

Bells 1757
THEATRE;

(S.)



Page 50.

LONDON

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the Strand and C. Sherwin at York Dec: 5th 1776



VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

Being the Fourth VOLUME of COMEDIES.

CONTAINING

The FUNERAL, by Sir RICHARD STEELE.
LOVE FOR LOVE, by WILLIAM CONGREVE, Esq.
The CARELESS HUSBAND, by COLLEY CIBBER,
Esq.
The TENDER HUSBAND, by Sir RICH. STEELE.
The BUSY BODY, by Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

L O N D O N :

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

M DCC LXXX.

Act V.

FUNERAL.

Scene



Published for Wells-Briggs Theatre Nov: 1777.

*M^{rs} HOPKINS in the Character of LADY BRUMPTON.
— he left you Sir this Shilling with which Estate you
are Earl of Brumpton.*

BELL'S EDITION.

F A L;

MODE.

A COMEDY,

As written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

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.

*Ut qui conducti plerant in funere dicunt,
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo; sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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

M DCC LXXX.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
SIR MARLE.

A Ladyship, a stranger in our nation, is daily entertain'd, you have not yet been made acquainted with the poetical English liberty, the right of dedication ; which entitles us to a privilege of celebrating whatever, for its native excellence, is the just object of praise ; and is an ancient charter, by which the Muses have always a free access to the habitation of the Graces.

Hence it is, that this comedy waits on your Ladyship, and presumes to welcome you amongst us ; though indeed, Madam, we are surpris'd to see you bring with you, what we thought was of our own growth only, an agreeable beauty : nay, we must assure you, that we cannot give up so dear an article of our glory, but assert it by our right in you : for, if it is a maxim founded on the noblest human law, that of hospitality, that every soil is a brave man's country, England has a very just pretence of claiming, as a native, a daughter of Mr Scravenmore.

But your Ladyship is not only endeared to us by the great services of your father, but also by the kind offices of your husband, whose frank carriage falls in with our genius, which is free, open, and unreserved. In this the generosity of your tempers makes you both excel in so peculiar a manner, that your good actions are their own reward ; nor can they be returned with ingratitude, for none can forget the benefits you confer so soon as you do yourselves.

But ye have a more indisputable title to a dramatic performance, than all these advantages ; for you are yourselves, in a degenerate, low age, the noblest characters which that fine passion that supports the stage has inspired :

DEDICATION.

and as you have practised as generous a fidelity as the fancies of poets have ever drawn in their expecting lovers, so may you enjoy as high a prosperity as ever they have bestowed on their rewarded: this you may possess in an happy security, for your fortunes cannot move so much envy, as your persons love. I

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most devoted

Humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

TH

as distin-
the inn-
sing his
where
spirits a-

honoured with
shire, who is
high quality:
pity of expres-
to be pleased
which delicate
or they would

have but a very ill time of it, if they suffered themselves to be diverted with nothing but what could bear their judgment.

That elegant and illustrious person will, I hope, pardon my gratitude to the town, which obliges me to report so substantial a reason for their approbation of this play, as that he permitted it: but I know not in what words to thank my fellow soldiers for their warmth and zeal in my behalf, nor to what to attribute their undeserved favour, except it be, that 'tis habitual to them to run to the succour of those they see in danger.—

The subject of this Drama, 'tis hoped, will be acceptable to all lovers of mankind, since ridicule is partly levelled at a set of people, who live in impatient hopes to see us out of the world, a flock of ravens that attend this numerous city for their carcases. But, indeed, 'tis not in the power of any pen to speak them better than they do themselves: as for example, on a door, I just now passed by, a great artist thus informs us of his cures upon the dead.

W. W. Known and approved for his art of embalming, having preserved the corps of a gentlewoman, sweet and entire, thirteen years, without embowelling; and has reduced the bodies of several persons of quality to sweetness, in Flanders and Ireland, after nine months putrefaction in the ground, and they were known by their friends in England. No man performeth the like.

He must needs be strangely in love with this life, who not touched with this kind invitation to be pickled; and

the noble operator must be allowed a very useful person for bringing old friends together ; nor would it be unworthy his labour, to give us an account at large, of the sweet conversation that arose, upon meeting such an entire friend as he mentions.

But to be serious : Is there any thing, but its being downright fact, could make us believe 'twere possible to arrive at this fantastic posthumous folly ? Not, at the same time, but that it were buffoonery rather than satire, to explode all funeral honours ; but then, it is certainly necessary to make them such, that the mourners should be in earnest, and the lamented worthy of our sorrow : but this purpose is so far from being served, that it is utterly destroyed by the manner of proceeding among us, where the obsequies, which are due only to the best and highest of human race (to admonish their short survivors, that neither wit, nor valour, nor wisdom, nor glory, can suspend our fate) are prostituted, and bestowed upon such as have nothing in common with men, but their mortality.

But the dead man is not to pass off so easily, for his last thoughts are also to suffer dissection ; and it seems, there is no art to be learned to speak our own sense in other men's words ; and a man in a gown, that never saw his face, shall tell you immediately, the design of the deceased, better than all his old acquaintance ; which is so perfect an *locus pocus*, that without you can repeat such and such words, you cannot convey what is in your hands, into another's. But far be it from any man's thought, to say there are not men of strict integrity of the long robe, though it is not every body's good fortune to meet with them.

However, the daily legal villanies we see committed, will also be esteemed things proper to be prosecuted by satire ; nor could our ensuing legislatures do their country a more seasonable office, than to look into the distresses of an unhappy people, who groan, perhaps, in as much misery under entangled, as they could do under broken laws : nor could there be a reward high enough assigned for a great genius, if such may be found, who has capacity sufficient to glance through the false colours that are put upon us, and propose to the English world, a method of making

making justice flow in an uninterrupted stream. There is
 so clear a mind in being, whom we will name in words
 that of all *id of him, 'Tis he*
 that

jura
e carmen.

O his poor play, are
 indeed verful than these,
 and they are the ladies: but if there is any thing that
 argues a lowered man, who lashes all for Lady Brump-
 ton; we may hope, there will be seen also a devoted heart,
 that esteems all for Lady Sharlot.—

A s

P R O L O G U E.

To
Gay
Dan
All
 May be perform'd without a writer's care,
 And is the skill of carpenter, not player.
 Old Shakespeare's days could not thus far advance;
 But what's his buskin to our ladder dance?
 In the mid region a silk youth to stand,
 With that unwieldy engine at command!
 Gorg'd with intemperate meals while here you sit,
 Well may you take activity for wit:
 Fie, let confusion on such dulness seize;
 Blush you're so pleas'd, as we that so we please.
 But we, still kind to your inverted sense,
 Do most unnatural things once more dispense.
 For since you're still prepos'trous in delight,
 Our Author made, a full house to invite,
 A Funeral Comedy to-night.
 Nor does he fear that ye will take the hint,
 And let the Funeral his own be meant;
 No, in Old England nothing can be won
 Without a faction, good or ill be done;
 To own this our frank Author does not fear;
 But hopes for a prevailing party here:
 He knows h'as num'rous friends, nay, knows they'll shew
 it,
 And for the fellow-soldier save the poet.

Dramatis Personæ

LORD BRUMPTON.

LORD HARDY, Son to Lord Brumpton.

MR CAMPLEY.

MR TRUSTY, Steward to Lord Brumpton.

CABINET.

MR SABLE, an Undertaker.

PUZZLE, a Lawyer.

TRIM, Servant to Lord Hardy.

TOM, the Lawyer's Clerk.

LADY BRUMPTON.

LADY SHARLOT, } Orphan Sisters left in ward to Lord

LADY HARRIOT, } Brumpton.

MADAMOISELLE D'EPINGLE.

TATTLEAID.

MRS FARDINGALE.

KATE MATCHLOCK.

Visitant Ladies, Sable's Servants, Recruits, &c.

SCENE, COVENT-GARDEN.

F

T H

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Enter

CAMPLEY.

CABINET.

I BURST into laughter. I can't bear to see writ over an undertaker's door, Dresses for the dead, and necessaries for funerals! Ha, ha, ha!

Sab. Well, gentlemen, 'tis very well; I know you are of the laughers, the wits that take the liberty to deride all things that are magnificent and solemn.

Cab. Nay, but, after all, I can't but admire Sable's nice discerning on the superfluous cares of mankind, that could lead them to the thought of raising an estate by providing horses, equipage, and furniture, for those that no longer need 'em.

Cam. But is it not strangely contradictory, that men can come to so open, so apparent an hypocrisy, as, in the face of all the world, to hire professed mourners, to grieve, lament, and follow, in their stead, the nearest relations, and suborn others to do by art, what they themselves should be prompted to by nature.

Sab. That's reasonably enough said, but they regard themselves only in all they act; for the deceas'd, and the poor dead, are delivered to my custody, to be embalm'd, slash'd, cut, and dragg'd about, not to do them honour, but to satisfy the vanity or interest of their survivors.

Cam. This fellow's every way an undertaker! How well and luckily he talks! his prating so aptly has, methinks, something more ridiculous in it, than if he were absurd!

[*Aside to Cab.*

Cab. But, as Mr Campley says, How could you dream of making a fortune from so chimerical a foundation, as the

the provision of things wholly needless and insignificant?

Sab. Alas, gentlemen, the value of all things under the sun is merely fantastic: we run, we strive, and purchase things with our blood and money, quite foreign to our intrinsic real happiness, and we have a being in imagination only, as you may see in the other that is made about precedence, titles, court-favour, maiden-heads, and china-ware.

Cam. Ay, Mr Sable, but all those are objects that promote our joy, are bright to the eye, or stamp upon our minds pleasure and self-satisfaction.

Sab. You are extremely mistaken, Sir; for one would wonder, to consider that, after all our outcries against self-interested men, there are few, very few in the whole world, that live to themselves, but sacrifice their bosom blifs to enjoy a vain show and appearance of prosperity in the eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly distress'd, than a young bride in her glittering retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young widow in her weeds and black train; of both which the lady of this house may be an instance, for she has been the one, and is, I'll be sworn, the other.

Cab. You talk, Mr Sable, most learnedly!

Sab. I have the deepest learning, Sir, experience; remember your widow cousin that married last month.

Cab. Ay, but how cou'd you imagine she was in all that grief an hypocrite!—Could all those shrieks, those swoonings, that rising falling bosom be constrain'd? you're uncharitable, Sable, to believe it—What colour, what reason had you for it?

Sab. First, Sir, her carriage in her concerns with me; for I never yet could meet with a sorrowful relict, but was herself enough to make a hard bargain with me—yet, I must confess, they have frequent interruptions of grief and sorrow when they read my bill—but, as for her, nothing, she resolv'd, that look'd bright or joyous, should, after her love's death, approach her. All her servants that were not coal black must turn out; a fair complexion made her eyes and heart ake, she'd none but downright jet; and, to exceed all example, she hir'd my mourning furniture by the year, and, in case of my mortality,

mortality, ty'd my son to the same article; so in six weeks time ran away with a young fellow—Pr'ythee, push on briskly. Mr. Cabaret. . . . ne to have this widow s said she'd never ma

the mo
most hopeful sign.
le one; you know
discourse of matri-

confidence, ev'n
after long acquaintance, and the mutual love which his Lordship (who indeed has now been so kind as to leave us) has so long interrupted, to mention a thing of such a nature so unseasonably—

Sab. Unseasonably! why, I tell you, 'tis the only season (granting her sorrow unfeign'd:) When would you speak of passion, but in the midst of passions? there's a what d'ye call, a crisis—the lucky minute that's so talk'd of, is a moment between joy and grief, which you must take hold of, and push your fortune—But get you in, and you'll best read your fate in the reception Mrs Tattle-aid gives you: all she says, and all she does, nay, her very love and hatred, are mere repetition of her Ladyship's passions: I'll say that for her, she's a true lady's woman, and is herself as much a second hand thing, as her clothes. But I must beg your pardon, gentlemen; my people are come I see— [*Exeunt Cab. and Camp.*]

Enter SABLE's Men.

Where, in the name of goodness, have you all been! Have you brought the saw-dust and tar for embalming? Have you the hangings and the sixpenny nails, and my Lord's coat of arms?

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Yes, Sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the herald's for a coat for Alderman Gathergrease, that died last night—he has promised to invent one against to-morrow.

Sab. Ah! pox take some of our cits; the first thing after their death is to take care of their birth—Pox, let him bear a pair of stockings; he's the first of his fami-

ly that ever wore one. Well, come you that are to be mourners in this house, put on your sad looks, and walk by me that I may fort you: ha, you! a little more upon the dismal; [*forming their countenances*—] this fellow has a good mortal look—place him near the corps; that wainscot face must be o'top of the coffin; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the entrance of the hall——So—but I'll fix you all myself——Let's have no laughing now on any provocation: [*makes faces*.] look yonder that hale well-looking puppy! you ungrateful scoundrel, Did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and shew you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a-week, to be sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think the gladder you are.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Gravedigger of St Timothy's-in-the-Fields would speak with you.

Sab. Let him come in.

Enter GRAVEDIGGER.

Graved. I carry'd home to your house the shrowd the gentleman was bury'd in last night; I could not get his ring off very easily, therefore I brought you the finger and all; and, Sir, the sexton gives his service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any bodies remov'd or not: if not, he'll let 'em lie in their graves a week longer.

Sab. Give him my service; I can't tell readily: but our friend, tell him, Dr Passport, with the powder, has promised me six or seven funerals this week. I'll send to our country farm at Kensington Gravel-pits, and our city-house in Warwick-lane for news; you shall know time enough. Harkee, be sure there's care taken to give my Lady Languish's woman a fee to keep out that young fellow who came last from Oxford; he'll ruin us all.

[*Exit Gravedig.*

Enter GOODY TRASH.

I wonder, Goody Trash, you could not be more punctual!

tual; when I told you I wanted you, and your two daughters, to be three virgins to-night to stand in white about my dear Marjane Grissell's body, and you know you were bringing her home from the man-midwife's birth, to be buried like a maid; off that bag of brick-dust at the cookmaids; know me no bad news, now. And you, Mr Blockhead, I want that at Mr Pestle's the apothecary; Will that pay me? I stand bound for all the poison in that murderer's shop: he serves me just as Dr Quibus did, who promised to write a treatise against water-gruel, a damn'd healthy sop, that has done me more injury than all the faculty: look you now, you are all upon the sneer; let me have none but downright stupid countenances—I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take people out of the playhouse; but hang 'em, they are as ignorant of their parts as you are of yours; they never act but when they speak; when the chief indication of the mind is in the gesture, or indeed, in case of sorrow, in no gesture, except you were to act a widow, or so. — But yours, you dolts, is all in dumb show, dumb show; I mean expressive eloquent show; as who can see such an horrid ugly phiz as that fellow's, and not be shock'd, offended, and killed of all joy while he beholds it? but we must not loiter — Ye stupid rogues, whom I have pick'd out of the rubbish of mankind, and fed for your eminent worthlessness, attend, and know that I speak you this moment stiff and immutable to all sense of noise, mirth, or laughter: [*Makes mouths at 'em as they pass by him, to bring 'em to a constant countenance.*] So, they are pretty well—pretty well — [*Exeunt.*]

Enter TRUSTY and Lord BRUMPTON.

Tru. 'Twas so, indeed, Sir, and tender duty to you, who have been so worthy and so just a master to me, made me stay near you; they left me so, and there I found you wake from your lethargic slumber; on which I will assume an authority to beseech you, Sir, to make just

just use of your revived life, in seeing who are your true friends, and knowing her who has so wrought upon your noble nature, as to make it act against itself in disinheriting your brave son.

L. Brum. Sure 'tis impossible she should be such a creature as you tell me—my mind is fix'd upon ten thousand endearments that plead unanswer'd; her chaste reluctant love, her easy obsequence of all my wayward humours, to which she would accommodate herself with so much ease, I could scarce observe it was a virtue in her; she hid her very patience.

Tru. It was all art, Sir, or indifference to you; for what I say is downright matter of fact.

L. Brum. Why didst thou ever tell it me? or why not in my lifetime? for I must call it so, nor can I date a minute mine, after her being false; all past that moment is death and darkness: Why didst thou not tell me then, I say?

Tru. Because you were too much in love with her to be inform'd; nor did I ever know a man, that touch'd on conjugal affairs, could ever reconcile the jarring humours, but in a common hatred of the intermeddler: but on this most extraordinary occasion, which seems pointed out by heaven itself to disengage you from your cruelty and banishment of an innocent child, I must, I will conjure you to be conceal'd, and but contain yourself, in hearing one discourse with that curs'd instrument of all her secrets, that Tattleaid, and you'll see what I tell you; you'll call me then your guardian and good genius.

L. Brum. Well, you shall govern me; but would I had dy'd in earnest ere I had known it: my head swims as it did when I fell into my fit, at the thoughts of it—how dizzy a place is this world you live in! all human life's a mere vertigo.

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord; fine reflections, fine reflections! but that does no business. Thus, Sir, we'll stand conceal'd, and hear, I doubt not, a much sincerer dialogue than usual between vicious persons; for a late accident has given a little jealousy, which makes them over-act their love and confidence in each other. [*They retire.*]

Enter WIDOW and TATTLEAID meeting, and running to each other.

Wid. Oh, Tattleaid! how your heart is come!

Tat. ... you'd bury ...

Wid. ... comfort, my confidant ... now I'll reward ... the whole sex of fellows ... every smile, every frown, every caprice, and whim-fy of mine, shall be gold to thee girl; thou shalt feel all the sweets and wealth of being a fine rich widow's woman. Oh, how my head runs my first year out, and jumps to all the joys of widowhood! if thirteen months hence a friend should haul one to a play one has a mind to see, what pleasure 'twill be, when my Lady Brumpton's footman's called (who kept a place for that very purpose) to make a sudden insurrection of fine wigs in the pit and side boxes. Then, with a pretty sorrow in one's face, and a willing blush for being stared at, one ventures to look round, and bow to one of one's own quality. Thus [*very directly*] to a snug pretending fellow of no fortune. Thus [*as scarce seeing him*] to one that writes lampoons. Thus [*fearfully*] to one one really loves. Thus [*looks down*] to one woman-acquaintance, from box to box. Thus, [*with looks differently familiar*] and, when one has done one's part, observe the actors do theirs, but with my mind fixed not on those I look at, but those that look at me—then the serenades! the lovers!

Tat. Oh, Madam! you make my heart bound within me: I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage 'em all; and, indeed, Madam, the men are really very silly creatures; 'tis no such hard matter—They rulers! they governors! I warrant you, indeed?

Wid. Ay, Tattleaid, they imagine themselves mighty things: but government, founded on force only, is a brutal power—we rule them by their affections, which blinds them into belief that they rule us, or, at least, are in the government with us—but, in this nation, our power is absolute; thus, thus, we sway—[*Playing her fan.*]

B.

A fan

A fan is both the standard and the flag of England: I laugh to see men go on our errands, strut in great offices, live in cares, hazards, and scandals, to come home and be fools to us in brags of their dispatches, negotiations, and their wisdoms—as my good dear deceas'd used to entertain me; which I, to relieve myself from, would list some silly request, pat him———he shakes his head at my pretty folly, calls me Simpleton, gives me a jewel, then goes to bed so wise, so satisfied, and so deceiv'd——

Tat. But I protest, Madam, I've always wonder'd how you could accomplish my young Lord's being disinherited.

Wid. Why, Tatty, you must know my late Lord—how prettily that sounds, *my late Lord!* but, I say, my late Lord Fribble was generosity—I press'd him there; and whenever you, by my order, had told him stories to my son-in-law's disadvantage, in his rage and resentment, I (whose interest lay otherwise) always fell on my knees to implore his pardon, and, with tears, sighs, and importunities for him, prevail'd against him: besides this, you know I had, when I pleased, fits; fits are a mighty help in the government of a good natur'd man: but, in an ill natur'd fellow, have a care of 'em; he'll hate you for natural infirmities; will remember your face in its distortion, and not value your return of beauty.

Tat. O rare, Madam; your Ladyship's a great head-piece; but now, dear Madam, is the hard task, if I may take the liberty to say it—to enjoy all freedoms, and seem to abstain, to manage the number of pretenders, and keep the disoblighd from prating——

Wid. Never fear, Tattleaid, while you have riches; if you affront one to abuse, you can give hopes to another to defend you: these maxims I have been laying up all my husband's lifetime, for we must provide against calamities——

Tat. But now, Madam, a fine young gentleman with a red coat, that dances——

Wid. You may be sure the happy man (if it be in fate that there is a happy man to make me an unhappy woman) shall not be an old one again; age and youth married, is the cruelty in Dryden's Virgil, where Mezentius

zentius ties the dead and living together; I'm sure I was ty'd to a dead man many a long day before I durst bury him—but the day is now my own—yet now I think on't, Tattleaid, be sure to keep an obstinate shyness to all our old acquaintance: let 'em talk of favours if they please, if we grant 'em still, they'll grow tyrants to us; if we discard 'em, the chaste and innocent will not believe we could have confidence to do it, were it so; and the wife, if they believe it, will applaud our prudence.

Tat. Ay, Madam—I believe, Madam—I speak, Madam, but my humble sense—Mr Cabinet would marry you.

Wid. Marry me! no, Tattleaid, he that is so mean as to marry a woman after an affair with her, will be so base as to upbraid that very weakness: he that marries his wench, will use her like his wench—such a pair must sure live in a secret mutual scorn of each other—and wedlock is hell, if at least one side does not love, as it would be heaven if both did; and I believe it so much heaven, as to think it was never enjoyed in this world.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. A gentleman to Mrs Tattleaid— [*Exit. Tat.*]

Wid. Go to him—bless me, how careless and open have I been, to this subtle creature, in the case of Cabinet! she's certainly in his interests—we people of condition are never guarded enough against those about us; they watch when our minds boil over with joy or grief, to come in upon us: how miserable 'tis to have one one hates always about one! and when one can't endure one's own reflection upon some actions, who can bear the thoughts of another upon 'em? but she has me by deep secrets.—The Italians, they say, can readily remove the too much entrusted—Oh, their pretty scented gloves! this wench I know has play'd me false, and horned me in my gallants: Oh, Italy, I could resign all my female English liberty to thee, for thy much dearer female pleasure, revenge! well, what's the matter, dear Tatty—

Enter TATTLEAID.

Tat. The matter, Madam? why, Madam, Counsellor

Puzzle is come to wait on your Ladyship about the will and the conveyance of the estate—there must, it seems, be no time lost for fear of things; fy, fy, Madam, you a widow these three hours, and not look'd on a parchment yet—Oh, impious, to neglect the will of the dead!

Wid. As you say indeed, there is no will of a husband's so willingly obey'd as his last. But I must go in and receive him in my formalities: leaning on a couch, is as necessary a posture, as his going behind his desk when he speaks to a client—but do you bring him in hither 'till I am ready—

[*Exit.*

Tat. Mr Counsellor, Mr Counsellor— [Calling.

Enter PUZZLE and CLERK.

Puz. Servant, good Madam Tattleaid: my ancient friend is gone,—but business must be minded—

Tat. I told my lady twice or thrice, as she lies in dumb grief on the couch within, that you were here; but she regarded me not; however, since you say 'tis of such moment, I'll venture to introduce you: please but to repose here a little, while I step in; for methinks I would a little prepare her. [Exit Tattleaid.

Puz. Alas! alas! poor lady! Damn'd hypocrites! Well, this nobleman's death is a little sudden: therefore, pray let me recollect: open the bag, good Tom; now, Tom, thou art my nephew, my dear sister Kate's only son, and my heir; therefore, I will conceal from thee, on no occasion, any thing; for I would enter thee into business as soon as possible. Know then, child, that the lord of this house was one of your men of honour and sense, who lose the latter in the former, and are apt to take all men to be like themselves: now this gentleman entirely trusted me, and I made the only use a man of business can of a trust, I cheated him; for I imperceptibly, before his face, made his whole estate liable to an hundred *per annum* for myself, for good services, &c. as for legacies, they are good or not, as I please; for let me tell you, a man must take pen, ink, and paper, sit down by an old fellow, and pretend to take directions; but a true lawyer never makes any man's will but his own; and, as the priest of old among us, got near the dying man, and

paye

gave all to the church, so now the lawyer gives all to the law.

Clerk. Ay, Sir, but priests then cheated the nation by doing their offices in an unknown language.

Puz. True; but ours is a way much surer; for we cheat in no language at all, but loll in our own coaches, eloquent in gibberish, and learn'd in jingle.—Pull out the parchment; there's the deed; I made it as long as I could—Well, I hope to see the day when the indenture shall be the exact measure of the land that passes by it—For 'tis a discouragement to the gown, that every ignorant rogue of an heir should, in a word or two, understand his father's meaning, and hold ten acres of land by half an acre of parchment—Nay, I hope to see the time when what there is indeed some progress made in, shall be wholly effected; and by the improvement of the noble art of tautology, every inn in Holburn be made an inn of court.—Let others think of logic, rhetoric, and I know not what impertinence, but mind thou tautology—What's the first excellence in a lawyer? tautology: what's the second? tautology: what's the third? tautology: as an old pleader said of action. But to turn to the deed; [*Pulls out an immeasurable parchment.*] for the will is of no force if I please, for he was not capable of making one after the former—as I managed it—upon which account I now wait on my Lady. By the way, do you know the true meaning of the word a deed?

