

B E L L ' s
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

(12)

Bells
 · BRITISH THEATRE;
COMEDIES.



L O N D O N

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BRITISH THEATRE,



VOLUME THE SIXTH.

Being the Third VOLUME of COMEDIES.

CONTAINING

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE, by Mrs. CENT-LIVRE.

The MISER, by HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

The PROVOK'D HUSBAND, by Sir JOHN VANBRUGH and COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

LOVE MAKES A MAN, by C. CIBBER, Esq.

SHE WOU'D, AND SHE WOU'D NOT, by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

L O N D O N :

Printed for ~~John Bell~~, at the British Library, Strand.

M DCC LXXX.



MR. PARSONS in the Character of PE. TWINKLE

*Oh, M. Jackbut why do you sidene Pe. Twinkle
when perhaps he may be at your Elbow.*

• BELL'S EDITION.

7 *A Bold Stroke for a Wife,*

A COMEDY,

• *As written by Mrs. CENTLIVRE.*

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.

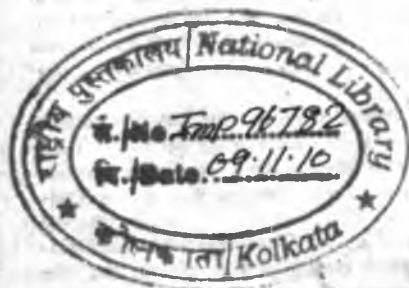
Omnia vincit amor.



L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library in the Strand.

M DCC LXXX.



TO HIS GRACE

PHILIP, Duke and Marquis of Wharton,
&c.

My LORD,

IT has ever been the custom of poets, to shelter productions of this nature under the patronage of the brightest men of their time; and 'tis observed, that the Muses always met the kindest reception from persons of the greatest merit. The world will do me justice as to the choice of my patron; but will, I fear, blame my rash attempt, in daring to address your Grace, and offer at a work too difficult for our ablest pens, *viz.* an encomium on your Grace. I have no plea against such reflections, but the disadvantage of education, and the privilege of my sex.

If your Grace discovers a genius so surprising in this dawn of life, what must your riper years produce! Your Grace has already been distinguished in a most peculiar manner, being the first young nobleman that ever was admitted into a House of Peers before he reached the age of one-and-twenty: But your Grace's judgment and eloquence soon convinced that august Assembly, that the excellent gifts of nature ought not to be confined to time. We hope the example that Ireland has set, will shortly be followed by an English House of Lords, and your Grace made a member of that body, to which you will be so conspicuous an ornament.

Your good sense and real love for your country, taught your Grace to persevere in the principles of your glorious ancestor, by adhering to the defender of our religion and laws; and the penetrating wisdom of your royal Master saw you merited your honours ere he conferred them. It is one of the greatest glories of a monarch to distinguish where to bestow his favours; and the world must do our justice, by owning your Grace's titles most deservedly worn.

It is with the greatest pleasure imaginable, the friends of liberty see you pursuing the steps of your noble father : Your courteous affable temper, free from pride and ostentation, makes your name adored in the country, and enables your Grace to carry what point you please. The late Lord Wharton will be still remembered by every lover of his country, which never felt a greater shock than what his death occasioned : Their grief had been inconsolable, if Heaven, out of its wonted beneficence to this favourite isle, had not transmitted all his shining qualities to you, and, phoenix-like, raised up one patriot out of the ashes of another.

That your Grace has a high esteem for learning, particularly appears by the large progress you made therein : And your love for the Muses shews a sweetness of temper, and generous humanity, peculiar to the greatness of your soul ; for such virtues reign not in the breast of every man of quality.

Defer no longer then, my Lord, to charm the world with the beauty of your numbers, and shew the poet, as you have done the orator ; convince our unthinking Britons, by what vile arts France lost her liberty ; and teach them to avoid their own misfortunes, as well as to weep over Henry IV. who (if it were possible for him to know) would forgive the bold assassin's hand, for the honour of having his fall celebrated by your Grace's pen.

To be distinguished by persons of your Grace's character is not only the highest ambition, but the greatest reputation to an author ; and it is not the least of my vanities, to have it known to the public, I had your Grace's leave to prefix your name to this comedy.

I wish I were capable to clothe the following in such a dress as might be worthy to a Grace, and draw your attention as many of your admirable qualifications do that of all the Muses, like most females, are least fit for sex.

All I dare say, in favour of this plot is entirely new, and the incidents my own invention ; not borrowed from

DEDICATION.

lated from the works of any foreign poet ; so that they have at least the charm of novelty to recommend them. If they are so lucky, in some leisure hour, to give your Grace the least diversion, they will answer the utmost ambition of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

most devoted,

and most humble servant,

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

1
PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Miss THURMOND.

*To night we come upon a bold design,
 To try to please without one borrow'd line;
 Our plot is new and regularly clear,
 And not one single tittle from Moore;
 O'er buried poets we with caution tread,
 And parish sextons leave to rob the dead.
 For you, bright British fair, in hopes to charm ye,
 We bring to-night a lover from the army;
 You know the soldiers have the strangest arts,
 Such a proportion of prevailing parts,
 You'd think that they rid post to womens hearts.
 I wonder whence they draw their bold pretence;
 We do not chuse them sure for our defence:
 That plea is both impolitic and wrong,
 And only suits such dames as want a tongue.
 Is it their eloquence and fine address?
 The softness of their language?—Nothing less.
 Is it their courage, that they bravely dare
 To storm the sex at once?—Egad! 'tis there,
 They act by us as in the rough campaign,
 Unmindful of repulser, charge again:
 They mine and countermine, resolv'd to win,
 And, if a breach is made,—they will come in.
 You'd think, by what we have of soldiers said,
 Our female wit was in the service bred:
 But she is to the hardy toil a stranger,
 She loves it not, indeed, but hates the danger:
 Yet in this circle of the brave and gay,
 She aid me for her good intentions say,
 She hopes you'll not reduce her to half-pay.
 For our play, 'tis English humour all:
 Then will our settler manufacture fall?
 Would you the honour of our nation raise,
 Keep English credit up, and English plays.*

Dramatis Personæ.

COLONEL FAIRWELL, in love with Mrs Lovely.

SIR PHILIP MODELLOVE, an old Beau.

PERIWINKLE, a Kind of silly Virtuoso.

TRADELOVE, a Change Broker.

OBADIAH PRIM, a Quaker, a Hosiery.

FREEMAN, the Colonel's Friend, a Merchant.

SIMON PURE, a Quaker.

MR SACKBUT, a Vintner.

MRS LOVELY, a Fortune of 1000 Pounds.

MRS PRIM, Wife to Prim.

BETTY, Servant to Mrs L.

SCENE, LONDON.

A

BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, a Tavern.

(Colonel FAINWELL and FREEMAN over a bottle.)

FREEMAN.

COME, Colonel, his Majesty's health.—You are as melancholy as if you were in love! I wish some of the beauties of Bath han't snapt your heart.

Col. Why, faith, Freeman, there is something in't; I have seen a lady at Bath, who has kindled such a flame in me, that all the waters there can't quench.

Free. Women, like some poisonous animals, carry their antidote about 'em——Is she not to be had, Colonel?

Col. That's a difficult question to answer; however, I resolve to try: Perhaps you may be able to serve me; you merchants know one another.—The lady told me herself she was under the charge of four persons.

Free. Odio! 'tis Mrs. Lane Lovely.

Col. The same—Do you know her?

Free. Know her! ay——Faith, Colonel, your condition is more desperate than you imagine: Why she is the talk and pity of the whole town; and it is the opinion of the learned, that she must die a maid.

Col. Say you so? That's somewhat odd, in this charitable city.—She's a woman I hope?

Free. For aught I know,—but it had been as well for her, had nature made her any other part of the creation. The man who keeps this house serv'd her father; he is a very honest fellow, and may be of use to you; we'll send

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for him to take a glass with us : he'll give
history, and 'tis worth your hearing.

Col. But may one trust him ?

Free. With your life : I have obligate
him, to make him do any thing : I serv

Col. Nay, I know him very well myself
to frequent a club that was kept here.

Enter DRAWER.

Drawer. Gentlemen, d'ye call ?

Free. Ay ; send up your master.

Drawer. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Col. Do you know any of this lady's guardians, Free-
man ?

Free. Yes, I know two of them very well.

Enter SACKBUT.

Free. Here comes one will give you an account of
them all.—Mr Sackbut, we sent for you to take a glass
with us. 'Tis a maxim among the friends of the bottle,
that as long as the master is in company, one may be sure
of good wine.

Sack. Sir, you shall be sure to have as good wine as
you send in.—Colonel, your humble servant ; you
are welcome to town.

Col. I thank you.

Sack. I am as glad to see you as a hundred
ton of French clay. I'll be sworn to you,
Sir. [*Drink.*] I'll be sworn to you,
do ; ar'n't you ?

Free. He has got a good deal of money
you help him ?

Sack. If 'tis in my power, I shall be
friend.

Col. 'Tis one perquisite of your calling.

Sack. Ay, at t'other end of the town
sisters use, women are good forcers of
stom'd house, a handsome bar-keeper, w
drawers, soon get the master an estate ;
seldom do any thing but cheat within the

to the lady, Colonel; point you at particulars? or, have you a good Champagne stomach? Are you in full pay, or reduc'd, Colonel?

Col. Reduc'd, reduc'd, Landlord.

Free. To the miserable condition of a lover!

Sack. Fish! that's preferable to half-pay; a woman's resolution may break before the peace: push her home, Colonel; there's no parleying with the fair sex.

Col. Were the lady her own mistress, I have some reason to believe I should soon command in chief.

Free. You know Mrs Lovely, Mr Sackbut.

Sack. Know her! ay, poor Nancy: I have carried her to school many a frosty morning. Alas! if she's the woman, I pity you, Colonel: her father, my old master, was the most whimsical, out-of-the-way temper'd man I ever heard of, as you will guess by his last will and testament.—This was his only child: and I have heard him wish her dead a thousand times.

Col. Why so?

Sack. He hated posterity, you must know, and wish'd the world were to expire with himself.—He used to swear, if she had been a boy, he would have qualified him for the opera.

Free. 'Twas a very unnatural resolution in a father.

Sack. He died worth thirty thousand pounds, which he left to his daughter, provided she married with the consent of her guardians: but that she might be sure never to do so, he left her in the care of four men, as opposite to each other as the four elements; each has his quarterly rule, and three months in a year she is oblig'd to be subject to each of their humours, and they are pretty different, I assure you.—She is just come from Bath.

Col. 'Twas there I saw her.

Sack. Ay, Sir, the last quarter was her beau guardian's.—She appears in all public places during his reign.

Col. She visited a lady who boarded in the same house with me: I liked her person, and found an opportunity to tell her so. She replied, she had no objection to mine; but if I could not reconcile contradictions, I must not think of her, for that she was condemned to the caprice of

of four persons, who never yet agreed in
and she was obliged to please them all.

Sack. 'Tis most true, Sir; I'll give
description of the men, and leave you to
lady's condition. One is a kind of virtu-
witted fellow, but positive and surly
thing antique and foreign, and wears
fashion of the last century; doats upon
believes more of Sir John Manderille than he does
Bible.

Col. That must be a rare odd fellow!

Sack. Another is a change-broker; a fellow that will
out-lie the devil for the advantage of stock, and cheat
his father that got him, in a bargain: he is a great
stickler for trade, and hates every man that wears a
sword.

Free. He is a great admirer of the Dutch management,
and swears they understand trade better than any nation
under the sun.

Sack. The third is an old beau, that has May in his
fancy and dress, but December in his face and heels: he
admires all the new fashions, and those must be French;
loves operas, balls, masquerades, and is always the most
tawdry of the whole company on a birth-day.

Col. Those are pretty opposite to one another, truly?
and the fourth, what is he, landlord?

Sack. A very rigid quaker, whose quarter began this
day.—I saw Mrs Lovely go in, not above two hours ago.
—Sir Philip set her down.—What think you now, Colo-
nel; is not the poor lady to be pitied?

Col. Ay, and rescue'd too, landlord.

Free. In my opinion, that's impossible.

Col. There is nothing impossible
would not a man attempt for a fine
thousand pounds? Besides, my honor
promised to deliver her, and she bid me
her.

Sack. That's fair, faith.

Free. If it depended upon knight-errantry,
not doubt your setting free the damsel;

avarice, impertinence, hypocrisy, and pride, at once to deal with, requires more cunning than generally attends a man of honour.

Col. My fancy tells me, I shall come off with glory. I resolve to try, however. — Do you know all the guardians, Mr Sackbut?

Sack. Very well, Sir; they all use my house.

Col. And will you assist me, if occasion requires?

Sack. In every thing I can, Colonel.

Free. I'll answer for him; and whatever I can serve you in, you may depend on. I know Mr Periwinkle and Mr Tradelove; the latter has a very great opinion of my interest abroad. — I happened to have a letter from a correspondent, two hours before the news arrived of the French King's death: I communicated it to him; upon which he bought all the stock he could; and what with that, and some wagers he laid, he told me he had got to the tune of five hundred pounds; so that I am much in his good graces.

Col. I don't know but you may be of service to me, Freeman.

Free. If I can, command me, Colonel.

Col. Is'nt it possible, to find a suit of clothes ready made, at some of these sale-shops, fit to rig out a beau, think you, Mr Sackbut?

Sack. O hang 'em! — No, Colonel; they keep nothing ready made that a gentleman would be seen in: But I can fit you with a suit of clothes, if you'd make a figure. — Velvet and gold brocade! — They were pawn'd to me by a French Count, who had been strip'd at play, and wanted money to carry him home; he promised to send for them, but I have not heard any thing of him.

Free. He has not sed upon frogs long enough yet to recover his loss; ha, ha!

Col. Ha, ha! Well, the clothes will do Mr Sackbut; tho' we must have three or four fellows in tawdry liveries: They can be procur'd, I hope.

Free. Egad! I have a brother come from the West Indies that can match you; and, for expedition-sake, you shall have his servants: There's a Black, a Tawney-moor, and

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and a Frenchman; they don't speak English, so can make no mistake.

Col. Excellent!—Egad! I shall lose the Prince. First I'll attack my beau—lives he?

Sack. Faith, somewhere about St James in what street, I cannot; but any chair where Sir Philip Modelove lives.

Free. Oh! you'll find him in the park to-day; at least I never pass thro' at that time finding him there—But what do you intend?

Col. To address him in his own way, and find what he designs to do with the lady.

Free. And what then?

Col. Nay, that I can't tell; but I shall take my measures accordingly.

Sack. Well, 'tis a mad undertaking, in my mind: But here's to your success, Colonel. [*Drinks.*]

Col. 'Tis something out of the way, I confess; but fortune may chance to smile, and I succeed.—Come landlord, let me see those clothes. Freeman, I shall expect you'll leave word with Mr Sackbut, where one may find you upon occasion; and send me my Indian equipage immediately, d'ye hear?

Free. Immediately.

[*Exit.*]

Col. *Bold was the man who ventur'd first to sea,
But the first vent'ring lovers bolder were.
The path of love's a dark and dang'rous way,
Without a landmark, or one friendly star,
And he that runs the risk deserves the fair.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Prince's Room.

Enter Mrs LOVELY, and her Maid.

Betty. Bless me, Madam! Why do you tease yourself so? This is giving them the lie for a witness.

Mrs Love. Must I be condemned, at preposterous humours of other people, at by every boy in town?—Oh! I blush, and curse the hour I was born—How absurdly ridiculous, that they should desire to

me at these years? When I was a
 hat they made me wear, but now——
 resolve against it, Madam; I'd see
 I'd put on the pinch'd cap again.
 I must never expect one moment's
 such a peal in my ears already, that
 the use of them this month.——What

Betty. Would you *not* do, if you will but give your
 mind to it? *Marry*, Madam.

• *Mrs Love.* What! and have my fortune go to build
 churches and hospitals?

Betty. Why, let it go.——If the Colonel loves you,
 as he pretends, he'll marry you without a fortune, Ma-
 dam; and, I assure you, a Colonel's lady is no despica-
 ble thing; a Colonel's post will maintain you like a gen-
 tlewoman, Madam.

Mrs Love. So, you would advise me to give up my
 own fortune, and throw myself upon the Colonel's.

Betty. I would advise you to make yourself easy, Ma-
 dam.

Mrs Love. That's not the way, I'm sure. No, no,
 girl; there are certain ingredients to be mingled with ma-
 trimony, without which I may as well change for the
 worse as the better. When the woman has fortune en-
 ough to make the man happy, if he has either honour
 or good manners, he'll make her easy. Love makes but
 a slovenly figure in a house, where poverty keeps the
 door.

Betty. And so you resolve to die a maid, do you, Ma-
 dam?

Mrs Love. Or have it in my power to make the man
 I love master of my fortune.

Betty. Then you don't like the Colonel so well as I
 thought you did, Madam, or you would not take such a
 resolution.

Mrs Love. It is because I do like him, Betty, that I
 do take such a resolution.

Betty. Why, do you expect, Madam, the Colonel
 can work miracles? Is it possible for him to marry you
 with the consent of all your guardians?

Mrs Love.

Mrs Love. Or he must not marry—
told him; and he did not seem displeased.
—He promised to set me free; and
tion, promised to make him master of

Betty. Well! I have read of enchan-
delivered from the chains of magic
monsters overcome; so that I shall
if the Colonel should conjure you
your four guardians; if he does, I
your fortune.

Mrs Love. And shall have it, girl; if it were ten
times as much—For I'll ingenuously confess to thee, that
I do like the Colonel above all the men I ever saw:—
There's something so *jantée* in a soldier, a kind of *je ne
scai quoi* air, that makes them more agreeable than the
rest of mankind.—They command regard, as who shall
say, We are your defenders. We preserve your beau-
ties from the insults of rude and unpolish'd foes, and
ought to be preferr'd before those lazy indolent mortals,
who, by dropping into their fathers' estates, set up their
coaches, and think to rattle themselves into our affec-
tions.

Betty. Nay, Madam, I confess that the army has en-
grossed all the prettiest fellows—A laced coat and a fea-
ther have irresistible charms.

Mrs Love. But the Colonel has all the beauties of the
mind as well as the body. — O all ye powers that fa-
vour happy lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou
god of love, if thou be't aught but name, assist my Fain-
well!

*Point all thy darts to aid his just
And make his plots as prevalent as*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Park:*

Enter Colonel finely dress'd, three footmen after him.

COLONEL.

SO, now if I can but meet this beau!—Egad! methinks I cut a smart figure, and have as much of the tawdry air as any Italian Count or French Marqu  e of them all.—Sure I shall know this knight again—Ah! yonder he sits, making love to a mask, i'faith, I'll walk up the Mall, and come down by him. *[Exit.*

Scene draws, and discovers Sir PHILIP upon a Bench, with a woman mask'd.

Sir Phil. Well, but my dear, are you really constant to your keeper?

Wom. Yes, really Sir.—Hey day! Who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty figure.

Sir Phil. Ha! a stranger, by his equipage keeping so close at his heels.—He has the appearance of a man of quality,—positively French, by his dancing air.

Wom. He crosses, as if he meant to sit down here.—

Sir Phil. He has a mind to make love to thee, child.

Enter COLONEL, and seats himself upon the bench by Sir PHILIP.

Wom. It will be to no purpose, if he does.

Sir Phil. *Am* you resolved to be cruel then?

Col. You must be very cruel, indeed, if you can deny any thing to so fine a gentleman, Madam.

[Takes out his watch.

Wom. I never mind the outside of a man.

Col. And I'm afraid thou art no judge of the inside.

Sir Phil. I am positively of your mind, Sir; for creatures of her fraction seldom penetrate beyond the pocket.

Wom. Creatures of your composition have, indeed, generally more in their pockets than in their heads. *[Aside.*

B

Sir Phil.

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Sir Phil. Pray, what says your watch? mine is down.
[*Pulling out his watch.*]

Col. I want thirty-six minutes of twelve, Sir.—
[*Puts up his watch, and takes out his snuff-box.*]

Sir Phil. May I presume, Sir?

Col. Sir, you honour me. [Presenting the box.]

Sir Phil. He speaks good English—though he must be a foreigner. [*Aside.*—This snuff is extremely good,—and the box prodigious fine; the work is French, I presume, Sir.

Col. I bought it in Paris, Sir.—I do think the workmanship pretty neat.

Sir Phil. Neat! 'tis exquisitely fine, Sir. Pray, Sir, if I may take the liberty of enquiring,—what country is so happy to claim the birth of the finest gentleman in the universe? France, I presume.

Col. Then you don't think me an Englishman?

Sir Phil. No, upon my soul, don't I.

Col. I'm sorry for't.

Sir Phil. Impossible you should wish to be an Englishman! Pardon me, Sir; this island could not produce a person of such alertness.

Col. As this mirror shews you, Sir.

[*Puts up a pocket-glass to Sir Philip's face.*]

Ham. Coxcombs! I'm sick to hear them praise one another. One seldom gets any thing by such animals; not even a dinner, unless one can dine upon soup and celerery.

Sir Phil. O Gad, Sir?—Will you leave us, Madam? Ha, ha!

Col. She fears 'twill be only losing time, ha, ha!—I know not how to distinguish you; your name and address speak you right honourable.

Sir Phil. Thus great souls judge of selves—I am only adorn'd with knighthood—assure you, Sir: my name is Sir Philip.

Col. Of French extraction?

Sir Phil. My father was French.

Col. One may plainly perceive it—The gaiety peculiar to my nation (for I am a Frenchman) which distinguishes us even

ACT II. A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE. 19

person of your figure would be a vast addition to a colonet.

Sir Phil. I must own I had the offer of a barony about five years ago, but I abhorr'd the fatigue which must have attended it.—I could never yet bring myself to join with either party.

Col. You are perfectly in the right, Sir Philip,—a fine person should not embark himself in the slovenly concerns of politics: dress and pleasure are objects proper for the soul of a fine gentleman.

Sir Phil. And love——

Col. Oh! that's included under the article of pleasure.

Sir Phil. *Parbleu, il est un homme d'esprit.* I must embrace you—[*Rises and embraces.*]—Your sentiments are so agreeable to mine, that we appear to have but one soul, for our ideas and conceptions are the same. —

Col. I should be sorry for that. [*Aside.*]—You do me too much honour, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. Your vivacity and *jantée* mien assured me, at first sight, there was nothing of this foggy island in your composition. May I crave your name, Sir?

Col. My name is *La Fainwell*, Sir, at your service.

Sir Phil. The *La Fainwells* are French, I know; though the name is become very numerous in Great Britain of late years—I was sure you was French, the moment I laid my eyes upon you; I could not come into the supposition of your being an Englishman: this island produces few such ornaments.

Col. Pardon me, Sir Philip, this island has two things superior to all nations under the sun.

Sir Phil. Ah! what are they?

Col. The ladies and the laws.

Sir Phil. The laws indeed, do claim a preference of other nations;—but, by my soul, there are fine women every where.—I must own I have felt their power in all countries.

Col. There are some finish'd beauties, I confess, in France, Italy, Germany, nay even in Holland, *mais elles sont bien rare* But *les Belles Angloises!* Oh, Sir Philip, where were such women! such symmetry of shape! such elegance of dress! such regularity of features!

such sweetness of temper! such commanding eyes! and such bewitching smiles!

Sir Phil. Ah! *parbleu, vous etois attrapé.*

Col. *Non, je vous assure, Chevalier.*—But I declare there is no amusement so agreeable to my *goût*, as the conversation of a fine woman.—I could never be prevailed upon to enter into what the vulgar calls the pleasure of the bottle.

Sir Phil. My own taste, *positivement.*—A ball, or a masquerade, is certainly preferable to all the productions of the vineyard.

Col. Infinitely! I hope the people of quality in England will support that branch of pleasure, which was imported with their peace, and since naturaliz'd by the ingenious Mr Heidegger.

Sir Phil. The ladies assure me it will become part of the constitution—upon which I subscrib'd a hundred guineas——It will be of great service to the public, at least to the company of surgeons; and the city in general.

Col. Ha, ha! it may help to enoble the blood of the city. Are you married, Sir Philip?

Sir Phil. No; nor do I believe I ever shall enter into that honourable state: I have an absolute *tendre* for the whole sex.

Col. That's more than they have for you, I dare swear.

[*Aside.*

Sir Phil. And I have the honour to be very well with the ladies, I can assure you, Sir; and I won't affront a million of fine women to make *one* happy.

Col. Nay, marriage is reducing a man's taste to a kind of half pleasure: but then it carries the *vice* along with it; one goes to sleep without *vice* without pain.

Sir Phil. There's something of that very good dish for an English stomach; *ing*, for nicer palates, ha, ha, ha!

Col. I find I was very much mistaken: you had been married to that young lady in the chariot with you this morning in *Go*.

Sir Phil. Who, Nancy Lovely? I guardian to that lady: You must know

thank him, joined me with three of the most preposterous old fellows—that upon my soul, I am in pain for the poor girl;—she must certainly lead apes, as the saying is; ha, ha!

Col. That's pity, Sir Philip. If the lady would give me leave, I would endeavour to avert that curse.

Sir Phil. As to the lady, she'd gladly be rid of us at any rate, I believe; but here's the mischief; he who marries Miss Lovely, must have the consent of us all four,—or not a penny of her portion.—For my part, I shall never approve of any but a man of figure,—and the rest are not only averse to cleanliness, but have each a peculiar taste to gratify.—For my part, I declare I would prefer you to all the men I ever saw.

Col. And I her to all women—

Sir Phil. I assure you, Mr Fainwell, I am for marrying her, for I hate the trouble of a guardian, especially among such wretches; but resolve never to agree to the choice of any of them,—and I fancy they'll be even with me; for they never came into any proposal of mine yet.

Col. I wish I had your leave to try them, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. With all my soul, Sir; I can refuse a person of your appearance nothing.

Col. I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sir Phil. But do you really like matrimony?

Col. I believe I could, with that lady.

Sir Phil. The only point in which we differ—But you are master of so many qualifications, that I can excuse one fault; for I must think it a fault in a fine gentleman; and that you are such, I'll give it under my hand.

Col. I wish you'd give me your consent to marry Miss Lovely under your hand, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. I'll do't, if you'll step into St James's coffee-house, where we may have pen and ink;—tho' I can't foresee what advantage my consent will be to you, without you could find a way to get the rest of the guardians.—But I'll introduce you, however: She is now at a quaker's, where I carried her this morning, when you saw us in Grace-church-street.—I assure you she has an odd ragout of guardians, as you

will find when you hear the characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! Pierre, Jaque, Renno!—Where are you all, scoundrels?—Order the chariot to St James's Coffee-house.

Col. Le Noir, la Brun, la Blanc.—*Morbleu, ou sont ces coquins là ? Allons, Monsieur le Chevalier.*

Sir Phil. Ah! *Pardonez moi, Monsieur.*

Col. Not one step upon my soul, Sir Philip.

Sir Phil. The best bred man in Europe, positively.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to OBADIAH PRIM's House.

Enter Mrs LOVELY, followed by Mrs PRIM.

Mrs Pr. Then thou wilt not obey me: And thou dost really think those fallals become thee?

Mrs Love. I do, indeed.

Mrs Pr. Now will I be judged by all sober people, if I don't look more like a modest woman than thou dost, Anne.

Mrs Love. More like a hypocrite you mean, Mrs Prim.

Mrs Pr. Ah! Anne, Anne, that wicked Philip Modest love will undo thee.—Satan so fills thy heart with pride, during the three months of his guardianship, that thou becomest a stumbling block to the upright.

Mrs Love. Pray, who are they? Are the pinch'd cap and formal hood the emblems of sanctity? Does your virtue consist in your dress, Mrs Prim?

Mrs Pr. It doth not consist in cut hair, spotted face, and a bare neck.—Oh, the wickedness of the generation! The primitive women knew not the abominations of painted petticoats.

Mrs Love. No, nor the abomination! Don't tell me, Mrs Prim, don't.—I have much pride, vanity, self-conceit, and you, couched under that formal habit, and tenance, as the proudest of us all; but to see your prudery.

Mrs Pr. Prudery! What! do they do as well as new fashions? Ah! poor face of thee—Poor deluded Anne, which dost thou resemblest the saint, and which the sinner?

ACT II. A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE. 23

mine? Thy naked bosom allureth the eye of the by-stander,—encourageth the frailty of human nature,—and corrupteth the soul with evil longings.

Mrs Love. And pray who corrupted your son Tobias with evil longings? Your maid Tabitha wore a handkerchief, and yet he made the faint a finner.

Mrs Pr. Well, well, spit thy malice. I confess Satan did buffet my son Tobias, and my servant Tabitha; the evil spirit was at that time too strong, and they both became subject to its workings,—not from any outward provocation,—but from an inward call;—he was not tainted with the rottenness of the fashions, nor did his eyes take in the drunkenness of beauty.

Mrs Love. No! that's plainly to be seen.

Mrs Pr. Tabitha is one of the faithful; he fell not with a stranger.

Mrs Love. So! Then you hold wenching no crime; provided it be within the pale of your own tribe.—— You are an excellent casuist, truly.

Enter OBADIAH PRIM.

Ob. Pr. Not stripp'd of thy vanity, yet Anne! Why dost thou not make her put it off, Sarah!

Mrs Pr. She will not do it.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thy naked breasts troubleth my outward man; I pray thee, hide 'em, Anne: Put on an handkerchief, Anne Lovely.

Mrs Love. I hate handkerchiefs, when 'tis not cold weather, Mr Prim.

Mrs Pr. I have seen thee wear a handkerchief; nay, and a mask to boot, in the middle of July.

Mrs Love. Ay, to keep the sun from scorching me.

Ob. Pr. If thou couldst not bear the sun-beams, how dost thou think man can bear thy beams? Those breasts inflame desire, let them be hid, I say.

Mrs Love. Let me be quiet, I say.—Must I be tormented thus for ever? Sure no woman's condition ever equalled mine! Foppery, folly, avarice and hypocrisy are, by turns, my constant companions,—and I must vary shapes as often as a player—I cannot think my father intended you should take.

Ob. Pr.

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Ob. Pr. Hark thee, Do'st thou call good counsel tyranny? Do I, or my wife, tyrannize, when we desire thee in all love to put off thy tempting attire, and veil thy provokers to sin?

Mrs Love. Deliver me, good Heaven! or I shall go distracted. [Walks about.]

Mrs Pr. So! now thy pinnars are tost, and thy breasts pulled up!—verily they were seen enough before. —Tie upon the filthy taylor who made thy stays.

Mrs Love. I wish I were in my grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus.

Ob. Pr. Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkest thou art acting some lewd play sure!—Kill thee! Art thou prepared for death, Anne Lovely? No, no; thou would'st rather have a husband, Anne. —Thou wantest a gilt coach, with six lazy fellows behind, to flant it in the ring of vanity, among the princes and rulers of the land—who pamper themselves with the fatness thereof; but I will take care that none shall squander away thy father's estate: Thou shalt marry none such, Anne.

Mrs Love. Wou'd you marry me to one of your own canting sect?

Ob. Pr. Yea, verily; no one else shall ever get my consent, I do assure thee, Anne.

Mrs Love. And I do assure thee, Obadiah, that I will as soon turn Papist, and die in a convent.

Mrs Pr. Oh, wickedness!

Mrs Love. Oh, stupidity!

Ob. Pr. Oh, blindness of heart!

Mrs Love. Thou blinder of the world, don't provoke me—lest I betray your sanctity, and leave your wife to judge of your purity. —What were the motions of your spirit—when you laid the hand last night in the pantry, —you, you buss'd so filthily? Ah! you naked bosoms, when you begged her ale, little, little bit of her delicious ale, you remember those words, Mr Prim?

Mrs Pr. What does she say, Obadiah?

Ob. Pr. She talketh unintelligibly. B.

ACT II. A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE. 25

way did she hear this? This should not have reach'd the ears of the wicked ones :—Verily, it troubleth me.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Philip Modelove, whom they call Sir Philip, is below, and such another with him ; shall I send them up?

Ob. Pr. Yea.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Sir PHILIP and COLONEL.

Sir Phil. How dost thou do, friend Prim?—Odso! my the friend here too! What, are you documenting Miss Nancy, reading her a lecture upon the pinch'd coif, I warrant ye.

Mrs Pr. I am sure thou did'st never read her any lecture that was good. —My flesh riseth so at these wicked ones; that prudence adviseth me to withdraw from their sight. [*Exit.*]

Col. Oh! that I could find means to speak with her! How charming she appears! I wish I could get this letter into her hand. [*Aside.*]

Sir Phil. Well, Miss Cockey, I hope thou hast got the better of them.

Mrs Love. The difficulties of my life are not to be surmounted, Sir Philip. —I hate the impertinence of him, as much as the stupidity of the other. [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Verily, Philip, thou wilt spoil this maiden.

Sir Phil. I find we still differ in opinion ; but that we may none of us spoil her, prithee, Prim, let us consent to marry her. — I have sent for our brother guardians to meet me here about this very thing. —Madam, will you please to leave to recommend a husband to you? —Here's a gentleman, whom, in my mind, you can have no objection to.

[*Presenting the Colonel to her, she looks another way.*]

Mrs Love. Heaven deliver me from the formal, and the fantastic fool!

Col. A fine woman, — a fine horse, and fine equipage, — the finest things in the universe : And if I am so happy, to possess you, Madam, I shall become the en-

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vy of mankind, as much as you outshine your whole
sex.

[As he takes her hand to kiss it, he endeavours
to put a letter into it; she lets it drop—

Prim takes it up.

Mrs Love. I have no ambition to appear conspicuous—
ly ridiculous, Sir. [Turning from him.

Col. So fail the hopes of Fainwell.

Mrs Love. Ha! Fainwell! 'tis he! What have I
done? Prim has the letter, and it will be discover'd.

[Aside.

Ob. Pr. Friend, I know not thy name, so cannot call
thee by it; but thou seest thy letter is unwelcome to the
maiden, she will not read it.

Mrs Love. Nor shall you; [Snatches the letter.] I'll
tear it in a thousand pieces, and scatter it, as I will the
hopes of all those that any of you shall recommend to me.

[Tears the letter.

Sir Phil. Ha! Right woman, faith!

Col. Excellent woman!

[Aside.

Ob. Pr. Friend, thy garb favoureth too much of the
vanity of the age for my approbation; nothing that re-
sembleth Philip Modelove shall I love, mark that; —
therefore, friend Philip, bring no more of thy own apes
under my roof.

Sir Phil. I am so entirely a stranger to the monsters of
thy breed, that I shall bring none of them, I am sure.

Col. I am likely to have a pretty task by that time I
have gone thro' them all; but she's a city worth taking,
and 'egad I'll carry on the siege: If I can but blow up
the out-works, I fancy I am pretty secure of the town.

[Aside.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Toby Periwinkle, and Thos
mand to see thee.

Sir Phil. Bid them come up.

Mrs Love. Deliver me from such
noise and nonsense. Oh, Fainwell! I
trivance be, prosper it heaven; — but
never canst redeem me.

Sir Phil. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

• *Enter Mr PERIWINKLE and TRADELOVE.*

These are my brother guardians, Mr Fainwell ; prithce observe the creatures. *[Aside to Col.*

Trade. Well, Sir Philip, I obey your summons.

• *Per.* Pray, what have you to offer for the good of Mrs Lovely, Sir Philip?

• *Sir Phil.* First, I desire to know what you intend to do with that lady? Must she be sent to the Indies for a venture—or live an old maid, and then be enter'd amongst your curiosities, and shewn for a monster, Mr Periwinkle?

Col. Humph, curiosities; that must be the virtuoso.

[Aside.

Per. Why, what would you do with her?

