever I am married.

Brafs. Ay, the pox take thee.

Dick. Then you mistrust me?

Brafs. I do, by my faith. Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust, because we don't know them: others we mistrust, because we do know them: and for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain beforehand: if not, [*Raising his voice.*] look ye, Dick Amlet——

Dick. Soft, my dear friend and companion. The dog will ruin me. [*Aside.*] Say, what is't will content thee?

Brafs. O ho!

Dick.

Dick. But how canst thou be such a barbarian?

Brafs. I learnt it at Algiers.

Dick. Come, make thy Turkish demand then.

Brafs. You know you gave me a bank-bill this morning to receive for you.

Dick. I did so, of fifty pounds, 'tis thine. So, now thou art satisfy'd, all's fix'd.

Brafs. It is not indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robb'd your mother of e'en now.

Dick. Ah, you Jew!

Brafs. No words.

Dick. My dear Brafs!

Brafs. I insist.

Dick. My old friend!

Brafs. Dick Amlet, [*Raising his voice.*] I insist.

Dick. Ah, the cormorant—Well, 'tis thine: but thou'lt never thrive with it.

Brafs. When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding-suit.

Dick. Well.

Brafs. Some good lace.

Dick. Thou sha't.

Brafs. A stock of linen.

Dick. Enough.

Brafs. Not yet—a silver hilted sword.

Dick. Well, thou sha't have that too. Now thou hast every thing.

Brafs. God forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance; I wou'd not forget all these favours for the world: a sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them.

Dick. This unconscionable rogue! [*Aside.*] Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

Brafs. Brilliant.

Dick. It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all——

Brafs. I'm a man of honour, and restore: and so the treaty being finish'd, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. [*Taking off his hat.*

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. I have made you wait a little, but I could not help it, her master is but just gone. He has been hewing her prince Eugene's march into Italy.

Dick. Pr'ythee let me come to her, I'll shew her a part of the world he has never shewn her yet.

Flip. So I told her, you must know; and she said she cou'd like to travel in good company: so if you'll flip up those back stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the journey.

Dick. My dear Flippanta!

Flip. None of your dear acknowledgments, I beseech you, but up stairs as hard as you can drive.

Dick. I'm gone. [Exit Dick.]

Flip. And do you follow him, Jack-a-dandy, and see he is not surpris'd.

Brafs. I thought that was your post, Mrs. Useful: but if you'll come and keep me in humour, I don't care if I share the duty with you.

Flip. No words, firrah, but follow him, I have somewhat else to do.

Brafs. The jade's so absolute there's no contesting with her. One kiss tho', to keep the centinel warm. [Gives her a long kiss.] — So. [Exit Brafs.]

Flip. ——— 'A nasty rogue.' [Wiping her mouth.] But, let me see, what have I to do now? 'This restitution will be here quickly, I suppose: in the mean time, I'll go know if my lady's ready for the quarrel yet. Master, yonder, is so full on't, he's ready to burst; but we'll give him vent by-and-by with a witness. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE Gripe's House.

Enter Corinna, Dick, and Brafs.

Brafs. **D**ON't fear, I'll give you timely notice. [Goes to the door.]

Dick. Come, you must consent, you shall consent. How can you leave me thus upon the rack? A man who loves you to that excess that I do.

Cor. Nay, that you love me, sir, that I am satisfy'd in, for you have sworn you do: and I'm so pleas'd with it, I'd fain have you do so as long as you live, so we must never marry.

Dick.

Dick. Not marry, my dear! why, what's our love good for, if we don't marry?

Cor. Ah——I'm afraid 'twill be good for little, if we do.

Dick. Why do you think so?

Cor. Because I hear my father and mother, and my uncle and aunt, and Araminta and her husband, and twenty other married folks say so from morning to night.

Dick. Oh, that's because they are bad husbands and bad wives; but in our case there will be a good husband and a good wife, and so we shall love for ever.

Cor. Why, there may be something in that truly; and I'm always willing to hear reason, as a reasonable young woman ought to do. But are you sure, sir, tho' we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted?

Dick. I can answer for myself, at least.

Cor. I wish you cou'd answer for me too. You see I am a plain-dealer, sir, I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

Dick. O, by no means, 'tis a sign of admirable morals, and I hope, since you practise it yourself, you'll approve of it in your lover. In one word therefore, (for 'tis in vain to mince the matter) my resolution's fix'd, and the world can't stagger me, I marry——or I die.

Cor. Indeed, sir, I have much ado to believe you; the disease of love is seldom so violent.

Dick. Madam, I have two diseases to end my miseries; if the first don't do't, the latter shall; [*Drawing his sword.*] one's in my heart, t'other's in my scabbard.

Cor. Not for a diadem. [*Catching hold of him.*] Ah, put it up, put it up.

Dick. How absolute is your command! [*Dropping his sword.*] A word, you see, disarms me.

Cor. What a power I have over him? [*Aside.*] The wondrous deeds of love!——Pray, sir, let me have no more of these rash doings tho'; perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving humour.——I'm sure, if I had let him stick himself, I shou'd have been envy'd by all the great ladies in the town.

[*Aside.*
Dick.

Dick. Well, madam, have I then your promise? You'll make me the happiest of mankind?

Cor. I don't know what to say to you; but I believe I had as good promise, for I find I shall certainly do't.

Dick. Then let us seal the contract thus. [*Kisses her.*]

Cor. Um—He has almost taken away my breath: he kisses purely. [*Aside.*]

Dick. Hark—somebody comes. [*Brafs peeping in.*]

Brafs. Gard there, the enemy—no, hold, y'are safe, 'tis Flippanta.

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. Come, have you agreed the matter? if not, you must end it another time, for your father's in motion, so pray kifs and part.

Cor. That's sweet and sour. [*They kifs.*] Adieu t'ye, fir.

[*Exeunt Dick and Cor.*]

Enter Clarissa.

Clar. Have you told him I'm at home, Flippanta?

Flip. Yes, madam.

Clar. And that I'll see him?

Flip. Yes, that too: but here's news for you; I have just now receiv'd the restitution.

Clar. That's killing pleasure; and how much has he restor'd me?

Flip. Two hundred and thirty.

Clar. Wretched rogue! but retreat, your master's coming to quarrel.

Flip. I'll be within call, if things run high. [*Exit.*]

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. O ho!——are you there i'faith? Madam, your humble servant, I'm very glad to see you at home, I thought I shou'd never have had that honour again.

Clar. Good-morrow, my dear, how d'ye do? Flippanta says you are out of humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me: Is it true? ha!— I have a terrible pain in my head, I give you notice on't beforehand.

Gripe. And how the pox shou'd it be otherwise? it's a wonder you are not dead, as a' wou'd you were. [*Aside.*] with the life you lead. Are you not ashiam'd? and do you not blush to ———

Clar. My dear child, you crack my brain; soften the harshness of your voice; say what thou wou't, but let it be in an agreeable tone——

Gripe. Tone, madam! don't tell me of a tone——

Clar. O—if you will quarrel, do it with temperance; let it be all in cool blood, even and smooth, as if you were not mov'd with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not moved with it neither.

Gripe. Had ever man such need of patience? Madam, madam, I must tell you, madam——

Clar. Another key, or I'll walk off.

Gripe. Don't provoke me.

Clar. Shall you be long, my dear, in your remonstrances?

Gripe. Yes, madam, and very long.

Clar. If you wou'd quarrel *en Abregée*, I should have a world of obligation to you.

Gripe. What I have to say, forsooth, is not to be express'd *en Abregée*, my complaints are too numerous.

Clar. Complaints! of what, my dear? Have I ever given you subject of complaint, my life?

Gripe. O pox! my dear and my life! I desire none of your *tendres*.

Clar. How! find fault with my kindness, 'and my expressions of affection and respect?' the world will guess by this what the rest of your complaints may be. I must tell you, I'm scandaliz'd at your procedure.

Gripe. I must tell you, I am running mad with yours.

Clar. Ha! how insupportable are the humours of some husbands, so full of fancies, and so ungovernable: what have you in the world to disturb you?

Gripe. What have I to disturb me! I have you, death and the devil!

Clar. Ay, merciful Heaven! how he swears! You shou'd never accustom yourself to such words as these; indeed, my dear, you shou'd not; your mouth's always full of them.

Gripe. Blood and thunder, madam——

Clar. Ah, he'll fetch the house down: do you know

know you make me tremble for you? Flippanta! who's there? Flippanta!

Gripe. Here's a provoking devil for you!

Enter Flippanta.

Flip. What, in the name of Jove's the matter? you raise the neighbourhood.

Clar. Why, here's your master in a most violent fufs, and no mortal soul can tell for what.

Gripe. Not tell for what!

Clar. No, my life. I have begg'd him to tell me his griefs, Flippanta; and then he swears, good Lord! how he does swear.

Gripe. Ah, you wicked jade! Ah, you wicked jade!

Clar. Do you hear him, Flippanta! Do you hear him!

Flip. Pray, fir, let's know a little what puts you in all this fury?

Clar. Pr'ythee stand near me, Flippanta, there's an odd froth about his mouth, looks as if his poor head were going wrong, I'm afraid he'll bite.

Gripe. The wicked woman, Flippanta, the wicked woman.

Clar. Can any body wonder I shun my own house, when he treats me at this rate in it?

Gripe. At this rate! Why, in the devil's name!—

Clar. Do you hear him again?

Flip. Come, a little moderation, fir, and try what that will produce.

Gripe. Hang her, 'tis all a pretence to justify her going abroad.

Clar. A pretence! a pretence! Do you hear how black a charge he loads me with? Charges me with a pretence? 'Is this the return for all my downright 'open actions?' You know, my dear, I scorn pretences: whene'er I go abroad, it is without pretence.

Gripe. Give me patience.

Flip. You have a great deal, fir.

Clar. And yet he's never content, Flippanta.

Gripe. What shall I do?

Clar. What a reasonable man wou'd do; own yourself in the wrong, and be quiet. Here's Flippanta

panta has understanding, and I have moderation; I'm willing to make her judge of our differences.

Flip. You do me a great deal of honour, madam: but I tell you beforehand, I shall be a little on master's side.

Gripe. Right, Flippanta has sense. Come, let her decide. Have I not reason to be in a passion? tell me that?

Clar. You must tell her for what, my life.

Gripe. Why, for the trade you drive, my soul.

Flip. Look you, sir, pray take things right; I know madam does fret you a little now and then, that's true; but in the fund she is the softest, sweetest, gentlest lady breathing. Let her but live entirely to her own fancy, and she'll never say a word to you from morning to night.

Gripe. Oons! let her but stay at home, and she shall do what she will; in reason, that is.

Flip. D'ye hear that, madam? Nay, now I must be on master's side; you see how he loves you, he desires only your company: pray give him that satisfaction, or I must pronounce against you.

Clar. Well, I agree. Thou know'st I don't love to grieve him: let him be always in good humour, and I'll be always at home.

Flip. Look you there, sir, what wou'd you have more?

Gripe. Well, let her keep her word, and I'll have done quarrelling.

Clar. I must not, however, 'so far lose the merit 'of my consent, as to' let you think I am weary of going abroad, my dear: what I do is purely to oblige you: which, that I may be able to perform, without a relapse, I'll invent what ways I can to make my prison supportable to me.

Flip. Her prison! pretty bird! her prison! don't that word melt you, sir?

Gripe. I must confess I did not expect to find her so reasonable.

Flip. O, sir, soon or late wives come into good humour: husbands must only have a little patience to wait for it.

Clar. The innocent little diversions, dear, that I shall

shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

Gripe. O, I'll find you employment, your time shan't lie upon your hands, tho', if you have a mind now for such a companion as a——let me see——Araminta, for example; why, I shan't be against her being with you from morning till night.

Clar. You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

Gripe. Is not she?

Clar. Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have consorts of music sometimes.

Gripe. Music, in my house!

Clar. Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull, I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

Flip. Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

Gripe. Ay, but if I have music——

Clar. Ay, but, sir, I must have music——

Flip. Not every day, madam, don't mean?

Clar. No, bless me, no; but three consorts a week: three days more we'll play 'after dinner,' at ombre, piquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

Gripe. A ball!

Clar. Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation, we'll read verses, talk of books, invent modes, tell lies, scandalize our friends, 'be 'pert upon religion;' and in short, employ every moment of it, in some pretty witty exercise or other.

Flip. What order you see 'tis she purposes to live in! A most wonderful regularity!

Gripe. Regularity with a pox——

[*Aside.*

Clar. And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

Gripe. A porter—a scrivener have a porter, madam!

Clar. Positively, a porter.

Gripe.

Gripe. Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman!

Clar. You will therefore be renown'd in story, for having the first, my life.

Gripe. Flippanta.

Flip. Hang it, sir, never dispute a trifle, if you vex her, perhaps, she'll insist upon a Swiss.

[*Aside to Gripe.*

Gripe. But, madam——

Clar. But, sir, a porter, positively, a porter; without that the treaty's null, and I go abroad this moment.

Flip. Come, sir; never lose so advantageous a peace for a pitiful porter.

Gripe. Why, I shall be hooted at, the boys will throw stones at my porter. Besides, where shall I have money for all this expence?

Clar. My dear, who asks you for any? Don't be in a fright, chicken.

Gripe. Don't be in a fright, madam! But where, I say——

Flip. Madam plays, sir, think on that; women that play have inexhaustible mines, and wives who receive least money from their husbands are many times those who spend the most.

Clar. So, my dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my life, trouble yourself with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going into my closet to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the pleasure of my company at home, 'without making it too great a misery to a yielding wife.'

[*Exit Clarissa.*

Flip. Mirror of goodness! Pattern to all wives! Well, sure, sir, you are the happiest of all husbands.

Gripe. Yes—and a miserable dog for all that too, perhaps.

Flip. Why, what can you ask more than this matchless complaisance?

Gripe. I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfy'd with what I have neither; the devil mixes in it all, I think; complaisant or perverse, it feels just as't did.

Flip. Why, then your uneasiness is only a disease,

fir, perhaps a little bleeding and purging wou'd relieve you.

Clar. Flippanta! [Clarissa calls within.]

Flip. Madam calls. I come, madam. Come, be merry, be merry, fir, you have cause, take my word for't. Poor devil. [*Aside.*] [Exit Flip.]

Gripe. I don't know that, I don't know that: but this I do know, that an honest man, who has married a jade, whether she's pleas'd to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have liv'd a bachelor.

Enter Brafs.

Brafs. O, fir, I am mighty glad I have found you.

Gripe. Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?

Brafs. Can nobody hear us?

Gripe. No, no, speak quickly.

Brafs. You han't seen Araminta, since the last letter I carry'd her from you?

Gripe. Not I, I go prudently; I don't press things like your young firebrand lovers.

Brafs. But seriously, fir, are you very much in love with her?

Gripe. As mortal man has been.

Brafs. I'm sorry for't.

Gripe. Why so, dear Brafs?

Brafs. If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing, d'you think 'twould break your heart?

Gripe. Oh!

Brafs. Nay, now I see you love her; wou'd you did not.

Gripe. My dear friend.

Brafs. I'm in your interest deep; you see it.

Gripe. I do; but speak, what miserable story hast thou for me?

Brafs. I had rather the devil had, phu——flown away with you quick, than to see you so much in love, as I perceive you are, since ——

Gripe. Since what?——ho.

Brafs. Araminta, fir——

Gripe. Dead?

Brafs. No.

Gripe. How then?

Brafs. Worse.

Gripe. Out with't.

Brass. Broke.

Gripe. Broke!

Brass. She is, poor lady, in the most unfortunate situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

Gripe. No, no, 'tis very sad, but let's hear it.

Brass. Sir, she charg'd me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

Gripe. Why, who shouldst thou tell it to, but to the best of her friends?

Brass. Ay, why, there's it now, it's going just as I fancy'd. Now will I be hang'd if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, sir, that as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distress'd, unfortunate lady, I'm too much your friend and servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruin'd for a woman——by letting you know, she esteem'd you more than any other man upon earth.

Gripe. Ruin'd! what dost thou mean?

Brass. Mean! Why, I mean that women always ruin those that love 'em, that's the rule.

Gripe. The rule!

Brass. Yes, the rule; why, wou'd you have 'em ruin those that don't? How shall they bring that about?

Gripe. But is there a necessity then, they should ruin somebody?

Brass. Yes, marry is there; how wou'd you have 'em support their expence else? Why, sir, you can't conceive now——you can't conceive what Araminta's privy-purse requires. Only her privy-purse, sir! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last letter I carried her from you? 'Tis true, 'twas from a man she lik'd, else, perhaps, I had had my bones broke. But what do you think she gave me?

Gripe. Why, mayhap——a shilling.

Brass. A guinea, sir, a guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by the bye. But then, sir, her coach-hire, her chair-hire, her pin-money, her play-money, her china, and her charity——wou'd

consume peers: a great soul, a very great soul! but what's the end of all this?

Gripe. Ha!

Brass. Why, I'll tell you what the end is——
a nunnery.

Gripe. A nunnery!

Brass. A nunnery——In short, she is at last reduced to that extremity, and attack'd with such a battalion of duns, that rather than tell her husband (who you know is such a dog, he'd let her go if she did) she has e'en determin'd to turn Papist, and bid the world adieu for life.

Gripe. O terrible! a Papist!

Brass. Yes, when a handsome woman has brought herself into difficulties, the Devil can't help her out of——To a nunnery, that's another rule, sir.

Gripe. But, but, but, pr'ythee, Brass, but——

Brass. But all the Buts in the world, sir, won't stop her; she's a woman of a noble resolution. So, sir, your humble servant; I pity her, I pity you. Turtle and mate; but the Fates will have it so, all's packt up, and I am now going to call her a coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word: and the next visit she receives from her friends will be through a melancholy grate, with a veil instead of a top-knot.

[*Going.*

Gripe. It must not be, by the powers, it must not; she was made for the world, and the world was made for her.

Brass. And yet you see, sir, how small a share she has on't.

Gripe. Poor woman! Is there no way to save her?

Brass. Save her! No, how can she be sav'd? Why, she owes above five hundred pounds.

Gripe. Oh!

Brass. Five hundred pounds, sir; she's like to be sav'd indeed.——Not but that I know them in this town wou'd give me one of the five, if I would persuade her to accept of th' other four: but she had forbid me mentioning it to any soul living; and I have disobey'd her only to you; and so——I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold——dost think, my poor Brass, one
might

might not order it so, as to compound those debts for
——for——twelve pence in the pound?

Brafs. Sir, d'ye hear? I have already try'd 'em with ten shillings, and not a rogue will prick up his ear at it. Tho', after all, for three hundred pounds, all in glittering gold, I could set their chaps a watering. But where's that to be had with honour? there's the thing, fir——I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Hold, once more: I have a note in my closet of two hundred, ay——and fifty, I'll go and give it her myself.

Brafs. You will; very genteel, truly. Go, slap dash, and offer a woman of her scruples, money! bolt in her face; why, you might as well offer her a scorpion, and she'd as soon touch it.

Gripe. Shall I carry it to her creditors then, and treat with them?

Brafs. Ay, that's a rare thought.

Gripe. Is not it, Brafs?

Brafs. Only one little inconvenience by the way.

Gripe. As how?

Brafs. That they are your wife's creditors as well as hers; and perhaps, it might not be altogether so well to see you clearing the debts of your neighbour's wife; and leaving those of your own unpaid.

Gripe. Why, that's true, now.

Brafs. I'm wise, you see, fir.

Gripe. Thou art; and I'm but a young lover: but what shall we do then?

Brafs. Why, I'm thinking, that if you give me the note, do you see; and that I promise to give you an account of it——

Gripe. Ay, but look you, Brafs——

Brafs. But look you!——Why, what, d'ye think I'm a pick-pocket? D'ye think I intend to run away with your note? your paltry note.

Gripe. I don't say so——I say only, that in case——

Brafs. Case, fir! there's no case but the case I have put you; and since you heap cases upon cases, where there is but three hundred rascally pounds in the case——I'll go and call a coach.

Gripe. Pr'ythee, don't be so testy; come, no more
words,

words, follow me to my closet, and I'll give thee the money.

Brafs. A terrible effort you make indeed; you are so much in love, your wits are all upon the wing, just a going; and for three hundred pounds you put a stop to their flight: fir, your wits are worth that, or your wits are worth nothing. Come away.

Gripe. Well, say no more, thou shalt be satisfy'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dick.

Dick. Hist——*Brafs!* Hist——

Re-enter Brafs.

Brafs. Well, fir!

Dick. 'Tis not well, fir, 'tis very ill, fir; we shall be all blown up.

Brafs. What, with pride and plenty?

Dick. No, fir, with an officious slut that will spoil all. In short, Flippanta has been telling her mistress and Araminta of my passion for the young gentlewoman; and, truly, to oblige me (suppos'd no ill match by the bye) they are resolv'd to propose it immediately to her father.

Brafs. That's the devil! we shall come to papers and parchments, jointures, and settlements, relations meet on both sides; that's the devil.

Dick. I intended this very day to propose to Flippanta the carrying her off: and I'm sure the young housewife wou'd have tuck'd up her coats, and have marched.

Brafs. Ay, with the body and the soul of her.

Dick. Why then, what damn'd luck is this?

Brafs. 'Tis your damn'd luck, not mine: I have always seen it in your ugly phiz, in spite of your powder'd periwig——Pox take ye——he'll be hang'd at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

Dick. I have no money, you dog; you know you have stript me of every penny.

Brafs. Come, damn it, I'll venture one cargo more upon your rotten bottom: but if ever I see one glance of your hempen fortune again, I'm off of your partnership for ever——I shall never thrive with him.

Dick. An impudent rogue, but he's in possession of my estate, so I must bear with him.

[*Aside.*
Brafs.]

Brafs. Well, come, I'll raise a hundred pounds for your use, upon my wife's jewels here; [*Pulling out the necklace.*] her necklace shall pawn for't.

Dick. Remember tho', that if things fail, I'm to have the necklace again; you know you agreed to that.

Brafs. Yes, and if I make it good, you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall: so you see where the cause will pinch.

Dick. Why, you barbarous dog, you won't offer to——

Brafs. No words now; about your business, march. Go stay for me at the next tavern; I'll go to Flippanta, and try what I can do for you.

Dick. Well, I'll go, but don't think to——O pox, fir—— [*Exit Dick.*]

Brafs. Will you be gone? a pretty title you'd have to sue me upon truly, if I shou'd have a mind to stand upon the defensive, as perhaps I may, I have done the rascal service enough to lull my conscience upon't, I'm sure: but 'tis time enough for that. Let me see—— First I'll go to Flippanta, and put a stop to this family-way of match-making, then sell our necklace for what ready money 'twill produce; and by this time to-morrow I hope we shall be in possession of—— t'other jewel here; a precious jewel, as she's set in gold: I believe for the stone itself we may part with't again to a friend —— for a tester. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE, *Gripe's house.*

Enter Brafs and Flippanta.

Brafs. **W**ELL, you agree I'm in the right, don't you?

Flip. I don't know, if your master has the estate he talks of, why not do't all above-board? Well, tho' I am not much of his mind, I'm much in his interest, and will therefore endeavour to serve him in his own way.

Brafs. That's kindly said, my child, and I believe I shall

I shall reward thee one of these days with as pretty a fellow to thy husband for't, as——

Flip. Hold your prating, Jackadandy, and leave me to my business.

Brafs. I obey—adieu. [*Kisses her.*] [*Exit Brafs.*]

Flip. Rascal!

Enter Corinna.

Cor. Ah, Flippanta, I'm ready to sink down, my legs tremble under me, my dear Flippy.

Flip. And what's the affair?

Cor. My father's there within with my mother and Araminta; I never saw him in so good a humour in my life.

Flip. And is that it that frightens you so?

Cor. Ah, Flippanta, they are just going to speak to him about my marrying the colonel.

Flip. Are they so? so much the worse; they're too hasty.

Cor. O no, not a bit; I slipt out on purpose, you must know, to give 'em an opportunity; wou'd 'twere done already.

Flip. I tell you No; get you in again immediately, and prevent it.

Cor. My dear, dear, I am not able; I never was in such a way before.

Flip. Never in a way to be marry'd before, ha? is not that it?

Cor. Ah, Lord! if I'm thus before I come to't, Flippanta, what shall I be upon the very spot? Do but feel with what a thumpaty thump it goes.

[*Putting her hand to her heart.*]

Flip. Nay, it does make a filthy buittle, that's the truth on't, child. But I believe I shall make it leap another way, when I tell you, I'm cruelly afraid your father won't consent, after all.

Cor. Why, he won't be the death o'me, will he?

Flip. I don't know, old folks are cruel; but we'll have a trick for him. Brafs and I have been consulting upon the matter, and agreed upon a surer way of doing it in spite of his teeth.

Cor. Ay, marry, sir, that were something.

Flip. But then he must not know a word of any thing towards it.

Cor.

Cor. No, no.

Flip. So, get you in immediately.

Cor. One, two, three and away.'

Flip. And prevent your mother's speaking on't.

Cor. But is t'other way, sure, Flippanta?

Flip. Fear nothing, 'twill only depend upon you.

Cor. Nay then—O ho, ho, ho, how pure that is!

[Exit Cor.]

Flippanta sola.

Poor child! we may do what we will with her, as far as marrying her goes: when that's over, 'tis possible she mayn't prove altogether so tractable. But who's here? my sharper, I think: yes.

Enter Moneytrap.

Mon. Well, my best friend, how go matters? Has the restitution been receiv'd, ha? Was she pleas'd with it?

Flip. Yes, truly; that is, she was pleas'd to see there was so honest a man in this immoral age.

Mon. Well, but a——does she know that 'twas I that——

Flip. Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and——and so——why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserv'd, angry, forgiving air. But soft; here she comes: you'll see how you stand with her presently: but don't be afraid. Courage.

Mon. He, hem. [*Enter Clarissa.*] 'Tis no small piece of good fortune, madam, to find you at home: I have often endeavour'd it in vain.

Clar. 'Twas then unknown to me, for if I cou'd often receive the visits of so good a friend at home, I shou'd be more reasonably blam'd for being so much abroad.

Mon. Madam, you make me——

Clar. You are the man of the world whose company, I think, is most to be desir'd. I don't compliment you when I tell you so, I assure you.

Mon. Alas, madam, your poor humble servant——

Clar. My poor humble servant however (with all the esteem I have for him) stands suspected with me for a vile trick, I doubt he has play'd me, which if I could

could prove upon him, I'm afraid I should punish him very severely.

Mon. I hope, madam, you'll believe I am not capable of——

Flip. No fine speeches, you'll spoil all.

Mon. Thou art a most incomparable person.

Flip. Nay, it goes rarely; but get you in, and I'll say a little something to my lady for you, while she's warm.

Mon. But, S't, Flippanta, how long dost think she may hold out?

Flip. Phu, not a twelvemonth.

Mon. Boo.

Flip. Away, I say.

[*Pushing him out.*]

Clar. Is he gone? What a wretch it is! he never was quite such a beast before.

Flip. Poor mortal, his money's finely laid out truly.

Clar. I suppose there may have been much such another scene within, between Araminta and my dear: but I left him so unsupportably brisk, 'tis impossible he can have parted with any money: I'm afraid Brads has not succeeded as thou hast done, Flippanta.

Flip. By my faith but he has, and better too; he presents his humble duty to Araminta, and has sent her——this.

[*Shewing the note.*]

Clar. A bill from my love for two hundred and fifty pounds. The monster! he wou'd not part with ten to save his lawful wife from everlasting torment.

Flip. Never complain of his avarice, madam, as long as you have his money.

Clar. But is not he a beast, Flippanta?

Flip. Madam, the man's beast enough, that's certain; but which way will you go to receive his beastly money, for I must not appear with his note?

Clar. That's true; why, send for Mrs. Amlet; that's a mighty useful woman that Mrs. Amlet.

Flip. Marry, is she; we shou'd have been basely puzzled how to dispose of the necklace without her, 'twould have been dangerous offering it to sale.

Clar. It wou'd so, for I know your master has been laying out for't amongst the goldsmiths. But I stay here

here too long, I must in and coquette it a little more to my lover, Araminta will get ground on me else.

[Exit Clarissa.

Flip. And I'll go fend for Mrs. Amlet. [Exit Flip.

Araminta, Corinna, Gripe, and Moneytrap, at a tea-table, very gay and laughing. Clarissa comes in to 'em.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mon. Mighty well, O mighty well indeed!

Clar. Save you, save you, good folks, you are all in rare humour, methinks.

Gripe. Why, what shou'd we be otherwise for, madam?

Clar. Nay, I don't know, not I, my dear; but I han't had the happiness of seeing you so since our honey-moon was over, I think.

Gripe. Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, 'tis the joy of seeing you at home; [Kisses her.] You see what charms you have, when you are pleased to make use of 'em.

Aram. Very galant, truly.

Clar. Nay, and what's more, you must know, he's never to be otherwise henceforwards; we have come to an agreement about it.

Mon. Why, here's my love and I have been upon just such another treaty too.

Aram. Well, sure there's some very peaceful star rules at present. Pray Heav'n continue its reign.

Mon. Pray do you continue its reign, you ladies, for 'tis all in your power. [Leering at Clarissa.

Gripe. My neighbour Moneytrap says true, at least I'll confess frankly, [Ogling Araminta.] 'tis in one lady's power to make me the best-humour'd man on earth.

Mon. And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. [Ogling Clarissa.

Clar. 'Tis mighty fine, gentlemen; mighty civil husbands indeed!

Gripe. Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all quarrels being now at an end, I am willing, if you please, to dispense with all that fine company we talk'd of to-day, be content with the friendly conversation of our two good neighbours here, and spend all my toying hours alone with my sweet wife.

Mon. Why, truly, I think now, if these good women pleas'd, we might make up the prettiest little neighbourly company, between our two families, and set a defiance to all the impertinent people in the world.

Clar. The rascals. [*Aside*]

Aram. Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary, if we grew fond.

Gripe. Never, never, for our wives have wit, neighbour, and that never palls.

Clar. And our husbands have generosity, Araminta, and that seldom palls.

Gripe. So, that's a wife for me now, because I did not give her a new-year's gift last time; but be good, and I'll think of some tea-cups for you, next year.

Mon. And perhaps I mayn't forget a fan, or as good a thing—hum, hussy.

Clar. Well, upon these encouragements, Araminta, we'll try how good we can be.

Gripe. Well, this goes most rarely: poor Money-trap, he little thinks what makes his wife so easy in his company. [*Aside*]

Mon. I can but pity poor neighbour Gripe. Lard, lard, what a fool does his wife and I make of him?

[*Aside*]

Clar. Are not these two wretched dogs, Araminta?

[*Aside to Araminta*]

Aram. They are indeed. [*Aside to Clarissa*]

Enter Jessamin.

Jess. Sir, here's Mr. Clip, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you. [*Exit*]

Gripe. Cods so, perhaps some news of your neck-lace, my dear.

Clar. That would be news indeed.

Gripe. Let him come in.

Enter Mr. Clip:

Gripe. Mr. Clip, your servant, I'm glad to see you: how do you do?

Clip. At your service, sir, very well. Your servant, Madam Gripe.

Clar. Horrid fellow! [*Aside*]

Gripe. Well, Mr. Clip, no news yet of my wife's necklace?

Clip.

Clip. If you please to let me speak with you in the next room, I have something to say to you.

Gripe. Ay, with all my heart. Neighbour Moneytrap, be so good as to take the ladies into the next room. [*Exeunt Moneytrap and Ladies.*] Well, any news?

Clip. Look you, sir, here's a necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you describ'd to me.

Gripe. Let's see't——Victoria! the very same. Ah, my dear Mr. Clip——[*Kisses him.*] But who brought it you? you should have seiz'd him.

Clip. 'Twas a young fellow that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, tho' it's like enough. But he has only left it me now, to shew a brother of our trade, and will call upon me again presently.

Gripe. Wheedle him hither, dear Mr. Clip. Here's my neighbour Moneytrap in the house; he's a justice, and will commit him presently.

Clip. 'Tis enough.

Enter Brafs.

Gripe. O, my friend Brafs!

Brafs. Hold, sir, I think that's a gentleman I'm looking for. Mr. Clip! O, your servant; what, are you acquainted here? I have just been at your shop.

Clip. I only stept here to shew Mr. Gripe the necklace you left.

Brafs. Why, sir, do you understand jewels! [*To Gripe.*] I thought you only dealt in gold. But I smoke the matter, hark you——a word in your ear——you are going to play the galant again, and make a purchase on't for Araminta; ha, ha?

Gripe. Where had you the necklace?

Brafs. Look you, don't you trouble yourself about that; it's in commission with me, and I can help you to a pennyworth on't.

Gripe. A peunnyworth on't, villain? [*Strikes at him.*]

Brafs. Villain! a hey, a hey. Is't you or me, Mr. Clip, he's pleas'd to compliment?

Clip. What do you think on't, sir?

Brafs. Think on't, now the devil fetch me if I know what to think on't.

Gripe. You'll sell a pennyworth, rogue! of a thing you have stol'n from me.

Brafs.

Brafs. Stol'n! pray, fir—what wine have you drank to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

Gripe. You villain! either give me an account how you stole it, or—

Brafs. O ho, fir, if you please, don't carry your jest too far, I don't understand hard words, I give you warning on't: if you han't a mind to buy the necklace, you may let it alone, I know how to dispose on't. What a pox—

Gripe. O you shan't have that trouble, fir. Dear Mr. Clip, you may leave the necklace here. I'll call at your shop and thank you for your care.

Clip. Sir, your humble servant. [Going.]

Brafs. O ho, Mr. Clip, if you please, fir, this won't do, [Stopping him.] I don't understand rallery in such matters.

Clip. I leave it with Mr. Gripe, do you and he dispute it. [Exit.]

Brafs. Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, fir, that I expect it. [Going after him.]

Gripe. You expect, you rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other accounts besides this, to make up with you. To be sure the dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty pounds. Come, villain, give me an account of—

Brafs. Account of!—Sir, give me an account of my necklace, or I'll make such a noise in your house, I'll raise the devil in't.

Gripe. Well said, courage.

Brafs. Blood and thunder give it me, or—

Gripe. Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this affair.

Brafs. You'll make no noise; but I'll make a noise, and a damn'd noise too. O, don't think to—

Gripe. I tell thee I will not hang thee.

Brafs. But I tell you I will hang you, if you don't give me my necklace. I will, rot me.

Gripe. Speak softly, be wise; how came it thine? who gave it thee?

Brafs. A gentleman, a friend of mine.

Gripe. What's his name?

Brafs. His name!—I'm in such a passion, I have forgot it.

Gripe.

Gripe. Ah, brazen rogue——thou hast stole it from my wife: 'tis the same she lost six weeks ago.

Bras. This has not been in England a month.

Gripe. You are a son of a whore.

Bras. Give me my necklace.

Gripe. Give me my two hundred and fifty pound note.

Bras. Yet I offer peace: one word without passion. The case stands thus: Either I'm out of my wits, or you are out of yours; now 'tis plain I am not out of my wits, *ergo*——

Gripe. My bill, hang-dog, or I'll strangle thee.

[*They struggle.*]

Bras. Murder, murder!

Enter Clarissa, Araminta, Corinna, Flippanta, and Moneytrap.

Flip. What's the matter? What's the matter here?

Gripe. I'll matter him.

Clar. Who makes thee cry out thus, poor Bras?

Bras. Why, your husband, madam, he's in his altitudes here.

Gripe. Robber.

Bras. Here he has cheated me of a diamond necklace.

Cor. Who, papa? Ah, dear me!

Clar. Pr'ythee what's the meaning of this great emotion, my dear?

Gripe. The meaning is that——I'm quite out of breath——this son of a whore has got your necklace, that's all.

Clar. My necklace!

Gripe. That birdlime there —— stole it.

Clar. Impossible!

Bras. Madam, you see master's a little——touch'd, that's all. Twenty ounces of blood let loose, wou'd fet all right again.

Gripe. Here, call a constable presently. Neighbour Moneytrap, you'll commit him.

Bras. D'ye hear? d'ye hear? See how wild he looks: how his eyes roll in his head: tie him down, or he'll do some mischief or other.

Gripe. Let me come at him.

Clar. Hold——pr'ythee, my dear, reduce things
to

to a little temperance, and let us coolly into the secret of this disagreeable rupture.

Gripe. Well, then, without passion: why, you must know, (but I'll have him hang'd) you must know that he came to Mr. Clip, to Mr. Clip the dog did—with a necklace to sell; so Mr. Clip having notice before that (can you deny this, firrah?) that you had lost yours, brings it to me. Look at it here, do you know it again? Ay, you traitor! [To Brass.

Brass. He makes me mad. Here's an appearance of something now to the company, and yet nothing in't in the bottom.

Clar. [Aside to Flippanta, shewing the necklace.

Flip. 'Tis it, faith! here's some mystery in this, we must look about us.

Clar. The safest way is point blank to disown the necklace.

Flip. Right, stick to that.

Gripe. Well, madam, do you know your old acquaintance, ha?

Clar. Why, truly, my dear, tho' (as you may all imagine) I shou'd be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my necklace, yet I must be just to all the world, this necklace is not mine.

“*Flip.* No, that's not my lady's necklace.”

Brass. Huzza—Mr. Justice, I demand my necklace, and satisfaction of him.

Gripe. I'll die before I part with it, I'll keep it, and have him hang'd.

Clar. But be a little calm, my dear; do, my bird, and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

Gripe. O good lack! O good lack!

Clar. No, but don't give way to fury and interest both, either of 'em are passions strong enough to lead a wise man out of the way. The necklace not being really mine, give it the man again, and come drink a dish of tea.

Brass. Ay, madam says right.

Gripe. Oons, if you with your addle head don't know your own jewels, I with my solid one do. And if I part with it, may famine be my portion.

Clar. But don't swear and curse thyself at this fearful rate; don't, my dove: be temperate in your words,
and

and just in all your actions, 'twill bring a blessing upon you and your family.

Gripe. Bring thunder and lightning upon me and my family, if I part with my necklace.

Clar. Why, you'll have the lightning burn your house about your ears, my dear, if you go on in these practices.

Mon. A most excellent woman this! [Aside.

Enter Mrs. Amlet.

Gripe. I'll keep my necklace.

Brass. Will you so? Then here comes one has a title to it, if I an't; let Dick bring himself off with her as he can. Mrs. Amlet, you are come in a very good time, you lost a necklace t'other day, and who do you think has got it?

Aml. Marry, that I know not, I wish I did.

Brass. Why then here's Mr. Gripe has it, and swears 'tis his wife's.

Gripe. And so I do, firrah—look here, mistress, do you pretend this is yours?

Aml. Not for the round world, I wou'd not say it; I only kept it to do madam a small courtesy, that's all.

Clar. Ah, Flippanta, all will out now.

[Aside to Flippanta.

Gripe. Courtesy! what courtesy!

Aml. A little money only that madam had present need of, please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

Brass. So, here's fresh game, I have started a new hare, I find.

[Aside.

Gripe. How forsooth, is this true? [To Clarissa.

Clar. You are in a humour at present, love, to believe any thing, so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

Brass. This damn'd necklace will spoil all our affairs, this is Dick's luck again.

[Aside.

Gripe. Are you not asham'd of these ways? Do you see how you are expos'd before your best friends here? don't you blush at it?

Clar. I do blush, my dear, but 'tis for you, that here it shou'd appear to the world, you keep me so bare of money, I'm forc'd to pawn my jewels.

D

Gripe.

Gripe. Impudent housewife!

[*Raising his hand to strike her.*

Clar. Softly, chicken; you might have prevented all this, by giving me the two hundred and fifty pounds, you sent to Araminta e'en now.

Brafs. You see, fir, I deliver'd your note: how I have been abus'd to-day!

Gripe. I'm betray'd—Jades on both sides, I see that.

[*Aside.*

Mon. But madam, madam, is this true that I hear? Have you taken a present of two hundred and fifty pounds? Pray what were you to return for these pounds, madam, ha?

Aram. Nothing, my dear, I only took 'em to reimburse you of about the same sum you sent to Clarissa.

Mon. Hum, hum, hum.

Gripe. How, gentlewoman, did you receive money from him?

Clar. O, my dear, 'twas only in jest, I knew you'd give it again to his wife.

Aml. But amongst all this bustle, I don't hear a word of my hundred pounds. Is it madam will pay me, or master?

Gripe. I pay! The devil shall pay.

Clar. Look you, my dear, malice apart, pay Mrs. Amlet her money, and I'll forgive you the wrong you intended my bed with Araminta: am not I a good wife now?

Gripe. I burst with rage, and will get rid of this noose, tho' I tuck myself up in another.

Mon. Nay, pray e'en tuck me up with you.

[*Exeunt Mon. and Gripe.*

Clar. & Aram. B'y, dearies.

Enter Dick.

Cor. Look, look, Flippanta, here's the colonel come at last.

Dick. Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have stay'd so long, but——

Aml. Ah, rogue's face, have I got thee, old good-for-naught? Sirrah, sirrah, do you think to amuse me with your marriages, and your great fortunes? Thou hast play'd me a rare prank, by my conscience.

Why, you ungracious rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this? Now Heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

Cor. She talks to him very familiarly, Flippanta.

Flip. So methinks, by my faith.

Brass. Now the rogue's star is making an end of him. [Aside.

Dick. What shall I do with her? [Aside.

Aml. Do but look at him, my dames, he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

Clar. What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. The meaning, good lack? Why, this all-to-be-powder'd rascal here is my son, an't please you; ha, Graceless? Now I'll make you own your mother, vermin.

Clar. What, the colonel your son?

Aml. 'Tis Dick, madam, that rogue Dick, I have so often told you of, with tears trickling down my old cheeks.

Aram. The woman's mad, it can never be.

Aml. Speak, rogue, am I not thy mother, ha? Did I not bring thee forth, say then?

Dick. What will you have me say? you had a mind to ruin me, and you have don't; wou'd you do any more?

Clar. Then, sir, you are son to good Mrs. Amlet?

Aram. And have had the assurance to put upon us all this while?

Flip. And the confidence to think of marrying Corinna?

Brass. And the impudence to hire me for your servant, who am as well born as yourself.

Clar. Indeed, I think he should be corrected.

Aram. Indeed, I think he deserves to be cudgelled.

Flip. Indeed, I think he might be pump'd.

Brass. Indeed, I think he will be hang'd.

Aml. Good lack-a-day, good lack-a-day! there's no need to be so smart upon him neither: if he is not a gentleman, he's a gentleman's fellow. Come hither, Dick, they shan't run thee down neither; cock up thy hat, Dick, and tell them, tho' Mrs. Amlet is

thy mother, she can make thee amends, with ten thousand good pounds, to buy thee some lands, and build thee a house in the midst on't.

Omnès. How!

Clar. Ten thousand pounds, Mrs. Amlet?

Aml. Yes, forsooth; though I shou'd lose the hundred you pawn'd your necklace for. Tell 'em of that, Dick.

Cor. Look you, Flippanta, I can hold no longer, and I hate to see the young man abus'd. And so, fir, if you please, I'm your friend and servant, and what's mine is yours; and when our estates are put together, I don't doubt but we shall do as well as the best of 'em.

Dick. Say'st thou so, my little queen? Why then, if dear mother will give us her blessing, the parson shall give us a tack. We'll get her a score of grandchildren, and a merry house we'll make her.

[*They kneel to Mrs. Amlet.*]

Aml. Ah——ha, ha, ha, ha, the pretty pair, the pretty pair! rise, my chickens, rise, rise, and face the proudest of them. And if madam does not deign to give her consent, a fig for her, Dick—Why, how now?

Clar. Pray, Mrs. Amlet, don't be in a passion, the girl is my husband's girl, and if you can have his consent, upon my word you shall have mine, for any thing belongs to him.

Flip. Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wife.

Aram. And I suppose for us, Clarissa, we are to go on with our dears as we us'd to do.

Clar. Just in the same tract, 'for this late treaty 'of agreement with 'em was so unnatural, you see it 'cou'd not hold. But 'tis just as well with us, as if 'it had.' Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks. But while you live, every thing gets well out of a broil, but a husband.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E.