Clerk. Ay, Sir; a deed is as if a man should say the deed.

Puz. Right; 'tis emphatically so called, because after it—all deeds and actions are of no effect, and you have nothing to do but to hang yourself—the only obliging thing you can then do—But I was telling you the use of tautology—Read toward the middle of that instrument; [*Clerk reads.*] I the said Earl of Brumpton, do give, bestow, grant, and bequeath, over and above the said premises, all the site and capital messuage called by the name of Oatham, and all out-houses, barns, stables, and other edifices and buildings, yards, orchards, gardens, fields, arbours, trees, lands, earths, meadows, greens, pastures, feedings, woods, underwoods, ways,

waters, water-courses, fishing ponds, pools, commons, common of pasture, paths, heath-thickets, profits, commodities, and emoluments, with their and every of their appurtenances whatsoever, to the said capital messuage and site belonging, or in any wise appertaining, or with the same heretofore used, occupied, or enjoyed, accepted, executed, known, or taken as part, parcel, or member of the same; containing in the whole by estimation, four hundred acres of the large measure, or thereabouts, be the same more or less; all and singular which the said site, capital messuage, and other the premises, with their and every of their appurtenances are situate, lying and being—

Puzzle nods and sneers as the synonymous words are repeating, whom Lord Brumpton scornfully mimics.

Puz. Hold, hold, good Tom; you do come on indeed in business, but don't use your nose enough in reading—*[Reads in a ridiculous law tone, 'till out of breath.]* Why, you're quite out—you read to be understood—let me see it—I the said Earl—Now again, suppose this were to be in Latin—*[Runs into Latin terminations.]* making Latin is only making it no English—*Ego prædict.*—*Comes de Brumpton*—*totas meas barnos*—*cut-bousas et stabulas*—*yardos*—but there needs no further perusal.—I now recollect the whole—my Lord by this instrument disinherits his son utterly—gives all to my Lady—and, moreover, grants the wards of two fortune wards to her—*id est*, to be sold by her; which is the subject of my business to her Ladyship, who methinks a little overdoes the affair of grief, in letting me wait thus long on such welcome articles—but here—

Enter TATTLEAID wiping her eyes.

Tat. I have in vain done all I can to make her regard me.—Pray, Mr Puzzle, you're a man of sense, come in yourself, and speak reason to bring her to some consideration of herself, if possible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the hall to you; dear Madam, lead on.

[Exit Clerk one way, Puz. Tatt. another.]

[L.]

[*L. Brumpton and Trusty advance from their concealment after a long pause, and staring at each other.*

L. Brum. Trusty, on thy sincerity, on thy fidelity to me thy friend, thy patron, and thy master, answer me directly to one question: Am I really alive? am I that identical, that numerical, that very same Lord Brumpton, that——

Tru. That very Lord—that very Lord Brumpton, the very generous, honest, and good Lord Brumpton, who spent his strong and riper years with honour and reputation; but, in his age and decay, declin'd from virtue: also—that very Lord Brumpton who buried a fine lady, who brought him a fine son, who is a fine gentleman; but, in his age, that very man, unseasonably captivated with youth and beauty, married a very fine young lady, who has dishonoured his bed, disinherited his brave son, and dances o'er his grave.

L. Brum. Oh! that damn'd tautologist too!—that Puzzle and his irrevocable deed! [*Pausing.*] Well, I know I do not really live, but wander o'er the place where once I had a treasure—I'll haunt her, Trusty; gaze in that false beauteous face, 'till she tremble, 'till she looks pale, nay, till she blushes——

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, you speak a ghost very much; there's flesh and blood in that expression, that false beauteous face!

L. Brum. Then, since you see my weakness, be a friend, and arm me with all your care, and all your reason——

Tru. If you'll condescend to let me direct you—you shall cut off this rotten limb, your false disloyal wife, and save your noble parts, your son, your family, your honour.

• Short is the date in which ill acts prevail,
• But honesty's a rock can never fail.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lord HARDY solus.

LORD HARDY.

NOW, indeed, I'm utterly undone; but to expect an evil softens the weight of it when it happens, and pain, no more than pleasure, is, in reality, so great as in expectation. But what will become of me? How shall I keep myself even above worldly want? shall I live at home a stiff melancholy poor man of quality, grow uneasy to my acquaintance as well as myself, by fancying I'm slighted where I am not; with all the thousand particularities which attend those whom low fortune and high spirit make malecontents? No! we've a brave prince on the throne, whose commission I bear, and a glorious war in an honest cause approaching, [*clapping his hand on his sword*] in which this shall cut bread for me, and may, perhaps, equal that estate to which my birth entitled me—But what to do in present pressures—Ha! Trim.

[*Calling.*]*Enter TRIM.*

Trim. My Lord.

L. Hard. How do the poor rogues that are to recruit my company?

Trim. Do, Sir! they've eat you to your last guinea.

L. Hard. Were you at the agent's?

Trim. Yes.

L. Hard. Well, and how?

Trim. Why, Sir, for your arrears, you may have eleven shillings in the pound; but he'll not touch your growing subsistence under three shillings in the pound interest—besides which, you must let his clerk Jonathan Item, swear the peace against you, to keep you from duelling—or insure your life, which you may do for eight *per cent.* On these terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do for any body else in the regiment; but he has a friendship for you.

L. Hard. Oh, I'm his humble servant; but he must have

have his own terms; we can't starve, nor must the fellows want. But methinks this is a calm midnight; I've heard no duns to-day.

Trim. Duns, my Lord? Why now your father's dead, and they can't arrest you, I shall grow a little less upon the smooth with 'em than I have been: Why, friend, says I, how often must I tell you my Lord is not stirring? his Lordship has not slept well; you must come some other time; your Lordship will send for him when you are at leisure to look upon money affairs. Or if they are so saucy, so impertinent as to press to a man of your quality for their own—there are canes, there's Bridewell, there's the stocks for your ordinary tradesmen. But to an haughty, thriving, Covent-garden mercer, silk or lace-man, your Lordship gives your most humble service to him, hopes his wife's well; you have letters to write, or you'd see him yourself, but you desire he won't be with you punctually such a day, that's to say, the day after you're gone out of town.

L. Hard. Go, sirrah, you're scurrilous; I won't believe there are such men of quality.—D'ye hear, give my service this afternoon to Mr Cutpurse the agent, and tell him I'm obliged to pay him for his readiness to serve me, for I'm resolved to pay my debts forthwith—

A voice without.] I don't know whether he's within, or not: Mr Trim, is my Lord within?

L. Hard. Trim, see who it is, I an't within, you know—

Trim without.] Yes, Sir, my Lord's above; pray walk up—

L. Hard. Who can it be? he owns me too.

Enter CAMPLEY and TRIM.

Dear Tom Campley, this is kind—you are an extraordinary man indeed, who, in the sudden accession of a noble fortune, can still be yourself, and visit your less happy friends.

Cam. No, you are, my Lord, the extraordinary man, who, on the loss of an almost princely fortune, can be master of a temper, that makes you the envy, rather than pity of your more fortunate, not more happy friends.

L. Hard. Oh, Sir, your servant—but let me gaze on thee

thee a little—I han't seen thee since I came home into England—most exactly, negligently, genteelly drefs'd! I know there's more than ordinary in this—[bareing Campley's breast.] Come—confess who shares with me here—I must have her real and poetical name—Come—she's in sonnet, Cynthia—in prose, Mistress—

Cam. One you little dream of, though she is in a manner of your placing there.

L. Hard. My placing there!

Cam. Why, my Lord, all the fine things you've said to me in the camp, of my Lady Sharlot, your father's ward, ran into my head so very much, that I made it my business to become acquainted in that family, which I did by Mr Cabinet's means, and am now in love in the same place with your Lordship.

L. Hard. How! in love in the same place with me, Mr Campley?

Cam. Ay, my Lord, with t'other sister, with t'other sister.

L. Hard. What a dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her? Why, thou art the only man breathing fit to deal with her—but my Lady Sharlot, there's a woman!—so easily virtuous!—so agreeably severe! her motion so unaffected, yet so compos'd! her lips breathe nothing but truth, good sense, and flowing wit.

Cam. Lady Harriot! there's the woman! such life! such spirit! such warmth in her eyes!—such a lively commanding air in her glances! so sprightly a mein, that carries in it the triumph of conscious beauty! Her lips are made of gum, and balm—There's something in that dear girl that fires my blood above—above—above—

L. Hard. Above what?

Cam. A grenadier's march.

L. Hard. A soft simile, I must confess—but oh, that Sharlot! to recline this aching head, full of care, on that tender, snowy—faithful bosom!

Cam. Oh that Harriot! to embrace that beauteous—

L. Hard. Ay, Tom; but methinks your head runs too much on the wedding night only, to make your happiness lasting; mine is fixt on the married state; I expect my felicity from Lady Sharlot, in her friendship, her constancy, her piety, her household cares, her maternal

ternal tendernefs—You think not of any excellence of your mistress, that is more than skin-deep—

Cam. When I know her further than skin-deep, I'll tell you more of my mind.

L. Hard. Oh fy, Tom, how can you talk so lightly of a woman you love with honour—but tell me, I wonder how you make your approaches in besieging such a sort of creature; she that loves addresses, gallantry, fiddles? that reigns and delights in a crowd of admirers?—If I know her, she is one of those you may easily have a general acquaintance with, but hard to make particular—

Cam. You understand her very well—You must know I put her out of all her play, by carrying it in an humorous manner; I took care in all my actions, before I discovered the lover, that she should, in general, have a good opinion of me; and have, ever since, behaved myself with all the good humour and ease I was able; so that she is now extremely at a loss, how to throw me from the familiarity of an acquaintance, into the distance of a lover; but I laugh her out of it, when she begins to frown, and look grave at my mirth; I mimic her till she bursts out a laughing—

L. Hard. That's ridiculous enough.

Cam. By Cabinet's interest over my Lady Brumpton, with gold and flattery to Mrs Fardingle, an old maid her Ladyship has placed about the young ladies, I have easy access at all times, and am this very day to be admitted by her into their apartment—I have found, you must know, that she is my relation—

L. Hard. Her Ladyship has chose an odd companion for the young ladies—

Cam. Oh, my Lady's a politician; she told Tattleaid one day, that an old maid was the best guard for young ones; for they, like eunuchs in a seraglio, are vigilant, out of envy of enjoyments they cannot themselves arrive at—but, as I was saying, I've sent my Cousin Fardingle a song, which she and I are to practise to the spinnet.—The young ladies will be by—and I am to be left alone with Lady Harriot; then I design to make my grand attack, and to-day win or lose her. I know, Sir, this is an opportunity you want—If you'll meet

me at Tom's, I have a letter ready; I'll myself deliver it to your mistress, conduct you into the house, and tell her you are there—and find means to place you together.— You must march under my command to-day, as I have many a one under yours —

L. Hard. But faith, Tom, I shall not behave myself with half the resolution you have under mine: for to confess my weakness, though I know she loves me, though I know she is as stedfastly mine, as her heart can make her——I know not how, I have so sublime an idea of her high value, and such a melting tenderness dissolves my whole frame, when I am near her, that my tongue falters, my nerves shake, and my heart so alternately sinks and rises, that my premeditated resolves vanish into confusion, downcast eyes, and broken utterance ——

Cam. Ha, ha, ha! this is a campaigner too! Why, my Lord, that's the condition Harriot would have me in, and then she thinks she could have me; but I, that know her better than she does herself, know she'd insult me, and lead me a two years dance longer, and, perhaps, in the end, turn me into the herd of the many neglected men of better sense, who have been ridiculous for her sake—but I shall make her no such sacrifice.—'Tis well my Lady Sharlot's a woman of so solid an understanding; I don't know another that would not use you ill for your high value.—

L. Hard. But, Tom, I must see your song you've sent your Cousin Fardingle, as you call her.

Cam. This is lucky enough. [*Aside.*] No, hang it, my Lord, a man makes so silly a figure when his verses are reading——Trim——Thou hast not left off thy loving and thy rhyming, Trim's a critic; I remember him a servitor at Oxon, [*Gives a paper to Trim—*] I give myself into his hands, because you shan't see 'em 'till I'm gone. My Lord, your servant; you shan't stir.

L. Hard. Nor you neither then.

[*Struggling.*

Cam. You will be obey'd.

[*Exeunt. Lord Hardy waits on him down.*

Trim. What's in this song—Ha—don't my eyes deceive me?—a bill of three hundred pounds——

“ Mr CASH,

“ Pray pay to Mr William Trim, or bearer, the sum
“ of three hundred pounds, and place it to the account
“ of,

“ S I R,

“ Your humble servant,

“ THOMAS CAMPLEY.”

[*Pulling off his hat and bowing.*] Your very humble servant, good Mr Campley. Ay, this is poetry; this is a song indeed! faith, I'll set it, and sing it myself—
Pray pay to Mr William Trim—so far in recitative
—Three hundred, [*Singing ridiculously.*]—
hun—dred—hundred—hundred thrice repeated,
because 'tis three hundred pounds. I love repetitions in music, when there's a good reason for it. Po—ds after the Italian manner—if they'd bring me such sensible words as these, I'd outstrip all your composers for the music prize—This was honestly done of Mr Campley—Tho' I have carried him many a purse from my master, when he was ensign to our company in Flanders—

Enter Lord HARDY.

My Lord, I am your Lordship's humble servant.

L. Hard. Sir, your humble servant. But pray, my good familiar friend, how came you to be so very much my humble servant, all of a sudden?

Trim. I beg pardon, dear Sir, my Lord, I am not your humble servant.

L. Hard. No?

Trim. Yes, my Lord, I am, but not as you mean—but I am—I am, my Lord—in short, I'm overjoy'd.

L. Hard. Overjoy'd—Thou'rt distracted—What ails the fellow?—Where's Campley's song?

Trim. Oh! my Lord, one would not think 'twas in him. Mr Campley's really a very great poet—as for the song, 'tis only as they all end in rhyme—owe—woe—isses—kisses—boy—joy—But, my Lord, the other in long heroic blank verse,

[*Reading it with a great tone—*

Pray pay to Mr William Trim, or order, the sum of—

C

How

How sweetly it runs?—Pastorian guineas chink every line——

L. Hard. How very handsomely this was done in Campley! I wondered indeed he was so willing to shew his verses—In how careless a manner that fellow does the greatest actions!——

Trim. My Lord, pray my Lord, shan't I go immediately to Cutpurse's?

L. Hard. No, Sirrah—now we've no occasion for it—

Trim. No, my Lord, only to stare him full in the face after I've received this money, not say a word, but keep my hat on, and walk out—Or, perhaps, not hear, 'if any I meet with speak to me—but grow stiff, deaf, and short-sighted to all my old acquaintance, like a sudden rich man as I am—Or, perhaps, my Lord, desire Cutpurse's clerk to let me leave fifty pounds at their house, payable to Mr William Trim or order—till I come that way—or a month or two hence, may have occasion for it—I don't know what bills may be drawn upon me—Then when the clerk begins to stare at me, till he pulls the great goose-quill from behind his ear——[*Pulls a handful of farthings out.*] I fall a reckoning the pieces, as I do these furthings.

L. Hard. Well, Sirrah, you may have your humour, but be sure you take fourscore pounds, and pay my debts immediately—if you meet any officer you ever saw me in company with, that looks grave at Cutpurse's house, tell him I'd speak with him—we must help our friends—but learn moderation, you rogue, in your good fortune; be at home all the evening after, while I wait at Tom's to meet Campley, in order to see Lady Sharlot.

My good or ill in her alone is found,

And in that thought all other cares are drown'd. [*Ex.*]

Enter SABLE, Lord BRUMPTON, and TRUSTY.

Sab. Why, my Lord, you can't in conscience put me off so; I must do according to my orders, cut you up, and embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you talk of; you don't consider the charges I have been at already.

L. Brum. Charges! for what?

Sab. First, twenty guineas to my Lady's woman, for notice

notice of your death (a fee I've before now known the widow herself go halves in; but no matter for that) — in the next place, ten pounds for watching you all your long fit of sickness last winter. —

L. Brum. Watching me! Why I had none but my own servants by turns. —

Sab. I mean attending to give notice of your death: I had, all your long fit of sickness last winter, at half-a-crown a day, a fellow waiting at your gate to bring me intelligence; but you unfortunately recovered, and I lost all my obliging pains for your service.

L. Brum. Ha, ha, ha! Sable, thou'rt a very impudent fellow. Half-a-crown a-day to attend my decease, and dost thou reckon it to me? —

Sab. Look you, Gentlemen, don't stand staring at me — I have a book at home, which I call my doomsday book, where I have every man of quality's age and distemper in town, and know when you should drop — Nay, my Lord, if you had reflected upon your mortality half so much as poor I have for you, you would not desire to return to life thus — in short, I cannot keep this a secret, under the whole money I am to have for burying you.

L. Brum. Trusty, if you think it safe in you to obey my orders, after the deed Puzzle told his clerk of, pay it him. —

Tru. I should be glad to give it out of my own pocket, rather than be without the satisfaction of seeing you witness to it.

L. Brum. I heartily Believe thee, dear Trusty. —

Sab. Then, my Lord, the secret of your being alive is now safe with me.

Tru. I'll warrant I'll be revenged of this unconscionable dog. — [*Aside.*] My Lord, you must to your closet; I fear somebody's coming. —

[*Exeunt Sable one way, L. Brum. and Trusty another.*]

SCENE *draws, and discovers Lady Sharlot reading at a table. — Lady Harriot playing at a glass to and fro, and viewing herself.*

La. Har. Nay, good sage sister, you may as well talk to me, [*Looking at herself as she speaks.*] as sit staring at

a book which I know you can't attend—Good Dr Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brampton, out of your head, or making him absent from your eyes: do but look at me now, and deny it if you can.

La. Star. You are the maddest girl—— [*Smiling.*

La. Har. Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear laughing—[*Looking over Sharlot*] Oh, I see his name as plain as you do—E-r-r-a-n Fran--c-i-s cis, Francis, 'tis in every line of the book.

La. Star. [*Rising.*] 'Tis in vain, I see, to mind any thing in such impertinent company——but granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord Hardy—'tis more excusable to admire another than one's self——

La. Har. No, I think not——Yes, I grant you than really to be vain at one's person: but I don't admire myself—pish, I don't believe my eyes have that softness, [*Looking in the glass.*] they an't so piercing: no, 'tis only stuff, the men will be talking——some people are such admirers of teeth——Lord, what signifies teeth? [*Showing her teeth.*] A very Black-a-moor has as white teeth as I—No, sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a spirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myself, only to rival the men——

La. Star. Ay, but Mr Campley will gain ground ev'n of that rival of his, your dear self——

La. Har. Oh! what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent intruder—a confident opinionative fop—No indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sigh'd and sung, of both sexes

The public enemy, and the public care,

I shan't be so easily catch'd—I thank him—I want but to be sure, I shou'd heartily torment him, by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life, or not.

La. Star. Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you!

La. Har. Vanity! all the matter is, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks: all your life's an art—speak your soul—look you there—[*Holding her to the glass.*] are you not struck with a secret pleasure, when

when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your shape, that promptitude of your mien?

La. Shar. Well, Simpleton, if I am at first so silly as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

La. Har. Pshaw, pshaw! talk this musty tale to old Mrs Fardingle; 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate——

La. Shar. They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late—but tell me honestly, don't you love Campley?

La. Har. The fellow is not to be abhor'd, if the forward thing did not think of getting me so easily—Oh, I hate a heart I can't break when I please——What makes the value of dear china, but that 'tis so brittle! were it not for that, you might as well have stone mugs in your closet——

La. Shar. Hift, hift; here's Fardingle——

Enter FARDINGLE.

Far. Lady Harriot, Lady Sharlot—I'll entertain you now; I've a song just come hot out of the poet's brain: Lady Sharlot, my Cousin Campley writ it, and 'tis set to a pretty air I warrant you.

La. Har. 'Tis like to be pretty indeed, of his writing.
[Flings away.]

Far. Come, come—this is not one of your tringham tringham, witty things, that your poor poets write: no; 'tis well known my cousin Campley has two thousand pounds a year—but this is all dissimulation in you.

La. Shar. 'Tis so, indeed; for your cousin's song's very pretty, Mrs Fardingle.

Reads.

*Let not love on me bestow
Soft distress, and tender woe!
I know none but substantial bliss,
Eager glances, solid kisses;
I know not what the lovers feign,
Of finer pleasure mixt with pain;
Then, pr'ythee, give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.*

But Harriot, thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect one without enduring t'other.

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's your cousin Campley to wait on you without —

Far. Let him come in—we shall have the song now—

Enter CAMPLEY.

Cam. Ladies, your most obedient servant—your servant, Lady Sharlot—servant, Lady Harriot—[*Harriot looks grave upon him.*] What's the matter, dear Lady Harriot—not well? I protest to you I'm mightily concern'd—[*Pulls out a bottle.*] This is a most excellent spirit—snuff it up, Madam —

La. Har. Pish—the familiar coxcomb frets me heartily —

Cam. 'Twill over, I hope, immediately.

La. Shar. Your cousin Fardingle has shewn us some of your poetry; there's the spinnet, Mr Campley, I know you're musical.

Cam. She should not have call'd it my poetry.

Far. No; who waits there?—pray bring my lute out of the next room—

Enter Servant with a lute.

You must know I cou'd this song before I came in, and find it will go to an excellent air of old Mr Laws's, who was my mother's intimate acquaintance; my mother's, what do I talk of? I mean my grandmother's.—O, here's the lute—Cousin Campley, hold the song upon your hat. [*Aside to him.*] 'Tis a pretty gallantry to a relation.

[*Sings and squalls.*]

Let not love, &c.

Oh! I have left off these things many a day.

Cam. No; I profess, Madam, you do it admirably—but are not assur'd enough—take it higher [*in her own squall*] Thus—I know your voice will bear it.

La. Har. Oh, hideous! Oh, the gross flatterer! I shall burst—Mrs Fardingle, pray go on; the music fits the words most aptly—take it higher, as your cousin advises. —

Far.

Far. Oh, dear Madam, do you really like it—I do it purely to please you—for I can't sing, alas!

La. Shar. We know it, good Madam; we know it—But, pray——

Far. *Let not love, and substantial blisses*, is lively enough, and ran accordingly in the tune [*Curtseys to the company.*] Now I took it higher——

La. Har. Incomparably done! nothing can equal it, except your cousin sang his own poetry——

Cam. Madam, from my Lord Hardy——[*Delivers a letter to Lady Sharlot.*] How do you say, my Lady Harriot, except I sing it myself! then I assure you I will——

La. Shar. I han't patience; I must go read my letter.
[*Exit.*]

Cam. sings.] *Let not love*, &c.

Far. Bless me! what becomes of Lady Sharlot?

[*Exit.*]

La. Har. Mrs Fardingle, Mrs Fardingle; What must we lose you?——

[*Going after her.*]

[*Campley runs to the door, takes the key out, and locks her in.*]

What means this insolence? a plot upon me——do you know who I am?——

Cam. Yes, Madam; you're my Lady Harriot Lovely, with ten thousand pound in your pocket; and I am Mr Campley with two thousand a-year—of quality enough to pretend to you—and I do design, before I leave this room, to hear you talk like a reasonable woman, as nature has made you.——Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce—and discompose yourself and your dress——

La. Har. If there are swords, if they are men of honour, and not all dastards, cowards that pretend to this injur'd person——

[*Running round the room.*]

Cam. Ay, ay, Madam, let 'em come—that's putting me in my way; fighting's my trade—but you've us'd all mankind too ill to expect so much service—in short, Madam, were you a fool, I should not desire to expostulate with you——

[*Seizing her hand.*]

La. Har. Urhand me, ravisher!—[*Pulls her hand from him, chafes round the room, Campley after her.*]

Cam. But Madam, Madam, Madam; why Madam!

*Pr'ythee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you.*

[Sings.]

La. Har. Age, wrinkles, small-pox, nay, any thing that's most abhorrent to youth and bloom, were welcome in the place of so detested a creature.

Cam. No such matter, Lady Harriot; I would not be a vain coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable; nay, know where you've said as much before you understood me for your servant. Was I immediately transformed because I became your lover?

La. Har. My lover, Sir! Did I ever give you reason to think I admitted you as such?

Cam. Yes, you did, in your using me ill—for if you did not assume upon the score of my pretending to you, how do you answer yourself some parts of your behaviour to me as a gentleman?—'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good sense I know you mistress of. Do but consider, Madam, I have long lov'd you—bore with this fantastic humour through all its mazes—Nay, do not frown—for 'tis no better—I say, I have bore with this humour; but would you have me, with an unmanly servitude, feed it?—No, I love with too sincere, too honest a devotion—and would have your mind as faultless as your person, which 'twould be, if you'll lay aside this vanity of being pursued with sighs, with flatteries, with nonsense—[*She walks about less violently, but more confus'd.*] Oh, my heart akes at the disturbance which I give her; but she must not see it—[*aside.*] Had I not better tell you of it now, than when you are in my power? I should be then too generous to thwart your inclination.

