

He were married to you already; nay, you are married actually as far as people of quality are.

Luc. How's that?

Phil. You have different beds in the same house.

Luc. Pshaw! I have a very great value for Mr. Bevil, but have absolutely put an end to his pretensions in the letter I gave you for him; "but my father in his heart still has a mind to him were it not for this woman they talk of, and I am apt to imagine he is married to her, or never designs to marry at all."

Phil. Then Mr. Myrtle——

Luc. He had my parents' leave to apply to me, and by that he has won me and my affections: who is to have this body of mine, without 'em, it seems is nothing to me: my mother says 'tis indecent for me to let my thoughts stray about the person of my husband; nay, she says a maid rightly virtuous, tho' she may have been where her lover was a thousand times, should not have made observations enough to know him from another man when she sees him in a third place.

Phil. That's more than the severity of a nun, for not to see when one may is hardly possible, not to see when one can't is very easy: at this rate Madam there are a great many whom you have not seen who——

Luc. Mamma says the first time you see your husband should be at that instant he is made so. When your father, with the help of the minister, gives you to him, then you are to see him, then you are to observe and take notice of him, because then you are to obey him.

Phil. But does not my lady remember you are to love as well as to obey?

Luc. To love is a passion, 'tis a desire, and we must have no desires. Oh! I cannot endure the reflection! With what insensibility on my part, with what more than patience, have I been expos'd and offer'd to some awkward booby or other in every county of Great Britain!

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I wonder I never heard you speak of it before with this indignation.

Luc. Every corner of the land has presented me with a wealthy coxcomb: as fast as one treaty has gone off another has come on, till my name and person has been the tittle-tattle of the whole Town. "What is this world

"come to! no shame left! to be bartered for like the
 "beasts of the field, and that in such an instance as coming
 "together, to an entire familiarity, and union of soul and
 "body, and this without being so much as wellwishers
 "to each other, but for increase of fortune!"

Phil. But, Madam, all these vexations will end very soon in one for all: Mr. Cimberton is your mother's kinsman, and three hundred years an older gentleman than any lover you ever had; for which reason, with that of his prodigious large estate, she is resolv'd on him, and has sent to consult the lawyers accordingly; nay has, whether you know it or no, been in treaty with Sir Geoffrey, who to join in the settlement has accepted of a sum to do it, and is every moment expected in Town for that purpose.

Luc. How do you get all this intelligence?

Phil. By an art I have, I thank my stars, beyond all the waitingmaids in Great Britain; the art of list'ning, Madam, for your ladyship's service.

Luc. I shall soon know as much as you do. Leave me, leave me, Phillis; begone. Here, here, I'll turn you out. My mother says I must not converse with my servants, though I must converse with no one else. [*Exit Phil.*]
 "How unhappy are we who are born to great fortunes!
 "No one looks at us with indifference, or acts towards
 "us on the foot of plain-dealing, yet by all I have been
 "heretofore offered to or treated for I have been us'd
 "with the most agreeable of all abuses, flattery; but now
 "by this flegmatick fool I am us'd as nothing, or a mere
 "thing: he forsooth is too wise, too learned, to have any
 "regard to desires, and I know not what the learned oaf
 "calls sentiments of love and passion!"—Here he comes with my mother—it's much if he looks at me, or if he does, takes no more notice of me than of any other moveable in the room.

Enter Mrs. SEALAND and Mr. CIMBERTON.

Mrs. Seal. How do I admire this noble, this learned, taste of your's, and the worthy regard you have to our own ancient and honourable house in consulting a means to keep the blood as pure and as regularly descended as may be!

Cimb. Why really, Madam, the young women of this age are treated with discourses of such a tendency, and their imaginations so bewilder'd in flesh and blood, that a man of reason can't talk to be understood: they have

no ideas of happiness but what are more gross than the gratification of hunger and thirst.

Luc. With how much reflection he is a coxcomb!

[*Aside.*

Cimb. And in truth, Madam, I have consider'd it as a most brutal custom that persons of the first character in the world should go as ordinarily, and with as little shame, to bed as to dinner with one another. They proceed to the propagation of the species as openly as to the preservation of the individual.

Luc. She that willingly goes to bed to thee must have no shame I'm sure.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. Oh, cousin Cimberton! cousin Cimberton! how abstracted, how refined, is your sense of things! but indeed it is too true there is nothing so ordinary as to say in the best govern'd families my master and lady are gone to bed—one does not know but it might have been said of one's self.

[*Hiding her face with her fan.*

Cimb. Lyncurgus, Madam, instituted otherwise: among the Lacedemonians the whole female world was pregnant, but none but the mothers themselves knew by whom; their meetings were secret, and the amorous congress always by stealth; and no such professed doings between the sexes as are tolerated among us under the audacious word Marriage.

Mrs. Seal. Oh! had I liv'd in those days, and been a matron of Sparta, one might with less indecency have had ten children according to that modest institution, than one under the confusion of our modern barefac'd manner.

Luc. And yet, poor woman! she has gone through the whole ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy proof of it.

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Seal. We will talk then of business. That girl walking about the room there is to be your wife: she has I confess no ideas, no sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking mother.

Cimb. I have observed her; her lively look, free air, and disengaged countenance, speak her very—

Luc. Very what?

Cimb. If you please Madam—to set her a little that way.

Mrs. Seal. Lucinda, say nothing to him, you are not a match for him: when you are married you may speak

to such a husband when you're spoken to; but I am disposing of you above yourself every way.

Cimb. Madam, you cannot but observe the inconveniences I expose myself to in hopes that your ladyship will be the consort of my better part. As for the young woman, she is rather an impediment than a help to a man of letters and speculation. Madam, there is no reflection, no philosophy, can at all times subdue the sensitive life, but the animal shall sometimes carry away the man——
 Hia! ay, the vermilion of her lip!

Luc. Pray don't talk of me thus.

Cimb. The pretty enough—pant of her bosom!

Luc. Sir! Madam, don't you hear him?

Cimb. Her forward chest!

Luc. Intolerable!

Cimb. High health!

Luc. The grave, easy, impudence of him!

Cimb. Proud heart!

Luc. Stupid coxcomb!

Cimb. I say, Madam, her impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all attractions—her arms—her neck—what a spring in her step!

Luc. Don't you run me over thus, you strange unaccountable——

Cimb. What an elasticity in her veins and arteries!

Luc. I have no veins, no arteries!

Mrs. Seal. Oh child! hear him; he talks finely; he's a scholar; he knows what you have.

Cimb. The speaking invitation of her shape, the gathering of herself up, and the indignation you see in the pretty little thing!—Now I am considering her on this occasion but as one that is to be pregnant—

Luc. “The familiar, learned, unseasonable, puppy!

[*Aside.*]

Cimb. And pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly: I fear I sha'n't for many years have discretion enough to give her one fallow season.

Luc. Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous sot!—There's no enduring it, to be thus surveyed like a steed at sale!

Cimb. At sale!—she's very illiterate; but she's very well limb'd too. Turn her in, I see what she is.

Mrs. Seal. Go you creature! I am asham'd of you.

[*Exit Lucinda in a rage.*]

Cimb. No harm done.—You know, Madam, the better sort of people, as I observ'd to you, treat by their lawyers of weddings, [*adjusting himself at the glass*] and the woman in the bargain, like the mansionhouse in the sale of the estate, is thrown in, and what that is, whether good or bad, is not at all consider'd.

Mrs. Seal. I grant it, and therefore make no demand for her youth and beauty and every other accomplishment, as the common world think 'em, because she is not polite.

Cimb. "I know your exalted understanding, abstracted as it is from vulgar prejudice, will not be offended when I declare to you" Madam, I marry to have an heir to my estate, and not to beget a colony or a plantation. This young woman's beauty and constitution will demand provision for a tenth child at least.

Mrs. Seal. "With all that wit and learning how considerate! what an economist! [*Aside.*] Sir, I cannot make her any other than what she is, or say she is much better than the other young women of this age, or fit for much besides being a mother;" but I have given directions for the marriage settlements, and Sir Geoffry Cimberton's counsel is to meet ours here at this hour concerning his joining in the deed, which when executed makes you capable of settling what is due to Lucinda's fortune. Herself, as I told you, I say nothing of.

Cimb. No, no, no; indeed Madam it is not usual, and I must depend upon my own reflection and philosophy not to overstock my family.

Mrs. Seal. I cannot help her cousin Cimberton, but she is, for ought I see, as well as the daughter of any body else.

Cimb. That is very true Madam.

Enters a Servant who whispers Mrs. SEALAND.

Mrs. Seal. The lawyers are come, "and now we are to hear what they have resolv'd as to the point whether it is necessary that Sir Geoffry should join in the settlement, as being what they call in the remainder." But good cousin, you must have patience with 'em. These lawyers I am told are of a different kind; one is what they call a chamber-counsel, the other a pleader: the conveyancer is slow from an imperfection in his speech, and therefore shunn'd the bar, but extremely passionate, and impa-

cient of contradiction: the other is as warm as he, but has a tongue so voluble, and a head so conceited, he will suffer nobody to speak but himself.

Cimb. You mean old Sergeant Target and Counsellor Bramble: I have heard of 'em.

Mrs. Seal. The same: shew in the gentlemen.

[*Exit Servant*]

Re-enter Servant introducing MYRTLE and TOM, disguis'd as BRAMBLE and TARGET.

Mrs. Seal. Gentlemen, this is the party concern'd, Mr. Cimberton; and I hope you have consider'd of the matter.

Targ. Yes Madam, we have agreed that it must be by indent---dent---dent---dent---

Bramb. Yes Madam, Mr. Sergeant and myself have agreed, as he is pleas'd to inform you, that it must be an indenture tripartite, and tripartite let it be, for Sir Geoffry must needs be a party. Old Cimberton, in the year 1619, says, in that ancient roll in Mr. Sergeant's hands, as recourse thereto being had will more at large appear---

Targ. Yes, and by the deeds in your hands it appears that---

Bramb. Mr. Sergeant, I beg of you to make no inferences upon what is in our custody, but speak to the titles in your own deeds.—I shall not shew that deed till my client is in Town.

Cimb. You know best your own methods.

Mrs. Seal. The single question is, Whether the entail is such that my cousin Sir Geoffry is necessary in this affair?

Bramb. Yes, as to the Lordship of Tretriplet, but not as to the Messuage of Grimgribber.

Targ. I say that Gr—gr—, that Gr—gr—, Grimgribber, Grimgribber is in us; that is to say, the remainder thereof, as well as that of Tr—, Tr—, Triplet.

Bramb. You go upon the deed of Sir Ralph made in the middle of the last century, precedent to that in which old Cimberton made over the remainder, and made it pass to the heirs general, by which your client comes in; and I question whether the remainder even of Tretriplet is in him—but we are willing to wave that, and give him a valuable consideration. But we shall not purchase what is in us for ever, as Grimgribber is, at the rate as we guard against the contingent of Mr. Cimberton having no son.

—Then we know Sir Geoffry is the first of the collateral male line in this family—yet—

Targ. Sir, Gr—gr—ber is—

Bramb. I apprehend you very well, and your argument might be of force, and we would be inclin'd to hear that in all its parts—but Sir, I see very plainly what you are going into—I tell you it is as probable a contingent that Sir Geoffry may die before Mr. Cimberton as that he may outlive him.

Targ. Sir, we are not ripe for that yet, but I must say—

Bramb. Sir, I allow you the whole extent of that argument, but that will go no farther than as to the claimants under old Cimberton.—I am of opinion that, according to the instructions of Sir Ralph, he could not dock the entail, and then create a new estate for the heirs in general.

Targ. Sir, I have no patience to be told that when Gr—gr—ber—

Bramb. I will allow it you Mr. Sergeant; but there must be the words heirs for ever to make such an estate as you pretend.

Cimb. I must be impartial though you are counsel for my side of the question.—Were it not that you are so good as to allow him what he has not said, I should think it very hard you should answer him without hearing him.

—But, gentlemen, I believe you have both consider'd this matter, and are firm in your different opinions; 't were better therefore you proceeded according to the particular sense of each of you, and give your thoughts distinctly in writing—And do you see Sirs, pray let me have a copy of what you say in English.

Bramb. Why, what is all we have been saying?—In English! Oh! but I forgot myself; you're a wit.—But however, to please you Sir, you shall have it in as plain terms as the law will admit of.

Cimb. But I would have it Sir without delay.

Bramb. That Sir the law will not admit of; the courts are sitting at Westminster, and I am this moment oblig'd to be at every one of them, and 't would be wrong if I should not be in the Hall to attend one of 'em at least; the rest would take it ill else:—therefore I must leave what I have said to Mr. Sergeant's consideration, and I will digest his arguments on my part, and you shall hear from me again Sir.

[Exit Bramble.]

Targ. Agreed, agreed.

Cimb. Mr. Bramble is very quick—he parted a little abruptly.

Targ. He could not bear my argument; I pinched him to the quick about that Gr—gr—ber.

Mrs. Seal. I saw that, for he durst not so much as hear you.—I shall send to you Mr. Sergeant as soon as Sir Geoffry comes to Town, and then I hope all may be adjusted.

Targ. I shall be at my chambers at my usual hours. [*Exit.*]

Cimb. Madam, if you please I'll now attend you to the teatable, where I shall hear from your ladyship reason and good sense after all this law and gibberish.

Mrs. Seal. 'Tis a wonderful thing Sir, that men of their profession do not study to talk the substance of what they have to say in the language of the rest of the world; sure they'd find their account in it.

Cimb. They might perhaps Madam, with people of your good sense, but with the generality 't would never do: the vulgar would have no respect for truth and knowledge if they were expos'd to naked view.

Truth is too simple of all art bereav'd;

Since the world will—why let it be deceiv'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, BEVIL junior's lodgings.

BEVIL jun. with a letter in his hand, followed by TOM.

TOM.

UPON my life Sir I know nothing of the matter; I never open'd my lips to Mr. Myrtle about any thing of your honour's letter to Madam Lucinda.

B. jun. What's the fool in such a fright for? I don't suppose you did; what I would know is, whether Mr. Myrtle shew'd any suspicion, or ask'd you any questions, to lead you to say casually that you had carried any such letter for me this morning?

Tom. Why Sir, if he did ask me any questions how could I help it?

B. jun. I don't say you could oaf! I am not questioning you but him. What did he say to you?

Tom. Why Sir, when I came to his chambers to be

Preserv'd for the lawyer's part your honour was pleas'd to put me upon, he ask'd me if I had been to Mr. Sealand's this morning?—So I told him Sir I often went thither—because Sir, if I had not said that he might have thought there was something more in my going now than at another time.

B. jun. Very well.—The fellow's caution I find has given him this jealousy. [*Aside.*] Did he ask you no other questions?

Tom. Yes Sir—now I remember as we came away in the hackney-coach from Mr. Sealand's, Tom, says he, as I came in to your master this morning he bad you go for an answer to a letter he had sent; pray did you bring him any? says he—Ah! says I, Sir, your honour is pleas'd to joke with me; you have a mind to know whether I can keep a secret or no.

B. jun. And so by shewing him you could you told him you had one.

Tom. Sir—

[*Confus'd.*]

B. jun. What mean actions does jealousy make a man stoop to! how poorly has he us'd art with a servant to make him betray his master!—Well, and when did he give you this letter for me?

Tom. Sir, he writ it before he pull'd off his lawyer's gown at his own chambers.

B. jun. Very well, and what did he say when you brought him my answer to it?

Tom. He look'd a little out of humour Sir, and said it was very well.

B. jun. I knew he would be grave upon't.—Wait without.

Tom. Hum! 'gad I don't like this: I am afraid we are in the wrong box here—

[*Exit Tom.*]

B. jun. I put on a serenity while my fellow was present, but I have never been more thoroughly disturb'd. This hot man, to write me a challenge on supposed artificial dealing, when I profess'd myself his friend!—I can live contented without glory, but I cannot suffer shame. What's to be done? But first, let me consider Lucinda's letter again.

[*Reads.*]

“Sir, I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman
“ought to impose upon herself to acknowledge that your
“manner of declining a treaty of marriage in our family,

"and desiring the refusal may come from me, has some-
 "thing more engaging in it than the courtship of him
 "who I fear will fall to my lot, except your friend
 "exerts himself for our common safety and happiness. I
 "have reasons for desiring Mr. Myrtle may not know of
 "this letter till hereafter, and am your most obliged humble
 "servant,

LUCINDA SEALAND.

Well, but the postscript.

[Reads.]

"I won't, upon second thoughts, hide any thing from
 "you: but my reason for concealing this is, that Mr.
 "Myrtle has a jealousy in his temper which gives me some
 "terrors; but my esteem for him inclines me to hope
 "that only an ill effect which sometimes accompanies a
 "tender love, and what may be cured by a careful and
 "unblameable conduct."

Thus has this lady made me her friend and confidant,
 and put herself in a kind under my protection. I cannot
 tell him immediately the purport of her letter, except I
 could cure him of the violent and untractable passion of
 jealousy, and to serve him and her, by disobeying her in
 the article of secrecy, more than I should by complying
 with her directions. But then this duelling, which custom
 has impos'd upon every man who would live with reputa-
 tion and honour in the world, how must I preserve myself
 from imputations there? he'll forsooth call it or think it
 fear if I explain without fighting—But his letter—I'll
 read it again—

"Sir, You have us'd me basely, in corresponding and
 "carrying on a treaty where you told me you were indif-
 "ferent. I have changed my sword since I saw you, which
 "advertisement I thought proper to send you against the
 "next meeting between you and the injur'd

CHARLES MYRTLE."

Enter TOM.

Tom. Mr. Myrtle Sir: would your honour please to see
 him?

B. jun. Why, you stupid creature, let Mr. Myrtle wait
 at my lodgings! Shew him up. [Exit Tom.] Well, I am
 resolv'd upon my carriage to him—he is in love, and
 in every circumstance of life a little distrustful, which I
 must allow for.—But here he is.

Enter TOM introducing MYRTLE.

Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour

—But Sir, you with your very discerning face, leave the room. [*Exit Tom.*] Well, Mr. Myrtle, your commands with me?

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without farther ceremony or conference, to desire you would not only, as you already have, acknowledge the receipt of my letter, but also comply with the request in it. I must have farther notice taken of my message than these half lines—I have your's—I shall be at home—

B. jun. Sir, I own I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style, but as I design every thing in this matter shall be your own action, your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleas'd to confirm face to face; and I have already forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myrt. This cool manner is very agreeable to the abuse you have already made of my simplicity and frankness, and I see your moderation tends to your own advantage and not mine, to your own safety, not consideration of your friend.

B. jun. My own safety Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. Your own safety Mr. Bevil.

B. jun. Look you Mr. Myrtle, there's no disguising that I understand what you would be at: but, Sir, you know I have often dared to disapprove of the decisions a tyrant custom has introduced to the breach of all laws both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! it would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence of doing injuries as—

B. jun. As what?

Myrt. As fear of answering for 'em.

B. jun. As fear of answering for 'em! but that apprehension is just or blameable according to the object of that fear.—I have often told you, in confidence of heart, I abhorred the daring to offend the Author of life, and pushing into his presence. I say, by the very same act, to commit the crime against him, and immediately to urge on to his tribunal.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you this coolness, this gravity, this shew of conscience, shall never cheat me of my

mistress. You have indeed the best excuse of possessing Lucinda; but consider Sir, reason to be weary of it if I am to lose attempt to recover her shall be to let him man who is to be her guardian and pr

B. jun. Sir, shew me but the least that I am authoris'd, by my own hap- lawless insult of this nature, and I will shew thee to chastise thee hardly deserves the name of courage. Slight inconsiderate man! There is, Mr. Myrtle, no such terrour in quick anger, and you shall you know not why be cool, as you have you know not why been warm.

Myrt. Is the woman one loves so little an occasion of anger? You perhaps, who know not what it is to love, who have your ready, your commodious, your foreign, trinket for your loose hours, and from your fortune your specious outward carriage, and other lucky circumstances, as easy a way to the possession of a woman of honour, you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, to be distracted, with anxiety and terrour of losing more than life. Your marriage, happy man! goes on like common business, and in the interim you have your rambling captive, your Indian princess, for your soft mementos of dalliance, your convenient, your ready, Indiana.

B. jun. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man, and I'm excusable in the guard of innocence, or from the infirmity of human nature, which can bear no more, to accept your invitation and observe your letter.—Sir, I'll attend you.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Did you call Sir? I thought you did; I heard you speak aloud.

B. jun. Yes; go call a coach.

Tom. Sir—Master—Mr. Myrtle—Friends—Gentlemen—what d'ye mean? I'm but a servant, or——

B. jun. Call a coach.

[Exit Tom.]

[A long pause, walking sullenly by each other.]
[Aside.] Shall I, tho' provoked to the uttermost, recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too, and not have respect enough to all I have been receiving from infancy, the obligation to the best fathers, to an unhappy virgin too, whose life depends on mine?

[Shutting the door.]

[To *M. rle.*] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and shall not, for fear of what such a rash man as you think of me, keep longer unexplained the false appearances under which your infirmity of temper makes you suffer, when perhaps too much regard to a false point of honour makes me prolong that suffering.

M. rle. I am sure Mr. Bevil cannot doubt but I had rather have satisfaction from his inward eye than his sword.

B. jun. Why then would you ask it first that way?

Myrt. Consider you kept your temper yourself no longer than till I spoke to the disadvantage of her you loved.

B. jun. True. But let me tell you I have saved you from the most exquisite distress, even tho' you had succeeded in the dispute. I know you so well, that I am sure to have found this letter about a man you had killed would have been worse than death to yourself.—Read it.—When he is thoroughly mortify'd, and shame has got the better of jealousy, he will deserve to be assisted towards obtaining Lucinda. [Aside.]

Myrt. With what a superiority has he turn'd the injury on me as the aggressor! I begin to fear I have been too far transported—"A treaty in our family!" is not that saying too much? I shall relapse.—But I find (on the postscript) "something like jealousy"—With what face can I see my benefactor, my advocate, whom I have treated like a betrayer?—Oh Bevil! with what words shall I—

B. jun. There needs none; to convince is much more than to conquer.

Myrt. But can you—

B. jun. You have o'erpaid the inquietude you gave me in the change I see in you towards me. Alas! what machines are we! thy face is alter'd to that of another man, to that of my companion, my friend.

Myrt. That I could be such a precipitate wretch!

B. jun. Pray no more.

Myrt. Let me reflect how many friends have died by the hands of friends for want of temper; and you must give me leave to say again and again how much I am beholden to that superior spirit you have subdued me with.—What had become of one of us, or perhaps both, had you been as weak as I was, and as incapable of reason?

B. jun. I congratulate to us both the escape from our—

selves, and hope the memory of it will
friends than ever.

Myrt. Dear Bevil! your friendly conduct has
me that there is nothing manly but what is con-
reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue,
and yet how many have been sacrificed to the
unreasonable opinion of men! Nay, they are so
in it that they often raise their swords against
with dissembled anger and real fear:

Betray'd by honour, and compell'd by shame,
They hazard being to preserve a name,
Nor dare inquire into the dread mistake
Till plung'd in sad eternity they wake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, St. JAMES'S Park.

Enter Sir JOHN BEVIL and Mr. SEALAND.

Sir J. B. Give me leave however, Mr. Sealand, as we
are upon a treaty for uniting our families, to mention only
the business of an ancient house.—Genealogy and descent
are to be of some consideration in an affair of this sort——

Mr. Seal. Genealogy and descent!—"Sir, there has
"been in our family a very large one. There was Gulfrid
"the father of Edward, the father of Ptolemy, the father
"of Crassus, the father of Earl Richard, the father of Henry
"the Marquis, the father of Duke John——

Sir J. B. "What! do you rave Mr. Sealand? all these
"great names in your family?

Mr. Seal. "These! yes Sir—I have heard my father
"name them all, and more.

Sir J. B. "Ay Sir!—and did he say they were all in
your family?

Mr. Seal. "Yes Sir, he kept them all—he was the
"greatest cocker in England—He said Duke John won
"many battles, but never lost him one.

Sir J. B. "Oh Sir, your servant! you are laughing at
"my laying any stress upon descent.—But I must tell you
"Sir, I never knew any one but he that wanted that ad-
"vantage turn it into ridicule.

Mr. Seal. "And I never knew any who had many
"better advantages put that into his account. But
Sir John, value yourself as you please upon your ancient
house, I am to talk freely of every thing you are pleased
to put into your bill of rates on this occasion.—Yet Sir, I

have made no objections to your son's family—it is his morals that I doubt.

Sir J. B. Sir, I can't help saying, that what might be a citizen's credit may be no stain to a gentleman's honour.

Mr. Seal. Sir John, the honour of a gentleman is liable to be tainted by as small a matter as the credit of a trader: we are talking of a marriage, and in such a case the father of a young woman will not think it an addition to the honour or credit of her lover—that he is a keeper—

Sir J. B. Mr. Sealand, don't take upon you to spoil my son's marriage with any woman else.

Mr. Seal. Sir John, let him apply to any woman else, and have as many mistresses as he pleases—

Sir J. B. My son Sir is a discreet and sober gentleman.

Mr. Seal. Sir I never saw a man that wench'd soberly and discreetly that ever left it off—the decency observed in the practice hides even from the sinner the iniquity of it: “they pursue it not that their appetites hurry ’em away, but I warrant you because ’tis their opinion they may do it.

Sir J. B. “Were what you suspect a truth—do you design to keep your daughter a virgin till you find a man unblemish'd that way?

Mr. Seal. “Sir, as much a cit as you take me for—I know the Town and the world—and give me leave to say that we merchants are a species of gentry that have grown into the world this last century, and are as honourable, and almost as useful, as you landed folks that have always thought yourselves so much above us, for your trading forsooth! is extended no farther than a load of hay or a fat ox—You are pleasant people indeed! because you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore warrant you industry is dishonourable.

Sir J. B. “Be not offended Sir; let us go back to our point.

Mr. Seal. “Oh! not at all offended—but I don't love to leave any part of the account unclosed—Look you Sir John, comparisons are odious, and more particularly so on occasions of this kind, when we are projecting races that are to be made out of both sides of the comparisons.”

Sir J. B. But my son Sir is a gentleman of merit.

Mr. Seal. I own to you I think I am a man exercised and experienced; I lost in my earlier years a very fine child, a poor little infant: this makes me particular to preserve the second bounty of Providence and be as careful as I can of this child.—I love my poor girl Sir is as valuable to me as a son to you.

Sir J. B. Why, that's one very good reason, why I wish my son had her.

Mr. Seal. There is nothing but this strange lady here, this incognita, that can be objected to him.—Here and there a man falls in love with an artful creature, and gives up all the motives of life to that one passion.

Sir J. B. A man of my son's understanding cannot be supposed to be one of them.

Mr. Seal. Very wise men have been so enslaved; and when a man marries with one of them upon his hands, whether moved from the demand of the world or slighter reasons, such a husband soils with his wife for a month perhaps—then good b'w'ye Madam—the show's over—Ah! John Dryden points out such a husband to a hair, where he says,

And while abroad so prodigal the dole is,
Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.

Now, in plain terms Sir, I shall not care to have my poor girl turned a grazing, and that must be the case when—

Sir J. B. But pray consider Sir my son—

Mr. Seal. Look you Sir, I'll make the matter short. This unknown lady, as I told you, is all the objection I have to him: but one way or other he is or has been certainly engaged to her—I am therefore resolved this very afternoon to visit her: now from her behaviour or appearance I shall soon be let into what I may fear or hope for.

Sir J. B. Sir, I am very confident there can be nothing inquired into relating to my son that will not upon being understood turn to his advantage.

Mr. Seal. I hope that as sincerely as you believe it—Sir John Bevil, when I am satisfied in this great point, if your son's conduct answers the character you give him, I

re than that of any gentleman
our servant. [Exit.

a way but barely civil; but his
t of his only child, the heiress

ot to be ion for a little peevishness— [Exit.

“Enter HUMPHREY.

umphrey, you are come in a seasonable minute;
talk to thee, and to tell thee that my head
e on the rack about my son.

Sir, you may trust his discretion, I am sure

“Why, I do believe I may, and yet I’m in a

“thousand fears when I lay this vast wealth before me.

“When I consider his prepossessions, either generous to a

“folly in an honourable love, or abandoned past redemp-

“tion in a vicious one, and from the one or the other his

“insensibility to the fairest prospect towards doubling

“our estate, a father who knows how useful wealth is,

“and how necessary even to those who despise it, I say a

“father Humphrey, a father, cannot bear it.

Humph. “Be not transported Sir; you will grow inca-

“pable of taking any resolution in your perplexity.

Sir J. B. “Yes, as angry as I am with him I would

“not have him surpris’d in any thing.—This mercantile

“rough man may go grossly into the examination of this

“matter, and talk to the gentlewoman so as to——

Humph. “No, I hope not in an abrupt manner.

Sir J. B. “No, I hope not! Why, dost thou know any

“thing of her, or of him, or of any thing of it, or all of it?

Humph. “My dear master! I know so much that I told

“him this very day you had reason to be secretly out of

“humour about her.

Sir J. B. “Did you go so far? Well, what said he to that?

Humph. “His words were, looking upon me stedfastly,

“Humphrey, says he, that woman is a woman of honour.

Sir J. B. “How! do you think he is married to her,

“or designs to marry her?

Humph. “I can say nothing to the latter—but he says

“he can marry no one without your consent while you

“are living.

Sir J. B. “If he said so much I know he scorns to break

“his word with me.

Humph. "I am sure of that.

Sir J. B. "You are sure of that!—Well, that's some comfort—then I have nothing to do but to see the bottom of this matter during this present rustle.—Oh Humphrey—

Humph. "You are not ill I hope Sir.

Sir J. B. "Yes, a man is very ill that is in a very ill humour. To be a father is to be in care for one whom you oftener disoblige than please by that very care.—Oh that sons could know the duty to a father before they themselves are fathers!—But perhaps you'll say now that I am one of the happiest fathers in the world; but I assure you that of the very happiest is not a condition to be envied.

Humph. "Sir, your pain arises not from the thing itself, but your particular sense of it.—You are overfond, nay, give me leave to say you are unjustly apprehensive from your fondness. My master Bevil never disoblige you, and he will, I know he will, do every thing you ought to expect.

Sir J. B. "He won't take all this money with this girl—For ought I know he will forthwith have so much moderation as to think he ought not to force his liking for any consideration.

Humph. "He is to marry her not you; he is to live with her, not you Sir.

Sir J. B. "I know not what to think; but I know nothing can be more miserable than to be in this doubt—Follow me; I must come to some resolution."

SCENE, BEVIL junior's lodging.

Enter TOM and PHILLIS.

Tom. Well Madam, if you must speak with Mr. Myrtle you shall; he is now with my master in the library.

Phil. But you must leave me alone with him, for he can't make me a present, nor I so handsomely take any thing from him, before you; it would not be decent.

Tom. It will be very decent indeed for me to retire and leave my mistress with another man!

Phil. He is a gentleman, and will treat one properly.

Tom. I believe so—but however I won't be far off, and therefore will venture to trust you. I'll call him to you.

[*Exit Tom.*]

rather and sputter here is between
 rule "from mere punctilio!" I
 y get her to her lover, and would
 I will allow no plot to get him, but
 I know she would be glad of it; I
 in acceptable violence, and surprise
 I sure I go by the best rule imagi-
 nable: if she were my maid I should think her the best
 servant in the world for doing so by me.

Enter MYRTLE and TOM.

Oh Sir! you and Mr. Bevil are fine gentlemen to let a lady
 remain under such difficulties as my poor mistress, and not
 attempt to set her at liberty, or release her from the dan-
 ger of being instantly married to Cimberton.

Myrt. Tom has been telling—But what is to be done?

Phil. What is to be done!—when a man can't come at
 his mistress—why can't you fire our house, or the next
 house to us, to make us run out, and you take us?

Myrt. How Mrs. Phillis—

Phil. Ay—let me see that rogue deny to fire a house,
 make a riot, or any other little thing, when there were no
 other way to come at me.

Tom. I am obliged to you Madam.

Phil. Why, don't we hear every day of people's hang-
 ing themselves for love, and won't they venture the ha-
 zard of being hanged for love?—Oh! were I a man—

Myrt. What manly thing would you have me undertake
 according to your ladyship's notion of a man?

Phil. Only be at once what one time or other you may
 be, and wish to be, and must be.

Myrt. Dear girl! talk plainly to me, and consider I in
 my condition can't be in very good humour—You
 y to be at once what I must be.

Phil. Ay, ay—I mean no more than to be an old
 an; "I saw you do it very well at the masquerade." In
 word, old Sir Geoffry Cimberton is every hour expected
 Town to join in the deeds and settlements for marrying
 r, Cimberton—He is half blind, half lame, half
 af, half dumb; though as to his passions and desires he
 is warm and ridiculous as when in the heat of youth.

Tom. Come, to the business, and don't keep the gen-
 tleman in suspense for the pleasure of being courted, as
 you serve me,

Phil. I saw you at the masquerade act such a one to perfection: go and put on that very habit, and come to our house as Sir Geoffry: there is not one there but myself knows his person; I was born in the parish where he is lord of the manor; I have seen him often and often at church in the country. Do not hesitate, but come thither; they will think you bring a certain security against Mr. Myrtle, and you bring Mr. Myrtle. Leave the rest to me; I leave this with you, and expect——They don't, I told you, know you; they think you out of Town, which you had as good be for ever if you lose this opportunity.——I must be gone; I know I am wanted at home.

Myrt. My dear Phillis!

[Catches and kisses her, and gives her money.]

Phil. Oh fy! my kisses are not my own; you have committed violence; but I'll carry 'em to the right owner. *[Tom kisses her.]* Come, see me down stairs, *[to Tom.]* and leave the lover to think of his last game for the prize.

[Exeunt Tom and Phillis.]