Sir Phil. I would recommend this gentleman to her for a husband, Sir;—a person whom I have pick'd out from the whole race of mankind.

Ob. Pr. I would advise thee to shuffle him again with the rest of mankind, for I like him not.

Col. Pray, Sir, without offence to your formality, what may be your objections?

Ob. Pr. Thy person; thy manners; thy dress; thy acquaintance;—thy every thing, friend.

Sir Phil. You are most particularly obliging friend. Ha, ha!

Trade. What business do you follow, pray, Sir?

Col. Humph, by that question he must be the broker.

Aside.]—Business, Sir! the business of a gentleman.

Trade. That is as much as to say, you dress fine, feed high, lie with every woman you like, and pay your surgeon's bills better than your taylor's, of your butcher's.

Col. The Court is much obliged to you, Sir, for your character of a gentleman.

Trade. The Court, Sir! What would the Court do without us citizens?

Sir Phil. Without your wives and daughters, you mean, Mr Tradelove.

Per. ... you ever travell'd, Sir?

Col. That question must not be answer'd now—In books I have, Sir.

Per.

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Per. In books! That's fine travelling indeed! —
Sir Philip, when you present a person I like, he shall
have my consent to marry Mrs. Lovely; till when, your
servant. [Exit.]

Col. I'll make you like me before I have done with
you, or I am mistaken. [Aside.]

Trad. And when you can convince me that a beau is
more useful to my country than a merchant, you shall
have mine; till then, you must excuse me. [Exit.]

Col. So much for trade — I'll fit you too. [Aside.]

Sir Phil. In my opinion, this is very inhuman treat-
ment, as to the lady, Mr. Prim.

Ob. Pr. Thy opinion and mine happens to differ as
much as our occupations, friend; business requireth my
presence, and folly thine; and so I must bid thee farewell.
[Exit.]

Sir Phil. Here's breeding for you, Mr. Fainwell! —
Gad take me.

Half my estate I'd give to see 'em bit. [Exit.]

Col. *I hope to bite you all, if my plot bit.* [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the tavern; SACKBUT, and the COLONEL in an
Egyptian dress.*

SACKBUT.

A Lucky beginning, Colonel: — you have got the
old beau's consent.

Col. Ay, he's a reasonable creature; three will require some pains. — Shall
think you? Egad, in my mind, I look
had been preserved in the ark.

Sack. P'as upon him! ay, ay, at
wine dash'd with sack does for mount
you have assurance enough —

Col. I have no apprehension from a
rance is the cockade of a foldier.

Sack. Ay, but the assurance of a
from that of a traveller. — Can you lie

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Col. As heartily, when my mistress is the prize, as I would meet the foe when my country call'd, and King commanded; so don't you fear that part; if he don't know me again, I am safe.—I hope he'll come.

Sack. I wish all my debts would come as sure; I told him you had been a great traveller, had many valuable curiosities, and was a person of a most singular taste; he seem'd transported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

Col. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away.—Let's have a bottle of sack, landlord, our ancestors drank sack.

Sack. You shall have it.

Col. And whereabouts is the trap-door you mentioned?

Sack. There's the conveyance, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Col. Now, if I should cheat all these roguish guardians, and carry off my mistress in triumph, it would be what the French call a *Grand Coup d'Éclat*—Odsit here comes Periwinkle.—Ah! duce take this beard; pray Jupiter it does not give me the slip, and spoil all.

Enter SACKBUT with wine, and PERIWINKLE following.

Sack. Sir, this gentleman hearing you have been a great traveller, and a person of fine speculation, begs leave to take a glass with you; he is a man of a curious taste himself.

Col. The gentleman has it in his face and garb; Sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a traveller and men of your enquiring disposition; the oddness of your habit pleases me extremely; 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. 'Tis very antique, Sir;—this habit once belonged to the famous Claudius Ptolemaeus, who lived in the year one-hundred-and-thirty-five.

Sack. If he keeps up to the sample, he shall lie with the devil for a bean-stack, and win it every straw. [*Aside.*]

Per. A hundred and thirty-five! why, that's prodigious now!—Well, certainly 'tis the finest thing in the world for a traveller.

Col. For my part, I value none of the modern fashions a fig leaf.

Per. No more don't I, Sir; I had rather be the jest of a fool, than his favourite.—I am laugh'd at here for my singularity.—This coat, you must know, Sir, was formerly worn by that ingenious and very learned person, Mr John Tradescant of Lambeth.

Col. John Tradescant! Let me embrace you, Sir——John Tradescant was my uncle, by my mother's side; and I thank you for the honour you do his memory; he was a very curious man indeed.

Per. Your uncle, Sir,——Nay, then 'tis no wonder that your taste is so refined; why, you have it in your blood.——My humble service to you, Sir; to the immortal memory of John Tradescant, your never-to-be-forgotten uncle.

[*Drinks.*]

Col. Give me a glass, landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your wine; canary was the drink of our wise forefathers; 'tis balsamic, and saves the charge of 'pothecaries cordials——Oh! that I had lived in your uncle's days! or rather, that he were now alive;——Oh! how proud he'd be of such a nephew!

Sack. Oh pox! that would have spoil'd the jest.

[*Aside.*]

Per. A person of your curiosity must have collected many rarities.

Col. I have some, Sir, which are not yet come ashore, as an Egyptian idol.

Per. Pray what may that be?

Col. It is, Sir, a kind of an ape, which they formerly worshipp'd in that country. I took it from the house of a female mummy.

Per. Ha, ha! our women retain to this day, for many an ape lies on ha!——

Sack. A smart old thief.

Col. Two tusks of an Hippotamus, nut-crackers, and one Egyptian mummy.

Per. Pray, Sir, have you never a

Col. Humph! the boatswain brought

ACT III. A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE. 21.

to shew it, but touching at Rotterdam, and hearing it was no rarity in England, he sold it to a Dutch poet.

Sack. The devil's in that nation, it rivals us in every thing.

Per. I should have been very glad to have seen a living crocodile.

Col. My genius led me to things more worthy of regard.——Sir, I have seen the utmost limits of this globular world; I have seen the sun rise and set; know in what degree of heat he is at noon, to the breadth of a hair, and what quantity of combustibles he burns in a day, and how much of it turns to ashes, and how much to cinders.

Per. To cinders! You amaze me, Sir; I never heard that the sun consum'd any thing.——Descartes tells us——

Col. Descartes, with the rest of his brethren, both ancient and modern, knew nothing of the matter——I tell you, Sir, that nature admits an annual decay, tho' imperceptible to vulgar eyes.——Sometimes his rays destroy below, sometimes above.——You have heard of blazing comets, I suppose.

Per. Yes, yes, I remember to have seen one, and our astrologers tell us of another which will happen very quickly.

Col. Those comets are little islands bordered on the sun, which at certain times are set on fire by that luminous body's moving over them perpendicular, which will one day occasion a general conflagration.

Sack. One need not scruple the Colonel's capacity, faith.

Per. This is marvellous strange! These cinders are what I never read of in any of our learned dissertations.

Col. I don't know how the devil you should.

Sack. He has it at his fingers ends; one would swear he had learn'd to lie at school, he does it so cleverly.

Per. Well! you travellers see strange things! Pray, Sir, have you any of those cinders?

Col. Yes, among my other curiosities.

Per. Oh, what have I lost for want of travelling! Pray, what have you else?

Col. Several things worth your attention.—I have a muff made of the feathers of those geese that sav'd the Roman Capitol

Per. Is't possible?

Sack. Yes, if you are such a gander as to believe him.

[*Aside.*

Col. I have an Indian leaf, which, open, will cover an acre of land, yet folds up in so little a compass, you may put it into your snuff-box.

Sack. Humph! that's a thunderer.

[*Aside.*

Per. Amazing!

Col. Ah! mine is but a little one; I have seen some of them that would cover one of the *Caribbee* islands.

Per. Well, if I don't travel before I die, I shan't rest in my grave.—Pray, what do the Indians wish them?

Col. Sir, they use them in their wars for tents; the old women, for riding-hoods; the young, for fans and umbrellas.

Sack. He has a fruitful invention.

[*Aside.*

Per. I admire our East-India Company imports none of them; they would certainly find their account in them.

Col. Right, if they could find the leaves.-- [*Aside.*—Look ye, Sir, do you see this little phial?

Per. Pray you, what is it?

Col. This is call'd *Polusobois*.

Per. *Polusobois*!—It has a rumbling sound.

Col. Right, Sir; it proceeds from a rumbling nature.—This water was part of those waters which *Cleopatra's* vessel when she sail'd to me.

Per. Well, of all that ever travell'd like you.

Col. But here's the wonder of the Sir, is call'd *Zona*, or *Morus Musphon* of this are inestimable.

Per. *Morus Musphon*! What, in dom, can that be?—to me it seems a

Col. This girdle has carried me all the

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

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Col. I mean as I say, Sir.—Whenever I am girded with this, I am invisible; and, by turning this little screw, can be in the court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King George, in as little time as your cook can poach an egg.

Per. You must pardon me, Sir, I can't believe it.

Col. If my landlord pleases, he shall try the experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you kindly, Sir; but I have no inclination to ride post to the devil.

Col. No, no, you shan't stir a foot; I'll only make you invisible.

Sack. But if you could not make me visible again.

Per. Come, try it upon me, Sir; I am not afraid of the devil, nor all his tricks.——'Sbud, I'll stand 'em all.

Col. There, Sir, put it on.——Come, landlord, you and I must face the east. [*They turn about.*] Is it on, Sir?

Per. 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*]

Sack. Heaven protect me! Where is he?

Per. Why, here, just where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the name of virtue? Ah, poor Mr Periwinkle!——Egad, look to't, you had bett, Sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a wizard.

Col. Have patience, good landlord.

Per. But really don't you see me now?

Sack. No more than I see my grandmother, that died forty years ago.

Per. Are you sure you don't lie? Methinks I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

Sack. Ah! with I could see you once again.

Col. Take off the girdle, Sir. [*He takes it off.*]

Sack. Sir, I am glad to see you with all my heart. [*Embraces him.*]

Per. 'Tis very odd; certainly there must be some trick in't.—'ray, Sir, will you do me the favour to

turn it on yourself.

Col. With all my heart.

Per. But first I'll secure the door.

Sack. You know how to turn the screw, Mr Sackbut.

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Sack. Yes, yes,—come, Mr Periwinkle, we must turn full east.

[They turn, the Colonel sinks down a trap-door.]

Col. 'Tis done, now turn. *[They turn.]*

Per. Ha! Mercy upon me; my flesh creeps upon my bones.—This must be a conjurer, Mr Sackbut.

Sack. He is the devil, I think.

Per. Oh, Mr Sackbut, why do you name the devil, when perhaps he may be at your elbow?

Sack. At my elbow, marry, Heaven forbid.

Col. Are you satisfied? *[From under the stage.]*

Per. Yes, Sir, yes ——— How hollow his voice sounds!

Sack. Your's seem'd just the same——Faith, I wish this girdle were mine, I'd sell wine no more. Hark ye, Mr Periwinkle, *[Takes him aside till the Colonel rises again.]* if he would sell this girdle, you might travel with great expedition.

Col. But it is not to be parted with for money.

Per. I am sorry for't, Sir, because I think it the greatest curiosity I ever heard of.

Col. By the advice of a learned physiognomist in Grand Cairo, who consulted the lines in my face, I returned to England, where he told me I should find a rarity in the keeping of four men, which I was born to possess for the benefit of mankind; and the first of the four that gave me his consent, I should present him with this girdle——Till I have found the jewel, I shall not part with the girdle.

Per. What can that rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. Yes, Sir: He called it a chaste, beautiful, modest woman.

Per. Pish! Women are no rarities——any great taste that way. I married, I try rather, and I got a girl to please my child (thank Heaven) died together the very geugaws of the creation; pish! who, when they write man, they ought

Sack. A fine lecture to be read to a

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Per. What woman is there, dress'd in all the pride and foppery of the times, can boast of such a foretop as the Cockatoo?

Col. I must humour him——[*Aside.*]——Such a skin as the Lizzard?

Per. Such a shining breast as the humming bird?

Col. Such a shape as the Antelope?

Per. Or, in all the artful mixture of their various dresses, have they half the beauty of one box of butterflies?

Col. No, that must be allow'd—For my part, if it were not for the benefit of mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them; for they are as indifferent to me as a sparrow or a flesh fly.

Per. Pray, Sir, what benefit is the world to reap from this lady?

Col. Why, Sir, she is to bear me a son, who shall revive the art of embalming, and the old Roman manner of burying the dead; and for the benefit of posterity, he is to discover the longitude, so long sought for in vain.

Per. O! these are valuable things, Mr Sackbut!

Sack. He hits it off admirably, and t'other swallows it like sack and sugar——[*Aside.*]——Certainly this lady must be your ward, Mr Periwinkle, by her being under the care of four persons.

Per. By the description it should——Egad, If I could get that girdle, I'd ride with the sun, and make the tour of the world in four-and-twenty hours. [*Aside.*] And are you to give that girdle to the first of the four guardians that shall give his consent to marry that lady, say you, Sir.

Col. I am so order'd, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy I know the very woman——her name is Anne Lovely!

Col. Excellent!—he said, indeed, that the first letter of her name was L.

Per. Did he really?—Well, that's prodigiously amazing, that a person in Grand Cairo should know any thing of my ward.

Col. Your ward!

Per.

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Per. To be plain with you, Sir; I am one of those four guardians.

Col. Are you indeed, Sir? I am transported to find the man who is to possess this Moros Musphonon is a person of so curious a taste—Here is a writing drawn up by that famous Egyptian, which, if you will please to sign, you must turn your face full north, and the girdle is yours.

Per. If I live till this boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and sent to the royal society when I die.

Col. That you shall most certainly.

Enter DRAWER.

Draw. Here's Mr Staytape the taylor enquires for you, Colonel.

Col. Who do you speak to, you son of a whore?

Per. Ha! Colonel.

[*Aside.*]

Col. Confound the blundering dog!

[*Aside.*]

Draw. Why, to Colonel——

Sack. Get you out, you rascal.

[*Kicks him out, and goes after him.*]

Draw. What the devil is the matter?

Col. This dog has ruin'd all my schemes, I see by Periwinkle's looks:

[*Aside.*]

Per. How finely I should have been chous'd—Colonel, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your title before—it was pure ignorance, faith it was—*Per.*—hem, hem! Pray, Colonel, what post had this learned Egyptian in your regiment?

Col. A pox of your sneer. [*Aside.*] I don't understand you, Sir.

Per. No, that's strange! I understand you, Colonel—An Egyptian of Grand Cairo!

sorry such a well-invented tale should service——We old fellows can see stone as them that pick it—I am not my trust—mark that.

Col. The devil! I must carry it fairly out. [*Aside.*] Look ye, what jest you please—but the and, depend upon't, I shall have the

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of the girdle.——Now for Mr Freeman's part of the plot. [*Exit.*]

Per. The stars! ha, ha—No star has favoured you, it seems——The girdle! ha, ha, ha, none of your Liegerdmain tricks can pass upon me——Why, what a pack of trumpery has this rogue picked up—His Pagod, Polustofolo, his Zonas, Moros Musphonons, and the devil knows what——But I'll take care——Ha, gone! Ay, 'twas time to sneak off——Soho! the House! [*Enter Sackbut.*] Where is this trickster? Send for a constable, I'll have this rascal before the Lord Mayor; I'll Grand Cairo him, with a pox to him——I believe you had a hand in putting this imposture upon me, Sackbut.

Sack. Who I, Mr Periwinkle? I scorn it; I perceiv'd he was a cheat, and left the room on purpose to send for a constable to apprehend him, and endeavour'd to stop him when he went out——But the rogue made but one step from the stairs to the door, call'd a coach, leap'd into it, and drove away like the devil, as Mr Freeman can witness, who is at the bar, and desires to speak with you; he is this minute come to town.

Per. Send him in. [*Exit Sackbut.*] What a scheme this rogue has laid! How I should have been laugh'd at, had it succeeded! [*Enter Freeman booted and spur'd.*] Mr Freeman, your dress commands your welcome to town; what will you drink? I had like to have been impos'd upon here by the veriest rascal——

Free. I am sorry to hear it——The dog was for't; he had not escap'd me, if I had been aware of him; Sackbut struck at him, but miss'd his blow, or he had done his business for him.

Per. I believe you never heard of such a contrivance, Mr Freeman, as this fellow had found out.

Free. Mr Sackbut has told me the whole story, Mr Periwinkle; but how I have something to tell you of much more importance to yourself.——I happen'd to be one night at Coventry, and knowing your uncle Sir Tob Periwinkle, I paid him a visit, and, to my great surprise, found him dying.

Per. Dying!

Free.

Free. Dying, in all appearance ; the servants weeping ; the room in darkness ; the 'pothecary, shaking his head, told me the doctors had given him over ; and then there are small hopes, you know.

Per. I hope he has made his will—he always told me, he would make me his heir.

Free. I have heard you say as much, and therefore resolved to give you notice. I should think, it would not be amiss, if you went down to-morrow morning.

Per. It is a long journey, and the roads very bad.

Free. But he has a great estate, and the land very good—Think upon that.

Per. Why that's true, as you say ; I'll think upon it : In the mean time, I give you many thanks for your civility, Mr Freeman, and should be glad of your company to dine with me.

Free. I am oblig'd to be at Jonathan's coffee-house at two, and now it is half an hour after one ; if I dispatch my business, I'll wait on you ; I know your hour.

Per. You shall be very welcome, Mr Freeman, and so your humble servant. [Exit.]

Re-enter COLONEL and SACKBUT.

Free. Ha, ha, ha, I have done your business, Colonel—he has swallow'd the bait.

Col. I overheard all, though I am a little ~~in~~ the dark ; I am to personate a highwayman, I suppose—that's a project I am not fond of ; for though I may fright him out of his consent, he may fright me out of my life, when he discovers me as he certainly must in the end.

Free. No, no, I have a plot for you without danger ; but first we must manage Tradelove—Has the tailor brought your clothes ?

Sack. Yes ; pox take the

Free. Well, well, no matter yet—But now you must put on

Col. The duce of this trade has been an old soldier, that I know is my own way ; heard him

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the late war—— But for trade, by Jupiter, I shall never do it.

Suck. Never fear, Colonel ; Mr Freeman will instruct you.

Free. You'll see what others do ; the coffee-house will instruct you.

Col. I must venture, however—— But I have a farther plot in my head upon Tradelove, which you must assist me in, Freeman ; you are in credit with him, I heard you say.

Free I am, and will scruple nothing to serve you, Colonel.

Col. Come along then——Now for the Dutchman——Honest Ptolomy. By your leave.

Now must bag and bus'ness come in play ;

A thirty-thousand-pound girl leads the way.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *Jonathan's Coffee-house, in 'Change-Alley. A crowd of people, with rolls of paper and parchment in their hands ; a Bar, and coffee boys waiting.*

Enter TRADELOVE and STOCK-JOBBERs, with rolls of paper and parchment.

1st STOCK-JOBBER.

SOUTH-SEA at ~~ten~~ eights ; and buy.

2d Stock. South-Sea bonds due at Michaelmas, 1718. Clafs lottery-tickets ?

3d Stock. East-India bonds ?

4th Stock. What, all sellers and no buyers ? Gentlemen, I'll buy a thousand pound for ~~Friday~~ Tuesday next, at three-fourths.

Coff. Boy. Fresh coffee, gentlemen, fresh coffee ?

Trade. Hark ye, Colonel, you'll pay the difference of that stock we transacted for tother day.

Trade. Ay, Mr Tradelove, here's a note for the money upon the Sword Blade Company.

[*Gives him a note.*

Coff. Boy.

Coff. Boy. Bohea-tea, gentlemen?

Enter a Man.

Man. Is Mr Smuggle here?

1st Coff. Boy. Mr Smuggle's not here; Sir, you'll find him at the books.

2d Stock. Ho! here comes two sparks from t'other end of the town; What news bring they?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Trade. I would fain bite the spark in the brown coat; he comes very often into the alley, but never employs a broker.

Enter COLONEL and FREEMAN.

2d Stock. Who does any thing in the civil-list lottery? or Caco? Zounds, where are all the Jews this afternoon? Are you a bull or a bear to-day, Abraham?

3d Stock. A bull, faith,——but I have a good punt for next week.

Trade. Mr Freeman, your servant! Who is that Gentleman?

Free. A Dutch merchant just come to England; but hark ye, Mr Tradelove,——I have a piece of news will get you as much as the French King's death, if you are expeditious. [*Shewing him a letter.*] Read there; I received it just now from one that belongs to the Emperor's ministry.

Trade. [*Reads.*] Sir, As I have many obligations to you, I cannot miss any opportunity to show my gratitude; this moment my Lord has receiv'd a private express, that the Spaniards ~~have~~ rais'd their siege from before Cagliari; if this prove an advantage to you, I shall be glad to see the ends and wishes of. Sir,

Freeman.
In this, three hours, the
May one depend upon this, Mr

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Free. You may.—I never knew this person send me a false piece of news in my life.

Trade. Sir, I am much obliged to you, 'gad 'tis rare news—Who sells South Sea for next week?

Stock-Job. [All together] I sell; I, I, I, I, I sell.

1st Stock. I'll sell 5000 l. for next week, at five-eighths.

2d Stock.——I'll sell ten thousand, at five-eighths, for the same time.

Trade. Nay, nay, hold, hold, not all together, gentlemen; I'll be no bull, I'll buy no more than I can take: Will you sell ten thousand pounds at a half, for any day next week, except Saturday?

1st Stock. I'll sell it you, Mr Tradelove.

Free. [Whispers to one of the gentlemen.]

Gent. [Aside.] The Spaniards rais'd the siege of Cagliari; I don't believe one word of it.

2d Gent. Rais'd the siege; as much as you have rais'd the Monument.

Free. 'Tis rais'd, I assure you, Sir.

2d Gent. What will you lay on't?

Free. What you please.

1st Gent. Why, I have a brother upon the spot, in the Emperor's service; I am certain if there were any such thing, I should have had a letter.

2d Stock. How's this? the siege of Cagliari rais'd?—I wish it may be true, 'twill make business stir, and stocks rise.

1st Stock. Tradelove's a cunning fat bear; if this news proves true, I shall repent I sold him the five thousand pounds.—Pray, Sir, what assurance have you that the siege is rais'd?

Free. There is come an express from the Emperor's minister.

2d Stock. I'll come that presently.

1st Gent. Let it come where it will, I'll hold you fifty pounds 'tis false.

Free. 'Tis done.

2d Gent. I'll lay you a brace of hundreds upon the same.

Free. I'll take you:

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4th Stock. Egad, I'll hold twenty pieces 'tis not rais'd, Sir.

Free. Done with you too.

Trade. I'll lay any man a brace of thousands the siege is rais'd.

Free. The Dutch merchant is your man to take in.

[Aside to Tradelove.

Trade. Does not he know the news?

Free. Not a syllable; if he did, he would bet a hundred thousand pounds as soon as one penny——he's plaguy rich, and a mighty man at wagers.

[To Tradelove.

Trade. Say you so——Egad, I'll bite him, if possible; —— Are you from Holland, Sir?

Col. Ya, Mynheer.

Trade. Had you the news before you came away?

Col. What believe you, Mynheer?

Trade. What do I believe? Why, I believe that the Spaniards have actually rais'd the siege of Cagliari.

Col. Wat duyvel news is dat? 'Tis niet waer, Mynheer——'tis no true, Sir.

Trade. 'Tis so true, Mynheer, that I'll lay you two thousand pounds upon it.—You are sure the better may be depended upon, Mr Freeman? [Aside to Freeman.

Free. Do you think I would venture my money if I were not sure of the truth of it? [Aside to Trade.

Col. Two duysend pound, Mynheer, 'tis gadaen—dis gentleman sal hold de gelt. [Gives Freeman money.

Trade. With all my heart—this binds the wager.

Free. You have certainly lost, Mynheer; the siege is rais'd indeed.

Col. Ik geley't niet, Mynheer Freeman, ik sal ye dubbled honden, please.

th before won't win

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ver remember it—*Myn Heer van, Tim, Tim, Tim,*—
What the devil is it?

Free. Oh! never heed, I know the gentleman, and
will pass my word for twice the sum.

Trade. That's enough.

Col. You'll hear of me sooner than you'll wish, old
gentleman, I fancy. [*Aside.*] You'll come to Sackbut's,
Freeman. [*Exit.*]

Free. Immediately. [*Aside to the Colonel.*]

1st Man. Humphry Hump here?

2d Boy. Mr Humphry Hump is not here; you'll find
him upon the Dutch walk.

Trade. Mr Freeman, I give you many thanks for your
kindness—

Free. I fear you'll repent when you know all. [*Aside.*]

Trade. Will you dine with me?

Free. I'm engag'd at Sackbut's. Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Trade. Sir, your humble servant. Now I'll see what
I can do upon 'Change with my news. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Tavern.*

Enter FREEMAN and COLONEL.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! The old fellow swallow'd the bait
as greedily as a gudgeon.

Col. I have him, faith, ha, ha, ha!—His two thou-
sand pound's secure—If he would keep his money,
he must part with the lady, ha, ha. What
came of your two friends? they perform'd their part
very well; you should have brought 'em to take a glass
with us.

Free. No matter; we'll drink a bottle together another
time.—I did not care to bring them hither; there's no
necessity to trust them with the main secret, you know,
Colonel.

Col. No, that's right, Freeman.

Enter SACKBUT.

Sack. Joy, joy, Colonel! the loveliest accident in the
world!

Col. What say'st thou?

D 2

Sack.

Sack. This letter does your business.

Col. reads.] To Obadiah Prim hofier, near te building call'd the Monument, in London.

Free. A letter to Prim! How came you by it?

Sack. Looking over the letters our post-woman brought, as I always do, to see what letters are directed to my house (for she can't read, you must know) I 'spy'd this directed to Prim, so paid for it among the rest: I have given the old jade a pint of wine on purpose to delay time, till you see if the letter be of any service; then I'll seal it up again, and tell her I took it by mistake;—I have read it, and fancy you'll like the project.—Read, read Colonel.

Col. reads.] "Friend Prim, There is arrived from
" Pennsylvania, one Simon Pure, a leader of the Faithful,
" who hath sojourned with us eleven days, and hath been
" of great comfort to the brethren.—He intendeth for
" the Quarterly Meeting in London; I have recommended
" him to thy house. I pray thee treat him kindly, and let
" thy wife cherish him, for he's of weakly constitution—
" he will depart from us the third day; which is all from
" thy friend in the faith. AMINADAB HOLDFEAST."
Ha, ha, excellent! I understand you, landlady; I am to personate this Simon Pure, am I not?

Sack. Don't you like the hint?

Col. Admirably well!

Free. 'Tis the best contrivance in the world, if the right Simon gets not there before you—

Col. No, no, the quakers never ride post: he can't be here before to-morrow at soonest: Do you send and buy me a quaker's dress, Mr Sackbut; and suppose, Freeman, you should wait at the Bristol coach, that if you see any quaker, you might contrive to get me notice.

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shrewdly suspected by some to be your father;—that you have been thirty years his steward,—and ten years his gentleman,—remember to improve these hints.

Col. Never fear; let me alone for that—but what's the steward's name?

Free. His name is Pillage.

Col. Enough—

Enter SACKBUT with clothes.

Now for the country putt— [Dresses.

Free. Egad, landlord, thou deservest to have the first night's lodging with the lady for thy fidelity:—
what say you, Colonel, shall we settle a club here? you'll make one?

Col. Make one! I'll bring a set of honest officers, that will spend their money as freely to the king's health, as they would their blood in his service.

Sack. I thank you Colonel; here, here! [Bell rings.
[Exit Sackbut.

Col. So, now for my boots. [Puts on boots.] Shall I find you here, Freeman, when I come back?

Free. Yes,—or I'll leave word with Sackbut where he may send for me—Have you the writings, the will—and every thing?

Col. All, all!

Enter SACKBUT.

Sack. Zounds, Mr Freeman! Yonder is Tradelove in the damn'dest passion in the world—He swears you are in the house,—he says you told him you were to dine here.

Free. I did so, ha, ha, ha! he has found himself bit already.—

Col. The devil! he must not see me in this dress.

Sack. I told him I expected you here, but you were not come yet.

Free. Very well,—make your haste out, Colonel, and let me alone to deal with him:—where is he?

Sack. In the King's head!

Col. You remember what I told you?

Free. Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know I am come in,—and now, Mr Pillage, success attend you.
[Exit Sackbut.

Col. Mr Proteus rather —

From changing shape, and imitating Jove,

I draw the happy omens of my love.

I'm not the first young brother of the blade,

Who made his fortune in a masquerade. [Exit Col.

Enter TRADELOVE.

Free. Zounds, Mr Tradelove! we're bit, it seems.

Trade. Bit, do you call it, Mr Freeman! I am ruin'd.

—Pox on your news.

Free. Pox on the rascal!

Trade. Send it you! When I was at the minister's, and spoke to him 'tis every syllable false:

Free. I know it: I this morning who protested he never sent a roguish stock-jobber has done

lose my money, that's certain: I wish I knew who he was, I'd make him repent it—I have lost three hundred pounds by it.

Trade. What signifies your three hundred pounds to what I have lost? There's two thousand pounds to that Dutchman with a cursed long name, besides the stock I bought. The devil! I could tear my flesh—I must never shew my face upon 'Change more;—for, by my soul, I can't pay it.

Free. I am heartily sorry for it! What can I serve you in? Shall I speak to the Dutch merchant, and try to get you time for the payment.

Trade. Time! Ads'heart; I shall never be able to look up again.

Free. I am very much concern'd that I was the occasion, and wish I could be an instrument of retrieving your ill-fortune for my own. I value it not. Adieu, a thought

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and I heard him say he had a mind to marry an English woman —— nay, more than that, he said somebody told him you had a pretty ward —— he wilst'd you had betted her instead of your money.

Trade. Ay, but he'd be hang'd before he'd take her instead of the money; the Dutch are too covetous for that; besides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I suppose.

Free. So much the better; you may venture to give him your consent, if he'll forgive you the wager: It is no; your business to tell him that your consent will signify nothing.

Trade. That's right, as you say; but will he do it, think you?

Free. I can't tell that; but I'll try what I can do with him. —— He has promis'd to meet me here an hour hence; I'll feel his pulse, and let you know: If I find it feasible, I'll send for you; if not, you are at liberty to take what measures you please.

Trade. You must extol her beauty, double her portion, and tell him I have the entire disposal of her, and that she can't marry without my consent; —— and that I am a covetous rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable consideration.

Free. I'll do that for a lie at a pinch. —— I'll say this to bear, Mr Free- —— I'll pay the three hundred pounds for your soul.

Trade. I'll endeavour —— Where

Free. —— When you prosper —— If I were not sure of this now, I should not fear it. Who the devil would be a guardian,

If, when cash runs low, our coffers I enlarge,

W. can't, like other stocks, transfer our charge? [Exit.

Free. He's in, ha —— let him go. [Exit.

SCENE III. *Chamber to Partridge's house.*

Enter Partridge on one side, and Periwinkle on the other.

Per. A Gentleman from *Conary* enquires for you,

Per.

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Per. From my uncle, I warrant you; bring him up—
This will save me the trouble, as well as the expence of a
journey.

Enter COLONEL.

Col. Is your name Periwinkle, Sir?

Per. It is, Sir.

Col. I am sorry for the message I bring—My old
master, whom I served these forty years, claims the for-
row due from a faithful servant to an indulgent master.

[Weeps.]

Per. By this I understand, Sir, my uncle Sir Toby
Periwinkle is dead.

Col. He is, Sir, and he has left you heir to seven
hundred a-year, in as good abbey-land as ever paid Peter-
pence to Rome.—I wish you long to enjoy it, but
my tears will flow when I think of my benefactor.—

[Weeps.] Ah! he was a good man—he has not left
many of his fellows—the poor lament him sorely.

Per. I pray, Sir, what office bore you?

Col. I was his steward, Sir.

Per. I have heard him mention you with much respect;
your name is——

Col. Pillage, Sir.

Per. Ay, Pillage, I do remember he called you Pil-
lage—Pray, Mr Pillage, when did my uncle die?

Col. Monday last, at four in the morning. About
two he sign'd his will, and gave it into my hands, and
strictly charg'd me to leave Coventry the moment he ex-
pired; and deliver it to you with what speed I could: I
have obey'd him, Sir, and there is the will.

[Gives it to Periwinkle.]

Per. 'Tis very well.—I'll lodge it in the Commons.

Col. There are two things which he forgot to bid me,

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Mr Pillage, I will agree with one of death's fashion-mongers, call'd an undertaker, to go down and bring up the body.

Col. I hope, Sir, I shall have the honour to serve you in the same station I did your worthy uncle; I have not many years to stay behind him, and would gladly spend them in the family, where I was brought up—*[Weeps.]* He was a kind and tender master to me.

Per. Pray don't grieve, Mr Pillage, you shall hold your place, and every thing else which you held under my uncle.—You make me weep to see you so concerned. *[Weeps.]* He liv'd to a good old age, and we are all

Col. We are so, Sir; and therefore I must beg you to ~~for~~ this lease: You'll find Sir Toby has taken particular notice of it in his will—I could not get it time enough from the lawyer, or he had sign'd it before he died.

[Gives him a paper.]

Per. A lease! for what?

Col. I rented a hundred a year of Sir Toby upon lease, which lease expires at Lady-day next. I desire to renew it for twenty years—that's all, Sir.

Per. I'll see. *[Looks over the lease.]*

Col. Matters go swimmingly, if nothing intervene.

[Aside.]

Per. Very well—Let's see what he says in his will about it.

[Lays the lease upon the table, and looks on the will.]

Col. I'm very wary, yet I fancy I shall be too cunning for him.

[Aside.]

Per. Ho, here it is—*The farm lying—now in possession of Samuel Pillage—suffer him to renew his lease—at the same rent.*—Very well, Mr Pillage, I see my uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his will. Give me the lease. *[Col. looks upon it, and lays it upon the table.]* Pray you step to the door, and call for a pen and ink.

Col. I have pen and ink in my pocket, Sir. *[Pulls out ink-horn.]* I never go without 'em.

Per. I think it belongs to your profession—*[He looks on the pen, while the Col. changes the lease, and lays down]*

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down the contract.] I doubt this is but a sorry pen, tho' it may serve to write my name. [Writes.

Col. Little does he think what he signs. [Aside.

Per. There is your lease, Mr Pillage. [Gives him the paper.] Now I must desire you to make what haste you can down to Coventry, and take care of every thing, and I'll send down the undertaker for the body; do you attend it up, and whatever charge you are at, I'll repay you.

Col. You have paid me already, I thank you, Sir

Per. Will you dine w

Col. I would rather no
bours, which I met as I
this afternoon, they told
their company down.

Per. Well, well, I wo

Col. I don't care how so

Per. I will give orders

Col. You will have cause to mourn, when you know
your estate imaginary only. [Aside.

You'll find your hopes and care alike are vain, }

In spite of all the caution you have ta'en, }

Fortune rewards the faithful lover's pain. } [Exit.

Per. Seven hundred a-year! I wish he had died
seventeen years ago:—What a valuable collection of
rarities might I have had by this time!—I might have
travell'd over all the known parts of the globe, and
made my own closet rival the Vatican at Rome. —
Odsso, I have a good mind to begin' my travels now;
—let me see,—I am but sixty! My father,
grandfather, and great-grandfather, reached ninety. Od;
—I have almost forty years good:—Let me consider!
what will seven hundred

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*With nature's curious works I'll raise my fame,
That men, till doom's-day, may repeat my name.*

[Exit.