La. Har. That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey reason—as soon as I see it—[*Aside.*] Since so, Mr Campley, I can as ingenuously as I should then, acknowledge that I have been in an error.

[*Looking down on her fan.*]

Cam. Nay, that's too great a condescension: Oh! excellence! I repent! I see 'twas but justice in you to demand my knees, [*Kneeling.*] my sighs, my constant tenderest regard and service—And you shall have 'em, since you are above 'em—

La. Har. Nay, Mr Campley, you won't recal me to a fault

fault you have so lately shewn me—I will not suffer this—no more ecstasies! But pray, Sir, What was't you did to get my sister out of the room?

Cam. You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my Lord Hardy there, who writ to her by me—For he is no ravisher, as you call'd me just now.—He is now in the house—And I would fain gain an interview—

La. Har. That they may have—but they'll make little use of it: for the tongue is the instrument of speech to us of a lower form; they are of that high order of lovers, who know none but eloquent silence, and can utter themselves only by a gesture that speaks their passion inexpressible—and what not fine things.

Cam. But pray let's go into your sister's closet, while they are together.

La. Har. I swear, I don't know how to see my sister—she'll laugh me to death to see me out of my pantofles, and you and I thus familiar—However, I know she'll approve it.

Cam. You may boast yourself an heroine to her, and the first woman that ever was vanquished by hearing truth, and had sincerity enough to receive so rough an obligation, as being made acquainted with her faults—Come, Madam, stand your ground bravely, we'll march in to her thus. *[She leaning on Campley.]*

La. Har. Who'll believe a woman's anger more? I've betray'd the whole sex to you, Mr Campley.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Lord HARDY and CAMPLEY.

Cam. My Lord, her sister, who now is mine, will immediately send her hither—But be yourself—Charge her bravely—I wish she were a cannon—an eighteen pounder, for your sake—Then, I know, were there occasion, you'd be in the mouth of her—

L. Hardy. I long, yet fear to see her—I know I am unable to utter myself—

Cam. Come, retire here till she appears.

Enter Lady SHARLOT.

La. Shar. Now is the tender moment approaching.

ing. [*aside.*] There he is [*They approach and salute each other trembling.*] Your Lordship will please to sit; [*After a very long pause, stolen glances, and irresolute gestures.*] Your Lordship, I think, has travelled those parts of Italy where the armies are——

L. Hard. Yes, Madam——

La. Shar. I think I have letters from you, dated Mantua.

L. Hard. I hope you have, Madam, and that their purpose——

La. Shar. My Lord?—[*Looking serious and confus'd.*]

L. Hard. Was not your Ladyship going to say something?

La. Shar. I only attended to what your Lordship was going to say—That is, my Lord—But you were, I believe, going to say something of that garden of the world, Italy—I am very sorry your misfortunes in England are such as make you justly regret your leaving that place.

L. Hard. There is a person in England, may make those losses insensible to me——

La. Shar. Indeed, my Lord, there have so very few of quality attended his Majesty in the war, that your birth and fortune may well hope for his favour.

L. Hard. I have, indeed, all the zeal in the world for his Majesty's service, and most grateful affection for his person; but did not then mean him——

La. Shar. But can you indeed impartially say that our island is really preferable to the rest of the world, or is it an arrogance only in us to think so?

L. Hard. I profess, Madam, that little I have seen, has but more endeared England to me; for that medley of humours which perhaps distracts our public affairs, does, methinks, improve our private lives, and makes conversation more various, and consequently more pleasing—Every where else, both men and things have the same countenance——In France, you meet much civility and little friendship; in Holland, deep attention, but little reflection; in Italy, all pleasure, but no mirth——But here with us, where you have every where pretenders, or masters in every thing, you can't fall into company—wherein you shall not be instructed or diverted.

La. Shar.

La. Shar. I never had an account of any thing from you, my Lord, but I mourn'd the loss of my brother, you would have been so happy a companion for him—With that right sense of yours—My Lord, you need not bow so obsequiously, for I do you but justice—But you sent me word of your seeing a lady in Italy very like me—Did you visit her often?

L. Hard. Once or twice; but I observed her so loose a creature, that I could have killed her for having your person—

La. Shar. I thank you, Sir; but heav'n, that preserves me unlike her, will, I hope, make her more like me—But your fellow traveller—His relations themselves know not a just account of him—

L. Hard. The original cause of his fever, was a violent passion for a fine young woman he had not power to speak to—but I told her his regard for her as passionately as possible—

La. Shar. You were to him what Mr Campley has been to you—Whither am I running!—Poor, your friend—Poor gentleman!—

L. Hard. I hope then as Campley's eloquence is greater, so has been his success—

La. Shar. My Lord?

L. Hard. Your Ladyship's—

Enter Lady HARRIOT.

La. Har. Undone! undone! Tattleaid has found, by some means or other, that Campley brought my Lord Hardy hither; we are utterly ruin'd, my Lady's coming—

L. Hard. I'll stay and confront her.

La. Shar. It must not be—we are too much in her power.

Enter CAMPLEY.

Gum. Come, come, my Lord, we're routed horse and foot—Down the back stairs, and so out. [*Exeunt.*]

Ladies. Ay, ay—

La. Har. I tremble every joint of me—

La. Shar. I'm at a stand a little, but rage will recover me; she's coming in—

Enter

Enter WIDOW.

Wid. Ladies, your servant—I fear I interrupt you; Have you company? Lady Harriot, your servant; Lady Sharlot, your servant. What, not a word?—Oh, I beg your Ladyship's pardon—Lady Sharlot did I say? my young Lady Brumpton, I with you joy.

La. Shar. O, your servant, Lady Dowager Brumpton—That's an appellation of much more joy to you—

Wid. So smart, Madam? but you should, methinks, have made one acquainted—Yet, Madam, your conduct is seen through—

La. Shar. My conduct, Lady Brumpton!

Wid. Your conduct, Lady Sharlot!

[Coming up to each other.]

La. Shar. Madam, 'tis you are seen through all your thin disguises—

Wid. I seen? by whom?

La. Shar. By an all-piercing eye; nay, by what you much more fear, the eye of the world—the world sees you, or shall see you: it shall know your secret intemperance, your public fasting—loose poems in your closet, an homily on your toilet—Your easy skilful practis'd hypocrisy, by which you wrought upon your husband basely to transfer the trust and ward of us, two helpless virgins, into the hands and care of—I cannot name it—You're a wicked woman.

La. Har. aside.] O, rare sister! 'tis a fine thing to keep one's anger in stock by one; we that are angry and pleas'd every half hour, having nothing at all of all this high-flown fury! why, she rages like a princess in a tragedy! blessings on her tongue—

Wid. Is this the effect of your morning lectures, your self-examination, all this fury!

La. Shar. Yes, it is, Madam: if I take pains to govern my passions, it shall not give licence to others to govern 'em for me—

Wid. Well, Lady Sharlot, however you ill deserve it of me, I shall take care, while there are locks and bars, to keep you from Lord Hardy—from being a leiger lady, from carrying a knapsack.

La. Shar. Knapsack! do you upbraid the poverty your

own wicked arts have brought him to?—Knapfack! Oh, grant me patience! can I hear this of the man I love? Knapfack! I have not words! [*Stamps about the room.*]

Wid. I leave you to cool upon it; love and anger are very warm passions.— [E.]

La. Har. She has lock'd us in —

La. Sh. Knapfack! Well, I will break walls to go to him—I could sit down and cry my eyes out! Dear sister, what a rage have I been in? Knapfack! I'll give vent to my just resentment—Oh, how shall I avoid this base woman, how meet that excellent man! what an helpless condition are you and I in now? If we run into the world, that youth and innocence, which should demand assistance, does but attract invaders: Will Providence guard us? How do I see that our sex is naturally indigent of protection!—I hope 'tis in Fate to crown our loves; for it is only in the protection of men of honour that we are naturally truly safe;

And woman's happiness, for all her scorn,
Is only by that side whence she was born.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord HARDY, CAMPLEY, and TRIM.

• Lord HARDY.

THAT jade Tattleaid saw me upon the stairs; for I had not patience to keep my concealment, but must peep out to see what was become of you.

Cam. But we have advice, however, it seems from the garrison already—this mistress of Trim's is a mighty lucky accident —

Trim. Ay, Gentlemen, she has free egress and regress, and, you know, the French are the best bred people in the world—she'll be assistant—but 'faith, I have one scruple that hangs about me—and that is,—look you, my Lord, we servants have no masters in their absence—In a word, when I am with Mademoiselle, I talk of your Lordship as only a particular acquaintance, that I do business indeed for you sometimes—I must needs,

D

say

say, cries I, that indeed my Lord Hardy is really a person I have a great honour for——

L. Hard. Pish! is that all? I understand you—your mistress does not know that you do me the honour to clean shoes or so, upon occasion—Pr'ythee, Will, make yourself as considerable as you please.

Trim. Well then, your lesson is this——She, out of her respect to me, and understanding Mr Campley was an intimate of my friend my Lord Hardy, and condescending (tho' she is of a great house in France) to make mantuas for the improvement of the English——which gives her easy admittance——she, I say, mov'd by these promises, has vouchsafed to bring a letter from my Lady Harriot to Mr Campley, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to understand also, that she is dress'd in the latest French cut; her dress is the model of their habit, and herself of their manners—for she is——But you shall see her——
[Exit.]

L. Hard. This gives me some life!—cheer up, Tom—but behold the solemnity—do you see Trim's gallantry? I shall laugh out.

Enter TRIM, leading in MADemoISELLE.

Trim. My dear Lord Hardy, this is Mademoiselle d'Epingle, whose name you've often heard me sigh——
[*Lord Hardy salutes her.*] Mr Campley—Mademoiselle d'Epingle. [*Campley salutes her.*]

Mad. Votre servant, Gentlemen, votre servant——

Cam. I protest to you, I never saw any thing so becoming as your dress—shall I beg the favour you'd condescend to let Mr Trim lead you once round the room, that I may admire the elegance of your habit——

[*Trim leads her round.*]

L. Hard. How could you ask such a thing?

Cam. P'shaw, my Lord, you're a bashful English fellow—you see she is not surprized at it, but thinks me gallant in desiring it—Oh, Madam, your air!—the negligence, the disengagement of your manner! O, how delicate is your noble nation—I swear, there's none but the clumsy Dutch and English would oppose such polite conquerors——When shall you see an English woman so dress'd?

Mad.

Mad. De Englis! poor barbarians, poor savages, dey know no more of de drefs, but to cover deir nakedness. [*Glides along the room.*] Dey be cloded, but not drefs'd—but, Monsieur Terim, which Monf. Campley?

Trim. That's honest Tom Campley——

Cam. At your service, Mademoiselle——

Mad. Fear I incur de censure, [*Pulling out the letter, and recollecting, as loth to deliver it.*] but Mr Terim being your intimate friend, and I designing to honour him in de way of an husband—So, so, how do I run away in discourse—I never make promise to Mr Terim before, and now do it par accident.

Cam. Dear Will Trim is extremely obliging in having prevail'd upon you to do a thing, that the severity of your virtue, and the greatness of your quality (though a stranger in the country you now honour by your dwelling in it) would not let you otherwise condescend to——

Mad. Oh, Monsieur, oh, Monsieur! you speak my very thoughts—Oh! I don't know how! pardon me to give a billet—it so look! O fy! I cannot stay after it—[*Drops it, runs affectionally to the other end of the room, then quite out, re-enters.*] I beg ten thousand pardons for go so *mal-a-propos*.

[*Cartsies as going.*]

L. Har. Your servant, good Madam—Mr Trim, you know you command here—pray, if Madam d'Epingle will honour our cottage with longer stay, wait on her in and entertain her—pray, Sir, be free——

Trim. My Lord, you know your power over me; I'm in obedience——

[*Leads her out.*]

Now to my dear epistle——

I R,

There is one thing which you were too generous to upon in our last conversation——we have reason the widow's practices in relation to our fortunes, are not too quick for her—I ask Lady Sharlot if this is not her sense to Lord Hardy—she says so, but lets me write on——These people always

"have, and will have admittance every where; therefore we may hear from you.

"I am, SIR,

"Your most obedient servant,

"HARRIOT LOVELY."

My obedient servant! thy obedience shall ever be as voluntary as now—ten thousand thousand kisses on thee—thou dear paper—look you, my Lord—what a pretty hand it is.

L. Hard. Why, Tom, thou dost not give me leave to see it—you snatch it to your mouth so—you'll stifle the poor lady——

Cam. Look you, my Lord, all along the lines, here went the pen, and through the white intervals her snowy fingers. Do you see, this is her name——

L. Hard. Nay, there's Lady Sharlot's name too in the midst of the letter—why, you'll not be so unconscionable—you're so greedy, you'll give me one kiss sure——

Cam. Well, you shall, but you're so eager,—don't bite me—for you shan't have it in your own hands——there, there, there—let go my hand——

L. Hard. What an exquisite pleasure there is in this foolery—but what shall we do?

Cam. I have a thought; pr'ythee, my Lord, call Trim.

L. Hard. Ha, Trim——

Cam. Hold; Mr Trim—you forget his mistress is there.

L. Hard. Cra'mercy—dear Will Trim, step in hither.

Cam. Ay, that's something——

Enter TRIM.

Trim, have I not seen a young woman some Madam d'Epingle's trinkets for her, coming Lady Brumpton's——

Trim. Yes, you might have seen such a waits for her now——

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for dress'd in that wench's clothes, and attend yet in her stead thither? they'll not dream we should attempt again——

Trim. Yes, I'll engage it—

Cam. Then we'll trust the rest to our good genius.
I'll about it instantly—Harriot Lovely!—

[*Exit, kissing the letter.*]

Enter WIDOW and TATTLETAID.

Wid. This was well done of you; be sure you take care of their young ladyships; you shall, I promise you, have a snip in the sale of 'em.

Tat. I thank your good ladyship.

Wid. Is that the porter's paper of how d'ye's?

Tat. Yes, Madam; he just sent it up—his general answer is, that you're as well as can be expected in your condition, but that you see nobody.

Wid. That's right—[*Reading names.*] Lady Riggle, Lady Formal—Oh! that Riggle, a pert ogler—an indiscreet silly thing, who is really known by no man, yet for her carriage justly thought common to all; and as Formal has only the appearance of virtue, so she has only the appearance of vice—What chance, I wonder, put these contradictions to each other into the same coach, as you say they call'd—Mrs Frances and Mrs Winnifred Glebe—who are they?

Tat. They are the country great fortunes, have been out of town this whole year; they are those whom your Ladyship said, upon being very well born, took upon 'em to be very ill bred—

Wid. Did I say so? really I think 'twas apt enough; now I remember 'em: Lady Wrinkle—Oh, that smug old woman! there's no enduring her affectation of youth, but I plague her; I always ask whether her daughter in Wiltshire has a grandchild yet or not—Lady Worthy—I can't bear her company, she has so much of that virtue in her heart, which I have in my mouth only.

[*Aside.*] Mrs Afterday—Oh, that's she that was the great beauty—the mighty teat about town, that's just got out of the small-pox; she's horribly pitted they say; I long to see her and plague her with my condescendence—'Tis a pure ill-natur'd satisfaction to see one that was a beauty unfortunately move with the same languor, and softness of behaviour, that once was charming in her—To see, I say, her mortify that us'd to kill—Ha, ha,

ha? The rest are a catalogue of mere names or titles they were born to, an insipid crowd of the neither good nor bad—but you are sure these other ladies suspect not in the least that I know of their coming —

Tat. No, dear Madam; they are to ask for me——

Wid. I hear a coach—— [Exit Tat.]

I've now an exquisite pleasure in the thought of surpassing my Lady Sly, who pretends to have outgriev'd the whole town for her husband—They are certainly coming—— Oh, no! here let me——Thus let me sit and think——
[*Widow on her couch, while she is raving as to herself, Tattleaid softly brings in the Ladies.*] Wretched, disconsolate as I am! Oh, welcome,—welcome dear killing anguish—Oh, that I could lie down and die in my present heaviness—But what—how? Nay, my dear, dear Lord——Why do you look so pale, so ghastly at me, wottoo, wottoo, fright thy own trembling shivering wife——

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou shalt not have me—— [Pushes Tat.]

Tat. Nay, good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your Ladyship's own woman—'Tis I, Madam, that dress you, and talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the house every day; 'tis I——

Wid. Is it then possible? Is it then possible that I am left?—speak to me not—hold me not——I'll break the list'ning walls with my complaints. [Looks surpris'd at seeing company, then severely at Tattleaid.] Ah! Tattleaid——

1 *La.* Nay, Madam, be not angry at her: we come in spite of her—we are your friends, and are not concern'd as you——

Wid. Ah! Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, an undone woman—Oh, me! Alas! Alas!
[*All join in her notes.*] I swoon, I expire!

2 *La.* Pray, Mrs Tattleaid, bring something cordial to her.

3 *La.* Indeed, Madam, you should have pat your Lordship was old. To die is but going before, and they we must all take.

Enter TATTLEAID loaded with bottles. 3d Lady takes a bottle from her, and drinks.

4 *La.* Lord! how my Lady Flirt drinks; I've heard, indeed, but never could believe it of her. [*Drinks also.*]

1 *La.* But, Madam, don't you hear what the town says of the jilt Flirt, the men lik'd so much in the Park?—Hark ye—was seen with him in an hackney-coach—and silk stockings—key-hole—his wig—on the chair.—

[*Whispers by interruption.*]

2 *La.* Impudent flirt, to be found out!

3 *La.* But I speak it only to you —

4 *La.* Nor I but to one more —

[*Whispers next woman.*]

5 *La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it, Madam —

[*Whispers the Widow.*]

Wid. Sure, 'tis impossible! the demure prim thing—sure all the world's hypocrisy—Well, I thank my stars, whatsoever sufferings I have, I've none in reputation. I wonder at the men; I could never think her handsome. She has really a good shape and complexion, but no mien, and no woman has the use of her beauty without mien. Her charms are dumb, they want utterance. But whither does distraction lead me to talk of charms?

1 *La.* Charms! a chit's, a girl's charms—Come, let us widows be true to ourselves, keep our countenances and our characters, and a fig for the maids, I mean the unmarried.

2 *La.* Ay, since they will set up for our knowledge, why should not we for their ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o' Sunday morning at church I curtsied to you, and look'd at a great fufs in a glaring light dress next pew. That strong masculine thing is a night's wife, pretends to all the tenderness in the world! and would fain put the unwieldy upon us for the fit the languid! She was of a sudden left her dairy, and sets up for a fine town lady; calls her maid Sic'ly her woman; speaks to her by her surname, Mrs Cherryfist; and her great foot-boy of nineteen, big enough for a trooper, is stripped into a lace coat, now Mr Page forsoot.

4 *La.*

4 *La.* Oh! I have seen her——Well, I heartily pity some people for their wealth—they might have been unknown else! You'd die, Madam, to see her and her equipage——I thought the honest fat tits, her horses, were ashamed of their finery; they dragg'd on, as if they were still at plough, and a great bashful-look'd booby behind, grasp'd the coach, as if he had held one.

5 *La.* Alas! some people think there's nothing but being fine to be genteel: but the high prance of the horses, and the brisk insolence of the servants, in an equipage of quality, are inimitable, but to our own beasts and servants.

1 *La.* Now you talk of equipage, I envy this Lady the beauty she'll appear in in a mourning coach, 'twill to become her complexion; I confess, I myself mourn'd two years for no other reason. Take up that hood there; Oh! that fair face with a veil.

[They take up her hood.]

Wid. Fy, fy, ladies——but I've been told, indeed, black does become——

2 *La.* Well, I'll take the liberty to speak it, there's young Nutbrain has long had (I'll be sworn) a passion for this lady: but I'll tell you one thing, I fear she'll dislike; that is, he's younger than she is.

3 *La.* No, that's no exception; but I'll tell you then, he's younger than his brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of such affairs: who cou'd love such an unhappy relief as I am? But, dear Madam, what grounds have you for that idle story?

4 *La.* Why, he toasts you, and trembles when you're spoke of; it must be a match.

Wid. Nay, nay; you rally, you rally: but I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I swear we do.

[Tattleaid, whispers.]

Wid. But I must beseech you, Ladies, since been so compassionate as to visit and accompany me, to give me the only comfort I can now have, my friends cheerful, and to honour an entreaty Tattleaid has prepared within for you: if strength enough I'll attend you; but I wish you

me,

me, for I've no relish of food or joy, but will try to get a bit down in my own chamber.

All. No, no, you must go with us.

i La. There's no pleasure without you.

Wid. But, Madam, I must beg of your Ladyship not to be so importune to my fresh calamity, as to mention Nutbrain any more: I'm sure there's nothing in it: in love with me, quotha a'! [*Is helped off.* *Exeunt.*]

Enter MADemoisELLE, *and* CAMPLEY *in women's clothes, carrying her things.*

Mad. I very glad us be in de ladies antichamber; I was shamed of you. You yon such impudent look: besides, me wonder you were not seized by the constable, when you push'd de man into de kennel.

Cam. Why, thou'd I have let him kiss'd me?

Mad. No; but if you had hit him wit fan, and say, why, sure saucy box, it been enough; beside, what you hitted de gentleman for offer kisse me.

Cam. I beg pardon; I did not know you were pleased with it.

Mad. Please, no; but me rader be kisse den you. Mr Terim's friend, be found out. Cou'd not you say when he kisse me, sure, saucy box, dat's meat for your master. Besides, you take such strides when you walk——walk——Oh fy! dese little pette tiny bits a woman steps.

[*Shewing her step.*]

Cam. But, pr'ythee, Mademoiselle, why have you lost your English tongue all of a sudden; methought when the fellow call'd us French whores, as we came along, and said we came to starve their own people, you gave him pretty plain English; he was a dog, a rascal, you'd send to the stocks——

Ha, ha, ha! I was in a passion, and betrayed out you're my lover's friend, and a man of honour before know you'll do nothing to injure us. Campley, you must know I can speak as well as you; but I don't, for fear of losing my English the English will never give a price for any body understand. Nay, I've known some of the fools pretend to buy with good breeding, and give any rate, rather than not be thought to have French enough

enough to know what they are doing; strange and far-fetched things they only like; don't you see how they swallow gallons of the juice of tea, while their own dock-leaves are trod under foot. Murr: my Lady Harriot.

Enter Lady HARRIOT.

Madam, votre servante, servante—

La. Har. Well, Mademoiselle, did you deliver my letter?

Mad. Ovi—

La. Har. Well, and how—is that it in your hand?

Mad. Ovi—

La. Har. Well then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. O fy! Lady, dat be so right Englise, de Englise mind only de words of de lovers, but de words of de lovers are often lie, but de action no lie—

La. Har. What does the thing mean? Give me my letter—

Mad. Me did not deliver your letter—

La. Har. No?

Mad. No, me tell you, me did drop it, to see Mr Campley how cavalier to take it up. As dese me drop it so, Monsieur run to take it up—

[They both run to take it up. Mad. takes it.]

La. Har. Ovi—But dus he do—dere de letter—very well, very well, O L'Amour! you act de manner, Mr Campley—take it up better than I, do' you no see it?

[They both run; Harriot gets it.]

[Lady HARRIOT reads.]

“MADAM,

“I am glad you mention'd what indeed

“that time think of, nor if I had, shou'd I

“how to have spoken of. But blefs me now

“tune can, by turning those fair eyes upon, I

“Your most faithful,

“Most obedient humble

“THOMAS SAUNDERS

What does he mean? But blefs me more—by the

—Oh, 'tis he himself—*[Looking about observes]*

fini

smile.] Oh, the hoyden—the romp—I did not think any thing could add to your native confidence; but you look so very bold in that dress—and your arms will fall off—and your petticoats how they hang!

Cam. Mademoiselle, voulez vous de Salville L'eau d' Hongrie, chez Monsieur marchand de Montpellier—Dis for your teet. [*Sheaving his trinkets.*] De essence, a little book French for teach de elder broders make compliments. Will you, I say, have any thing that I have, will you have all I have?—Madam.

La. Har. Yes; and, for the humour's sake, will never part with this box while I live, ha, ha, ha!

Cam. But, Lady Harriot, we must not stand laughing; as you observe in your letter, delays are dangerous in this wicked woman's custody of you —Therefore I must, Madam, beseech you, and pray stay not on niceties, but be advis'd.

La. Har. Mr Campley, I have no will but yours.

Cam. Thou dear creature!—But, [*Kisses her hand.*] Hark'ye, then you must change dresses with Mademoiselle, and go with me instantly.

La. Har. What you please—

Cam. Madam D'Epingle, I must desire you to comply with a humour of gallantry of ours; you may be sure, I'll have an eye over the treatment you have upon my account; only to change habits with Lady Harriot, and let her go while you stay.

Mad. Wit all my heart. [*Offers to undress herself.*

La. Har. What, before Mr Campley?