Myrt. I think I will instantly attempt this wild expedient——“the extravagance of it will make me less suspected, and it will give me opportunity to assert my own right to Lucinda, without whom I cannot live.” But I am so mortify'd at this conduct of mine towards poor Bevil! he must think meanly of me.——I know not how to reassume myself, and be in spirit enough for such an adventure as this——yet I must attempt it, if it be only to be near Lucinda under her present perplexities; and sure——

The next delight to transport with the fair
Is to relieve her in her hours of care.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE, SEALAND'S house.

Enter PHILLIS with lights before MYRTLE, disguised like old Sir GEOFFRY, supported by Mrs. SEALAND, LUCINDA, and CIMBERTON.

Mrs. SEALAND.

NOW I have seen you thus far Sir Geoffry, will you excuse me a moment while I give my necessary orders for your accommodation? *[Exit Mrs. Sealand.]*

have not seen you, cousin Cimberton, since you were old; and as it is incumbent on you to keep up name and family, I shall upon very reasonable terms settle you in a settlement to that purpose, tho' cousin, this is the first merchant that has been in house.

Luc. Neuce on 'em! am I a merchant because my father is? [*Aside.*]

Myrt. But is he directly a trader at this time?

Cimb. There's no hiding the disgrace Sir; he trades to all parts of the world.

Myrt. We never had one of our family before who descended from persons that did any thing.

Cimb. Sir, since it is a girl that they have I am for the honour of my family willing to take it in again, and to sink her into our name, and no harm done.

Myrt. 'Tis prudently and generously resolved——Is this the young thing?

Cimb. Yes Sir.

Phil. Good Madam! don't be out of humour, but let them run to the utmost of their extravagance——Hear them out.

Myrt. Can't I see her nearer? my eyes are but weak.

Phil. Beside, I am sure the uncle has something worth your notice. I'll take care to get off the young one, and leave you to observe what may be wrought out of the old one for your good. [*Exit.*]

Cimb. Madam, this old gentleman, your great uncle, desires to be introduced to you, and to see you nearer——Approach Sir.

Myrt. By your leave young lady——[*Puts on spectacles.*]——Cousin Cimberton, she has exactly that sort of neck and bosom for which my sister Gertrude was so much admir'd in the year sixty-one, before the French dresses first discovered any thing in women below the chin.

Luc. "What a very odd situation am I in! tho' I cannot but be diverted at the extravagance of their humours, equally unsuitable to their age."——Chin quotha!——I don't believe my passionate lover there knows whether I have one or not. Ha! ha!

Cimb. Madam, I would not willingly offend, but I have a better glass—— [*Pulls out a large one.*]

Enter PHILLIS to CIMBERTON.

Phil. Sir, my lady desires to shew the apartment to you that she intends for Sir Geoffry.

Cimb. Well Sir, by that time you have sufficiently gazed and sunned yourself in the beauties of my spouse that I will wait on you again. [*Ex. Cimb. & a Phil.*]

Myrt. Were it not Madam that I might be troublesome, there is something of importance, tho' we are alone, which I would say more safe from being heard.

Luc. There is something in this old fellow methinks that raises my curiosity.

Myrt. To be free Madam, I as heartily condemn this kinsman of mine as you do, and am sorry to see so much beauty and merit devoted by your parents to so insensible a possessor.

Luc. Surprising!—I hope then Sir you will not contribute to the wrong you are so generous to pity, whatever may be the interest of your family.

Myrt. This hand of mine shall never be employ'd to sign any thing against your good and happiness.

Luc. I am sorry Sir it is not in my power to make you proper acknowledgments, but there is a gentleman in the world whose gratitude will I am sure be worthy of the favour.

Myrt. All the thanks I desire Madam are in your power to give.

Luc. Name them, and command them.

Myrt. Only Madam, that the first time you are alone with your lover you will with open arms receive him.

Luc. As willingly as heart could wish it.

Myrt. Thus then he claims your promise. Oh Lucinda!

Luc. Oh, a cheat, a cheat, a cheat!

Myrt. Hush! 'tis I, 'tis I, your lover; Myrtle himself Madam.

Luc. Oh bless me! what rashness and folly to surprise me so!—But hush—my mother—

Enter Mrs. SEALAND, CIMBERTON, and PHILLIS.

Mrs. Seal. How now! what's the matter?

Luc. Oh Madam! as soon as you left the room my uncle fell into a sudden fit, and—and—so I cry'd out for help to support him, and conduct him to his chamber.

Mrs. Seal. That was kindly done. Alas Sir! how do you find yourself?

Myrt. Never was taken in so odd a way in my life—
 Pray lead me—Oh, I was talking here—Pray carry me
 to my cousin Cimberton's young lady—

Mrs. Seal, aside.] “My cousin Cimberton's young lady!
 How zealous he is, even in his extremity, for the match!
 “A right Cimberton!”

[Cimberton and Lucinda lead him as one in pain.
Cimb. Rox uncle, you will pull my ear off!

Luc. Pray uncle, you will squeeze me to death!

Mrs. Seal. No matter, no matter—he knows not what
 he does. Come Sir, shall I help you out?

Myrt. By no means; I'll trouble nobody but my young
 cousins here. *[Cimb. and Luc. lead him off.]*

Phil. “But pray Madam, does your ladyship intend that
 “Mr. Cimberton shall really marry my young mistress at
 “last? I do n't think he likes her.

Mrs. Seal. “That's not material; men of his specula-
 “tion are above desires.—But be it as it may, now I
 “have given old Sir Geoffry the trouble of coming up to
 “sign and seal, with what countenance can I be off?

Phil. “As well as with twenty others Madam. It is the
 “glory and honour of a great fortune to live in continual
 “treaties, and still to break off; it looks great Madam.

Mrs. Seal. “True Phillis—yet to return our blood
 “again into the Cimbertons is an honour not to be re-
 “jected.—But were not you saying that Sir John Bevil's
 “creature Humphrey has been with Mr. Sealand?

Phil. “Yes Madam, I overheard them agree that Mr.
 “Sealand should go himself and visit this unknown lady
 “that Mr. Bevil is so great with, and if he found nothing
 “there to fright him that Mr. Bevil should still marry my
 “young mistress.

Mrs. Seal. “How! say then he shall find she is my
 “daughter as well as his—I'll follow him this instant, and
 “take the whole family along with me. The disputed power
 “of disposing of my own daughter shall be at an end this very
 “night.—I'll live no longer in anxiety for a little husky
 “that hurts my appearance wherever I carry her, and for
 “whose sake I seem to be not at all regarded, and that in
 “the best of my days.

Phil. “Indeed Madam if she were married your lady-
 F

"ship might very well be taken for Mr. Sealand's daughter."

Mrs. Seal. "Nay, when the chit has not been with me have heard the men say as much—I'll no longer cut off the greatest pleasure of a woman's life (the shining assemblies) by her forward anticipation of the despatch that's due to her superiour—She shall down to Cimberton-hall—she shall—she shall."

Phil. "I hope Madam I shall stay with your ladyship."

Mrs. Seal. "Thou shalt Phillis, and I'll place thee there more about me—But order chairs immediately—I'll be gone this minute."

[*Exit*]

SCENE, *Charing-Cross.*

Enter Mr. SEALAND and HUMPHREY.

Mr. Seal. I am very glad, Mr. Humphrey, that you agree with me that it is for our common good I should let thoroughly into this matter.

Humph. I am indeed of that opinion; for there is no trifling, nothing concealed, in our family which ought justice to be known. I need not desire you Sir to treat a lady with care and respect.

Mr. Seal. Matter Humphrey—I shall not be rude, though I design to be a little abrupt, and come into the matter once, to see how she will bear upon a surprise—

Humph. That's the door; Sir, I wish you success. [*When Humphrey speaks Sealand consults his table-book.*] "I am less concern'd what happens there, because I hear Mr. Myrtle is as well lodg'd as old Sir Geoffry, so I am willing to let this gentleman employ himself here to give the time at home; for I am sure 't is necessary for the quiet of our family that Lucinda were dispos'd of out of it since Mr. Bevil's inclination is so much otherwise engaged."

[*Exit*]

Mr. Seal. "I think this is the door." [*Knocks.*] I'll carry this matter with an air of authority, to inquire, though make an errand to begin discourse. [*Knocks again, enter footboy.*] So, young man, is your lady within?

Boy. "Nay, Sir! I am but a country boy—I don't know whether she is or no; but an you'll stay a bit I'll go and ask the gentlewoman that's with her."

Mr. Seal. Why firrah, tho' you are a country boy you

an fee, can't you? you know whether she is at home when you see her, don't you?

Boy. Nay, nay, I'm not such a country lad neither Master, to think she is at home because I see her; I have been in Town but a month, and I lost one place already for believing my own eyes.

Mr. Seal. Why firrah, have you learnt to lie already?

Boy. Ah Master! things that are lies in the country are not lies at London—I begin to know my business a little better than so—but an you please to walk in I'll call a gentlewoman to you that can tell you for certain—she can make bold to ask my lady herself.

Mr. Seal. Oh, then she is within I find, tho' you dare not say so.

Boy. Nay, nay, that's neither here nor there; what's matter whether she is within or no if she has not a mind to see any body?

Mr. Seal. I can't tell firrah whether you are arch or simple; but however, get me a direct answer, and here's a shilling for you.

Boy. Will you please to walk in; I'll see what I can do for you.

Mr. Seal. I see you will be fit for your business in time child; but I expect to meet with nothing but extraordinary in such a house.

Boy. Such a house Sir! you ha'n't seen it yet. Pray walk in.

Mr. Seal. Sir, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, INDIANA'S house.

Enter ISABELLA and BOY.

Isab. "What anxiety do I feel for this poor creature! What will be the end of her? Such a languishing unreserved passion for a man that at last must certainly leave or ruin her, and perhaps both! then the aggravation of the distress is that she dare not believe he will—not but I must own if they are both what they would seem they are made for one another as much as Adam and Eve were, for there is no other of their kind but themselves." So Daniel, what news with you?

Boy. Madam, there's a gentleman below wou'd speak with my lady.

Isab. Sirrah, don't you know Mr. Bevil yet?

Fij

Boy. Madam, 't is not the gentleman who comes every day and asks for you, and won't go in till he knows whether you are with her or no.

Isab. Ha! that's a particular I did not know before. Well, be it who it will let him come up to me.

[*Exit Boy, and reenters with Mr. Seal.* *Isabella looks on him.*]

Mr. Seal. Madam, I can't blame your being a little surpris'd to see a perfect stranger make a visit, and—

Isab. I am indeed surpris'd—I see he does not know me. [Aside.]

Mr. Seal. You are very prettily lodg'd here Madam; in troth you seem to have every thing in plenty—a thousand a-year I warrant you upon this pretty nest of rooms, and the dainty one within them. [Aside, and looking about.]

Isab. apart. Twenty years it seems have less effect in the alteration of a man of thirty than of a girl of fourteen—he's almost still the same: “but alas! I find by other men as well as himself I am not what I was.—As soon as he spoke I was convinced 't was he.”—How shall I contain my surprise and satisfaction!—He must not know me yet.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I hope I don't give you any disturbance; but there is a young lady here with whom I have a particular business to discourse, and I hope she will admit me to that favour.

Isab. Why Sir, have you had any notice concerning her? I wonder who could give it you.

Mr. Seal. That, Madam, is fit only to be communicated to herself.

Isab. Well Sir, you shall see her——“I find he knows nothing yet, nor shall for me: I am resolv'd I will observe this interlude, this sport of nature and of fortune.”—You shall see her presently Sir; for now I am as a mother, and will trust her with you. [Exit.]

Mr. Seal. As a mother! right; that's the old phrase for one of those commodious ladies who lend out beauty for hire to young gentlemen that have pressing occasions. But here comes the precious lady herself: in troth a very fightly woman!

Enter INDIANA.

Ind. I am told, Sir, you have some affair that requires your speaking with me.

Mr. Seal. Yes Madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil which is payable to-morrow, and he in the intercourse of business sent it to me, who have cash of his, and desired me to send a servant with it; but I have made bold to bring you the money myself.

Ind. Sir, was that necessary?

Mr. Seal. No Madam; but to be free with you, the same of your beauty, and the regard which Mr. Bevil is a little too well known to have for you, excited my curiosity.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your sober appearance Sir, which my friend described, made me expect no rudeness or absurdity at least.—Who's there? Sir, if you pay the money to a servant 't will be as well.

Mr. Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended; I came hither on an innocent, nay, a virtuous, design; and if you will have patience to hear me it may be as useful to you, as you are in friendship with Mr. Bevil, as to my only daughter, whom I was this day disposing of.

Ind. You make me hope Sir I have mistaken you: I am compos'd again: be free, say on—what I am afraid to hear.

[*Aside.*]

Mr. Seal. I fear'd indeed an unwarranted passion here, but I did not think it was in abuse of so worthy an object, so accomplish'd a lady, as your sense and mien bespeak—but the youth of our age care not what merit and virtue they bring to shame so they gratify——

Ind. Sir—you are going into very great errors—but as you are pleas'd to say you see something in me that has chang'd at least the colour of your suspicions, so has your appearance alter'd mine, and made me earnestly attentive to what has any way concern'd you, to inquire into my affairs and character.

Mr. Seal. How sensibly, with what an air, she talks!

Ind. Good Sir, be seated—and tell me tenderly—keep all your suspicions concerning me alive, that you may in a proper and prepared way—acquaint me why the care of your daughter obliges a person of your seeming worth and fortune to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[*Weeping.*] But I beg your pardon—tho' I am an orphan your child is not, and your concern for her it seems has brought you hither—I'll be compos'd—pray go on Sir.

Mr. Seal. How could Mr. Bevil be such a monster to injure such a woman?

Ind. No Sir; you wrong him; he has not injured me—my support is from his bounty.

Mr. Seal. Bounty! when gluttons give high prices to delicacies they are prodigious bountiful!

Ind. Still, still you will persist in that error—but my own fears tell me all. You are the gentleman I suppose for whose happy daughter he is design'd a husband by his good father, and he has perhaps consented to the overture, and he is to be perhaps this night a bridegroom.

Mr. Seal. I own he was intended such; but, Madam, on your account I am determin'd to defer my daughter's marriage till I am satisfied from your own mouth of what nature are the obligations you are under to him.

Ind. His actions Sir, his eyes, have only made me think he design'd to make me the partner of his heart. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanour made me misinterpret all; 't was my own hope, my own passion, that deluded me; he never made one amorous advance to me; his large heart and bestowing hand have only help'd the miserable: nor know I why, but from his mere delight in virtue, that I have been his care, the object on which to indulge and please himself with pouring favours.

Mr. Seal. Madam, I know not why it is, but I as well as you am methinks afraid of entering into the matter I came about; but 't is the same thing as if we had talk'd never so distinctly—he ne'er shall have a daughter of mine.

Ind. If you say this from what you think of me you wrong yourself and him. Let not me, miserable though I may be, do injury to my benefactor: no Sir, my treatment ought rather to reconcile you to his virtues.—If to bestow without a prospect of return, if to delight in supporting what might perhaps be thought an object of desire, with no other view than to be her guard against those who would not be so disinterested, if these actions Sir, can in a careful parent's eye commend him to a daughter, give your's Sir; give her to my honest, generous, Bevil!—What have I to do but sigh, and weep, to rave, run wild, a lunatick in chains, or, hid in darkness, mutter in distracted starts and broken accents my strange, strange, story!

Mr. Seal. Take comfort Madam.

Ind. All my comfort must be to expostulate in madness, or relieve with frenzy my despair, and shrieking to demand of Fate why, why was I born to such variety of sorrows?

Mr. Seal. If I have been the least occasion——

Ind. No; 'twas Heaven's high will I should be such—— to be plunder'd in my cradle, tofs'd on the seas, and even here, an infant captive, to lose my mother, hear but of my father—to be adopted, lose my adopter, then plunged again in worse calamities!

Mr. Seal. An infant captive!

Ind. Yet then to find the most charming of mankind more to set me free from what I thought the last distress, to load me with his services, his bounties, and his vows, to support my very life in a way that stole at the meantime my very soul itself from me.

Mr. Seal. And has young Bevil been this worthy man?

Ind. Yet then again, this very man to take another, without leaving me the right, the pretence, of easing my fond heart with tears?—for oh! I can't reproach him, tho' the same hand that raised me to this height now throws me down the precipice.

Mr. Seal. Dear lady! oh yet one moment's patience; my heart grows full with your affliction! but yet there's something in your story that *promises relief when you least hope it.*

Ind. My portion here is bitterness and sorrow.

Mr. Seal. Do not think so. Pray answer me; does Bevil know your name and family?

Ind. Alas, too well! Oh! could I be any other thing than what I am—I'll tear away all traces of my former self, my little ornaments, the remains of my first state, the hints of what I ought to have been——

[In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly at it.]

Mr. Seal. Ha! what's this? my eyes are not deceiv'd! it is, it is the same; the very bracelet which I bequeath'd my wife at our last mournful parting.

Ind. What said you Sir? your wife! Whither does my fancy carry me? what means this new felt motion at my heart? And yet again my fortune but deludes me; for if I err not Sir your name is Sealand; but my lost father's name was——

Mr. Seal. Danvers, was it not?

Ind. What new amazement! that is indeed my family.

Mr. Seal. Know then, when my misfortunes drove me to the Indies, for reasons too tedious now to mention, I changed my name of Danvers into Sealand.

Enter ISABELLA.

Ifab. If yet there wants an explanation of your wonder examine well this face--your's Sir I well remember--Gaze on, and read in me your sister Isabella.

Mr. Seal. My sister!

Ifab. But here's a claim more tender; yet--your Indiana Sir, your long lost daughter.

Mr. Seal. Oh my child, my child!

Ind. All-gracious Heav'n! is it possible! do I embrace my father!

Mr. Seal. And do I hold thee!—These passions are too strong for utterance.—Rise, rise my child, and give my tears their way—Oh my sister! [*Embracing her.*]

Ifab. Now, dearest niece! “my groundless fears, my painful cares, no more shall vex thee:” if I have wrong'd thy noble lover with too hard suspicions my just concern for thee I hope will plead my pardon.

Mr. Seal. Oh! make him then the full amends, and be yourself the messenger of joy: fly this instant—tell him all these wondrous turns of Providence in his favour; tell him I have now a daughter to bestow which he no longer will decline; that this day he still shall be a bridegroom; nor shall a fortune, the merit which his father seeks, be wanting. Tell him the reward of all his virtues waits on his acceptance. [*Exit Isabella.*] My dearest Indiana!

[*Turns and embraces her.*]

Ind. Have I then at last a father's sanction on my love? his bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a present worthy of Bevil's generosity?

Mr. Seal. Oh my child! how are our sorrows past o'er-paid by such a meeting! Tho' I have lost so many years of soft paternal dalliance with thee, yet in one day to find thee thus, and thus bestow thee, in such perfect happiness, is ample, ample reparation! and yet again the merit of thy lover—

Ind. Oh had I spirits left to tell you of his actions; “how strongly filial duty has suppressed his love, and “how concealment still has doubled all his obligation,”

the pride, the joy, of his alliance Sir would warm your heart, as he has conquered mine.

Mr. Seal. How laudable is love when born of virtue! I burn to embrace him.——

Ind. See Sir, my aunt already has succeeded, and brought him to your wishes.

Enter ISABELLA with Sir JOHN BEVIL, BEVIL jun. Mrs. SEALAND, CIMBERTON, MYRTLE, and LUCINDA.

Sir J. B. entering.] Where, where's this scene of wonder?—Mr. Sealand, I congratulate on this occasion our mutual happiness—Your good-sister Sir has, with the story of your daughter's fortune, fill'd us with surprise and joy. Now all exceptions are remov'd; my son has now avow'd his love, and turn'd all former jealousies and doubts to approbation, and I am told your goodness has consented to reward him.

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, a fortune equal to his father's hopes can make this object worthy his acceptance.

B. jun. I hear your mention Sir of fortune with pleasure only, as it may prove the means to reconcile the best of fathers to my love; let him be provident, but let me be happy.—My ever destin'd, my acknowledg'd, wife!

[Embracing Indiana.]

Ind. Wife!—oh! my ever loved, my lord, my master!

Sir J. B. I congratulate myself as well as you that I have a son who could under such disadvantages discover your great merit.

Mr. Seal. Oh Sir John, how vain, how weak, is human prudence! what care, what foresight, what imagination, could contrive such blest events to make our children happy, as Providence in one short hour has laid before us?

Cimb. to Mrs. Sealand.] I am afraid, Madam, Mr. Sealand is a little too busy for our affair; if you please we'll take another opportunity.

Mrs. Seal. Let us have patience Sir.

Cimb. But we make Sir Geoffry wait
Madam.

During this Bevil jun. presents Lucinda to Indiana.

Myrt. Oh Sir, I'm not in haste.

Mr. Seal. But here, here's our general benefactor. Excellent young man! that could be at once a lover to her beauty and a parent to her virtue!

B. jun. If you think that an obligation Sir, give me leave to overpay myself in the only instance that can now add to my felicity, by begging you to bestow this lady on Mr. Myrtle.

Mr. Seal. She is without his reserve; I beg he may be sent for.—Mr. Cimberton, notwithstanding you never had my consent, yet there is since I saw you another objection to your marriage with my daughter.

Cimb. I hope Sir your lady has conceal'd nothing from me?

Mr. Seal. Troth Sir nothing but what was conceal'd from myself; another daughter, who has an undoubted title to half my estate.

Cimb. How Mr. Sealand! why then, if half Mrs. Lucinda's fortune is gone you can't say that any of my estate is settled upon her; I was in treaty for the whole: but if that's not to be come at, to be sure there can be no bargain.—Sir—I have nothing to do but to take my leave of your good lady my cousin, and beg pardon for the trouble I have given this old gentleman.

Myrt. That you have Mr. Cimberton with all my heart.

[*Discovers himself.*]

Owner. Mr. Myrtle!

Myrt. And I beg pardon of the whole company that I assumed the person of Sir Geoffry only to be present at the danger of this lady's being disposed of, and in her utmost exigence to assert my right to her, which if her parents will ratify, as they once favour'd my pretensions, no abatement of fortune shall lessen her value to me.

Luc. Generous man!

Mr. Seal. If, Sir, you can overlook the injury of being in treaty with one who has meanly left her, as you have generously asserted your right in her, she is your's.

Luc. Mr. Myrtle, though you have ever had my heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I deserve you less.

Mrs. Seal. Well, however I'm glad the girl's disposed of any way.

[*Aside.*]

B. jun. Myrtle, no longer rivals now but brothers.

Myrt. Dear Bevil! you are born to triumph over me; but now our competition ceases: I rejoice in the premi-

nence of your virtue, and your alliance adds charms to Lucinda.

Sir J. B. Now ladies and gentlemen, you have set the world a fair example; your happiness is owing to your constancy and merit, and the several difficulties you have struggled with evidently shew

What the generous mind itself denies
The secret care of Providence supplies.

[*Exeunt.*]



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. WELSTED.

Intended to be spoken by Indiana.

OUR Author, whom entreaties cannot move,
Spite of the dear coquetry that you love,
Swears he'll not frustrate, so he plainly means,
By a loose Epilogue his decent scenes.
Is it not Sirs hard fate I meet to-day
To keep me rigid still beyond the play?
And yet I'm sur'd a world of pains that way:
I now can look, I now can move, at ease,
Nor need I torture these poor limbs to please,
Nor with the hand or foot attempt surprise,
Nor wrest my features nor fatigue my eyes.
Bless me! what freakish gambols have I play'd,
What motions try'd and wanton looks betray'd,
Out of pure kindness all! to overrule
The threaten'd hiss, and screen some scribbling fool.
With more respect I'm entertain'd to-night;
Our Author thinks I can with ease delight:
My artless looks while modest graces arm
He says I need but to appear and charm.
A wife so form'd, by these examples bred,
Pours joy and gladness 'round the marriage-bed,
Soft source of comfort, kind relief from care,
And 'tis her least perfection to be fair.
The nymph with Indiana's worth who vies
A nation will behold with Bevil's eyes.

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
March 5. 1782.

Act III.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

Scene 9.



J Roberts del.

Published for the British Theatre Aug^r 30 1776

J^r Roberts sculp^t

*MR. WOODWARD in the Character of CAP. BRAZEN.
Truth to the Touch. Faith.*

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

A COMEDY. BY GEO. FARQUHAR.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers.

BY MR. HOPKINS PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

If I have done you any service Captain, it was to please myself. I love thee.—The stroke of Heaven I can bear, but injuries from men are not so easily supported. BALANCE.

Thou art a happy fellow: once I was so.—Your once paying friend is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant companion.—You wrong my honour in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice without resenting it as much as you should. WORTHY.

If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a companion as your Worship.—Death! I have been content to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one.—I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman.—I am not that rake that the world imagines. I have got an air of freedom, which people mistake for lowliness in me, as they mistake formality in others for religion.—I hurt nobody but myself; they abuse all mankind. FLUM.

The French attack us! No Sir, we attacked them. I have reason to remember the time, for I had two-and-twenty horres killed under me that day—all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I flak'd to death upon the enemy's *steeaux de frise*.—True to the touch faith!—I always fight with a man before I make him my friend; and if once I find he will fight I never quarrel with him afterwards. BRAZEN.

I coax! I wheedle! I am above it Sir. But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you, a pretty, young, sprightly fellow!—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax; it is base; though I must say that never in my life have I seen a man better built! How firm and strong he treads! he steps like a cable; but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?—I understand my business, I will say it. I was born a gipsy; there I learn'd canting and lying; I was bought from my mother Cleopatra by a certain nobleman for three pistoles; there I learn'd impudence and pimping; I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's linnen and drinking my Lady's rataña, and turn'd bailiff's follower; there I learn'd bullying and swearing; I at last got into the army; there I learn'd whoring and drinking.—If your Worship please to cast up the whole sum, viz: canting, lying, impudence, plumping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking, and a halbert, you will find the sum total amount to a Recruiting Sergeant. KITE.

Drum-major! Sister, why did not you keep that place for me? I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a table or on a quart pot.—Oh the place of drum-major! BUL.

Brother! hold there friend.—Look ye Sergeant, no coaxing, now hoodling, d' ye see.—If I have a mind to list, why so.—If not, why it is not so.—Therefore take your cap and your brothership back again.—No coaxing, no brothering me faith!—Wounds! my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself.—I take your money Sir, and now I am a gentleman. PEARMAIN.

Cousin, I cannot leave thee. Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honest simpler lads in your Company than we two have been, I'll say no more. APPLETREE.

I am vex'd that I have had nothing said to me these two days: one may like the love and despise the lover I hope.—To cousin Sylvia I have done an injury, and can't be easy till I have ask'd her pardon. MELINDA.

I need no salts for my Rosinach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion; I can gallop all the morning after the hunting horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my father but drink and shoot flying, and I am sure I can do every thing my mother could were I put to the trial.—I can do any thing at a pinch but fight and fill my belly.—That is my history. SYLVIA.

The last bribe I had from the Captain was only a small piece of Flanders lace for a cap.—They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another Madam.—Die a maid! come into the world for nothing! the bare thought on't might kill one in four-and-twenty hours.—But the devil was a liar from the beginning; he can't make me die a maid.—I have put it out of his power already. LUCY.

Nay, for that matter, put in your hand; feel Sir; I warrant my ware is as good as any in the market.—The Captain! oh my noble Captain!—He promis'd to marry me afterwards.—ter I had sold my chickens.—I hope there is no harm in that. ROSE.



EDINBURG:

My Lords and Gentlemen,

INSTEAD of the mercenary expectations that attend addresses of this nature, I humbly beg that this may be received as an acknowledgment for the favours you have already conferred; I have transgressed the rules of dedication in offering you any thing in that style without first asking your leave, but the entertainment I found in Shropshire commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

It was my good fortune to be ordered some time ago into the place which is made the scene of this Comedy; I was a perfect stranger to every thing in Salop but its character of loyalty, the number of its inhabitants, the alacrity of the gentlemen in recruiting the army, with their generous and hospitable reception of strangers.

This character I found so amply verified in every particular, that you made recruiting, which is the greatest fatigue upon earth to others, to be the greatest pleasure in the world to me.

The kingdom cannot shew better bodies of men, better inclinations for the service, more generosity, more good understanding, nor more politeness, than is to be found at the foot of the Wrekin.

Some little turns of humour that I met with almost within the shade of that famous hill gave the rise to this Comedy; and people were apprehensive that, by the example of some others, I would make the town merry at the expense of the country gentlemen; but they forgot that I was to write a comedy, not a libel; and that whilst I held to nature no person of any character in your country could suffer by being exposed. I have drawn the Justice and the Clown in their *puris naturalibus*; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave, blockhead, and the other a worthy, honest, generous, gentleman, hearty in his country's cause, and of as good an understanding as I could give him, which I must confess is far short of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a word or two of the adventures of The Recruiting Officer upon the stage. Mr. Rich, who commands the company for which those recruits were raised, has desired me to acquit him before the

world of a charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this play on Mr. Durfey's third night.

Be it known unto all men by these presents, that it was my act and deed, or rather Mr. Durfey's, for he would play his third night against the first of nine. He brought down a huge flight of frightful birds upon me, when (Heaven knows) I had not a feathered fowl in my play except one single Kite; but I presently made Plumé a bird because of his name, and Brazen another because of the feather in his hat; and with these three I engaged his whole empire, which I think was as great a wonder as any in the sun.

But to answer his complaints more gravely; the season was far advanced, the officers that made the greatest figures in my play were all commanded to their posts abroad, and waited only for a wind, which might possibly turn in less than a day; and I know none of Mr. Durfey's birds that had posts abroad but his Woodcocks, and their season is over; so that he might put off a day with less prejudice than The Recruiting Officer could, who has this farther to say for himself, that he was posted before the other spake, and could not with credit recede from his station.

These and some other rubs this Comedy met with before it appeared: but, on the other hand, it had powerful helps to set it forward: the Duke of Ormond encouraged the Author, and the Earl of Orrery approved the play. My recruits were reviewed by my general and my colonel, and could not fail to pass muster; and still to add to my success they were raised among my Friends round the Wrekin.

This health has the advantage over our other celebrated toasts, never to grow worse for the wearing: it is a lasting beauty, old without age, and common without scandal. That you may live long to set it cheerfully round, and to enjoy the abundant pleasures of your fair and plentiful country, is the hearty wish of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

your most obliged,

and most obedient servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PROLOGUE.

*I*N ancient times, when Helen's fatal charms
 Rous'd the contending universe to arms,
 The Grecian council happily deputed
 The sly Ulysses forth——to raise recruits:
 The artful captain found without delay
 Where great Achilles a deserter lay:
 Him Fate had warn'd to soun the Trojan blows,
 Him Greece requir'd——against the Trojan foes.
 All their recruiting arts were needful here
 To raise this great tim'rous volunteer.
 Ulysses well could talk——he flirts, he warms,
 The warlike youth——He listens to the charms
 Of plunders, fine lac'd coats, and glitt'ring arms:
 Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy,
 And list'd him who wrought the fate of Troy.
 Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector slain,
 Recruiting thus fair Helen did regain.
 If for one Helen such prodigious things
 Were ailed that they even list'd kings,
 If for one Helen's artful vicious charms
 Half the transported world was found in arms,
 What for so many Helens may we dare,
 Whose minds as well as faces are so fair?
 If by one Helen's eyes old Greece could find
 Its Homer fir'd to write, ev'n Homer blind,
 Then Britons sure beyond compare may write
 That view so many Helens ev'ry night.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

			<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
Mr. BALANCE,	}	3 Justices,	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Hull.
Mr. SCALE,			Mr. Farren.	Mr. Fox.
Mr. SCRUPLE,			Mr. Griffith.	Mr. Thompson.
Mr. WORTHY, a gentleman of Shropshire,	}	2 Recruiting Officers.	Mr. Whitfield.	Mr. Du-Bellamy.
Capt. PLUME,			Mr. Smith.	Mr. Smith.
Capt. BRAZEN,			Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
KITE, Sergeant to Plume,	}	2 Recruits.	Mr. Palmer.	Mr. Gardner.
BULLOCK, a country clown,			Mr. Moody.	Mr. Dunstall.
COSTAR PEARMAIN,			Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
THO. APPLETREE,	{		Mr. Burton.	Mr. Lee Lewes.

WOMEN.

MELINDA, a lady of fortune,	{	Mrs. Greville. Mrs. Baker.	
SYLVIA, daughter to Balance, in love with Plume,		Miss Younge. Miss Macklin.	
LUCY, Melinda's maid,	{	Mrs. Davies. Mrs. Pitt.	
ROSE, a country wench,		Miss Jarratt. Mrs. Kniveton.	

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants, and Attendants.

SCENE SHREWSBURY.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

ACT I.

SCENE, the market-place—*Drum beats, the Grenadier's march.*

*Enter Sergeant KITE, followed by THOMAS APPLETREE,
COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the Mob.*

KITE *making a speech.*

IF any gentlemen, soldiers or others have a mind to serve his Majesty, and pull down the French King; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents, if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of The Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment.—Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to insnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers; grenadiers, gentlemen.—Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour; it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a tricker; and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high was born to be a great man—Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Cost. Is there no harm in't? won't the cap list me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can.—Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? no gunpowder plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily.—Let me see it—*[Going to put it on.]* It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, Sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together and never feel one another.

Cost. My wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another——But do folk lie so found in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound! ay, so found that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so! then I find brother——

Cost. Brother! hold there friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet.—Look ye Sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—if I have a mind to list why so—if not, why 'tis not so—therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing.—No coaxing, no brothering me faith!

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it Sir: I have serv'd twenty campaigns—but, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young, sprightly fellow!—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax; 'tis base; tho' I must say that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle! but I scorn to wheedle any man—Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is begging your pardon Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters—'tis the king's money and the king's drink—he's a generous king, and loves his subjects—I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health.

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then! huzza for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum.