SCENE changes to a Tavern; FREEMAN and TRADE-
LOVE over a Bottle.

Trade. Come, Mr Freeman, here's Mynheer Jan Van Tim, Tam, Tam;—I shall never think of that Dutchman's name —

Free. Mynheer Jan Van Timtamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell.

Trade. Ay, Heer Van Fainwell, I never heard such a confounded name in my life—here's his health, I say.

Free. With all my heart.

Trade. Faith I never expected to have found so generous a thing in a Dutchman.

Free. Oh, he has nothing of the Hollander in his temper—except an antipathy to monarchy.—As soon as I told him your circumstances, he reply'd, he would not be the ruin of any man for the world—and immediately made this proposal himself—Let him take what time he will for the payment, said he; or if he'll give me his ward, I'll forgive him the debt.

Trade. Well, Mr Freeman, I can but thank you;—'Egad you have made a man of me again! and if ever I lay a wager more, may I rot in a goal.

Free. I assure you, Mr Tradelove, I was very much content'd, because I was the occasion—tho' very innocently, I protest.

Trade. I dare swear you was, Mr Freeman.

Enter a Fidler.

Fid. Please to have a lesson of music, or a song, gentlemen?

Free. S — — — hearts; have you a very merry one?

Fid. Yes, Sir, my wife and I can give you a merry dialogue. *[Here is the song.]*

Trade. 'Tis very pretty, faith.

Free. There's something for you to drink, friend; go, look to time. *[Gives him money.]*

Fid. I thank you, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Enter

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Enter DRAWER and COLONEL, dressed for the Dutch Merchant.

Col. Ha, Mynheer Tradelove, Ik ben sorry voor your troubles—maer Ik sal you easie maken, Ik will de gelt nie hebben——

Trade. I shall for ever acknowledge the obligation, Sir.

Free. But you understand upon what condition, Mr Tradelove ; Mrs Lovely.

Col. Ya, de frow sal al te regt setten, Mynheer.

Trade. With all my heart, Mynheer ; you shall have my consent to marry her freely——

Free. Well, then, as I am a party concern'd between you, Mynheer Jan Van Timamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell shall give you a discharge of your ~~wager~~ under his own hand,—and you shall give him your consent to marry Mrs Lovely under your's,—that is the way to avoid all manner of disputes hereafter.

Col. Ya, weeragtig.

Trade. Ay, ay, so it is, Mr Freeman ; I'll give it under mine this minute. *[Sits down to write.]*

Col. And so Ik sal.

[Does the same.]

Free. So ho, the house ? *[Enter Drawer.]* Bid your master come up——I'll see there be witnesses enough to the bargain. *[Aside.]*

Enter SACKBUT.

Sack. Do you call, gentlemen ?

Free. Ay, Mr Sackbut ; we shall want your hand here ——

Trade. There, Mynheer ; there's my consent as amply as you can desire ; but you must insert your own name for I know not how to spell it ; I have left a

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Trade. Be pleased to witness this receipt, too, gentlemen. [*Freeman and Sackbut put their hands.*]

Free. Ay, ay; that we will.

Col. Well, Mynheer, ye most meer doen, ye most myn voorsprach to de srow syn.

Free. He means you must recommend him to the lady.

Trade. That I will, and to the rest of my brother guardians.

Col. Wat voor, de duyvel, heb you meer guardians?

Trade. Only three, Mynheer.

Col. What donder heb ye myn betrocken mynheer?—Had ik dat gewoeten, ik soude eaven niet you geweelt syn.

Sack. But Mr Tradelove is the principal, and he can do a great deal with the rest, Sir.

Free. And he shall use his interest, I promise you, Mynheer.

Trade. I will say all that ever I can think on to recommend you, Mynheer; and, if you please, I'll introduce you to the lady.

Col. Well, dat is waer—Maer ye must first spreken of myn to de srow, and to oudere gentlemen.

Free. Ay, that's the best way,—and then I and the Heer Van Fainwell will meet you there.

Trade. I will go this moment, upon honour—Your most obedient humble servant.—My speaking will do you little good, Mynheer, ha, ha; we have bit you, faith; ha, ha,

*Well—my debt's discharg'd, and for the man,
He has my consent—to get her, if he can.* [Exit.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! this was a master-piece of contrivance, Freeman.

Free. He hugs himself with his supposed good fortune, and little thinks the luck's on our side!—but come, pursue the fickle goddess while she's in the mood—Now for the Quaker.

Col. That's the hardest task.

*Of all the counterfeits perform'd by man,
A soldier makes the simplest puritan.*

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, PRIM'S House.

Enter Mrs PRIM, and Mrs LOVELY, in Quakers' dresses, meeting.

Mrs PRIM.

SO, now I like thee, Anne; art thou not better without thy monstrous hoop-coat and patches?—If Heaven should make thee so many black spots upon thy face, would it not fright thee, Anne?

Mrs Lov. If it shou'd turn your inside outward, and shew all the spots of your hypocrisy, 'twou'd fright me worse!

Mrs Pr. My hypocrisy! I scorn thy words, Anne; I lay no baits.

Mr Lov. If you did, you'd catch no fish.

Mrs Pr. Well, well, make thy jests—but I'd have thee to know, Anne, that I cou'd have catch'd as many fish (as thou call'st them) in my time, as ever thou didst with all thy fool-traps about thee—If admirers be thy aim, thou wilt have more of them in this dress than the other—The men, take my word for't, are most desirous to see what we are most careful to conceal.

Mrs Lov. Is that the reason of your formality, Mrs Prim? truth will out: I ever thought, indeed, there was more design than godliness in the pinch'd cap.

Mrs Pr. Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd plays, and filthy romances;——good for nothing but to lead youth into the high road of fornication.—Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked ones.

Mrs Lov. Too familiar with the wicked ones? Pray, no more of those freedoms, Madam;——I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself:——How dare I thus talk to me! you, you, you, unworthy woman!

[Bursts into tears.]

Enter

Enter TRADELOVE.

Trade. What, in tears, Nancy? What have you done to her, Mrs Prim, to make her weep?

Mrs Lov. Done to me! I admire I keep my senses among you;—but I will rid myself of your tyranny, if there be either law or justice to be had;——I'll force you to give me up my liberty.

Mrs Pr. Thou hast more need to weep for thy sins, Anne——yea, for thy manifold sins.

• *Mrs Lov.* Don't think that I'll be still the fool which you have made me.——No, I'll wear what I please——go when and where I please,——and keep what company I think fit, and not what you shall direct,——I will.

Trade. For my part, I do think all this very reasonable, Mrs. Lovely,—'tis fit you should have your liberty, and for that very purpose I am come.

Enter MR PERIWINKLE, and OBADIAH PRIM, with a letter in his hand.

Per. I have bought some black stockings of your husband, Mrs Prim,—but he tells me the glover's trade belongs to you; therefore I pray you look me out five or six dozen of mourning gloves, such as are given at funerals, and send them to my house.

Ob. Pr. My friend Periwinkle has got a good wind-fall to day—seven hundred a-year.

Mrs Pr. I wish thee joy of it, neighbour.

Trade. What, is Sir Toby dead, then?

Per. He is! you'll take care, Mrs Prim.

Mrs Pr. Yea, I will, neighbour.

Ob. Pr. This letter recommendeth a speaker; 'tis from Aminadab Holdfast of Bristol; peradventure he will be here this night; therefore, Sarah, do thou take care for his reception.——

[Gives her the letter.]

Mrs Pr. I will obey thee.

[Exit.]

Ob. Pr. What art thou in the dumps for, Anne?

Trade. We must marry her, Mr Prim.

Ob. Pr. Why, truly, if we could find a husband worth having,

having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou would'st, neighbour.

Per. Well said; there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a man now, that I think you can none of you have an objection to!

Enter Sir PHILIP MODELOVE.

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the husband——

Sir Phil. What must it be, a whale or a rhinoceros, Mr Periwinkle? ha, ha, ha! Mr Tradelove, I have a bill upon you, [*Gives him a paper.*] and have been seeking for you all over the town.

Trade. I'll accept it, Sir Philip, and pay it when due.——

Per. He shall be none of the fops at your end of the town, with full perukes and empty skulls;——nor yet any of your trading-gentry, who puzzle the heralds to find arms for their coaches.——No, he shall be a man famous for travels, solidity, and curiosity;——one who has search'd into the profundity of nature! When Heaven shall direct such a one, he shall have my consent, because it may turn to the benefit of mankind.

Mrs Love. The benefit of mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

Sir Phil. Ay, ay, Madam, he would dissect you.

Trade. Or, pore over you through a microscope, to see how your blood circulates, from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot——ha, ha! but I have a husband for you; a man that knows how to improve your fortune; one that trades to the four corners of the globe.

Mrs Love. And would send me for a venture, perhaps.

Trade. One that will dress you in all the pride of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America——a Dutch merchant, my girl.

Sir Phil. A Dutchman! ha, ha, there's a husband for a fine lady.——Ya frow, will you meet myn slapen——ha, ha! he'll learn you to talk the language of the hogs, Madam, ha, ha!

Trade,

Trade. He'll learn you that one merchant is of more service to a nation than fifty coxcombs.—The Dutch know the trading interest to be of more benefit to the state than the landed.

Sir Phil. But what is either interest to a lady?

Trade. 'Tis the merchant makes the belle——How would the ladies sparkle in the box without the merchant? The Indian diamond! The French brocade! The Italian fan! The Flanders lace! The fine Dutch Holland! How would they vent their scandal over their tea-tables? And where would your beaux have Champagne to toast their mistresses, were it not for the merchant?

Ob. Pr. Verily, neighbour Tradelove, thou dost waste thy breath about nothing—All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch youth, and fill their heads with the pride and luxury of this world.—The merchant is a very great friend to Satan, and sendeth as many to his dominions as the Pope.

Per. Right, I say knowledge makes the man.

Ob. Pr. Yea, but not thy kind of knowledge—it is the knowledge of truth.—Search thou for the light within, and not for baubles, friend.

Mrs Lov. Ah, study your country's good, Mr Periwinkle, and not her insects.—Rid you of your home-bred monsters, before you fetch any from abroad—I dare swear you have maggots enough in your own brain to stock all the virtuoso's in Europe with butterflies.

Sir Phil. By my soul, Miss Nancy's a wit.

Ob. Pr. That is more than she can say by thee, friend.—Look ye, it is in vain to talk; when I meet a man worthy of her, she shall have my leave to marry him.

Mrs Lov. Provided he be of the Faithful.—Was there ever such a swarm of caterpillars to blast the hopes of a woman! [*Aside.*] Know this, that you contend in vain: I'll have no husband of your chusing, nor shall you lord it over me long.—I'll try the power of an English senate.—Orphans have been redress'd, and widows set aside.—And none did ever deserve their pity more.—Oh, Fainwell! where are thy promises to

free me from these vermin? Alas! the task was more difficult than he imagin'd!

*A harder task than what the poets tell
Of yore, the fair Andromeda beset;
She but one monster fear'd, I've four to fear,
And see no Perseus, no deliv'rer near.* [Exit.]

Enter Servant, and whispers to PRIM.

Serv. One Simon Pure enquireth for thee.

Per. The woman is mad. [Exit.]

Sir Phil. So you are all in my opinion. [Exit.]

Ob. Pr. Friend Tradelove, business requireth my presence.

Trade. Oh, I shan't trouble you——Pox take him for an unmannerly dog——However, I have kept my word with my Dutchman, and will introduce him too, for all you. [Exit.]

Enter COLONEL in a Quaker's habit.

Ob. Pr. Friend Pure, thou art welcome; how is it with friend Holdfast, and all friends in Bristol? Timothy Littleworth, John Slenderbrain, and Christopher Keep-faith?

Col. A goodly company! [Aside.] They are all in health, I thank thee for them.

Ob. Pr. Friend Holdfast writes me word, that thou camest lately from Pennsylvania; how do all friends there?

Col. What the devil shall I say? I know just as much of Pennsylvania as I do of Bristol. [Aside]

Ob. Pr. Do they thrive?

Col. Yea, friend, the blessing of the Lord is upon them.

Enter MRS PRIM and MRS PERCIVAL.

Ob. Pr. Sarah, know our friend P

Mrs Pr. Thou art welcome.

Col. Here comes the sum of all my charming she appears even in that dress.

Ob. Pr. Why dost thou consider
tively, friend?

Col. I will tell thee: About four days ago I saw a vision—This very maiden, but in vain attire, standing on precipice; and heard a voice, which called me by my name—and bid me put forth my hand and save her from the pit.—I did so, and methought the damsel grew into my side.

Mrs Pr. What can that portend?

Ob. Pr. The damsel's conversion—I am persuaded.

Mrs Lov. That's false, I'm sure—— [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Wilt thou use the means, friend Pure?

Col. Means! What means? Is she not thy daughter, ready one of the Faithful?

Mrs Pr. No; alas! she's one of the Ungodly.

Ob. Pr. Pray thee mind what this good man will say to thee; he will teach thee the way that thou shouldest walk, Anne.

Mrs Lov. I know my way without his instruction: I wou'd to have been quiet, when once I had put on your odious formality here.

Col. Then thou wearest it out of compulsion, not choice, end?

Mrs Lov. Thou art in the right of it, friend.—

Mrs Pr. Art thou not ashamed to mimic the good man? Ah! thou art a stubborn girl.

Col. Mind her not; she hurteth not me.—If thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will discuss some few points with her, that may perchance soften her stubbornness, and melt her into compliance.

Ob. Pr. Content: I pray thee put it home to her.—Come, Sarah, let us leave the good man with her.

Mrs. Lov. [*Catching hold of Prim, he breaks loose, and Exit.*] What do you mean—to leave me with this old enthusiastical canter? Don't think, because I comply'd with your formality, to impose your ridiculous doctrine upon me.

Col. I pray thee, young woman, moderate thy passion.

Mrs Lov. I pray thee walk after thy leader: you will but lose your labour upon me.—These wretches will certainly make me mad!

Col. I am of another opinion; the spirit telleth me I shall convert thee, Anne.

Mrs Lov. 'Tis a lying spirit; don't believe it.

Col.

vill

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Col. Say'st thou so? Why then thou shalt convert me, my angel. [*Catching her in his arms.*]

Mrs Lov. shricks.] Ah! monster hold off, or I'll tear thy eyes out.

Col. Hush! for Heaven's sake.——Dost thou not know me? I am Fainwell.

Mrs Lov. Fainwell!

Enter OBADIAH PRIM.

Oh, I'm undone! Prim, here——I wish with all my soul I had been dumb.

Ob. Pr. What is the matter? Why didst thou shriek out, Anne?

Mrs Lov. Shriek out! I'll shriek and shriek again, cry murder, thieves, or any thing, to drown the noise of that eternal babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

Ob. Pr. Was that all? Fie, fie, Anne.

Col. No matter, I'll bring down her stomach I'll warrant thee.——Leave us, I pray thee.

Ob. Pr. Fare thee well.

[*Exit.*]

Col. My charming lovely woman! [*Embraces her.*]

Mrs Lov. What mean'st thou by this disguise, Fainwell?

Col. To set thee free, if thou wilt perform thy promise.

Mrs Lov. Make me mistress of my fortune, and make thy own conditions.

Col. This night shall answer all my wishes——See? here, I have the consent of three of thy friends already, and doubt not but Prim will make the fourth.

Ob. Pr. I would gladly hear what a man useth to bend her.

Mrs Lov. Thy words give me new life.

Ob. Pr. What do I hear?

Mrs Lov. Thou best of men, Heavens be my sure, when I first saw thee.

Ob. Pr. He hath mollified her.——conversion!

Col. Ha! Prim listening.——No more are observed; seem to be edified, and that thou wilt turn Quaker, and leave the rest to me. [*Aloud.*] I am glad to find that thou art touch'd with what

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what I said unto thee, Anne; another time I will explain the other article unto thee; in the mean while, be thou dutiful to our friend Prim.

Mrs Love. I shall obey thee in every thing.

Enter ORADIAH PRIM.

Ob. Pr. Oh, what a prodigious change is here! Thou hast wrought a miracle, friend! Anne, how dost thou like the doctrine he hath preached?

Mrs Love. So well, that I could talk to him for ever, thinks—I am ashamed of my former folly, and ask your pardon, Mr Prim.

Col. Enough, enough, that thou art sorry; he is no more, Anne.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thou dost rejoice me exceedingly, and; will it please thee to walk into the next room, and refresh thyself—Come, take the maiden by the hand.

Col. We will follow thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is another Simon Pure enquireth for thee, Master.

Col. The devil there is. *[Aside.]*

Ob. Pr. Another Simon Pure! I do not know him; he any relation of thine?

Col. No, friend, I know him not—Pox take him, I wish he were in Pennsylvania again, with all my soul.

Mrs Love. What shall I do?

Ob. Pr. Bring him up.

Col. Humph! then one of us must go down, that's certain—Now impudence assist me.

Enter SIMON PURE.

Ob. Pr. What is thy will with me, friend?

S. Pu. Didst thou not receive a letter from Aminadab Goldfast of Bristol, concerning one Simon Pure?

Ob. Pr. Yea, and Simon Pure is already here, friend.

Col. And Simon Pure will stay here, friend, if it be possible.

[Aside.]
S. Pu.

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S. Pu. That's an untruth, for I am he.

Col. Take thou heed, friend, what thou dost say; I do affirm that I am Simon Pure.

S. Pu. Thy name may be Pure, friend; but not that Pure.

Col. Yea, that Pure, which my good friend, Aminadab Holdfast, wrote to my friend Prim about; the same Simon Pure that came from Pennsylvania, and sojourned in Bristol eleven days; thou would'st not take my name from me, would'st thou? — 'till I have done with it.

S. Pu. Thy name! I'm astonish'd!

Col. At what? at thy own assurance?

[Going up to him, S. Pure starts back.]

S. Pu. Avaunt, Satan, approach me not; I defy thee and all thy works.

Mrs Love. Oh, he'll outcant him — Undone, undone for ever.

Col. Hark thee, friend; thy sham will not take — Don't exert thy voice; thou art too well acquainted with Satan to start at him, thou wicked reprobate — What can thy design be here?

Enter a Servant, and gives Prim a Letter.

Ob. Pr. One of these must be a counterfeit, but which I cannot say

Col. What can that letter be?

S. Pu. Thou must be the devil, friend, that's certain; for no human power can stock so ~~well~~ a falsehood.

Ob. Pr. This letter sayeth ~~that~~ thou art better acquainted with that prince of darkness, than any here — Read that, I pray thee, Simon. [Gives it the Colonel.]

Col. 'Tis Freeman's hand — [Reads.] *There is a design formed to rob your house this night, and cut your throat; and for that purpose there is a man disguised like a Quaker, who is to pass for one Simon Pure; the whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more, has been at Bristol, one of them came in the coach with the Quaker, whose name he hath taken; and, from what he hath gathered from him, formed that design, and did not doubt but he should impose so far upon you, as to make*

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*you turn out the real Simon Pure, and keep him with you. Make the right use of this. Adieu—*Excellent well!

[Aside.

Ob. Pr. Dost thou hear this? *[To S. Pure.*

S. Pu. Yea, but it moveth me not; that doubtless is the impostor. *[Pointing at the Col.*

Col. Ah! thou wicked one—now I consider thy face, I remember thou didst come up in the leathern conveniency with me—thou hadst a black bob wig on, and a brown caniblet coat with brass buttons—Can'st thou deny it, ha?

S. Pu. Yea, I can, and with a safe conscience too, I send.

Ob. Pr. Verily, friend, thou art the most impudent villain I ever saw.

Mrs. Love. Nay, then I'll have a sling at him. *[Aside.* remember the face of this fellow at Bath—Ay, 'tis he that pick'd my Lady Rattle's pocket in the grove—Don't you remember that the mob bump'd you, friend?—This is the most notorious rogue—

S. Pu. What dost provoke thee to seek my life? Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully?

Ob. Pr. She will do thee no hurt, nor thou shalt do none; therefore get thee about thy business, friend, and leave thy wicked course of life, or thou may'st not come off so favourably every where.

Col. Go, friend, I would advise thee, and tempt thy art no more.

S. Pu. Yea, I will go, but it shall be to thy confusion; for I shall clear myself: I will return with some proofs that shall convince thee, Obadiah, that thou art highly imposed upon. *[Exit.*

Col. Then there will be no staying for me, that's certain—What the devil shall I do? *[Aside.*

Ob. Pr. What monstrous works of iniquity are there in this world, Simon!

Col. Yea, the age is full of vice—S'death, I am so confounded, I know not what to say. *[Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Thou art disorder'd, friend—art thou not well?

Col.

Col. My spirit is greatly troubled, and something telleth me, that tho' I have wrought a good work in converting this maiden, this tender maiden, yet my labour will be in vain: for the evil spirit fighteth against her; and I see, yea, I see with the eye of my inward man, that Satan will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myself from her; and she will, yea, this very damsel will, return again to that abomination from whence I have retriev'd her; as if it were; yea, as if it were out of the jaws of the fiend. —

Ob. Pr. Good lack, thinkest thou —

Mrs Lov. I must second him. [Enter] —
 —eth this struggling within me? I feel the
 the vanities of this world, but the desires of
 the flesh—I greatly fear the flesh and
 of — hum —

Ob. Pr. The maid is inspir'd.

Col. Behold her light begins to shine in
 a silent woman!

Mrs Lov. This good man hath comforted
 me; yea, comfort, I say; because he hath
 hath breathed into my outward man, and
 and fix'd in mine heart; yea, verily, I
 say; — and I feel the spirit doth love him exceedingly,
 hum —

Col. She acts it to the life.

[*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Prodigious! The damsel is filled with the
 spirit, — Sarah.

Enter Mrs PRIM.

Mrs Pr. I am greatly rejoiced to see such a change in
 our beloved Anne. I came to tell thee that supper stay-
 eth for thee.

Col. I am not disposed for thy food, my spirit longeth
 for more delicious meat! — fain would I redeem this maid-
 en from the tribe of sinners, and break those cords asun-
 der wherewith she is bound, — hum —

Mrs Lov. Something whispers in my ears, methinks
 — that, I must be subject to the will of this good man,
 and from him only must hope for consolation, —
 hum — It also telleth me, that I am a chosen vessel to
 raise up seed to the faithful, and that thou must con-

sent that we two be *one* flesh, according to the word,—
hum—

Ob. Pr. What a revelation is here! This is certainly part of thy vision, friend, this is the maiden's *growing unto thy side*; Ah! with what willingness should I give thee my consent, could I give thee her fortune too,—but thou wilt never get the consent of the wicked ones.

Col. I wish I was fare of your's.

[*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. My soul rejoiceth; yea, rejoiceth, I say, to find the spirit within thee; for lo; it moveth thee with *natural* agitation,—yea, with *natural* agitation, towards this good man—yea, it *stirreth*, as one may say,—yea, verily, I say, it *stirreth* up thy inclination,—yea, as one would *stir* a pudding.

Mrs. Lov. I see, I see! the spirit guiding of thy hand, good Obadiah Prim, and now behold thou art signing thy consent;—and now I see myself within thy arms, my friend and brother; yea, I am become *bone* of thy *bone*, and *flesh* of thy *flesh*. [*Embracing him*].—hum—

Col. Admirably perform'd [*Aside.*].—And I will take thee in all spiritual love for an help-mate; yea, for the wife of my bosom—and now methinks——I feel a *longing*;—yea, a *longing*, I say, for the consummation of thy love;—yea, I do *long* exceedingly.

Mrs. Lov. And verily, verily, my spirit feeleth the same *longing*.

Mrs. Pr. The spirit hath greatly moved them both,—friend Prim, thou must consent, there's no resisting of the spirit!

Ob. Pr. Yea, the light within sheweth me, that I shall fight a good fight—and wrestle thro' those reprobate fiends, thy other guardians;—yea, I perceive the spirit will hedge thee into the flock of the righteous.—Thou art a chosen lamb;—yea, a chosen lamb, and I will not push thee back.—No, I will not, I say;—no, thou shalt leap-a, and frisk-a, and skip-a, and bound, and bound, I say;—yea, bound within the fold of the righteous;—yea, even within thy fold, my brother.—Fetch me the pen and ink, Sarah—and

my hand shall confess its obedience to the spirit.

Col. I wish it were over.

Enter Mrs PRIM with pen and ink.

Mr. Lov. I tremble lest this quaking rogue should
return and spoil all. [Aside.]

Ob. Pr. Here, friend, do thou write what the spirit prompteth, and I will sign it.

Mrs Pr. Verily, Anne, it grieves me to see thee reformed from that original I found thee.

Mrs. Lov. I do believe thou art,

Col. [Reads.] This is to certify,
cern, that I do freely give all my right
Lovely, to Simon Pure, and my full
become his wife, according to the form
gives my hand.

Ob. Pr. That's enough, give me

Enter BETTY, running to M.

Betty. Oh! Madam, Madam
man again, he has brought a coat
more.

Mrs. Lov. Ruin'd past redemp

Col. No, no, one minute sooner
now—here's company coming
paper.

Ob. Pr. Here it is, Simon ;
with the maiden.

Mrs. Lov. 'Tis done, and now

Enter SIMON PURE, C.

S. Pu. Look thee, friend, I have brought the people to satisfy thee, that I am not that impostor whom thou didst take me for; this is the man that did drive a leathern conveniency, and brought me from Bristol, — this is —

Gol. Look ye, friend, to save the court the trouble
examining witnesses—I plead guilty—ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. How's this? Is not thy name Pure, then?

Col. No really, Sir, I only made bold with a gentleman

gentleman's name—but I here give it up safe and sound; it has done the business which I had occasion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which shall be at his service upon the same occasion at any time.—Ha, ha, ha!

S. Pu. Oh! the wickedness of the age!

Coachman. Then you have no further need of us.

[*Exit.*]

Col. No, honest man, you may go about your business.

Ob. Pr. I am struck dumb with thy impudence, Anne; thou hast deceiv'd me—and perchance undone thyself.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art a dissembling baggage, and shame will overtake thee.

[*Exit.*]

S. Pu. I am grieved to see thy wife so much troubled: I will follow and console her.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Thy brother guardians enquire for thee; here is another man with them.

Mrs. Love. Who can that other man be?

[*To the Colonel.*]

Col. 'Tis one Freeman, a friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the rest of the guardians here.

Enter Sir PHILIP, TRADELOVE, PERIWINKLE, and FREEMAN.

Free. to the Col.] Is all safe? did my letter do you service?

Col. All, ~~all~~ safe! ample service.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Phil. Miss Nancy—how do'st do, child?

Mrs. Love. Don't call me Miss, friend Philip, my name is Anne, thou knowest.—

Sir Phil. What, is the girl metamorphos'd?

Mrs. Love. I wish thou wert so metamorphos'd. Ah! Philip, throw off that gaudy attire, and wear the clothes becoming thy age.

Ob. Pr. I am ashamed to see these men.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Phil. My age! the woman is possess'd.

Col. No, thou art possess'd rather, friend.

Trade. Hark ye, Mrs. Lovely, one word with you.

[*Takes hold of her hand.*]

Cel. This maiden is my wife, thanks to friend Prim, and thou hast no business with her.

[*Takes her from him.*]

Trade. His wife! hark ye, Mr Freeman.

Per. Why, you have made a very fine piece of work of it, Mr Prim.

Sir Phil. Married to a Quaker! thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to an orphan, truly.—There's a husband for a young lady!

Cel. When I have put on my beau clothes, Sir Philip, you'll like me better—

Sir Phil. Thou wilt make a very scurvy beau—friend—

Cel. I believe I can prove it under your hand, that you thought me a very fine gentleman in the Park to-day, about thirty-six minutes after eleven; will you take a pinch, Sir Philip—One of the finest snuff-boxes you ever saw.

[*Offers him snuff.*]

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! I am overjoy'd, faith I am, if thou be'st the gentleman—I own I did give my consent to the gentleman I brought here to-day;—but whether this is he, I can't be positive.

Ob. Pr. Can'st thou not?—Now I think thou art a fine fellow to be left guardian to a shallow-brain'd shuttlecock, he might have ought thou dost know,

Per. You would have been trusted with the sole management of her, would ye not, think ye? But Mr Freeman shall take care of her portion.—

Trade. Ay, ay, so we will.—The Dutch merchant desired me to name a man?

Free. I did so, and I am sure you'll have a little patience.

Cel. What, is Mr Tradelove?—*ik ben gereet voor you, heb be, Jan Van Timtamtirci-reletta Heer Van Fainwell, vergeeten!*

Trade. Oh! pox of the name! what, have you trick'd me too, Mr Freeman?

Cel. Trick'd, Mr Tradelove! did not I give you two A thousand

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thousand pounds for your consent fairly? And now do you tell a gentleman he has trick'd you?

Per. So, so, you are a pretty guardian, faith, to sell your charge; what, did you look upon her as part of your stock?

Ob. Pr. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad thy knavery is found out, however—I confess the maiden over-reached me, and I had no sinister end at all.

Per. Ay, ay, one thing or other over-reached you all,—but I'll take care he shall never sing a penny of her money, I warrant you;—over-reach'd quoth'a! Why, I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had had no more wit: I don't know but this very fellow may be him that was directed to me from Grand Cairo t'other day. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. The very same.

Per. Are you so, Sir? but your trick would not pass upon me.—

Col. No, as you say, at that time it did not; that was not my lucky hour;—but hark ye, Sir, I must let you into one secret—you may keep honest John Tradescant's coat on, for your uncle Sir Toby Periwinkle is not dead—so the change of mourning will be saved, ha, ha, ha!—Don't you remember Mr Pillage, your uncle's steward? Ha, ha, ha!

Per. Not dead! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

Col. Don't you remember the signing of a lease, Mr Periwinkle?

Per. And what signifies that lease, if my uncle is not dead?—Ha! I am sure it was a lease I signed.—

Col. Ay, but it was a lease for life, Sir, and of this beautiful tenement, I thank you.

[*Taking hold of Mrs Lovely.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! Neighbours fare.

Free. So, then, I find you are all trick'd, ha, ha!

Per. I am certain I read as plain a lease as ever I read in my life.

Col. You read a lease I grant you, but you sign'd this contract.

[*Shewing a paper.*

Per. How durst you put this trick upon me, Mr Freeman? Didn't you tell me my uncle was dying?

Free.

Free. And would tell you twice as much to serve my friend, ha, ha!

Sir Phil. What, the learned and famous Mr Periwinkle chous'd too!—Ha, ha, ha!—I shall die with laughing, ha, ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. It had been well if her father had left her wiser heads than *thine* and *nine*, friends, ha, ha, ha!

Trade. Well, since you have outwitted all, pray you, what and who are you, Sir?

Sir Phil. Sir, the gentleman is a friend of mine. I am glad you have got a person, Mr Trade, who stands dress and good breeding.—I would have a husband of my chusing.

Ob. Pr. I am sorry the maid has no hands.

Trade. A beau! nay, then,

Mrs Love. Why, beaux trade, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

Col. Look ye, gentlemen—I will give the best account of myself; and I shall give Sir Philip's pardon, when I tell him, that I have no aversion to what he calls dress and breeding, as I have to the enemies of my religion. I have had the honour to serve his Majesty, and headed a regiment of the bravest fellow that ever push'd bayonet in the throat of a Frenchman and notwithstanding the fortune this brings me, whenever my country wants my aid, I am at her service.

*Therefore, my dear, if thou'lt but
I meet a recompence for all my trouble
Love and religion ne'er advance
And force makes many sinners
Still free as air the active mind
And searches proper objects for
But that once fix'd, 'tis past
To chase the dear idea from the soul
'Tis liberty of choice that justice
Makes the glad husband and the happy*

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr SEWAL :

Spoken by Mrs BULLOCK.

WHAT new strange ways our modern beaux devise!
What trials of love-skill, to gain the prize!
The heathen gods, who never matter'd rapes,
 scarce wore such strange variety of shapes:
The devil take their odious barren skulls,
To court in form of snakes and filthy bulls:
Old Jove once nick'd it too, as I am told,
In a whole ship-full of true standard gold;
How must his godship then fair Danaë warm!
Strucking ware for ware there is no harm.
Well, after all that, money has a charm.
Not now, indeed, that stale invention's past;
Besides, you know, that guineas fall so fast,
Your nymph must come to pocket-piece at last.
Old Harry's face, or good Queen Bess's ruff,
Not that I'd take 'em—may do well enough;
No——my ambitious spirit's far above
Those little tricks of mercenary love.
That man be mine, who like the Col'nel here,
Can top his character in ev'ry sphere;
Who can a thousand ways employ his wit,
Out-promise statesmen, and out-cheat a cit:
Reward the colours of a traveller paint,
And catch, and egle too—beyond a saint.
The last allusion pleas'd me, I confess,
There's something tempting in the preaching dress;
And pleas'd me more than once a dame of note,
Who lov'd her husband in his footman's coat.
To see one eye in wanton motions play'd,
The other to the heavenly regions stray'd,
As if, for its fellow's franticks it pray'd:
But yet I hope, for all that I have said,
To find my spouse a Man of War in Bed

Act II.

THE MISER.

Scene 6.



M. SHUTTER in the Character of LOVE-GOLD.

*In short-Sappet, I must touch, touch, touch
something real.*

Bell's Characteristical Edition.

THE MISER.

A COMEDY. BY HENRY FIELDING.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

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

BY MR. HOPKINS PROMPTER.

CHARACTERISTICS.

I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money.—Now I will go pay a visit to the dear cashier!—My dear money is safe.—In short LAPPET, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.—What! has any robb'd me? (tho' my poor gold! my poor plate! my dear lands and tenements! my poor India bonds!—All the people in the house, and in the street, and in the town, I will have them all executed! I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.—I will have my money again or never sleep more.—Why did I not die a year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a year ago!—Why was I begotten! why was I born! why was I brought up! why was I not knock'd o'th' head before I knew the value of money!—I will be starv'd, drown'd, hang'd, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.—Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat. LOVEGOLD.

Fortune has mark'd me out for misery: but I will be no longer idle: Since I am to be ruin'd I'll meet my destruction.—All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robb'd me of Mariana she made her utmost effort: I now despise all in her power. FREDRICK.

I shall show you the difference between us.—I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future.—I am a gentleman Sir.—By Heavens I'll die in defending my right. CLIFAMONT.

For my part I have never had any inclinations towards hanging; and I thank Heaven I have been too free whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter. I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp.—Bring Patch over: a fig for her Sir! I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.—I warrant my lies keep even pace with her's.—I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act.—Conscience! conscience! the great guide of all my actions. RABBIT.

Your Ladyship is very much in the right; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room now with tapestry.—Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that I know of. FURNISH.

I defy any Jeweller in Town to shew their equals. SPARKLE.

I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; that thing is impossible.—Hoyday Sir! I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. LIST.

That snuffbox! there is but one person in England Sir, can work in this manner.—If he had an hundred thousand hands I could keep them all employ'd. Charles Bubbishoy does not want custom. BUBBISHOY.

Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and th' other. JA.

As for the censures of the world I despise them while I do not deserve them.—I was well indeed not to embrace real happiness because the world does not call it so. HARRIET.

Look 's, Mariana, I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I have been all my life so strict an observer; but this is so prudent a match that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women—only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given, we say La! who suspected it! it was mighty privately carried on! MRS. WISELY.

I may turn off somebody to make room for him; but I believe I have liked him already.—You see, Sir, I had no regard to the prejudice of your family.—Dear Harriet! no apologies! all you said I deserved. MARIANA.

I never did any thing so unequal but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again; for truth, I have regretted it so long that I often forget which side of the question it is of; besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.—If they were half married already I would unsay them again. LAPPET.

I have some secrets of our family which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in saying a friend &c. tell these things to! WHEELDY.