Mad. Oh, oh, very Anglaise! dat is so Englife! All woman of quality in France are dress and undress by a valet de chambre; de man chambermaid help complexion, better den de woman. [*Apart to Har.*

La. Har. Nay, that's a secret in dress, Mademoiselle, never knew before, and am so unpolished an English woman as to resolve never to learn ev'n to dress before my face. Oh, indecency! Mr Campley, do you hear what Mademoiselle says?—

Mad. Oh! hift—Bagatelle.

La. Har. Well, we'll run in and be ready in an instant.

[*Exeunt La. Har. and Mad.*

Cam. Well, I like her every minute better and better.
What

What a delicate chastity she has! There's something so gross in the carriage of some wives (tho' they're honest too) that they lose their husbands hearts for faults which, if they have either good nature or good breeding, they know not how to tell 'em of. But how happy am I in such a friend as Hardy, such a mistress as Harriot!

Continue, Heav'n, a grateful heart to bless
With faith in friendship, and in love success. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter WIDOW and TRUSTRY.

WIDOW.

MR Trustry, you have, I do assure you, the same place and power in the management of my Lord Brumpton's estate, as in his lifetime. (I am reduced to a necessity of trusting him) [*aside.*] However Tattleaid dissembles the matter, she must be privy to Lady Harriot's escape, and Fardingle's as deep with 'em both, and I fear will be their ruin, which 'tis my care and duty to prevent. Be vigilant, and you shall be rewarded. I shall employ you wholly in Lady Sharlot's affairs, she is able to pay services done for her. You've sense, and understand me. [Exit Widow.

Tru. Yes, I do indeed understand you, and could wish another could with as much detestation as I. My poor old Lord is so strangely, so bewitched and enamoured of her, that even after this discovery of her wickedness, I see he could be reconcil'd to her, though he is ashamed to confess to me, I know not how to speak with her. If I tell Lord Hardy all this, his fortune, he would not let his father be divided by a public way of separation. If things were managed privately, I know she'll throw us all; there's no way; I must expose her to make a reconciliation. Alas! how is honest truth banished when we must watch the seasons and fust

men's hearts, to gain it entrance ev'n for their own good and interest. [Exit.

Enter Lord HARDY, CAMPLEY, and TRIM.

L. Hard. I forget my own misfortunes, dear Campley, when I reflect on your success.

Cam. I assure you it moderates the swell of joy that I am in, to think of your difficulties. I hope my felicity is previous to yours; my Lady Harriot gives her service to you, and we both think it but decent to suspend our marriage, till your and Lady Sharlot's affairs are in the same posture.

L. Hard. Where is my Lady?

Cam. She's at my aunt's, my Lord. But, my Lord, if you don't interpose, I don't know how I shall adjust matters with Mr Trim, for leaving his mistress behind me; I fear he'll demand satisfaction of me.

Trim. No, Sir; alas, I can know no satisfaction while she is in jeopardy. Therefore would rather be put in a way to recover her by storming the castle, or other feat of arms, like a true enamour'd swain as I am.

Cam. Since we are all three then expecting lovers, my Lord, pry'thee, let's have that song of yours which suits our common purpose.

L. Hard. Call in the boy.

Boy sings.

I.

*Ye minutes bring the happy hour,
And Chloe blushing to the bower:
Then shall all idle flames be o'er,
Nor eyes nor heart ne'er wander more:
Both, Chloe, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy sex to me.*

II.

*A guilty is a false embrace;
Clara's love's a fairy-chace;
Begone, thou meteor, fleeting-fire,
And all that can't survive desire.
Chloe my reason moves and awes,
And Cupid shot me when he saw.*

E

Trim.

Trim. Look you, Gentlemen, since, as you are pleas'd to say, we're all lovers, and consequently poets, pray do me the honour to hear a little air of mine: you must know then, I once had the misfortune to fall in love below myself; but things went hard with us at that time, so that my passion, or, as I may poetically speak, my ~~love~~, was in the kitchen: 'twas towards a cook-maid; but before I ever saw Mrs Deborah.

L. Hard. Come on then, Trim, let's have it.

Trim. I must run into next room for a lute. [*Exit.*]

Cam. This must be diverting! can the rogue play!

Re-enter TRIM, with a pair of tongs.

Trim. Dear Cynderaxa herself very well understood this instrument, I therefore always sung this song to it, as thus:

I.

*Cynderaxa kind and good,
Has all my heart and stomach too;
She makes me love, not hate my food,
As other peevish wenches do.*

II.

*When Venus leaves her Vulcan's cell,
Which all but I a coal-hole call;
Fly, fly, ye that above stairs dwell,
Her face is wash'd, ye vanish all.*

III.

*And as she's fair, she can impart
That beauty to make all things fine;
Brightens the floor with wond'rous art,
And at her touch the dishes shine.*

L. Hard. I protest, Will, thou art a poet
And at her touch the dishes shine.—And
your lute as finely.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There's one Mr Trusty below would
my Lord.

L. Hard. Mr Trusty, my father's steward! what can he have to say to me?

Cam. He's very honest, to my knowledge.

L. Hard. I remember, indeed, when I was turn'd out of the house, he follow'd me to the gate, and wept over me, for which, I've heard, he'd like to have lost his place. But, however, I must advise with you a little, about my behaviour to him: let's in. Boy, bring him up hither; tell him, I'll wait on him presently. *[Exit Boy.]*

I shall want you, I believe, here, Trim. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter BOY and TRUSTY.

Boy. My Lord will wait on you here immediately.

[Exit Boy.]

Tru. 'Tis very well—these lodgings are but homely for the Earl of Brumpton—Oh, that damn'd strumpet!—that I should ever know my master's wife for such!—How many thousand things does my head run back to! After my poor father's death, the good Lord took me, because he was a captain in his regiment, and gave me education: I was, I think, three-and-twenty when this young Lord within was christened; what ado there was about calling him Francis! *[wipes his eyes.]* These are but poor lodgings for him. I cannot bear the joy, to think that I shall save the family from which I've had my bread.

Enter TRIM.

Trim. Sir, my Lord will wait on you immediately.

Sir, 'tis my duty to wait on him—*[As Trim]*

[But, Sir, are not you the young man that attended him at Christ-Church in Oxford, and have followed him ever since?

L. Yes, Sir, I am.

Nay, Sir, no harm; but you'll thrive the better

I like this old fellow, I smell more money.

[Aside. Exit.]

I think it is now eight years since I saw him; not then nineteen, when I follow'd him to the and gave him fifty guineas, which I pretended he sent after him.

Enter Lord HARDY.

L. Hard. Mr Trusty, I'm very glad to see you; you look very hale and jolly, you wear well—I'm glad to see it—but your commands to me, Mr Trusty?

Tru. Why, my Lord, I presume to wait on your Lordship; my Lord, you're strangely grown: you're your father's very picture; you're he, my Lord: you are the very man that look'd so pleas'd, to see me look so fine in my lac'd livery, to go to court. I was his page when he was just such another as you. He kiss'd me afore a great many Lords, and said I was a brave man's son, that taught him to exercise his arms. I remember he carried me to the great window, and bid me be sure to keep in your mother's sight in all my finery. She was the finest young creature; the maids of honour hated to see her at court. My Lord then courted my good Lady: she was as kind to me on her death-bed; she said to me, Mr Trusty, take care of my Lord's second marriage, for that child's sake: she pointed as well as she could to you; you fell a-crying, and said she should not die; but she did, my Lord; she left the world, and no one like her in't. Forgive me, my honour'd master. [*Weeps, runs to my Lord, and hugs him.*] I've often carry'd you in these arms that grasp you; they were stronger then; but if I die to-morrow, you're worth five thousand pounds by my gift; 'tis what I've got in the family, and I return it to you with thanks—but, alas! do I live to see you want it?

L. Hard. You confound me with all this tenderness and generosity.

Tru. I'll trouble you no longer, my Lord—but——

L. Hard. Call it not a trouble; for——

Tru. My good Lord, I will not, I say, indulge myself in talking fond tales, that melt me, and interrupt my story: my business to your Lordship, in one word, is this; I am in good confidence at present with my Lady Dowager; and I know she has some fears upon her, which depend upon the nature of the settlement to your disadvantage; and under the rose—Be yourself—I fear your father has not had fair play for his life. Be compos'd, my Lord: What is to be done in this? we'll not apply to public

public justice in this case, 'till we see farther; 'twill make it noisy, which we must not do, if I might advise. You shall, with a detachment of your company, seize the corpse as it goes out of the house this evening to be interr'd in the country; 'twill only look like taking the administration upon yourself, and commencing a suit for the estate; she has put off the lying in state, and Lady Harriot's escape with Mr Campley makes her fear he will prove a powerful friend, both to the young ladies and your Lordship. She cannot with decency be so busy, as when the corpse is out of the house; therefore hastens it. I know your whole affair; leave the care of Lady Sharlot to me; I'll pre-acquaint her, that she may not be frightened, and dispose of her safely to observe the issue.

L. Hard. I wholly understand you; it shall be done.

Tru. I'm sure I am wanted this moment for your interest at home. This ring shall be the passport of intelligence; for whom you send to assault us, and the remittance of it seal'd with this, shall be authentic from within the house.

L. Hard. 'Tis very well.

Tru. Hope all you can wish, my Lord, from a certain secret relating to the estate, which I'll acquaint you with next time I see you. [Exit.]

L. Hard. Your servant—This fellow's strangely honest—Ha! Will.

Enter CAMPLEY and TRIM.

Will, don't the recruits wait for me to see 'em at their parade before this house?

Trim. Yes; and have waited these three hours.

L. Hard. Go to 'em; I'll be there myself immediately; we must attack with 'em, if the rogues are sturdy, this very evening.

Trim. I guess where—I'm overjoy'd at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in chief.

L. Hard. I design you shall. [Trim runs out jumping.]

Cam. You seem, my Lord, to be in deep meditation.

L. Hard. I am so, but not on any thing that you may not be acquainted with.

Enter TRIM, with a company of ragged fellows, with a cane.

1 *Sol.* Why, then, I find, Mr Trim, we shall come to blows before we see the French——

Trim. Harkee, friend, 'tis not your affair to guess or enquire what you are going to do; 'tis only for us commanders——

2 *Sol.* The French! pox, they are but a company of scratching civit-cats—they fight!

Trim. Harkee, don't bluster—Were not you a little mistaken in your facings at Steenkirk?

2 *Sol.* I grant it; you know I have an antipathy to the French—I hate to see the dogs——Look you here, gentlemen, I was shot quite through the body——Look you.

Trim. Pr'ythee, look, where it enter'd at your back.

2 *Sol.* Look you, Mr Trim, you will have your joke; we know you are a wit—but what's that to a fighting man?

Enter KATE:

Kate. Mr Trim,—Mr Trim——

Trim. Things are not as they have been, Mrs Kate; I now pay the company—and we that pay money expect a little more ceremony——

Kate. Will your Honour please to taste some right French brandy?

Trim. Art thou sure, good woman, 'tis right? [*Drinks.* How!—French!—pray—nay, if I find you deceive me, who pay the men——

[*Drinks.*

Kate. Pray, good master, have you spoke to my Lord about me?

Trim. I have; but you shall speak to him yourself—Thou hast been a true campaigner, Kate, and we must not neglect thee——Do you sell grey pease yet of an evening—Mrs Matchlock?——

[*Drinks again.*

Kate. Any thing to turn the penny; but I've got more by crying pamphlets this year than by any thing I have done a great while—now I am married into the company again, I design to cross the seas next year. But, master, my husband, a Temple porter, and a parliament man's

man's footman, last night, by their talk, made me think there was danger of a peace; why, they said all the prime people were against a war.

Trim. No, no, Kate, never fear; you know I keep great company; all men are for war, but some would have it abroad, and some would have it at home in their own country.

Kate. Ay, say you so? Drink about, gentlemen, not a farthing to pay; a war is a war, be it where it will. But, pray, Mr Trim, speak to my Lord, that when these gentlemen have shirts I may wash for 'em.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to-night, you shall have a fortnight's pay each man as a reward; but there's none of you industrious; there's a thousand things you might do to help out about this town—as to cry—puff—puff pyes—have you any knives or scissars to grind—or late in an evening, whip from Grubstreet strange and bloody news from Flanders—votes from the House of Commons—buns, rare buns—old silver lace, cloaks, suits, or coats—old shoes, boots or hats—But here, here, here's my Lord a-coming—here's the captain; fall back into the rank—there, move up in the centre.

Enter Lord HARDY and CAMPLEY.

L. Hard. Let me see whether my ragged friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Ensign Campley, Ensign Campley, I'm overjoy'd to see your honour; ha' the world is surely alter'd, ha'.

Cam. 'Tis so, 'faith, Kate; why, art thou true to the cause, with the company still, honest Amazon?

Kate. Dear soul, not a bit of pride in him; but won't your honour help in my business with my Lord? speak for me, noble Ensign, do.

Cam. Speak to him yourself, I'll second you.

Kate. Noble Captain, my Lord, I suppose Mr Trim has told your Honour about my petition; I have been a great sufferer in the service; 'tis hard for a poor woman to lose nine husbands in a war, and no notice taken; nay, three of 'em, alas! in the same campaign; here the woman stands that says it. I never stript a man 'till I first

first try'd if he could stand on his legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair plunder, except our adjutant, and he was a puppy that made my eighth husband run the gauntlet for not turning his toes out.

L. Hard. Well, we'll consider thee, Kate, but fall back into the rear. A roll of what? Gentlemen soldiers.

Trim. to Bumpkin.] Do you hear that? my Lord himself can't deny but we're all gentlemen as much as his Honour —

L. Hard. reading.] Gentlemen soldiers, quarter'd in and about Guy-court in Vinegar-yard, in Russel-court in Drury-lane, belonging to the Honourable Captain Hardy's company of foot—So, answer to your names, and march off from the left—John Horseem, corporal: march easy, that I may view you as you pass by me: drums, Simon Ruffle, Darby Tatoo—there's a shilling for you—Tatoo, be always so tight: How does he keep himself so clean?

Trim. Sir, he's 'a tragedy-drum to one of the play-houses.

L. Hard. Private gentlemen—Alexander Cowitch, Humphrey Mundungus, William Faggot, Nicholas Scab, Timothy Megrim, Philip Scratch, Nehemiah Dust, Humphrey Garbage, Nathaniel Matchlock.

Cam. What, is Matchlock come back to the company? that's the fellow that brought me off at Steenkirk.

L. Hard. No, Sir; 'tis I am oblig'd to him for that; [*Offering to give him money.*] there, friend, you shall want for nothing; I'll give thee a halbert too.

Kate. O brave me! shall I be a serjeant's lady—i'faith, I'll make the drums, and the corporals wives, and company-keepers know their distance.

Cam. How far out of the country came you to list? Don't you come from Cornwall? How did you bear your charges?

Match. I was whipt from constable to constable—

Trim. Ay, my Lord, that's due by the curtesy of England to all that went in red coats; besides, there's an act that makes us free of all corporations, and that's the ceremony of it.

Cam. But what pretence had they for using you so ill? you did not pilfer?

Match.

Match. I was found guilty of being poor.

Cam. Poor devil!

L. Hard. Timothy Ragg—Oh, Ragg! I thought when I gave you your discharge, just before the peace, we should never have had you again; how came you to list now?

Rag. To pull down the French king.

L. Hard. Bravely resolv'd!—But pull your shirt into your breeches in the mean time—Jeffrey Tatter—what's become of the skirts and buttons of your coat?

Tatter. In our last clothing, in the regiment I serv'd in before, the Colonel had one skirt before, the agent one behind, and every Captain of the regiment a button.

L. Hard. Hush, you rogue, you talk mutiny. [*Smiling.*

Trim. Ay, Sirrah, what have you to do with more knowledge, than that of your right hand from your left?

[*Hits him a blow on the head.*

L. Hard. Hugh Clump—Clump, thou growest a little too heavy for marching.

Trim. Ay, my Lord; but if we don't allow him the pay, he'll starve, for he's too lame to get into the hospital.

L. Hard. Richard Bumkin: ha! a perfect country hick—how came you, friend, to be a soldier?

Bump. An't please your honour, I have been cross'd in love, and I'm willing to seek my fortune.

L. Hard. Well, I've seen enough of 'em: if you mind your affair, and act like a wise general, these fellows may do.—Come, take your orders. [*Trim puts his hat on his stick, while my Lord is giving him the ring, and whispers orders.*] Well, gentlemen, do your business manfully, and nothing shall be too good for you.

All. Bless your honour. [*Exe. Har. and Cam.*

Trim. Now, my brave friends and fellow-soldiers—
[*Aside.*] I must fellow-soldier 'em just before battle, like a true officer, though I cane 'em all the year round beside—[*Strutting about.*] Major-general Trim; no, pox, Trim sounds so very short and priggish—that my name should be a monosyllable! But the foreign news will write me, I suppose, Monsieur or Chevalier Trimont. Seigneur Trimoni, or Count Trimuntz, in the German army,

army, I shall perhaps be call'd; ay, that's all the plague and comfort of us great men, they do so toss our names about—but, Gentlemen, you're now under my command—Huzza! thrice—faith, this is very pleasing this grandeur! Why, after all, 'tis upon the neck of such scoundrels as these gentlemen, that we great captains build our renown—a million or two of these fellows make an Alexander: and as that my predecessor said in the tragedy of him on the very same occasion going to storm for his Statira, so do I for my dear sempstress, Madam d'Epingle;

When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory leads the way.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter TRUSTY and Lord BRUMPTON.

TRUSTY.

SHE knows no moderation in her good fortune; she has, out of impatience to see herself in her weeds, order'd her mantua-woman to stitch up any thing immediately—You may hear her and Tattleaid laugh aloud—she is so wantonly merry.

L. Brum. But this of Lady Sharlot is the very utmost of all ill—Pray read—But I must sit—My late fit of the gout makes me act with pain and constraint—Let me see—

Tru. She writ it by the page, who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their passages.

[*Lord BRUMPTON reads.*]

“ You must watch the occasion of the servants being gone out of the house with the corpse; Tattleaid shall conduct you to my Lady Sharlot's apartment—away with her—and be sure you bed her—

“ Your affectionate sister,

“ MARY BRUMPTON.”

L. Brum. The creature!—She call'd as Frank's mother

ther was? Brumpton! The succuba! What a devil incarnate have I had in my bosom! why, the common abandon'd town women would scruple such an action as this—tho' they have lost all regard to their own chastity, they would be tender of another's.—Why, sure she had no infancy—she never had virginity, to have no compassion through memory of her own former innocence—this is to forget her very humanity—her very sex!—Where is my poor boy? where's Frank? does not he want! how has he liv'd all this time?—not a servant I warrant to attend him—What company can he keep? What can he do for his father?

Tru. Though you made him not your heir, he is still your son—and has all the duty and tenderness in the world for your memory——

L. Brum. It is impossible, Trusty; it is impossible—— I will not rack myself with the thought. That one I have injur'd can be so very good!—Keep me in countenance—tell me he hates my very name—wou'd not assume my title, because it descends from me—What's his company?

Tru. Young Tom Campley, they are never asunder.

L. Brum. I am glad he has my pretty rattler—the cheerful innocent—Harriot—I hope he'll be good to her—he's good-natur'd and well-bred——

Tru. But, my Lord, she was very punctual in ordering the funeral—she bid Sable be sure to lay you deep enough—she had heard such stories of the wicked sextons taking up people—but I wish, my Lord, you would please to hear her and Tattleid once more——

L. Brum. I know to what thy zeal tends—but I tell you, since you cannot be convinc'd but that I have still a softness for her—I say, tho' I had so, it should never make me transgress that scrupulous honour that becomes a peer of England—if I could forget injuries done myself thus gross—I never will thine done my friends—you know Sharlot's worthy father—No—there's no need of my seeing more of this woman—I behold her now with the same eyes that you do—there's a meanness in all she says or does—she has a great wit, but a little mind—something ever wanting to make her appear my

my Lady Brumpton—she has nothing natively great—you see I love her not,—I talk with judgment of her. —

Tru. I see it, my good Lord, with joy I see it—nor care how few things I see more in this world—my satisfaction is complete—welcome, old age; welcome, decay—'tis not decay, but growth to a better being.

[*Exit, leading* Ld. B.

Re-enter TRUSTY, *meeting* CABINET.

Tru. I have your letter, 'Mr Cabinet.

Cab. I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my nature to be guilty of so much baseness: but being born a gentleman, and bred out of all road of industry in that idle manner, too many are, I soon spent a small patrimony; and being debauch'd by luxury, I fell into the narrow mind to dread no infamy like poverty—which made me guilty, as that paper tells you—And had I not writ to you, I am sure I never could have told you of it.

Tru. It is an ingenuous, pious penitence in you.—My Lord Hardy—(to whom this secret is inestimable) is a noble natur'd man—and you shall find him such—I give you my word—

Cab. I know, Sir, your integrity—

Tru. But pray be there—All that you have to do is to ask for the gentlewoman at the house at my Lord Hardy's—She'll take care of you—And pray have patience, where she places you, till you see me—[*Ex. Cab.*] My Lord Hardy's being an house where they receive lodgers, has allowed me convenience to place every body I think necessary to be by at her discovery—This prodigious welcome secret! I see, however impracticable honest actions may appear, we may go on with just hope.

All that is ours, is to be justly bent,

And Heav'n, in its own cause, will bless th' event.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter TRIM, *and his party.*

Trim. March up, march up—Now we are near the
citadel

citadel—and halt only to give the necessary orders for the engagement—Ha! Clump, Clump,—when we come to Lord Brumpton's door, and you see us conveniently dispos'd about the house—you are to wait till you see a corpse brought out of the house—then to go up to him you observe the director, and ask importunately for an alms to a poor soldier—for which you may be sure you shall have a good blow or two—but if you have not, be saucy till you have—then when you see a file of men, got between the house and the body—a file of men, Bumpkin, is six men—I say, when you see the file in such a posture, that half the file may face to the house, half to the body—you are to fall down, crying murder, that the half file fac'd to the body may throw it and themselves over you—I then march to your rescue—then, Swagger, you and your party fall in to secure my rear, while I march off with the body—These are the orders—And this, with a little improvement of my own, is the same disposition Villeroy and Catinat made at Chiari.

[*Marches off with his party.*]

Enter WIDOW in deep mourning, with a dead squirrel on her arm, and TATTLETAID.

Wid. It must be so—It must be your carelessness—What had the page to do in my bed-chamber?

Tat. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell—But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his neck—

Wid. Tell the rascal from me—he shall romp with the footman no more—No—I'll send the rogue in a frock, to learn Latin, among the dirty boys that come to good—I will—But 'tis ever so among these creatures that live on one's superfluous affections; a lady's woman, page, and squirrel, are always rivals.

Poor harmless animal!—Pretty ev'n in death!

Death might have overlook'd thy little life—

How could'st thou, Robin, leave thy nuts and me?

How was't, importunate dearest, thou should'st die?

Thou never didst invade thy neighbour's soil:

Never mad'st war with specious shews of peace:

Thou never hast depopulated regions,

But cheerfully didst bear thy little chain,

Content—So I but fed thee with this hand,

Tat. Alas! alas! we are all mortal: consider, Madam, my Lord's dead too.

Wid. Ay; but our animal friends do wholly die; an husband or relation, after death, is rewarded or tormented—That's some consolation—I know her tears are false, for she hated Robin always—[*aside.*] But she's a well-bred dishonest servant, that never speaks a painful truth—But I'll resolve to conquer my affliction—Never speak more of Robin—Hide him there—But to my dress—How soberly magnificent is black!—And the train—I wonder how widows came to wear such long tails!

Tat. Why, Madam, the stateliest of all creatures has the longest tail, the peacock; nay't has, of all creatures, the finest mien too—except your Ladyship, who are a phoenix—

Wid. Ho! brave Tattleaid—But did not you observe what a whining my Lady Sly made, when she had drank a little? did you believe her? do you think there are really people sorry for their husbands?

Tat. Really, Madam, some men do leave their fortunes in such distraction, that I believe it may be—

[*Speaks with pins in her mouth.*]

Wid. But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress us thus—I protest, when all my equipage is ready, and I move in full pageantry, I shall fancy myself an ambassadress from the common wealth of women, the distressed state of Amazonia—to treat for men—But I protest, I wonder how two of us thus clad, can meet with a grave face—Methinks they should laugh out, like two fortune-tellers, or two opponent lawyers that know each other for cheats.

Tat. Ha, ha, ha! I swear to you, Madam, your Ladyship's wit will choke me one time or other—I had like to have swallowed all the pins in my mouth—

Wid. But, Tatty, to keep house six weeks, that's another barbarous custom; but the reason of it, I suppose, was that the base people should not see people of quality may be as afflicted as themselves—

Tat. No; 'tis because they should not see 'em as merry as themselves.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! hussy, you never said that you spoke

spoke last—why 'tis just—'tis satire—I'm sure you saw it in my face, that I was going to say it—'twas too good for you—Come, lay down that sentence and the pin-cushion, and pin up my shoulder—Hark'ye, buffey, if you shou'd, as I hope you won't, out-live me, take care I an't buried in flannel, 'twould never become me I'm sure—That they can be as merry: well, I'll tell my new acquaintance—what's her name?—she that reads so much, and writes verses—her husband was deaf the first quarter of a year—I forgot her name—That expression she'll like—Well, that woman does divert me strangely.—I'll be very great with her—she talk'd very learnedly of the ridicule, 'till she was ridiculous—then she spoke of the decent—of the agreeable—of the insensible—she designs to print the discourse—But of all things I like her notion of the insensible.