[*Exeunt shouting, drum beating a Grenadier's march.*]

Enter PLUME in a riding habit.

Plume. By the grenadier's march that should be my drum, and by that shout it should beat with success.—Let me see—four o'clock—[*Looking on his watch.*] At ten yesterday morning I left London—an hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Enter KITE.

Plume. Welcome to Shrewsbury noble Captain! from the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble Captain!

Kite. Yes, well, 1795.

Plume. A very elegant reception indeed Mr. Kite. I find you are fairly enter'd into your recruiting strain—Pray what success?

Kite. I've been here a week, and I've recruited five.

Plume. Five! pray what are they?

Kite. I have list'd the strong man of Kent, the king of the gipsies, a Scotch pedler, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welch parson.

Plume. An attorney! wert thou mad? list a lawyer! discharge him, discharge him, this minute.

Kite. Why Sir?

Plume. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write can draw petitions—I say this minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means—But how stands the country affected? were the people pleas'd with the news of my coming to town?

Kite. Sir, the mob are so pleas'd with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business—But, Sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Plume. Who?

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country. You remember your old friend Molly at The Castle?

Plume. She's not with child I hope.

Kite. She was brought to-bed yesterday.

Plume. Kite, you must father the child.

Kite. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plume. If they should we'll take her with us; she can wash you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your honour knows that I am married already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here

upon the back of the muster-roll. [*Drum is out.*] Let me see—*Imprimis*, Mrs. Shely Snikereyes; she sells potatoes upon Ormondkey in Dublin—Peggy Guzzle, the brandy woman at the Horse-Guards at Whitehall—Dolly Waggon, the carrier's daughter at Hull—Mademoiselle Van Bottomflat at the Buss—then Jenny Oakum, the ship-carpenter's widow at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines and a man of war's boatswain.

Plume. A full company—you have named five—come, make them half-a-dozen.--Kite, is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite. A chopping boy.

Plume. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine; enter him a grenadier by the name of Francis Kite, absent upon furlow—I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence; and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Kite. I shall Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortuneteller that ever told a lie—I was oblig'd to let my landlord into the secret for the convenience of keeping it so; but he is an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device Sir will get you men and me money, which I think is all we want at present—But yonder comes your friend Mr. Worthy—Has your honour any farther commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit Kite.*] 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed.

Enter WORTHY.

What, arms across Worthy! methinks you should hold them open when a friend's so near—The man has got the vapours in his ears I believe. I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly I conjure thee by this magick blow.

[*Slaps Worthy on the shoulder.*]

Wor. Plume! my dear Captain! welcome. Safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scaped safe from Germany, and found I hope from London: you see I have lost neither leg, arm, nor nose. Then for my inside, 't is neither troubled with sym-

ies; and I have an excellent stomach

art a happy fellow: once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee man? no inundations nor earth-

I hope? Has your father rose from the

romantick, constant

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Plume. Shake hands brother. If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a regiment—but for a woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one: and can the love of one bring you into this condition? Pray who is this wonderful Helen?

Wor. A Helen indeed! not to be won under ten years siege; as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

Plume. A jilt! pho! is she as great a whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities! But who is she? do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible—I know no woman that will hold out a ten years' siege.

Wor. What think you of Melinda?

Plume. Melinda! why she began to capitulate this time twelvemonth, and offered to surrender upon honourable terms; and I advis'd you to propose a settlement of five hundred pounds a-year to her before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one week to consider—when beyond her hopes the town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my siege into a blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My lady Richly, her aunt in Flintshire, dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plume. Oh the devil! what a delicate man was there spoil'd! But by the rules of war now—Worthy, black made was foolish—After such a convoy of provisions was enter'd the place you could have no thought of reducing it by famine; you should have redoubled your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have died upon the breach.

Wor. I did make one general assault, but was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for mistress I have alter'd my conduct, given my address the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious she grew haughty, and because you approach'd her as a goddess she us'd you like a dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of 'em all—Come, Worthy, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her pride by your humility. Wou'd you bring her to better thoughts of you she must be reduc'd to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do should be to lie with her chambermaid, and hire three or four wenches in the neighbourhood to report that I had got them with child—Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty women in town and left her out; or, what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her, with one or two of the ugliest.

Wor. These would be mortifications I must confess; but we live in such a precise dull place that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no—

Plume. What! no bastards! and so many Recruiting Officers in town! I thought 'twas a maxim among them to leave as many recruits in the country as they carry'd out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good-will noble Captain! in serving your country with your best blood, witness our friend Molly at The Castle; there have been tears in town about that business Captain.

Plume. I hope Sylvia has not heard of it.

Wor. Oh Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Sylvia.

Plume. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true Sylvia and I had once agreed to go to bed together, could we have adjusted preliminaries; but she would have the wedding before consummation, and I was for

confirmation before the wedding: we could not agree. She was a pert obstinate fool, and would lose her maiden-head her own way, so she may keep it for Plume.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other conditions?

Plume. Your pardon Sir, I'll marry upon no condition at all—If I should, I am resolv'd never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. Suppose I marry a woman that wanted a leg—such a thing might be unless I examined the goods beforehand—If people would but try one another's constitutions before they engag'd it would prevent all these clopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say that—

Plume. I hate country towns for that reason—If your town has a dishonourable thought of Sylvia it deserves to be burnt to the ground—I love Sylvia, I admire her frank generous disposition—there's something in that girl more than woman—"her sex is but a foil to her—the ingratitude, dissimulation, envy, pride, avarice, and vanity, of her sister females do but set off their contraries in her"—In short, were I once a general I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith you have reason—for were you but a corporal she would marry you—But my Melinda coquets it with every fellow she sees—I'll lay fifty pounds she makes love to you.

Plume. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it if she does.—Look 'e Worthy, I'll win her and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her you shall wear her faith; I would not value the conquest without the credit of the victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain! a word in your ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Kite. You know Sir that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs. Molly—my wife, Mr. Worthy.

Wor. O ho! very well. I wish you joy Mr. Kite.

Kite. Your Worship very well may—for I have got both a wife and child in half an hour—But as I was saying—you sent me to comfort Mrs. Molly—my wife I mean—

but what d'ye think Sir? she was better than I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why Sir, a footman in a livery brought her ten guineas to buy her baby clothes.

Plume. Who is the name of wonder could do that?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—*Mel.* Sylvia.

Plume. Sylvia? her father's name?

Kite. Yes, Sir, her father's name.

Kite. Here are the guineas Sir—Look the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay farther, Sir, she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, call'd after me, and told me that his lady would speak with me—I went, and upon hearing that you were come to town she gave me half-a-guinea for the news, and ordered me to tell you that Justice Balance, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a girl for you Worthy—Is there any thing of woman in this? no, 't is noble, generous, manly, friendship. Shew me another woman that would lose an inch of her prerogative that way without tears, fits, and reproaches. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises, and can part with the lover though she dies for the man—Come Worthy—where's the best wine? for there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a fresh pipe of choice Barcelona, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the maidenhead of it for your welcome to town.

Plume. Let's away then—Mr. Kite, go to the lady with my humble service, and tell her I shall only refresh a little and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold Kite—have you seen the other recruiting captain?

Kite. No Sir; I'd have you to know I don't keep such company.

Plume. Another! who is he?

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow—but I'll tell you more as we go. [*Exit*]

SCENE, an apartment.

MELINDA and SYLVIA meeting.

Mel. Welcome to town cousin Sylvia. [*Salute.*] I envy

you your retreat in the country; for Shrewsbury methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living: here we have smoke, noise, scandal, affectation, and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen—and nothing to divert it—then the air is intolerable.

Syl. Oh Madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider Sylvia how long I have liv'd in it, and how much you may improve your choice in her constitution: the air can be good above half-a-year. Change of air I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin Melinda, there are several sorts of airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste—Have not you, Sylvia, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray cousin, are not vapours a sort of air? Taste air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon air! but prithee, my dear Melinda! don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same, and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our fingers ake in a cold morning at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education cousin was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of an horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled neither with spleen, cholick, nor vapours. I need no salts for my stomach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion; I can gallop all the morning after the hunting horn, and all the evening after a fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my father but drink and shoot flying, and I am sure I can do every thing my mother could were I put to the trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't, for I am told your Captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay Melinda, he is come, and I'll take care he sha'n't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad cousin.

Syl.—“And there's a pleasure in being mad

“Which none but madmen know.”

Mel. Thou poor romantick Quixote!—hast thou the vanity to imagine that a young sprightly officer, that

rambles o'er half the globe in half-a-year, and confers his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice in an obscure part of the world?

Syl. Psha! what care I for his thoughts; I should not like a man with confin'd thoughts; it shews a man's wheels of soul. "Constancy is but a dull sleepy quality at best; they will hardly admit it among the manly virtues, nor do I think it deserves a place with bravery, knowledge, policy, and some other qualities that are proper for that noble sex." In short Melinda, I think a petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tired of my sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an appendix to our sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in petticoats as if you were in breeches.—O' my conscience, Sylvia, hadst thou been a man thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavour'd to know the world, which a man can never do thoroughly without half-a-hundred friendships and as many amours. But now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr. Worthy?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say Madam?

Syl. I say that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly: he's a gentleman of parts and fortune, and besides that he's my Plume's friend; and by all that's sacred if you do n't use him better I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself in breeches in good earnest--But to be plain with you, I like Worthy the worse for being so intimate with your Captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly coxcomb.

Syl. Oh Madam! you never saw him perhaps since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds: you only knew him when you were capitulating with Worthy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean Madam?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation Madam.

Mel. Better it had Madam, for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your Ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that I would be glad to take up with a rakehell officer as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e Madam, you are in your own house.

Mel. And if you had kept in your's I should have executed you.

Syl. Don't be troubled Madam, I sha' n't desire to have my visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations; and so, Madam, your humble servant. [Exit.]

Mel. Saucy thing!

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. What's the matter Madam?

Mel. Did not you see the proud nothing, how she swell'd upon the arrival of her fellow?

Lucy. Her fellow has not been long enough arrived to occasion any great swelling Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor sha' n't, if I can help it—Let me see—I have it—bring me pen and ink—Hold, I'll go write in my closet.

Lucy. An answer to this letter I hope Madam?

[Presents a letter.]

Mel. Who sent it?

Lucy. Your Captain Madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tir'd of him: send it back unopen'd.

Lucy. The messenger's gone Madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an answer? Call him back immediately while I go write. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE, an apartment.

Enter Justice BALANCE and PLUME.

BALANCE.

LOOK'E Captain, give us but blood for our money and you sha' n't want men. "I remember that for some years of the last war we had no blood, no wounds, but in the officers' mouths; nothing for our millions but newspapers not worth a reading—Our army did nothing but play at prisonbars, and hide and seek with the enemy; but now ye have brought us colours, and standards, and

"prisoners—Ad's my life Captain, you are not another
 "marshal of France and I'll go myself for a soldier."

Plume. Pray, Mr. Balance, how does your fair daughter?

Bal. Ah Captain! what is my daughter to a marshal of France! we're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the battle of Hockstet.

Plume. The battle, Sir, was a very pretty battle, and any one should desire to see it. But we were all so intent upon victory, that we have almost forgot the battle itself. I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the French, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word we'll do it again. But pray Sir, how does Mrs. Sylvia?

Bal. Still upon Sylvia! for shame Captain! you are engaged already, wedded to the war; Victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a foldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a mistress I confess, but as a friend, Mr. Balance—

Bal. Come, come, Captain, never mince the matter; would not you debauch my daughter if you could?

Plume. How Sir? I hope she is not to be debauched.

Bal. Faith but she is Sir, and any woman in England of her age and complexion by a man of your youth and vigour. Look'e Captain, once I was young, and once an officer, as you are, and I can guess at your thoughts now by what mine were then; and I remember very well that I would have given one of my legs to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman as like me as I was then like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Bal. Not much of that.

Plume. There the comparison breaks: the favours Sir, that—

Bal. Pho, pho! I hate set speeches: if I have done you any service Captain, it was to please myself. I love thee, and if I could part with my girl you should have her as soon as any young fellow I know; but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and the more prudence than to follow the camp; but she's at her own disposal; she has fifteen hundred pounds in her pocket, and so—Sylvia, Sylvia!

[Calls.

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. There are some letters Sir, come by the post from London; I left them upon the table in your closet.

Al. And now, gentle man from Germany. [*Presents*
[*Wolfe*.] Captain, you'll excuse me; I'll go and read
my letters and wait on you.

Syl. Sir, I am bound to come to England.

Plume. You are intended to be a welcome Madam, since
the hopes of receiving it from this Earl and was the principal
cause of my leaving England.

Syl. I have often heard that soldiers were sincere; shall
I venture to believe publick reports.

Plume. You may, when it is backed by private insurance;
for I swear, Madam, by the honour of my profession, that
whatever dangers I went upon it was with the hope of
making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever
I had thoughts of preserving my life 't was for the pleasure
of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you
will; but you know Sir, there is a certain will and testa-
ment to be made beforehand.

Plume. My will, Madam, is made already, and there it
is; and if you please to open that parchment, which was
drawn the evening before the battle of Hockstet, you will
find whom I left my heir.

Syl. Mrs. Sylvia Balance.—[*Opens the will and reads.*]
Well Captain, this is a handsome and a substantial com-
pliment; but I can assure you I am much better pleased
with the bare knowledge of your intention than I should
have been in the possession of your legacy: but methinks
Sir, you should have left something to your little boy at
The Castle.

Plume. That's home. [*Aside.*] My little boy! lack-a-
day Madam! that alone may convince you 't was none of
mine: why, the girl, Madam, is my sergeant's wife, and so
the poor creature gave out that I was the father, in hopes
that my friends might support her in case of necessity—
That was all Madam—My boy! no, no, no!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my master has received some ill news
from London, and desires to speak with you immediately,
and he begs the Captain's pardon that he can't wait on
him as he promised.

Plume. Ill news! Heavens avert it! nothing could touch
me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman af-
flicted. I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assured that

if my life and fortune can be any way serviceable to the father of my Sylvia he shall freely command both.

Syl. The necessity must be very pressing that would engage me to endanger either. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, another apartment.

Enter BALANCE and SYLVIA.

Syl. Whilst there is life there is hope Sir; perhaps my brother may recover.

Bal. My dear child, have but little reason to expect, the Doctor "Killman" acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands he fears I shall have no son—Poor Owen!—but the decree is just; I was pleas'd with the death of my father because he left me an estate, and now I am punish'd with the loss of an heir to inherit mine. I must now look upon you as the only hopes of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts and new prospects.

Syl. My desire in being punctual in my obedience requires that you would be plain in your commands Sir.

Bal. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about twelve hundred pounds a-year: this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality and a title: you must set a just value upon yourself, and, in plain terms, think no more of Captain Plume.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman Sir.

Bal. And I do so still; he's a very pretty fellow; but though I lik'd him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family: fifteen hundred pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness; but—'od's my life! twelve hundred pounds a-year would ruin him, quite turn his brain—A captain of foot worth twelve hundred pounds a-year! 'tis a prodigy in nature! "Besides," this, I have five or six thousand pounds in woods upon my estate; oh! that would make him stark mad; for you must know that all captains have a mighty aversion to timber; they can't endure to see trees standing. Then I should have some rogue of a builder, by the help of his damn'd magick art, transform my noble oaks and elms into cornices, portals, fashies, birds, beasts, and devils, to adorn some maggoty new-fashion'd bauble upon the Thames; and then you should have a dog of a gard'ner bring a *habeas corpus* for my *terra firma*, remove it to

— If as I bid, heham, and clap it into grassplots and
 C. and walks—

Enter a Servant.

Serv. See, here's one with a letter below for your Wor-
 ship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Bal. Come, shew me the messenger. [*Exit with Servant.*]

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty and I am
 Prince Prettyman exactly.— If my brother dies, ah, poor
 brother! and my sister lives, ah, poor sister! It is lost both ways.
 I'll try it again— Follow my own inclinations and break
 my father's heart, or obey his commands and break my
 own? Worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus; A mode-
 rate fortune, a pretty fellow, and a pad; or, a fine estate, a
 coach-and-six, and an ass—That will never do neither.

Enter Justice BALANCE and a Servant.

Bal. Put four horses to the coach. [*To a Servant, who
 goes out.*] Ho, Sylvia!

Syl. Sir.

Bal. How old were you when your mother dy'd?

Syl. So young that I don't remember I ever had one,
 and you have been so careful, so indulgent, to me since, that
 indeed I never wanted one.

Bal. Have I ever denied you any thing you ask'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Bal. Then, Sylvia, I must beg that once in your life you
 would grant me a favour.

Syl. Why should you question it Sir?

Bal. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command.
 I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as
 the advice of your friend, that you would take the coach
 this moment and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, Sir, proceed from the contents of
 the letter you receiv'd just now?

Bal. No matter; I will be with you in three or four
 days, and then give you my reasons—but before you go I
 expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing Sir.

Bal. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man
 without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Bal. Very well, and to be even with you I promise I
 never will dispose of you without your own consent: and
 so, Sylvia, the coach is ready. Farewell. [*Leads her to the*

door and returns.] Now she's gone, I'll examine the contents of this letter a little nearer. [A *col.*]

"SIR,

"My intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him that he had from his friend Captain Plume, and my friendship and relation to your family oblige me to give you timely notice of it. The Captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin Sylvia. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than cured; and that you would immediately send my cousin into the country is the advice of,

"Sir, your humble servant, MELINDA."

Why, the devil's in the young fellows of this age; they are ten times worse than they were in my time: had he made my daughter a whore, and forswore it like a gentleman, I could almost have pardon'd it, but to tell tales beforehand is monstrous.—Hang it! I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and cockade? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter WORTHY.

Worthy! your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, Sir, to be the messenger of ill news.

Bal. I apprehend it Sir; you have heard that my son Owen is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead Sir.

Bal. He's happy, and I am satisfied: the stroke of Heav'n I can bear, but injuries from men, Mr. Worthy, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no apprehensions of wrong from any body.

Bal. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice without resenting it as much as you should.

Bal. This letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me that Plume has a design upon Sylvia, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author. [*Takes up a bit.*] Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents Melinda shall tell me. [*Going.*]

Bal. Hold Sir, the contents I have told you already,

instance, that her intimacy with Mr. Barton had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me! dear Sir! let me pick up the pieces of this letter, 'twill give me such a power over the guide to have her own acquaintance under her hand—this was the luckiest accident! [*Gathering up the letter.*] The accident, Sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a little quarrel between her and Mrs. Sylvia.

Bal. And is that Sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle but now as she overheard it: but I hope, Sir, your daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the account.

Bal. No, no, poor girl; she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company she begg'd leave to go into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Bal. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone Sir?—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with Melinda, and then Plume and I may laugh at one another.

Bal. Like enough; women are as subject to pride as men are; and why may n't great women as well as great men forget their old acquaintance?—But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal—I am glad my daughter's gone fairly off tho'. [*Aside.*] Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At Horton's; I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Bal. Your pardon, dear Worthy! I must allow a day or two to the death of my son. "The decorum of mourning is what we owe the world because they pay it to us;" afterwards I'm your's over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant. [*Exeunt apart.*]

SCENE, the street.

Enter KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk.

KITE sings.

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away. —Over, &c.

[*The mob sing: the chorus.*]

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills and far away.——Over, &c.

Kite. Hey boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play—we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes—why—why, you are a king—you are an emperor, and I'm a prince—~~now~~—an't we?

Tho. No, Sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing act they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done; you are a justice of peace, and you are a king, and I am a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Cost. Ay, but I'll be no king.

Kite. What then!

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Cost. Ay, of England, that's greater than any king of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said faith! huzza for the queen. [*Huzzas.*] But heark'e you Mr. Justice, and you Mr. Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like his majesty, God blefs the mark! see here, they are set in gold.

[*Takes two broad pieces out of his pocket, gives one to each.*]

Tho. The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*]

Cost. What's this written about? here's a pofy I believe. Ca-ro-lus?—what's that Sergeant?

Kite. O! Carolus?—why, Carolus is Latin for King George; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard—Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends you know; I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and

remember your old friend when I am over the hills and
far away. [*They sing, and put up the money.*]

Enter PLUME singing.

Plume. Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Come on my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one
among ye. Who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats:
this is the Captain, the Captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sfesh! I'll keep
on my nab.

Tho. And I've scarcely d'off mine for any captain in
England. My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are those jolly lads Sergeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows that are willing
to serve the king: I have entertain'd 'em just now as vo-
lunteers under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have: vo-
lunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make
soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wounds Tummas, what's this! are you list'd?

Tho. 'Sfesh! not I: are you Costar?

Cost. Wounds! not I.

Kite. What! not list'd! ha, ha, ha! a very good jest
'faith.

Cost. Come Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame gentlemen; behave yourselves
better before your Captain. Dear Tummas, honest Costar!

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you
both centinels in this place for two hours, to watch the mo-
tion of St. Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St.
Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be re-
lieved shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter Sergeant? I'm afraid you
are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild Sir; they disobey command Sir, and
one of 'em shou'd be shot for an example to the other.

Cost. Shot! Tummas?

Plume. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know; the noble Sergeant is pleas'd to be in a passion Sir—but—

Kite. They disobey command; they deny their being lifted.

Tho. Nay, Sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known. Have either of you receiv'd any of the king's money?

Cost. Not a brass farthing Sir.

Kite. They have each of them receiv'd one-and-twenty shillings, and 't is now in their pockets.

Cost. Wounds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence I'll be content to be lifted and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here Sir.

Cost. Nothing but the king's picture that the Sergeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea, one-and-twenty shillings; t'other has the fellow on 't.

Plume. The case is plain gentlemen; the goods are found upon you: those pieces of gold are worth one and-twenty shillings each.

Cost. So it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are lifted.

Cost. Flesh! but we an't Tummas: I desire to be carried before the mayor Captain.

[Captain and Sergeant whisper the while.]

Plume. 'Twill never do Kite—your damn'd tricks will ruin me at last—I won't lose the fellows though if I can help it—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my Sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly lifted.

Tho. Why, Captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an oath 'twould be downright perjuraton.

Plume. Look'e, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest fellows I'll trample you to death you dog—Come, how was't?

Tho. Nay then we'll speak. Your Sergeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your Worship, begging your Worship's pardon—and——

Cost. Nay Tummas, let me speak, you know I can read.——And so, Sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king by way of a present.

Plume. How? by way of a present! the son of a whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you! scoundrel! rogue! villain! [*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*]

Both. O brave noble Captain! huzza. A brave Captain faith!

Cost. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest Captain I ever saw—Wounds! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter PLUME.

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you——Look'e gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow; I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper to steal slaves.

Cost. Mind that Tummas.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me but as I went myself; I went a volunteer, as you or you may do, for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that Costar. A sweet gentleman!

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets, my sergeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing; you are both of you at your liberty.

Cost. Thank you noble Captain——I cod! I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, would he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have your's: what think you now of a purse of French gold out of a Monsieur's pocket, after you have dash'd out his brains with the butend of your firelock? eh?

Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain—give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar! do'na: be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my hero, here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it, do'na, dear Costar!

[*Cries, and pulls back his arm.*]

Cost. I wull—I wull—Waunds! my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself—I take your money Sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand, and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your friend with you if you can. [*Aside.*]

Cost. Well, Tummas, must we part.

Tho. No, Costar, I cannot leave thee—Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honefter simpler lads in your Company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my lad. [*Gives him money.*] Now your name?

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Plume. And your's?

Cost. Costar Pearmain.

Plume. Well said Costar! Born where?

Tho. Both in Herefordshire.

Plume. Very well. Courage my lads—Now we'll

[*sing*] Over the hills and far away.

Courage, boys, it is one to ten

But we return all gentlemen;

While conq'ring colours we display,

Over the hills and far away.

Kite, take care of 'em.

Enter KITE.

Kite. A'n't you a couple of pretty fellows now! Here you have complain'd to the Captain, I am to be turn'd out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Both Rec. I.

Kite. So you shall—in your guts—March, you sons of whores!

[*Beats 'em off.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, the market-place.

Enter PLUME and WORTHY.

WORTHY.

I Cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes: we love two ladies, they meet us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms for

tune drops in their laps, pride possesses their hearts, "a maggot fills their heads," madness takes them by the tails; they snort, kick up their heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore—a couple of poor melancholy monsters—What shall we do?

Wor. I have a trick for mine; the letter, you know, and the fortuneteller.

Plume. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman were she worth twelve thousand a year, and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred. The generous good-natur'd Sylvia in her smock I admire; but the haughty and scornful Sylvia with her fortune I despise—What! sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment!—'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! ay, and the window-bars too to come at her. Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter KITE.

Kite. Captain, Captain! Sir, look yonder, she's a-coming this way. 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest, little tit!

Plume. Now Worthy, to shew you how much I'm in love—here she comes. But Kite, what is that great country fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell Sir.

Enter ROSE, followed by her brother BULLOCK, with chickens on her arm in a basket.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Plume. Here, you chickens.

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither pretty maid!

Rose. Will you please to buy Sir?

Wor. Yes child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, Worthy, that's not fair; market for yourself—Come, child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your service. [*Courtesies.*]

Wor. Then must I shift for myself I find. [*Exit.*]

Plume. Let me see; young and tender you say.

[*Chucks her under the chin.*]

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your basket to the bottom my dear!

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your hand; feel Sir; I warrant my ware is as good as any in the market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the price; they're fine birds—Pray what's your name pretty creature!

Rose. *Rose* Sir. My father is a farmer within three short mile o' the town: we keep this market; I sell chickens, eggs, and butter, and my brother Bullock there sells corn.

Bul. Come, sister, haste, we shall be late home.

[*Whistles about the stage.*]

Plume. Kite! [*Tips him the wink, he returns it.*] Pretty Mrs. *Rose*—you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen Sir, and they are richly worth a crown.

Bul. Come, *Rouse*; I sold fifty strake of barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgles and higgles for a penny more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you oaf? I can make as much out of a groat as you can out of fourpence I'm sure—The gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a chapman I know how to make the best of him—And so, Sir, I say for a crown-piece the bargain's your's.

Plume. Here's a guinea my dear!

Rose. I can't change your money Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my lodging is hard by chicken! and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*]

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these hussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his teeth with a palisado.

Bul. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things; but pray, Sir, what is a rabelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd pie, but the cruff is confounded hard, and the plums are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bul. Then your palisado, pray what may he be? Come, *Rouse*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your palifado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bul. That's a fib I believe. [*Aside.*] Eh! where's Rouse? Rouse, Rouse! S'flesh! where's Rouse gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bul. The Captain! wauns! there's no pressing of women sure.

Kite. But there is sure.

Bul. If the Captain shou'd press Rouse I shou'd be ruin'd—Which way went she? Oh! the devil take your rabelins and palifadoes!

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them honest Bullock, or I shall miss of my aim.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your Captain, admirable in your way I find.

Kite. Yes Sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualify'd?

Kite. You must know Sir, I was born a gipsy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old; there I learn'd canting and lying: I was bought from my mother Cleopatra by a certain nobleman for three pistoles, "who liking my beauty made me his page;" there I learn'd impudence and pimping: I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's linen and drinking my Lady's ratafia, and turn'd bailiff's follower; there I learn'd bullying and swearing: I at last got into the army; and there I learn'd whoring and drinking—so that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, *viz.* canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, whoring, drinking, and a halberd, you will find the sum total amount to a Recruiting Sergeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn soldier?

Kite. Hunger and ambition. The fears of starving and hopes of a truncheon led me along to a gentleman with a fair tongue and fair periwig, who loaded me with promises; but 'gad it was the lightest load that ever I felt in my life—He promised to advance me, and indeed he did so—to a garret in the Savoy. I asked him why he put me in prison? he call'd me lying dog, and said I was in garrison; and indeed 'tis a garrison that may hold out till doomsday before I should desire to take it again. But here comes Justice Balance.

Enter BALANCE and BULLOCK.

Bal. Here you, Sergeant, where's your Captain? here's a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me with a complaint that your Captain has press'd his sister. Do you know any thing of this matter Worthy?

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his sister is gone with Plume to his lodging to sell him some chickens.

Bal. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your Worship; but if your Worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your Worship for fear of the worst.

Bal. Thou'rt mad fellow; thy sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too.

[Aside.]

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the Captain can lift women?

Bul. I know not whether they lift them, or what they do with them, but I'm sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Bal. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bul. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die: but this gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither I believe—you thought no harm friend, did you?

Kite. Lack-a-day! Sir, not I——only that I believe I shall marry her to-morrow.

Bal. I begin to smell powder. Well, friend, but what did that gentleman with you?

Bul. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine story of a great sea-fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the wild Irish.

Kite. And so, Sir, while we were in the heat of battle—the Captain carry'd off the baggage.

Bal. Sergeant, go along with this fellow to your Captain, give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench though he has lifted her.

Bul. Ay, and if she ben't free for that he shall have another man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the Captain's. *[Aside. Exeunt Kite and Bullock.]*

Bal. We must get this mad Captain his complement of men and send him packing, else he'll overrun the country.

Wor. You see Sir how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Bal. I like him the better: I was just such another fellow at his age: "I never set my heart upon any woman so much as to make myself uneasy at the disappointment; but what was very surprising both to myself and friends, I chang'd o'th' sudden from the most fickle lover to the most constant husband in the world."—But how goes your affair with Melinda?

Wor. Very slowly. "Cupid had formerly wings, but I think in this age he goes upon crutches; or I fancy Venus had been dallying with her cripple Vulcan when my amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely."—My mistress has got a captain too, but such a captain!—as I live yonder he comes!

Bal. Who, that bluff fellow in the fash? I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you and every body at first sight; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living, for he won't be alone, and nobody will keep him company twice: then he's a Cæsar among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the maid he swears he has lain with the mistress: but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious and the most trifling in the world.

Bal. "I have met with such men, and I take this good-for-nothing memory to proceed from a certain texture of the brain which is purely adapted to impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the owner having no thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a man as perfect as a chronologer as to the day and year of most important transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the causes or consequences of any one thing of moment:" I have known another acquire so much by travel as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a postboy; but for any thing else as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man Sir, add but the traveller's privilege of lying, and even that he abuses: this is the picture, behold the life.

Enter BRAZEN.

Braz. Mr. Worthy, I'm your servant, and so forth—Hark'e my dear!

Wor. Whispering, Sir, before company is not manners, and when nobody's by 't is foolish.

Braz. Company! *mort de ma vie!* I beg the gentleman's pardon—who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My dear! I am your servant, and so forth—Your name my dear!

Bal. Very laconick Sir.

Braz. Laconick! a very good name truly. I have known several of the Laconicks abroad. Poor Jack Laconick! he was killed at the battle of Landen. I remember that he had a blue riband in his hat that very day, and after he fell we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Bal. Pray Sir, did the French attack us or we them at Landen?

Braz. The French attack us! Oons! Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Bal. Why that question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the French durst attack us—No Sir, we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two-and-twenty horses kill'd under me that day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Bal. Or perhaps Sir, like my countrymen, you rid upon half-a-dozen horses at once.

Braz. What do ye mean gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I stak'd to death upon the enemy's *chevaux de frise*.

Bal. Noble Captain! may I crave your name?

Braz. Brazen, at your service.

Bal. Oh, Brazen! a very good name. I have known several of the Brazens abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain Plume Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to Frank Plume in Northamptonshire?—Honest Frank! many, many a dry bottle have we crack'd hand to fist. You must have known his brother Charles that was concerned in the India Company; he marry'd the daughter of old Tonguepad, the Master in Chancery, a very pretty woman, only she squinted a little; she died in childbed of her first child, but the child surviv'd: 't was a daughter, but whether it was call'd Margaret or Margery upon my soul I can't remember. [*Looking on his watch.*] But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a

twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk by the water—Worthy, your servant; Laconick, your's. [*Exit.*]

Bal. If you can have so mean an opinion of Melinda as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a lover as to set up a rival. Were there any credit to be given to his words I should believe Melinda had made him this assignation. I must go see Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Bal. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a man of business—But what have we got here?

Enter Rose singing.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet side-saddle; and I shall go to London and see the tombs, and the lions, and the king and queen. Sir, an please your Worship I have often seen your Worship ride through our grounds a-hunting, begging your Worship's pardon. Pray what may this lace be worth a-yard? [*Shewing some lace.*]

Bal. Right Mechlin by this light! Where did you get this lace child?

Rose. No matter for that Sir; I came honestly by it.

Bal. I question it much.

[*Aside.*]

Rose. And see here Sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangere: see here. [*Takes snuff affectedly.*] The Captain learnt me how to take it with an air.

Bal. Oh ho! the Captain! now the murder's out. And so the Captain taught you to take it with an air?

Rose. Yes, and give it with an air too. Will your Worship please to taste my snuff? [*Offers the box affectedly.*]

Bal. You are a very apt scholar pretty maid! And pray, what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two or three sweethearts I have in the country; they shall all go with the Captain. Oh! he's the finest man, and the humblest withal. Would you believe it Sir? he carried me up with him to his own chamber with as much fam-mam-militaryrality as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Bal. Oh! he's a mighty familiar gentleman as can be.

Enter PLUME singing.

Plume. But it is not so
With those that go
Thro' frost and snow—
Most apropos
My maid with the milking-pail.

[*Takes hold of Rose.*]

How, the Justice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd, and executed.

Bal. Oh, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble Captain too Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath! child, are you mad?—Mr. Balance, I am so full of business about my recruits that I ha'n't a moment's time to—I have just now three or four people to——

Bal. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you——

Rose. And so must I too Captain.

Plume. Any other time Sir—I cannot for my life Sir——

Bal. Pray Sir——

Plume. Twenty thousand things—I wou'd—but—now Sir, pray—Devil take me—I cannot—I must——

[*Breaks away.*]

Bal. Nay, I'll follow you.