*I'VE heard wise men in politicks lay down
 What feats by little England might be done,
 Were all agreed, and all would act as one.
 Ye wives a useful hint from this might take,
 The heavy, old, despotick kingdom shake,
 And make your matrimonial monsieurs quake.
 Our heads are feeble, and we're cramp'd by laws;
 Our hands are weak, and not too strong our cause:
 Yet would these heads and hands, such as they are,
 In firm confed'racy resolve on war,
 You'd find your tyrants——what I've found my dear.
 What only Two united can produce
 You've seen to-night a sample for your use:
 Single, we found we nothing could obtain;
 We join our force——and we subdu'd our men.
 Believe me (my dear sex) they are not brave;
 Try each your man, you'll quickly find your slave.
 I know they'll make campaigns, risk blood and life;
 But this is a more terrifying strife:
 They'll stand a shot, who'll tremble at a wife.
 Beat then your drums, and your shrill trumpets sound,
 Let all your visits of your feats resound,
 And deeds of war in cups of tea go round:
 The stars are with you, fate is in your hand,
 In twelve months time you've vanquish'd half the land;
 Be wise, and keep 'em under good command.
 This year will to your glory long be known,
 And deathless ballads hand your triumphs down;
 Your late atchievements ever will remain,
 For tho' you cannot boast of many slain,
 Your pris'ners shew you've made a brave campaign.*

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1788.

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE. COVENT-GARDEN. HAY-MARKET.

Sir William Wealthy,
 Mr. Richard Wealthy,
 Sir George Wealthy,
 Shift and Smirk,
 Loader,
 Dick,
 Servant,

———
 ———
 ———
 ———
 ———
 ———
 ———

Mr. BADDELEY,
 Mr. STAUNTON,
 Mr. WHITFIELD,
 Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
 Mr. R. PALMER,
 Mr BURTON,
 Mr. ALFRED,
 Mr. WEWITZER,
 Mr. THOMPSON,
 Mr. MACREADY,
 Mr. REES,
 Mr. FEARON,
 Mr. STEVENS,
 Mr. BADDELEY,
 Mr. GARDNER,
 Mr. R. PALMER,
 Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
 Mr. MEADOWS,
 Mr. BURTON,
 Mr. LUCAS.

Mrs. Cole,
 Lucy,

———
 ———

Mr. KING,
 Miss COLLINS,
 Mr. REES,
 Mrs. LEWIS,
 Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
 Mrs. WELLS.

T H E
M I N O R.

A C T I. S C E N E *a Chamber.*

Enter Sir William Wealthy, and Mr. Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. LOOK'E, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request; but if, directly or indirectly you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient hussy, all ties between us are broke; and I shall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir Will. I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan?

R. Weal. I shall attend the issue.

Sir Will. You will lend your aid, however?

R. Weal. We shall see how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Sir Will. Oh, from Capias, my Attorney. Who brought it?

Serv. The person is without, Sir.

Sir Will. Bid him wait. [Exit Servant. [Reads.]]

Worthy Sir,

The bearer is the person I promised to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him viva voce. So if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,

Worthy Sir, &c:

TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

P. S. *The Party's Name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mimic, or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night, at our club, the Magpye and Horse-shoe, Fetter-lane.*

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias! John.

Enter Servant.

Bid the person who brought this Letter, walk in. [*Exit Servant*] Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. *Weal.* Not a jot. I must to the 'Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at the Stock Exchange. [*Exit R. Wealthy.*]

Sir *Will.* You shall hear from me.

Enter Shift and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit Servant*] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my business with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my Client; he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir *Will.* Ha, ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, Sir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is fast. Now, Sir, you are to —

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now, Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule, to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir *Will.* Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon! [*Gives him money.*]

Shift. Not that I question your generosity; but forms, you know —

Sir *Will.* No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction,

duction, to understand one another a little. Pray, Sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum! — And what was he?

Shift. A Gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A Gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a Gentleman.

Sir Will. Could nothing induce you to unbosom yourself?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a je ne sçai quoi in your manner, that I will unlock: You shall see me all.

Sir Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know, then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a Taylor made a Pope, from a gin-shop an Empress, and many a Prime Minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of Light your Honour—A Link Boy.

Sir Will. A pleasant fellow.—Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, Sir, by a left-handed marriage; in the language of the news-papers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat and dog's meat.—I dare say, you have heard my mother, Sir. But, as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being; I shall drop them where they dropt me—in the street.

Sir Will. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the Play-house. There, Sir, leaning on my extinguished link, I learn'd dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise, from their masters. Here, sirrah, light me a-cross the kennel.—I hope your honour will remember poor Jack.—You ragged rascal, I have no half-pence—I'll pay you the next time I see you.—But, lack-a-day, Sir, that time I saw as seldom as his Tradesmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the Theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, Sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me.—A detachment from the head-quarters here, took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage, and clipping the candles. There my skill and address were so conspicuous, that it procured me the same office, the ensuing winter, at Drury-lane, where I acquired intrepidity; the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For I think, Sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab apple, applied to my right eye by a Patriot Gingerbread Baker, from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Will. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the same. But, as it happened, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher from the rebound.

Sir Will. How so?

Shift. My misfortune moved the compassion of one of the performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. To him I owe, what I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, Sir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which, however disesteem'd at present, is, by Tully reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator; Mimickry.

Sir Will. Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift!

Shift. A smattering—But, as I was saying, Sir, nothing came amiss to my master: Bipeds or quadrupeds; rationals or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the Tabernacle of Tottenham-court, to the melodious bray of their

their long-ear'd brethren in Bunhill fields; all were objects of his imitation and my attention. In a word, Sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I studied and starved, impoverished my body and pampered my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir *Will.* You have been successful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well. I can't complain. My art, Sir, is a *passé-par-tout*. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket-book.*] Ham—hum—and Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarop's, near the Monument. So, Sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir *Will.* I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir *Will.* You must know, then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, centered in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir *Will.* No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wished,—my death—

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir *Will.* Nay, pray,—there would soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy, indeed.

Sir *Will.* George, as I have contrived it, shall experience all the misery of real ruin, without running the least risque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a *coup de maitre*.

Sir *Will.* My brother, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which, he is return'd, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately?

Sir *Will.* No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir *Will.* Now, Sir, guessing into what hands my heed-

less boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have, in a feigned character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduced to the last extremity; lost even to the most distant hope—

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I step in, like his guardian-angel, and snatch him from perdition.

Shift. But what part am I to sustain in this Drama?

Sir Will. Why, George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command, by two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight, they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science, can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Will. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.—Why, I would engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the Baron. But of that by and by. You have attended auctions?

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery.

Sir Will. One of these insinuating, oily Orators, I will get you to personate: for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I'll give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [*Going, returns*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dress I can be furnish'd with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir Will.*] A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine!—What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others.—Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But, hold, hold,

hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germanized genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that, ay, marry is there. 'Egad' before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then, if there be but a bold shore and a good bottom, have a care, old square Toes, you will meet with your match. [Exit.

SCENE II. *a Chamber at Sir George's.*

Enter Sir George, Loader, and Dick.

Sir Geo. Let the Martin pannels for the vis-a-vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader. I have just enough left to discharge the baron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a snub nosed son of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High-dutchians and Hussarians.

Sir Geo. You had your share, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I! Lurch me at four, but I was mark'd to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quatre man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a fresh, till our old scores are discharg'd.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let 'em say what they will. Here, Sir, they will vowel you, from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They would as soon now a days pay a tradesman's bill, as a play debt. All sense of honour is gone, not a stiver stirring. They could as soon raise the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals—What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. No body, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal. He promised to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between seven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a Lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor Gentlewoman is mortally altered since we used to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels; all over the rheumatise.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the Tabernacle; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation! Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make profelytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me; for she offered me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, sober, psalm singing countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may'tt make as able a teacher as the best of 'em.

Dick. Laud, Sir, I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the spirit, the spirit will supply all that, Dick, never fear.

[*Exit Dick.*]

Enter Sir William, as a German Baron.

My dear Baron, what news from the Haymarket? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Will. I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing—I vow to heaven, I was never see de like!

Sir Geo. But how did she receive my embassy? What hopes?

Sir Will. Why dere was, Monsieur le Chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damn'd queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by Gad I guesfs your business. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le Valet de Chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand Merchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or,
if

if you must have de pretty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you ; but for de Opera, pardonnez, by Gar dat is meat for your master.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic!—but she despised him?

Sir Will. Ah, ma foy, he is damn'd rich, has beaucoup de guineas ; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the Signora, Madam, der is one certain Chevalier of dis country, who has travell'd, see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by Gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

Sir Geo. Well, well, Baron.

Sir Will. She asks your name ; as soon as I tell her, aha, by Gar, dans an instant, she melt like lomp of sugar : she run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me..

[Reads.]

Les preliminaries d'une traité entre le Chevalier Wealthy, and la Signora Diamenti.

A bagatelle, a trifle : she shall have it.

Load. Hark'e, Knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read ! The eloquence of angels, my dear Baron !

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad ! I don't understand their gibberish.—What is it in English?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidiary treaty between Sir G. Wealthy, and Signora Florenza ; that the said Signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds ; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant ! she must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so ! Why did you never see her ?

Sir Geo. No ; and possibly never may, but from my box at the Opera.

Load. He-y-day ! Why what the devil !—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare ; I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries

of

of this part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an Opera Girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds and never hunt; cooks, and dine at taverns; houses, you never inhabit; mistresses, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad I am not surprized at it; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour. [*Exit.*]

Sir Geo. My dear Baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Will. I fall.

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the Lady? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I would not give six-pence for your Signoras. One armful of good, wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship load of their trapping, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, Baron, how much for the table? Why she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir Will. Ay, ay, dere is her moder, la complaisante to walk in de park, and to go to de play; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey. [*Exit.*]

Load. Strip me, if I would set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, Knight, if I would not——

Sir Geo. But the Lady waits. [*Ex. Load.*] A strange fellow this. What a whimsical jargon he talks. Not an idea abstracted from play. To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

Enter

The MINOR.



Desd. delin

W. Walker sc.

M. FOOTE as M.^{rs} COLE.

*My thoughts are fix'd upon a better place.
What, I suppose, M.^r Loader, you will be
for your old friend the black-eyed Girl, &c.*

Enter Mrs. Cole, supported by Loader and Dick.

Mrs. Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. Cole. Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forgot you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour the—— Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge——

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of—— Oh la! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once called upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by, and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep—— There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the Blue Room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What shall we take a snap at old Moll's? Hey, Beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroach?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the Colonel—— He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, and don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all, over with me. The time has been, when I could have earned thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsyturvey.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl,

girl, from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ha ! Well 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate ?—But she'll mend ; her time is not come : all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later ; reformation is not the work of a day. No, no, no.—Oh !

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, a bed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the house ?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me ! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole, Fetch 'em; you blockhead. [Exit Dick.

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I am going, a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.——No.——When people are mis'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I lived in the Garden, comfortably and creditably ; and though I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day : Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows ; no knock me down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years have I paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, no body has said, Mrs. Cole, black's the white of your eye ? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Veil, and three times in the Round-house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort, after all, to think one has passed through the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter Dick, with a Case Bottle, and Glasse

Load. Come haste, Dick, haste ; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper ?

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader ! Heaven help you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip, to keep the gout out of my stomach. [Exit Dick.

Load.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to business. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I see a tight young wench in a linnen gown, knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engaged to Sir Timothy Trotter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the Knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the Gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been tossing in a sea of sin without rudder or compass: but at last Doctor Squintum stept in with a little soap-suds and sand of the Tabernacle, and scower'd my conscience till it became as bright as a pewter-platter. But however, Sir George, I hope I shall soon be able to furnish you.

Sir Geo. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertised this morning in the Register Office, for servants under seventeen; and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Sir Geo. Most likely!

Mrs. Cole. Truly, consistent with my conscience, I would do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that. But pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts, and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and nobody to shew me the road. One time I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it would not do.

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to re-
pent;

pent; and would you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pated beggars would not give me absolution, without I quitted my business—Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby damn'd rascals—Besides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things:—Oh, six of them, for a season, would finish my business here, and then I should have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous!

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Smirk, Sir, has sent to know if your Honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortified to part with you. But business, you know—

Mrs. Cole. True, Sir George. Mr. Loader, your arm—Gently, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Would you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. Not a drop—I shall see you this evening.

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. Cole. To-morrow I hope to suit you—We are to have, at the Tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the Register-office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Well, heaven bless you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader—Richard, you may as well give me, the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently—so, so!

[*Exeunt.*]

End of Act I.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A Chamber at Sir George's.*

Enter Sir George, meeting Dick.

Dick. S I R, here's the young woman, Madam Cole spoke of; poor soul seems all over in a frustration.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Lucy.

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Aukward—
Can't produce her publickly as mine;—will you be seated,
Miss?—Pr'ythee, why so coy?

Lucy. O, Sir.

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me.

Sir Geo. In tears! what can this mean? Artifice. A
project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear,
you may save this piece of Pathetic for another occasion.
It won't do with me; I am no novice—So child, a truce
to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, Sir; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what
purpose?

Lucy. A shameful one. I know it all, and yet, believe
me, Sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patro-
ness is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I say to gain your credit? And yet,
Sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's
holy, you see me here, a poor distressed, involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her style's above the common class; her tears
are real.—Rise, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am safe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee, child, collect yourself, and help me
to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly?
There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her?

Lucy. Mine, Sir, is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artless too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, Sir, I relied in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your
story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, Sir, I was considered as the
joint

joint heiress of a respectable, wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel tho' he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter, suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man sordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, tho' mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banish'd me his house, distress and destitute.

Sir Geo. Would no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, Sir, such a step would be considered by my father, as an appeal from his justice. I therefore retired to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature, in his cool, reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident placed me in a house, the mistress of which professed the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught their infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and, in return, received the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately, indeed!

Lucy. I will not trouble you with a recital of the arts used to seduce me: happily they have hitherto fail'd. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance, or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, Sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a Gentleman, than the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For tho' I can't boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted

afflicted virtue; and, however unfashionable, a spirit that dares to afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatched some pressing business here, I will lodge you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescued from infamy. [*Exit Lucy.*]

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir Geo. Shew him in, by all means. [*Exit. Dick.*]

Enter Shift as Smirk.

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even so. I have, Mr. Smirk, some things of a considerable value, which I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have.

Sir Geo. Could you assist me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk. Every day's practice, it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a Gentleman, going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate; though the real party was never master of above two self dishes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be conceal'd.

Smirk. Buried here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a Lady's play-debt. But then we must know the parties, otherwise it might be knock'd down to the husband himself. Ha, ha—Hey ho!

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

Smirk. Nobody's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into this business?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world in his way, aye, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man; he would touch you up a lot; there was no resisting him. He would force you to bid whether you would or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me to vie with that great man. But as I was saying, my predecessor, Mr. Prig, was to have a sale as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday, at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seized with a violent cholick. He sent for me to his bed-side, squeezed me by the hand; Dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the greatest show this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; all the world will be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, the Duchefs of Dupe, and every body at all: You see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do? It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last, looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me?—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it?—I'll put it to the test, says he; supply my place to-morrow.—I, eager to shew my love, rashly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness! but I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me was a wig, but this was too material an article to depend upon my own judgment; I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair—You hear, Gentlemen, what has happened; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholick; to-morrow, the greatest show this season; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes; every body in the world will be there; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, Duchefs of Dupe, and all mankind; it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell—They stared—It is true, Gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinion as to a wig. They were divided: some recommended a tye, others a bag: one mentioned a bob, but was soon overruled. Now, for my part, I own I rather inclined to the bag; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolved to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taste, a superior genius, and knows old China like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her decision?

Smirk.

Smirk. I told her the case—My dear, you know what has happened. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholick—the greatest show this season, to-morrow pictures, and every thing in the world; all the world will be there: now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead. You know the importance of a wig; I have asked my friends—some recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirk, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face, would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyish, deficient in dignity for the solemn occasion; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both.—I'll be hang'd if you don't mean a major. I jump't at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fixt.

Smirk. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the trial. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber-utensil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh; but I got thro' it. Her Grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper Lady Dy, upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her Grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember Dr. Trifle called it enthusiastic, and pronounced it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that?

Smirk. Why, Sir, the lot was a Guido? a single figure, a marvellous fine performance; well preserved, and highly finish'd. It stuck at five and forty; I, charmed with the picture, and piqued at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?—Pray, Ladies and Gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus, to start from the canvass and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensued, I bowed, and in three minutes knock'd it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. I'm afraid, Mr. Smirk, that like Alexander, you'll not leave a successor.

Smirk. O, yes, I believe I shall survive in my boy. A
fine

fine hand at a hammer; to be sure he made a trifling mistake, t'other day; knock'd down a man instead of a lot; but he made a pretty apology in the News-papers—Ha ha!—Heigho!

[*Exeunt severally*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Sir William and Richard Wealthy.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose by this time, you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery.

Sir Will. Got to the Catastrophe, good Brother?

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Will. I have already alarm'd all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables—Oh, you have my Will about you?

R. Weal. Yes; yes.

Sir Will. It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter Sir George, driving in two Gamesters.

Sir Geo. Rascals! Robbers! that like the locust, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep laid, complicated villainy? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and—— O Sir, you are here? I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir Will. What de devil is the matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have received. A Baron, a Nobleman, a Sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those, whose honour is held as sacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these [*pulls out dice*] pretty implements? The fruits of your leisure hours! They are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.

Enter Dick.

Dick. The Constables, Sir.

[*Enter Constables.*]

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may consign these Gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir Will.*] Your letters of Nobility

Nobility you will produce in a court of Justice. Tho', if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and, when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Will. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Just as I guess'd. An Impostor. He has recover'd the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Will. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Insolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Will. Hold, hold, a moment. Brother Richard, set this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! the very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father! Impossible!

Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir Geo. My father alive! Thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir Will. Alive! Ay, and I believe I shan't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear Sir, the report of your death—and this disguise—to what——

Sir Will. Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir Will. You did so. But if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was a good a plot—O George, such discoveries I have to make. Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir Geo. It is impossible, Gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explain'd; till when, keep 'em in safe custody. [*Exeunt Constables and Gamesters.* Do you know them, Sir?

Sir Will. Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel you debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those Gentlemen to refund too—But you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir Geo. I can't boast of my goodness, Sir, but I think I could produce you a proof that I am not totally destitute of ——

Sir Will. Ay! why then pr'ythee do.

Sir *Geo.* I have, Sir, this day, resisted a temptation, that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to. But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection.]

Sir *Will.* To what?

Sir *Geo.* I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [*Exit.*

And re-enter with Lucy.

Fear nothing, Madam, you may safely rely on the —

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, Sir, can you forgive your poor distressed unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've been used since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguish, and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir *Will.* Brother!

Sir *Geo.* Sir!

Lucy. Father!

R. Weal. Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly completed. Nephew, I scarce can thank you, as I ought, but —

Sir *Geo.* I am richly paid in being the happy instrument—Yet, might I urge a wish —

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir *Geo.* That you would forgive my follies of to-day; and, as I have been providentially the occasional Guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice—What says your father?

Sir *Will.* Me! Oh, I'll shew you in an instant. Give me your hands. There, children, now you are join'd, and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir *Geo.* I thank you for us both. And now, Sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

Some more estate, and principles, and wit,

Than Brokers, Bawds, and Gamesters shall think fit.

Exeunt.

T H E
C O U N T R Y W I F E,

A
C O M E D Y,

Altered from WYCHERLEY

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Marked with the Variations of the

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

A T T H E

Cheatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON
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M.DCC.LXXVII.

☞ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with single inverted Commas; as at Line 18, in Page 24.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE desire of shewing * Miss REYNOLDS to advantage, was the first motive for attempting an alteration of Wycherley's *Country Wife*. Tho' near half of the following Play is new written, the Alterer claims no merit, but his endeavour to clear one of our most celebrated Comedies from immorality and obscenity. He thought himself bound to preserve as much of the original, as could be presented to an audience of these times without offence; and if this Wanton of Charles's days is now so reclaimed, as to become innocent without being insipid, the present Editor will not think his time ill employed, which has enabled him to add some little variety to the entertainments of the public. There seems indeed an absolute necessity for reforming many Plays of our most eminent writers: for no kind of wit ought to be received as an excuse for immorality, nay it becomes still more dangerous in proportion as it is more witty—Without such a reformation, our English comedies must be reduced to a very small number, and would pall by a too frequent repetition, or what is worse, continue shameless in spite of public disapprobation.

Whatever fate this Play may have in the closet, it is much indebted to the performers for its favourable reception upon the stage.

* Who at that time perform'd the part of Peggy, but has since left the stage.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Moody
 Harcourt
 Sparkish
 Belville
 Footman
 Country Boy

At Drury Lane.
 Mr. KING.
 Mr. PALMER.
 Mr. DODD.
 Mr. CAUTHERLY.
 Mr. WRIGHT.
 Mr. BURTON.

W O M E N.

Alitheia
 Miss Peggy
 Lucy

Mrs. GREVILLE.
 Mrs. ABINGTON.
 Miss POPE.

S C E N E

London.

T H E

C O U N T R Y W I F E.

A C T I. S C E N E Harcourt's lodgings.

Harcourt *tying up his stockings; and Belville sitting by him.*

Harc. **H**A, ha, ha! and so you are in love, nephew, not reasonably and gallantly, as a young gentleman ought, but sighingly, miserably so—not content to be ankle-deep, you have fous'd over head and ears—ha, Dick?

Belv. I am pretty much in that condition, indeed, uncle. *[Sighs.]*

Harc. Nay, never blush at it—when I was of your age I was aham'd too—but three years at college, and half a one at Paris, methinks should have cur'd you of that unfashionable weakness—modesty.

Belv. Could I have releas'd myself from that, I had, perhaps, been at this instant happy in the possession of what I must despair now ever to obtain—Heigho!

Harc. Ha, ha, ha! very foolish indeed.

Belv. Don't laugh at me, uncle; I am foolish, I know; but, like other fools, I deserve to be pitied.

Harc. Prithee don't talk of pity; how can I help you?—for this country girl of yours is certainly married.

Belv. No, no—I won't believe it; she is not married, nor she shan't, if I can help it.

Harc. Well said, modesty—with such a spirit you can help yourself, Dick, without my assistance.

Belv. But you must encourage, and advise me too, or I shall never make any thing of it.

6 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

Harc. Provided the girl is not married; for I never, never encourage young men to covet their neighbours wives.

Belv. My heart assures me, that she is not married.

Harc. O to be sure, your heart is much to be rely'd upon—but to convince you that I have a fellow-feeling of your distress, and that I am as nearly ally'd to you in misfortunes as in relationship—you must know——

Belv. What, uncle? you alarm me!

Harc. That I am in love too.

Belv. Indeed!

Harc. Miserably in love.

Belv. That's charming.

Harc. And my mistress is just going to be married to another.

Belv. Better and better.

Harc. I knew my fellow-sufferings would please you; but now prepare for the wonderful wonder-of-wonders!

Belv. Well!——

Harc. My mistress is in the same house with yours.

Belv. What, are you in love with Peggy too?

[*Rising from his chair.*

Harc. Well said, jealousy.—No, no, set your heart at rest.—Your Peggy is too young, and too simple for me.—I must have one a little more knowing, a little better bred, just old enough to see the difference between me and a coxcomb, spirit enough to break from a brother's engagements, and chuse for herself.

Belv. You don't mean Alithea, who is to be married to Mr. Sparkish?

Harc. Can't I be in love with a lady that is going to be married to another, as well as you, sir?

Belv. But Sparkish is your friend?

Harc. Prithee don't call him my friend; he can be nobody's friend, not even his own—He would thrust himself into my acquaintance, would introduce me to his mistress, tho' I have told him again and again that I was in love with her, which, instead of ridding

ridding me of him, has made him only ten times more troublesome—and me really in love—He should suffer for his self-sufficiency.

Belv. 'Tis a conceited puppy!—And what success with the lady?

Harc. No great hopes—and yet, if I could defer the marriage a few days, I should not despair;—her honour, I am confident, is her only attachment to my rival—she can't like Sparkish, and if I can work upon his credulity, a credulity which even popery would be ashamed of, I may yet have the chance of throwing sixes upon the dice to save me.

Belv. Nothing can save me.

Harc. No, not if you whine and sigh, when you should be exerting every thing that is man about you. I have sent Sparkish, who is admitted at all hours in the house, to know how the land lies for you, and if she is not married already.

Belv. How cruel you are—you raise me up with one hand, and then knock me down with the other.

Harc. Well, well, she shan't be married. [*Knocking at the door.*] This is Sparkish, I suppose: don't drop the least hint of your passion to him; if you do, you may as well advertise it in the public papers.

Belv. I'll be careful.

Enter Servant:

Serv. An odd sort of a person, from the country I believe, who calls himself Moody, wants to see you, sir; but as I did not know him, I said you were not at home, but would return directly; and so will I too, said he, very short and surly! and away he went, numbling to himself.

Harc. Very well, Will—I'll see him when he comes.

[*Exit Servant.*] Moody call to see me!—He has something more in his head than making me a visit—'tis to complain of you, I suppose.

Belv. How can he know me?

Harc. We must suppose the worst, and be prepared for him—tell me all you know of this ward of his, his Peggy—Peggy what's her name?

Belv. Thrift, Thrift, uncle.

3 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

Harc. Ay, ay, Sir Thomas Thrift's daughter, of Hampshire, and left very young, under the guardianship of my old companion and acquaintance, Jack Moody.

Belw. Your companion!—he's old enough to be your father.

Harc. Thank you, nephew—he has greatly the advantage of me in years, as well as wisdom.—When I first launched from the university, into this ocean of London—he was the greatest rake in it; I knew him well, for near two years, but all of a sudden he took a freak (a very prudent one) of retiring wholly into the country.

Belw. There he gain'd such an ascendancy over the odd disposition of his neighbour, Sir Thomas, that he left him sole guardian to his daughter, who forfeits half her fortune, if she does not marry with his consent—there's the devil, uncle.

Harc. And are you so young, so foolish, and so much in love, that you would take her with half her value? ha, nephew?

Belw. I'll take her with any thing—with nothing.

Harc. What! such an unaccomplish'd, awkward, silly creature—he has scarce taught her to write—she has seen nobody to converse with, but the country people about 'em; so she can do nothing but dangle her arms, look gawky, turn her toes in, and talk broad Hampshire.

Belw. Don't abuse her sweet simplicity—had you but heard her talk, as I have done, from the garden-wall in the country, by moon-light——

Harc. Romeo and Juliet, I protest, ha, ha, ha!
Arise fair sun, and kill the envious——ha, ha, ha!
How often have you seen this fair Capulet?

Belw. I saw her three times in the country, and spoke to her twice; I have leap'd an orchard-wall, like Romeo, to come at her, play'd the balcony-scene, from an old summer-house in the garden; and if I lose her, I will find out an apothecary, and play the tomb-scene too, for I cannot bear to be cross'd in love.

Harc. Well said, Dick!—this spirit must produce something

something—but has the old dragon ever caught you fighting at her?

Belv. Never in the country; he saw me yesterday kissing my hand to her, from the new tavern-window that looks upon the back of his house, and immediately drove her from it, and fasten'd up the window-shutters. [*Sparkish* without.

Spark. Very well, Will, I'll go up to 'em.

Harc. I hear *Sparkish* coming up—take care of what I told you—not a word of *Peggy*;—hear his intelligence, and make use of it, without seeming to mind it.

Belv. Mum, mum, uncle.

Enter Sparkish.

Spark. O, my dear *Harcourt*, I shall die with laughing—I have such news for thee—ha, ha, ha!—What, your nephew too, and a little dumpish, or so—you have been giving him a lecture upon œconomy, I suppose—you, who never had any, can best describe the evils that arise from the want of it.—I never mind my own affairs, not I.—I hear, *Mr. Belville*, you have got a pretty snug house, with a bow-window that looks into the park, and a back-door that goes out into it.—Very convenient, and well-imagin'd—no young, handsome fellow should be without one—you may be always ready there, like a spider in his web, to seize upon stray'd women of quality.

Harc. As you us'd to do—you vain fellow you; prithee don't teach my nephew your abandoned tricks—he is a modest young man, and you must not spoil him.—

Spark. May be so; but his modesty has done some mischief at our house—my surly, jealous brother-in-law saw that modest young gentleman casting a wishful eye at his forbidden fruit, from the new tavern-window.

Belv. You mistake the person, *Mr. Sparkish*—I don't know what young lady you mean.

Harc. Explain yourself, *Sparkish*, you must mistake—*Dick* has never seen the girl.

Spark. I don't say he has; I only tell you what *Moody* says. Besides, he went to the tavern himself,

and enquir'd of the waiter, who din'd in the back-room,—No. 4—and they told him it was Mr. Belville, your nephew—that's all I know of the matter, or desire to know of it—faith.

Harc. He kiss'd his hand, indeed, to your lady, Alithea, and is more in love with her than you are, and very near as much as I am; so look about you, such a youth may be dangerous.

Spark. The more danger the more honour: I defy you both—win her and wear her, if you can—*Dolus an virtus* in love as well as in war—tho' you must be expeditious, faith; for I believe, if I don't change my mind, I shall marry her to-morrow, or the day after.—Have you no honest clergyman, Harcourt, no fellow-collegian to recommend to me to do the business?

Harc. Nothing ever, sure, was so lucky. [*Aside.*] Why, faith, I have, Sparkish—my brother, a twin-brother, Ned Harcourt, will be in town to-day, and proud to attend your commands.—I am a very generous rival, you see, to lend you my brother to marry the woman I love!

Spark. And so am I too, to let your brother come so near us—but Ned shall be the man; poor Alithea grows impatient—I can't put off the evil day any longer—I fancy the brute, her brother, has a mind to marry his country idiot at the same time.

Belv. How, country idiot, sir!

Harc. *Taisez vous bête.* [*Aside to Belv.*] I thought he had been married already.

Spark. No, no, he's not married, that's the joke of it.

Belv. No, no, he is not married.

Harc. Hold your tongue— [*Elbowing Belville.*

Spark. Not he—I have the finest story to tell you—by the by, he intends calling upon you, for he ask'd me where you liv'd, to complain of *modesty* there—He pick'd up an old raking acquaintance of his, as we came along together—Will. Frankly, who saw him with his girl, sculking and muffled up, at the play last night—he plagu'd him much about matrimony,

mony, and his being asham'd to shew himself; swore he was in love with his wife, and intended to cuckold him. Do you? cry'd Moody, folding his arms, and scowling with his eyes thus—*You must have more wit than you us'd to have—Besides, if you have as much as you think you have, I shall be out of your reach, and this profligate metropolis, in less than a week.*—Moody would fain have got rid of him, but the other held him by the sleeve, so I left 'em; rejoiced most luxuriously to see the poor devil tormented.

Belv. I thought you said, just now, that he was *not* married—is not that a contradiction, sir?

[*Harcourt still makes signs to Belville.*]

Spark. Why, it is a kind of one—but considering your modesty, and your ignorance of the young lady, you are pretty tolerably inquisitive, methinks, ha, Harcourt! ha, ha, ha!

Harc. Pooh, pooh! don't talk to that baby, tell me all you know.

Spark. You must know, my booby of a brother-in-law hath brought up this ward of his (a good fortune let me tell you) as he coops up and fattens his chickens, for his own eating—he is plaguy jealous of her, and was very sorry that he could not marry her in the country, without coming up to town; which he could not do, on account of some writings or other; so what does my gentleman? he persuades the poor silly girl, by breaking a six-pence, or some nonsense or another, that they are to all intents married in heaven; but that the laws require the signing of articles, and the church-service to complete their union—so he has made her call him husband, and Bud, which she constantly does, and he calls her wife, and gives out she is married, that she may not look after younger fellows, nor younger fellows after her, egad; ha, ha, ha! and all won't do.

Belv. Thank you, sir—what heav'nly news, uncle!

Harc. What an idiot you are, nephew! And so then you make but one trouble of it; and are both to be tack'd together the same day?

Spark. No, no, he can't be married this week; he damns the lawyers for keeping him in town;—besides, I am out of favour; and he is continually snarling at me, and abusing me, for not being jealous. [*Knocking at the door.*] There he is—I must not be seen with you, for he'll suspect something; I'll go with your nephew to his house, and we'll wait for you, and make a visit to my wife that is to be, and, perhaps, we shall shew young modesty here a sight of Peggy too.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's the strange odd sort of a gentleman come again, and I have shewn him into the fore-parlour.

Spark. That must be Moody! well said, Will; an odd sort of a strange gentleman indeed; we'll step into the next room 'till he comes into this, and then you may have him all to yourself—much good may do you. [*Sparkish going, returns.*] Remember that he is married, or he'll suspect me of betraying him.

[*Ex. Sparkish and Belville.*]

Harc. Shew him up, Will. [*Exit Serv.*] Now must I prepare myself to see a very strange, tho' a very natural metamorphosis—a once high-spirited, handsome, well-dress'd, raking prodigal of the town, sunk into a surly, suspicious, œconomical, country sloven—le voilà.

Enter Moody.

Mood. Mr. Harcourt, your humble servant—have you forgot me?

Harc. What, my old friend Jack Moody! by thy long absence from the town, the grumness of thy countenance, and the slovenliness of thy habit, I should give thee joy—you are certainly married.

Moody. My long stay in the country will excuse my dress, and I have a suit at law that brings me up to town, and puts me out of humour—besides, I must give Sparkish ten thousand pounds to-morrow to take my sister off my hands.

Harc. Your sister is very much obliged to you—being so much older than her, you have taken upon
you

you the authority of a father, and have engaged her to a coxcomb.

Moody. I have, and to oblige her—nothing but coxcombs or debauchees are the favourites now-a-days, and a coxcomb is rather the more innocent animal of the two.

Harc. She has sense, and taste, and can't like him; so you must answer for the consequences.

Moody. When she is out of my hands, her husband must look to consequences. He's a fashionable fool, and will cut his horns kindly.

Harc. And what is to secure your worship from consequences?—I did not expect marriage from such a rake—one that knew the town so well: fye, fye, Jack.

Moody. I'll tell you my security—I have married no London wife.

Harc. That's all one—that grave circumspection in marrying a country wife, is like refusing a deceitful, pamper'd, Smithfield jade, to go and be cheated by a friend in the country.

Moody. I wish the devil had both him and his simile.

[*Aside.*

Harc. Well, never grumble about it, what's done can't be undone; is your wife handsome, and young?

Moody. She has little beauty but her youth, nothing to brag of but her health, and no attraction but her modesty—wholesome, homely, and housewifely—that's all.

Harc. You talk as like a grazier as you look, Jack—why did you not bring her to town before, to be taught something?

Moody. Which something I might repent as long as I live—No, no; women and private soldiers should be ignorant.

Harc. But, prithee, why wouldst thou marry her, if she be ugly, ill-bred, and silly? She must be rich then.

Moody. As rich as if she had the wealth of the Mogul—she'll not ruin her husband, like a London-baggage, with a million of vices she never heard of—then, because

cause she's ugly, she's the likelier to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'll hate conversation; and since silly and innocent, will not know the difference between me and you; that is, between a man of thirty, and one of forty.

Harc. Fifty, to my knowledge—[*Moody turns off, and grumbles.*]—But see how you and I differ, Jack—wit to me is more necessary than beauty: I think no young woman ugly that has it; and no handsome woman agreeable without it.

Moody. 'Tis my maxim—He's a fool that marries; but he's a greater that does not marry a fool.—I know the town, Mr. Harcourt; and my wife shall be virtuous in spite of you, or your nephew.

Harc. My nephew!—poor sheepish lad—he runs away from every woman he sees—he saw your sister Alithea at the opera, and was much smitten with her—He always toasts her—and hates the very name of Sparkish. I'll bring him to your house—and you shall see what a formidable Tarquin he is.

Moody. I have no curiosity, so give yourself no trouble.—You have heard of a wolf in sheep's cloathing, and I have seen your innocent nephew kissing his hands at my windows.

Harc. At your sister, I suppose; nor at her unless he was tipsy—How can you, Jack, be so outrageously suspicious? Sparkish has promis'd to introduce him to his mistress.

Moody. Sparkish is a fool, and may be, what I'll take care not to be—I confess my visit to you, Mr. Harcourt, was partly for old acquaintance sake, but chiefly to desire your nephew to confine his gallantries to the tavern, and not send 'em in looks, signs, or tokens, on the other side the way—I keep no brothel—so pray tell your nephew. [Going]

Harc. Nay, prithee, Jack, leave me in better humour—Well, I'll tell him, ha, ha, ha! poor Dick; how he'll stare. This will give him a reputation, and the girls won't laugh at him any longer. Shall we dine together at the tavern, and send for my nephew to chide him for his gallantry? Ha, ha, ha! we shall have fine sport.

Moody. I am not to be laugh'd out of my senses, Mr. Harcourt—I was once a modest, meek, young gentleman myself, and I never have been half so mischievous before or since, as I was in that state of innocence.—And so, old friend, make no ceremony with me—I have much business, and you have much pleasure, and therefore, as I hate forms, I will excuse your returning my visit; or sending your nephew to satisfy me of his modesty—and so your servant. [*Exit.*]

Harc. Ha, ha, ha! poor Jack! what a life of suspicion does he lead! I pity the poor fellow, tho' he ought, and will suffer for his folly—Folly!—'tis treason, murder, sacrilege! When persons of a certain age will indulge their false ungenerous appetites, at the expence of a young creature's happiness, dame Nature will revenge herself upon them, for thwarting her most heavenly will and pleasure. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE *a chamber in Moody's house.*

Enter Miss Peggy and Alithea.

Peg. **P**RAY, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in, in London?

Alith. A pretty question! why, sister, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and St. James's Park, are the most frequented.

Peg. Pray, sister, tell me why my Bud looks so grum here in town, and keeps me up close, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best gown yesterday.

Alith. O, he's jealous, sister.

Peg. Jealous! what's that?

Alith. He's afraid you should love another man.

Peg. How should he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me see any but himself?

Alith. Did he not carry you yesterday to a play?

Peg. Ay; but we sat amongst ugly people: he would

would not let me come near the gentry, who sat under us, so that I could not see 'em. He told me none but naughty women sat there—but I would have ventur'd for all that.

Alith. But how did you like the play?

Peg. Indeed I was weary of the play; but I lik'd hugely the actors; they are the goodliest, properest men, sister.

Alith. O, but you must not like the actors, sister.

Peg. Ay, how should I help it, sister? Pray, sister, when my guardian comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

Alith. A walking, ha, ha, ha! Lord, a country gentlewoman's pleasure is the drudgery of a foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her husband's horses. [*Aside.*] [*Enter Moody.*] But here comes my brother, I'll ask him, tho' I'm sure he'll not grant it.

Peg. O my dear, dear Bud, welcome home; why dost thou look so fropish? who has nanger'd thee?

Moody. You're a fool. [*Peggy goes aside, and cries.*]

Alith. Faith, and so she is, for crying for no fault—poor tender creature!

Moody. What, you would have her as impudent as yourself, as arrant a gillfirt, a gadder, a magpye; and, to say all, a mere notorious town-woman!

Alith. Brother, you are my only censurer; and the honour of your family will sooner suffer in your wife that is to be, than in me, tho' I take the innocent liberty of the town!

Moody. Hark you, mistress, do not talk so before my wife: the innocent liberty of the town!

Alith. Pray what ill people frequent my lodgings? I keep no company with any woman of scandalous-reputation.

Moody. No, you keep the men of scandalous reputation company.

Alith. Would you not have me civil, answer 'em. at public places, walk with 'em when they join me in the Park, Ranelagh, or Vauxhall?

Moody. Hold, hold; do not teach my wife where-

the men are to be found: I believe she's the worse for your town documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance, as I do.

Peg. Indeed, be not angry with her, Bud, she will tell me nothing of the town, tho' I ask her a thousand times a day.

Moody. Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

Peg. Not I, indeed, dear; I hate London: our place-house in the country is worth a thousand of't; would I were there again!

Moody. So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in? you are her encourager in such discourses.

Peg. No, indeed, dear; she chid me just now for liking the player-men.

Moody. Nay, if she is so innocent as to own to me her liking them, there is no hurt in't. [*Aside.*] Come, my poor rogue, but thou likest none better than me?

Peg. Yes, indeed; but I do; the player-men are finer folks.

Moody. But you love none better than me?

Peg. You are my own dear Bud, and I know you; I hate strangers.

Moody. Ay, my dear, you must love me only; and not be like the naughty town-women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man else; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine cloaths, fiddles, balls, treats, and so lead a wicked town-life.

Peg. Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town-life, London is not so bad a place, dear.

Moody. How! if you love me, you must hate London.

Alith. The fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the town, and he is now setting her agog upon them himself. [*Aside.*]

Peg. But, Bud, do the town-women love the player-men too?

Moody. Yes, I warrant you.

Peg. Ay, I warrant you.

Moody.

18 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

Moody. Why, you do not, I hope?

Peg. No, no, Bud; but why have we no playmen in the country?

Moody. Ha! Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a play.

Peg. Nay, why, love? I did not care for going; but when you forbid me, you make me as 'twere desire it.

Alith. So 'twill be in other things, I warrant.

[*Aside.*

Peg. Pray let me go to a play, dear?

Moody. Hold your peace, I won't.

Peg. Why, love?

Moody. Why, I'll tell you.

Alith. Nay, if he tell her, she'll give him more cause to forbid her that place.

[*Aside.*

Peg. Pray, why, dear?

Moody. First, you like the actors; and the gallants may like you.

Peg. What, a homely country girl? No, Bud, nobody will like me.

Moody. I tell you yes, they may.

Peg. No, no, you jest—I won't believe you: I will go.

Moody. I tell you then, that one of the most raking fellows in town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Peg. Indeed! who, who, pray, who was't?

Moody. I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware. How overjoy'd she is!

[*Aside.*

Peg. Was it any Hampshire gallant, any of our neighbours?—Promise you I am beholden to him.

Moody. I promise you, you lye; for he wou'd but ruin you, as he has done hundreds.

Peg. Ay, but if he loves me, why should he ruin me? answer me to that. Methinks he thou'd not; I wou'd do him no harm.

Alith. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either. But here comes company, get you in, get you in.

Peg.

Peg. But pray, husband, is he a pretty gentleman that loves me?

Moody. In, baggage, in.
[Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.]

Enter Sparkish, Harcourt, and Belville.

Moody. What, all the libertines of the town brought to my lodging, by this easy coxcomb! 'Sdeath, I'll not suffer it.

Spark. Here, Belville, do you approve my choice? Dear little rogue, I told you, I'd bring you acquainted with all my friends, the wits.

Moody. Ay, they shall know her as well as you yourself will, I warrant you.

Spark. This is one of those, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to-morrow. And one you must make welcome, for he's modest. *[Belville salutes Alithea.]* Harcourt makes himself welcome, and has not the same foible, though of the same family.

Harc. You are too obliging, Sparkish.

Moody. And so he is indeed—the fop's horns will as naturally sprout upon his brows, as mushrooms upon dunghills.

Harc. This, Mr. Moody, is my nephew you mentioned to me; I would bring him with me, for a sight of him will be sufficient, without poppy or mandragora, to restore you to your rest.

Belv. I am sorry, sir, that any mistake or imprudence of mine, should have given you any uneasiness; it was not so intended, I assure you, sir.

Moody. It may be so, sir, but not the less criminal for that—My wife, sir, must not be smirk'd and nodded at from tavern windows; I am a good shot, young gentleman, and don't suffer magpies to come near my cherries.

Belv. Was it your wife, sir?

Moody. What's that to you, sir—suppose it was my grandmother?

Belv. I would not dare to offend her—permit me to say a word in private to you.

[Moody and Belville retire out of sight.]
Spark.

Spark. Now old surly is gone, tell me, Harcourt, if thou lik'st her as well as ever—My dear, don't look down, I should hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

Alib. For shame, Mr. Sparkish.

Spark. Tell me, I say, Harcourt, how dost like her? thou hast star'd upon her enough to resolve me.

Harc. So infinitely well, that I could wish I had a mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing but her love and engagement to you.

Alib. Sir, Mr. Sparkish has often told me, that his acquaintance were all wits and railers, and now I find it.

Spark. No, by the universe, madam, he does not rally now; you may believe him; I do assure you he is the honestest, worthiest, true-hearted gentleman; a man of such perfect honour, he would say nothing to a lady he does not mean.

Harc. Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that——

Spark. Nay, egad, I am sure you do admire her extremely, I see it in your eyes—He does admire you, madam, he has told me so a thousand and a thousand times—have you not, Harcourt? You do admire her, by the world you do—don't you?

Harc. Yes, above the world, or the most glorious part of it, her whole sex; and 'till now, I never thought I should have envied you or any man about to marry: but you have the best excuse to marry I ever knew.

Alib. Nay, now, sir, I am satisfied you are of the society of the wits and railers, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is most civil to you; but the surest sign is, you are an enemy to marriage, the common butt of every railer.

Harc. Truly, madam, I was never an enemy to marriage till now, because marriage was never an enemy to me before.