Tat. Pray, Madam, how was that?

Wid. A most useful discourse to be inculcated in our teens—the purpose of it is to disguise our apprehension in this ill-bred generation of men, who speak before women what they ought not to hear—as now, suppose you were a spark in my company, and you spoke some double entendre—I look thus! but be a fellow, and you shall see how I'll use you—the insensible is useful upon any occasion where we seemingly neglect, and secretly approve, which is our ordinary common case.—Now, suppose a coxcomb dancing, prating, and playing his tricks before me to move me—without pleasure or distaste in my countenance I look at him—just thus.—But—ha, ha, ha! I have found out a supplement to this notion of the insensible, for my own use, which is infallible, and that is, to have always in my head all that they can say or do to me—so never be surpris'd with laughter, the occasion of which is always sudden—

Tat. Oh, my Lady Brumpton. [*Tattleaid bonus and cringer.*] My Lady—your most obedient servant—

Wid. Look you, wench; you see by the art of insensibility I put you out of countenance, though you were prepar'd for an ill reception—

Tat. Oh! Madam—how justly are you form'd for what is now fall'n to you, the empire of mankind!—

Wid. O Sir, that puts me out of all my insensibility

at once—that was so gallant—Ha! what noise is that—that noise of fighting—Run, I say—Whither are you going?—What, are you mad!—Will you leave me alone?—Can't you stir?—What, you can't take your message with you—Whatever 'tis, I suppose you are not in the plot; not you—Nor that now they're breaking open my house for Sharlot—Not you—Go see what's the matter, I say; I have no body I can trust—One [*Ex. Tat.*] minute I think this wench honest, and the next false—Whither shall I turn me?

Tat. Madam—Madam! [*Re-entering.*]

Wid. Madam, Madam! will you swallow me gaping—

Tat. Pray, good my Lady, be not so out of humour—But there is a company of rogues have set upon our servants and the burial man's, while others ran away with the corpse——

Wid. How, what can this mean? What can they do with it? Well, it will save the charge of interment——But to what end?

Enter TRUSTY, and a SERVANT bloody and dirty, haling in CLUMP and BUMPIN.

Serv. I'll teach you better manners—I'll poor foldier you—You dog you, I will——Madam, here are two of the rascals that were in the gang of rogues that carried away the corpse——

Wid. We'll examine 'em apart—Well, Sirrah, what are you? Whence came you? What's your name, Sirrah?

[*Clump makes signs as a dumb man.*]

Serv. O, you dog, you could speak loud enough just now, Sirrah, when your brother rogues maul'd Mr Sable—We'll make you speak, Sirrah——

Wid. Bring the other fellow hither——I suppose you will own you knew that man before you saw him at my door?

Clump. I think I have seen the gentleman's face.

[*Bowing to Bumpkin.*]

Wid. The gentleman's! the villain mocks me——But, Friend, you look like an honest man; What are you? Whence come you? What are you, friend?

Bump. I'm at present but a private gentleman, but I was list'd to be a serjeant in my Lord Hardy's company——

pany—I'm not ashamed of my name, nor of my reputation—

Wid. Leave the room all.

[*Exeunt all but Trusty and Tattleaid.*]

Mr Trusty—Lord Hardy! O, that impious young man—thus, with the sacrilegious hands of ruffians to divert his father's ashes from their urn and rest—I suspect this fellow. [*aside.*] *Mr Trusty*, I must desire you to be still near me—I'll know the bottom of this, and go to Lord Hardy's lodgings as I am, instantly—'Tis but the back-side of this street, I think—Let a coach be call'd—*Tattleaid*, as soon as I am gone—conduct my brother and his friends to Lady Sharlot; away with her—Bring Mademoiselle away to me—that she may not be a witness—Come, good *Mr Trusty*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord Hardy, leading Harriot; Campley and Trim.

La. Har. Why, then, I find this *Mr Trim* is a perfect general—But, I'll assure you, Sir, I'll never allow you an hero, who could leave your mistress behind you; you should have broke the house down, but you should have brought Mademoiselle with you.—

Trim. No really, Madam, I have seen such strange fears come into the men's heads, and such strange resolutions into the women's, upon the occasion of ladies following a camp, that I thought it more discreet to leave her behind me—my success will naturally touch her as much as if she were here.—

La. Har. A good intelligent arch fellow this. [*aside.*] But were not you saying, my Lord, you believ'd Lady Brumpton would follow hither?—if so, pray let me be gone.—

L. Hard. No, Madam; I must beseech your Ladyship to stay; for there are things alledg'd against her, which you, who have liv'd in the family, may perhaps give light into, and which I can't believe even she could be guilty of.

La. Har. Nay, my Lord, that's generous to a folly; for even for her usage of you (without regard to myself) I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can

come into the head of a close, malicious, cruel, designing woman.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady Brumpton's below——

La. Har. I'll run then——

Cam. No, no, stand your ground; you are a soldier's wife. Come, we'll rally her to death——

L. Har. Pr'ythee, entertain her a little, while I go in for a moment's thought on this occasion. *[Exit.*

La. Har. She has more wit than us both——

Cam. Pshaw, no matter for that—Be sure, as soon as the sentence is out of my mouth, to clap in with something else—and laugh at all I say; I'll be grateful, and burst myself at my pretty witty wife——We'll fall in slap upon her,—she shan't have time to say a word of the running away.

Enter Lady BRUMPTON and TRUSTY.

O, my Lady Brumpton, your Ladyship's most obedient servant. This is my Lady Harriot Campley——Why, Madam, your Ladyship is immediately in your mourning. Nay, as you have more wit than any body, so (what seldom wits have) you have more prudence too—Other widows have nothing in readiness but a second husband——but you, I see, had your very weeds and dress lying by you——

La. Har. Ay, Madam; I see your Ladyship is of the order of widowhood; for you have put on the habit——

Wid. I see your Ladyship is not of the profession of virginity, for you have lost the look on't——

Cam. You're in the habit—That was so pretty! nay, without flattery, Lady Harriot, you have a great deal of wit, Ha, ha, ha!

La. Har. No, my Lady Brumpton here is the woman of wit; but indeed she has got but little enough, considering how much her Ladyship has to defend. Ha, ha, ha!

Wid. I am sorry, Madam, your Ladyship has not what's

what's sufficient for your occasions, or that this pretty gentleman can't supply 'em——

[*Campley dancing about and trolling.*

Hey-day! I find, Sir, your heels are a great help to your head—They relieve your wit, I see; and I don't question but ere now they have been as kind to your valour; Ha, ha!

Cam. Pox, I can say nothing; 'tis always thus with your endeavours to be witty [*aside.*] I saw, Madam, your mouth go, but there cou'd be nothing offer'd in answer to what my Lady Harriot said——'Twas home,—'twas cutting satire——

La. Har. Oh, Mr Campley! But pray, Madam, has Mr Cabinet visited your Ladyship since this calamity?—How stands that affair now?

Wid. Nay, Madam, if you already want instructions——I'll acquaint you how the world stands, if you are in distress——but I fear Mr Campley overhears us.

Cam. And all the tune the pipers play'd, was toll-loll-doroll—I swear, Lady Harriot, were I not already yours, I could have a tender for this lady.

Wid. Come, good folks, I find we are very free with each other—What makes you two here? Do you board my Lord, or he you? Come, come, ten shillings a-head will go a great way in a family—What do you say, Mrs Campley? is it so? Does your Ladyship go to market yourself?—Nay, you're in the right of it——Come—can you imagine what makes my Lord stay?—He is not now with his land-steward—not signing leases, I hope; Ha, ha, ha!

Cam. Hang her, to have more tongue than a man and his wife too—— [*Aside.*

Enter Lord HARDY.

L. Hard. Because your Ladyship is, I know, in very much pain in company you have injur'd—I'll be short——Open those doors—there lies your husband's, my father's body—and by you stands the man accuses you of poisoning him!——

Wid. Of poisoning him!

Tru. The symptoms will appear upon the corpse.

L. Hard.

L. Hard. But I am seized by nature—How shall I view a breathless lump of clay—him whose high veins convey'd to me this vital force, and motion!

I cannot bear that sight——

I am as fix'd and motionless as he——

[They open the coffin, out of which jumps La. Shar.]

Art thou the ghastly shape my mind had form'd!

Art thou the cold inanimate?—Bright maid!

Thou giv'st new higher life to all around.

Whither does Fancy, fir'd with Love, convey me!

Whither transported by my pleasing fury!

The season vanishes at thy approach;

'Tis morn, 'tis spring——

Daisies and lilies strow thy flow'ry way.

Why is my fair unmov'd?—My heav'nly fair;

Does she but smile at my exalted rapture?

La. Shar. Oh! sense of praise to me unfelt before!

Speak on, speak on, and charm my attentive ear:

How sweet applause is from an honest tongue!

Thou lov'st my mind—Hast well affection plac'd

In what, nor time, nor age, nor care, nor want can alter.

Oh, how I joy in thee—My eternal lover;

Immutable as the object of my flame!

I love, I'm proud, I triumph that I love;

Pure I approach thee—Nor did I with empty shows,

Gorgeous attire, or studied negligence,

Or song, or dance, or ball, allure thy soul;

Nor want, or fear, such arts to keep, or lose it:

Nor now with fond reluctance doubt to enter

My spacious, bright abode, this gallant heart.

[Reclines on Hardy.]

La. Har. Ay, marry—these are high doings indeed; the greatness of the occasion has burst their passion into speech—Why, Mr Campley, when we are near these fine folks, you and I are but mere sweethearts—I protest—I'll never be won so; you shall begin again with me.

Cam. Pr'ythee, why dost name us poor animals? They have forgot there are any such creatures as their old acquaintance Tom and Harriot.

L. Hard. So we did, indeed, but you'll pardon us.

Cam.

Cam. My Lord, I never thought to see the minute wherein I should rejoice at your forgetting me, but now I do heartily. [Embracing.]

Ld. Shar. Harriot! }
Ld. Har. Sharlot! } Embracing.

Wid. Sir, you're at the bottom of all this—I see you're skill'd at close conveyances—I'll know the meaning instantly of these intricacies; 'tis not your seeming honesty and gravity shall save you from your deserts—My husband's death was sudden—You and the burial fellow were observ'd very familiar—Produce my husband's body—or I'll try you for his murder; which I find you'd put on me, thou hellish engine!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I could answer you, but I scorn to reproach people in misery—you're undone—Madam—

Wid. What does the dotard mean? Produce the body, Villain, or the law shall have shine for it—
[Trusty exit hastily.] Do you design to let the villain escape? How justly did your father judge, that made you a beggar with that spirit—You mention'd just now, you could not bear the company of those you'd injur'd.

L. Hard. You are a woman, Madam, and my father's widow—But sure you think you've highly injur'd me.
[Here my Lord and Trusty half enter and observe.]

Wid. No, Sir, I have not, will not injure you—I must obey the will of my deccas'd lord to a tittle—I must justly pay legacies. Your father, in consideration that you were his blood, would not wholly alienate you—He left you, Sir, this shilling, with which estate you now are Earl of Brumpton—

L. Hard. Insolent woman!—It was not me my good father disinherited, 'twas him you represented. The guilt was thine, he did an act of justice.

Lord BRUMPTON entering with TRUSTY.

L. Brum. Oh, unparallel'd goodness!

TATTLETAID

TATTLEAID and MADEMOISELLE, at the other door entering.

Tru. Oh, Tattleaid — His and our hour is come.

Wid. What do I see, my Lord, my master, husband living!

L. Brum. turning from her, running to his son Oh, my boy, my son — Mr Campley — Sharlot — Harriot [*All kneeling to him.*] O, my children, Oh, oh! these passions are too strong for my old frame — Oh, the sweet torture, my son, my son! I shall expire in the too mighty pleasure! my boy!

L. Hard. A son! an heir! a bridegroom in one hour! Oh, grant me, Heaven! grant me moderation!

Wid. A son, an heir! am I neglected then? What, can my Lord revive, yet dead to me? Only to be deceas'd — to me alone, Deaf to my sighs, and senseless to my moan!

L. Brum. 'Tis so long since I have seen plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou dost repeat, nor can I answer.

Wid. You can remember though a certain settlement in which I am thy son and heir — great noble, that I suppose not taken from a play, that's as irrevocable as law can make it, that if you scorn life — your death and life are equal — or I'll still wear my mourning 'cause you're living.

Tru. Value her not, my Lord; a prior obligation made you incapable of settling on her your wife.

L. Brum. Thy kindness, Trusty, does distract thee — I would, indeed, disengage myself, by any honest means; but, alas, I know no prior gift that avoids this to her — Oh, my child!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I'll come again immediately — be not troubled, my dear Lords — [Exit.

Cam. Trusty looks very confident; there is some good in that.

Re-enter TRUSTY with CABINET.

Cab. What, my Lord Brumpton living? nay then —

Tru. Hold, Sir, you must not stir, nor can you, Sir, retract this for your handwriting — My Lord, this gentleman,

gentleman, since your suppos'd death, has lark'd about the house to speak with my Lady, or Tattleaid, who, upon your decease, have shunn'd him, in hopes, I suppose, to buy him off for ever—Now, as he was prying about, he peep'd into your closet—where he saw your Lordship, reading—struck with horror, and believing himself (as well he might) the disturber of your ghost for alienation of your fortune from your family—he writ me this letter, wherein he acknowledges a private marriage with this Lady, half a year before you ever saw her.

All. How!

[All turn upon her disdainfully.]

Wid. No more a widow then, but still a wife.

[Recovering from her confusion.]

I am thy wife—thou author of my evil.
Thou must partake with me an homely board,
An homely board that never shall be cheerful;
But ev'ry meal embitter'd with upbraidings.
Thou that couldst tell me, good and ill were words,
When thou couldst basely let me to another,
Yet couldst see sprights, great unbeliever!
Coward! bugg-bear'd penitent—
Stranger henceforth to all my joys. My joys,
To thy dishonour, despicable thing,
Dishonour thee, thou voluntary cuckold.

[Cabinet sneaks off. Widow sings after him, Tattleaid following.]

L. Brum. I see you're all confus'd, as well as I—ye are my children—I hold you all so. And for your own use will speak plainly to you: I cannot hate that woman: nor shall she ever want. Though I scorn to bear her injuries—yet had I ne'er been rous'd from that low passion to a worthless creature—but by disdain of her attempt on my friend's child. I am glad that scorn's confirm'd by her being that fellow's—whom, for my own sake, I only will condemn. Thee, Trusty, how shall we prosecute with equal praise and thanks for this great revolution in our house?

Tru. Never to speak on't more, my Lord.

L. Brum. You are now, gentlemen, going into cares at a crisis in your country.

And, on this great occasion, Tom—I'll mount
Old Campley which thy father gave me,

And

And attend thee a cheerful gay old man,
 Into the field to represent our country.
 My rough Plebeian Britons, not ye slaves
 To France, shall mount thy father's son
 Upon their shoulders. Echo loud their joy —
 While I and Trusty follow weeping after;
 But be thou honest, firm, impartial;
 Let neither love, nor hate, nor faction move thee;
 Distinguish words from things, and men from crimes;
 Punctual be thou in payments, not basely
 Screen thy faults 'gainst law, behind the
 Law thou makest —

But thou, against my death, must fear a supereroga-
 tory morality. [To Lord Hardy.

As he is to be just, be generous thou:
 Nor let thy reasonable soul be struck
 With sounds and appellations; title is
 No more, if not significant
 Of something that's superior in thyself
 To other men, of which thou may'st be
 Conscious, yet not proud. — But if you swerve
 From higher virtue than the crowd possess,
 Know they that call thee Honourable mock thee.

You are to be a peer, by birth a judge
 Upon your honour of others lives and fortunes;
 Because that honour's dearer than your own.

Be good, my son, and be a worthy Lord:

For when our shining virtues bless mankind,
 We disappoint the livid malecontents,

Who long to call our noble order useless.

Our all's in danger, Sir, nor shall you dally

Your youth away with your fine wives.

No, in your country's cause you shall meet death,

While feeble we, with minds resign'd, do wait it.

Not but I intend your nuptials as soon as possible, to draw
 entails and settlements. How necessary such things are,
 I had like to have been a fatal instance.

Cam. But, my Lord, here are a couple that need not
 wait such ceremonies. Please but to sit: you've been
 extremely mov'd, and must be tir'd. You say we must
 not spend our time in dalliance; you'll see, my Lord,
 the entertainment reminds us also of nobler things, and

what I designed for my own wedding, I'll compliment the General with. The bride dances finely—Trim, will you dance with her?

Trim. I would, but I can't—there's a countryman of her's without by accident.

Cam. Ay, but is he a dancer?

Trim. Is a Frenchman a dancer? Is a Welshman a gentleman?—I'll bring him in——

[Here a dance and the following songs.]

Set by Mr DANIEL PURCELL.

Sung by JEMMIE BOWIN.

I.

ON yonder bed supinely laid,
Behold thy lov'd expecting maid:
In tremor, blushes, half in tears,
Much, much she wishes, more she fears.
Take, take her to thy faithful arms,
Hymen bestows thee all her charms.

II.

Heav'n to thee bequeaths the fair,
To raise thy joy, and ~~let~~ thy care;
Heav'n made grief, if mutual, cease,
But joy divided, to increase:
To mourn with her exceeds delight,
Darkness, with her, the joys of light.

Sung by Mr PATE.

I.

ARISE, arise, great dead for arms renown'd,
Rise from your urns, and save your dying story;
Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown'd,
For mighty William seizes all your glory.

II.

Again the British trumpet sounds;
Again Britannia bleeds;
To glorious death, or comely wounds,
Her godlike monarch leads.

G

III.

III.

*Pay us, kind Fate, the debt you owe,
Celestial minds from clay untie;
Let coward spirits dwell below,
And only give the brave to die.*

L. Brum. Now, Gentlemen, let the miseries which I have but miraculously escap'd, admonish you to have always inclinations proper for the stage of life you're in. Don't follow love when nature seeks but ease: otherwise you'll fall into a lethargy of your dishonour, when warm pursuits of glory are over with you; for Fame and Rest are utter opposites.

You who the path of honour make your guide,
Must let your passion with your blood subside:
And no untim'd ambition, love, or rage,
Employ the moments of declining age;
Else boys will in your presence lose their fear,
And laugh at the grey head they should revere.

[*Exeunt omnes* †.]

† This is much the best of this Author's pieces.—The conduct of it is ingenious, the characters pointed, the language sprightly, and the satire strong and genuine.—There is indeed somewhat improbable in the affair of conveying Lady Sharlot away in the coffin; yet the reward that by that means is bestowed on the pious behaviour of young Lord Hardy, with respect to his father's body, makes some amends for it.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Lord HARDY.

*LOVE, hope, and fear, desire, aversion, rage,
 All that can move the soul, or can assuage,
 Are drawn in miniature of life, the stage.
 Here you can view yourselves, and here is shown,
 What you're born in sufferings not your own:
 The stage to wisdom's no fantastic way,
 Hence herself learn'd virtue at a play.
 And for me to-night a soldier drew,
 He faintly writ, what warmly you pursue:
 His great purpose, had he equal fire,
 He'd not aim to please only, but inspire;
 He'd sing what hovering fate attends our isle,
 And from base pleasure rouse to glorious toil:
 Full time the Earth to a new decision brings,
 While William gives the Roman Eagle wings:
 With arts and arms shall Britain tamely end,
 Which naked Picts so bravely could defend?
 He painted heroes on th' invaders press,
 And think their wounds addition to their dress:
 Ten longer years we've been with conquest blest,
 Paris has the British yoke confess'd;
 Then in England, in blest England known,
 Kings are nam'd from a revolted throne?
 We offend—You no example need,
 Imitation of yourselves proceed.
 You your country's honour must secure,
 All your actions worthy of Namur.
 Gentle fires your gallantry improve,
 Rage is brutal if untouch'd with love:
 In our utmost bravery's not display'd,
 Think that bright circle must be captives made;
 Let thoughts of saving them our toils beguile,
 And they reward our labours with a smile.*

Act 2.

LOVE FOR LOVE.



J. Roberts del.

Published for Balls British Theatre Jan^r 1777.

Thornthwaite Sculp.

*M^{rs} ABINGTON in the Character of MISS PRICE.
Look you here, Cousin, here's a Snuff Box;
nay there's Snuff in't, here will you have any*

BELL'S EDITION.

for LOVE,

COMEDY,

by Mr. CONGREVE.

TINGUISHING ALSO THE

ONS OF THE THEATRE,

PERFORMED AT THE

Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

*Nudus aggis, nudus nummis paternis,
Insanire parat certâ ratione modoque.*

HOR.



L O N D O N :

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

M DCC LXXX.

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex.

My LORD,

A YOUNG poet is liable to the same vanity and indiscretion with a young lover; and the great man who smiles upon one, and the fine woman who looks kindly upon t'other, ^{put} both of 'em in danger of having the favour publish'd with the first opportunity.

But there may be a different motive, which will a little distinguish the offenders. For tho' one shou'd have a vanity in ruining another's reputation, yet the other may only have an ambition to advance his own. And I beg leave, my Lord, that I may plead the latter, both as the cause and excuse of this dedication.

Whoever is king, is also father of his country: and as no body can dispute your Lordship's *monarchy in poetry*, so all that are concern'd ought to acknowledge your universal patronage; and it is only presuming on the privilege of a loyal subject, that I have ventured to make this my address of thanks to your Lordship; which, at the same time, includes a prayer for your protection.

I am not ignorant of the common form of poetical dedications, which are generally made of panegyrics, where the authors endeavour to distinguish their patrons, by the shining characters they give them, above other men. But that, my Lord, is not my business at this time, nor is your Lordship *now* to be distinguished. I am contented with the honour I do myself in this epistle; without the vanity of attempting to add to, or explain your Lordship's character.

I confess it is not without some struggling, that I behave myself in this case as I ought: for it is very hard to

be pleased with a subject, and yet forbear it. But I chuse rather to follow Pliny's precepts than his example, when, in his panegyric to the Emperor Trajan, he says,

*Nec minus considerabo quid aures ejus pati
quam quid virtutibus debeat.*

I hope I may be excus'd the pedantry of a quotation when it is so justly applied. Here are some lines in print, (and which your Lordship read before this was acted), that were omitted on the stage; and particularly one whole scene in the third act, which not only helps the design forward with less precipitation, but heightens the ridiculous character of Foresight, which indeed seems to be maimed without it. But I found myself in great danger of a long play, and was glad it where I could. Though, notwithstanding this, and the kind reception it had from your own, I heartily wish it yet shorter: but the number of characters represented in it, would have been too crowded in less room.

This reflection on prolixity, (a fault for which scarce any one beauty will atone), warns me not to be tedious now, and detain your Lordship any longer with the trifles of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

and most humble servant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken at the opening of the New House,

By Mr BETTERTON.

THE husbandman in vernal renews his toil,
To cultivate each year a hungry soil;
And fondly hopes for rich and generous fruit,
When what should feed the tree, devours the root;
Th' unladen boughs, he sees, bode certain dearth,
Unless transplanted to more kindly earth.
So, the poor husbands of the stage, who found
Their labours lost upon ungrateful ground,
This last and only remedy have prov'd;
And hope new fruit from ancient stocks remov'd.
Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
Well plant a soil which you so rich have made.
As Nature gave the world to man's first age,
So from your bounty we receive this stage;
The freedom man was born to, you've restor'd,
And to our world such plenty you afford.
It seems, like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.
But since in Paradise frail flesh gave way,
And when but two were made, both went astray;
Forbear your wonder, and the fault forgive,
If in our larger family we grieve
One sowing Adam, and one tempted Eve.
We, who remain, would gratefully repay
What our endeavours can, and bring, this day
The first-fruit offering of a virgin play.
We hope there's something that may please each taste;
And tho' of homely fare we make the feast,
Yet you will find variety at least.
There's humour, which for cheerful friends we got,
And for the thinking party there's a plot.
We've something too, to gratify ill nature,
(If there be any here) and that is satire.
Tho' Satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
Or only shews its teeth, as if it smil'd.
As asses thistles, poets mumble wit,
And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
They hold their pens, as swords are held by fools,
And are afraid to use their own edge-tools.
Since the Plain Dealer's scenes of manly rage,
Not one has dar'd to last this crying age.
This time, the poet owns the bold essay,
Yet hopes there's no ill manners in his play;
And he declares by me, he has design'd
Affront to none, but frankly speaks his mind.
And shou'd th' ensuing scenes not chance to hit,
He offers but this one excuse, 'twas writ,
Before your late encouragement of wit.

A

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir SAMPSON LEGEND, father to Valentine and
VALENTINE, fallen under his father's displeasure, by
expensive way of living, in love with Angelica.