[*Exit.*]

Rose. And I too.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, the walk by the Severn side.

Enter MELINDA and her maid LUCY.

Mel. And pray was it a ring, or buckle, or pendants, or knots; or in what shape was the almighty gold transform'd that has brib'd you so much in his favour?

Lucy. Indeed Madam the last bribe I had from the Captain was only a small piece of Flanders lace for a cap.

Mel. Ay, Flander's lace is as constant a present from officers to their women as something else is from their women to them. They every year bring over a cargo of lace to cheat the king of his duty and his subjects of their honesty.

Lucy. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another Madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you Mrs. Pert, that you talk so like a trader?

Lucy. "Madam, you talk as peevish to me as if it were my fault; the crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it; though he should not see you this week can I

"help it? But as I was saying Madam, his friend Captain Plume has so taken him up these two days.

Mel. "Psha! would his friend the Captain were ty'd upon his back; I warrant he has never been sober since that confounded Captain came to town. The devil take all officers I say; they do the nation more harm by debauching us at home than they do good by defending us abroad. No sooner a captain comes to town but all the young fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a man to ourselves."

Lucy. One would imagine Madam, by your concern for Worthy's absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing said to me these two days: one may like the love and despise the lover I hope, as one may love the treason and hate the traitor. Oh! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but indeed I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Lucy. If he should speak o' th' assignation I should be ruin'd.

[*Aside.*

Enter BRAZEN.

Braz. True to the touch faith! [*Aside.*] Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that Madam. A fine river this same Severn—Do you love fishing Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy amusement for lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in Flanders against the French, in Hungary against the Turks, and in Tangier against the Moors, and I was never so much in love before; and split me Madam, in all the campaigns I ever made I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw I never had so fine a compliment: but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us Madam; but there are brutes among us too, very sad brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable. I have had very considerable offers Madam—I might have married a German princess worth fifty thousand crowns a-year, but her

stove disgusted me. The daughter of a Turkish haw fell in love with me too when I was a prisoner among the Infidels; she offered to rob her father of his treasure, to make her escape with me; but I don't know how my time was not come: hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny: Fate has reserv'd me for a Shropshire lady worth twenty thousand pounds. Do you know any person Madam?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb! [*Aside.*] To be sure a great many ladies of that fortune would be proud of the name of Mrs. Brazen.

Braz. Nay, for that matter Madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of Brazen.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. Oh, are you there gentleman!—Come, Captain, we'll walk this way. Give me your hand.

Braz. My hand, heart's blood, and guts, are at your service. Mr. Worthy, your servant my dear!

[*Exit leading Melinda.*]

Wor. Death and fire! this is not to be borne.

Enter PLUME.

Plume. No more it is faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The March beer at The Raven. I have been doubly serving the king, raising men and raising the Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk?

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I could be more foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still sits on his throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolick.

Plume. As fit as close pinnars for a punk in the pit.

Wor. There's your play then; recover me that from that Tangerine.

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain Brazen, that I told you of to-day. She is call'd the Melinda, a first rate I can assure you; she's sheer'd off with him just now on purpose to affront me; but according to your advice I would take no notice, because I would seem to be above a concern for her behaviour; but have a care of a quarrel.

Plume. No, no: I never quarrel with any thing in my

cups but an oysterwench or a cookmaid, and if they be n't civil I knock 'em down. But heark'e my friend, I'll make love, and I must make love—I tell you what, I'll make love like a platoon.

Wor. Platoon! now's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, stoop, and stand, faith: most ladies are gain'd by platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I must leave you. [Exit.]

Plume. So! now must I look as sober and as demure as a whore at a christening.

Enter BRAZEN and MELINDA.

Braz. Who's that Madam?

Mel. A brother officer of your's I suppose Sir.

Braz. Ay—my dear! [To Plume.]

Plume. My dear! [Run and embrace.]

Braz. My dear boy! how is't? Your name my dear! If I be not mistaken I have seen your face.

Plume. I never saw your's in my life my dear—but there's a face well known as the Sun's, that shines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any pretensions Sir?

Plume. Pretensions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever serv'd abroad?

Plume. I have serv'd at home Sir, for ages serv'd this cruel fair, and that will serve the turn Sir.

Mel. So, between the fool and the rake I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands! I see Worthy yonder; I could be content to be friends with him would he come this way. [Aside.]

Braz. Will you fight for the lady Sir?

Plume. No Sir, but I'll have her notwithstanding.

Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,
Envy'd by nymphs, and worlupp'd by the swains—

Braz. 'Oons! Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet—I shall be out—

Behold, how humbly does the Severn glide
To greet thee princess of the Severn side.

Braz. Do n't mind him Madam—if he were not so well dress'd I shou'd take him for a poet; but I'll shew you the difference presently. Come Madam, we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her. [Draws.]

Mel. *sbrieking.*]

Enter WORTHY.

Oh Mr. Worthy! save me from these madmen.

[Exit with Worthy.]

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow Sir, and see the bold ravisher?

Braz. No Sir, you are my man.

Plume. I don't like the wages; I won't be your man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my sword.

Plume. No! pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Plume. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter SYLVIA in man's apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye! gentlemen.

Braz. My dear! I'm your s.

Plume. Do you know the gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently—Your name my dear?

Syl. Wilful, Jack Wilful, at your service.

Braz. What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire?

Syl. Both Sir, both; I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe, and I'm head of the family at present.

Plume. Do you live in this country Sir?

Syl. Yes Sir, I live where I stand; I have neither home, house, nor habitation, beyond this spot of ground.

Braz. What are you Sir?

Syl. A rake.

Plume. In the army I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately. Look ye gentlemen, he that bids the fairest has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you; I'll make you a corporal this minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my companion; you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young rogue. *[Exit.]*

Braz. You shall receive your pay, and do no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for sergeant.

Braz. Can you read and write Sir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your business is done—I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal that I'm at a loss to chuse. There is one Plume that I hear much commended in town; pray which of you is Captain Plume?

Plume. I am Captain Plume.

Braz. No, no, I am Captain Plume.

Syl. Hey day!

Plume. Captain Plume! I'm your servant my dear!

Braz. Captain Brazen! I'm your's—The fellow dares not fight. [*Aside.*]

Enter KITE.

Kite. Sir, if you please.—— [*Goes to whisper Plume.*]

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Captain Plume, your sergeant has got so drunk he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible sot. Here, my Hector of Holborn, here's forty shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the bans. Look'e friend, you shall list with Captain Brazen.

Syl. I will see Captain Brazen hang'd first; I will list with Captain Plume: I am a freeborn Englishman, and will be a slave my own way. Look'e Sir, will you stand by me? [*To Brazen.*]

Braz. I warrant you my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain Brazen, [*To Plume.*] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent, coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl. A very sad dog. Give me the money, noble Captain Plume.

Plume. Then you won't list with Captain Brazen?

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him child; I'll end the dispute presently. Hark'e my dear!

[*Takes Plume to one side of the stage and entertains him in dumb show.*]

Kite. Sir, he in the plain coat is Captain Plume; I am his sergeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What! you are Sergeant Kite?

Kite. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing.

Kite. A very understanding youth of his age! Pray Sir, let me look you full in your face.

Syl. Well Sir, what have you to say to my face?

Kite. The very image of my brother; two bullets of the same caliber were never so like: sure it must be Charles—
Charles——

Syl. What do you mean by Charles?

Kite. The voice too, only a little variation in *Fault*! My dear brother! for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword I bespeak you for a comrade.

Syl. No Sir, I'll be the Captain's comrade if any body else.

Kite. Ambition there again! 't is a noble passion for a foldier; by that I gain'd this glorious halberd. Ambition! I see a commission in his face already. Pray, noble Captain, give me leave to salute you. [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Syl. What! men kiss one another.

Kite. We officers do, 't is our way; we live together like man and wife, always either kissing or fighting: but I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now, Sergeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain scorns assistance Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that; but prithee resign the man, prithee do: you are a very honest fellow.

Plume. You lie; and you are a son of a whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to Brazen.*]

Braz. Hold, hold; did not you refuse to fight for the lady?

[*Retiring.*]

Plume. I always do, but for a man I'll fight knee-deep so you lie again. [*Plume and Brazen fight a traverse or two about the stage, Sylvia draws, and is held by Kite, who seizes to arms with his mouth, takes Sylvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage.*]

Braz. Hold! where's the man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*] No let's embrace my dear!

Plume. With all my heart my dear! [*Putting up.*] I suppose Kite has lifted him by this time. [*Embraces.*]

Braz. You are a brave fellow: I always fight with a man before I make him my friend; and if once I find he will fight I never quarrel with him afterwards. And now

I tell you a secret my dear friend! that lady we fright-
ed out of the walk just now I found in bed this morning,
so beautiful, so inviting; I presently lock'd the door—but
I'm a man of honour—but I believe I shall marry her never-
theless—her twenty thousand pounds, you know, will be
a pretty conveniency. I had an assignation with her here,
but your coming spoil'd my sport. Curse you my dear!
don't do so again—

Roufe. No, no, my dear! men are my business at pre-
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, the walk continues.

Enter ROSE and BULLOCK meeting.

ROSE.

WHERE have you been, you great booby? you are al-
ways out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I would prefer you! who should prefer a man
but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, hold
up your head, cock your hat, and look big.

Bul. Ah Roufe, Roufe! I fear somebody will look big
sooner than folk think of. Here has been Cartwheel your
sweetheart; what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great woman, and will provide for
my relations: I told the Captain how finely he play'd up-
on the tabor and pipe, so he sat him down for drummajor.

Bul. Nay sister, why did not you keep that place for
yourself? you know I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if
I were but on a table or on a quart pot.

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket I fancy my
travels would become me as well as any ranting fellow
of 'em all; for I take a bold step, a rakish tois, a smart
cock, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients
in the composition of a Captain. What's here? Rose, my
sister's daughter! I'll go and practise. Come child, kiss
me at once. [*Kisses Rose.*] And her brother too! Well,
Lord! Dungfork, do you know the difference between a
horse and a cart and a cart horse, eh?

Bul. I presume that your Worship is a Captain by your
clothes and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be contented to list friend?

Rose. No, no; though your Worship be a handsome man there be others as fine as you. My brother is engag'd to Captain Plume.

Syl. Plume! do you know Captain Plume?

Rose. Yes I do, and he knows me. He took the ribbands out of his shirt sleeves and put them into my shoes: see there—I can assure you that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bul. That is, in a modest way Sir. Have a care what you say Rouse; don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!—And pray what do you expect from this Captain child?

Rose. I expect Sir!—I expect—but he order'd me to tell nobody—but suppose that he should propose to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care my dear! men will promise any thing beforehand.

Rose. I know that; but he promised to marry me afterwards.

Bul. Wauns! Rouse, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards! after what?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens—I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter PLUME.

Plume. What, Mr. Wilful so close with my market woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close Sir, ay, and closer yet Sir. Come, my pretty maid! you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her; so I have as good a right as you have.

Plume. Thou'rt a bloody impudent fellow!

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the service?

Syl. Yes Sir; so let her go.

Rose. Pray gentlemen don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice. Will you belong to me or to that gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider; you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray Sir, what will you give me?

Bul. Dunna be angry Sir that my sister should be mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee child! I'll set thee above scandal; you shall have a coach with six before and six behind; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho! that's easily done: I'll do more for thee than that, I'll buy you a furbelow-scarf, and give you a ticket to see a play.

Bul. A play! wauns! Rouse, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl. Look'e Captain, if you won't resign I'll go list with Captain Brazen this minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her; I'll change a woman for a man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before indeed that you captains us'd to sell your men.

Bul. Pray, Captain, do not send Rouse to the Western Indies.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! West Indies! No, no, my honest lady, give me thy hand; nor you nor she shall move a step further than I do. This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you Mrs. Rose.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me Sir as the Captain would?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you; my circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take care of you upon my word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be—What would you be?

Bul. Oh Sir, if you had not promis'd the place of drummajor.

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd; but what think you of barrackmaster? you are a person of understanding, and barrackmaster you shall be—But what's become of this same Cartwheel you told me of my dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him—Come, brother barrack-master—We shall find you at home noble Captain?

[*Exeunt Rose and Bullock.*]

Plume. Yes, yes; and now Sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain Plume, I despise your lusting money; if I do serve 't is purely for love—of that wench, I mean—for you must know that among my other fallies I've spent the best part of my fortune in search of a maid, and could never find one hitherto; so you may be assured I'd not sell my freedom under a less purchase than I did my estate—so before I list I must be certify'd that this girl is a virgin.

Plume. Mr. Wilful, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that point till you try; but upon my honour she may be a Vestal for ought that I know to the contrary. I gain'd her heart indeed by some trifling presents and promises, and knowing that the best security for a woman's heart is her person, I would have made myself master of that too had not the jealousy of my impertinent landlady interposed.

Syl. So you only want an opportunity for accomplishing your designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all; I have already gain'd my ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her followers.
 “The women you know are the loadstones every where;
 “gain the wives and you are caress'd by the husbands;
 “please the mistrefs and you are valu'd by the gallants;
 “secure an interest with the finest women at court and
 “you procure the favour of the greatest men;” kiss the prettiest country wenches and you are sure of lusting the lustiest fellows. “Some people call this Artifice, but I term it Stratagem, since it is so main a part of the service: besides, the fatigue of recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we could make ourselves some pleasure amidst the pain no mortal man would be able to bear it.”

Syl. Well Sir, I am satisfied as to the point in debate; but now let me beg you to lay aside your recruiting airs, put on the man of honour, and tell me plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your command?

Plume. “You must know, in the first place then, I hate
 “to have gentlemen in my company, they are always
 “troublesome and expensive, sometimes dangerous; and

't is a constant maxim amongst us that those who know the least obey the best. Notwithstanding all this I find something so agreeable about you that engages me to court your company; and I can't tell how it is, but I should be uneasy to see you under the command of any body else."—Your usage will chiefly depend upon your behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit small fault I will excuse it, if a great one I'll discharge you; for something tells me I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me that if you do discharge me 't will be the greatest punishment you can inflict; for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your profession they would be less terrible to me than to stay behind you—And now your hand, this lifts me—and now you are my Captain.

Plume. Your friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath! there's something in this fellow that charms me.

Syl. One favour I must beg—this affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that would censure my conduct if I threw myself into the circumstance of a private centinel of my own head—I must therefore take care to be impress'd by the act of parliament; you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that—Will you lodge at my quarters in the mean-time? you shall have part of my bed.

Syl. O, no! I lie with a common soldier! would not you lie with a common woman?

Plume. No faith, I'm not that rake that the world imagines. I've got an air of freedom which people mistake for newdness in me, as they mistake formality in others for religion.—The world is all a cheat, only I take mine, which is design'd, to be more excusable than theirs, which is hypocritical. I hurt nobody but myself; they abuse all mankind.—Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain; you forget Rose; she's to be my mistress, you know.

Plume. I had forgot: pray be kind to her.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidant: we are so weak that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret racks us worse

than the cholick—I am at this minute so sick of a secret that I'm ready to faint away.—Help me Lucy?

Lucy. Bless me! Madam, what's the matter?

Mel. Vapour only; I begin to recover.—If Sylvia were in town I could heartily forgive her faults for the ease of discovering my own.

Lucy. You are thoughtful Madam; am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. “You are a servant, and a secret may make you
“saucy.

Lucy. “Not unless you should find fault without a
“cause.

Mel. “Cause or not cause, I must not lose the pleasure
“of chiding when I please. Women must discharge their
“vapours somewhere; and before we get husbands our
“servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Lucy. “Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a
“degree above a servant; you know my family, and that
“five hundred pounds would set me upon the foot of a
“gentlewoman, and make me worthy the confidence of
“any lady in the land; besides, Madam, 't will extremely
“encourage me in the great design I now have in hand.

Mel. “I don't find that your design can be of any great
“advantage to you; 't will please me indeed in the hu-
“mour I have of being reveng'd on the fool for his va-
“nity of making love to me, so I don't much care if I
“do promise you five hundred pounds upon my day of
“marriage.

Lucy. “That is the way Madam to make me diligent
“in the vocation of a confidant, which I think is gene-
“rally to bring people together.”

Mel. Oh Lucy! I can hold my secret no longer. You must know, that hearing of a famous fortuneteller in town I went disguis'd to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear. The fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom-favourites: he has told me the most surprising things of my past life.

Lucy. Things past, Madam, can hardly bereckon'd surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said I should die a maid!

Lucy. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing!—Dear Madam! if you should believe him it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four-and-twenty hours—And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why I pass'd for you.

Lucy. So 'tis I that am to die a maid—But the devil was a liar from the beginning; he can't make me die a maid—I've put it out of his power already. [*Aside.*]

Mel. I do but jest. I would have pass'd for you, and call'd myself Lucy; but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole history of my life. He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described Worthy exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference—I fled to him for refuge here to-day; he never so much as encourag'd me in my fright, but coldly told me that he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walk'd off—'Sdeath! I could have stabb'd him or myself, 't was the same thing—Yonder he comes—I will so use him!

Lucy. Don't exasperate him; consider what the fortuneteller told you. Men are scarce, and as times go it is not impossible for a woman not to die a maid.

Enter WORTHY.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd; I must strike while the iron is hot—You've a great deal of courage, Madam, to venture into the walks where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence to appear before me that you so lately have affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you nor appear before you either Madam; I left you here because I had business in another place, and came hither thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the walk.

Wor. The walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his hat cock'd, she fretting and tearing her fan.*] Will you please to take snuff Madam? [*He offers her his box, she strikes it out of his hand; while he is ga-*

thering it up Brazen enters, and takes her round the waist; she cuffs him.

Braz. What, here before me my dear!

Mel. What means this insolence?

Lucy. Are you mad? don't you see Mr. Worthy?

[*To Brazen.*

Braz. No, no; I'm struck blind—Worthy! odso! well turn'd—My mistress has wit at her fingers' ends—Madam, I ask your pardon; 'tis our way abroad—Mr. Worthy, you're the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel. I'm sorry the favour miscarry'd, for it was design'd for you Mr. Worthy; and be assur'd 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at any hands—Captain, I ask your pardon.

[*Exit with Lucy.*

Braz. I grant it—You see, Mr. Worthy, 'twas only a random shot; it might have taken off your head as well as mine. Courage, my dear! 'tis the fortune of war; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Oons! Sir, what d'ye mean by withdraw?

Braz. I'll shew you.

[*Exit.*

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and Plume's advice has ruin'd me. 'Sdeath! why should I, that knew her haughty spirit, be rul'd by a man that's a stranger to her pride?

Enter PLUME.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! a battle royal! Don't frown so madam, 'tis your own I'll tell you: I saw the fury of her love the extremity of her passion. The wildness of her anger a certain sign that she loves you to madness. That rōg Kite began the battle with abundance of conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my life on't: he plays his part admirably: she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what could be the meaning of Brazen's familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no logician if you pretend to draw consequences from the actions of fools—"There's no arguing by the rule of reason upon a science without principles, and such is their conduct"—Whim, unaccountable whim, hurries 'em on, like a man drunk with brandy be-

fore ten o'clock in the morning——But we lose our sport;
Kite has open'd above an hour ago: let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a chamber, a table with books and globes.

KITE disguised in a strange habit sitting at a table.

[*Kite rising.*] By the position of the heavens, gain'd from
my observation upon these celestial globes, I find that
Luna was a tidewaiter, Sol a surveyor, Mercury a thief,
Venus a whore, Saturn an alderman, Jupiter a rake, and
Mars a sergeant of grenadiers—and this is the system of
Kite the Conjuror.

Enter PLUME and WORTHY.

Plume. Well, what success?

Kite. I have sent away a shoemaker and a tailor already;
one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of
dragoons—I am to manage them at night——Have you
seen the lady Mr. Worthy?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do—Have you shew'd her her
name that I tore off from the bottom of the letter?

Kite. No Sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Plume. What letter?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you
should break windows in good earnest. Here Captain,
put it into your pocketbook, and have it ready upon oc-
casion.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Kite. Officers, to your posts. Tycho, mind the door.

[*Exeunt Plume and Worthy. Servant opens the door.*]

Enter a Smith.

Smith. "Well Master, are you the cunning man?"

Kite. "I am the learned Copernicus."

Smith. "Well Master, I'm but a poor man, and I can't
afford above a shilling for my fortune."

Kite. "Perhaps that is more than 't is worth."

Smith. "Look ye Doctor, let me have something that's
good for my shilling, or I'll have my money again."

Kite. "If there be faith in the stars you shall have your
shilling forty fold——Your hand countryman——You're
by trade a smith."

Smith. "How the devil should you know that?"

Kite. "Because the devil and you are brother trades-
men——You were born under Forceps."

Smith. "Forceps, what's that?"

Kite. "One of the signs: there's Leo, Sagittarius,
"Forceps, Furns, Dixmude, Namur, Brussels, Charlcroy,

"and so forth—twelve of 'em—Let me see—did you
"ever make any bombs or cannon-bullets?

Smith. "Not I.

Kite. "You either have or will—The stars have de-
"creed that you shall be—I must have more money Sir
"——your fortune's great.

Smith. "Faith Doctor I have no more.

Kite. "Oh Sir I'll trust you, and take it out of your
"arrears.

Smith. "Arrears! what arrears?

Kite. "The five hundred pound that is owing to you
"from the government.

Smith. "Owing me!

Kite. "Owing you Sir—Let me see your t'other
"hand—I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you,
"and the rogue of an agent will demand fifty per cent. for
"a fortnight's advance.

Smith. "I'm in the clouds Doctor all this while.

Kite. "Sir, I am above 'em, among the stars—In two
"years three months and two hours you will be made
"Captain of the Forges to the grand train of artillery, and
"will have ten shillings a-day and two servants—'Tis
"the decree of the stars, and of the fix'd stars, that are as
"immoveable as your anvil—Strike Sir while the iron
"is hot—Fly Sir, begone.

Smith. "What would you have me do Doctor? I wish
"the stars would put me in a way for this fine place.

Kite. "The stars do—let me see—ay, about an hour
"hence walk carelessly into the Market-place, and you will
"see a tall slender gentleman cheap'ning a pennyworth of
"apples, with a cane hanging upon his button: this gentle-
"man will ask you 'what's o'clock—he's your man, and
"the maker of your fortune; follow him, follow him—
"And now go home, and take leave of your wife and
"children—An hour hence exactly is your time.

Smith. "A tall slender gentleman, you say, with a cane:
"pray what sort of head has the cane?

Kite. "An amber head, with a black riband.

Smith. "And pray, of what employment is the gentle-
"man?

Kite. "Let me see; he's either a collector of the excise
"or a plenipotentiary, or a captain of grenadiers—I

" can't tell exactly which—but he'll call you honest

" —Your name is—

Smith. " Thomas.

Kite. " He'll call you honest Tom.

Smith. " But how the devil should he know my name?

Kite. " Oh, there are several sorts of Toms——Tom
" o'Lincoln, Tom Tit, Tom Telltruth, Tom a'Bedlam,
" and Tom Fool——Begone——An hour hence precise-
" ly. [*Knocking at the door.*]

Smith. " You say he'll ask me what's o'clock?

Kite. " Most certainly——and you'll answer you
" don't know——And be sure you look at St. Mary's
" dial, for the sun won't shine, and if it should you won't
" be able to tell the figures.

Smith. " I will, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Plume. " Well done Conjuror! go on and prosper.

[*Behind.*]

Kite. " As you were.

" *Enter a Butcher.*

" What, my old friend Pluck the butcher!——I offered
" the furly bull-dog five guineas this morning; and he re-
" fus'd it. [*Aside.*]

But. " So, Mr. Conjuror, here's half-a-crown——And
" now you must understand——

Kite. " Hold friend, I know your business beforehand——

But. " You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well
" know it myself.

Kite. " I know more than you friend——You have a
" foolish saying, that such a one knows no more than the
" man in the moon: I tell you the man in the moon knows
" more than all the men under the sun. Don't the moon
" see all the world?

But. " All the world see the moon I must confess.

Kite. " Then she must see all the world, that's certain
" ——Give me your hand——You're by trade either a
" butcher or a surgeon.

But. " True, I am a butcher.

Kite. " And a surgeon you will be; the employments
" differ only in the name——He that can cut up an ox may
" dissect a man; and the same dexterity that cracks a mar-
" rowbone will cut off a leg or an arm.

But. " What d'ye mean Doctor? what d'ye mean?

Kite. "Patience, patience, Mr. Surgeon General; the stars are great bodies, and move slowly.

But. "But what d'ye mean by surgeon general Doctor?

Kite. "Nay Sir, if your Worship won't have patience I must beg the favour of your Worship's absence.

But. "My Worship! my Worship! but why my Worship?

Kite. "Nay then I have done. [Sits.]

But. "Pray Doctor—

Kite. "Fire and fury Sir! [*Rises in a passion.*] Do you think the stars will be hurried? Do the stars owe you any money Sir; that you dare to dun their Lordships at this rate?—Sir, I am porter to the stars, and I am ordered to let no dun come near their doors.

But. "Dear Doctor! I never had any dealing with the stars; they don't owe me a penny—but since you are their porter please to accept of this half-crown to drink their healths, and don't be angry—

Kite. "Let me see your hand then once more—Here has been gold—five guineas, my friend, in this very hand this morning.

But. "Nay, then he is the devil—Pray Doctor, were you born of a woman, or did you come into the world of your own head?

Kite. "That's a secret—This gold was offered you by a proper handsome man call'd Hawk, or Buzzard, or—

But. "Kite you mean.

Kite. "Ay, ay, Kite.

But. "As errant a rogue as ever carried a halberd: the impudent rascal would have decoyed me for a soldier.

Kite. "A soldier! a man of your substance for a soldier! your mother has an hundred pound in hard money lying at this minute in the hands of a mercer not forty yards from this place.

But. "Oons! and so she has, but very few know so much.

Kite. "I know it, and that rogue, what's his name? Kite, knew it, and offer'd you five guineas to list, because he knew your poor mother would give the hundred for your discharge.

But. "There's a dog now—'Sdeath! Doctor, I'll give you t'other half-crown and tell me that this same Kite will be hang'd.

Kite. "He's in as much danger as any man in the county of Salop.

But. "There's your fee—but you have forgot the surgeon general all this while.

Kite. "You put the stars in a passion; [*Looks on his books.*] but now they are pacified again—Let me see, did you never cut off a man's leg?

But. "No.

Kite. "Recollect pray.

But. "I say no.

Kite. "That's strange, wonderful strange! but nothing is strange to me; such wonderful changes have I seen—The second or third, ay, the third campaign that you make in Flanders the leg of a great officer will be shattered by a great shot, you will be there accidentally, and with your cleaver chop off the limb at a blow. In short, the operation will be performed with so much dexterity that with general applause you will be made Surgeon General of the whole army.

But. "Nay, for the matter of cutting off a limb I'll do't, I'll do't with any surgeon in Europe; but I have no thoughts of making a campaign.

Kite. "You have no thoughts! what's matter for your thoughts? the stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. "The stars decree it! Oons! Sir, the justices can't press me.

Kite. "Nay, friend, 't is none of my business; I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an hour and half hence; that's all. Farewell.

But. "Hold, hold, Doctor—Surgeon General! what is the place worth pray?

Kite. "Five hundred pounds a-year, besides guineas for claps.

But. "Five hundred pounds a-year!—An hour and a half hence you say.

Kite. "Prithceefriend be quiet, do n't be troublesome; here's such a work to make a booby butcher accept of five hundred pounds a-year—But if you must hear it—I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your stall an hour and half's hence, and a gentleman will come by with a snuffbox in his hand, and the tip of his handkerchief hanging out of his right pocket; he'll ask you the

"price of a loin of veal, and at the same time stroke your great dog upon the head, and call him Chopper.

But. "Mercy on us! Chopper is the dog's name.

Kite. "Look'e there—what I say is true—things that are to come must come to pass.—Get you home, sell off your stock, don't mind the whipping and the snivelling of your mother and your sister; women always hinder preferment—make what money you can, and follow that gentleman; his name begins with a P.—mind that—there will be the barber's daughter too that you promised marriage to—she will be pulling and hauling you to pieces.

But. What, know Sally too! he's the devil, and he needs must go that the devil drives. [*Going.*]—The tip of his handkerchief out of his left pocket.

Kite. "No, no, his right pocket; if it be the left 't is none of the man.

But. "Well, well, I'll mind him.

[*Exit.*

Plume. "The right pocket you say.

[*Behind with his pocketbook.*

Kite. "I hear the rustling of silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly Sir, 't is Madam Melinda."

Enter MELINDA and LUCY.

Kite. Tycho, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself; we sha'n't stay Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a husband—For your part Madam you won't stay for a husband.

[*To Lucy.*

Lucy. Pray Doctor, do you converse with the stars or the devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search I consult the stars, when the affairs of women come under my hands I advise with my t'other friend.

Mel. And have you raised the devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes Madam, and he's now under the table.

Lucy. Oh, Heavens protect us! Dear Madam! let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him why do ye come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear fool: do you think Sir that because

I'm a woman I'm to be fooled out of my reason or frightened out of my senses? Come, shew me this devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present, but when he has done he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your name in his pocketbook.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! pray what have you or he to do with my name?

Kite. Look'e fair lady! the devil is a very modest person, he seeks nobody unless they seek him first; he's chain'd up like a mastiff, and can't stir unless he be let loose—You come to me to have your fortune told—do you think, Madam, that I can answer you of my own head? No, Madam; the affairs of women are so irregular that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now to convince you of your incredulity, I'll shew you a trial of my skill. Here, you Cacodemo del Plumo, exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word *Melinda*, in proper letters and characters of her own handwriting—do it at three motions—one—two—three—'tis done—Now, Madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Lucy. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My name in my own handwriting! that would be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing is believing. [*Goes to the table and lifts up the carpet.*] Here Tre, Tre, poor Tre, give me the bone firrah. There's your name upon that square piece of paper. Behold—

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! my very letters to a tittle!

Lucy. 'Tis like your hand Madam, but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer 'tis not like your hand at all.

Kite. Here's a chambermaid now will outlie the devil!

Lucy. Look'e Madam, they sha'n't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands no more than they can their faces—Come, Madam, let us be certain; write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare the two hands. [*Takes out a paper and folds it.*]

Kite. Any thing for your satisfaction Madam—Here's pen and ink. [*Melinda writes, Lucy holds the paper.*]

Lucy. Let me see it Madam; 'tis the same—the very same—But I'll secure one copy for my own affairs. [*Aside.*]

Mel. This is demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so Madam—the word Demonstration comes from Dæmon, the father of lies.

Mel. Well Doctor, I'm convince'd: and now, pray, what account can you give of my future fortune?

Kite. Before the sun has made one course round this earthly globe your fortune will be fix'd for happiness or misery.

Mel. What! so near the crisis of my fate?

Kite. Let me see—About the hour of ten to-morrow morning you will be saluted by a gentleman who will come to take his leave of you, being designed for travel; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other—In short, if the gentleman travels he will die abroad, and if ~~he~~ does you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of a man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible Doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam—because it is so—A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten o'clock you say?

Kite. Ten—about the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here Doctor. [*Gives money.*] Lucy, have you any questions to ask?

Lucy. Oh Madam! a thousand.

Kite. I must beg your patience till another time, for I expect more company this minute; besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Lucy. O pray, Sir, discharge us first?

Kite. Tycho, wait on the ladies down stairs.

[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy.*]

Enter WORTHY and PLUME.

Kite. Mr. Worthy, you were pleas'd to wish me joy to-day; I hope to be able to return the compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best compliment to you that ever I made in my life if you do; but I must be a traveller you say?

Kite. No farther than the chops of the Channel I presume Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking bard.*] Hey day! you don't profess midwifery Doctor?

Kite. Away to your ambuscade.

[*Exeunt Worthy and Plume.*]

Enter BRAZEN.

Braz. Your servant my dear!

Kite. Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd my dear?

Kite. Yes my dear! but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself: [*Draws a circle round him.*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Braz. Lines! what dost talk of lines! you have something like a fishingrod there indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you man—What's your name my dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum? rat me! I knew a famous doctor in London of your name—Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in Algebra.

Braz. Algebra! 'tis no country in Christendom I'm sure, unless it be someplace in the Highlands in Scotland.

Kite. Right—I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I my dear! I am going to be marry'd—I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholick, spleen, and vapours—shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours, ay or no?

Kite. Certainly.

Braz. Gadso ay—

Kite. —Or no—but I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old bitch! did you ever hear of love-letters dated with the year and day of the month? do you think billetdoux are like bank-bills?

Kite. They are not so good my dear—but if they bear no date I must examine the contents.

Braz. Contents! that you shall old boy! here they be both,

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd if you please. [*Takes the letter.*] Now, Sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute I'll send this letter enclos'd to you with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings.

Braz. With all my heart—I must give him—[*Puts his hands in his pockets.*] Algebra! I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity—Here—[*Give*

him money.] And if I succeed I'll build a watch-tower on the top of the highest mountain in Wales for the study of astrology and the benefit of the Conundrums. [*Exit.*]

Enter PLUME and WORTHY.

Wor. O Doctor! that letter's worth a million; let me see it: and now I have it I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it. [*Opening the letter.*] If she be a jilt—Damn her she is one—there's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! then I'll travel in good earnest—By all my hopes 't is Lucy's hand.

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly—'t is no more like Melinda's character than black is to white.

Plume. Then 't is certainly Lucy's contrivance to draw in Brazen for a husband—But are you sure 't is not Melinda's hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the devil wrote Melinda upon?

Kite. Here Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they are not the same: and is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter which made Mr. Balance send his daughter into the country.

Wor. The very same: the other fragments I shew'd you just now I once intended for another use; but I think I have turn'd it now to a better advantage.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of believing that angelick creature could change. Poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich Sylvia you mean, and poor Captain; ha, ha, ha!—Come, come, friend, Melinda is true, and shall be mine; Sylvia is constant, and may be your's.