Alib. But why, sir, is marriage an enemy to you now? because it robs you of your friend here? for you look upon a friend married, as one gone into a monastery, that is dead to the world.

Harc.

Harc. 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see, madam, you can guess my meaning: I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the match; by Heav'n's I wou'd.

Spark. Poor Frank!

Alith. Wou'd you be so unkind to me?

Harc. No, no, 'tis not because I wou'd be unkind to you.

Spark. Poor Frank; no, egad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

Alith. Great kindness to you indeed!—Insensible! Let a man make love to his mistress to his face.

[*Aside.*

Spark. Come, dear Frank, for all my wife there, that shall be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes, dear rogue: by my honour, we men of wit condole for our deceased brother in marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was prettily said of me, ha, Harcourt?—But come, Frank, be not melancholy for me.

Harc. No, I assure you, I am not melancholy for you.

Spark. Prithee, Frank, dost think my wife, that shall be, there, a fine person?

Harc. I cou'd gaze upon her, till I became as blind as you are.

Spark. How, as I am? how?

Harc. Because you are a lover; and true lovers are blind, stock blind.

Spark. True, true; but by the world she has wit too, as well as beauty; go, go with her into a corner, and try if she has wit; talk to her any thing, she's bashful before me.

Alith. Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time.

Spark. Nay, nay, madam, let me have an earnest of your obedience, or—go, go, madam.

[*Harcourt courts Alitheia aside.*

Enter Moody.

Moody. How, fir, if you are not concern'd for the honour of a wife, I am for that of a sister;—be a pander

der to your own wife, bring men to her, let 'em make love before your face, thrust 'em into a corner together, then leave 'em in private! is this your town wit and conduct?

Spark. Ha, ha, ha! a filly wife rogue wou'd make one laugh more than a stark fool: ha, ha, ha! I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the world. What have you done with Belville?

[*Struggles with Moody, to keep him from Harcourt and Alithea.*]

Moody. Shewn him the way out of my house, as you should to that gentleman.

Spark. Nay, but prithee—let me reason with thee.

[*Talks apart with Moody.*]

Alith. The writings are drawn, sir, settlements made; 'tis too late, sir, and past all revocation.

Harc. Then so is my death.

Alith. I wou'd not be unjust to him.

Harc. Then why to me so?

Alith. I have no obligations to you.

Harc. My love.

Alith. I had his before.

Harc. You never had it; he wants, you see, jealousy, the only infallible sign of it.

Alith. Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my virtue; besides, he loves me, or he wou'd not marry me.

Harc. Marrying you is no more a sign of his love, than bribing your woman that he may marry you, is a sign of his generosity. But if you take marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately.

Alith. No, now you have put a scruple in my head; but in short, sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him; my reputation wou'd suffer in the world else.

Harc. No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, madam, your reputation suffers in the world.

Alith. Nay, now you are rude, sir—Mr. Sparkish, pray come hither, your friend here is very troublesome, and very loving.

Harc. Hold, hold. [Aside to Alithea.]

Moody. D'ye hear that, senseless puppy?

Spark.

Spark. Why, d'ye think I'll seem jealous, like a country bumpkin?

Moody. No, rather be dishonour'd, like a credulous driv'ler.

Harc. Madam, you would not have been so little generous as to have told him?

Alith. Yes, since you cou'd be so little generous as to wrong him.

Harc. Wrong him! no man can do't, he's beneath an injury; a bubble, a coward, a senseless idiot, a wretch so contemptible to all the world but you, that——

Alith. Hold, do not rail at him; for since he is like to be my husband, I am resolv'd to like him: nay, I think I am oblig'd to tell him, you are not his friend—Mr. Sparkish, Mr. Sparkish!

Spark. What, what; now dear rogue, has not she wit?

Harc. Not so much as I thought, and hoped she had. [Surlily.]

Alith. Mr. Sparkish, do you bring people to rail at you?

Harc. Madam!

Spark. How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest, I warrant: what we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alith. He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience to hear him.

Moody. And he was in the right on't.

Alith. Besides, he has been making love to me.

Moody. And I told the fool so.

Harc. True, damn'd tell-tale woman. [Aside.]

Spark. Pshaw, to shew his parts—We wits rail and make love often, but to shew our parts; as we have no affections, so we have no malice, we——

Moody. Did you ever hear such an ass!

Alith. He said you were a wretch, below an injury.

Spark. Pshaw.

Harc. Madam!

Alith. A common bubble.

Spark.

Spark. Pshaw.

Alith. A coward!

Spark. Pshaw, pshaw!

Alith. A senseless drivelling idiot.

Moody. True, true, true; all true.

Spark. How! did he disparage my parts? nay, then my honour's concern'd. I can't put up that, sir; by the world, brother, help me to kill him.

[*Offers to draw.*]

Alith. Hold, hold.

Spark. What, what?

Alith. I must not let 'em kill the gentleman, neither.

[*Aside.*]

Spark. I'll be thy death. [*Putting up his sword.*]

Moody. If Harcourt would but kill Sparkish, and run away with my sister, I shou'd be rid of three plagues at once.

Alith. 'Hold, hold;' indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman said, after all, that what he spoke was but out of friendship to you.

Spark. How! say I am a fool, that is no wit, out of friendship to me?

Alith. Yes, to try whether I was concern'd enough for you; and made love to me only to be satisfy'd of my virtue, for your sake.

Harc. Kind, however!

[*Aside.*]

Spark. Nay, if it were so, my dear rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why wou'd not you tell me so, faith?

Harc. Because I did not think on't, faith!

Spark. Come, Belville is gone away; Harcourt, let's be gone to the new play—Come, madam.

Alith. I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the box, and run all about the house, as you use to do.

Spark. Pshaw, I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box, to entertain you, and that's as good; if I sat in the box, I shou'd be thought no critic—I must run about, my dear, and abuse the author—Come away; Harcourt, lead her down. B'ye, brother.

[*Ex. Harcourt, Sparkish, and Alitheia.*]

Moody. B'ye, driv'ler. Well, go thy ways, for the flower

flower

flower of the true town fops, such as spend their estates before they come to 'em, and are cuckolds before they're married. But let me go look to my freehold.

Enter a Servant Boy.

Boy. Master, your worship's servant—here is the lawyer, counsellor gentleman, with a green bag full of papers, come again; and would be glad to speak to you.

Moody. Now here's some other damn'd impediment, which the law has thrown in our way—I shall never marry the girl, nor get clear of the smoke and wickedness of this cursed town. Where is he?

Boy. He's below in a coach, with three other lawyer, counsellor gentlemen. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes.*

Enter Miss Peggy and Lucy.

Lucy. What ails you, Miss Peggy? you are grown quite melancholy.

Peg. Would it not make any one melancholy to see your mistress Alithea go every day fluttering about abroad to plays and assemblies, and I know not what, whilst I must stay at home, like a poor lonely fullen bird in a cage?

Lucy. Dear miss Peggy, I thought you chose to be confin'd: I imagin'd that you had been bred so young to the cage, that you had no pleasure in flying about, and hopping in the open air, as other young ladies, who go a little wild about this town.

Peg. Nay, I confess I was quiet enough, till somebody told me what pure lives the London ladies lead, with their dancing-meetings, and junketings, and dress'd every day in their best gowns; and I warrant you play at nine-pins every day in the week, so they do.

Lucy. To be sure, miss, you will lead a better life when join'd in holy wedlock with your sweet-temper'd guardian, the chearful Mr. Moody.

Peg. I can't lead a worse, that's one good thing—but I must make the best of a bad market, for I can't marry nobody else.

Lucy. How so, miss? that's very strange.

B

Peg.

Peg. Why we have a contraction to one another—so we are as good as married, you know——

Lucy. I know it! Heav'n forbid, miss——

Peg. Heigho!

Lucy. Don't sigh, miss Peggy—if that young gentleman, who was here just now, would take pity on me, I'd throw such a contract as yours behind the fire.

Peg. Lord bless us, how you talk!

Lucy. Young Mr. Belville wou'd make you talk otherwise, if you knew him.

Peg. Mr. Belville!—where is he?—when did you see him?—you have undone me, Lucy—where was he? did he say any thing?

Lucy. Say any thing! very little, indeed—he's quite distracted, poor young creature. He was talking with your guardian just now.

Peg. The deuce he was!—but where was it, and when was it?

Lucy. In this house, five minutes ago, when your guardian turn'd you into your chamber, for fear of your being seen.

Peg. I knew something was the matter, I was in such a fluster — But what did he say to my Bud?

Lucy. What do you call him Bud for? Bud means husband, and he is not your husband yet—and I hope never will be—and if he was my husband, I'd bud him, a surly unreasonable beast.

Peg. I'd call him any names, to keep him in good humour—if he'd let me marry any body else, (which I can't do) I'd call him husband as long as he liv'd—But what said Mr. Belville to him?

Lucy. I don't know what he said to him, but I'll tell you what he said to me, with a sigh, and his hand upon his breast as he went out of the door—If you ever were in love, young gentlewoman, (meaning me) and can pity a most faithful lover—tell the dear object of my affections——

Peg. Meaning me, Lucy?

Lucy. Yes, you, to be sure. Tell the dear object of my affections, I live but upon the hopes that she

is not married; and when those hopes leave me—— she knows the rest——then he cast up his eyes thus—gnash'd, his teeth—struck his forehead—would have spoke again, but could not—fetch'd a deep sigh, and vanish'd.

Peg. 'That is really very fine—I'm sure it makes my heart sink within me, and brings tears into my eyes—O he's a charming sweet—but hush, hush, I hear my husband!

Lucy. Don't call him husband. Go into the Park this evening if you can.

Peg. Mum, mum——

Enter Moody.

Moody. Come, what's here to do? you are putting the town pleasures in her head, and setting her a longing.

Lucy. Yes, after nine-pins; you suffer none to give her those longings you mean, but yourself.

Moody. Come, Mrs. Flippant, good precepts are lost when bad examples are still before us: the liberty your mistress takes abroad makes her hanker after it, and out of humour at home: poor wretch! she desired not to come to London; I would bring her.

Lucy. O yes, you surfeit her with pleasures.

Moody. She has been this fortnight in town, and never desired, till this afternoon, to go abroad.

Lucy. Was she not at the play yesterday?

Moody. Yes, but she never ask'd me: I was myself the cause of her going.

Lucy. Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking, and not my mistress.

Moody. Well, next week I shall be rid of you all, rid of this town, and my dreadful apprehensions. Come, be not melancholy, for thou shalt go into the country very soon, dearest.

Lucy. Great comfort!

Peg. Pish! what d'ye tell me of the country for?

Moody. How's this! what, pish at the country?

Peg. Let me alone, I am not well.

Moody. O, if that be all—what ails my dearest?

Peg. Truly, I don't know; but I have not been

well since you told me there was a gallant at the play in love with me.

Moody. Ha!

Lucy. That's my mistress too.

Moody. Nay, if you are not well, but are so concern'd because a raking fellow chanced to lye, and say he lik'd you, you'll make me sick too.

Peg. Of what sickness?

Moody. O, of that which is worse than the plague, jealousy.

Peg. Pish, you jeer: I'm sure there's no such disease in our receipt-book at home.

Moody. No, thou never met with it, poor innocent.

Peg. Well, but pray, Bud, let's go to a play to-night.

Moody. No, no;—no more plays—But why are you so eager to see a play?

Peg. Faith, dear, not that I care one pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the player-men, and wou'd see, if I could, the gallant you say loves me: that's all, dear Bud.

Moody. Is that all, dear Bud?

Lucy. This proceeds from my mistress's example.

Peg. Let's go abroad, however, dear Bud, if we don't go to the play.

Moody. Come, have a little patience, and thou shalt go into the country next week.

Peg. Therefore I would see first some sights, to tell my neighbours of: nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

Moody. What, you have put this into her head?

Lucy. Heav'n defend me, what suspicions! somebody has put more things into your head than you ought to have.

Moody. Your tongue runs too glibly, madam, and you have liv'd too long with a London lady, to be a proper companion for innocence—I am not overfond of your mistress.

Lucy. There's no love lost between us.

Moody. You admitted those gentlemen into the

house, when I said I wou'd not be at home; and there was the young fellow too who behav'd so indecently to my wife at the tavern-window.

Lucy. Because you wou'd not let him see your handsome wife out of your lodgings.

Peg. Why, O Lord! did the gentleman come hither to see me indeed?

Moody. No, no, you are not the cause of that damn'd question too.

Peg. Come, pray, Bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; for I will go, that's flat and plain—only into the park.

Moody. So! the obstinacy already of the town-wife; and I must, whilst she's here, humour her like one. [*Aside.*] How shall we do, that she may not be seen or known?

Lucy. Muffle her up with a bonnet and handkerchief, and I'll go with her to avoid suspicion.

Moody. 'And run into more danger.'—No, no, I am obliged to you for your kindness, but she shan't stir without me.

Lucy. What will you do then?

Peg. What, shall we go? I am sick with staying at home: if I don't walk in the park, I'll do nothing that I am bid for a week—I won't be mop'd.

Lucy. O, she has a charming spirit! I could stand your friend now, and would, if you had ever a civil word to give me.

Moody. I'll give thee a better thing, I'll give thee a guinea for thy good advice, if I like it; and I can have the best of the college for the same money.

Lucy. I despise a bribe—when I am your friend, it shall be without fee or reward.

Peg. Don't be long then, for I will go out.

Lucy. The taylor brought home last night the clothes you intend for a present to your godson in the country.

Peg. You must not tell that, Lucy.

Lucy. But I will, madam—When you were with our lawyers last night, Miss Peggy, to divert me and herself, put 'em on, and they fitted her to a hair.

Moody. Thank you, thank you, Lucy, 'tis the luckiest thought! Go this moment, Peggy, into your chamber, and put 'em on again—and you shall walk with me into the park, as my godson—Well thought of, Lucy—I shall love you for ever for this.

Peg. And so shall I too, Lucy, I'll put 'em on directly. [*Going, returns.*] Suppose, Bud, I must keep on my petticoats, for fear of shewing my legs?

Moody. No, no, you fool, never mind your legs.

Peg. No more I will then, Bud—This is pure.

[*Exit rejoiced.*]

Moody. What a simpleton it is! Well, Lucy, I thank you for the thought, and before I leave London, thou shalt be convinc'd how much I am obliged to thee.

[*Exit smiling.*]

Lucy. And before you leave London, Mr. Moody, I hope I shall convince you how much you are oblig'd to me.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE *the park.*

Enter Belville, and Harcourt.

Belv. **A**ND the moment Moody left me, and before I left his lodgings, I took an opportunity of conveying some tender sentiments thro' Lucy to Miss Peggy, and it was Lucy advis'd me to strolè here this evening;—and here I am, in expectation of seeing my country goddess.

Harc. And so to blind Moody, and take him off the scent of your passion for this girl, and at the same time, to give me an opportunity with Sparkish's mistress, (and of which I have made the most) you hinted to him with a grave melancholy face, that you were dying for his sister—Gad-a-mercy, nephew! I will back thy modesty against any other in the three kingdoms—It will do, Dick.

Belv. What could I do, uncle?—it was my last stake, and I play'd for a great deal.

Harc. You mistake me, Dick——I don't say you could do better — I only can't account for your modesty's doing so much; you have done such wonders, that

that I, who am rather bold than sheepish, have not yet ceas'd wondering at you. But do you think that you impos'd upon him?

Belv. Faith, I can't say—I am rather doubtful; he said very little, grumbled much, shook his head, and shew'd me the door.—But what success have you had with Alithea?

Harc. Just enough to have a glimmering of hope, without having light enough to see an inch before my nose.—This day will produce something; Alithea is a woman of great honour, and will sacrifice her happiness to it, unless Sparkish's absurdity stands my friend, and does every thing that the fates ought to do for me.

Belv. Yonder comes the prince of coxcombs, and if your mistress and mine should, by chance, be tripping this way, this fellow will spoil sport—let us avoid him—you can't cheat him before his face.

Harc. But I can tho', thanks to my wit, and his want of it; a foolish rival, and a jealous husband, assist their rivals designs, for they are sure to make their women hate them, which is their first step to their love for another man.

Belv. But you cannot come near his mistress but in his company.

Harc. Still the better for me, nephew, for fools are most easily cheated, when they themselves are accessories; and he is to be bubbled of his mistress, or of his money (the common mistress) by keeping him company.

Enter Sparkish.

Spark. Who's that that is to be bubbled? faith, let me snack; I han't met with a bubble since Christmas. 'Gad, I think bubbles are like their brother-woodcocks, go out with the cold weather.

Harc. O pox! he did not hear all, I hope?

[*Apart to Belville.*

Spark. Come, you bubbling rogues, you, where do we sup? O Harcourt, my mistress tells me you have made love, fierce love to her last night, all the play long; ha, ha, ha! but I—

B 4

Harc.

Harc. I make love to her!——

Spark. Nay, I forgive thee, and I know her, but I am sure I know myself.

Belw. Do you, sir? Then you are the wisest man in the world, and I honour you as such. [*Bowing.*]

Spark. O your servant, sir, you are at your raillery, are you?—You can't oblige me more—I'm your man—He'll meet with his match—Ha! Harcourt!—Did not you hear me laugh prodigiously at the play last night?

Harc. Yes, and was very much disturb'd at it.—You put the actors and audience into confusion—and all your friends out of countenance.

Spark. So much the better—I love confusion—and to see folks out of countenance—I was in tip-top spirits, faith, and said a thousand good things.

Belw. But I thought you had gone to plays to laugh at the poet's good things, and not at your own?

Spark. Your servant, sir: no, I thank you. 'Gad I go to a play, as to a country treat: I carry my own wine to one, and my own wit to t'other, or else I'm sure I should not be merry at either: and the reason why we are so often louder than the players, is, because we hate authors damnably.

Belw. But why should you hate the poor rogues? you have too much wit, and despise writing, I'm sure.

Spark. O yes, I despise writing. But women, women, that make men do all foolish things, make 'em write songs too. Every body does it: 'tis e'en as common with lovers, as playing with fans; and you can no more help rhyming to your Phillis, than drinking to your Phillis.

Harc. But the poets damn'd your songs, did they?

Spark. O yes, damn the poets; they turn'd them into burlesque, as they call it: that burlesque is a hocus pocus trick they have got, which, by the virtue of *hictius doctius*, *topsy turvy*, they make a clever witty thing absolute nonsense; do you know, Harcourt, that they ridicul'd my last song, *t-wang t-wang*, the best I ever wrote?

Harc.

Harc. That may be, and be very easily ridicul'd for all that.

Belv. Favour me with it, fir, I never heard it.

Spark. What, and have all the park about us?

Harc. Which you'll not dislike, and so, prithee, begin.

Spark. I never am ask'd twice, and so have at you.

S O N G.

I.

Tell not me of the roses and lillies,
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis,
Tell not me of the dimples, and eyes,
For which silly Corydon dies;
Let all whining lovers go hang,
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes to my heart with a twang.

II.

I am rock to the handsome, and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain,
The way to my heart's thro' my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang,
We wits, you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return them their darts with a twang, twang.
And return them their darts with a twang.

At the end of the song Harcourt and Belville steal away from Sparkish, and leave him singing.—He sinks his voice by degrees, at the surprise of their being gone; then

Enter Harcourt and Belville.

Spark. What the deuce did you go away for?

Harc. Your mistress is coming.

Spark. The devil she is—O, hide, hide me from her.

[Hides behind Harcourt.]

Harc. She sees you.

Spark. But I will not see her: for I'm engag'd, and at this instant. [*Looking at his watch.*]

Harc. Pray first take me, and reconcile me to her.

Spark. Another time: faith, it is to a lady, and one cannot make excuses to a woman.

Belv. You have need of 'em, I believe.

Spark. Pshaw, prithee, hide me.

Moody, Peggy, and Alitheia appear.

Harc. Your servant, Mr. Moody.

Moody. Come along—— [*To Peggy.*]

Peg. Lau!—what a sweet delightful place this is!

Moody. Come along, I say——don't stare about you so——you'll betray yourself——

[*Exit Moody pulling Peggy, Alitheia following.*]

Harc. He does not know us——

Belv. Or he won't know us——

Spark. So much the better——

[*Exit Belville after them at a distance.*]

Harc. Who is that pretty youth with him, Sparkish?

Spark. Some relation of Peggy's, I suppose, for he is something like her in face and gawkyness.

Belville returns.

Belv. By all my hopes, uncle—Peggy in man's clothes—I am all over agitation. [*Aside to Harc.*]

Harc. Be quiet, or you'll spoil all. They return——Alitheia has seen you, Sparkish, and will be angry if you don't go to her: besides, I would fain be reconcil'd to her, which none but you can do, my dear friend.

Spark. Well, that's a better reason, dear friend: I would not go near her now for her's or my own sake; but I can deny you nothing: for tho' I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance.

Harc. I am obliged to you, indeed, my dear friend: I wou'd be well with her, only to be well with thee still; for these ties to wives usually dissolve all ties to friends.

Spark. But they shan't, tho'——Come along.

[*They retire.*
Re-enter

Re-enter Moody, and Peggy in man's clothes, Alitheia following.

Moody. Sister, if you will not go, we must leave you—[*To Alitheia.*—The fool her gallant and she will muster up all the young faunterers of this place. What a swarm of cuckolds and cuckold-makers are here? I begin to be uneasy. [*Aside.*] Come, let's be gone, Peggy.

Peg. Don't you believe that, I han't half my bellyful of fights yet.

Moody. Then walk this way.

Peg. Lord, what a power of fine folks are here. And Mr. Belville, as I hope to be married. [*Aside.*

Moody. Come along; what are you a muttering at?

Peg. There's the young gentleman there, you were so angry about—that's in love with me.

Moody. No, no, he's a dangler after your sister—or pretends to be—but they are all bad alike—Come along, I say. [*He pulls her away.*

Peg. I'm glad to hear that—perhaps I may fit you, tho'. [*Exit with Moody, Belville eyeing them.*

Sparkish, Harcourt, Alitheia, come forward.

Spark. Come, dear madam, for my sake you shall be reconcil'd to him.

Alith. For your sake I hate him.

Harc. That's something too cruel, madam, to hate me, for his sake.

Spark. Ay, indeed, madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my friend for my sake.

Alith. I hate him, because he is your enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

Spark. That's a good one! I hate a man for loving you! If he did love you, 'tis but what he can't help; and 'tis your fault, not his, if he admires you.

Alith. Is it for your honour, or mine, to suffer a man to make love to me, who am to marry you to-morrow?

Harc. But why, dearest madam, will you be more concerned for his honour than he is himself?

Let his honour alone for my sake and his. He has no honour.

Spark. How's that?

Harc. But what my dear friend can guard himself?

Spark. O ho ——— that's right again.

Alith. You astonish me, sir, with want of jealousy.

Spark. And you make me giddy, madam, with your jealousy and fears, and virtue and honour: 'Gad, I see virtue makes a woman as troublesome as a little reading or learning.

Harc. Come, madam, you see you strive in vain to make him jealous of me: my dear friend is the kindest creature in the world to me.

Spark. Poor fellow!

Harc. But his kindness only is not enough for me, without your favour, your good opinion, dear madam: 'tis that must perfect my happiness. Good gentleman, he believes all I say: wou'd you wou'd do so. Jealous of me! I wou'd not wrong him nor you for the world.

Spark. Look you there: hear him, hear him, and not walk away so. Come back again.

[*Alitha walks carelessly to and fro.*]

Harc. I love you, madam, so——

Spark. How's that! nay—now you begin to go too far indeed.

Harc. So much, I confess, I say, I love you, that I would not have you miserable, and cast yourself away upon so unworthy and inconsiderable a thing as what you see here.

[*Clapping his hand on his breast, points to Sparkish.*]

Spark. No, faith, I believe thou wou'dst not; now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou wou'dst not wrong me, nor her.

Harc. No, no, Heav'ns forbid the glory of her sex shou'd fall so low, as, into the embraces of such a contemptible wretch, the least of mankind—my dear friend here—I injure him.

Alith. Very well.

[*Embracing Sparkish.*]

Spark. No, no, dear friend, I knew it: madam,
you

you see he will rather wrong himself than me in giving himself such names.

Alith. Do not you understand him yet?

Spark. Come, come, you shall stay till he has saluted you; that I may be assur'd you are friends, after his honest advice and declaration: come, pray, madam, be friends with him.

Enter Moody and Peggy. Belville at a distance.

Alith. You must pardon me, sir, that I am not yet so obedient to you.

Moody. What, invite your wife to kiss men? Monstrous! Are you not ashamed? I will never forgive you. Let's be gone, sister.

Spark. Are you not ashamed, that I should have more confidence in the chastity of your family, than you have?—You must not teach me, I am a man of honour, sir, though I am frank and free; I am frank, sir——

Moody. Very frank, sir, to share your wife with your friends—You seem to be angry, and yet won't go. [To Alithea.]

Alith. No impertinence shall drive me away.

Moody. Because you like it—But you ought to blush at exposing your wife as you do.

Spark. What then? It may be I have a pleasure in't, as I have to shew fine clothes at a play-house, the first day, and count money before poor rogues.

Moody. He that shews his wife or money, will be in danger of having them borrowed sometimes.

Spark. I love to be envy'd, and would not marry a wife that I alone could love. Loving alone is as dull as eating alone; and so good-night, for I must to Whitehall.—Madam, I hope you are now reconcil'd to my friend; and so I wish you a good-night, madam, and sleep if you can; for to-morrow, you know, I must visit you early with a canonical gentleman. Good-night, dear Harcourt—remember to send your brother. [Exit Sparkish.]

Harc. You may depend upon me. Madam, I hope you will not refuse my visit to-morrow, if it should

should be earlier, with a canonical gentleman, than Mr. Sparkish?

Moody. This gentlewoman is yet under my care, therefore you must yet forbear your freedom with her. [*Coming between Alithea and Harcourt.*]

Harc. Must, fir!

Moody. Yes, fir, she is my sifter.

Harc. 'Tis well she is, fir——for I must be her servant, fir.——Madam——

Moody. Come away, sifter, we had been gone if it had not been for you, and so avoided these lewd rake-hells, who seem to haunt us.

Harc. I see a little time in the country makes a man turn wild and unfociable, and only fit to converse with his horses, dogs, and his herds.

Moody. I have business, fir, and must mind it: your business is pleasure, therefore you and I must go diff'rent ways.

Harc. Well, you may go on; but this pretty young gentleman [*takes hold of Peggy*] shall stay with us, for I suppose his business is the same with ours, pleasure.

Moody. 'Sdeath, he knows her, she carries it so fillily; yet if he does not, I shou'd be more silly to discover it first. [*Aside.*]

Alith. Pray, let him go, fir.'

Moody. Come, come.

Harc. Had you not rather stay with us? [*To Peggy.*] Prithee, who is this pretty young fellow?

Moody. One to whom I am a guardian—I wish I cou'd keep her out of your hands. [*Aside.*]

Harc. Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty in all my life.

Moody. Pshaw, do not look upon him so much, he's a poor bashful youth, you'll put him out of countenance. [*Offers to take her away.*]

Harc. Here, nephew—let me introduce this young gentleman to your acquaintance—You are very like, and of the same age, and should know one another—Salute him, Dick, à la Françoise.

[*Belville kisses her.*]

Moody.

Moody. I hate French fashions. Men kifs one another. [*Endeavours to take hold of her.*]

Peg. I am out of my wits—What do you kifs me for? I am no woman.

Harc. But you are ten times handsomer.

Peg. Nay, now you jeer one; and pray don't jeer me.

Harc. Kifs him again, Dick.

Moody. No, no, no; come away, come away.

[*To Peggy.*]

Harc. Why, what haste are you in? Why won't you let me talk with him?

Moody. Because you'll debauch him, he's yet young and innocent. How she gazes upon him! The devil!

[*Aside.*] Come, pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer; I tell you my wife stays supper for us.

Harc. Does she? Come then, we'll all go sup with her.

Moody. No, no—now I think on't, having staid so long for us, I warrant she's gone to bed—I wish she and I were well out of your hands. [*Aside.*] Come, I must rise early to-morrow; come—

Harc. Well then, if she be gone to-bed—I wish her and you a good night. But pray, young gentleman, present my humble service to her.

Peg. Thank you heartily, sir. [*Bowing.*]

Moody. 'Sdeath, she will discover herself yet in spite of me. [*Aside.*]

Belv. And mine too, sir.

Peg. That I will, indeed. [*Bowing.*]

Harc. Pray, give her this kifs for me.

[*Kisses Peggy.*]

Moody. O heavens! what do I suffer?

Belv. And this for me. [*Kisses Peggy.*]

Peg. Thank you, sir. [*Courtsies.*]

Moody. O the idiot—now 'tis out—Ten thousand cankers gnaw away their lips. Come, come, driv'ler.

Harc. Good night, dear little gentleman. Madam, good night—Farewell Moody—Come, nephew—have not I rais'd his jealous gall finely?

[*Aside to Belville.*]

Belv.

Belv. A little too much, I fear.

[*Exeunt Harcourt and Belville.*]

Moody. So, they are gone, at last. Sister, stay with Peggy—'till I find my servant—don't let her stir an inch, I'll be back directly. [*Exit Moody.*]

Harcourt and Belville return.

Harc. What, not gone yet?—Nephew, shew the young gentleman Rosamond's pond, while I speak another word to this lady.

Belv. Shall I have that pleasure?

Peg. With all my heart and soul, sir.

[*Exeunt Belville and Peggy.*]

Alith. I cannot consent to it indeed.

Harc. Let 'em look upon the place where so many despairing lovers have been destroy'd—You must indulge them—and me too in a few words.

[*Alitheia and Harcourt struggle.*]

Alith. My brother will go distracted—'tho' he deserves to be vex'd a little for his brutality.'

Harc. My nephew is a very modest young man, you may depend upon his prudence.

Alith. Modest, prudent, and your nephew—I can't believe it, and I must follow them. — [*Going.*]

Enter Moody.

Moody. Where! how!—what's become of—gone—whither? ———

Alith. He's only gone with the young gentleman to see something.

Moody. Something! see something! with a plague—where are they?'

Alith. In the next walk only, brother.

Moody. Only, only, where, where? [*Exit.*]

Harc. What's the matter with him? Why so much concerned? But, dearest madam——

Alith. Pray let me go, sir; I have said and suffered enough already.

Harc. Then you will not look upon, nor pity my sufferings?

Alith. To look upon 'em, when I cannot help 'em, were cruelty, not pity; therefore I will never see you more.

Enter

Enter Moody.

Moody. Gone, gone, not to be found; quite gone; ten thousand plagues go with 'em; which way went they?

Alib. But in t'other walk, brother.

Moody. T'other walk—t'other devil! ' You are so full of vanity, and fond of admiration, that you'll suffer your own honour and mine to run any risque rather than not indulge your inordinate desire of flattery'—Where are they, I say?

Alib. You are too abusive, brother, and too violent about trifles; therefore let your jealousy search for them, for I know nothing of 'em.

Moody. You know where they are, you infamous wretch, eternal shame of your family; which you do not dishonour enough yourself, you think, but you must help her to it too, thou legion of——

Alib. Good brother——

Moody. False, false sister—— [Exit.

Alib. Shew me to my chair, Mr. Harcourt—His scurrility has overpower'd me—I will get rid of his tyranny and your importunities, and give my hand to Sparkish to-morrow morning. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to another part of the Park.*

Enter Belville and Miss Peggy.

Belv. No disguise could conceal you from my heart; I pretended not to know you, that I might deceive the dragon that continually watches over you—but now he's asleep, let us fly from misery to happiness.

Peg. Indeed, Mr. Belville, as well as I like you, I can't think of going away with you so—and as much as I hate my guardian, I must take leave of him a little handsomely, or he will kill me, so he will.

Belv. But, dear Miss Peggy, think of your situation; if we don't make the best use of this opportunity, we never may have another.

Peg. Ay, but Mr. Belville—I am as good as married already—my guardian has contracted me, and there

there wants nothing but church ceremony to make us one—I call him husband, and he calls me wife already: he made me do so;—and we had been married in church long ago, if the writings could have been finish'd.

Belv. That's his deceit, my sweet creature—He pretends to have married you, for fear of your liking any body else—You have a right to chuse for yourself, and there is no law in heaven or earth, that binds you before marriage to a man you cannot like.

Peg. I'fack, no more I believe it does; sister Althea's maid has told me as much—she's a very sensible girl.

Belv. You are in the very jaws of perdition, and nothing but running away can avoid it—the law will finish your chains to-morrow, and the church will rivet them the day after—Let us secure our happiness by escape, and Love and Fortune will do the rest for us.

Peg. These are fine sayings, to be sure, Mr. Belville; but how shall we get my fortune out of Bud's clutches? We must be a little cunning; 'tis worth trying for—We can at any time run away without it.

Belv. I see by your fears, my dear Peggy, that you live in awe of this brutal guardian; and if he has you once more in his possession, both you and your fortune are secured to him for ever.

Peg. Ay, but it shan't tho'—I thank him for that.

Belv. If you marry without his consent, he can but seize upon half your fortune—The other half, and a younger brother's fortune, with a treasure of love, are our own—Take it, my sweetest Peggy, and this moment, or we shall be divided for ever.

[*Kneels and presses her hand.*]

Peg. I'fackins, but we won't—Your fine talk has bewitch'd me.

Belv. 'Tis you have bewitch'd me—thou dear, enchanting, sweet simplicity—Let us fly with the wings of love to my house there, and we shall be safe for ever.

Peg.

Peg. And so we will then—there squeeze me again by the hand; now run away with me, and if my guardy follows us, the devil take the hindmost, I say. [*Going.*] Boo! here he is.

Enter Moody hastily, and meets them.

Belv. Curst fortune!

Moody. O! there's my stray'd sheep, and the wolf again in sheep's cloathing!—Now I have recover'd her, I shall come to my senses again—Where have you been, you puppy?

Peg. Been, Bud?—We have been hunting all over the park to find you.

Belv. From one end to the other, sir. [*Confusedly.*]

Moody. But not where I was to be found, you young devil you—Why did you start when you saw me?

Peg. I'm always frighten'd when I see you, and if I did not love you so well—I should run away from you, so I should. [*Pouting.*]

Moody. But I'll take care you don't.

Peg. This gentleman has a favour to beg of you, Bud. [*Belville makes signs of dislike.*]

Moody. I am not in the humour to grant favours to young gentlemen, tho' you may—What have you been doing with this young lady?—gentleman, I would say—Blisters on my tongue!

Peg. Fie, Bud, you have told all.

Belv. I have been as civil as I could to the young stranger; and if you'll permit me, I will take the trouble off your hands, and shew the young spark Rosamond's Pond, for he has not seen it yet—Come, pretty youth, will you go with me? [*Goes to her.*]

Peg. As my guardian pleases.

Moody. No, no, it does not please me—whatever I think he ought to see, I shall show him myself—You may visit Rosamond's Pond, if you will—and the bottom of it, if you will—And so, sir, your humble servant. [*Exit with Miss under his arm.*]

Belv. What cursed luck! [*stamps.*] to be prevented at the very instant of my carrying off the golden fleece!—We have now rais'd his suspicions to such a degree,

a degree, that he'll lock her up directly—sign articles this night—marry her in the morning—and away from the church into the country.—What a miserable situation am I in!—I have love enough to be a knight-errant in the cause—I will lose my life, or rescue my Dulcinea—I have hopes in her spirit too—for at the worst she can open her window, throw herself into my arms, from thence into a post-chaise, and away for the Tweed as fast as love and four post-horses can carry us. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE, Moody's House.

Lucy, Alithea *dressed.*

Lucy. **W**ELL, madam, now I have dress'd you, and set you out with so many ornaments, and spent so much time upon you, and all this for no other purpose but to bury you alive; for I look upon Mr. Sparkish's bed to be little better than a grave.

Alith. Hold your peace.

Lucy. Nay, madam, I will ask you the reason why you wou'd banish poor Mr. Harcourt for ever from your sight? how cou'd you be so hard-hearted?

Alith. 'Twas because I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas stark love and kindness, I warrant?

Alith. It was so; I wou'd see him no more, because I love him.

Lucy. Hey-day! a very pretty reason.

Alith. You do not understand me.

Lucy. I wish you may yourself.

Alith. I was engag'd to marry, you see, another man, whom my justice will not suffer me to deceive or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat or wrong done to a man, than to give him your person, without your heart? I shou'd make a conscience of it.

Alith. I'll retrieve it for him after I am married.

Lucy.

Lucy. The woman that marries to love better, will be as much mistaken, as the rake that marries to live better.

Alib. What nonsense you talk!

Lucy. 'Tis a melancholy truth, madam—Marrying to increase love, is like gaming to become rich—Alas! you only lose what little stock you had before—There are many woeful examples of it in this righteous town!

Alib. I find by your rhetoric you have been brib'd to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has brib'd your heart, you see, against your word and rigid honour.

Alib. Come, pray talk no more of honour, nor Mr. Harcourt; I wish the other would come to secure my fidelity to him, and his right in me.

Lucy. You will marry him then?

Alib. Certainly; I have given him already my word, and will my hand too, to make it good when he comes.

Lucy. Well, I wish I may never stick a pin more, if he be not an errant natural to t'other fine gentleman.

Alib. I own he wants the wit of Harcourt, which I will dispense withal for another want he has, which is want of jealousy, which men of wit seldom want.

Lucy. Lord, madam, what shou'd you do with a fool to your husband? You intend to be honest, don't you? Then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

Alib. He only that cou'd suspect my virtue, shou'd have cause to do it? 'tis Sparkish's confidence in my truth, that obliges me to be faithful to him.

Lucy. What, faithful to a creature who is incapable of loving and esteeming you as he ought!—To throw away your beauty, wit, accomplishments, sweet-temper ———

Alib. Hold your tongue.

Lucy. That you know I can't do, madam; and upon this occasion, I will talk for ever—What, give yourself away to one, that poor I, your maid, would not accept of?

Alib.

Alib. How, Lucy!

Lucy. I would not, upon my honour, madam; 'tis never too late to repent—Take a man, and give up your coxcomb, I say.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Sparkish, with company, madam, attends you below.

Alib. I will wait upon 'em. [*Exit Servant.*] My heart begins to fail me, but I must go through with it. Go with me, Lucy. [*Exit.*]

Lucy. Not I, indeed, madam—If you will leap the precipice, you shall fall by yourself—What excellent advice have I thrown away!—So I'll e'en take it where it will be more welcome.—Miss Peggy is bent upon mischief against her guardian, and she can't have a better privy-counsellor than myself—I must be busy one way or another. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, a Chamber in Moody's House.

Moody and Miss Peggy.

Moody. I saw him kiss your hand before you saw me. This pretence of liking my sister was all a blind—the young abandon'd hypocrite! [*aside.*] Tell me, I say, for I know he likes you, and was hurrying you to his house—tell me, I say——

Peg. Lord, han't I told it a hundred times over?

Moody. I would try if, in the repetition of the ungrateful tale, I cou'd find her altering it in the least circumstance, for if her story be false, she is so too. [*Aside.*] Come, how was't, baggage?

Peg. Lord, what pleasure you take to hear it, sure?

Moody. No, you take more in telling it, I find; but speak, how was't? no lyes—I saw him kiss you—he kiss'd you before my face.

Peg. Nay, you need not be so angry with him neither; for, to say truth, he has the sweetest breath I ever knew.

Moody. The devil!—you were satisfy'd with it then, and would do it again?——

Peg. Not unless he shou'd force me.

Moody.

Moody. Force you, changeling.

Peg. If I had struggled too much, you know—he wou'd have known I had been a woman; so I was quiet, for fear of being found out.

Moody. If you had been in petticoats, you wou'd have knock'd him down, wou'd not you?

Peg. With what, Bud?—I cou'd not help myself—besides, he did it so modestly, and blush'd so—that I almost thought him a girl in men's cloaths, and upon his mummery too as well as me—and if so, there was no harm done, you know.

Moody. This is worse and worse—so 'tis plain she loves him, yet she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me; but the sight of him will increase her aversion for me, and love for him; and that love instruct her how to deceive me, and satisfy him, all idiot as she is: Love, 'twas he gave women first their craft, their art of deluding; 'out of Nature's hands they came plain, open, silly, and fit for slaves, as she and Heaven intended 'em, but damn'd Love—well—I must strangle that little monster, whilst I can deal with him. [*Aside.*]—Go, fetch pen, ink, and paper out of the next room.

Peg. Yes, I will, Bud. What's the matter now?
[*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

Moody. This young fellow loves her, and she loves him—the rest is all hypocrisy—How the young modest villain endeavour'd to deceive me! But I'll crush this mischief in the shell—Why should women have more invention in love than men? It can only be, because they have more desire, more soliciting passions, more of the devil. [*Aside.*] [*Enter Miss Peggy.*] Come, minx, sit down and write.

Peg. Ay, dear, dear Bud; but I can't do't very well.

Moody. I wish you could not at all.

Peg. But what should I write for?

Moody. I'll have you write a letter to this young man.

Peg. O Lord, to the young gentleman a letter.

Moody. Yes, to the young gentleman.

Peg.

Peg. Lord, you do but jeer : fure you jest.

Moody. I am not so merry : come, sit down, and write as I bid you.

Peg. What do you think I am a fool ?

Moody. She's afraid I wou'd not dictate any love to him, therefore she's unwilling [*Aside.*].—But you had best begin.

Peg. Indeed and indeed but I won't, so I won't.

Moody. Why ?

Peg. Because he's in town ; you may fend for him here, if you will.

Moody. Very well, you wou'd have him brought to you ?—is it come to this ? I say, take the pen and ink and write, or you'll provoke me.

Peg. Lord, what d'ye make a fool of me for ? Don't I know that letters are never writ but from the country to London, and from London into the country ! now he's in town, and I am in town too ; therefore I can't write to him, you know.

Moody. So, I am glad it is no worfe ; she is innocent enough yet. [*Aside.*] Yes, you may, when your husband bids, write letters to people that are in town.

Peg. O may I so ! then I am satisfied.

Moody. Come, begin—*Sir*—

[*Dictates.*]

Peg. Shan't I say, *Dear Sir* ? you know one says always something more than bare *Sir*.

Moody. Write as I bid you, or I will write something with this pen-knife in your face.

Peg. Nay, good Bud—*Sir*—

[*writes.*]

Moody. *Though I suffer'd last night your nauseous loath'd kisses and embraces*—Write !

Peg. Nay, why should I say so ? you know I told you he had a sweet breath.

Moody. Write !

Peg. Let me put out *loath'd* ?

Moody. Write, I say.

Peg. Well then.

[*writes.*]

Moody. Let me see what you have writ. *Tho' I suffer'd last night your kisses and embraces*—[*reads the paper.*] Thou impudent creature, where is *nauseous* and *loath'd* ?

Peg.

Peg. I can't abide to write such filthy words.

Moody. Once more write as I'd have you, and question it not, or I will spoil your writing with this; I will stab out those eyes that cause my mischief.

[Holds up the penknife.]

Peg. O Lord, I will.

Moody. So—so—let's see now! *tho' I suffered last night your nauseous loath'd kisses and embraces; go on—yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them—*so.

[She writes.]

Peg. I have writ it.

Moody. O then—I then conceal'd myself from your knowledge, to avoid your insolencies—

[She writes.]

Peg. To avoid—

Moody. Your insolencies—

Peg. Your insolencies.

[Writes!]

Moody. The same reason, now I am out of your hands—

Peg. So—

[She writes.]

Moody. Makes me own to you my unfortunate—*tho' innocent frolick of being in man's clothes.*

[She writes.]

Peg. So—

Moody. That you may for evermore—

Peg. Evermore?

Moody. Evermore cease to pursue her, who hates and detests you.

[She writes.]

Peg. So—h.

[Sighs.]

Moody. What do you sigh for?—*detests you—as much as she loves her husband and her honour—*

Peg. I vow, husband, he'll ne'er believe I shou'd write such a letter.

Moody. What, he'd expect a kinder from you? Come, now your name only.

Peg. What, shan't I say your most faithful humble servant till death?

Moody. No, tormenting fiend—Her file, I find, wou'd be very soft. [Aside.] Come, wrap it up now, whilst I go fetch wax and a candle, and write on the outside, *For Mr. Belville.*

[Exit Moody.]