SCANDAL, his friend, a free speaker.

TATTLE, a half-witted beau, vain of his amours, yet
valuing himself for secrecy.

BEN, Sir Sampson's younger son, half home-bred,
half sea-bred, design'd to marry Miss Prue.

FORESIGHT, an illiterate old fellow, peevish and posi-
tive, superstitious, and pretending to understand astro-
logy, palmistry, physiognomy, omens, dreams, &c.
uncle to Angelica.

JEREMY, servant to Valentine.

TRAPLAND, a scrivener.

BUCKRAM, a lawyer.

ANGELICA, niece to Foresight, of a considerable for-
tune in her own hands.

Mrs FORESIGHT, second wife to Foresight.

Mrs FRAIL, sister to Mrs Foresight, a woman of the
town.

Miss PRUE, daughter to Foresight by a former wife, a
silly awkward country girl.

NURSE to Miss Prue.

JENNY.

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several Servants.

SCENE, LONDON.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

TH
To VALENTINE *in his Chamber reading, JEREMY waiting,*
And *Several books upon the table.*
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VALENTINE.

JEREMY.

Jer. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read—

W *Jer.* You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet.

As *[Aside, and taking away the books.]*

So *Val.* And d'ye hear, go you to breakfast—There's a page doubled down in Epictetus, that is a feast for an emperor.

Jer. Was Epictetus a real cook, or did he only write receipts?

Val. Read, read, sirrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh; read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So Epictetus advises.

Jer. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge: pray what was that Epictetus?

Val. A very rich man—Not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph, and so he has made a very fine feast where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: but, if you please, I had rather be at board-wages. Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? will Plato be bail for you? or Diogenes, because he understands confinement, and liv'd in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty!

Val. Why, Sirrah, I have no money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have I but follow the examples of the wisest and in all ages; these poets and philosophers, naturally hate, for just such another reason, they abound in sense, and you are a fool.

Jer. Ay, Sir, I am a fool, I know heav'n help me, I'm poor enough to be a was always a fool, when I told you what would bring you to; your coaches and your treats and your balls; your being lady, that did not care a farthing for your prosperity: and keeping company with wits, nothing but your prosperity, and now who hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor I have an opportunity to be reveng'd on them all; I'll pursue Angelica with more love than ever; and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rival'd the rich fops that made court to her; so shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compassionate the love, which has principally reduc'd me to this lowness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them——

Jer. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jer. Now heaven of mercy continue the tax upon paper! you don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

Jer. Hem!——Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it may concern, that the bearer hereof, Jeremy Fetch by name, has for the space of seven years truly and faithfully serv'd Valentine Legend, Esq; and that he is not now turn'd away for any misdemeanor, but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any further authority over him——

Val. No, Sirrah, you shall live with me still.

Jer. Sir, 'tis impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damn'd with your works: but to live, even

even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canoniz'd for a muse, after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your news;—I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts: d'ye hear, get the maids to crambo in evening, and learn the knack of rhiming; you may be at the height of a song, sent by an unknown hand, chocolate-house lampoon.

Jer. But, Sir, is this the way to recover your father's estate? why, Sir Sampson will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, Sir, you're ruin'd; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet.—Ah, pox confound that Will's coffeehouse, it has ruin'd more young men than the Royal Oak lottery. Nothing thrives that belongs to't. The man of the world would have been an Alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city.—For my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a horse race. The air upon Bantstead Downs is nothing to it for a whetter; yet I never see it, but the spirit of famine appears to me, sometimes like a decay'd porter, worn out with pimping, and carrying billet-doux and songs; not like other porters for hire, but for the jest's sake. Now like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great fortune; and his fare to be paid, like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

Val. Very well, Sir, can you proceed?

Jer. Sometimes like a bilk'd bookseller, with a meagre terrify'd countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolv'd to turn author, and bring the rest of his brethren into the same condition. And lastly, in the form of a worn-out punk, with verses in her hand, which her vanity had prefer'd to settlements, without a whole satter to her tail, but as ragged as one of the muses; or as if she were carrying her linen to the paper-mill to be converted into folio books of warning to all young maids, not to prefer poetry to good sense, or lying in the arms of a needy wit, before the embraces of a wealthy fool.

S C E N E II.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY

Scan. What, Jeremy holding forth?*Val.* The rogue has (with all the wit he is capable of) been declaiming against wit.*Scan.* Ay? why then I'm afraid Jeremy is a poet; where-ever it is, it's always contriving its own ruin.*Jer.* Why, so I have been telling my friend Mr Scandal, for heaven's sake, Sir, try to persuade him from turning poet.*Scan.* Poet! he shall turn soldier first, and depend upon the outside of his head, than the inside; what the devil, has not your poverty made you enemy enough? must you needs shew your wit to get more?*Jer.* Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself?*Scan.* Jeremy speaks like an oracle. Don't you see how worthless great men, and dull rich rogues, avoid witty man of small fortune? why, he looks like a wrangler of enquiry into their titles and estates; and seems commissioned by heaven to seize the better half.*Val.* Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be reveng'd*Scan.* Rail? at whom? the whole world? Impotent and vain! Who would die a martyr to sense in a country where the religion is folly? You may stand at bay for a while, but when the full cry is against you, you shan't have fair play for your life. If you can't be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsmen.—No, turn pimp, flatterer, quack, lawyer, parson; be chaplain to an atheist, or stallion to an old woman, any thing but poet; a modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have named; without you could retrieve the ancient honours of the name, recall the stage of Athens, and be allow'd the force of open honest satire.*Val.* You are as inveterate against our poets as if your character had been lately expos'd upon the stage—Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade—*[One knocks.]* Jeremy, see who's there. *[Jer. goes to the door.]* But tell

tell me what you would have me do?—What do the world say of me and my forc'd confinement?

Scan. The world behaves itself as it uses to do on such occasions: some pity you and condemn your father; others excuse him and blame you; only the ladies are merciful and wish you well, since love and pleasurable expence have been your greatest faults.

Val. How now?

Jer. Nothing new, Sir; I have dispatch'd some half a dozen duns with as much dexterity as a hungry judge does causes at dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you given 'em?

Scan. Patience, I suppose, the old receipt.

Jer. No, faith, Sir; I have put them off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forc'd now to tell 'em in plain downright English—

Val. What?

Jer. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jer. To-morrow.

Val. And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jer. Keep it! Not at all: it has been so very much stretched, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and no body be surpris'd at the matter——

[*Knocking*].—Again! Sir, if you don't like my negotiation, will you be pleas'd to answer these yourself.

Val. See who they are.

S C E N E III.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Val. By this, Scandal, you may see what it is to be great; secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an army, lead just such a life as I do; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises, which are but a civiler sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Scan. And you, like a true great man, have engaged their attendance, and promis'd more than ever you intended to perform; are more perplexed to find evasions than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your creditors.

Val.

Val. Scandal, learn to spare your friends and do not provoke your enemies; this liberty of yours will one day bring a confinement on your body.

S C E N E IV.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, JEREMY.

Jer. O Sir, there's Trapland the scivvill suspicious fellows like lawful pads, that man down with pocket tipstaves.—And father's steward, and the nurse with one o' from Twitnam.

Val. Pox on her; cou'd she find no other my sins in my face? Here, give her this, and bid her trouble me no more: a thoughtless two-nauged whore; she knows my condition well enough, and might have overlaid the child a fortnight ago if she had had any forecast in her.

Scan. What, is it bouncing Margery with my godson?

Jer. Yes, Sir.

Scan. My blessing to the boy, with this token [*Gives money.*] of my love. And, d'ye hear? bid Margery put more flocks in her bed, shift twice a week, and not work so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously.—I shall take the air shortly.

Val. Scandal, don't spoil my boy's milk.—Bid Trapland come in. If I can give that Cerberus a sop, I shall be at rest for one day.

S C E N E V.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY.

Val. O Mr Trapland! my old friend! welcome. Jeremy, a chair quickly: a bottle of sack and a toast—Fly—a chair first.

Trap. A good morning to you, Mr Valentine, and to you, Mr Scandal.

Scan. The morning's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come, sit you down, you know his way.

Trap. sits.] There is a debt. Mr Valentine, of fifteen hundred pounds of pretty long standing——

Val.

Val. I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate—Sirrah, the flask.

Trap. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment?

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you—my service to you—Fill, fill to honest Mr Trapland—Fuller.

Trap. Hold, sweet heart: this is not to our business.—My service to you, Mr Scandal.—[*Drinks.*]—I have forborn as long——

Val. T'other glass, and then we'll talk. Fill, Jeremy.

Trap. No more, in truth—I have forborn, I say—

Val. Sirrah, fill when I bid you.—And how does our handsome daughter?—Come, a good husband to her. [*Drinks.*]

Trap. Thank you——I have been out of this money——

Val. Drink first, Scandal; why do you not drink?

[*They drink.*]

Trap. And, in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much oblig'd to you for your supply: it did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good.—Scandal, drink to me; my friend Trapland's health. An honest man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress, tho' I say it to his face. Come, fill each man his glass.

Scan. What? I know Trapland has been a whore-master, and loves a wench still. You never knew a whore-master that was not an honest fellow.

Trap. Fy, Mr Scandal, you never knew——

Scan. What, don't I know?—I know the buxom black widow in the Poultry—Eight hundred pounds a year jointure, and twenty thousand pounds in money. Hah! old Trap.

Val. Say you so, i' faith? Come, we'll remember the widow. I know whereabouts you are. Come, to the widow——

Trap. No more, indeed.

Val. What, the widow's health! Give it him—Off with it. [*They drink.*] A lovely girl, i' faith; black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby lips! Better sealing there than a bond for a million, hah!

Trap.

Trap. No, no, there's no such thing; we'd better mind our business——You're a wag.

Val. No faith, we'll mind the widow again——Pretty round heaving breasts——and a jut with her bum would stir an as prettiest foot! Oh if a man could but kiss her feet, as they steal in and out, and under her petticoats! Ah! Mr Trapland.

Trap. Verily. Give me a glass——and here's to the widow.

Scan. He begins to chuckle;—ply him relapse into a dun.

S C E N E VI.

To them OFFICER.

Off. By your leave, Gentlemen——Mr Trapland, if we must do our office tell us.——We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in Pall-Mall and Covent-Garden; and if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad and block up the chocolate-houses, and then our labour's lost.

Trap. Udsso that's true, Mr Valentine; I love mirth, but business must be done; are you ready to——

Fer. Sir, your father's steward says he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

Val. Bid him come in. Mr Trapland, send away your officer, you shall have an answer presently.

Trap. Mr Snap, stay within call.

S C E N E VII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TRAPLAND, JEREMY, STEWARD, *who whispers Valentine.*

Scan. Here's a dog now, a traitor in his wine. Sirrah, refund the sack. Jeremy, fetch him some warm water, or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

Trap. Mr Scandal, you are uncivil; I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again when I have drunk it.

Scan. And how do you expect to have your money again when a gentleman has spent it?

Val.

Val. You need no reproof, I understand the condition of my mind, but my necessity is very pressing. Take Mr Trapland with you, let him draw the writing.—Mr Trapland, you must need be so obliging to you.

Trap. I am oblig'd to be thus pressing, but my necessity—

Val. No apology, good Mr scrivener, you shall be paid.

Trap. I hope you forgive me; my business requires—

S C E N E VIII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. He begs pardon like a hangman at an execution.

Val. But I have got a reprieve.

Scan. I am surpris'd; what, does your father relent?

Val. No; he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world. You have heard of a booby brother of mine that is sent to sea three years ago? This brother, my father hears, is landed; whereupon he very affectionately bids me word, if I will make a deed of conveyance of right to his estate, after his death, to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pounds to pay my debts, and make my fortune. This is once propos'd before, and I refused it; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from Angelica, force me to consent.

Scan. A very desperate demonstration of your love to Angelica; and I think she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

Scan. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to tell us at what they mean; but you have little reason to believe that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with you in your ill fortune; besides, Angelica has a great fortune of her own, and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool.

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

*To them JEREMY.**Jer.* More misfortunes, Sir.*Val.* What, another dun?*Jer.* No, Sir, but Mr Tattle is come to wait upon you.*Val.* Well, I can't help it—you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad.

S C E N E X.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL.

Scan. Pox on him, I'll be gone.*Val.* No, prythee stay: Tattle and you should never be asunder: you are light and shadow, and shew one another; he is perfectly the reverse both in humour and understanding; and as you set up for défamation, he is a mender of reputations.*Scan.* A mender of reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner: for the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper, and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person: he will forswear receiving a letter from her, and at the same time shew you her hand in the superscription; and yet, perhaps, he has counterfeited the hand too, and sworn to a truth; but he hopes not to be believ'd; and refuses the reputation of a lady's favour, as a doctor says, No, to a bishopric, only that it may be granted him.—In short, he is a public professor of secrecy, and makes proclamation that he holds private intelligence.—He's here.

S C E N E XI.

*To them TATTLE.**Tat.* Valentine, good morrow; Scandal, I am yours, —That is, when you speak well of me.*Scan.* That is, when I am yours, for while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.*Tat.* How inhuman!*Val.* Why, Tattle, you need not be much concern'd at any thing that he says: for to converse with Scandal

is to play at Losing Loadum; you must lose a good name to him before you can win it for yourself.

Tat. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world shall think the better of any person for his calumination!—I thank heaven it has always been a part of my character to handle the reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scan. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with, are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Tat. Nay, but why rotten? Why should you say rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is!

Scan. Not know 'em? why, thou never hadst to do with any body that did not sink to all the town.

Tat. Ha, ha, ha! nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known than that no body knows any thing of that nature of me. As I hope to be sav'd, *Valentia*, I never exposed a woman since I knew what woman was.

Val. And yet you have convers'd with several.

Tat. To be free with you, I have—I don't care if I own that—Nay more, (I'm going to say a bold word now), I never could meddle with a woman that had to do with any body else.

Scan. How!

Val. Nay, faith, I'm apt to believe him—Except her husband, *Tattle*.

Tat. Oh, that——

Scan. What think you of that noble commoner *Mrs Drab*?

Tat. Pooh, I know *Madam Drab* has made her brags in three or four places that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—But, upon my reputation, she did me wrong—Well, well, that was malice—But I know the bottom of it. She was brib'd to that by one we all know—A man too. Only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality——

Scan. Whom we all know.

Tat. No matter for that—Yes, yes, every body knows—No doubt on't, every body knows my secrets—But I soon satisfy'd the lady of my innocence; for I told her——*Madam*, says I, there are some persons who make it

their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and t'other, and every thing in the world; and, says I, if your Grace——

Scan. Grace!

Tat. O Lord, what have I said? My unlucky tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha!

Scan. Why, Tattle, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee. Well, and, ha, ha, ha! well, go on; and what did you say to her Grace?

Val. I confess this is something extraordinary.

Tat. Not a word, as I hope to be sav'd; an arrant *lappus lingua*——Come, let's talk of something else.

Val. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

Tat. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rally'd with you——a woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other, faith—I know not what——Come, let's talk of something else.

[*Humms a song.*]

Scan. Hang him, let him alone, he has a mind we should enquire.

Tat. Valentine, I sup'd last night with your mistress, and her uncle Foresight: I think your father lies in Foresight's.

Val. Yes.

Tat. Upon my soul, Angelica's a fine woman——And so is Mrs Foresight, and her sister Mrs Frail.

Scan. Yes, Mrs Frail is a very fine woman, we all know her.

Tat. Oh, that is not fair.

Scan. What?

Tat. To tell.

Scan. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs Frail?

Tat. Who, I? Upon honour I don't know whether she be man or woman; but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

Scan. No!

Tat. No.

Scan. She says otherwise.

Tat. Impossible!

Scan. Yes, faith. Ask Valentine else,

Tat.

Tat. Why then, as I hope to be fav'd, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Scan. No doubt on't. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no? You have had her? Ha?

Tat. Tis I have more honour than to tell first, I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declar'd.

Scan. Well, you own it?

Tat. I am strangely surpris'd! Yes, yes, I can't deny't, if she taxes me with it.

Scan. She'll be here by and by, she sees Valentine every morning.

Tat. How!

Val. She does me the favour—I mean of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scan. Nor I, faith—But Tattle does not use to bely a lady; it is contrary to his character—How one may be deceiv'd in a woman, Valentine!

Tat. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen?

Scan. I'm resolv'd I'll ask her.

Tat. O barbarous! Why, did you not tell me——

Scan. No, you told us.

Tat. And bid me ask Valentine?

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never ask'd me the question.

Tat. But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding——

Val. Nay, if you have known Scandal thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was, the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

S C E N E XII.

To them JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, Mrs Erail has sent to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes.

S C E N E XIII.

VALENTINE, SCANDAL, TATTLE.

Tat. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

B 2

Tat.

Tat. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion than to give Scandal such an advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tat. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous—O I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever—I shall never be receiv'd but upon public days, and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room: I shall never see a bedchamber again, never be lock'd in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table; never be distinguish'd among the waiting-women by the name of trusty Mr Tattle more—You will not be so cruel.

Val. Scandal, have pity on him; he'll yield to any conditions.

Tat. Any, any terms.

Scan. Come then, sacrifice half a dozen women of good reputation to me presently—Come, where are you familiar?—And see that they are women of quality too, the first quality—

Tat. 'Tis very hard—won't a Baronet's Lady pass?

Scan. No, nothing under a Right Honourable.

Tat. O inhuman! you don't expect their names.

Scan. No, their titles shall serve.

Tat. Alas, that's the same thing: pray spare me their titles; I'll describe their persons.

Scan. Well, begin then; but take notice, if you are so ill a painter that I cannot know the person by your picture of her, you must be condemn'd, like other bad painters, to write the name at the bottom.

Tat. Well, first then—

S C E N E XIV.

To them Mrs FRAIL.

Tat. O unfortunate! she's come already; will you have patience 'till another time, I'll double the number.

Scan. Well, on that condition—Take heed you don't fail me.

Mrs Frail. I shall get a fine reputation, by coming to see fellows in a morning. Scandal, you devil, are you here too? Oh, Mr Tattle, every thing is safe with you, we know.

Scan.

Scam. Tattle.

Tat. Mum—O Madam, you do me too much honour.

Val. Well, Lady Galloper, how does Angelica?

Mrs Frail. Angelica? Manners!

Val. What, you will allow an absent lover——

Mrs Frail. No, I'll allow a lover present with his mistress to be particular——But otherwise I think his passion ought to give place to his manners.

Val. But what if he has more passion than manners?

Mrs Frail. Then let him marry and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion, but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

Mrs Frail. You are the most mistaken in the world: there is no creature perfectly civil but a husband. For in a little time he grows only rude to his wife, and that is the highest good breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news; but I suppose you hear your brother Benjamin is landed. And my brother Foresight's daughter is come out of the country—I assure you there's a match talk'd of by the old people—Well, if he be but as great a sea-beast, as she is a land-monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed—The progeny will be all otters: he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

Val. Pox take 'em, their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs Frail. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother Foresight has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral, and an eminent justice of the peace to be the issue-male of their two bodies. 'Tis the most superstitious old fool! He would have persuaded me that this was an unlucky day, and wou'd not let me come abroad: but I invented a dream, and sent him to Artemedorus for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next room——and I'll give you something.

Scam. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs Frail. Well, what will you all give me?

Val. Mine's a secret.

Mrs Frail. I thought you would give me something, that would be a trouble to you to keep.

Val. And Scandal shall give you a good name.

Mrs Frail. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr Tattle?

Tat. I? My soul, Madam.

Mrs Frail. Pooh, no, I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well, but I'll come and see you one of these mornings: I hear you have a great many pictures.

Tat. I have a pretty good collection, at your service, some originals.

Scan. Hang him, he has nothing but the Seasons, and the twelve Cæsars, paltry copies; and the five Senses, as ill represented as they are in himself; and he himself is the only original you will see there.

Mrs Frail. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scan. Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

Mrs Frail. Ay, let me see those, Mr Tattle.

Tat. Oh, Madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and myself was ever blest with the sight.

Mrs Frail. Well, but a woman —

Tat. Nor woman, till she consented to have her picture there too—for then she's oblig'd to keep the secret.

Scan. No, no; come to me if you'd see pictures.

Mrs Frail. You!

Scan. Yes, faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance to the life, and as like as at Kneller's.

Mrs Frail. O lying creature — Valentine, does not he lie? — I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No indeed, he speaks truth now; for as Tattle has pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that have refus'd him; if satires, descriptions, characters, and lampoons are pictures.

Scan. Yes, mine are most in black and white — And yet there are some set out in their true colours both men and women. I can shew you Pride, Folly, Affectation, Wantonness, Inconstancy, Covetousness, Dissimulation, Malice,

Malice, and Ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you Lying, Foppery, Vanity, Cowardice, Bragging, Lechery, Impotence, and Ugliness in another piece; and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a profest beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Mrs Frail. Come, let's hear 'em.

Scan. Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

Mrs Frail. So!

Scan. Then I have a lady burning brandy in a cellar with a hackney-coachman.

Mrs Frail. O devil! well, but that story is not true.

Scan. I have some hieroglyphics too; I have a lawyer with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face; a divine with two faces and one head; and I have a soldier with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head shou'd be.

Mrs Frail. And no head!

Scan. No head.

Mrs Frail. Pooh, this is all invention. Have you ne'er a poet?

Scan. Yes, I have a poet weighing words, and selling praise for praise, and a critic picking his pocket. I have another large piece too, representing a school, where there are huge proportion'd critics with long wigs, lac'd coats, Steinkirk cravats, and terrible faces, with catcalls in their hands, and horn-books about their necks. I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Mrs Frail. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

S C E N E XV.

To them JEREMY.

Jer. Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him——Will you give me leave, I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs Frail. No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me at the Exchange? I must call my sister Foresight there.

Scan. I will: I have a rind to your sister.

Mrs Frail. Civil!

Tat. I will, because I have a tender for your Ladyship.

Mrs Frail.

Mrs Frail. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion.

Scan. Well, if Tattle entertain you, I have the better opportunity to engage your sister.

Val. Tell Angelica I am about making hard conditions to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scan. I'll give an account of you, and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most a lover of any body that I know: you fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress—in my mind he is a thoughtless adventurer,

Who hopes to purchase wealth by selling land;
Or win a mistress with a losing hand.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Foresight's house.

FORESIGHT and SERVANT.

FORESIGHT.

HHEYDAY! What, are all the women of my family abroad? Is not my wife come home? nor my sister, nor my daughter?

Ser. No, Sir.

Fore. Mercy on us, what can be the meaning of it? Sure the moon is in all her fortitudes; is my niece Angelica at home?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Fore. I believe you lie, Sir.

Ser. Sir!

Fore. I say you lie, Sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it; for I was born, Sir, when the crab was ascending, and all my affairs go backwards.

Ser. I can't tell indeed, Sir.

Fore. No, I know you can't, Sir: but I can tell, and foretell, Sir.

SCENE II.

To them NURSE.

Fore. Nurse, where's your young mistress?

Nurse. Wee'ft heart, I know not, they're none of 'em come

come home yet. Poor child, I warrant she's fond o' seeing the town—Marry, pray Heav'n they ha' given her any dinner—Good lack-a-day, ha, ha, ha! O strange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha! marry and did you ever see the like!

Fore. Why, how now, what's the matter?

Nurse. Pray heav'n send your worship good luck, marry and amen with all my heart, for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

Fore. Ha, how? Faith and troth I'm glad of it, and so I have, that may be good luck in troth; in troth it may, very good luck: nay, I have had some omens: I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation; pretty good that too; but then I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel; bad omens those: some bad, some good, our lives are chequer'd: mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day, make up our time—But in troth I am pleas'd at my stocking; very well pleas'd at my stocking—Oh, here's my niece!—Sirrah, go tell Sir Sampson Legend I'll wait on him if he's at leisure,—'tis now three o'clock, a very good hour for business, Mercury governs this hour.

S C E N E III.

ANGELICA, FORESIGHT, NURSE.

Ang. Is it not a good hour for pleasure too, uncle? pray lend me your coach, mine's out of order.

Fore. What, wou'd you be gadding too! Sure all females are mad to-day—It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief to the master of a family.—I remember an old prophesy written by Messabalah the Arabian, and thus translated by a reverend Buckinghamshire bard.

*When housewives all the house forsake,
And leave good man to brew and bake,
Withouten guile, then be it said,
That house doth stand upon its head;
And when the head is set in ground,
No part if it be fruitful send.*

Fruitful, the head fruitful! that bodes horns; the fruit of the head is horns.—Dear niece, stay at home—For
by

by the head of the house is meant the husband; the prophesy needs no explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a cuckold, uncle, by going abroad; nor secure you from being one by staying at home.

Fere. Yes, yes; while there's one woman left the prophesy is not in full force.

Ang. But my inclinations are in force; I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair, and leave you to erect a scheme, and find who's in conjunction with your wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not lord of the ascendant, ha, ha, ha!

Fere. Well, Jill Flirt, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that celestial science.