EDINBURG:

TO HIS GRACE

CHAR. DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LENOX.

See any vanity more general than that of
thought well received by the great, pardon
first opportunity of boasting the coun-
et with from one who is an honour to the
ch he is born. The Muses, my Lord,
such protectors; nor do I know under
I can so properly introduce Moliere as
e, to whom he is as familiar in his own

ich I may be supposed to receive from
ccess in so difficult an undertaking must
complete by your approbation; the perfect know-
ledge which your Grace is known to have of the manners,
habits, and taste, of that nation where this play was de-
rived makes you the properest judge wherein I have ju-
diciously kept up to or departed from the original. The
theatre hath declared loudly in favour of *The Miser*, and
you, my Lord, are to decide what share the translator
merits in the applause.

I shall not grow tedious by entering into the usual style
of Dedications, for my pen cannot accompany my heart
when I speak of your Grace; and I am now writing to the
only person to whom such a panegyrick would be dis-
pleasing; therefore I shall beg leave to conclude with the
highest on myself, by affirming that it is my greatest am-
bition to be thought,

My Lord,

your Grace's most obliged,

and most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

A ij

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

*TOO long the slighted Comick Muse has mourn'd,
Her face quite alter'd and her art o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more she sees
With which so well her Johnson knew to please:
No characters from nature now we trace,
All serve to empty books of common-place:
Our modern bards who to assemblies stray
Frequent the Park, the visit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do but what wits say.
Just they retail each quibble to the Town,
That surely must admire what is its own.
Thus without characters from nature got,
Without a moral or without a plot,
A dull collection of insipid jokes,
Some stole from conversation some from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call High Comedy, and seem content.
But to regale with other sort of fare
To-night our Author treats you with Moliere;
Moliere! who Nature's inmost secrets knew,
Whose just pen like Kneller's pencil drew;
In whose strong scenes all characters are shown,
Not by low jest, but actions of their own.
Happy our English bard if your applause
Grant he's not injur'd the French author's cause;
From that alone arises all his fear:
He must be safe if he has sav'd Moliere.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

LOVEGOLD, the Miser,
FREDERICK, his son,
CLERIMONT,
RAMILIE, servant to Frederick,
MR. DECOY, a broker,
MR. FURNISH, an upholsterer,
MR. SPARKLE, a jeweller,
MR. SATTIN, a mercer,
MR. LIST, a tailor,
CHARLES BUBBLENOY,
A LAWYER,
JAMES,

Drury-Lane. *Covent-Garden.*
Mr. Yates. Mr. Shuter.
Mr. Palmer. Mr. Wroug.
Mr. Brereton. Mr. Whitf.
Mr. Dodd. Mr. Lee L.
Mr. Wrighten. Mr. Fox.
Mr. Norris.
Mr. Griffith.
Mr. Everard.
Mr. Waldio.

HARRIET, Lovegold's daughter, Miss Hopki.
MRS. WISELY, Mrs. Cross.
MARIANA, Mrs. Grevill.
LAPPET, maid to Mariana, Miss Pope.
WHEELER,

Servants, &c.
SCENE LONDON.

THE MISER.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lovegold's house.*

Enter LAPPET and RAMILIE.

LAPPET.

Mr. Perfidious fellow! have I for thee good matches? have I for thee turn'd off and my Lord Landy's butler, and fencers, and all to be affronted in so publick

for me Madam.

*Shouldst have neglected me was there no-
to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Susan Cross-
Hitch, whom you know to be my utter aversion?*

Ram. Curse on all balls! henceforth I shall hate the sound of a violin.

Lapp. I have more reason, I am sure, after having been the jest of the whole company: what must they think of me when they see you, after I have countenanced your addresses in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

Ram. I'm sure the world must think worse of me did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

Lapp. None of your wheedling Sir, that won't do. If ever you hope to speak to me more let me see you affront the little minx in the next assembly you meet her.

Ram. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we are to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the first night he lies out of Town, where I'll give your revenge ample satisfaction.

Lapp. On that condition I pardon you this time; but if ever you do the like again——

Ram. May I be banish'd for ever from those dear eyes, and be turn'd out of the family while you live in it.

Enter WHEELDE.

Wheelde. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

Lapp. My dear! this is extremely kind.

Wheelde. It is what all your acquaintance must do that expect to see you. It is in vain to hope for the favour of a visit.

The lines distinguished by inverted commas are omitted in the original edition, and those printed in Italicks are the additions of the Translator.

Lap. Nay, dear creature! now you are barbarous. My young lady has staid at home so much I have not had one moment to myself; the first time I had gone out I am sure, Madam, would have been to wait on Mrs. Wheedle.

Wheed. My lady has staid at home too pretty much lately. Oh, Mr Ramilic! are you confin'd too? Your master does not stay at home I am sure; he can find the way to our house tho' you can't.

Ram. That is the only happiness, Madam, I envy him: but faith I don't know how it is in this parliament time, one's whole days are so taken up in the Court of Requests, and one's evenings at quadrille, the deuce take me if I have seen one opera since I came to Town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have a mind to see Cato I believe I can steal my master's silver ticket, for I know he is engag'd to-morrow with some gentlemen who never leave their bottle for musick.

Lap. Ah, the savages!

Wheed. No one can say that of you Mr. Ramilic; you prefer musick to every thing——

Ram.——But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So there's my summons.

Lap. Well, but shall we never have a party of quadrille more?

Wheed. Oh, do n't name it! I have work'd my eyes out since I saw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flourishing all her old cambrick pinnors and handkerchiefs: short, my dear! no journeywoman sempstress is half so much a slave as I am.

Lap. Why do you stay with her?

Wheed. La, child! where can one better one's self? the ladies of our acquaintance are just the same. Besides there are some little things that make amends for a whole train of admirers.

Ram. That, Madam, is the only circumstance she has the honour of resembling you. [*Bell rings.*] You hear, Madam, I am obliged to leave you. So, so, so: would the bell were in your pocket.

Lap. Oh Wheedle! I am quite sick of my old gentleman grows more covetous every day. Every thing is under lock and key; I can't go to eat or drink.

Wheed. Thank you my dear! but I have had a dozen dishes of chocolate already this morning.

Lap. Well, but my dear! I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made some notable discoveries.

Wheed. Pray let us hear 'em. I have some secrets of our family too which you shall know by and by. What a pleasure there is in having a friend to tell these things to!

Lap. You know, my dear! last summer my young lady had the misfortune to be overset in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, sav'd her life at the hazard of his own——Oh! I shall never forget the figure she made at her return home, so wet, so dragged!——Ha, ha, ha!

Wheed. Yes, my dear! I know how all your fine ladies look when they are never so little disordered—they have no need to be so vain of themselves.

Lap. You are no stranger to my master's way of rewarding people: when the poor gentleman brought Miss home my master meets 'em at the door, and without asking any question very civilly shuts it against him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards I was continually entertained with the young spark's bravery, and gallantry, and generosity, and beauty.

Wheed. I can easily guess; I suppose she was rather warmed than cooled by the water. These mistresses of ours, for all their pride, are made of just the same flesh and blood as we are.

Lap. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undress, and takes me with her. We sat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom should we meet with but this very gentleman? her blushes soon discovered to me who he was: in short, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much mistake if ever she was so agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out a rude fellow thrusts his hand into my lady's bosom, upon which her champion fell upon him, and did maul him——My lady fainted away in my arms; but soon as she came to herself—had you seen how she looked on him! Ah, Sir! says she, in a mighty pretty tone, sure we were born for my deliverance! He handed her into a hackneycoach and set us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both sides.

Wheed. And you took care to see the post paid I hope.

Lap. Never fear that—And now, what do you think we

have contrived amongst us? We have got this very gentleman into the house in the quality of my master's clerk.

Wheed. Soh! here's fine billing and cooing I warrant; Miss is in a fine condition.

Lap. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet; how long it will continue so I know not. I am making up my matters as fast as I can, for this house but the discovery.

Wheed. I think you have no great reason of loss of a place where the matter keeps his.

Lap. The devil take the first investor that come, my dear! there is one key which I believe will furnish us with some sweet will walk in with me I'll tell you a secret of your family. It is in your power perhaps to me. I hope, my dear! you will keep it for one would not have it known that our affairs of a family while one stays in it.

SCENE, a garden.

Enter CLERIMONT and HARRIET.

Cler. Why are you melancholy my dear Harriet? do you repent that promise of your's which has made me the happiest of mankind?

Har. You little know my heart if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happiness: if I am melancholy it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

Cler. "Thou art too bounteous; every tender word from those dear lips lays obligations on me I never can repay; but if to love, to dote on you more than life itself, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wishes before you speak them, can discharge me from any debt I owe you, I will be punctual in time."

Har. "It were ungenerous in me to do so when I think what you have done for me; I must think the balance on your side."

Cler. Generous creature! and dost thou not dread the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the censures of the world, who always suspect the person who sacrifices interest to affection?

Har. As for the censures of the world I

while I do not deserve them; Folly is forwarder to censure Wisdom than Wisdom Folly. I were weak indeed not to embrace real happiness because the world does not call it so.

ler. But see, my dearest! your brother is come into the

Har. Is it not safe, think you, to let him into our secret?

ler. You know, by outwardly humouring your father railing against the extravagance of young men I have taught him to look on me as his enemy; it will be first per to set him right in that point. Besides, in managing the old gentleman I shall still be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear, therefore I think it not adviseable to trust him, at least yet—

will observe us. Adieu, my heart's only joy! [*Exit.*]

Har. Honest creature! What happiness may I propose a life with such a husband! what is there in grandeur to compensate the loss of him? Parents chuse as often ill for us as we for ourselves: they are too apt to forget how seldom the happiness lives in a palace or rides in a coach-and-six.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Dear Harriet! good morrow: I am glad to find you alone, for I have an affair to impart to you that I am ready to burst with.

Har. You know, brother, I am a trusty confidant.

Fred. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of high consequence——

Har. Or it were not worth your telling me.

Fred. Or your telling again: in short, you never could discover it; I could afford you ten years to guess it in. I am—you will laugh immoderately when you know it; I am—is impossible to tell you: in a word—I am in love.

Har. In love!

Fred. Violently, to distraction; so much in love, that without more hopes than I at present see any possibility of obtaining I cannot live three days.

Har. And has this violent distemper, pray, come upon you of a sudden?

Fred. No, I have bred it a long time: it hath been growing these several weeks. I stifled it as long as I could, but it is now come to a crisis, and I must either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

Har. But who is this woman? for you have conceal'd it so well that I can't even guess.

Fred. In the first place, she is a most intolerable coquette.

Har. That is a description I shall never find her out by, there are so many of her sisters; you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

Fred. Secondly, she is almost eternally at cards.

Har. You must come to particulars; I shall never discover your mistress till you tell me more than that she is a woman, and lives in this Town.

Fred. Her fortune is very small.

Har. I find you are enumerating her charms.

Fred. Oh! I have only shewn you the reverse; but were you to behold the medal on the right side you would see beauty, wit, genteelness, politeness—in a word, you would see Mariana.

Har. Mariana! Ha, ha, ha! you have started a wild-goose chase indeed. But if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it it is an arrant impossibility to prevail on my father; and you may easily imagine what success a disinherited son may likely expect with a woman of her temper.

Fred. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impossible to love, at least nothing's impossible to woman; and therefore if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour I shall be far from despairing; and in return, sister, for this kindness—

Har. And in return, brother, for this kindness, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the same nature.

Love. without.] Rogue! villain!

Har. So! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this passion?

Fred. The loss of an old slipper I suppose, or something of equal consequence. Let us step aside in a secret place and talk more of our affairs.

Enter LOVEGOLD and RAMO.

Love. Answer me not sirrah, but get you gone.

Ram. Sir. I am your son's servant, and I won't go out of the house, Sir, unless I am sent out by my proper master, Sir.

Love. Sirrah, I'll turn your master out, an extravagant rascal as he is; he has no business while he is in my house; and here he dreads to be sent out at more expence than a prudent man might.

family at. It's plain enough what use he keeps you for ; but I will have no spy upon my affairs, no rascal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to see what he may steal.

Ram. Steal! a likely thing indeed to steal from a man who looks up every thing he has, and stands sentry upon it day and night!

Love. I'm all over in a sweat lest this fellow should suspect something of my money. [*Aside.*] Hark'e rascal, come hither: I would advise you not to run about the Town and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

Ram. Why, have you any money hid Sir?

Love. No sirrah, I don't say I have; but you may raise such a report nevertheless.

Ram. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, since I cannot find it.

Love. D'ye mutter sirrah? get you out of my house, I say, get you out this instant.

Ram. Well, Sir, I am going.

Love. Come back: let me desire you to carry nothing away with you.

Ram. What should I carry?

Love. That's what I would see. These bootsleeves were mainly intended to be the receivers of stolen goods, and I wish the tailor had been hang'd who invented them. Turn your pockets inside out if you please; but you are too stupid a rogue to put any thing there. These damn'd shoes have had many a good thing in them I warrant you.

Ram. Give me my bag Sir; I am in the most danger of being robb'd.

Love. Come, come, be honest, and return what thou hast taken from me.

Ram. Ay Sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but some boxes on the ear.

Love. And hast thou really stolen nothing?

Ram. No really Sir.

Love. Then get out of my house while 't is all well, and to the devil.

Ram. Ay, any where from such an old covetous curlew. [*Exit.*]

Love. So there's one plague gone. Now I will go pay due to the dear casket.

Enter FREDERICK *and* HARRIET.

In short I must find some safer place to deposit those three thousand guineas in which I received yesterday; three thousand guineas are a sum—Oh, Heavens! I have betray'd myself! my passion has transported me to tell aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! what's the matter?

Fred. The matter Sir!

Love. Yes, the matter Sir? I suppose you can repeat more of my words than these; I suppose you have overheard——

Fred. What Sir?

Love. That——

Fred. Sir!

Love. What I was just now saying.

Har. Pardon me Sir, we really did not.

Love. Well, I see you did overhear something, and so I will tell you the whole: I was saying to myself, in this great scarcity of money, what a happiness it would be to have three thousand guineas by one: I tell you this that you might not misunderstand me, and imagine that I said I had three thousand guineas.

Fred. We enter not into your affairs Sir.

Love. Ah, would I had those three thousand guineas!

Fred. In my opinion——

Love. It would make my affairs extremely easy.

Fred. Then it is very easily in your power to raise 'em Sir; that the whole world knows.

Love. I raise 'em! I raise three thousand guineas easily! My children are my greatest enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expenses they run into, be the occasion that one of these days somebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

Fred. What expense, Sir, do I run into?

Love. How have you the assurance to ask me that Sir, when if one was but to pick those fine feathers of your's off from head to foot one might purchase a very comfortable annuity out of them. A fellow here with a very good fortune upon his back wonders that he is call'd extravagant! In short, Sir, you must rob me to appear in this manner.

Fred. How Sir! rob you?

Love. Ay, rob me, or how cou'd you support this extravagance?

Fred. Alas Sir, there are fifty young fellows of my acquaintance that support greater extravagancies and no one knows how. Ah Sir, there are ten thousand pretty ways of living in this Town without robbing one's father.

Love. What necessity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the first hand too I warrant you. If you will be fine is there not such a place as Monmouth-street in this Town, where a man may buy a suit for the third part of the sum which his tailor demands? And then periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs when he may wear his own hair? "I dare swear a good periwig can't cost less than fifteen or twenty shillings." Heyday! what, are they making sigus to one another which shall pick my pocket?

Har. My brother and I, Sir, are disputing which shall speak to you first, for we have both an affair of consequence to mention to you.

Love. And I have an affair of consequence to mention to you both. Pray Sir, you who are a fine gentleman, and converse much amongst the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady called Mariana?

Fred. Mariana Sir!

Love. Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Think of her Sir!

Love. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

Fred. Why I think her the most charming woman in the world.

Love. Would she not be a desirable match?

Fred. So desirable that, in my opinion, her husband will be the happiest of mankind.

Love. Does she not promise to make a good housewife?

Fred. Oh, the best housewife upon earth.

Love. Might not a husband, think ye, live very easy and happy with her?

Fred. Doubtless Sir.

Love. There is one thing I'm a little afraid of, that is, that she has not quite as much fortune as one might fairly expect.

Fred. Oh Sir! consider but her merit, and you may easily make an abatement in her fortune. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't let that prevent your design. Fortune is nothing in comparison with her beauty and merit.

Love. Pardon me there; however, there may be some matters found, perhaps, to make up some little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occasion, perhaps the difference in some time might be made up.

Fred. My dearest father! I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

Love. Thou art a dutiful good boy; and since I find you have the same sentiments with me, provided she can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune I am even resolved to marry her.

Fred. Ha! you resolved to marry Mariana!

Love. Ay, to marry Mariana.

Har. Who? you, you, you!

Love. Yes, I, I, I.

Fred. I beg you will pardon me Sir; a sudden dizziness has seized me, and I must beg leave to retire. [*Exit Fred.*]

Love. This, daughter, is what I have resolved for myself; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear! shall marry our good neighbour Mr. Spindle.

Har. I marry Mr. Spindle!

Love. Yes; he is a prudent wise man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

Har. I thank you my dear papa! but I had rather not marry if you please. [*Courtesying.*]

Love. *mimicking her courtesy.* I thank you, my good daughter! but I had rather you should marry him if you please.

Har. Pardon me dear Sir!

Love. Pardon me dear Madam!

Har. Not all the fathers upon earth shall force me to it.

Love. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father!

Har. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter, after such a manner! In short, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happiness only, and not your's, I hope you will give me leave to consult my own inclination.

Love. I would not have you provoke me ; I am resolved upon the match.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. Some people, Sir, upon justice-business, desire to speak with your Worship.

Love. I can attend to no business, this girl has so perplexed me. Hussy, you shall marry as I would have you, or—

Cler. Forgive my interposing : dear Sir ! what's the matter ? Madam, let me entreat you not to put your father into a passion.

Love. Clerimont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter who refuses the most advantageous match that ever was offered both to her and to me : a man of a vast estate offers to take her without a portion ?

Cler. Without a portion ! Consider, dear Madam ! can you refuse a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion ?

Love. Ay, consider what that saves your father.

Star. Yes, but I consider what I am to suffer.

Cler. That's true indeed ; you will think on that Sir. Though money be the first thing to be considered in all the affairs of life, yet some little regard should be had in this case to inclination.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. You are in the right Sir, that decides the thing at once : and yet I know there are people who, on this occasion, object against a disparity of age and temper, which too often make the married state utterly miserable.

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Ah ! there's no answering that——“ Who can oppose such a reason as that ? ” And yet there are several parents who study the inclinations of their children more than any other thing that would by no means sacrifice them to interest, “ and who esteem the very first article of marriage that happy union of affections which is the foundation of every blessing attending on a married state——and who—— ”

Love. Without a portion.

Cler. Very true ; that stops your mouth at once——“ Without a portion ! ” Where is the person who can find an argument against that ?

Love. Ha ! is not that the barking of a dog ? some villains are in search of my money.—Don't stir from hence ; I'll return in an instant.

[Exit Love.]

Cler. My dearest Harriet! how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

Har. Be not too much alarmed, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of Fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

Cler. Thou kindest lovely creature!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Thank Heaven it was nothing but my fear.

Cler. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age, of a husband; but when a man offers to take her without a portion she is to have him, let him be what he will.

Love. Admirably well said indeed.

Cler. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your family carries me a little too far. Be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it.

[To Lovegold.]

Love. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

Cler. "When a lover offers, Madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should inquire no farther; every thing is contained in that one article, and without a portion supplies the want of beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and honesty."

Love. "Gloriously said, spoke like an oracle!" *[Exit.]*

Cler. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me this is a most painful hypocrisy; "it tortures me to oppose your opinion though I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abused by vulgar souls who are incapable of tasting its delicacies!" When love is great as mine

None can its pleasures or its pains declare;
We can but feel how exquisite they are.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE *continues.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

WHAT is the reason, sirrah, you have been out of the way when I gave you orders to stay here?

Ram. Yes Sir, and here did I stay, according to your orders, till your good father turn'd me out; and it is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again.

Fred. Well Sir, and what answer have you brought touching the money?

Ram. Ah Sir, it is a terrible thing to borrow money! a man must have dealt with the devil to deal with a scrivener.

Fred. Then it won't do, I suppose.

Ram. Pardon me Sir, Mr. Decoy the broker is a most industrious person; he says he has done every thing in his power to serve you, for he has taken a particular fancy to your Honour.

Fred. So then I shall have the five hundred, shall I?

Ram. Yes Sir; but there are some trifling conditions which your Honour must submit to before the affair can be finished.

Fred. Did he bring you to the speech of the person that is to lend the money?

Ram. Ah Sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himself than you do; there are greater mysteries in these matters than you imagine: why, he would not so much as tell me the lender's name, and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in some third person's house, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your estate and family. I dare swear the very name of your father will make all things easy.

Fred. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

Ram. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me he took 'em from the mouth of the person himself. Your Honour will find them extremely reasonable — “the broker was forced to stickle hard to get such good ones.” In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities, and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all encumbrance; and that the lender may run as little risk as possible the borrower must ensure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army he is to make over his whole pay for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burden his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than thirty per cent.

Fred. Oh the conscientious rascal!

Ram. But as the said lender has not by him at present the sum demanded, and that to oblige the borrower he is himself forced to borrow of another at the rate of four *per cent.* he thinks it but reasonable, that the first borrower, over and above the thirty *per cent.* aforesaid, shall also pay this four *per cent.* since it is for his service only that this sum is borrowed.

Fred. Oh the devil! what a Jew is here?

Ram. You know Sir what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

Fred. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

Ram. Ay Sir; why that was what I told him.

Fred. Did you so rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions if you laid open my necessities to him.

Ram. Alas, Sir, I only told it to the broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

Fred. Well, is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

Ram. Of the five hundred pounds required the lender can pay down in cash no more than four hundred, and for the rest the borrower must take in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

Fred. What in the devil's name is the meaning of all this?

Ram. *Imprimis*, "one large yellow camblet bed, lined
"with fatten, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting
"only one curtain; six stuffed chairs of the same, a little
"torn, and the frames wormeaten, otherwise not in the
"least the worse for wearing; one large pierglass, with
"only one crack in the middle; one suit of tapestry hang-
"ings, in which are curiously wrought the loves of Mars
"and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Psyche, with
"many other amorous stories, which make the hangings
"very proper for a bedchamber.

Fred. "What the devil is here!

Ram. "*Item*, one suit of drugget with silver buttons,
"the buttons only the worse for wearing; *item*, two mus-
"quets, one of which only wants the lock;" one large sil-
"ver watch, with Tompion's name to it; one snuffbox, with
a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's, a proper present for
a mistress; five pictures without frames, if not originals all
copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

Fred. Oons ! what use have I for all this ?

Ram. Several valuable books, amongst which are all the journals printed for these five years last past, handsomely bound and lettered—the whole works in divinity of—

Fred. Read no more ! confound the curst extortioner !
• I shall pay one hundred *per cent*.

Ram. Ah Sir ! I wish your Honour would consider of it in time.

Fred. I must have money. To what straits are we reduced by the curst avarice of fathers ! well may we wish them dead when their death is the only introduction to our living.

Ram. Such a father as your's, Sir, is enough to make one do something more than wish him dead. "For my part, I have never had any inclinations towards hanging ; and I thank Heaven I have lived to see whole sets of my companions swing out of the world, while I have had address enough to quit all manner of gallantries the moment I smelt the halter." I have always had an utter aversion to the smell of hemp ; but this rogue of a father of your's Sir——Sir, I ask your pardon——has so provoked me that I have often wished to rob him, and rob him I shall in the end, that's certain.

Fred. Give me that paper, that I may consider a little these moderate articles.

Enter LOVEGOLD and DECOY.

Decoy. In short, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and so pressed by his necessities that you may bring him to what terms you please.

• *Love.* But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger ? do you know the name, the family, and the estate, of the borrower ?

Decoy. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greatest accident in the world that he was recommended to me ; but you will learn all these particulars from his own lips, and his man assured me you would make no difficulty the moment you knew the name of his father : all that I can tell you is, that his servant says the old gentleman is extremely rich ; he called him a covetous old rascal.

Love. Ay, that is the name which these spendthrifts, and the rogues their servants, give to all honest prudent men who know the world and the value of their money.

Decoy. This young gentleman is an only son, and is so little afraid of any future competitors that he offers to be bound, if you insist on it, that his father shall die within these eight months.

Love. Ay! there's something in that; I believe they I shall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity, obliges us to serve our neighbours, I say, when we are no losers by so doing.

Decoy. Very true indeed.

Ram. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman!

Decoy. So, gentlemen! I see you are in great haste: but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I assure you, Sir, I neither discovered your name nor your house: but, however, there is no great harm done; they are people of discretion, so you may freely transact the affair now.

Love. How!

Decoy. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

Love. How, rascal! is it you that abandon yourself to these intolerable extravagancies?

Fred. I must even stand buff, and outface him. [*Aside.*] — And is it you, father, that disgrace yourself by these scandalous extortions? [*Ramille and Decoy sneak off.*]

Love. Is it you that would ruin yourself by taking up money at such interest?

Fred. Is it you that would enrich yourself by lending at such interest?

Love. How dare you, after this, appear before my face?

Fred. How dare you, after this, appear before the face of the world?

Love. Get you out of my sight villain! get out of my sight.

Fred. Sir, I go; but give me leave to say——

Love. I'll not hear a word: I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future.——Get out of my sight villain!—I am not sorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a stricter eye over his actions.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, an apartment in Lovegold's house.

Enter HARRIET and MARIANA.

Mar. Nay, Harriet, you must excuse me, for of all people upon earth you are my greatest favourite: but I have

had such an intolerable cold child, that it is a miracle I have recovered ; for, my dear ! would you think I have had no less than three doctors ?

Har. Nay, then it is a miracle you recovered indeed.

Mar. Oh, child, doctors will never do me any harm ; I never take any thing they prescribe : I don't know how it is ; when one's ill one can't help sending for them ; and you know, my dear ! my mamma loves physick better than she does any thing but cards.

Har. Were I to take as much of cards as you do I don't know which I should nauseate most.

Mar. Oh, child, you are quite a Tramontane ; I must bring you to like dear spadille. I protest, Harriet, if you would take my advice in some things you would be the most agreeable creature in the world.

Har. Nay, my dear ! I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

Mar. That would be the happiest thing in the world for you ; and I dare swear you would like them extremely, for they would be exactly opposite to every command of your father's.

Har. By that now one would think you were married already.

Mar. Married, my dear !

Har. Oh, I can tell you of such a conquest ! you will have such a lover within these four-and-twenty hours !

Mar. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off somebody to make room for him ; but I believe I have lifted him already." Oh Harriet ! I have been so plagued, so pestered, so fatigued, since I saw you, with that dear creature your brother—In short child, he has made arrant downright love to me ; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itself I had been your sister by this time.

Har. And if your heart be not harder than adamant you will be in a fair way of being my mother shortly, for my good father has this very day declared such a passion for you—

Mar. Your father !

Har. Ay, my dear ! what say you to a comely old gentleman of not much above threescore that loves you so violently ? I dare swear he will be constant to you all his days.

Mar. Ha, ha, ha ! I shall die. Ha, ha, ha ! you extra-

vagant creature! how could you throw away all this jest at once? it would have furnished a prudent person with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charmed with my conquest; I am quite in love with him already: I never had a lover yet above half his age.

Har. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot—you will but come into it and counterfeit an affection for him.

Mar. Why, child, I have a real affection for him. Oh, methinks I see you on your knees already—Pray, Mamma, please to give me your blessing. Oh, I see my loving bridegroom “in his threefold nightcap, his flannel shirt; me—“thinks” I see him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age; I hear him whisper charming sentences of morality in my ear, “more instructive than all my grandmother e’er taught me.” Oh! I smell him sweeter, oh! sweeter than even hartshorn itself! Ha, ha, ha! See child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover: “would not any one think now we had been a happy couple together Heaven knows how long?”

Har. Well, you dear mad creature! but do you think you can maintain any of this fondness to his face? for I know some women who speak very fondly of a husband to other people, but never say one civil thing to the man himself.

Mar. Oh, never fear it; one can’t indeed bring one’s self to be civil to a young lover; but as for these old fellows, I think one may play as harmlessly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and must be kept at a distance; the old ones are mere lapdogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them one is equally fond of both.

Har. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to speak a word or two seriously in favour of my poor brother.

Mar. Oh, I shall hate you if you are serious. Oh! see what your wicked words have occasioned: I protest you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

Enter FREDERICK.

Har. Oh brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cause; I have been your solicitor in your absence.

Fr’d. I am afraid, like other clients, I shall plead much worse for myself than my advocate has done.

Mar. Persons who have a bad cause should have every artful counsel.

Fred. When the judge is determined against us all art will prove of no effect.

Mar. Why then, truly Sir in so terrible a situation I think the sooner you give up the cause the better.

Fred. No, Madam, I am resolved to persevere; for when one's whole happiness is already at stake I see nothing can be hazarded in the pursuit. It might be perhaps a person's interest to give up a cause wherein part of his fortune was concern'd, but when the dispute is about the whole he can never lose by persevering.

Mar. Do you hear him Harriet? I fancy this brother of your's would have made a most excellent lawyer. I protest when he is my son-in-law I'll send him to the Temple: tho' he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

Fred. I hope, Madam, diligence may succeed in love as well as law: sure Mariana is not a more crabbed study than Coke upon Littleton!

Mar. Oh, the wretch! he has quite suffocated me with his comparison; I must have a little air: dear Harriet! let us walk in the garden.

Fred. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

Mar. My leave! no indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me I know no way to hinder you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Har. "Ah, brother! I wish you had no greater enemy
"in this affair than your mistress."

SCENE, a garden.

Enter RAMILIE *and* LAPPET.

Lap. This was indeed a most unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I shall succeed better with him, and get some of those guineas you would have borrowed.

Ram. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get any thing out of him I shall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honesty from a lawyer, health from a physician, sincerity from a courtier, or modesty from a poet. I think, my dear! you have liv'd long enough in this house to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

Lap. Ah, but there are some certain services which will squeeze it out of the closest hands. There is one trade,

which I thank Heaven I'm no stranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will scarce afford himself either meat or clothes will still pay for the commodities I deal in.

Ram. Your humble servant Madam; I find you don't know our good master yet: "there is not a woman in the world who loves to hear her pretty self talk never so much" but you may easier shut her mouth than open his heart; "as for thanks, praises, and promises, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them; but for money, the devil a penny: there's nothing so dry as his caresses; and" there is no husband who hates the word Wife half so much as he does the word Give: instead of saying I give you a good-morrow, he always says I lend you a good-morrow.

Lap. Ah Sir! let me alone to drain a man; I have the secret to open his heart and his purse too.

Ram. I defy you to drain the man we talk of of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange: "the very sight of a dun throws him into convulsions; 'tis touching him in the only sensible part; 'tis piercing his heart, tearing out his vitals, to ask him for a farthing;" but here he is, and if you get a shilling out of him I'll marry you without any other fortune. [*Exit.*

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. All's well hitherto; my dear money is safe, you Lappet?

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you Sir? Why, you look so young and vigorous——

Love. Do I, do I!

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day Sir; you never look'd half so young in your life Sir as you do now. Why Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five-and-twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid could I take off twenty years it would do me no harm with the ladies Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? for now-a-days nobody

marries a woman unless she brings something with her besides her petticoat.

Lap. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pounds a-year as ever was told.

Love. How! a thousand pounds a-year?

Lap. Yes Sir; there's, in the first place, the article of a ~~girl~~; she has a very little stomach, she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight; and then as to the quality of what she eats you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account; as for sweetmeats, she mortally hates them; so there is the article of deserts wiped off all at once—you'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half-a-dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal; this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item*, for clothes; she has been bred up in such a plainness in them that should we allow but for three birth-night suits a-year saved, which are the least a Town lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more; for jewels, (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter ~~neglect~~ aversion for play, at which I have known several mo-

ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year; now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred, to which if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in clothes, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thousand pounds a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things it must be confessed, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

Lap. How, Sir! is it not something real to bring you in marriage a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a great love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expenses she won't put me to; I assure you, Madam, I shall give no acquittance for what I have not received: in short Lappet, I must touch, touch, touch, something real.

Lap. Never fear, you shall touch something real. I have

heard them talk of a certain country where she has a very pretty freehold, which shall be put into your hands.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I should be glad to touch it: but there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in Town.

Lop. Ah Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of: she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you above all things to take care not to appear too young; she insists on sixty at least: *why, she broke off a match t' other day because her lover was but fifty, and pretended to sign the marriage articles without spectacles.*

Love. This humour is a little strange methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther Sir than can be imagin'd: she has in her chamber several pictures, but what do you think they are? none of your smoke-fac'd young fellows, your Adoniss, your Cephaluss, your Pariss, and your Apollos: no Sir; you see nothing there but your handsome figures of Saturn, King Priam, old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! this is more than I could have hoped. To say the truth, had I been a woman I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty sort of stuff indeed to be in love with young fellows! pretty masters indeed, with their fine complexions and their fine feathers! Now, I should be glad to taste the favour that is in any of them.

[*Here Lappet introduces a song.*]

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing! if your picture was drawn by a good hand Sir it would be invaluable! "Turn about a little if you please: there, what can be more charming!" Let me see you walk; there's a person for you! tall, straight, free, and degagee! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatick pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh sits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all such occasions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you—I have a lawsuit depending which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money; [*He looks gravely.*] and you could easily procure my success if you had the least friendship for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleased.*]—Ah! how you will delight her! how your venerable mien will charm her! she will never be able to withstand you. —But indeed Sir, this lawsuit will be of a terrible consequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent. Ah Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you! [*He resumes his gaiety.*] how pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In short, to discover a secret to you which I promised to conceal, I have worked up her imagination till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance Sir; [*He looks serious.*] it will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell; I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you Sir you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair—

Lap. I would not importune you Sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small favour: I shall be undone indeed Sir: if it were but so small a matter as ten pounds Sir.

Love. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pounds Sir; but three pounds Sir: nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side she intercepts him.*]

Love. I must go; I can't stay. Hark there, somebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you; indeed I am very much oblig'd to you. [*Exit.*]

Lap. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a covetous god-forsaken villain as you are! Ramilie is in the right: however, I shall not quit the affair; for tho' I get nothing out of him I am sure of my reward from the other side.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And if one fails they're feed on t'other side.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE continues.

Enter, HARRIET, FREDERICK, and CLERIMONT.

FREDERICK.

I Think, Sir, you have given my sister a very substantial proof of your affection. I am sorry you could have had such a suspicion of me as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approved himself a gentleman and a lover.

Cler. If any thing, Sir, could add to my misfortunes, it would be to be thus obliged without having any prospect of repaying the obligation.

Fred. Every word you speak is a farther conviction to me that you are what you have declared yourself; "for there is something in a generous education which it is impossible for persons who want that happiness to counterfeit;" therefore henceforth I beg you to believe me sincerely your friend.

Har. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliments, for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. So, so, this is just as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converse too much with him: he will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head so high, better sense than to borrow money at fifty per cent. And you, Madam, I dare

say he will infuse good things into you too if you will but hearken to him.

Fred. While you live, Sir, we shall want no other instructor.

Love. Come hither Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindles. Now I intend to take this opportunity of saving the expense of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I observe, that take what care one will there is always more victuals provided on these occasions than is eat; and an additional guest makes no additional expense.

Cler. Very true Sir; besides, tho' they were to rise hungry no one ever calls for more at another person's table.

Love. Right, honest Clerimont, and to rise with an appetite is one of the wholesomest things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately and carry the invitation; you may walk thither, and they will bring you back in a coach.