Peg. *For Mr. Belville—*so—I am glad he is gone—Hark! I hear a noise! [goes to the door.] ifeck there's folks with him—that's pure—now I may think a

little——Why should I send dear Mr. Belville such a letter?—Can one have no shift? ah! a London woman wou'd have had a hundred presently.——Stay——what if I should write a letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too?—Ay, but then my guardian wou'd see't——I don't know what to do——But yet y'vads I'll try, so I will—for I will not send this letter to poor Mr. Belville, come what will on't. [*She writes, and repeats what she writes.*] Dear, sweet, Mr. Belville—so—My guardian wou'd have me send you a base, rude letter, but I won't—so—and wou'd have me say, I hate you—but I won't—there——for I'm sure if you and I were in the country at cards together—so—I cou'd not help treading on your toe under the table——so pray keep at home, for I shall be with you as soon as I can——so no more at present from one who am, dear, dear, poor, dear Mr. Belville, your loving friend till death, Margaret Thrift.——So—now wrap it up just like t'other—so—now write, For Mr. Belville—But oh! what shall I do with it? for here comes my guardian.

Enter Moody.

Moody. I have been detained by a sparkish coxcomb, who pretended a visit to me, but I fear 'twas to my wife. [*Aside.*] What, have you done?

Peg. Ay, ay, Bud, just now.

Moody. Let's see't; what d'ye tremble for?——

[*He opens and reads the first letter.*]

Peg. So I had been serv'd if I had given him this.

[*Aside.*]

Moody. Come, where's the wax and seal?

Peg. Lord, what shall I do now? Nay, then I have it—[*Aside.*]—pray let me see't. Lord, you think me so errand a fool, I cannot seal a letter; I will do't, so I will. [*Snatches the letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers it to him.*]

Moody. Nay, I believe you will learn that and other things too, which I wou'd not have you.

Peg. So, han't I done it curiously? I think I have—there's my letter going to Mr. Belville, since he'll needs have me send letters to folks.

[*Aside.*
Moody.]



del.

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Walter Sca.

S. P. HOPKINS in the Character of Miss PEGGY:
 — now wrap it up just like t'other — so —



THE COUNTRY WIFE. 51

Moody. 'Tis very well, but I warrant you wou'd not have it go now ?

Peg. Yes, indeed, but I wou'd, Bud, now.

Moody. Well, you are a good girl then. Come, let me lock you up in your chamber, till I come back ; and be sure you come not within three strides of the window, when I am gone ; for I have a spy in the street. [*Puts her into the chamber.*] At least 'tis fit she thinks so ; if we do not cheat women, they'll cheat us, and fraud may be justly used with secret enemies, of which a wife is the most dangerous ; and he that has a handsome one to keep, and a frontier town, must provide against treachery rather than open force—Now I have secured all within, I'll deal with the foe without, with false intelligence. ' This will dash all his impudent hopes [*holds up the letter.*] at once, and I shall sleep now securely in my garrison, without fear of surprize—But no time is to be lost—I'll steal a march upon him.' [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to Belville's lodgings.

Enter Lucy and Belville.

Lucy. I run great risques, to be sure, to serve the young lady, and you, sir—but I know you are a gentleman of honour, and wou'd scorn to betray a friend who means you well, and is above being mercenary.

Belv. As you are not mercenary, Mrs. Lucy, I ought to be the more generous—give me leave to present you with this trifle, [*gives a ring.*] not as a reward for services, but as a small token of friendship.

Lucy. Tho' I scorn to be brib'd in any cause, yet I am proud to accept it, as a mark of your regard, and as such shall keep it for your sake—and now to business.

Belv. You flatter me then, that Miss Peggy has the most rooted aversion for her guardian, and some prejudices in my favour.

Lucy. She has intrusted me with her very thoughts and I have rais'd her disobedience to such a pitch, that she would have opened her whole heart to you in a letter, had we not been interrupted by her brutal guardian.

Belv. She told me in the Park, that you had convinced her she was not married to him.

Lucy. There was not much difficulty in that; but if any thing could have frighten'd her into that belief, her filthy guardian had done it—He made her almost believe, that the saving her soul depended upon marrying him—Did you ever hear of such a reprobate?

Belv. How I adore her bewitching simplicity!

Lucy. Simplicity, sir! she's able to make a fool of any of us—If I had half her wit, I would not continue long in service, as well as I love my mistress.

Belv. But, dear Lucy, what can Miss Peggy propose?

Lucy. To run away from her guardian, and marry you.

Belv. She might have done both, and lost the opportunity.

Lucy. She will do both, and make an opportunity, if it does not come of itself. The thoughts of running away, or of being married, when taken separately, will put any maiden of us into great confusion; but when they come both together, are too much for the boldest of us—Miss Peggy was overpower'd with your proposal, and no wonder she could not determine for the best; I should have been a little frighten'd myself.

Belv. But has the dear creature resolv'd?

Lucy. Has she—why, she will run away and marry you, in spite of your teeth, the first moment she can break prison—so you, in your turn, must take care not to have your qualms—I have known several bold gentlemen not able to draw their swords, when a challenge has come too quick upon 'em.

Belv. I assure you, Mrs. Lucy, that I am no bully in love, and miss Peggy will meet with her match, come when she will.

Lucy.

Lucy. Ay, so you all say, but talking does no business—Stay at home till you hear from us.

Belv. Blessings on thee, Lucy, for the thought.
Moody, speaking without.

Moody. But I must and will see him, let him have what company he will.

Lucy. As I hope to be marry'd, Mr. Belville, I hear Mr. Moody's voice—Where shall I hide myself?—if he sees me, we are all undone.

Belv. This is our curst luck again—What the devil can he want here?—I have lost my senses—get into this closet till he's gone. [*Puts Lucy into the closet.*] This visit means something; I am quite confounded—Don't you stir, Lucy—I must put the best face upon the matter——Now for it——

[*Takes a book and reads.*

Enter Moody.

Moody. You will excuse me, sir, for breaking thro' forms, and your servant's entreaties, to have the honour—but you are alone, sir—your fellow told me below that you were with company.

Belv. Yes, sir, the best company. [*Shews his book.*] When I converse with my betters, I choose to have em alone.

Moody. And I chose to interrupt your conversation; the business of my errand must plead my excuse.

Belv. You shall be always welcome to me—but you seem ruffled, sir; what brings you hither, and so seemingly out of humour?

Moody. Your impertinency—I beg pardon—your modesty, I mean.

Belv. My impertinency!

Moody. Your impertinency.

Belv. Sir, from the peculiarity of your character, and your intimacy with my uncle, I shall allow you great privileges; but you must consider, youth has its privileges too; and as I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I am not oblig'd to bear with your ill-humours or your ill-manners.

Moody. They who wrong me, young man, must bear

bear with both; and if you had not made too free with me, I should have taken no liberties with you.

Belv. I don't understand you, sir; but you gentlemen, who have handsome wives, think you have a privilege of saying any thing to us young fellows and are as brutish as if you were our creditors.

Moody. I shan't trust you any way.

Belv. But why so diffident, sir? you don't know me.

Moody. I am not diffident, young man, but certain, because I think I do know you.'

Belv. I could have wish'd, sir, to have found you a little more civil, the first time I have the honour of a visit from you.

Moody. If that is all you want, young gentleman, you will find me very civil indeed! There, sir, read that, and let your modesty declare whether I want either kindness or civility—Look you there, sir.

[Gives a letter]

Belv. What is't?

Moody. Only a love-letter, sir;——and from my wife.

Belv. How, is it from your wife?—hum and hum

[Reads]

Moody. Even from my wife, sir; am not I wond'rous kind and civil to you now too? But you'll not think her so.

[Aside]

Belv. Ha, is this a trick of his or her's? [Aside]

Moody. The gentleman's surpriz'd, I find? what you expected a kinder letter?

Belv. No, faith, not I; how cou'd I?

Moody. Yes, yes, I'm sure you did; a man so young, and well made as you are, must needs be disappointed, if the women declare not their passion at the first sight or opportunity.

Belv. But what shou'd this mean? It seems he knows not what the letter contains!

[Aside]

Moody. Come, ne'er wonder at it so much.

Belv. Faith, I can't help it.

Moody. Now, I think, I have deserv'd your infinite friendship

friendship and kindness, and have shew'd myself sufficiently an obliging kind friend and husband—am I not so, to bring a letter from my wife to her gallant?

Belv. Ay, indeed, you are the most obliging kind friend and husband in the world; ha, ha, ha! Pray, however, present my humble service to her, and tell her, I will obey her letter to a tittle, and fulfil her desires, be what they will, or with what difficulty soever I do't; and you shall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her, and you.

Moody. Well then, fare you well, and play with any man's honour but mine, kiss any man's wife but mine, and welcome—so, Mr. Modesty, your servant.

[*As Moody is going out he is met by Sparkish.*

Spark. So, brother-in-law, that was to have been, I have follow'd you from home to Belville's: I have strange news for you.

Moody. What, are you wiser than you were this morning?

Spark. Faith I don't know but I am, for I have lost your sister, and I shan't eat half an ounce the less at dinner for it; there's philosophy for you.

Moody. Insensibility, you mean—I hope you don't mean to use my sister ill, sir?

Spark. No, sir, she has used me ill; she's in her tantrums—I have had a narrow escape, sir.

Moody. If thou art endow'd with the smallest portion of understanding, explain this riddle.

Belv. Ay, ay, prithee, Sparkish—condescend to be intelligible.

Spark. Why, you must know—we had settled to be married—it is the same thing to me, whether I am married or not—I have no particular fancy one way or another, and so I told your sister; off or on, 'tis the same thing to me; but the thing was fix'd, you know—You and my aunt brought it about—I had no hand in it. And, to shew you that I was as willing to marry your sister as any other woman, I suffered the law to tie me up to hard terms, and the church would have finish'd me still to harder—but she was taken with her tantrums!

Moody. Damn your tantrums—come to the point.

Spark. Your sifter took an aversion to the parson, Frank Harcourt's brother—abus'd him like a pick-pocket, and swore 'twas Harcourt himself.

Moody. And so it was, for I saw him.

Spark. Here's fine work!—why, you are as mad as your sifter—I tell you it was Ned, Frank's twin brother.

Moody. What, Frank told you so?

Spark. Ay, and Ned too—they were both in a story.

Moody. What an incorrigible fellow!—Come, come, I must be gone.

Spark. Nay, nay, you shall hear my story out.—She walk'd up within pistol-shot of the church—then twirl'd round upon her heel—call'd me every name she could think of; and when she had exhausted her imagination, and tir'd her tongue—no easy matter, let me tell you—she call'd her chair, sent her footman to buy a monkey before my face, then bid me good-morrow with a sneer, and left us with our mouths open in the middle of a hundred people, who were all laughing at us! If these are not tantrums, I don't know what are.

Moody. Ha, ha, ha! I thank thee, Sparkish, from my soul; 'tis a most exquisite story; I have not had such a laugh for this half year—Thou art a most ridiculous puppy, and I am infinitely oblig'd to thee; ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Moody.*]

Spark. Did you ever hear the like, Belville?

Belv. O yes; how is it possible to hear such a foolish story, and see thy foolish face, and not laugh at 'em; ha, ha, ha!

Lucy in the closet laughs.

Spark. Hey-day! what's that? What, have you rais'd a devil in the closet, to make up a laughing chorus at me? I must take a peep—

[*Going to the closet.*]

Belv. Indeed but you must not.

Spark. 'Twas a woman's voice.

Belv. So much the better for me.

Spark.

Spark. Prithee, introduce me.

Belv. Though you take a pleasure in exposing your ladies, I choose to conceal mine. So, my dear Sparkish, lest the lady should be sick by too long a confinement, and laughing heartily at you—I must entreat you to withdraw—Prithee, excuse me, I must laugh—ha, ha, ha, ha!

Spark. Do you know that I begin to be angry, Belville?

Belv. I can't help that; ha, ha, ha!

Spark. My character's at stake—I shall be thought a damn'd silly fellow—I will call Alithea to an account directly. [Exit.

Belv. Ha, ha, ha!

Lucy peeping out.

Lucy. Ha, ha, ha! O dear sir, let me have my laugh out, or I shall burst—What an adventure!

[Laughs.

Belv. My sweet Peggy has sent me the kindest letter—and by the dragon himself—There's a spirit for you!

Lucy. There's simplicity for you! Shew me a town-bred girl with half the genius—Send you a love-letter, and by a jealous guardian too! ha, ha, ha! 'Tis too much—too much

Belv. She begs me to stay at home—for she intends to run away with me, the first opportunity.

Lucy. And, to complete the whole, my mistress is deliver'd from her fool too—Ha, ha, ha! I shall die; ha, ha, ha!—' Dear Mr. Belville, laugh, laugh, I beseech you laugh.

Belv. I do, I do, my dear Lucy, and I hope we never shall have cause to be less merry as long as we live—ha, ha, ha!

Lucy. 'O never, never—I shall certainly die'—Well, Mr. Belville—the world goes as it should do—my mistress will exchange her fool for a wit, Miss Peggy her brute for a pretty young fellow; I shall dance at two weddings—be well rewarded by both

parties—get a husband myself, and be as happy as the best of you—and so your humble servant. *[Exit.*

Belv. Success attend you, Lucy—— *[Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE, Moody's house.

Miss Peggy alone, leaning on her elbow. A table, pen, ink, and paper.

Peg. WELL, 'tis e'en so, I have got the London disease they call love; I am sick of my guardian, and dying for Mr. Belville! I have heard this distemper call'd a fever, but methinks it is liker an ague; for, when I think of my guardian, I tremble, and am in a cold sweat; but when I think of my gallant, dear Mr. Belville, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a fever indeed: my own chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be remov'd to his, and then methinks I shou'd be very well. Ah! poor Mr. Belville! Well, I cannot, will not stay here; therefore I'll make an end of my letter to him, which shall be a finer letter than my last, because I have studied it like any thing. Oh! sick, sick!

Enter Moody, who, seeing her writing, steals softly behind her, and looking over her shoulder, snatches the paper from her.

Moody. What, writing more letters?

Peg. O Lord! Bud, why d'ye fright me so?

[She offers to run out, he stops her and reads.]

Moody. How's this! nay, you shall not stir, madam. Dear, dear, dear Mr. Belville,—very well, I have taught you to write letters to good purpose—but let's see't.—*[Reads.]*—First, I am to beg your pardon for my boldness in writing to you, which I'd have you to know I would not have done, had you not said first you lov'd me so extremely; which, if you do, you will never suffer me to be another man's, who I loath, nauseate, and detest: (now you can write these filthy words.) But what follows?—therefore, I hope you will

will speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do; you must help me away before to-morrow, or else, alas! I shall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our—out—(what is to follow our—speak what) our journey into the country, I suppose.—Oh, woman, damn'd woman! and love, damn'd love! their old tempter; for this is one of his miracles: in a moment he can make those blind that cou'd see, and those see that were blind; those dumb that cou'd speak, and those prattle who were dumb before; nay, what is more than all, make those dough-bak'd, senseless, indocile animals, women, too hard for us, their politic lords and rulers, in a moment. But make an end of your letter, and then I'll make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together. *[Draws his sword.]*

Peg. O Lord! O Lord! you are such a passionate man, Bud!

Moody. Come, take the pen, and make an end of the letter, just as you intended; if you are false in a tittle, I shall soon perceive it, and punish you with this, as you deserve. *[Lays his hand on his sword.]* Write what was to follow—let's see—(You must make haste and help me away before to-morrow, or else I shall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our) what follows our?—

[Peggy takes the pen and writes.]

Peg. Must all out then, Bud?—Look you there then.

Moody. Let's see—(for I can defer no longer our wedding—Your slighted Alithea.) What's the meaning of this, my sister's name to't? speak, un-riddle.

Peg. Yes, indeed, Bud.

Moody. But why her name to't? speak—speak, I say.

Peg. Ay, but you'll tell her again: if you wou'd not tell her again—

60 THE COUNTRY WIFE.

Moody. I will not; I am stunn'd, my head turns round. - Speak.

Peg. Won't you tell her indeed, and indeed?

Moody. No; speak, I say.

Peg. She'll be angry with me; but I had rather she should be angry with me than you, Bud. And to tell you the truth, 'twas she made me write the letter, and taught me what I should write.

Moody. Ha!—I thought the style was somewhat better than her own. [*Aside.*] Cou'd she come to you to teach you, since I had lock'd you up alone?

Peg. Oh, thro' the key-hole, Bud.

Moody. But why shou'd she make you write a letter for her to him, since she can write herself?

Peg. Why, she said because——for I was unwilling to do it.

Moody. Because, what——because——

Peg. Because, lest Mr. Belville, as he was so young, shou'd be inconstant, and refuse her, or be vain afterwards, and shew the letter, she might disown it, the hand not being hers.

Moody. Belville again!——Am I to be deceiv'd again with that young hypocrite?

Peg. You have deceiv'd yourself, Bud, you have indeed——I have kept the secret for my sifter's sake, as long as I could——but you must know it——and shall know it too. [*Cries.*]

Moody. Dry your eyes.

Peg. You always thought he was hankering after me—Good law! he's dying for Alithea, and Alithea for him—they have had private meetings—and he was making love to her before yesterday, from the tavern-window, when you thought it was to me——I would have discover'd all—but she made me swear to deceive you, and so I have finely—have not I, Bud?

Moody. Why did you write that foolish letter to him then, and make me more foolish to carry it?

Peg. To carry on the joke, Bud—to oblige them?

Moody. And will nothing serve her but that taper jackanapes, that great baby?—he's too young for her to marry.

Peg.

Peg. Why do you marry me then? 'tis the same thing, Bud.

Moody. No, no, 'tis quite different—How innocent she is!—This changeling cou'd not invent this lye; but if she cou'd, why shou'd she? She might think I should soon discover it. [*Aside.*—But hark you, madam, your sister went out in the morning, and I have not seen her within since.

Peg. Alack-a-day, she has been crying all day above, it seems, in a corner.

Moody. Where is she? let me speak with her.

Peg. O Lord! then she'll discover all.—[*Aside.*] Pray hold, Bud; what, d'ye mean to discover me! she'll know I have told you then. Pray, Bud, let me talk with her first.

Moody. I must speak with her, to know whether Belville ever made her any promise, and whether she will be marry'd to Sparkish, or no.

Peg. Pray, dear Bud, don't, till I have spoken with her, and told her that I have told you all; for she'll kill me else.

Moody. Go then, and bid her come to me.

Peg. Yes, yes, Bud.

Moody. Let me see——

Peg. I have just got time to know of Lucy, who first set me to work, what lye I shall tell next; for I am e'en at my wits end. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Moody. Well, I resolve it, Belyille shall have her: I'd rather give him my sister, than lend him my wife; and such an alliance will prevent his pretensions to my wife, sure—I'll make him of kin to her, and then he won't care for her.

Enter Miss Peggy.

Peg. O Lord, Bud, I told you what anger you wou'd make me with my sister.

Moody. Won't she come hither?

Peg. No, no, she's asham'd to look you in the face; she'll go directly to Mr. Belville, she says—She must speak with him, before she discovers all to you—or even sees you—She says too, that you shall know the reason by-and-by—Pray let her have her way,
Bud,

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Bud—she won't be pacify'd if you don't—and will never forgive me—For my part, Bud, I believe, but don't tell any body, they have broken a piece of silver between 'em—or have contracted one another, as we have done, you know, which is the next thing to being marry'd.

Moody. Pooh! you fool——she aſham'd of talking with me about Belville, becauſe I made the match for her with Sparkiſh! But Sparkiſh is a fool, and I have no objection to Belville's family or fortune——tell her ſo.

Peg. I will, Bud. [*Going.*

Moody. Stay, ſtay, Peggy—let her have her own way—ſhe ſhall go to Belville herſelf, and I'll follow her——that will be beſt——let her have her whim.

Peg. You're in the right, Bud——for they have certainly had a quarrel, by her crying and hanging her head ſo—I'll be hang'd if her eyes an't ſwell'd out of her head, ſhe's in ſuch a piteous taking.

Moody. Belville ſhan't uſe her ill, I'll take care of that—if he has made her a promiſe, he ſhall keep to it—but ſhe had better go firſt—a word or two by themſelves will clear matters for my appearance—will follow her at a diſtance, that ſhe may have no interruption: and I will wait in the park before I ſee them, that they may come to a reconciliation before I come upon 'em.

Peg. Law, Bud, how wiſe you are! I wiſh I had half your wiſdom; you ſee every thing at once——Stand a one ſide then—and I'll tell her you are gone to your room, and when ſhe paſſes by, you may follow her.

Moody. And ſo I will—ſhe ſhan't ſee me till I break in upon her at Belville's.

Peg. Now for it. [*Exit Miſs Peggy.*

Moody. My caſe is ſomething better—for ſuppoſe the worſt—ſhould Belville uſe her ill—I had rather fight him for not marrying my ſiſter, than for debauching my wife, for I will make her mine abſolutely to-morrow; and of the two I had rather find my ſiſter too forward than my wife: I expected no

THE COUNTRY WIFE. 63

other from her free education, as she calls it, and her passion for the town—Well, wife and sister are names which make us expect love and duty, pleasure and comfort; but we find 'em plagues and torments, and are equally, tho' differently troublesome to their keeper. But here she comes.

[Steps on one side.

Enter Miss Peggy, dress'd like Alithea; and as she passes over the stage, seems to sigh, sob, and wipe her eyes.

Peg. Heigho!

[Exit.

Moody. [Comes forward.] There the poor devil goes, sighing and sobbing; a woeful example of the fatal consequences of a town education—but I am bound in duty, as well as inclination, to do my utmost to save her—but first I'll secure my own property. [Opens the door and calls.]—Peggy! Peggy!—my dear!—I will return as soon as possible—do you hear me? Why don't you answer? You may read in the book I bought you 'till I come back—As the Jew says in the play, Fast bind, fast find. [Locks the door.] This is the best, and only security for female affections.

[Exit, holding up the key.

SCENE the park, before Belville's door.

Enter Sparkish—fuddled.

Spark. If I can but meet with her, or any body that belongs to her, they will find me a match for 'em—When a man has wit, and a great deal of it—Champagne gives it a double edge, and nothing can withstand it—'tis a lighted match to gunpowder—the mine is sprung, and the poor devils are toss'd heels uppermost in an instant. I was right to consult my friends, and they all agree with Moody, that I make a damn'd ridiculous figure, as matters stand at present. I'll consult Belville—this is his house—he's my friend too—and no fool—It shall be so—damn it, I must not be ridiculous. [Going to the door, sees Peggy coming.] Hold! hold! if the Champagne does not hurt my eye-sight, while it sharpens my wit, the enemy is marching up this way—Come on, Madam Alithea;

Alitheia; now for a smart fire, and then let's see who will be ridiculous.

Enter Miss Peggy.

Peg. Dear me, I begin to tremble—there is Mr. Sparkish, and I can't get to Mr. Belville's house without passing by him—he sees me—and will discover me—he seems in liquor too!—blefs me.

Spark. Oho! she stands at bay a little—she don't much relish the engagement—The first blow is half the battle—I'll be a little figurative with her.

[*Approaching her.*] I find, madam, you like a solo better than a duet. You need not have been walking alone this evening, if you had been wiser yesterday—What, nothing to say for yourself?—Repentance, I suppose, makes you as awkward and as foolish, as the poor country girl your brother has lock'd up in Pall-Mall.

Peg. I'm frighten'd out of my wits.

[*Tries to pass by him.*

Spark. Not a step farther shall you go, 'till you give me an account of your behaviour, and make me reparation for being ridiculous. What, dumb still—then, if you won't by fair means, I must squeeze you to a confession. [*As he goes to seize her, she slips by him—but he catches hold of her before she reaches Belville's door.*] Not quite so fast, if you please—Come, come, let me see your modest face, and hear your soft tongue—or I shall be tempted to use you ill.

Enter Moody.

Moody. Hands off, you ruffian—how dare you use a lady, and my sister, in this manner?

[*Moody takes her from Sparkish.*

Spark. She's my property, sir—transferred to me by you—and tho' I would give her up to any body for a dirty sword-knot, yet I won't be bullied out of my right, tho' it is not worth that——

[*Snaps his fingers.*

Moody. There's a fellow to be a husband—you are justify'd in despising him, and flying from him—I'll defend you with my purse and my sword—knock at that door, and let me speak to Belville.—

[Peggy knocks at the door, when the servant opens it, she runs it.]—Is your master at home, friend?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Moody. Tell him then that I have rescu'd that lady from this gentleman, and that by her desire, and my consent, she flies to him for protection; if he can get a parson, let him marry her this minute; tell him so, and shut the door.

Serv. And that he will, I'll answer for him. [Exit.

Spark. The man's mad, stark mad!

Moody. And now, sir, if your wine has given you courage, you had better shew it upon this occasion, for you are still damn'd ridiculous.

Spark. Did you ever hear the like!—Look ye, Mr. Moody, we are in the Park, and to draw a sword is an offence to the court—so you may vapour as long as you please. A woman of so little taste is not worth fighting for—she's not worth my sword; but if you'll fight me to-morrow morning for diversion, I am your man.

Moody. Relinquish your title in the lady to Belville peaceably, and you may sleep in a whole skin.

Spark. Belville! he would not have your sister, with the fortune of a nabob; no, no, his mouth waters at your country tid-bit at home—much good may do him.

Moody. And, you think so, puppy—ha, ha, ha!

Spark. Yes, I do, mastiff—ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then thy folly is complete—ha, ha, ha!

Spark. Thine will be so, when thou hast married thy country innocence—ha, ha, ha!

[They laugh at each other.

Enter Harcourt.

Moody. Who have we here?

Spark. What, my boy Harcourt!

Moody. What brings you here, sir?

Harc. I follow'd you to Belville's, to present a near relation of yours, and a nearer one of mine, to you.

Spark. What's the matter now?

Enter

Enter a chair with Alitheia.

Harc. [*Takes her by the hand.*] Give me leave, gentlemen, without offence to either, to present Mrs. Harcourt to you!

Spark. Alitheia! your wife!—Mr. Moody, are you in the clouds too?

Moody. If I am not in a dream—I am the most miserable waking dog, that ever run mad with his misfortunes and astonishment!

Harc. Why so, Jack—can you object to my happiness, when this gentleman was unworthy of it?

Alith. Nothing but his total indifference to me, and the highest opinion of himself, could possibly have forc'd me to fly here for protection. [*Pointing to Harcourt, Moody walks about in a rage.*]

Spark. This is very fine, very fine, indeed—where's your story about Belville now, 'squire Moody? Prithce don't chafe and stare, and stride, and beat thy head, like a mad tragedy poet—but out with thy tropes and figures.

Moody. Zounds! I can't bear it.

[*Goes hastily to Belville's door, and knocks hard.*]

Alith. Dear brother, what's the matter?

Moody. The devil's the matter! the devil and woman together. [*Knocks again.*] I'll break the door down, if they won't answer. [*Knocks again.*]

Serv. [*At the balcony.*] What would your honour please to have?

Moody. Your master, rascal!

Serv. He is obeying your commands, sir, and the moment he has finish'd, he will do himself the pleasure to wait on you.

Moody. You sneering villain you—if your master does not produce that she devil, who is now with him, and who, with a face of innocence, has cheated and undone me, I'll set fire to his house.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Spark. Gad so! now I begin to smoke the business. Well said, simplicity, rural simplicity! Egad! if thou hast trick'd Cerberus here, I shall be so ravish'd, that I will give this couple a wedding dinner. Pray, Mr. Moody, who's damn'd ridiculous now?

Moody.

Moody. [*Going to Sparkish.*] Look ye, fir—don't grin; for if you dare to shew your teeth at my misfortunes—I'll dash 'em down your impudent throat, you jackanapes.

Spark. [*quite calm.*] Very fine, faith—but I have no weapons to butt with a mad bull, so you may tofs and roar by yourself, if you please.

Belville appears in the balcony.

Belv. What does my good friend want with me?

Moody. Are you a villain, or are you not?

Belv. I have obey'd your commands, fir.

Moody. What have you done with the girl, fir?

Belv. Made her my wife, as you desired.

Spark. Very true, I am your witness—'tis pleasant, faith; ha, ha, ha! [*Laughs to himself.*]

Moody. She's my wife, and I demand her.

Mrs. Belville appears in the balcony.

Mrs. Belv. No, but I an't—What's the matter, Bud, are you angry with me?

Moody. How dare you look me in the face, cockatrice?

Mrs. Belv. How dare you look me in the face, Bud? Have you not given me to another, when you ought to have married me yourself? Have not you pretended to be married to me, when you knew in your conscience you was not?—And have not you been shilly-shally for a long time? So that if I had not married dear Mr. Belville, I should not have married at all—so I should not.

Spark. Extremely pleasant, faith; ha, ha, ha!

Moody. I am stupified with shame, rage, and astonishment—my fate has o'ercome me—I can struggle no more with it. [*Sighs.*] What is left me?—I cannot bear to look, or be look'd upon— I will hurry down to my old house, take a twelvemonth's provision into it—cut down my draw-bridge, run wild about my garden, which shall grow as wild as myself— then will I curse the world, and every individual in it—and when my rage and spirits fail me, I will be found dead among the nettles and thistles; a woeful example of the baseness and treachery of one sex, and

of the falsehood, lying, perjury, deceit, impudence, and—damnation of the other. [Exit.]

[Mr. and Mrs. Belville leave the balcony.]

Spark. Very droll, and extravagantly comic, I must confess; ha, ha, ha! [Enter Mr. and Mrs. Belville.] Look ye, Belville, I wish you joy, with all my heart—you have got the prize, and perhaps have caught a tartar—that's no business of mine——If you want evidence for Mr. Moody's giving his consent to your marriage, I shall be ready. I bear no ill-will to that pair, I wish you happy [to Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt.]—tho' I'm sure they'll be miserable—and so your humble servant. [Exit.]

Mrs. Belv. I hope you forgive me, Alithea, for playing your brother this trick; indeed I should have only made him and myself miserable, had we married together.

Alitb. Then 'tis much better as it is—But I am yet in the dark how this matter has been brought about. How your innocence, my dear, has outwitted his worldly wisdom.

Belv. If you will walk in, madam, for a moment, we will tell you our adventure, and consult with you and Mr. Harcourt, the most likely means to reconcile your brother to us—we will be guided by you in every step we take.

Alitb. And we shall be ready and happy to effect so desirable an end.

Mrs. Belv. I am sure I'll do any thing to please my Bud but marry him.

[She comes forward, and addresses the audience in the following EPILOGUE.]

BUT you, good gentry, what say you to this?
 You are to judge me—have I done amiss?
 I've reasons will convince you all, and strong ones,
 Except old folks, who banker after young ones;
 Bud was so passionate, and grown so thrifty,
 'Twas a sad life:—and then, he was near fifty!

Em

*I'm but nineteen—my husband too is young,
 So soft, so gentle, such a winning tongue!
 Have I, pray ladies speak, done very wrong?
 As for poor Bud, 'twas honest to deceive him!
 More virtuous sure, to cheat him, than to grieve him.
 Great folks, I know, will call me simple slut,
 Marry for love! they cry, the country Put!
 Marriage with them's a fashion—soon grows cool:
 But I'm for loving always, like a fool.
 With half my fortune I would rather part,
 Than be all finery, with an aching heart.
 For these strange awkward notions don't abuse me;
 And, as I know no better, pray excuse me.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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M. DCC. LXXVII.

✪ 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 13 to 15, in Page 16.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE three first acts of *The Chances*, originally written by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, have been much approved of; but those authors, in this, as in many other of their plays, seeming to grow tired of their subject, have finished it with an unskilfulness and improbability, which shew, at least, great haste and negligence. The *Duke of Buckingham*, in his edition of this Comedy, gave a new turn and plan to the two last acts, and certainly added interest and spirit to the fable and dialogue; but the play, when it came out of his hands, was still more indecent than before. The familiar, and often irregular, versification of the original, is preserved in this edition; nor has the present editor changed into measure those parts, which the Duke thought proper to write in prose. Should this play be thought, in its present state, a more decent entertainment, it is all the merit that is claimed from these necessary, though slight additions, and alterations.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don John,	} <i>Two Spanish Gentlemen,</i>	—	AT DRURY-LANE,
Don Frederick,		—	{ Mr. GARRICK.
Duke, —	—	—	{ Mr. JEFFERSON.
Petruchio,	—	—	Mr. PACKER.
Antonio, —	—	—	Mr. J. AICKIN.
Duke's Party,	—	—	Mr. PARSONS.
			{ Mr. J. BANNISTER.
			{ Mr. YATES.
Petruchio's Party, —	—	—	{ Mr. FAWCETT.
			{ Mr. GRIFFITH.
Peter, and } <i>Servants to Don John and Don Frederick,</i>	—	—	{ Mr. W. PALMER.
Anthony, }	—	—	{ Mr. BURTON.
Surgeon,	—	—	Mr. WRIGHTEN.
Francisco,	—	—	Mr. WRIGHT.

W O M E N.

<i>First</i> Constantia, —	—	Miss YOUNGE.
<i>Mother-in-Law</i> to Constantia,	—	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Kinswoman,	—	Miss PLATT.
Landlady,	—	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
Nurse, —	—	Mrs. LOVE.
<i>Second</i> Constantia, —	—	Mrs. ABINGTON.

T H E
C H A N C E S.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *A Chamber.*

Enter Peter and Anthony, two Servants.

Pet. **W**OULD we were remov'd from this town,
Anthony,

That we may taste some quiet; for mine own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where? Serve wenching foldiers!
I'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bell-ropes.

Anth. Thou art the forwardest fool——

Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony,*
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Anth. To wait upon our masters.

Pet. But how, *Anthony?*

Answer me that; resolve me there, good *Anthony.*

Anth. To serve their uses.

Pet. Shew your uses, *Anthony.*

Anth. To be employ'd in any thing.

Pet. No, *Anthony,*

Not any thing I take it, not that thing
We travel to discover, like a new island;
A salt itch serve such uses!—I'll give 'em warning.

Antb. Come, come, all will be mended: this invisible
Of infinite report for shape and beauty, [woman,
That bred all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Pet. Were there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that they knew not where
To find; or if found, how to enjoy? Are mens brains
Made now-a-days with malt, that their affections
Are never sober; but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe too
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Antb. Prithee be thou sober,
And know that they are none of those, not guilty
Of the least vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth; which, since they find so
Lock'd up from their searches, they are now resolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Pet. Would they were resolv'd
To give me some new shoes too; for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable soles
In their good worships business: and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bell-man of me: here they come. [Exeunt.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

John. I would we could have seen her tho': for sure
She must be some rare creature, or report lies:
All mens reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen *Constantia*;
But since she is so conceal'd, plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 'twere impossible tho' known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me from this hour,
If I more think upon her;
But as she came a strange report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.

Fred.

Fred. 'Tis the next way;
But whither are you walking?

John. My old round,
After my meat, and then to bed.

Fred. Your servant then——

John. Will not you stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. I'd lay my life, this lady still.

Fred. Then you would lose it.

John. Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence

I will not miss to meet you.

John. Where?

Fred. I' th' High-street:

For, not to lye, I have a few devotions

To do first, and then I am your's, *Don John.*

John. Devotions, *Frederick!* well I leave you to 'em:
Speed you well—but remember—

Fred. I will not fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say.

1 Gent. Fie, *Antonio.*

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts, [him:
A surgeon may see through him.

1 Gent. You are too violent.

2 Gent. Too open, indiscreet.

Petr. Am I not ruined?

The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd
My credit and my name?

2 Gent. Be sure it be so,

Before you use this violence. Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger so much sway you:
Your wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say kill him,

And then dispute the cause.

A 4

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish?
Alas! is this good justice?

Petr. I know as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful: I must kill him,
Necessity compels me.

1 *Gent.* But think better.

Petr. There's no other cure left; yet witness with me
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of his life I seek for, [sible,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and would 'twere pos-
I wish it from my soul,
My sword should only kill his crimes: no, 'tis
Honour, honour, my noble friends, that idol honour,
That all the world now worships, not *Petruchio*,
Must do this justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you or honour,
Or both be accessary.

2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The value of the person, power, and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation,
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires,
And storms that toss me into everlasting ruin,
Yet I must through—if you dare side me—

Ant. Dare!
Say we were all sure to die in this venture,
As I am confident against it; is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit? send his soul out
In sugar-sops, and syrups? give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon my enemy;
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with them—I will on.—

1 *Gent.* We'll follow.

Petr. You're friends indeed!

2 *Gent.* Here is none will fly from you;
Do it in what design you please, we'll back you.

Petr. That's spoken heartily.

Ant. And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch.

1 *Gent.* Is the cause so mortal? nothing but his life?

Petr. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.

1 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2 *Gent.* Think an hour more,
And if then you find no safer road to guide you,
We'll set our rest too.

Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part, goes less than life. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this city, *Naples*,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Beside the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers courteous: but I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty: yet certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for see,
A fair house yet stands open, yet all about it [*play:*
Are close, and no lights stirring; there may be foul
I'll venture to look in—If there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Within. Signior.

John. What? How is this?

Within. Signior *Fabritio*.

John. I'll go nearer.

A 5

Within.

Within. Fabritio.

John. This is a woman's tongue, here may be good

Within. Who's there? *Fabritio?* [done,

John. Ay.

Within. Where are you?

John. Here.

Within. O come, for Heaven's sake!

John. I must see what this means.

Enter a Woman with a Child. [noise;

Wom. I have stay'd this long hour for you, make no
For things are in strange trouble—here—be secret,
'Tis worth your care: be gone now; more eyes watch us
Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark ye—

Wom. Peace; good-night. [*Exit shutting the door.*

John. She's gone, and I am loaden—fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
'To be some pack of worth: by the mass 'tis heavy!
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome.
I'll ne'er refuse a fortune—I am confident
'Tis of no common price: now to my lodging:
If it be right, I'll blefs this night! [*Exit.*

S C E N E, *Another Street.*

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town, are ye all fit?

1 Gent. To point, fir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

2 Gent. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private all, and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let us stand sure.

3 Gent. Fear not;

Ere you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,

We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;

You know your quarters?

1 Gent. Will you go alone, fir?

Duke. You shall not be far from me, the least noise
Shall bring you to my rescue.

2 Gent. We are counsell'd.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

Enter Don John, with a child crying.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious?
 Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures, [peeping
 As I am? Did the devil lead me? must I needs be
 Into mens houses where I had no business,
 And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well carry'd!
 I must take other mens occasions on me,
 And be I know not whom: most finely handled!
 What have I got by this now? What's the purchase?
 A piece of pap and caudle-work—a child,
 Indeed an infidel: this comes of peeping!
 What a figure do I make now!—good white bread,
 Let's have no bawling wi'ye'; 'death, have I
 Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
 Their snares and subtilties? Have I read over
 All their school-learning, studied their quirks and quid-
 And am I now bumfiddled with a bastard? [dits,
 At my age too! fie upon't!—Well, *Don John*,
 You'll be wiser one day, when you have paid dearly
 For a collection of these butter prints!
 'Twould not grieve me to keep this ginger-bread,
 Were it of my own baking; but to beggar
 Myself in caudles, nurses, coral, bells and babies,
 For other mens iniquities! a little
 Troubles me;—what shall I do with it now?
 Should I be caught here dandling this pap-spoon,
 I shall be sung in ballads; 'prentice boys
 Will call me nick names as I pass the streets;
 I can't bear it!—no eyes are near—I'll drop it
 For the next curious coxcomb—how it smiles upon me!
 Ha! you little sugar-sop!—'tis a sweet baby;
 'Twere barb'rous to leave it—ten to one would kill it;
 Worse sin than his who got it—Well, I'll take it,
 And keep it as they keep death's head in rings,
 To cry *memento* to me.—No more peeping!
 Now all the danger is to qualify
 The good old-gentlewoman, at whose house we lodge;
 For she will fall upon me with a catechism
 Of four hours long—I must endure all;
 For I will know this mother—Come, good wonder,
 Let you and I be jogging—your starv'd treble

Will waken the rude watch else.—All that be
Curious night-walkers may they find my fee.

[Exit.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home : I've beaten all the pur-
But cannot bolt him !—what's here !

[Lies,

Enter 1st Constantia.

1 Con. I am ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to you ;
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else :
Where are your people ? which way must we travel ?
For Heaven's sake stay not here, sir.

Fred. What may this prove ?

1 Con. Alas ! I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd ! sir, for Heaven's sake tell me,
Are you a gentleman ?

Fred. I am.

1 Con. Of this place ?

Fred. No, born in *Spain*.

1 Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust you.

Fred. You have charm'd me,
Humanity and honour bids me help you :
And if I fail your trust———

1 Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations : I believe you,
Alas ! I must believe you : from this place,
Good noble sir, remove me instantly.
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me : What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fear and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty,
He must strike thro' my life that takes you from me. [Ex.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Petr. He will sure come. Are you all well arm'd ?

Ant.

Ant. Never fear us:

Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. Best gamesters make the best play;
We shall fight close and home too.

1 Gent. Antonio,

You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why all physicians,
And penny almanacks, allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?
What come we for, to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel quarrel?
On what terms stands this man? Is not his honour
Open'd t' his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor?—Clear out this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I'll speak truly.

What should men do, ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him?
Cry, that's my fine boy! thou'lt do so no more, child.

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By St. Jaques,

They shall not find me one! here's old tough *Andrew*,
A special friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a horn-pipe: Knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on; I profess it,
Not to scare costermongers; if I lose my own,
My audit's cast, and farewell five-and-fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place yourself with silence,
As I direct you; and when time calls us,
As you are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it;

O how my fingers tingle to be at 'em! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Don John and his Landlady.

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard.

John. Good mother.

Land.

Land. Good me no goods, your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen: bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent, and fair carriage,
And so behav'd myself——

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbour's nostrils, your devices,
Your brats got out of allcant and broken oaths:
Your linssey-woolsey work, your hasty-puddings!
I foster up your filch'd iniquities!
You're deceiv'd in me, sir, I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Land. You found an easy fool that let you get it.

John. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths! what care you for oaths to gain your
ends,

When you are high and pamper'd? what faint know
Or what religion but your wicked passions? [you?
I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heaven forbid, mother!

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Pet. Sir!

[*Within.*

John. Bring a bottle of *Canary* wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, Heaven help me!

John. Haste you, firrah!

I must e'en make her drunk—Nay, gentle mother.

Land. Now fie upon you! was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening walks for your devotions,
For this pretended holiness? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the mattins:
Were these your bo-peep prayers? you've pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal watch'd well too; your faint
It seems was pleas'd as well.—Still sicker, sicker!

Enter Peter with a bottle of wine.

John. There's no talking to her till I have drench'd her:
Give

Give me : here, mother, take a good round draught.

[Exit Peter.

It will purge spleen from your spirits ; deeper, mother.

Land. Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend all.

John. All I'faith, mother.

Land. I confefs the wine

Will do its part.

John. I'll pledge you.

Land. But, son *John.*

John. I know your meaning, mother, touch it once more.

Alas, you look not well ! take a round draught,

It warms the blood well, and restores the colour.

And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman !

A stranger ! one the town holds a good regard of !

John. Now we grow kind and maudlin. [Aside.

Land. One that should weigh his fair name ! Oh, a stich !

John. There's nothing better for a stich, good mother, Make no spare of it, as you love your health ;

Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a gentleman lodge in my house !

Now Heav'n's my comfort, *Signior !*

John. And the wine good, mother——

I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus ;

A woman of credit, one, Heav'n knows,

That loves you but too tenderly.

John. The thunder ceases, and the rain descends.

Land. What do you say, son ?

John. I say, mother,

That I ever found your kindness, and acknowledg'd it.

Land. No, no, I'm a fool to counsel you. Where's the infant ?

Come let's see your workmanship.

John. It is none of mine, mother, but I'll fetch it.— Here it is, and a lusty one.

[Exit, and return with the Child.

Land. O Heav'n bless thee !

Thou hadst a hasty making ; but the best is,

'Tis

'Tis many a good man's fortune : As I live,
Your own eyes, *Signior* ; and the nether lip
As like you, as you had spit it.

John. I'm glad on't.

Land. Bless me, what things are these ?

John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost ; 'tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich and right, I hope.

Land. Well, well, son *John*,
I see you are a wood-man and can chuse
Your deer, tho' it be i' th' dark ;
Here I am with you now, when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit ; ' when you must needs
' do,

' Do where you may be done to ; 'tis a wisdom
' Becomes a young man well' —

John. Confound your proverbs.
All this time, good mother,
The child wants looking too, wants meat and nurfes.

Land. Now blessing o' thy heart, it shall have all,
And instantly ; I'll seek a nurse myself, son.
'Tis a sweet child ; ah, my young *Spaniard* !
Take you no further care, fir.

John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must, by your good leave, mother ; these are mine :
The gold for bringing up on't, I freely render
To your charge : for the rest I'll find a master.
But where's Don *Fred'rick*, mother ?