Plume. No, she's above my hopes—but for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

By some the sex is blam'd without design,
Light harmless censure, such as your's and mine,
Sallies of wit and vapours of our wine:
Others the justice of the sex condemn,
And wanting merit to create esteem
Would hide their own defects by censuring them:
But they, secure in their allconqu'ring charms
Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms.
He magnifies their conquests who complains,
For none would struggle were they not in chains.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE, Justice BALANCE's house.

Enter BALANCE and SCALE.

SCALE.

I Say 't is not to be borne Mr. Balance.

Bal. Look'e Mr. Scale, for my own part I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army; "they expose their lives to so many dangers for us abroad that we may give them some grains of allowance at home."

Scale. "Allowance! this poor girl's father is my tenant, and if I mistake not her mother nursed a child for you — Shall they lebauch our daughters to our faces?"

Bal. "Consider, Mr. Scale, that were it not for the bravery of these officers we should have French dragoons among us that would leave us neither liberty, property, wives, nor daughters—Come, Mr. Scale, the gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so! the same heat that stirs them up to love spurs them on to battle: you never knew a great general in your life that did not love a whore. This" I only speak in reference to Captain Plume—for the other spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does—Oh! here they come.

Enter SYLVIA, BULLOCK, ROSE, Prisoners, Constable, and Mob.

Const. May it please your Worships we took them in the very act, *re infesta*, Sir—The gentleman indeed behav'd himself like a gentleman, for he drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Bal. Give the gentleman his sword again—Wait you without. [*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*] I'm sorry Sir, [*Re Sylvia.*] to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour—my innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

Scale. Innocence! have ye not seduc'd that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bul. So she did I'll swear—for she propos'd marriage first.

Bal. What! then you are marry'd child? [*To Rose.*]

Rose. Yes Sir, to my sorrow.

Bal. Who was witness?

Bul. That was I—I danc'd, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bedside, I'm sure.

Bal. Who was the minister?

Bul. Minister! we are soldiers, and want no minister—they were marry'd by the articles of war.

Bal. Hold thy prating fool—Your appearance, Sir, promises some understanding; pray what does this fellow mean?

Syl. He means marriage I think—but that you know is so odd a thing that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a sacrament, others a convenience, and others make it a jest; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred—our sword you know is our honour, that we lay down—the Hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after—Leap rogue, follow whore—the drum beats a ruff, and so to bed: that's all: the ceremony is concise.

Bul. And the prettiest ceremony, so full of pastime and prodigality—

Bal. What! are you a soldier?

Bul. Ay, that I am—Will your Worship lend me your cane and I'll shew you how I can exercise?

Bal. Take it. [*Strikes him over the head.*] Pray, Sir, what commission may you bear? [*To Sylvia.*]

Syl. I'm call'd Captain, Sir, by all the coffeemen, drawers, whores, and groom-porters, in London, for I wear a red coat, a sword, a piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Scal. Your name, pray Sir?

Syl. Captain Pinch: I cock my hat with a pinch, I take snuff with a pinch, pay my whores with a pinch—in short I can do any thing at a pinch but fight and fill my belly.

Bal. And pray, Sir, what brought you into Shropshire?

Syl. A pinch Sir: I know you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money, and so—

Bal. I understand you Sir—Here, Constable—

Enter CONSTABLE.

Take this gentleman into custody till farther orders.

Robt. Pray your Worship don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once! 'tis the first time they ever went together.

Bal. Heark'e Constable. *[Whispers him.]*

Const. It shall be done Sir—Come along Sir.

[Exeunt Constable, Bullock, and Sylvia.]

Bal. Come Mr. Scale, we'll manage the spark presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 3, MELINDA'S apartment.

Enter MELINDA and WORTHY.

Mel. So far the prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly. *[Aside.]* And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I should be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake Mr. Worthy, I am not so fond of variety as to travel for't, nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expense and danger in hopes of precarious pleasures, "which at best never answer expectation, as it is evident from the example of most travellers, that long more to return to their own country than they did to go abroad."

Wor. What pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a great while; I fancy if we made our accounts we should the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, affidavies, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year! oh Mr. Worthy! what you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven years' servitude. How did you use me the year before! when, taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you would have made me your mistress, that is, your slave—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits: remember those, those Mr. Worthy.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing—'tis your interest that I should forget. You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one balance the other—Now, if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over, here's my hand I'll use you as a gentleman should be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman should be may this be my poison. [*Kissing her hand.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the coach is at the door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. Balance's country-house to see my cousin Sylvia; I have done her an injury, and can't be easy till I've ask'd her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My coach is full, but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own horse and follow us we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain Plume with you we sha'n't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit leading Melinda.*]

SCENE, the market-place.

Enter PLUME and KITE.

Plume. A baker, a tailor, a smith, butchers, carpenters, and journeymen shoemakers, in all thirty-nine—I believe the first colony planted in Virginia had not more trades in their company than I have in mine.

Kite. The butcher, Sir, will have his hands full, for we have two sheepstealers among us—I hear of a fellow too committed just now for stealing of horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the dragon—
Have we never a poulterer among us?

Kite. Yes Sir, the king of the gipsies is a very good one; he has an excellent hand at a goose or a turkey—Here's Captain Brazen Sir. I must go look after the men.

Enter BRAZEN reading a letter.

Braz. Um, um, um, the canonical hour—Um, um, very well—My dear Plume! give me a buss.

Plume. Half-a-score if you will my dear! What hast got in thy hand-child?

Braz. 'Tis a project for laying out a thousand pounds.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine my dear! that I want twenty thousand pounds; I have spent twenty times as much in the service—"Now, my dear! pray advise me—my head runs much upon architecture—shall I build a privateer or a playhouse?

Plume. "An odd question—a privateer or a playhouse! 'twill require some consideration—Faith I am for a privateer."

Braz. "I am not of your opinion my dear! for, in the first place, a privateer may be ill built."

Plume. "And so may a playhouse."

Braz. "But a privateer may be ill mann'd."

Plume. "And so may a playhouse."

Braz. "A privateer may run upon the shallows."

Plume. "Not so often as a playhouse."

Braz. "But you know a privateer may spring a leak."

Plume. "And I know that a playhouse may spring a great many."

Braz. "But suppose the privateer come home with a rich booty we should never agree about our shares."

Plume. "'Tis just so in a playhouse—So by my advice you shall fix upon a privateer."

Braz. "Agreed"—But if this twenty thousand pounds should not be in specie—

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Heark'e—

[Whispers.]

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Presently; we're to meet about half-a-mile out of town at the water-side—and so forth—*[Reads.]* "For 'fear I should be known by any of Worthy's friends you
Fij

"must give me leave to wear my mask till after the ceremony which will make me for ever your's"—I look'e there my dear dog! [*Shows the bottom of the letter to Plume.*]

Plume. Melinda! and by this light her own hand! Once more if you please my dear—Her hand exactly—Just now you say?

Braz. This minute; I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little patience and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a gentleman coming this way that may be inquisitive; 'tis Worthy, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very eyes discover secrets. [*Exit.*]

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. To boot and saddle Captain; you must mount.

Plume. Whip and spur Worthy, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall; Melinda and I are agreed; she's gone to visit Sylvia, we are to mount and follow; and could we carry a parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your head, Melinda has secur'd a parson already.

Wor. Already! do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her hand—Brazen and she are to meet half-a-mile hence at the water-side, there to take boat, I suppose, to be ferry'd over to the Elysian Fields, if there be any such thing in matrimony.

Wor. I parted with Melinda just now; she assured me she hated Brazen, and that she resolv'd to discard Lucy for daring to write letters to him in her name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of Lucy in this—I tell ye I saw Melinda's hand as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you she's gone this minute to Justice Balance's country-house.

Plume. But I tell you she's gone this minute to the water-side.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam Melinda has sent word that you need not trouble yourself to follow her, because her journey to Justice Balance's is put off, and she's gone to take the air another way. [*To Worthy.*]

Wor. How! her journey put off?

Plume. That is, her journey was a put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how, where, when, is she to meet Brazen?

Plume. Just now I tell you, half-a-mile hence, at the waterside.

Wor. Up or down the water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my horses are ready——Jack, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an inch——I shall return presently. [*Exit.*]

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall: the Justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE a court of justice, BALANCE, SCALE, and SCRUPLE, upon the bench; Constable, KITE, Mob.

KITE and Constable advance.

Kite. Pray who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice Balance, he on the right is Justice Scale, and he on the left is Justice Scruple, and I am Mr. Constable; four very honest gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your most obedient servant. [*Saluting the Constable.*] I fancy, Sir, that your employment and mine are much the same; for my business is to keep people in order, and if they disobey to knock them down; and then we are both staffofficers.

Const. Nay, I'm a fergeant myself——of the militia——Come brother, you shall see me exercise. Suppose this a musket; now I'm shouldered.

[*Puts his staff on his right shoulder.*]

Kite. Ay, you are shouldered pretty well for a constable's staff, but for a musket you must put it on the other shoulder my dear!

Const. Adso! that's true——Come, now give the word of command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will——we will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you dog, silence!

[*Strikes him over the head with his halberd.*]

Const. That's the way to silence a man with a witness. Why do you mean friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you Sir.

Const. Your exercise differs so much from ours that we

shall ne'er agree about it; if my own captain had given me such a rap I had taken the law of him.

Enter PLUME.

Bal. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen I thank you.

Scrup. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends, and sits upon the bench.*] Now produce your prisoners—Here, that fellow there, set him up. Mr. Constable, what have you to say against this man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him an please you.

Bal. No; what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know an please your Worship.

Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up?

Const. I can't tell an please ye; I can't read.

Scrup. A very pretty constable truly. I find we have no business here.

Kite. May it please the worshipful bench I desire to be heard in this case, as being the counsel for the king.

Bal. Come Sergeant, you shall be heard since nobody else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him; besides, he's cut out by nature for a grenadier; he's five feet ten inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the Cheshire round with any man in the country; he gets drunk every Sabbathday, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie sirrah, you lie; an please your Worship he's the best-natur'd pains-taking'st man in the parish, witness my five poor children.

Scrup. A wife and five children! you Constable, you rogue, how durst you impress a man that has a wife and five children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Bal. Hold gentlemen. Hark'e friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children?

Plume. They live upon wildfowl and venison Sir; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five miles round.

Bal. A gun! nay if he be so good at ganning he shall have enough on't. He may be of use against the French, for he shoots flying to be sure.

Scrup. But his wife and children Mr. Balance.

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you would send him away; you know I have a child every year, and you are afraid that they should come upon the parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there gentlemen, the honest woman has spoke it at once; the parish had better maintain five children this year than six or seven the next. That fellow upon this high feeding may get you two or three beggars at a birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my teeming-time if there be a man left in the parish.

Bal. Send that woman to the house of correction—and the man—

Kite. I'll take care of him if you please.

[Takes him down.

Scale. Here, you Constable, the next. Set up that black-fac'd fellow, he has a gunpowder look; what can you say against this man Constable?

Const. Nothing; but that he is a very honest man.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company for the novelty's sake.

Bal. What are you friend?

Mob. A collier; I work in the coalpits.

Scrup. Look'e gentlemen, this fellow has a trade, and the act of parliament here expresses that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worship this man has no visible means of a livelihood, for he works underground.

Plume. Well said Kite; besides, the army wants miners.

Bal. Right, and had we an order of government for't we could raise you in this and the neighbouring county of Stafford five hundred colliers that would run you underground like mole and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Scrup. Well friend, what have you to say for yourself?

Mob. I'm married.

Kite. L-a-a-day! so am I.

Mob. There's my wife, poor woman.

Bal. Are you married good woman?

Wom. I'm married in conscience.

Kite. May it please your Worship she's with child in conscience.

Scale. Who married you Mistress?

Wom. My husband: we agreed that I should call him Husband to avoid passing for a whore, and that he should call me Wife to shun going for a soldier.

Scrup. A very pretty couple! Pray, Captain, will you take them both?

Plume. What say you Mr. Kite? will you take care of the woman?

Kite. Yes Sir, she shall go with us to the seaside, and there if she has a mind to drown herself we'll take care that nobody shall hinder her.

Bal. Here, Constable, bring in my man. [*Exit Const.*] Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a man such as you never lifted in your life. [*Enter Const. and Sol.*] Oh, my friend Pinch! I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! is that your respect to the bench?

Syl. Sir, I do n't care a farthing for you nor your bench neither.

Scrup. Look'e gentlemen, that's enough; he's a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier.

Scale. A notorious rogue I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Const. A whoremaster I say, and therefore fit to go.

Bal. What think you Captain?

Plume. I think he is a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy lubberly sons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to an enemy in the face.

Const. May it please your Worshi
at the door to swear a rape against t

Syl. Is it your wife or daughter he
both yesterday.

Bal. Pray, Captain, read the article
him lifted immediately.

Plume. reads.] Articles of war again
sertion, &c.

Syl. Hold Sir—Once more, gentle
what you do, for you shall severely smart
you offer to me; and you Mr. Balance,
particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e young spark, say but one word more and I'll build a horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech good Captain Huff-cap! but you had better be quiet; I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Plume. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false; I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench, and I am heir to twelve hundred pounds a-year.

Bal. He's certainly mad. Pray, Captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold, -nce more. Pray, Mr. Balance, to you I speak; suppose I were your child, would you use me at this rate?

Bal. No faith; were you mine I would send you to Bedlam first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father Sir; he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just, a man as ever serv'd his country; I'm his only child; perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Bal. He's a very great fool if it does. Captain, if you don't list him this minute I'll leave the court.

Plume. Kite, do you distribute the levy money to the men while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir. Silence gentlemen.

[Plume reads the articles of war.]

Bal. Very well; now Captain, let me beg the favour of you not to let that fellow upon any account whatsoever. Br

Const. I can't please your Worship.

Bal. ere five two hours ago.

Syl. this rogue of a Constable let the eleven shillings a-man, because he m but ten, so the odd shilling was cle

, he offered to let me go away for two and not so much about me: this is truth, to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it: give me the book; 'tis for the good of the service.

Mob. May it please your Worship I gave him half-a-crown to say that I was an honest man; but now since that your Worships have made me a rogue I hope I shall have my money again.

Bal. 'Tis my opinion that this Constable be put into the Captain's hands, and if his friends do n't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night, Captain you shall carry him to Flanders.

Scale, Scrub.] Agreed, agreed.

Plume. Mr. Kite, take the Constable into custody.

Kite. Ay, ay, Sir. [*To the Constable.*] Will you please to have your office taken from you, or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you?

[*Constable drops his staff.*]

Bal. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court. Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Sergeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the fields.

"*Enter BRAZEN, leading in LUCY muffled.*

Braz. "The boat is just below here.

"*Enter WORTHY, with a case of pistols under his arm.*

Wor. "Here, Sir, take your choice.

"[*Going between 'em, and offering them.*]

Braz. "What, pistols! are they charged my dear?

Wor. "With a brace of bullets each.

Braz. "But I'm a foot-officer my dear! and never use pistols; the sword is my way, and I won't be put out of my road to please any man.

Wor. "Nor I neither; so have at you. [*Checks one pistol.*]

Braz. "Look'e my dear! I do care for pistols—
"Pray oblige me, and let us have a bout at sharps. Damn it! there's no parrying these bullets.

Wor. "Sir, if you ha'n't your belly full of these the sword shall come in for second course.

Braz. "Why then, fire and fury! I have cannon smoke from the mouth of a cannon Sir; don't think I fear powder, for I live upon't. Let me see: [*Takes one.*]

"and now Sir, how many paces distance shall we fight?

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND;

A COMEDY,
AS WRITTEN BY DR. HOADLY:

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

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

Regulated from the Prompt-Book
BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS,
BY MR. HOPKINS, PROMPTER.



L O N D O N :
AT THE Shakespeare Works, BY THE ETHERINGTONS;
For J. GELL, at the BRITISH LIBRARY,
in the STRAND,
1779.

religion, laws, and properties secure, but in the security of your royal person and government—When this shall be told—this alone, this voice of the public, expressed in deeds, will be the highest panegyric, greater and truer praise, than all the words which invention and art can put together—But I forgot myself and my duty.

I ought not, upon the present occasion, to interrupt your cares for the public any further than to express my deep sense of your royal favour and condescension; and to send up my warmest vows, that your Majesty may long enjoy the fruits of a conduct in government, which is the security to your subjects of all that is valuable upon earth; that you may live, through a course of many years, the delight of your happy people, the example, to all the princes around you, of political truth and justice, superior to all the little arts of fraud and perfidy; and that the succession to the crown of these realms, in your royal line, may never fail to establish and continue the blessings we enjoy to our latest posterity. I am,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most devoted and

Obedient subject and servant,

JENAMIN HOADLY.

PRO.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

WHILE other culprits brave it the last,
Nor beg for mercy till the judgment's past;
Poets alone, as conscious of their crimes,
Open their trials with imploring rhymes.
Thus crammi'd with flattery and low submission,
Each trite dull prologue is the bard's petition.
A stale device to calm the critic's fury,
And bribe at once the judges and the jury.

But what avail such poor repeated arts?
The whimp'ring scribbler ne'er can touch your hearts;
Nor ought an ill-tim'd pity to take place—
Fast as they rise, destroy th' increasing race:
The vermin else will run the nation o'er—
By saving one you breed a million more.

Though disappointed authors rail and rage
At fancy'd parties, and a senseless age,
Yet still has justice triump'h'd on the stage.
Thus speaks and thinks the author of to-day,
And saying this, has little more to say.
He asks no friend his partial zeal to show,
Nor fears the groundless censures of a foe:
He knows no friendship can protect the fool,
Nor will an audience be a party's tool.
'Tis inconsistent with a free-born spirit,
To side with folly, or to injure merit.
By your decision he must fall or stand,
Nor, though he feels the lash, will blame the hand.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
MR. STRICTLAND,	MR. JEFFERSON.	MR. CLARKE.
FRANKLY,	MR. PALMER.	MR. LEWIS.
BELLAMY,	MR. PACKER,	MR. WROUGHTON.
RANGER,	MR. GARRETT.	MR. WOODWARD.
JACK MEGGOT,	MR. DODD.	MR. LEE LEWES.
BUCKLE,	MR. WRIGHT.	MR. CUSHING.
TESTER,	MR. BURTON.	MR. QUICK.
<i>Servant to Ranger,</i>	MR. EVERARD.	MR. THOMPSON.
SIMON,	MR. WRIGHTEN.	MR. WEWITZER.
Chairmen, Footmen, &c.		

W O M E N.

MR. STRICTLAND,	MRS. SEDDONS.	MRS. MATTOCKS.
CLARINDA,	MRS. ABINGTON.	MRS. BULKLEY.
JACINTHA,	MISS YOUNGE.	MRS. LESSINGHAM.
LUCETTA,	MRS. DAVIES.	MRS. GREEN.
LANDLADY,	MRS. BRADSHAW.	MRS. POUSSIN.
MILLINER,	MISS JARRATT.	MRS. INVILL.
MAID,	MRS. W. PALMER.	MISS STEWART.

S C E N E, London.

THE

T H E

SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

A C T I.

S C E N E, Ranger's Chambers in the Temple.

A knocking is heard at the door for some time; when Ranger enters, having let himself in.

ONCE more I am got safe to the Temple. Let me reflect a little. I have sat up all night: I have my head full of bad wine, and the noise of oaths, dice, and the damn'd tingling of tavern bells; my spirits jaded, and my eyes sunk in my head; and all this for the conversation of a company of fellows I despise. Their wit lies only in obscenity, their mirth in noise, and their delight in ~~in a~~ and dice. Honest Ranger, take my word for it, thou art a mighty silly fellow.

Enter Servant with a wig dressed.

Where have you been, rascal? If I had not had the key in my pocket, I must have waited at the door in this dainty dress.

Ser. I was only below combing out your Honour's wig.

Ran. Well, give me my cap.—[*Pulling off his wig.*]
Why, how like a raking dog do you look, compared to that furze, sober gentleman! Go, you batter'd devil, and be made fit to be seen. [*Throwing his wig to the Servant.*]

Ser. Cod, my master's very merry this morning. [*Exit.*]

Ran. And now for the law. [*Sits down and reads.*]

“ Tell me no more, I am deceiv'd,
That Cloe's false and common;
By Heav'n I all along believ'd,
She was a very woman.

As

8 THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

As such I lik'd, and so she lov'd;
She still was constant to her loves'd;
She could do more than I could say."

Honest Congreve was a man of his own heart.

Servants pass over the Stage.

Have you been for the money this morning, as I ordered

Ser. No, Sir. You had said so before you was up; I did not know your Honour was up before you went to bed.

Ran. None of your business, but to business. Go to the coffee house, and enquire if there has been any letter or message left for me.

Ser. I shall, Sir.

Ran. [Repeats.]

"You think I am a little kind,
I take her body for my own;
Which has the more to do with me,

Oh, that I had such a little more, to lull my senses to their desired sleep. [Knocks at the door.] Come in.

Oh, Master Simon, is it you? How long have you been in town?

Sim. Just come, Sir, but for a little time neither; and yet I have as many messages as if we were to stay the whole year round. Here they are, all of them. [Pulls out a number of cards.] and among them one for your Honour.

Ran. [Reads.] "Clarinda's compliments to her cousin Ranger, and should be glad to see him for ever so little a time that he can be spared from the more weighty business of the law." Ha, ha, ha, the same merry girl I ever knew her.

Sim. My lady is never fad, Sir. [Knocking at the door.]

Ran. Pr'ythee, Simon, open the door.

Enter Milliner.

Well, child—and who are you?

Mil. Sir, my mistress gives her service to you, and has sent you home the linen you bespoke.

Ran. Well, Simon, my service to your lady, and let her know I will most certainly wait upon her. I am a little busy, Simon—and so—

Sim. Ah, you're a wag Master Ranger, you're a wag—but mum for that.

Ran.

Ran. I swear, my dear, you are the prettiest pair of eyes—the loveliest pair of eyes—I never saw you before.

Mil. No, Sir! I never saw you in the shop.

Ran. Were you so, well, and what does your mistress say?—The devil fetch me, child, you look'd so prettily, that I could not mind one word you said.

Mil. Lard, Sir, you are such another gentleman! What she says, she is sorry she could not send them sooner. Shall I lay them down?

Ran. No, child. Give 'em to me—Dear little smiling angel—

[*Catches and kisses her.*]

Mil. I beg, Sir, you would be civil.

Ran. Civil! Egad, I think I am very civil.

[*Kisses her again.*]

Enter Servant and Bellamy.

Ser. Sir, Mr. Bellamy.

Ran. Damn your impertinence—Oh, Mr. Bellamy, your servant.

Mil. What shall I say to my mistress?

Ran. Bid her make half a dozen more; but be sure you bring them home yourself. [*Exit Milliner.*] Pshaw! Pox! Mr. Bellamy, how should you like to be serv'd so yourself?

Bel. How can you, Ranger, for a minute's pleasure, give an innocent girl the pain of heart I am confident she felt?—There was a modest blush upon her cheek convincing me she is honest.

Ran. May be so. I was resolv'd to try, however, *had not you interrupted the experiment.*

Bel. Fie, Ranger! will you never think?

Ran. Yes, but I can't be always a thinking. The law is a damnable dry study, Mr. Bellamy, and without something now and then to amuse and relax, it would be too much for my brain. I promise ye—But I am a mighty sober fellow grown. Here have I been at it these three hours, but the wenches will never let me alone.

Bel. Three hours! Why do you usually study in such shoes and stockings?

Ran. Rat your inquisitive eyes. *Ex pede Herculem.* Egad, you have me. The truth is, I am but this moment return'd from the tavern. What, Frankly, here too!

Enter Frankly.

Fran. My boy Ranger, I am heartily glad to see you;
Bellamy.

Bellamy, let me embrace you; you are the person I want; I have been at your lodgings, and was directed hither.

Ran. It is to him then I am oblig'd for this visit: but with all my heart. He is the only man, to whom I don't care how much I am oblig'd.

Bel. Your humble servant.

Fran. You know, I have no inducement to be with you. But—you know what. What—no money—your jade has—has—

Ran. No, no; found a good lad. I only got a little too much liquor last night, and I have not slept off yet.

Bel. Thus, Frankly, I have been all the morning his head aches; at noon he has been up; towards evening he is good company, and that he is carefully providing for the same commodity.

Ran. Why, I must own to you, I did relapse a little last night, just to let you see that confession for the day.

Fran. And he is now doing better. Were you his confessor, indeed, you would be more.

Ran. Charles, he sets up for a confessor with the worst grace in the world. Here has he been reproving me for being but decently civil to my milliner. Plague! because of his constitution makes him insensible of a fine woman's charms, every body else must be so too.

Bel. I am no less sensible of their charms than you are, though I cannot kiss every woman I meet, or fall in love, as you call it, with every face which has the bloom of youth upon it. I would only have you a little more frugal of your pleasures.

Fran. My dear friend, this is very pretty talking! But let me tell you, it is in the power of the very first glance from a fine woman utterly to disconcert all your philosophy.

Bel. It must be from a fine woman then, and not such as are generally reputed so. And it must be a thorough acquaintance with her too, that will ever make an impression on my heart.

Ran. Would I could see it once! For when a man has been all his life hoarding up a stock, without allowing himself common necessaries; it tickles me to the soul to see him lay it all out upon a wrong bottom, and become bankrupt at last.

Bel.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

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Bel. Well, I don't care how soon you see it. For the minute I find a woman capable of friendship, love, and tenderness, with good sense enough to be always easy, and good-nature enough to like me; I will immediately put it to the trial, which of us shall have the greatest share of happiness from the sex, you or I.

Ran. By marrying her, I suppose! Capable of friendship, love, and tenderness! ha, ha, ha, that a man of your life should talk so. If she be capable of love, 'tis all I require of my mistress; and as every woman, who is young, capable of love, I am very reasonably in love with every young woman I meet. My Lord Coke, in a case I read this morning, speaks my sense.

Batb. My Lord Coke!

Ran. Yes, MY Lord Coke. What he says of one woman, I say of the whole sex; "I take their bodies, you their minds; which has the better bargain?"

Fran. There is no arguing with so great a lawyer. Suppose therefore we adjourn the debate to some other time. I have some serious business with Mr. Bellamy, and you want sleep, I am sure.

Ran. Sleep! mere loss of time, and hindrance of business—We men of spirit, Sir, are above it.

Bel. Whether shall we go?

Fran. Into the Park. My chariot is at the door.

Bel. Then if my servant calls, you'll send him after us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ran. I will. [*Looking on the card.*] "Clarinda's compliments"—A pox of this head of mine; never once to ask where she was to be found. It's plain she is not one of us, or I should not have been so remiss in my inquiries. No matter; I shall meet her in my walks.

Servant enters.

Ser. There is no letter nor message, Sir.

Ran. Then my things, to dress.

[*Exeunt.*]

I take her body, you her mind; which has the better bargain?"

SCENE, a Chamber.

Enter Mrs. Strielland and Jacintha, meeting.

Mrs. Str. Good-morrow, my dear Jacintha.

Jac. Good-morrow to you, Madam. I have brought my work, and intend to sit with you this morning. I hope you have

long. My father valued and loved him, and I am sure, were he alive, I should have his consent.

Strict. Don't tell me. Your father would not have you marry against his will; neither will I against mine: I am your father now.

Jac. And you take a fatherly care of me.

Strict. I wish I had never had anything to do with you.

Jac. You may easily get rid of the trouble.

Strict. By listening, I suppose, to the young gentleman's proposals.

Jac. Which are very reasonable, in my opinion.

Strict. Oh, very modest ones truly; and a very modest gentleman he is that proposes them! A fool, to expect a lady of thirty thousand pounds fortune, should, by the care and prudence of her guardian, be thrown away upon a young fellow not worth three hundred a-year. He thinks being in love is an excuse for this; but I am not in love: what does he think will excuse me?

Mrs. Str. Well, but Mr. Strickland, I think the gentleman should be heard.

Strict. Well, well, seven o'clock's the time, and if the man has had the good fortune, since I saw him last, to persuade somebody or other to give him a better estate, I give him my consent for ever. His servant waits below: you may tell him I shall be at home. [*Exit Jac.*] But what is your friend, your other half, all this while? I thought you could not have breath'd a minute without your Clarinda.

Mrs. Str. Why, the truth is, I was going to see what makes her keep her chamber so long.

Strict. Look ye, Mrs. Strickland, you have been asking me for money this morning. In plain terms, not one shilling shall pass through these fingers, till you have cleared my house of this Clarinda.

Mrs. Str. How can her innocent gaiety have offended you? she is a woman of honour, and has as many good qualities—

Strict. As women of honour generally have. I know it, and therefore am uneasy.

Mrs. Str. But, Sir—

Strict. But, Madam—Clarinda, nor e'er a rake of fashion in England, shall live in my family to debauch it.

Mrs. Str. Sir, the world is not the country, that I could wish her to spend as much time in. Her talents would permit her to do much more, if she were not so much displeased at her situation. I am a sensible companion.

Stri. There is no need of that. I was coming to see you for some hours.

Mrs. Str. That is all right. I am sure every word of what was said here was full of meaning. I am sure that I have known not why, but I am sure.

Stri. I cannot but be of your own sex. I hate the very name of a woman. No two of you can ever be an hour together. One or both are the worse for it.

Mrs. Str. Dear Mr. Strickland, I am sure.

Stri. This I know, and I am sure.

Mrs. Str. It grieves me to see you so much in earnest: but to convince you, I am to make you easy in every thing, it is my request to her to remove immediately.

Stri. Do it—hark ye—your request?—Why yours? 'tis mine—my command—tell her so. I will be master of my own family, and I care not who knows it.

Mrs. Str. You fright me, Sir—But it is all as you please. [*In tears.*]

Stri. Ha! have I gone too far? I am sure of myself. Mrs. Strickland. [*She returns.*] I am sure I am right. I do not mean, by what I have said, to respect your innocence, but by crushing the whole of it all at once, I may prevent a train of consequences you do not foresee. I was, perhaps, too harsh in saying it in your own way: but let me see the end of it. [*Exit Stri.*]

Mrs. Str. His earnestness in this affair amazes me; I am sorry I made this visit to Clarinda; and yet I'll answer for her honour. What can I say to her? Necessity must plead in my excuse—for at all events Mr. Strickland must be obeyed. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, St. James's Park.

Enter Bellamy and Franky.

Fran. Now, Bellamy, I may unfold the secret of my heart to you with greater freedom; for though Ranger has

his honour, I am not in a humour to be laugh'd at. I don't have one that will bear with my impertinence, sooth me into hope, and like a friend indeed, with tenderness advise me.

Bel. I thought you appeared more grave than usual.

Fran. Oh, Bellamy! my soul is full of joy, of pain, hope, despair, and ecstacy, that no word but language is able of expressing what I feel.

Bel. Is love the secret Ranger is not fit to hear? In my mind, he would prove the more able counsellor. And is all the gay indifference of my friend at last reduced to love?

Fran. Even so—Never was prude more resolute in chastity and ill-nature, till I was fix'd in indifference: but love has rais'd me from that inactive state above the being of a man.

Bel. Faith, Charles, I begin to think it has: but pray bring this rapture into order a little, and tell me regularly, how, where, and when.

Fran. If I was not most unreasonably in love, those horrid questions would stop my mouth at once; but as I am armed against reason—I answer—at Bath, on Tuesday, she danced and caught me.

Bel. Danced!—and was that all? But who is she? what is her name? her fortune? where does she live?

Fran. Hold! hold! not so many hard questions. Have a little mercy. I know but little of her, that's certain; but all I do know, you shall have. That evening was the first of her appearing at Bath; the moment I saw her, I resolv'd to ask the favour of her hand; but the easy freedom with which she gave it, and her unaffected good humour during the whole night, gain'd such a power over my heart, as none of her sex could ever boast before. I waited on her home, and the next morning, when I went to pay the usual compliments, the bird was flown; she had set out for London two hours before, and in a chariot and six, you rogue!

Bel. But was it her own, Charles?

Fran. That I don't know; but it looks better than being dragg'd to town in the stage. That day and the next I spent in inquiries. I waited on the ladies who came with her; they knew nothing of her. So without learning either her name or fortune, I e'en call'd for my boots, and rode post after her.

Bel. And how do you find yourself after it?

Fran. Why, as yet, I am not recovered from a woman of her spirit, cunning, and goodness frequent all public places; and where the pleasure of the chase will supply the place of her. Oh, Belshazzar! there was something peculiar to her that even exceeds my further description; and of all the other most familiar parts of her, without that superior talent, and at last I win her. Now that I believe my friend is an impostor.

Bel. But what if she should prove unworthy?

Fran. I would endeavour to convert her.

Bel. Promise me you will. *[Takes his hand.]* And I allow—But ere—

J. Meg. Whom has he been conversing with? Frankly! thou art grown a mere madman. How hast thou done these five hundred pounds?

Fran. Even as you see me; by the sale of my friend.

J. Meg. Ha! who's that?

Fran. A friend of mine. Mr. Harcourt, Sir, is Jack Meggot, Sir, as honest a fellow as any in the world.

J. Meg. Pho! prythee! pox! Charles!—Don't be silly—Sir, I am your humblest any one who is a friend of my Frankly's, I am proud of embracing.

Bel. Sir, I shall endeavour to deserve your civility.

J. Meg. Oh, Sir!—Well, Charles, what, dumb? Come, come; you may talk, though you have nothing to say, as I do. Let us hear, where have you been?

Fran. Why, for this last week, Jack, I have spent Bath.

J. Meg. Bath! the most ridiculous place in life! amongst tradesmen's wives that hate their husbands, and people of quality that had rather go to the devil than stay at home. People of no taste; no *goust*; and for *divertissement*, if it were not for the puppet-show, *la vertu* would be dead amongst them. But the news, Charles; the ladies—I fear, your time hung heavy on your hands, by the small stay you made there.