Har. I shall obey you Sir.

Love. Go; that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I desire would behave yourself civilly at supper.

Fred. Why should you suspect me Sir?

Love. I know, Sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

Fred. I cannot promise, Sir, to be overjoy'd at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish: I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

Love. That I think is the least I can expect.

Fred. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

Enter JAMES.

James. Did you send for me Sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook Sir.

James. I thought indeed it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair

of geldings were starved—But your cook, Sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*]

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

James. I am ready for your commands Sir.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year; I have indeed now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long, that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

James. That may be done Sir with a good deal of money.

Love. What, is the devil in you? always money. Can you say nothing else but Money, money, money? All my servants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than Money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. "Here's a miracle for you indeed, to make a good supper with a good deal of money! Is there any thing so easy? is there any one who can't do it?" Would a man shew himself to be a good cook he must make a good supper out of a little money.

James. I wish you would be so good, Sir, as to shew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

Love. "Peace sirrah, and tell me what we can have."

James. "There's a gentleman, Sir, who can furnish you out a good supper with a little money."

Love. "Answer me yourself."

James. "Why Sir," how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dress'd but for eight; for if there be enough for eight there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome soup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted, and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which I believe may be bought for a guinea or thereabouts.

Love. What! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen!

James. Then, Sir, for the second course a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half-a-dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen—

Love. putting his hand before James's mouth.] Ah villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

James. Then a ragout—

Love. stopping his mouth again.] Hold your extravagant tongue surrah.

Clar. Have you a mind to burst them all? “has my master invited people to cram 'em to death? or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one supper?” Such servants as you, Mr. James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, We must eat to live, not live to eat.

Love. Excellently well said indeed! it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. We must live to eat, and not eat to—No, that is not it: how did you say?

Clar. That we must eat to live, and not live to eat.

Love. Extremely fine! pray write them out for me, for I'm resolv'd to have them done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

James. You have no need to do any more Sir, people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray Sir, what do people say of me?

James. Ah Sir! if I could but be assur'd that you would not be angry with me—

Love. Not at all; so far from it you will very much oblige me, for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Well Sir, then, since you will have it, I will tell you freely that they make a jest of you every where, nay of your very servants upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you; one says that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarterday, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing; another says that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses, for which your coachman very handsomely belaboured your back: in a word, Sir, one can go no where where you are not the by-word; you are the laughingstock of all the world; and you are never mentioned but by the names of covetous, seraping, stingy—

Love. Impertinent, impudent, rascal! beat him for me
Clar.

Clar. “Are you not ashamed, Mr. James, to give your master this language?”

James. "What's that to you Sir?—I fancy this fellow
" 's a coward; if he be I will handle him."

Cler. It does not become a *clerk* to his master.

James. Who taught you, *clerk*, to trouble your head with my business? I'll give you a jacket for you. If I once take you to hold your tongue for the future, I'll offer to say another word to me. I'll break your head for you.

[*Drives Clerimont to the door.*]

Cler. How, rascal! break my head!

James. I did not say I'd break your head.

[*Clerimont drives him back gain.*]

Cler. Do you know, *firrah*, that I shall break your's for this impudence?

James. "I hope not Sir: I give you no offence Sir."

Cler. "That I shall shew you the difference between us."

James. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future.

[*Kicks him off the stage.*]

James. Nay Sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me Sir; I will take care of that.

Love. Do so: see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soupmeagre, a good large fuet-pudding, some dainty fat pork pie or patty, a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a sallad, and a dish of artichokes, which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every thing to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that—This is a most excellent young fellow!—But now will I go pay a visit to my money.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,

RAMILIE and I

Ram. Well Madam, what

"prophet, and have you com

"have I spokelike an oracle, as

Lap. Never was a person of
rhetorick availed nothing.

about the lady he smil'd and was pleas'd, but the moment I mentioned money to him his countenance chang'd, and he understood not one word that I said. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am transacting?

Ram. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too severe a task upon me. How is it possible in the vast variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands that I should be able to guess which is so happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

Lap. Let me tell you then, sweet Sir! that I am transacting an affair between your master's mistress and his father.

Ram. What affair prithee?

Lap. What should it be but the old one matrimony?

- In short your master and his father are rivals.

Ram. I am glad on't, and I wish, the old gentleman success with all my heart.

Lap. How! are you your master's enemy.

Ram. No, Madam, I am so much his friend that I had rather he should lose his mistress than his humble servant, which must be the case, for I am determin'd against a married family. I will never be servant to any man who is not his own master.

Lap. Why truly, when one considers the case thoroughly, I must be of opinion that it would be more your master's interest to be this lady's son-in-law than her husband; for, in the first place, she has but little fortune; and if she was once married to his son I dare swear the old gentleman would never forgive the disappointment of his love.

• *Ram.* And is the old gentleman in love?

Lap. Oh profoundly! delightfully! oh that you had but seen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! his old trunk was shaken with a fit of love just as if it had been a fit of an ague.

Ram. He will have more cold fits than hot I believe.

Lap. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that should open his father's heart to him than a wife that would shut it against him? Besides, it will be better for us all; for if the husband were as covetous as the devil he could not stop the hands of an extravagant wife: she will always have it in her power to reward them for keeping her secrets; and when the husband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather she has always secrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it; so faith I will e'en

set about that in earnest which I have hitherto intended only as a jest.

Ram. "But do you think you can prevail with her? will she not be apt to think she loses that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for?"

Lap. "Ah Ramilie! the difficulty is not so great to persuade a woman to follow her interest: we generally have that more at heart than you men imagine; besides, we are extremely apt to listen to one another; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin or preserve her from it, the surest way of doing either is by one of her own sex. We are generally decoyed into the net by birds of our own feather."

Ram. Well, if you do succeed in your undertaking you will allow this I hope, that I first put it into your head.

Lap. Yes, it is true you did mention it first; but I thought of it first I am sure; I must have thought of it: but I will not lose a moment's time; for notwithstanding all I have said young fellows are devils. Besides, this has a most plausible tongue, and should he get access to Mariana may do in a few minutes what I shall never be able to undo as long as I live. [Exit.]

Ram. There goes the glory of all chambermaids. "The jade has art, but it is quite overshadowed by her vanity. She will get the better of every one but the person who will condescend to praise her; for tho' she be a most mercurial devil, she will swallow no bribe half so eagerly as flattery. The same pride which warms her fancy serves to cool her appetites, and therefore though she have neither virtue nor beauty her vanity gives her both. And this is my mistress, with a pox to her! Pray, what am I in love with? but that is a question so few lovers can answer, that I shall content myself with thinking I am in love with *le je ne sçai quoi*." *Match her who can.* [Exit.]

SCENE, *Lovegold's house.*

Enter LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, and

Love. You see, Madam, young: here are a couple of the age of man and woman

Mrs. Wife. When children gold, they are no longer any

I have always dreaded was to have married into a family where there were small children.

Love. Pray give me leave, young lady : I have been told you have no great aversion to spectacles : it is not that your charms do not sufficiently strike the naked eye, or that they want addition ; but it is with glasses we look at the stars, and I'll maintain you are a star of beauty, that is, the finest, brightest, and most glorious, of all stars.

Mar. Harriet, I shall certainly burst. Oh ! nauseous filthy fellow !

Love. What does she say to you Harriet ?

Har. She says, Sir, if she were a star you should be sure of her kindest influence.

Love. How can I return this great honour you do me ?

Mar. Ah ! what an animal ! what a wretch !

Love. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments !

Mar. I shall never be able to hold it out unless you keep him at a greater distance.

Love. *[listening.]* I shall make them both keep their distance Madam. Hark 'e, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father ?

Fred. My father has indeed, Madam, much reason to be vain of his choice : you will be doubtless a very great honour to our family ; notwithstanding which I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of Son-in-law ; nor can I help saying, that if it were in my power I believe I should make no scruple of preventing the match.

Mar. I believe it indeed : were they to ask the leave of their children few parents would marry twice.

Love. Why, you illbred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law ?

Fred. Well Sir, since you will have me talk in another style—Suffer me, Madam, to put myself in the place of my father ; and believe me when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming ; “that I can imagine no happier and equal to that of pleasing you ;” that to be called your husband would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. “The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of Fortune ;” that is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends ;

"there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking
 "to attain so great a blessing; all difficulties, when you
 "are the prize in pursuit——"

Love. Hold, hold, Sir! softly if you please!

Fred. I am only saying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

Love. Your humble servant Sir! I have a tongue to say civil things with myself: I have no need of such an interpreter as you are sweet Sir!

Mar. If your father could not speak better for himself than his son can for him I am afraid he would meet with little success.

Love. I don't ask you, ladies, to drink any wine before supper, lest it should spoil your stomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order some sweetmeats Sir, and tokay, in the next room: I hope the ladies will excuse what is wanting.

Mrs. Wife. There was no necessity for such a collation.

Fred. to Mariana.] Did you ever see, Madam, so fine a brilliant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It seems indeed to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unless you were to see it nearer. If you will give me leave Sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger and gives it to Mariana.*] There is no seeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wife. Mar.] It is really a prodigious fine one.

Fred. preventing Mariana, who is going to return it.] No, Madam, it is already in the best hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a present to you, therefore I hope you will accept it.

Love. Present! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your request to this lady that she would wear this bauble for your sake?

Love. to his son.] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes signs to me that I would entreat you to accept it.

Mar. I shall not upon my

Fred. He will not receive

Love. I shall run stark

Mar. I must insist on re

Fred. It would be cruel to treat you, Madam, not to the degree.

Mrs. Wife. It is illbreeding, child, to refuse so often.

Love. Oh, that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in lest you should return it——It is not my fault dear Sir! I do all I can to prevail with her—but she is obstinate——For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

Love. to his son.] Infernal villain!

Fred. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed: on my knees I entreat you.

Love. The cutthroat!

Mrs. Wife. Daughter, I protest you make me ashamed of you. Come, come, put up the ring, since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

Mar. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

Love. I shall be undone! I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

Enter JAMES.

James. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

Love. Tell him I am busy——bid him come another time——bid him leave his business with you——

James. Must he leave the money he has brought with me Sir? *[Exit James.]*

Love. No, no, stay——tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately. *[Exit.]*

Fred. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

Mar. I have ate too much fruit already this afternoon.

Mrs. Wife. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but since the tokay is provided I will taste one glass.

Har. I'll wait on you Madam.

[Exeunt Mrs. Wisely and Harriet.]

Mar. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door Harriet; is it a family-piece my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it; are not you generally thought very like it? Heyday! where is my mamma and your sister gone?

Fred. They thought, Madam, we might have some business together, and so were willing to leave us alone.

Mar. Did they so? but as we happen to have no business together we may as well follow them.

Fred. When a lover has no other obstacles to surmount

but those his mistress throws in his way she is in the way not to become too easy a conquest; but were you as I could wish my father would still prove a sufficient bar to our happiness, therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

Mar. Our happiness! how came your happiness and mine to depend so on one another pray, "when that our mother and son-in-law are usually so very opposite?"

Fred. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindness to him comes from the same spring as cruelty to me.

Mar. Modest enough! then I suppose you think fictitious.

Fred. Faith, to be sincere I do. Without arrogantly think I have nothing in me so detestable as should render you deaf to all I say, or blind to all I suffer. This is certain, there is nothing in him so charming as to convert a woman of your sense in a moment.

Mar. You are mistaken Sir; money, money, the charming of all things; money, which will say more in a moment than the most eloquent lover can in years. Perhaps you will say a man is not young; I answer he is rich he is not genteel, handsome, witty, brave, goodhumoured; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich—that one word contradicts every thing you can say against him; and if you were to praise a person for a whole hour, and end with But he is poor, you overthrow all you have said; for it has long been an established maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

Fred. These principles are foreign to the real sentiments of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill counterfeited you are, how awkwardly ill nature fits upon you, you'd never wear it. "There is not one so abandoned but that she can affect what is amiable better than you can what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion of virtue in such lively colours, that nothing but what lovely can suit you or appear." *Enter Mariana.*

Har. I left your mamma who is shewing her some picture you told him?

Mar. Told him what?

Har. Why, what you loved him.

Mar. I tell you I loved him—Oh, barbarous falsehood!

Fred. Did you? could you say so? Oh, repeat it to my face, and make me blest'd to that degree!

Har. Repeat it to him, can't you? How can you be so ill-natured to conceal any thing from another which would make him happy to know?

Mar. The lie would choke me were I to say so.

Har. Indeed, my dear! you have said you hated him so often that you need not fear that. But if she will not discover it to you herself, take my word for it, brother, she is your own without any possibility of losing: she is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peevish, foolish, coyness in women, who will suffer a worthy lover to languish and despair, when they need only put themselves to the pain of telling truth to make him easy.

Mar. Give me leave to tell you, Miss Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, especially in your own house, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betrayed, and that you had entered into a plot with your brother against my reputation.

Har. We form a plot against your reputation! I wish you could see, my dear! how prettily these airs become you—take my word for it you would have no reason to be in love with your fancy.

Mar. I should indeed have no reason to be in love with my fancy if it were fixed where you have insinuated it “to be placed.”

Har. If you have any reason, Madam, to be ashamed of your choice it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you Madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it you shall not render him as ridiculous to the Town as you have some other of your admirers.

Fred. Dear Harriet! carry it no farther; you will ruin me for ever with her.

Har. Away! you do not know the sex: her vanity will make her play the fool till she despises you, and then condemn you to destroy her affection for you.—It is a part she has often played.

Mar. I am obliged to you however, Madam, for the lesson you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendship: it will be my own fault if ever I am deceived hereafter.

Har. My friendship, Madam, naturally cools when I

is a part

discover its objects less worthy than I imagined her.—
 never have any violent esteem for one who would make
 herself unhappy to make the person who dotes on her
 so; the ridiculous custom of the world is a poor excuse
 for such a behaviour; and in my opinion the coquette who
 sacrifices the ease and reputation of as many as she is able
 to an ill-natur'd vanity, is a more odious, I am sure she is a
 more pernicious, creature than the wretch whom fondness
 betrays to make her lover happy at the expense of her
 reputation.

Enter Mrs. WISELY and CLERIMONT.

Mrs. Wise. Upon my word, Sir, you have a most
 excellent taste for pictures.

Mar. I can bear this no longer: if you had been
 enough to have given up all friendship and honour, good
 breeding should have restrained you from using me in
 this inhumane, cruel, barbarous, manner.

Mrs. Wise. Bless me child! what's the matter?

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expose your-
 self; you have nothing to complain of on his side, and
 therefore pray let the whole be a secret.

Mar. A secret! no Madam: the whole world shall
 know how I have been treated. I thank Heaven I have
 in my power to be revenged on you; and if I am not
 revenged on you——

Fred. See, sister, was I not in the right? did I not
 you you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet: you must not be
 frightened at a few storms: these are only blasts that can
 a lover to his harbour.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I ask your pardon; I have dispatched my busi-
 ness with all possible haste.

Mrs. Wise. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we
 were invited hither that your children intended to affi-

Love. Has any

Mrs. Wise. Yes
 so ill that they
 assure you we are
 My daughter is

Love. Out of
 let me never see

Fred. Sir, I—

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wish I may never hear you more. Was ever such impudence! to dare, after what I have told you——

Har. Come, brother, perhaps I may give you some comfort.

• *Fred.* I fear you have destroyed it for ever.

[*Exit Frederick and Harriet.*]

Love. How shall I make you amends for the rudeness you have suffered? Poor pretty creature! had they stolen my purse I would almost as soon have pardoned them.

Mrs. Wife. The age is come to a fine pass indeed if children are to control the wills of their parents. If I would have consented to a second match I would have been glad to see a child of mine oppose it.

Love. Let us be married immediately my dear! and if after that they ever dare to offend you they shall stay no longer under my roof.

Mrs. Wife. “Look’c, Mariana, I know your consent will appear a little sudden, and not altogether conform to those nice rules of decorum of which I have been all my life so strict an observer, but this is so prudent a match that the world will be apt to give you a dispensation. When women seem too forward to run away with idle young fellows the world is, as it ought to be, very severe on them; but when they only consult their interest in their consent, though it be never so quickly given, we say La! who suspected it? it was mighty privately carried on!”

Mar. “I resign myself entirely over to your will Madam, and am at your disposal.”

Mrs. Wife. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little shy on this occasion: you know your courtship has not been of any long date; but she has considered your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her consent.

Love. And shall I? Hey! I begin to find myself the happiest man upon earth! O! Madam, you shall be a grandmother within these ten months—I am a very young fellow.

Mar. If you were five years younger I should utterly detest you.

Love. The very creature I was described to be! No one sure ever so luckily found a mass of treasure as I have. My pretty sweet! if you will walk a few minutes in the

garden I will wait on you; I must give some necessary orders to my clerk.

Mrs. Wife. We shall expect you with impatience.

[*Exeunt Mariana and Mrs. Wife.*]

Love. Clerimont, come hither: you see the disorder my house is like to be in this evening. I must trust every thing to your care; see that matters be managed with as small expence as possible. My extravagant son has sent for fruit, sweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drank be returned to the tradespeople. If you can save a bottle of the wine let that be sent back too; and put up what is left, if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am sick. Be sure that the servants of my guests be not asked to come farther than the hall. I fear some of mine should ask them to eat. I trust every thing to you.

Cler. I shall take all the care possible Sir: but there is one thing in this entertainment of your's which gives me inexpressible pain.

Love. What is that prithee?

Cler. That is, the cause of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occasion. I am sorry a man of your years and prudence should be prevailed on to so indiscreet an act as I fear this marriage will be called.

Love. I know she has not quite so great a fortune as I might expect.

Cler. Has she any fortune Sir?

Love. Oh, yes, yes; I have been very well assured that her mother is in very good circumstances, and you know she is her only daughter. Besides, she has several qualities which will save a fortune; "and a penny saved is a penny got. Since I find I have great occasion for a wife, I might have searched all over this Town and not have got any cheaper."

Cler. Sure you are in a dream Sir: she save a fortune.

Love. In the hundred pounds a-year.

Cler. Sure, Sir.

Love. In cloth.

Cler. There is.

Love. In jewels. I have been all purchased worth. In short.

Cler. Do but hear me Sir.

we. Take a particular care of the family my good boy.
let there be nothing wasted. [Exit Love.

er. How vainly do we spend our breath while passion
murmurs the ears of those we talk to. "I thought it impos-
sible for any thing to have surmounted his avarice; but I
find there is one little passion which reigns triumphant
in every mind it creeps into, and whether a man be co-
vetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman
to make him liberal, humble, and brave." Sure this young
lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch
she despises; but as she is a coquette there is no answering
for any of her actions. "I will hasten to acquaint Frede-
rick with what I have heard. Poor man! how little sa-
tisfaction he finds in his mistress compared to what I
meet in Harriet! Love to him is misery, to me perfect
appinefs. Women are always one or the other; they
are never indifferent.

Whoever takes for better and for worse
Meets with the greatest blessing or the greatest curse." [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE, a hall in Lovegold's house.

FREDERICK and RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

How! Lappet my enemy! and can she attempt to for-
ward Mariana's marriage with father?

Ram. Sir, upon my honour it is true: she told it me in
the highest confidence; a trust, Sir, which nothing but the
honourable friendship I have for you could have prevailed
with me to have broken.

Fred. Sir, I am your most humble servant; I am infi-
nitely obliged to your friendship.

Ram. Oh Sir! but really I did withstand pretty confi-
dence. Now, would you think it Sir? the jade had
impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair.
Believe, Sir, you would have been pleased to have heard
answer I gave her: Madam says I, do you think if I
had no more honour I should have no greater regard to my
credit? It is my interest, Madam, says I, to be honest;
my master is a man of that generosity, that liberality,
that bounty, that I am sure he will never suffer any servant

of his to be a loser by being true to him. No, no, says I, let him alone for rewarding a servant when he is but once assured of his fidelity.

Fred. No demands now Ramilie; I shall find a time to reward you.

Ram. That was what I told her Sir. Do you think, say I, that this old rascal, (I ask your pardon Sir) that this hunk, my master's father, will live for ever? And then, says I, do you think my master will not remember his old friends?

Fred. Well; but, dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetorick—go and fetch Lappet hither; I'll try if I can't bring her over.

Ram. Bring her over! a fig for her Sir! I have a plot worth fifty of your's. I'll blow her up with your father: I'll make him believe just the contrary of every word she has told him.

Fred. Can you do that?

Ram. Never fear it Sir; I warrant my lies keep even pace with her's. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't question but before you sleep I shall put you in possession of some thousands of your father's money.

Fred. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jest too far.

Ram. Sir, I will undertake to make it out that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Besides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conscience you may return it him again: your having possession of it will bring him to any terms.

Fred. Well, well, I believe there is little danger of thy stealing any thing from him; so about the first affair; it is that only which causes my present pain.

Ram. Fear nothing, Sir, whilst Ramilie is your friend.

[Exit]

Enter CLERIMONT.

Fred. If impudence can give a title to success I am fear thou hast a good one.

Cler. Oh Fred, I have all over the house. I have at paid. I have discover, tho' In short, Mariana has de evening.

Fred. How ed be the politicks of my n of this. And can Maria self away? Dear Clerimont, was me-

by which I may prevent, at least defer, this match; that moment which gives her to my father will strike a thousand daggers in my heart.

Mr. Would I could advise you! But here comes one who is more likely to invent some means for your deliverance.

Mad. Ha! Lappet.

Enter LAPPET.

Lapp. Heyday! Mr. Frederick, you stand with your arms across, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the house instead of a wedding.

Mad. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occasion of my funeral; I am obliged to you for being instrumental in it.

Lapp. Why, truly, if you consider the case rightly I think you are: it will be much more to your interest to—

Fred. Mistress, undo immediately what you have done, prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

Lapp. “For Heaven’s sake Sir! you do not intend to kill me?”

Fred. “What could drive your villany to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? what could urge thee, when I trusted thee with my passion, when I have paid the most extravagant usury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could sway thee to betray me?”

Lapp. “As I hope to be sav’d Sir, whatever I have done intended for your service.

Mad. “It is in vain to deny it; I know thou hast used utmost art to persuade my father into this match.

Lapp. “If I did Sir, it was all with a view towards your interest; if I have done any thing to prevent your having her, it was because I thought you would do better without her.

Fred. “Wouldst thou to save my life tear out my heart? dost thou like an impudent inquisitor, whilst thou destroying me assert it is for my own sake?”

Lapp. Be but appeas’d Sir, and let me recover out of the terrible fright you have put me into, and I will endeavour to make you easy yet.

Mr. Dear Frederick! adjourn your anger for a while at least: I am sure Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her conduct; “and whatever she has done, if it has not been for

"your sake, this I dare confidently affirm it has been for her own:" and I have so good an opinion of her, that the moment you shew her it will be more her interest to serve you than to oppose you you may be secure of her friendship.

Fred. But has she not already carried it beyond retrieval?

Lap. Alas Sir! I never did any thing yet so effectually but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever said any thing so positively but that I have been able as positively to unsay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it so long that I often forget which side of the question it is of: besides, I look on it to be so very insignificant towards success, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or against me.

Fred. Let me entreat you, dear Madam! to lose no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but consider how very precious our time is, since the marriage is intended this very evening.

Lap. That cannot be.

Cler. My own ears were witnesses to her consent.

Lap. That indeed may be—but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it shall not be.

Fred. How! how will you prevent it?

Lap. By an infallible rule I have. But Sir, Mr. Clerimont was mentioning a certain little word called Interest just now. I should not repeat it to you Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with so much better a will, and one has so much better luck in it too, when one has got for the little matter by it.

Fred. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and on my marriage with Mariana thou shalt have fifty more.

Lap. That is enough Sir; if they were half married already I would unmarry them again. I am impatient till I am about it.—Oh, there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity! [Exit.]

Fred. Dost thou think I may place any reliance in what this woman says?

Cler. Faith I think she managed my capacity that I am made of.

Fred. My own heart tells me so. How dearly I am deceived from women!

Cler. "A coquette"

ed: his game is sure to lead him a long chase, and catches her at last she is hardly worth carrying—You will excuse me.

L. “It does not affect me, for what appears a coquette in Mariana is rather the effect of sprightliness and vivacity than any fixed habit of mind; she has good sense and good-nature at the bottom.

C. “If she has good-nature it is at the bottom indeed, for I think she has never discovered any to you.

L. “Women of her beauty and merit have such a multitude of admirers that they are shocked to think of obliging up all the rest by fixing on one. Besides, so many young gentlemen are continually attending them, and whispering soft things in their ears, who think all their services well repaid by a courtesy or a smile, that they are startled, and think a lover a most unreasonable creature who can imagine he merits their whole person.

C. “They are of all people my aversion; they are a pack of spaniels, who tho’ they have no chance of running down the hare themselves often spoil the chase. I have seen one of these fellows pursue half the fine women in town without any other design than of enjoying them in the arms of a strumpet. It is pleasant enough to them watching the eyes of a woman of quality half an hour to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

“Which she often returns with a smile, or some extraordinary mark of affection, from a charitable notion of giving pain to her real admirer, who tho’ he is not so jealous of the animal is concern’d to see her descend to take notice of him.

“*Enter* HARRIET.

L. “I suppose, brother, you have heard of my good father’s economy, that he has resolv’d to join two entertainments in one—and prevent giving an extraordinary wedding-supper.

C. “Yes, I have heard it, and I hope have taken measures to prevent it.

L. “Why, did you believe it?”

C. “I think I had no longer room to doubt.”

L. “I would not believe it if I were to see them joined together.

C. “Heaven forbid it!

L. “I say I too; Heaven forbid I should have such

"a mother-in-law! but I think if she were wedded into any other family you would have no reason to lament the loss of so constant a mistress.

Fred. "Dear Harriet! indulge my weakness.

Har. "I will indulge your weakness with all my heart—but the men ought not; for they are such lovers as you who spoil the women.—Come, if you will bring Mr. Clerimont into my apartment I'll give you a dish of tea, and you shall have some *sal volatile* in it, tho' you have no real cause for any depression of your spirits, for I dare swear your mistress is very safe; and I am sure if she were to be lost in the manner you apprehend she would be the best loss you ever had in your life.

Gler. "Oh Frederick! if your mistress were but equal to your sister you might well be called the happiest of mankind." [Exit.]

Enter MARIANA and LAPPET.

Lap. Ha, ha, ha! and so you have persuaded the old lady that you really intend to have him?

Mar. I tell you I do really intend to have him.

Lap. Have him! ha, ha, ha! for what do you intend to have him?

Mar. Have I not told you already that I will marry him?

Lap. Indeed you will not.

Mar. How, Mrs. Impertinence, has your mistress told you so? and did she send you hither to persuade me against the match?

Lap. What should you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment where you were sure of not being suffered to eat: the very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine clothes, operas, plays, assemblies; adieu dear quadrille—And to what have you sacrificed all these?—not to a husband—for whatever you make of him you will never make a husband of him I'm sure.

Mar. This is a liberal way of reasoning, if you intend to stay in the country; but in the pretty airs you have in the city, you are a servant here, and you have never been suffered to affect.

Lap. You may lay all that to rest, if you come to that, for you will be in my house when you are the

Mar. It will be prudent in you not to put on your usual insolence to me, for if you do your master shall punish you for it.

Lap. I have one comfort, he will not be able to punish me half so much as he will you; the worst he can do to me is to turn me out of the house—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! laugh!

Mar. If Miss Harriet sent you on this errand you may return and tell her her wit is shallower than I imagined it—and since she has no more experience I believe I shall send my daughter-in-law to school again. [Exit.

Lap. Hum! you will have a schoolmaster at home. I begin to doubt whether this sweet-temper'd creature will not marry in spite at last. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about instantly. [Exit.

SCENE, the garden.

Enter LOVEGOLD and Mrs. WISELY.

Love. I cannot be easy; I must settle something upon her.

Mrs. Wife. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unnecessary; when you die you will leave your wife very well provided for.

Love. Indeed I have known several lawsuits happen on these accounts; and sometimes the whole has been thrown away in disputing to which party it belonged. I shall not sleep in my grave while a set of villanous lawyers are dividing the little money I have among them.

Mrs. Wife. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill trusting him: violent passions can never last long at his ears. [Aside.

Love. What are you considering?

Mrs. Wife. Mr. Lovegold, I am sure, knows the world too well to have the worse opinion of any woman from her prudence; therefore I must tell you this delay of the match does not at all please me: it seems to argue your inclination abated, and so it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were she to refuse on your account she would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

Love. Alas, Madam! I love her better than any thing almost upon the face of the earth: this delay is to secure a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world says; I am not indeed.

Mrs. Wife. Well Sir, then there can be no harm, for the satisfaction both of her mind and mine, in your signing a small contract, which can be prepared immediately.

Love. What signifies signing Madam?

Mrs. Wife. I see, Sir, you don't care for it, so there is no harm done: and really this other is so very advantageous an offer that I don't know whether I shall be blam'd for refusing him on any account.

Love. Nay, but be not in haste; what would you have me sign?

Mrs. Wife. Only to perform your promise of marriage.

Love. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine shall look it over.

Mrs. Wife. I believe my lawyer is in the house; I'll go to him and get it done instantiy, and then we will give this gentleman a final answer. I assure you he is a very advantageous offer.

Love. As I intend to marry this girl there can be no harm in signing the contract: her lawyer draws it up, so I shall be at no expense, for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I should have done very wisely indeed to have entitiled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth! I protest it is with some difficulty that I have prevailed with myself to put off the match: I am more in love I find than I suspected.

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Oh, unhappy miserable creature that I am, what shall I do? whither shall I go?

Love. What's the matter Lappet?

Lap. To have been innocently assisting in betraying so good a man! so good a matter! so good a friend!

Love. Lappet, I say.

Lap. I shall never forgive myself; I shall never forgive it; I shall never eat, drink, sleep—— [*Runs a few paces*]

Love. One would think you were walking in now. What can be the matter?

Lap. Oh Sir!—you know the matter.

Love. How! what is it?—*[A large black rectangular mark obscures the text]* anything?

Lap. No Sir; but I am in a great deal of trouble.

Love. What? what is it?

Lap. A wife Sir.

Love. No, I have not yet.

Lap. How Sir! are you not married?

Love. No.

Lap. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

Love. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

Lap. Yes Sir; and for some particular reasons you shall put off the match for a few years.

Love. What do you say?

Lap. Oh Sir! this affair has almost determined me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceived in this lady! I told you, Sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat Sir; the devil of any estate has she!

Love. How! not any estate at all! how can she live then?

Lap. Sir, Heaven knows how half the people in this Town live.

Love. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities Lappet—

Lap. All an imposition Sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

Love. How! how! extravagant?

Lap. I tell you, Sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

Love. "Can it be possible after what you told me?"

Lap. "Alas, Sir! that was only a cloak thrown over her real inclinations."

Love. How was it possible for you to be deceived in her?

Lap. Alas, Sir! she would have deceived any one upon earth, even you yourself: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight, since you have been in love with her, she has made it her whole business to conceal her extravagance and appear thrifty.

Love. That is a good sign tho' Lappet, let me tell you that is a good sign; right habits as well as wrong are got by affecting them: and she who could be thrifty a whole fortnight gives lively hopes that she may be brought to be so as long as she lives.

Lap. She loves play to distraction; it is the only visible way in the world she has of a living.

Love. She must win then Lappet; and play, when people

play the best of the game, is no such very bad thing. Besides, as she plays only to support herself, when she can support without it she may leave it off.

Lap. To support her extravagance, in dress particularly; why, don't you see, Sir, she is dress'd out to-day like a princess?

Love. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dress in order to get a husband; and as that is apparently her motive, when she is married that motive ceases, and to say the truth she is in discourse a very prudent young woman.

Lap. Think of her extravagance.

Love. A woman of the greatest modesty.

Lap. And extravagance.

Love. She has really a very fine set of teeth.

Lap. She will have all the teeth out of you.

Love. I never saw finer eyes.

Lap. She will eat you out of house and home.

Love. Charming hair.

Lap. She will ruin you.

Love. Sweet kissing lips, swelling breasts, and the shape that ever was embraced. [*Catching Lap. in his arms.*]

Lap. Oh Sir!—I am not the lady—Was ever an old goat!—Well Sir, I see you are determin'd to match, and so I desire you would pay me my wages, not bear to see the ruin of a family in which I have so long that I have contracted as great a friendship as if it was my own: I can't bear to see waste, and extravagance; to see all the wealth a poor honest industrious gentleman has been raising all his lifetime squandered away in a year or two in feasts, balls, music, clothes, jewels—It would break my heart to see an old master eat out by a set of singers, fiddlers, milliners, mantuamakers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, rakes—to see his business go about like a mill, and ready money paid in the mill, and the whole stock in the mill, and the mill land swallowed down, and the very plate which was in the mill, which has descended to the flood, “to see every thing that was in the mill have next I wonder what it will be worth in the world,

thing to furnish his old age with the necessities of life?—Will they be contented then? or will they tear out his bowels and eat them too! [*Both burst into tears.*] The laws are cruel to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her husband in this manner—And will any one tell me that such a woman as this is handsome?—What are a pair of shining eyes, when they must be bought with the loss of all one's shining old gold?

Love. Oh, my poor old gold!

Lap. Perhaps she has a fine set of teeth.

Love. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with so much care!

Lap. Or I'll grant she may have a most beautiful shape.

Love. My dear lands and tenements!

Lap. What are the roses on her cheeks, or lilies in her hair?

Love. My poor India bonds, bearing at least three and a half per cent!

Lap. A fine excuse indeed when a man is ruined by his wife to tell us he has married a beauty!

Enter Lawyer.

Law. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has sent for the counsel on the other side, and he is now below examining it.

Love. Get you out of my doors you villain! you and your client too; I'll contract you with a pox!

Lap. Heyday! sure you are *non compos mentis*.

Love. No sirrah; I had like to have been *non compos mentis*, but I have had the good-luck to escape it. Go and tell your client I have discovered her: bid her take her advantageous offer, for I shall sign no contracts.

Law. This is the strangest thing I have met with in my whole course of practice.

Love. I am very much obliged to you Lappet; indeed I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I am sure, Sir, I have a very great satisfaction in serving you, and I hope you will consider of that little affair that I mentioned to you to-day about my lawsuit.

Love. I am very much obliged to you.

Lap. I hope, Sir, you won't suffer me to be ruined when I have preserved you from it.

Love. Hey!

[*Appearing deaf.*

E iii]

Lap. You know, Sir, that in Westminster Hall and right are always on the same side.

Love. Ay, so they are; very true, so they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

Lap. The smallest matter of money, Sir, is worth an infinite service.

Love. Hey! what?

Lap. A small matter of money, Sir, worth great kindness.

Love. Oho! I have a very great kindness for you indeed I have a very great kindness for you.

Lap. Pox take your kindness!—I'm only there's nothing to be got out of him; so I'll derick, and see what the report of my success is. Ah, would I were married to thee myself!

Love. What a prodigious escape have I had. I look at the precipice without being giddy.

Enter KAMILIE.

Love. Who is that? Oh, is it you firrah? how enter within these walls?

Ram. Truly, Sir, I can scarcely reconcile it to think after what has happened you have no great my friendship: but I don't know how it is Sir something or other about you which strangely en affections, and which, together with the friendship for your son, won't let me suffer you to be imposed and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and sole occasion coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you just now?

Love. What if she did firrah?

Ram. Has she not, Sir, been talking to you a young lady whose name is Mariana?

Love. Well, and what then?