Land. Ten to one,
About the like adventure ; he told me
He was to find you out.

John. Why should he stay thus ?
There may be some ill chance in't ; sleep I will not,
Before I have found him.
Well, my dear mother, let the child be look'd too ;
And look you to be rewarded.—About it
Straight, good mother.

Land. No more words, nor no more children,
Good son, as you love me—this may do well :
This shall do well : eh ! you little sweet cherub !

Exit Land, with the Child.
John.

John. So, so, I thought the wine wou'd do its duty :
 She'll kill the child with kindness ; t'other glass,
 And she had ravish'd me : There is no way
 Of bringing women of her age to reason
 But by this—girls of fifteen are caught
 Fifty ways, they bite as fast as you throw in ;
 But with the old cold 'tis diff'rent dealing.
 'Tis wine must warm them to their sense of feeling.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE A Chamber.

Enter Frederick and Anthony, with a candle.

Fred. **G**IVE me the candle ; so, go you out that way.

Anth. What have we now to do ?

Fred. And on your life, firrah,
 Let none come near the door without my knowledge ;
 No, not my landlady, nor my friend.

Anth. 'Tis done, fir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Anth. Is the wind there again ?

Fred. Be gone.

Anth. I am, fir,

[*Exit.*]

Fred. Now enter without fear——

Enter 1st Constantia with a jewel.

And, noble lady,
 That safety and civility you wish for
 Shall truly here attend you : no rude tongue
 Nor rough behaviour knows this place ; no wishes
 Beyond the moderation of a man,
 Dare enter here. Your own desires and innocence,
 Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you.

1 Con. You are truly noble,
 And worth a woman's trust : let it become me,
 (I do beseech you, fir) for all your kindness,
 To render with my thanks this worthless trifle :
 I may be longer troublesome.

Fred.

Fred. Fair offices

Are still their own rewards ; Heavens bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies. May it please you,
If you will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I am engag'd.

1 *Con.* It shall be ;

For I am truly confident you are honest :
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness !
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else !
What eyes are there !—good blood be temperate,
I must look off: too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it : noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour you——

1 *Con.* Your service is too liberal, worthy sir.
Thus far I shall intreat——

Fred. Command me, lady :
You make your power too poor.

1 *Con.* That presently,
With all convenient haste, you will retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

1 *Con.* There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will ; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your beauty, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire, this key will guide you : all things necessary
Are there before you.

1 *Con.* All my prayers go with you.

[*Exit.*

Fred. Men say gold
Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers :
Now I say, beauty can do more. The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
Thro' half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into : we are all like sea-charts,
All our endeavours and our motions.

(*As*

(As they do to the north) still point at beauty,
 Still at the fairest; yet to her, I vow,
 Unless it be her own free gratitude,
 My hopes shall die; and my tongue rot within me,
 'Ere I infringe my faith—now to my rescue— [Exit.

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Duke, pursu'd by Petruchio, Antonio, and that party.

Duke. You will not all oppress me?

Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye:

Let me come to him.

John. Then you shall buy me dearly. [They fight, the

Enter Don John.

Duke falls.

John. Sure 'tis fighting!

My friend may be engag'd: fie, gentlemen,

This is unmanly odds; press upon

A fall'n enemy!—it is cowardly—

Thus will I protect him!— [Don John bestrides him.

Ant. I'll stop your mouth, sir.

John. Nay, then have at thee freely:

There's a plumb, sir, to satisfy your longing.

Petr. He's fallen; I hope I have sped him:

Where's Antonio?

Ant. I must have one thrust more, sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers.

He's given me my *quietus est*; I felt him

In my small guts; I'm sure he's feez'd me;

This comes of siding with you.

Petr. I hear more rescue coming. [Trampling within.

Ant. Let's turn back then;

My skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill!

Petr. Away, for Heav'n's sake, with him.

[They hurry him off.

Enter the Duke's party.

John. Help, gentlemen—how is it?

Duke. Well, sir,

Only a little stagger'd.

Duke's Party. Let's pursue 'em.

Duke. No, not a man, I charge you: thanks, good coat,

Thou hast sav'd me a shrewd welcome; 'twas put home,

With

With a good mind too, I'm sure on't.

John. Are you safe then?

Duke. My thanks to you, brave fir, whose timely
And manly courtesy, came to my rescue. [valour,

John. You had foul play offer'd you, and shame befall
That can pass by oppression. [him

Duke. May I crave, fir,
But this much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to?

John. For the bond, fir,
'Tis every good man's tie: to know me further,
Will little profit you; I am a stranger,
My country *Spain*, my name *Don John*, a gentleman
That came abroad to travel.

Duke. I have heard, fir,
Much worthy mention of you, yet I find
Fame short of what you are.

John. You are pleas'd, fir,
To express your courtesy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?

Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon: You shall know me
'Ere it be long, fir, and a nobler thanks,
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own, fir. [Looking about.

Duke. What is't you look for, fir? have you lost any
thing?

John. Only my hat i' th' scuffle; sure these fellows
were nigh-snaps,

Duke. No, believe me, fir: pray use mine.
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. Indeed I cannot.

Duke. Indeed you shall; I can command another:
I do beseech you honour me.

John. Well, fir, then I will,
And so I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge;
Till when I love your mem'ry. [Exit with his party.

John. And I your's:
This is some noble fellow!

Enter

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure :

Don John!

John. *Don Frederick!*

Fred. You're fairly met, fir!

Prithee tell me what revelation hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?

John. Revelations!

I'll tell thee, *Frederick* : But before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, fir.

John. Why then mark what shall follow :

This night, *Frederick*, this wicked night——

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind night——

What dost thou think I have got?

Fred. What such wanton fellows ought get.

John. Would 'twere no worse : You talk of revelations :
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An errant coxcomb whilst I live.

Fred. What is't?

Thou hast lost nothing?

John. No, I have got, I tell thee.

Fred. What hast thou got?

John. One of the infantry, a child.

Fred. How?

John. A chopping child, man.

Fred. Give you joy, fir.

John. I'll give it you, fir, if it is joy.—*Fred'rick*,
This town's abominable, that's the truth of it.

Fred. I still told you, *John*,
Your wenching must come home ; I counsell'd you,
But where no grace is——

John. 'Tis none of mine, man.

Fred. Answer the parish so.

John. Cheated in troth,
Peeping into a house, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again ; no, *Fred'rick*,
'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it, man.

Fred. Where is't?

John. At home.

Fred.

Fred. A saving voyage: But what will you say, Sig-
To him that searching out your serious worship, [nior,
Has met a stranger fortune?

John. How, good *Frederick*?

A militant girl to this boy would hit it.

Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture: What do you
think, sir,

Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
Would over-sell all *Italy*?

John. Where is she?

Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualify'd, as love and admiration
Dwell round about her; of that perfect spirit!—

John. Ay marry, sir.

Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his.

John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.

Fred. That's all one, she's forth-coming.
I have her sure, boy.

John. Hark'ee, *Frederick*,
What truck betwixt my infant?

Fred. 'Tis too light, sir,
Stick to your charge, good Don *John*, I am well.

John. But is there such a wench?

Fred. First tell me this:
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?

John. Yes, marry, and they urg'd it,
As far as they had spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave mettle;
As I return'd to look you, I set into him,
And without hurt (I thank Heav'n) rescu'd him.

Ecce signum. [Shewing the hat.]

Fred. What the devil's that, *John*?

John. Only the laurel I gain'd in the scuffle.

Fred. Bravo! then all my work is done:
And now to satisfy you, there is a woman,
O *John*! there is a woman—

John.

John. Oh, where is she?

Fred. And one of no less worth than I assure you,
And which is more, fallen under my protection.

John. I'm glad of that; forward, sweet *Frederick*.

Fred. And which is most of all she is at home too,

John. Come, let's be gone then.

[*fir.*

Fred. Yes; but 'tis most certain

You cannot see her, *John*.

John. Why?

Fred. She has sworn me,

That none else shall come near her; not my mother,
Till some doubts are clear'd.

John. Not look upon her?—What chamber is she in?

Fred. In ours.

John. Let's go, I say:

A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They must for modesty a little: we all know it;
Let's go, I say—

Fred. No, I'll assure you, *fir.*

John. Not see her!

I smell an old dog-trick of your's. Look'ee, *Fred'rick*,
You talk'd to me of wenching, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wish you.

Fred. You may depend upon it, *John*.

John. Tell me,

And tell me true, is the cause honourable?
Or for your pleasure?

Fred. By all our friendship, *John*,
'Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I'm answer'd;

But let me see her tho'—

Fred. I can't.

John. Leave the door open as you go in.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open,
But just so as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.

Fred. That courtesy,
If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford you: Come, 'tis now near morning.

John. Along, along, then, dear *Frederick*. [*Exeunt.*
Enter

SCENE, *A Chamber.**Enter Peter and Anthony.**Pet.* Nay, the old woman's gone too.*Anth.* She's a cater-wauling
Amongst the gutters! But conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good masters should be.*Pet.* Where they should be,
I do conceive; but where they are, good *Anthony*—*Anth.* Ay, there it goes: my master's bo-peep with
With his fly popping in and out again, [me,
Argu'd a cause—*Pet.* My faint-like Don has hir'd a chapel
In the corner there, for his pious uses,
Where I, against my will, watch, fast and pray.*Anth.* Hark! [Lute sounds.*Pet.* What?*Anth.* Dost not hear a noise?
Again!—'tis a lute.*Pet.* Odd it's a lute—or a drum—where is it?*Anth.* Above, in my master's chamber.*Pet.* There's no creature: he hath the key himself,*Anth.* Let him have it—this is his lute. [man.
[Singing within.*Pet.* I grant you; but who strikes it?*Anth.* An admirable voice too!—hark you.*Pet. Anthony,*
Art sure we are at home?*Anth.* Without all doubt, *Peter*.*Pet.* Then this must be the devil.*Anth.* Let it be.

Good devil, sing again: O dainty devil!

Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil!—

The sweetest devil!—

*Enter Frederick and Don John.**Fred.* If you would leave peeping.*John.* I cannot by no means.*Fred.* Then come in softly;And as you love your faith, presume no further
Than you have promised.*John.* Basta.*Fred.* What makes you up so early, sir?*John.* You, sir, in your contemplations!*Pet.*

Pet. O pray you peace, fir.

Anth. Hush! Hush!

[*Lute sounds.*]

Fred. Why peace, fir?

Pet. Do you hear?

John. 'Tis your lute: she's playing on't.

Anth. The house is haunted, fir!

For this we have heard this half year.

Fred. You saw nothing?

Anth. Not I.

Pet. Nor I, fir.

Fred. Get us our breakfast then,

And make no words on't.

John. We'll undertake this spirit, if it be one.

Anth. This is no devil, *Peter*:

Mum! there be bats abroad.— [Exeunt. *Pet.* and *Anth.*]

Fred. Stay, now she sings!

John. An angel's voice, I'll swear!

Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?

Either allay this heat, or as I live I will not trust you.

John. Pass—I warrant you. [Exeunt]

SCENE, *Another Chamber.*

S O N G.

I.

How cruelly fated is woman to woe,

Too weak to contend, still beset by the foe:

Tho' each wish we conceiv'd, shou'd be crown'd with success,

What would flow from those wishes, but care, and distress.

For love intervenes, and fancy's gay scenes,

Alas! are clouded all o'er,

The sun quits the skies, hope sickens, and dies,

Heigho!—the heart says no more.

II.

Tho' beauty and riches together conspire,

To flatter our pride, and fulfil each desire;

Nor beauty, nor riches, give peace to that breast,

Which passion has tortur'd, and grief has oppress'd.

B

For

*For love intervenes, and fancy's gay scenes,
Alas! are clouded all o'er,
The sun quits the skies, hope sickens, and dies,
Heigho!—the heart says no more.*

Enter 1st Constantia, with a lute.

Thou friendly soothing instrument, my better
Genius has surely laid thee in my way,
That thy sweet melancholy strain might echo
To the sorrows of my heart, lest it o'er-burthen'd
Should, from reflection, sink into despair.

To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at fortune, to fall out with fate,
And tax the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps or hurts; our own desires
Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse, or bless us.

Enter Frederick, and Don John peeping.

Fred. Peace to your meditations.

John. Pox upon you,
Stand out of the light.

1 Con. I crave your mercy, sir!
My mind o'er-charg'd with care, made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray you set that mind at rest, all shall be per-

John. I like the body rare; a handsome body, [sees].
A wond'rous handsome body—would she would turn:
See, and that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be: the gentleman
Is safely off all danger.

John. O los Dios! what a rare creature!

1 Con. How shall I thank you, sir? how satisfy?

Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt like marmalade.

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman that eyes e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honest.

Fred. None disturb'd you?

1 Con. Not any, sir, nor any sound came near me:
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now,
But that the devil, and that temptation——
What are we made to suffer!

Fred. Pull in your head and be hang'd.

John. Hark'ee, *Fred'rick*,
I have brought you home your pack-saddle.

Fred. Fie upon you. [Aside to Don John.

Con. Nay, let him enter: fie, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends.

Fred. You are cozen'd, lady,
Here is no duke.

Con. I know him full well, signior.

John. Hold thee there, wench.

Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.

Con. I do beseech your grace come in.

John. My grace!

There was a word of comfort.

Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?

John. Well follow'd, *Frederick*.

Con. With all my heart.

Enter Don John.

Fred. Come in then.

John. Bless you, lady. (Constantia starts.)

Fred. Nay, start not; tho' he be a stranger to you,
He's of a noble strain, my kinsman, lady,
My countryman and fellow-traveller:
He's truly honest.

John. That's a lye.

Fred. And trusty,
Beyond your wishes: valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with as your blushes,

John. Modest to converse with! here's a fellow:
Now may I hang myself; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now
Must I cry, *no forsooth*, and *ay forsooth*, and *surely*,
And truly as I live, and *as I am honest*.

He's done these things on purpose; for he knows,
Like a most envious rascal as he is,

I am not honest this way—O the traitor!
H' has watch'd his time—I shall be quit with him.

I Con. Sir, I credit you.

Fred. Go salute her, *John*.

John. Plague o' your commendations.

I Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet lady; thus I seal
My faith, and all my services. [*Kisses her hand.*]

I Con. One word, signior.

John. What a hand the rogue has! softer than down,
And whiter than the lily—and then her eyes!
What points she at? my leg, I warrant; or
My well-knit body: fit fast, *Don Frederick*.

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of, his own being lost i' th' scuffle.

I Con. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right
I can assure you, gentlemen; and right happy [one,
May he be in all fights for that noble service.

Fred. Why do you blush?

I Con. It had almost cozen'd me:
For not to lye, when I say that, I look'd for
Another owner of it: but 'tis well,

Fred. Who's there?

Pray you retire madam;—come in, fir, [*Knocking.*
Exit Con.]

Enter Anthony.

Now what's the news with you?

Anth. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with *Don John*!

Fred. [*Speaking to Don John, who is peeping after
Constantia.*] *Don John.*

John. [*Still peeping.*] What's the matter?

Fred. Leave peeping, *John*, you are wanted.

John. Who is it?

Anth. I do not know, fir, but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.

John. Let him shew his name,
And you return a little wiser. [*Exit Anth.*]

Fred. How do you like her, *John*?

John. As well as you, *Frederick*,
For all I am honest; you shall find it too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John.

John. Art thou an ass,
 And modest as her blushes? What a blockhead
 Would e'er have pop'd out such a dry apology
 For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman,
 A woman of her youth and delicacy?
 They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
 An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable;
 A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
 A liberal man, a likely man, a man
 Made up like *Herculus*, stout, strong, and valiant—
 These had been things to hearken to, things catching;
 But you have such a spiced consideration,
 Such qualms upon your worship's conscience. [you,
 Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch
 Which nature and the liberal world makes custom;
 And nothing but fair honour! dear honour! sweet ho-
 O damn your water-gruel honour! [nour!—

Fred. I am sorry, *John*.

John. And so am I, *Frederick*; but what of that?
 Fie upon thee, a man of thy discretion!—
 That I was trusty and valiant, were things well put in;
 But modest!—a modest gentleman!—
 O wit! wit! where wast thou?

Fred. It shall be mended;
 And henceforth you shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't; how now, who is't?

Anth. A gentleman of this city,
 And calls himself *Petruchio*.

John. *Petruchio*! I'll attend him.

Enter 1st Constantia.

1 Con. How did he call himself?

Fred. *Petruchio*;
 Does it concern you ought?

1 Con. O gentlemen,
 The hour of my destruction is come on me,
 I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin:
 As ever you had pity—

John. Do not fear;
 Let the great devil come, he shall come thro' me first;
 Lost here, and we about you!

1 Con. To you, and your humanity, a hapless
 Helpless creature, begs for safety—O grant
 Me your protection—to your honours, sirs,
 I fly as to the altar for a refuge:
 If ever innocence, undone by passion,
 And sacrific'd by pride, could warm your breasts
 In my behalf, now hear behold the ruin,
 And that sacrifice; be your nobleness
 My sanct'ary, and shield a woe-sick heart
 From all its terrors and afflictions. [Kneeling.]

John. Pray rise.

Fred. Fall before us?

1 Con. O my unfortunate estate, all angers
 Compar'd to his, to his—

Fred. Let his and all men's,
 Whilst we have power and life; bear up for Heaven's

John. And for my sake, be comforted. [sake]

1 Con. I have offended Heav'n too; yet Heav'n knows.

John. Ay, Heav'n knows that we are all evil:
 Yet Heav'n forbid we shou'd have our deserts.
 What is he?

1 Con. Too, too near to my offence, sir:
 O he will cut me peace-meal!

Fred. 'Tis no treason?

John. Let it be what it will: if he cut here,
 I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
 With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not:
 By Heav'n I'll fire the town before you perish,
 And then the more the merrier; we'll jog with you.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping:
 Spoil a sweet face for nothing! my return
 Shall end all this, I warrant you.

1 Con. Heaven grant it!

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *Another Chamber.*

Enter Petruchio, with a letter.

Petr. This man should be of quality and worth
 By Don *Alvaro's* letter, for he gives

No

No slight recommendation of him :

I'll e'en make use of him.

Enter Don John.

John. Save you, sir ! I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, sir.
But is your name Don *John* ?

John. It is, sir.

Petr. Then,

First for your own brave sake I must embrace you :
Next, for the credit of your noble friend,
Hernanda de Alvaro, make you mine :
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter,
To look you out, and for the virtue in you,
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply you, love and honour you :
Which had I known sooner——

John. Noble sir,

You'll make my thanks too poor : I wear a sword, sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. That manly courtesy is half my business, sir,
And to be short, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth-like oracle ;
This day *Petruchio*,
One that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then,
I do beseech you mark me.

John. I shall, sir,

Petr. *Ferrara's* duke, would I might call him worthy,
But that h'as raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy : this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house to stock our memories,
My sister *Constantia* and myself ; with arts and witch-
Vows and such oaths Heav'n has no mercy for, [crafts,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid by stealth,

And secret passages I knew not of.
 Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her,
 I am ashamed to say the rest: This purchas'd,
 And his hot blood allay'd, he left her,
 And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
 And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so,
 He 'scap'd me yester-night—which if he dare
 Again adventure for, I will pardon him.

John. Sir, what commands have you to lay on me?

Petr. Only thus; by word of mouth to carry him
 A challenge from me, that so (if he have honour in him)
 We may decide all difference betwixt us.

John. Fair and noble,
 And I will do it home: When shall I visit you?

Petr. Please you this afternoon, I will ride with you?
 For at the castle, six miles hence, we are sure
 To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. My man shall wait here,
 And conduct you to my house.

John. I shall not fail you. [Exit Petruchio.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

John. All's well, and better than thou could'st expect,
 for this wench is certainly no vestal—but who do you
 think that she is? guess an thou canst.

Fred. I cannot.

John. Be it known then to all men, by these presents,
 this is she, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs have
 been so long hunting after. [*John.*

Fred. Who, *Constantia*? thou talk'st of cocks and bulls.

John. I talk of wench, *Frederick!*——this is the
 pullet we two have been crowing after.

Fred. It cannot be.

John. It can be, it shall be, and must be—sister to Don
Petruchio—her name *Constantia*—I know all, man.

Fred. Now I believe——

John. I both believe and hope it.

Fred. Why do you hope it?

John.

John. First, because she is handsome; and next, because she is kind—there are two reasons for you: now do you find out a third, a better if you can: for take this, *Frederick*, for a certain rule, since she has once began, she'll never give it over; *ergo*, if we have good luck, in time she may fall to our share.

Fred. I can't believe her dishonest for all this: She has has not one loose thought about her.

John. No matter for that, she's no saint—There has been fine work, dainty doings, *Frederick!*

Fred. How can you talk so?

John. Because I think so; now you think so, and talk otherwise; therefore I am the honestest, though you may be the *modester* man.

Fred. Well well, there may have been a slip.

John. Ay, and a tumble too, poor creature—I fear the boy will prove her's I took up last night.

Fred. The devil!

John. Ay, ay, he has been at work—Let us go in, and comfort her; that she is here, is nothing yet suspected. —Anon, I'll tell you why her brother came, (who by this light is a brave fellow) and what honour he has done me in calling me to serve him.

Fred. There be irons heating for some, Don *John.*

John. Then we must take care not to burn our fingers, *Frederick.* [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE A Chamber.

Enter Landlady and Anthony.

Land. COME, fir, who is it that keeps your master
Anth. I say to you, Don *John.* [company?]

Land. I say what woman?

Anth. I say so too.

Land. I say again, I will know.

Anth. I say, 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee, he has a woman here.

Anth. I tell thee 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frumpt up with a fool? Well, saucy firrah,
I will know who it is, and to what purpose?
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these inflammations: if this geer hold,
Best hang a sign post-up, to tell the rakes,
Here you may have wenches at livery.

Anth. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

Why, what's the matter, landlady?

Land. What's the matter!

You use me decently among you, gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her; you, sir?

Land. Od's my witness,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Anth. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou liest, firrah—

Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a maukin, a flirt gi lian:
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,
Our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, firrah?

Anth. Let but the truth be known, sir, I beseech you;
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir.

Land. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked valet,
Thou instrument of evil.

Anth. As I live, sir, she's ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get you in, sir, I'll answer you, anon. [*Ex. Anth.*
Now to your grief, what is't? for I can guess—

Land. You may, with shame enough, *Don Frederick*,
If there were shame amongst you; nothing thought on,
But how you may abuse my house: not satisfy'd
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your wenches here too: my patience,
Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they say, am willing to groan under,
Must be your make-sport now.

Fred. No more of these words,

Nor no more murm'rings, woman; for you know

That

That I know something—I did suspect your anger,
But turn it presently and handsomly,
And bear yourself discreetly to this lady;
For such a one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, sir.

Fred. Leave off your devil's mattins, and your me-
Or we shall leave our lodgings. [lancholies,

Land. But mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour—

Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have you entertain this lady
With all civility, she well deserves it,
Together with all service: I dare trust you,
For I have found you faithful. When you know her,
You'll find your own fault; no more words, but do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful landlady,
How does thy swanskin petticoat? By Heav'n,
Thou look'st most amiable! now could I willingly
(And 'twere not for abusing thy *Geneva* print there)
Venture my person with thee.

Land. You'll leave this roguery,
When you come to my years.

John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet! a mere girl!
Thou hast not half thy teeth! [Knocking.

Fred. Somebody knocks;
See who it is, and do not mind this fellow.

Land. I beg, sir, that you'll use me with decorum.

John. Ay, ay, I'll promise you with nothing else.
And will you be gone, my love, my love— [Singing.
[Exit Landlady.

Was there ever such a piece of touchwood?

Fred. Prith'ee, *John*, let her alone, she has been
Well vex'd already—she'll grow stark mad, man.

John. I would fain see her mad—an old mad woman—

Fred. Don't be a fool.

John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with the
She makes the rarest faces. [tooth-ach ;

Fred. Prith'ee be sober.

Re-enter Landlady.

John. What, again !

Nay, then it is decreed, tho' hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas to guard thee, I would through !

Land. Od's my witness, if you ruffle me, I'll spoil
your sweet face for you.

John. O raptures ! raptures ! [Kissing her.]

[She runs after him.]

What, will you hurt your own son ?

[She looks kind upon him.]

Land. Well, well, go, go to the door, there's a gentle-
man there would speak with you.

John. Upon my life, *Petruchio* ;—good, dear land-
lady, carry him into the dining-room, and I'll wait
upon him presently.

Land. Well, Don *John*, the time will come that I
shall be even with you. [Exit Landlady.]

John. I must be gone about this business—
Won't you go too, *Frederick* ?

Fred. I am not requested, you know—besides the
Lady will want advice and consolation.

John. Yes ; and I know too, with all your modesty,
That you will be ready to give it her.

Fred. For shame, *John*, how can you ramble so ?
You know you may trust me.

John. I had rather trust a cat with sweet milk,
Frederick.

Fred. I'll but speak to her, and follow you.

John. Indeed ?

Fred. Indeed.

John. Upon your honour ?

Fred. Upon my honour.

John. And your modesty ?

Fred. Phoo ! phoo ! don't be a fool.

John. Well, well, I shall trust you—now I'm easy.

[Exit Don John.]

Enter *Constantia.*

Con. What, no way to divert this certain danger ?

Fred. Impossible ! their honours are engag'd.

Con.

1 *Con.* Then there must be murder, and I the cause! Which, gen'rous fir, I shall no sooner hear of, Than make one in't: you may, if you please, fir, Make all go less.—Do, fir, for Heaven's sake, Let me request one favour.

Fred. It is granted.

1 *Con.* Your friend, fir, is I find, too resolute, Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake, Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper, And noble disposition, like wish'd showers, May quench these eating fires, that would spoil all else: I see in him destruction!

Fred. I'll do't—And 'tis a wise consideration: I'll after him, lady—What my best labour, With all the art I have can work upon 'em, Be sure of, and expect fair end; the old gentlewoman Shall wait upon you; she is discreet and secret, And you may trust her in all points.

1 *Con.* You're noble.

Fred. And so I take my leave. I hope, lady, a happy issue for all this.

1 *Con.* All Heaven's care upon you, and my prayers!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, *A Chamber at Antonio's.*

Enter a Surgeon, and a Gentleman.

Gent. What symptoms do you find in him?

Sur. None, fir, dangerous, if he'd be rul'd.

Gent. Why, what does he do?

Sur. Nothing that he shou'd. First he will let no liquor down but wine, and then he has a fancy that he must be dress'd always to the tune of *John Dory*.

Gent. How, to the tune of *John Dory*?

Sur. Why, he will have fiddlers, and make them play and sing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd fancy indeed.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Give me some wine.

Sur. I told you so—'Tis death, fir.

Ant.

Ant. 'Tis a horse, fir: Dost thou think I shall recover with the help of barley-water only?

Gent. Fie, *Antonio*, you must be govern'd.

Ant. Why, fir, he feeds me with nothing but rotten roots and drown'd chickens, stew'd *pericraniums* and *pia-maters*; and when I go to bed (by Heav'n 'tis true, fir) he rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em, that I am just the man i' th' almanack, my head and face is in *Aries*' place.

Sur. Wilt't please you, to let your friends see you open'd?

Ant. Will't please you, fir, to give me a brimmer? I feel my body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.

Sur. How, a brimmer?

Ant. Why, look you, fir, thus I am us'd still; I can get nothing that I want. In how long a time canst thou cure me?

Sur. In forty days.

Ant. I'll have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty: In how long a time canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do't; that's the shorter, and there's more delight in't.

Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business; this foolish fellow hinders himself: I have a dozen, rascal, to hurt within these five days. Good man-mender, stop me up with parsley like stuff'd beef, and let me walk abroad; and let me be drest to that warlike tune, *John Dory*.

Sur. You shall walk shortly.

Ant. I will walk presently, fir, and leave your fallads there, your green salves, and your oils; I'll to my old diet again, strong food, and rich wine, and see what that will do.

Sur. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddest old fellow I e'er met with. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *A Chamber at Don John and Don Frederick's Lodgings.*

Enter 1 *Constantia and Landlady.*

1 *Con.* I have told all I can, and more than yet Those gentlemen know of me, ever trusting Your concealment—but are they such strange creatures?

Land.

Land. There is the younger, ay, and the wilder,
 Don *John*, the arrant'st *Jack* in all this city:
 Has been a dragon in his days; the truth is,
 Whose chastity he chops upon, he cares not,
 He flies at all; bastards, upon my conscience,
 He has now a hundred of 'em: The last night
 He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,
 But we are all weak vessels. Some rich woman
 (For wife I dare not call her) was the mother,
 For it was hung with jewels; the bearing cloth
 No less than crimson velvet.

I Con. How.

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

I Con. Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy!

I Con. May I see it?

For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
 Has had a late mischance, which willingly
 I would know further of: now, if you please,
 To be so courteous to me.

Land. You shall see it:

What do you think of these men, now you know 'em?
 Be wise, or you'll repent too late; I tell you
 But for your own good, and as you will find it.

I Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
 And instantly, I told you of: be ready:
 Don *John*, I'll fit you for your frumps.

[*Aside.*

I Con. I will, dame:

But shall I see this child?

Land. Within this half hour:

Let's in, and then think better.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *The Country.*

Enter Petruchio, Don John, and Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentle-
 (If I, that so much love him, may commend him) [man
 That's full of honour; and one, if foul play
 Should fall on us, will not fly back for fillips.

Petr. You much honour me,
 And once more I pronounce you both mine.

Fred.

Fred. Stay ;

What troop is that below i' th' valley there ?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so ; 'tis the duke, 'tis even he, gentle-Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call you : [men I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too

He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still,

Within that covert till I call : you, *Fred'rick*,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us : He comes forward ;
Here will I wait him fairly : To your places.

Petr. I need no more instruct you.

John. Fear me not. [Petr. and Fred. retire.
Enter Duke, and his Party.

Duke. Feed the hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day ; O my blest fortune,
Have I so fairly met the man !

John. You have, sir,
And him you know by this. [Shewing his hat.

Duke. Sir, all the honour.

And love———

John. I do beseech your grace stay there.
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command you : [Duke's attend-
ants retire] now, sir,
Be plain.

John. I will, and short ;
You have wrong'd a gentleman, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong ?

John. *Petruchio* is the man ;
The wrong is, you have dishonour'd his sister :

Duke. Now stay you, sir,
And hear me a little : This gentleman's
Sister that you have nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd ;
As true I have possess'd her : no less truth,
I have a child by her. But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,

Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
 I wear a sword to satisfy the world, no,
 And him in this case when he pleases; for know, sir,
 She is my wife, contracted before Heaven;
 (A witness I owe more tie to than her brother)
 Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
 Had had the church's seal, and approbation,
 But for his jealous nature.

John. Sir, your pardon;
 And all that was my anger, now my service.

Duke. Fair sir, I knew I should convert you; had we
 But that rough man here now too——

John. And you shall, sir.
 What ho! ho!

Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush.

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother, welcome;
 Come put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
 Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
 To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly: the first priest
 Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love you,
 And beseech you pardon my suspicions;
 You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's overjoy'd. What ho!
 Mr. *Modesty*, you may come forth now——

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How goes it?

John. Why the man has his mare again, and all's well.
 The Duke professes freely he's her husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentlemen;
 I must present you——may it please your grace
 To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
 And noble kinsman, among those your servants:
 He is truly valiant, and *modest* to converse with.

Duke. O my brave friend; you shower your bounties
 on me.

Amongst

Amongst my best thoughts, signior, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May freely place your friend.

Fred. Your grace honours me.

Petr. Why this is wond'rous happy; but now, bro—
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: *Constantia!* [ther,

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know:
Wing'd with her fears, last night beyond my knowledge,
She quit my house, but whither——

Fred. Let not that——

Duke. No more, good sir, I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay sink not.

She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, gentlemen;
Be free again, the lady's found: that smile, sir,
Shows you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech you.

John. You shall believe me, by my soul, she's safe.

Duke. Heaven knows I would believe, sir.

Fred. You may safely.

John. And under noble usage: this modest gentle—
Speak *Frederick.*—— [man—

Fred. I met her in all her doubts last night, and to
my guard

(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person;
I waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petr. You may believe now.

Duke. Yes I do, and strongly:

Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
For you have both preserv'd me; when these virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good, your grace,
Lose no more time in compliments, 'tis too precious;
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'll crown
With all the joys you wish for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen!

[you
[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Francisco and a Man.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief! never fool was so fobb'd off as I am, made ridiculous, and to myself, mine own afs; trust a woman! I'll trust the devil first, for he dares be better than his word sometimes: pray tell me in what observance have I ever fail'd her?

Man. Nay, you can tell that best yourself.

Fran. Let us consider.

Enter Frederick and Don John.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where didst thou meet *Constantia*, and this woman?

Fred. *Constantia!* What are these fellows? stay by all means. *[They listen.]*

Man. Why, sir, I met her in the great street that comes from the market-place, just at a turning by a goldsmith's shop.

Fred. Stand still, *John*.

Fran. Well *Constantia* has spun herself a fine thread now: what will her best friend think of this?

Fred. *John*, I smell some juggling, *John*.

John. Yes, *Frederick*, I fear it will be prov'd so.

Fran. But what should the reason be, dost think, of this so sudden change in her?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why truly, I suspect she has been enticed to it by a stranger.

John. Did you mark that, *Frederick*?

Fran. Stranger! who?

Man. A wild gentleman that's newly come to town.

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes, sir,

Fran. Why do you think so?

Man. I heard her grave conductress twattle something as they went along, that makes me guess it.

John. 'Tis she, *Frederick*.

Fred. But who that he is, *John*?

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt 'em out, for they must certainly be about the town. Ha! no more words. Come, let's be gone.

[Francisco and Man seeing Don John and Fred. retire.]

Fred. Well.

John.

John. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

John. Finely carried.

Fred. You have no more of these tricks?

John. Ten to one, sir,

I shall meet with them, if you have.

Fred. Is this fair?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?

I am no ass, Don *Frederick*.

Fred. And, Don *John*,

It shall appear I am no fool: disgrace me

To make yourself thus every woman's courtesy?

'Tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false; I privy to this dog-trick!

Clear yourself, for I know where the wind sits,

Or as I have a life— *[Trampling within.]*

Fred. No more, they are coming; shew no discontent, let's quietly away: if she be at home our jealousies are over; if not, you and I must have a farther parley, *John*.

John. Yes, Don *Frederick*, you may be sure we shall: but where are these fellows? Plague on 'em, we have lost them too in our spleens, like fools.

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

Duke. Come, gentlemen, let's go a little faster: Suppose you have all mistresses, and mend Your pace accordingly.

John. Sir, I should be as glad of a mistress as another man.

Fred. Yes, o' my conscience wouldst thou, and of any other man's mistress too, that I'll answer for. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, *Antonio's House.*

Enter Antonio and his Man.

Ant. With all my gold?

Man. The trunk broken open and all gone!

Ant. And the mother in the plot?

Man. And the mother and all.

Ant. And the devil and all, and all his imps go with 'em. Belike they thought I was no more of this world, and those trifles would but disturb my conscience.

Man.

Man. Sure they thought, fir, you would not live to disturb 'em.

Ant. Well, my sweet mistress, I'll try how handsomely your ladyship can caper in the air! there's your master-piece. No imaginations where they should be?

Man. None, fir; yet we have search'd all places we suspected; I believe they have taken towards the port.

Ant. Give me then a water-conjurer, one that can raise water-devils; I'll port 'em: play at duck-and-drake with my money! Get me a conjurer I say, enquire out a man that lets out devils.

Man. I do'nt know where.

Ant. In every street, Tom Fool; any blear-ey'd people with red heads and flat noses can perform it. Thou shalt know them by their half-gowns, and no breeches. Find me out a conjurer, I say, and learn his price, how he will let his devils out by the day. I'll have 'em again if they be above ground. [Exit.

S C E N E, *A Street.*

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. Your grace is welcome now to *Naples*; so you are all, gentlemen.

John. Don *Frederick*, will you step in and give the lady notice who comes to visit her?

Petr. Bid her make haste; we come to see no stranger—a night-gown will serve turn: here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, fir. [Exit.

Petr. Now will the sport be, to observe her alterations, how betwixt fear and joy she will behave herself.

Duke. Dear brother, I must entreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind, fir—I will not chide her, but like a summer's evening against heat——

Enter Frederick and Peter.

John. How now?

Fred. Not to abuse your patience longer, nor hold you off with tedious circumstances; for you must know——

John. What I knew before.

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred.

Fred. Gone, fir.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you say, fir?

Fred. Gone; by Heaven remov'd. The woman of the house too.

Petr. What, that reverend old woman that tired me with compliments?

Fred. The very same.

John. Well, Don *Frederick*.

Fred. Don *John*, it is not well: but——

John. But what?

Petr. Gone!

Fred. This fellow can satisfy I lye not.

Petr. A little after my master was departed, fir, with this gentlemen, my fellow and myself being sent on business, as we must think on purpose——

John. Yes, yes, on purpose.

Petr. Hang these circumstances, they always serve to usher in ill ends.

John. Gone! Now could I eat that rogue, I am so angry. Gone!

Petr. Gone!

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted: what would you have me say?

Duke. Well, gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom, fir, I would not be a knave.

John. He that is, a rot run in his blood.

Petr. But, hark'ee, gentlemen, are you sure you had her here? Did you not dream this?

John. Have you your nose, fir?

Petr. Yes, fir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more construction.

John. Well, fir, let it suffer, [*Turns off peevishly.*]

Fred. How to convince you, fir, I can't imagine; but my life shall justify my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus, then—for we may be all abus'd.

Petr. 'Tis possible.

Duke.

Duke. Here let's part until to-morrow this time; we to our way to clear this doubt, and you to yours: pawning our honours then to meet again; when if she be not found——

Fred. We stand engag'd to answer any worthy way we are call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To-morrow certain.

John. If we out-live this night, fir.

[*Exeunt Duke and Petruchio.*]

Fred. Very well, Don *John!*

John. Very ill, Don *Frederick!*

Fred. We have somewhat now to do.

John. With all my heart, I love to be doing.

Fred. If she be not found we must fight.

John. I am glad on't, I have not fought a great while.

Fred. I am glad you are so merry, fir.

John. I am sorry you are so dull, fir.

Fred. I hate trifling when my honour's at stake.

John. If you will stake your honour upon trifling things you must; for my part, I'll not look like a murderer in tapestry as you do—thus—for all the honour in Christendom.

Fred. Here let us part; and if the lady be Not forth-coming,

'Tis this, Don *John*, shall damp your levity!

[*Clapping his hand upon his sword.*]

John. Or this shall tickle up your modesty! [*Exeunt;*]

ACT IV. SCENE. *A Tavern.*

Enter 2 Constantia, and her Mother.

Moth. **H**OLD, *Cons*, hold, for goodness, hold; I am in that desertion of spirit for want of breath, that I am almost reduced to the necessity of not being able to defend myself against the inconvenience of a fall.

2 *Con.*

2 *Con.* Dear mother, let us go a little faster to secure ourselves from *Antonio*: for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, 'till we are safe a ship-board, and out of sight of the shore.

Moth. Out of sight of the shore! why do you think I'll *depatriate*?

2. *Con.* *Depatriate*? what's that?

Moth. Why, you fool you, leave my country: what will you never learn to speak out of the vulgar road?

2. *Con.* O Lord! this hard word will undo us.

Moth. As I am a christian, if it were to save my honour (which is ten thousand times dearer to me than life) I would not be guilty of so odious a thought.

2 *Con.* Pray, mother, since your honour is so dear to you, consider that if we are taken, both it and we are lost for ever.

Moth. Ay, girl; but what will the world say, if they should hear so odious a thing of us, as that we should *depatriate*?

2. *Con.* Ay there's it; the world! why mother, the world does not care a pin if both you and I were hang'd; and that we shall be certainly, if *Antonio* takes us, for you have run away with his gold.

Moth. Did he not tell you that he kept it in his trunk for us? and hadnot I a right to take it whenever I pleas'd: you have lost your reasoning faculty, *Cons*.

2 *Con.* Yes, mother, but you was to have it upon a certain condition, which condition I would sooner starve than agree to. I can't help my poverty, but I can keep my honour, and the richest old fellow in the kingdom shan't buy it: I'd sooner *give* it away than *sell* it, that's my spirit, mother.

Moth. But what will become of me, *Cons*? I have so indelible an idea of my dignity, that I must have the means to support it; those I have got, and I will ne'er depart from the demarches of a person of quality? and let come what will, I shall rather chuse to submit myself to my fate, than strive to prevent it by any deportment that is not congruous in every degree to the steps and measures of a strict practitioner of honour.

2 *Con.*

2 *Con.* Would not this make one stark mad! your stile is no more out of the way than your manner of reasoning; you first fell me to an ugly old fellow, then you run away with me, and all his gold; and now, like a strict practitioner of honour, resolve to be taken, rather than *depatriate*, as you call it.

Moth. As I am a christian, *Cons*, a tavern, and a very decent sign; I'll in; I am resolv'd, though by it I should run a risque of never so stupendous a nature!

2. *Con.* There's no stopping her: what shall I do?

[*Afide.*

Moth. I'll send for my kinswoman and some music, to revive me a little, for really, *Cons*, I am reduced to that sad imbecillity, by the injury I have done my poor feet, that I am in a great incertitude, whether they will have liveliness sufficient to support me up to the top of the stairs, or no.

[*Exit Mother.*

2 *Con.* I have a great mind to leave this fantastical mother-in-law of mine, with her stolen goods, take to my heels and seek my fortune; but to whom shall I apply?—Generosity and humanity are not to be met with at every corner of the street.—If any young fellow would but take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I would make him the best wife in the world:—but what a fool am I to talk thus?—Young men think of young women now a-days, as they do of their cloaths: it is genteel to have them, to be vain of 'em, to shew 'em to every body, and to change 'em often—when their novelty and fashion is over, they are turn'd of doors to be purchas'd and worn by the first buyer.—A wife, indeed, is not so easily got rid of; it is a suit of mourning that lies neglected at the bottom of the chest, and only shews itself now and then upon melancholy occasions.—What a terrible prospect!—however, I do here swear and vow to live for ever chaste, 'till I find a young fellow who will take me for better and for worse.—Law! what a desperate oath have I taken!

Moth. (*looking out at the window.* Come up, *Cons*, the fiddles are here—

[*Mother goes from the window.*

2 *Con.* I come.

I must be gone, tho' whither I cannot tell; these fiddles, and her discreet companions, will quickly make an end of all she has stolen; and then for five hundred new pieces sells me to another old fellow, whom I will serve in the very same manner. She has taken care not to leave me a farthing, yet I am so, better than under her conduct, 'twill be at worst but begging for my life: and

Starving were to me an easier fate,
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.

[*Goes up to her Mother.*]

Enter Don John.

John. It will not out of my head, but that Don Frederick has sent away this wench, for all he carries it so gravely: Yet, methinks, he should be honefter than so; but these grave men are never touch'd upon such occasions; mark it when you will, and you'll find a grave man, especially if he pretend to be a precise man, will do you forty things without remorse, that would startle one of us mad fellows but to think of. [*Music above.*] What's here, music and women?—the best mixture in the world!—would I were among 'em—(*Music again, and a woman appears in the balcony*)—that's a right one, I know it by her smile—O my conscience, take a woman mask'd and hooded, nay cover'd all o'er, so that you can't see one bit of her and at twelve score distance, if she be a leveret, as ten to one she is, if I don't hit her, say I am no marksman. I have an eye that never fails me—ah! rogue! she's right too, I'm sure on't; here's a brave parcel of 'em! [*Music still and dancing.*]

Moth. Come, come, let's dance in t'other room, 'tis a great deal better.

John. Say you so? what, now, if I should go up and dance too? It is a tavern. Rot this business. Why should a man be hunting upon a cold scent, when there is so much better sport near at hand? I'll in, I am resolv'd, and try my own fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of 'em!

[*As he goes to the door.*]

Enter

Enter 2 Constantia.

See here's one bolted already; fair lady, whither so fast?

2 Con. I don't know, sir.

John. May I have the honour to wait upon you?

2 Con. Yes, if you please, sir.

John. Whither?

2 Con. I tell you I don't know.

John. She's very quick. Would I might be so happy as to know you, lady.

2 Con. I dare not let you see my face, sir.

John. Why?

2 Con. For fear you should not like it, and then leave me; for to tell you true, I have at this present very great need of you.

John. Hast thou?—Then I declare myself thy champion: and let me tell you, there is not a better knight-errant in all christendom, than I am, to succour distressed damsels.