Fran. Faith, and so it did, Jack; the ladies are grown such idiots in love. The cards have so debauched their five senses, that love, almighty love himself, is utterly neglected.

J. Meg. It is the strangest thing in life, but it is just so with us abroad. Faith, Charles, to tell you a secret which I don't

don't care if all the world know, I am almost surfeited with the services of the ladies; the modest ones I mean. The vast variety of duties they exact, as dressing up to the fashion, looking fashionably, keeping fashionable hours, drinking fashionable liquors, and, in short, that irregular nice-ness to ruin a man's pocket, and, in the end, that foregad, must have the estate of a man, and the strength of a gadolier, who would be unable to perform service.

Fran. A free confessor, that I am one of your coat.

Bel. The ladies are your friends, I am sure.

Enter Bellamy.

J. Meg. Oh, I have had the greatest misfortune in the world; poor Otho, that I brought from Rome, is dead.

Fran. Well, that is another, and all will be well again.

J. Meg. No, that monkey took me so much china, and gnaw'd my Spaniard so filthy, that when he was dead, I began not to endure him.

Bel. Exactly at seven! run back and assure him I will not fail. [*Exit Buckle.*] Dead! Pray, who was the gentleman?

J. Meg. This gentleman was my monkey, Sir; an odd sort of a fellow that used to divert me, and pleased everybody so at Rome, that he always made one in our conversation. But, Mr. Bellamy, I saw a servant, I hope no engagement, for you two positively shall dine with me: I have the finest *macaroni* in life. Oblige me so far.

Bel. Sir, your servant; what say you Frankly?

J. Meg. Pho! pox! Charles, you shall go. My aunts think you begin to neglect them; and old maids, you know, are the most jealous creatures in life.

Fran. Ranger swears they can't be maids, they are so good-natured. Well, I agree, on condition I may eat what I please, and go away just when I will.

J. Meg. Ay, ay, you shall do just what you will. But how shall we do? my post-chaise won't carry us all.

Fran. My chariot is here; and I will conduct Mr. Bellamy.

Bel. Mr. Meggot, I beg pardon; I can't possibly dine out of town; I have an engagement early in the evening.

J. Meg. Out of town! No, my dear, I live just by. I

see one of the dilettanti I would have sold the
the universe. And so I c

Fran. Ha, ha, ha, and you thought
fifty miles to go post for

Bel. I suppose the

Fran. Nor that
his own house

old dirty pictures, is

he may have been in

Venetian tooth-picks.

Bel. A special acqu

Fran. For all this B

friendship. He spends

oblige him more, than

service to you.

Bel. Now you say for

I value in a man.

Fran. Right—and

breast that is worth the

deceived me. Dear Bellamy, I know your concern for me ;

see her first, and then blame me if you can.

Bel. So far from blaming you, Charles, that if my en-

deavours can be serviceable, I will beat the bushes with

you.

Fran. That I am afraid will not do. For you know less

of her than I : but if in your walks you meet a finer wo-

man than ordinary, let her not escape till I have seen her.

Wherefoe'er she is, she cannot long be hid. [Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, St. James's Park.

Enter Clarinda, Jacintha, and Mrs. Strickland.

JACINTHA.

AY, ay ; we both stand condemned out of our own
mouths.

Cl. Why, I cannot but own, I never had thought of
any man that troubled me but of him.

Mrs.

Mrs. Str. I am sure, at this time, you heartily regret your leave of absence. I am sure you are not at all. I have not had one scruple.

Jac. Why, what one impediment can he have ever to this?

Cla. Oh, the greatest of all—curiosity: let me assure you a woman's love is not over a man's to keep him in uncertainty. As soon as you put him out of doubt, you put him out of your mind. When once a woman has awakened her curiosity, she will find a chance of many a troublesome mile, without ever losing him at last.

Jac. Now do I begin to have spirit enough to follow, and use my own. Such a spirit, with but a little knowledge, might put that heart of yours into a flutter.

Cla. I can assure you, I am not going to meet with such a fellow. Our women, and such joint-babies in love, they have no sense at all; they are entirely insensible either of pain or pleasure from their own dear persons; and according as they are affronted by their beauty, they admire or forsake ours: they are not worthy even of our displeasure; and, in short, dealing them is but so much ill-nature merely thrown away. But the man of sense, who values himself upon his high abilities; or the man of wit, who thinks a woman beneath his conversation—to see such the subjects of our power, the slaves of our frowns and smiles, is glorious indeed!

Mrs. Str. No man of sense, or wit either, if he be truly so, ever did, or ever can think a woman of merit beneath his wisdom to converse with.

Jac. Nor will such a woman value herself upon making such a lover uneasy.

Cla. Amazing! Why, every woman can give ease. You cannot be in earnest.

Mrs. Str. I can assure you she is, and has put in practice the doctrine she has been teaching.

Cla. Impossible! Who ever heard the name of love mentioned without an idea of torment? But pray let us hear.

Jac. Nay, there is nothing to hear that I know of.

Cla. So I suspected, indeed. The novel is not likely to be

be silent. You know my resolution.

—I have no objection.

—I am sure you are, but I forgive you.

—I am sure you are, but I assure you. But since you will be persuaded to your good; I will think of you early in your submission, as soon as ever I can.

—I may have the same lodging I had last year:

—I know immediately—I feel my chair: and so, ladies

—[Exit.]

—Come, Mrs. Strickland, we shall but just have time

—to leave before Mr. Bellamy comes.

—Mrs. Str. Let us return then to our common prison.

—You must forgive my ill-manners, Jacintha, if I almost wish

—Mr. Strickland may resist your hand where your

—heart is given.

—Jac. Lord, Mr. Strickland, what mean?

—Mrs. Str. Self. Methinks your com-

—pany in the country, all my sorrows, and I

—could bear the

—[Exit.]

—Cla. D. —I am so confus'd, and so

—out of breath

—Mrs. Str. —the matter?

—Jac. —light me.

—Cla. —time to recover myself, I am so

—frighten'd as'd. In short then the dear man is

—here.

—Mrs. Str. Here? —Lord—Where?

—Cla. —I met him this instant; I saw him at a distance,

—turn'd short, and ran hither directly. Let us go home.—

—I tell you he follows me.

—Mrs. Str. Why, had you not better stay, and let him

—speak to you?

—Cla. Ay! —But then—he won't know where I live,

—without my telling him.

—Mrs. Str. Come then. Ha, ha, ha!

—Jac. Ay, poor Charinda! —Allons donc. [Exeunt]

—Enter Frankly.

—Fran. Sure that must be she! her shape and easy air can-

—not be so exactly copied by another. Now, you young rogue,

—Cupid, guide me directly to her, as you would the surest

—arrow in your quiver. [Exit.]

SCENE,

SCENE changes to the Street before Mr. Strickland's door.

Re-enter Clarinda, Franklyn, and Mr. Strickland.

Cla. Lord!—Deceit, jacintha—for Heaven's sake make haste: he'll overtake us before we go.

Frank. Overtake us! why, he is not in sight.

Cla. Is not he? Ha! Sure I have not dropt my sword. I would not have been the first of me neither. [*Alas!*]

Mr. Str. Here he is—

Eliz. In—In—In them.

Frank. [*to Franklyn*] What without your twee?

Cla. I think I have told nothing—In, in, I'll follow you. [*Exit into the house, Clarinda last.*]

Enter Franklyn.

Fran. It is impossible I shou'd be deceiv'd. My eyes, and the quick pulses at the heart assure me it is she. Ha! 'tis she, by Heav'n! and the door left open too—A fair invitation, by all the rules of love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Mr. Strickland's House.

Enter Clarinda, Franklyn, and Mr. Strickland.

Fran. I hope, Madam, your modesty and coldness of this intrusion, since it is owing to my civility and honour that I am forc'd to it.

Cla. To my behaviour, Sir.

Fran. You cannot but remember, Madam, where I so lately had the favour of your acquaintance.

Cla. I do remember, Sir; but I cannot see any wrong interpretation of my behaviour. I had so much the appearance of a gentleman.

Fran. What I saw of your behaviour, Madam, I will admit of no misrepresentation. I only thought, for reason you had to conceal your name from me, I might have the same to do it now; and your modesty was so nearly concerned, I rather chose to be thus abruptly after you, than be impertinently inquisitive.

Cla. Sir, there seems to be so much civility in your rudeness, that I can easily forgive it; though I don't see how your happiness is at all concerned.

Fran. No, Madam! I believe you are the only lady, who could, with the qualifications you are mistress of, be insensible of the power they give you over the happiness of our sex.

Cla.

Cla. How can I tell, Sir, what will be, if you gentlemen say so?—But I am sure, if you say the same things to every woman, we should certainly be foolish enough to believe for ever what we are told.

Fran. Could you have the least sense of what I feel when I am speaking, you would not be in earnest, and when I say so to the contrary, you would not admire

Cla. I am sure I am not.

Fran. Sir, you are carrying this

Fran. When I danced with you, I was charmed with your whole behaviour, and I was under admiration: but my hope of being more intimate, kept in my passion till a more proper time should come. You cannot therefore blame me for this, after having lost you once, I do not suffer an instant's sleep, lest I prevent my making use of this second opportunity.

Cla. This behaviour is very different from the gaiety of your conversation, and I am at a loss how to answer you.

Fran. There is nothing, Madam, which could take off from the gaiety with which your presence inspires every heart, but the fear of losing you. How can I be otherwise than as I am, when I know not, but you may leave London as abruptly as you did Bath?

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, the tea is ready, and my mistress waits for you.

Cla. Very well, I come—[*Exit Lucetta.*] You see, Sir, that I cannot stay: but I hope you will excuse it, when I leave you with an assurance, that the business which brings me to town will keep me here some time.

Fran. How generous it is in you thus to ease the heart, that knew not how to ask for such a favour—I fear to offend—But this house, I suppose, is yours?

Cla. You will hear of me, if not find me here.

Fran. I then take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Cla. I'm undone!—He has me!

Enter Mrs. Striſland.

Mrs. Str. Well; how do you find yourself?

Cla. I do find—that if he goes on as he has begun, I shall certainly have him without giving him the least uneasiness.

Mrs.

Mrs. Str. A very terrible prospect, indeed!

Cl. But I must seize by a little—Where is Jacintha? how will she laugh at me, if I become a rival of her's, and learn to give ease! No; positively I shall never do it.

Mrs. Str. Poor Jacintha has met with what I feared from Mr. Strickland's temper; an utter denial. I know not why, but he really grows more and more ill-natur'd.

Cl. Well, now do I heartily wish my affairs were in his power a little, that I might have a few difficulties to surmount: I love difficulties; and yet, I don't know—it is as well as this.

Mrs. Str. Ha, ha, ha! Come, the tea waits. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mr. Strickland.

Strick. These doings in my house distract me. I met a fine gentleman: when I inquired who he was; why, he came to Clarinda. I met a footman too, and he came to Clarinda. I shall not be easy till she is decamp'd. My wife had the character of a virtuous woman—and they have not been long acquainted: but then they were by themselves at Bath—that hurts—that hurts—they must be watch'd, they must; I know them, I know all their tricks, and the best of them are but hypocrites. [*Lucetta passes over the Stage.*] Suppose I bribe the members of their council, the manager of their secret, and shall be so; money will do it, and I shall know all that passes. *Lucetta!*

Luc. Sir.

Strick. Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Sir. If he should suspect, and I am not
undone.

Strick. She is a fly girl, and may be serviceable. [*Exit.*] Lucetta, you are a good girl, and have an honest face. I like it. It looks as if it carried no deceit in it—Yes, if she should be false, she can do me most harm.

Luc. Pray, Sir, speak out.

Strick. [*Aside.*] No; she is a woman, and it is the highest imprudence to trust her.

Luc. I am not able to understand you.

Strick. I am glad of it. I would not have you understand me.

Luc. Then what did you call me for?—If he should be in love with my face, it would be rare sport. [*Aside.*]

Strick.

Wor. "Fire you when you please; I'll reserve my shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. "Come, where's your cloak?

Wor. "Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. "To fight upon; I always fight upon a cloak;

" 'tis our way abroad.

Lucy. "Come, gentlemen, I'll end the strife. [*Unmasks.*

Wor. "Lucy! take her.

Braz. "The devil take me if I do.—Huzza! [*Fires*

" *his pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plaguy harridon!

" how those bullets whistle? suppose they had been lodg'd

" in my gizzard.

Lucy. "Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. "I can't tell child till I know whether my mo-

" ney is safe. [*Searching his pockets.*] Yes, yes, I do par-

" don you; but if I had you at The Rose Tavern Covent-

" Garden, with three or four hearty rakes, and three or

" four smart napkins, I would tell you another story my

" dear! [*Exit.*

Wor. "And was Melinda privy to this?

Lucy. "No Sir, she wrote her name upon a piece of

" paper at the fortuneteller's last night, which I put in my

" pocket, and so writ above it to the Captain.

Wor. "And how came Melinda's journey put off?

Lucy. "At the town's end she met Mr. Balance's steward,

" who told her that Mrs. Sylvia was gone from her father's,

" and nobody could tell whither.

Wor. "Sylvia gone from her father's! this will be news

" to Plume. Go home and tell your lady how near I was

" being shot for her." [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a room in BALANCE's house.

Enter BALANCE and Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening Sir; and then

searching for her in the chamber that was my young ma-

ster's we found her clothes there; but the suit that your son

left in the press when he went to London was gone.

Bal. The white trimm'd with silver?

Stew. The same.

Bal. You ha'n't told that circumstance to any body?

Stew. To none but your Worship.

Bal. And be sure you don't. Go into the diningroom,

and tell Captain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall.

Exit.

Bal. Was ever man so imposed upon! I had her promise indeed that she would never dispose of herself without my consent—I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed—and this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass. No, I shall never pardon him the villany, first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me to think that I could be so wretchedly imposed upon: her extravagant passion might encourage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his—I'll know the truth presently.

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with that young gentleman soldier?

Plume. He's at my quarters, I'll show you the rest of my men.

Bal. Does he keep company with the other soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Bal. He lies with you I presume.

Plume. No faith; I offered him a hundred pounds—but the young rogue fell in love with your daughter, and then with her, I think, since she came to town.

Bal. So that between you both he has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my honour Sir she had no harm from me.

Bal. All's safe I find—Now Captain, you must know that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded; he said I should heartily repent his being lifted, and so I do from my soul.

Plume. Ay! for what reason?

Bal. Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a family as any in the country, and he is heir to twelve hundred pounds a-year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it—and I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representation of the whole commons of England.

Bal. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred pounds sterling.

Bal. You shall have it, for his father is my intimate friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Bal. Nay Sir, you shall have your price.

Plume. Not a penny Sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pounds.

Bal. Perhaps, Sir, you sha' n't repent your generosity—Will you please to write his discharge in my pocketbook? [*Gives his book.*] In the mean-time we'll send for the gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Go to the Captain's lodging, and inquire for Mr. Wilful; tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Serv. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door inquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Did him come up. Here's the discharge Sir.

Bal. Sir, I thank you—'Tis plain he had no hand in't.

[*Aside.*]

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing drunken crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your Worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality—but now you are at liberty—I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me!

Bal. Yes Sir, and you must once more go home to your father.

Syl. My father! then I am discovered—Oh Sir! [*Kneeling.*] I expect no pardon.

Bal. Pardon! no, no, child; your crime shall be your punishment: here Captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement. Since she will be a wife be you a husband, my husband—When she tells you of her love upbraid her with her folly; be modestly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind; and use her worse than you would any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you Sylvia in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest Sir.

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Bal. If you please to take her Sir.

Plume. Why then I have saved my legs and arms and lost my liberty; secure from wounds I am prepared for the gout: farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes—Sir, my liberty and the hopes of being a general are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred pounds a-year—but to your love Madam I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition—greater in obeying at your feet than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. Balance, that your daughter is lost.

Bal. So am not I Sir, since an honest gentleman has found her.

Enter MELINDA.

Mel. Pray, Mr. Balance, what's become of my cousin Sylvia?

Bal. Your cousin Sylvia is talking yonder with your cousin Plume.

Mel. And Worthy. How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change; but I hope you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy: I alter'd my outside because I was the same within, and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man: that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantick cousin; but since success has crown'd your adventures you will have the world on your side, and I shall be willing to go with the tide provided you'll pardon an injury I offer'd you in the letter to your father.

Plume. That injury, Madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friends: make Mr. Worthy happy and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, Sir, will go great ways—When my cousin is pleas'd to surrender the probable illness will hold out much longer.

Enter BRAZIL.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am your Madam, and your

Mel. I'm glad on't Sir.

Braz. So am I—You have got a pretty husband here Mr. Laconick.

Bal. 'Tis time to right all mistakes—My name, Sir, is Balance.

Braz. Balance! Sir, I am your most obedient—I know our whole generation—had not you an uncle that was governor of the Leeward Islands some years ago?

Bal. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately Sir—He play'd at billiards to a miracle—You had a brother too that was a captain of a fire-ship—poor Dick—he had the most engaging way with him of making punch—and then his cabin was so neat—but his poor boy Jack was the most conical bastard—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickled dog; I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your project yet? are you still for the privateer?

Braz. No, no—I had enough of a privateer just now; I had like to have been picked up by a cruiser under false colours, and a French pickaroon, for ought I know!

Plume. Have you got your recruits my dear!

Braz. Not one, my dear!

Plume. Probably I shall furnish you.

Enter ROSE and BULLOCK.

Rose. Captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my sweetheart Cartwheel to go with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find Mrs. Rose has not been pleas'd with her bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a passion child, I was as little pleas'd with your company as you could be with mine.

Bul. Nay, Sir, donna be offended at my sister, she's something indiscreet; but if you please I'll lie with you at her head.

Plume. I have intended, Madam, to provide for this girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you, or shall I take care of her?

Syl. She shall be my charge Sir; you may find it business enough to take care of me.

Bul. And of me Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your hand against me I'll desert—

Plume. Captain Brazen shall take care o' that. My dear! instead of the twenty thousand pounds you talk'd

of you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have raised at the rate they cost me—My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow that has more merit and less good fortune—whilst I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

With some regret I quit the active field,
Where glory full reward for life does yield;
But the Recruiting trade, with all its train
Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
And raise Recruits the matrimonial way.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

ALL ladies and gentlemen that are willing to see the Comedy called The Recruiting Officer, let them repair to-morrow night by six o'clock to the sign of The Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.—

*We scorn the vulgar ways to bid you come;
Whole Europe now obey the call of drum.
The soldier, not the poet, here appears,
And beats up for a corps of volunteers:
He finds that musick which does delight ye,
And therefore desires musick to invite ye.*

Beat the Grenadiers' March.—Row, row, row.—Gentlemen, this piece of musick, call'd an Overture to a Battle, was compos'd by a famous Italian, and was perform'd with wonderful success at the great opera of Paris, St. Louisburgh, and Blenheim; it came off with the applause of the King, the Duke of France; the French found it a little too rough for their soldiers.

*Soon they were on those glorious stages
And to the vict'ry's preceding ages
Now the Grenadiers' engages.*

Ladies, we must own that this musick of ours is not altogether so soft as Bononcini's; but we dare assure that it has laid more people asleep than all the Cambrésie in the world; and you'll condescend to own that it keeps one awake better than any opera that ever was acted.

The Grenadiers' March seems to be a composition excellently adapted to the genius of the English, for no musick was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much alacrity: and with all deference to the present subscription, we must say that the Grenadiers' March has been subscrib'd for by the whole grand alliance; and we presume to inform the ladies that it always has the preeminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest handsomest men in the whole army. In short, to gratify the present taste our Author is now adopting some words to the Grenadiers' March, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow if the lady who is to sing it should not happen to be sick:

*This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw ye hither; for you'll all obey
Soft musick's call tho' you should damn his play.*

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
March 30. 1782.

SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.



M^{rs} ABINGTON in the Character of CLARINDA.

Striſt. Teſter, ſay, Teſter is the proper perſon. [*Aſide.*]
Luc. I ſhall tell Teſter I want him.

Luc. Yes, ſure. Mighty odd, thoſe! It ſaves me time,
 however, to ſend Buckle with this letter to his maſter.

[*Aſide. Exit.*]

Striſt. Could I but be once well ſatisfied that my wife
 had really finiſhed me, I believe I ſhould be as quiet as if
 I were ſure to the contrary; but while I am in doubt, I
 am miſerable.

[*Enter Teſter.*]

Teſt. Does your Honour ſtill want me?

Striſt. Ay, Teſter, I have not fear. The honeſty
 of his ſervice, and the ſoſtneſs of his look, make me ſe-
 cure. I will truſt him. [*Aſide.*] Teſter, I think I have
 been a tolerable good maſter to you.

Teſt. Yes, Sir,—very tolerable.

Striſt. I like his ſimplicity well. It promiſes honeſty.
 [*Aſide.*] I have ſeleſt Teſter, to impart to you; a thing
 of the greateſt importance. Look upon me, and don't ſtand
 picking your fingers.

Teſt. Yes, Sir.—No, Sir.

Striſt. But will not his ſimplicity expoſe him the more
 to Lucetta's cunning? Yes, yes; ſhe will worm the ſecret
 out of him. I had better truſt her with it at once.—So
 —I will. [*Aſide.*] Teſter, go, ſend Lucetta hither.

Teſt. Yes, Sir.—Here ſhe is.

[*Re-enter Lucetta.*]

Luc. My maſter wants you.

Striſt. Sit down, Teſter.

Teſt. Yes, Sir,

[*Exit.*]

Luc. If you want me, Sir, I beg you would make haſte,
 for I have a thouſand things to do.

Striſt. Well, well; what I have to ſay will not take up
 much time, could I but perſuade you to be honeſt.

Luc. Why, Sir, I hope you don't ſuſpect my honeſty?

Striſt. Well, well: I believe you honeſt.

[*Shuts the door.*]

Luc. What can be at the bottom of all this? [*Aſide.*]

Striſt. So; we cannot be too private. Come hither,
 huſſey; nearer yet.

Luc. Lord, Sir! You are not going to be rude. I vow
 I will call out,

C

Striſt.

Strife. Hold your tongue—Do you think I will let her at me? She does; she mocks me, and she will be more than wife; and her insolence to me than cuckoldom itself. [*Aside.*] Now, Lucetta—Some other time—Hark! I did not the bell ring? Yes, yes; my wife wants to her. [*Pushes her out.*] There is no bell as such like being a slave to suspicion.

SCENE, the Piazza, Covent Garden.

Enter Bellamy and Jack.

Bel. Nay, nay, I would not put you into any confusion.

J. Meg. None in life, my dear, I will give you. I will give and order every thing this instant for your reception.

Bel. You are too obliging, Sir; but you need not be in this hurry, for I am in no certainty about it. I shall trouble you, I only know that my Jacintha has a great deal to do.

J. Meg. Therefore we should be ready for her when once a lady has such a resolution in her mind. She is upon the rack till she executes it. 'Foregad Mr. Devereux, this must be a girl of fire.

Enter Frankly.

Fran. "Buxom and lively as the blossoming time—Fair as painting can express, or youth as pure as they love." Tol, de rol, lol!

Bel. Who is this you talk thus rapturously of?

Fran. Who should it be, but—*I shall know her name to-morrow.*

J. Meg. What is the matter, ho? Is the man mad?

Fran. Even so, gentlemen; as mad as love and joy can make me.

Bel. But inform us whence this joy proceeds.

Fran. Joy! joy! my lads! She's a maid, my Gentlemen; my charmer!

J. Meg. Egad! her charms have bewitched the man. I think—But who is she?

Bel. Come, come, tell us, who is the woman?

Fran. But will you say nothing?

Bel. Nothing, as I live.

Fran. Nor you?

J. Meg. I'll be as silent as the grave—

Fran. With a tombstone upon it, to tell every one whose dust it carries.

J. Meg. Will be as secret as a debauched prude—

Fran. Watch thy sanctity every one suspects. Jack, Jack, 'tis not in thy nature; keeping a secret is worse to thee than keeping thy accounts. But to leave fooling, listen to me both, that I may whisper it into your ears—that echo may not catch the sinking sound—I cannot tell who she is, faith—*Tol de rol, lol.*

J. Meg. Mad! mad! very mad!

Fran. Ali I know of her is, that she is a charming woman, and has given me liberty to visit her again—*Bellamy, 'tis she, the lovely one.* [Aside.

Bel. So I did suppose. [To Frankly.

J. Meg. Poor fellow! for Heaven's sake, Mr. Bellamy, persuade him to go to the country, whilst I prepare every thing for your home-coming. [Aside to Bellamy.] Bye Charles; you had better go.

Fran. O! how happy am I on a gift worthy of a god, indeed! dear Bellamy, nothing now could add to my pleasure, but to see my friend as deep in love as I am.

Bel. I shew my heart is capable of love, by the friendship it bears to you.

Fran. The light of friendship looks but dim before the brighter flame of love: love is the spring of cheerfulness and joy. Why, how dull and phlegmatic do you shew to me now? whilst I am all life; light as feather'd Mercury.—You, dull and cold as earth and water; I, light and warm as air and fire.—These are the only elements in love's world! Why, Bellamy, for shame! get thee a mistress, and be sociable.

Bel. Frankly, I am now going to—

Fran. Why that face now? Your humble servant, Sir. My flood of joy shall not be stopp'd by your melancholy fits, I assure you. [Going.

Bel. Stay, Frankly, I beg you stay. What would you say now if I really were in love?

Fran. Why faith, thou hast such romantic notions of sense and honour, that I know not what to say.

Bel. To confess the truth then, I am in love.

Fran. And do you confess it as if it were a sin? Proclaim it aloud; glory in it; boast of it as your greatest

virtue. Swear it with a lover's oath, and I will believe you.

Bel. Why then, by the blight eyes of her I love—

Fran. Well said!

Bel. By all that's tender, amiable, and soft in woman—

Fran. Bravo!

Bel. I swear, I am as true an enamour'd as ever there'd rhyme.

Fran. And art thou then thoroughly in love? Clasp me in my arms thou dear companion of my joys—*[They embrace.]*

Enter Ranger.

Ran. Why—Hey!—is there never a wench to be got for love or money?

Bel. Pshaw! Ranger here?

Ran. Yes, Ranger is here, and perhaps does not come so impertinently as you may imagine. I think I have the knack of finding out secrets. I never look so queer—Here is a letter, Mr. Bellamy, that seems to promise you better diversion than your hug and one another.

Bel. What do you mean?

Ran. Do you deal much in these papers?

Bel. Oh, the dear kind creature! it is my business.

Ran. What, is it a pair of laced shoes that have the boys broke her windows?

Bel. Hold your profane tongue!

Fran. Nay, pr'ythee, Bellamy, don't keep it to yourself, as if her whole affections were contained in those trifling lines.

Ran. Pr'ythee, let him alone to his filthy scriptures. But it is as I always said—your grave men even are the greatest whoremasters.

Bel. I cannot be disobliged now, say what you will. But how came this into your hands?

Ran. Your servant Buckle and I chartered our confessions; he went on my errand, and I came on his.

Bel. 'Sdeath! I want him this very instant.

Ran. He will be here presently; but I demand to know what I have brought you.

Fran. Ay, ay! out with it! you know we never cheat, and may be of service.

Bel. Twelve o'clock! oh, the dear hour!

Ran. Why, it is a pretty convenient time, indeed.

Bel. By all that's happy, she promises in this letter here—to leave her guardian this very night—and run away with me.

Ran. How is this?

Bel. Nay, I know not how myself—she says at the bottom—“Your servant has full instructions from Lucetta how to equip me for my expedition. I will not trust myself home with you to-night, because I know it is inconvenient; therefore I beg you would procure me a lodging; it is no matter how far off my guardian’s—Yours,

JACINTHA.”

Ran. Carry her to a bagnio, and there you may lodge with her.

Fran. Why, this must be a girl of spirit, faith!

Bel. And beauty equal to her sprightliness. I love her, and she loves me. She has thirty thousand pounds to her fortune.

Ran. The devil she has!

Bel. And never plays at cards.

Ran. Nor does any one thing like any other woman, I suppose.

Fran. Not so, I hope, neither.

Bel. Oh! Frankly, Ranger, I never felt such ease before! the secret's out, and you don't laugh at me.

Fran. Laugh at thee, for loving a woman with thirty thousand pounds? thou art a most unaccountable fellow.

Ran. How the devil could he work her up to this! I never could have had the face to have done it. But—I know not how—there is a degree of assurance in you modest gentlemen, which we impudent fellows never can come up to.

Bel. Oh! your servant, good Sir. You should not abuse me now, Ranger, but do all you can to assist me.

Ran. Why, look ye, Bellamy, I am a damnable unlucky fellow, and so will have nothing to do in this affair: I'll take care to be out of the way, so as to do you no harm; that's all I can answer for; and so—success attend you. [*Going.*] I cannot leave you quite to yourself neither; for if this should prove a round-house affair, as I make no doubt it will, I believe I may have more interest there than you; and so, Sir, you may hear of me at—[*Whispers.*

Bel. For shame, Ranger! the most noted gaming-house in town.

Ran. Forgive me this once, my bet. I thought, rather, to pay a debt of honour to some of the greatest rascals in town. *[Exit.]*

Fran. But where do you design to lodge her?

Bel. At Mr. Meggot's.—He is already married, but I will prepare for her reception.

Fran. The properest place in the world to entertain her with honour.

Bel. And the newness of her acquaintance will prevent its being suspected.—Frankly, give me your hand. This is a very critical time.

Fran. Pho! none of your musty reflections about a man is in love, to the very brink of matrimony, what the devil has he to do with Plutarch and Seneca? I have a servant, with a face full of business—I'll leave you together—I shall be at the King's Arms, where, if you want my assistance, you may find me. *[Exit.]*

Enter Buckle.

Bel. So, Buckle, you seem to have your hands full.

Buc. Not fuller than my head, Sir, I promise you. You have had your letter, I hope.

Bel. Yes, and in it she refers me to you for my instructions.

Buc. Why, the affair stands thus.—As Mr. Belmont sees the door lock'd and barred every night himself, and takes the key up with him, it is impossible for us to escape any way but throw the window; for which purpose I have a ladder of ropes.

Bel. Good—

Buc. And because a hoop, as the ladies wear them now, is not the most decent dress to come down a ladder in, I have, in this other bundle, a suit of boy's cloaths, which I believe will fit her; at least, it will serve the time she wants it.—You will soon be for pulling it off, I suppose.

Bel. Why, you are in spirits, you rogue.

Buc. These I am now to convey to Lucia.—Have you any thing to say, Sir?

Bel. Nothing, but that I will not fail at the hour appointed. Bring me word to Mr. Meggot's how you go on. Succeed in this, and it shall make your fortune. *[Exit.]*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, the Street before Mr. Strickland's House.

Enter Bellamy in a Chairman's Coat.

BELLAMY.

HOW tediously have the minutes pass'd these last few hours! and the envious rogues will fly, no lightning quicker, when we would have them stay.—Hold, let me not mistake—this is the house. [*Pulls out his watch.*] By Heaven it is not yet the hour!—I hear somebody coming. The moon's so bright—I had better not be here till the happy instant comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter Frankly.

Wine is no antidote to love, but rather feeds the flame: now am I such an amorous puppy, that I cannot walk straight home, but must come out of my way to take a view of my queen's palace by moon-light—Ay, here stands the temple where my goddess is adored—the doors open!

[*Retires.*]*Enter Lucetta.*

Luc. [*Under the window.*] Madam, Madam, hift! Madam—How shall I make her hear?

Jacintha in boy's cloaths at the window.

Jac. Who is there? What's the matter?

Luc. It is I, Madam; you must not pretend to stir till I am answer'd; you'll be discovered if you do—

Fran. [*Aside.*] What do I see? A man! My heart misgives me.

Luc. My master is below, sitting up for Mrs. Clarinda. He raves as if he was mad about her being out so late.

Fran. [*Aside.*] Here is some intrigue or other. I must see more of this before I give further way to love.

Luc. One minute he is in the street; the next he is in the kitchen: now he will lock her out, and then he'll wait himself, and see what figure she makes when she vouchsafes to venture home.

Jac. I long to have it over. Get me but once out of this house.

Fran. [*Aside.*] Cowardly rascal! would I were in his place!

Luc.

Luc. If I can but fix him any where, I can let you out myself—You have the ladder ready in case of necessity.

Jac. Yes, yes.

[*Exit Luc.*]

Fran. [*Aside.*] The ladder! This must lead to some discovery, I shall watch you, my young gentleman, I shall.

Enter Clarinda, and Servant.

Cla. This whisk is a most enticing devil. I am afraid I am too late for Mr. Strickland's sober hours.

Jac. Ha! I hear a noise!

Cla. No; I see a light in Jacintha's window. You may go home. [*Giving the servant money.*] I am safe.

Jac. Sure it must be he! Mr. Beilamy—Sir.

Fran. [*Aside.*] Does not he call me?

Cla. [*Aside.*] Ha! Who's that? I am frightened out of my wits—A man!

Jac. Is it you?

Fran. Yes, yes; 'tis I, 'tis I.

Jac. Listen at the door.

Fran. I will; 'tis open—There is no noise: all's quiet.

Cla. Sure it is my spark—and talking to Jacintha. [*Aside.*]

Fran. You may come down the ladder—quick.

Jac. Catch it then, and hold it.

Fran. I have it. Now I shall see what sort of mettle my young spark is made of. [*Aside.*]

Cla. With a ladder too! I'll assure you. But I must see the end of it. [*Aside.*]

Jac. Hark! Did not somebody speak?

Fran. No, no; be not fearful—'Sdeath! we are discovered. [*Frankly and Clarinda retire.*]

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Hiss! hiss! are you ready?

Jac. Yes, may I venture?