Ram. Why then, Sir, every single syllable she has said to you has been neither more nor less than a most complete lie, as is indeed every word she says; for I don't upon a modest calculation, she has told six truths has been in the house. She is made up of lies: her father an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to honour: the first word she spoke was a lie, and so to last. I know she has pretended a great affection that's one lie, and every thing she has said of I another.

L. How! how! are you sure of this?

M. Why, Sir, she and I laid the plot together; that she indeed I myself was forced to deviate a little from the truth, but it was with a good design; the jade pretended that it was out of friendship to my master; that it was because she thought such a match would not be at all in her interest; but alas, Sir! I know her friendship begins at home, "and that she has friendship for no person living but herself." Why, Sir, do but look at Maria, Sir, and see whether you can think her such a sort of friend as she has described her to you.

L. Indeed she has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you say. This jade has been very busy by my children to impose upon me. I forgive thee for what thou hast done for this one service. I will go and find out ~~her~~ I said to the lawyer, and put an end to every business moment. I knew it was impossible she could be a sort of a woman. [*Exit.*]

And I will go find out my master, make him the master of mankind, squeeze his purse, and then get drunk with the honour of all partycoloured politicians.

SCENE, *the hall.*

Enter FREDERICK and LAPPET.

F. Excellent Lappet! I shall never think I have sufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

L. I have only done half the business yet: I have, I believe, actually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I shall make up the matter between you and her.

F. Do but that, dear girl! and I'll coin myself into gold.

L. Keep yourself for your lady Sir; she will take all the coin I warrant her: as for me, I shall be much more easily contented.

F. But what hopes canst thou have? for I, alas! see

L. Oh Sir! it is more easy to make half-a-dozen than to break one, and to say the truth it is an easy business like better. "There is something methinks in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I protest, Sir, you will be a mighty handsome couple. How fond you will be of a little girl the

"exact picture of her mother! and how fond will she be
"of a boy to put her in mind of his father!

Fred. "Death! you jade, you have fired my imagination."

Lap. But methinks I want to have the hurricane begin
hugely; I am surpris'd they are not all together by the
ears already.

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Oh, Madam, I little expected to have found you
and my master together after what has happened; I did
not think you had had the assurance——

Fred. Peace, Ramilie! all's well, and Lappet is the
best friend I have in the world.

Ram. Yes Sir, all is well indeed; no thanks to her.
"happy is the master that has a good servant; a good
"servant is certainly the greatest treasure in the world."
"I have done your business for you Sir; I have frustra-
"ted all she has been doing, deny'd all she has been tell-
"ing him:" in short, Sir, I observed her ladyship in a long
conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your in-
terest as you may imagine; no sooner was she gone than I
steps in and made the old gentleman believe every single
syllable she had told him to be a most confounded lie, and
away he is gone, fully determined to put an end to the affair.

Lap. And sign the contract: so now, Sir, you are ruined
without reprieve.

Fred. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

Ram. Heyday! what is the meaning of this? have I
done any more than you commanded me?

Fred. Nothing but my cursed stars could have contrived
so damned an accident.

Ram. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

Fred. I do n't blame you Sir, nor myself, nor any one.
Fortune has marked me out for misery: but I will be no
longer idle: since I am to be ruined I'll meet my destruc-
tion. [Exit.]

[They stand some time in silence looking at each other.]

Lap. I give you joy Sir of the success of your negoti-
ation: you have approved yourself a most able person
truly; and I dare swear when your skill is once known you
will not want employment.

Ram. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet! a politician

... a blunder; I am sure no one can avoid it that
... yed with you, for you change sides so often that
... ssible to tell at any time which side you are on.
... And pray, Sir, what was the occasion of betraying
... our master, for he has told me all?

... Conscience, conscience! Mrs. Lappet, the great
... all my actions: I could not find in my heart to
... ose his mistress.

... Your master is very much obliged to you indeed,
... our own in order to preserve his. From hence-
... forbid all your addresses, I disown all obligations,
... all promises; henceforth I would advise you ne-
... your lips to me, for if you do it will be in
... I shall be deaf to all your little, false, mean, trea-
... is, base, insinuations. I would have you know Sir,
... as I am never can, nor ought, to forgive.
... see my face again. [Exit.

... Huh! now would some lovers think themselves
... nhappy; but I, who have had experience in the sex,
... ver frightened at the frowns of a mistress, nor ra-
... with her smiles; they both naturally succeed one
... er; and a woman generally is as sure to perform what
... reatens as she is what she promises. But now I'll to
... king place. I'm sure this old rogue has money hid
... garden; if I can but discover it I shall handsomely
... I scores with the old gentleman, and make my master
... cient return for the loss of his mistress. [Exit.

SCENE, another apartment.

FREDERICK, Mrs. WISELY, and MARIANA.

... d. No, Madam, I have no words to upbraid you
... nor shall I attempt it.

... s. *Wife.* I think, Sir, a respect to your father should
... you now within the rules of decency; as for my
... ter, after what has happened I think she cannot ex-
... on any other account.

... r. Dear Mamma! don't be serious, when I dare say
... rderick is in jest.

... d. This exceeds all you have done; to insult the per-
... have made miserable is more cruel than having
... him so.

... r. Come, come, you may not be so miserable as you
... .. I know the word Mother-in-law has a terrible

found; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me you will see a change in this house which will not be disagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

Fred. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robbed me of you she made her utmost effort; I now despise all in her power.

Mrs. Wife. I must insist, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter: the world is apt to be censorious. Oh Heavens! I shudder at the apprehensions of having a reflection cast on my family, which has hitherto passed unblemished.

Fred. I shall take care, Madam, to shun any possibility of giving you such a fear, for from this night ~~+~~ ^{you} will behold those dear those fatal eyes again.

Mar. "Nay, that I am sure will cast a reflection on me: what a person will the world think me to be when you could not live with me?"

Fred. "Live with you! oh Mariana! those words bring back a thousand tender ideas to my mind. Oh, had that been my blessed fortune!"

Mrs. Wife. "Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a greater distance. The young fellows of this age are so rampant that even degrees of kindred cannot restrain them."

Fred. There are yet no such degrees between us—Oh Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unstamped, consider, and do not seal my ruin.

Mrs. Wife. Come with me daughter; you shall not stay a moment longer with him—A rude fellow!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Wisely and Mariana.*]

Enter RAMILIE.

Ram. Follow me Sir, follow me this instant.

Fred. What's the matter?

Ram. Follow me Sir; we are in the right box; the business is done.

Fred. What done?

Ram. I have it under my arm Sir—

Fred. What? what?

Ram. Your father's soul Sir, his money—
Sir this moment, before we are overtaken.

Fred. Ha! this may preserve me yet.

Enter LOVEGOLD in the utmost haste.

Love. Thieves! thieves! assassination
undone! all my money is gone! who is

villain? where shall I find him? Give me my money villain. [*Catching himself by the arm.*] I am distracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh my money, my money! Ha! what say you? Alack-a-day there is no one. The villain must have watched his opportunity; he must have done it while I was signing my damn'd contract. I will go to a justice, and have all my wife put to their oaths, my servants, my children, my friends, and myself too; all the people in the house, and the street, and in the Town, I will have them all executed: I will hang all the world, and if I don't find my money I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the ball.*" *Several Servants.*

" JAMES.

THERE will be rare doings now; Madam's an excellent woman faith! things won't go as they have done; she has ordered something like a supper; here will be victuals enough for the whole Town.

Thomas. "She's a sweet-humoured lady, I can tell you; I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more use for locks and keys in this house now.

James. "This is the luckiest day I ever saw: as soon as supper is over I will get drunk to her good health, I am resolved, and that's more than ever I could have done before.

Thomas. "You sha'n't want liquor, for here are ten heads of strong beer coming in.

James. "Bless her heart good lady! I wish she had a better bridegroom.

Thomas. Ah, never mind that, he has a good purse; and for other things let her alone Mr. James.

James. "Well, Thomas, you must go to Mr. Mixture's the wine-merchant, and order him to send in twelve dozen of his Champagne, twelve dozen of Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage; and you must call at the wax-chandler's, and bid him send in a chest of candies; and at Lambs the confectioner in Pallmall, and order the finest he can furnish: and you, Will, must go to Mr. Gray's

" the horsejockey, and order him to buy my lady three of
 " the finest geldings for her coach to-morrow anorning;
 " and here, you must take this roll, and invite all the peo-
 " ple in it to supper; then you must go to the playhouse
 " in Drury-Lane, and engage all the musick, for my lady
 " intends to have a ball.

James. " Oh, brave Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine times!

Wheed. " My lady desires that supper may be kept back
 " as much as possible; and if you can think of any thing
 " to add to it she desires you would.

James. " She is the best of ladies.

Wheed. " So you will say when you know her better; she
 " has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made
 " up between her and your master but how to lay out as
 " much money as she could—We shall have all rare places.

James. " I thought to have given warning to-morrow
 " morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

Wheed. " See what it is to have a woman at the head of
 " the house! but here she comes. Go you into the kitchen
 " and see that all things be in the nicest order.

James. " I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy."

Enter MARIANA, FURNISH, and Mrs. WISELY.

Mar. " Wheedle, have you dispatched the servants ac-
 " cording to my orders?

Wheed. " Yes Madam."

Mar. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have
 those two beds with the utmost expedition.

Furnish. I shall take a particular care Madam; I shall
 put them both in hand to-morrow morning; " I shall put
 " off some work, Madam, on that account.

Mar. " That tapestry in the diningroom does not at
 " all please me.

Furnish. " Your Ladyship is very much in the right Ma-
 " dam; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room
 " now with tapestry.

Mar. " Oh I have the greatest fondness for tapestry in the
 " world! you must positively get me some of a newer pattern.

Furnish. " Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is one of
 " the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that I know of.
 " I believe I can shew you some that will please you."

Mrs. Wisely. I protest, child, I can't see any reason for
 this alteration.

Mar. Dear mamma! let me have my will. There is not

any one thing in the whole house that I shall be able to leave in it, every thing has so much of antiquity about it, and I cannot endure the sight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

Furnish. Your Ladyship is in the right Madam; there is no possibility of being in the fashion without new furnishing a house at least once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the fashion you will have need of almost continual alterations.

Mrs. Wife. That is an extravagance I would never submit to: I have no notion of destroying one's goods before they are half worn out by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

Furnish. Ha! ha! Madam. I believe her Ladyship is of a different opinion—I have many a set of goods entirely whole that I would be very loath to put into your hands.

Enter SATTIN and SPARKLE.

Mar. Oh Mr. Sattin! have you brought those gold stuffs I ordered you?

Sat. Yes Madam, I have brought your Ladyship some of the finest patterns that were ever made.

Mar. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and earrings with you?

Sparkle. Yes Madam, and I defy any jeweller in Town to shew you their equals; they are, I think, the finest water I ever saw; they are finer than the Duchesse of Glitter's, which have been so much admired: I have brought you a solitaire too Madam; my Lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yesterday.

Mar. Sure it has a flaw in it Sir.

Sparkle. Has it Madam? then there never was a brilliant without one: I am sure, Madam, I bought it for a good stone, and if it be not a good stone you shall have it for nothing.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. It's lost, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I shall never see it more!

Mar. And what will be the lowest price of the necklace and earrings?

Sparkle. If you were my sister, Madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thousand guineas?

Love. What do you say of three thousand guineas villain? have you my three thousand guineas?

Mrs. Wife. Bless me, Mr. Lovegold! what's the matter?

Love. I am undone! I am ruined! my money is stolen! my dear three thousand guineas that I received but yesterday are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I shall never see them again!

Mar. Don't let them make you uneasy, you may possibly recover them, or if you should not the loss is but a trifle.

Love. How! a trifle! do you call three thousand guineas a trifle?

Mrs. Wife. She sees you so disturbed that she is willing to make as light of your loss as possible in order to comfort you.

Love. To comfort me! can she comfort me by calling three thousand guineas a trifle? But tell me, what were you saying of them? have you seen them?

Sparkle. Really, Sir, I do not understand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of earrings, which were as cheap at three thousand guineas as——

Love. How! what? what?

Mar. I can't think them very cheap; however, I am resolved to have them; so let him have the money, Sir, if you please.

Love. I am in a dream!

Mar. You will be paid immediately Sir. Well, Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the highest priced gold stuff you have brought?

Sat. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a-yard.

Mar. It must be pretty at that price; let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

Love. You shall cut off my head first. What are you doing? are you mad?

Mar. I am only preparing a proper dress to appear in as your wife.

Love. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pickpocket trinkets here and I'll make an example of you.

Mar. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you this is a behaviour I don't understand; you give me a fine pattern before marriage of the usage I am to expect after it.

Love. Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it!

Mar. I assure you, Sir, I shall insist on all the privileges of an English wife: I shall not be taught to dress by my husband; I am myself the best judge of what you can afford;

and if I do stretch your purse a little it is for your honour Sir: the world will know it is your wife that makes such a figure.

Love. Can you bear to hear this Madam?

Mrs. Wife. I should not countenance my daughter in any extravagance Sir; "but the honour of my family as well as "your's is concerned in her appearing handsomely. Let "me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very sensible of your fondness for money; I think it a very great "blessing to you that you have met with a woman of a different temper, one who will preserve your reputation in the "world whether you will or no: not that I would insinuate to you that my daughter will ever"—*She will never* run you into unnecessary expenses; so far from it, that if you will but generously make her a present of five thousand pounds to fit herself out at first in clothes and jewels, I dare swear you will not have any other demand on those accounts—I don't know when.

Mar. No, unless a birthnight suit or two, I shall scarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

Love. I am undone, plundered, murdered! however, there is one comfort, I am not married yet.

Mar. And free to chuse whether you will marry at all or no.

Mrs. Wife. The consequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thousand pounds, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

Love. But, Madam, I have one way yet: I have not bound my heirs and executors, and so if I hang myself I am off the bargain—In the mean-while I'll try if I cannot rid my house of this nest of thieves—Get out of my doors you cutpurses.

Sparkle. Pay me for my jewels Sir, or return 'em me.

Love. Give him his baubles, give them him.

Mar. I shall not I assure you. You need be under no apprehension Sir; you see Mr. Lovegold is a little disordered at present, but if you will come to-morrow you shall have your money.

Sparkle. I'll depend on your Ladyship Madam.

Love. Who the devil are you? what have you to do here.

Furnish. I am an upholsterer Sir, and am come to new-furnish your house.

Love. Out of my doors this instant, or I will disfigure your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

Mrs. Wife. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

Love. I was when I signed the contract. Oh that I had never learnt to write my name!

“ *Enter* CHARLES BUBBLEBOY.

Bub. “ Your most obedient servant Madam.

Love. “ Who are you Sir? what do you want here?

Bub. “ Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

Love. “ What's your business?

Bub. “ Sir, I was ordered to bring some snuff boxes and “ rings. Will you please, Sir, to look at that snuff box? “ there is but one person in England, Sir, can work in this “ manner: if he was but as diligent as he is able he would “ get an immense estate Sir: if he had an hundred thousand hands I could keep them all employed. I have “ brought you a pair of the new-invented snuffers too “ Madam: be pleased to look at them; they are my own “ invention; the nicest lady in the world may make use of “ them.

Love. “ Who the devil sent for you Sir?

Mar. “ I sent for him Sir.

Bub. “ Yes Sir, I was told it was a lady sent for me. “ Will you please, Madam, to look at the snuff boxes or “ rings first?

Love. “ Will you please to go to the devil Sir first, or “ shall I send you?

Bub. “ Sir!

Love. “ Get you out of my house this instant, or I'll “ break your snuff boxes and your bones too.

Bub. “ Sir, I was sent for, or I should not have come. “ Charles Bubbleboy does not want custom. Madam, your “ most obedient servant.” *[Exit.]*

Mar. I suppose, Sir, you expect to be finely spoken of abroad for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

Mrs. Wife. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refused so much better offers on your account?

Love. Oh, would she had taken them! Give me up my contract and I will gladly resign all right and title whatsoever.

Mrs. Wife. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their answers; a good offer once refused is not to be had again.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the tailor whom your Ladyship sent for is come.

Mar. Bid him come in. This is an instance of the regard I have for you. I have sent for one of the best tailors in Town to make you a new suit of clothes that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for your honour that I should be well dressed, so it is for mine that you should. Come, Madam, we will go in and give farther orders concerning the entertainment.

[Exeunt Mrs. Wifely and Marianda.]

Enter LIST.

Love. Oh Lappet, Lappet! the time thou hast prophesied of is come to pass.

List. I am your Honour's most humble servant. My name is List: I presume I am the person you sent for—The lace-man will be here immediately. Will your Honour be pleased to be taken measure of first, or look over the patterns? if you please we will take measure first. I do not know, Sir, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I shall give you entire satisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to understand the fashion better than myself; the thing is impossible Sir. I always visit France twice a-year; and though I say it, that should not say it——Stand upright, if you please, Sir——

Love. I'll take measure of your back firrah——I'll teach such pickpockets as you are to come here——Out of my doors you villain.

List. Heyday Sir! did you send for me for this Sir?—I shall bring you in a bill without any clothes. *[Exit.]*

“ Enter JAMES and PORTER.

Love. “Where are you going? what have you there?

James. “Some fine wine Sir, that my lady sent for to Mr Mixture's—But, Sir, it will be impossible for me “to get supper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unless I “have more assistance. I want half-a-dozen kitchens, too. “The very wildfowl that my lady has sent for will take up “a dozen spits.

Love. “Oh! oh! it is vain to oppose it: her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no sooner stopped in “one place than it breaks out in another.—*[Drums beat without.]* Ha! what's the meaning of this? is my house “besieged? would they would set it on fire and burn all in it!

Drum. without.] "Heavens blefs your Honour! 'Squire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold, long life and happiness, and many children attend you——and so God save the king. [*Drums beat.*

" [*Lovegold goes out, and soon after the drums cease.*

James. " So he has quieted the drums I find—This is the roguery of some wellwishing neighbours of his. Well, we shall soon see which will get the better, my master or my mistress: if my master does away go I; if my mistress, I'll stay while there is any housekeeping, which can't belong; for the riches of my Lord Mayor will never hold it out at this rate.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. " James! I shall be destroyed; in one week I shall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, send all the provisions back to the tradesmen, put out all the fires, leave not so much as a candle burning.

James. " Sir, I don't know how to do it; Madam commanded me, and I dare not disobey her.

Love. " How! not when I command thee!

James. " I have lost several places, Sir, by obeying the master against the mistress, but never lost one by obeying the mistress against the master. Besides, Sir, she is so good and generous a lady that it would go against my very heart to offend her.

Love. " The devil take her generosity!

James. " And I don't believe she has provided one morsel more than will be eat: why, Sir, she has invited above, five hundred people to supper: within this hour your house will be as full as Westminster-hall the last day of term——But I have no time to lose.

Love. " Oh! oh! what shall I do?"

Enter LAPPET.

Lap. Where is my poor master? Oh, Sir, I cannot express the affliction I am in to see you devoured in this manner, How could you, Sir, when I told you what a woman she was, how could you undo yourself with your eyes open?

Love. Poor Lappet! had I taken your advice I had been happy.

Lap. And I too Sir; for alack-a-day! I am as miserable as you are; I feel every thing for you Sir; indeed I shall break my heart upon your account.

Love. I shall be much obliged to you if you do Lappet.

Lap. How could a man of your sense, Sir, marry in so precipitate a manner?

Love. I am not married; I am not married.

Lap. Not married!

Love. No, no, no.

Lap. All's safe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

Love. I am, I am undone. Oh Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond, of ten thousand pounds to marry her!

Lap. You shall forfeit it.

Love. Forfeit what? my life, and soul, and blood, and heart!

Lap. You shall forfeit it——

Love. I'll be buried alive sooner: no, I am determined I'll marry her first, and hang myself afterwards to save my money.

Lap. I see, Sir, you are undone; and if you should hang yourself I could not blame you.

Love. Could I but save one thousand by it I would hang myself with all my soul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

Lap. Oh, my poor master! my poor master! [*Crying.*

Love. Why did I not die a-year ago! what a deal had I saved by dying a-year ago! [*A noise without.*] Oh! oh! dear Lappet! see what it is; I shall be undone in an hour——Oh!

Enter CLERIMONT richly dressed.

Love. What is here?—some of the people who are to eat me up?

Cler. Don't you know me Sir?

Love. Know you! ha! what is the meaning of this?—Oh, it is plain, it is too plain; my money has paid for all this finery. Ah, base wretch! could I have suspected you of such an action, of lurking in my house to use me in such a manner?

Cler. Sir, I am come to confess the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reason with you you will not find yourself so much injured as you imagine.

Love. Not injured! when you have stolen away my blood?

Cler. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman Sir.

Love. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman—Tell me who tempted you to it.

Cler. Ah Sir! need I say——love.

Love. Love!

Cler. Yes, love Sir.

Love. Very pretty love indeed! the love of my guineas.

Cler. “Ah Sir, think not so. Do but grant me the free possession of what I have, and by Heaven I'll never ask you more.”

Love. “Oh, most unequalled impudence! was ever so modest a request!

Cler. “All your efforts to separate us will be vain; we have sworn never to forsake each other, and nothing but death can part us.”

Love. I don't question, Sir, the very great affection on your side; but I believe I shall find methods to recover—

Cler. By Heavens I'll die in defending my right! and if that were the case, think not when I am gone you ever could possess what you have robbed me of.

Love. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the restoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at least; let me see my treasure, and perhaps I may give it you, perhaps I may.

Cler. “Then I am blest! Well may you say treasure, for to possess that treasure is to be rich indeed.”

Love. “Yes, truly I think three thousand pounds may well be called a treasure.—Go, go, fetch it hither; perhaps I may give it you——fetch it hither.”

Cler. To shew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore. [Exit.]

Love. Sure never was so impudent a fellow! to confess his robbery before my face, and desire to keep what he has stolen as if he had a right to it.

Enter LAPPET.

Love. Oh Lappet! what's the matter?

Lap. Oh Sir! I am scarce able to tell you. It is spread about the Town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one single debt for five thousand pounds, which an attorney is with me to demand.

Love. Oh! oh! oh! let them cut my throat.

Lap. Think what an escape you have had! think if you had married her——

Love. I am as bad as married to her.

Lap. It is impossible Sir; nothing can be so bad: what, you are to pay her ten thousand pounds—Well—and ten thousand pounds are a sum; they are a sum, I own it—they are a sum; but what is such a sum compared with such a wife? had you married her, in one week you would have been in a prison Sir—

Love. If I am I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

Lap. “Why Sir, you will lose twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourself; and if you have no value for liberty, yet consider, Sir, such is the great goodness of our laws that a prison is one of the dearest places you can live in.”

Love. “Ten thousand pounds!—No—I'll be hanged, I'll be hanged.”

Lap. Suppose, Sir, it were possible, (not that I believe it is) but suppose it were possible to make her abate a little; suppose one could bring her to eight thousand—

Love. Eight thousand devils take her—

Lap. But, dear Sir! consider, nay, consider immediately, for every minute you lose you lose a sum—Let me beg you, entreat you, my dear good master! let me prevail on you, not to be ruined. Be resolute Sir; consider every guinea you give saves you a score.

Love. Well, if she will consent to, to, to, eight hundred—But try, do try, if you can make her 'bate any thing of that—if you can—you shall have a twentieth part of what she 'bates for yourself.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thousand you ought to leap out of your skin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my skin—

Lap. You will have more reason to wish so when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts—

Love. Why was I begotten! why was I born! why was I brought up! why was I not knocked o' th' head before I knew the value of money!

Lap. knocking without.] So, so, more duns I suppose—Go but into the kitchen Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can say.

Love. What have I brought myself to! what shall I do! Part with eight thousand pounds! misery, destruction, beggary, prisons! But then on the other side are wife, ruin,

chains, slavery, torment ! I shall run distracted either way !
[Exit.

Lap. Ah ! would we could once prove you so, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

Enter MARIANA.

Mar. Well, what success ?

Lap. It is impossible to tell ; he is just gone into the kitchen, where if he is not frightened into our design I shall begin to despair. They say fear will make a coward brave, but nothing can make him generous ; the very fear of losing all he is worth will scarce bring him to part with a penny.

Mar. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions ?

Lap. Neither I assure you. Ah Madam, had I not been able to have kept a secret I had never brought about those affairs that I have : were I not secret, Lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this Town.

Mar. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very secret ?

Lap. From every one but me I believe you have : I assure you I knew them long before you sent for me this afternoon to discover them to me.

Mar. But could you bring him to no terms, no proposals ? did he make no offer ?

Lap. It must be done all at once, and while you are by.

Mar. So you think he must see me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

Lap. Hush, hush ! I hear him coming again.

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. I am undone ! I am undone ! I am eat up ! I am devoured ! I have an army of cooks in my house.

Lap. Dear Madam ! consider ; I know eight thousand pounds are a trifle ; I know they are nothing ; my master can very well afford them ; they will make no hole in his purse ; and if you should stand out you will get more.

Love. *putting his hand before Lappet's mouth.* You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie : she never could get more, never should get more ; it is more than I am worth ; it is an immense sum ; and I will be starved, drowned, hanged, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

Lap. For Heaven's sake, Sir, you will ruin all—Ma-

dam, let me beg you, entreat you, to 'bate these two thousand pounds. Suppose a lawsuit should be the consequence, I know my master would be cast; I know it would cost him an immense sum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thousand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

Mar. No; the satisfaction of my revenge on a man who basely departs from his word will make me amends for the delay, and whatever I suffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the consequence, I shall be easy.

Love. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

Lap. Why Sir, since she insists on it what does it signify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compelled to it at last: get rid of her at once: what are two thousand pounds? why, Sir, the Court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfast: it has been given for a mistress, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife? [*They whisper.*]

Enter THOMAS and JAMES. [*Love. and Lap. talk apart.*]

Tho. "Madam, the musick are come which your Ladyship ordered, and most of the company will be here immediately."

James. "Where will your Ladyship be pleased the servants shall eat, for there is no room in the house that will be large enough to entertain 'em?"

Mar. "Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one."

James. "There is no service in the house proper for the desert Madam."

Mar. "Send immediately to the great china shop in the Strand for the finest that is there."

Love. How! and will you swear a robbery against her? that she robbed me of what I shall give her?

Lap. Depend on it Sir.

Love. I'll break open a bureau to make it look the more likely.

Lap. Do so Sir; but lose no time; give it her this moment. Madam, my master has consented, and if you have the contract he is ready to pay the money. Be sure to break open the bureau Sir. [*Aside,*]

Mar. Here is the contract.

Love. I'll fetch the money: it is all I am worth in the world.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Sure he will never be brought to it yet.

Lap. I warrant him: but you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine, for I am to swear a robbery against you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

Mar. And is it possible that the old rogue would consent to such a villany?

Lap. Ay Madam; for half that sum he would hang half the Town. But truly I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a single guinea a lie for every one I have told this day it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah Madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents should be confined to so low a sphere of life as I am! had I been born a great lady what a deal of good should I have done in the world!

Enter LOVEGOLD.

Love. Here, here they are—all in bank-notes—all the money I am worth in the world—(I have sent for a constable; she must not go out of sight before we have her taken into custody.)

[*Aside to Lappet.*

Lap. To Lovegold.] You have done very wisely.

Mar. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myself as easy as I can in my loss.

Enter FREDERICK, CLERIMONT, and HARRIET.

Love. Where is that you promised me? where is my treasure?

Cler. Here, Sir, is all the treasure I am worth; a treasure which the whole world's worth should not purchase.

Love. Give me the money Sir, give me the money; I say give me the money you stole from me.

Cler. I understand you not.

Love. Did you not confess you robbed me of my treasure?

Cler. This, Sir, is the inestimable treasure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day blest me by making me her husband.

Love. How! oh, wicked vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

Cler. Think not your family disgraced Sir: I am at least your equal born; and though my fortune be not so large,

as for my dearest Harriet's sake I wish, still it is such as will put it out of your power to make us miserable.

Love. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

Fred. If this lady does not make you amends for the loss of your money resign over all pretensions in her to me, and I will engage to get it restored to you.

Love. How firrah? are you a confederate? have you helped to rob me?

Fred. Softly Sir, or you shall never see your guineas again.

Love. I resign her over to you entirely, and may you both starve together! so go fetch my gold——

Mar. You are easily prevailed upon, I see, to resign a right which you have not. But were I to resign over myself it would hardly be the man's fortune to starve whose wife brought him ten thousand pounds.

Love. Bear witness she has confessed she has the money, and I shall prove she stole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

Lap. I hope I shall have all your pardons, and particularly your's Madam, whom I have most injured.

Love. A fig for her pardon! you are doing a right action.

Lap. Then if there was any robbery you must have robbed yourself. This lady can only be a receiver of stolen goods, for I saw you give her the money with your own hands.

Love. How! I! you! what! what!

Lap. And I must own it, with shame I must own it—that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promised to swear she had stolen from you.

Cler. Is it possible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of such an action as this.

Love. I am undone, undone, undone!

Fred. No Sir, your three thousand guineas are safe yet; depend upon it within an hour you shall find them in the same place they were first deposited. "I thought to have purchased a reprieve with them, but I find my fortune has of itself bestowed that on me."

Love. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this instant—but then ten thousand, where are they?

Mar. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deserves them. [*Gives them to Frederick.*] You see, Sir, I had no design to the prejudice of your family: nay,

I have proved the best friend you ever had; for I presume you are now thoroughly cured of your longing for a young wife.

Love. Sirrah! give me my notes, give me my notes.

Fred. You must excuse me Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

Love. Then I will go to law with that lady and you, and all of you; for I will have them again if law or justice, or injustice, will give them me.

Cler. Be pacified Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly in giving that back again into your family which she might have carried out of it.

Love. My family be hanged! if I am robbed I do n't care who robs me. I would as soon hang my son as another—and I will hang him if he does not restore me all I have lost; for I would not give half the sum to save the whole world—I will go and employ all the lawyers in Town; for I will have my money again or never sleep more. [Exit.]

Fred. I am resolved we will get the better of him now: but oh Maria! your generosity is much greater in bestowing this sum than my happiness in receiving it: I am an unconscionable beggar, and shall never be satisfied while you have any thing to bestow.

Mar. Do you hear him—

Har. Yes, and begin to approve him—for your late behaviour has convinced me.

Mar. Dear girl! no more; “you have frightened me already so much to-day, that rather than venture a second lecture I would do whatever you wished: so, Sir,” if I do bestow all on you here is the lady you are to thank for it.

Har. Well, this I will say, when you do a goodnatured thing you have the prettiest way of doing it. And now, Maria, I am ready to ask your pardon for all I said to-day.

Mar. Dear Harriet! no apologies; all you said I deserved.

Enter LAPPET and RAMILIE.

Lap. “Treaties are going on on both sides while you and I seem forgotten.

Ram. “Why, have we not done them all the service we can? what farther have they to do with us?—Sir, there are some people in masquerading habits without.

Mar. “Some I sent for to assist in my design on your

“ father: I think we will give them admittance, though
“ we have done without ’em.

All. “ Oh! by all means.

Fred. “ Mrs, Lappet, be assured I have a just sense of
“ your favours, and both you and Ramilie shall find my
“ gratitude.”

[*Dance here.*]

Fred. Dear Clerimont! be satisfied I shall make no
peace with the old gentleman in which you shall not be in-
cluded. I hope my sister will prove a fortune equal to your
defects.

Cler. While I am enabled to support her in an affluence
equal to her desires I shall desire no more. From what I
have seen lately I think riches are rather to be feared than
wished; at least I am sure avarice, which too often attends
wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty.
Misery is generally the end of all vice, but it is the very
mark at which avarice seems to aim: the Miser endeavours
to be wretched;

He hoards eternal cares within his purse,
And what he wishes most proves most his curse.●

PILOQUE.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

*OUR Author's sure bewitch'd! the senseless rogue
Insists no good play wants an Epilogue.
Suppose that true, said I, What's that to this?
Is your's a good one?—No, but Moliere's is,
He cry'd, and zounds! no Epilogue was tack'd to his.
Besides, your modern Epilogues, said he,
Are but ragouts of smut and ribaldry,
Where the false jests are dwindled to so few
There's scarce one double entendre left that's new;
Nor would I in that lovely circle raise
One blush to gain a thousand coxcombs' praise:
Then for the threadbare joke of wit and wit,
Whose foreknown rhyme is echo'd from the pit
Till of their laugh the galleries are bit,
Then to reproach the criticks with illnature,
And charge their malice to his stinging satire,
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' talking stuff might dash the Drury doxies:
If these, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be,
For Epilogues they shall have none from me.
Lord, Sir! says I, the gallery will so bawl;
Let 'em, he cry'd; a bad one's worse than none at all.
Madam, these things than you I'm more expert in,
Nor do I see no Epilogue much hurt in.
Zounds! when the play is ended—drop the curtain.*

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
April 1. 1782.



M^{RS} GATES in the Character of LADY TOWNLEY

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND;
OR, A
JOURNEY TO LONDON.

A COMEDY,

As written by

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, and COL. CIBBER, Esq.

— 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.

—Vivit tanquam vicina mariti.

Juv. Sat. vi.



LONDON:

Printed by J. BELL, at the BRITISH LIBRARY,
in the STRAND.

1760.

TO THE

Q U E E N.

May it please your Majesty,

THE English theatre throws itself, with this play, at your Majesty's feet, for favour and support.

As their public diversions are a strong indication of the genius of a people, the following scenes are an attempt to establish such as are fit to entertain the minds of a sensible nation; and to wipe off that aspersions of barbarity, which the virtuosi among our neighbours have sometimes thrown upon our taste.

The *Protok'd Husband* is, at least, an instance that an English comedy may, to an unusual number of days, bring many thousands of his Majesty's good subjects together, to their emolument and delight, with innocence. And however little share of that merit my unequal pen may pretend to, yet I hope the just admirers of Sir John Vanbrugh will allow I have, at worst, been a careful guardian of his orphan muse, by leading it into your Majesty's royal protection.

The design of this play being chiefly to expose and reform the licentious irregularities that, too often, break in upon the peace and happiness of the married state; where could so hazardous and unpopular an undertaking be secure, but in the protection of a Princess, whose exemplary conjugal virtues have given such illustrious proof of what sublime felicity that holy state is capable of?

And though a crown is no certain title to content; yet to the honour of that institution be it said, the royal harmony of hearts that now enchants us from the throne, is a reproach to the frequent disquiet of those many insensible subjects about it, who (from his Majesty's paternal care of his people) have more leisure to be happy: and 'tis our Queen's peculiar glory, that we often see her as emi-

nently raised above her circle, in private happiness, as in dignity.

Yet Heaven, Madam, that has placed you on such height, to be the more conspicuous pattern of your sex, had still left your happiness imperfect, had it not given those inestimable treasures of your mind and person, to the only Prince on earth that could have deserved them. A crown, received from any but the happy Monarch's hand who invested you with that which you now adorn, had only seemed the work of fortune; but *thus* bestowed, the world acknowledges it the due reward of Providence, for one you once so gloriously refused.

But as the fame of such elevated virtue has lifted the plain addresses of a whole nation into eloquence, the best repeated eulogiums on that theme, are but intrusions on your Majesty's greater pleasure of secretly deserving them. I therefore beg leave to subscribe myself,

May it please your Majesty,

Your Majesty's most devoted,

most obedient, and

most humble servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

TO THE
R E A D E R.

HAVING taken upon me, in the prologue to this play, to give the auditors some short account of that part of it which Sir John Vanbrugh left unfinished, and not thinking it advisable, in that place, to limit their judgment by so high a commendation as I thought it deserved; I have, therefore, for the satisfaction of the curious, printed the whole of what he wrote, separately, under the single title he gave it, of, *A Journey to London*, without presuming to alter a line.