2 Con. What a proper, handsome, spirited fellow this is! if he'd love me now as he ought, I would never seek out further. Sir, I am young, and unexperienced in the world.

John. If thou art young, its no great matter what thy face is.

2 Con. Perhaps this freedom in me may seem strange; but, sir, in short, I'm forc'd to fly from one I hate: Will you protect me?

John. Yes that I will, before I see your face: your shape has charm'd me enough for that already.

2 Con. But if we should meet him, will you here promise me, he shall not take me from you?

John. If any one takes you from me, he shall take my life too; if I lose one, I won't keep t'other—they shall go together.

2 Con. For Heaven's sake then conduct me to some place, where I may be secur'd awhile from the sight of any one whatsoever.

John. By all the hopes I have to find thy face as lovely as thy shape, I will.

2 Con. Well, sir, I believe you, for you have an honest look.

C 2

John.

John. An honest look! Zounds, I am afraid Don Frederick has been giving her a character of me too——
Come, pray unveil.

2 Con. Then turn away your face, for I'm resolv'd you shall not see a bit of mine, 'till I have set it in order, and then——

John. What then?

2 Con. I'll strike you dead.

John. A mettled wench, I warrant her! If she be but young now, and have but a nose on her face, she'll be as good as her word——Come, my dear, I'm e'en panting with impatience——Are you ready?——

(*As he turns slowly round, she gets on the other side*)

—S'death where is she?

2 Con. Here! stand your ground if you dare!

John. By this light, a rare creature! ten thousand times handsomer than her we seek for! this can be sure no common one: pray Heaven she be a kind one!

2 Con. Well, sir, what say you now?

John. Nothing; I'm so amaz'd I am not able to speak. Prithee, my sweet creature, don't let us be talking in the street, but run home with me, that I may have a little private innocent conversation with you.

2 Con. No, sir, no private dealing, I beseech you.

John. S'heart, what shall I do? I'm out of my wits. Hark'ee, my dear soul, canst thou love me?

2 Con. If I could, what then?

John. Why then I should be the happiest man alive!

[*Kissing her hand.*]

2 Con. Nay, good sir, hold——remember the conditions.

John. Conditions! what conditions! I would not wrong thee for the universe!

2 Con. Then you'll promise!

John. What, what: I'll promise any thing, every thing, thou dear, sweet, betwitching, heavenly woman!

2 Con. Do make me an honest woman!

John. How the devil, my angel, can I do that, if you are undone to my hands?

2 Con. Ay, but I am not—I am a poor innocent lamb, just escaped from the jaws of an old fox.

John.

John. Art thou, my pretty lamb? then I'll be thy shepherd, and fold thee in these arms. [*Kisses her hand.*
2 Con. Ay, but you must not eat the lamb yourself.

John. I like you so well, I will do any thing for thee. This girl sure was made on purpose for me: she is just of my humour—my dear delightful incognita! I love you so much, it is impossible to say how much I love thee! my heart, my mind, and my soul, are transported to such a degree, that—that—that—damn it, I can't talk—so let us run home, or the old fox, my lamb, will overtake us. [*They run out.*

SCENE, *the Street before D. John's Lodgings.*

Enter Frederick and Francisco.

Fred. And art thou sure it was *Constantia*, sayst thou that he was leading?

Fran. Am I sure I live, sir? why, I dwelt in the house with her; how can I chuse but know her?

Fred. But didst thou see her face?

Fran. Lord, sir, I saw her face as plain as I see your's just now, not two streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis even so; I suspected it at first, but then he foreswore it with that confidence—Well, Don *John*, if these be your practises, you shall have no more a friend of me, sir, I assure you. Perhaps, tho' he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her brother, and the *Duke*.

Fran. A little time will shew—Gad-so, here he is!

Fred. I'll step behind this shop, and observe him.

Enter Don John and 2 Constantia.

John. Here now go in; and let me see who will get you out again without my leave.

2 Con. Remember—you have given your honour.

John. And my love—and when they go together, you may always trust 'em.

Fred. Dear Don *John*.

(*John puts Constantia in, and locks the door.*)

John. Plague o' your kindness: how the devil comes he here just at this time?—Oh, how do you do, *Frederick*?—Now will he ask me forty foolish questions, and I have such a mind to talk to this wench, that I cannot think of one excuse for my life.

Fred. Your servant, sir: pray who's that you lock'd in just now at the door?

John. Why, a friend of mine that's gone up to read a book.

Fred. A book! that's a quaint one, i'faith: prith'ee, Don *John*, what library has thou been buying this afternoon? for i' th' morning, to my knowledge, thou hadst never a book there, except it were an almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

John. No, no, its a book of his own, he brought along with him: a scholar that's given to reading.

Fred. And do scholars, Don *John*, wear petticoats now-a-days?

John. Plague on him, he has seen her—Well, Don *Frederick*, thou know'st I am not good at lying; 'tis a woman, I confess it, make your best on't, what then?

Fred. Why then, Don *John*, I desire you'll be pleas'd to let me see her.

John. Why faith, *Frederick*, I should not be against the thing, but you know that a man must keep his word, and she has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, *John*, you may remember when I met a lady so before, this very self-same lady too, that I got leave for you to see her, *John*.

John. Why, do you think then that this here is *Constantia*?

Fred. I cannot properly say I think it, *John*, because I know it; this fellow here saw her as you led her i' th' streets.

John. Well, and what then? who does he say it is?

Fred. Ask him, sir, and he'll tell you.

John. Hark'ee, friend, dost thou know this lady?

Fran. I think I should, sir; I have liv'd long enough in the house to know her sure.

John. And how do they call her, prithee?

Fran. *Constantia*!

John. How! *Constantia*!

Fran. Yes, sir, the woman's name is *Constantia*, that's flat.

John. Is it so, sir? and so is this too. [Strikes him.

Fran.

Fran. Oh, oh!

[*Runs out.*]

John. Now, firrah, you may safely say you have not bore false witness for nothing.

Fred. Fie, Don *John!* why do you beat the poor fellow for doing his duty, and telling truth?

John. Telling truth! thou talk'st it as if thou had been hired to bear false witness too: You are a very fine gentleman.

Fred. What a strange confidence he has! but is there no shame in thee? nor no consideration of what is just or honest, to keep a woman thus against her will, that thou know'st is in love with another man too? dost think a judgment will not follow this?

John. Good dear *Frederick*, do keep thy sentences and thy sentiments, which are now out of fashion, for some better opportunity: this here is not a fit subject for 'em: I tell thee she is no more *Constantia* than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me see her then?

John. Because I can't: besides, she is not for thy taste.

Fred. How so?

John. Why, thy genius lies another way; thou art all for flames and darts, and those fine things! now I am for pure, plain, simple love, without any embroidery; I am not so curious, *Frederick*, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, sir; but is there no shame, but is this worthy in you to delude—

John. But is there no shame! but is this worthy! what a many *but*s are here? If I should tell thee now solemnly thou hast *but* one eye, and give thee reasons for it, wouldst thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, sir, against my own knowledge.

John. Then why dost thou, with that grave face, go about to persuade me against mine? you should do as you would be done by, *Frederick*.

Fred. And so I will, sir, in this very particular, since there's no other remedy; I shall do that for the duke and *Petruchio*, which I should expect from them upon the like occasion: In short, to let you see I am as sensible of my honour, as you can be careless of your's; I

must tell you, sir, that I'm resolv'd to wait upon this lady to them.

John. Are you so, sir? Why, I must then, sweet sir, tell you again, I am resolv'd you sha'n't. Ne'er stare nor wonder! I have promis'd to preserve her from the sight of any one whatsoever, and with the hazard of my life will make it good: But that you may not think I mean an injury to *Petruckio*, or the duke, know, Don *Frederick*, that tho' I love a pretty girl perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's base as much as you do. Once more, upon my honour, this is not *Constantia*; let that satisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do ——— [Goes to the door.]

John. No! why then this shall. [draws] Come not one step nearer, for if thou dost, by Heaven I'm thro' you.

Fred. This is an insolence beyond the temper of a man to suffer.—Thus I throw off thy friendship, and since thy folly has provok'd my patience beyond its natural bounds, I know it is not in thy power now to save thyself.

John. That's to be try'd, sir, tho', by your favour— [Looks up to the balcony]—Mistress what-d'ye-call-'em, pr'ythee look out now a little, and see how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, sir, are you ready?

John. O lord, sir, your servant. [Fight.]

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

Petr. What's here, fighting? let's part 'em. How, Don *Frederick* against Don *John*? How came you to fall out, gentlemen? What's the cause?

Fred. Why, sir, it is your quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I saw him lock *Constantia* up into that house, and I desir'd to wait upon her to you; that's the cause.

Duke. Oh, it may be he design'd to lay the obligation upon us himself—Sir, we are beholden to you for this favour beyond all possibility of— [approaching John.]

John. Pray, your grace, keep back, and don't throw away your thanks before you know whether I have deserv'd

serv'd 'em or no. Oh, is that your design? Sir, you must not go in there. *[To Petruchio going to the door.]*

Petr. How, sir, not go in.

John. No, sir, most certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my sister, and I will speak to her.

John. If she were your mother, sir, you shou'd not, tho' it were but to ask her blessing.

Petr. Since you are so positive, I'll try.

John. You shall find me a man of my word, sir.

Duke. Nay, pray gentlemen, hold, let me compose this matter. Why do you make a scruple of letting us see *Constantia*? *[Fight.]*

John. Why, sir, 'twould turn a man's head round to hear these fellows talk so; there is not one word true of all that he has said.

Duke. Then you do not know where *Constantia* is?

John. Not I, by heavens!

Fred. O monstrous impudence! upon my life, sir, I saw him force her into that house, lock her up, and the key is now in his pocket.

John. Now that is two lies; for first he did not see her, and next all force is unnecessary, she is so very willing.

Duke. But look'ee, sir, this doubt may easily be cleared; let either *Petruchio* or I but see her, and if she be not *Constantia*, we engage our honours (tho' we should know her) never to discover who she is.

John. Ay, but there's the point now that I can ne'er consent to.

Duke. Why?

John. Because I gave her my my word to the contrary.

Petr. Pish, I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter, or I'll force my way.

Fred. No, pray sir, let that be my office; I will be revenged on him for having betray'd me to his friendship.

[Petr. and Fred. offer to fight with John.]

Duke. Nay, you shall not offer him foul play neither. Hold, brother, pray a word; and with you too, sir.

[They walk aside.]

John. I would they would make an end of this business, that I might be with her again. Hark'ee, gentlemen,

men, I'll make ye a fair proposition : leave off this ceremony among yourselves, and those dismal threats against me ; Philip up, cross or pile, who shall begin first, and I'll do the best I can to entertain you all one after another.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Now do my fingers itch to be about somebody's ears for the loss of my gold.—Ha ! what's here to do, swords drawn ? I must make one, tho' it cost me the fingering of ten *John Dories* more. Courage, brave boy ! I'll stand by you as long as this tool here lasts ; and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this ? *Antonio !* O fir, you are welcome, you shall be e'en judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I, fir, I thank you ; I'll make work for others to judge of, I'm resolv'd to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put your swords, or by this hand I'll lay about me.

[*They put up their swords.*]

John. Well said, old *Bilboa*, i'faith.

Petr. Pray hear us tho' : this gentlemen saw him lock up my sister into this house, and he refuses to let us see her.

Ant. How, friend, is this true ? [Going to him.]

John. Not so hasty, I beseech you. Look'ee, gentlemen, to shew you that all are mistaken, and that my formal friend there is an ass——

Fred. I thank you, fir.

John. I'll give you my consent that this gentleman here shall see her, if his information can satisfy you.

Duke. Yes, yes, he knows her very well.

John. Then, fir, go in here, if you please ; I dare trust him with her, for he is too old to do any mischief.

[*Antonio goes in.*]

Fred. I wonder how my gentleman will get off from all this.

John. I shall be even with you, *Don Frederick*, another time, for all your grinning.—How now ! what noise is that ?

[*Noise within the house.*]

Enter Peter.

Pet. The gentleman !—

John. Where is he ?

Pet.

Pet. He's run out of the back-door, sir.

John. How so?

Pet. Why, sir, he's run after the gentlewoman you brought in.

John. 'Sdeath, how durst you let her out?

Pet. Why, sir, I knew nothing.

John. No, thou ignorant rascal, and therefore I'll beat something into thee—*(beats him)*—Run after her, you dog, and bring her back, or— [Peter runs off.

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

John. Nay, come not near me, for if thou dost, by Heavens, I'll give thee as much; and would do so, however, but that I won't lose time from looking after my dear sweet—A plague confound you all.

[Goes in, and shuts the door after him.

Duke. What, he has shut the door!

Fred. It's no matter, I'll lead you to a private back-way, by that corner, where we shall meet him.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE, A Street.

Enter 1st Constantia.

1st Con. **O**H whither shall I run to hide myself! The constables has seized the landlady, and I'm afraid the poor child, too. How to return to Don Frederick's house, I know not; and if I knew, I durst not, after those things the landlady has told me of him. You powers above look down and help me! I am faulty, I confess, but greater faults have often met with lighter punishments.

Enter Don John.

John. I'm almost dead with running, and will be so quite, but I'll overtake her.

1st Con. Hold, Don John, hold!

John. Who's that? Ha! is it you, my dear?

1 Con. For Heaven's sake, fir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

John. Phoo, plague, this is th'other: now could I almost beat her, for but making me the proposition. Madam, there are some a coming, that will do it a great deal better: but I'm in such haste, that I vow to Gad, madam——

1 Con. Nay, pray, fir, stay, you are concern'd in this as well as I; for your woman is taken.

John. Ha! my woman? [Goes back to her.]
I vow to Gad, madam, I do so highly honour your ladyship, that I wou'd venture my life a thousand times to do you service. But pray where is she?

1 Con. Why, fir, she is taken by the constable.

John. Constable! which way went he?

1 Con. I cannot tell, for I run out into the streets just as he had seiz'd upon your landlady.

John. Plague o' my landlady! I mean the other woman.

1 Con. Other woman, fir! I've seen no other woman, never since I left your house!

John. 'Sheart, what have I been doing here then all this while? Madam, your most humble——

1 Con. Good fir, be not so cruel, as to leave me in this distress.

John. No, no, no; I'm only going a little way, and will be back again presently.

1 Con. But pray, fir, hear me, I'm in that danger——

John. No, no, no! I vow to Gad, madam, no danger i' th' world. Let me alone, I warrant you.

[Hurries off.]

1 Con. He's gone, and I a lost, wretched, miserable creature, for ever!

Enter Antonio.

Ant. O, there she is.

1 Con. Who's this, *Antonio!* the fiercest enemy I have. [Runs away.]

Ant. Are you so nimble-footed, gentlewoman?

A plague confound all whores!

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE, *Another Street.**Enter Mother to the 2 Constantia and Kinswoman.**Kinsf.* But, madam, be not so angry, perhaps she'll come again.*Moth.* O kinswoman, never speak of her more; for she's an odious creature to leave me thus in the lurch. I have given her all her breeding, and instructed her with my own principles of education.*Kinsf.* I protest, madam, I think she's a person that knows as much of all that as—*Moth.* Knows, kinswoman! There's ne'er a female in *Italy*, of thrice her years, knows so much the procedures of a true gallantry; and the infallible principles of an honourable friendship, as she does.*Kinsf.* And therefore, madam, you ought to love her.*Moth.* No, fie upon her, nothing at all, as I'm a Christian. When once a person fails in fundamentals, she's at a period with me. Besides, with all her wit, *Constantia* is but a fool, and calls all the *minauderies* of a *bonne mine*, affectation.*Kinsf.* Indeed, I must confess, she's given a little too much to the careless way.*Moth.* Ay, there you have hit it, kinswoman; the careless way has quite undone her. Will you believe me, kinswoman? as I am a Christian, I never could make her do this—nor carry her body thus—but just when my eye was upon her; as soon as ever my back was turned, whip her elbows were quite out again: Wou'd not you stare now at this?*Kinsf.* Bless me, sweet goodness! But pray, madam, how came *Constantia* to fall out with your ladyship? did she take any thing ill of you?*Moth.* As I'm a Christian I can't resolve you, unless it were that I led the dance first; but for that she must excuse me: I know she dances well, but there are others who perhaps understands the right swim of it as well as she—*Enter Don Frederick.*And tho' I love *Constantia*!*Fred.* How's this? *Constantia*!*Moth*

Moth. I know no reason why I should be debarr'd the privilege of shewing my own *geno* too sometimes.

Fred. If I am not mistaken, that other woman is she *Don John* and I were directed to, when we came first to town, to bring us acquainted with *Constantia*. I'll try to get some intelligence from her. Pray, lady, have I never seen you before?

Kinsf. Yes, sir, I think you have, with another stranger, a friend of your's, one day as I was coming out of the church.

Fred. I'm right then. And pray who were you talking of?

Moth. Why, sir, of an inconsiderate inconsiderable person, that has at once both forfeited the honour of my concern, and the concern of her own honour.

Fred. Very fine, indeed! and is all this intended for the beautiful *Constantia*?

Moth. O fie upon her, sir, an odious creature, as I'm a Christian, no beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your ladyship think her handsome?

Moth. Seriously, sir, I don't think she's ugly; but as I'm a Christian, my position is, that no true beauty can be lodg'd in that creature, who is not in some measure buoy'd up with a just sense of what is incumbent to the *devoir* of a person of quality.

Fred. That position, madam, is a little severe: but however she has been *incumbent* formerly, as your ladyship is pleas'd to say; now that she's married, and her husband owns the child, she is sufficiently justify'd for what she has done.

Moth. Sir, I must, blushing, beg leave to say you are in an error. I know there has been the passion of love between 'em, but with a temperament so innocent and so refin'd, as it did impose a negative upon the very possibility of her being with child. No, sir, I assure you, my daughter *Constantia* has never had a child: a child! ha, ha, ha! O goodness save us, a child!

Fred. Well, madam, I shall not dispute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon your
daughter

daughter; for her friend, I assure you, is in great impatience to see her.

Moth. Friend, sir! I know none she has. I'm sure she loaths the very sight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Moth. Why, of *Antonio*, sir, he that you were pleas'd to say——Ha, ha, ha!

Fred. Still worse and worse. 'Slife! cannot she be content with not letting me understand her; but must also resolve obstinately not to understand me, because I speak plain? Why, madam, I cannot express myself your way, therefore be not offended at me for it. I tell you I do not know *Antonio*, nor never nam'd him to you? I told you that the duke has own'd *Constantia* for his wife, and that her brother and he are friends, and are now both in search after her.

Moth. Then as I'm a Christian, I suspect we have both been equally involv'd in the misfortune of a mistake. Sir, I am in the *dernier* confusion to avow, that tho' my daughter *Constantia* has been liable to several addresses; yet she never had the honour to be produc'd to his grace.

Fred. So, now the thing is out. This is a damn'd bawd, and I as damn'd a rogue for what I did to *Don John*; for o' my conscience, this is that *Constantia* the fellow told me of. I'll make him amends, whate'er it cost me. Lady, you must give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your daughter, for some reasons I shall tell you hereafter.

Moth. Sir, I am so highly your *obligee* for the manner of your enquiries, and you have grounded your determinations upon so just a basis, that I shall not be asham'd to own myself a votary to all your commands.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter 2 Constantia.

2 Con. So! thanks to my youth and my heels, I am once more free from *Antonio*—what an escape! and yet, what a misfortune! I have no great reason to rejoice—
for

for tho' I have got clear from the old fellow, I have lost the young one too.—I did not wish to out-run 'em both—but whither to go now? that's the question.—I wish my spirited young *Spaniard* was here to answer it—but that this wild spark, whom I lik'd so well, and who swore he lik'd me, should send that old piece of mischief to distress me, and drive me out of the house, puzzles me exceedingly! I wish I could see him once more to explain this matter to me.—May I never be married if he is not coming this way!—Shou'd he prove false, my poor heart will have a terrible time of it—now for the proof—

[*Walks aside.*]

Enter Don John, holding Peter.

John. Did you run after her, as I order'd you, sirrah?

Pet. Like any greyhound, sir.

John. And have you found her, rascal?

Pet. Not quite, sir.

John. Not quite, sir!—You are drunk, fellow!

Pet. A little, sir—I run the better for it.

John. Have you seen her? speak quickly, or speak no more.—

[*Shaking him.*]

Pet. Yes, yes, I have seen her.—

John. Where! where!

Pet. There! there!

John. Where's there, sirrah?

Pet. There where I saw her—in the street!

John. Did you overtake her?

Pet. I was overtaken myself, sir, and—hic—fell down.

John. Then she is gone! irrecoverably gone! and I shall run distracted. [2 *Constantia taps him on the shoulder, he turns, and they gaze at each other.*]

Heigho!

Pet. Never was so near death in all my life! [*Ex. Pet.*]

John. O my dear soul, take pity o' me, and give me comfort; for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2 *Con.* O you're a fine gentleman indeed, to shut me up in your house, and send another man to me.

John. Pray hear me.

2 *Con.* No, I will never hear you more after such an injury; what would you have done, if I had been kind to you, that you could use me thus before?

John.

John. By my troth, that's shrewdly urg'd.

2 Con. Besides, you basely broke your word.

John. But will you hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three men upon me at once, and had I not consented to let that old fellow up, who came to my rescue, they had all broken in whether I wou'd or no.

2 Con. It may be so, for I remember I heard a noise; but suppose it was not so, what then? why, then, I'll love him however. Hark'ee, sir, I ought now to use you very scurvily; but I can't find in my heart to do so.

John. Then Heaven's blessing on thy heart for it.

2 Con. But a——

John. What?

2 Con. I would fain know——

John. What, what? I'll tell thee any thing, every thing.

2 Con. I wou'd fain know whether you can be kind to me.

John. Look in your glafs, my charmer, and answer for me.

2 Con. You think me very vain.

John. I think you devilish handsome.

2 Con. I shall find you a rogue at last.

John. Then you shall hang me for a fool; take your garters and do it now if you will. [Sighing.]

2 Con. You are no fool.

John. O yes a loving fool.

2 Con. Will you love me for ever?—

John. I'll be bound to you for ever—you can't desire better security.

2 Con. I have better security,

John. What's that, my angel?

2 Con. The tenderest affection for you now, and the kindest behaviour to you, for ever more.

John. And I, upon my knees, will swear, that, that—what shall I swear?

2 Cox. Nay use what words you please, so they be but hearty.

John. I swear then by thy fair self, that looks so like a deity

a deity, and art the only thing I can now think of, that I'll adore you to my dying day.

2 Con. And here I vow, the minute thou dost leave me, I'll leave the world—that's kill myself.

John. O my dear heavenly creature! we'll love as long as we live, and then we'll die together—and there's an end of both of us.—But who is this my old new friend has got there?

Enter 1 Constantia, and Antonio who seizes her.

Ant. O have I caught you, gentlewoman, at last!—Come give me my gold.

1 Con. I hope he takes me for another; I won't answer, for I had rather you should take me for any one, than who I am.

John. Pray, sir, who is that you have there by the hand?

Ant. A person of honour—that has broke open my trunks, and run away with all my gold; yet I'll hold ten pounds I'll have it whipp'd out of her again.

2 Con. Done, I'll hold you ten pounds of that now!

Ant. Ha! by my troth, you have reason, and lady, I ask your pardon; but I'll have it whipp'd out of you then, gossip.

[*Going to her.*]

John. Hold, sir, you must not meddle with my goods.

[*Stopping him.*]

Ant. Your goods? how came she to be your's? I'm sure I bought her of her mother for five hundred good pieces in gold.

John. Ay, sir, but that bargain won't hold good in our court; besides, sir, as I told you before, she's mine, Don.

Ant. Your's, sir! by what right?

John. The right of possession, sir, the law of love, and consent of the parties.

Ant. And is this so, young lady?

2 Con. Yes, young gentleman, it is.—You purchase me?—And cou'd you imagine, you old fool you, that I wou'd take up with you, while there was a young fellow to be had for love or money.—Purchase yourself a little wit, and a great deal of flannel against the cold weather, or, on my word, you'll make a melancholy figure. Ha! ha! ha!

John.

John. He does make a melancholy figure, ha! ha! You had better let her alone, Don; why, she's too hard for me——

Ant. Indeed I think so—But pray, sir, by your leave, I hope you will allow me the speech of one word to your goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a small request.

John. Ay, sir, with all my heart—how, *Constantia!*—Madam, now you have seen that lady, I hope you will pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a fault, you must thank her for it.

1 Con. Sir, if you will, for her sake, be persuaded to protect me from the violence of my brother, I shall have reason to thank you both.

John. Nay, madam, now that I'm in my wits again, and my heart's at ease, it shall go very hard, but I will see your's so too; I was before distracted, and 'tis not strange that the love of her shou'd hinder me from remembering what was due to you, since it made me forget myself.

1 Con. Sir, I do know too well the power of love, by my own experience; not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well, then I'll promise you, if you will' but help me to recover my gold again, that I'll never trouble you more.

2 Con. A match; and 'tis the best that you and I could ever make.

John. Pray, madam, fear nothing; by my love I'll stand by you, and see that your brother shall do you no harm.

2 Con. Hark'ee, sir, a word: how dare you talk of love to any lady but me, sir!

John. By my troth that was a fault, but I meant it only civilly..

2 Con. Ay, but if you are so very civil a gentleman, we shall not be long friends: I scorn to share your love with any other whatsoever, and, for my part, I'm resolv'd either to have all or none.

John. Well, well, my dear little covetous rogue, thou shalt have it all—thus I sign and seal [*kisses her hand*]

band] and transfer all my stock of love to thee for ever and ever—'tis plac'd in a sure fund, where the principal and interest shall never be diminish'd, and we shall enjoy both without the smallest breach of faith on either side.

2 *Con.* I accept it in the warmest spirit of love and gratitude.

Enter Frederick and Mother.

Fred. Come now, madam, let us not speak one word more, but go quietly about our business; not but that I think it the greatest pleasure in the world to hear you talk, but—

Moth. Do you, indeed, sir! I swear then good wits jump, sir; for I have thought so myself a very great while.

Fred. You've all the reason imaginable. O Don *John*, I ask thy pardon! but I hope I shall make thee amends, for I have found out the mother, and she has promis'd to help thee to thy mistress again.

John. Sir, you may save your labour, the business is done, and I am fully satisfy'd.

Fred. And dost thou know who she is?

John. No faith, I never ask'd her name.

Fred. Why then I'll make thee yet more satisfy'd; this lady here is that very *Constantia*—

John. Ha! thou hast not a mind to be knock'd o'er the pate too, hast thou?

Fred. No, sir, nor dare you do it neither; but for certain this is that very self same *Constantia* that thou and I so long look'd after.

John. I thought she was something more than ordinary; but shall I tell thee now a stranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

John. Why I will never more think of any other woman for her sake.

Fred. That indeed is strange, but you are much altered, *John*; it was but this morning that women were such hypocrites, that you would not trust a single mother's daughter of 'em.

John. Ay, but when things are at the worst, they'll mend—example does every thing, *Frederick*, and the fair

fair sex will certainly grow better, whenever the greatest is the best woman in the kingdom—that's what I trust to.

Fred. Well parry'd, *John*.

John. See here, *Frederick!* the lost jewel is found.

[*Shewing* 1 *Constantia*.

2 *Con.* Come, mother, deliver your purse; I have delivered myself up to this young fellow, and the bargain's made with that old fellow, so he may have his gold again, that all shall be well.

Moth. As I am a christian, sir, I took it away only to have the honour of restoring it again; for my hard fate having not bestow'd upon me a fund which might capacitate me to make you presents of my own, I had no way left for the exercise of my generosity, but by putting myself into a condition of giving back what was your's.

Ant. A very generous design indeed! So now I'll e'en turn a sober person, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

Fred. Madam, I'm heartily glad to meet your ladyship here; we have been in a very great disorder since we saw you.

John. What's here? our landlady and the child again!

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Landlady, with the Child.

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whipp'd, in a drunken constable's hands that took her for another.

John. Why then, pray let her e'en be taken and whipp'd for herself, for on my word she deserves it.

Land. Yes, I'm sure of your good word at any time.

1 *Con.* Hark'ee, dear landlady.

Land. O sweet goodness! is it you? I have been in such a pack of troubles since I saw you; they took me, and they tumbld me, and they haul'd me, and they pull'd me, and they call'd me painted *Jezebel*, and the poor little babe here did so take on. Come hither, my lord, come hither: here is *Constantia*.

1 *Con.* For Heaven's sake peace; yonder's my brother, and if he discovers me, I'm certainly ruin'd!

Duke. No, madam, there is no danger.

1 *Con.* Were there a thousand dangers in those arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke.

Duke. O my dear! it were not safe that any shou'd be here at present; for now my heart is so o'erpress'd with joy, that I shou'd scarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Sister, I'm so agham'd of all my faults, which my mistake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your pardon for them.

1 Con. No, brother, the fault was mine, in mistaking you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at first; but having begun my love without your consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duke. Come, let the consummation of our present joys blot out the memory of all these past mistakes.

John. And when shall we consummate our joys?

2 Con. ————— Never:

We'll find out ways shall make 'em last for ever.

John. A match, my girl—Come let us all away,
And celebrate The CHANCES of this day;
My former vanities are past and gone,
And now I fix to happiness and one;
Change the wild wanton, for the sober plan,
And, like my friend—become a *Modest* man.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

T H E
W O N D E R!

A
WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

A C O M E D Y,

WRITTEN BY

Mrs. C E N T L I V R E.

Marked with the Variations of the

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

A T T H E

Cheatre - Royal in Dury - Lane.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR W. LOWNDES, S. BLADON,
AND W. NICOLL,
M.DCC.LXXXVII.

✎ The Reader is desired to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with single inverted Commas; as at Line 16 to the bottom in Page 5.

P R O L O G U E.

OUR Author fears the critics of the stage,
Who, like Barbarians, spare nor sex, nor age;
She trembles at those censors in the pit,
Who think good-nature shews a want of wit:
Such malice, Oh! what muse can undergo it?
To save themselves, they always damn the poet.
Our author flies from such a partial jury,
As wary lovers from the nymphs of Drury:
To the few candid judges for a smile
She humbly sues to recompence her toil.
To the bright circle of the fair, she next
Commits her cause, with anxious doubts perplex.
Where can she with such hopes of favour kneel,
As to those judges who her frailties feel?
A few mistakes, her sex may well excuse,
And such a plea, no Woman should refuse:
If she succeeds, a Woman gains applause;
What Female but must favour such a cause?
Her faults——whate'er they are——e'en pass'em by,
And only on her beauties fix your eye.
In plays, like vessels floating on the sea,
There's none so wise to know their destiny.
In this, howe'er, the pilot's skill appears,
While by the stars his constant course he steers;
Rightly our Author does her judgment shew,
That for her safety she relies on you.
Your approbation, fair-ones, can't but move
Those stubborn hearts, which first you taught to love:
The men must all applaud this play of ours,
Nor who dare see with other eyes than yours?

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don Lopez, a Grandee of Portugal,	_____	At Drury Lane.	At Covent Garden.
Don Felix, his Son, in love with Violante,	_____	Mr. BADDELEY.	Mr. FEARON.
Frederick, a Merchant,	_____	Mr. SMITH.	Mr. HOIMAN.
Don Pedro, Father to Violante,	_____	Mr. PACKER.	Mr. FARREN.
Colonel Briton, a Scotchman,	_____	Mr. PARSONS.	Mr. QUICK.
Gibby, his Footman,	_____	Mr. PALMER.	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Lissardo, Servant to Felix,	_____	Mr. MOODY.	Mr. WILSON.
Alguazil	_____	Mr. KING.	Mr. EDWIN.
Vaquez	_____	Mr. WRIGHTEN.	Mr. JONES.
Soldier	_____	Mr. PHILLIMORE.	Mr. HELME.

W O M E N.

Donna Violante, designed for a Nun by her Father, in love with Felix,	_____	Miss FARREN.	Mrs. POPE.
Donna Isabella, Sister to Felix,	_____	Mrs. WARD.	Mrs. LEWIS.
Flora, her Maid,	_____	Miss POPE.	Mrs. T. KENNEDY.
Inis, Maid to Violante,	_____	Miss COLLINS.	Mrs. MORTON.

Attendants, Servants, &c. Scene, Lisbon.

A C T I. S C E N E, *a street.*

Enter Don Lopez, meeting Frederick.

Fred. MY lord, Don Lopez.

Lop. How d'ye, Frederick?

Fred. At your lordship's service: I am glad to see you look so well, my lord; I hope Antonio's out of danger?

Lop. Quite contrary; his fever increases, they tell me; and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal,

Fred. Your son, Don Felix, is safe, I hope.

Lop. I hope so too; but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your lordship from him?

Lop. Not since he went. I forbade him writing till the public news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered.

Fred. Your caution was good, my lord; tho' I am impatient to hear from Felix, yet his safety is my chief concern. Fortune has maliciously struck a bar between us in the affairs of life, but she has done me the honour to unite our souls.

Lop. I am not ignorant of the friendship between my son and you. I have heard him commend your morals, and lament your want of noble birth.

Fred. That's nature's fault, my lord; 'tis some comfort not to owe one's misfortunes to one's self, yet 'tis impossible not to regret the want of noble birth.

Lop. 'Tis a pity, indeed, such excellent parts as you are master of, should be eclipsed by mean extraction.

Fred. Such commendation would make me vain, my lord, did you not cast in the alloy of my extraction.

Lop. There's no condition of life without its

'cares and it is the perfection of a man to wear 'em as
'easy as he can; this unfortunate duel of my son's does
'not pass without impression. But since it's past pre-
'vention, all my concern is now, how he may escape
'the punishment;' if Antonio dies, Felix shall for
England You have been there; what sort of people
are the English?

Fred. My lord, the English are by nature, what the
ancient Romans were by discipline, courageous, bold,
hardy, and in love with liberty. Liberty is the idol of
the English, under whose banner all the nation lifts;
give but the word for liberty, and straight more armed
legions would appear, that France and Philip keep in
constant pay.

Lop. I like their principles; who does not wish for
freedom in all degrees of life? Tho' common prudence
sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged
to do; for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guz-
man, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither
he went to take possession of a large estate left him by
his uncle.

Fred. You will not, surely, sacrifice the lovely Isa-
bella, to avarice, and a fool; pardon the expres-
sion, my lord; but my concern for your beauteous
daughter transports me beyond that good manners
which I ought to pay your lordship's presence.

Lop. I can't deny the justness of the character,
Frederick; but you are not insensible what I have suf-
fered by these wars; and he has two things which ren-
der him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law, he is
rich, and well-born; as for his being a fool, I don't
conceive how that can be any blot in a husband, who
is already possess'd of a good estate.—A poor fool, in-
deed, is a very scandalous thing, and so are your poor
wits in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of,
but the inside of their skulls. Now, for Don Guzman,
I know I can rule him as I think fit; this is acting the
politic part, Frederick, without which it is impossible
to keep up the port of this life.

Fred. But have you no consideration for your daugh-
ter's welfare, my lord?

Lop. Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a
year

T H E W O N D E R.

7

year no consideration? Now I think it a very good consideration.

Fred. One way, my lord. But what will the world say of such a match?

Lop. Sir, I value not the world a button.

Fred. I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband.

Lop. There I believe you are pretty much in the right, tho' it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to enquire into, nor, I believe, ever shall. — Inclination, quoth-a! Parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their children's inclinations! 'I'll venture you a wager, that in all the garrison towns in Spain and Portugal, during the late war, there was not three women who have not had an inclination to every officer in the whole army; does it therefore follow, that their fathers ought to pimp for them?' No, no, sir, it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

Fred. But this is of another nature, my lord.

Lop. Look ye sir, I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman the moment he arrives; tho' I could not govern my son, I will my daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This match, my lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel.—Don Antonio's sister, Elvira, wanted beauty only, but Guzman every thing, but—

Lop. Money—and that will purchase every thing; and so adieu. [Exit.]

Fred. Monstrous! These are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony—he is rich and well-born, powerful arguments indeed! Could I but add them to the friendship of Don Felix, what might I not hope? But a merchant, and a grandee of Portugal, are inconsistent names—

Enter Lissardo in a riding habit.

Lissardo! From whence came you?

Liss. That letter will inform you, sir.

Fred. I hope your master's safe?

Liss. I left him so; I have another to deliver which requires haste—Your most humble servant, sir. [Bowings.]

Fred. To Violante, I suppose.

Liss. The same.

[Exit.
Fred.

Fred. [Reads] *Dear Frederick, the two chief blessings of this life, are, a friend, and a mistress; to be debarred the sight of these is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio's death, and therefore resolve to venture to thy house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend. Yours. Felix.*

Pray Heaven he comes undiscovered.—Ha! colonel Briton.

Enter Colonel Briton in a riding habit.

Col. Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to Lisbon, Colonel?

Col. *La fortune de la guerre*, as the French say: I have commanded these three last years in Spain, but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and give us, good Protestants, leave to hope for christian burial; so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a lodging, colonel, pray, command my house, while you stay.

Col. If I were sure I should not be troublesome, I would accept your offer, Frederick.

Fred. So far from trouble, colonel, I shall take it as a particular favour. What have we here?

Col. My footman; this is our country dress, you must know, which, for the honour of Scotland, I make all my servants wear.

Enter Gibby in a highland dress.

Gib. What mun I de with the horses, and like yer honour? They will take cold gin they stand in the caufeway.

Fred. Oh, I'll take care of them. What, ho! Vasquez!

Enter Vasquez.

Put those horses, which that honest fellow will shew you, into my stable, do you hear, and feed them well.

Vas. Yes sir.—Sir, by my master's orders, I am fir, your most obsequious, humble servant. Be pleased to lead the way.

Gib. 'Sbleed, gangyer gate, fir, and I fall follow ye: Ise tee hungry to feed on compliments.

[*Exeunt Vasquez and Gibby.*]

Fred. Ha, ha! a comical fellow——Well, how do you like our country, colonel.

Col. Why, faith, Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeably enough with inside of a nunnery; but

to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting wishing, nay, willing girls too, thro' a damn'd grate, gives us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Ah, Frederick, your priests are wicked rogues; they immure beauty for their own proper use, and shew it only to the laity to create desires, and inflame accompts, that they may purchase pardons at a dearer rate.

Fred. I own wenching is something more difficult here than in England, where women's liberties are subservient to their inclinations, and husbands seem of no effect, but to take care of the children which their wives provide.

Col. And does restraint get the better of inclination with your women here? No, I'll be sworn not, even in fourscore. Don't I know the constitution of the Spanish ladies?

Fred. And of all the ladies where you come, colonel; you were ever a man of gallantry.

Col. Ah, Frederick, the kirk half starves us Scotchmen. We are kept so sharp at home, that we feed like cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance, now, that thou wouldst consign over to a friend, for half an hour, ha?

Fred. Faith, colonel, I am the worst pimp in Christendom; you had better trust to your own luck; the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure, than run the hazard of a filetto in my guts. 'Tis gad 'I think I must e'en marry, and sacrifice my body for the good of my soul;' wilt thou recommend me to a wife, then, one that is willing to exchange her moidorès for English liberty; ha, friend?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose.

Col. The handsomer the better — but be sure she has a nose.

Fred. Ay, ay, and some gold.

Col. Oh, very much gold, I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Puh, beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. At first, perhaps, it may; but the second or third dose will choak me — I confess, Frederick,

women are the prettiest play-things, in nature; but gold, substantial gold, gives 'em the air, the mein, the shape, the grace, and beauty of a goddess.

Fred. And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes, colonel?

Col. Too often — 'Money is the very god of marriage; the poets dress him in a saffron-robe, by which they figure out the golden deity, and his lighted torch blazons those mighty charms, which encourage us to list under his banner.'

None marry now for love, no, that's a jest:

The self same bargain serves for wife and beast.

Fred. You are always gay, colonel. Come, shall we take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

Col. I have two or three compliments to discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure. Where do you live?

Fred. At yon corner house with the green rails.

Col. In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu.

Fred. I shall expect you with impatience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a room in Don Lopez' house.

Enter Isabella and Inis her maid.

Inis. For goodness sake, madam, where are you going in this pet?

Isab. Any where, to avoid matrimony; the thoughts of a husband is as terrible to me as the sight of a hobgoblin.

Inis. Ay, of an old husband; but if you may choose for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, Inis, but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, 'a sneaking, sniveling, driveling, avaricious fool,' who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply those defects. Ah, Inis, what pleasant lives women lead in England where duty wears no fetter but inclination. The custom of our country enslaves us from our very cradles, first to our parents, next to our husbands; and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us; so that maids,

wives,

wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant man; therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you! A monastery, quotha! where you'll with yourself into the green sickness in a month.

Ifab. What care I, there will be no man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor, what's much worse, to please you, neither—Odfife, madam, you are the first woman that e'er despair'd in a Christian country—Were I in your place—

Ifab. Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water; no shore can treat you worse than your own; there's never a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

Ifab. I am too great a coward to follow your advice: I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Must you so, mistress; but I shall take care to prevent you. [*Aside.*]; Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

Ifab. 'Ha! my father!' to church, Sir.

Inis. The old rogue has certainly overheard her.

[*Aside.*]

Lop. Your devotion must needs be very strong, or your memory very weak, my dear; why, vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

Ifab. Ha, to-morrow!

Lop. He writes me word, that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a-year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

Ifab. And the most unhappy woman in the world. Oh, fir! If I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

Lop. No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

Ifab. That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. [Kneels.]

Lop. I grant it, thou shalt have an arm full of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha! Heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl.

Inis. Here's an old dog for you [Aside.]

Ifab. Do not mistake, fir; the fatal stroke which separates soul and body, is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners, than the name of Guzman to my ear

Lop. Puh, puh; you lie, you lie.

Ifab. My frighed heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

Lop. A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse, it would serve for a tragedy. Why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child. — I fancy this was all *extempore*, I don't believe thou did'st ever think one word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my lord, for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

Lop. How, how? What, do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember, 'tis your duty to obey.

Ifab. [Rising.] I never disobey'd before, and wish I had not reason now; but nature has got the better of my duty, and makes me loathe the harsh commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha, very fine! Ha, ha.

Ifab. Death itself would be welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Ifab. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

Lop.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. [*Draws.* Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. [*Offers her his sword.*] The point is pretty sharp, 'twill do your business, I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, sir, what do you mean to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

Lop. Desperate! ha, ha, ha, you see how desperate she is. What, art thou frightened, little Bell? ha!

Isab. I confess I am startled at your morals, sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man, he'll hurt thee the least of the two.

Isab. I shall take neither, sir; death has many doors, and when I can live no longer with pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. [*Takes hold of her, and pulls a key out of his pocket.*] I shall make bold to secure thee, my dear. I'll see, if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman come. Go, get into your chamber.

[*Pushes her in, and locks the door.*]

There I'll your boasted resolution try,
And see who'll get the better, you or I.

[*Exeunt Lopez and Inis.*]

ACT II. SCENE, a room in Don Pedro's house.

Enter Donna Violante reading a letter, and Flora following.

Flo. **W**HAT, must that letter be read again?
Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can never be read too often: it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things — [*Kisses it.*]

Flo. But always the same language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

Flo. In my opinion nothing charms that does not change; and any composition of the four-and-twenty-letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank note, or a bill of exchange.

Vio.

Vio. Thy taste is my aversion.—[*Reads.*] *My all that's charming, since life's not life exiled from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederick and thee are all I trust. These six weeks absence has been, in love's account six hundred years. When it is dark, expect the wonted signal at thy window, till when, adieu. Thine, more than his own. Felix.*

Flo. Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty, and twenty thousand pounds? Were I a man, methinks, I could have said a hundred finer things.

Vio. What would you have said?

Flo. I would have compared your eyes to the stars; your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to——

Vio. No more of your bombast; truth is the best eloquence in a lover. What proof remains ungiven of his love? When his father threaten'd to disinherit him, for refusing Don Antonio's sister, from whence sprung this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me? And now, tho' strict enquiry runs through every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

Flo. But you know, madam, your father Don Pedro designs you for a nun—to be sure you look very like a nun and says your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

Vio. Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to one-and-twenty, as I am informed. But however I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

Flo. Yes, madam. Now for a thousand verbal questions. [Exit, and re-enters with Lissardo.]

Vio. Well, and how do you do, Lissardo?

Liss. Ah, very weary, madam—Faith, thou look'st wonderful pretty, Flora. [Aside to Flora.]

Vio. How came you?

Liss. En Chevalier, madam, upon a hackney jade, which they told me formerly belonged to an English colonel. But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman catholic all her life time; for she down'd on her knees to every stock and stone.

we came along by — My chops water for a kiss, they do, Flora.