Luc. Now is your time. He is in high conference with his privy counsellor, Mr. Tester. You may come down the back stairs, and I'll let you out. [*Exit Lucetta.*]

Jac. I will, I will, and am heartily glad of it. [*Exit Jac.*]

Fran. [*Advancing.*] May be so; but you and I shall have a few words before you get off so cleanly.

Cla. [*Advancing.*] How lucky it was I came home at this instant. I shall spoil his sport I believe. Do you know me Sir?

Fran. I am amazed! You here! This was unexpected indeed!

Cla.

Cla. Why, I believe, I do come a little unexpectedly, I shall amaze you more. I know the whole course of your amour: all the process of your mighty passion from first rise—

Fran. What is all this!

Cla. To the very conclusion, which you vainly hope to see this night.

Fran. By Heaven, Madam, I know not what you mean! I came hither purely to contemplate on your beauties.

Cla. Any beauties, Sir, I find will serve your turn. Did not hear you talk to her at the window.

Fran. Her!

Cla. Blush, blush, for shame; but be assur'd you have seen the last both of Jacintha and me. [Exit.

Fran. Jacintha! Hear me, Madam—She is gone. This must certainly be Bellamy's mistress, and I have fairly ruin'd all his scheme. This it is to be in luck.

Enter Bellamy, behind.

Bel. Ha! a man under the window!

Fran. No, here she comes, and I may convey her to him.

Enter Jacintha, and runs to Frankly.

Jac. I have at last got to you. Let's haste away—Oh!

Fran. Be not frighten'd, lady.

Jac. Oh! am I abus'd! betray'd!

Bel. Betray'd!—Frankly!

Fran. Bellamy!

Bel. I can scarce believe it though I see it. Draw—

Fran. Hear me, Bellamy—Lady—

Jac. ~~Say~~—do not fight!

Fran. I am innocent; it is all a mistake!

Jac. For my sake, be quiet! We shall be discovered! the family is alarm'd!

Bel. You are obeyed. Mr. Frankly, there is but one way—

Fran. I understand you. Any time but now. You will certainly be discovered! To-morrow, at your chambers.

Bel. Till then farewell. [Exit *Bel.* and *Jac.*

Fran. Then, when he is cool, I may be heard; and the real, though suspicious, account of this matter may be believed. Yet, amidst all this perplexity, it pleases me to find my fair incognita is jealous of my love.

Strict. [Within.] Where's Luce! Search every place.

Fran. Hark! the cry is up! I must be gone. [Exit *Fran.*

Enter

Enter Mr. Strickland, Tessel, and Servants.

Strick. She's gone! she's lost! I am cheated! pursue her! seek her!

Tess. Sir, all her cloaths are in her chamber.

Serv. Sir, Mrs. Clarinda said she was in boy's cloaths.

Strick. Ay, ay, I know it—Bellamy has her—Come along—Pursue her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ranger.

Ran. Hark!—Was not the noise this way—No, there is no game stirring. This same goddess, Diana, shines so bright with her chastity, that even, I believe the wenches are ashamed to look her in the face. Now I am in an admirable mood for a frolic: have wine in my head, and money in my pocket, and so am furnished out for the cannonading of any countess in Conitendom. Ha! what have we here! a ladder!—this cannot be placed here for nothing—and a window open! Is it love or mischief now that is going on within? I care not which—I am in a right cue for either. Up I go, neck or nothing. Stay—do I not run a greater chance of spoiling sport than I do of making any? that I hate as much as I love the other. There can be no harm in seeing how the land lies—I'll up. [*Goes up softly.*] All is hush—Ha! a light, and a woman! by all that's lucky, neither old nor crooked! I'll in—Ha! she is gone again! I will after her. [*Gets in at the window.*] And for fear of the squalls of virtue, and the pursuit of the family, I will make sure of the ladder. Now, Fortune, be my guide.

SCENE, Mrs. Strickland's Dressing-Room.

Enter Mrs. Strickland followed by Lucretia.

Mrs. Str. Well, I am in great hopes she will escape.

Luc. Never fear, Madam, the lovers have the start of him, and I warrant they keep it.

Mrs. Str. Were Mr. Strickland ever to suspect my being privy to her flight, I know not what might be the consequence.

Luc. Then you had better be undressing. He may return immediately.

[*As she is sitting down at the toilet Ranger enters behind.*]

Ran. Young and beautiful. [*Aside.*]

Luc. I have watch'd him pretty narrowly of late, and never once suspected till this morning—

Mrs.

Mrs. Str. And who gave you authority to watch his actions, or pry into his secrets?

Luc. I hope, Madam, you are not angry. I thought it might have been of service to you to know my master was jealous.

Ran. And her husband jealous! If she does but send away the maid, I am happy.

Mrs. Str. [*Angrily*] Leave me.

Luc. This it is to meddle with other people's affairs.

[*Exit in anger.*]

Ran. What a lucky dog I am! I never made a gentleman a cuckold before. Now, impudence, assist me.

Mrs. Str. [*Rising.*] Provoking! I am sure I never have deserved it of him.

Ran. Oh, cuckold him by all means, Madam, I am your man! [*She shrieks.*] Oh, fie, Madam! if you squall so cursedly you will be discover'd.

Mrs. Str. Discover'd! What mean you, Sir! do you come to abuse me?

Ran. I'll do my endeavour, Madam; you can have no more.

Mrs. Str. Whence came you? How got you here?

Ran. Dear Madam, so long as I am here, what signifies how I got here, or whence I came? but that I may satisfy your curiosity, first, as to your Whence came you? I answer out of the street: and to your How got you here? I say, in at the window; it stood so invitingly open, it was irresistible. But, Madam—you were going to undress. I beg ~~it may not~~ incommode you.

Mrs. Str. This is the most consummate piece of impudence!—

Ran. For Heaven's sake have one drop of pity for a poor young fellow, who long has loved you.

Mrs. Str. What would the fellow have?

Ran. Your husband's usage will excuse you to the world.

Mrs. Str. I cannot bear this insolence! Help! help!

Ran. Oh, hold that clamorous tongue, Madam! Speak one word more, and I am gone, positively gone.

Mrs. Str. Gone! so I would have you.

Ran. Lord, Madam, you are so hasty!

Mrs. Str. Shall I not speak, when a thief, a robber, breaks into my house at midnight? Help! help!

Ran.

Ran. Ha! no one hears. Now, Cupid, assist me—Look ye, Madam, I never could make fine speeches, and cringe, and bow, and fawn, and flatter, and lie; I have said more to you already, than I ever said to a woman in such circumstances in all my life. But since I find you will yield to no persuasion to your good; I will gently force you to be grateful. [*Throws down his bat, and seizes her.*] Come, come, unbend that brow, and look more kindly on me!

Mrs. Str. For shame, Sir! thus, on my knees let me beg for mercy.

Ran. And thus on mine, let me beg the same.

[*He kneels, catches, and kisses her.*]

Striſt. [*Within.*] Take away her sword! she'll hurt herself!

Mrs. Str. Oh, Heavens! that is my husband's voice!

Ran. [*Rising.*] The devil it is!

Striſt. [*Within.*] Take away her sword, I say, and then I can close with her.

Mrs. Str. He is upon the stairs, now coming up! I am undone if he sees you.

Ran. Pox on him, I must decamp then. Which way?

Mrs. Str. Through this passage into the next chamber.

Ran. And so into the street. With all my heart. You may be perfectly easy, Madam: mum's the word; I never blab. [*Aside.*] I shall not leave off so, but wait till the last moment.

[*Exit Ranger.*]

Mrs. Str. So, he's gone. What could I have said, if he had been discovered!

Enter Mr. Striſtland driving in Jacintha, Lucetta following.

Striſt. Once more, my pretty masculine Madam, you are welcome home; and I hope to keep you somewhat closer than I have done; for to-morrow morning eight o'clock is the latest hour you shall stay in this lewd town.

Jac. Oh, Sir; when once a girl is equipp'd with a hearty resolution, it is not your worship's sagacity, nor the great chain at your gate, can hinder her from doing what she has a-mind.

Striſt. Oh, Lord! Lord! how this love improves a young lady's modesty!

Jac. Am I to blame to seek for happiness any where, when you are resolved to make me miserable here?

Striſt. I have this night prevented your making yourself so; and will endeavour to do it for the future. I have
you

you safe now, and I shall not get you out of my clutches again. I have locked the doors and barred them; I warrant you. So late, *[Giving her a candle.]* troop to your chamber, and rest, while you are well. Go! *[He treads on Rameau's hat.]* What's here? a hat! a man's hat in my wife's dressing-room! *[Looking at the hat.]*

Mrs. Str. What shall I do? *[Aside.]*

Striſt. *[Taking up the hat and looking at Mrs. Strickland.]* But by hell, I see 'tis true!

Mrs. Str. My fears confound me! I dare not tell the truth, and know not how to frame a lie! *[Aside.]*

Striſt. Mrs. Strickland, Mrs. Strickland, how came this hat into your chamber?

Luc. Are you that way disposed, my fine lady, and will not trust me! *[Aside.]*

Striſt. Speak, wretch, speak—

Jac. I could not have suspected this. *[Aside.]*

Striſt. Why dost thou not speak?

Mrs. Str. Sir—

Striſt. Guilt—'tis guilt that ties your tongue!

Luc. I must bring her off, however. 'No chamber-maid can help it.' *[Aside.]*

Striſt. My fears are just, and I am miserable—Thou worst of women!

Mrs. Str. I know my innocence, and can bear this no longer.

Striſt. I know you are false, and 'tis I who will bear my injuries no longer. *[Both walk about in a passion.]*

Luc. *[To Jacintha aside.]* Is not the hat yours? own it, Madam. *[Takes away Jacintha's hat, and Exit.]*

Mrs. Str. What ground, what cause have you for jealousy, when you yourself can witness, your leaving me was accidental, your return uncertain; and expected even sooner than it happen'd? The abuse is gross and palpable.

Striſt. Why, this is true!

Mrs. Str. Indeed, Jacintha, I am innocent.

Striſt. And yet this hat must belong to somebody.

Jac. Dear Mrs. Strickland, be not concerned. When he has diverted himself a little longer with it—

Striſt. Ha!—

Jac. I suppose he will give me my hat again.

Striſt. Your hat?

Jac. Yes, my hat. You brush'd it from myself, and then trod upon it; whether on purpose at this lady, or no, you best know yourself.

Striſt. It cannot be—'tis all a mistake.

Jac. Believe so still, with all my heart; but I will not be so sure. Now, Sir, who does it belong to?

[Snatches it, and looks at it.]

Striſt. Why did she look so?

Jac. Your violence of temper is too much for her. You use her ill, and then suspect her for that, which you yourself occasion.

Striſt. Why did not you set me right?

Jac. Your hard usage of me, Sir, is a sufficient reason why I should not be much concerned to set you right at all. 'Tis for your life, Sir, I tell you, who deserves much better of you than to be thus cavilled for every slight suspicion. See where she sits—Go to her.

Mrs. Str. [Rising.] Indeed, Mr. Striſt, I have a soul as much above—

Striſt. Whew! Now you have both found your tongues, and I must bear with their eternal rattle.

Jac. For shame, Sir, go to her, and—

Striſt. Well, well, what shall I say? I forgive—all is over. I, I, I forgive.

Mrs. Str. Forgive! What do you mean?

Jac. Forgive her! is that all? Consider, Sir—

Striſt. Hold, hold your confounded tongues, and I'll do any thing. I'll ask pardon—or forgive—or any thing. Good now, be quiet—I ask your pardon—there—[Kisses her.] For you, Madam, I am infinitely obliged to you, and I could find in my heart to make you a return in kind, by marrying you to a beggar, but I have more conscience. Come, come, to your chamber. Here, take this candle.

Enter Lucetta pouting.

Luc. Sir, if you please, I will light my young lady to bed.

Striſt. No, no! no such thing, good Madam. She shall have nothing but her pillow to consult this night, I assure you. So, in, in. [The ladies take leave. Exit Jac.] Good night, kind Madam.

Luc. Pox of the jealous fool! we might both have escap'd out of the window purely.

[Aside.]

Striſt.

Go, get you down; and, do you hear, order the coach to be ready in the morning at eight exactly. [*Exit Mrs. Strickland*] No, no, no, till to-morrow, and then for the matter, and when the time, I can manage as I think fit.

Dear Mr. Strickland—

I am not at all sorry, Mrs. Strickland, fit to talk to. Go to bed. I will endeavour to get the better of my anger, if I can, I'll follow you. [*Exit Mrs. Str.*] I shall have I made myself. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, another Chamber

Enter Ranger.

Ran. All seems hush'd again, and I may venture out. I may as well sneak off while I am in a whole skin. And shall so much love and clarity as I am in possession of only lull me to sleep, when it might so much better keep me waking? Forbid it fortune, and forbid it love. This is a chamber, perhaps of some bewitching female, and I may yet be happy. Ha! a light! the door opens. A boy! pox on him. [*He retires.*]

Enter Jacintha with a candle.

Jac. I have been listening at the door, and from their silence, I conclude they are peaceably gone to bed together.

Ran. A pretty boy, faith; he seems uneasy. [*Aside.*]

Jac. [*Sitting down.*] What an unlucky night has this proved to me! Every circumstance has fallen out unhappily.

Ran. He talks aloud. I'll listen. [*Aside.*]

Jac. But what most amazes me is, that Clarinda should betray me!

Ran. Clarinda! she must be a woman. Well, what of her?

Jac. My guardian else would never have suspected my disguise.

Ran. Disguise! Ha, it must be so! What eyes she has! what a dull rogue was I not to suspect this sooner! [*Aside.*]

Jac. Ha, I had forgot; the ladder is at the window still, and I will boldly venture by myself. [*Rising briskly sees Ranger.*] Ha! a man, and well drest! Ha, Mrs. Strickland! are you then at last dishonest!

Ran. By all my wishes she is a charming woman! lucky rascal! [*Aside.*]

Jac.

Jac. But I will, if possible, conceal her shame, and stand the brunt of his impertinence.

Ran. What shall I say to her? No matter; any thing soft will do the business. *[Aside.]*

Jac. Who are you?

Ran. A man, young gentleman.

Jac. And what would you have?

Ran. A woman.

Jac. You are very free, Sir. Here are none for you.

Ran. Ay, but there is one, and a fair one too; the most charming creature nature ever set her hand to; and you are the dear little pilot that must direct me to her.

Jac. What mean you, Sir? I am a poor fellow, not accustomed to.

Ran. You won't have me so, I know. I need not make my errands tedious. It is to your own dear, dear William, I would have you whisper in my hearing. Alas, never more! Think you such beauty could ever be concealed from eyes so well acquainted with its charms?

Jac. What will become of me! If I cry out, Mrs. Strickland is undone. This is my last resort. *[Aside.]*

Ran. Pardon, dear Lady, the boldness of this visit, which your guardian's care has forced me to: but I long have loved you, long doated on that beauteous face, and followed you from place to place, though perhaps unknown and unregarded.

Jac. Here's a special fellow. *[Aside.]*

Ran. Turn then an eye of pity on my sufferings; and by Heaven, one tender look from those piercing eyes, one touch of this soft hand—— *[Going to take her hand.]*

Jac. Hold, Sir, no nearer.

Ran. Would more than repay whole years of pain.

Jac. Hear me; but keep your distance, or I raise the family.

Ran. Blessings on her tongue, only for prattling to me. *[Aside.]*

Jac. Oh, for a moment's courage, and I shall shame him from his purpose. *[Aside.]* If I were certain so much gallantry had been shewn on my account only——

Ran. You wrong your beauty to think that any other could have power to draw me hither. By all the little loves that play about your lips, I swear——

Jac.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

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Jac. You come to see me alone.

Ran. By all the good graces that inhabit there, you, and only you, have brought me hither.

Jac. Well said—*[Aside.]* I believe you—

Ran. By Heaven he comes! Ah, honest Ranger, I never knew thee so. *[Aside.]*

Jac. Pray, Sir, where did you leave this hat?

Ran. That hat, that hat—'tis my hat—I dropt it in the next chamber as I was looking for yours.

Jac. How mean and despicable do you look now!

Ran. So, so! I am in a pretty pickle! *[Aside.]*

Jac. You know by this, that I am acquainted with every thing that has passed within; and how ill it agrees with what you have professed to me. Let me advise you, Sir, to be gone immediately: through that window you may easily get into the street. One scream of mine, the least noise at that door, will wake the house.

Ran. Say you so? *[Aside.]*

Jac. Believe me, Sir, an injur'd husband is not so easily appeas'd; and a suspected wife, that is jealous of her honour—

Ran. Is the devil, and so let's have no more of her. Look ye, Madam, *[Getting between the door and her.]* I have but one argument left, and that is a strong one. Look on me well, I am as handsome, a strong, well made fellow as any about town; and since we are alone, as I take it, we can have no occasion to be more private.

[Going to lay hold of her.]

Jac. I have a reputation, Sir, and will maintain it.

Ran. You have a bewitching pair of eyes.

Jac. Consider my virtue. *[Struggling.]*

Ran. Consider your beauty and my desires.

Jac. If I were a man, you dur'd not use me thus.

Ran. I should not have the same temptation.

Jac. Hear me, Sir, I will be heard. *[Breaks from him.]* There is a man who will make you repent this usage of me. Oh, Bellamy! where art thou now?

Ran. Bellamy!

Jac. Were he here, you durst not thus affront me.

[Bursting out a crying.]

Ran. His mistress, on my soul! *[Aside.]* You can love, Madam; you can love, I find. Her tears affect me strangely. *[Aside.]*

Jac.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

Jac. I am not ashamed to own my passion for a man of virtue and honour. I love and glory in it.

Ran. Oh, brave! and you can write letters, you can. "I will not trust myself home with you this evening, because I know it is inconvenient."

Jac. Ha!

Ran. "Therefore I beg you would procure me a ladder; 'tis no matter how far off my guardian's. You know Jacintha."

Jac. The very words of my letter! I am amaz'd! You know Mr. Bellamy?

Ran. There is not a man so civil I have so great a value for: and he must have some reason for it, for he would never have shewn me your picture, if he had not been of that fair lady. The ladder is at the window, and for Madam, I hope delivering you safe into his arms, will, in some measure, expiate the crime I have been guilty of to you.

Jac. Good Heaven! How fortunate is this!

Ran. I believe I make myself appear more wicked than I really am. For, damn me, if I do not feel more satisfaction in the thoughts of restoring you to my friend, than I could have pleasure in any favour your bounty could have bestowed. *Let any other rake lay his hand upon his heart and say the same.*

Jac. Your generosity transports me.

Ran. Let us lose no time then; the ladder's ready. Where was you to lodge?

Jac. At Mr. Meggot's.

Ran. At my friend Jacky's! better and better still.

Jac. Are you acquainted with him too?

Ran. Ay, ay; why, did I not tell you at first that I was one of your old acquaintance? I know all about you, you see; though the devil fetch me if ever I saw you before. Now, Madam, give me your hand.

Jac. And now, Sir, have with you.

Ran. Then thou art a girl of spirit. And though I long to hug you for trusting yourself with me, I will not beg a single kiss, till Bellamy himself shall give me leave. He must fight well that takes you from me. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

SCENE II. The Piazza.

Enter Bellamy and Frankly.

BELLAMY.

That impertinent devil put it into your head
to meddle with my affairs?

Now I went thither in pursuit of another,
knowing nothing you had to do there at all.

Though Mr. Bellamy, you were a lover.

I am so; and therefore should be forgiven this sudden warmth.

Fran. And therefore should forgive the fond impertinence of a lover.

Bel. Jealousy you know, is as natural an incident to love—

Fran. As curiosity. By one piece of silly curiosity I have gone nigh to ruin both myself and you; let not then your jealousy complete our misfortunes. I fear I have lost a mistress as well as you. Then let us not quarrel. All may come right again.

Bel. It is impossible. She is gone, removed for ever from my sight: she is in the country by this time.

Fran. How did you lose her after we parted?

Bel. By too great confidence. When I got her to my chair, the chairmen were not to be found. And, safe as I thought in our disguise, I actually put her into the chair, when Mr. Strickland and his servants were in sight; which I had no sooner done, than they surrounded us, overpowered me, and carried her away.

Fran. Unfortunate indeed! Could you not make a second attempt?

Bel. I had designed it; but when I came to the door, I found the ladder removed; and hearing no noise, seeing no lights, nor being able to make any body answer, I concluded all attempts as impracticable as I now find them.—Ha! I see Lucetta coming. Then they may be still in town.

Enter

Enter Lucetta.

Lucetta, welcome! what news of Jacintho?

Luc. News, Sir! you fright me out of
Why, is she not with you?

Bel. What do you mean? With me! I have not seen
her since I lost her last night.

Luc. Good Heav'n! then she is undone for ever.

Fran. Why what's the matter?

Bel. Speak out—I'm all amazement.

Luc. She is escap'd, without any of us knowing how.
Nobody mis'd her till she was taken away with you. But
happened.

Bel. Somebody must have done it.

Luc. We know of
home. My master says
says a stranger has been

Bel. A stranger!

Luc. But Mrs. Clarinda—

Bel. Clarinda! who is she?

Luc. [*To Frankly.*] The lady, Sir, who you saw at our
house last night.

Fran. Ha! what of her?

Luc. She says, she is sure one Frankly is the man; she
saw them together, and knows it to be true.

Fran. Damn'd fortune! [*Aside.*]

Luc. Sure this is not Mr. Frankly.

Fran. Nothing will convince him now. [*Aside.*]

Bel. Looking at Frankly.] Ha! 'tis truth!—I see it's
true. [*Aside.*] Lucetta, run up to Buckle, and take him
with you to search wherever you can. [*Puts her out.*] Now,
Mr. Frankly, I have found you.—You have used me so
ill, that you force me to forget you are my friend.

Fran. What do you mean?

Bel. Draw.

Fran. Are you mad? By heavens, I am innocent.

Bel. I have heard you, and will no longer be impos'd
on—Defend yourself.

Fran. Nay, if you are so hot, I draw to defend myself,
as I would against a madman.

Enter Ranger.

Ran. What the devil, swords at noon-day! Have among
you, faith! [*Pursues them.*] What's here, Bellamy—Yes,
gad,

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

45

are Bellamy, and you are Frankly, put up, put
you—or else—I am a devilish fellow when once
my word is out.

Bel. We shall have a row—

Ran. [*Pushing Bellamy the way.*] A time for what?

Fran. I shall be always ready to defend my innocence
now.

Ran. [*Pushing Frankly the other way.*] Innocence! ay,
be sure—at your age—a mighty innocent fellow, no
doubt. But what, in the name of common-sense, is it that
ails you both? are you mad? The last time I saw you,
you were hugging and kissing; and now you are cutting
one another's throats—I never knew any good come of
one fellow's beslaving another—But I shall put you into
better humour, I warrant you—Bellamy, Frankly, listen
both of you—Such fortune—such a scheme—

Bel. Pr'ythee, leave fooling. What, art drunk?

Fran. He is always so, I think.

Ran. And who gave you the privilege of thinking?
Drunk! no; I am not drunk.—Tipsey, perhaps, with my
good fortune—merry, and in spirits—though I have not
fire enough to run my friend through the body. Not drunk,
though Jack Meggot and I have boxed it about—Champ-
paign was the word for two whole hours by Shrewsbury clock.

Bel. Jack Meggot!—Why, I left him as one, going to
bed.

Ran. That may be, but I made shift to rouse him and
his family by four this morning. Ounds, I pick'd up a
wench, and carried her to his house.

Bel. Ha!

Ran. Such a variety of adventures—Nay, you shall
hear—But before I begin, Bellamy, you shall promise
me half a dozen kisses before hand: for the devil fetch me
if that little jade, Jacintha, would give me one, though I
pressed hard.

Bel. Who, Jacintha? press to kiss Jacintha?

Ran. Kiss her! ay; why not? is she not a woman, and
made to be kiss'd?

Bel. Kiss her—I shall run distracted?

Ran. How could I help it, when I had her alone, you
rogue, in her bed-chamber at midnight! if I had been to
be sacrificed, I should have done it.

Bel.

Bel. Bed-chamber, and I can hold no longer—
—Draw.

Fran. Be easy, Bellamy. [Interposing.]

Bel. He has been at some of his tricks with her.

Fran. Hear him out.

Ran. 'Sdeath, how could I?—He was his Mistress? But I tell this story most modestly. I should have told you first, I was in another bed. By the Lord, I got in at the window by a lattice.

Fran. Ha! Another lady?

Ran. Another: and stole her. Well! she was undressing; beautiful as an angel, young—

Fran. What, in the same night?

Bel. What is this to Jacinth?—O my pain.

Ran. Ay, ay, in the same house, on the same floor. The sweetest, little angel—But I design to have another touch with her.

Fran. 'Sdeath! but you shall have a touch upon me first.

Bel. Stay, Frankly. [Interposing.]

Ran. Why, what strange madness has possess'd you both, that nobody must kiss a pretty wench but yourselves.

Bel. What became of Jacinth?

Ran. Ounds! what have you done, that you must monopolize kissing?

Fran. Pr'ythee, honest Ranger, ease me of the pain I am in. Was her name Clarinda?

Bel. Speak in plain words, where Jacinth is, where to be found. Dear boy, tell me.

Ran. Ay, now it is, honest Ranger; and, dear boy, tell me—and a minute ago, my throat was to be cut—I could find in my heart not to open my lips. But here comes Jack Meggot, who will let you into all the secret, though he design'd to keep it from you, in half the time that I can, though I had ever so great a mind to tell it you.

Enter Jack Meggot.

J. Meg. So, save ye, save ye, lads! we have been frighten'd out of our wits for you. Not hearing of Mr. Bellamy, poor Jacinth is ready to sink for fear of any accident.

Bel. Is she at your house?

J. Meg.

J. Meg. What do you know that? We dispatch'd Master Ranger now three hours ago.

Ran. Ay, but I had business of my own, so I could not come—Frankly, is your girl, maid, wife, or widow?

Ran. A maid. The odds are against you, Charles—But mine is a good girl, and her husband jealous. The odds are all against me, I do not stand some reward for my last night's service.

Ran. I am very sorry to hear of Mrs. Strickland herself. I am sure she will be sorry for you.

Fran. This one evening cancels all thoughts of enmity.

Bel. Thou gentlest man!—But I must haste to ease Jacintha of her fears. *[Exit.]*

Fran. And I to make up matters with Clarinda. *[Exit.]*

Ran. And I to some kind wench or other, Jack. But where shall I find her, Heaven knows. And so, my service to your monkey.

J. Meg. Adieu, rattlepate. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, the Hall of Mr. Strickland's House.

Enter Mrs. Strickland and Clarinda.

Mrs. Str. But, why in such a hurry, my dear; stay till your servants can go along with you.

Cla. Oh, no matter; they'll follow with my things. It is but a little way off, and my chair will guard me. After my staying out so late last night, I am sure Mr. Strickland will think every minute an age while I am in his house.

Mrs. Str. I am as much amaz'd at his suspecting your innocence as my own; and every time I think of it, I blush at my present behaviour to you.

Cla. No ceremony dear child.

Mrs. Str. No, Clarinda, I am too well acquainted with your good humour. But I fear, in the eye of a malicious world, it may look like a confirmation of his suspicion.

Cla. My dear, if the world will speak ill of me, for the little innocent gaiety, which I think the peculiar happiness of my temper, I know no way to prevent it, and am only sorry

sorry the world is so ill-natur'd: but I shall not part with my mirth, I assure them, so long as I know it innocent. I wish, my dear, this may be the greatest uneasiness your husband's jealousy ever gives you.

Mrs. Str. I hope he never again may have such occasion as he had last night.

Cla. You are so unfashionable a wife.—Why, last night's accident would have made half the wives in London easy for life. Has not his jealousy discover'd itself openly? And are not you innocent? There is nothing but your foolish temper that prevents his being absolutely in your power.

Mrs. Str. Clarinda, this is too serious an affair to laugh at. Let me advise you, take care of Mr. Frankly, observe his temper well, and if he has the least taint of jealousy, cast him off, and never trust to keeping him in your power.

Cla. You will hear little more of Frankly, I believe. Here is Mr. Strickland.

Enter Mr. Strickland and Lucetta.

Strick. Lucetta says you want me, Madam.

Cla. I trouble you, Sir, only that I might return your thanks, for the civilities I have receiv'd in your family, before I took my leave.

Strick. Keep them to yourself, dear Madam. As it is at my request that you leave my house, your thanks upon that occasion are not very desirable.

Cla. Oh, Sir, you need not fear. My thanks were only for your civilities. They will not overburden you. But I'll conform to your humour, Sir, and part with as little ceremony——

Strick. As we met.

Cla. The brute! [*Aside.*] My dear, good bye, we may meet again. [*To Mrs. Strickland.*]

Strick. If you dare trust me with your hand.

Cla. Lucetta, remember my instructions. Now, Sir, have with you. [*Mr. Strickland leads Clarinda out.*]

Mrs. Str. Are her instructions cruel or kind, Lucetta? For I suppose they relate to Mr. Frankly.

Luc. Have you a mind to try if I can keep a secret as well as yourself, Madam? But I will shew you I am fit to be trusted by keeping this, though it signifies nothing.

Mrs.

Mrs. Str. This answer is not so civil, I think.

Luc. I beg pardon, Madam, I meant it not to offend.

Mrs. Str. Pray let me have no more such. I neither desire nor want your assistance.

Re-enter Mr. Strickland.

Str. She is gone. I feel myself somewhat easier already. Since I have begun the day with gallantry, Madam, conduct you up?

Mrs. Str. There is something, Sir, which gives you much distress. I wish—

Str. Perhaps so, Madam; and perhaps it may soon be no secret at all. *[Leads her out.]*

Luc. Would I were once well settled with my young lady; for at present, this is but an odd sort of a queer family. Last night's affair puzzles me. A hat there was that belong'd to none of us, that's certain; Madam was in a fright, that is as certain; and I brought all off. Jacintha escap'd, no one of us knows how. The good man's jealousy was yesterday groundless; yet to-day, in my mind, he is very much in the right. Mightv odd, all this!—Somebody knocks. If this should be Clarinda's spark, I have an odd message for him too.

[She opens the door.]

Enter Frankly.

Fran. So, my pretty handmaid, meeting with you gives me some hopes. May I speak with Clarinda?

Luc. Whom do you want, Sir?

Fran. Clarinda, child. The young lady I was admitted to yesterday.

Luc. Clarinda!—No such person lives here, I assure you.

Fran. Where then?

Luc. I don't know, indeed, Sir.

Fran. Will you inquire within?

Luc. Nobody knows in this house, Sir, you will find.

Fran. What do you mean? She is a friend of Jacintha's, your lady. I will take my oath she was here last night; and you yourself spoke of her being here this morning—Not know!

Luc. No; none of us know. She went away of a sudden—no one of us can imagine whither.

Fran. Why, faith, child, thou hast a tolerable face, and

and hast deliver'd this letter to her. Let me tell you, your impertinence this morning, had lik'd to have cost me my life; now, therefore, make me amends, come from your young man, and come from Mr. Blackmy; I come with my purse full of gold, that perusal of rhetoric, to win you to let me speak to this Clarinda once again.

Luc. She is not here, Sir.

Fran. Direct me to her.

Luc. No, I can't do that neither.

Enter Mr. Strickland behind.

Strick. I heard a knocking at the door, and a man's voice—Ha!

Fran. Deliver this letter to her.

Strick. By all my fears, a letter!

Luc. I don't know but I may be tempted to do that.

Fran. Take it then—and with it this.

[Kisses her, and gives her money.]

Strick. Um! there are two bribes in a breath! What a jade she is!

Luc. Ay; this gentleman understands reason.

Fran. And be assured you oblige your mistress while you are serving me.

Strick. Her mistress!—Damn'd sex! and damn'd wife, thou art an epitome of that sex!

Fran. And if you can procure me an answer, your fee shall be enlarg'd.

Luc. The next step is to get her to read this letter.

Strick. *[Snatches the letter.]* No noise—but stand silent there, whilst I read this. *[Breaks it open and drops the case.]* “Madam, the gaiety of a heart happy as mine was yesterday, may, I hope, easily excuse the unseasonable visit I made your house last night.”—Death and the devil! confusion! I shall run distracted. It is too much!—There was a man then to whom the hat belong'd; and I was guil'd, abused, cheated, impos'd on by a chit, a child—Oh, woman, woman!—But I will be calm, search it to the bottom, and have a full revenge—

Luc. *[Aside.]* So here's fine work! He'll make himself very ridiculous though.

Strick. *[Reads on.]* “I know my innocence will appear so manifestly, that I need only appeal to the lady who accompanied

accompanied me to Bed. Your very humble servant, good, innocent, fair Maria Clarinda. "And I do not doubt but her good name," he will bawd! "will not let you persist in importing your obedient humble servant,

CHARLES FRANKLY."

Now, who can be so easily lack'd foundation, or my suspicion of his wife's innocent gaiety was unjust?—Gaiety! why ay, twas gaiety brought him hither. Gaiety makes her a bawd—My wife may be a whore in gaiety. What a number of things become fashionable under the notion of gaiety—What, you receiv'd this epistle in gaiety too; and were to deliver it to my wife, I suppose, when the gay fit came next upon her?—Why, you impudent young trumpet, do you laugh at me?

Luc. I would, if I dar'd, laugh heartily.—Be pleas'd, Sir, only to look at that piece of paper that lies there.

Stri. Ha!

Luc. I have not touched it, Sir. It is the case that letter came in, and the direction will inform you whom I was to deliver it to.

Stri. This is directed to Clarinda!

Luc. Oh, is it so? Now read it over again, and all your foolish doubts will vanish.

Stri. I have no doubts at all. I am satisfied that you, Jacintha, Clarinda, my wife, all are—

Luc. Lud! Lud! you will make a body mad.

Stri. Hold your impertinent tongue.