Ang. Nay, uncle, don't be angry—If you are, I'll rip up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood.—What a bustle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provisions as 'twere for a siege! What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinderboxes did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live under ground, or at least making a voyage to Greenland, to inhabit there all the dark season,

Fere. Why, you malapert flut——

Ang. Will you lend me your coach, or I'll go on.—Nay, I'll declare how you prophesied Popery was coming, only because the butler had mislaid some of the apostle spoons, and thought they were lost. Away went religion and spoonmeat together—Indeed, uncle, I'll indict you for a wizard.

Fere. How, hussy! was there ever such a provoking minx?

Nurse. O merciful father! how she talks?

Ang. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practices; you and the old nurse there——

Nurse. Marry, heav'n defend—I at midnight practices——O Lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful doings with my master's worship—Why, did you ever hear the like now?—Sir, did ever I do any thing of your midnight

night concerns—but warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle and your tobacco-box, and your urinal by you, and now and then rub the soles of your feet?—O Lord, I——

Ang. Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole of the closet, one night, like Saul and the witch of Endor, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs, to write a poor innocent servant's name in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater, which she had forgot in the caudle-cup—Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it——

Fore. I defy you, hussy; but I'll remember this, I'll be reveng'd on you, cockatrice; I'll hamper you.—You have your fortune in your own hands——but I'll find a way to make your lover, your prodigal spendthrift gallant, Valentine, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not, but all shall out then—Look to't, Nurse; I can bring witness that you have a great unnatural teat under your left arm, and he another; and that you suckle a young devil in the shape of a tabby cat, by turns, I can.

Nurse. A teat, a teat, I an unnatural teat! O the false slanderous thing; feel, feel here, if I have any thing but like another Christian. [Crying.]

Fore. I will have patience, since it is the will of the stars I should be thus tormented.—This is the effect of the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house of my nativity; there the curse of kindred was foretold—But I will have my doors lock'd up—I'll punish you, not a man shall enter my house.

Ang. Do, uncle, lock 'em up quickly before my aunt come home—You'll have a letter for alimony to-morrow morning—But let me be gone first, and then let no mankind come near the house, but converse with spirits and the celestial signs, the Bull, and the Ram, and the Goat. Bless me! there are, a great many horn'd beasts among the twelve signs, uncle. But cuckolds go to heav'n.

Fore. But there's but one virgin among the signs, spit-fire! but one virgin.

Ang. Nor there had not been that one if she had had to do with any thing but astrologers, uncle. That makes my aunt go abroad.

Fore. How ? how ? Is that the reason ? Come, you know something ; tell me, and I'll forgive you ; do, good niece—Come, you shall have my coach and horses—faith and troth you shall — Does my wife complain ? Come, I know women tell one another—She is young and sanguine, has a wanton hazzle eye, and was born under Gemini, which may incline her to society : she has a mole upon her lip, with a moist palm, and an open liberality on the mount of Venus.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha !

Fore. Do you laugh ?—Well, gentlewoman, I'll—But come, be a good girl, don't perplex your poor uncle, tell me—won't you speak ? Odd, I'll—

S C E N E IV.

To them SERVANT.

Ser. Sir Sampson is coming down to wait upon you—

Ang. Good bu'y, uncle—Call me a chair—I'll find out my aunt, and tell her she must not come home.

Fore. I'm so perplex'd and yex'd I am not fit to receive him ; I shall scarce recover myself before the hour be past. Go, Nurse, tell Sir Sampson I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. Well—Why, if I was born to be a cuckold there's no more to be said—he's here already.

S C E N E V.

FORESIGHT and Sir SAMPSON LEGEND with a paper.

Sir Sam. Nor no more to be done, old boy ; that's plain—Here 'tis, I have it in my hand, old Ptolomee ; I'll make the ungracious prodigal know who begat him ; I will, old Nostrodamus. What, I warrant my son thought nothing belong'd to a father but forgiveness and affection ; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power ; nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon. I warrant you, if he danc'd till doomsday, he thought I was to pay the piper. Well, but here is under black and white, *signatum, sigillatum, and deliberatum* ; that as soon as my son Benjamin is arriv'd, he is to make

make over to him his right of inheritance. Where's my daughter that is to be—Hah! old Merlin! body o' me, I'm so glad I'm reveng'd on this undutiful rogue!

Fore. Odsso, let me see; let me see the paper—Ay, faith and troth here 'tis, if it will but hold.—I wish things were done, and the conveyance made.—When was this sign'd, what hour? Odsso, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste——

Sir Sam. Haste, ay; ay; haste enough, my son Ben will be in town to-night—I have order'd my lawyer to draw up writings of settlement and jointure—All shall be done to-night—No matter for the time; pr'ythee, brother Foresight, leave superstition—Pox o' th' time; there's no time but the time present; there's no more to be said of what's past, and all that is to come will happen. If the sun shine by day, and the stars by night, why, we shall know one another's faces without the help of candle, and that's all the stars are good for.

Fore. How, how? Sir Sampson, that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir Sam. I tell you I am wise; and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your ephemeris.—Ignorant!—I tell you, I have travell'd, old Fircu, and know the globe; I have seen the antipodes, where the sun rises at midnight, and sets at noon-day.

Fore. But I tell you, I have travell'd, and travell'd in the celestial spheres, know the signs and the planets, and their houses; can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of sextiles, quadrates, trines, and oppositions, fiery trigons, and aquatical trigons; know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy; whether diseases are curable or incurable; if journeys shall be prosperous, undertakings successful, or goods stol'n recover'd; I know——

Sir Sam. I know the length of the Emperor of China's foot; have kiss'd the Great Mogul's slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the Cham of Tartary.—Body o' me, I have made a cuckold of a king, and the present Majesty of Bantam is the issue of these loins.

Fore. I know when travellers lie or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir Sam. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star, and seen a conjurer that cou'd not keep the devil out of his wife's circle.

Fore. What, does he twit me with my wife too? I must be better inform'd of this,—[*Aside.*]—Do you mean my wife, Sir Sampson? Though you made a cuckold of the King of Bantam, yet by the body of the sun——

Sir Sam. By the horns of the moon, you wou'd say, brother Capricorn.

Fore. Capricorn in your teeth, thou modern Mandevil; Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. Take back your paper of inheritance, send your son to sea again. I'll wed my daughter to an Egyptian mummy ere she shall incorporate with a contemner of sciences, and a defamer of virtue.

Sir Sam. Body o' me, I have gone too far;—I mai not provoke honest Albumazar——An Egyptian mummy is an illustrious creature, my trusty hieroglyphic, an may have significations of futurity about him; oddsbut I would my son were an Egyptian mummy for thy sake. What, thou art not angry for a jest, my good Haly——I reverence the sun, moon, and stars, with all my heart—What, I'll make thee a present of a mummy; now I think on't, body o' me, I have a shoulder of an Egyptian king, that I purloin'd from one of the pyramids, powder'd with hieroglyphics; thou shalt have it brought home to thy house, and make an entertainment for all the Philomaths, and students in physick and astrology in and about London.

Fore. But what do you know of my wife, Sir Sampson?

Sir Sam. Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon; nay, she is more illustrious than the moon, for she has her chastity without her inconstancy; 'sbad, I was but in jest.

S C E N E VI.

To them JEREMY.

Sir Sam. How now, who sent for you? *Hed.* What wou'd you have?

Fore. Nay, if you were but in jest—Who's that fellow? I don't like his physiognomy.

Sir

Sir Sam. My son, Sir! what son, Sir? My son, Benjamin, hoh?

Jer. No, Sir, Mr Valentine, my master—'Tis the first time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir Sam. Well, Sir.

S C E N E VII.

FORESIGHT, *Sir SAMPSON*, VALENTINE, JEREMY.

Jer. He is here, Sir.

Val. Your blessing, Sir.

Sir Sam. You've had it already, Sir; I think I sent it you to-day in a bill of four thousand pounds: a great deal of money, brother Foresight.

Fore. Ay, indeed, Sir Sampson, a great deal of money for a young man; I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir Sam. Body o'me, so do I.—Mark ye, Valentine, if there be too much, refund the superfluity; dost hear, boy?

Val. Superfluity, Sir! it will scarce pay my debts.—I hope you will have more indulgence than to oblige me to those hard conditions, which my necessity sign'd to.

Sir Sam. Sir, how, I beseech you? what were you pleas'd to intimate concerning indulgence?

Val. Why, Sir, that you wou'd not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me at least from some part—

Sir Sam. Oh, Sir, I understand you—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, Sir, all that I presume to ask.—But what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleas'd to add, shall be doubly welcome.

Sir Sam. No doubt of it, sweet Sir; but your filial piety and my fatherly fondness wou'd fit like two tallies.—Here's a rogue, brother Foresight, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and would be releas'd from it in the afternoon; here's a rogue, dog, here's conscience and honesty; this is your wit now, this is the morality of your wits! You are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a——Why, sirrah, is it now here under hand and seal?—Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it—

Sir Sam. Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I shall live to see you

you go up to Holborn-Hill—Has he not a rogue's face?—Speak, brother, you understand physiognomy, a hanging look to me—of all my boys the most unlike me; he has a damn'd Tyburn-face, without the benefit o' the clergy.

Fore. Hum—truly I don't care to discourage a young man—he has a violent death in his face, but I hope no danger of hanging.

Val. Sir, Is this usage for your son?—for that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, Sir—

Sir Sam. You, Sir; and you, Sir:—Why, who are you, Sir?

Val. Your son, Sir.

Sir Sam. That's more than I know, Sir, and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir Sam. What, would you have your mother a whore! did you ever hear the like! did you ever hear the like! body o'me—

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir Sam. Excuse! impudence! Why, sirrah, mayn't I do what I please? Are not you my slave? Did not I beget you! and might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no? Oons, who are you? Whence came you? What brought you into the world? How came you here, Sir? Here, to stand here, upon those two legs, and look erect with that audacious face, hah? Answer me that? Did you come a volunteer into the world? or did I, with the lawful authority of a parent, press you to the service?

Val. I know no more why I came than you do why you call'd me. But here I am, and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir Sam. With all my heart: come, uncase, strip, and go naked out of the world, as you came into't.

Val. My clothes are soon put off;—But you must also divest me of reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir

Sir Sam. Body o'me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

Val. I am of myself a plain easy simple creature, and to be kept at small expence; but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible; they are so many devils that you have rais'd, and will have employment.

Sir Sam. 'Oons, what had I to do to get children?—can't a private man be born without all these followers?—Why, nothing under an emperor should be born with appetites.—Why, at this rate a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

Fer. Nay, that's as clear as the sun; I'll make oath of it before any justice in Middlesex.

Sir Sam. Here's a cormorant too.—'S'heart, this fellow was not born with you?—I did not beget him, did I?—

Fer. By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too:—Nay, and to tell your Worship another truth, I believe you did, for I find I was born with those same whorson appetites too, that my master speaks of.

Sir Sam. Why, look you there now,—I'll maintain it, that by the rule of right reason, this fellow ought to have been born without a palate.—'S'heart, what shou'd he do with a distinguishing taste?—I warrant you he'd rather eat a pheasant than a piece of poor John: and smell, now; why I warrant he can smell, and loves perfumes above a stink—Why there's it; and music; don't you love music, Scoundrel?

Fer. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, Sir, as to jiggs and country dances, and the like; I don't much matter your solo's or sonato's, they give me the spleen.

Sir Sam. The spleen; Ha, ha, ha! a pox confound you—Solo's or sonato's? 'Oons, whose son are you? How were you engender'd, Muckworm?

Fer. I am by father, the son of a chairman; my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer; and I came up stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.

Fors. By your looks, you shou'd go up stairs out of the world too, friend,

Sir Sam. And if this rogue were anatomized now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction, and so forth, large enough for the inside of a cardinal, this son of a cucumber.—These things are unaccountable and unreasonable—Body o'me, why was not I a bear, that my cubs might have liv'd upon sucking their paw Nature has been provident only to bears and spiders: t'one has its nutriment in his own hands; and t'other spi his habitation out of his own entrails.

Val. Fortune was provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature, if I had my right of inheritance.

Sir Sam. Again! 'Oons, han't you four thousand pound if I had it again I would not give thee a groat.—What, wouldst thou have me turn pelican, and feed thee out of my own vitals?—'S'heart, live by your wits.—You were always fond of the wits,—now let's see if you have wit enough to keep yourself.—Your brother will be in town to-night, or to-morrow morning, and then look you perform covenants; and so your friend and servant.—Come, Brother Foresight.

S C E N E VIII.

VALENTINE, JEREMY.

Jer. I told you what your visit would come to.

Val. 'Tis as much as I expected—I did not come to see him; I came to Angelica; but since she was gone abroad, it was easily turned another way, and at least looked well on my side. What's here? Mrs Foresight and Mrs Frail; they are earnest—I'll avoid 'em.—Come this way, and go and enquire when Angelica will return.

S C E N E IX.

Mrs Foresight and Mrs Frail.

Mrs Frail. What have you to do to watch me? S'life; I'll do what I please.

Mrs Fore. You will?

Mrs Frail. Yes, marry will I—A great piece of business to go to Covent Garden square in a hackney-coach, and take a turn with one's friend.

Mrs Fore.

Mrs Fore. Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Mrs Frail. Well, what if I took twenty—I warrant if you had been there it had only been innocent recreation.—Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs Fore. But can't you converse at home?—I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent; but the place is public, and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous. What if any body else should have seen you alight as I did?—How can any body be happy while they are in perpetual fear of being seen and censur'd?—Besides, it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but me.

Mrs Frail. Pooh! here's a clutter—Why should it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now;—if I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring-garden, or Barn-Elms with a man alone—something might have been said. •

Mrs Fore. Why, was I ever in any of those places? What do you mean, sister?

Mrs Frail. Was I?—What do you mean?

Mrs Fore. You have been at a worse place.

Mrs Frail. I at a worse place, and with a man!

Mrs Fore. I suppose you wou'd not go alone to the World's-end.

Mrs Frail. The World's-end! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs Fore. Poor innocent! You don't know that there is a place call'd the World's-end? I'll swear you can keep your countenance purely; you'd make an admirable player.

Mrs Frail. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs Fore. Very well, that will appear who has most; you never were at the World's-end?

Mrs Frail. No.

Mrs Fore. You deny it positively to my face?

Mrs Frail. Your face, what's your face?

Mrs Fore. No matter for that, 'tis as good a face as yours.

Mrs

Mrs Frail. Not by a dozen years wearing.—But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs Fore. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face;—for I'll swear your impudence has put me out of countenance.—But look you here now—where did you lose this gold bodkin?—Oh, sister, sister!

Mrs Frail. My bodkin!

Mrs Fore. Nay, it is yours; look at it.

Mrs Frail. Well, if you go to that, where did you find this bodkin?—Oh sister, sister!—Sister every way.

Mrs Fore. O devil on't, that I could not discover her without betraying myself! [*Aside.*]

Mrs Frail. I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lie open one's self.

Mrs Fore. It's very true, sister. Well, since all's out, and, as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Mrs Frail. With all my heart; ours are but slight flesh wounds, and if we keep 'em from air, not at all dangerous. Well, give me your hand in token of sisterly secrecy and affection.

Mrs Fore. Here it is with all my heart.

Mrs Frail. Well, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have. To tell truth, and speak openly one to another, I'm afraid the world have observ'd us more than we have observ'd one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for; I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation, and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son that is expected to-night; by the account I have heard of his education he can be no conjurer: the estate you know is to be made over to him—Now, if I could wheedle him, sister, Ha? You understand me?

Mrs Fore. I do; and will help you to the utmost of my power.—And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough: My awkward daughter-in-law, who, you know, is design'd to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr Tattle; now, if you can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards

towards his liking you. Here they come together, and let us contrive some way or other to leave 'em together.

S C E N E X.

To them TATTLE and Miss PRUE.

Miss. Mother, mother, mother, look you here.

Mrs Fore. Fy, fy, Miss, how you bawl.—Besides, I have told you, you must not call me Mother.

Miss. What must I call you then? are you not my father's wife?

Mrs Fore. Madam; you must say Madam——By my ul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great r! call me mother——Well, but Miss, what are you so erjoy'd at?

Miss. Look you here, Madam, then, what Mr Tattle is given me——Look you here, cousin, here's a snuff-box: nay, there's snuff in't;—here, will you have any?—h good! how sweet it is!—Mr Tattle is all over sweet; s peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet, and his andkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than roses.—smell him, mother, Madam, I mean——He gave me this ring for a kiss.

Tat. O fy, Miss, you must not kiss and tell.

Miss. Yes, I may tell my mother—And he says he'll give me something to make me smell so—Oh, pray lend me your handkerchief——Smell, cousin; he says he'll give me something that will make my smock smell this way——Is not it pure?——It's better than lavender, mum——I'm resolv'd I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my smocks—Ha, cousin?

Mrs Frail. Fy, Miss; amongst your linen, you must say——You must never say smock.

Miss. Why, it is not bawdy, is it, cousin?

Tat. Oh, Madam, you are too severe upon Miss; you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity, it becomes her strangely——Pretty Miss, don't let 'em persuade you out of your innocence.

Mrs Fore. Oh, demm you, toad——I wish you don't p—ade her out of her innocence.

Tat. Who, I, Madam?—O Lord, how can your Ladyship have such a thought?—Sure you don't know me.

Mrs Frail.

Mrs Frail. Ah, devil! sly devil—He's as close, sister, as a confessor—He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs Fore. A cunning cur; how soon he could find out a fresh harmless creature, and left us, sister, presently.

Tat. Upon reputation—

Mrs Fore. They're all so, sister, these men—they love to have the spoiling of a young thing; they are as fond of it, as of being first in the fashion, or of seeing a new play the first day.—I warrant it would break Mr Tattle's heart, to think that any body else should be beforehand with him.

Tat. Oh Lord! I swear I wou'd not for the world—

Mrs Frail. O hang you; who'll believe you?—you'll be hang'd before you'd confes—we know you—she's very pretty!—Lord, what pure red and white!—she looks so wholesome;—ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy, if I were a man—

Miss. How you love to jeer one, cousin.

Mrs Fore. Hark'ee, sister,—by my soul the girl is spoil'd already—d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly Tarpawlin—Gad I warrant you she won't let him come near her, after Mr Tattle.

Mrs Frail. O' my soul, I'm afraid not—eh!—filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar—devil take you, you confounded toad—why did you see her before she was married?

Mrs Fore. Nay, why did we let him—my husband will hang us—he'll think we brought 'em acquainted.

Mrs Frail. Come, faith let us be gone—If my brother Foresight shou'd find us with them;—he'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs Fore. So he wou'd—but then leaving 'em together is as bad—and he's such a sly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Mrs Frail. I don't care; I won't be seen in't.

Mrs Fore. Well, if you should, Mr Tattle, you'll have a world to answer for; remember I wash my hands of it. I'm thoroughly innocent.

S C E N E XI.

TATTLE, *Miss* PRUE.

Miss. What makes 'em go away, Mr Tattle? what do they mean, do you know?

Tat.

Tat. Yes, my dear—I think I can guess—but hang me if I know the reason of it.

Mifs. Come, must not we go too?

Tat. No, no, they don't mean that.

Mifs. No! what then? what shall you and I do together?

Tat. I must make love to you, pretty Mifs; will you make love to you?

Mifs. Yes, if you please.

Tat. Frank, i'gad, at least. What a pox does Mrs. Preslight mean by this civility? is it to make a fool of us? or does she leave us together out of good morality, to do as she would be done by?—Gad, I'll understand so. [*Aside.*]

Mifs. Well; and how will you make love to me?—Come, I long to have you begin—must I make love to you? you must tell me how.

Tat. You must let me speak, Mifs, you must not speak first; I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Mifs. What, is it like the catechism?—Come then, ask me.

Tat. D'ye think you can love me?

Mifs. Yes.

Tat. Pooh, pox, you must not say yes already; I shan't care a farthing for you in a twinkling.

Mifs. What must I say then?

Tat. Why, you must say no, or you believe not, or you can't tell—

Mifs. Why, must I tell a lie then?

Tat. Yes, if you'll be well bred. All well-bred persons lie—Besides, you are a woman, you must never speak what you think: your words must contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you love me, you must say no, but you must love me too—If I tell you you are handsome, you must deny it, and say I flatter you—But you must think yourself more charming than I speak you:—and like me, for the beauty which I say you have as much as if I had it myself—If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry.

gry,—but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss. O Lord! I'll swear this is pure—I like it better than our old-fashion'd country way of speaking one's mind:—and must you not lie too?

Tat. Hum—Yes—but you must believe I speak truth.

Miss. O Gemini! Well, I had always a great mind to tell lies—but they frighted me, and said it was a lie.

Tat. Well, my pretty creature, will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss. No, indeed; I'm angry at you.——

[Runs and kisses him.]

Tat. Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you should not have given it me, but have suffer'd me to have taken it.

Miss. Well, we'll do't again.

Tat. With all my heart——Now then, my little angel.

[Kisses her.]

Miss. Pish!

Tat. That's right!—Again, my charmer. [Kisses again.]

Miss. O fy! Nay, now I can't abide you.

Tat. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in Covent-Garden.——And won't you shew me, pretty Miss, where your bedchamber is?

Miss. No, indeed won't I: but I'll run there, and hide myself from you behind the curtains.

Tat. I'll follow you.

Miss. Ah, but I'll hold the door with both hands, and be angry—and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tat. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tat. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss. Oh, but you shan't; for I'll hold my tongue.——

Tat. Oh, my dear apt scholar!

Miss. Well, now I'll run, and make more haste than you.

Tat. You shall not fly so fast as I'll pursue.

ACT III. SCENE I.

NURSE *alone.*

NURSE.

MISS, Miss, Miss Prue—Mercy on me, marry and amen! Why, what's become of the child?—why, Miss, Miss Foresight—sure she has lock'd herself up in her chamber, and gone to sleep, or to prayers: Miss, Miss! I hear her—come to your father, child: open the door—open the door, Miss—I hear you cry hush!—O Lord, who's there? [*Peeps.*] What's here to do?—O the Father! a man with her!—Why, Miss, I say; God's my life, here's fine doings towards—O Lord, we're all undone—O you young harlotry! [*Knocks.*] O Lord's my life, won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way.

SCENE II.

TATTLE, *Miss PRUE.*

Miss. O Lord! she's coming—and she'll tell my father; what shall I do now?

Tat. Pox take her! if she had staid two minutes longer, I shou'd have wish'd for her coming.

Miss. O dear, what shall I say? Tell me, Mr Tattle, tell me a lie.

Tat. There's no occasion for a lie: I could never tell a lie to no purpose—But since we have done nothing, we must say nothing, I think. I hear her—I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*]

SCENE III.

TATTLE, VALENTINE, SCANDAL, ANGELICA.

Ang. You can't accuse me of inconstancy: I never told you that I lov'd you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not.

D

Ang.

Ang. You mistake indifference for uncertainty; I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

Scan. Nor good-nature enough to answer him that did ask you: I'll say that for you, Madam.

Ang. What! are you setting up for good-nature?

Scan. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill-nature.

Ang. Persuade your friend that it is all affectation.

Scan. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion; I know no effectual difference between continued affectation and reality.

Tat. coming up.] Scandal, are you in private discourse, any thing of secrecy? [*Aside to Scan.*

Scan. Yes; but I dare trust you: we were talking of Angelica's love to Valentine; you won't speak of it?

Tat. No, no; not a syllable—I know that's a secret, for it's whispered every where.

Scan. Ha, ha, ha!

Ang. What is, Mr Tattle? I heard you say something was whisper'd every where.

Scan. Your love of Valentine.

Ang. How!

Tat. No, Madam, his love for your Ladyship—Gad take me, I beg your pardon—for I never heard a word of your Ladyship's passion till this instant.

Ang. My passion! And who told you of my passion, pray Sir?

Scan. Why, is the devil in you? Did not I tell it you for a secret?

Tat. Gadso! but I thought she might have been trusted with her own affairs?

Scan. Is that your discretion? trust a woman with herself?

Tat. You say true, I beg your pardon; I'll bring all off.—It was impossible, Madam, for me to imagine that a person of your Ladyship's wit and gallantry could have so long receiv'd the passionate addresses of the accomplish'd Valentine, and yet remain insensible; therefore you will pardon me, if from a just weight of his merit, with your Ladyship's good judgment, I form'd the balance of a reciprocal affection.

Val. O the devil! what damn'd costly poet has given thee this lesson of fustian to get by rote?

Ang.

Ang. I dare swear you wrong him, it is his own—
And Mr Tattle only judges of the success of others from
the effects of his own merit: for certainly Mr Tattle
was never deny'd any thing in his life.

Tat. O Lord! yes, indeed, Madam, several times.

Ang. I swear, I don't think 'tis possible.

Tat. Yes, I vow and swear I have: Lord, Madam,
I'm the most unfortunate man in the world, and the most
wretchedly us'd by the ladies.

Ang. Nay, now you're ungrateful.

Tat. No, I hope not—'Tis as much ingratitude to
own some favours, as to conceal others.

Val. There, now it's out.