[*Aside to Flora.*

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wonderous fond, now.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. Od, if I had you alone, housewife, I'd show you how fond I could be —

[*Aside to Flora.*

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. At a little farm-house, madam, about five miles off. He'll be at Don Frederick's in the evening — Od, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine.

[*To Flora.*

Vio. Is he in health?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wonderous well.

[*To Lissardo.*

Liss. No, every body knows I counterfeit very ill.

[*To Flora.*

Vio. How say you? Is Felix ill? What's his distemper? Ha!

Liss. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted — Love, madam, love — In short, madam I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lisbon I am sure he could not, if I may judge of his heart by my own.

[*Looking lovingly upon Flora.*

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts, Lissardo?

Liss. By an infallible rule, madam; words are the pictures of the mind, you know; now, to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you — for example, madam, coming from shooting t'other day, with a brace of partridges, Lissardo, said he, go bid the cook roast me these Violante's — I flew into the kitchen, full of thoughts of thee, cried, Here, roast me these Florella's.

[*To Flora.*

Flo. Ha, ha, excellent — You mimic your master then, it seems.

Liss. I can do every thing as well as my master, you little rogue — Another time, madam, the priest came to make him a visit, he call'd out hastily, Lissardo, said he, bring a Violante for my father to sit down on — Then he often mistook my name, madam.

madam, and called me Violante; in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily then, it seems.

Liss. Oh, exceeding merry, madam

[*Kisse* Flora's hand.

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry; had you treats and balls?

Liss. Oh! Yes, yes, madam, several.

Flo. You are mad, Lissardo, you don't mind what my lady says to you.

[*Aside* to Lissardo.

Vio. Ha! balls—Is he so merry in my absence? And did your master dance, Lissardo?

Liss. Dance, madam! where, madam?

Vio. Why, at those balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! what balls, madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in love Lissardo; did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, madam! Odsife, I ask your pardon, madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some wash-balls of my master's, t'other day; and because I could not think where I had lain them, just when he askt for them, he very fairly broke my head, madam, and now, it seems, I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance, madam! No, no, poor gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbraced drum.

Vio. Poor Felix! There, wear that ring for your master's sake, and let him know I shall be ready to receive him.

[*Exit.*

Liss. I shall, madam—[*Puts on the ring*] Methinks, a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman.

[*Admiring his hand.*

Flo. That ring must be mine—Well, Lissardo! What haste you make to pay off arrears now? Look how the fellow stands!

Liss. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty hand—and very white—and the shape!—Faith, I never minded it so much before!—In my opinion it is a very fine shaped hand—and becomes a diamond ring, as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

Flo. The man's transported! Is this your love? This your impatience?

Liss.

Liss. [*Takes snuff*] Now in my mind — I take snuff with a very *jantee* air — Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a *coach* and a title, to make me a very fine gentleman. [*Struts about.*]

Flo. Sweet Mr. Lissardo [*Curtseying.*] if I may presume to speak to you, without affronting your little finger —

Liss. Odsso, madam, I ask your pardon — Is it to me, or to the ring — you direct your discourse, madam?

Flo. Madam, Good lack! How much a diamond ring improves one!

Flo. Why, tho' I say it — I can carry myself as well as any body — But what wert thou going to say, child?

Liss. Why, I was going to say, that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring; it will be a very pretty wedding-ring, Lissardo; would it not?

Liss. Humph! Ah! But — but — but — I believe I shan't marry yet awhile.

Flo. You shan't, you say — Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Inis.

Liss. No, no; I never bribe an old acquaintance — Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little, till we come to a right understanding — but then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

Flo. Insolent — Is that your manner of dealing?

Liss. With all but thee — Kiss me, you little rogue you. [*Hugging her.*]

Flo. Little rogue! Pr'ythee, fellow, don't be so familiar; [*Pushing him away.*] if I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

Liss. You can, you say! Spoke with the air of a chambermaid.

Flo. Replied with the spirit of a serving man.

Liss. Pr'ythee, Flora, don't let you and I fall out; I am in a merry humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flo. What care I, where you fall in.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Why do you keep Lissardo so long, Flora, when

when you don't know how soon my father may awake? His afternoon naps are never long.

Flo. Had Don Felix been with her, she would not have thought the time long. These ladies consider nobody's wants but their own. [*Afide.*]

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a candle.

Flo. Yes, madam.

Liff. I fly, madam. [*Exeunt Liff. and Flora.*]

Vio. The day draws in, and night, the lover's friend, advances—Night, more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

Flo. [*Sbricks within.*] Ah, thieves, thieves! murder, murder!

Vio. [*Sbricks*] Ah! defend me, Heaven! What do I hear? Felix is certainly pursued, and will be taken. [*Enter Flora running.*] How now! Why dost stare so? Answer me quickly; what's the matter?

Flo. Oh, madam! as I was letting out Liffardo, a gentleman rusht between him and I, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

Vio. Ha! a dead person! Heaven grant it does not prove my Felix,

Flo. Here they are, madam.

Vio. I'll retire, till you discover the meaning of this accident. [*Exit.*]

Enter Colonel, with Isabella in his arms, sets her down in a chair, and addresses himself to Flora.

Col. Madam, the necessity this lady was under, of being convey'd into some house with speed and secrecy, will, I hope, excuse any indecency I might be guilty of, in pressing so rudely into this—I am an entire stranger to her name and circumstances;—would I were so to her beauty too. [*Afide.*] I commit her, madam, to your care, and fly to make her retreat secure; if the street be clear, permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth, if I can be further serviceable. Pray, madam, how is the lady of this house called?

Flo. Violante, signor:—' He is a handsome cavalier, and promises well. [*Afide.*]

Col.

Col. Are you she, madam?

Flor. Only her woman, signor.

Col. Your humble servant, mistress; pray be careful of the lady — [*Gives her two moidores, and exit.*]

Flo. Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow. This is the only way to make one careful. 'I find all countries understand the constitution of a chambermaid.'

Enter Violante.

Vio. Was you distracted, Flora, to tell my name to a man you never saw! Unthinking wench! Who knows what this may turn to — What, is the lady dead? Ah! defend me, Heaven! 'tis Isabella, sister to my Felix. What has befallen her? Pray Heaven he's safe. — Run and fetch some cold water. — Stay, stay, Flora — Isabella, friend, speak to me; Oh! speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

Flor. See, she revives.'

Ifab. Oh! hold, my dearest father, do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks!

Ifab. Ha! Where am I?

Vio. With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself canst be.

Ifab. Violante! what kind star preserved and lodged me here?

Flo. It was a terrestrial star, call'd a man, madam; pray Jupiter he proves a lucky one.

Ifab. Oh! I remember now. Forgive me, dear Violante; my thoughts ran so much upon the danger I escaped, I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your story?

Ifab. Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father design'd to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who it seems is just return'd from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he lockt me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arrived, and force me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be won from his design; and having no hope left me to escape the marriage, I leapt from the window into the street.

Vio.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself, I hope?

Ifab. No: a gentleman passing by, by accident, caught me in his arms; at first, my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

Fl. He is a very fine gentleman, I promise you, madam, and a well-bred man, I warrant him. I think I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole life time; then he open'd his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold could equal.

Vio. There is but one common road to the heart of a servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous person to mistake it.—Go leave us, Flora—But how came you hither, Isabella? [*Exit Flora.*]

Ifab. I know not; I desired the stranger to convey me to the next monastery, but ere I reacht the door, I saw, or fancied that I saw, Lissardo, my brother's man, and the thought that his master might not be far off, flung me into a swoon, which is all that I can remember.—Ha! what's here? [*Takes up a letter.*]
“For Colonel Briton, to be left at the Post house in Lisbon;” this must be dropt by the stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier, take care he does not lay thee under contribution, girl.

Ifab. I find he is a gentleman; and if he is but, unmarried, I could be content to follow him all the world over.—But I shall never see him more, I fear.

[*Sighs and pauses.*]

Vio. What makes you sigh, Isabella?

Ifab. The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Ifab. Yes, if you conceal me two or three days.

Vio. You command my house and secrecy.

Ifab. I thank you Violante. I wish you would oblige me with Mrs. Flora awhile

Vio. I'll send her to you—I must watch if dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for Felix. [*Exit.*]

Ifab.

Isab. Well, I don't know what ails me, methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Does your ladyship want me, madam?

Isab. Ay, Mrs. Flora, I resolve to make you my confidante.

Flo. I shall endeavour to discharge my duty, madam.

Isab. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.

Flo. O dear signora, I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

Isab. I believe it - But to the purpose--Do you think if you saw the gentleman which brought me hither, you should know him again?

Flo. From a thousand, madam; I have an excellent memory where an handsome man is concerned. When he went away, he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

Isab. Here, did you say? You rejoice me—Tho' I'll not see him, if he comes. Could not you contrive to give him a letter?

Flo. With the air of a duenna—

Isab. Not in this house—you must veil and follow him—He must not know it comes from me.

Flo. What do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Tho' I have not practised the art since I have been in Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid.—Do you write the letter, and leave the rest to me—Here, here, here's pen, ink, and paper.

Isab. I'll do it in a minute. [*Sits down to write.*]

Flo. So! this is a business after my own heart: Love always takes care to reward his labourers, and Great Britain seems to be his favourite country.—Oh, I long to see the other two moidores with a British air—Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation, in making a present.

Isab. So, I have done; now if he does but find this house again!

Flo. If he should not—I warrant I'll find him, if he's

he's in Lisbon ; for I have a strong possession, that he has two moidores as good as ever were told.

[Puts the letter into her bosom.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Flora, watch my papa ; he's fast asleep in his study : if you find him stir, give me notice. [*Felix taps at the Window.*] Hark, I hear Felix at the window, admit him instantly, and then to your post.

[Exit Flora.

Isab. What say you, Violante ? Is my brother come ?

Vio. It is his signal at the window.

Isab. [*Kneels.*] Oh, Violante ! I conjure thee by all the love thou bear'st to Felix ; by thy own generous nature ; nay more, by that unspotted virtue thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your desire, be assured I never shall. But where's the danger ?

Isab. Art thou born in Lisbon, and ask that question ? He'll think his honour blemisht by my disobedience, and would restore me to my father, or kill me ; therefore, dear, dear girl——

Vio. Depend upon my friendship ; nothing shall draw the secret from these lips ; not even Felix, tho' at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming ; retire into that closet.

Isab. Remember, Violante, upon thy promise my very life depends. [Exit.

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy fate.

[Enter Felix.] My Felix, my everlasting love !

[Runs into his arms.

Fel. My life ! my soul ! my Violante !

Vio. What hazards dost thou run for me ? Oh, how shall I requite thee ?

Fel. If, during this tedious painful exile, thy thoughts have never wandered from thy Felix, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself ? No, if the God of Love were lost to all the rest of human kind, thy image would secure him in my breast : I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

Fel. My heart's the proper sphere where love resides ;

Gdes: could he quit that, he would be no where found; and yet, Violante, I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee cause to doubt, my Felix?

Fel. True love has many fears, and fear as many eyes as fame; yet sure I think they see no fault in thee. [*Colonel taps at the window.*] What's that?

[*Taps again.*

Vio. What? I hear nothing.

[*Again.*

Fel. Ha! What means this signal at your window?

Vio. Somewhat, perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

Col. [*Within.*] Hift, hift, Donna Violante, Donna Violante.

Fel. They use your name by accident too, do they, madam?

Enter Flora.

Flo. There is a gentleman at the window, madam, which I fancy to be him who brought Isabella hither; shall I admit him.

[*Aside to Violante.*

Vio. Admit distraction rather! Thou art the cause of this, unthinking wretch!

[*Aside to Flora.*

Fel. What has Mrs. Scout brought you fresh intelligence? Death, I'll know the bottom of this immediately.

[*Offers to go.*

Flo. Scout! I scorn your words, Signor.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me.

[*Runs and catches hold of him.*

Fel. Oh! 'Tis not fair, not to answer the gentleman, madam. It is none of his fault that his visit proves unseasonable. Pray let me go, my presence is but a restraint upon you.

[*Struggles to get from her.*

[*The Colonel taps again.*

Vio. Was ever accident so mischievous!

[*Aside.*

Flo. It must be the Colonel—now to deliver my letter to him.

[*Exit. The Colonel taps louder.*

Fel. Hark! he grows impatient at your delay—Why do you hold the man, whose absence would oblige you? Pray let me go, madam. Consider, the gentleman wants you at the window; confusion!

[*Struggles still.*

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death, not you! Is there another of your name in the house? But, come on, convince me of the truth of what you say: open the window. If his business

business does not lie with you, your conversation may be heard. This, and only this, can take off my suspicion—What, do you pause? Oh, guilt, guilt! Have I caught you? Nay, then I'll leap the balcony. If I remember, this way leads to it.

[*Breaks from her, and goes to the door where Isabella is.*

Vio. 'Oh, Heaven! what shall I do now!' Hold, hold, hold, hold, not for the world—you enter there——Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge? [*Aside.*

Fel. What, have I toucht you? Do you fear your lover's life?

Vio. I fear for none but you——For goodness sake, do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hears you, I am lost for ever; that door opens into his apartment. What shall I do, if he enters? There he finds his sister——If he goes out, he'll quarrel with the stranger [*Aside.*]——Felix, Felix!——'Nay, do not struggle to be gone, my Felix——If I open the window he may discover the whole intrigue, and yet of all evils we ought to choose the least.' [*Aside.* Your curiosity shall be satisfied. [*Goes to the window, and throws up the sash.*] Whoe'er you are, that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

Col. I ask pardon, madam, and will obey; but when I left this house to night——

Fel. Good.

Vio. It is most certainly the stranger. What will be the event of this Heaven knows. [*Aside.*] You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, sir.

Fel. No, no, he's not mistaken—Pray, madam, let the gentleman go on.

Vio. 'Wretched misfortune!' Pray be gone, sir, I know of no business you have here.

Col. I wish I did not know it neither——But this house contains my soul, then can you blame my body for hovering about it?

Fel. Excellent,

Vio. 'Distraction! he will infallibly discover Isabella.'

'bella.' I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

Fel. Matchless impudence! an assignation before my face—No, he shall not live to meet your wishes.

[Takes out a pistol, and goes towards the window; she catches hold of him.]

Vio. Ah! *[Shrieks]* hold, I conjure you.

Col. To-morrow's an age, madam! May I not be admitted to-night?

Vio. If you be a gentleman, I command your absence.—Unfortunate! what will my stars do with me?

Col. I have done—Only this—Be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping. *[Exit from the window.]*

Fel. Pray observe the gentleman's request, madam. *[Walking off from her.]*

Vio. I am all confusion.

Fel. You are all truth, all love, all faith: Oh, thou all woman!—How have I been deceived. S'death, could you not have imposed upon me for this one night? Could neither my faithful love, nor the hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on. Oh, thou—

Vio. Can I bear this from you? *[Weeps.]*

Fel. *[Repeats.]* When I left this house to-night—To-night, the devil! return so soon!

Vio. Oh, Isabella! what hast thou involved me in! *[Aside.]*

Fel. *[Repeats.]* This house contains my soul.

Vio. Yet I resolve to keep the secret. *[Aside.]*

Fel. *[Repeats.]* Be careful of my life, for 'tis in your keeping—Damnation!—How ugly she appears! *[Looking at her.]*

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me, Felix, I have not injured you, nor am I false.

Fel. Not false, not injured me! Oh, Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false, Oh, monstrous!

Vio. Indeed I am not—There is a cause which I must not reveal—Oh, think how far honour can oblige your sex—Then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

Fel. Honour! What hast thou to do with honour, thou that canst admit plurality of lovers? A secret!

ha, ha, ha, his affairs are wonderous safe, who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping; but you need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point, madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falshood are the same!

‘ *Vio.* My love! [*Offers to take his hand.*]

‘ *Fel.* My torment! [*Turns from her.*’]

Enter Flora.

Flo. ‘ So I have deliver'd my letter to the Colonel, and received my fee. [*Aside.*]’ Madam, your father bade me see what noise that was— For goodness sake, sir, why do you speak so loud!

Fel. I understand my cue, mistress; my absence is necessary, I'll oblige you, [*Going, she takes hold of him.*]

Vio. Oh, let me undeceive you first.

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible, if I durst.

Fel. Durst! ha, ha, ha! durst, quotha!

Vio. But another time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never.——

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be.—Thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell. [*Breaks from her, and Exit.*]

Vio. Oh, exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet not even this shall draw the secret from me.

That I'll preserve, let fortune frown or smile,
And trust to love, my love to reconcile.

[*Exit. with Flora.*]

ACT III. SCENE, a Chamber in Don Lopez's House.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lep. **W**AS ever man thus plagued! Odsheart! I could swallow my dagger for madness; I know not what to think; sure Frederick had no hand in her escape—— She must get out of the window; and she could not do that without a ladder: and who could bring it her but him? Ay, it must be so. ‘ The dislike he shew'd to Don Guzman, in our discourse to-day, confirms my suspicion, and I will charge him home with it. Sure children were given
‘ me

me for a curse! Why, what innumerable misfortunes attend us parents! when we have employed our whole care to educate, and bring our children up to years of maturity, just when we expect to reap the fruits of our labour, a man shall, in the tinkling of a bell, see one hang'd, and t'other whored.' This graceless baggage—But I'll to Frederick immediately; I'll take the Alguazil with me, and search his house; and if I find her, I'll use her—by St. Anthony, I don't know how I'll use her.

[Exit.

The SCENE changes to the Street.

Enter Colonel, with Isabella's letter in his Hand, and Gibby following.

Col. Well, though I could not see my fair incognita, fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. Oh! how I love these pretty, kind, coming females, that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them. Oh, Portugal! thou dear garden of pleasure—where Love drops down his mellow fruit, and every bough bends to his hands, and seems to cry, come pull and eat; how deliciously a man lives here, without fear of the stool of repentance!—This letter I received from a lady in a veil—Some duenna; some necessary implement of Cupid. I suppose the stile is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. [Reads.] 'Sir, I have seen your person, and like it—very concise—And if you'll meet me at four o'clock in the morning upon the Terriero de Passa, half an hour's conversation will let me into your mind.' Ha, ha, ha, a philosophical wench; this is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man—"If your intellects answer your outward appearance, the adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not attempt to see my face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for."—Humph, the gentleman she takes me for! I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then I'm sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.—Gibby,

Gib. Here, and lik yer honour.

Col. Follow me at a good distance, do you hear, Gibby?

Gib. In troth dee I, weel enough, Sir.

Col. I am to meet a lady 'on the Terriero de Passa.

Gib. The deel an mine eyn gin I ken her, fir.

Col. But you will when you come there, firrah.

Gib. Like enough, fir; I have as sharp an eyn tul a bony lafs, as ere a lad in aw Scotland: and what mun I dee wi' her, fir?

Col. Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

Gib. In troth fal I fir, gin the deel tak her not.

Col. Come along then, 'tis pretty near the time—I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,
While tasteless mortals sleep their time away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Frederick's House.

Enter Inis and Lissardo.

Liss. Your lady run away, and you know not whither, say you?

Inis. She never greatly cared for me after finding you and I together: but you are very grave, methinks, Lissardo.

Liss. [*Looking on the ring.*] Not at all—I have some thoughts indeed of altering my course of living; there is a critical minute in every man's life, which if he can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune.

Inis. Ha! what do I see? A diamond ring! Where the deuce had he that ring? You have got a very pretty ring there, Lissardo.

Liss. Aye, the trifle is pretty enough—But the lady which gave it to me is a *bona roba* in beauty, I assure you. [*Cocks his hat, and struts.*]

Inis. I can't bear this—The lady! What lady, pray?

Liss. O fye! There's a question to ask a gentleman.

Inis. A gentleman! Why the fellow's spoil'd! Is this

this your love for me? Ungrateful man, you'll break my heart, so you will.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Liss. Poor tender-hearted fool —

Inis. If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I would.

[*Sobs.*]

Liss. So, now the jade wants a little coaxing. Why what dost weep for now, my dear? ha!

Inis. I suppose Flora gave you that ring; but I'll —

Liss. No, the devil take me if she did; you make me swear now — So, they are all for the ring, but I shall bob'em. I did but joke, the ring is none of mine, it is my master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore prythee dry thy eyes, and kiss me, come.

Enter Flora.

Inis. And do you really speak truth now?

Liss. Why, do you doubt it?

Flo. So, so, very well! I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has forsworn it so often.

[*Aside.*]

Inis. Nor han't you seen Flora, since you came to town.

Flo. Ha! how dares she mention my name? [*Aside.*]

Liss. No, by this kiss I han't.

[*Kisses her.*]

Flo. Here's a dissembling varlet.

[*Aside.*]

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liss. Love the devil! why did I not always tell thee she was my aversion?

Flo. Did you so, villain?

[*Strikes him a box on the ear.*]

Liss. Zounds, she's here! I have made a fine piece of work on't.

[*Aside.*]

Inis. What's that for, ha?

[*Brushes up to her.*]

Flo. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. Frippery, if you don't get about your business.

Inis. Who do you call Frippery, Mrs. Trollop? Pray get about your business, if you go to that; I hope you pretend to no right and title here.

Liss. What the devil do they take me for, an acre of land, that they quarrel about right and title to me?

[*Aside.*]

Flo.

Flo. Pray what right have you, mistress, to ask that question ?

Inis. No matter for that, I can shew a better title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What has he given thee nine months earnest for a living title ? ha, ha.

Inis. Don't sling your flaunting jests at me, Mrs. Boldface, for I won't take 'em, I assure you.

Liss. So ! now I am as great as the famed Alexander. But my dear Statira and Roxana, don't exert yourselves so much about me ; now I fancy, if you would agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest way, satisfy both your demands upon me.

Flo. You satisfy ! No firrah, I am not to be satisfied so soon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither.—What, do you make no difference between us ?

Flo. You pitiful fellow, you ! What you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myself the trouble of dogging you out of love to your filthy person ; but you are mistaken, firrah—It was to detect your treachery—How often have you sworn to me that you hated Inis, and only carried fair for the good cheer she gave you ; but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs, you said.

Inis. How, how, firrah, crooked legs ! Ods, I could find in my heart——

[Snatching up her petticoat a little.

Liss. Here's a lying young jade, now ! Pr'ythee, my dear, moderate thy passion.

[Coaxingly.

Inis. I'd have you to know, firrah, my legs were never——Your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, firrah.

[Passionately.

Liss. My master ! so, so.

[Shaking his head and winking.

Flo. I am glad I have done some mischief, however.

[Aside.

Liss. [To Inis.] Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enraged woman says ! Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I ? [Runs to Flora.] Could not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion ! You silly girl you. Why I saw you follow us plain enough, and said all this, that you might not

not go back with only your labour for your pains —
But you are a revengeful young slut tho', I tell you
that ; but come, kifs and be friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me ; hang your kiffes.

Fel. [*Within.*] Liffardo.

Liff. Odsheart, here's my master : the devil take
both these jades for me, what shall I do with them ?

Inis. Ha ! 'tis Don Felix's voice ; I would not
have him find me here with his footman for the
world. [*Aside.*]

Fel. [*Within.*] Why Liffardo, Liffardo !

Liff. Coming fir. What a pox will you do ?

Flo. Bless me, which way shall I get out ?

Liff. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your quarrel
aside, and be content to be mew'd up in this cloaths-
press together, or stay where you are, and face it
out — there is no help for it.

Flo. Put me any where, rather than that ; come,
come, let me in. [*He opens the press, and she goes in.*]

Inis. I'll see her hang'd before I'll go into the
place where she is. — I'll trust fortune with my deli-
verance. Here used to be a pair of back stairs. I'll
try to find them out. [*Exit.*]

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. Was you asleep, firrah, that you did not hear
me call ?

Liff. I did hear you, and answer'd you, I was
coming, fir.

Fel. Go, get the horses ready ; I'll leave Lisbon
to night, never to see it more.

Liff. Hey day ! what's the matter now ? [*Exit.*]

Fred. Pray tell me, Don Felix, what has ruffled
your temper thus ?

Fel. A woman — Oh, friend, who can name wo-
man, and forget inconstancy !

Fred. This from a person of mean education were
excusable, such low suspicions have their source from
vulgar conversation ; men of your politer taste never
rashly censure — Come, this is some groundless jea-
lousy — Love raises many fears.

Fel. No, no ; my ears conveyed the truth into my
heart, and reason justifies my anger : Oh, my friend !
Violante's false, and I have nothing left but thee, in

Lifton,

Lisbon, which can make me wish ever to see it more, except revenge upon my rival, of whom I am ignorant. Oh, that some miracle would reveal him to me, that I might through his heart punish her infidelity!

Enter Liffardo.

Liff. Oh, sir! here's your father Don Lopez coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liff. I can't tell, sir, he asked for Don Frederick.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liff. I believe not, sir; for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my master notice.

Fel. Keep out of his sight then. [*Exit Liff.*]—And, dear Frederick, permit me to retire into the next room, for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeas'd at my return without his leave. [*Exit.*]

Fred. Quick, quick, begone, he is here.

Enter Don Lopez, speaking as he enters.

Lop. Mr. Alguazil, wait you without till I call for you. Frederick, an affair brings me here—which requires privacy—so that if you have any body within ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my lord, speak freely.

Lop. Why then, sir, I must tell you, that you had better have pitch'd upon any man in Portugal to have injur'd, than myself.

Fel. [*Peeping.*] What means my father?

Fred. I understand you not, my lord.

Lop. Tho' I am old, I have a son—Alas! why name I him? he knows not the dishonour of my house.

Fel. I am confounded! The dishonour of his house!

Fred. Explain yourself, my lord, I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false! you have debauch'd my daughter.

Fel. Debauch'd my sister! Impossible! he could not, durst not be that villain!

Fred. My lord, I scorn so foul a charge.

Lop. You have debauch'd her duty at least, therefore

fore instantly restore her to me, or by St. Anthony I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her, my lord! where shall I find her?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

Fel. Ha! in this house!

Fred. You are misinformed, my lord; upon my reputation I have not seen Donna Isabella, since the absence of Don Felix.

Lop. Then pray, sir—if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Guzman yesterday?

Fred. The disagreeableness of such a match, I fear'd, would give your daughter cause to curse her duty, if she complied with your demands; that was all, my lord.

Lop. And so you helpt her thro' the window, to make her disobey.

Fel. Ha, my sister gone! Oh, scandal to our blood!

Fred. This is insulting me, my lord, when I assure you, I have neither seen nor know any thing of your daughter—If she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, sir; however my rigour shall make bold to search your house. Here call in the Alguazil—

Flo. [*Peeping.*] The Alguazil! What, in the name of wonder, will become of me?

Fred. The Alguazil! my lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguazil and attendants.

Lop. No, sir, 'tis you that will repent it. I charge you, in the king's name, to assist me in finding my daughter.—Be sure you leave no part of the house unsearcht. Come, follow me.

[*Gets towards the door where Felix is: Frederick draws, and plants himself before the door.*]

Fred. Sir, I must first know by what authority you pretend to search my house, before you enter here.

Alg. How! sir, dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty? I am, sir, I am his majesty's Alguazil, and the very quintessence

of authority—therefore put up your sword, or I shall order you to be knock'd down—For, know, sir, the breath of an Alguazil is as dangerous as the breath of a demi culverin.

Lop. She is certainly in that room, by his guarding the door—if he disputes your authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. I shall shew you some sport first! The woman you look for is not here, but there is something in this room which I'll preserve from your fight at the hazard of my life.

Lop. Enter, I say; nothing but my daughter can be there—Force his sword from him.

[*Felix comes out and joins Frederick.*]

Fel. Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house!

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, Misericordia, what do I see, my son?

Alg. Ha, his son! Here's five hundred pounds good, my brethren, if Antonio dies, and that's in the surgeon's power, and he's in love with my daughter, you know, so seize him—'Don Felix, I command you to surrender yourself into the hands of justice, in order to raise me and my posterity; and in consideration you lose your head to gain me five hundred pounds, I'll have your generosity recorded on your tomb stone—at my own proper cost and charge—I hate to be ungrateful.'

Lop. Hold, hold! Oh, that ever I was born!

Fred. Did I not tell you, you would repent, my lord? What, ho! within there. [*Enter servants.*] Arm yourselves, and let not a man in or out but Felix.

Fel. Generous Frederick!

Fred. Look ye, Alguazil, when you would betray my friend for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice; but as a thief and robber thus resist you.

Fel. Come on, sir, we'll shew you play for the five hundred pounds.

'*Alg.* Fall on, seize the money, right or wrong, ye rogues.'

[*They fight.*]

Lop. Hold, hold, Alguazil; I'll give you the five hundred

hundred

hundred pounds; that is, my bond to pay upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

Alg. Say you so, my lord! Why look ye, my lord, I bear the young gentleman no ill-will, my lord; if I get but the five hundred pounds, my lord—why, look ye, my lord—'Tis the same thing to me whether your son be hang'd or not, my lord.

Fel. Scoundrels.

Lop. Ay, well thou art a good natured fellow, that is the truth on't—Come then, we'll to the tavern, and sign and seal this minute. Oh, Felix! why wouldst thou serve me thus—But I cannot upbraid thee now, nor have I time to talk. Be careful of thyself, for thou wilt break my heart.

[*Exeunt Lopez, Alguazil, and attendants.*]

Fel. Now, Frederick, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation, for I overheard it all, I can't return the acknowledgments I owe you. Know you aught relating to my sister?

Fred. I hope my faith and truth are known to you—and here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every thing relating to your father's charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee. Oh, fortune! where will thy malice end?

Enter Vasquez.

Vasq. Sir, I bring you joyful news.

Fel. What's the matter?

Vasq. I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

Fel. I wish it be true, then I'm at liberty to watch my rival, and pursue my sister. Pr'ythee, Frederick, inform thyself of the truth of this report.

Fred. I will this minute—Do you hear, let nobody in to Don Felix till my return.

[*Exit.*]

Vasq. I'll observe, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Flo. [*Peeping.*] They have almost frighted me out of my wits—I'm sure—Now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady, but how then shall I say I came into the cupboard?

Enter Vasquez, seeming to oppose the entrance of somebody.

Vasq. I tell you, madam, Don Felix is not here.

Vio. [*Within.*] I tell you, fir, he is here, and I will see him.

Fel. What noise is that?

Vio. [*Breaking in.*] You are as difficult of access, fir, as a first minister of state.

Flo. My stars! My lady here! [*Shuts the press close.*]

Fel. If your visit was design'd to Frederick, madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, fir, the visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your ceremonies, madam.

Vio. Tho' I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

Fel. If my ears, my eyes, and my understanding lied, then I am in your debt; else not, madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a term so gross, to say they lied, but call it a mistake, nay, call it any thing to excuse my Felix—Could I, think ye, could I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love? 'Do, but consider, if I had entertained another, should not I rather embrace this quarrel, pleas'd with the occasion, that rid me of your visits, and gave me freedom to enjoy the choice which you think I have made? Have I any interest in thee but my love? Or am I bound by aught but inclination to submit and follow thee?'—No law whilst single binds us to obey, but your sex are, 'by nature and education,' oblig'd to pay a deference to all woman kind.

Fel. These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I would rather tear them out than suffer them to delude my reason, and enslave my peace.

Vio. Can you love without esteem? and where is the esteem for her you still suspect? Oh, Felix, there is a delicacy—in love, which equals even a religious faith! True love never doubts the object it adores, and Sceptics there will disbelieve their sight.

Fel. Your notions are too refined for mine, madam.

Enter

Enter Vasquez.

Fel. How now, sirrah, what do you want?

Vasq. Only my master's cloak out of this press, sir, that's all.

Fel. Make haste then.

[*Vasquez opens the press, and sees Flora.*]

Oh! the devil, the devil!

[*Exit.*]

Flo. Discover'd! Nay, then legs befriend me.

[*Flora runs out.*]

Vio. Ha! a woman conceal'd! Very well, Felix.

Fel. A woman in the press! [*Enter Liffardo.*] How the devil came a woman there, sirrah?

Liff. What shall I say now?

Vio. Now, Liffardo, shew your wit to bring your master off.

Liff. Off, madam! Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great wit to, to, to bring him off, madam; for she did, and she did not come as, as, as a, a, a man may say directly to, to, to, to speak with my master, madam.

Vio. I see by your stammering, Liffardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

Fel. 'Death, rascal! speak without hesitation, and the truth too, or I shall slick my spada in your guts.

Vio. No, no, your master mistakes, he would not have you speak the truth.

Fel. Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

Liff. I am so confounded between one and the other that I can't think of a lie.

[*Aside.*]

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this woman back instantly; I'll know what business she had here!

Vio. Not a step, your master shall not be put to the blush—Come, a truce, Felix! Do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I scorn forgiveness where I own no crime; but your soul, conscious of its guilt, would fain lay hold of this occasion to blend your treason with my innocence.

Vio. Insolent! Nay, if instead of owning your fault, you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you, sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honour you would be taken for; you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy; 'tis plain
you

you are false yourself, and would make me the aggressor——It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance —— This last usage has given me back my liberty, and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance, and so your servant.

[Exit.

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn heart, what wilt thou do? Her father's will shall be obeyed; ha! that carries her to a cloyster, and cuts off all my hopes at once——By Heaven she shall not, must not leave me! No, she is not false, at least my love now represents her true, because I fear to lose her. Ha! villain art thou here? [*Turns upon Lissardo*] tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here concealed—or——

Liss. Ay, good sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. [*Falls on his knees.*

Fel. Out with it then ——

Liss. It, it, it, was Mrs. Flora, sir, Donna Violante's woman. You must know, sir, we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while.—She was not willing you should know it; so, when she heard your voice, she ran into the cloaths-pres. I would have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it; this is the truth, as I hope for a whole skin, sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone in it, sirrah——Fly, and observe if Violante goes directly home.

Liss. Yes, sir, yes.

Fel. Fly, you dog, fly. [*Exit Liss.*] I must convince her of my faith. Oh! how irresolute is a lover's heart! 'My resentments cool'd when her's grew high
'—Nor can I struggle longer with my fate! I cannot
'quit her; no, I cannot, so absolute a conquest has
'she gained.'—How absolute a woman's power!

It vain we strive their tyranny to quit,

In vain we struggle, for we must submit.

[Exit Felix.

SCENE, the Terriero de Pajja.

Enter Colonel, and Isabella veild, Gibby at a distance.

Col. Then you say, it is impossible for me to wait upon you home, madam.

Isab.

Ifab. I say, it is inconsistent with my circumstances, colonel, and that way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. Consent to go with me then—I lodge at one Don Frederick's, a merchant, just by here; he is a very honest fellow, and I dare confide in his secrecy.

Ifab. Ha, does he lodge there? Pray, Heaven, I am not discover'd!

Col. What say you, my charmer? shall we breakfast together? I have some of the best tea in the universe. [*Aside.*]

Ifab. Puh! Tea! is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings, colonel?

Col. Well hinted———No, no, no, I have other things at thy service, child.

Ifab. What are these things, pray?

Col. My heart, soul, and body into the bargain.

Ifab. Has the last no incumbrance upon it? Can you make a clear title, colonel?

Col. All freehold, child, and I'll afford thee a very good bargain. [*Embraces her.*]

Gib. O' my sol, they mak muckle words about it. Ise feer weary with standing, Ise e'en take a sleep.

[*Lies down.*]

Ifab. If I take a lease, it must be for life, colonel.

Col. Thou shalt have me as long, or as little time as thou wilt, my dear. Come, let's to my lodging, and we'll sign and seal this minute.

Ifab. Oh, not so fast, colonel, there are many things to be adjusted before the lawyer and the parson comes.

Col. The lawyer and parson! No, no, you little rogue, we can finish our affairs without the help of the law———or the gospel.

Ifab. Indeed, but we can't, colonel.

Col. Indeed! Why, hast thou then trepann'd me out of my warm bed this morning for nothing? Why, this is shewing a man half famisht a well-furnisht larder, then clapping a padlock on the door, till you starve him quite.

Ifab. If you can find in your heart to say grace, colonel, you shall keep the key.

Col. I love to see my meat before I give thanks, madam; therefore, uncover thy face, child, and I'll tell thee more of my mind——if I like you——

Ifab. I dare not risk my reputation upon your *ifs*, colonel, and so adieu. [Going.

Col. Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

Ifab. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your curiosity now; one step farther loses me for ever——Shew yourself a man of honour, and you shall find me a woman of honour.

Col. Well, for once, I'll trust to a blind bargain, madam—[*Kisses her hand and parts.*] But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship, if Gibby observes my orders. Methinks these intrigues, which relate to the mind, are very insipid——The conversation of bodies is much more diverting——Ha! what do I see, my rascal asleep! Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? And is it thus you observe my orders, you dog? [*Kicks him all this while, and he shrugs, and rubs his eyes, and yawns.*

Gib. That's true, an like yer honour; but I thought that when yence you had her in yer ane honds, ye might a ordered her yer sel well eneugh without me, en ye ken, an like yer honour.

Col. Sirrah, hold your impertinent tongue, and make haste after her. If you don't bring me some account of her, never dare to see my face again. [Exit.

Gib. Ay, this is bony wark indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can well fill my weam, to be sent a whore-hunting after this black she devil——What gate sal I gang to speer for this wutch, now! Ah, for a ruling elder—or the kirk's treasurer—or his mon—I'd gar my master mak twa o this——But I am sure there's na sick-honest people here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculdudrie. [*Enter a Soldier passing along.*] Geud mon did ye see a woman, a lady, ony gate here awa e'en now?

Sold. Yes, a great many. What kind of a woman is it you enquire after?

Gib. Geud troth, she's na kenspekle, she's aw in a cloud.——

Sold.

Sold. What! 'tis some Highland monster which you brought over with you, I suppose; I see no such, not I. Kenspekle, quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, mon; the deel pike out yer een, and then ye'll see the bater, ye Portiguize tike.

Sold. What says the fellow?

[Turning to Gibby.]

Gib. Say! I say I am a better fellow than e'er stude upon yer shanks——and gin I heer mair o' yer din, deel o' my faul, fir, but Ise crack yer croon.

Sold. Get you gone, you Scotch rascal, and thank your heathen dialect, which I don't understand, that you han't your bones broke.

Gib. Ay! an ye dinna understond a Scotsman's tongue, Ise see gin ye can understond a Scotsman's gripe. Wha's the better mon, now, fir? [*Lays hold of him, strikes up his heels, and gets astride over him.*]

Here Violante crosses the stage; Gibby jumps up from the man, and brushes up to Violante.

Gib. I vow, madam, but I am glad that ye and I are foregather'd.

Vio. What would the fellow have?

Gib. Nothing, away, madam, wo worth yer heart, what a muckle deal o' mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby!

Vio. The man's drunk———

Gib. In troth am I not———And gin I had no found ye, madam, the Laird knows when I should; for my maister bad me ne'er gang hame without tidings of ye, madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geud faith, my maister has e'en done that t'yer honds, madam.

Vio. Who is your master, fir?

Gib. Mony a ane speers the gate they ken right weel. It is no sa lang sen ye parted wi him. I wish he ken ye hafe as weel as ye ken him.

Vio. Poh, the creature's mad, or mistakes me for somebody else; and I should be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer.

[*Violante enters Don Pedro's house.*
Enter

Enter Liffardo at the upper end of the stage.

Liff. So, she's gone home, I see. What did that Scotch fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out; perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

Gib. Are ye gone, madam? A deef scope in yer company; for I'm as weefe as I was. But I'll bide and see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at.———' Weel, of aw men in ' the world, I think our Scotsmen the greateft feuls, ' to leave their weel-favour'd, honest women at ' hame, to rin walloping after a pack of gycarlings ' here, that shame to shew their faces; and peur men, ' like me, are forced to be their pimps. A pimp! ' Godswarbit, Gibby's ne'er be a pimp—And yet, ' in troth it's a thrieving trade; I remember a coun- ' trymon o' my ane, that by ganging o sick like er- ' rants as I am now, came to get preferment.' My lad, wot ye wha lives here?

[Turns and sees Liffardo.

Liff. Don Pedro de Mendosa.

Gib. And did you see a lady gang in but now?

Liff. Yes, I did.

Gib. And d'ye ken her tee?

Liff. It was Donna Violante, his daughter. What the devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that's certain. *[Aside.]* 'Tis a cold morning, brother; what think you of a dram?

Gib. In troth, very weel, fir.

Liff. You seem an honest fellow; pr'ythee, let's drink to our better acquaintance.

Gib. Wi aw my heart, fir, gang your gate to the next house, and I'll follow ye.

Liff. Come along then.

[Exit.

Gib. Don Pedro de Mendosa—Donna Violante, his daughter—That's as right as my leg, now—I'll need na mare; I'll tak a drink, and then to my maister.——

I'll bring him news will mak his heart full blee;

Gin he rewards it not, deef pimp for me.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE, Violante's lodgings.

Enter Isabella in a gay temper, and Violante out of humour.

Ifab. **M**Y dear, I have been seeking you this half hour, to tell you the most lucky adventure.

Vio. And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it, that you could possibly have found in the whole four-and-twenty.

Ifab. Hang unlucky hours, I won't think of them; I hope all my misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Ifab. I have seen the man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.

Ifab. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a discovery already, I thank ye.

Ifab. What say you, my dear?

Vio. I say I am very unlucky at discoveries, Isabella; I have too lately made one pernicious to my ease? your brother is false.

Ifab. Impossible!

Vio. Most true.

Ifab. Some villain has traduced him to you.

Vio. No, Isabella, I love too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures; no, I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.

Ifab. Then I am most unhappy. My brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your favour, I have no title to your friendship.

Vio. You wrong my friendship, Isabella; your own merit entitles you to every thing within my power.

Ifab. Generous maid—But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false.

Vio. Another time—But tell me, Isabella, how can I serve you?

Ifab.

Ifab. Thus, then——The gentleman that brought me hither, I have seen and talkt with upon the Terriero de Passa this morning, and I find him a man of sense, generosity, and good humour; in short, he is every thing that I could like for a husband, and I have dispatcht Mrs. Flora to bring him hither; I hope you'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither! to what purpose?

Ifab. To the great, universal purpose, matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! Why, do you design to ask him?

Ifab. No, Violante, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excused: I manage my own affairs too ill, to be trusted with those of other people; 'besides, 'if my father should find a stranger here, it might 'make him hurry me into a monastery immediately.' I can't, for my life, admire your conduct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to you.—'Twas very imprudent to meet him this morning, but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Ifab. I am not insensible how far my misfortunes have embarrassed you; and, if you please, will sacrifice my quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urged!—Have I not prefer'd your happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

Ifab. I know thou hast—Then do not deny me this last request, when a few hours, perhaps, may render my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring my brother to thy feet for pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same woman that he brought in here last night.

Ifab. Not a syllable of that; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the house, I order'd Mrs. Flora to bring him by the back-door into the garden.

Vio. The very way which Felix comes; if they should meet, there would be fine work——Indeed, my dear, I can't approve of your design.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Madam, the colonel waits your pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a message, mistress, without acquainting me?

Flo.

Flo. So I am huff'd for every thing.

Ifab. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear Violante; I acknowledge the rashness of the action——
But consider the necessity of my deliverance.

Vio. That indeed is a weighty consideration; well, what am I to do?

Ifab. In the next room I'll give you instructions——
in the mean time, Mrs. Flora, shew the colonel into this.

[*Exit Flora one way, and Isabella and Violante another.*]

Re-enter Flora with the Colonel.

Flo. The lady will wait on you presently, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Col. Very well——This is a very fruitful soil. I have not been here quite four-and-twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already; but I hate the chace without partaking of the game.
[*Enter Violante veil'd.*] Ha! a fine sized woman——
Pray Heaven she proves handsome——I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, colonel?

Col. If you be not very unreasonable, indeed, madam. A man is but a man.

[*Takes her hand and kisses it.*]

Vio. Nay, we have no time for compliments, colonel.

Col. I understand you, madam——*Montrez moi votre chambre.*

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

Vio. Nay, nay, hold, colonel, my bed chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain purchase.

Col. Purchase! Humph, this is some kept mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure hours.
[*Aside.*] Look you, madam, you must consider we soldiers are not overstockt with money——But we make ample satisfaction in love; we have a world of courage upon our hands now, you know--Then, pr'ythee, use a conscience, and I'll try if my pocket can come up to your price.

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the trouble of drawing your purse, colonel, my design is levell'd at your person, it that be at your own disposal.

Col. Ay, that it is, faith, madam, and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee——

Vio.

Vio. As law can do it.