Yet, when I own, that in my last conversation with him, (which chiefly turned upon what he had done towards a comedy) he excused his not shewing it me, till he had reviewed it, confessing the scenes were yet undigested, too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower characters, I have but one excuse for publishing what he never designed should come into the world as it then was, viz. I had no other way of taking those many faults to myself, which may be justly found in my presuming to finish it.

However, a judicious Reader will find in his original papers, that the characters are strongly drawn; new, spirited, and natural; taken from sensible observations on high and lower life, and from a just indignation at the follies in fashion. All I could gather from him of what he intended in the catastrophe, was, that the conduct of his imaginary fine lady had so provoked him, that he designed actually to have made her husband turn her out of his doors. But when his performance came, after his decease, to my hands, I thought such violent measures, however just they might be in real life, were too severe for comedy, and would want the proper surprise, which is

due to the end of a play. Therefore, with much ado, (and it was as much as I could do with probability) I preserved the lady's chastity, that the sense of her errors might make a reconciliation not impracticable; and I hope the mitigation of her sentence has been since justified by its success.

My inclination to preserve as much as possible of Sir John, I soon saw had drawn the whole into an unusual length; the Reader will therefore find here a scene or two of the lower humour, that were left out after the first day's presentation.

The favour the Town has shewn to the higher characters in this play, is a proof, that their taste is not wholly vitiated by the barbarous entertainments that have been so expensively set off to corrupt it: but, while the repetition of the best old plays is so apt to give satiety, and good new ones so scarce a commodity, we must not wonder that the poor actors are sometimes forced to trade in trash for a livelihood.

I cannot yet take leave of the Reader without endeavouring to do justice to those principal actors who have so evidently contributed to the support of this comedy: and I wish I could separate the praises due to them, from the secret vanity of an author; for all I can say will still insinuate, that they could not have so highly excelled, unless the skill of the writer had give them proper occasion. However, as I had rather appear vain than unthankful, I will venture to say of Mr. Wilkes*, that in the last act, I never saw any passion take so natural a possession of an actor, or any actor take so tender a possession of his auditors—Mr. Mills †, too, is confessed by every body to have surpris'd them, by so far excelling himself—But there is no doing right to Mrs. Oldfield ‡, without putting people in mind of what others, of great merit, have wanted to come near her—'Tis not enough to say, she here out-did her usual excellence. I might therefore justly leave her to the constant admiration of those spectators who have the pleasure of living while she is an actress. But as this is not the only time she has been the life of what I have given the Public, so, perhaps, my saying a little more of so memorable

In Lord Townly. † Mr. Manly. ‡ Lady Grace.

tress,

trials, may give this play a chance to be read, when the people of this age shall be ancestors.—May it therefore give emulation to our successors of the stage, to know, that to the ending of the year 1727, a cotemporary comedian relates, that Mrs. Oldfield was then in her highest excellence of action, happy in all the rarely found requisites that meet in one person, to complete them for the stage.—She was in stature just rising to that height, where the graceful can only begin to shew itself; of a lively aspect, and a command in her mien, that like the principal figure in the finest painting, first seizes, and longest delights the eye of the spectators. Her voice was sweet, strong, piercing and melodious; her pronunciation voluble, distinct, and musical; and her emphasis always placed where the spirit of the sense, in her periods, only demanded it. If she delighted more in the higher comic than in the tragic strain, 'twas because the last is too often written in a lofty disregard of nature. But in characters of modern practised life, she found occasions to add the particular air and manner which distinguished the different humours she presented; whereas, in tragedy, the manner of speaking varies as little as the blank verse it is written in.—She had one peculiar happiness from nature, she looked and maintained the agreeable, at a time when other fine women only raise admirers by their understanding.—The spectator was always as much informed by her eyes as her elocution; for the look is the only proof that an actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being scarce an instance, where the eyes do their part, that the elocution is known to be faulty. The qualities she had acquired, were the genteel and the elegant; the one in her air, and the other in her dress, never had her equal on the stage; and the ornaments she herself provided (particularly in this play) seemed in all respects the *paraphernalia* of a woman of quality. And of that sort were the characters she chiefly excelled in; but her natural good sense, and lively turn of conversation, made her way to easy to ladies of the highest rank; that it is a less wonder if, on the stage, she sometimes was, what might have become the finest woman in real life to have supported.

Theatre-Royal,

Jan. 27,

1726,

C. CIBBER.

P R O L O G U E.

THIS play took birth from principles of truth,
 To make amends for errors past of youth.
A bard, that's now no more, in riper days,
Conscious review'd the license of his plays:
And though applause his wanton muse had fir'd,
Himself condemn'd what sensual minds admir'd.
At length he own'd, that plays should let you see,
Not only what you are, but ought to be;
Though vice was natural, 'twas never meant
The stage should shew it, but for punishment.
Warm with that thought, his muse once more took flame,
Resolv'd to bring licentious life to shame.
Such was the piece his latest pen design'd,
But left no traces of his plan behind.
Luxuriant scenes, unprun'd, or half contriv'd;
Yet, through the mass, his native fire surviv'd:
Rough, as rich ore in mines, the treasure lay,
Yet still 'twas rich, and form'd, at length, a play;
In which the bold compiler boasts no merit,
But that his pains have sav'd your scenes of spirit.
Not scenes that would a noisy joy impart,
But such as hush the mind and warm the heart.
From praise of hands no sure account he draws,
But fix'd attention is sincere applause:
If then (for hard you'll own the task) his art
Can to those embryo-scenes new life impart,
The living proudly would exclude his lays,
And to the buried bard resigns the praise.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

M E N.

LORD TOWNLY, <i>of a regular life,</i>	MR. SMITH.
MR. MANLY, <i>an admirer of Lady Grace,</i>	MR. PACKER.
SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, <i>a country gentleman,</i>	MR. YATES.
SQUIRE RICHARD, <i>his son, a mere whelp,</i>	MR. BRERETON.
COUNT BASSET, <i>a gambler,</i>	MR. DODD.
JOHN MOODY, <i>servant to Sir Francis, an honest clown,</i>	MR. MOODY.

W O M E N.

LADY TOWNLY, <i>immoderate in her pursuit of pleasures,</i>	MRS. YATES.
LADY GRACE, <i>sister to Lord Townly of exemplary virtue,</i>	MISS SHERRY.
LADY WRONGHEAD, <i>wife to Sir Francis, inclined to be a fine lady,</i>	MRS. HOPKINS.
MISS JENNY, <i>her daughter, pert and forward,</i>	MRS. DAVIES.
MRS. MOTHERLY, <i>one that lets lodgings,</i>	MRS. CROSE.
MYRTILLA, <i>her niece, seduced by the Count,</i>	MISS PLATT.
MRS. TRUITY, <i>Lady Townly's man,</i>	MRS. JOHNSTON.

COVENT-GARDEN.

LORD TOWNLY,	MR. BARRY.
MANLY,	MR. CLARKE.
SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD,	MR. SHUTER,
SQUIRE RICHARD,	MR. QUICK.
JOHN MOODY,	MR. DUNSTALL.
COUNT BASSET,	MR. LEE LEWES.
LADY WRONGHEAD,	MRS. PITT.
MISS JENNY,	MRS. MATTOCKS.
LADY GRACE,	MRS. LESSINGHAM.
LADY TOWNLY,	MRS. BARRY.
MOTHERLY,	MRS. HULL.
MYRTILLA,	MRS. WHITEFIELD.
TRUITY,	MRS. POUSSIN.

THE

T H E

P R O V O K ' D H U S B A N D .

The lines marked with inverted commas, ' &c. ' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I .

S C E N E , *Lord Townly's Apartment.*

Lord Townly, solus.

W H Y did I marry?—Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable, with a woman of so different a way of thinking?—Is there one article of it that she has not broke in upon?—Yes—let me do her justice—her reputation—That—I have no reason to believe is in question—But then how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it—is a shocking question! and her presumption while she keeps it—insupportable! for on the pride of that single virtue she seems to lay it down as a fundamental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice this fertile town affords, is the birth-right prerogative of a woman of quality—Amazing! that a creature so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness—Thus, while she admits no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still, in her chastity, not to care for her husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch, is left at large, to take care of his own contentment—"Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be—Yet, let me not be rash—Perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and some tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable—Here she comes—Let me be calm a while.

Enter

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out so soon after dinner, Madam?

Lady T. Lord, my Lord! what can I possibly do at home?

Lord T. What does my sister, Lady Grace, do at home?

Lady T. Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleasure at home?

Lord T. It might be in your power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady T. Comfortable! And so, my good Lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit stay at home to comfort her husband. Lord, what notions of life some men have!

Lord T. Don't you think, Madam, some ladies' notions are full as extravagant?

Lady T. Yes, my Lord, when the tame doves live coop'd within the pen of your precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed.

Lord T. And when they fly wild about this town, Madam, pray what must the world think of 'em then?

Lady T. Oh, this world is not so ill bred as to quarrel with any woman for liking it!

Lord T. Nor am I, Madam, a husband so well bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it; in short, the life you lead, Madam——

Lady T. Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

Lord T. I should not dispute your taste, Madam, if a woman had a right to please nobody but herself.

Lady T. Why, whom would you have her please?

Lord T. Sometimes her husband.

Lady T. And don't you think a husband under the same obligation?

Lord T. Certainly.

Lady T. Why, then, we are agreed, my Lord——For if I never go abroad, till I am weary of being at home——which you know is the case—is it not equally reasonable, not to come home 'till one is weary of being abroad?

Lord T. If this be your rule of life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question.

Lady T. Don't let it be long a coming, then——for I am in haste.

Lord

Lord T. Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

Lady T. Before I know the question?

Lord T. Psha!—Have I power, Madam, to make you serious by entreaty?

Lady T. You have.

Lord T. And you promise to answer me sincerely?

Lady T. Sincerely.

Lord T. Now then recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously why you married me?

Lady T. You insist upon truth, you say?

Lord T. I think I have a right to it.

Lady T. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a proof of my obedience and sincerity—I think—I married—to take off that restraint that lay upon my pleasures while I was a single woman.

Lord T. How, Madam! is any woman under less restraint after marriage than before it?

Lady T. Oh, my Lord, my Lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman to take.

Lord T. Name one.

Lady T. Fifty if you please—To begin, then,—in the morning—A married woman may have men at her toilet; invite them to dinner; appoint them a party in the stage-box at the play; engross the conversation there; call them by their christian names; talk louder than the players; from thence jaunt into the city; take a frolicsome supper at an India-House; perhaps, in her *gaiete de cour*, toast a pretty-fellow; then clatter again to this end of the town; break, with the morning, into an assembly; crowd to the hazard-table; throw a familiar *levant* upon some sharp, lurching man of quality, and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry—you'll owe it him, to vex him, ha, ha!

Lord T. Prodigious!

[*Aside.*

Lady T. These, now, my Lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife, from that of a single woman.

Lord T. Death, Madam! what law has made ~~these~~ liberties less scandalous in a wife, than in an unmarried woman?

B

Lady

16 THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord, has sent to know if your Lordship was at home.

Lord T. They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my Lord.

Lord T. Very well; step up to my sister, and say, I desire to speak with her.

Serv. Lady Grace is here, my Lord. [*Exit Serv.*]

Enter Lady Grace.

Lord T. So, lady fair; what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

Lady G. A huge folio, that has almost killed me—I think I have read half my eyes out.

Lord T. Oh! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

Lady G. That's true; but any body's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord T. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Leave word at the door, I am at home to nobody, but Mr. Manly. [*Exit Serv.*]

Lady G. And why is he excepted, pray, my Lord?

Lord T. I hope, Madam, you have no objection to his company?

Lady G. Your particular orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord T. And your Ladyship's inquiry into the reason of those orders, shews, at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you.

Lady G. Lord, you make the oddest constructions, brother!

Lord T. Look you, my grave Lady Grace—in one serious word—I wish you had him.

Lady G. I can't help that.

Lord T. Ha! you can't help it; ha, ha! The flat simplicity of that reply was admirable!

Lady G. Pooh, you tease one, brother!

Lord T. Come, I beg pardon, child—this is a point, I grant you, to trifle upon; therefore, I hope you will leave to be serious.

Lady G. If you desire it, brother; though, upon my word,

word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious thoughts of me—I know nothing of it.

Lord T. Well—there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it—But, in short, I find, by his conversation of late, that he has been looking round the world for a wife; and if you were to look round the world for a husband, he is the first man I would give to you.

Lady G. Then, whenever he makes me any offer, brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord T. Oh! that's the last thing he'll do: he'll never make you an offer, 'till he's pretty sure it won't be refused.

Lady G. Now you make me curious. Pray, did he ever make any offer of that kind to you?

Lord T. Not directly; but that imports nothing: he is a man too well acquainted with the female world to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examined proof of her merit; yet I have reason to believe, that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me; which, as yet, (notwithstanding our friendship) I have neither declined nor encouraged him to.

Lady G. I am mighty glad we are so near in our way of thinking; for, to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me: you know he has a satirical turn; but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue: and upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular, in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

Lord T. You are right, child: when a man of merit makes his addresses, good sense may give him an answer, without scorn or coquetry.

Lady G. Hush! he's here——

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My Lord, your most obed ent.

Lord T. Dear Manly, yours——I was thinking to send to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my Lord. Lady Grace, I kiss your hands——What, only you two! How

many visits may a man make, before he falls into such unfashionable company? A brother and sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding! I question if there is so particular a *tête à tête* again, in the whole parish of St. James's.

Lady G. Fic, fie, Mr. Manly! how censorious you are!

Man. I had not made the reflection, Madam; but that I saw you an exception to it—Where's my Lady?

Lord T. That, I believe is impossible to guess.

Man. Then I won't try, my Lord—

Lord T. But, 'tis probable, I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five hours in bed.

Man. Now, if that were my case—I believe I—
But I beg pardon, my Lord.

Lord T. Indeed, Sir, you shall not: you will oblige me if you speak out; for it was upon this head I wanted to see you.

Man. Why then, my Lord, since you oblige me to proceed—if that were my case—I believe I should certainly sleep in another house.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Man. Only a compliment, Madam.

Lady G. A compliment!

Man. Yes, Madam, in rather turning myself out of doors than her.

Lady G. Don't you think that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, Madam; for, in strict justice, I think she ought rather to go than I.

Lady G. This is new doctrine, Mr. Manly.

Man. As old, Madam, as love, honour, and obey. When a woman will stop at nothing that's wrong, why should a man balance any thing that's right?

Lady G. Bieis me! but this is somenting things—

Man. Fomentations, Madam, are sometimes necessary to dispel tumours: though I don't directly advise my Lord to do this—This is only what, upon the same provocation, I would do myself.

Lady G. Ay, ay, you would do! Batchelors wives, indeed, are finely governed.

Man. If the married men's were as well—I am apt
to

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

14

to think we should not see so many mutual plagues taking the air in separate coaches.

Lady G. Well, but suppose it your own case; would you part with a wife, because she now and then stays out, in the best company?

Lord T. Well said, Lady Grace! Come, stand up for the privilege of your sex. This is like to be a warm debate. I shall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a wife, after midnight, has no occasion to be in better company than her husband's; and that frequent unreasonable hours make the best company—the worst company she can fall into.

Lady G. But if people of condition are to keep company with one another, how is it possible to be done, unless one conforms to their hours?

Man. I can't find that any woman's good breeding obliges her to conform to other people's vices.

Lord T. I doubt, child, here we are got a little on the wrong side of the question.

Lady G. Why so, my Lord? I can't think the case so bad as Mr. Manly states it—People of quality are not tied down to the rules of those who have their fortunes to make.

Man. No people, Madam, are above being tied down to some rules, that have fortunes to lose.

Lady G. Pooh! I'm sure, if you were to take my side of the argument, you would be able to say something more for it.

Lord T. Well, what say you to that, Manly?

Man. Why, troth, my Lord, I have something to say.

Lady G. Ay! that I should be glad to hear, now.

Lord T. Out with it.

Man. Then, in one word, this, my Lord, I have often thought that the misconduct of my Lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your Lordship's treatment of her.

Lady G. Bless me!

Lord T. My treatment!

Man. Ay, my Lord, you so idolized her before marriage, that you even indulged her like a mistress after it: in short, you continued the lover, when you should have taken up the husband.

Lady

Lady G. Oh, frightful ! this is worse than t'other ; can a husband love a wife too well ?

Man. As easy, Madam, as a wife may love her husband too little.

Lord T. So ; you two are never like to agree, I find. •

Lady G. Don't be positive, brother——I am afraid we are both of a mind already. [*Aside.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. Manly ?

Man. Never, Madam, 'till I can meet with a woman that likes my doctrine.

Lady G. 'Tis pity but your mistress should hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when 'I marry the woman that won't hear it.

Lady G. I think, at least, he can't say that's me.

[*Aside.*

Man. And so, my Lord, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it ; having such entire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself. And, mercy on us ! how many fine women's heads have been turned upon the same occasion !

Lord T. Oh, Manly, 'tis too true ! there's the source of my disquiet ; she knows, and has abused her power ; nay, I am still so weak, (with shame I speak it) 'tis not an hour ago, that, in the midst of my impatience—I gave her another bill for five hundred to throw away.

Man. Well, my Lord, to let you see I am sometimes upon the side of good-nature, I won't absolutely blame you ; for the greater your indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady G. Ay, Mr. Manly, here now, I begin to come in with you. Who knows, my Lord, but you may have a good account of your kindness ?

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not best depend upon. But since you have had so much patience, my Lord, even go on with it a day or two more ; and upon her Ladyship's next folly, be a little rounder in your expostulations ; if that don't work——drop her some cool hints of a determined reformation, and leave her——to breakfast upon them.

Lord T. You are perfectly right. How valuable is a friend, in our anxiety !

Man.

Man. Therefore, to divert that, my Lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

Lady G. Ay, for goodness' sake, let us have done with this.

• *Lord T.* With all my heart.

Lady G. Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly?

Man. *Aprapoi*—I have some, Madam; and I believe, my Lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

Lord T. Pray, let us have it.

Man. Do you know that your country neighbour, and my wife kinsman, Sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family?

Lord T. The fool! What can be his business here?

Man. Oh! of the last importance, I'll assure you——
No less than the business of the nation.

Lord T. Explain.

Man. He has carried his election——against Sir John Worthland

Lord T. The deuce! What! for——for——

Man. The famous borough of Guzzledown.

Lord T. A proper representative, indeed!

Lady G. Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

Man. You have dined with him, Madam, when I was laid down with my Lord, at Bellmont.

Lady G. Was not that he that got a little merry before dinner, and overset the tea-table in making his compliments to my Lady?

Man. The same.

Lady G. Pray what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, Madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a-year: though as it was left him, saddled with two jointures, and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is—But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young hussy, for love, without a penny of money. Thus, having, like his brave ancestors, provided heirs for the family (for his dove breeds like a tame pigeon) he now finds children and interest-money make such a bawling about his ears, that, at last, he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good Lord Danglecourt, to run his estate

two thousand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what is left into Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

Lord T. A most admirable scheme, indeed!

Man. And with this politic prospect, he is now upon his journey to London——

Lord T. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a journey into the country again.

Lord T. Do you think he'll stir, 'till his money is gone; or, at least, 'till the session is over?

Man. If my intelligence is right, ~~say~~ Lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turnpike.

Lord T. How so?

Man. Oh, a bitter business; he had scarce a vote in the whole town, beside the returning officer. Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

Lord T. Then he has made a fine business of it indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done in as few days as possible.

Lady G. But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

Man. No, Madam; I would only spoil his project, to save his fortune.

Lady G. How are you concerned enough to do either?

Man. Why——I have some obligations to the family, Madam: I enjoy, at this time a pretty estate, which Sir Francis was heir at law to: but——by his being a booby, the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [To Man.] Sir, here is one of your servants from your house, desires to speak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my Lord?

Lord T. Sir—the ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's Servant.

Man. Well James, what's the matter?

James. Sir, here is John Moody just come to town; he says Sir Francis, and all the family, will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

Man. Where is he;

James.

James. At our house, Sir; he has been gaping and stumping about the streets in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a Parliament-man, till he can hire a handsome house, fit for all his family for the winter.

Man. I am afraid, / my Lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

Lord T. Pr'ythee let us have him here; he will divert us.

Man. Oh, my Lord, he's such a cub! Not but he's so near common ~~life~~, that he passes for a wit in the family.

Lady G. I beg, of all things, we may have him: I am in love with nature, let her dress be never so homely.

Man. Then desire him to come hither James.

[*Exit James.*]

Lady G. Pray what may be Mr. Moody's post?

Man. Oh! his *maître d' hotel*, his butler, his bailiff, his hind; his huntsman, and sometimes——his companion.

Lord T. It runs in my head, that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get up, to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public, in his own country.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmost importance stands valued at——sometimes being invited to dinner.

Lady G. And her Ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure in her sphere, too.

Man. That you may depend upon: for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her, than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil, in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses; and run in debt to all the shopkeepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds, by his eloquence, at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and *quadrille*, in the parish of St. James's.

Lord T. So that, by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their ~~money~~; and his worship——will be ready for a gaol.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of this

this hopeful journey to London—But see, here comes the fore-horse of the team.

Enter John Moody.

Oh, honest John!

J. Moody. Ad's waunds and heart, Measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' sun ye. Lawd, lawd, give me a buse! Why, that's friendly naw. Flesh! I thought we would never ha' got hither. Well, and how do you do Measter?—Good lack! I beg pardon for my bawldneis—I did not see 'at his honour was here.

Lord *J.* Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in London: I hope all the ~~great~~ family is well.

J. Moody. Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; tho' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Lady *G.* I hope my Lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody.

J. Moody. Noa, and please your Ladyship, she was never in better humour: there's money enough stirring now.

Man. What has been the matter, John?

J. Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

J. Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Measter; and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsom, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postilion.

Man. Very well! The journey sets out as it should do. [*Aside.*] What, do they bring all the children with them too?

J. Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk 'squire, and Miss Jenny. The other foive are all out at board, at half a crown a head, a week, with John Growse, at Smoke-dunghill farm.

Man. Good again! a right English academy for younger children!

J. Moody. Anon, Sir. [*Not understanding him.*]

Lady *G.* Poor souls! What will become of them?

J. Moody. Nay, nay, for that matter, Madam, they

' are in very good hands: Joan loves 'um as thof' they
' were all her own: for she was wet-nurse to every mother's
' babe of 'um——Ay, Ay, they'll ne'er want for a belly-
' full there!

• Lady G. What simplicity!

• *Man.* The Lud 'a mercy upon all good folks! What
' work will these people make! [*Holding up his hands.*]

Lord T. And when do you expect them here, John?

J. *Moody.* Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yester-
day, an' it had no' been, that th' awld Weazlebelly horse
tired: and then we were so cruelly loader, that the two
fore-wheels came down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane,
and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to
rights again.

Man. So they bring all the baggage with the coach
then?

J. *Moody.* Ay, ay, and good store on it there is—Why,
my Lady's geer alone were as much as fill'd four portinan-
tel trunks, beside the great deal box that heavy Ralph and
the monkey sit upon behind.

Lord T. Lady G. and *Man.* Ha, ha, ha!

Lady G. Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are
they within the coach?

J. *Moody.* Why there's my Lady, and his Worship;
and the young 'Squire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lup-
dog, and my Lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe,
the cook, that's all—Only Doll puked a little with riding
backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then
her stomach was easy.

Lady G. Oh, I see them! I see them go by me. Ha,
ha!

[*Laughing.*]

J. *Moody.* Then you mun think, Measter, there was
some stowage for the belly, as well as the back too; chil-
dren are apt to be famished upo' the road; so we had such
cargoes of plumb-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits,
and cheese, and cold boiled beef——And then, in case of
sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague water, sick, tent,
and strong beer so plenty as made th' awld coach crack
again. Mercy upon them! and tend them all well to
town, I say.

Man. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

J. *Moody.* Ods bud, Measter! you're a wise man; and
C for

for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! Some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! lawnce, goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then, sowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw, cries Miss! Scream, go the maids! and bawl, just as thof' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my Lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, thof' I told her it was Childermas day.

Man. These ladies, these ladies, ~~John~~—

J. Moody. Ay, Measter! I ha' seen a little of them: and I find that the best—when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

Lord T. Well said, John. Ha, ha!

Man. I hope, at least, you and your good woman agree still.

J. Moody. Ay, ay; much of a muchness. Bridget sticks to me: tho' as for her goodness—why, she was willing to come to London too—But hawld a bit! Noa, noa, says I; there may be mischief enough done without you.

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, John, and like a man.

J. Moody. Ah, weast heart! were Measter but hawf the mon that I am—Ods wookers! thof' he'll speak stoutly too, sometimes—But then he canno' hawld it—no, he canno' hawld it.

Lord T. Lady G. and Man. Ha, ha, ha!

J. Moody. Ods flesh! but I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw—but Measter charged me to find your Worship out; for he has hugey business with you: and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean neckcloth.

Man. Oh, John! I'll wait upon him.

J. Moody. Why you wonno' be so kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

J. Moody. Just i' the street next to where your Worship dwells, at the sign of the golden ball—It's gold all over; where they sell ribbons and flappits, and other sort of geer for gentlewomen.

Man.

Man. A milliner's?

J. Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly. Waunds, she has a couple of clever girls there, stitching i' th' fore-room.

•*Man.* Yes, yes, she's a woman of good business, no doubt on't—Who recommended that house to you, John?

J. Moody. The greatest good fortune in the world, sure; for as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the window there, but the fine gentleman that was always riding by our coach side, at York races—Count

—Basset;—that's he.

Man. Basset! Oh, I remember! I know him by sight.

J. Moody. Well, to be sure, as civil a gentleman to see to—

Man. As any sharper in town.

[*Aside.*

J. Moody. At York, he used to breakfast with my Lady every morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I suppose her Ladyship will return his compliment here in town.

[*Aside.*

J. Moody. Well, Measter—

Lord *T.* My service to Sir Francis and my Lady, John.

Lady *G.* And mine, pray, Mr. Moody.

J. Moody. Ay, your honours; they'll be proud on't, I dare say.

Man. I'll bring my compliments myself: so, honest John—

J. Moody. Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you.

[*Exit J. Moody*

Lord *T.* What a natural creature 'tis!

Lady *G.* Well, I can't but think, John, in a wet afternoon in the country, must be very good company.

Lord *T.* Oh, the tramontane! If this were known at half the *quadrille*-tables in town, they would lay down their cards to laugh at you.

Lady *G.* And the minute they took them up again, they would do the same at the losers—But to let you see, that I think good company may sometimes want cards to keep them together; what think you, if we ~~take~~ ^{lay} soberly down, to kill an hour at *ombre*?

Man. I shall be too hard for you, Madam.

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

Lady G. No matter; I shall have as much advantage of my Lord, as you have of me.

Lord T. Say you so, Madam; have at you then. Here! get the *ombre* table, and cards. *[[Exit Lord Townly.]*

Lady G. Come, Mr. Manly—I know you don't forgive me now.

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, Madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably?

Lady G. I'm sorry my Lord is not here, to take his share of the compliment—But he'll wonder what's become of us.

Man. I'll follow in a moment, Madam—

[Exit Lady Grace.]

It must be so—She sees I love her—yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation? How amiable is every hour of her conduct? What a vile opinion have I had of the whole sex for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recovered in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointments that pride, folly, and falsehood ever gave me!

Could women regulate, like her, their lives,
What halcyon days were in the gift of wives!
Vain rovers, then, might envy what they hate;
And only fools would mock the married state.

[Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Mrs. Motherly's House.*

Enter Count Basset and Mrs. Motherly.

COUNT BASSET.

I TELL you there is not such a family in England for you. Do you think I would have gone out of your lodgings for any body that was not sure to make you easy for the winter?

Motherly. Nay, I see nothing against it, Sir, but the gentleman's

tleman's being a parliament-man; and when people may, as it were, think one impertinent, or be out of humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own——

Count Bas. Psha! Pr'ythee never trouble thy head; his pay is as good as the Bank—Why, he has above two thousand a-year.

Moth. Alas-a-day, hat's nothing! your people of ten thousand a-year, have ten thousand things to do with it.

Count Bas. Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your money, what do you think of going a little with me Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. As you please.

Count Bas. Why, I have a game in my hand, in which, if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you shall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you so?—Why then I go, Sir,—and now, pray, let's see your game.

Count Bas. Look you, in one word, my cards lie thus—When I was down this summer at York, I happened to lodge in the same house with this knight's lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you so, Sir?

Count Bas. And sometimes had the honour to breakfast, and pass an idle hour with her——

Moth. Very good; and here, I suppose, you would have the impudence to sup and be busy with her.

Count Bas. Psha! pr'ythee hear me.

Moth. Is this your game! I would not give sixpence for it. What! you have a passion for her pin-money—No, no, country ladies are not for such of it!

Count Bas. Nay, if you won't have patience——

Moth. One had need to have a good deal, I am sure, to hear you talk at this rate. Is this your way of making my poor niece Myrtilta, easy?

Count Bas. Dearth! I shall do it still, if the woman will but let me speak——

Moth. Had you not a letter from her this morning?

Count Bas. I have it here in my pocket——this is it.

[He reads it and puts it up again.]

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any answer to it.

Count Bas. How the devil can I, if you won't hear me?

Moth. What, hear you talk of another woman!

Count Bas. Oh, lud! Oh, lud! I tell you, I'll make her fortune—Ounds, I'll marry her!

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when she was a maid, your stomach is not so sharp set now, I presume.

Count Bas. Hey-day! why your head begins to turn, my dear! The devil! you did not think I propos'd to marry her myself?

Moth. If you don't, who the devil ~~do you~~ think will marry her?

Count Bas. Why, a fool—

Moth. Humph! there may be sense in that—

Count Bas. Very good—One for t'other, then; if I can help her to a husband, why should you not come in to my scheme of helping me to a wife?

Moth. Your pardon, Sir; ay, ay, in an honourable affair, you know you may command me—But pray, where is this blessed wife and husband to be had?

Count Bas. Now, have a little patience—You must know then, this country knight and his lady bring up in the coach with them their eldest son and a daughter, to reuch them—to wash their faces, and turn their toes out.

Moth. Good—

Count Bas. The son is an unlick'd whelp, about sixteen, just taken from school; and begins to hanker after every wench in the family: the daughter, much of the same age; a pert, forward husky, who, having eight thousand pounds left her by an old doting grandmother, seems to have a devilish mind to be doing in her way too.

Moth. And your design is to put her into business for life?

Count Bas. Look you, in short, Mrs. Motherly, we gentlemen, whose occasional chariots roll only upon the four aces, are liable, sometimes, you know, to have a wheel out of order; which, I confess, is so much my case at present, that my dappie greys are reduced to a pair of ambling chairmen. Now, if, with your assistance, I can whip up this young jade into a hackney-coach,

coach, I may chance, in a day or two after, to carry her, in my own chariot, *en famille*, to an opera. Now, what do you say to me?

Moth. Why, I shall not sleep for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the family smocking your design?

Count Basf. By renewing my addresses to the mother.

Moth. And how will the daughter like that, think you?

Count Basf. Very well——whilst it covers her own affair.

Moth. That's true——it must do——but, as you say, one for t'other; I stick to that——if you don't do my niece's business with the son, I'll blow you with the daughter, depend upon't.

Count Basf. It's a bet——pay as we go, I tell you; and the five hundred shall be staked in a third hand.

Moth. That's honest——But here comes my niece; shall we let her into the secret?

Count Basf. Time enough; may be I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilla.

Moth. So, niece, are all the rooms done out, and the beds sheeted?

Myr. Yes, Madam; but Mr. Moody tells us, the lady always burns wax in her own chamber, and we have none in the house.

Moth. Odsso! then I must beg your pardon, Count; that is a busy time, you know. [*Exit Mrs. Malvolvy.*]

Count Basf. Myrtilla, how dost thou do, child?

Myr. As well as a losing gambler can.

Count Basf. Why, what have you lost?

Myr. What I shall never recover; and what's worse, you that have won it, don't seem to be much the better for it.

Count Basf. Why, child, dost thou ever see any body overjoyed for winning a deep stake, six months after 'us over?

Myr. Would I had never played for it!

Count Basf. Psha! hang these melancholy thoughts! we may be friends still.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count

Count *Baf.* Useful ones, perhaps——suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

Myr. I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

Count *Baf.* What do you think of the young country 'squire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

Myr. How should I know what to think of him?

Count *Baf.* Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while, at least to look about you——Hark! what buill's that without?

Enter Mrs. Motherly in a dress.

Moth. Sir, Sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door; they are all come.

Count *Baf.* What, already?

Moth. They are just getting out!——Won't you step and lead in my Lady? Do you be in the way, niece; I must run and receive them, *[Exit Mrs. Motherly.]*

Count *Baf.* And think of what I told you.

[Exit Count.]

Myr. Ay, ay; you have left me enough to think of as long as I live——A faithless fellow! I am sure I have been true to him; and for that only reason he wants to be rid of me. But while women are weak, men will be rogues; and for a lane to both their joys and ours, when our vanity indulges them in such innocent favours as make them adore us, we can never be well, till we grant them the very one that puts an end to their devotion——But here comes my aunt and the company.

Mrs. Motherly returns, shewing in Lady Wronghead, led by Count Basset.

Moth. If your Ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour, Madam, only for the present, 'till your squires have got all your things in.

Lady W'ng. Well, dear Sir, this is so infinitely obliging——I protest it gives me pain, tho', to turn you out of your lodging thus.

Count *Baf.* No trouble in the least, Madam; we single fellows are soon moved; besides, Mrs. Motherly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hinderance.

Moth. The Count is so well bred, Madam, I dare say he

he would do a great deal more to accommodate your Ladyship.

Lady Wrong. Oh, dear Madam!—A good, well-bred sort of a woman.

[*Apart to the Count.*]

•*Count Bas.* Oh, Madam! she is very much among people of quality; she is seldom without them in her house.

Lady Wrong. Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly?

Moth. Now your Ladyship is here, Madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

Lady Wrong. I am mighty glad of that; for, really, I think people of quality should always live among one another.

Count Bas. 'Tis what one would choose, indeed, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Bless me! but where are the children all this while?

Moth. Sir Francis, Madam, I believe, is taking care of them.

Sir Fran. [*Within.*] John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out—Come, children.

Moth. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Sir Francis, Squire Richard, and Miss Jenny.

Sir Fran. Well, Count, I mun say it, this was koynd, indeed.

Count Bas. Sir Francis, give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

Sir Fran. Psha! how dost do, mon?—Waunds, I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a house this.

Count Bas. Is not that Master Richard?

Sir Fran. Ey, ey, that's young Hopeful—Why dost not baw, Dick?

Squ. Rich. So I do, seyther.

Count Bas. Sir I'm glad to see you—I protest Mrs. Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

Sir Fran. Come forward, Jenny.

Jenny. Sure, papa! do you think I don't know how to behave myself?

Count Bas. If I have permission to approach her, Sir Francis.

Jenny. Lord Sir! I'm in such a frightful pickle—

[*Salute.*
Count

Count *Raf.* Every dress that's proper must become you, Madam.—you have been a long journey.

Jenny. I hope you will see me in a better, to-morrow, Sir.

[*Lady Wrong.* whispers *Mrs. Meth.* pointing to *Myrtilla.*

Meth. Only a niece of mine, Madam, that lives with me: she will be proud to give your Ladyship any assistance in her power.

Lady Wrong. A pretty sort of a young woman——
Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

Jenny. Oh, mamma, I am never strange in a strange place.

Myr. You do me a great deal of honour, Madam—
Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to London.

Jenny. Mamma, I like her prodigiously; she called me my Ladyship.

'*Squ. Rich.* Pray, mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her too?

Lady Wrong. You, you clown; stay 'till you learn a little more breeding first.