Ang. I don't understand you now. I thought you had
never ask'd any thing, but what a lady might modestly
grant, and you confess.

Scan. So saith, your business is done here; now you
may go brag somewhere else.

Tat. Brag, O Heav'ns! Why, did I name any body?

Ang. No, I suppose that is not in your power: but
you wou'd if you cou'd, no doubt on't.

Tat. Not in my power, Madam! What does your
Ladyship mean, that I have no woman's reputation in my
power?

Scan. Oons, why you won't own it, will you? [*Aside.*

Tat. Faith, Madam, you're in the right: no more I
have, as I hope to be sav'd; I never had it in my power
to say any thing to a lady's prejudice in my life—for,
as I was telling you, Madam, I have been the most un-
successful creature living, in things of that nature; and
never had the good fortune to be trusted once with a la-
dy's secret, not once.

Ang. No.

Val. Not once, I dare answer for him.

Scan. And I'll answer for him: for I'm sure if he
had, he would have told me. I find, Madam, you don't
know Mr Tattle.

Tat. No, indeed, Madam, you don't know me at all,
I find. For sure my intimate friends wou'd have known—

Ang. Then it seems you wou'd have told, if you had
been trusted.

Tat. O pox! Scandal, that was too far put.—Never have told particulars, Madam. Perhaps I might have talk'd as of a third person—or have introduc'd an amour of my own in conversation, by way of novel: but never have explain'd particulars.

Ang. But whence comes the reputation of Mr Tattle's secrecy, if he was never trusted?

Scan. Why, thence it arises—The thing is proverbially spoken, but may be apply'd to him—as if we should say in general terms, He only is secret who never was trusted—a satirical proverb upon our sex—There's another upon yours—As she is chaste, who was never ask'd the question. That's all.

Val. A couple of very civil proverbs, truly: 'tis hard to tell whether the Lady or Mr Tattle be the more oblig'd to you. For you found her virtue upon the backwardness of the men; and his secrecy upon the mistrust of the women.

Tat. Gad, it's very true; Madam, I think we are oblig'd to acquit ourselves—and for my part—But your Ladyship is to speak first——

Ang. Am I? Well, I freely confess I have resisted a great deal of temptation.

Tat. And I, Gad, I have given some temptation that has not been resisted.

Val. Good.

Ang. I cite Valentine here to declare to the court, how fruitless he has found his endeavours, and to confess all his solicitations and my denials.

Val. I am ready to plead, Not guilty for you, and Guilty for myself.

Scan. So! why this is fair; here's demonstration with a witness.

Tat. Well, my witnesses are not present—but I confess I have had favours from persons——but as the favours are numberless, so the persons are nameless.

Scan. Pooh! this proves nothing.

Tat. No! I can shew letters, lockets, pictures, and rings; and if there be occasion for witnesses, I can summon the maids at the chocolate-houses, all the porters at Pall Mall and Covent Garden, the door-keepers at the playhouse, the drawers at Locket's, Pontack's, the Rummer,

mer, Spring Garden, my own landlady and valet de chambre ; all who shall make oath, that I receive more letters than the secretary's office ; and that I have more vizor masks to enquire for me than ever went to see the hermaphrodite, or the naked prince : and it is notorious, that in a country church once, an enquiry being made who I was, it was answer'd, I was the famous Tattle, who had ruin'd so many women.

Val. It was there, I suppose, you got the nickname of the Great Turk.

Tat. True ; I was call'd Turk Tattle all over the parish—The next Sunday all the old women kept their daughters at home, and the parson had not half his congregation. He wou'd have brought me into the spiritual court, but I was reveng'd upon him, for he had a handsome daughter whom I initiated into the science : but I repented of it afterwards, for it was talk'd of in town—And a lady of quality that shall be nameless, in a raging fit of jealousy, came down in her coach and six horses, and expos'd herself upon my account ; Gad ! I was sorry for it with all my heart—You know whom I mean—you know where we raffled—

Scan. Mum, Tattle.

Val. 'Sdeath ! are you not ashamed ?

Ang. O barbarous ! I never heard so insolent a piece of vanity—Fy, Mr Tattle—I'll swear I could not have believ'd it.—Is this your secrecy ?

Tat. Gadso ! the heat of my story carried me beyond my discretion, as the heat of the lady's passion hurry'd her beyond her reputation—But I hope you don't know whom I mean ; for there were a great many ladies raffled—Pox on't ! now could I bite off my tongue.

Scan. No, don't ; for then you'll tell us no more—Come, I'll recommend a song to you upon the hint of my two proverbs, and I see one in the next room that will sing it. *[Goes to the door.]*

Tat. For Heav'n's sake, if you do guess, say nothing. Gad ! I'm very unfortunate.

Scan. Pray sing the first song in the last new play.

S O N G.

Set by Mr JOHN ECCLES.

I.

*A nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray'd :
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd ;
Their intent was to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.*

II.

*Apollo was mute, and he'd like to have been pos'd,
But sagely at length he his secret disclos'd :
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide ;
And the nymph may be chaste that has never been try'd.*

S C E N E IV.

*To them Sir SAMYSON, Mrs FRAIL, Miss PRUE, and
Servant.*

Sir Sam. Is Ben come? Oddso, my son Ben come! Odd, I'm glad on't: where is he? I long to see him. Now, Mrs Frail, you shall see my son Ben—Body o' me, he's the hopes of my family.—I han't seen him these three years—I warrant he's grown—Call him in, bid him make haste—I'm ready to cry for joy.

Mrs Frail. Now Miss, you shall see your husband.

Miss. Pish! he shall be none of my husband.

[Aside to Frail]

Mrs Frail. Hush! Well, he shan't; leave that to me.—I'll beckon Mr Tattle to us.

Ang. Won't you stay and see your brother?

Val. We are the twin stars, and cannot shine in one sphere; when he rises I must set—besides, if I shou'd stay, I don't know but my father in good nature may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate, and I'll defer it as long as I can.—Well, you'll come to a resolution?

Ang. I can't. Resolution must come to me, or I shou'd never have one.

Scan. Come, Valentine, I'll go with you; I've something in my head to communicate to you.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

ANGELICA, Sir SAMPSON, TATTLE, Mrs FRAIL,
Miss PRUE.

Sir Sam. What! is my son Valentine gone? what, is he sneak'd off, and would not see his brother? There's an unnatural whelp! there's an ill-natur'd dog! What! were you here too, Madam, and could not keep him? Could neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection oblige him? Odsbud! Madam, have no more to say to him: he is not worth your consideration. The rogue has not a dram of generous love about him: all interest, all interest. He's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate; body o' me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I'm pretty even with him, Sir Sampson; for if ever I cou'd have lik'd any thing in him, it should have been his estate too; but since that's gone, the bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir Sam. Odsbud, well spoken! and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were; for most young women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked hook.

Ang. If I marry, Sir Sampson, I'm for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate; therefore if I were oblig'd to make a choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir Sam. Faith and troth your a wife woman, and I'm glad to hear you say so; I was afraid you were in love with the reprobate: odd, I was sorry for you with all my heart. Hang him, mungrel! cast him off: you shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding Cadua of fourscore for sustenance. Odd, I love to see a young spendthrift forc'd to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak: faith, I do; I love to see 'em hug and cotten together, like down upon a thistle.

S C E N E VI.

To them BEN, LEGEND, and SERVANT.

Ben. Where's father?

Ser. There, Sir, his back's toward you.

Sir Sam.

Sir Sam. My son Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy! Body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, father, and I'm glad to see you.

Sir Sam. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee! Kifs me, boy; kifs me again and again, dear Ben! [*Kisses him.*]

Ben. So, so; enough, father—Mefs! I'd rather kifs these gentlewomen.

Sir Sam. And so thou shalt——Mrs Angelica, my son Ben.

Ben. Forsooth, if you please——[*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistrefs, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship, i'faith——[*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat——so——[*Kisses Miss.*]

Tat. Sir, you're welcome a-shore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, friend.

Sir Sam. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey; been! Been far enough, an that be all.—Well, father, and how do all at home? How does brother Dick, and brother Val?

Sir Sam. Dick! body o'me, Dick has been dead these two years; I writ you word when you were at Legorne.

Ben. Mefs! that's true; marry, I had forgot: Dick's dead, as you say——Well, and how! I have many questions to ask you. Well, you ben't married again, father, be you?

Sir Sam. No; I intend you shall marry, Ben: I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify?——An you marry again——why then, I'll go to sea again; so there's one for t'other, an that be all.—Pray, don't let me be your hind'rance; e'en marry a' God's name, an the wind fit that way: as for my part, mayhap, I have no mind to marry.

Mrs Frail. That wou'd be pity—such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome! he, he, he! Nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you; for I love my jest an the ship were sinking, as we sayn at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony: I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it.

Now

Now a man that is marry'd has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get 'em out again when he wou'd.

Sir Sam. Ben's a wag.

Ben. A man that is marry'd, d'ye see, is no more like another man than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors; he is chain'd to an oar all his life, and mayhap forc'd to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir Sam. A very wag, Ben's a very wag; only a little rough, he wants a little polishing.

Mrs Frail. Not at all; I like his humour mightily, it's plain and honest; I shou'd like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I shou'd like such a handsome gentlewoman for a bedfellow agely. How say you, Mistress, wou'd you like going to sea? Mefs, you're a tight vessel, and well rigg'd, and you were but as well mann'd.

Mrs Frail. I shou'd not doubt that, if you were master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, An you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady—you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head—top and top gallant, by the mefs.

Mrs Frail. No; why so?

Ben. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset, and then you'll carry your keels above water, He, he, he!

Ang. I swear, Mr Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature; an absolute sea wit.

Sir Sam. Nay, Ben has parts, but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing: you must not take any thing ill, Madam.

Ben. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part; for, if I give a jest, I'll take a jest; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, I am not at all offended—But methinks, Sir Sampson, you shou'd leave him alone with his mistress. Mr Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tat. Well, Miss, I have your promise. [*Aside to Miss.*

Sir Sam. Body o' me, Madam, you say true.—Look you, Ben, this is your mistress.—Come, Miss, you must not be shame-fac'd, we'll leave you together.

Miss

Miss. I can't abide to be left alone; may'nt my cousin stay with me?

Sir Sam. No, no. Come, let's away.

Ben. Look you, father, mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

Sir Sam. I warrant thee, boy. Come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

S C E N E VII.

BEN and *Miss* PRUE.

Ben. Come, Mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand a stern a that'n, we shall never grapple together—Come, I'll haule a chair there; an you please to sit, I'll sit by you.

Miss. You need not sit so near one; if you have any thing to say, I can hear you farther off; I an't deaf.

Ben. Why that's true, as you say, nor I an't dumb; I can be heard as far as another.—I'll heave off to please you. [*Sits farther off.*] An we were a league asunder I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am as it were bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking; I was commanded by father, and if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour; How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No, I'm sorry for that.—But pray, why are you so scornful?

Miss. As long as one must not speak one's mind one had better not speak at all, I think, and truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that, it's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board, I'm not for keeping any thing under hatches; so that if you ben't as willing as I say to a
God's

God's name, there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-fac'd; some maidens, thof' they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face: if that's the case, why, silence gives consent.

Miss. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you shall believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will; I'm too big to be whipt, so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more; so there's your answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil—As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end; and mayhap I like you as little as you do me: what I said was in obedience to father. Gad, I fear a whipping no more than you do; but I tell you one thing, if you shou'd give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o' nine tails laid cross your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young-woman speak civilly to me of her own accord: whatever you think of yourself, gad I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a can of small-beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your-jacket for you; he will, you great sea-calf.

Ben. What, do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket?—Let'n, let'n;—but an he comes near me, mayhap I may have giv'n a salt eel for's supper for all that. What does father mean to leave me alone as I come home with such a dirty dowdy—Sea-calf? I an't calf enough to lick your chalk'd face, you cheefe-curd you—Marry thee! Oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wreck'd vessels.

Miss. I won't be call'd names; nor I won't be abus'd; so I won't—If I were a man—[Cries]—you durst not talk at this rate—no, you durst not, you stinking tar-bawel.

S C E N E VIII.

To them Mrs FORESIGHT and Mrs FRAIL.

Mrs Fore. They have quarrel'd just as we cou'd wish.

Ben. Tar-barrel? Let your sweetheart there call me so, if he'll take your part, your Tom Essence, and I'll say something to him; Gad, I'll lace his musk-doublet for him; I'll make him stink; he shall smell more like a weasel than a civet cat, afore I ha' done with 'em.

Mrs Fore. Bless me, what's the matter, Miss? what does she cry?—Mr Benjamin, what have you done to her?

Ben. Let her cry; the more she cries, the less she'll—she has been gathering foul weather in her mouth, and now it rains out at her eyes.

Mrs Fore. Come, Miss, come along with me, and tell me, poor child.

Mrs Frail. Lord, what shall we do? there's my brother Foresight and Sir Sampson coming. Sister, do you take Miss down into the parlour and I'll carry Mr Benjamin into my chamber, for they must not know that they are fall'n out.—Come, Sir, will you venture yourself with me? [Looking kindly on him.]

Ben. Venture, Mefs, and that I will, though 'twere to sea in a storm.

S C E N E IX.

Sir SAMPSON and FORESIGHT.

Sir Sam. I left 'em together here. —What, are they gone? Ben's a brisk boy; he has got her into a corner; father's own son, faith, he'll touzle her, and mouzle her the rogue's sharp set, coming from sea. If he should not stay for saying grace, old Foresight, but fall to without the help of a parson, ha? odd, if he shou'd I cou'd not be angry with him; 'twould be but like me, *A chip of the old block.* Ha, thou'rt melancholic, old prognostication, as melancholic as if thou hadst spilt the salt, or pair'd thy nails on a Sunday.—Come, cheer up, look about thee; look up, old star-gazer. Now is he poring upon the ground for a crooked pin, or an old horse-dill, with the head towards him.

Fore. Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir Sam. With all my heart.

Fore. At ten a clock, punctually at ten.

Sir Sam. To a minute, to a second; thou shalt set thy watch, and the bridegroom shall observe its motions; they shall be marry'd to a minute, go to bed to a minute; and when the alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the figures of St Dunstan's clock, and *consummatum est* shall ring all over the parish——

S C E N E X.

To them SCANDAL.

Scan. Sir Sampson, sad news.

Fore. Bless us!

Sir Sam. Why, what's the matter?

Scan. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else?

Sir Sam. Body o' me, I don't know any universal grievance but a new tax, or the loss of the Canary fleet. Unless Popery shoud be landed in the west, or the French fleet were at anchor at Blackwall.

Scan. No! undoubtedly, Mr Foresight knew all this, and might have prevented it.

Fore. 'Tis no earthquake!

Scan. No, not yet; nor whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to——But it has had a consequence already that touches us all.

Sir Sam. Why, body o' me, out with't.

Scan. Something has appear'd to your son Valentine——He's gone to bed upon't, and very ill.—He speaks little, yet he says he has a world to say. Asks for his father and the wife Foresight; talks of Raymond Lully, and the ghost of Lilly. He has secrets to impart I suppose to you two. I can get nothing out of him but sighs. He desires he may see you in the morning, but would not be disturb'd to-night, because he has some business to do in a dream.

Sir Sam. Hoity toity, what have I to do with his dreams or his divination?—Body o' me, this is a trick to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant the devil will tell him in a dream that he must not part with his estate, but I'll bring him a parson, to tell him that the devil's

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a liar

a liar—Or, if that won't do, I'll bring a lawyer that shall outlie the devil. And so I'll try whether my black-guard or his shall get the better of the day.

S C E N E XI.

SCANDAL, FORESIGHT.

Scan. Alas ! Mr Foresight, I'm afraid all is not right—
—You are a wise man, and a conscientious man ; a searcher into obscurity and futurity ; and if you commit an error, it is with a great deal of consideration, and discretion, and caution—

Fore. Ah, good Mr Scandal—

Scan. Nay, nay, 'tis manifest ; I do not flatter you—
But Sir Sampson is hasty, very hasty ;—I'm afraid he is not scrupulous enough, Mr Foresight—He has been wicked, and heay'n grapt he may mean well in this affair with you—But my mind gives me, these things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise, and should not be over-reach'd, methinks you shou'd not—

Fore. Alas ! Mr Scandal,—*Humanum est errare.*

Scan. You say true, man will err ; meer man will err ;—but you are something more—There have been wise men, but they were such as you—men who consulted the stars, and were observers of omens.—Solomon was wise, but how ?—by his judgment in astrology—So says Pineda in his third book and eighth chapter—

Fore. You are learn'd, Mr Scandal—

Scan. A trifier—but a lover of art—And the wise men of the east owed their instructions to a star, which is rightly observed by Gregory the Great in favour of astrology ! And Albertus Magnus makes it the most valuable science ; because, says he, it teaches us to consider the causation of causes in the causes of things.

Fore. I protest I honour you, Mr Scandal—I did not think you had been read in these matters—Few young men are inclin'd—

Scan. I thank my stars that have inclined me—But I fear this marriage, and making over this estate, this transferring of a rightful inheritance, will bring judgments upon us. I prophesy it, and I wou'd not have the fate of Cassandra not to be believ'd. Valentine is disturb'd ;

sturb'd; what can be the cause of that: and Sir Sampson is hurry'd on by an unusual violence—I fear he does not act wholly from himself; methinks he does not look as he used to do.

Fore. He was always of an impetuous nature—But as to this marriage I have consulted the stars, and all appearances are prosperous——

Scan. Come, come, Mr Foresight, let not the prospect of worldly lucre carry you beyond your judgment, nor against your conscience—You are not satisfy'd that you act justly.

Fore. How?

Scan. You are not satisfy'd, I say. —I am loth to discourage you——But it is palpable that you are not satisfy'd.

Fore. How does it appear, Mr Scandal? I think I am very well satisfy'd.

Scan. Either you suffer yourself to deceive yourself, or you do not know yourself.

Fore. Pray explain yourself.

Scan. Do you sleep well o' nights?

Fore. Very well.

Scan. Are you certain? You do not look so.

Fore. I am in health, I think.

Scan. So was Valentine this morning, and look'd just so.

Fore. How? Am I alter'd any way? I don't perceive it.

Scan. That may be, but your beard is longer than it was two hours ago.

Fore. Indeed! blefs me!

SCENE XII.

To them Mrs FORESIGHT:

Mrs Fore. Husband, will you go to bed? It's ten a clock. Mr Scandal, your servant.

Scan. Pox on her, she has interrupted my design——but I must work her into the project. [*Aside.*] You keep early hours, madam.

Mrs Fore. Mr Foresight is punctual; we sit up after him.

Fore. My dear, pray lend me your glass, your little looking-glass.

Scan. Pray, lend it him, Madam—I'll tell you the reason [*She gives him the glass; Scandal and she whisper.*] My passion for you is grown so violent—that I am no longer master of myself.—I was interrupted in the morning, when you had charity enough to give me your attention, and I had hopes of finding another opportunity of explaining myself to you—but was disappointed all this day; and the uneasiness that has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at this unseasonable hour——

Mrs Fore. Was there ever such impudence, to make love to me before my husband's face? I'll swear I'll tell him.

Scan. Do; I'll die a martyr rather than disclaim my passion. But come a little farther this way, and I'll tell you what project I had to get him out of the way, that I might have an opportunity of waiting upon you.

[*Whisper.*

Fore. looking in the glass.] I do not see any revolution here.—Methinks I look with a serene and benign aspect;—pale, a little pale—but the roses of these cheeks have been gather'd many years.—Ha! I do not like that sudden flushing—Gone already!—hem, hem, hem! faintish. My heart is pretty good, yet it beats; and, my pulses, ha!—I have none—Mercy on me—hum——Yes, here they are—Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, hey! Whither will they hurry me?—Now they're gone again—and now I'm faint again; and pale again, and hem! and my—hem!—breath, hem!—grows short; hem! hem! he, he, hem!

Scan. It takes; pursue it in the name of love and pleasure.

Mrs Fore. How do you do, Mr Foresight?

Fore. Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your hand.

Scan. Look you there now—Your lady says, your sleep has been unquiet of late.

Fore. Very likely.

Mrs Fore. O mighty restless, but I was afraid to tell him so;—he has been subject to talking and starting.

Scan. And did not use to be so?

Mrs Fore. Never, never; 'till within these three nights;

nights; I cannot say that he has once broken my rest, since we have been married.

Fore. I will go to bed.

Scan. Do so, Mr Foresight, and say your pray'rs.—He looks better than he did.

Mrs Fore. Nurse, nurse!

Fore. Do you think so, Mr Scandal?

Scan. Yes, yes; I hope this will be gone by morning, taking it in time—

Fore. I hope so.

S C E N E XIII.

To them Nurse.

Mrs Fore. Nurse; your master is not well; put him to bed.

Scan. I hope you will be able to see Valentine in the morning.—You had best take a little diacodion and cowslip water, and lie upon your back; may be you may dream.

Fore. I thank you, Mr Scandal, I will—Nurse, let me have a watch light, and lay *the crumbs of comfort* by me.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Fore. And—hem, hem; I am very faint—

Scan. No, no, you look much better.

Fore. Do I? And d'ye hear—bring me, let me see—within a quarter of twelve—hem—he, hem!—just upon the turning of the tide, bring me the urinal;—and I hope, neither the lord of my ascendant, nor the moon will be combust; and then I may do well.

Scan. I hope so—Leave that to me; I will erect a scheme; and I hope I shall find both Sol and Venus in the sixth house.

Fore. I thank you, Mr Scandal, indeed that wou'd be a great comfort to me. Hem, hem! goodnight.

S C E N E XIV.

SCANDAL, *Mrs Foresight.*

Scan. Goodnight, good Mr Foresight;—and I hope Mars and Venus will be in conjunction,—while your wife and I are together.

E 3.

Mrs Fore.

Mrs Fore. Well; and what use do you hope to make of this project? You don't think that you are ever like to succeed in your design upon me?

Scan. Yes, faith, I do; I have a better opinion both of you and myself, than to despair.

Mrs Fore. Did you ever hear such a toad—hark'ye, devil; do you think any woman honest?

Scan. Yes, several very honest; they'll cheat a little at cards sometimes, but that's nothing.

Mrs Fore. Pshaw! but virtuous I mean.

Scan. Yes, faith, I believe some women are virtuous too; but 'tis as I believe some men are valiant, through fear—For why should a man court danger, or a woman shun pleasure.

Mrs Fore. O monstrous! What are conscience and honour?

Scan. Why, honour is a public enemy, and conscience a domestic thief; and he that wou'd secure his pleasure must pay a tribute to one, and go halves with t'other; As for honour, that you have secur'd, for you have purchas'd a perpetual opportunity for pleasure.

Mrs Fore. An opportunity for pleasure!

Scan. Ay, your husband, a husband is an opportunity for pleasure; so you have taken care of honour, and 'tis the least I can do to take care of conscience.

Mrs Fore. And so you think we are free for one another?

Scan. Yes, faith, I think so; I love to speak my mind.

Mrs Fore. Why then I'll speak my mind. Now as to this affair between you and me. Here you make love to me; why, I'll confess it does not displease me. Your person is well enough, and your understanding is not amiss.

Scan. I have no great opinion of myself; but, I think, I'm neither deform'd, nor a fool.

Mrs Fore. But you have a villanous character; you are a libertine in speech, as well as in practice.

Scan. Come, I know what you would say—you think it more dangerous to be seen in conversation with me, than to allow some other men the last favour; you mistake; the liberty I take in talking is purely affected for the service of your sex. He that first cries out, stop thief, is often he that has stoll'n the treasure. I am a juggler,

juggler, that acts by confederacy; and, if you please, we'll put a trick upon the world.

Mrs Fore. Ay; but you are such an universal juggler,—that I'm afraid you have a great many confederates.

Scan. Faith, I'm sound.

Mrs Fore. O, fy—I'll swear you're impudent.

Scan. I'll swear you're handsome.

Mrs Fore. Pish, you'd tell me so, though you did not think so.

Scan. And you'd think so, tho' I shou'd not tell you so. And now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs Fore. O Lord! who's here?

S C E N E XV.

To them Mrs FRAIL and BEN.

Ben. Mefs, I love to speak my mind—Father has nothing to do with me,—nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me. But what does that signify? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steer'd by him, 'tis as tho'f he should strive against wind and tide.

Mrs Frail. Ay, but my dear, we must keep it secret 'till the estate be settled; for you know marrying without an estate, is like sailing in a ship without ballast.

Ben. He, he, he! why, that's true; just so for all the world it is indeed, as like as two cable ropes.

Mrs Frail. And tho' I have a good portion, you know one would not venture all in one bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again; for may hap one bottoms may spring a leak. You have hit it indeed, mefs you've nick'd the channel.

Mrs Frail. Well, but if you should forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

Ben. Break your heart? I'd rather the Marygold shou'd break her cable in a storm, as well as I love her. Flesh, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a land-man. A sailor will be honest, tho'f mayhap he has never a penny of money in his pocket.—Mayhap I may not have so fair a face as a citizen or a courtier; but for all that, I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as sound as a biscuit.

Mrs Frail. And will you love me always?

Ben.