Col. Hang law in love affairs; thou shalt have right and title to it out of pure inclination.—A matrimonial hint again? ‘Gad, I fancy the women have a project on foot to transplant the union into Portugal.’ [Aside.]

Vio. Then you have an aversion to matrimony, colonel. Did you never see a woman, in all your travels, that you could like for a wife?

Col. A very odd question—Do you really expect that I should speak truth, now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be dealt with, colonel.

Col. Why, then——Yes.

Vio. Is she in your country, or this?

Col. This is a very pretty kind of a catechism; ‘but I don’t conceive which way it turns to edification.’ In this town, I believe, madam.

Vio. Her name is——

Col. Ay, how is she call’d, madam?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, sir.

Col. Oh, oh, why she is call’d—Pray, madam, how is it you spell your name?

Vio. Oh, colonel, I am not the happy woman, nor do I wish it.

Col. No; I’m sorry for that.—What the devil does she mean by all these questions? [Aside.]

Vio. Come, colonel, for once be sincere——Perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. This is like to be but a silly adventure, here’s so much sincerity required. [Aside.] Faith, madam, I have an inclination to sincerity, but I’m afraid you’ll call my manners in question.

Vio. Not at all; I prefer truth before compliment, in this affair.

Col. Why then, to be plain with you, madam, a lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a window, whose person I could be content to take, as my father took my mother, till death do us part.—But whom she is, or how distinguished, whether maid, wife, or widow, I can’t inform you. Perhaps you are she.

Vio. Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she, but I can give you an account of her. That lady is a maid of condition, has ten thousand pounds, and

if

if you are a single man, her person and fortune are at your service.

Col. I accept the offer with the highest transports; but say, my charming angel, art thou not she? [*Offers to embrace her.*] 'This is a lucky adventure.

[*' Afide.'*]

Vio. Once again, colonel, I tell you I am not she— But at six this evening you shall find her on the Terriero de Passia, with a white handkerchief in her hand. Get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. I shall infallibly observe your directions, madam.

Enter Flora hastily, and whispers Violante, who starts, and seems surpris'd.

Vio. Ha! Felix crossing the garden, say you, what shall I do now?

Col. You seem surpris'd, madam.

Vio. Oh, colonel, my father is coming hither, and if he finds you here, I am ruin'd.

Col. Od'flife, madam, thrust me any where. Can't I go out this way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that way. How shall I prevent their meeting? Here, here, step into my bedchamber—

Col. Oh, the best place in the world, madam.

Vio. And be still, as you value her you love. Don't stir till you've notice, as ever you hope to have her in your arms.

Col. On that condition, I'll not breathe.

[*Exit. Col.*]

Enter Felix.

Fel. I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while— But she is at home, I find— How coldly she regards me.— You look, Violante, as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the assurance to approach me, after what I saw to day?

Fel. Assurance! rather call it good-nature, after what I heard last night. But such regard to honour have I in my love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, 'nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth, 'without endeavouring to convince you of my innocence;' so much good-nature have I more than you,

you, Violantè.—Pray, give me leave to ask your woman one question; my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

Flo. I confess it, madam, and ask your pardon.

Vio. Impudent baggage, not to undeceive me sooner; what business could you have there?

Fel. Lissardo and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

Flo. I love to follow the example of my betters, madam.

Fel. I hope I am justified——

Vio. Since we are to part, Felix, there needs no justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you. Can you forget how I have loved?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own passion, I should with less concern remember yours——But, for Mrs. Flora——

Fel. You must forgive her——Must, did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, though the injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love than to ourselves; but at your request, Felix, I do forgive her. Go watch my father, Flora, lest he should awake and surprize us.

Flo. Yes, madam. [Exit Flora.

Fel. Dost thou then love me, Violante?

Vio. What need of repetition from my tongue, when every look confesses what you ask?

Fel. Oh, let no man judge of love but those who feel it; what wondrous magic lies in one kind look——One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint. Oh, the window, Violante, would'st thou but clear that one suspicion!

Vio. Pr'ythee, no more of that, my Felix, a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

Fel. Well, Violante, on condition you think no more of a monastery, I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

Vio. Ah, Felix, love generally gets the better of religion in us women. Resolutions made in the heat of passion ever dissolve upon reconciliation.

Enter

Enter Flora hastily.

Flo. Oh, madam, madam, madam, my lord your father has been in the house, and locked the back-door, and comes muttering to himself this way.

Vio. Then, we are caught. Now, Felix, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid! This is most unlucky! Let me step into your bed-chamber, he won't look under the bed; there I may conceal myself. [*Runs to the door, and pushes it open a little.*]

Vio. My stars! if he goes in there, he'll find the colonel. [*Aside.*] No, no, Felix, that's no safe place; my father often goes thither, and should you cough, or sneeze, we are lost.

Fel. Either my eye deceived me, or I saw a man within. I'll watch him close. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Oh, invention, invention! I have it, madam. Here, here, sir, off with your sword, and I'll fetch you a disguise. [*Exit Flora.*]

Fel. She shall deal with the devil, if she conveys him out without my knowledge. [*Aside.*]

Vio. Bless me, how I tremble!

Enter Flora with a riding-hood.

Flo. Here, sir, put on this. Be sure you don't speak a word.

Fel. Not for the Indies.—But I shall observe you closer than you imagine. [*Aside.*]

Ped. [*Within.*] Why, how came the garden-door open? Ha! How now! Who have we here?

Vio. Humph, he'll certainly discover him. [*Aside.*]

Flo. 'Tis my mother, and please you, sir.

[*She and Felix both courtesy.*]

Ped. Your mother! By St. Andrew she's a strapper; why you are a dwarf to her——How many children have you, good woman?

Vio. Oh! if he speaks we are lost. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Oh! dear signor, she cannot hear you; she has been deaf these twenty years.

Ped. Alas, poor woman! —Why, you muffle her up as if she was blind too.

Fel. Would I were fairly off! [*Aside.*]

Ped. Turn up her hood.

Vio. Undone for ever!—St. Anthony forbid. Oh, sir,

fir, ſhe has the dreadfulſt unlucky eyes—Pray, don't look upon them. I made her hood ſhut on purpoſe——Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Ped. Eyes! Why, what's the matter with her eyes?

Flo. My poor mother, fir, is much afflicted with the colic; and about two months ago ſhe had it grievouſly in her ſtomach, and was over-perſuaded to take a dram of filthy Engliſh Geneva——which immediately flew up into her head, and cauſed ſuch a deſluxion in her eyes, that ſhe could never ſince bear the day-light.

Ped. Say you ſo? Poor woman!—Well, make her ſit down, Violante, and give her a glaſs of wine.

Vio. Let her daughter give her a glaſs below, fir; for my part, ſhe has frightened me ſo, I ſhan't be myſelf theſe two hours. I am ſure her eyes are evil eyes.

Fel. Well hinted. [*Aſide.*]

Ped. Well, well, do ſo——Evil eyes! there are no evil eyes, child.

Flo. Come along, mother. [*Speaks loud.*]

[*Exeunt Felix and Flora.*]

Vio. I'm glad he's gone. [*Aſide.*]

Ped. Haſt thou heard the news, Violante?

Vio. What news, fir?

Ped. Why, Vaſquez tells me, that Don Lopez's daughter Liabella is run away from her father; that lord has very ill fortune with his children.—Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my houſe is plagued with no ſuitors. [*Aſide.*]

Vio. This is the firſt word ever I heard of it: I pity her frailty. —

Ped. Well ſaid, Violante.—Next week I intend thy happineſs ſhall begin.

Enter Flora.

Vio. I don't intend to ſtay ſo long, thank you, papa. [*Aſide.*]

Ped. My lady Abbefs writes word ſhe longs to ſee thee, and has provided every thing in order for thy reception. Thou wilt lead a happy life, my girl—fifty times before that of matrimony, where an extravagant coxcomb might make a beggar, of thee; or an ill-natured furly dog break thy heart.

Flo.

Flo. Break her heart! She had as good have her bones broke as to be a nun; I am sure I had rather, of the two. [*Aside.*] You are wonderous kind, fir; but if I had such a father, I know what I would do.

Ped. Why, what would you do, minx, ha?

Flo. I would tell him I had as good a right and title to the law of nature, and the end of the creation, as he had——

Ped. You would, mistress! who the devil doubts it? A good assurance is a chambermaid's coat of arms; and lying and contriving, the supporters.——Your inclinations are on tip-toe, it seems——If I were your father, housewife, I'd have a penance enjoin'd you, so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for a month——You are enough to spoil your lady, housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

Vio. Fye, Flora, are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father? You said yesterday you would be glad to go with me into the monastery.

Flo. Did I! I told a great lie then.

Ped. She go with thee! No, no; she's enough to debauch the whole convent.——Well, child, remember what I said to thee: next week——

Vio. Ay, and what I am to do this, too.——
[*Aside.*] I am all obedience, fir; I care not how soon I change my condition.

Flo. But little does he think what change she means. [*Aside.*]

Ped. ' Well said, Violante.——I am glad to find her so willing to leave the world; but it is wholly owing to my prudent management. Did she know that she might command her fortune when she came at age, or upon day of marriage, perhaps she'd change her note.——But I have always told her that her grandfather left it with this proviso, that she turn'd nun: now a sma' part of this twenty thousand pounds provides for her in the nunnery, and the rest is my own. There is nothing to be got in this life without policy. [*Aside.*] Well, child, I am going into the country for two or three days, to settle some affairs with thy uncle, and when

'I return, we'll proceed for thy happiness, child—Good
'bye, Violante; take care of thyself.' [*Ex. Ped. and Vio.*

Flo. So, now for the colonel. Hist, hist, colonel.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is the coast clear?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over the wash-house, and jump from the garden-wall into the street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my neck, if my incognita answers but thy lady's promise.

[*Exeunt Colonel and Flora.*

Enter Felix.

Fel. I have lain perdu under the stairs, till I watcht the old man out. [*Violante opens the door.*]

Sdeath, I am prevented.

[*Exit Felix.*

Enter Violante.

Vio. Now to set my prisoner at liberty. [*Goes to the door where the Colonel is hid.*] Sir, sir, you may appear.

Enter Felix, following her.

Fel. May he so, madam? I had cause for my suspicion, I find. Treacherous woman!

Vio. Ha, Felix here! Nay, then all's discover'd.

Fel. [*Draws.*] Villain, whoever thou art, come out, I charge thee, and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

Vio. What shall I say?—Nothing but the secret which I have sworn to keep can reconcile this quarrel.

[*Aside.*

Fel. A coward! Nay, then I'll fetch you out; think not to hide thyself; no, by St. Anthony, an altar should not protect thee, 'even there I'd reach thy heart, tho' all the saints were arm'd in thy defence.'

[*Exit.*

Vio. Defend me, Heaven! What shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder.—

Enter Flora.

Flo. I have helpt the colonel off clear, madam.

Vio. Say'st thou so, my girl? Then I am arm'd.

Re-enter Felix.

Fel. Where has the devil, in compliance to your sex, convey'd him from my resentment?

Vio. Him! whom do you mean, my dear inquisitive

tive spark? Ha, ha, ha, ha, you will never leave these jealous whims.

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me?

Vio. You impose upon yourself, my dear; do you think I did not see you? Yes I did, and resolved to put this trick upon you.

Fel. Trick!

Vio. Yes, trick. I knew you'd take the hint, and soon relapse into your wonted error. How easily your jealousy is fired; I shall have a blessed life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it, then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your eyes?

Fel. My eyes! no, nor my ears. nor any of my senses, for they have all deceived me. Well, I am convinced that faith is as necessary in love as in religion; for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest, he resigns his senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that man finds his love return'd, she becomes as errant a slave as if she had already said after the priest:

Fel. The priest, Violante, would dissipate those fears which cause these quarrels; when wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow, I will tell thee; my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's, we have time enough to finish our affairs.—But, pr'ythee leave me now, lest some accident should bring my father.

Fel. To-morrow then —

Fly swift ye hours, and bring to-morrow on—
But must I leave you now, my Violante?

Vio. You must, my Felix. We soon shall meet to part no more.

Fel. Oh, rapturous sounds! Charming woman!

Thy words and looks have fill'd my heart

With joy, and left no room for jealousy.

Do thou like me each doubt and fear remove,

And all to come be confidence and love. [Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am glad my brother and you are reconciled, my dear, and the colonel escaped without

‘ his knowledge ; I was frightened out of my wits when
 ‘ I heard him return. I know not how to express
 ‘ my thanks, woman, for what you suffered for my
 ‘ sake, my grateful acknowledgment shall ever wait
 ‘ you, and to the world proclaim the faith, truth,
 ‘ and honour of a woman.—

‘ *Vio.* Pr’ythee don’t compliment thy friend, *Isabella*.—You heard the colonel, I suppose.

‘ *Isab.* Every syllable, and am pleased to find I
 ‘ do not love in vain.

‘ *Vio.* Thou hast caught his heart, it seems ; and
 ‘ an hour hence may secure his person.—Thou hast
 ‘ made hasty work on’t, girl.

‘ *Isab.* From thence I draw my happiness ; we
 ‘ shall have no accounts to make up after consummation.

‘ She, who for years protracts a lover’s pain,
 ‘ And makes him wish, and wait, and sigh in vain,
 ‘ To be his wife, when late she gives consent,
 ‘ Finds half his passion was in courtship spent ;
 ‘ Whilst they who boldly all delays remove,
 ‘ Find every hour a fresh supply of love.’ [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE, Frederick’s House.

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. **T**HIS hour has been propitious ; I am reconciled to *Violante*, and you assure me *Antonio* is out of danger.

Fred. Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter Lissardo.

Fel. What haste you made, *firrah*, to bring me word if *Violante* went home.

Liss. I can give you very good reasons for my stay, *fir*——Yes, *fir*, she went home.

Fred. Oh ! your master knows that, for he has been there himself, *Lissardo*.

Liss. Sir, may I beg the favour of your ear ?

Fel. What have you to say ?

[*Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy.*]

Fred. Ha ! *Felix* changes colour at *Lissardo*’s news ! What can it be ?

Fel.

Fel. A Scotch footman, that belongs to Colonel Briton, an acquaintance of Frederick's, say you? The devil! If she be false, by heaven I'll trace her. Pr'ythee, Frederick, do you know one Colonel Briton, a Scotchman?

Fred. Yes; why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great matter; but my man tells me that he has had some little differences with a servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good harmless innocent fellow; I am sorry for it. The colonel lodges in my house; I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home. He is a gentleman of good estate, besides his commission; of excellent principles, and strict honour, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a man of intrigue?

Fred. Like other men I suppose. Here he comes.—*[Enter Colonel.]*—Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. And not without some reason, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town, sir.

Col. That compliment don't belong to me, sir. But I assure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. Faith, I know not — Only that she is a charming woman, I mean as much as I saw of her.

Fel. My heart swells with apprehension. — Some accidental rencounter. —

Fred. A tavern, I suppose, adjusted the matter.

Col. A tavern! No, no, sir, she is above that rank, I assure you; this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel. Ha! a velvet bed! — I thought you said but now, sir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her bed?

Fred. Aye, aye, come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then, you must know, gentlemen, that

I was conveyed to her lodgings, by one of Cupid's emissaries, called a chambermaid, in a chair, thro' fifty blind alleys, who, by the help of a key, let me into a garden.

Fel. 'Sdeath, a garden! This must be Violanté's garden. [*Aside.*

Col. From thence conducted me into a spacious room, then dropt me a courtesy, told me her lady would wait on me presently; so, without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

Fel. Damn her modesty! this was Flora. [*Aside.*

Fred. Well, how then, Colonel?

Col. Then, sir, immediately from another door issued forth a lady, arm'd at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell round me, that had I not been cover'd with the shield of another beauty, I had infallibly fallen a martyr to her charms: for you must know I just saw her eyes—Eyes, did I say? No, no, hold, I saw but one eye, though I suppose it had a fellow equally as killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her bed, sir?—
'Sdeath, this expectation gives a thousand racks.

[*Aside.*

Col. Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming, she thrust me into the bed-chamber.

Fel. Upon her father's coming?

Col. Ay, so she said; but putting my ear to the key-hole of the door, I found it was another lover.

Fel. Confound the jilt! 'Twas she without dispute.

[*Aside.*

Fred. Ah, poor Colonel! ha, ha, ha.

Col. I discover'd they had had a quarrel, but whether they were reconciled or not, I can't tell; for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her body ugly as her soul! There is nothing left to doubt of now.—'Tis plain 'twas she.—Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me. 'Sdeath, I cannot bear it.

[*Aside.*

Fred.

Fred. So when she had dispatcht her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed-chamber; ha, colonel?

Col. No, pox take the impertinent puppy, he spoil'd my diversion, I saw her no more

Fel. Very true! Give me patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with rage [*Aside.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. Nay, what was worse--But, sir, dear sir, do hearken to this. [*Felix.*] The nymph that introduced me, conveyed me out again over the top of a high wall, where I ran the danger of havin' my neck broke, for the father, it seems, had locked the door by which I enter'd.

Fel. That way I mis'd him: Darn her invention, [*aside.*] Pray, colonel ha, ha, ha, it's very pleasant, ha, ha! was this the same lady you met upon the Terriero de Passa this morning

Col. Faith, I can't tell, sir; I had a design to know who that lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell fast asleep—I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes

Enter Gibby.

Col. Where have you been, firrah?

Gib. Troth Ie been seeking ye, and lik yer honour, these twa hours and mare. I bring the glad teedings, sir.

Col. What, have ye found the lady?

Gib. Geud faith, ha I, sir - and she's call'd Donna Violante. and her parent, Don Pedro de Mendosa, and gin e will gang wi' me, and lik yer honour, Ie make ye ken the hooie right weel.

Fel. Oh, torture, torture! [*Aside.*

Col. Ha! Violante! That's the lady's name of the house where my incognita is; sure it could not be her, at least it was not the same house, I'm confident.

[*Aside.*

Fred. Violante! 'Tis false; I would not have you credit him, colonel.

Gib. The deel burst my bladder, sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat it, you dog; [*Kicks him.*] and if your master will justify you——

Col. Not I, faith, sir——I answer for nobody's lies but my own; if you please, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he does, Ise na tak it, sir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards. [*Walks about in a passion.*]

Col. I owed you a beating, sirrah, and I am obliged to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore say no more, d'ye hear, sir?

[*Aside to Gibby.*]

Gib. Troth de I, sir, and feel tee.

Fred. This must be a mistake, colonel, for I know Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the Terriero de Passa.

Col. Don't be too positive, Frederick; now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

Fel. You'll very much oblige me, sir, if you'd let me know these reasons.

Col. Sir!

Fel. Sir, I say I have a right to enquire into these reasons you speak of.

Col. Ha, ha, really, sir! I cannot conceive how you, or any man, can have a right to enquire into my thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante.—And he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reason for't, is a villain. [*Draws.*]

Col. What the devil have I been doing! Now blisters on my tongue, by dozens. [*Aside.*]

Fred. Pr'ythee, Felix, don't quarrel 'till you know for what: this is all a mistake, I'm positive.

Col. I oo you, sir, that I dare draw my sword I think will admit of no dispute——But tho' fighting's my trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this business than pursue it. This may be a mistake; however, I'll give you my honour never to have any affair, directly or indirectly, with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of that name, I hope you will not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

Fel.

Fel. Your vanity has given me sufficient reason to believe I'm not mistaken. I'll not be imposed upon, fir.

Col. Nor I be bullied, fir.

Fel. Bullied! 'Sdeath, such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

Col. Are you sure of that, Spaniard? [*Draws.*]

Gib. [*Draws.*] Say na mare, mon, O' my saul, here's twa to twa. Dinna fear, fir, Gibby stonds by ye for the honour of Scotland. [*Vapours about.*]

Fred. By St. Anthony you shan't fight [*Interposes.*] on bare suspicion; be certain of the injury, and then——

Fel. That I will this moment, and then fir——I hope you are to be found——

Col. Whenever you please, fir. [*Exit Felix.*]

Gib. 'Sbleed, fir, there ne'er was a Scotsman yet that shamed to show his face. [*Strutting about.*]

Fred. So, quarrels spring up like mushrooms, in a minute. Violante and he were but just reconciled, and you have furnisht him with fresh matter for falling out again; and I am certain, colonel, Gibby is in the wrong.

Gib. Gin I be, fir, the man that tald me, leed, and gin he did, the deel be my landlord, hell my winter-quarters, and a rape my winding sheet, gin I dee not lick him as lang as I can haud'a stick in my hond, now see ye.

Col. I am sorry for what I have said, for the lady's sake: but who could divine that she was his mistress? Pr'ythee who is this warm spark?

Fred. He is the son of one of our grandees, named Don Lopez de Pimentell, a very honest gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his love. He is an only son, which may perhaps be one reason for indulging his passion.

Col. When parents have but one child, they either make a madman or a fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only child, he has a sister; but I think, thro' the severity of his father, who would have married her against her inclination, she has made her escape, and notwithstanding he has of-

ferred five hundred pounds, he can get no tidings of her.

Col. Ha! how long has she been missing?

Fred. Nay, but since last night, it seems.

Col. Last night! The very time! How went she!

Fred. Nobody can tell: They conjecture thro' the window.

Col. I'm transported! This must be the lady I caught. What sort of a woman is she?

Fred. Middle-sized, a lovely brown, a fine pouting lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give.

Col. Oh! I am fired with the description—'Tis the very she——What's her name?

Fred. Isabella——You are transported, colonel.

Col. I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh, thou know'st, and who can hear of charms so exquisite, and yet remain unmoved?—Oh, how I long for the appointed hour! I'll to the Terriero de Passa, and wait my happiness; if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at Violante's, in spite of her brother's jealousy. [*Aside.*] Dear Frederick, I beg your pardon, but I had forgot, I was to meet a gentleman upon business at five; I'll endeavour to dispatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible.

Fred. Your humble servant, colonel. [*Exit.*]

Col. Gibby, I have no business with you at present. [*Exit Colonel.*]

G. b. That's weel——now will I gang and seek this loon, and gar him gang with me to Don Pedro's hoose.——Gin he'll no gang of himself, Ise gar him gang by the lug, fir. Godswarbit, Gibby hates a leer. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to Violante's lodgings.

Enter Violante and Isabella.

Isab. The hour draws on, Violante, and now my heart begins to fail me; but I resolve to venture for all that.

Vio. What, does your courage sink, Isabella?

Isab. Only the force of resolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again, for all that.

Enter

Enter Flora.

Flo. Don Felix is coming up, madam.

Ifab. My brother! Which way shall I get out—
Dispatch him as soon as you can, dear Violante.

[Exit into the closet.]

Vio. I will. *[Enter Felix in a surly humour.]* Felix, what brings you back so soon; did I not say, to-morrow?

Fel. My passion chokes me; I cannot speak—Oh! I shall burst! *[Aside. Throws himself into a chair.]*

Vio. Bless me, are you not well, my Felix?

Fel. Yes—No—I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey day! What's the matter now? Another jealous whim!

Fel. With what an air she carries it!—I sweat at her impudence. *[Aside.]*

Vio. If I were in your place, Felix, I'd choose to stay at home when these fits of spleen are upon me, and not trouble such persons as are not obliged to bear with them. *[Here he affects to be careless of her.]*

Fel. I am very sensible, madam, of what you mean: I disturb you, no doubt; but were I in a better humour I should not incommode you less. I am but too well convinced you could easily dispense with my visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no company so welcome—But when you reserve me for your ill-nature, I waive your merit, and consider what's due to myself.—And I must be so free to tell you, Felix, that these humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy the very principles of love.

Fel. *[Rising.]* And I must be so free to tell you, madam, that since you have made such ill-returns to the respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future, and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break as your vanity would tempt you to believe—I cannot brook the provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be borne—Insolent! You abandon! You! Whom I've so often forbid ever to see me more! Have you not fallen at my feet? Implor'd
my

my favour and forgiveness? Did not you trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my heart! Ungrateful man! If my chains are so easily broke, as you pretend, then you are the filliest coxcomb living, you did not break 'em long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing, on whom such usage could make no impression.

Isab. [*Peeping.*] A deuce take your quarrels; 'she'll never think on me.'

Fel. I always believed, madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power; you would be less imperious, had my inclination been less forward to oblige you.—You have, indeed, forbade me your sight, but your vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed your pride—Your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me.—And the brightest passage of your life is, wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank.

[*Walks about in a great pet.*]

Vio. Matchless arrogance! True, sir, I should have kept measures better with you, if the conquest had been worth preserving; but we easily hazard what gives us no pains to lose.—As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you; there are men above your boasted rank, who have confessed their power, when their misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory.

Fel. Yes, madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest passage of my life, is not the least glorious part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha, don't put yourself in a passion, madam, for I assure you, after this day, I shall give you no trouble.—You may meet your sparks on the Terriero de Passa, at four in the morning, without the least regard to me—For when I quit your chamber, the world shan't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleased with your resolution, I don't care how soon you take your leave.—But what you mean by the Terriero de Passa, at four in the morning, I can't guess.

Fel.

Fel. No, no, no, not you—You was not upon the Terriero de Passa, at four this morning.

Vio. No, I was not; but if I was, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtless, madam! and you might meet colonel Briton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house.—And upon your father's coming in, thrust him into your bed-chamber—without asking my leave. 'Tis no business of mine, if you are exposed among all the footmen in town.—Nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a halfpenny a piece—They may, without my leave.

Vio. Audacious! don't provoke me—don't; my reputation is not to be sported with [*Going up to him.*] at this rate.—No, sir, it is not. [*Bursts into tears.*] Inhuman Felix!—Oh, Isabella, what a train of ills thou hast brought on me! [*Aside.*]

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep—A woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords. [*Aside.*] Oh, Violante—'Sdeath! What a dog am I! Now have I no power to stir.—Dost thou not know such a person as colonel Briton! Pr'ythee tell me, didst not thou meet him at four this morning upon the Terriero de Passa?

Vio. Were it not to clear my fame, I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate!—But I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act. By Heaven, I have not seen the Terriero de Passa this day.

Fel. Did not a Scotch footman attack you in the street, neither, Violante?

Vio. Yes, but he mistook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do you not know this Scotch colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more questions; this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for your base suspicions. More than this I shall not satisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, Violante?

Vio. I'll answer nothing.—You was in haste to be gone just now, I should be very well pleased to be alone, sir.

[*She sits down, and turns aside.*]

Fel.

Fel. I shall not long interrupt your contemplation.

—Stubborn to the last.

[*Aside.*

Vio. Did ever woman involve herself as I have done?

Fel. Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her; for something whispers to my soul she is not guilty—[*He pauses, then pulls a chair and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.*]

Give me your hand at parting, however, *Violante*, won't you, [*He lays his hand upon her knee several times*]
—won't you—won't you—won't you?

Vio. [*Half regarding him.*] Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, *Violante*. Oh! my heart!

Vio. [*Smiling.*] I thought my chains were easily broke.

[*Lays her hand into his.*

Fel. [*Draws his chair close to her, and kisses her hand in a rapture.*] Too well thou knowest thy strength—
Oh, my charming angel, my heart is all thy own!
Forgive my hasty passion, 'tis the transport of a love sincere! Oh, *Violante*, *Violante*!

Don Pedro within.

Ped. Bid *Sancho* get a new wheel to my chariot presently.

Vio. Bless me, my father return'd, What shall we do now, *Felix*! We are ruin'd, past redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my love; I can leap from the closet window. [*Runs to the door where Isabella is, who claps too the door, and bolts it within side.*]

'*Isal.* [*Peeping.*] Say you so: but I shall prevent you.'

Fel. Confusion! Somebody bolts the door within side. I'll see who you have conceal'd here, if I die for't. Oh, *Violante*, hast thou again sacrificed me to my rival.

[*Draws.*

Vio. By Heaven, thou hast no rival in my heart, let that suffice—Nay, sure you will not let my father find you here—Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall, except you command this door to be opened, and that way conceal me from his sight.

[*He struggles with her to come at the door.*

Vio.

Vio. Hear me, Felix—Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here. Either you do love me, or you do not. Convince me by your obedience.

Fel. That's not the matter in debate—I will know who is in this closet, let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go in———

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Hey day! What's here to do! I will go in, and you shan't go in—and I will go in—Why, who are you, sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! What shall I say now?

Ped. Don Felix, pray what's your business in my house? Ha, sir.

Vio. Oh, sir, what miracle return'd you home so soon? Some angel 'twas that brought my father back to succour the distress—This ruffian, he, I cannot call him gentleman—has committed such an uncommon rudeness, as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own.

Fel. Ha, what the devil does she mean! [*Aside.*

Vio. As I was at my devotions in my closet, I heard a loud knocking at my door, mix'd with a woman's voice, which seem'd to imply she was in danger———

Fel. I am confounded!

[*Aside.*

Vio. I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady, veil'd, rush'd in upon me; who falling on her knees, begged my protection, from a gentleman, who, she said, pursued her. I took compassion on her tears, and lockt her into this closet; but in the surprise, having left open the door, this very person whom you see, with his sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I refused to give her up to his revenge, he'd force the door.

Fel. What in the name of goodness does she mean to do! hang me. [*Aside.*

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have enter'd
—But

—But he's in drink, I suppose, or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum. [*Leering at Felix.*
Ped. I'm amazed!

Fel. The devil never fail'd a woman at a pinch : what a tale has she form'd in a minute—In drink, quotha ; a good hint ; I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. [*Aside.*

Ped. Fie, Don Felix ! No sooner rid of one broil but you are commencing another—to assault a lady with a naked sword, derogates much from the character of a gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. [*Counterfeits drunkenness.*] Who ? I assault a lady—upon honour the lady assaulted me, sir ; and would have seized this body politick upon the king's highway—Let her come out, and deny it, if she can—Pray, sir, command the door to be open'd, and let her prove me a liar, if she knows how. I have been drinking claret, and champaign, and burgundy, and other French wines, sir ? but I love my own country, for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it ; sir, Open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out. Come, I warrant thee, he shan't hurt her.

Fel. No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature. Now which way will she come off ? [*Aside.*

Vio. [*Unlocks the door.*] Come forth, madam, none shall dare to touch your veil—I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life—I hope she understands me. [*Aside.*

Enter Isabella veild, and crosses the stage.

Isab. Excellent girl. [*Exit.*

Fel. The devil ! a woman ! I'll see if she be really so.

Vio. [*To Felix.*] Get clear of my father, and follow me to the Terrero de Passa, when all mistakes shall be rectified. [*Exit with Isabella.*

[*Felix offers to follow her.*

Ped. [*Drawing his sword.*] Not a step, sir, till the lady be past your recovery ; I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, sir—I'll keep Don Felix here till you see her safe out, Violante—Come, sir, you and I will take a pipe and bottle together.

Fel.

Fel. Damn your pipe, and damn your bottle, I hate drinking and smoaking, and how will you help yourself, old whiskers?

Ped. As to smoaking, or drinking, you have your liberty, but you shall stay, fir.

Fel. But I won't stay—for I don't like your company: besides, I have the best reason in the world for my not staying.

Ped. Ay! What's that?

Fel. Why, I am going to be married, and so good bye.

Ped. To be married! it can't be! Why you are drunk, Felix!

Fel. Drunk! Ay to be sure. You don't think I'd go to be married if I was sober—But drunk or sober I am going to be married for all that; and if you won't believe me, to convince you, I'll shew you the contract, old gentleman.

Ped. Aye do; come, let's see this contract then.

Fel. Yes, yes, I'll shew you the contract—I'll shew you the contract—Here, fir—here's the contract.

[*Draws a pistol.*]

Ped. [Starting] Well, well, I'm convinced; go, go—pray go and be married, fir.

Fel. Yes, yes, I'll go—I'll go and be married; but shan't we take a bottle first?

Ped. No, no—pray dear fir, go and be married.

Fel. Very well, very well; [*Going*] but I insist upon your taking one glass, tho'.

Ped. No, not now—some other time—Consider the lady waits.

Fel. What a cross old fool! First he will, and then he won't; and then he will, and then he won't.

[*Exit Felix.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's Don Lopez de Pimentell, to wait on you, signor.

Ped. What the devil does he want? He is not going to be married too—Bring him up; he's in pursuit of his son, I suppose.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro; I was told that you was seen upon the road to—
this afternoon.

Ped.

Ped. That might be, my lord, but I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which obliged me to return—What is your pleasure with me, my lord?

Lop. I am inform'd my daughter is in your house.

Ped. That's more than I know, my lord; but here was your son just now, as drunk as an emperor.

Lop. My son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my life. Where is he, pray, sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married! To whom? I don't know that he courted any body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that—but I'm sure he shew'd me the contract—Within there! [*Enter Servant.*] Bid my daughter come hither, she'll tell you another story, my lord.

Ser. She's gone out in a chair, sir.

Ped. Out in a chair! what do you mean, sir?

Ser. As I say, sir; and Donna Isabella went in another just before her.

Lop. Isabella!

Ser. And Don Felix followed in another; I overheard them all bid the chairs go to the Terriero de Passa.

Ped. Ha! what business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think—Within there.

Lop. My heart misgives me plaguily—Call me an Alguazil, I'll pursue them strait. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to the street, before Don Pedro's house.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. I wish I could see Flora—Methinks I have an hankering kindness after the slut—We must be reconciled. *Enter Gibby.*

Gib. Aw my sol, sir, but Ise blithe to find ye here now.

Liss. Ha!, brother! Give me thy hand, boy.

Gib. No se fast, se ye me—Brether me ne brethers; I scorn a lee as muckle as a thiefe, se ye now, and ye must gang intul this house with me, and justifie to Donna Violante's face, that she was the lady that gang'd in here this morn, se ye me, or the deel ha my sol, sir, but ye and I shall be twa folks.

Liss.

Liss. Juffify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha; for what? fure you don't know what you fay.

Gib. Troth de I, fir, as weel as ye de; therefore come along, and make no mair words about it.

Liss. Why, what the devil do you mean? Don't you confider you are in Portugal? Is the fellow mad?

Gib. Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow, fir: and gin the place were hell, I'd gar ye de me justice. [*Liss. going.*] Nay, the deel a feet ye gang.

[*Lays hold of him and knocks.*]

Liss. Ha! Don Pedro himself, I wish I were fairly off.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. How now! what makes you knock so loud?

Gib. Gin this be Don Pedro's house, fir; I would speak with Donna Violante, his daughter.

Ped. Ha! what is it you want with my daughter, pray?

Gib. An she be your daughter, and lik your honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either juffify or disprove what this cheeld told me this morn.

Liss. So, here will be a fine piece of work. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gib. By my sol, fir, Ise tell you aw the truth; my master got a pratty lady upon the how de call't—passa—here, at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam—And in truth I lodg'd her here; and meeting this ill favour'd thiese, se ye me, I spcered wha she was—and he told me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendosa's daughter.

Ped. Ha! My daughter with a man, abroad at five in the morning. Death, hell, and furies, by St. Anthony I'm undone.

Gib. Wounds, fir, ye put yer faint intul bony company.

Ped. Who is your master, you dog you? 'Adsheart, I shall be trickt of my daughter, and money too, that's worst of all.

Gib. You dog you! 'Sbleed, fir, don't call names—I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me now.

Ped. And who are you, rascal, that know my daughter so well? Ha!

[*Holds up his cane.*]

Liss.

Liff. What shall I say to make him give this Scotch dog a good bearing? [*Aside.*] I know your daughter, signor? Not I, I never saw your daughter in all my life.

Gib. [*Knocks him down with his fist*] Deel, ha my sol, far, gin ye get no your carich for that lie now.

Ped. What, ho! Where are all my servants?

Enter Colonel, Felix, Isabella, and Violante.
Raise the house in pursuit of my daughter.

Scr. Here she comes, 'signor.'

Col. Hey day! What's here to do?

Gib. This is the loon like tik, an lik your honour, that sent mee heam with a lee this morn.

Col. Come, come, 'tis all well, Gibby; let him rise.

Ped. I am thunder-struck—and have no power to speak one word.

Fel. This is a day of jubilee, Lissardo: no quarrelling with him this day.

Liff. A pox take his fists:—Egad, these Britons are but a word and a blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, daughter? Then you have not hang'd yourself yet, I see.

Col. But she is married, my lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds, to whom?

Col. Even to your humble servant, my lord. If you please to give us your blessing. [*Kneels.*]

Lop. Why, hark ye, mistress, are you really married?

Isab. Really so, my Lord.

Lop. And who are you, sir?

Col. An honest North Briton by birth, and a colonel by commission, my Lord.

Lop. An heretic! the devil! [*Holding up his hands.*]

Ped. She has play'd you a slippery trick indeed, my lord!—Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married.—Next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear. [*To Violante.*]

Fel. Next week is a little too soon, sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, sir? You have not made a rib of my daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has sir, I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded minute——when my thoughts were not over-strong for a nunnery, father.

Lop.

Lop. Your daughter has play'd you a slippery trick too, signor.

Ped. But your son shall never be the better for't, my lord, her twenty thousand pounds was left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain thing call'd law, shall make you do justice, sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that, — my lord, much good may it do you with your daughter in law.

Lop. I wish you much joy of your rib.

[*Exeunt Pedro and Lopez.*

Enter Frederick.

Fel. Frederick, welcome! — I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness, and pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.

Fred. Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

Col. To the right about, Frederick; wish thy friend joy.

Fred. I do, with all my soul; — and, madam, I congratulate your deliverance — Your suspicions are clear'd now, I hope, Felix

Fel. They are, and I heartily ask the colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for love has taught me to know, that every man's happiness consists in choosing for himself.

Liff. After that rule, I fix here. [To Flora.

Flo. That's your mistake; I prefer my lady's service, and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to day.

Liff. Choose, proud fool, I shan't ask you twice.

Gib. What say ye now, las; will ye ge yer hand to poor Gibby? — 'What say you,' will ye dance the reel of bogie with me?

In. That I may not leave my lady — I take you at your word — And tho' our wooing has been short, I'll by her example love you dearly. [Music plays.

'*Ped.* Hark! I hear the music; somebody has done us the favour to call them in.

'*A dance.*

'*Gib.* Wounds, this is bony music — Haw caw ye that thing that ye pinch by the craig, and tickle the weam, and make it cry grum, grum?

'*Fred.* Oh! that's a guitar, Gibby.' *Fel.*

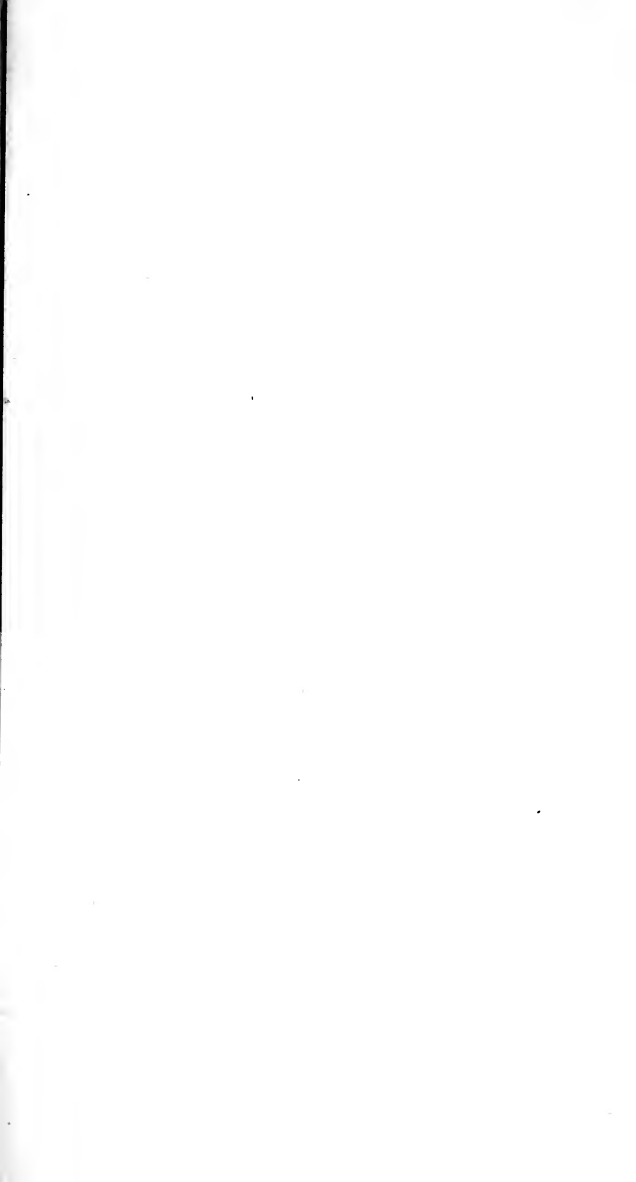
Fel. Now, my *Violante*, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

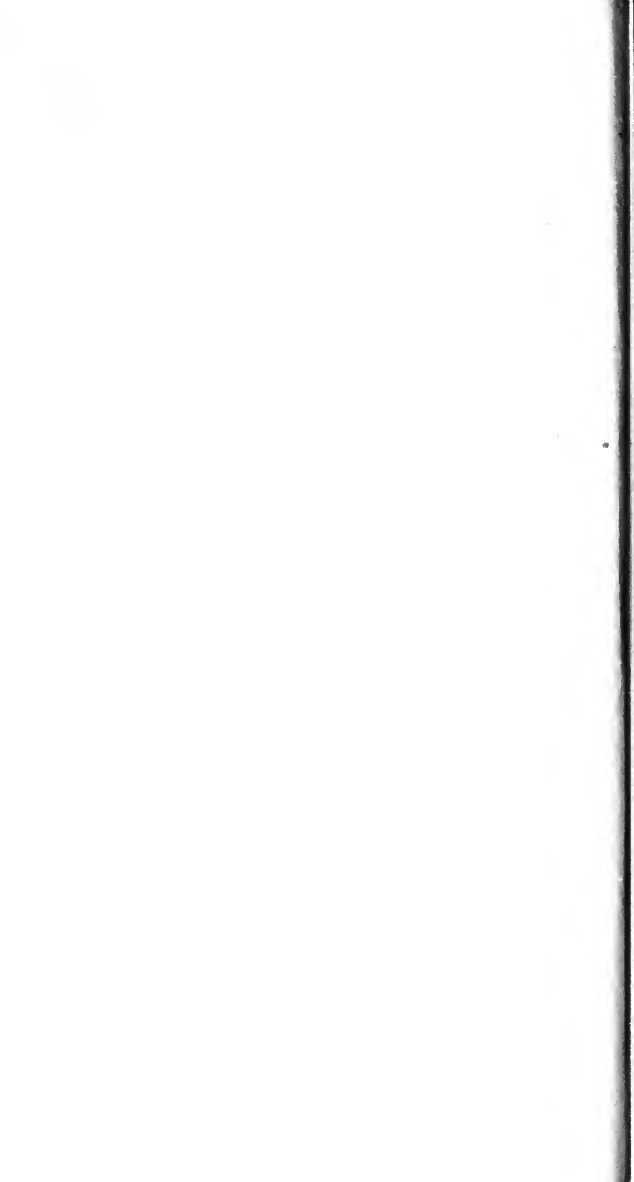
Let us no more thy sex's conduct blame,
 Since thou'rt a proof to their eternal fame,
 That man has no advantage, but the name.

E P I L O G U E.

*C*USTOM, with all our modern laws combined,
 Has given such power despotic to mankind,
 That we have only so much virtue now,
 As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
 Thus, like mechanic work, we're us'd with scork,
 And wound up only for a present turn.
 Some are for having our whole sex enslav'd,
 Affirming we've no souls, and can't be sav'd:
 But were the women all of my opinion,
 We'd soon shake off this false usurpt dominion;
 We'd make the tyrants own, that we could prove,
 As fit for other business as for love.
 Lord! What prerogatives might we obtain,
 Could we from yielding a few months refrain!
 How fondly would our dangling lovers doat!
 What homage would be paid to petticoat!
 'T would be a jest to see the change of fate,
 How might we all of politicks debate;
 Promise and swear what we ne'er meant to do,
 And, what's still harder, keep our secrets too.
 Ay, marry! Keep a secret, says a beau,
 And sneers at some ill-natur'd wit below;
 But faith, if we should tell but half we know,
 There's many a spruce young fellow in this place,
 Would never more presume to shew his face;
 Women are not so weak, whate'er men prate:
 How many tip-top beaux have had the fate,
 T' enjoy from mama's secrets their estate!
 Who, if her early folly had made known,
 Had rid behind the coach that's now their own.
 But here the wonderous secret you discover;
 A lady ventures for a friend, — a lover.
 Prodigious! for my part, I frankly own,
 I'd spoil'd the wonder, and the woman shewn.

F I N I S,





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