Sir Fran. Od's heart, my Lady Wronghead! why do you balk the lad? how should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himself forward!

'*Squ. Rich.* Why, ay, seyther, does mother think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Master has so much good humour, Madam, he would soon gain upon any body.

[*He kisses Myr.*
'*Squ. Rich.* Lo' you there, mother: and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

Lady Wrong. Why, how now, firrah! Boys must not be so familiar.

'*Squ. Rich.* Why, an' I know nobody, how the murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you and I, and siller, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one and thirty bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, Sir; d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

'*Squ. Rich.* Why and you woant yo' ma' let it alone; then she and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at all-fours, without you.

Sir Fran. Noa, Noa, Dick, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

Myr.

Myr. If Master pleases, I'll shew it him.

'*Squ. Rich.* What! the Humber! Hoy day! why does our river run to this tawn, feather?

Sir Fran. Pooh! you silly tony! cunbre is a gearm at cards, that the better sort of people play three together at.

'*Squ. Rich.* Nay the moare the merrier, I say; but sister is always so cross-grain'd——

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people—— and one has really been stuff'd up in a coach so long, that——Pray, Madam——could not I get a little powder for my hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, Madam.

[*Exeunt Myr. and Jenny.*]

'*Squ. Rich.* What has sister taken her away naw! meiss, I'll go and have a little game with 'em. [*Ex. after them.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here sometimes?

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh't naught to do.

Count Bas. Well, Sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

Sir Fran. Why, ay now, that's hearty!

Moth. Will your Ladyship please to refresh yourself with a dish of tea, after your fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady Wrong. If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs.

Moth. Very well, Madam: it shall be ready immediately. [*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Lady Wrong. Won't you walk up, Sir?

Sir Fran. Moody!

Count Bas. Shan't we stay for Sir Francis, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Lard! don't mind him: he will come if he likes it.

Sir Fran. Ay! ay! ne'er heed me——I have things to look after.

[*Exeunt Lady Wrong. and Count Bas.*]

Enter John Moody.

J. Moody. Did your Worship want muh?

Sir

Sir Fran. Ay, is the coach cleared, and all our things in?

J. Moody. Aw but a few band-boxes, and the nook that's left o'the goose poy—But, a plague on him, th' monkey has gin us the slip, I think—I suppose he's goon to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of um in this tawn—but heavy Ralph is skawered after him.

Sir Fran. Why, let him go to the devil! no matter, and the hawnds had had him a month agoe.—but I wish the coach and horses were got safe to the inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John; therefore I would have you go along with Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the stable.

J. Moody. Alas a-day, Sir, I believe our awld cattle won't yeasily be run away with to-night—but howsomdever, we'll ta' the best care we can of um, poor fawls.

Sir Fran. Well, well! make haste then—

[*Moody goes out, and returns.*]

J. Moody. Ods flesh! here's Master Monly come to wait upo' your Worship!

Sir Fran. Where is he?

J. Moody. Just coming in at threshold.

Sir Fran. Then goa about your business. [*Ex. Moody.*]

Enter Manly.

Cousin Manly! Sir, I am your very humble servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir Francis—and—

Sir Fran. Odishheart! this was so kindly done of you now.

Man. I wish you may think it so, cousin! for, I confess, I should have been better pleased to have seen you in any other place.

Sir Fran. How soa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake; I'm not concerned.

Sir Fran. Look you, cousin; thof' I know you wish me well; yet I don't question I shall give you sych weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, Sir, this is the wisest journey that ever I made in my life.

Man. I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe,
you

You will find it the most expensive one — your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

Sir Fran. Why ay! it's true! That—that did lick a little; but if a man's wife, (and I han't saw'd yet that I'm a fool) there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay, if you have that secret——

Sir Fran. Don't you be fearful, cousin——you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir Fran. In short, then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what, at Westminster——that's one thing.

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do you?

Sir Fran. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir Fran. Why, ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my days i'the country——what then——I'm o'the quorum——I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too——and mayhap they may find here,——that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

Man. If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to shew that you have any right to make use of it at all.

Sir Fran. How d'ye mean!

Man. That Sir John Worthland has lodged a petition against you.

Sir Fran. Petition! why, ay! there let it lie——we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!——Why, you forget, cousin, Sir John's o'the wrong side, mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir Francis, that will do you but little service; for in cases very notorious, which I take yours to be, there is such a thing as a short day, and despatching them immediately.

Sir Fran. With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again, the better.

Man. And this is the scheme you have laid down, to repair your fortune?

Sir Fran. In one word, cousin, I think it my duty! The Wrongheads have been a considerable family, ever since England was England: and since the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they shan't say its my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay, this project as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

Sir Fran. And let me alone to work it: mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither——

Man. You astonish me! what? and is it full as practicable as what you have told me!

Sir Fran. Ay, thof I say it——every whit, cousin, You'll find that I have more irons i'the fire than one; I doan't come of a fool's errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir Fran. In a word, my wife has got a friend at court, as well as myself, and her dowghter Jenny is naw pretty well grown up——

Man. [*Aside.*]——And what, in the devil's name, would he do with the dowdy?

Sir Fran. Naw, if I doan't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap, i'this tawn, she may be looking out for herself——

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir Fran. Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

Man. [*Aside.*]——Oh! he has taken my breath away? but I must hear him out——Pray, Sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court?

Sir Fran. Why, the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true; but she has tongue enough: she woan't be dash't! Then she shall learn to daunce forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to stond still, you know.

Man. Very well; but when she is thus accomplish'd, you must still wait for a vacancy.

Sir Fran. Why, I hope one has a good chance for that every

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every day, cousin; for if I take it right, that's a post, that folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—It's like an orange-tree, upon that account—it will bear blossoms, and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

Man. Well, Sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions! But, pray, where is my Lady, and my young cousin? I should be glad to see them too.

Sir Fran. She is but just taking a dish of tea with the Count, and my landlady—I'll call her down.

Man. No, no, if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

Sir Fran. Odsheart? but you mun see her now, cousin; what! the best friend I have in the world!—Here, sweetheart! [*To a Servant without.*] prythee, desire my lady and the gentleman to come down a bit; till her here's cousin Mauly come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the gentleman be?

Sir Fran. You mun know him to be sure; why it's Count Ballet.

Man. Oh! is it he?—Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

Sir Fran. Troth! I think so too: he's the civillest man that ever I knew in my life——Why! here he would go out of his own lodgings, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Was n't that kind, naw?

Man. Extremely civil—the family is in admirable hands already. [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. Then my lady likes him hugely—all the time of York races, she would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

Sir Fran. Why, ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another!

Man. Why, truly, for her purpose, I think not.

Sir Fran. Only naw and tan, he—he stonds a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

Man. Oh, never fear! he'll mend that every day——Mercy on us! what a head he has! • [*Aside.*]

Sir Fran. So, here they come!

D 2

Enter

Enter Lady Wronghead, Count Basset, and Mrs. Motherly.

Lady Wrong. Cousin Manly, this is infinitely obliging; I am extremely glad to see you.

Man. Your most obedient servant, Madam; I am glad to see your Ladyship look so well, after your journey.

Lady Wrong. Why really, coming to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here, is very apt to deaden the complexion—and, give me leave to tell you, as a friend, Madam, you are come to the worst place in the world, for a good woman to grow better in.

Lady Wrong. Lord, cousin! how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moaped up in the country.

Count Bas. Your Ladyship certainly takes the thing in a quite right light, Madam. Mr. Manly, your humble servant—a hein.

Man. Familiar puppy. [*Aside.*] Sir, your most obedient ——— I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. [*Aside.*

Count Bas. Was you at White's this morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir, I just called in.

Count Bas. Pray—what—was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as usual, Sir; the same daily carcases, and the same crows about them.

Count Bas. The Demoivre-Baronet had a bloody tumble yesterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your share of him.

Count Bas. No, faith; I came in when it was all over—— I think I just made a couple of lets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's Arms.

Lady Wrong. What a genteel, easy manner he has.

[*Aside.*

Man. A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here.

[*Aside.*

Enter Squire Richard, with a wet brown paper on his face.

Sir Iren. How naw, Dick; what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

Squ. Rich. I ha' gotten a knock upon't.

Lady

Lady Wrong. And how did you come by it, you heedless creature?

'Squ. Rich. Why, I was but running after sister, and t'other young woman, into a little room just now: and so with that, they slapp'd the door full in my face, and gave me such a whurr here—I thought they had beaten my brains out; so I gut a dab of whet brown paper here, to swage it a while.

Lady Wrong. They served you right enough; will you never have done with your horse-play?

Sir Fran. Pooh, never heed it, lad; it will be well by to-morrow—the boy has a strong head.

Man. Yes, truly, his scull seems to be of a comfortable thickness. *[Aside.]*

Sir Fran. Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly—Sir, this is your god-son.

'Squ. Rich. Honour'd godfeyther; I crave leave to ask your blessing.

Man. Thou hast it, child——and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at least, as wise a man as thy father.

Enter Miss Jenny.

Lady Wrong. Oh, here's my daughter too. Miss Jenny! don't you see your cousin, child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty dear——*[Salutes her.]* may't thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother.

Jenny. I wish I may ever be so handsome, Sir.

Man. Hah, Miss Pert! Now that's a thought, that seems to have been hatcht in the girl on this side Highgate. *[Aside.]*

Sir Fran. Her tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady Wrong. That's only from her country education, Sir Francis. You know she has been kept too long there——so I brought her to London, Sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

Man. Oh, the best place in the world for it——every woman she meets will teach her something of it——There's the good gentlewoman of the house, looks like a knowing person, even she perhaps will be so good as to shew her a little London behaviour.

Moth. Alas, Sir, Miss won't stand long in need of my instruction.

Man. That I dare say. What thou can't teach her, she will soon be mistress of. [*Aside.*]

Moth. If she does, Sir, they shall always be at her service.

Lady Wrong. Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. Very kind and civil truly—I think we are got into a mighty good hawse here.

Man. Oh, yes, and very friendly company.

Count Raf. Humph! I g'd I don't like his looks—he seems a little smoky—I believe I had as good brush off—If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions.

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family—

Count Raf. It's very true, Sir—I was just thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I see: but it's no matter, we have time enough. [*Aside.*] And so, ladies, without ceremony your humble servant.

[*Exit Count Basset, and drops a letter.*]

Lady Wrong. Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux, I'll lay my life, but this is no place to examine it.

[*Puts it in her pocket.*]

Sir Fran. Why in such haste, cousin?

Man. Oh, my Lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands, after such a journey.

Lady Wrong. I believe, Sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

Man. Why truly, ladies seldom want employment here, Madam.

Jenny. And inamina did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare say, my young mistress.

Jenny. I hope not, Sir,

Man. Ha, Miss Mettle!—Where are you going, Sir?

Sir Fran. Only to see you to the door, Sir.

Man. Oh, Sir Francis, I love to come and go without ceremony.

Sir.

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Sir Fran. Nay, Sir, I must do as you will have me—
your humble servant.

[Exit Manly.]

Jenny. This cousin Manly, papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour—I don't like him half so well as the Count.

Sir Fran. Pooh! that's another thing, child—Cousin is a little proud indeed; but however you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and nobody knows who he may give it to.

Lady Wrong. Pish! a fig for his money; you have so many projects of late about money, since you are a parliament man. What, we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs, and then he will be just old enough, to marry his maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, Madam, the town says he is going to be married already.

Sir Fran. Who! cousin Manly?

Lady Wrong. To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it possible your Ladyship should know nothing of it!—to my Lord Townly's sister, Lady Grace.

Lady Wrong. Lady Grace!

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the news-papers!

Lady Wrong. I don't like that, neither.

Sir Fran. Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady Wrong. [Aside.] If it is not too far gone: at least it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

'Squ. Rich. Pray, seyther, haw lung will it be to supper?

Sir Fran. Odso! that's true; step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

Moth. If you please, Sir, I'll order one of my maid's to shew her where she may have any thing you have a mind to.

Sir Fran. Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

'Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! what is not it i'the hawse yet—I shall be furnish'd—but hawld! I'll go and ask

Doll, an ther's none o'the goose poy left.

Sir Fran. Do so, and do'tt hear, Dick—see if there's

‘ there’s e’er a bottle o’ the strong beer that came i’ th’ coach with us——if there be, clap a toast in it, and bring it up.

‘ *Squ. Rich.* With a little nutmeg and sugar, shawn’a I feyther.

‘ *Sir Fran.* Ay, ay, as thee and I always drink it for breakfast—Go thy ways!—and I’ll fill a pipe i’ th’ mean while. *[Takes one from a packet-case, and fills it.]*

[Exit Squire Rich.]

‘ *Lady Wrong.* This boy is always thinking of his belly.

‘ *Sir Fran.* Why, my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his journey.

‘ *Lady Wrong.* Nay, ev’n breed him your own way—He has been cramming in or out of the coach all this day, I am sure—I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

‘ *Jenny.* Oh, as for that I could eat a great deal more, mamma; but then mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

‘ *Lady Wrong.* Ay, so thou wouldst, my dear.

‘ *Enter Squire Richard, with a full tankard.*

‘ *Squ. Rich.* Here, feyther, I ha’ brought it—it’s well I went as I did; for our Doll had just baked a toast, and was going to drink it herself.

‘ *Sir Fran.* Why then, here’s to thee, Dick! *[Drinks.]*

‘ *Squ. Rich.* Thank you, feyther.

‘ *Lady Wrong.* Lord, Sir Francis, I wonder you can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor—it’s enough to make him quite stupid.

‘ *Squ. Rich.* Why it never hurts me, mother; and I sleep like a hawnd after it. *[Drinks.]*

‘ *Sir Fran.* I am sure I ha’ drunk it these thirty years, and by your leave, Madam, I don’t know that I want wit: ha! ha!

‘ *Jenny.* But you might have had a great deal more, papa, if you would have been governed by my mother.

‘ *Sir Fran.* Daughter, he that is governed by his wife, has no wits at all.

‘ *Jenny.* Then I hope I shall marry a fool, Sir; for I love to govern dearly.

‘ *Sir*

' Sir *Fran.* You are too pert, child; it don't do well in
' a young woman.

' *Lady Wrong.* Pray, Sir Francis, don't snub her? she
' has a fine growing spirit, and if you check her so, you
' will make her as dull as her brother there.

' 'Squ. *Rich.* [*After a long draught.*] Indeed mother,
' I think my sister is too forward.

' *Jenny.* You! you think I'm too forward! sure, brother
' mud! your head's too heavy to think of any thing but
' your belly.

' *Lady Wrong.* Well said, Miss, he's none of your mas-
' ter, though he is your elder brother.

' 'Squ. *Rich.* No, nor the shawnt be my mistress, while
' she's your younger silder.

' *Sir Fran.* Well said, Dick! shew 'em that stant liquor
' makes a stant heart, lad!

' 'Squ. *Rich.* So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for all
' her. [*Drinks.*]

Enter John Moody.

Sir Fran. So, John, how are the horses?

J. Moody. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this
tawn, it's made up o' mischief, I think.

Sir Fran. What's the matter naw?

J. Moody. Why, I'll tell your Worship—before we
were gotten to th' street end, with the coach, here, a
great luggerheaded cart, with wheels as thick as a brick
wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits; crack,
went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang says
the glasses, all to shievers! Marcy upon us! and this
be London! would we were aw weel in the country
ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to wish us all in the
country again Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into
the country again these seven years, mamma; let twenty
coaches be pulled to pieces.

Sir Fran. Hold your tongue, Jenny!—Was Roger in
no fault in all this?

J. Moody. Noa, Sir, nor I, noather. Are not yow
althun'd, says Roger, to the carter, to do such an unkind
thing by strangers? Noa, says he, you bumkin. Sir,
he did the thing on very purpose! and so the folks said
that stood by—Very well, says Roger, yow shall see what
our

our meyster will say to ye! Your meyster, says he; your meyster may kiss my—and so he clapped his hand just there, and like your Worship. Flesh! I thought they had better breeding in this town.

Sir *Fran.* I'll teach this rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him.

'Squ. *Rich.* Ay, do feyther; have him before the parliament.

Sir *Fran.* Odsbud! and so I will——I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

J. Moody. I believe in London, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* What's the rascal's name?

J. Moody. I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

'Squ. *Rich.* What, my name!

Sir *Fran.* Where did he go?

J. Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir *Fran.* Where's that?

J. Moody. By my troth, Sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he would pool us over and over again.

Sir *Fran.* Will he so? Odzooks! get me a constable.

Lady *Wrong.* Pooh! get you a good supper. Come, Sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat for what can't be help'd. Accidents will happen to people that travel abroad to see the world——For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not over-turned before we were all out on't.

Sir *Fran.* Why ay, that's true again, my dear.

Lady *Wrong.* Therefore see to-morrow, if we can buy one at second-hand, for present use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

J. Moody. Why, troth, Sir, I doan't think this could have held you above a day longer.

Sir *Fran.* D'ye think so, John?

J. Moody. Why you ha' had it, ever since your Worship were high sheriff.

Sir *Fran.* Why then go and see what Doll has got us for supper——and come and get off my boots.

[Exit Sir *Fran.*
Lady

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Lady Wrong. In the mean time, Mifs, do you step to Hardy, and bid her get me some fresh night-clothes.

[*Exit Lady Wrong.*]

Jenny. Yes, mamma, and some for myself too.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

'Squ. Rich. Ods-flesh! and what mun I do all alone?

I'll e'en seek out where t'other pratty mits is,

And she and I'll go play at cards for kisses

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Lord Townly's House.*

Enter Lord Townly, a Servant attending.

LORD TOWNLY.

WHO's there?

Serv. My Lord.

Lord T. Bid them get dinner——*Lady Grace*, your servant.

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady G. What, is the house up already? My Lady is not dress'd yet.

Lord T. No matter—it's three o'clock—she may break my rest, but she shall not alter my hours.

Lady G. Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

Lord T. That, I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

Lady G. No, upon my word, she is engaged in company.

Lord T. Where, pray?

Lady G. At my Lady Revel's; and you know they never dine till supper-time.

Lord T. No, truly——she is one of those orderly ladies, who never let the sun shine upon any of their vices!——But, pr'ythee, sister, what humour is she in to-day.

Lady G. Oh, in tip-top spirits, I can assure you——she won a good deal last night.

Lord

Lord T. I know no difference between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

Lady G. However, she is better in good humour than bad.

Lord T. Much alike: when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it; when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have my share of her.

Lady G. Well, we won't talk of that now—Does any body dine here?

Lord T. Manly promised me—By the way, Madam, what do you think of his last conversation?

Lady G. I am a little at a stand about it.

Lord T. How so?

Lady G. Why—I don't know how he can ever have any thoughts of me, that could lay down such severe rules upon wives in my hearing.

Lord T. Did you think his rules unreasonable?

Lady G. I can't say I did! but he might have had a little more complaisance before me, at least.

Lord T. Complaisance is only a proof of good breeding: but his plainness was a certain proof of his honesty; nay, of his good opinion of you: for he would never have opened himself so freely, but in confidence that your good sense could not be disobliged at it.

Lady G. My good opinion of him, brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: but I have received a letter this morning, that shews him a very different man from what I thought him.

Lord T. A letter! from whom?

Lady G. That I don't know; but there it is.

[Gives a letter.]

Lord T. Pray, let's see. [Reads.] "The inclosed, Madam, fell accidentally into my hands; it is no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend, and humble servant, Un- known, &c."

Lady G. And this was the inclosed. [Giving another.]

Lord T. [Reads.] "To Charles Manly, Esq."

"Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me that I now grow as painful to you as to myself: but, however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will

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will not let me live worse than I did, before I left an honest income for the vain hopes of being ever yours.

MYRTILLA DUPEL."

P. S. "'Tis above four months since I received a shilling from you."

Lady G. What think you now?

Lord T. I am considering——

Lady G. you see it's directed to him——

Lord T. That's true; but the postscript seems to be a reproach that I think he is not capable of deserv'g.

Lady G. But who could have concern enough to send it to me?

Lord T. I have observed that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

Lady G. What would you have me do in it?

Lord T. What I think you ought to do—fairly shew it him, and say I advis'd you to it.

Lady G. Will not that have a very odd look from me?

Lord T. Not at all, if you use my name in it; if he is innocent, his impatience to appear so, will discover his regard to you. If he is guilty, it will be your best way of preventing his addresses.

Lady G. But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance?

Lord T. I can't think there's any fear of that:

Lady G. Pray, what is it you do think then?

Lord T. Why, certainly, that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concerned in it——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Manly, my Lord.

Lord T. Do you receive him, while I step a minute in to my Lady.

[Exit Lord Townly,

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your most obedient; they told me my Lord was here.

Lady G. He will be here presently; he is but just gone in to my sister.

Man. So, then my Lady dines with us.

Lady G. No; she is engaged.

Man. I hope you are not of her party, Madam.

Lady G. Not till after dinner.

E

Man.

Man. And, pray, how may she have disposed of the rest of the day.

Lady G. Much as usual; she has visits till about eight; after that, till court-time, she is to be at *quadrille*, at Mrs. Idle's; after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my Lady Moonlight. And from thence they go together to my Lord Noble's assembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, Madam?

Lady G. Only a few of the visits: I would, indeed, have drawn her to the play; but I doubt we have so much upon our hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady G. There's no great merit in forbearing what one is not charmed with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have passed a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleased when I was at quiet without them.

Lady G. What induced you then, to be with them?

Man. Idleness, and the fashion.

Lady G. No mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly—yes—Being often in the toy-shop, there was no forbearing the baubles.

Lady G. And of course, I suppose, sometimes you were tempted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Why, really, where fancy only makes the choice, Madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled in those sort of bargains; which, I confess, has been often my case: for I had constantly some coquette or other upon my hands, whom I could love, perhaps, just enough to put it in her power to plague me.

Lady G. And that's a power, I doubt, commonly made use of.

Man. The amours of a coquette, Madam, seldom have any other view; I look upon them and prudes to be nuisances just alike; though they seem very different: the first are always plaguing the men, and the others are always abusing the women.

Lady G. And yet both of them do it for the same vain

' vain ends; to establish a false character of being virtuous.

' *Man.* 'Of being chaste, they mean; for they know no other virtue; and, upon the credit of that, they traffic in every thing else that's vicious. They (even against nature) keep their chastity, only because they find they have more power to do mischief with it, than they could possibly put in practice without it.

' *Lady G. Holt.* Mr. Manly: I am afraid this severe opinion of the sex is owing to the ill choice you have made of your mistresses.

' *Man.* In a great measure it may be so; but, Madam, if both these characters are so odious, how vastly valuable is that woman, who has attained all they aim at, without the aid of the folly or vice of either?

' *Lady G.* I believe those sort of women to be as scarce, Sir, as the men that believe there are any such; or, that allowing such, have virtue enough to deserve them.

' *Man.* That could deserve them, then——had been a more favourable reflection.'

Lady G. Nay, I speak only from my little experience; for (I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly) I don't know a man in the world, that, in appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the first merit, than yourself: and yet I have a reason in my hand, here, to think you have your failings.

Man. I have infinite, Madam; but I am sure the want of an implicit respect for you, is not among the number—Pray, what is in your hand, Madam?

Lady G. Nay, Sir, I have no title to it, for the direction is to you. [Gives him a letter.]

Man. To me! I don't remember the hand.

[Reads to himself.]

Lady G. I can't perceive any change of guilt in him; and his surprise seems natural. [Aside.]—Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. Manly; that I should never have shewn you this, but that my brother enjoined me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good opinion of me, Madam.

Lady G. I hope, at least, it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

Man. I never yet saw you do any thing, Madam, that wanted an excuse; and I hope you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

Lady G. I don't believe I shall refuse any that you think proper to ask.

Man. Only this, Madam, to indulge me so far as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

Lady G. Inclosed to me in this, without a name.

Man. If there be no secret in the contents, Madam.—

Lady G. Why—there is an impertinent intimation in it: but as I know your good sense will think it so too, I will venture to trust you.

Man. You'll oblige me, Madam.

[He takes the other letter and reads.]

Lady G. *[Aside.]* Now am I in the oddest situation; methinks our conversation grows terribly critical. This must produce something——Oh, lud! would it were over!

Man. Now, Madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

Lady G. I have no notion of what could be proposed by it.

Man. A little patience, Madam.—First, as to the intimation you mention——

Lady G. Oh! what is he going to say now? *[Aside.]*

Man. Though my intimacy with my Lord may have allowed my visits to have been very frequent here of late; yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder if a great many of those visits are placed to your account: and this taken for granted, I suppose, has been told to my Lady Wronghead, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably with many more imaginary circumstances.

Lady G. My Lady Wronghead!

Man. Ay, Madam; for I am positive this is her hand.

Lady G. What view could she have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any treaty of marriage she may have heard I am engaged in; because, if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But I hope she is so far mistaken, that if this letter has given you the least un-

easiness—I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

Lady G. That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly?

• *Man.* Yes, Madam, because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

Lady G. I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppose you may not, Madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

Lady G. With what an artful gentleness he steals into my opinion! [*Aside*] Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman in me, as to want curiosity—But *say*, do you suppose, then, this Myrtilia is a real, or a fictitious name?

Man. Now I recollect, Madam, there is a young woman, in the house where my Lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard somebody call Myrtilia: this letter may be written by her—But how it came directed to me, I confess, is a mystery, that, before I ever presume to see your Ladyship again, I think myself obliged, in honour, to find out. [*Go*—

Lady G. Mr. Manly—you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next street, Madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

Lady G. Nay, but dinner's just coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat nor rest, till I see an end of this affair.

Lady G. But this is so odd! why should any silly curiosity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't suffer it to be yours, Madam; then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity—

[*Exit Manly.*]

Lady G. Well—and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude, he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his life with me?—I hope not—for I am sure the case is terribly clear on my side; and why may not I, without vanity, suppose my—unaccountable somewhat—has done as much execution upon him?—Why—because he never told me so—nay, he has not so much as mentioned the word love, or ever said one civil thing to my

person——well——but he has said a thousand to my good opinion, and has certainly got it——had he spoke first to my person, he had paid a very ill compliment to my understanding——I should have thought him impertinent, and never have troubled my head about him; but as he has managed the matter, at least I am sure of one thing, that let his thoughts be what they will, I shall never trouble my head about any other man as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Trusty.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dressed yet?

Trusty. Yes, Madam; but my Lord has been courting her so, I think, till they are both out of humour.

Lady G. How so?

Trusty. Why, it began, Madam, with his Lordship's desiring her Ladyship to dine at home to-day——upon which my Lady said she could not be ready; upon that my Lord ordered them to stay the dinner; and then my Lady ordered the coach: then my Lord took her short, and said he had ordered the coachman to set up; then my Lady made him a great curtesy, and said she would wait till his Lordship's horses had dined, and was mighty pleasant: but, for fear of the worst, Madam, she whispered me——to get her chair ready. [*Exit Trusty.*]

Lady G. Oh, here they come! and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company. [*Exit Lady Grace.*]

Enter Lady Townly, Lord Townly following.

Lady T. Well, look you, my Lord, I can bear it no longer; nothing still but about my faults, my faults: an agreeable subject, truly!

Lord T. Why, Madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady T. Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them—you know I have tried to do it a hundred times—and—it hurts me so—I can't bear it.

Lord T. And I, Madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

Lady T. Abuse! astonishing! when the universe knows, I am never better company than when I am doing what I have a mind to. But to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction——Why, but last Thursday, now,——there you wisely amended

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

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amended one of my faults, as you call them—you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade—and pray, what was the consequence? Was not I as cross as the devil all the night after? Was not I forced to get company at home? And was it not almost three o'clock in the morning, before I was able to come to myself again? And then the fault is not mended neither—for next time, I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning an old ruffle, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord T. Well, the manner of womens' living of late, is insupportable; and one way or other—

Lady T. It's to be mended, I suppose: why, so it may: but then, my dear Lord, you must give one time—and when things are at worst, you know, they may mend themselves, ha, ha!

Lord T. Madam, I am not in a humour now, to trifle.

Lady T. Why then, my Lord, one word of fair argument—to talk with you in your own way, now—You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones—so far we are even, you'll allow—but pray, which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world; my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowsy eleven at night? Now, I think, one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his shop—Faugh!

Lord T. Fie, fie, Madam! is this your way of reasoning? 'Tis time to wake you, then—'Tis not your ill hours alone, that disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion those ill hours.

Lady T. Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord; what ill company do I keep?

Lord T. Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it; or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another. Then, that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, concealed thieves, and sharpers in embroidery—or, what, to me, is still more shocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-eared cuncombs, who are so often like monkeys, there would be no knowing them
afunder,

asunder, but that their tails hang from their heads, and the monkey's grows where it should do.

Lady T. And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord T. Their being fools, Madam, is not always the husband's security; or, if it were, fortune sometimes gives them advantages might make a thinking woman tremble.

Lady T. What do you mean?

Lord T. That women sometimes lose more than they are able to pay: and if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be reduced to try, if, instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

Lord T. My Lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord T. So are the churches—now and then.

Lady T. My friends frequent them too, as well as the assemblies.

Lord T. Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers were there allowed to furnish cards to the company.

Lady T. I see what you drive at all this while: you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice. I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord T. Have a care, Madam; don't let me think you only value your chastity to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else that's vicious—I, Madam, have a reputation, too, to guard, that's dear to me as yours—The follies of an ungoverned wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but 'tis his own fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady T. My Lord—you would make a woman mad!

Lord T. You'd make a man a fool.

Lady T. If Heaven has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

Lord T. Whatever may be in your inclination, Madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar, at least.

Lady T. A beggar! Cruel! I'm out of patience!—I won't come home till four to-morrow morning.

Lord

Lord T. That may be Madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve.

Lady T. Then I won't come home till to-morrow night.

Lord T. Then, Madam—you shall never come home again.

[*Exit Lord Townly.*]

Lady T. What does he mean! I never heard such a word from him in my life before! The man always used to have manners in his worst humours. There's something, that I don't see, at the bottom of all this—But his head's busy upon some impracticable scheme or other; so I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. Manly, your servant.

[*Enter Manly.*]

Man. I ask pardon for intrusion, Madam; but I hope my business with my Lord will excuse it.

Lady T. I believe you'll find him in the next room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me leave, Madam?

Lady T. Sir—you have my leave, though you were a lady.

Man. [*Aside.*] What a well-bred age do we live in!

[*Exit Manly.*]

[*Enter Lady Grace.*]

Lady T. Oh, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady G. I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fuster here—

Lady G. Bless me! for what?

Lord T. Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning—We have been charming company.

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it: sure it must be a vast happiness, when a man and a wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

Lady T. Oh, the prettiest thing in the world!

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child,
that

that never enter into the imaginations of others.—
 Why, here's my Lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day, too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady T. Oh, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my Lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *côte à côte* meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room.—At last, stretching himself, and yawning—My dear—says he—aw—you came home very late, last night—'Twas but just turned of two says I—I was in bed—aw—by eleven, says he—So you are every night, says I—Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late—How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often?—Upon which we entered into a conversation—and though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul, it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family dialogues, (though extremely well for passing the time) don't there, now and then, enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady T. Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zell of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay; if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady G. Well—certainly you have the most elegant taste—

Lady T. Though to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into to it, this bout! for it grew so sour at last, that—I think—I almost told him he was a fool—and he, again—talked something oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady

Lady G. Oh, have a care of that!

Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife father for that—

Lady G. How so?

Lady T. Why—when my good Lord first opened his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Lady T. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a husband's odd humours.

Lady G. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

Lady T. Nay, but to be serious, my dear; what would you really have a woman do, in my case?

Lady G. Why—if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. Oh, you wicked thing! how can you teize one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do, with my soul, love almost every thing he hates. I doat upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and at an opera—I expire. Then I love play to distraction; cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady G. Oh, never! I don't think it fits well upon women; there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and curse; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady

Lady G. Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising, just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp—and swallow it.

Lady G. Well—and is not that enough to make you forswear play, as long as you live?

Lady T. Oh, yes: I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady G. And how can you answer that?

Lady T. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature, and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit, (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable; for you will marry, I suppose.

Lady G. I can't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town?

Lady G. Half the year, I should like it very well.

Lady T. My stars! and you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

Lady G. Why not?

Lady T. Why can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

Lady G. So I would—t'other half year.

Lady T. And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady G. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady T. Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game of cards,

cards, soberly? managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements——soberly; and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself——

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! For sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life, have not been in any head these thousand years——Under a great tree! Oh, my soul!——But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme too——for I am charmed with the country life!——

Lady G. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady T. Well, though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it however.

Lady G. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it——but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her face as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess. Though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Ay, now for it——

Lady G. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady T. Why the men say, that's a great step to be made one——Well, now you are dress——Pray let's see to what purpose?

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.——I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly, nay, play at Quadrille——soberly; I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then an opera——but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again; and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go——soberly.

Lady T. Well, if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the farther
 good breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping,
 F sleeping,

sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four and twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable! Deplorable! Why, child, all you propose, is but to indure life, now I want to enjoy it——

Enter Mrs. Truffy.

Truff. Madam, your Ladyship's chair is ready.

Lady T. Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? Forlast night I was poisoned.

Truff. Yes, Madam; there were some come in this morning. *[Exit Truffy.]*

Lady T. My dear, you will excuse me; but you know my time is so precious——

Lady G. That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

Lady T. You will call on me at Lady Revel's?

Lady G. Certainly.

Lady T. But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear.

Lady G. When it does, I will——soberly break from you.

Lady T. Why then, 'till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness. *[Exit Lady T.]*

Lady G. There she goes—Dash! into her stream of pleasures! Poor woman, she is really a fine creature; and sometimes infinitely agreeable; nay, take her out of the madness of this town, rational in her notions, and easy to live with: but she is so borne down by this torrent of vanity in vogue, she thinks every hour of her life is lost that she does not lead at the head of it. What it will end-in, I tremble to imagine!——Ha, my brother, and Manly, with him! I guess what they have been talking of—I shall hear it in my turn, I suppose, but it won't become me to be inquisitive.

[Exit Lady Grace.]

Enter Lord Townly and Manly.

Lord T. I did not think my Lady Wronghead had such a notable brain: though I can't say she was so very wise, in trusting this silly girl you call Myrtilla, with secrets.

Man. No, my Lord, you mistake me; had the

been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

Lord T. Why I thought you said the girl writ this letter to you, and that my Lady Wronghead sent it inclosed to my sister?

Man. If you please to give me leave, my Lord—the fact is thus—This inclosed letter to Lady Grace was a real original one, written by this girl, to the Count we have been talking of: the Count drops it, and my Lady Wronghead finds it: then only changing the cover, she seals it up as a letter of business, just written by herself, to me: and pretending to be in a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction for her.

Lord T. Oh, then the girl did not know she was superscribing a billet-doux of her own to you?

Man. No, my Lord; for when I first questioned her about the direction, she owned it immediately: but when I shewed her that her letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands, the poor creature was amazed, and thought herself betrayed both by the Count and my Lady—in short, upon this discovery, the girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some transactions, in my Lady Wronghead's family, which, with my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

Lord T. You are very generous, to be solicitous for a lady that has given you so much uneasiness.

Man. But I will be most unmercifully revenged of her: for I will do her the greatest friendship in the world—against her will.

Lord T. What an uncommon philosophy art thou master of? to make even thy malice a virtue!

Man. Yet, my Lord, I assure you, there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure than your approbation of it.

Lord T. Dear Charles! my heart's impatient, 'till thou art nearer to me: and as a proof that I have long wished thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve than win my sister's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit: and since on this occasion you have opened your