Luc. You'll find the thing to be just as I say, Sir.

Stri. Begone. [*Exit Lucetta.*] They must be poor at the work, indeed, if they did not lend one another their names. 'Tis plain, 'tis evident, and I am miserable. But for my wife, she shall not stay one night longer in my house. Separation, shame, contempt, shall be her portion. I am determin'd in the thing; and when once it is over, I may, perhaps, be easy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, the Street.

Clarinda brought in a chair, Ranger following.

Ran. Harkye, chairman! damn your confounded trot. Go slower.

Cla. Here, stop.

Ran. By Heavens! the monsters hear reason and obey.

Cla. [*Letting down the window.*] •What trouble fellow was that?

1 Chair. Some rake, I warrant, that cannot carry self home, and wants us to do it for him.

Cla. There—And pray do you take care I be troubled with him. [*Go*]

Ran. That's as much as to say now, pray follow Madam, you are a charming woman, and I will do

1 Chair. Stand off, Sir.

Ran. Pr'ythee, honest fellow—wh—wh—writing—is that?

[*Enter* *Chair* *to get in.*]

2 Chair. You come not here.

Ran. Lodgings to be let, a prett—inferrip-
tion, and the sign of a good modest here may
be lodgings for gentlemen as well as l—e, rogues;
I'll lay you all the silver I have in my pocket, there it is,
I get in there in spite of your teeth, ye pimps.

[*Throws down the money, and goes in.*]

[*Within.*] *Chair, chair, chair!*

Chair. Who calls chair?

1 Chair. What, have you let the gentleman in?

2 Chair. I'll tell you what, partner, he certainly
'slipt by whilst we were picking up the money. Come,
'take up.' [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Clarinda's Lodgings.

Enter Clarinda, and Maid following.

Maid. Bless me, Madam, you seem disorder'd; what's the matter?

Cla. Some impertinent fellow follow'd the chair, and I am afraid they let him in. [*A noise between Ranger and Landlady.*] I should certainly know that voice. [*Ranger talks with the Landlady.*] My madcap cousin Ranger, as I live. I am sure he does not know me.—If I could but hide my face now, what sport I should have! A mask, a mask! Run and see if you can find a mask.

Maid. I believe there is one above.

Cla. Run, run, and fetch it. [*Exit Maid.*] Here he comes.

Enter Ranger and Landlady.

How unlucky this is! [*Turning from them.*]

Land. What's your business here, unmannerly Sir?

Ran. Well let's see these lodgings that are to be let.
Gad,

Gad, a very pretty new apartment—But harkye, is it real and natural, all new or only patch'd up and new-painted this summer-lease against the town fills?

Land. What does the saucy fellow mean with his double tenders here?—Get you down—

Enter Maid with a mask.

Maid. Here is a very dirty one. [*Aside to Clarinda.*

Cla. No matter—now we shall see a little what he could be. [*Aside.*

Land. This is an honest house. For all your lac'd waiter have you throw'd down neck and heels.

Ran. I am in such a hurry, good old lady—. A mask will do all my heart. It saves a world of blush. He'er a one for me!—I am apt to be ashamed of these occasions.

Get you down, I say—

Land. Not if I guess right, old lady. Madam; [*To Clarinda, who makes signs to the Landlady to retire.*] look ye there now! that a woman should live to your age, and know so little of the matter. Begone. [*Exit Landlady.*] By her forwardness this should be a whore of quality. My boy, Ranger, thou art in luck to-day. She won't speak, I find—then I will. [*Aside.*] Delicate lodgings truly, Madam; and very neatly furnish'd—A very convenient room this, I must needs own, to entertain a mis'd company. But, my dear charming creature, does not that door open to a more commodious apartment for the happiness of a private friend, or so? The prettiest brais lock—Faint, um; that won't do. 'Sdeath, you are a beautiful woman; I am sure you are. Pr'ythee let me see your face. It is your interest, child—The longer you delay, the more I shall expect. Therefore, [*Taking over hand.*] my dear, soft, kind, new acquaintance, thus let me take your hand, and whilst you gently with the other, let day-light in upon me, let me softly hold you to me, that with my longing lips I may receive the warmest, best impression. [*She unmasks.*] Clarinda!

Cla. Ha, ha; your servant, cousin Ranger—Ha, ha, ha!

Ran. Oh, your humble servant, Madam. You had like to have been beholden to your mask, Cousin—I must brazen it out. [*Aside.*

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! You were not so happy in your disguise,

guise, Sir. The pretty stagger in your gait, that he disposition of your wig, the genteel negligence of your person, and those pretty flowers of modern gallantry, make it impossible to mistake you, my sweet Coz. Ha, ha.

Ran. Oh, I knew you too, but I fancied you had taken a particular liking to my person, and had a mind to the relation under that little piece of black velvet! egad, you never find me behind hand in a frolic. But it is otherwise, my mestry, good-humoured Cousin, as heartily glad to see you in town, as I should be to meet any of my old bottle acquaintance.

Cla. And on my side I am as happy in meeting your worship, as I should be in a rencounter with e'er a petticoat in Christendom.

Ran. And if you have any occasion for a dangling gallant to Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or even the poor neglected Park, you are so unlike the rest of your virtuous friends of the petticoat, that I will venture myself with you.

Cla. Take care what you promise; for who knows but this face you were pleased to say so many pretty things of before you saw it, may raise so many rivals among your kept mistresses, and reps of quality—

Ran. Hold, hold! a truce with your satire, sweet Coz; or if scandal must be the topic of every virtuous woman's conversation, call for your tea-water, and let it be in its proper element. Come, your tea, your tea.

Enter Maid.

Cla. With all my heart—Who's there? Get tea—upon condition that you stay till it comes.

Ran. 'Thar is according as you behave, Madam.

Cla. Oh, Sir, I am very sensible of the favour.

Ran. Nay, you may, I assure you; for there is but one woman of virtue besides yourself, I would stay with ten minutes (and I have not known her above these twelve hours); the insipidity, or the rancour of their discourse is insufferable—Sdeath! I had rather take the air with my grandmother.

Cla. Ha, ha, ha! the ladies are highly obliged to you, I vow.

Ran. I tell you what; the lady I speak of was obliged to me, and the generous girl is ready to own it.

Cla. And pray, when was it you did virtue this considerable service?

Ran.

Ran. But this devil fetch me! A roman-whim of mine con- into her chamber, where I and her, young and beautiful, alone at midnight, dress'd e a soft Adonis; her lovely hair all loose about her shoulders—

Cla. In boy's cloaths! this is worth attending to. [*Aside.*

Ran. Gad, I no more suspected her being a woman, in I did your being my cater-cousin.

Cla. How did you discover it at last?

Ran. Why, faith, she very modestly dropt me a hint of it herself.

Cla. If this should be Jacintha! [*Aside.*

Ran. And did she; which I imagined a good sign at. Cousin! So I e'en invented a long story on t for her, though I had never seen her before. my old way;—and said so many such

rounds th

Cla. As you said to me just now.

Ran. Pho! quite in another style, I assure you. It was midnight, and I was in a right cue.

Cla. Well! And what did she answer to all these protestations?

Ran. Why, instead of running into my arms at once, as I expected—

Cla. To be sure.

Ran. 'Gad, like a free-hearted, honest girl, she frankly told me she liked another better than she liked me; that I had something in my face that shewed I was a gentleman; and she would e'en trust herself with me, if I would give her my word I would convey her to her spark.

Cla. Oh, brave! and how did you bear this?

Ran. Why, curse me, if I am ever angry with a woman for not having a passion for me.

Cla. No!

Ran. Never. I only hate your sex's vain pretence of having no passion at all. Gad, I lov'd the good-natured girl for it; took her at her word, stole her out of the window, and this morning made a very honest fellow happy in the possession of her.

Cla. And her name is Jacintha.

Ran. Ha!

Cla. Your amours are no secrets, Sir. You see, you might

might as well have told me all the whole of last night's adventure; for you find I know.

Ran. All! Why what do you know?

Cla. Nay, nothing. I only know that a gentleman's hat cannot be dropt in a lady's chamber—

Ran. The devil!

Cla. But a husband is such an odd, impertinent, awkward creature, that he will be stumbling over it.

Ran. Here hath been fine work. [*Aside.*] But how, the name of wonder, should you know all this?

Cla. By being in the same house.

Ran. In the same house!

Cla. Ay, in the same house, a witness of the confusion you have made.

Ran. Frankly's Clarinda, by all that's fortunate! It must be so! [*Aside.*]

Cla. And let me tell you, Sir, that even the dull, spiritless diversions you ridicule in us tame creatures, are preferable to the romantic exploits that only wine can raise you to.

Ran. Yes, Cousin: but I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*]

Cla. If you reflect, Cousin, you will find a great deal of wit in shocking a lady's modesty, disturbing her quiet, tainting her reputation, and ruining the peace of a whole family.

Ran. To be sure.

Cla. These are the high-mettled pleasures of you men of spirit, that the insipidity of the virtuous can never arrive at. And can you in reality think your Burgundy, and your Bacchus, your Venus, and your Loves, an excuse for all this? Fie, Cousin, fie.

Ran. No, Cousin.

Cla. What, dumb! I am glad you have modesty enough left not to go about to excuse yourself.

Ran. It is as you say; when we are sober and reflect but ever so little on the follies we commit, we are ashamed and sorry; and yet the very next minute we run again into the same absurdities.

Cla. What! moralizing, Cousin! ha, ha, ha!

Ran. What you know is not half, not a hundredth part of the mischief of my last night's frolic; and yet the very next petticoat I saw this morning I must follow it, and be damn'd to me; though, for ought I know, poor Frankly's life may depend upon it.

Cla.

Cla. Whose life,

Ran. And here do stand prating to you now.

Cla. Pray, good Cousin, explain yourself.

Ran. Good Cousin! She has it. [*Aside.*] Why, whilst I is making off with the wench, Bellamy and he were quarrelling about her; and though Jacintha and I made all the ste we could, we did not get to them before——

Cla. Before what? I'm frighten'd out of my wits!

Ran. Not that Frankly cared three half-pence for the girl.

Cla. But there was no mischief done, I hope?

Ran. I might scratch; nothing at all, as the surgeon said. — was but a queer looking son of a bitch of a fellow.

Cla. — why, he should have the best that can be for him.

Ran. — need, so he should; that was what I was going for. — I saw you. [*Sits down.*] They are all at Jack Meggot's hard by, and you will keep me here.

Cla. I keep you here! For Heaven's sake be gone.

Ran. Your tea is a damn'd while a coming.

Cla. You shall have no tea now, I assure you.

Ran. Nay! one dish.

Cla. No, positively you shall not stay.

Ran. Your commands are absolute, Madam. [*Going.*

Cla. Then Frankly is true, and I only am to blame.

Ran. [*Returns.*] But I beg ten thousand pardons, Cousin, that I should forget——

Cla. Forget what!

Ran. Forget to salute you.

Cla. Pshaw! how can you trifle at such a time as this?

Ran. A trifle! wrong not your beauty.

Cla. Lord, how teasing you are. There.

Ran. [*Kisses her.*] Poor thing; how uneasy she is. Nay, no ceremony, you shall not stir a step with me.

Cla. I do not intend it. This is downright provoking [*Exit Ranger.*] Who's there?

Enter Landlady.

Land. Madam, did your Ladyship call?

Cla. Does one Mr. Meggot live in this neighbourhood?

Land. Yes, Madam, a fine gentleman, and keeps a noble house, and a world of company.

Cla.

Cl. Very well; I don't want his history. I wonder my servants are not come yet.

Land. Lack-a-day, Madam, they are all below.

Cl. Send up one then with a card to me. I must know the truth of this immediately. [Exeunt.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, A Room in Mr. Strickland's House.

Mr. and Mrs. Strickland discovered; she sweeping, and he writing.

MRS. STRICTLAND.

HEIGH ho!

Strick. What can possibly be the occasion of that sigh, Madam? you have yourself agreed to a maintenance, and a maintenance no duchess need be ashamed of.

Mrs. Str. But the extremities of provocation that drove me to that agreement—

Strick. Were the effect of your own follies. Why do you disturb me? [Writes on.]

Mrs. Str. I would not willingly give you a moment's uneasiness; I but desire a fair and equal hearing: and if I satisfy you not in every point, then abandon me, discard me to the world, and its malicious tongues.

Strick. What was it you said? Damn this pen.

Mrs. Str. I say, Mr. Strickland, I would only—

Strick. You would only— You would only repeat what you have been saying this hour, I am innocent; and when I shewed you the letter I had taken from your maid, what was then your poor evasion, but that it was to Clarinda, and you were innocent.

Mrs. Str. Heaven knows, I am innocent.

Strick. But I know your Clarinda, your woman of honour, is your blind, your cover, your— But why do I distract myself about a woman I have no longer any concerns with? Here, Madam, is your fate. A letter to your brother in the country.

Mrs. Str. Sir—

Strick.

Rich. I have told him what a fillet he is to receive, how to bid her welcome.

Mrs. Str. Then my ruin is complete. My brother!

Rich. I must vindicate my own honour, else what will the world say?

Mrs. Str. That brother was my only hope, my only ground of patience. In his retirement I hoped my name might have been safe, and slept, till by some happy means you might at length have known me innocent, and pitied me.

Strick. Retirement! pretty soul! no, no; that face was never made for retirement; it is another sort of retiring you are fit for. Ha! hark! What's that? [*A knocking at the door.*]—two raps—and why but two! was that?

Mrs. Str. Stir not, on your life. My resolution, Heaven, to bear this disgrace, and keep it secret from the world. [*Aside.*]

Strick. I will have no signs, no items, no hem to tell him I am here. Ha! another tap. The gentleman is in haste, I find. [*Opens the door, and enters Tester.*] Tester! Why did you not come in, rascal? [*Beats him.*] All vexations meet to cross me.

Test. Lord, Sir! what do you strike me for? my mistress ordered me never to come in where she was, without first knocking at the door.

Strick. Oh, cunning devil! Tester is too honest to be trusted.

Mrs. Str. Unhappy man; will nothing undeceive him? [*Aside.*]

Test. Sir, here is a letter.

Strick. To my wife?

Test. No, Sir, to you. The servant waits below.

Strick. Art sure it is a servant?

Test. Sir! [*Staring.*] it is Mr. Buckle, Sir.

Strick. I am mad: I know not what to say, or do, or think. But let's read: [*Reads to himself.*]

"Sir, we cannot bear to reflect that Mrs. Strickland may possibly be ruined in your esteem, and in the voice of the world, only by the confusion which our affairs have made in your family, without offering all within our power to clear the misunderstanding between you. If you will give yourself the trouble but to step to Mr. Meggot's, where

where all parties will satisfy your most flagrant desires. Mrs. Strickland, and the quiet of your lives.

JACINTHA, JOHN BELLAMY."

Hey! Here is the whole gang witnessing for one another. They think I am an ass, and will be led by the nose to believe every thing. Call me a chair, [*Exit Tester.*] Yes, I will go to this rendezvous of enemies—I will—and find out all her plots, her artifices and contrivances. It will clear my conduct to her brother, and all her friends.

[*Exit Mr. Strickland.*]

Mrs. Str. Gone so abruptly! What can that letter be about? no matter; there is no way left to make us easy but by my disgrace, and I must learn to suffer; time and innocence will teach me to bear it patiently.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Mrs. Bellamy, Madam, (for my young lady is married) begs you would follow Mr. Strickland to Mr. Meggot's, she makes no doubt but she shall be able to make you and my master easy.

Mrs. Str. But how came she to know any thing of the matter?

Luc. I have been with them, Madam; I could not bear to see so good a lady so ill-treated.

Mrs. Str. I am indeed, Lucetta, ill-treated: but I hope this day will be the last of it.

Luc. Madam Clara and Mr. Frankly will be there: and the young gentleman, Madam, who was with you in this room last night.

Mrs. Str. Ha! if he is there, there may be hopes; and it is worth the trying.

Luc. Dear Lady, let me call a chair.

Mrs. Str. I go with you. I cannot be more wretched than I am. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Room in J. Meggot's House.

Enter Frankly, Ranger, Bellamy, Jacinta, and J. Meggot.

Fran. Oh, Ranger, this is news indeed! your cousin, and a lady of such fortune!

Ran. I have done the business for you; I tell you she's your own. She loves you.

THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

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Fran. *You make my heart dance with joy.* Words are too faint to tell the joy I feel.

Ran. I have put that heart of hers into such a flutter, that I'll lay a hundred guineas, with the assistance which this lady has promised me, I fix her yours directly.

Jac. Ay, ay, Mr. Frankly, we have a design upon her which cannot fail. But you must obey orders.

Fran. Most willingly: but remember, dear Lady, I have more than life at stake.

Jac. Away then into the next room; for she is this instant coming hither.

Fran. Hither! you surprise me more and more.

Jac. Here is a message from her, by which she desires leave to wait on me this afternoon.

Ran. Only for the chance of seeing you here, I assure ye.

Fran. Let me hug thee; though I know not how to believe it.

Ran. Psha! prythee don't stifle me! It is a busy day, a very busy day,

J. Meg. Thou art the most unaccountable creature in life.

Ran. But the most lucky one, Jack, if I succeed for Frankly as I have for Bellamy, and my heart whispers me I shall. Come in, most noble Mr. Buckle: and what have you to propose?

Enter Buckle.

Buc. A lady, Madam, in a chair, says her name is Clarinda.

Jac. Desire her to walk up.

Bel. How could you let her wait? *[Exit Buckle.]* You must excuse him, Madam; Buckle is a true bachelor's servant, and knows no manners.

Jac. Away, away, Mr. Frankly, and stay till I call you. A rap with my fan shall be the signal. *[Exit Frankly.]* We make very free with your house, Mr. Meggot.

J. Meg. Oh, you could not oblige me more.

Enter Clarinda.

Cla. Dear Mrs. Bellamy, pity my confusion. I am to wish you joy and ask you pardon all in a breath. I know not what to say; I am quite ashamed of my last night's behaviour.

F

Jac.

Jac. Come, come, and forgot. Mr. Bellamy.

Cla. I wish you joy, Sir, have been very sorry if any folly of mine had prevented it.

Bel. Madam, I am oblig'd to you.

Cla. I see nothing of Mr. Frankly! my mind misgives me. *[Aside.*

Ran. And so, you came hither purely out of friendship, good-nature, and humility.

Cla. Purely.

Ran. To confess your offences, to make reparation.

Cla. Purely. Is this any thing so extraordinary?

J. Meg. The most so of any thing in life, I think.

Ran. A very whimsical business for to find a lady, and an errand you seldom went on before, my dear Cousin.

Jac. Never, I dare swear, if I may judge by the awkward concern she shews in delivering it.

Cla. Concern! Lord, well, I protest you are all exceeding pretty company! Being settled for life, *Jac* ntha, gives an ease to the mind that brightens conversation strangely.

Jac. I am sorry, with all my heart, you are not in the same condition; for as you are, my dear, you are horridly *abagriné*.

Ran. But with a little of our help, Madam, the lady may recover, and be very good company.

Cla. Hum! What does he mean, Mr. Bellamy?

Bel. Ask him, Madam.

Cla. Indeed I shall not give myself the trouble.

Jac. Then you know what he means

Cla. Something impertinent, I suppose, not worth explaining.

Jac. It is something you won't let him explain, I find.

Enter Dancer, and whispers Megget.

J. Meg. Very well. Desire him to walk into the parlour. Madam, the gentleman is below.

Jac. then every one to your posts. You know your cues.

Ran. I warrant ye.

[Exeunt gentlemen.]

Cla. All gone! I am glad of it, for I want to speak to you.

Jac. And I, my dear Clarinda, have someth

do not know how to tell you : but it must be known sooner or later.

Cla. What's the matter ?

Jac. Poor Mr. Frankly——

Cla. You might not be out of my senses !

Jac. Has no wounds but what you can cure. Ha, ha, ha!

Cla. Psha ! I am angry.

Jac. Psha ! You are pleased ; and will be more so, when I tell you, this man, whom fortune has thrown in your way, is in rank and temper, the man in the world who suits you best for a husband.

Cla. Husband ! I say, husband, indeed ! Where will this end ?

[*Aside*

Jac. His very soul is yours, and he only waits an opportunity of telling you so. He is in the next room. Shall I call him in ?

Cla. My dear girl, hold !

Jac. How foolish is this coyness now, Clarinda ! If the men were here indeed, something might be said——And so, Mr. Frankly——

Cla. How can you be so teasing ?

Jac. Nay, I am in downright earnest : and to shew how particular I have been in my inquiries, ' though I know you have a spirit above regarding the modish, paltry way of a Smithfield bargain '——his fortune——

Cla. I don't care what his fortune is.

Jac. Don't you so ? Then you are farther gone than I thought you were.

Cla. No, psha ! pr'ythee, I don't mean so neither.

Jac. I don't care what you say : but you won't like him the worse, I hope, for having a fortune superior to your own. Now shall I call him in ?

Cla. Pho, dear girl——Some other time.

Jac. [*Raps with her fan.*] That's the signal, and here he is. You shall not stir : I positively will leave you together.

[*Exit Jacinta.*

Cla. I tremble all over.

Enter Frankly.

Fran. Pardon this freedom, Madam : but I hope our having so luckily met with a common friend in Mrs. Belamy——

Cla. Sir !

Fran. Makes any farther delay at night absolutely unnecessary.

Cla. So far, Mr. Frankly, I should be rather on my side, for the impertinent blame I made about her.

Fran. This behaviour gives me hopes, Madam: pardon the construction—but from the little bustle you made about the lady, may I not hope, you was not quite indifferent about the gentleman?

Cla. Have a care of being too sanguine in your hopes: might not a love of power, or the satisfaction of shewing that power, or the dear pleasure of abusing that power; might not these have been foundation enough for more than what I did?

Fran. Charming woman! With most of your sex, I grant, they might, but not with you. Whatever power your beauty gives, your good-nature will allow you no other use of it than to oblige.

Cla. This is the height of compliment, Mr. Frankly.

Fran. Not in my opinion, I assure you Madam; and I am now going to put it to the trial.

Cla. What is he going to say now? [*Aside.*]

Fran. What is it that ails me, that I cannot speak? Psha! he here! [*Aside.*]

Enter Ranger.

Interrupted! impertinent!

Ran. There is no fight so ridiculous as a pair of your true lovers. Here are you two now, bowing and cringing, and keeping a passion secret from one another, that is no secret to all the house beside. And if you don't make the matter up immediately, it will be all over the town within these two hours.

Cla. What do you mean?

Fran. Ranger—

Ran. Do you lie quiet, can't ye? [*Aside.*] But it is over, I suppose, Cousin, and you have given him your consent.

Cla. Sir, the liberties you are pleas'd to take with me—

Ran. Oh! in your airs still, are you? Why then, Mr. Frankly, there is a certain letter of yours, sir, to the lady.—

Cla. A letter to me!

Ran. *Exit Ranger.*

Fran. *Exit Ranger.*

Ran. *Exit Ranger.* *Followed by Mr. Strickland's hands, that is all; and he has read it.*

Fran. *Read it!*

Ran. Ay, read it to all his family at home, and to all the company below: and if some stop be not put to it, it will be read in all the coffee-houses in town.

Fran. A stop! this sword shall put a stop to it, or I will perish in the attempt.

Ran. But will that sword put a stop to the talk of the town?—Only make it talk the faster, take my word for it.

Cla. This is all a trick.

Ran. A trick! Is it so? you shall soon see that, my fine Cousin. *[Exit Ranger.]*

Fran. It is but too true, I fear. There is such a letter, which I gave Lucetta. Can you forgive me? Was I much to blame, when I could neither see, nor hear of you?

Cla. *[Tenderly.]* You give yourself, Mr. Frankly, a thousand more uneasinesses than you need about me.

Fran. If this uneasiness but convinces you how much I love you—Interrupted again!

Cla. This is downright malice.

[Aside.]

Enter Ranger, followed by Jacintha, Mr. Strickland, Bellamy, and Meggot.

Ran. Enter, enter, gentlemen and lady. Now you shall see whether this is a trick or no.

Cla. Mr. Strickland here! What is all this?

Jac. Do not be uneasy, my dear; we will explain it to you.

Fran. I cannot bear this trifling, Ranger, when my heart is on the rack.

Ran. Come this way then, and learn.

[Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly and Ranger retire.]

[Mr. Strickland, Bellamy, and Meggot advance.]

Strick. Why, I know not well what to say. This has a face. This letter may as well agree with Clarinda, as with my wife, as you have told the story; and Lucetta explain'd it so: but she for a sixpenny piece, would have constru'd it the other way.

J. Meg. But, Sir, if we produce this Mr. *Frankly* to you, and he owns himself the author of this letter—

Bel. And if *Clarinda* likewise be brought to my face to encourage his addresses, there can be no farther room for doubt.

Strick. No. Let that appear, and I shall, I think I shall, be satisfied—But yet it cannot be—

Bel. Why not? Hear me, Sir.

[*They talk.*]

Jacintha, Clarinda, Frankly, and Ranger advance.

Jac. In short *Clarinda*, unless the affair is made up directly, a separation will all the obloquy on her side, must be the consequence.

Cla. Poor Mrs. *Strickland*! I pity her: but for him, he deserves all he feels, were it ten times what it is.

Jac. It is for her sake only, that we beg of you both to bear his impertinence.

Cla. With all my heart. You will do what you please with me.

Fran. Generous creature!

Strick. Ha! here she is, and with her the very man I saw deliver the letter to *Lucetta*. I do begin to fear I have made myself a fool. Now for the proof. Here is a letter, Sir, which has given me great disturbance, and these gentlemen assure me it was writ by you.

Fran. That letter, Sir, upon my honour, I left this morning with *Lucetta*, for this lady.

Strick. For that lady! and *Frankly*, the name at the bottom, is not feign'd, but your real name?

Fran. *Frankly* is my name.

Strick. I see, I feel myself ridiculous.

Jac. Now, Mr. *Strickland*; I hope—

J. Meg. Ay, ay; a clear case.

Strick. I am satisfied, and will go this instant to Mrs. *Strickland*.

Ran. Why then the devil fetch me, if this would satisfy me.

Strick. What, that?

Ran. Nay, nothing; it is no affair of mine.

Bel. What do you mean, *Ranger*?

Strick. Ay, what do you mean? I will know before I stir.

Ran. With all my heart, Sir. Cannot you see that all this may be a concerted matter between them?

Fran.

Fran. Ranger, you know I can resent.

StriH. Go on; I will defend you, let who will resent it.

Ran. Why then, Sir, I declare myself your friend: and were I as you, nothing but there immediate marriage should convince me.

StriH. Sir, you're right, and are my friend indeed. Give me your hand.

Ran. Nay, were I to hear her say, I, Clarinda, take thee, Charles, I would not believe them, 'till I saw them a-bed together. Now resent it as you will.

StriH. Ay, Sir, as you will: but nothing less shall convince me: and so my fine lady, if you are in earnest.—

Cla. Sure, Mr. Strickland.—

StriH. Nay, no flouncing; you cannot escape.

Ran. Why, Frankly, has't no soul?

Fran. I pity her confusion.

Ran. Pity her confusion!—the man's a fool—Here, take her hand.

Fran. Thus, on my knees, then let me ravish, with your hand, your heart.

Cla. Ravish if you cannot: for it is with all my heart I give it you.

StriH. I am satisfied.

Cla. And so am I. now it is once over.

Ran. And so am I, my dainty Cousin; and I wish you joy of a man your whole sex would go to cuffs for, if they knew him but half so well as I do—Ha! she here; this is more than I bargain'd for. [*Aside.*]

Jacinta leads in Mrs. Strickland.

StriH. [*Embracing Mrs. Strickland.*] Madam, reproach me not with my folly, and you shall never hear of it again.

Mrs. Str. Reproach you no! if ever you hear the least reflection pass my lips, forsake me in that instant; or, what would yet be worse, say, or do, to ruin.

StriH. It is enough. I am sham'd to talk to thee. This letter, which I wrote to your brother, thus I tear in pieces, and with it part for ever with my jealousy.

Mrs. Str. This is a joy, indeed! as great as unexpected. Yet there is one thing wanting, to make it lasting.

Ran. What the devil is coming now?

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. Str. Be assur'd, every other suspicion of me was as unjust

unjust as your last: though perhaps you had more foundations for your fears.

Ran. She won't tell, sure, for her own sake. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Str. All must be clear'd before my heart will be at ease.

Ran. It looks plaguy like it, though! [*Aside.*]

Strick. What mean you? I am all attention.

Mrs. Str. There was a man, as you suspected, in my chamber last night.

Strick. Ha! take care, I shall relapse.

Mrs. Str. That gentleman was he——

Ran. Here is a devil for you! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Str. Let him explain the rest.

Ran. A frolic, a mere frolic, on my life.

Strick. A frolic! Zounds! [*They interpose.*]

Ran. Nay don't let us quarrel the very moment you declar'd yourself my friend. There was no harm done, I promise you. Nay, never frown. After I have told my story, any satisfaction you are pleas'd to ask, I shall be ready to give.

Strick. Be quick then, and ease me of my pain.

Ran. Why then, as I was strolling about last night, upon the look out, I must confess, chance, and chance only convey'd me to your house; where I espied a ladder of ropes most invitingly fasten'd to the window.

Jac. Which ladder I had fasten'd for my escape.

Strick. Proceed.

Ran. Up mounted I, and up I should have gone, if it had been in the garret; it's all one to *Ran.* I open'd one door, then another, and, to my great surprise, the whole house was silent; at last, I stole into a room where this lady was undressing.

Strick. 'Sdeath and the devil! you did not dare sure——

Ran. I don't know whether I had dared, or no, if I had not heard the maid say something of her master's being jealous. Oh, dash'd me, thought I, then the work is half done to my hand.

Jac. Do you mind that, Mr. Strickland?

Strick. I do——I do, most feelingly.

Ran. The maid drew faucy, and most conveniently to my wishes, was turn'd out of the room; and if you had not the best wife in the world——

Strick.

Strick. 'O'uds, Sir, but what right have you—
Ran. What right, Sir? if you will be jealous of your wife without a cause? if you will be out at that time of night, when you might have been so much better employ'd at home, the young fellows think we have a right—

Strick. No joking, I beseech you; you know not what I feel.

Ran. Then seriously, I was mad, or drunk enough, call it which you will, to be very rude to this lady, for which I ask both her pardon and yours. I am an odd sort of a fellow, perhaps; but I am above telling you or any man a lie, damn me, if I am not,

Strick. I must, I cannot but believe you; and for the future, Madam, you shall find a heart ready to love and trust you. No tears, I beg; I cannot bear them.

Mrs. Str. I cannot speak, and yet there is a favour, Sir—

Strick. I understand you; and, as a proof of the sincerity with which I speak, I beg it as a favour, of this lady in particular [*To Clarinda.*], and of all the company in general, to return to my house immediately, where every thing, Mr. Bellamy, shall be settled to your entire satisfaction. No thanks, I have not deserv'd them.

J. Meg. I beg your pardon, Sir, the fiddles are ready; Mrs. Bellamy has promis'd me her hand, and I won't part with one of you till midnight; and if you are as well satisfied as you pretend to be, let our friend Rattle here begin the ball with Mrs. Strickland; for he seems to be the hero of the day.

Strick. As you and the company please.

Ran. Why, this is honest; continue but in this humour, and faith, Sir, you may trust me to run about your house like a spaniel. I cannot sufficiently admire at the whimsicalness of my good fortune, in being so instrumental to this general happiness. But, frankly, I wish you joy with all my heart, though I had rather you should be married than I, for all that. Never did matrimony appear to me with a smile upon her face till this instant.

Sure joys for ever wait each happy pair,
 When sense the man, and virtue crowns the fair,
 And kind compliance proves their mutual care.

[*A dance.*]

E P I L O G U E.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THOUGH the young smarts, I see, begin to sneer,
 And the old sinners cast a wicked leer:
 Be not alarm'd, ye fair—You've nought to fear.
 No wanton hint, no loose ambiguous sense,
 Shall flatter vicious taste at your expense.
 Leaving, for once, these shameless arts in vogue,
 We give a table for the epilogue.

An ass there was, our author bad me say,
 Who need must write—He did—And wrote a play.
 The parts were cast to various beasts and fowl;
 Their stage a barn;—the manager an owl.
 The house was cramm'd at six, with friends and foes;
 Rakes, wits, and critics, citizens, and beaux.
 These characters appear'd in different shapes
 Of tigers, foxes, horses, bulls, and apes;
 With others too, of lower rank and station:
 A perfect abstract of the brute creation.
 Each, as he felt, mark'd out the author's faults,
 And thus the Connoisseurs express'd their thoughts.
 The Critic-Curs first snarl'd—the rules are broke,
 Time, place, and action, sacrific'd to joke.
 The Goats cry'd out, 'twas formal, dull, and chaste—
 Not writ for beasts of gallantry and taste.
 The Horned Cattle were in pitious taking,
 At fornication, rapes, and cuckold-making.
 The Tigers swore, he wanted fire and passion;
 The Apes condemn'd, 'cause it was the fashion.
 The generous Stag allow'd him proper merit:
 Here mark'd his faults, and there approv'd his spirit.
 While brother Urn bray'd forth with usual spleen,
 And, as they heard, exploded every scene.
 When Reynard's thoughts were ask'd, the strutting sage
 Fam'd for hypocrisy, and worn with age,
 Condemn'd the shameless licence of the stage.

At

At which the Monkey skip'd from box to box,
 And whisper'd round the judgment of his Fox;
 Abus'd the moderns; talk'd of Rome and Greece;
 Bilk'd ev'ry box-wiper; and damn'd the piece.

Now every fable has a moral to it—
 Be churchman, statesman, any thing—but poet.
 In law, or physick, quack in what you will,
 Cant and grimace conceal the want of skill;
 Secure in these, his gravity may pass—
 But here no artifice can hide the Ass.

T H E E N D .

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